Country Club WOMAN

MARCH/APRIL 1962 • ONE DOLLAR

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Country Club WOMAN

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ABOUT THE COVER . . .

The woman member of a country club is a complete social being. This is one of the premises on which COUNTRY CLUB WOMAN is based. In our cover photograph for this issue, Paul Steven Somogyi has posed his models to reflect not only the active side of the country club woman, but her social side as well.

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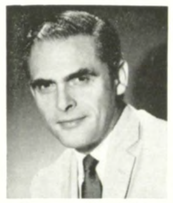
visiting pros

Reporting on design and diamonds (see **"Diamond: the Leading Gem of Fashion"**) is second nature for **Loys Malmgren**, staff writer for N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc. in New York City. For seven years, she wrote, commented on, and produced Connecticut television programs—all with an eye toward fashion. "Like art forms, apparel and jewelry lend beauty through color and line," she says, "and a woman reveals her personality and taste by the art forms she selects." Skiing, refinishing furniture, and collecting chafing dish recipes are among her leisure interests, as are working on charity events and studying law.

Loys Malmgren

Harry E. Maynard, born in Akron, Ohio, has attended Wilbraham Academy, Colgate University and Harvard University. Since 1945, he has been associated with Life International Editions, where he is now associate advertising director. In addition to following a career in advertising, Mr. Maynard has studied, written about, and taught general semantics, a comparatively new science, certain leading propositions of which are pointed up in **"The Dogmas of the Quiet Past."**



Harry E. Maynard

Josephine Jacobsen is the author of *Let Each Man Remember* (1940), *For the Unlost* (1946), and *The Human Climate* (1953). She has been awarded prizes by the Poetry Society of America, the Catholic Poetry Society of America, and the Borestone Poetry Awards. She has read and lectured at the New York Public Library, the Enoch Pratt Free Library, the College of Notre Dame of Maryland, Goucher College, the Woman's College of the University of North Carolina, and the Johns Hopkins University. A contributor to critical journals, Mrs. Jacobsen has been poetry critic of the Baltimore Evening *Sun* for the past six years. Her article **"Haitian—Faces, Colors, Sounds"** adds a new and exciting facet to her writing talent.

Josephine Jacobsen

Carter Price broke into writing with Phillips Lord's "Gangbusters." He has, since, written numerous true detective stories. Mr. Price is currently employed full-time in production engineering, devoting his spare time to writing and flower gardening.

Carter Price

Mrs. John Harvey Bass (**Althea Bass**) sent us her fine story **"A Fair and Far-Off Land."** She writes: "I was born downstate in Illinois, at Colfax. Most of my life since I grew up has been divided between Chicago and Norman, Oklahoma, a distribution to be recommended for variety and spice. Attempts to educate me at the University Preparatory School, Fairmount College, the University of Chicago, and the University of Oklahoma brought me a Master's degree in English from this last institution. I have taught English at Fairmount College and the University of Oklahoma. Over a stretch of a good many years, I have written short stories, poetry, and articles and books pertaining to the civilization of the American Indian. Of my books, I can still read without qualms *Cherokee Messenger* (The University of Oklahoma Press), *The Thankful People* (Caxton Printers), and *The Story of Tullahassee* (Semco Press). My husband is an Oklahoma lawyer, and my son is a lawyer in Washington, D. C."

Althea Bass

B. H. Haggin is the author of *Music for the Man Who Enjoys Hamlet*, *The Listener's Musical Companion* and *Conversations with Toscanini*. From 1936 record critic of *The Nation*, and from 1939 to 1957 its music critic, he now writes about music in *The Hudson Review* and about records in *The New Republic* and *The Yale Review*.

B. H. Haggin

a word from the publisher

COUNTRY CLUB WOMAN . . . A SPECIALIZED MAGAZINE FOR DISCRIMINATING READERS

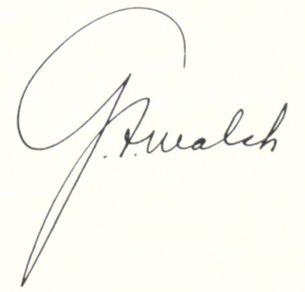
In these days when many national magazines are facing difficulties which threaten their very existence, COUNTRY CLUB WOMAN begins the most important phase of its career . . . publication. Obviously, this is a business venture which seeks the opportunity to earn a reasonable profit. With so many magazines finding it increasingly important to obtain additional circulation and increasingly difficult to do so on an economical basis, why, then, have we chosen to enter *now* into a field which is subject to such rapid change? Ladies, thereby, as they say, hangs a tale . . .

Briefly . . . the growth of television made available to many advertisers vast numbers of viewers who represented an important buying market. Many magazine publishers recognized in television's continued growth a possible shift in advertising revenue from printed media to television. Alarmed, they attempted to match television's numbers. This occasioned a race for increased magazine subscriptions which too often resulted in costs greater than the revenue from the subscriptions. Advertising rates were increased in many cases in order to help offset the loss. Advertisers rebelled. Magazines lost even more money. This is something of an oversimplification, perhaps, but it represents the basis of many publishing difficulties.

COUNTRY CLUB WOMAN is a good example of a new kind of magazine . . . a top-quality, specialized publication which depends on the *quality of its readers*, rather than on the *quantity*. It is an exclusive magazine. Only women members of country clubs will be qualified to get it. There will be no newsstand sales. We are not concerned with the problems of acquiring tremendous circulation. We want the *best* readers, not the *most* readers. To acquire the *best* readers we will make a continuous effort to produce the *best* specialized woman's magazine possible.

The first phase of our publishing program demanded proof that you country club women wanted a magazine of your own. We published a sample copy of COUNTRY CLUB WOMAN and sent copies to every club in the U.S. and asked each club to send us the names of its women members who wanted to receive our magazine regularly. As a result we received 156,000 names. Women members whose clubs did not send us lists may subscribe to the publication. (See details on page 71.)

The magazine publishing industry is fundamentally strong, healthy and vital. To stay that way, it must continue to develop strong, new concepts . . . concepts such as the one which made this type of magazine possible. We must attract you as a regular reader of our magazine. We must develop in you an intense interest in COUNTRY CLUB WOMAN . . . a dependence upon it . . . and a loyalty to it. This is the task to which we address ourselves as we begin what we hope will become a long and mutually-enjoyable experience for you and for us.



the scorecard

We received many enthusiastic letters from country club women about our prototype issue, and we're very happy to have this our first regular issue in your home. We hope you'll like it and tell every country club woman you know about it. Tell us about your reactions, too, both pro and con, and we'll carry your letters in future issues. This column will specialize in reporting what the score is with you, your club, and us. If you want to share a fact, an experience or an opinion with other country club women, write to us and we'll pass it along via *The Scorecard*.

* * *

A whopping 38 whooping cranes wintered this year at the Aransas National Wildlife Refuge on the Texas coast. In 1938, there were only 14 wild whoopers, and extinction of the species was feared. Fish and Wildlife Service officials said the whooping cranes' fight for survival has captured the imagination of the American people.

* * *

Marta Robinet is our fashion editor. But Marta doesn't believe in stopping there. She convinced us (rather quickly, we thought; but, then, Marta knows how to use her vibrancy, warm conviction) that fashion is part of a much larger concern. So, we suspect you'll be hearing from Marta not only about fashion, but also about diets, cosmetics, perfumes—in short, about anything that can guide you to enhanced physical beauty. And Marta says that physical beauty inspires confidence, graciousness—very desirable spiritual qualities. We like Marta's "whole woman" approach, and we hope you will, too.

Marta Robinet

* * *

We had dinner at Marchi's (East 31st Street, NYC) the other night with Mr. & Mrs. Mitchell Goodman and their twelve-year-old son Nik. It was a cold, windy night, we were hungry, and the food was bountiful and excellent. Mr. Goodman's recent novel is reviewed in these pages, and Mrs. Goodman is Denise Levertov, selections from whose latest book of poems, *The Jacob's Ladder*, will appear soon in our poetry section.

* * *

We also dined recently (editors are always hungry) at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Eric Jacobsen in Baltimore. Mrs. Jacobsen's article on Haiti in this issue is, we think, lastingly valuable. It has remained fresh and surprising for us through many readings, and we recommend that you come back to it often. The Jacobsens have just returned from a tour of Mexico, and Mrs. Jacobsen has promised us an early report of her impressions. Mr. and Mrs. William Mueller—see our book reviews—came to dinner, too, as well as Mr. Elliott Coleman, Director of the Writing Seminars at Johns Hopkins University. It was a fine evening. We had a good fight as to how dictionaries help and hinder the growth of the language.

* * *

What more do you need to want to hit the old camp trail than this paragraph from the Department of the Interior about a proposed national park near Moab, Utah? "Within the basin bounded by the orange cliffs is landscape almost indescribably diverse. It is a land of arches, needles, spires, and standing rocks; of broad plains, steep scarps, bold mesas, and crenelated buttes; of roaring rapids, placid reaches, sandbars, bits of level bottomland, and intricately dissected tributary canyons. Because the rivers and their canyons have been effective barriers to travel through the area, and because steep cliffs and rough terrain have hindered movement within it, much of it is poorly known, and some is unexplored. This highly colored complex of geologically significant and scenically inspiring wilderness is the proposed Canyonlands National Park."

* * *

According to National Golf Foundation President Joseph M. Graffis, Sr., a total of 409 new golf courses opened in 1961, including 247 standard length courses, 76 additions to existing courses, and 86 Par-3 courses, a 48% increase over 1960, the previous high year.

* * *

Back to the caves? Maybe. They seem to be the best natural protection from nuclear attack and fallout. But though history repeats itself, it does so with a difference: never before, to our knowledge, has man taken to the caves to escape himself. And if he fails to make peace with himself, he may look, coming out of the mouth of a cave some bleak morning, very little different from his ancestor several thousand years before him.

* * *

Paul Masson Vineyards has issued a second edition of *Ways with Wine* by Morrison Wood. You can obtain a copy of the 32-page booklet by writing to Paul Masson Vineyards, Information Department, P. O. Box 97, Saratoga, California.

* * *

Betty Hicks

Betty Hicks, our *Active Woman* editor, gets around—but not always actively. She's been doing some flying—to Alaska, to Mexico—lately, and flying is a sitting game (one up on the birds). Part of Betty's story on Alice Marble in this issue came to us from "Good Old America" and part from Mexico—but it all flew in. Betty is working with some top instructors for our golf series, and she'll be covering all aspects of the active, country-club life for you in future issues.

* * *

Colette d'Orsay, Special Travel Advisor for Air France, offers a Very Important Pointers series of booklets on aspects of travel. The title of one booklet, for example, is *V.I.P. Round-the-World Currency Converter*. If you would like to see one or all of the booklets, write to Colette d'Orsay, Special Travel Advisor, Air France, 683 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. ■

THE basic black

Cul-de-Sac

by
Joan Scobey

For years I've been waiting for an invitation to go upland shooting. I'd know just what to wear. But when it comes to spending the evening with neighbors, I'm up the sartorial creek. The trouble is, nobody gives advice about what to wear at ordinary social occasions. Don't fashion editors ever play bridge, or have dinner at their mother-in-law's, or go to a movie?

For instance, there's this cocktail party at the Millers' on Saturday. Of course, I can always wear a basic black dress. When Chanel designed it in the 20's, well-groomed women tossed away their feathers and frills and took on the sleek, chic look for all occasions. But somehow I don't think Chanel meant, in inventing a new fashion color, to scrap the rest of the palette. Was the all-purpose black dress really meant for *all* purposes?

I'm trying to fight my way out of a black cul-de-sac, but so far, it's a losing battle. Of course it is—I don't know what else to wear. What I *do* know is that whatever I finally decide on, it won't be right. If I wear my white silk, everyone will be in cotton shirtwaist dresses. And if I follow fashion's firmest dictate to "dress down," I can be sure that the other women will be wearing off-the-shoulder dresses.

Lots of people simply don't care. It wouldn't bother them a bit to wear toreador pants to the July Fourth Dance. But not me. I faced the

cold, hard fact years ago: I'm a fashion follower, not a fashion leader. I'm perfectly willing—eager is more like it—to be told what to wear, and when.

I don't mean to suggest that the arbiters of style are completely remiss. Some occasions are covered in their what-to-wear communiqués. Sporting events, for example. If you get an invitation for hunting, simple turn to *Vogue's Book of Etiquette:* "It is perfectly possible, of course, to hunt safely in larking clothes, but it's like wearing an afternoon dress to a ball." This is the kind of fashion advice I want. Never having ridden to hounds, I could join a hunt with the greatest equanimity. The worst that could happen is that I'd fall off the horse.

But do I get this kind of invitation? Not on your life. My friends are an unimaginative bunch, and there probably isn't one in the lot who can tell the difference between cub-hunting and larking. They're perfectly satisfied to invite friends over for a party, or out for pizza. This is where the trouble starts; nobody gives advice about what to wear at conventional social events. When Betty Miller invites me for cocktails, I'm on my own.

My basic research starts with the invitation. "Cocktails, four to seven" doesn't tell me anything, not even the truth. I know the hostess doesn't expect me before 5:30, and she knows that after cocktails, I expect *something* for dinner.

Next, I study the fashion magazines. I find out that bat-sleeved jersey is big this year, taupe, with the faintest blush of mauve, is the latest color, and seventeen-gore skirts are beginning to nudge out sheaths. I even find out where to buy a bat-sleeved mauve-taupe jersey with seventeen gores. But I cannot find out where to wear it. I may see a picture of Suzy Parker wearing that very dress, feeding pigeons on top of the Empire State Building. But the last man who invited me up to the Empire State Building was my father. I was ten at the time, and there wasn't a pigeon around.

Of course, I can always call the hostess, but the last one I queried said, "We're not dressing." To Amy Vanderbilt this may mean black tie instead of white, but I know better.

"What do you mean?"

"Just wear a sweater and skirt."

So off I went, confident and secure in a skirt and sweater—the matching one for evening PTA meetings—only to find everyone else in velvet skirts and low-cut cashmeres. Skirt and sweater, indeed.

Another method is to check with friends. (Here you risk getting the reply, "What party?") One time I checked with a couple of invited guests and we all decided to wear wool dresses. The only trouble was that the hostess was in taffeta and was plainly miffed that we didn't think enough of her party to dress up.

Some people can turn to helpful husbands. In our house, the conversation usually goes like this:

"Honey, what should I wear tonight?"

"Wear that dress you look good in—the red one."

"You mean you want me to wear my red velvet in the middle of summer?"

There's one more haven of help—that dress shop where the saleswoman was so nice. I know full well I shouldn't get a new dress for the Millers', but by now I'm desperate.

"I'd like something simple to wear for cocktails. Nothing elaborate. You know, just a . . a . ."

"I have something for you that just came in. A mauve jersey with the new bat sleeves and seventeen-gore skirt."

So here I am, ready to go to the Millers' in my new dress. I'm absolutely sure it's right in fashion . . . only maybe it's the wrong dress—for tonight. I'd better wear my black dress after all.

Meanwhile, I'm still waiting for an invitation to go upland shooting. I can have my Gokey boots and safari-cloth breeches ready in a minute. ■

"The best sickness preventative is exercise, and the best exercise, because it takes long enough to relax the mind as well as the muscles, is golf," said the late Dr. Sara Jordan, one of the nation's foremost authorities on ulcers and digestive ailments.

Dr. Jordan should know, for besides having played golf herself at 74, she has treated some of the world's best known people from Senator John Kennedy to Anthony Eden, as well as many others she won't mention.

Physicians who prescribe golf for therapy are countless. One 90-year-old golfer said: "Forty years ago my doctor told me I might not live long unless I took some form of recreation. He suggested golf and I've been playing ever since."

Says Dr. Anthony R. Tortora of New York: "Golf affords fresh air and sunshine, general body exercise, stimulation of the mind by the mere process of watching a little white ball and the satisfaction of personal gain and achievement by the challenge it presents."

The public seems to be taking this advice, for there has been a tremendous increase in the number of golfers within the past few years. If only the "400" played golf before, we now have four million whacking away at some 35 million golf balls per year. Perhaps an English visitor explained it

golf
for health

by
Raymond Schuessler

best: "Previously the average American businessman made a fortune at 40; became dyspeptic at 45 and died at 50. But today golf has taught him that life is short, health important and dollars incapable of transfer to the next world."

Members of those professions whose hours are irregular, such as actors and politicians, are flocking to the game.

Bing Crosby, one of moviedom's best golfers, agrees that it is a life-prolonger: "Most businessmen today work under tremendous pressure. Such a strain can ruin one's health, I know. Golf is the smartest investment I ever made. It not only keeps you alive, but it helps you live longer because out on the course you've got to forget your business problems. And if you don't keep your body machine in good shape you can't enjoy living on any advantage of success in business."

Bob Hope regards golf as "even better than Benzedrine, the psychiatrist's couch, or a solid night's sleep for ironing out the kinks in your superego."

Golf is good for one who handles his aggressive drives poorly, psychologists say, or has no suitable outlet to vent these drives. As they say in the bunkers, "It is better to tee off on a ball than on your neighbor." Muscular activity releases and spends these aggressions.

Golf is played at a pace which is a welcome change from the confinement and tensions of daily living. The game is not so trying physically that it wears a person down and decreases his efficiency as a worker. Instead, it invigorates and stimulates him physically and mentally, even if he hits into the creek with his cleek. As a gentle but sound outdoor conditioner it has a definite effect in making work easier for the physically fit employee.

Although the younger one takes up the game, the sounder score he can expect to fashion, any one at any age, regardless of any previous athletic experience, can learn to play golf well. After all, Walter Travis decided to become a golfer when he was 35 and four years later, in 1900 he won the first of his three National Amateur Golf Championships. And there is the classic case of Mark Harris who started at 65 and was shooting in the 70's at 69.

There is a growing population of workers past retirement age who, granted additional years of life through advances of medical science and sociological progress, are faced with the problem of what to do with these additional years. The golf course is providing the answer to this problem in many cases. Even the old, old folks are scooting around the fairways in electric carts to pound their little white pellets.

There are not many games where the social pleasures are mixed so generously with athletic competition. If alone, you can visit any golf course and find yourself with three grim but jolly chaps that go out in foursomes. Some may "come in" distraught, but never discouraged, and there is always a next time when they hope to catch up Sisyphean par.

There is something perniciously habit-forming about golf that just doesn't allow anyone to quit. You may see an occasional cartoon of a golfer throwing his clubs in the creek, but what you don't see is this same golfer shortly after, driving in and hunting frantically for his clubs.

The reason for the game's tenacity is that more than in any other sport you are playing against yourself, and it is inconceivable that you ever could make so many boners. But golf, as George Law said, " . . . is a humblin' game." It is man's battle against himself.

Though golfers may not stare in poetic ecstasy while loudly proclaiming the beauties of nature around them, the hum of a quiet woods, the stillness over a sylvan pond, the fragrance of fresh cut grass, the morning mist or colorful twilight, they are keenly aware of this beauty and soak it all in with definite therapeutic value.

What about golfing widows? They are a vanishing race because, in most instances, they have joined hubby in chasing that little white sphere around the green meadows.

In golf, skill counts for so much more than physical strength that women can compete on equal terms with men. "We never used to talk much around the dinner table," said one spouse, "but when I took up golf with him, we're 'shanking' and 'slicing' and 'putting' over the rutabagas."

All over the world golf grows in popularity. Ability to play the game is an asset to health, temperament and social life. And the finest of golf's benefits is the fun you'll have in the open air on the rich turf. ■

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"The Dogmas of the Quiet Past..."

by
Harry E. Maynard

. . . are inadequate to the stormy present. We must think anew."

Abraham Lincoln wrote these words in the turbulent days before the American Civil War. Today, we live in a turbulent world that is changing far more rapidly than Lincoln's world was. It is now even more imperative to see the world afresh, to think anew.

The Civil War was the bloodiest in history up to that time, but it was minuscule compared with the last two World Wars or what could befall us in the future. Heretofore, conflicts that had grown out of economic, religious, or doctrinal disagreements tended to remain localized. Today, because of the miracles of communication and the persistent world population increase, we are literally sitting in each other's laps. The dogmas of the past are more than ever inadequate. It becomes desperately imperative to see and think anew. This means inventorying all of our premises which may stand in the way of a larger loyalty towards the human race. It means reexamining the premises from which our thinking starts, both conscious and unconscious.

I teach a subject called general semantics which puts great emphasis on the proposition that our thinking starts with our conscious and unconscious premises. Behind every thought, idea, attitude, or word is a built-in assumption or premise. If a premise is inadequately conceived, the reasoning which follows from it is apt to be faulty. And, by the same token, if a premise is well conceived, the reasoning which follows from it is apt to produce fruitful results. General semantics as a discipline tries to suggest techniques whereby we can learn to spot and recognize the built-in assumptions in our own and other people's thinking. To a greater or lesser degree we all suffer from a tyranny of inaccurate assumptions and on the basis of those assumptions make inferences and judgments which too many times fall wide of the mark.

Hundreds of years from now, when men have learned to look at the world in a saner way, they may recognize that

we have lived in an extraordinary period of madness in the last sixty years. Alfred Korzybski, the founder of general semantics, has collected some impressive evidence (in his book *Science and Sanity*) to demonstrate that "madness consists largely in false knowledge deliberately taught . . ." and that this false knowledge is of a sort that makes almost inevitable a way of living far from sanity. The goal of general semantics is not merely to suggest that we should make changes in the language we use but to bring about a "sweeping and profound reorientation" in our thinking processes, an orientation that will force us to reexamine the quiet dogmas of the past, to reexamine our cultural relics, and to cast aside those impediments which prevent us from moving forward.

General semantics does not suggest that we should not have beliefs or assumptions. Naturally, to survive we have to make inferences that are not always immediately provable, and from those inferences we have to make judgments and decisions for action. General semantics is an attempt to go at the whole procedure with a greater awareness. One cannot scrape off the barnacles of the past unless one becomes a premise detective.

How good are you at spotting your own and other people's premises? Let me give you some samples of the kind of tests which I give to my students to sensitize them to the problem of detecting hidden premises—

1.
STORY:

A man went for a walk one day and met a friend whom he had not seen, or heard from, or heard of, in ten years. After an exchange of greetings, the man said, "Is this your little girl?" and the friend replied, "Yes, I got married about six years ago."

The man then asked the child, "What is your name?" and the little girl replied, "Same as my Mommy's." "Oh," said the man, "then it must be Margaret."

QUESTION:

If the man didn't know whom his friend had married, how could he know the child's name?

2.
Here is another:

I write this on the blackboard—

IX

and ask, "Can you, with one line, turn this into 6?"

If you solved these little problems, you probably succeeded because you weren't suffering from what I call a frozen frame of reference. You changed your assumption about what the problem was. Obviously, you couldn't have solved the first problem if you had *assumed* the man was talking to a man; and the second problem, if you had assumed it was a matter of Roman numerals.

How many of us, when faced with our daily problems, get into the intellectual lockstep of reacting in a habitual manner. This just isn't suited to a dynamic, ever-changing world. One of the most important premises of general semantics is that we are living in a dynamic, mutating world. So-called "facts" reveal themselves to be transitory truths. To quote the philosopher Alfred North Whitehead, "Today's heresy is tomorrow's orthodoxy."

Where are you tending and trending these days? Are you charging around trying to judge your reactions by other people's reactions? If you are, you may be a member of David Riesman's "lonely crowd," that runs in one direction, then another, in fitful fancies of hoop-twirling fads. How often have you taken an inventory of yourself, your children, your ideas, and your life? What situations are changing?

Just as in business the alert businessman studies the trend lines, we as individuals have to begin to concern ourselves with our personal trend lines. What are yours? When we apply a scientific method, we inventory rates and degrees of change. The questions to ask: "How much is my world changing?—and how fast?—and how important are the changes in it?"

The speed of change in our atomic world demands that we not try to solve our atomic age problems with preatomic methods. One of the keystones of modern science is that the law of probability operates throughout the world we live in. There are no absolutes, only relatives—and we have to get along with our relatives. This law of nature operates in personal relations, in business, in politics, in every area of life. The world just never stands still.

Dr. Smiley Blanton, the famous psychiatrist, described many of his patients this way: "Today many of the people who come to me for help are suffering from a kind of rigidity caused by blind adherence to old patterns of thinking and action. They cannot adapt to changing conditions. They find it so difficult to bend that sometimes they break."

Question: Do you have a philosophy premised on change? What general semantics tries to get across is that rigid, built-in assumptions are some of our biggest psychological and intellectual roadblocks.

Our culture has given us a great heritage. We stand on the shoulders of the people who came before us. But there is nonsense as well as wisdom in our heritage, and our main task is to discover which is which through constant reexamination of our inherited "knowledge." General semantics contends that happy ignorance is not our big problem, but rather those false notions that our culture has systematically bred into us.

This culture has given us a certain expectancy, and the attitudes derived from this expectancy are what get us into trouble. Why? Because my expectancies determine my attitudes. After this comes my experience. If the realities of my future live up to my expectancies, I'm apt to be in good shape. But if my expectancies, i.e., my symbolic maps, of what the future holds for me are false, my reactions are apt to be bitterness, cynicism, frustration, demoralization, disillusionment, and eventually unhappiness. Many of my expectancies are subconsciously held, and therefore I tend to tuck them way back in an obscure corner of my mind. I seldom examine them. I sublimate them, i.e., I develop substitute reactions to get around them. I make dogmas out of previous decisions.

How many people have you seen who, having once made a decision, get into a lockstep in order to justify that decision? Many decisions are accepted as dogmas, not because any real decision has been made but because the "decision" as a sublimation satisfies one of the unconscious premises. Human experience teaches us that decisions cannot be made for "all" time, but many people persist in committing themselves intellectually to the "forever."

General semantics teaches us that decisions can be made for "a" time. Science teaches us that any significant problem facing man has many factors and that these factors are constantly changing in relation to each other.

I define a dogma as an intellectual decision that has been made too early, i.e., before we knew what we know today. Naturally, we never manage to corral all the facts, so naturally, every decision or intellectual attitude, if we adopt the premises of modern science, has to be tentatively held. The question to ask ourselves is—"How many important factors have changed since I made that decision or assumed that attitude?"

It's easy to be en garde against obvious dogma. But the most dangerous kind of dogma is the quiet dogma hidden in our attitudes and our language. It is harder to spot and harder to recognize in ourselves and other people. Much research done by general semanticists demonstrates that the people who are in the most difficult psychological rut are those who hang on to outmoded habits and worn points of view. They are the people who don't see that the universe is a verb; that is, something which is in process.

One of the contentions of general semantics is that all of us carry around in our heads symbolic maps, word maps, of what we think is going on outside our heads. If these word maps fit the territory with some degree of predictability, we are happy. Our plans will work. If not, trouble is apt to lurk ahead. And this is true whether our maps are concerned with the stock market or with what's happening in our most intimate affairs. From this point of view, every disappointment must be regarded as a case where someone's map did not fit the ever-changing territory.

If you find yourself continually thrown off psychological balance by life, my suggestion is that you have a long talk with your map maker—yourself. This is not to say that we shouldn't put our best maps (hopes) forward, but it does suggest that a pretty good formula for happiness might be—

$$\frac{\text{Maximum Motivation}}{\text{Reasonable Expectations}} = \text{Happiness}$$

instead of what is sometimes taught in our culture, i.e., the attitude of

$$\frac{\text{Minimum Effort}}{\text{Maximum Expectations}} = \text{Happiness.}$$

We have to have some idea of what we want out of life before we try to achieve it. Naturally, most of us want some kind of "success." Usually we care that people appreciate our efforts. Luck is a thing that happens when preparation and opportunity meet. But it's not easy. Louis Pasteur's words for it were: "Chance favors those who are prepared."

I say: Sure, we live in a highly uncertain world, an indeterminate world, a relativistic world. Life is a merry-go-round, but you'll never catch the brass ring unless you have your hand out. Maximum motivation means selecting your purpose, working hard and getting a kick out of what you're doing. Stop doing what in the deepest sense doesn't give you any fun and satisfaction. Approach life with an expectancy that can be achieved within the range of your *present* limitations (those limitations are never static). Set reasonable goals for yourself. If you don't do this, you'll be like the fisherman who came home disappointed because he expected to catch ten fish and only caught four. If he had expected to catch three, he would have been one ahead of the game—and perhaps happy!

Dr. W. Beran Wolfe, in his book *How to Be Happy Though Human*, gives a pretty good description of the happy man: "If you will observe, you will find the happy man building a boat, writing a symphony, educating his son, growing dahlias in his garden, or looking for dinosaur eggs in the Gobi Desert. He will not be searching for happiness as if he were looking for a collar button that has rolled under his radiator. He will have become aware that he is aware of being happy by living twenty-four hours of a crowded day."

Too many people tend to think in either-or terms. A "yes" or "no" logic forces them to state their position this way: "I'm happy" or "I'm unhappy." The eminent Catholic author James McQuade, S. J., suggests that perfection is a shallow goal: "But if we are not perfectly happy, we can get what is known as relative happiness. We can be happy relative to what we might be otherwise."

Please understand that I'm not advocating a dilettante approach to the search for purpose and happiness in life. Modern science, which has illuminated our world more in the last fifty years than any method used by man in his whole previous history, has found that breakthroughs are not the product of a single magic instant of enlightenment. It has found that most of them come at a given moment in time when the answer to a specific question is possible, thanks to hundreds of converging contributions to thought on that subject. Timing is the crucial factor. We must be prepared, if we can't at a given time get what we want, to like what we can get, finding solace in Victor Hugo's promise that "there's nothing more powerful than an idea whose time has come."

A study of the lives of successful men clearly indicates that nothing great in this world has been achieved without a deep-seated motivation. For every successful experiment there were usually many unsuccessful attempts before a breakthrough. Einstein, whom many people credit with the most important intellectual contribution of our times, said, "The theory of relativity was not revolutionary, but a continuation of a line (of experiment) that can be traced through the centuries."

What are the lessons we lesser mortals can learn in studying the careers of geniuses? And what are the implications for us as parents, particularly in the education of our loved ones? I believe deeply, after considerable exposure to our American educational world, that we have gone overboard for the "group think." We have not recognized what Einstein pointed out, that "None but a free individual can make a discovery." We need more people who, in a disciplined way, break the rules. I'm not talking about dilettante beatnikism here but about disciplined premise-questioning. Before a painter can discard the rules of perspective, he must have mastered them. He who takes a different path must have a clear vision of where he would like to go.

Dr. Calvin W. Taylor, University of Utah, an expert in educational research, says that "One may find some important leads by looking somewhat away from, instead of at a target. Clues for spotting the creative talent may be obtained by watching the reactions of others around a person. If some individuals in a group appear excited, disturbed, or threatened, perhaps there is a creative person around whose ideas and work are being at least vaguely sensed as threatening the scheme of things."

David Riesman, who in his writings has continually warned us about the group mentality and its depressing effects upon originality and creativity, says, "We are only beginning to understand the power of individuals to shape their own character by their selection among models and experiences." Who are your children imitating these days? What models are held up to them for emulation? Are they studying the lives of the great creative minds of our time, or are they being carefully taught the quiet dogmas of the past?

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Continued on page 64

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Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Over the Bridge Table

by

Ann Latham

Card games originated in the Orient and were designed to teach military strategy to young nobles.

For centuries playing cards have been traditional in India, although some attribute the invention of card games to the ancient Egyptians. About 1120 A.D. the playing card fad spread into China. The popularity of cards as a pastime grew because more than two players could participate at the same time.

Playing cards probably reached Europe through the Moorish invasion of Spain or through the return of the Crusaders from the Near East. In 1379 playing cards were introduced into central Italy.

Whist, the parent of present-day bridge, was developed from a 16th century game called Trump. By 1905, bridge was the dominant whist-type game in England. In 1914 auction bridge was introduced and it was followed by contract bridge in 1926. In a little more than three decades, contract bridge has become the world's leading card game of the whist group.

Bridge writers all over the world have worked with a point count method for the game of contract bridge, and there were, unfortunately, as many interpretations as there were writers. The point count system is not new. In fact, it is more than 600 years old. It began in Italy with the game Il Tarocchi.

Before we begin learning the point count rules for play, however, let us start with a few fundamental definitions and, also, become familiar with bridge table mechanics.

DEFINITIONS

PARTNER—The player with whom you team up against the other players at the table. Your partner occupies the seat opposite you.

OPPONENT—A player of the other team.

DECLARER—The player who, for his side, first mentions the denomination in which the contract will be played.

DUMMY—Declarer's partner.

CONTRACTOR—Declarer or dummy.

DEFENDER—An opponent of the declarer.

HONOR—Any ace, king, queen, jack or 10.

HAND—The cards dealt to a player.

ROTATION—The progression applied in the game which is clockwise.

DENOMINATION—The suit of "No Trump" bid.

CALL—A term applicable to a bid, a double, a redouble, or a pass.

BID—An offer to contract to win a specified number of tricks in a specified denomination.

PASS—A refusal to bid at that time.

DOUBLE—A challenge issued to an opponent implying doubt concerning the ability of that opponent to make the bid. (A player may double only if the last preceding bid was made by an opponent and no call other than a pass has intervened.)

REDOUBLE—A more or less confident acceptance of the double. (A player may redouble only if the last preceding call, other than a pass, was a double by an opponent.)

TRICK—A card from each player.

PLAY—To contribute a card to a trick, including the first card which is the lead.

OVERTRICK—A trick won by the declarer in excess of his contract.

UNDERTRICK—A trick by which a declarer falls short of his contract.

CONTRACT—The number bid over a book. (If any player has bid, the last bid becomes the contract.)

BOOK—The first six tricks. (After achieving a book, a player then works toward fulfilling his contract.)

TRUMP—Each card of the suit, if any named in the contract.

FOLLOW SUIT—To play a card of the denomination led.

REVOKE—To play a card of a different denomination while holding a card of the denomination led.

GRAND SLAM—The winning of 13 tricks by one side.

LITTLE SLAM—The winning of 12 tricks by one side.

VULNERABLE—Having won a game toward a rubber.

RUBBER—The winning of two games by one side.

BRIDGE MECHANICS

THE PLAYERS

Bridge is a partnership game. Partners may be determined by agreement or by cutting cards. If cards are cut, the two highest are partners and the two lowest are partners.

THE CARDS

A bridge deck is used without the joker. There are 4 suits or denominations . . . 13 cards to a suit. The suits rank in converse alphabetical order, i.e. 1. Spades, 2. Hearts, 3. Diamonds and 4. Clubs. Spades and Hearts are *major suits*. Diamonds and Clubs are *minor suits*. The cards of each denomination rank from highest to lowest as follows: ace, king, queen, jack, 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3 and 2.

THE DEAL

The first dealer is usually determined by a cut of the cards. Highest card is the dealer. The partner of the dealer shuffles one deck of cards while the dealer is dealing. The dealer places the shuffled deck in front of the player to his right who cuts the deck. When the dealer is ready he starts with the player at his left and distributes one card at a time until all the cards have been dealt. The opportunity to become the dealer passes in clockwise rotation unless a re-deal becomes necessary. In this latter case the same dealer re-deals.

THE BIDDING

In contract bridge bidding begins with the dealer and then follows in clockwise rotation. There are four possible calls in bidding: Pass, Bid, Double and Redouble. After the first call has been made, the bidding continues until three players have "passed" in succession. This closes the bidding. The one who first mentioned the denomination or suit in which the contract is to be played will play the contract. He is the declarer.

In bidding, each bid must name a number of tricks, from one to seven, and a denomination. Except for the first bid, all others must surpass any previous bid by naming either a greater number of tricks or the same number of tricks in a denomination of a higher rank. The ranks of denomination, from highest to lowest, are No Trump, Spades, Hearts, Diamonds and Clubs.

Examples of bidding:

(a) 1 Club; 1 Diamond; Pass; 1 No Trump

(b) 1 Diamond; 2 Clubs; 2 Diamonds; 3 Clubs.

THE PLAY

THE OPENING LEAD AND THE TRICK

After the bidding is closed, the first play is made by the person to the left of the dealer. The first play is known as the Opening Lead. After the first card is put on the table, the next player exposes his cards on the table facing the declarer with trump on the declarer's left. This hand is known as the Dummy Hand, or the Dummy. Besides playing the cards in his own hand, the declarer plays the dummy hand, too. A card from each player (4 cards) completes a round of play, or a trick. The winner of a trick leads for the next round of play.

FOLLOWING SUIT AND DISCARDING

A trick is won, generally, by that player who plays the highest card in the suit led. This is always true in a "No Trump" contract. When a suit is led, a player must follow in that suit as long as he holds cards in that suit. When a player's hand is exhausted of cards in a suit which has been led, then obviously, the player must play a card from another suit. This card may be in the trump suit or any of the side suits. In trump contracts, cards in the trump suit outrank any card in the side suits. If a trick contains more than one trump card, the player who played the highest trump card takes the trick.

THE BOOK

Remember . . . the first six tricks taken by the declarer are called a Book. After taking these six tricks . . . a book . . . he then works toward the fulfillment of the contract.

For example:

If a player contracts for 3 Spades, he must make a total of 9 tricks . . . 6 for the book and 3 for the contract.

If a player contracts for 5 Hearts, he must make a total of 11 tricks . . . 6 for the book and 5 for the contract.

Timely Tips on Planning A Successful Bridge Party at Your Country Club

After the bridge party at the club is over, the hostess may find many things nestled between the cards . . . a used tally, a recipe for blanc mange, a ribbon from one of the prizes, or a list of notes used by the hostess to ensure a successful evening.

If it was your party, your worries are over, and you're probably already planning another. Happy Hostess! You've learned the knack of making a bridge party successful. Do you mind if we go over your notes so that everybody can benefit from your planning? Swell . . . and our thanks to you, too.

1. Make a list of people who should be invited. (Be sure that the list is in multiples of four. There is nothing worse than 10 or 11, or even 25 people at a bridge party.)

2. Either send out invitations or telephone well in advance. (Try to get those who are invited to commit themselves definitely. In the event someone cannot make it, you must find a replacement.)

3. Plan your refreshments wisely. The club manager or the maitre d' will work with you, if you ask his assistance in plenty of time. Refreshments may be served before you begin to play (such as at a bridge luncheon) or afterward (especially if your bridge party is to be held in the evening.) Suggest that a punch or other cold drink be made available during play. Many people enjoy "snacks" or "nibbles" at the tables.

4. Be sure to have tallies for each table. And don't forget the score pads and pencils at each table. You will also need an ash tray or two at each table.

5. Work with your club manager to be sure that the tables and chairs are set up before the guests arrive. Make sure that there are two decks of cards (with different backs) on each table.

6. Before the play begins have your guests draw a tally to find their partners and the table where they will start to play. (You decide ahead of time which will be Table 1, Table 2, etc., whether the round will consist of 4 or 6 hands, and whether you will play rubber or party bridge.)

7. It is difficult to determine exactly how many bridge hands will be played during any bridge party. The best procedure, then, is to set an approximate time and to stop as close to that time as reasonably possible.

8. At the end of play, all the guests add the scores on their tallies and the prizes are then distributed. Usually, there is a prize for high score. Some hostesses also provide a prize for second highest score.

Follow these simple tips and your guests will look forward with enthusiasm to your bridge parties. The secret, of course, is in the planning. A well-planned bridge party will proceed smoothly. Start planning your bridge party right now. ■

TIGER

by
Marta Robinet

He was a little man made of bone, tendon and hard yellow skin like a plucked Cochin Bantam. The other laborers on the bridge construction crew called him Tiger, partly in jest, principally for reasons of distrust. His catlike movements, yellow slitted eyes and constant snarl manifested an inner malevolence which discouraged friendly approach. The snarl fortunately was not heard since this tiger, whose name was Giacomo Guadalgno, seldom opened his mouth to anyone. It was an ugly disfigurement of expression worn on a face of bony but not unpleasant contour, as though an evil fate had cast a mask, given it one vicious twist, and clapped it on the face of Giacomo to stay.

He worked all the time, bending and straining his back beyond human strength. At lunchtime, he sat apart from the groups and huddles of men for no longer than it took him to eat his sandwich of fried peppers and garlic. While he ate his lunch, his gaze traveled along the rough roadway, to the piers, the red steel trusses and tie rods which thrust farther ahead every day, high above the churning muddy riverwaters, toward the opposite bank. The strong sunlight made his eyes water, but since he had not encouraged friendships, no one came near enough to notice the weakness or to ask what caused it.

At seven years of age Giacomo had accompanied his father and brother into the deep dark shafts of a sand mine in his native

Corsica. He stayed there for fourteen years, never climbing out of darkness until duskfall when, six evenings a week year in and year out, he nibbled his allowance of stale bread and went to sleep on the ground, his coat for cover. When dawn came he woke up, descended into the shaft where his patient donkey waited for the wallops and kicks that began the day's work. Only on Sundays did Giacomo's life and sight differ from the donkey's. On Sundays Giacomo saw light, the sky, the sunshine slanting in rain of gold on the cobblestones in the village street. He saw the pink oleanders nodding in the seabreeze that stirred through the piazza in front of the church. He saw birds and heard them sing.

One Sunday he saw a rainbow for the first time. It arched across the sky, hurling its stream of colors downward toward the far end of the west. He remembered having heard one of the miners say America was to be found at the farthest point in the west.

After that Sunday he cheated his mother of part of his wages each week. He accepted the cuffings her hand administered after Mass as his due. He stole boldly from his father, brother, other miners, and accepted their kicks, oaths, and the blows from their fists without humility but with the gratitude of knowing justice was done.

At last Giacomo left the mine, the house of his mother where only his wages were welcome, and the village. He started out for America. He sensed he was crossing an expanse of sea but it was too large to be understood so he stayed deep within the rolling body of the ship, smelling the strong oil sweat of the giant engines and feeling weak in the pit of his strong stomach. He kicked back at the malaise with angry thoughts about the small, patient donkey. What an imbecile, that donkey, left behind to accept the beatings of a new master. It knows who its friend is now, he thought.

Giacomo worked like the donkey, in New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh. He learned the new language well enough to understand where the jobs were and to ask for employment. He laid brick, hoisted bone-crushing bags of cement to his backbone, carried buckets on his head, pushed wheelbarrows over dangerous catwalks strung at dizzying altitudes above the city canyons. He waited in shape-ups through rains, blizzards, fogs, gales, until his call came for a job. The only job he ever turned down was sandhogging. He thought of the donkey in the dark in Corsica and he said no. He said it with such a snarl that nobody put up an argument.

"If I'd hit that little paissano, I'd knock him clean to Hoboken," the steward of the Local said. "But I'll say this for him. Tiger's one who never lays down on the job."

"Hey, Tiger!" the crew on the bridge called to him when he was working and they were idle. "Why don't you finish up here, and we'll go home." They resented his refusal to waste time on a retort, a word of camaraderie, on lending his ear to a raucous joke, a political discussion; to their profanities about the boss, women, to their verbal sharing of the gentle happenings in their lives—love, a wedding, a birth, a First Communion, a Bar Mizvah.

His drudgery disgusted them. It did not cut any ice with Frank, the boss on the grader. "You dumb greaseball," Frank yelled at him. "Whatcha think you're doing? Making mud pies? Boys, Tiger's making mud pies. Lookit. Isn't he a busy little fella?"

COUNTRY CLUB WOMEN!

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See details on pages 71 and 72

Giacomo's eyes gleamed one sinister gleam, and he went right on working. He thought of the donkey, of the rainbow and the bridge. Its rust red ribs under the hot sun he imagined to be the picked bones of the rainbow. If the rainbow now were only a carcass, he still wished to walk to the other shore where its head would rest. Giacomo did not know the word *Valhalla* but he imagined there must be somewhere farther on toward the west the peaceful land he hoped to reach. His eyes, weak as they were, strained toward the setting sun, saw the reflection in the sky of the rainbow's colors which once had tumbled abundantly upon that western shore. He thought of the fallen colors as never ending fields of flowers—pink, red, blue, azure, yellow, gold of such blinding brilliance and beauty that when the sun dipped near in its evening lowering, the fields flamed their radiance into the darkening sky. He imagined heroic donkeys grazing in those bright meadows.

He went home each evening to a room in a rooming house near the river wharves. To reach this haven he walked two miles to the bus stop. The other laborers in their car pools whisked past. Giacomo had earned no invitations, wanted none.

He rode the bus for twenty minutes along main thoroughfares margined with glittering shop windows. Afterward, the streets grew poorer and poorer. He stepped off the bus near a narrow alley strewn with papers, broken bottles and dirty strips of rags which were blown there on windy days from the bales in the junk yard.

The alley led into a short, forgotten street. Children, dogs and cats scattered out of his way. "Well, I am Giacomo," he thought. He did not care to be anyone else. He was ugly, evil and worthless as his mother, sisters, father and brother had said. He accepted what he was.

"Mangi!" His landlady shouted at him before he was inside the door. She pointed to the small portion of macaroni in the dish on the corner of the table which was littered with her husband's dirty laundry. The macaroni was cold. The sandwiches at noon were half the size of those she had supplied in the beginning of their agreement. Once, during the winter, the macaroni had been hot and heaping in the dish. He had come in out of the cold and the woman had smiled at him and her lips had been as bright, red and inviting as the salsa.

In the spring, one night when her husband was working late on a ship tied up at the river wharf, the woman invited Giacomo to sit in the kitchen with her. She shared a bottle of good wine with him and her black eyes watched him while he became more and more confidential. He even spoke to her about the donkey, surprising himself greatly because he had drunk wine with women now and then but he never before had revealed this innermost tenderness for the plight of a poor beast.

She finished the wine. She laughed, "Giacomo, you are *brutto*. You have an amore with a donkey, huh? Don't tell me of that animal's patient soul, ha, ha. You love me. Te amo," she said. Her face came close and she gave the breadknife a slap with her hand, sending it catercorner across the table toward him. "You like me, too? I have money. When my husband sleeps, the knife goes—Zic! We go away together. Do you understand, my stupido?"

Giacomo pushed away slowly from the table. He thought of the donkey's patient soul, of the rainbow, of working on a high serene bridge which soon would span the muddy flume of a river debased by garbage and the oil puddles from the ships.

He became so angry he kicked over the table. He held the knife and aimed it—Zic!—into the bread, where it belonged. He went to his room and kicked the door shut.

She punished him now with cold suppers and half-rations, but vindictiveness was nothing new to him. He would go away when the time came, when the bridge was built. Meanwhile, he slept well with the great contentment that flooded his heart. He was happy to be Giacomo. He would not change places with the woman's husband. There was a man who was worse off than the donkey.

One summer day the men walked off the bridge. Some looked back with pride at the beauty of the structure, others looked ahead toward the next job. Giacomo looked back but actually he was looking ahead. He took so long about it he was late reaching the bus corner. When he got off the bus near the alley he saw the horse. He had passed it before but had not seen it except as part and parcel of the wagon to which it was attached.

It stood, head hung, thin, knob-kneed, sway-backed, patient, hitched to the wagon which contained at the moment a case of wilted leeks, a few rotting peaches and a half dozen watermelons.

"Buona sera," the horse said to Giacomo, stopping him in his tracks. Its tail flicked at the swarm of gnats. Its head nodded up and down, trusting without reason to trust.

Giacomo walked on several steps. He thought there was nothing for such a trusting, talking horse but sharp stones and a pelting. He bent down and picked up two bottle caps and a broken piece of green glass. When he closed his fist on them, his hand filled with a warm ooze. He dropped the glass and threw the bottle caps at the horse. His aim was straight but the horse just went on nodding its head, its eyes gently observing Giacomo.

Giacomo walked back several steps. He put his hand on the bony forehead where the bottle cap had hit.

"Amico, buon' sera," Giacomo said. He stood with the horse until the owner came out of the bar. He asked the man, "How much this horse cost?"

The man said for five hundred dollars Giacomo could buy out the business.

Giacomo said, "Three hundred." His savings amounted to five times three hundred dollars, but he did not know how far he and the horse would have to travel toward the west after they crossed the bridge.

"I give three hundred dollar," Giacomo snarled. "The horse is living only for the abattoir and the wagon is good for firewood and nothing more." He had worked in an abattoir and knew very well what the word meant.

The man followed Giacomo, horse and wagon to the rooming house. Giacomo went to his room, took off his shoes, climbed on a chair and using the open blade of his pocketknife, he pried loose the top board on the door frame. It came out without one scatter of plaster. Giacomo was a genius when it came to design and execution of hiding places.

He thrust his hand into the long open recess and came out with a tin can labeled Pomodori. He withdrew the folded bills, put the tin can in the recess again, slid the perfect fit of the board back into place.

He packed his clothes in the large black pasteboard suitcase, buckled the straps around it, went downstairs and outside. He counted out three hundred dollars and gave the amount to the former owner of the horse.

Giacomo's landlady sat on the front stoop and watched the transaction. Her hair was in curlers and her flesh under the stars was like heavy, sour dough. She called Giacomo a number of uncomplimentary names, accused him of walking out without notice, demanded another week's board.

He paid her. He took the case of leeks, the rotten peaches, the watermelons out of the wagon and laid them at her feet. When he led the horse away from the curb, the woman stood up, leaned forward and spat at him.

He walked beside the horse through the alley, along the poor streets, into the shining illuminated thoroughfares, out through the suburbs, on along the broad ribbon of road that led to the bridge. Overhead, the stars flamed. Giacomo told the horse, "Amico, there is good fortune in the fact we find each other tonight. Tomorrow, the man who is the governor of this state will come here to cut the ribbons which will then permit traffic to cross the bridge. We are the first to cross."

They went past the tar pot flares on the bridge approach. Giacomo said, "I beat the donkey because he was little and weak. Life was too hard for that donkey. Many times I wish to beat him to death. Do you understand?"

The soft muzzle of the horse touched Giacomo's ear. It said, "Capisco—bene, bene."

The bridge lay ahead, a slender, white arch laced across the river under the dome of the candle-lit night. Giacomo stopped the horse and wagon to look at it. When a rainbow died, Giacomo thought, its ribs burst out, red as rust, in its corruption. Here was its spirit calling the horse and Giacomo to cross its arch into the west.

"Andiamo," Giacomo said, happily. He untied and re-tied the rainbow colored ribbons and streamers which would be cut by the Governor's scissors tomorrow. He stole one ribbon, tied it around the neck of his friend.

The watchman yelled at them to halt. Two policemen jumped out of a patrol car but then they told the watchman, "That's Tiger. The crazy paissano who practically built this bridge. Where do you suppose he came by that nag? He must be going in the produce business on the other side."

"Let him go," they told the watchman. "But he should have had his picture taken for the papers. Aren't they giving fifty bucks or something to the first person to cross here?"

Giacomo and the horse had reached the middle of the span. They did not hear about the fifty dollars. Giacomo would have stopped to think about that fifty dollars. But he went on. The expression on his face was freed of the snarl. He looked young. In 35 years he had never looked young.

"Friend," he told the horse, "you see, we are Giacomo. If we do not find the fields when we come off the bridge, we will go on. They are beyond." ■

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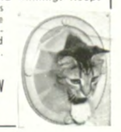


TUREN, Inc., Dept. CCW
2 Cottage Ave.,
Danvers, Mass.

diamond:

the leading gem of fashion

by

Loys Malmgren

What reflects elegance and taste in a woman's jewels? Not an armful of diamond jewelry posing as an evaluation sheet of her financial status; not the price of a haute couture gown. Elegance is controlled taste tempered with knowledge of one's own appearance and personality. "No matter in what world a person lives, taste should never be a question of money," Cecil Beaton, famed designer, once commented. Fashion formulas vary for each woman. Apparel and jewels should blend into a single mood to harmonize with the individual.

Some fifty years ago it was considered fashionable to wear as much jewelry as possible. Several brooches, numerous rings, draped chains and diamond-studded hair combs were the mode of the day. The age of exaggeration vanished in the early twenties with the advent of the chemise dress and short coiffures. Chanel's genius for making women look younger, though boyish at times, became authoritative. She adored jewelry and wore a great deal of it for daytime informal clothes to contrast with the simple, straight lines of the apparel. For evening she usually wore a single piece of jewelry for pure drama. Her collection of flawless diamonds, pearls and emeralds complemented the brilliant simplicity of her designs.

What is the function of a well-designed piece of diamond jewelry? First, it must have significance in a woman's life. As women often remark, they "fall in love" with certain pieces of jewelry. Design reflects personality. A piece of precious jewelry should appeal in such a way that it seems indispensable. Wearability is a major factor in selecting the "just right" design. "Signature" jewelry develops through a woman's continuous preference for a specific motif. Although a platinum diamond pavé initial pin is personalized, it does not convey the true meaning of a signature piece. The motif may be a floral design executed in a variety of objects—fabrics for home and wardrobe as well as diamond pieces. Fondness for abstract and geometric design can be borne out in everything a woman selects, including her precious jewelry.

Diamond jewelry design transcends design in fashion, yet it is geared to high fashion, which has a longer life expectancy than fads and fancies. Christian Dior's statement has almost become a maxim; i.e., a designer must start from something, and nothing is ever invented. Tubular sheaths, bobbed hair and bold diamond

GALA DIAMONDS (opposite page)—*"Royal Champagne" is the name of this ring, which has a huge cinnamon-colored marquise diamond silhouetted by a froth of small white marquises. Created by Marvin Hime & Co., Inc. of Beverly Hills, California and weighing 10.75 carats, the pale cinnamon diamond rises from a curving shank set with six baguettes.*

DIAMOND ON THE CUFF (above)—*Alternating ribs of round diamonds and textured 18-karat yellow gold distinguish this cuff-bracelet created by Black, Starr & Gorham of New York City. The ribs of diamond and gold seem to be tied in the mid-region by a ribbon of oval diamonds and deep blue sapphires set in platinum.*

jewelry of the twenties provided stimulus for designers' sketches in the sixties. Free-swinging diamond pendant earrings, bands of diamond bracelets, and necklaces in swags symbolize the visual aspect of the twenties revived forty years later. Fashion found impetus in newly-developed fabrics. Lavish velvets of the Renaissance were revived during the past season in the ballgown designs which required lacy and light touch in diamond jewelry. Tapestry and brocades demanded jewels of impressive proportion to balance the weightier fabric.

Design in diamonds undergoes a slow metamorphosis in the face of fashion, which is revolutionized annually. Designs in both fine jewelry and apparel reflect the true image of an age, jewelry maintaining longer wearability in a sea of change. Though slow in evolution, diamond jewelry designs forecast style trends. Such trends have been chronicled by the Diamonds-International Awards, originally named Diamonds U.S.A. in 1954. Awards are given annually for excellence in diamond jewelry design. (All the photographs in this article show award-winners in this competition.) Jewelers and designers all over the world are invited to submit renderings on paper which are presented anonymously to a Selection Committee. Prominent social leaders, fashion editors of magazines and newspapers, and noted hostesses serve on the committee. Designs are judged in five price categories. The designs chosen by the committee are then produced by the jewelers who submitted them. The one-of-a-kind pieces range in price from $500 to over $100,000. Completed jewelry is exhibited to members of the press at an annual luncheon held in New York City.

Jewels in the Awards collection revealed trends of international scope. The collection forecast designs of bolder and more dramatic scale. Fewer designs were petite. Bracelets were cuffed so as to cover wide areas of the wrist and arm. Pins and clips of large proportion served as focal points and conversation pieces. Rings were massive domes or were executed with huge diamonds of rare color and cut. Diamonds seemed to burst from large pieces of uncluttered design. It was a large and lush diamond collection. Another trend showed itself in three-dimensional surfaces encrusted with diamonds. Nowhere could there be found a design with a "flat" appearance. Layers, levels and ripples of metal were paved and strewn with diamonds. Drama in depth was the result of height and width in pieces.

Another trend involved metal. Daytime jewelry combined diamonds with 18-karat yellow gold. Platinum was still preferred for formal diamond pieces. Designers showed ingenuity in working with 18-karat yellow gold because of its malleability. The metal permits a variety of unique surface effects. Grained, nubby, brushed and fabric-textured surfaces provided both a frame and background for diamonds. The vibrancy of the yellow gold was stark contrast with the white blaze of diamonds.

Although the prestige of owning diamond jewelry is often a major factor involved in buying and owning it, there are other sound reasons for doing so. Fine jewelry lasts forever since the workmanship is top quality. The diamonds are set, not cemented. The metal is strong so that catches, hinges and suspensions are secure. Diamond jewelry has a long life since it is often styled in advance much like custom-made clothes. Classic design is timeless, with the ability to provide enjoyment each time it is worn. Designers who work with a client produce an exclusive design. A woman can express her own personality by working closely with a designer. Her chosen motifs can be incorporated into a design that will become her "signature."

Diamond jewelry is frequently designed to perform in multiple manner. Diamond earclips with removable pendants take to day and evening wear. The same versatility applies to necklaces which can be separated into two bracelets. Diamond pins have double lives when worn as pendants on neckchains. A double-clip may be worn as a single or double unit.

Regardless of how small the piece or of the number of diamonds in it, a well-designed diamond piece has intrinsic value. The stones themselves can be remounted years later in another jewelry form or set into a newly-designed piece with more diamonds. Quality is the keyword in owning a piece of diamond jewelry. It is a badge of fine taste.

Precious jewelry performs a role similar to that of facial cosmetics. Both flatter, complement, and detract from any slight defects. A single well-designed diamond ring will enhance the skin tone and point up lovely nails. An illusion of pretty hands is created, too, when a diamond ring detracts attention from knuckles or gives a slenderizing effect to a chubby hand. Neck adornment also creates preferred illusion. The most delicate of diamond pendants suspended from a lengthy chain will elongate a short, wide neck. Conversely, a multi-strand necklace will shorten a too-long or slender neck.

Hands cannot be disguised but they can be flattered. If a woman is fortunate enough to select her own diamond engagement ring, she should give the designs close scrutiny after analyzing her hands. After all, she will wear the ring for the rest of her married life. Anniversary rings, often of the "occasional" type, incorporate diamonds in a variety of designs. The more ornate diamond ring demands as much design and hand analysis as the engagement ring.

DIAMOND CABLE BRACELET IN ROYAL PAVÉ (below)—*Schilling of Stuttgart, Germany, designed this Royal Pavé bracelet. Royal Pavé, the close massing of diamonds larger than those used in traditional pavé work, is exemplified in this bracelet of 219 round and baguette diamonds. Winged baguette streamers add sweeping motion to the graceful curve of the main cable of diamonds.*

Generally speaking, a ring design should be selected according to the over-all size of the hand. Hands may be classified in four general shapes: large with slender palms and slender fingers, large with broad palms and squared-off fingers; small with slim fingers; and small with short fingers.

Small hands should wear designs in keeping with their proportion. Too much ring on a small hand produces a weighty appearance. Elaborate mountings should be left for the woman with large hands.

Wide-banded rings and crosswise designs shorten still more small hand with short fingers. The illusion of length can be created with a diamond ring of oblong design. A pointed marquise, a pear-shape or a long emerald-cut diamond seems to slenderize a short finger. A narrow ring-band set with an elongated diamond makes the diamond seem larger by comparison.

Small hands with slender fingers can wear more ornate rings than those with thicker fingers. In fact, a small slender hand can be broadened if a ring has diamonds grouped on either side of center diamond. Providing the over-all size of the ring is not too large for the small hand with slender fingers, most types of ring mountings can be worn.

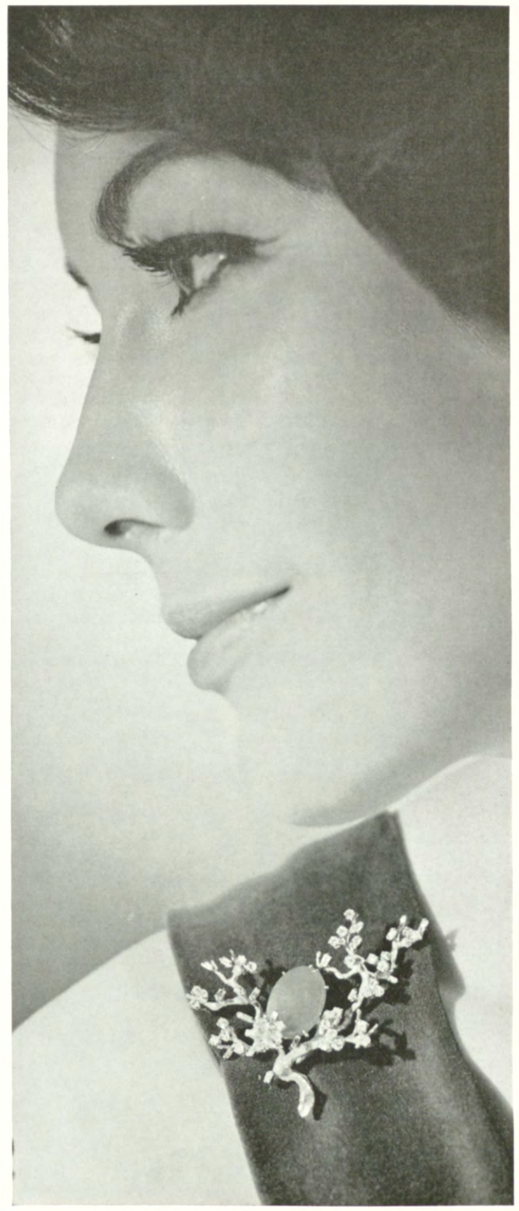
What may seem like diamond domes and mounds of overpowering magnitude in current ring designs are, in fact, scaled to the proportions of large hands. Large, capable hands can easily belittle or "dwarf" a diamond ring. Solitaire diamonds can be set magnificently in "illusion" mountings. This type of mounting has a metal rim extension around the diamond so that the stone itself appears larger than it really is. Smaller diamonds flank the center stone to produce a more impressive diamond ring. Tapered baguettes set on the shoulders of the ring add to the size of the center diamond as they rise to meet it at the base of the prongs. As a rule, a large hand with slender fingers, or one with square-type fingers, should wear a large ring to balance it in proportion.

Earclips should not be chosen according to face shape only. Hairstyle is a major consideration since little or none of the ear may show. A tiny diamond drop suspended from the lobe may be completely lost by a hairstyle with an over-the-ear downward swirl or by a face with large features. The earclip provides parallel framing for the face. As with rings, earclips must be scaled to the individual. It is imperative that a woman try on variety of earclip designs with a hairstyle she wears most often. Design of the earclip should not be judged from face-front only. A woman should view herself in profile, too.

Whether a woman should wear a diamond-spray earclip running up the rim of her ear or a pavé button-type design is determined by her face shape. General face types include oval (the perfect shape), round, square, triangular, diamond-shaped and heart-shaped. To discover your face shape, stand in front of a mirror and trace your facial outline with soap or a soft marking pencil. After deciding on your best features and what you want to "play down," experiment with all types of earclip designs until your eye tells you what is best suited to you. Long or pendant earclips look well on oval, diamond-shaped and heart-shaped faces. A suspended earclip produces a widening of a narrow chin line. Button-type earclips and spray-designs with upward movement balance a square jawline, as in the triangular and square face shapes. A face with round contours should wear earclips close to the face, preferably of large design. Facial characteristics can be accented and minimized by earclips.

Style and design are not the only considerations. Price is always a major concern regardless of your income bracket.

How much should a diamond cost? What is a reasonable price for a piece of well-designed diamond jewelry? Qualities vary in diamonds and in design. Only price ranges can be quoted. However, knowledge of the Four Cs—carat weight, color, cut and clarity—will enable a prospective diamond purchaser to



DIAMONDS STAGGERED IN SPLIT-LEVEL CLIP (above)—*Diamonds perch on split levels around 19.80 carats of green jade in this clip, which can be worn as a pendant. This versatile clip was designed by E. Meister Jewelers, Ltd. of Zurich, Switzerland. Delicate branchwork of brushed 18-karat yellow and white gold resembles tree bark. Fifty-four round and baguette diamonds provide contrast in curving and straight lines as they shoot and dart in groups.*

DIAMOND "TRAP-DOOR" WATCH IN ROYAL PAVÉ (above)—*Time is held in seclusion in this diamond bangle "trap-door" watch. It was designed by Lindemann Jewelry Co. of San Francisco. Brushed 18-karat yellow gold leaves give the effect of a growing vine. The center diamond tuft flips upward to reveal a watch. One hundred thirteen round diamonds totaling five carats pave the domes.*

understand better what he wants and what he will receive for his diamond dollar. Transacting business with a reputable jeweler is of prime importance. His knowledge of diamonds, his honesty, and his interest in guiding you toward a sound diamond value will provide the confidence you need in such a purchase.

Carat is the unit of weight for measuring diamonds. Divided into 100 points, a carat is 200 milligrams or about 1/42nd of an avoirdupois ounce. When a jeweler refers to a 52 point diamond, he means that the stone is just over a half-carat; a 96-point diamond is just under a full carat.

When the weight of diamonds is given in a ring, ask if it is the total weight of all the diamonds in the ring or if it is the weight of the center stone only.

Color is the second of the Four-C guide. Clear and colorless with no trace of brown or yellow describes a fine diamond. While colorless in itself, a white diamond picks up and reflects every color in the spectrum. Look at a diamond in a north light on a clear day against a white paper and you'll see its true color. Because the "whiter" whites are more rare, they are expensive. Diamonds of clear, strong colors have value although most are worth less than a fine white of the same size and quality. The term "blue-white" has been so abused that the Federal Trade Commission forbids its use for a diamond that shows any color other than blue.

Clarity refers to the absence of impurities which gemologists call inclusions. "Bubbles," feathers, and carbon specks were incorporated into diamonds by nature. Tiny flaws don't necessarily affect the beauty of a diamond; they do lower the price tag, however. Most tiny inclusions cannot be seen with the naked eye. A diamond is rated as flawless only if it shows no inclusions or other blemishes to a trained eye when it is studied under a glass that magnifies ten times. A purchaser is faced with the decision of buying a small but flawless diamond or a larger stone with some flaw imperceptible to the naked eye.

Cut, last of the Four C's, refers to the shape of the diamond and also to the quality of workmanship. A diamond must be cut to proper porportions in order to produce maximum brilliance; "well made," as diamond cutters say. Diamond sparkle is the result of refraction (the bending of light rays), internal reflection, dispersion of light and surface lustre. Days, even months, may be involved in studying a diamond prior to cutting.

No one cut of diamond is more expensive than another, all other factors being equal. Basic diamond cuts are the round, pear-shape, marquise and emerald cut.

A *round* diamond, often called "brilliant-cut," is popular for solitaire diamond engagement rings.

The *pear-shape* diamond is wide at one end and tapers to a point at the other. The point is worn toward the finger tip.

A *marquise* diamond resembles a boat with a point on each end.

The *emerald-cut* comes in two outlines; rectangular and square cut. Facets are polished straight along the sides and diagonally across the corners.

Full-cut diamonds have fifty-eight tiny facets. "Single cut" diamonds have seventeen facets. Small diamonds, under 20 points, are called "melee" (mell-ee) by the trade. Larger diamonds are referred to as "sizes."

Through the decades prominent women have left their imprint in the world of fashion and jewels. Is there a woman who is not aware of the impact of understatement as exemplified by the Duchess of Windsor? The well-designed, appropriately placed diamond jewel has developed into a fashion principle of elegance and fine taste. Was it not the Duchess' originality in wearing twin diamond clips on her calot that created a vogue? Every woman can acquire a stamp of individuality when she understands her "jewel personality." ■

SHOPPING FOR A DIAMOND NECKLACE? (above)—*Van Cleef & Arpels chose this stunning diamond necklace to pair up with Burke-Amey's 13th Century damask gown at a recent showing to the fashion press. Damask was introduced to the western world by Marco Polo in the 13th century and Mr. Amey chose it as the fabric to provide the background for this diamond necklace. The upper portion is a scalloped chain of marquise diamonds. A round white diamond weighing almost 55 carats and a cushion-cut yellow diamond weighing almost 100 carats are suspended from the scallop.*

Photo: U. S. Lawn Tennis Assn.

Alice Marble ...First Lady of Tennis

by Betty Hicks

the secret... LOW to HIGH

Alice Marble looked across the courts at Deauville Country Club, at her class of junior students. "They're all alike," she smiled. "They don't want to learn; they want to play." But they don't learn to play—not yet—in Alice's classes.

I asked if she had written an instruction book, an almost inevitable project undertaken by every sports champion. Her answer summarizes her entire approach to teaching and playing tennis. She has, she confessed almost apologetically, written a little pamphlet on instruction. "But tennis is so simple," she explained. "I just don't want to complicate it by writing a book about it."

She does not deviate from her principles in teaching her classes.

She teaches, and teaches it categorically, the Eastern grip. She teaches three strokes: forehand, backhand, and serve.

"There is absolutely no deviation from the standard grip," she begins. "You must have a strong grip. It is the Eastern forehand. You just shake hands with the racket. The fatty part of your hand is on the bevel. And your fingers are spread, ever so slightly.

She beckoned a child named Nancy onto the court. She stepped out timorously, as any adolescent should in respect for the privilege of being on the same court as Alice Marble.

"The pattern," explained the coach, "is low to high, low to high. We're trying to loft it over the net, low to high."

Alice stood and tossed ball after ball to her patiently, punctuating the session with encouragements. "Just a short step forward, now . . . Tennis is not a reaching game . . . That's it . . . Follow the ball with your weight . . . Now here's a nice important thing. The reason you were bending down too far is that you were resting with your left hand on your knee. Tennis is not a resting game. Your left arm is used as a balance."

A strong-looking teen-aged boy stepped up to hit some backhand shots. Alice showed him how to change the grip, just a quarter of a turn to the left, with the knuckle of the forefinger on the top plate. Then she had him stand, back to the net, following the same pattern while she tossed balls to him. "It's low to high, low to high," she repeated. "Now, of course you won't be hitting backhands exactly this way, but this is to show you how you can fool your opponent. He'll never know where you're going to hit . . . That's right, that's the pattern: low to high."

There's nothing to the service, insists Alice, except a basic overhand throw. "Imagine you are throwing a ball across the net," she told Billie. "Swing the racket the way you'd throw a ball . . . Good! . . . Now toss the ball just a few inches higher than you can reach with the racket. That's better. Now, you're learning to serve. Just throw it overhand."

The class time was almost over. This was her fourth class of the afternoon. She had two left to teach. She handed 9-year-old Mark a jump rope. "Boys particularly have difficulty with their coordination," she told me. Mark, tongue tucked between his lips, was proving her contention. His feet made futile efforts to dodge the dogged rope.

Alice Marble, looking every bit as agile as she did at the summit of her unmatched career, took the rope from the boy. "We must make our minds tell our bodies what to do," she explained to the class. "We have to work out patterns of footwork for jumping rope. First one foot . . . then two feet . . . then one foot again . . . and then double jumps."

The class came off the bench and the ropes started to splat against the cement court. The girls jumped lightly and hesitantly, the boys heavily and determinedly.

It was 3:00 P.M. The club manager brought Alice a sandwich.

"Piece of sandwich, Kip?" she asked her very small, eager-faced ball boy.

Kip grinned shyly. "What kind?" he asked, and then declined it.

"Say, Alice," he added, "do you get to keep all the money you get for teaching us?"

Alice Marble avoided the question by continuing to eat her sandwich. Finally she smiled and said, "I chase children all week—and then all weekend."

But there was not a hint of complaint in her voice. ■

The nurse drew the polio vaccine into her syringe. "Roll up your sleeve," she commanded the ten-year-old gently. "And tell me again, Mike. What's the trouble with your forehand?"

He fumbled with the sleeve. "Be sure you put it in my left arm, huh? I've got trouble enough." He grinned up at the nurse, a grin full of braces and admiration. "It's not my forehand. I can hit my forehand and I can hit my backhand. But I can't serve. I just can't serve."

The syringe was back in the sterilizer before Mike had ceased contemplating his serve. "And come back again in three weeks, Mike. But before you do . . ."

He listened to the slender, blonde woman as any small boy would listen to the voice of an oracle whose right to be heard was created long before he was created. To Mike, she was a goddess out of a fantasy, a picture-puzzle world of which his comprehension and imagination could grasp only fragments—of chalk lines on very green grass, of kings and queens and of linemen in white, of very large trophies and very bright flash bulbs, of tall newspaper headlines and long ocean voyages. He had never asked, not even when he wanted very much to ask, why she was spending almost all of her time sticking small boys and girls with needles.

"Before, you come back, Mike," she continued, "go out and throw a ball. Throw it overhand. Then hit your service the same way. And practice hard, Mike."

Mike said he would practice hard, and he rubbed his left arm, ever so briefly. "Thanks a lot," he said, with as much reverence as a ten-year-old can reflect verbally. "Thanks a lot, Miss Marble."

From Plumas County, in the Sierra Nevadas of California, it is an incredible distance to the center court of Wimbledon, England. For Alice Marble, the road back from Wimbledon to her native state was even longer.

Alice Marble is the acknowledged incomparable of American women tennis players. But she became more than that. In a game which seems to offer the stage for a gamut of temperamental histrionics, her demeanor has been exemplary. She is a lady of grace and talent, culture and intelligence. She is an athlete of marvellous perception and coordination. She is a woman of conviction and its price, courage.

Her story, happily for the American sports legend, does not stray from the revered script. She wore a mantle of femininity to and from her arena of battle, and then stomped her opponents into turf of clay with an aggressiveness previously displayed only by male stars.

Alice Marble's own childhood differs remarkably from the lives of her young tutelages at Encino's Deauville Country Club, in San Fernando Valley, where she now teaches tennis on Sunday afternoons. Plumas County Farms was primitive in those days of World War I. Her father Harry Marble owned the farm, but he was also a high-climber in a lumber camp, a job which has its urban counterpart in the riveters on skyscrapers.

But Alice's mother, a city girl who had been enticed out of her San Francisco by the persistent young lumberman, had little taste for the rural existence. She was jubilant when her husband announced that he had a job in a San Francisco lumber yard and was moving his brood of five to a city the children had never seen.

On Christmas Eve of 1919, Harry Marble died of complications following an automobile accident. He left no insurance.

Alice's oldest brother Dan left school to take a job as the responsible man of the household at 13. Her mother went to work cleaning offices.

Though she was devoted to her father, it is doubtful that his impact on her life equalled that of her Uncle Arthur, who came to live with the family soon after Harry Marble died. Arthur had been a semi-pro baseball player. When he undertook a coaching program in the sport for the three Marble boys, they were soon joined by a fourth student, a small girl in hiking pants and a beanie, who was inseparable from her baseball glove.

Of all the family athletes, Alice was the best. She was 13 and brother Tim was 10, Alice remembers, when by some

miracle of thrift, they had saved enough car fare to make what was to be the first of Alice's momentous journeys. "We went to the ball park to watch a San Francisco baseball game." Not to be denied a moment in which to play catch, they went equipped with gloves and a ball for a workout in the bleachers before the game.

During a pre-game warm up a friendly Sacramento outfielder sauntered over to the bleacher section and asked a child he presumed to be a boy to come onto the field and play catch with him.

"I am not a boy," replied Alice Marble huffily, "but I will play catch with you."

Then San Francisco fielder Lefty O'Doul, Alice's personal hero, adopted her, introduced her to all of the Seals lineup, and issued a standing invitation to warm up with the ball club every weekend. When San Francisco *Examiner* sports writer Curley Grieve saw the youngster in action he was so impressed that Alice Marble found her name in the sports page headlines for the first time. She became "The Little Queen of Swat," a title as prophetic as it was descriptive.

This was 1927 and Alice was engrossed in her studies at high school, nurturing an ambition to be a physical education teacher in the image of a woman whose influence on her was both profound and lasting. Her name was Miss Coyne and such was the power of her prevalence that Alice vanquished a lisp and through dancing lessons, abandoned that almost-indelible mark of an athlete, her pigeon-toed walk.

"It was only when she suggested I take up tennis that I balked," laughs Alice now. "Not even Miss Coyne could induce me to play that sissy sport."

Photo: U. S. Lawn Tennis Assn.

An example of the speed, poise, and drive that combined to produce Alice Marble's championship style.

But where Miss Coyne failed, brother Dan succeeded. Literally, Dan thrust a tennis racket in Alice's hand, delivering as he did a brief but paternal lecture on the necessity to be a lady instead of a tomboy and how tennis was a game for a lifetime.

Alice recalls, "I was crushed. I cried all night, wondering if I would lose my 'Queen of Swat' title, or my fans, or how I would ever be able to survive a life in which I would never again shag flies."

Alice determined to hate tennis, and she was given invaluable aid in her hostility campaign by her taunting schoolmates. "I have never spent a more miserable day in school," she says, "than that first day on which I took my tennis racket there."

Four months later she won her first tournament.

The metamorphosis of tomboy to girl tennis player became final in 1930 when Alice sold her baseball glove and hoarded odd-job money for $20 to buy new party clothes for a tournament invasion of the Pacific Northwest.

Her tremendous natural ability brought championships to Alice in the years before 1931. She was ranked No. 1 in Northern California and No. 7 nationally. "But I became aware, suddenly, that I was limited in how far I could go because of the type of shots I had." As three-time national champion and talented tennis teacher Mary K. Browne appraised Alice's game of those days, she needed basic strokes, not tricks. "Learn the forehand, backhand and serve," counseled "Brownie," "and you'll be on your way to being a champion."

Alice determined that she must find a coach who could give her those strokes, and she must find a job to pay for the cost of concentrated tutoring.

It was in the spring of this same year, Miss Marble recalls in her autobiography *The Road to Wimbledon* when her then-steady boy friend interrupted her tennis practice in Golden Gate Park one day: "I want you to go with me to meet an old friend of mine," he said.

"We walked through the doors of the O'Connor-Moffat Department Store on that eventful day of March 9, 1931 to meet the person who was to change my life," Alice wrote.

Miss Eleanor Tennant had been nationally ranked No. 3 twelve years before Alice met her. She has developed methods of group instruction which awe the most critical educators. Her list of eminently successful pupils includes Pauline Betz, Bobby Riggs, and Maureen Connally.

But her greatest student was Alice Marble.

Their friendship was instant, and it was durable, bound by their mutual singleness of purpose. Eleanor found a job for Alice in the San Francisco office of Wilson Sporting Goods Company. There was no way Alice could know that her $40-a-month pay check would be the minutest of those Wilson was destined to pay her in the years ahead. She did menial chores and ran errands, but she earned the most important money she had ever earned—that which took her to Eleanor Tennant for the four weeks in which was sculptured the new tennis game of Alice Marble.

A great teacher is always an humble teacher. Eleanor Tennant's first acknowledgement when she assumed responsibility for Alice's future was that she must seek the aid of another expert. Together they went to Santa Barbara. Here Alice's game was subjected to a bruising analysis by the very brilliant Harwood White.

White was an architect by profession, but he was adept in drawing blueprints for tennis futures. What Alice learned from "Beese" White and Eleanor Tennant in that month were the strokes and the strategies which were to win for her the important titles of tennis and to shape the foundation for her own teaching.

White brutally informed Alice at the outset that her strokes needed a total overhauling. He immediately set to work producing more efficiency in her motions. He instructed her to hold the racket lightly and wrung her through a frustrating initial lesson of hitting balls as she held the racket delicately with only two fingers and the thumb. Though she acknowledges now that she was thus able to produce some fantastically powerful results with a fraction of effort, she had no control over her new stroke. At the end of an hour, Alice stalked off the court.

This was not her type of tennis. This was not the gung-ho throw-yourself-and-the-racket-handle-too kind of tennis which had made Alice the heroine of Golden Gate Park. She confesses now that she thought her way of hitting the ball must have been in need of no more than minor changes. Emotionally she resisted the Tennant-White intrusion; intellectually she knew she would have to remold her game.

Perhaps what convinced her finally was the way in which White himself could hit the ball. "He seemed to put no effort at all into it—and then it would go by you, 90 miles an hour."

The reconstruction progressed. The changes were major. The changes were traumatic. Alice was forced to abandon her Western grip, which was adequate for returns of shots bounding high off cement courts, but an abysmal answer to the lower bounces off Eastern grass. She learned to "shake hands with the racket," rather than to have her hand under it. She learned to change her grip, too, from forehand to backhand.

She read books as he assigned them, books by Wills, Lacoste, and Lenglen. She liked none of them. She still doesn't. Analysts of tennis tried then, and they try now, to complicate a game which should be permitted to be simple, she believes. Her early impression was that they were trying to make an anatomy lesson out of a beautifully uncomplicated movement.

While "Beese" remodeled her basic techniques, Eleanor Tennant taught Alice how to make them function in competition.

But a radical change in an athlete's form and style is not a simple transition. When Alice took her new method into the Southern California championships in June of 1933, she was not a resounding success. The critics of Alice and the system won all verbal matches at love.

Still devoid of confidence, she managed to stumble her way through the California state championship. Her reward from the Northern California Tennis Association: a trip East to the tournaments of national esteem. (Note: Golfers may be confused at the difference between the rules of amateur tennis, in which players may accept expense money, and the standards for amateur status in golf, in which no expense money can be accepted legally.)

"The Method" won at Longwood and at Essex, lost at Seabright. The deadline date for qualifying for the prestige-laden Wightman Cup team, the international competitors of women's tennis, was closing in on Alice now. She had run head-on into the single tournament left in which she could prove her value to the team, an abbreviated invitational at Easthampton, Long Island, play in which was confined to a meager three days.

The ways of tennis officialdom, at least in the case of Alice Marble, were more reminiscent of the keeper of a racing greyhound stable than they were of humane lovers of a pastime of dignity. Tennis associations paid the bills for the athletes to compete; they expected full return on their investment. Alice was entered, involuntarily, in both the singles and the doubles in three days at Easthampton.

A question to the committee chairman who was unfortunately also Wightman Cup matches chairman, earned only the reply that Helen Wills Moody had rationed to her the indisputable privilege of playing as her partner in the doubles.

"Could I play in the doubles," Alice suggested timidly, "and not in the singles?"

Again the reply was like the whip-snap of a circus animal trainer. She was told she would have to prove her worth to the Wightman Cup team by playing well in the Easthampton singles. Friends attempted to dissuade her from yielding to an obviously impossible demand. But Alice was young and stubborn and, she thought, strong.

The first two days scarcely disturbed her breathing rate. But on the third day she had worked into the semi-finals of both the singles and doubles.

At 10 A.M. she vanquished Midge Van Ryn in three sets in the singles.

She was immediately told that Mrs. Moody was ready to play their doubles match. Helen had been troubled by her back, so teen-age Alice shagged all of the lobs over her partner's head, a task from which she was discharged at 1:00 P.M., the pair having won in three sets from England's Betty Nuthall and Mary Neeley.

At 2:00 P.M. the final in the singles was scheduled between Betty Nuthall, former American national champion, and Alice Marble, on a center court where the thermometer read 104°.

Alice won the first set, 7/5, but understandably failed to summon the energy or even the inclination to win the next two.

But Alice had not finished her chores for the day. The crowd, the tournament chairman suggested haughtily to more sympathetic committee members, had come to see national champion Helen Moody play. He would not disappoint them. The doubles final would go on as scheduled.

Mrs. Moody and Miss Marble lost the match. Alice also lost 12 pounds between the hours of 10:20 and 7:00, playing five matches, 11 sets, and 108 games. She also quite possibly lost her health.

The diagnosis of the doctor who was called to see her after she fainted that night was "slight sunstroke, second degree anemia." His prescription: a few days of

rest, followed by play on the Wightman Cup team.

But the Wightman Cup team physician vetoed Alice's participation in singles in the international matches. "Still too weak," was his verdict.

It was substantiated by Alice herself, when she led Betty Nuthall 5/1 in the final set of the national championship, only to lose. Again she fainted, this time at the West Side Club, much to the consternation of officials who harumphed and lectured her on the necessity for better training.

Alice Marble perhaps vowed silently that she would be pleased to train, with any sort of co-operation from tournament officials.

She was ranked No. 3 nationally after her Eastern campaigning of that year. Again, she was chosen for the Wightman Cup team, this time without having first to prove herself in the Boston marathon.

On May 1st she sailed for England and for a bonus excursion into France for a series of exhibitions against that country's best.

But Alice Marble did not feel her best. "I was tired. I was let down and discouraged." Finally, team captain Helen Jacobs called a doctor, who merely shrugged at Alice's blood count of 50. A few days later she was in American Hospital in Neuilly, to which she had been carried from the center court of Roland Garros Stadium.

This time the verdict was more definitive. "You have tuberculosis," the doctor said. He also said, in a prognosis he may later have regretted, that Alice Marble would never play tennis again.

The *Aquintania* which returned her to New York was met at the dock by Eleanor Tennant. A doctor engaged by the USLTA to examine Alice squinted at the French X-rays and confirmed the diagnosis. Alice Marble was through with tennis. He was not, apparently, sufficiently skeptical to order new X-rays.

So Eleanor took her young student back to California and put her into a sanitarium on the fringes of Los Angeles, where a predicted six-weeks rest and treatment extended into twelve, and then into eighteen. Alice's stay there could scarcely conform to the more delightful definitions of recreational therapy. Her depression was to be expected, but her recovery was not made easier by the absolute bed rest, presumably brightened by such un-Marblish pursuits as embroidery and soap operas. Other than the daily visits from Eleanor Tennant, the tennis world had forgotten her.

But a student of Miss Tennant's had not forgotten. Shortly before Alice's 21st birthday, she received a letter from a woman who had been in a vicious automobile collision. A great career which had been forecast for her had become a mutilated dream in the instant of that accident. But she had determined that doctors could be proven wrong, if they had a patient who wanted to fight. This woman had re-created her career by shaping adversity into determination. And Alice Marble, she wrote, could do it too.

The letter was signed by Carole Lombard.

Prodded by Miss Lombard's encouragement, Alice concluded she would never recover in the despondent environment of the sanitarium. Defying the doctor's more optimistic, "But you'll only be here another month" prediction, she commanded Eleanor Tennant to take her away, which she somewhat reluctantly did, to the home of her sister in Beverly Hills.

She began her own tedious program of rehabilitation, a block a day of walking, then two blocks, then a mile, finally three and then the rope jumping for which she is still logically so enthusiastic as a training routine.

It was the usefulness which Eleanor created for her which was so vital in her recovery. She was part-time secretary for Miss Tennant, and even more important, she went to the courts and became assistant teacher, ball girl, tournament organizer. She moved with Eleanor in the iridescent circle of Hollywood society, the antithesis of a sanitarium bed in Monrovia.

A year of diagnoses of doom, of routine and cheerful predictions of discharge from the sanitarium just as routinely and cheerfully rescinded, had made Alice distrustful of doctors. Reluctantly, after four months in Beverly Hills, she agreed to see a Dr. Commons.

He listened to a review of the trial and the sentencing of Alice Marble, to the history of 108 games in one day, the sunstroke, the low blood counts, the painful pleurisy and, finally, to the *coup de grâce* decision that she had tuberculosis.

But Dr. Commons' fluoroscope hinted otherwise, and the X-rays he took very definitely said that she did not have tuberculosis then, and it was dubious that she had ever had it.

The severe case of pleurisy had been a reality, and the anemia remained so, as did the thirty pounds she had acquired through inactivity and attempted therapy. Whip the anemia and lose at least fifteen pounds, said Dr. Commons, and she could play tennis again.

Coincidental to the happier news of Alice's health, Eleanor accepted a position as teacher and manager of the Palm Springs Racquet Club. The climate was ideal for a young woman recuperating from respiratory troubles, the environment perfect for one aspiring to a tennis comeback. Alice ran a sport equipment shop at the club, did Eleanor's secretarial work, worked with her coach on her strokes, practiced in the penetrating desert sun, and played Sunday exhibitions with Eleanor's male assistant.

It was near the end of the Palm Springs vacation season when Carole Lombard, appraising Alice's appearance with a subjective but critical eye, said, "Why don't you play in the Palm Springs tournament coming up?" Dr. Commons agreed, with some reservations, perhaps because the tournament always attracted the most talented Southern California players, an impressive proportion of the nation's best.

Ironically, the girl she defeated in the final of that tournament was Carolyn Babcock, who had moved into Alice Marble's No. 3 national ranking in the two years of Alice's illness. There was scarcely a dry eye or a dry glass at the Racquet Club that memorable afternoon.

Alice continued her comeback in the state championships at Berkeley. Criticism of her style of play, renewed once more by myopic sports writers who could see no future for the "streamlined method" of play, only made Alice more determined. She annihilated Margaret Osborne in thirty minutes of the final match.

But she also lost 15 points of her blood count.

Alice then decided to move permanently to Los Angeles, where the combination of coaching, training, and resting had before produced such gratifying results, as it did once more.

In one more critical effort, she won the Southern California championships, and with it a trip to Forest Hills and, most important, Dr. Commons' permission to go there.

But the USLTA felt otherwise. They wanted no part of the responsibility for her playing in the nationals. They wanted no corpse on their center court.

Finally, a dour-faced committee of five, after watching Alice in action in four days of practice matches, acquiesced.

Continued on page 67

Marta's Vineyard

The most extraordinary thing to me about meeting you here and now on this page is the thought, "I am talking to people whose children will reach the moon." All generations which have gone before have longed to reach that shiny silver slice of treasure afloat in the firmament, but the human quest to stride so high has not been notably successful till now. I could be awesomely silenced in the presence of people whose children will travel the highways of space and return with ideas and information beyond my earth-creature's credulity . . . except for the fact that I believe truly in the survival of such popular earthly appeals as love and safety pins, apple pies, new and lovely fashions, lipsticks, perfumes, Cadillacs and Volkswagens, excitement, laughter, martinis, jet aircraft, ships, trains, and games of chess, golf and baseball.
In this lasting sentiment . . . Hello!

* * *

Ruffles are popping out in a rash this spring and summer. They are at hemline, neckline, on wispy chiffon stoles for bare-shouldered—and, we hope, moonlit—evenings. They even go so far as to break out on staid umbrellas and raincoats. Ruffles, we think, are as feminine as a gay-nineties demoiselle. The new word for ruffles in Paris is "chichis."

* * *

The wider the belt, the tinier the waist appears. And the frail waist is one of the season's prettiest comebacks.

* * *

This is a family affair. We mean, love is. At income tax time, love is an important subject for family thought. We wonder, "Where did the money go? Was it put to good use? Can we recover our losses if we all work together?" Husband and wife rally in the best unity to support their financial structure and stop up the gaps. The children understand the meaning of financial well-being. But their emotional well-being—yours—what about that? Have you expected profits and suffered losses in Love's last fiscal year? Can you recover the losses? Yes. Yes.

* * *

A special shoe designed for dancing the Twist is such fun. (Paris, who did it, never misses a trick.) It has a tall stiletto heel from which swings, sways and twists a beaded tassle.

A NAME rising on the horizon—Lucien Clergue, brilliant 27-year-old camera wizard, of Arles, France.
THE GONE, GONE name—Josef Stalin.

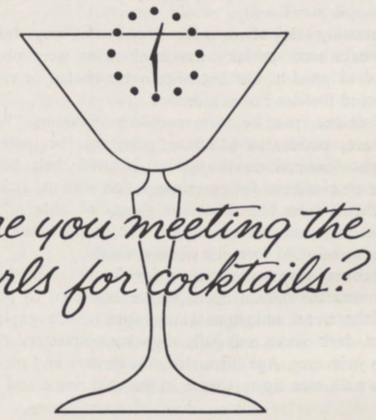
* * *

This is surely to be a summer of non-gravitational floating—in chiffon, of course. Chiffon appears, at any rate, to defy the "G" forces. Colors are as luscious and sweet as a bagful of old-fashioned jawbreakers . . . orange, tangerine, Persian blue, yellow, pink, the green of *crème de menthe* or a first crocus bud.

* * *

Crepe de Chine is one of the most feminine and buoyant of all perfumes. F. Millot, Paris, makes it. To us, it has the scent of *primavera.*

Advertisement



Do you know what you'll order, or will you face the dilemma of so many women: You don't want a strong cocktail, yet you wish to be sociable and enjoy a tasty drink. Well, then you should try Dubonnet–discovered years ago by the fashionable French. Straight...on-the-rocks...or with soda–Dubonnet is as smart as the latest creation from Paris! Bring home a bottle...your husband will also enjoy its gentle taste...*and* gentle price!

For Dubonnet Recipe Booklet, send $1.00, check or money order, to Dept. DU 141, Schenley Import Co., 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, New York.

Dubonnet Aperitif Wine. Product of U.S.A.

SPRING . . . Does it come again to us or do we return to it from our pathways of Summer, Autumn, Winter? Perhaps there is no answer other than the pounding of the tides, but we are sure of the truths inherent in Spring's advent. Life resurges everywhere, green, exultant, cogent and almighty, beneath dry leaves, through the heart of ice, up and down hill, to the top of the seared tree and the tip of each frail branch. Spring is always a lesson, a promise and one more chance to live.

* * *

New Word Department . . . We don't give the definition but here is a space-age word you will be meeting frequently.
ORBITRENDEZVOUS.

* * *

March is the Boisterous Month.
The moon was full at 2.56 a.m. on the 21st. March was ancient Rome's first month of the year until the adoption of the Julian calendar in 46 B.C. March began the legal year in England until the 18th Century. In 1564 in France, Charles IX decreed January the first month . . .

* * *

An interesting story about mink oil goes this way: fur workers in France whose specialty was mink skins were observed to have soft-skinned hands that were never chafed or red or dry, not even in the dead of winter.
Which set one, two, or more people to thinking, "What does mink have, besides its gleaming coat, that beautifies?" Cosmetologists entered on the scene, knotted their brows, and ran to their cauldrons for experimentation with the rich drops of oil extracted from the sebacious glands of little minks. New formulas were written to include the proper amount of the penetrating oil. Old formulas were revised.
The discovery was a grand *coup* for the tissue in the delicate area around the human eyes. Nature neglected to provide oil glands there, an unfortunate oversight which explains why wrinkles, dark circles and puffy rings have squatters' rights next door to your eyes. Age lines, dry skin creases and pleats, laugh lines as well, take up residence in the thin tissue and refuse to budge.
Any lubrication in the area is a preventative measure and helpful, but do, please, test one of the special preparations for the eyes which include the oil of mink. Its strength and vitality promise reward to faithful users. Ask at your cosmetic counter for mink oil creams. Creme Vithelium is one which merits recommendation. It is made and packaged in France for Stendahl from an exclusive formula which is designed to satisfy the hungers of drying tissue.

* * *

April—traditional etymology from Latin *aperire*, "To open." Moon full at 7.34 p.m. on the 19th. Month of All Fool's Day and Easter, to mention the ridiculous and the sublime—

An idea or two on beauty.
Now you can wash winter's soot and smog right out of your hair with a new shampoo treatment which revitalizes natural health and gives your tresses the luster of mink. The miracle ingredient in the treatment is, again, an oil extraction from the sebacious glands of the precious little furry animal himself.

* * *

In medieval times French beauties rejuvenated their complexions with a mask-treatment concocted of the beaten white of one hen's egg and a dribble of honey. Patted generously on face and throat and allowed to dry, it still works wonders. Leave it on 15 minutes, then rinse off gently with washcloth dipped in tepid water. Afterward, briskly pat face dry with your two warm hands.

* * *

Exercise your face. What works miracles? Nothing, let's be honest. Heaven, of course, but, well . . .
The object lesson here is: skin care is important. Cleanse thoroughly every day, then use a toner and a stimulant.
Elizabeth Arden, Helena Rubinstein, Estee Lauder, they all are beauty experts on the watch for us. One of our lazy faults (and laziness is inexcusable when we think of returns) is that we don't stimulate sufficiently with masks and the up, up massage movements. Why not, when we *do* want so much to be lovely women?

* * *

Waterproof mascara is a subject to look into before the club pool opens for the summer season or before you become a sea sprite. There need be no smudging or smearing of bright eyes after you take the plunge this year. Imagine bronzed you, and the lavish accent of black, smoky-blue or brown-as-velvet lashes! People will say, "Isn't she stunning?" Aziza makes a waterproof cake mascara that is dependable.

* * *

March and April are months of rhubarb and asparagus. They're earthy foods, full of spring vigor and vitamins. For health, include them in your menus.

* * *

NOW is the mating season. It is the decree of nature. For our fanciful part, we are about to take a long walk to the farthest library to borrow and to read again Vergil's *Georgics*, Book IV, on the subject of bees, their high-hearted, ordered ways, tribal customs, and, indeed, their battles. Along the way, we anticipate spotting a robin or two, a dandelion, and a lilac bush in bud.

Martha Rohrer

Meet MR. MORT

As Young as Spring is a Très Jolie Cape

The Designer, The Design and

Fabulous Seventh Avenue

THE EVOLUTION OF A CAPE

Step One: The Idea

This is a picture of Mr. Mort, (Arthur Cole, or AC) cupping his chin. He is watching the head woman in the sewing room put together the pieces of a mere idea. It may or may not spark life as did Adam's rib. Well traveled Mr. Mort (AC) knows that capes are tricky, oftentimes look as though they should have stayed in Madrid in the bull ring, or on the shoulders of a gendarme in the Place de la Concorde.

Step Two: The Fitting

Arthur Cole edits each phase of the creative process. In the fitting room he asks the model, "How do you feel in it?" A model is an honest person who can be blunt. She is apt to say she wants out, or she is dead on her feet. This time she answered, "The way a woman wants to feel."

The gentleman behind the gentleman with the Regency manners who tips his top hat to Dame Fashion from the Mr. Mort label is Mr. Arthur Cole, a bon-homme extraordinaire on New York's garment center scene.

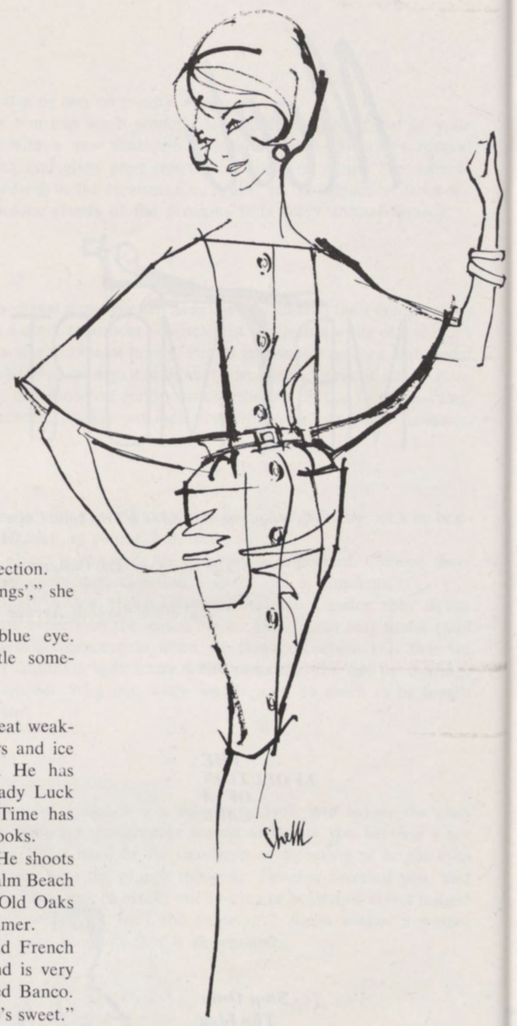
The scene is one of the most glamorous on earth, more frenetic than a hurricane and a bazaar of Old Persia jumbled together. Its area is compressed into roughly forty city blocks below Times Square on the island of Manhattan. It is bisected by Seventh Avenue, insane street of rushing people, bottlenecked traffic, truckers' brawls, beautiful size 5 models and ulcers by the dozens. Hand carts called "Zeppelins" propel at homicidal speeds along walks, up and down curbstones, around corners, transporting on pipe racks everything in ladies' apparel from $5.98 specials to $2000 custom designs. Here, in vertical hives, thirty to forty stories high, a labor force of more than a quarter of a million people and some five hundred industry caliphs engage in fierce contest to put American women on top the new, new fashion and to win a larger slice of the industry's ten billion dollars' worth of annual business.

Amid the wild winds of this competitive storm, one chieftain has distinguished himself for calm. The handsome, golf-tanned head of the House of Mort is known in the industry for his sailing-breeze personality, old fashioned character and his natural gift of style.

Style is said to be a secret rooted in the personality of a chosen few. It is the graceful art of costume, of infallible taste, and above all, a manner of being. George Brummell was endowed with it; among the fair sex, Gabrielle (Coco) Chanel still is loaded with it.

Step Three:
The Showing

The Breathless Moment. Will the audience of fashion editors, coast-to-coast buyers, and other professionals approve the unveiling of this silhouette for Spring? Of the 85 designs included in the Mr. Mort collection, this easy, breezy costume of silk linen walked away with the honors.



Arthur Cole was born in New York and grew up in the roaring decade which produced unforgettable melody by Gershwin and young potentials of the calibre of Hemingway, Clark Gable, Bobby Jones and Gehrig. He secured his first job in a dress factory when he was fourteen years old. Need of money was the reason. His good looks, mature behavior and shrewd style sense won him three years later a partnership in a dressmaking firm. Long afterward the senior partner discovered he had entrusted to a minor major responsibilities in a tooth-and-nail survival fight.

Ever since, the story of Arthur Cole's rise to success has become a sort of Dick Whittington saga up and down Seventh Avenue and Broadway, the industry's main streets.

His independence and success today as helmsman of The House of Mort (Mr. Mort, Mr. Mort Sportswear, Mr. Mort Petite Juniors, Coleknits, Mademoiselle Ricci, etc.) rest on the solid cornerstone of his he-man intuitiveness about women's likes and dislikes. He has refused to mistake the gloss of novelty for the true face of style.

Season after season he has provided the understated look in expensive fabrics and simple lines which women love so well. These "little nothings" are distinctive for the unadulterated youth and sophistication he builds into their body shapes.

"But why do we call them 'little nothings'?" he asked a young member of his staff one afternoon. She had just popped into his office for an approval of a promotion release she had written on an eye-stopper of a 'little nothing' dress making its bow in the Mr. Mort fall collection.

"Because they *are* 'little nothings'," she told him.

He gave her a keen gray-blue eye. "Why don't we call them 'little somethings'?"

And so she did.

He is a strong man with a great weakness for chocolate. Hershey bars and ice cream are his favorite snacks. He has such a nice thing going with Lady Luck that he does not gain weight. Time has smiled pleasantly on his good looks.

Golf is his favorite exercise. He shoots in the low to mid-70's—at the Palm Beach Country Club in winter and at Old Oaks in Purchase, New York, in summer.

He likes French paintings and French poodles. He collects Tsingos and is very fond of one white poodle named Banco.

Members of his staff coo, "He's sweet." They like working for him and getting their clothes wholesale.

He lives on posh Sutton Place with his wife who is one of New York's most beautiful women. They have three grown children who have inherited the fine appearance, tastes and the good gray substance which seem to run in the family. Son Richard Cole and daughter Sheila are their father's chief cohorts in the House of Mort operation. Sheila writes poetry. Her sister Marilyn invests major interest in her own art gallery.

Arthur Cole is a good loser at cards, they say, at the New York Bridge and Whist Club.

His wife buys *her* clothes in Paris.

He is considered to be a good sport. ■

Step Four:
The Cape

The cape mood is for now. It's a dressed-up mood yet a casual one that can carry on from a luncheon date into cocktail and informal evening hours with pride and no tiring. The costume comes in the important spring colors—lime, apricot, beige, aqua. Fabric and detail are noteworthy. Price tag will delight you, too.

If you look sharply you might see one of the world's great golfers behind the umbrellas. In any case Ben Hogan equipment and accessories are shown here tuning up with three musical instruments from the Fort Worth Symphony Association. Color photograph was taken by Lee Angle on the green at the Colonial Country Club, Fort Worth, Texas, and the actors in this harmonious drama are, from left, The Pagoda Umbrella in daring pink and white, Ladies Umbrella, formally styled in richest ruby and mint green. Golf Glove (EG-IL) in white with red binding, Golf Gloves (Pair EG-21) in red with white binding, "Flash Reaction" Golf Balls, Ladies Golf Bag, white with red, holding a complete set of 1962 Ladies Woods, Irons, Exact Balance Putter and matching set of white head covers, red trimmed, all this beauty and excellence designed and manufactured by Ben Hogan.

Harmony

The things it is *not*—Babel, pandemonium, cat's concert, marrowbones or cleavers—make what it *is* more important.

Harmony is so much—orchestration, rhythm, resolution, a song from a Shelley Berman show, being in tune with oneself, keeping time with life. (Imagine the whole blooming world, USSR included, stepping out *armoniosamente* and *allegramente* every single morning!)

Harmonia in Greek (early) meant proportion and concord. The ancients did not discover golf, which is a pity because a few hours at golf might have given Socrates a new slant on life and, at the same time, removed the hemlock cup from his hand.

But the Greeks did have games, and they knew the value of accessorizing them with beauty, precision and color.

Men and women, then and now, win games when their spirits fly bright-and-buoyant colors and their game is implemented to perfect pitch with javelin, discus, golf club or whatever instrument of precision and worth they hold in their hands. Add heart to the game, and they have it made.

A violinist feels the response to him in a fine violin. This is a different game but it is harmony. A horn player enters into a tender relationship with a mellow French horn. A musician with a sweet-and-low zither creates harmony.

A golfer, loving golf, joins with earth, sky, good companionship, and with woods, irons and putter which respond to him, to her, to create a harmony based on confidence in precision and worth.

Summer's Coming... Swim!

Swatches from Rose Marie Reid

The early bird gets the worm, and the smartest girls are selecting their mermaid wardrobes now, before the comely collections are swept away and dispersed by the first tidal wave of shoppers. And this year's swimsuits *are* the comeliest ever to head for water, sunlight and summertime. They predict bright and relaxing days coming up at poolside, lake or beach for the lady in the new feather-light, dry, figure-firm look.

I can remember back to my gay youth (Clara Bow and I) when a summer's day in a "bathing" suit was not all roses. After a dip in the pool or the waves, the fun became an ordeal and a sufferance, of tugs here and yanks there at the waterlogged, stretched, knitted thing which purported to cover one's nakedness. No matter how thin and curveless and utterly devastating you were in a dress, once you went aquatic and climbed into that treacherous wool contraption, you suddenly began to bulge voluptuously over the top. So you yanked, you pulled, until you had the top of you securely under cover while at the same time you practically were severed in half below by the suit's too short and shrunken crotch.

We never were quite IN the thing. This necessitated more hiding in the water than swimming, and it is no wonder that those of us who didn't drown turned out to be dog-paddlers rather than champion material.

After a long day of this vigilante performance for sweet modesty's sake, we emerged from the cover of water, our lips blue, skin chafed, spirits drenched. Off we dragged with all goosebumps showing to the locker rooms.

Today, *you* can be comfortable, and beautiful as well, in swimsuits designed to fit like your own skin. Wool, Orlon, elasticized cottons, Helenca, Vyrene, Lycra—they all are magic fibres spun for contour, control and the firming of curves. No longer need you know the traumatic experience of being half *out* of what you are *in*.

The altogether new story in swimsuits for 1962 is their natural beauty in line, mold; the fast drying fabrics and the color, oh, the color! The new suits mold the body like a French corset. The touch is very light. The colors, the daubs and splashes of print and florals—well, Gauguin, Matisse, also many of the impressionists would like to dip their brushes into these American-spun fabrics!

Swimsuit designers have heads on their shoulders. In any case, they have thought of almost everything figure-wise of which

In and out of pool, the salt, salt sea, or a mountain lake, here is 1962's smooth-form look for performance. Fabric hues blended on the Rose Marie Reid palette outdo the brilliance of the dolphin.

Above—*Two Piece Cotton Print Swimsuit. Makes a beautiful picture, doesn't it? Like a lotus blossom floating in shade and shadow on a quiet stream. This idyll of a swimsuit is by Roxanne.* Below—*An Above-The-Knees Beach Dress. Pearl buttons on side closing patch pocket. Also by Roxanne.*

women either have too much or too little. The built-in compensations for the flaws we own are remarkable and remedial.

Peter Pan, for instance, with Oleg Cassini designing, gives us a suit with a bra construction that is an absolute boon to the woman who lives on the flat-chested side. The bra is designed for a clever insertion of natural contour pads which are unskiddable, comfortable and give the wearer the confidence of natural endowment rather than an artificial outward thrust.

Roxanne was the first swimsuit maker to think in terms of sized suits, i.e., bra-sized and length proportioned. The suits manufactured by this house are sized on the principle and logic of foundation garments. Thus, they *fit*. Moreover, they are lovely to look at.

Rose Marie Reid is an inspired creator of swimwear. She invests stunning colors, ounces-light fabrics and brilliant styling in her collection.

Jantzen, Cole of California, Catalina, all other manufacturers of good swim togs, are showing an imaginative range of styles and materials. The close-fitting maillots which take to water like ducks will be popular as always. Some boast intricate insets and very bared backs: others are classic and plain colored but with a more whittled look than ever.

Sun-bright prints and florals are available now and vying for favor. All you need to wear with them is a lotus flower in your hair and a pair of bamboo bracelets at the wrist. If you are the girl for midriffs, they are en force again. You may take your pick—ruffle-trimmed suits, blouson things in luscious shades that look like wisps of chiffon but will mold you and hold you with their incredible fibre strength. You can be demure and sleeved, decolleté and daring, or you can be a tomboy in good sturdy madras. A number of suits being shown play partners with cover-ups in matching or contrasting fabrics which range in design from short jackets to billowing muumuus to short or long cheongsams.

The market is rich, but do, please, remember when you go to market to buy your prettiest swimsuits that there are no returns or exchanges allowed—so select the very best for *you* in fit, fabric and styling. ■

PRO-FILE

Mickey Wright

After seven years as a professional golfer, Mickey Wright has every reason to wonder where the top is in a career which becomes more and more fantastic with each passing day.

At the relatively tender age of 26, this blonde California beauty has won $94,283.73, claimed 29 tournaments, owns the all-time scoring average for one year, holds the 72-hole tournament record of 278, and is the only woman golfer to win the U.S. Open, LPGA Championship and the Titleholders in one campaign.

Mickey's performance in 1961 topped by a considerable margin her past play against the finest women golfers in the world. She won 10 tournaments, tying the all-time record for one year; picked up $22,236.21 in earnings, the second highest mark ever attained by a woman golfer; won for the second time the LPGA and the U.S. Open Championships in the same year, a record she had set in 1958; took the Vare scoring trophy for the second year in a row and outdistanced her nearest competitor by over $6,500 in the money race.

Perhaps the most pleasing, and certainly the most typical of all her accomplishments in 1961 was winning the Titleholders, a prestige-laden tournament that had a finish which built pressure to the point you could cut it with a knife.

On the 18th hole, needing a par four to beat Patty Berg and Louise Suggs by a stroke, she played a spectacular second shot to the green from behind a pine tree, got down in two putts and claimed a championship that had previously eluded her determined efforts.

It took a spectacular comeback to annex the U.S. Open title. After scoring an opening round 72, Mickey skidded to an 80 on the second round. Out of a situation that would have shaken the confidence of a lesser competitor, she came back in the third round to score a spectacular 69—with 10 one-putt greens—and closed with 72 to beat runner-up Betsy Rawls by six strokes.

In the LPGA Championship, she made short work of things, opening with a blazing 67 that gave her a five-shot lead, followed with a 77, and then closed out with 72-71 for a nine-shot margin over runner-up Louise Suggs.

Long considered the heir-apparent to the throne of women's golf, she certainly holds the scepter in her hand at this point, and it will take considerable doing from Betsy Rawls, Louise Suggs and the rest of her fellow proettes to remove her from the throne room.

As spectacular as have been her seven years of play on the LPGA tour through the '61 season, possibly the most impressive fact of all is that she has managed to improve in some phase with each passing campaign.

By finishing in the money in all 24 tournaments she played in 1961, Mickey has run her string to 48 in which she has picked up a check. She also made money in 21 tournaments in 1960 and started the string with the last three in 1959.

The longest consistent hitter on the tour since she started in 1954, she has managed to work refinements into the other phases of her game until she stands today with a game as well-rounded as is to be found in women's golf.

NAME: Mary Kathryn Wright
NICKNAME: "Mickey"
BIRTH DATE: 2-14-35
BIRTHPLACE: San Diego, Calif.
HEIGHT: 5'-9"
WEIGHT: 145
COLOR OF HAIR: Blonde
COLOR OF EYES: Blue
EDUCATION: Hoover High School, San Diego, Calif. Stanford University, Palo Alto, Calif.
PARENTS: Arthur F. Wright—Kathryn P. Kline
HOME ADDRESS: 2765 Brant St., San Diego, Calif.
FAVORITES:
SPORTS HERO: Byron Nelson
GOLF HOLE: #9 Baltusrol Country Club, Springfield, N. J.
GOLF COURSE: Baltusrol Country Club, Springfield, N. J.
GOLF CLUB: Driver
GOLF SHOT: Sand trap shots
HOBBIES: Reading, guitar playing, fishing and bridge
MUSIC: Opera—Puccini's "La Boheme"
BOOK: Emerson's Essays
MOVIE STARS: Paul Muni—Simone Signoret
SINGERS: Buddy Holly—Brenda Lee
COLOR: Blue
STARTED GOLF: Age 11—1947
TURNED PRO: November 1954
PROFESSIONAL INSTRUCTION: John Bellante, Harry Pressler, Les Bolstad, Stan Kertes, Harvey Penick, Paul Runyan
LIVES IN: Dallas, Tex.
PLAYS OUT OF: Oakcliff Country Club, Dallas, Tex.
GOLF HONORS:
1952 USGA Junior Girls Champion
1954 Runner-up National Amateur Championship, Low Amateur National Open, All American Amateur and World Amateur Championships
1956 Jacksonville Open
1957 Sea Island, Jacksonville, Wolverine Opens
1958 Sea Island, Opie Turner, Dallas Civitan Opens, LPGA Championship, USGA Open Championship
1959 Jacksonville, Cavalier, Alliance Machine International Opens, USGA Open Championship
1960 Sea Island, Tampa, Grossinger, Eastern, Memphis Opens, LPGA, Championship
1961 St. Petersburg, Miami, Columbus, Waterloo, Spokane, Sacramento Valley, USGA Opens, LPGA, Titleholders Championships, Mickey Wright Invitational

haitian

FACES COLORS SOUNDS

by Josephine Jacobsen

I went to Haiti to be still. Not to write, to think, or even move, but to be still, after a major loss. I was not looking for anything. Only, I wanted to avoid a neat tropical poster, a spot where, even on the surface, I would have to face the lie of the arrangeability of life. At the moment when I dropped from the temples and forums of cloud into the noon blast of the Port-au-Prince airport, I could accept indifferently any look from the country but a neat smile.

Intransigent, intractable, Haiti was there, offering, as it turned out, the one thing I had to have—its gift, defined for me only after I left. Months later a snowy Maryland night defined it for me, by absence and contrast. It was the gift of wonder, the sense of mystery. A tangible reminder of the strangeness and power of life; of a color and fecundity and freshness remote from the complex and mechanical. The sense of mystery: I recognized it at once in faces, colors, sounds. They seemed to be projected from mystery and to be returned to it.

Continued

The sounds were set in it: the light rattle of dice on the bar while the doves talked in their great cage on the brink of the terrace. Softly, the doves talked, then hushed, clasping and unclasping their peeled boughs with coral claws, shifting, and turning their necks, and shifting and softly talking. And the faint light drive of the dance tunes (mèringués) dissolved into the still warm air; and in the air, too, the slur of the heavy sunsoaked foliage, and the great coarse vivid flowers stirring themselves. And with the curious Haitian dusk, filtered into that air like a tangible smoke of darkness, came the inappropriate cry of cocks and the first yapping of nighttown dogs. All night the dogs barked and the cocks crowed. The first night, to the alien it seems impossible that Haitians should ever sleep. Odd and mythical, the clear faint drawnout cockcry shivers in the distance; is answered, repeated. Cocks that fight, cocks that will die in obscure tonnelles—do they never shut that fierce lucent eye? And the dogs. Hunger, very likely, but also communication, nerves and displeasure. Yap, Yap, Yap. And then, silence. The element waiting in the darkness absorbs cocks and curs. You know they still bark, still crow, but they have become the Haitian night.

The faces emerge. The haughty plumber, somber and polished as teak, in a shirt of blazing flora, his wrench in his long-fingered fine hand; semitic-featured, ironically suave. The small quick sculptor (himself surely born in a tree?) releasing partly or wholly, as he chooses, from his rough first logs fish, serpents, Mâitresse la Sirène. He is the height and width of an undeveloped tree-sprite, dark and quick as a bird, with a bird's pride and excitement. My last visit interrupted him over eggs and dry bread on a tiny table in one of two tiny rooms, ranked and crowding with his life of wood: amorphous gods not wholly emerged, balanced on one undefined foot; great-breasted, long-faced undines with hair arrested in its wooden flow, snakes of lightness and mystery, mer- and forest maids. And here and there, savage and implacable, the Rada stare. Voodoo is here, not explicit or professed, but in simple recognition of its presence.

The French-African faces of women who must be the most beautiful in existence, at once vivacious and somnolent, with the peculiar softness-without-slackness, as though the strong beauty had been photographed through a gauze veil. The men, too, where the French is strong, with this same slight blur misting the vitality.

Jupien, my guide, was not beautiful, but he had this quality which softened to the gaze. In shelter from the thunder of the sun, we looked at the marvelous murals of the Episcopal Cathedral. He showed me, conscientiously, a dark, angled Eve, overreached by a scarlet-tongued coil of loops.

"C'est Ève," he murmured softly, *"qui le serpent seduit."* It was hard to accept seduction by such ferocity. "It is *almost* like our Church," Jupien said tentatively, in his lucid French. "There are a few differences. Not all the priests name themselves Father . . ."

"Very close," I agreed. "They may marry, of course."

Jupien regarded me in total silence. His eyes expanded. *"Figurez-vous,"* he said softly to himself. And then with a slightly incredulous smile, came the inevitable Haitian *"C'est assez bizarre."* Haitians find a number of things sufficiently bizarre. In streets, in cafes, in nightclubs, not a day, not an evening passes without that polite, faintly mocking surprise: "Figurez-vous! C'est assez bizarre."

Jupien had been chosen for me by a Haitian friend. He was a most atypical guide. He was lame, intelligent—a conversationalist of note, and during the long day we spent together, we conversed steadily. Our first moment of rapprochement arrived when he suddenly asked me with formal courtesy if I painted. "No," I said, "I write poems." He struck first the wheel of his car and then his forehead. "Ah!" he cried. "I was sure of it! I have said to myself, 'Madame is a poet.' " This made his question appear oblique. We looked at each other happily. *"Moi, j'aime la poesie,"* said Jupien.

A little after four o'clock from above Kenscoff—the high mountain village set in its pines and flaming poinsettias straight above Petionville—we looked down over the sharp green of the small precipitous fields. It was the turning point of the Haitian day. I could feel the change in the air. As though the sense of unarrived dusk had turned a key, Jupien began to speak of the things on the fringe of rationality and civilization: of Grande Erzilie, the beneficent Voodoo goddess; of Papa Guedé Nimbo, of the crossroads of the grave, servant and representative of the sinister and powerful god of death, Barom Samedi. Finally he spoke of the zombies: "I myself do not believe in them. My cousin, however, has seen them." I looked at him in silence. "They are, perhaps, people troubled in their reason," he said. "Or drugged. But it is true their masters will give them no salt, lest they remember their graves, and that they labor by moonlight." We still churned upward, near the high point of our loop. Jupien spoke in deprecation of the tourist voodoo, of the foreordained *crise de possession,* which might be the arrival of the god, or merely the mechanized gesture to which the tourist feels entitled by the purchase of his ticket. As for the tonnelles of the villages, he shrugged, dismissing them with a gentle superiority. Then he went on to speak of the single time he had attended what he referred to as a True Ceremony. His presence there had been difficult to arrange, for the true priests of the ancient voodoo, deep in the hills, were unwilling to be observed by Catholics. *Nous sommes, pour eux, les infideles, n'est-ce pas?"* But Catholic infidel though Jupien was, a cousin with connections had agreed to conceal him quietly in the rear of the crowd. The houngan had been a tall man "of an extraordinary magnificence," dressed all in white; and after the lighting of the candles and the invocation, there had been a little girl, in white also. The houngan had said to her, still speaking *lingua,* the special language of the gods, but tempered to Creole: "Drop into the cauldron three grains of millet." She had dropped them in. Then he told her, "Drop in this scrap of pork," and into the furious water she had dropped the fragment. Now Jupien put on his brakes, and at a perilous angle the car stood steaming in the silent, lowering sunlight. "And *now,* ho-ho! Madame, he says to her, 'My daughter, put in your right hand!' *Figurez-vous!"* He looked at me for companionable terror and zest. "I had envy to leave, but I remained. Ho-ho! And, Madame, *the little one put in her hand!"* Long pause. "It was a small hand, but plump enough, you understand. *No,"* with emphasis, "she felt nothing, Madame! It was like a mountain spring to her." We started again with a sharp backward slip. "After this, the chanting and the prayers were formidable. I have spoken Creole since I was born, and many times I have heard the *lingua,* but—" we stopped again and Jupien slewed around his head and stared reflectively into my eyes—"do you know, Madame, I understood *not one word.* African, yes, that is well understood; but very old." Then he said matter-of-factly, "That night they sacrificed two cocks, a pig, and a goat. Not one *drop* of blood was spilled," he added with admiration. I felt uncertain about asking baldly if the child's hand were the dim residue of an ancient rite of human sacrifice. "The hand of the child was substituted for—for something older?" I hazarded, tentatively. "It is possible," said Jupien after a pause. "Of very long ago, I hope." Then he shook his head, looking along, but not at, the road. He seemed to listen. "Very old," he repeated. We turned soon after that.

The sun was failing. The inimitable hour of Haitian dusk was still behind the mass of mountains, but the sun slanted. The giant fountains of red poinsettias, trees of poinsettias, blazed; but more somberly. The air through the open car-window had a vein of freshness, and through it flew a missile. It hit my cheek with a soft fresh tiny thud and rolled onto the cracked leather seat. A bouquet. Very formal in arrangement, small, bound with vine. Green leaves, a circle of white Queen Anne's Lace, an inner circle of pink begonia blossom; its core was a scarlet geranium.

"Where—where—?" I began, but, *"Voila!"* said Jupien.

We were turning in sharp curves, and down the steep slope, to cut us off as we came round, flew a dark boy. He ran desperately. Jupien watched me, then applied his brake as we came round.

The child, panting, with large, bright eyes, fell against the window, gripping its ledge. Across the small dark knuckles of one hand ran a pink scar. He breathed hard and looked at my face. My heart dived. I opened my wallet, hopelessly, exposing a subway token and tobacco grains. The child looked first at his bouquet, a swift, proprietary glance; then at the subway token. He said a breathless Creole word. I held up the token to Jupien. "It's no good!" I cried. "Give me something, a few gourds. I'll add them to the fare."

Jupien smiled and slightly raised his shoulders. "Madame, I have nothing." I could not tell whether the statement was philosophical or literal. The boy with great tenacity watched the token. I couldn't give it to him; it would be the vilest joke. "Tell him what it is," I cried to Jupien.

"What *is* it?" asked Jupien, reasonably. What is a subway token, in French? *"C'est pour le metro."* The child turned his head from speaker to speaker. Under the rent in his shirt the ribs fell and rose still. "Explain to him that I have nothing left—he must sell it to the next person." But the slanting sun fell on us as I spoke. Jupien said something brief in Creole.

The boy's face faded. He looked carefully at me, shoes, purse, bracelet. I took the bouquet and handed it to him. "Joli, si joli," I repeated hopelessly. His fingers closed round it. Jupien shifted into first. The boy thrust the bouquet into my hands. He gave a short sharp bow, as formal as the arrangement of his flowers. He smiled and stepped back. We shot downward. I waved. He did not wave back; he stood and watched. I banged my head sharply and pulled it inside.

On a small, still, hot island, in gold and blue water—gold in the shade and blue in the sun—I lay, listening to the desultory talk of Haitian friends and to the sounds of men at work, cutting brush and moving rocks further down the beach. By the group of thatched huts (looking outside as though just completed by Crusoe and Friday but, incredibly, housing beds, tile floors and hot showers) bougainvillea glowed on the sand colors. The sound of a macheté—in this case peaceful as a lawnmower—came faintly and there was the slight liquid break of a ripple. We were talking of the Arawak Indians, peaceful and hence extinct. Suddenly my host stiffened. His eyes followed a progress up the beach behind me. He broke into English.

"They have brought two Spanish horse!" he said to me. "To *this* beach." But I couldn't help thinking, how nice. I turned my head to watch the delicate hocks, the strong gleam of the necks, but no horses were there. Instead, two women advanced from the bathhouse, hesitated, and separated. One turned toward two pale plump masculine figures on the distant sand. The other advanced past us toward the jetty. She was a Gypsy and strong as a wrestler. Lank strong hair fell on her shoulders and thick gold hoops pierced her ears. She walked springily past us. Her gaze, amused, and metallic as the strokes of light on the water, swept over us. She ran down the jetty and dived, badly. Coming up she called—in English—in a deep, guttural voice, "It's good! Come!" But no one came and she walked with her wrestler's stride back past us, dripping, her gold hoops beaded. She waved to her friend, who shouted back. The distant men had not moved. "Spanish horse!" said my host. His fine eyes flashed with disdain, whether political or moral I was unable to say.

It is impossible to pinpoint the sense of Voodoo in Haiti. Its manifestations are here, and there, but its essence is everywhere. Its knowledge is in hands and feet, in drums, in colors. Designs echo the vevers traced in chalk or flour on the earthen floors of a thousand tonnelles. Sounds echo its voodoo-baptized drums, Mama, Papa, Cata—baptized, too, each in its own name; the intricate rhythms of its dances echo faintly even in the patterns of the itinerant shoe-mender's bell, which he plays like an instrument. "Don't be sure," said the wise French woman to me, when I commented on the sordid vacuity of the tourist-aimed weekly voodoo show. "With the *clarin* and the fire and the drums—don't be too sure that for them there is nothing there except a pretense."

"Voodoo tonight." Everyone had mentioned it, from my waiter to the desk clerk. It seemed as much an entertainment as the Théâtre de Verdue, or the Cockfight. My American friend had bought two tickets.

"It's so small!" he says. He peers down the slope of bench rows to the packed earth floor of the little arena. It has the air of a dwarfed bull-ring. The benches are almost full: sailors looking cynical but expectant. Men tourists and their ladies, at once sheepish and superior. It is the off-season, and the hotel groups are small and obvious. Outside there is a heavy mist, in shafts near the lights, and a pinprick of rain. We are late, and almost at once, with a desultory air a drum rattles, light and sharp. A softer deeper

COMING

NEXT ISSUE

"The Crafts of India"

an authoritative and exciting coverage by Oppi Untracht of jewelry, embroidery, ceramics, and metal-working in modern India. Illustrated.

drum joins it. A short dark man in half-leg pants and a red sash steps into the arena. He carries a pail, and he bends down, and dipping his hand into it, begins to draw rapidly in flour with his thumb on the packed earth at his feet. It is impressive, the rapidity and complexity with which the white vever appears. Almost Moorish in the delicacy and intricacy of its design, it grows in great formality and perfect proportion; in less than three minutes it is all there. Candles are set up, and by the vever stands a bottle of clarin. The dark man leaves; the ring is empty.

I turn my head. Row on row, high and to my rear, the dark heads rise. What does this constitute for them? A joke on the tourist? A notice served of tradition and its roots? A *religious* ceremony? Here, in this shabby tourist-trap, at a dollar thirty-five a ticket?

A straggle of dark bright-clad figures winds down the steps from behind us and begins filing into the ring: there are six women, two men, and a tall boy with a bony, fanatical, withdrawn mask of a face. They waver about the ring, the women flinging their skirts from side to side in a rhythm of lassitude, reeling slightly. Before I realize that the boy has vanished, he reappears, and the drums pick up tempo as he swings into the ring. In his hands, flung out spasmodically as he reels and turns, held by its sinewy yellow legs, is a long black cock. The bird is drugged or stunned. (A concession to the incomprehensibly squeamish tourist?) It flutters no wing and its beak is still. Only when the boy drops it onto the vever can the faint stirring of its greenblack feathers be seen. The drums deepen. Fire is lit on the candles and in the brazier. A bottle of clarin is in the hands of the reeling boy; he drinks, throwing his head back and spewing the colorless stuff through his teeth, over the cock, and over his fellow dancers whose chanting comes faster and with shorter breath.

Like a blow on the eardrum comes from behind us a deep fierce drumbeat, and into the ring cocksteps a great, old woman, lit by a torch in either hand. Dark and bright as metal her skin shines in the fire. She wears a red turban, a bright red dress and red dirty gloves. She looks stronger than a bull and older than a loa. The sense of her authority is prodigious. It is the Mambo.

The red fierce light jumps across a face of dignified and impersonal ferocity. Something has arrived, as intangible as an odor. Whatever she is interested in, it is not the tourist. Rapid, savage and enormous, she cocksteps, cocksteps around the arena, fast, and faster. The red flames lick her face, her breasts, her dirty red gloves. Cries break the chant. The boy swinging the limp cock reels carefully along the boards. Now she flies past him, her knees bent, flame streaming behind her; she passes the fire over her breasts, under her armpits, between her legs, again, again. The boy gives a long shuddering cry to tell her he has been mounted by the loa, Baron Samadi. The loa takes the boy in short grotesque jumps, bangs him into the shrieking dancers, flings him to his knees. He staggers up, holds the cock on high, wrings its neck, tears off the head, and drinks the blood, quick and neat. The feathered body is hurled on the coals. Bandy-legged and red-gloved the mambo blazes by him and flees out of the ring, streaming fire. The dancers, moaning, drag the boy from his knees, and half lead, half carry him off. With a shower of sparks and singed feathers, the other four seize the brazier in which the shape of the cock faintly blazes, rush with it out of the ring and disappear into darkness on the right.

What kept the vitality in the ground, the feeling in the air, the freshness in the color? The sense of mystery. The necessity to define oneself against all that vegetation, all those sunsoaked flametrees, poinsettias, those swags of bougainvillea; those sounds, those cockcries, drums; the distant-barking, the heavy stir of foliage; those colors, that lime, magenta, orange, savage blue. The lack of mechanical exhaustion from gadget, printing-press, switch, computer; of the *déja fait,* the *déja vu.* Not a world you could or would exchange for your world, but the questions, new each hour: What is this? Who am I?

The sense that the label, the tag, the paper-doll outline can be swallowed by the creepers of vines, the colors, the dusk like a stain in the air, as though they had never existed. That life in its fecund, secret, savage strength must be defined and shaped freshly every hour by each human. Colors, faces, sounds; enriched by mystery.

Advertisement

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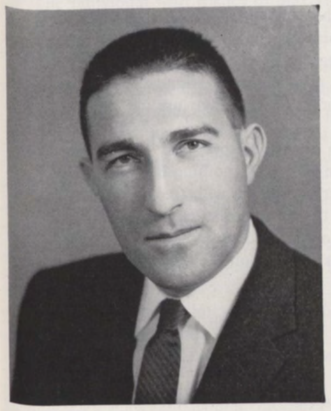
a green legacy



By Stewart L. Udall
United States Secretary of the Interior

With all the weight of his world leadership responsibilties upon him, the contemporary American is rushing at a headlong pace to expand his scientific technology and to develop his land and its resources.

Our capacity to alter the world of nature is truly awesome. Population pressures and the requirements of commercial expansion and urban growth are constantly at work enlarging the man-made portion of our environment and diminishing the natural.

Indeed, the challenge to conservation statesmanship in our time is the achievement of balance between the works of men and the handiwork of nature.

Admittedly, we must move ahead with the development of our land resources. Likewise, our technology must be refined. But in the long run life will succeed only in a life-giving environment, and we can no longer afford unnecessary sacrifices of living space and natural landscapes to "progress."

The sad truth is that development tends to outrun planning in our society. More often than not, the bulldozer's work is done before the preservationist and the planner arrive on the scene.

If we are to maintain man's proper relationship to the land, it is plain that we must insist that our developers be more conservation-minded, and we must broaden the role of resource planning in the management of our national estate.

The American continent has, from the very first, been hospitable to humankind. Its glory has always been its spaciousness and solitude. But the good earth will remain good only if we make it so. In our haste to build new factories and roads and suburbs we must take care that man's need to refresh himself in his natural environment is not foreclosed.

President Kennedy has called for one last great effort in the 1960's to finish the conservation work begun by Theodore Roosevelt. Mr. Roosevelt counseled Americans to "set apart forever for the use and benefit of our people as a whole rich forested lands and . . . the flower-clad meadows of our mountains.

"To skin and exhaust the land instead of using it so as to increase its usefulness will result in undermining in the days of our children the very prosperity which we ought by right to hand down to them," Mr. Roosevelt warned.

This same spirit motivated the first major conservation accomplishment of President Kennedy's administration—the creation of a magnificent National Seashore Park on the ocean sands of Cape Cod.

Recently I climbed to the highest of the Indiana Dunes along Lake Michigan to view a race between industrial development and conservation. In 1916 Stephen Mather, the first Director of the National Park Service, hiked to the same promontory and urged that a great National Park embracing 26 miles of dune shoreland be created for the populous Midwest heartland—the only area of the United States which has no major unit in the National Park System.

But Mather gathered too little support, and now one of his friends pointed to the remaining isolated tracts of this unique shoreland and said to me:

"You are 40 years too late."

At every hand near our growing centers of population similar opportunities are slipping through our fingers. Once land development has begun it is invariably "too late," for land prices quickly soar beyond the public purse.

What strategy, what plan of action, will save enough space for all of our people? Leadership from our public men is, of course, indispensable. Federal action is needed to round out our national park and wildlife refuge systems and to develop fully the recreation potential of our forestlands.

We must also have aggressive state park expansion programs —such as those in New York, California, and Pennsylvania— to reserve new parklands before they are pre-empted. Municipal leadership, too, is essential if we are to provide adequate city park systems and enough fringe open space to permit our cities to expand gracefully.

We also need—and here the burden falls heaviest on local leadership—creative and far-sighted use of zoning regulations and land-use plans to compel the speculator and developer to put people first and ensure that adequate space is allotted to playgrounds and parks.

Government can provide the main thrust, but individuals must play a creative role if we are to ensure an adequate heritage for all Americans.

Above all, the cause of conservation needs a new generation of outdoor philanthropists. "Philanthropy" comes to our vocabulary from the Greek, and describes an attitude of "loving mankind".

On looking back over the history of conservation it is surprising how much of our total accomplishment is attributable to quiet men from private life who at crucial moments have provided the needed inspiration and wherewithal.

The towering Redwood tree of the conservation forest has been, of course, John D. Rockefeller, Jr. His natural and historic philanthropies span our continent. Every American who loves the out-of-doors owes this man a debt.

His saving work has benefited such far-flung places as Acadia (National Park in Maine), Mesa Verda (National Park in Colorado), Hudson Palisades (New Jersey), and Williamsburg (colonial capital of Virginia). Mr. Rockefeller also used his generosity to evoke generosity in others.

When decisions hung in the balance, he inspired the states of North Carolina, Tennnessee, and Virginia to put up the matching gifts that led to the establishment of Great Smoky Mountains and Shenandoah National Parks. Now his son, Laurance, is carrying on his tradition, and it was he who gave to the people of the United States our newest National Park in the Virgin Islands.

"The United States themselves are essentially the greatest poems," Walt Whitman once wrote. And those conservation philanthropists who have caught Whitman's vision have acted so that the poetry of our land might be sung by nature for all men of all ages.

Every city, every state, every region should have its foundation, its citizens' band with the motives and zeal of the Save-the-Redwoods-League (California) or the Sudbury Valley Trustees (Massachusetts) working to preserve threatened native grounds. Enlightened pioneers in land conservation have already fashioned the tools. The opportunities for their use are present at every hand.

Let us never have to say, in sorrow, as did Plato: "There are mountains in Attica which can now keep nothing but bees, but which were clothed, not so very long ago, with trees . . ."

The individual who wishes to contribute to conservation has numerous options. He may donate land or money to State or Federal park agencies such as the National Park Trust Fund.

Visitors pause to wonder at the Giant Joshua Tree in the Queen Valley in Joshua Tree National Monument in California.

Photo: U.S. Department of the Interior

He can give his land, his money, or his time to a private organization such as the Nature Conservancy.

Mettler's Woods, in New Jersey; the entire watershed of Elder Creek in Northern California; Mainus Gorge in Westchester County; Battle Creek Cyprus Swamp near the Delaware Water Gap, and Holly Ridge in Missouri are only a few of the unique natural areas preserved through gifts made to the Nature Conservancy.

On the other hand those who wish to use their land for life, can, by will or testament, add to the public estate and to the enjoyment of all. Close to metropolitan Washington, in the fields of rural Maryland, rises Sugarloaf Mountain, a landmark for miles around. The entire mountain was once owned by the Strong family, who left this lovely estate and its gardens, as well as the forested mountain, for perpetual public use.

The individual who wishes to make a lesser, but no less significant, gift can voluntarily zone his property and dedicate a scenic easement that will maintain in perpetuity the present character of his lands. In Monterey County, Calif., over 4000 acres have been pledged to such scenic easements—including some of the incomparable coastline of the Big Sur.

Conservation may also serve a dual purpose. In seeking to honor their heroes men often have turned to monuments of stone or bronze.

Shortly after the passing of Theodore Roosevelt, his friends saved a lovely Potomac River island which was marked for conversion into a utility storage depot and gave it to the country as a nature memorial to a man who had a lifetime love affair with the out-of-doors.

Many of us in Washington regard this "wild little island" in the shadow of the Lincoln Memorial as perhaps the most fitting of our monuments—and the one that would accord the greatest pleasure to the man it honors.

The conservation philanthropy needed today must come from all of us who during our lives have made withdrawals from nature's bank and want to restore the balance with a corresponding conservation deposit. This work of restoration and renewal is worthy of our highest efforts, and even those who lack wherewithal can become the organizers and supporters of groups that will give new dimensions to our conservation effort.

Few of us can hope to leave a work of art, or a poem, to posterity; but together—if we act before it is too late—we can set aside a few more great parks, and round out our system of refuges for wildlife. Or, working at other levels, we can reserve a marsh or meadow, or an avenue of open space as a green legacy for other generations.

By a series of such acts of conservation we can do much to save what Thomas Jefferson called the "face and character" of our country.

If we do this, surely those who follow, whether or not our names survive, will remember and praise our vision and our works.

Information on fund or land donations for park and conservation purposes:

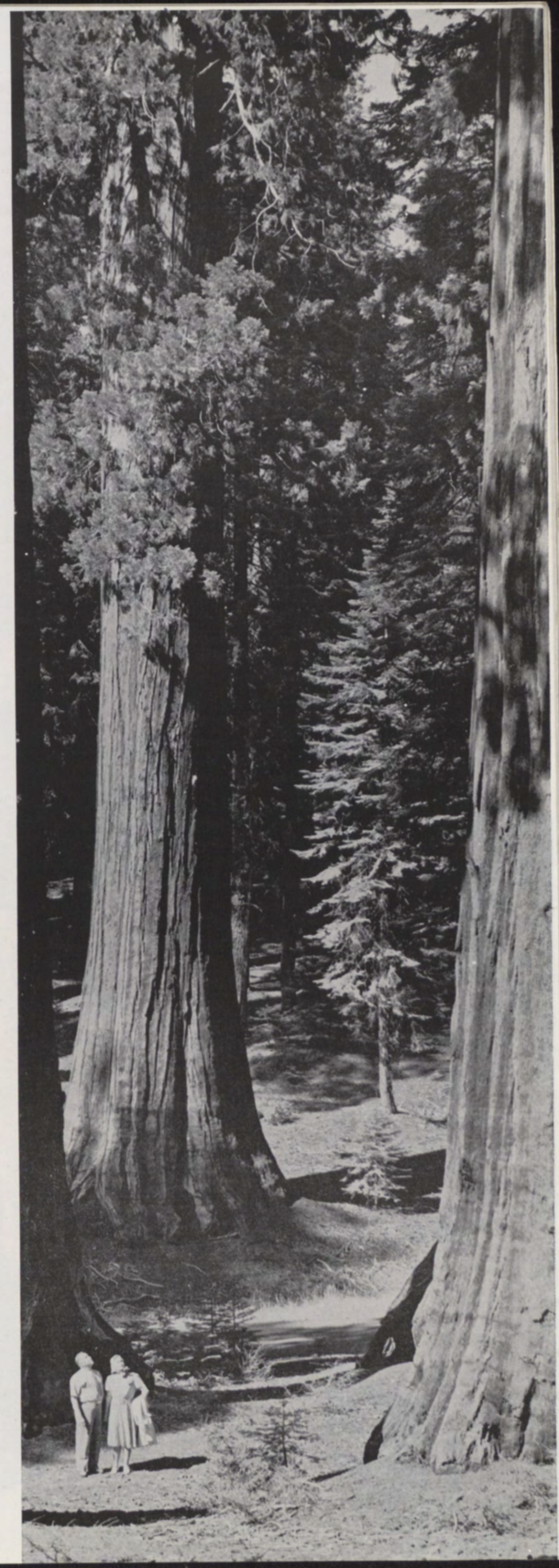
Nature Conservancy,
2039 "K" St., Washington, D.C.
National Park Trust Fund,
National Park Service
Washington, D.C.

Information on scenic and conservation easements:

Urban Land Institute,
1220 18th. St. N.W.,
Washington, D.C.

Giant Sequoia trees in Mariposa Grove, Yosemite National Park, California.

Photo: U.S. Department of the Interior



A FAIR AND FAR-OFF LAND

by
Althea Bass

When Jason Baird set his foot on the step outside the Piney Point store, he didn't have in mind to stay. His intention was to buy a poke of tobacco for his pipe and maybe stand around a while to pass the time of day with the storekeeper and the customers, as was only courtesy in a stranger, and then be off on his way down into the valley. But whatever trading he had in mind he couldn't have done it at once, for there by the cash till stood a tall, grey-haired man singing, and across from him sat a man with a fiddle, and customers and storekeeper alike were spellbound by the music.

Jason gave a nod of greeting to everyone there, then leaned against the counter to listen and take pleasure in what he heard. It was *Barbary Allen,* a ballad he knew, beginning and end, words and music, the way he knew the fit of his own shoe. Some singers, in places where he'd stopped, sang extra verses and some fiddlers varied the chords between the verses to suit their fancy, but no one could do any real harm to *Barbary Allen*. When it came to the last verse, how

> They buried Sweet William in the old church yard, they buried Miss Barbry beside him;
> And out of his grave there sprang a red rose, and out of hers a briar.
> They grew to the top of the old church tower, till they could grow no higher,
> They twined and tied in a true love knot, red rose around the briar.

it was all he could do to hold back from joining in with the singer. He didn't even know that his hand had begun to lift and fall on the counter and his head, shapely and dark, to sway with the beat of the song.

The listeners shifted their feet and spoke their thanks to the singer and the fiddler. Jason added his thanks to theirs: "It was ever my favorite ballad. The way it comes to an end makes a man to reflect. It does, surely."

"You'd maybe favor us with a song yourself," the storekeeper invited, taking down a dulcimer from its peg on the wall and handing it to Jason. "Here's this music box, if you're of a mind to use it." He pushed out a hickory chair and motioned the young man to be seated.

Jason needed no urging. He brushed the strings with his hand, leaned his ear toward the instrument, and tuned it with a nice care. "One Morning in May," he announced, and threw back his head and

warbled like the nightingale he mentioned in his song.

Those that listened recognized a master. Their shoulders swayed to the beat of the tune; a dusty shoe kicked in rhythm where its wearer sat cross-kneed on a nail keg; others across the room where the splint-bottom chairs stood against the wall bobbed and dipped. And when, at the end of each verse, Jason sang the line, "To see the waters gliding, hear the nightingale sing," all the shoes kicked up their heels to the quirk of the tune, like lambs skipping in a meadow.

After that he had other songs, just about anything anybody asked for and some that none of his listeners had ever heard before, and the sum of it was that the evening wore on to twilight and then to night before anybody took note of the time, though the storekeeper had lighted a lamp or two while the music went on.

At last Jason laid down the dulcimer and smiled at the circle gathered around him. "I'd best give over, 'fore these strings is plumb wore out. Seein' I only come in to buy a poke of tobacco and some lucifer matches, I've stayed quite a spell."

"You got kinfolks here around Piney Point somewheres?" someone asked. It was the kind of question men in the mountains never put too pointedly or press too far for an answer, a man's business being his own affair and not to be pried into without good reason.

But Jason did not take the question amiss. He told them he hadn't any kinfolks whatever this side the Blue Ridge, nor many left on the other. Footloose and free, he said he was, and bent on seeing a piece of this world. He could name by the score the ridges he'd been over and around, and as many creeks and branches he'd followed down to level land or up to where he could see the rim of the world. He'd been all the way over into Kentucky on his travels.

Kentucky! The name had a far-away sound to them all, and they looked at him with such respect as home-keeping men always accord a traveler.

"What's it like, way off there?" the storekeeper inquired. "Time was, in my youth, when I thought to reach Kentucky some day myself. A man's thoughts'll carry him a far piece, when he's young and fanciful as I was then. You seen the Great Meadow?"

"Seen it stretched ahead of me till kingdom come," Jason answered. "To a man comin' down over the mountains as I come, the Great Meadow looks to have no end whatever, and all as fresh and fair as on the first day of time. Takes a man's breath from his body, only to recollect it."

"You'd go off down there and live, if you could?" someone asked.

"Well, the answer to that is yes and no. I would and I wouldn't. The Great Meadow ain't itself where I'd live. What I'm of a mind to do, when I consider the subject, is to live somewheres at the top of a holler there, where you got your trees and your branch of pure water and your neighbors all around you, and look off down below and see the meadow lands. Seems like, there in Kentucky, things grows the way the Book says they growed in Eden's garden."

The gathering began to break up. Those who had soda or coffee or sewing thread to take home to their women did their trading, and Jason accepted the storekeeper's invitation to take the night with him and his family. The next day being Sunday, Jason went with the others a short piece along the creek to meeting. It was in the falling time, when every tree on the mountains had put on red or yellow or purple overnight and the sunlight shone misty-gold on their path beneath the pines.

After Brother Magruder lined out the first hymn,

> Arise my soul and spread thy wings;
> A better portion trace

Jason joined with all the others in the singing. It being meeting-house singing, no instrument was played, not dulcimer or fiddle or guitar or mouth-organ; just voices, old and young, raised the hymns. As for him he was bound to sing whatever the song and whenever the occasion, with or without a music box, alone or in company with the whole congregation. And when it came to the sermon he was just as well-mannered, sat quiet and paid the preacher his full attention, never letting his eyes wander to the women's side of the house. For all the note he took of it, he might not have seen how half a dozen girls gazed at him from beneath their Sunday bonnets and could hardly turn their eyes and their thoughts back to Brother Magruder.

Before long it was norrated around, up on the ridge and down through the holler, that Jason Baird could sing an old ballad or suit a new one to an old tune and that he was skillful at any kind of musical instrument that might be brought out in cabin or store or blacksmith shop for him to play on. He had other skills too—split the winter's supply of kindling over at Old Man Siler's, laid a new hearth and put up a new gate for Brother Magruder, helped with the sorghum making whenever he was called on. It was always mentioned, too, that he was a man of far travels, that he had seen the Great Meadow and that the tales he told of the wonders of Kentucky made even the old and the frail want to set their feet on the path.

The girls, among themselves, put less restraint on their curiosity about Jason than the older men had done that first day of his appearance. Was he of a mind to marry and settle down here in the Piney Point neighborhood, now that weeks had gone by without his moving on as he had said he intended to do? They tried such tricks of magic as they knew. When Mary Moberly found the hem of her dress turned up, she kissed it for her lover who was thinking of her, and the other girls knew she named Jason with the kiss. And when Cissy Harmon happened to make a rhyme as she talked, and the others chanted, "Make a rhyme, make a rhyme, see your beau before bedtime," Cissy, always a forward one, chanted back, "If his initials be J.B., he's the beau I want to see." And though they didn't tell each other, they all washed their faces in buttermilk to make their skin whiter and ate burned crusts of bread to make their hair curl.

All this effort seemed to be of no avail. Jason stayed among them, practising his skill with axe or hammer or fiddle or dulcimer as it was called for. Now and then he sang them some song he admitted he hadn't heard before or learned from anyone but had made up out of his own head, and had sometimes not even thought to give a name to. But one evening he straightened his shoulders and threw back his head to announce "A Fair and Far-off Land," struck the strings of his dulcimer and began to sing:

> I've traipsed the highest mountains
> And the valleys in between;
> I've seen the Blue Ridge wrapped in snow,
> I've seen it put on green,
> But near or far, Kentucky is
> The fairest land I've seen.
>
> Eastward she lifts her head to sun
> That burns the mists away,
> And turns the mountain streams to gold
> Where speckled trout play.
> She steps the foothills down along,
> Where shadblow blooms, and may.
>
> She walks in the Great Meadow
> Where every flower that grew
> In Eden's garden stars the grass
> And drinks the evening dew.
> Her westering sun moves over lands
> Old Adam never knew.

Everyone listening sat under the spell of the song when it ended; it was as if Jason had given them all a look at something far beyond their reach. And it was plain that Jason had his foot on the path and was a wanderer. When the snows of winter melted and the trails were open again, they calculated he would be on his way.

It must have been that song that won Louellen Stewart's heart, though she was a clever girl and had a way of concealing her thoughts. But when Jason finished singing, her eyes were shining and her lips were curved and parted in a kind of dreamy smile; and when, to pleasure Granny Stewart who asked it, he repeated the song, Louellen's golden head moved with the beat of the music as if, without making a sound, she were singing with him.

"In the geography books, there's maps that shows just where Kentucky's at," Jason said at the end of his song. "But they don't rightly tell you anything about it."

"It's a thing you'd have to see for yourself, I reckon," Louellen said, and Jason nodded. "But I recall in a geography book I once saw, it was of a pale pink color, like arbutus."

"That don't signify," Jason explained. "That's just the way the folks that makes the maps has, to show you just what Kentucky's like."

At a play-party not long after that, Jason first appeared to note that Louellen had particular charms. Till then every girl on the mountainside had hoped to catch his fancy, though no one could deny she was the fairest of them all with her golden hair and her shining eyes and the grace she had when she moved, whether she carried a pan of swill to the pig or shashayed in *Captain Jinks*. There wasn't a boy that hadn't tried, soon or late, one way or another, to win her, but she had never favored one more than another. If she smiled at Jim Moberly, she walked home from meeting with Eph Gardiner; if she pulled taffy with Mathias Ross, she chose John Osborne when they played post-office. Some of the older women said it looked to them as if she'd never got it into her head what courting was or why. But Jason walked Louellen home that night when the play-party ended, and after that, when any pairing off was done, it was those two together as a matter of course. The other girls seemed to give up trying after that and be ready to settle for what was left.

Whenever there was singing, someone always asked for *The Fair and Far-off Land*, and Jason always obliged. Once when he sang his song, his voice seemed to melt with tenderness and longing, not for the land he sang about, it was concluded, but for Louellen. He didn't lay down his dulcimer this time when he'd finished this third verse, but turned a little toward Louellen where she sat and sang as if he meant this part of his song for her alone:

> I'll never see Kentucky's hills
> Green up again in spring;
> I'll never see her meadowlarks
> Rise from the grass to sing.
> Kentucky is a tale that's told;
> I've done with wandering.

Then everyone knew that Jason and Louellen were courting. It was only natural to expect to see Jason cutting logs for their cabin and to hear that all the men were asked to come to raise it up, up the holler a way from where the Stewarts lived. Louellen's father had ground aplenty there for another cabin, and when it was cleared it would lie open to the sun, with the creek behind, as pretty a site to build on as any pair of love-birds could ask. But Jason didn't fell any trees there, or rive any shakes for a roof, and no word went round for the men to come for a raising. At last, one day toward the end of winter when the women were all quilting together, one of them asked Louellen point blank about it, and Louellen gave them an answer that surprised them all.

"I don't aim to marry ary man and live here at Piney Point. I aim to marry Jason Baird if and when he's ready to take me over the mountains to Kentucky. Short of that, I don't aim to stop." Here eyes shone with a far-away look when she said this, and her voice had a lilt like a song. The old women shook their heads and clucked with their tongues; the young ones gasped, even squealed, with astonishment; and the arguments against anything so rash and unheard of poured out around her. There wasn't any road they could travel, by jolt-wagon or ox-cart; what goods they had they'd have to carry. She would pine away for loneliness; she would be a foreigner there to the end of her days.

But Louellen had made up her mind. "Not with Jason, I wouldn't. Not in that fair land of Kentucky."

At the first loosening of winter's hold on the mountains, Jason left. He'd gone, Louellen said, to make ready their new home—cut the logs and raise it himself or find a cabin he could trade his work for. When he'd made his plans he'd be back and they would marry and be gone. People looked grave when she said these things and declared they'd never heard of such a foolishment. Girl or woman, boy or man, no Stewart had ever spoken so since the first one had taken up land here back in King George's time. Some even went so far as to say they doubted Jason would ever come back.

But back he came, before planting time. Brother Magruder married them and the wedding guests feasted on everything good, from roast wild turkey to sorghum pie, and that was all the infare wedding the young couple had. No second day dinners with the bridegroom's family, no feast the day following in the new home of the bride and groom. Instead of these wedding furbelows, Jason and Louellen set out on their long travels to Kentucky, carrying Louellen's clothing and her quilt and flock-bed in one bundle and a frying pan and a coffee pot, with a bit of such things as coffee and side meat and sugar in another. Jason had his hunting knife and gun and axe slung over his shoulder. It was all the goods they had.

To the end of her days, Louellen could never recall how long their journey took. Nor could she recall what way they went, following old footpaths or breaking new ones, up and around and down and up again, sometimes with the sun ahead of them and sometimes at their backs, sometimes stopping at a store to buy a bit of meal, sometimes frying the mountain trout they had caught for breakfast or supping on a brace of partridges Jason had shot. What she could recall was how the dogwood hung curtains of white and pink against the rocks and a spring of pure water bubbled into a pool where a coon with a face as jolly as a baby's washed a bit of food with his quick little hands, how the nights enfolded them, tender and safe, in the bed of cedar boughs that Jason cut for them, and the mornings woke them in each other's arms. And she recalled the day, the hour, when Jason pointed to their cabin, halfway down the mountainside, with a branch of water purling behind it and a dogwood blooming by the path.

She pushed back the tangled curls from her forehead, and felt she was like to swoon with the beauty and the comfort of it all. She could barely find her voice. "So here is Kentucky at long last. Here is all the heart could ask for, ever and amen."

The flowers and the trees, Louellen noted, didn't differ greatly from those in Carolina; here was bird's-foot violet (blue as her eyes, Jason said) and here was the Judas tree with little berry-red bloom stuck all along the branches.

Jason watched Louellen and helped her, settling into their cabin like a little hen-bird finishing her nest. He built her a cupboard by the fireplace, hewing the boards himself and smoothing them till there wasn't a splinter could scratch her hands. He fashioned a bench to stand beneath the tree by their purling branch, and there they set her wash tub and rubbing board when he bought them for her at the store. She was busy and content. A time or two in the beginning, as they sat together on their stoop of an evening looking out at their garden patch, she spoke of the folks back at Piney Point and said she thought sometime to write them a letter to tell them how fine and happy a life they found. But a letter was a hard thing to write, she said; and Jason said it would be half a day's journey, there and back to post it after it was written, and if her folks should want to write an answer he wouldn't know how to tell them to direct it so that it would ever reach them.

They had few pretties in their cabin; didn't need them, Louellen said, when all outdoors around them was so full of pure wonder. So when the babies came, one

after another, they gave them fanciful names to make up for anything their cabin lacked. They named the first one Randall, for honor and for the hero in one of Jason's ballad songs; the twin girls they named Clarissa Sue and Melinda Lou, and the last one Rosemary. It was like birds singing, to hear all those names spoken. Louellen sat in their rocker, evenings, singing lullaby lines as they came to her mind.

The cricket is tuning up
His little cornstalk fiddle;
The katydid is calling for
An answer to his riddle.

Underneath the dove's wings
Her sleepy nestlings hover;
The weary lambkin settles close
Beside his woolly mother.

And God's own musicians
Make their lullaby
For all of God's younglings,
Wherever they may lie.

I'll lay you in your cradle
On a goose-down pillow;
I'll rock you to sleep while
The wind rocks the willow.

"Come the time when they've all got good stout legs for travelin'," Louellen sometimes said, "we'll show my folks these pretties we've got. They'll think it's a pure wonder, I don't doubt."

"Come that time, we'll go," Jason agreed.

When Jason had prospered so that they were able to buy a cow, they gave her a fine name, too. Her manners were so stately and she gave them such rich milk that nothing less than Kentucky Lady seemed suitable. The children made daisy chains for her neck in summer and gathered red haws, fragrant as cider, for her in the falling weather, and they brushed her golden brown coat till it felt like velvet. They never tethered her with rope and stake as most cows were tethered. Instead, Jason bought a brass bell of sweet tone so that Louellen, busy with her washing or her cooking could hear it tinkle and know whether Kentucky Lady was grazing in the high meadow above their cabin or over in the wild plum thicket across the branch. She was home-loving and serene, like her mistress, Jason said, and could be counted on not to wander far.

Until that summer day when Louellen and the children all went a-berrying, she could be counted on. With Jason gone till nightfall helping a neighbor clear a new field, they had set out, baskets on their arms and their lunch wrapped in a towel, to make a picnic and gather enough berries for the winter's jam and jelly. The sun was straight overhead and they had eaten their corn bread and fried meat when Louellen thought of Kentucky Lady and realized she was out of sight and hearing. They left their baskets on a boulder and set out to find her.

"When last I noted, Mammy, she was headed round the shoulder," Randall said.

So around the shoulder they all started, following a dim trail that went up and down over rocks and beneath ledges. They stopped, panting, to drink from a spring that bubbled over a mossy rock. Still they heard no sound of Lady's clear-toned bell, but the twins traced the outline of a cloven hoof in the wet earth near the spring. Farther on, Randall, pushing ahead, found fresh dung and on they went, still following the shoulder of the mountain. When Rosemary's short legs grew tired of pumping along to keep up with the others, Louellen and Randall made a hand-saddle to carry her and on again they went, still curving around the mountain because there was no other way to go. "Seems like I never went so far before, ever, excepting when your Pappy brung me here from Carolina, 'fore any of you young ones was borned," Louellen said. "We do seem far from home."

At last, ahead of them, the long curve ended; space opened wide and blue around them, and below them they saw a mountain valley where weathered cabins followed a branch of sparkling water, a white church spire rose in the sunlight, and a long store building stood at the crossroads.

"Them cabins and things looks little . . . like playhouses," the twins said, looking down in wonder and delight.

Louellen stared, first in astonishment, then in recognition. She knew that church, that crossroads store, those cabins. The one that stood beneath the spreading oak, reduced to picture-book size in that high sunlit air, was her parents' home. A woman in a sunbonnet, small as a corn-husk doll, stirred something in an iron soap-kettle that looked no bigger than a coffee-cup. But all of it was real, and familiar as her own hand.

"Good glory everlastin'!" Louellen shouted. "That there's Piney Point. That there's my own mother."

The children saw that her eyes flashed like blue lightning and her cheeks were flaming. Then she took off down the mountain side, and they scurried after her as best they could. Even Randall couldn't keep up with her; she was leaping like a deer. When they came up with her, her arms were around the woman they had seen beneath the spreading oak, and the two women were crying and laughing and questioning and explaining, all at once. Then an old man came out of the cabin, and Louellen called him Pappy and kissed him and wept and laughed on his shoulder.

"Here's all my pretties," she said when she remembered the children. "This here's Randall, and here's Clarissa Sue and Melissa Lou, and this least one's Rosemary."

"Often and often we've wondered about it—how many you had and what names they wore," her parents said. "You've done well, Louellen, mighty well."

Louellen stamped her foot and drew her hand across her eyes in confusion. "That Jason! And all the time we was just over and around the mountain from Piney Point. I been tricked."

"Wouldn't be too hard on Jason if I was you, Louellen," her father advised. He was sitting in his splint chair now, tapping his pipe, defending the ways of menfolk as any man will do. "You was pretty notional in them days, as I recall." He looked the children over one by one, noting their stout shoes, their neat clothing. "Looks like to me he's been a good provider. From the beginning," here he struck a match on the sole of his shoe and began to pull on his pipe, "I judged Jason to be a smart one. One of the smartest."

Louellen's eyes flashed. "Smart, I reckon! Walkin' me up and down these mountains for days, and me bound to reach Kentucky."

While they ate blackberry cobbler and drank cold milk, the red in Louellen's cheeks subsided and her voice quietened, but there was still a cloud in her eyes. The children told their grandparents about their house, their pets. "I can hoe the corn patch," Randall boasted. "I could milk the cow too, if only Pappy'd let me."

"The cow!" Louellen gasped. "We was hunting the cow, Kentucky Lady."

In haste they said goodbye and promised to exchange visits often, of a Sunday, and were off up the mountainside. Halfway around the shoulder they came upon the cow, ambling homeward in the dusky evening, and farther along they found their baskets, the bottom splints barely covered with the berries they had begun to gather hours before.

At the door of their cabin they saw Jason standing, awaiting them in the gathering night. "Louellen," he began, and she heard the humble note in his voice, saw the look of trouble on his face. "I aimed to tell you. Soon as Rosemary could walk it, I aimed—"

Louellen went inside and set her basket on the table. Her hair shone golden in the lamplight, but her face was like a storm cloud. "Rosemary's done walked it, while you was aimin'. Most of the way, anyhow."

She noted the droop to Jason's shoulders, the hang of his head and how he looked away from her. This wasn't the Jason she had known and wed, the man who had no need to lie to make a girl believe what wasn't so, and she couldn't bear to see him changed. She bit her lips to keep from speaking, but she spoke: "Jason, I reckon you never said we'd reached Kentucky. I reckon I was the one to say that. You pleasured me a long time, lettin' me have my way about it. Well, anyway, this side the mountain's prettiest. It gits the mornin' sun."

When Kentucky Lady had been milked and the children were in their beds in the loft, Jason and Louellen sat by the hearth where the log still burned. Jason reached for his dulcimer, passed his hand over the strings with a gentle touch, and tuned them. "I'm bound to amend my ballad with another verse," he said, and then sat looking into the fire in a long silence. At last he lifted the instrument to sing,

Though a man wanders east and west
Far as the sun turns,
To seek a land surpassing fair,
Fairest of all, he learns
Is where his rooftree guards his own
And where his hearthfire burns.

Louellen, sitting in the shadow, watched his hands move over the dulcimer, heard his voice grow full and round. His shoulders were straight and his head was high—a prideful man that could make any woman proud. "Sing that again, Jason, if you're so minded. It's a verse I mean to get by heart." ■

Country Club WOMAN **aims...**

- to combine the recent with the old, to emphasize the continuum between past and present, to provide background and perspective for "the latest news" by recalling human concerns that are ancient and ever-new . . .
- to combine intellect and feeling so as to make a whole response to life possible: this means, to make available to the open mind the most exciting and authoritative information; and to humanize the abstract and intellectual through a wakeful and mature experience of the arts . . .
- to combine individual and group concerns: this means, to conserve and treasure the individuality, the unique existence and worth of each human being; and, to relate the freedom and responsibilities of the individual to the political and cultural groups of which she is a part, so that the individual and the group can exist co-operatively.

PARTICIPATING CLUBS IN THE NORTHEAST—All members of the following clubs whose names were received before June 15, 1961 now receive free copies of *Country Club Woman*. If your club is not listed, see page 71 for subscription details.

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Mill River C. C., Stratford	204
Copper Hill C. C., Granby	30
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New Haven Women's G. C., New Haven	36
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poetry

Concert Scene

To John and Jane Gruen

So he sits down. His host will play for him
And his hostess will come again, with wine.
He has a chance to see the room, to find
The source, defend himself against something
Beautiful, which hit him when he came in
And left him weak. On the baroque fireplace,
Whose stone has the turn of a living arm,
Some lacquer red poppies now are opened
In a copper bowl. Over the mantel
A warm oil against the white paneled wall.
An open coach; a girl and bearded man,
Both young, canter through a summer landscape
Soft with color, their faces full and flushed.
The Brahms on the piano is about
This. To the left a black coffee table
Topped with strips of crossed cane beside a green
Cloth couch. On this top a wicker horn leaks
Out white grapes by a tin of purple-wrapped
Candied nuts, and a thin white porcelain
Cream pitcher with a few, loosely figured
Very bright blue anemones and greens;
At the right of the fireplace a great teak
Desk has a red Chinese plume or feather
In a silver pitcher, then a clear, wine-
glass shaped, tall bowl—full of golden apples.
Still the music is Brahms: golds, blues, and wines
Of the stained glass panels in the far door,
A light behind. The hostess brings a tray
Of sherry and a jar of caviar
In ice, the thousand eggs writhing with light
Beside the lucent lemon slice. She sits
Upon the green or gold cloth couch. She holds
The thin stemmed glass, and now he looks at her,
Shook with the colors or the music or
The wine. Her hair is blue black and drops straight
From the part—directly in the middle
Of her skull—its long, moonwet waterfall.
Her smile is warm for him, lips large without
Paint, gentle eyes hollowed in the high bones
Of her white face. Now he sees above her
A graceful, black iron candelabra
On the white wall, green of its candles spin-
ning in the whorls of shiny surfaced leaves
At the top of a thin plant in the corner,
And in the jagged-necked, blown-glass bottle,
As big as a child, standing on the floor
By the piano. His hostess rises
To sing. (She doesn't know he's trembling.) Her
Voice is too strong. Suddenly the color
Is intense. And he finds no defense.

John Logan teaches at the University of Notre Dame. He married Guenevere Minor of Council Bluffs, Iowa in 1945, and they have nine children. John's poetry has appeared regularly in the nation's leading literary periodicals. He also writes fiction and criticism. He is currently editorial director of The Poetry Seminar in Chicago, and he edits the organization's magazine, *Chicago Choice*. The poems selected for this page are from his latest book *Ghosts of the Heart*, published by The University of Chicago Press, 1960.

Nude Kneeling in Sand

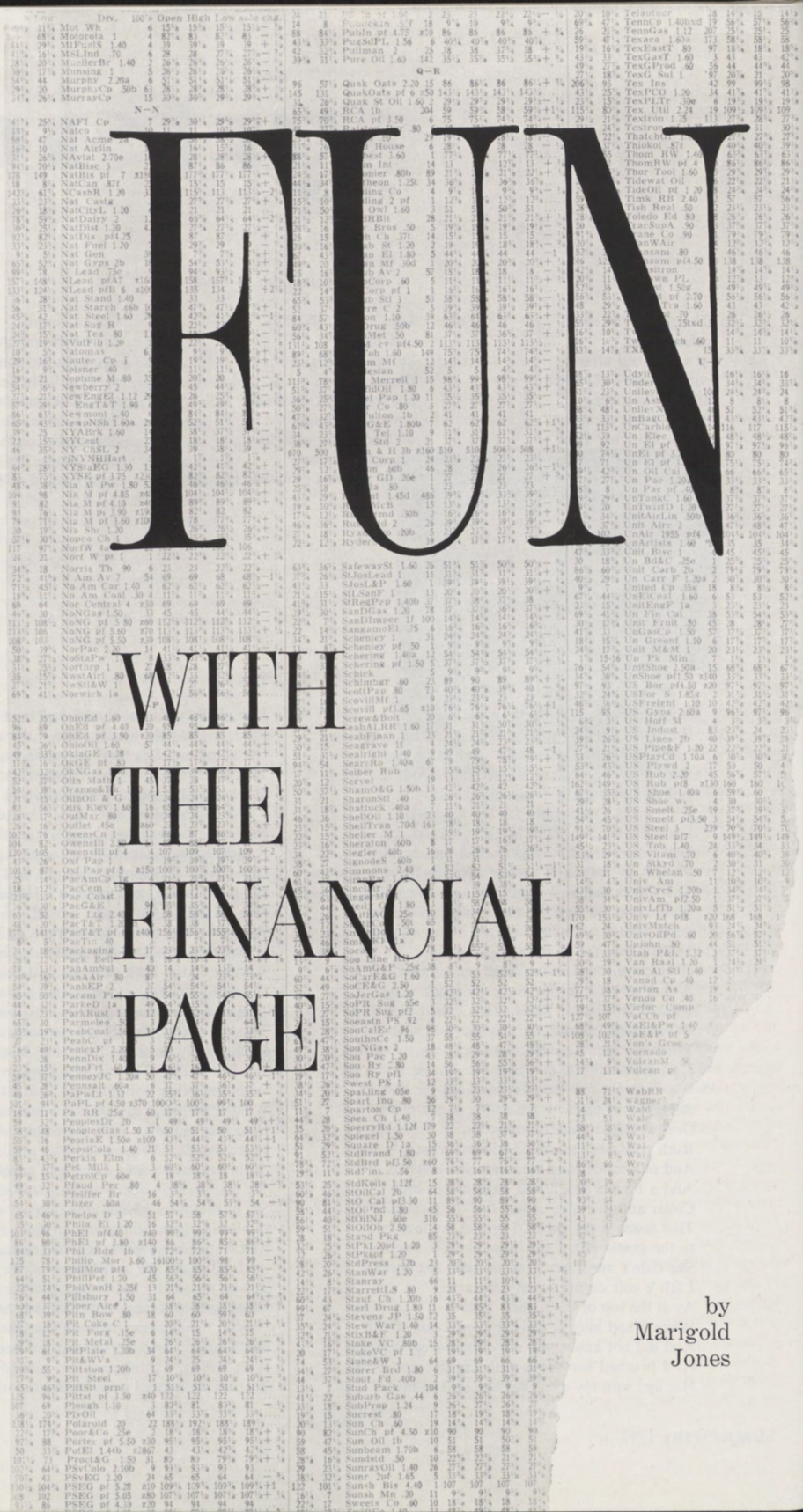
The girl in the sand
colored hat
of unfinished straw
with its sides of waves
of water weaving
in the winds of her
yellow hair, her eyes
hives of bees, touch-
es her breasts toward her knees.

Like a child she digs
and buries
her thin hands in the
desirable flesh
colored sands, as small
animals or pairs
of birds that wait to
rise and stir scat-
tering streams of amber myrrh.

Out of ecstasy
her bright mouth
opens to the sun
as she lifts herself
to it and rests, with
breasts sweet and full, back
beautifully curved,
arms down, lap and
loins packed with moist, golden coin.

The Picnic

It is the picnic with Ruth in the spring.
Ruth was third on my list of seven girls
But the first two were gone (Betty) or else
Had someone (Ellen has accepted Doug).
Indian Gully the last day of school;
Girls make the lunches for the boys too.
I wrote a note to Ruth in algebra class
Day before the test. She smiled, and nodded.
We left the cars and walked through the young corn
The shoots green as paint and the leaves like tongues
Trembling. Beyond the fence where we stood
Some wild strawberry flowered by an elm tree
And Jack-in-the-pulpit was olive ripe.
A blackbird fled as I crossed, and showed
A spot of gold or red under its quick wing.
I held the wire for Ruth and watched the whip
Of her long, striped skirt as she followed.
Three freckles blossomed on her thin, white back
Underneath the loop where the blouse buttoned.
We went for our lunch away from the rest,
Stretched in the new grass, our heads close
Over unknown things wrapped up in wax papers.
Ruth tried for the same, I forget what it was,
And our hands were together. She laughed,
And a breeze caught the edge of her little
Collar and the edge of her brown, loose hair
That touched my cheek. I turned my face in-
to the gentle fall. I saw how sweet it smelled.
She didn't move her head or take her hand.
I felt a soft caving in my stomach
As at the top of the highest slide
When I had been a child, but was not afraid,
And did not know why my eyes moved with wet
As I brushed her cheek with my lips and brushed
Her lips with my own lips. She said to me
Jack, Jack, different than I had ever heard,
Because she wasn't calling me, I think,
Or telling me. She used my name to
Talk in another way I wanted to know.
She laughed again and then she took her hand;
I gave her what we both had touched—can't
Remember what it was, and we ate the lunch.
Afterward we walked in the small, cool creek
Our shoes off, her skirt hitched, and she smiling,
My pants rolled, and then we climbed up the high
Side of Indian Gully and looked
Where we had been, our hands together again.
It was then some bright thing came in my eyes,
Starting at the back of them and flowing
Suddenly through my head and down my arms
And stomach and my bare legs that seemed not
To stop in feet, not to feel the red earth
Of the Gully, as though we hung in a
Touch of birds. There was a word in my throat
With the feeling and I knew the first time
What it meant and I said, it's beautiful.
Yes, she said, and I felt the sound and word
In my hand join the sound and word in hers
As in one name said, or in one cupped hand.
We put back on our shoes and socks and we
Sat in the grass awhile, crosslegged, under
A blowing tree, not saying anything.
And Ruth played with shells she found in the creek,
As I watched. Her small wrist which was so sweet
To me turned by her breast and the shells dropped
Green, white, blue, easily into her lap,
Passing light through themselves. She gave the pale
Shells to me, and got up and touched her hips
With her light hands, and we walked down slowly
To play the school games with the others.



FUN WITH THE FINANCIAL PAGE

by Marigold Jones

There is a new game in the woman's world. Over the fences, back and forth across the nation, it has been slowly and quietly gaining in popularity. It can be found in every state and in hundreds of communities from tiny Page, Arizona to massive New York City—and women love it. They are playing with money!

"Make money *with* money" is a message spreading from group to group through the regular channels of their communication. Chitchat at the hairdresser's, over neighborhood coffee, and over the bridge table is constantly carrying the word to more and more women who want to try it.

Stock market investing, through small privately organized clubs, is stimulating every aspect of their daily living. Women are taking a new look at money and are beginning to realize its potential. For the first time, they are seeing it from the same viewpoint as do their earning husbands.

Two or three of them browsing *The Wall Street Journal* as they wait to tee off, an occasional copy of *Forbes* or *Barrons* stashed in a locker or lying forgotten in the ladies lounge are signs that women around you are learning the game and having the time of their lives.

These women are pooling their money and buying stock in biscuits, shoes, glue and paper as seriously as they shop for groceries. Shopping itself has taken on new interest. They are looking for the products made by companies in which they own stock; they buy with undivided loyalty and purpose to push their shares higher. They examine the trade name and manufacturer of every new commodity from inter-com systems used in supermarkets to new toys and gadgets sold in hobby shops; they are looking for a place to put their money next month. They're watching, they're reading, they're intelligently exchanging views, and they are making hilarious plans and having fun.

Ten to fifteen women put a little money into a club kitty. Every month they added to it a sum each could afford to lose and, because of perception and good judgment, they rarely lost it. Their money was invested in the stock market, and their whole being became absorbed in the thought of financial growth. It was as though the sheer force of their concentration and the power of their will pushed their stocks into an upward spiral.

At a first club meeting, someone mentioned that if they started out with a thousand dollars and doubled it each year, at the end of the tenth year they would have a million dollars. A sharp mathematician challenged the remark and proved it completely false by showing them they would have exactly one million and twenty-four thousand dollars. In that moment, their future was laid before them!

Obviously, they couldn't afford to have the tax people snooping around that kind of money, so they threw in a red herring and called themselves the "Lost and Gone Forever Investors." That the Bureau of Internal Revenue would not need or want to look for them was a thought they harbored for not one second. They were going to acquire every cent of that money, even if they did have fun.

Although none invested money that would cause her family or herself to go without accustomed supplies, the motto of each was "Nothing ventured, nothing gained." They ventured all the small change in the sugar bowl, the money they occasionally wasted from boredom on things they didn't want, and money they spent from a psychological need for something new. As it erased the ennui from their daily lives, stock market investing began to replace their idle spending.

At the beginning, most of them thought a bull was something loose in a china shop and a bear was a furry animal bitten by black bugs. Nevertheless, they were able to form a mental picture of themselves gathering up "all that money floating around Wall Street."

They went after it with a vengeance, getting all the free advice they could from the man of the house, the man on the street, even the man in the manhole. The consensus of all this male opinion seemed to be that, since they were pretty abject beginners (some of the men didn't use the word) they should never, never take a hot tip and should seek the counsel of, and put their trust in, a reliable broker.

A meeting was called to review what they had learned, such as "Look before you leap" and "A fool and his money are soon parted." They had become aware that a broker's job was to help his clients make money; that he had access to the very best available information and that his recommendations would be based on knowledge gained through research by the stock exchanges and his own firm. On the rousing note of "A man's judgment is no better than his information," they voted unanimously to find a broker and, no matter what he suggested, to follow his advice.

Since a girl can't be too careful these days, a member was appointed to handpick a broker and invite him to the next meeting to recommend what they should buy. This, occasionally, involved a long-distance telephone call but, intuitively, she knew if he had sex-appeal.

Between meetings, the word got out on two subjects: First, a tiny item in a month-old issue of a market report mentioned a biscuit company; it was selling at $10 a share and the stock looked promising. Second, the broker was handsome, wore elegantly cut suits, had a voice like Clark Gable's and appealed to the mature woman.

Accustomed to arriving at one another's homes in casual wear, they were taken back by the date with their broker to the "girls they used to be" before mental elevation had entered their lives. Each came gussied out in every ounce of fur, jewelry, perfume and make-up she could carry without falling on her face. They put their trust in him instantly; he *actually was* handsome and his voice *really was* like Clark Gable's.

They told him they had $500 to invest and asked would he please put it where it would be safe, make big dividends and double itself every few months; then, they asked what he thought of biscuits as an investment. After thus putting themselves in his keep, they sat back to dream over him for two hours, listening to his lovely voice without understanding a word he said.

He patiently explained that theirs was a rather large order for so small an investment but he would do his best and that he had *never heard* of the biscuit company. He told them about investing in general, gave his advice on club investing, and left printed copies of his recommendations which they were to study before deciding what to buy.

As he drove away to the fluttering of hearts and handkerchiefs, they ooh'ed and ah'ed his new Corvette, then sat back down to decide in which stock they would sink their money.

They became an impetuous, excitable group of women spenders. Five hundred dollars was burning a hole in their heads. They began looking over suggestions from the beautiful man in the little Corvette. There just wasn't any meaning in all those figures on earnings, dividends, assets and profits; anyway, the print was too small. There was nothing to read on biscuits, but they knew about them anyway; they could all *make* biscuits. Thereupon, by unanimous vote of the members present, they called in a "buy" order.

Weeks of excitement followed, while their monthly checks accumulated into another investment. The woman who had been smug about sleeping late began to awaken early and to lie in bed wondering how high the biscuits had gone during the night.

The husband, whose breakfast had always been waiting as he came from his room, now found his wife behind the financial page, in a sort of trance, completely oblivious to him and his grapefruit. She told of having had feelings of rejection by him, as he went through his regular routine of telling her, "Good morning," then hiding behind the paper and not talking again until time to leave for the

Continued on Page 66

R.F. McGovern: WOODCUTS

LEAVES

Robert Francis McGovern was born in Philadelphia in 1933. From 1952 to 1956 he attended the Philadelphia Museum School of Art, where he is now an assistant professor. Mr. McGovern has shown paintings, woodcuts, and prints in many eastern cities. "My greatest love," he says, "is the woodcut. It is like working with a partner who wants always to give 'hints' of some new form."

CONQUISTADOR'S HORSE AND THE LAND

CRUCIFIXION IN LIGHT

THIS GAME OF LOVE

by Carter Price

A love story has the strangest way of happening; it picks neither time nor place just so long as there's a guy and a dame. This one happened in my delicatessen, and I'm the guy that's telling it, so that's how it goes.

You run a delicatessen, and all the dishes you handle ain't food! You get to know the dames. The right ones that figure delicatessens are for delicacies; and the wrong ones that think it's thermidor if you mangle a can of lobster around in some mushroom soup.

Come five o'clock most any evening I could make money betting which dames lost at the afternoon bridge tables just by what they buy, and the way they sigh, like they think only men is vile enough to need three squares a day. Right then I know their old men ain't going to get no pin-up meal. They're going to eat in an undersized breakfast nook while the wife sits by crooking her little finger above a cup of tea.

So I don't like dames. But you get to allow for exceptions to any statements like that, because there ain't any guy alive that doesn't like some dame somewhere, no matter how tough he sounds telling you they're no good characters.

I got some swell customers. Mostly they're women old enough to know prowling blondes can be scared off fairly easy by three things: good food served regular; a kind of a peaceful place for the old man to come home to, knowing his favorite chair is where it was the night before; and a dame that dishes out an honest smile at the end of the day. These women I go for; and I could give the why-they-do-it boys some information, too. These happier characters I'm talking about weigh around a hundred and forty pounds and they're thirty-five and up, like they passed some hump that let them know you have to make your own rainbows in this life.

Then there are the young wives, kinda like scary kids still guessing whether the guy likes pickled pigs' feet or not. They want to do a good job but their know-how ain't too well-developed. These I like to help, especially when they come back some morning and say, "He loved it, Mike. I put the candles in the old bottles you gave me, and I got out the red-and-white-checked napkins like you said, and when he looked at me, oh, Mike, it was wonderful."

"Sure," I say; "you go on making it wonderful and it'll stay wonderful. But remember that no candle that ever burned can make cheap cold cuts look like anything but cheap cold cuts. Did you ever see a quarter's worth of salami by candlelight?"

"Oh, Mike," they say, "what an idea! Have you any other recipes I can try? What'll I dish up for tonight?"

So we go into that, and for a while I forget Sally, the dame who forgot me as soon as she hit the outskirts of Reno. But she didn't make a business of forgetting like I do.

Anyway, my shop is on a nice little street where some architect did a pretty good job of pretending he was making a village. And even if his village is surrounded by city, it fools you into thinking democracy ain't all alphabet soup and housing projects. Tudor, this guy calls his building style. I know that one after he wrote it down for me. It's red brick and clean plaster with some of the timbers showing, and there's enough space in front for some fair-sized trees.

Just across the street from my shop, and down a little, there was two vacant stores. One was kinda big and the other not so much of a place unless you were planning on collecting stamps or tying flies. Anyway, news got around, like news always does, that the big store had been rented to a guy that was going to operate a beauty shop.

I keep a watch on the store, waiting for them to doll it up with orchid paint and a name like Pierre's Salon. But I was wrong about the orchid paint, and the only sign I see is a kind of a small board swinging from a metal arm. This sign says JERRY DENTON, in good clean letters. Just that. I feel sorry for the guy. No dame is going to figure a Jerry Denton can fancy up her hair like someone named Pierre. I think he's busted before he opens the joint.

The morning he opens I watch some more. Sure, part of it's because I want to see if his customers are going to louse up the parking situation. The rest of it is because I'm afraid this Joe had put his money into a wrong deal.

First I see two cars roll up, relieve themselves of some dames that aren't bad, and roll away again. They got hackies driving them. Then I see a young guy come out of the shop, talking to somebody in another car. She gets out and goes into the shop and this kid drives the car away. And that's how it goes. The cars of Denton's customers keep on this shuttle-service deal never dreamed up by guys named Pierre. And I don't need no counting machine to figure out that Denton's first day in the beauty business is pretty good.

I keep my store open until around eight, but at seven o'clock there's a lull sometimes. So that's when I get out my special blend of coffee, grind it through the hand mill, and begin brewing it up the slow way. When I drink coffee I wanta know it's coffee, not just the label dipped in boiling water.

Anyway, I'm just coming back to the front of the store when a customer steps in. He's about six-feet-two, with sandy hair, a pair of clean blue eyes, good teeth, and a healthy tan. He's got on a tweed suit that can afford to look careless because it's got enough chips back of it to know it ain't, a bow tie that looks good on this guy, and some of them loud plaid socks. Offhand I'd bet he was a good stroke on a varsity crew.

"Hi neighbor," he says. "I'm Jerry Denton from across the street," and he held out his hand.

"The name is Mike Vanzini," I tell him.

He don't shake hands like any Nancy-pants hairdresser.

"I hear you know something about food," he goes on. "Have you got anything I could jump into right now? I've got so much cash over there I can't think it's honest. I want to go back and check it over, but I think cash is bad on an empty stomach." Then he begins to sniff. "Mike," he says, rubbing his hands together, "don't tell me that's coffee."

What would you do? "Sure, it's coffee," I tell him. "Come on back."

I got a couple of chairs in the back and an old table; and I get out some cold roast beef, rare, some good chutney, a rye loaf, and the coffee.

Jerry stands there, easy-like, smoking a cigarette as he's watching me.

"How come the delicatessen, Mike?" he says, kind of curious.

I take a look at this Denton guy and figure he can blot up an honest statement without telling you to change inks and it might look different.

"Because I hate dames," I tell him.

He didn't take it exactly like I expected him to. He laughed. He laughed like a guy that's heard a story to end all stories; and he walks over to whack me on the back and laugh some more.

"Et two brewtay," he keeps saying, and I tell him I don't get it, and he says all it means is, "You too, Mike?"

It's been quite a spell since I've seen a guy I'd open up to. I mean, I'm kinda leery of spilling too much sob-stuff about this Sally trick. But I look at him again and I get a couple of bottles of beer. He's a right guy.

I can't tell it his way, but what he tells me is about a dame named Sandra. He'd known her since they were little kids, and he was strictly hers. It never occurs to him to figure out they won't live happily ever after, because, as far as he's concerned, that's all they been born for. He shows me a snapshot of her. Kind of a sultry blonde, but pretty. And class. Definitely class, just like Jerry. So he buys her an emerald cut and they get engaged just before he ships out to Korea.

Jerry has one idea only; to get it over with and get back to Sandra. He takes a slug that won't make him no candidate for easy looking at in a shrunken bathing suit, and he lands in the hospital, where he stays for a long session.

He's still there when he hears this Sandra doll has double-aisled it with one of the play-it-safe boys. She's sensitive, this Sandra explains to some friend. She couldn't bear to think of dear old Jerry being banged up like that. She was afraid she'd show it.

So, eventually, Jerry gets out of the hospital. But he don't feel much like fighting. To be a lawyer you gotta fight, he says, and he's lost his taste for it. So he tried to figure out what he can do to make a living without getting stomach ulcers doing it.

After he does some investigating, he sees that a number of guys have discovered beauty's where the gravy is. Jerry says he's still pretty burned up about the Sandra deal, and he figures a joke on any dame is a joke on Sandra, and when you can escape through a joke you've learned the first lesson of how not to die of heart disease at the age of fifty. So he latches on to one of these courses, and finds himself pretty sharp at matching hair styles to facial bone structure. Quote. That's what he says, and I take his word for it.

Then, after he gets a bit of experience in one of them up-town salons, he opens his own place. The kid he's got on the car shuttle service is a cousin. The boy's got no complaints about life or dames. He's just got some kind of paper he's gotta write to get some higher education, and he seems to think Jerry's place gives out with the information.

About ten o'clock we've finished everything on the table and I watch to see if Jerry is punk enough to offer to pay me for it. But he isn't. Instead, he just laughs and says:

"I haven't got much to offer you across the street, Mike, unless you want an oil shampoo; but I know a place down the line that makes wonderful fish chowder and has good, dark beer. Some night let's close shop and wheel that way together."

"Vardi's?" I ask him.

And he says yes, Vardi's; so I know he knows good food.

"Why don't you come over to the ship with me and help me count the cash?" he says.

So we go over to his place, and I think I'm seeing wrong.

The front part has got nice pine wood all over the walls, and good green leather chairs. The hair wash-basins don't look like fugitives from no hospital. They're all dark green, and when they're not in use they're covered up with more of this pine wood.

"Don't look so surprised, Mike," Jerry tells me. "It's what you call psychology. Women look more feminine against this kind of background. It flatters them. I took a page from their own book. I play hard to get; and then I get it my own way."

"Boy," I said, "I betcha they pay."

"Boy, I betcha they do," Jerry says. "We count up the cash."

"Does it compare with the delicatessen take?" Jerry asks me.

"It looks better," I report, "but I don't know about your overhead. Mine's low."

We lock up his place and I walk to the parking lot with him. The wind is doing a tenor solo through the elm trees and the stars are thicker than tapioca. After Jerry drives off I feel kind of lonesome, thinking about dames and how they bust guys up . . .

About a week later, early evening time, someone new started showing up at the delicatessen. She wasn't a kid. I guessed her at twenty-six, twenty-seven. In there somewhere. Kind of a nice age, but she didn't seem to think so. She seemed to have forgotten how easy it is to smile. She bought good things, but only enough for one. She told me so, like she thought I'd make something of it. Something unpleasant. By the time I had her tagged as a regular from one of the apartments and began suggesting things to give her suppers a little more of the old pepper, I noticed how she'd stand there, looking at Denton's shop.

Don't jump the gun. This isn't the Sandra babe. This one has wavy black hair and big gray eyes, and she's taller than Jerry's piece of heartbreak. And her name is Elsa. Elsa Blom. I know because I'd cashed a check for her. You find out a lot of things in a delicatessen. I'd found this Blom chick is plenty smart. The check I cashed was a pay check. And it wasn't peanuts, not for one week's work.

Then one evening, watching Jerry's shop, she says, "That impossible man."

"Who?" I asks her.

"That Mr. Denton." And she looks pretty with her eyes as mad as that. "What red-blooded man would settle for being a hair stylist."

"Listen, sister," I tell her. "I don't know about how good a hair styler he is, but I can tell you he's a red-blooded man." I give the cash register a good poke and say, "A dollar sixty-nine," which is one way of telling her I don't care whether she buys anything more or not.

She looks at me like something that's thinking of pasting you one, and then she smiles.

"The name is Blom, not sister," she says. "Mike, how do you make coffee that smells like that."

"Want some?" I ask her.

She nodded her head. Her nose looks cute all crinkled up like it's smelling the best perfume in the world.

"Take it back?" I say.

"About Mr. Denton?" Her nose isn't crinkled now. "Why do you hate women, Mike?" she says.

"Why do you hate a guy you don't even know?" I ask her. "Or do you know him?"

"No, I don't," Elsa says. "But did it ever occur to you that there are women who hate men, too? And for good reasons."

I took her back and poured out a cup of coffee for her. And when there was a lull I went back and poured some for myself.

"It's the best coffee I ever tasted," Elsa says. "How do you do it?"

"By not trying to have time I wouldn't know how to spend anyway," I explain, and then Jerry comes in.

"Mike," he yells from the front of the store. "This is our night to go to Vardi's." By the time he finishes saying this, he's in the back of the store and staring at Elsa.

"Miss Blom," I say remembering that's the way it should be done, "Miss Blom, meet Mr. Jerry Denton." I even bow a little, with one hand on the white apron across my stomach.

"Is there any coffee left, or is this ladies' night?" Jerry asks me, after they'd said something to each other like "Pleased to meetcha," whether they were or not.

"It's delicious, isn't it?" Elsa says. Her coffee is finished and she stands up, looking at Jerry and me. "Thank you, Mike." She waits a minute and then says, "It's never really ladies' night for you or Mr. Denton, is it?" And it sounds like taffy laced with arsenic.

Jerry watches her leave, and sits there in a kind of a dreamy mood.

"Mike, I think we've overlooked something. Second aid could be pretty good if one hadn't spent a lifetime believing first aid's better."

I shrugged. I didn't know what he was talking about.

"Who is she?" he asked.

That I understood. So I tell him the little I know, including the fact that he's an impossible man.

Jerry just laughed, and we drove out to Vardi's and had a good evening.

"Dames ain't people," I tell him, working on a dish of Vardi's chowder.

"Maybe we're wrong," Jerry tells me, kind of sighing. "Miss Blom looks like people to me. Nice people."

But two days later Jerry came over at noon to tell me he might have been mistaken about the Blom dame. She's leased the little shop next to his. He's had some kind of a first-chance deal on it, but he didn't want to go for the lease until he's settled good in his own shop. The Blom chick beat him to it. She has the lease and is going to put in a bookshop.

She came in that evening, all aglow.

"Mike," she says, "you can call me neighbor. I have the little store across the street. I'm going to have a bookshop. Congratulate me, Mike."

"Did you have to cut Denton's throat to do it?" I ask her. "Weren't there any shops but that one?"

She didn't look glowing now, and I felt kind of sorry.

"Did you ever hear of competition," Mike?" she asks me.

"Yeah," I say, kind of tired like, "I've heard of competition. Business and otherwise. I even lost out to some competition that had a snappy convertible and more cash."

Elsa is quiet for a minute, and then she says, in that nice, low voice of hers, "I lost out to the boss's daughter."

I look at her for a minute, and then it comes clear. "So you're one of the ones that got taken for a ride," I say.

"Yes," she tells me. "I'm one of them. I waited and worked and saved. And dreamed. It's the dreaming part that makes the biggest fool of you."

"Let's have some coffee," I say. "It's the best I can do."

But just then we look across the street and see Jerry getting in a car with a dame. And what a dame. Sheer class. She's at the wheel, but he just laughs and pushes her over.

"Looks like Jerry's found some second aid," I say. The Blom doesn't get it. She's forgotten how to smile again. Then she says, "Too bad he had to look for it so far beyond his own age bracket."

And we don't have any coffee, because Elsa slams out like she's mad . . .

The next day I ask Jerry who's the dame I seen him with last night, and he says, "That's no dame. That's my mother," but he doesn't smile like someone making a bum joke. He pulls himself kinda proudlike, and he says, "My own mother died when I was born, Mike. And my father waited a long time before he married again. He did it when I was twelve. He thought both of us would be better off with someone to supply a gentle touch. Linda was the gentle touch."

He stops at that point and I wonder where we go from there. Then he says.

"My father was a reservist and was killed in Korea, Mike. So I was the only one left to come home to Linda. I thought she might be bitter about it; and I made it tough for her, staying away, and not telling her what I was going to do. I thought she might be looking for an excuse to toss me off the home lot for good and all. But some dames can be people, Mike. Linda is people, and don't you ever forget it. She's never told me, but where do you think I got that introduction to the carriage trade?"

"Through her?" I ask him.

He nods his head. "What my dad's son, Jerry, decided to do is going to be a success if Linda has anything to say about it. That's the sort of loyalty you and I got cheated out of, Mike. It's the kind of loyalty I think the Blom dame has."

"You were right," I said, and tell him about Elsa's guy.

Elsa came by later, and I said, "That's no dame. That's his mother."

She didn't get it for a minute, and when she did her cheeks got a little pink. "He's lucky, isn't he?" she says.

"So are you," I say, thinking how Jerry's brushing old memories off his heart, but she doesn't know what I'm talking about. "When are you going to open your shop?" I ask her.

"Pretty soon now," she says. "I need a little more money."

"Come on back and have some coffee while you tell me about it."

This is a plan. Jerry will be over for coffee, too. And then we're going to Vardi's again. Jerry and I get along fine.

So we're having coffee when Jerry comes in.

He lights Elsa's cigarette and I see her hand shaking a little.

"You might like me if you tried," Jerry says, easy-like.

"Maybe I'd rather not try," she tells him, also over-easy.

"But we're going to be business neighbors. It would be more fun if we were friends. Everybody likes Mike. That's why it's such a nice block to work in."

"I'll just work," she says. "I'll just work —and like Mike."

Jerry watches her for a while, like he was making up his mind about something. Then he says:

"I'll play a little game of poker with you, Miss Blom," and gets out his wallet, pulls out the picture of the Sandra babe, tears it in half, and puts the two pieces down in front of Elsa.

"That's what I thought I was fighting my piece of the war for," he says.

Elsa looks at him. Long and steady and hard, like she was making up her mind about something, too. Then she opens her purse, takes a picture from it, tears it in half, and lays the two pieces down in front of Jerry.

"That's what I thought was worth building my future on," she says.

Maybe you have to be class to do it like that, but it looked like a smart idea. I pull out my own wallet, take out the picture of Sally, tear it in half, and put the two pieces down in front of myself.

"That's what," I said. "Period."

Later we drove out to Vardi's. Elsa could sing, and she knew a lot of songs. We figured radio might be missing something without us. Anyway, it was fun.

Over the fish chowder, Elsa began to talk about her shop, and Jerry began to talk about her shop, and I began to talk louder than the two of them.

It seemed like Elsa thought there could be a door cut through from her shop to his, and she could send in a little pushcart carrying the latest books. This would give Jerry's customers highbrow service and boost her rentals. Jerry said fine, but her rates would have to be high. His business had caught on and the high-priced, hard-to-get services paid off.

My idea was about food, of course. First, my coffee, which is the best anyone has ever tasted, then fruit juices, vegetable juices, tasty snacks, and so forth, to make the dames feel so at home they don't know how they can live without Mike, and Jerry and Elsa. We use neat little trays like they have on planes, I say, and guarantee no crumbs.

Continued on page 67

TWO YOUNG PIANISTS

by B. H. Haggin

The arrangement of words in one of Hamlet's monologues, as it appears on the printed page, constitutes an imagined verbal form; the speaker of the monologue produces one particular realization or another of this form in living verbal sound; and an actor can have a superb voice and diction but use them in a delivery of the monologue that distorts the form and in this way falsifies the meaning. The arrangement of sounds in a piece of music is another form, of which the pianist produces one particular realization or another in living musical sound; and a pianist can have a mastery of his instrument but use it in a performance of the piece that distorts its form and in this way falsifies its expressive meaning. In listening to a pianist, then, we distinguish between his competence in dealing with the piano and his competence in dealing with the piece of music; we value the first only insofar as it serves the second; we want to hear not just an ability to produce impressive piano sounds but an ability to fit those sounds into a realization of the piece of music that has continuity in its progression, coherence and rightness in its emerging shape; we give our esteem to an accomplished pianist who is also an accomplished musician.

I speak of these distinctions because they are often not made—because for many people to perform a piece of music is to produce its sounds; to produce beautiful sounds is to perform the piece well; and all the fine-sounding performances of the piece by celebrated virtuosos are valid. What these people need to realize is that Horowitz's fine gradations of lovely piano tone represent masterly manipulation of the piano, but that the mannered manipulation of the melodic phrase in which he employs those gradations of tone is his one way of dealing with every composer—whether Chopin or Schubert or Beethoven or Scarlatti—and a way that is good for none. Or that Rubinstein's performance of a Beethoven sonata, which gives to this work much the same inflections and contours as to a work by Chopin, and Schnabel's performance, which gives it the inflections and contours suitable for a work of Beethoven, are not equally valid.

It is two young pianists who are also distinguished musicians that I am concerned with in this article: Van Cliburn and Glen Gould, the remarkably young and spectacularly endowed pianists who have shot up to pre-eminence in a few years. The circumstances of Cliburn's career have resulted in misconceptions about his playing that need correction. Actually he has had two careers. The first began in 1954 when, having won the Leventritt competition, he made the several appearances with leading American orchestras that this gave him, and started on the Columbia Artists Management Community Concerts circuit that the young American artist is sent around on once. The audiences that heard the extraordinary playing seem not to have been impressed sufficiently to demand to hear it again; and by 1958, having completed the circuit, he was back home in Texas with no immediate prospects. At this point if nothing had happened an extraordinary talent would have been lost to us, as other talents have been. But luckily funds were raised to enable him to go to Moscow for the competition there; and the sensation caused by his winning the competition created the enormous public interest that gave him the new start on his present brilliantly successful career.

But Cliburn's Moscow triumph also created misconceptions about his playing. When the reports of it reached this country it was understandable that the reviewers should have thought he had wowed the Moscow judges and public with the exhibition of virtuosity and the flamboyant Romantic style that are usually heard in performances of the Tchaikovsky Concerto No. 1 and Rachmaninov No. 3. But they shouldn't have continued to believe this when they heard Cliburn perform the works in Carnegie Hall after his return. For on this occasion it turned out that although he was playing low-grade pieces of music that had always been used as vehicles for the exhibition of virtuosity and a flamboyant Romantic style, his operation achieved a different effectiveness by being, like Toscanini's of a "pop" number, a presentation of the works strictly as pieces of music, accomplished with the resources of a distinguished musical skill—principally an unfailing sense for continuity, proportion and coherence in the emerging shape of the phrase and the larger structure. The reviewers' error was that, faced with this effective operation, they thought they heard the flamboyant playing that usually achieved effectiveness in the works, instead of hearing the continent playing with which Cliburn achieved it.

The reverse of this error appeared in the report in *The New Yorker,* whose reviewer, describing Cliburn as "a pianist in the grand manner," the practitioner of "a special, rare, and profoundly impressive kind of piano-playing," that of "the great nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century school of virtuosity," and declaring it "heartening to find the traditions of this school flourishing again in one so young," went on to cite his "tasteful and assured use of rubato in the style of the distinguished virtuosos of the past." The other reviewers thought they heard in Cliburn's playing the flamboyant style of the virtuosos of the past; the *New Yorker* reviewer thought he had heard in their playing the continence he heard in Cliburn's. Actually what was heartening about his playing was that it differed from that of the virtuosos of the past; and one difference was his tasteful use of the rubato they used tastelessly. The instrumental virtuoso of the nineteenth and early-twentieth centuries pulled the musical phrase out of shape as tastelessly as the virtuoso singer of that period; and their practice has continued until today. But today it is condemned by the standards set up by the more recent practice of pianists like Schnabel and Gieseking, violinists like Szigeti, singers like Rethberg, Flagstad, Steber and Bjoerling, conductors like Toscanini and Beecham. And that modern taste was what one heard in Cliburn's playing; even in the Tchaikovsky and Rachmaninov concertos his rubato was controlled by the sense for proportion and coherence in shape of phrase that Toscanini exhibited even in something like *Dance of the Hours.*

The reviewers who thought they heard in Cliburn's performances of the Tchaikovsky and Rachmaninov concertos the flamboyant style they were accustomed to hearing in those works thought also that he continued to play them because this was the only style he knew; and they admonished him to stop playing them and devote himself to acquiring the matured musicianship that would enable him to play Mozart and Beethoven. And when he did play Mozart's Concerto K. 503, the Schumann Concerto and the Prokofiev No. 3 at a New York Philharmonic pension fund concert they wrote that the performances of the first two had revealed his lack of the maturity which they again advised him to devote himself to acquiring. I didn't hear that concert; but listening to the operation, in the Tchaikovsky and Rachmaninov concertos, of his unfailing sense for note-to-note continuity of tone and tension in the developing musical phrase, I had felt certain that this sense operated in everything he played, whether it was Rachmaninov or Mozart, just as the similar sense had operated in every performance by Toscanini, whether of Beethoven or of the Overture to *Zampa.* And actually Cliburn had played Beethoven and Mozart well enough to have won the Leventritt competition with his performances of two Beethoven sonatas, and to have had one of his greatest successes in Moscow with his performance of a Mozart sonata, concerning which a perceptive musician who heard the tape recording wrote me that it was "truly elevated playing . . . mature, poised, lucid . . . a tremendous listening experience." Moreover a member of the Philadelphia Orchestra, with which Cliburn had rehearsed the Mozart Concerto K. 503, reported that he had played it beautifully; and another musician gave me a similar report about his performance of the Schumann Concerto with the Boston Symphony. And in fact, when the performances of the Schumann and of Beethoven's *Emperor* Concerto were issued on records they did exhibit the operation of the sense for the flow and shape of the music which achieved distinguished realizations of the works. I have still to hear the performance of Mozart's K. 503; but I feel certain it will turn out to be as musically right and distinguished as the Schumann and the Beethoven. For the impression I have from what I have heard is of a complete technical and musical adequacy producing in every case something that is perfectly conceived and perfectly executed; and to listen is to be amazed, delighted and awed by talent so rich, and operating so surely, in one so young.

On the other hand, to listen to a performance by Glenn Gould is to be excited by the power and authority of the highly individual mind that compels attention with the very first incisive statement and holds it with the continuing operation. That mind is responsible for the eccentricities of personal and platform behavior that have been written about and photographed; and on occasion it produces eccentricities of musical behavior—for example the speeding up of Variation 4 in the final movement of Beethoven's Sonata Op. 109 (in the face of Beethoven's direction to play it in the tempo of the original theme), which makes it impossible for me to hear Gould's playing of it as a valid statement of the music. But more often the mind produces the sharply incisive inflection and the note-to-note tension that are heard in Mozart's Sonata K. 330 (in striking contrast to the bland rattling off of the music by Gieseking) and in Haydn's Sonata No. 3 (in contrast this time to Landowska's performance). Even in a dull piece like Bach's Partita No. 5 it compels interest with the sustained tension and life that it creates in the succession of notes; and in a Bach fugue it amazes one by maintaining that tension and life not just in one but simultaneously in all the strands of the contrapuntal texture. This is something which begins as the operation of extraordinary musical powers and ends as the operation of extraordinary pianistic mastery—the mastery required for the precise production of the varieties of sound that differentiate the strands of the texture. And it is something I don't remember hearing from any other pianist, living or dead. ■

Dogmas of the Quiet Past *Continued from page 11*

and originality. Edward D. Stone, one of America's most distinguished architects, writes in *This Week Magazine* that "The accusation of standardization in our country is so justified. Americans need to cultivate the open mind. We should encourage departure from the norm, and those who assert their individuality should find tolerance from their fellows." In the course of a month I listen to many a speech and read many an article about the lack of creativity in the business community. William Brady, chairman of Corn Products, in describing the search for the creative person in business, said (as reported in the *New York Times*), "Perhaps our society has overstructured its system and locked its people in. Perhaps we have insisted too much on getting everything regimented. In our efforts to be efficient, we have created systems which wear out but which we are loath to change or drop completely. All this is characteristic of a society in retreat. These are dangerous and demoralizing attitudes for a nation on the new frontier."

Studies going on at the University of Minnesota, University of Utah, and Whittier College, and in many other colleges, were recently highlighted by the National Merit Scholarship Corporation, which distributes a great many scholarships. As reported in *Look* magazine, "Tests given to scholarship applicants favor the convergent-thinking (groupthink), non-experimental, memory-dependent type instead of truly productive, original minds."

What an indictment of our society! I think one of the responsibilities of the readers of this magazine is to work through local boards to make education the exciting thing it should be in training the student to question the obvious and the accepted ways and to experiment with new ways. And let me say this: I'm not talking about the kind of undisciplined mood that is sometimes rampant among our youth here in the United States, nor the undisciplined riots brought about by students abroad by the revolution of rising expectations. I'm talking about the disciplined question-asker who has lived with a serious problem for a long time, who recognizes that creativity is largely a problem of asking questions, consciously or unconsciously formed.

Here is a report from a research laboratory engaged in Arctic flight problems, indicating the effectiveness of general semantic's problem-solving methods: "Since adopting this questioning technique, we believe our inventive output has been stepped up considerably. A mechanical headache had us all stumped, but as we systematically began putting the problem more and more into words that matched the facts, the answers at last began popping up like pressing the keys of an adding machine."

I don't want to make this question-asking process sound easy. It isn't. To be continually creative demands that we bring our assumed premises out in the open and communicate them to ourselves and to the world. Naturally, as general semantics teaches us, the language process is extremely important. Most of us package our assumptions and our inferences in our everyday language and feed them to ourselves and other people. The question to ask is—are the symbolic maps we feed ourselves and others adequate? Do the symbolic maps which we live by and try to find our way around in the world with correspond with reality? Our words are only an outgrowth of our assumptions. Or, even worse, our assumptions can become the outgrowth of our words, sometimes losing all contact with reality.

Dr. Alexander Fleming, who put aside a culture of bacteria one day, observed that when he examined it, one half of the culture was spotted with a greenish-blue mold. The other half of the culture had reacted as he had expected. "I was sufficiently interested in the anti-bacterial substance produced by the mold to ask *further questions*." He asked the further questions and discovered penicillin. How many people had observed that rather common phenomenon before and never asked these further questions?

Only the effective question turned into a fertile hypothesis can lead to better answers. Dr. Albert Upton, professor of English and director of General Studies at Whittier, who has worked on an experiment conducted there for over twenty-five years, points out that by using the analytical techniques behind the experimental method of science we can open up a vast reservoir of inactive, unused brain power in many people, that these powers are normally the powers derived by people trained in scientific work but "may be released by the application of scientific method to language and general thought processes . . . and that these techniques appear to transfer themselves to the general area of solving intellectual problems."

This is the goal and purpose of general semantics, and as I previously pointed out, the experts seem to agree that too much emphasis has been put on rote-for-rote's-sake training and not enough on how to teach a child to ask questions. We tend to ridicule the question-asker, and I think research shows that this ridicule is one of the greatest blocks to creative thinking for the child.

Most of us spend too much time trying to find answers to problems that have been misstated and misdefined. Bergen Evans partly described this predicament when he said, "I think one of the most fruitful moments in my life came when my old zoology professor . . . told me that he would give any student an *A* in his course who asked one intelligent question." Evans confessed that up to that time he had "assumed that intelligence consisted in giving the answers"—the "right" answers.

We all know our children have a great capacity and potential for the good or the destructive. As Dr. Torrance, University of Michigan, says, this potential can be turned into incapacitating hostility, or it can be the motivational pivot for tremendous future growth. The question I put to every mother and father reading this article is this: How are you channeling your son's or daughter's creative energies?

General semantics teach us that we can measure creative ability by the capability of an individual to reorganize his experience in a new form, to look at life from a new vantage point, to assume—no matter how tentatively—a new point of view. It demonstrates that our ability to establish the facts and then to develop some symbolic maps to describe them is imperative for the whole learning experience. General semantics has as its essential purpose the study of the relationship between facts and symbols and how we symbolically manipulate these new connections between facts and symbols. Stated another way, general semantics is the study of how we perceive and relate experience and how we talk about it.

If it can be said that logic is largely the study of mutual consistency between one set of words with another, and that science is largely the study of mutual consistency between one set of facts with another set of facts, then general semantics is fundamentally concerned with mutual consistency between a given set of facts and a given set of words and symbols.

It has also been shown that we are inference-making machines, that our perceptual mechanisms (modern science has catalogued over 50) start with our inferences. We feed this so-called information into our thinking machine and build a premise (if we go at it formally) and then proceed to reason from this premise to our conclusions.

Here is a little test for which I'm indebted to Dr. William Haney, Ph. D., associate professor of business administration at Northwestern University, called the "Uncritical Inference Test." This is only a small part of a much larger collection of tests. The part that follows is the shortest and easiest portion of the test. I hope it gives the reader an insight into the difficulties involved.

INSTRUCTIONS:

1. You will read a brief story. Assume for purposes of the test that all of the information presented in the story is accurate and true. Read the story carefully. You may reread it and refer back to it whenever you wish.
2. You will then read statements about the story. ANSWER THEM IN THE ORDER IN WHICH THEY ARE ASKED. Do not go back to fill in answers or to change answers.

STORY:

Babe Smith has been killed. Police have rounded up six suspects, all of whom are known gangsters. All of them are known to have been near the scene of the killing at the approximate time that it occurred. All had substantial motives for wanting Smith killed. However, one of the suspected gangsters, Slinky Sam, has positively been cleared of guilt.

QUESTIONS:

1. Slinky Sam is known to have been near the scene of the killing of Babe Smith. T F ?
2. All six of the rounded-up gangsters were known to have been near the scene of the murder. T F ?
3. Only Slinky Sam has been cleared of guilt. T F ?
4. All six of the rounded-up suspects were near the scene of Smith's killing at the approximate time that it took place. T F ?
5. The police do not know who killed Smith. T F ?
6. All six suspects are known to have been near the scene of the foul deed. T F ?
7. Smith's murderer did not confess of his own free will. T F ?
8. Slinky Sam was not cleared of guilt. T F ?
9. It is known that the six suspects were in the vicinity of the cold-blooded assassination. T F ?

ANSWERS: See end of article.

One of the quiet dogmas of the past in the field of thinking is that answers had to be either true or false; and if the reader has had some of the usual educational experience, he has been subjected to many tests based upon this quiet dogma. However, as John Pfeiffer, in an article in *Scientific American* on "Symbolic Logic" (one of the tools of general semantics) points out:

> . . . Modern logicians, assisted by the powerful new technique (symbolic logic), have punched the Aristotelian system of logic full of holes. Of the 19 syllogisms stated by Aristotle and his medieval followers, four are now rejected, and the rest can be reduced to five theorems. Modern logic has abandoned one of Aristotle's most basic principles: the law of the excluded middle, meaning that a statement must be either true or false. In the new system a statement may have three values: true, false or indeterminate. A close analogy to this system in the legal field is the Scottish trial law, which allows three verdicts—guilty, not guilty or "not proven."

"To be proven" is the big problem. If you missed any of the questions on this test, you did so because you didn't have enough information to commit yourself intellectually. You committed yourself prematurely, without sufficient evidence.

Some of you may feel that these questions, after you've gotten the point of the test, are what I call semantic lint-picking. However, please remember that the real life situation is much tougher than these tests. You and I, unless we carry a tape recorder around with us, cannot constantly refer back to a story and carefully re-check what other people have said to us. The problem is doubly compounded when you consider that our auditory memory is the poorest memory we have. It takes much training and discipline to quickly spot verbal clues and to know on what level somebody is talking to us—or at what level we are talking.

I regard general semantics as an excellent aid in—

1. Developing a greater awareness on our part of our own and the other fellow's premises;
2. Helping us discover whether we are talking "facts" or going beyond the facts. It is necessary to have beliefs, but let's see these beliefs stand on as firm a foundation of facts as we can give them.

However, I'm not suggesting that in our attempt to get the "facts" we totally immobilize our capacity for action or decision. Precisely because we seldom have all the facts, executives are necessary. Everyone of us is an executive—president, general manager, and chairman of the board of our own life, of course with a few minor stockholders—our husband or wife, our children, and our loved ones. But as Admiral Radford points out, we cannot escape action in our own lives because "A decision is an action an executive must take when he doesn't have enough facts to make the right answer self evident."

I hope these tests give the reader a small insight into the way we in general semantics attempt to recognize and then reduce the "to be proven" area of our life. Because it is only by recognizing what we don't know, i.e., what isn't true or false in the world, that we can then begin to escape the quiet dogmas of the past, i.e., what we thought was true or false.

As the noted British author Samuel Butler warns us: "The pursuit of knowledge can never be anything but a leap in the dark, and a leap in the dark is a very uncomfortable thing." Modern science confirms this insight. It shows us that we lived in a world of uncertainty. But it also shows us that human intelligence has far more potentiality than we ever believed.

Note: 1. The friend was a woman.
2. IX becomes SIX.

ANSWERS:

1. True. The story clearly says so.
2. ? Nothing was said in the story to justify the assumption of "murder."
3. ? The story doesn't tell us whether the other suspects have been cleared or not.
4. True. The story clearly says so.
5. ? We can't say whether they do know or not.
6. ? We cannot *assume* it was a foul deed. It may have been an accident.
7. ? We cannot *assume* there was a murderer.
8. False The story clearly states he was cleared of guilt.
9. ? We cannot *assume* it was "cold-blooded assassination." ■

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Fun With The Financial Page . . .

Continued from Page 55

office. Now that she understood what he was reading, they frequently conversed; he said "Hmmm" and she was able to reply "Uh-hmmm." She is waiting for the day he unthinkingly mutters to himself, "Well, what do you know?" She will be ready to tell him.

Wherever the women went, they overheard their husbands poking fun at "That dumb club—they bought biscuits" or "They would have more chance in a poker game with two deuces" or "We've bet on some crazy things in our day, but they don't know stock certificates from overdraft notices." Although making a big joke of the affair, they were just a little proud of their wives and were enjoying the venture.

As the club's stock rose on the financial page, so did the interest of its members. The biscuits were soaring so regularly and so high, the women just couldn't wait to put more money to work earning more money and making them rich, rich, rich! Looking for another good buy, they began to read everything they could find on every aspect of investing. They were so enthusiastic about keeping up with one another that they subscribed to business magazines and carried them wherever they went; those who kept their own homes didn't have time to lose waiting for streetcars, for appointments or for lunch to be served.

The financial page had once been used to line the garbage pail or to put on the floor for a puppy. Now, its contents were carefully clipped, filed away, and used in making charts which told them when to buy and when to sell. They understood the theory of stock charting and were making charts on everything from Campbell's to Planters.

By the time the club members met again with their broker, the biscuits had risen to $28 a share and had paid one dividend check. The women were full of spirit! The broker found them completely changed: they were vital, had ideas, understood broker's jargon, and knew a great many things he didn't dream they could have uncovered in such a short length of time.

They asked his opinion on selling the biscuits. He shuddered at the memory of having wanted to dissuade the club from buying biscuits and suggested they sell, because the price rise had been due to a number of things that would not continue.

However, they now knew about stop-loss orders which they were prepared to give him and which would tell him to sell the stock if it dropped to a certain point. He looked a bit uncomfortable (he liked his clients to get out while they were winners) but went on to discuss his new recommendations and give his opinion on the stocks they mentioned. Again, he left printed stock reports with them.

Strangely enough, five minutes later, they couldn't remember the color of his tie, if his shoes had been shined or if he had driven away in the cute new car. The important thing was reading the company statements he had left. They understood most of what they read and came very near buying stock in a clothing concern. There were situations within the company about which they felt some misgivings, however. As they were discussing them, someone happened to mention that her husband had been on a trip and had talked with a man who had talked with a field representative of an oil company. It was a funny-sounding name, she would have to ask her husband again what it was; but the field representative had said the stock was due to go up any time. The company, according to him, had paid off a tremendous indebtedness, had made itself into a complete unit, owning its acreage, drilling equipment, wells, service stations, refineries, hauling and storage facilities. It sounded as though the company would have to show a tremendous profit. She called her husband for the name of the company, and they found it listed on the financial page at only $5.25 a share. They didn't believe in taking hot tips of any kind, but this was a real "comer." It was cheap, how could it help going up? They called in a "buy" order for $300. Their broker said, "Oh, my God!" but buy he did.

Someone was appointed to chart the oil, the theory being that if the stock moved to $7 a share, it would have broken through its box and would likely rise to $15. They determined their sell point at 2½ times their investment and went their respective ways to watch it move to $13. One husband was so naive as to exclaim, "You women aren't doing one thing but gambling," at which his wife simply arched her brows and replied, "Dear, it is called speculative buying." She had become a sophisticated investor.

Their interest centered on the oil stock. They watched it as the listing read 5¼ week after week. Suddenly, it read 6, then 6½, then 6⅜, back to 6½, down to 6, up to 6⅜, driving them to impatience and anxiety. Each of them had a total of $20 in that stock!

Telephones began ringing at 6:30 a.m. the morning their oil stock reached 7 on the financial page. They relayed the message from one to another—the oil had broken its box!

As they continued to watch, they learned many, many things beyond their own four walls and avidly discussed them whenever they met and with whomever they met: what unemployment meant to consumer goods; how the foreign situation might affect the stock market; what tax and labor measures a new president might put through and what they could mean to profits, dividends and company earnings; what an uptrend in automotive sales might mean in relation to a general business uptrend. They had become active participants in their world.

At parties, they kept forgetting to ask where the Jones' boy had picked up that awful girl and whether or not his mother knew about them. They discovered that men who ordinarily were uncomfortable conversationalists with women were happy to talk about things they had experienced in business. They became aware of keen minds and fine personalities that they had overlooked.

As the club watches the biscuit and oil stocks, its members will look for another investment. They will notice the number of people who prefer vodka. They will wonder if the consumption of Dilly Beans is increasing. By the time they have saved enough to buy another stock, they will know the amount of vodka sold, as well as the past activities and future plans of its producers. Someone will concoct a new drink and someone else will learn how to make the stuff in a bathtub.

As their club continues to be a delightful outlet for these women, their real happiness will remain dependent upon home and family. There, too, they will experience a great deal of the fun of investing.

A husband may well say, "I never hear about the kids anymore—or don't we have any?" The kids are well and happy. She is a good mother and loves them dearly but has been with them all day; it is a relaxing diversion to talk of other things.

The woman who has always spent too much money on clothes may ask for stock certificates instead of fur coats on her birthday. Although her husband may go into a slight condition of shock, he will know she is beginning to understand the usage of money and to develop interest outside herself.

Money talk may even be used as a handy household device by the woman whose husband is sure to be underfoot all day, instead of playing his usual golf, on the Sunday she plans a party with no help. She can get him out of the house, while she picks up the comics and dusts his chair, by suggesting *he* give *her* more money to invest in the stock market. Before she knows it, he will be dressed and will be telling her where he can be found for the rest of the afternoon.

Investing is a wonderful, serious game for women—and women *are* having fun with the financial page. ■

Game of Love

Continued from page 61

Jerry employed a cute little neighborhood girl. To pretty up the place, he said, as well as wait on the customers. Now Jerry tells us this girl can man the bookcart and take snack orders.

Boy, if you think that night at Vardi's wasn't profitable you don't know a race track when you see one. We got the first three-way deal going so good it even hit the keyhole columns. My name's there, too, on accounta the food I lug out for parties given by some of the dames that come to Jerry's shop.

By the time we open the second deal that cousin of Jerry's figures he's got enough higher education to take care of the books. Jerry buys the Blom a big ring, and I get a snappy convertible. It done my soul a lot of good.

Six months later, we opened up the fourth beauty-brains-and-the-beast combinations, as Jerry calls them. And are we making money!

That takes care of most of the story, but it ain't the best part. The best part happened a couple of weeks ago at what Jerry calls the home lot, which is a ten-acre spread. There they christened Linda Michelle Denton, Elsa and Jerry's first baby. The Michelle is from Michael, just for me. I'm the baby's god-father, and I never been so proud in my life.

I was so proud I got up nerve to ask Jerry's mother a question. "How come you don't marry again?" I ask her. "You're a swell-looking dame and you ain't so old."

I guess my having the nerve to ask her kind of knocked her for a loop. For a while I wondered if she was going to answer me. Then she put her hand on my arm, friendly-like, and she says:

"Mike, there are women who love once, and that's all. For a lifetime they can go on loving, no matter what happens. I'm a woman like that." And then she smiles at me. "Do you know something, Mike?"

"What?" I ask her.

"There are men like that, too. I'm afraid maybe you're one of them."

Dames is people, all right. Linda and Elsa showed me how it works. And the four of us is going to see that baby Linda is people, too.

Linda Denton's husband ain't never going to know what candlelight looks like on a quarter's worth of salami. ■

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Alice Marble

Continued from page 28

Alice Marble was fit enough.

And she was.

She defeated Helen Jacobs 4/6, 6/3, 6/2 to win what was to be only one of her four American singles championships.

But she won far more than that. She won the unquestioned right to tell others what Mary K. Browne had told her only a few weeks before: you can achieve anything in life you want to achieve, if you only care enough.

Alice Marble moves, thinks, and speaks today in everything she does, as she once did on a tennis court—warily, quickly, emphatically.

To the incredulous who ask what unkind quirk of fate finds the greatest American woman tennis champion working a mundane five-day week as a medical assistant, the answer she gives seems plausible.

"I was always the neighborhood vet when I was a kid," she explains. "Then, too, mother was a nurse, and I had six months of nurse's training myself before I went into tennis." But it is more complex than that.

It was her illness which cast the final answer. The serious pleurisy eventually necessitated lung surgery. Alice found the climate of New York, where she lived after she became a professional, absolutely unsuited to her. A lecture tour, though lucrative, produced only more illness. Southern California, once again, was her only answer.

Joe Bixler, Wilson Sporting Goods Company tennis representative in Los Angeles, finally served up the question to her. "And now, Alice, what are you going to do with your life?"

"It was a good question," she confesses. "What was I going to do with my life?"

Joe suggested quietly, admittedly stabbing for a solution, "Why don't you work in a doctor's office?"

So Alice Marble enrolled in a medical assistant's course at Hollywood High School. And the girl who had awed the Queen of England at Wimbledon, had been a guest of honor at Hearst's San Simeon, and had charmed the elite of Westchester, of Beverly Hills, and of London, spent the first ten weeks of the course learning how to meet people.

Monday through Saturday, except for her sacred Wednesday golf day, Alice Marble thrives on her work for three doctors in San Fernando Valley, giving shots, keeping books, billing patients, pacifying children. The scene is repeated each day, each hour. Only the cast is slightly changed.

"Roll up your sleeve, Bruce."

"But, Alice," a small boy will say, "lemme tell you first about the trouble I'm having with my backhand. I want to be a champion someday."

Alice turns to lift a syringe from the sterilizer. "You can do anything you care enough to do, Bruce," she said.

The boy is incredulous. "Do you *really* think that?"

"I really *know* that, Bruce," says Alice Marble. "I really know you can do anything you want to do, if you only care enough." ■

book reviews

CAMUS, by Germaine Brée, Rutgers University Press, Revised Edition, 1961. 281 pp.

THE GENIUS OF ALBERT CAMUS
by William R. Mueller

Seldom are we deeply affected by the death of one not personally known to us. Only three times have I felt real shock or anguish on such an occasion, twice in recent months, as a motorcar and an airplane have borne to their deaths two of the greatest forces of reconciliation in a time when, it would seem,

> Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold;
> Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world,
> The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and everywhere
> The ceremony of innocence is drowned . . .*

But if Yeats here speaks truly of his time and ours—a time now when the divine work of six days can be subverted in one—his next two lines miss the mark, for Dag Hammarskjöld and Albert Camus were living refutations of them:

> The best lack all conviction, while the worst
> Are full of passionate intensity.*

To name the dozen mid-twentieth-century figures most convinced of life's value and most intensely passionate in acting out and speaking out their convictions would be to name, among others, Albert Camus and Dag Hammarskjöld. To lose them, both at the peak of their genius and of the world's horrible capacity for self-destruction, is a horror beyond tragedy. The world of statesmanship and of letters could not have been more desperately impoverished by any other deaths.

The speeding Paris-bound car which, on January 4, 1960, went out of control carried to his death at the age of forty-six the most exciting and influential writer of our time. Camus was precisely this because he was at once a gifted artist and a human being absolutely persistent and indefatigable in his quest for the meaning of life. Probably not since St. Augustine has North Africa given to the world a man more tenacious in demanding that life's meaning be revealed. In a peculiar sense the prototype of both Augustine and Camus was Jacob wrestling with the angel and refusing to let go until he received the angel's blessing. St. Augustine wrestled with the great answers of his time, with Manicheism and Platonism, until the miraculous conversion when the chanting child's voice repeated the words, "Take up and read; take up and read," leading him to open the Bible at random to Romans 13:13, and then to surrender his life to Jesus Christ. Camus's world, unlike Augustine's, is one in which, God having been officially declared dead and unceremoniously buried, the wisdom which cries without, uttering her voice in the streets, is the wisdom of nihilism, of despair. It is a tempting position in a century of *world* wars; of ovens more effective than that of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego; of the most massive deportations in history; of all-destructive bombs which may become obsolete before these words get into print.

If Camus could not with Augustine affirm the glorious reality of the City of God, the City which knows only love, neither could he affirm with some of his contemporaries that the city of this world is one without love and beauty, one in which nausea is king. His major works are explorations of the alternative ways in which the twentieth-century man can look upon, respond to, and act in his world, the greatest absurdity of which is the vast difference between what it really is and what man's deepest desires and hopes would have it to be. For many, to look upon history, the course of events moving through time and in space, is to invite suicide. For others, to look beyond history and move from time and space to the eternal and the infinite, is to invite faith, to invite a leap from the visible to the invisible. In *The Myth of Sisyphus* Camus rejects both of these alternatives. Turning to the "one truly serious philosophical problem," whether life is worth living, he affirms that it is, and that it must not be betrayed by either the nihilism of suicide or the leap of faith. The problem, then, becomes one of finding a reason for living without recourse to any supernatural belief.

Camus's genius lies in his exploration of this problem, an exploration carried on in virtually all that he wrote—his notebooks; his philosophical, political, and personal essays; his plays, short stories, and novels. It is perhaps from the novels —*The Stranger* (1942), *The Plague* (1947), and *The Fall* (1956)—that a reader gains the clearest view of Camus's constant quest for an answer to the meaning of life, and it is the protagonists of the novels who exemplify various approaches to the quest.

It is my conviction that Dr. Bernard Rieux of *The Plague* serves most directly as Camus's own voice and best personifies Camus's own convictions about the good life. Mersault of *The Stranger* and Jean-Baptiste Clamence of *The Fall*, in their responses to life, represent temptations which attracted their creator, but temptations to which he did not succumb—these two protagonists show the extreme consequences of a position which Camus ultimately rejected. The "stranger," Mersault, is a man as insensitive to the world of man, as detached from human beings, as it is possible to become; he does, in the course of the novel, at the least come to one kind of fulfilling self-recognition as he sees his own temperament at one with "the benign indifference of the universe." But the author of *The Stranger*, the man who threw himself with passion into the French underground movement and who was possessed with a desire to forage a humane system of ethics, did not in fact settle for such indifference; doubtless he was tempted to withdraw from a complex of human relationships which so frequently brought the pain of injustice and betrayal, yet he did not capitulate to the hard, protective shell which encased Mersault. The fallen Jean-Baptiste Clamence of *The Fall* attained his self-knowledge before he began his monologue in the Amsterdam bar; he had learned that what he formerly considered to be his righteous life was in fact only self-righteous and hypocritical. But his fall, his recognition of self-righteousness, led not to righteousness, only to despair, another temptation to a person of Camus's sensitivity, but not one to which he fell.

Dr. Rieux of *The Plague*, though he refuses with Mersault and Clamence to turn to the supernatural for a solution to life's problems, is in other respects the antithesis of them both. He is absolutely committed to the healing of the sick, to a frontal assault on human misery. And his foil is not a person withdrawn from the world, but the Jesuit priest of plague-ridden Oran, Father Paneloux. In this novel Camus gives dramatic life to his assertion in *The Rebel* that "only two possible worlds can exist for the human mind": the world of grace and the world of rebellion. Paneloux represents the first; Rieux, the second. Paneloux, having made the leap of faith and to faith, sees every event in this world through eyes convinced that history is governed by an omniscient, all-loving God. Rieux, on the other hand, refusing to interpret history in terms of the supernatural, finds in history evidences of the most callous injustice. But his sense of an overarching injustice does not lead him to withdraw from mankind and turn a deaf ear to human suffering. *The Plague* is the story of the courage and compassion of Rieux—and of Paneloux as well—and of their mutual sense of the necessary "solidarity" of mankind. Unlike Mersault and Clamence, Rieux is convinced that even in a world plagued by injustice, "men are more good than bad," and "there are more things to admire in man than to despise." And in contrast to Paneloux, Rieux keeps his attention rigidly fixed on this world: even if there is a God it is Rieux's belief that in this wretched, death-ridden world, it might be better for Him "if we refuse to believe in Him and struggle with all our might against death, without raising our eyes toward the heaven where He sits in silence."

If Camus rejected the indifference of a Mersault and the despair of a Clamence, he rejected also the faith of a Father Paneloux. Camus's charge against the Christian is that his leap into faith is a betrayal of this world. The Christian will simply not assent to the Pindaric epigraph to *The Myth of Sisyphus*—"O my soul, do not aspire to immortal life, but exhaust the limits of the possible"—or to the contention that the good life must be compounded of "indifference to the future and a desire to use up everything that is given." The Christian's "sin" is defined in the essay "Summer in Algiers": "if there is a sin against life, it consists perhaps not so much in despairing of life as in hoping for another life and in eluding the implacable grandeur of this life." The true rebel, Camus himself, would reject the concept of immortality and live a life of selfless devotion to this beautiful, unjust world.

Fortunate it is for the world of letters that Miss Germaine Brée has turned her very able attention to a study of the life and works of Albert Camus. A man of Camus's greatness deserves a well-informed, perceptive interpretation, and Miss Brée shows herself in every way equipped to speak with authority. Her book is remarkable both for its comprehension and its depth. The early biographical chapters, showing the effects on Camus of both the mid-twentieth-century world in general and the Algerian world in particular, are informative and helpful to an understanding of his writings. Certainly one of the most impressive qualities about Miss Brée's book is the constant evidence of her own wide learning—her knowledge of the literary, philosophical, and political traditions which influenced Camus. Yet, in making the most illuminative use of the history of ideas to indicate some of the roots of Camus's thought, she never forgets that Camus was more than an expository writer bent on presenting a view of life: she insists properly on his artistry, on his great concern with craftsmanship.

Miss Brée cites as one of the great motivating forces of Camus's writing "his intense concern with ethical values. his need to establish a passionately loved life on intellectual foundations that seemed valid to him." Evidences of this concern she presents clearly from his earlier Notebooks through such major achievements as *The Plague* and *The Rebel* on to his last writings. Camus's works, Miss Brée shows us, provide an affirmative answer to his initial question: "Is it possible, without referring to absolute principles, to escape from a logic of destruction . . . ?"

Camus would not have attained his great stature, however, by means of his ideas alone. He always demanded of himself the utmost artistic integrity, the evoking of our aesthetic as well as our intellectual response. One of the great marks of his artistry is his sure sense of irony, seen particularly in such first-person narratives as *The Stranger* and *The Fall*, where the careful reader can discern the difference between the narrator's voice and Camus's own voice. These books are essentially ironic, as Miss Brée points out, "since the narrator himself unconsciously exposes the extreme consequences of an attitude that Camus observes critically." In her last, and very moving chapter, "The Role of the Artist," Miss Brée, emphasizing Camus's conviction of the reconciling power of art, quotes from one of his essays: "No great work of genius has ever been founded on hatred or contempt. In some corner of his heart, at some moment in his history, the real creator always ends by reconciling." Art is perhaps the greatest of gifts to the man who would, with Camus, wish to lead us to some sense of the beauty of "solidarity" among mankind.

Miss Brée's *Camus* is a model commentary on one of the most compelling spokesmen of our time.

* * *

OFF MY TOES,
by Elsie Masterton. 298 pp. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

Elsie Masterton's third book centers again around life at Blueberry Hill Farm, an isolated inn near Brandon, Vermont that has achieved a national reputation for excellent food and "nothing whatever to do."

To those familiar with Blueberry Hill Farm, Elsie's book will seem like a visit home and a gathering of friends and family to hear the latest news and to reminisce. The newcomer is soon drawn into the family circle, however, as Elsie shares with him the exasperations and joys of running a family, an inn, two restaurants, a jam business, and the local school board.

For the most part Elsie's experiences are related in an engaging manner, full of warmth and appeal. There are several very amusing chapters and a delightful glimpse of Mr. Robert Frost. Only occasionally do the stories become too personal or prolonged.

For light reading, an insight into the Vermont rural character, and the acquaintance of a forceful and courageous woman, we think you will enjoy, *Off My Toes.* *Pamela Arnold*

* * *

THE END OF IT,
by Mitchell Goodman. 285 pp. Horizon Press.

Mr. Goodman does a lot of things well. He describes well, he interprets well, he evokes well . . . it is quite accurate to say he writes well. He is to be admired also for the courage involved in dealing with over-familiar material and in trying to reshape it into a statement of something new. Norman Mailer, according to the book jacket blurb, says he succeeds in this. I'm not quite so sure, but neither do I feel prepared to argue the point strenuously. Certainly, Mr. Goodman's approach is different from the approaches of Messrs. Hemingway, Hersey, Wouk, Shaw, Monsarrat, Uris, Mailer himself, and the other noteworthy dealers in war material whom I have read.

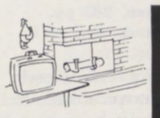
But it is precisely in this area of approach that I encounter my difficulty with his book. It is so insistently and exclusively the story of one man . . . Lieutenant Freeman, a sensitive young World War II soldier, encountering his first taste of Europe and battle in near simultaneity. Now, there is no novelist's rule against one character pre-occupation that I know of . . . just as there is no novelist's rule that prohibits a work from being written entirely in dialog or entirely without dialog. Still, there are obvious dangers lurking for the man who sets out to do either one. These center about the necessity of sustaining interest, and Mr. Goodman's approach has equal peril built into it.

There are, it is true, other characters in THE END OF IT in addition to Lieutenant Freeman, and some of these are drawn effectively. But they seem to be in only tangential relationship to him, to touch him fleetingly and then glance away. He is in serious conflict with none of them, and, perhaps as a consequence of this, none of them emerges strong enough . . . total enough . . . to help the reader *care* about Lieutenant Freeman.

In the early part of the book, Mr. Goodman presents to us the one character who comes closest to providing an exception . . . the Italian girl Francesca, who has already passed through the crucible that still awaits Lieutenant Freeman. (Among other horrors perpetrated on her, she was forced to watch as the Nazis hanged her young husband.) Murdered, emotionally, by the war, she is now alive again. Mr. Goodman tells us: ". . . her eyes showed the passionate life that now flared up in her again, and the hope that would not die in her. A kind of hope so

**The Collected Poems of W. B. Yeats*, THE MACMILLAN COMPANY.

THE OL' NANTUCKET WEATHER GLASS



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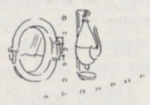

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ferocious in its intensity that it seemed like a mystical challenge to the future. As if a new race of men was to be born out of the war." This is the state the Lieutenant himself reached at the end of the book, emerging from a soul-wrenching, guilt-drenching experience in which, as a forward observer, he had called down a holocaust of artillery fire on an unarmed Italian labor battalion. This renaissance, projected from Francesca and the Lieutenant to all mankind, I think, also embodies the hope out of which Mr. Goodman wrote his book.

But Francesca's relationship to the lieutenant is transitory, too. They meet, they make love, she abruptly vanishes (it is indicative, perhaps, that neither we nor the lieutenant ever learn her last name) and then she receives no more than a passing thought or two from that point on. It is hard to yield the conviction that both the reader and Francesca were deserving of more.

As I have already indicated, Mr. Goodman does some things very well. There is vividness and compelling force to a good many of his individual scenes. He shows us the terrible destruction of war, and we are appalled anew at its waste, its mindlessness, and its degradation. On the other hand, the Italian countryside is lovingly detailed in langauge that glows with poetry. Actually, the whole book is structured not unlike a long narrative poem, and in the last analysis this might be its underlying weakness. The feeling here is that there exists (a) the poem and (b) the novel. Mr. Goodman has attempted to fuse them, but they remain two differing disciplines.

David Delman

* * *

MONMOUTH,
by Charles Bracelen Flood,
Houghton Mifflin Company, 349 pp.

Reading Charles Bracelen Flood's *Monmouth* is an excellent way to refresh one's memory of the Revolutionary War, or for that matter, to learn new and interesting details about it. For although *Monmouth* is an historical novel and the main characters are fictional, it becomes clear that the author is more interested in the *history* of his book than in the conventional and rather insipid love story he concocted to provide a design in the warp and woof of real events. Although the novel is rich with characters, real and fictional, from George Washington to Indian scouts and drummer boys, the war itself is the central "character."

Mr. Flood, like Stephen Crane in *The Red Badge of Courage*, wisely does not try to present the total war. Instead he focuses on a small segment of the action and limits his scene to Philadelphia, Barren Hill, Valley Forge and the surrounding area during the cruel winter of 1778-79. The novel begins with the retreat of the Continental Army as it took up winter quarters at Valley Forge and culminates in the climactic battle at Monmouth Courthouse, the turning point of the War of Independence, where Washington and LaFayette defeated Sir Henry Clinton as he retreated toward New York.

Much of the book concerns itself with a motley company of irregulars under the command of Captain Allen McLane, a group of gallant spies and cavalrymen who harass General Howe's troops and even slip into Philadelphia in disguise. The romantic interest is provided by Lt. Nicholas Burk, who falls in love with a beautiful widow, Charity Avery, a rebel spy in Philadelphia, and Burk's comrade-in-arms, the Harvard-educated Abijah Silsby, who discovers love in the midst of war, only to be killed shortly thereafter.

Since the war itself is Mr. Flood's main "character," he explores its every facet: the political ideas behind the war, the reasoning of both Loyalists and Rebels. The war is always presented in human terms. Here we see human beings caught up in savagery and destroyed—on both sides. Without overdoing it, the author builds up his ugly details until the stench and horror of war come ringing home, and Mr. Flood's theme is clear: all war is cruel for the humans involved in it.

Mr. Flood's style is not always as sparkling as it might be. His battle scenes are not invariably convincing, and there are tedious repetitions of soldiers marching, drilling, etc. He has done an immense amount of research, and at times, especially in the early part of the book, his scenes are too saturated with historic details. Moreover, his thin romantic plot does not fuse perfectly with the realistic technique employed to suggest the novel's important theme.

However, Mr. Flood has resisted most of the clichés of the frothy historical novel. His characters are never merely quaint in general, they talk and act like human beings, not puppets. He nowhere sensationalizes his material: the swashbuckling hero and sexy vixen are conspicuously absent. And at a time when most serious novelists are concerned with creating the "anti-hero," Mr. Flood unashamedly shows his admiration for the heroic, for men who endure and face death, and life, with courage. This is refreshing, to say the least. In short, if Monmouth is not consistently successful as fiction, it is almost always interesting as history—and can be recommended for that reason.

Guv Owen

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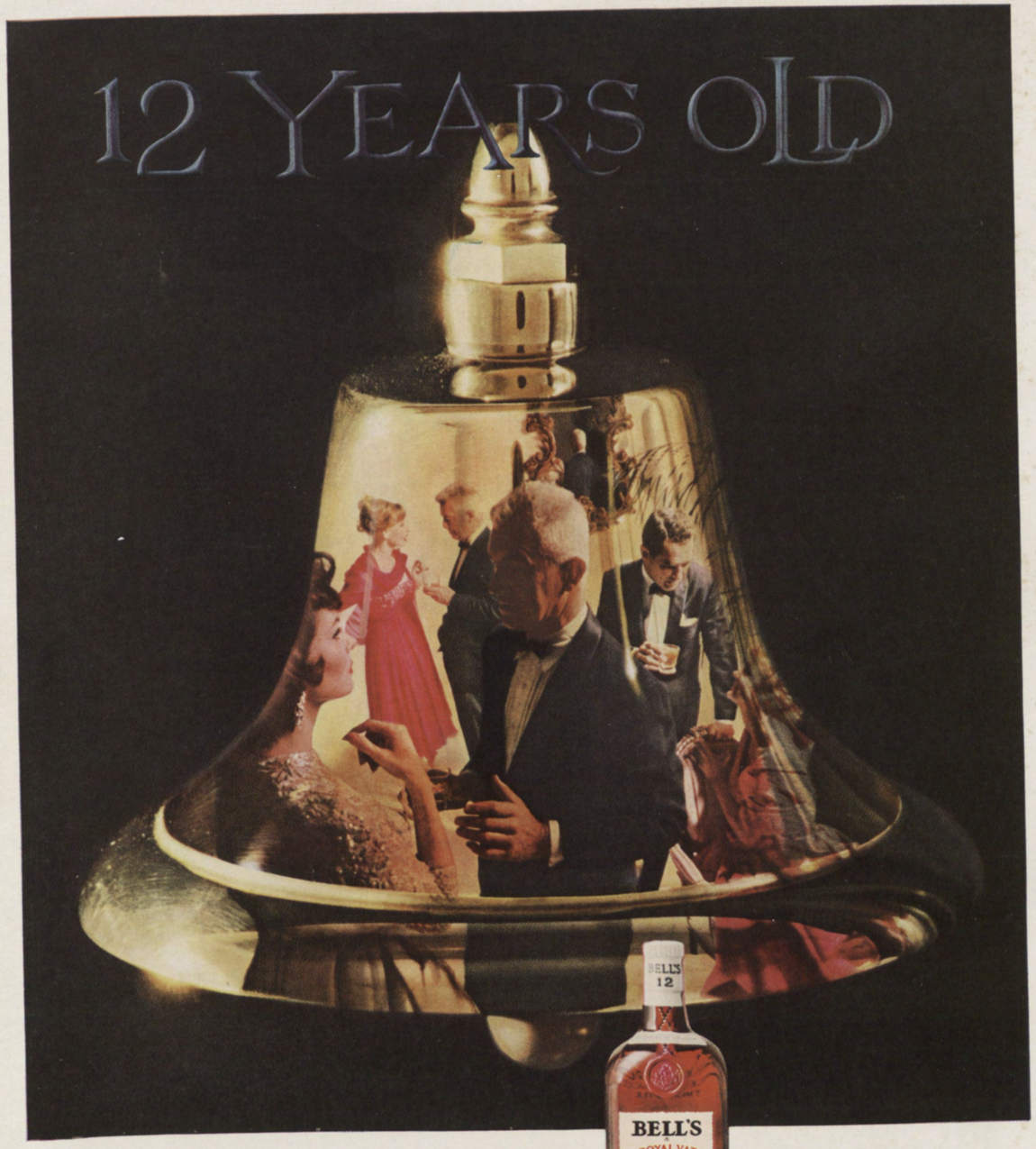

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