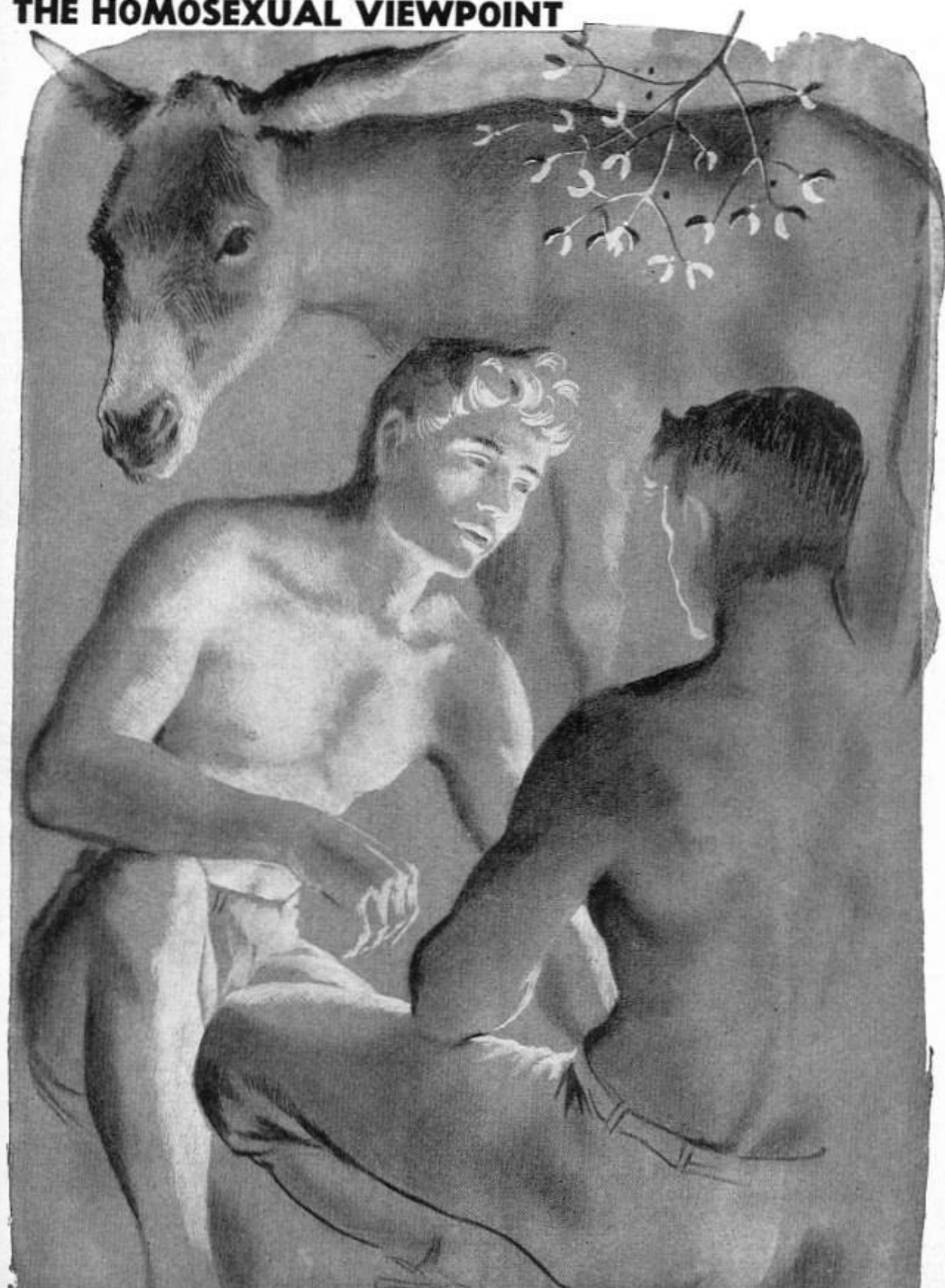


one

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THE HOMOSEXUAL VIEWPOINT



one incorporated

FOUNDED 1952

A non-profit corporation formed to publish a magazine dealing primarily with homosexuality from the scientific, historical and critical point of view . . . books, magazines, pamphlets . . . to sponsor educational programs, lectures and concerts for the aid and benefit of social variants, and to promote among the general public an interest, knowledge and understanding of the problems of variation . . . to sponsor research and promote the integration into society of such persons whose behavior and inclinations vary from current moral and social standards.



EDITOR

DON SLATER

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

ROBERT GREGORY
WILLIAM LAMBERT
LYN PEDERSEN

WOMEN'S EDITOR

ALISON HUNTER

EDITORIAL SECRETARY

ARNELL LARSEN

ART DIRECTOR

EVE ELLOREE

STAFF ARTIST

DAWN FREDERIC

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one



"... a mystic bond
of brotherhood
makes all men one."

Carlyle

magazine

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Drawing by Rico, Zurich

EDITORIAL



At Christmas time it is customary to give and receive gifts and to count one's blessings generally. Ruminating on some aspects of homosexuality in relation to ourselves, other people, and the institutions of society the other day in the office, the editors found themselves wondering what, figuratively, the homosexual might like to find in his stocking—hung with such care—on Christmas morning. Not wanting to appear too self-indulgent, we immediately ruled out the typical uncomplicated, non-virgin undergraduate as a choice, and passed on to more serious considerations. What then, we asked, might the homosexual expect or hope for in this changing world? The homosexual like everyone else is concerned with the tax rate, the policies of armies, the practices of churches, and so forth. Like everyone else, the homosexual works and fights, plows the fields and harvests the grain—but as a homosexual. He plays and swims and skis and climbs mountains, dances and sings and drives cars as a homosexual. His homosexuality can be seen to effect his whole life. And this he must understand if he is to be gay, sure-footed—a happy lover who is able to succeed in his individual aspirations and his sex experiences.

Today in matters of sex we may be said to be reaching a new kind of adjustment socially, better fitted to the homosexual and to our age generally. With the tearing of the veil, with which society has precariously maintained its balance between individual differences and rigid social roles, between expected sexual experience and the real experience, the sorts of control such as shyness and fear which regulated sexual behavior are melting away. People can face more frankly and more outspokenly the type of sex adjustment that may confront them.

A generation of young men who restricted their sex life, not from conviction but because they believed others did, have been left defenseless by the Kinsey report. Likewise, a generation of elders have been shocked to learn that Kinsey treated man as a somewhat dull animal, responding to no pattern except socio-economic, who when in search of temporary relief from tension, is more or less indifferent to what sexual object he chooses.

For homosexuals this means that as individuals or in pairs we must be well informed about the whole range of possibilities if we are to make intelligent choices. We cannot continue to rely upon parents, the church, psychologists, or the police to determine what we want or should expect from life. Homosexuality in its widest sense involves the whole of our personalities, and we should let it play a part in our life's choices; homosexuality in its narrowest sense, as a way of making love, is equally important. Perhaps to achieve life-long happy marriages is one of the things we want. Faced with the many opportunities for experimenting as we are, we should be working out a code of ethics which insists upon our rights to express our sexual development and generally share in the common enjoyment of life. We have the right to expect protection of our property and protection for the individual and homosexual family unit where it exists. We should probably expect military service, freedom of dress, and freedom from any sort of controls that link us with criminals and the maladjusted. Many homosexuals go into the life of a criminal, alcoholic, or tramp simply because they never have had a chance to learn how to have a happy, full life as a homosexual lover, friend, or life-long partner. As a lover they may have asked but never given pleasure, as a friend they may have felt they involved too much of the physical which society teaches is reserved for the opposite sex alone, as a life-long partner they may not have known ways of varying the monotony that comes with a monogamous marriage—or they may have wished to vary it beyond the limits of their partner's tolerance or understanding.

The pattern is old. Social order has been purchased by all sorts of human sacrifices. But today as society permits more freedoms, the homosexual should be prepared to say what he wants. He should free himself from personal disorganization before all else, and then use his intelligence and insist upon recognition of his overt behavior as one of the expected forms of deviation from heterosexual monogamy. He should also insist upon personal happiness, sharing things of the world, a defined position, and respectability.

Don Slater, *Editor*

***Homosexual Marriage* ---FACT OR FANCY?**

Jim Egan

In the Feb./59 issue of ONE appears a letter from a Mr. E. of Bombay, India. I read it with much sympathy—for the burden of its song was a sadly familiar theme and for those who may have missed it, I quote the final paragraph—"Is there no such thing as a reasonably stable attachment which, to a large extent precludes promiscuity on the part of either party? Is the union or fusion of sex and love so inherently non-homosexual? Is there no hope for those of us to whom deep bonds of friendship and love are as important as sex? Is this need to belong to your loved one, this need and hunger to have filled the emotional vacuum within so peculiar, so rare and so completely contrary to the average homosexual constitution and way of life?"

I fear that many of ONE's readers will be inclined to answer categorically "No," "Yes," "No," and "Yes"—and no doubt would do so with good reason having tried one or many times to establish a permanent relationship and seen, in the end, the crumbling of all they had worked so hard to build up. Thus, I can appreciate their point of view (up to a point) but am afraid that I cannot agree with them.

I have given much thought to Mr. E's questions and I think I can best answer them for him by telling him something about some of our gay friends. I write "our" because after 11 years my friend and I rarely say "my"—everything—including friends, is "ours."

Most of the couples that we know have been together for from one or two to over forty years. As far as I know, without trespassing the bounds of friendship, these relationships are almost all monogamous. If one or two are not entirely so it makes but small difference, for the boys' devotion to each other could not be weakened by a rare "adventure."

E. and K. both have good jobs in the city at the present time. Their ultimate ambition, however, is to own and operate a small farm and they have been working and saving toward this goal for some years. Last fall they acquired 50 acres, a barn and an old stone farm-house—the house in need of immediate and extensive repairs. They leave the city on Friday evenings and spend every week-end working their way through an extensive list of re-building and renovations. The effort involved would dismay most—if the dirt and discomfort did not—but working together helps to forge the bonds of love and friendship and side by side they are achieving something that each alone would find impossible.

J. and C. met as two young soldiers during the first World War. They have recently retired to a small town to pursue their well-earned leisure. When the war ended they managed to scrape up a down-payment on a few barren sea-coast acres of land. Starting with little capital, but unbounded enthusiasm and imagination, they built a two-roomed shack—enlarged over the years into a gracious home. The grounds were landscaped with rock-gardens, evergreens and dozens of different types of flowering shrubs. Along the high land overlooking the ocean they built—one at a time as finances permitted—12 tourist cabins. Their business prospered with the advancing years and soon both were able to give up outside jobs and devote full time to the tourists. The younger of the partners began a correspondence with me after reading in 1955 in an American magazine, an article

I had written. This was the first contact that either had had in all those years with another homosexual. Although fully aware of the gay world and its inmates, it held no attraction or interest for these two.

An English friend of mine, now living in Canada, has often referred to two old friends of his who share an old Victorian mansion just outside London. They are both now in their mid-eighties and have been together since their early twenties. Certainly the record for such relationships! My friend assures me that one need be in their company but a short time to realize that their love and devotion is as strong today as it was in their youth—despite an understandable cooling of passions.

Then there are the two that operate a large rooming house in the city, another couple—a chartered accountant and a teacher of advanced music theory—live in the suburbs and commute daily to their offices. Two of our friends have a landscape and gardening service business; another two operate a hotel in a small town that is famous far and wide for Sunday dinners. These are but a few—there are many more whose stories could fill a year's issue of ONE.

All these relationships, established primarily to bring love, companionship and meaning to the participants' lives were also stepping-stones to material benefits that would otherwise most likely never have been realized.

That each was lucky in meeting the right partner is freely admitted, but there is scant truth to the remarks I have heard from some disgruntled ones to the effect that the successful relationship is "just good luck." One is reminded of the retort of Stephen Leacock to the lady who had told him how "lucky" he was with his writings, "True, Madam, but I have noticed that the harder I work, the luckier I get." The homosexual "marriage" certainly requires work if it is to succeed. But it is questionable if one ever achieves much in this world without willingness to work and sacrifice when necessary. And in few cases does this hold more true than in that of two homosexuals who wish to spend their lives together. As a speaker remarked at last year's Mid-Winter Institute while discussing this subject, "Fifty-fifty is not enough, each must contribute at least 60% to the effort." The unwillingness to do so accounts for a good many of the break-ups. There are, of course, other causes as well: those "other pastures" that look so deceptively green, the foolish, petty jealousies and—so often—the incompatibility that exists in every room in the place other than the bed-room. The successful homosexual relationship is composed of many elements: love, trust, mutual respect, co-operation and, above all the determination on the part of both partners to remain together in spite of what family, friends or anyone else thinks, says or does.

Apart from these requirements that must be present, there is still another that is a prerequisite not only to the successful relationship, but which is equally essential to the happiness of the single homosexual. I refer to the ability to accept oneself as a homosexual—completely without reservation or guilt. That many cannot do so is, I firmly believe, the cause of much of the misery and unhappiness that besets their lives and so often sets them upon the downward path that leads to the psychiatrist's couch.

Now I freely admit that the requirements that I have listed comprise a pretty formidable array. And yet, that they have been met is proven in the many permanent relationships that have stood the test of time. I am quite ready to admit that there are some homosexuals who are utterly incapable of maintaining a permanent relationship of this type—who, indeed, have no desire whatsoever for such a life.

They have their counterparts in the heterosexual world—the perennial bachelors. To the others I say that their surest hope for a happy and worthwhile life lies in the establishing of a home and permanent relationship with a loving companion. That this is no easy task to accomplish I am well aware; there is no set formula for success but the rewards are more than worth the effort involved.

“Now just a minute,” says the sceptic. “This sounds just fine, but I’ve been around the gay world for a good many years and know of no such long-time affairs. True, one hears of couples getting together from time to time, but in a couple of months they break up and the merry-go-round starts again.”

I agree, regretfully, that this is only too true. But it is largely true only in so far as our sceptic’s circle of acquaintances is concerned. What our friend may not be fully aware of is the fact that not all the gay people in a particular city are in close contact with their own kind and it is primarily among this minority within the minority that the successful relationships are to be found. Our gay sceptic—and I have met many of them—is, to all practical intents, virtually unaware of this other group and thus it is hardly likely that he would be acquainted with their way of life—differing as it does so greatly from his own.

Homosexual “marriages” fall roughly into three categories. I write “roughly” because you cannot reduce human nature to a mathematical equation—something the psychiatrists have yet to realize.

In the first group, then, we have the couples that belong to a wide and very gay circle. Life consists of a continual round of bars and parties and week-end trips. Having met, and mainly on the strength of a mutually enjoyable one-night-stand, they decide “this is it,” they are now madly in love and going steady. The trouble begins in about 95% of these cases when both boys decline to give up the type of life to which they are accustomed. It is beyond reason to expect a relationship to withstand the constant temptations, jealousies, artificiality and gossip to which it would be exposed under these circumstances. One month—two, in a rare case perhaps a year and then, as our critic says “the merry-go-round starts again.” I imply no criticism of “gay life” in the above remarks—society has left the single homosexual no alternative after rejecting and cutting him off from more normal pursuits, but the gay environment is deadly to the healthy growth of a permanent relationship.

In the second group we find those couples (and a great many singles also) who, apart from a small group of close friends have virtually no contact, social or otherwise, with the gay world that swarms about them. Rarely, if ever, are these people found in the gay bar or other such gathering-places. The couples exchange visits with each other and perhaps one or two older, single gay friends. Many of them either own or are in the process of buying their own homes and thus they are able to entertain whenever they wish, without question. If they decide to go out for an evening it is usually to the neighborhood bar, local theatre or other forms of recreation frequented by their normal neighbors.

Also in this group are to be found those who, while fully aware of the homosexual world about them, have decided to cut themselves off from it completely. To do so effectively, they usually move to a distant town or city and for them, the gay world ceases to exist. The gay world, meantime, is totally unaware of their existence—and this is exactly what they want.

It is in this second group, I believe, that the majority of long-time relationships are to be found. It does not have, certainly, as many members as the first but nonetheless, it is still much larger than even the gay world itself believes. And

if the gay world lacks adequate knowledge of so many of its own members, is it any wonder that the misguided psychiatrists solemnly pronounce "There are no happy homosexuals—the very impermanence of their relationships is proof of their inherent 'wrongness'."

I have also heard the criticism that if a relationship can only exist in comparative isolation it cannot have any real strength or value. On the contrary, I feel that if two boys can live and love thusly for a life-time it is proof of the independence, depth and value of the association.

Of great interest is the third group of "couples." Admittedly of small numerical strength, their existence is a phenomena rarely suspected and never studied.

On a number of occasions in the more remote country sections of Ontario, we have seen two boys—perhaps in the local beverage room (bar in the U.S.A.) who are, to the experienced observer, obviously "together." In no case do they show the slightest signs of conventional "gayness" and are, to the casual eye, indistinguishable from the throng of roughly dressed, weatherbeaten farmers and drovers who crowd the bar-room. Any attempt to explain to a normal man (or a psychiatrist) how these two differ from the others would meet with a scornful laugh and an accusation of "swishful thinking." But another homosexual would readily see the small "differences": the somewhat shy glances, the small gestures of affection, their obvious sincere pleasure in each other and their lack of interest in the others. When they come in they will call greetings to their friends, but unlike the majority who will join a group at one of the tables, these two will invariably sit by themselves. More often than not they will take chairs side by side rather than across from each other. Their conversation will be quiet—not something to be shared with the others—not, of course, that it would be "romantic"; the way the wheat came through the winter, how the young pigs are doing or the condition of the back roads as the frost leaves the ground—these are the topics that would interest boys of this kind. As the evening advances, the beer reduces the inhibitions and bodily contact (apparently accidental) becomes more frequent—hands briefly touch, heads draw closer together and each becomes acutely aware of the other's presence in a way that no two normal youths could comprehend. For these are the "comrades" so beloved by Walt Whitman and theirs the "manly love" of which he sang so beautifully in the Calamus section of *Leaves of Grass*. This is the purest form of homosexuality—unadulterated by the refinements of effeminacy or civilization. To these boys, their attraction for each other is taken entirely for granted—uncomplicated by jealousy, gossip and all the other obstacles that beset the "gay" couple discussed in the first group. Their friendship is noted (without complete understanding) and accepted by the community as something both natural and desirable. It goes without saying that these boys have no idea of even the meaning of the word "homosexual." They are probably of the opinion that they are the only two in the world—if, indeed, they ever consider the matter, which I doubt very much.

And now, how does one go about establishing one of these permanent relationships? Ah! how, indeed? Many have tried and succeeded; many more have tried and failed. Success or failure are both possible under widely divergent conditions. I do believe (based upon no small personal experience) that the single most important requirement for success is this: both must want to be together more than anything else in life and be determined to remain together in spite of any opposition from any source. Provided this desire and determination is mutual—how, then, can they fail?

tangents

news & views

by dal mcintire

Bothrops insularis is a real venomous viper, close kin to the rattler. It lives only on a small Brazilian coastal island, where its rule is uncontested. It did in the last lighthouse keepers 40 years ago. With no enemies and a good food supply, the fertile reptiles slither about their insular paradise in ever-increasing numbers.

Not long ago, biologists made an unnerving discovery about these snakes. Dissecting a male, they found an atrophied embryo! Along with well developed male organs, the mixed-up viper also had female ovaries! Herpetologist Alphonse Hoge of Sao Paulo collected 164 bothrops on the island, found over half were hermaphrodites, and only 15 were true females—all sterile! Checking earlier collections of the snakes, the hermaphroditizing tendency seemed on the increase. Since the mixlings produce fewer offspring than is average for mainland snakes, Dr. Hoge feared Bothrops was probably breeding itself "into increasing abnormality, decreasing fertility and eventual extinction."

Why so? Nature shows many examples of a species endangering its very existence by overpopulation (as homo sapiens is doing), then suddenly altering its means of reproduction, as if nature somehow exercised a brake. Even the division between male and female seems to first appear as a birthcontrol method, so hermaphroditism for Bothrops insularis may be the means of

insuring a better population ratio on Queimada Grande Island.

BERGLE, BERGLE

Dr. Bergler's latest effusion—his book "1,000 Homosexuals," — his 20th rehash of egocentric polemic, self-revealing hysteria and glib hypothesizing, with his usual unsubstantiated claims about being able to cure homosexuals at the drop on an oedipus, has gotten glowing publicity in TIME, NEWSWEEK, and in syndicated AP and UP stories. Would suggest that the honorable newsmongers check the validity of these unsubstantiated claims to over 100 cures before giving free advertising to such quackery—or maybe the AMA should do some checking. . . . Wonder where TIME got the figures they cited in their Nov. 9 Bergler review claiming 10% of all male homosexuals are VD carriers? No study has been made that is capable of providing such figures. Ten percent of a particular group of arrested male prostitutes, maybe . . .

Outside the Bay Area, barely a word was said about San Francisco's recent unorthodox election campaign. The curtain of silence still has a long way to lift. Christopher is still Mayor. Wolden is still tax assessor—for awhile at least. We'll see how much forensic gymnastics the celebrated "King of Torts," Atty. Mel Belli puts into defending Wolden against the Mattachine's \$1,103,500 slander suit. Case will probably make flashy news for a year or two.

Three days after the election, Sidney Feinberg, North Coast area Alcoholic Beverage Control administrator took up the witchhunt where Wolden dropped it. Feinberg announced a new try to root out homosexuals and suspend licenses of bars catering to them. He mentioned that "lower courts" have held that mere patronage of a bar by homosexuals is not sufficient grounds for revocation of a license. What does he mean—lower courts? The rulings (involving Feinberg's A.B.C.) were by the top Calif. Court of Appeals and the state Supreme Court. . . . The same day, Ronald Kaehler, 36-year-old son of S.F. Stock Exchange prexy, was jailed on "contributing to the delinquency" of 2 boys, aged 16 and 17, who cops found sitting in his car 2 hours after curfew. No evidence reported of serious contributions to their delinquency. But this isn't first trouble for Kaehler. He served 20 months in San Quentin a decade ago for manslaughter shooting of a 25-year-old Coast Guard vet, and a year later in an auto wreck he was unable to explain the accident, or to identify his dead companion, an Omaha man.

THE HOMOSEXUAL VILLAIN

NEWSWEEK (Nov. 9) came unusually close to mentioning this publication, in a review of Norman Mailer's new book *ADVERTISEMENTS FOR MYSELF* (\$5): "Back in the early 1950's, when Norman Mailer was still warming in the success of 'The Naked and the Dead,' an agent for a magazine explicitly edited for homosexuals conned him into contributing an article. The lure was indeed eye-catching. If Mailer would write for their trade[sic] journal, he was told, the nation's inverts—described to him as a lobby 10 million strong and hopeful of electing its own congressman—might make Mailer their man. Although

not of their party, Mailer bit. 'Mate the absurd with the apocalyptic,' he says, 'and I was a captive.' "

In the new book (an occasionally brilliant collection of Mailer's assorted writings and his descriptions of how they came about) Mailer gives a 2½ page account of how he came to write "The Homosexual Villain" for ONE. The account is not very flattering to Mr. Mailer. The young man whom Mailer describes as the "New York secretary of the organization," who contacted Mailer and asked him to do an article for ONE, was not our secretary, tho he handled some New York business for us. Mailer's report of their conversations is cute, but not entirely convincing: "You would, Mr. Mailer? Listen, I must tell you, by the most conservative statistics, we estimate there are ten million homosexuals in this country. We intend to get a lobby and in a few years we expect to be able to elect our own Congressman. If you write an article for us, Mr. Mailer, why then you might become our first Congressman!"

Could Mailer really have believed that if we'd had such a prize to bargain away, we would sell it for a single article? This, Mailer says, was the clincher, and on this "bait" he agreed to write the article, which he calls, "beyond a doubt the worst article I have ever written, conventional, empty, pious, the quintessence of the Square."

We don't know whether our New York "secretary" ever made such a ridiculous statement. We are as surprised at the claim that such an inducement was offered, as at the admission that Mailer fell for it. Mailer does himself a disservice by calling "The Homosexual Villain" the dullest article he has ever written, and those who waded through this long

Continued Page 28



The Luiseño Indian youth dived into the water of the swimming pool at Mission San Luis Rey de Francia. Beneath the water his hair waved gently like black seaweed. When he came up for air, breaking the water, the sunlight glistened on his wet, copper-colored skin. His hair was plastered down about his face.

"Is the water cold, Esteban?" A voice called out.

Esteban turned his head and stared at another Indian youth of his own age who sat beside the pool and dangled his bare feet in the water. Upon his lap rested a two and a half foot statue of wood that he was busily carving upon—a statue of one of the saints.

"Have you not finished carving out poor Saint Francis yet?"

"No I have not and I feel sad about it for tomorrow is the Mission's twenty-ninth anni-ver-sary and the big fiesta. Father Peyri taught me how to say that big word and it means birthday.

"I know, Arturo. I have been counting the days and tomorrow you will see me do some fancy riding in *la carrera del gallo*, and I will do just as well in this cock chase as the vaqueros do." Esteban swam closer to the edge of the pool. "Arturo, I did not know you made Saint Francis naked?"

Arturo hung his head for a second in bashfulness. "I patterned him after your own body." He looked up. "But do not worry for he will not stay unclothed for very long. Angelique is sewing the brown habit for him to wear and the tiny sandals. Then when he is dressed, he will be the most beautiful saint ever to stand in our church. Do you not think . . ." When he saw that Esteban had submerged beneath the water again, he spoke his thoughts aloud. "Let him swim all day if he wants to, but I have work to do." He heard the voices of the choir practicing for tomorrow's services. The sound drifted out to him from the opened doorway of the church. The Indian's nimble fingers quickly cut in and chipped away the wood until it resembled a fringe of hair on the saint's head. When he had nearly finished, he felt something tickle his foot and he quickly pulled it out of the water.

Esteban's head broke the surface then and he laughed out in his husky voice. "You", said Arturo, "stop trying to be a fish", and he pushed his foot hard against the top of Esteban's head trying to force him under water. But the Indian would not be ducked. He grasped Arturo's ankle in his strong hands and pulled hard. No, Esteban! My statue! I will have my clothes on!" Luckily the brushed the statue and his knife onto the ground before he was dragged protestingly into the water.

Down under the water they went, Arturo clutched tightly in Esteban's embrace. Four small boys ran to the pool's side, attracted by the noise and the splashing.

Unmindful of the curious stares the two came above the surface. Esteban splashed the water with one hand and clutched Arturo about the neck with his other arm. "Do not fight me so, my little one."

"I am not your little one and I am dressed. You have only a skin on."

"Hush-hush." Esteban brought his face closer to Arturo's. "They will dry soon when we get out. I will even mix the colorings for your statue and with my help we will have Saint Francis all done and ready to stand in the church tomorrow. Do not worry so." And what he started to do next was interrupted by the screaming laughter of the children watching.

* * *

The church of San Luis Rey de Francia seemed a holy, inspiring and most wonderful place that morning. The heavenly sounding voices of the Indians in the choir balcony, rose and fell in beautiful strains of the hymns the Padres had taught them. Flowers seemed to fill the church in every corner and along the adobe walls.

The delicate scents of the flowers and the flickering of the many candles made Arturo almost dizzy. 'Could anything in life be ever as beauty-filled as this again?'

His eyes searched eagerly past the altar railing for his statue. When he spied it, his heart was filled with happiness. It was standing between the figures of two other saints—Saint Luis King of France and Saint Ferdinand King of Spain. Surrounding them were stems of flowers, each stem covered with many delicate pink blossoms.

"Esteban, there, see my statue?" he whispered to the Indian sitting next to him. "Shh-shh," said Esteban. "They are starting the service."

* * *

Then came the barbecue, and everyone ate his fill of rich, sizzling steaks and the varieties of dishes prepared by Mexicans, Indians and Spaniards. There were tortillas, corn bread, and chili. The meal lasted until mid-afternoon and the hundreds of guests were in a satisfied, gay and festive mood. And naturally it was fiesta time.

Exhibitions of strength and feats of daring were performed. Prize livestock was shown and exquisite needlework and dresses of brilliant design were displayed. Things could be bought and sold. Large groups of people were being shown about the Mission and they strolled through the various rooms, with or without guides. The French traveler always seemed to be surrounded by an inquisitive crowd. Hunks of Indian candy made from the cacti were greatly relished by the young and old alike. And the Padres were kept busy listening to confessions and blessing crucifixes.

A form of rodeo was given by the vaqueros in which the cattle were lassoed, thrown, roped and branded all within a certain time limit.

The next event was known as *la carrera del gallo* the cock chase. In loose soil a rooster was buried with only his head and neck sticking out. At two hundred paces away the horsemen would dash across the square, one at a time, and try to snatch up the chicken by the neck while leaning from their saddle.

Esteban came riding out to take his place in the line of horsemen and Arturo pushed forward in order to see better, his heart pounding wildly. But when Esteban's turn came and he rode out to grab up the cock, the bird moved his head suddenly and Esteban missed. Arturo was disappointed. But the next rider succeeded in picking up the bird. The other riders turned about and set out in pursuit of him to rob him of his prize. Arturo's eyes widened in excitement. Esteban had the bird and was trying to get away. But another rider grabbed it away from him and took off with it. Arturo was thrilled as he watched the daring young rider and he sucked in his breath in amazement, for Esteban suddenly had hold of the bird again. He was attempting to get away with the dead fowl and he proclaimed the winner. But a rider came out and grabbed the bird away from him just at the last minute and Esteban was left holding a torn piece of the wing. During the rush and stamping about of the horses and the shouts and physical activity of the men, not to mention the commotion of the spectators, the contestants were sprinkled with blood and feathers as the bird was torn to pieces. The winner was the rider who had the largest amount of the bird left, but it was not Esteban.

Arturo went to join Esteban as the horse racing commenced. "Now it is my turn to tell you not to worry, Esteban. You *almost* won and that should be something to please you."

"But you do not understand little one. I have got to win something today. I would be a poor Indian if I did not win some sort of a prize this day."

"I am an Indian too. The same blood flows in my body as it does in yours."

"But your prize is the statue you made. I have nothing to show."

The two Indians watched the rest of the games together, and when it came time for the game called *Quattro Canti* or Four Corners, Esteban wanted to join in it, but Arturo pleaded with him not to. The game was too rough, he did not want Esteban to become scratched and marred. Esteban gave in to him and did not participate, although he would have liked to. He watched with envy as the four riders who were armed with tough willow switches, struck at each other unmercifully across the face and head, until the switch had been worn to a stub. Arturo did not like to look at this form of sport and Esteban looked over at him and grinned.

"Now that I have obeyed you for this game, you will let me enter the next contest then?"

"Go. I will follow you. Only, do not make yourself a fool."

"For you I would make a fool of myself, for I have a strong feeling for you," and he struck his bare, dusty chest with his fist.

* * *

A bloodless bullfight took place during the late afternoon. The bull charged the matador who skilfully sidestepped him and yet flaunted the muleta in front of him again and again. And at the climax of this encounter between man and animal, Esteban slipped away from Arturo's side. The bull was to be given his freedom to run out of the quadrangle and onto the open plain, and riders of skill and daring would try their luck in attempting to upset the bull by pulling his tail up over his head.

When the bull was turned loose, the riders were waiting for him and when the animal came charging out onto the open ground, they took off after him. Arturo looked up in time to see the back of Esteban as he galloped way ahead of the other riders in pursuit of the animal. A cloud of dust obliterated much of the action taking place.

Esteban thought he was going to lose out on this combat, for the bull was on his right and two vaqueros were already bearing down upon the creature. But the animal had a sudden change of heart and quickly galloped toward his left. He was now within range of Esteban and the Indian thought that this chance was almost made to order. He let out a wild shriek and rode alongside of the beast, leaning far out to the right of the saddle.

The tail was almost in his grasp, then the animal switched it away. It was here! No, it was there! This wouldn't keep up forever, for in the fraction of a second, the bull might turn again and run in another direction. He made a wild grab for the tail and this time he caught it. The bull snorted. Esteban pulled upward on the tail and the muscles stood out in his arms, chest, shoulders and neck. His feet and legs hugged the sides of the pony so he would not be pulled off.

Esteban strained and grunted. The animal was heavy. *Madre de Dios!* Then the hind legs of the bull were off the ground entirely. The animal snorted again and frothing at the mouth, he stopped running, bracing himself on his two forelegs. The muscles bulged further from the Indian's back and the perspiration ran down his skin, streaking the dust into miniature rivers. Esteban screamed out a challenging cry and his heart threatened to burst itself loose from this violent effort.

The bull pawed the earth and that was his misstep and what the Indian was waiting for. The youth grunted and exerting one last extremely trying pull, he yanked upward and forward. And the bull toppled over to the earth. Esteban grabbed the pony's neck quickly as he felt himself slipping. His head was reeling. But he managed to pull on the reins to quiet the horse down. The other Indian-Mexicans rode over to him, shouting and slapping him on the back, those that were not jealous of losing a chance at the animal.

And when Esteban and the vaqueros rode the little distance back to the fiesta, there was Padre Peyri ready to congratulate him personally and to usher him over to his prize—a finely carved leather saddle! Arturo looked on with happiness as the Indian was presented the saddle. Esteban could hardly believe that this was his, and he ran his dusty fingers gently over the leather trimmings—a saddle, one that had been envied and prized by many of the other contestants. Esteban quickly dropped to one knee and pressed the Padre's hand to his forehead. "Thank

you, Father, thank you."

Now, Esteban thought, all I have to do is work hard enough to buy a pony of my own to go with this fine saddle, and maybe work twice as hard and buy a pony and saddle for Arturo.

Instead of watching the Indian games that were played next, a form of ice hockey played on land, Arturo and Esteban, who was carrying his saddle over his back, walked toward the men's bunk house in the light of the setting sun.

Esteban spoke as he splashed water over his face, arms and chest to wash away the dust and grime of the afternoon's activities. "I told you I would win me a prize and I did."

"Yes, that is so," the other Indian agreed.

"Now all I have to do is win me another prize and that is . . . you." He brought water up to his face.

"Perhaps you have won me already."

Esteban looked up, water running from his face, as if he could not believe what he had heard. Then his lips stretched back into a wide grin revealing his white teeth. Arturo took one look at the grinning face and then glanced down at the ground, mounding the dust up into a little pile with his foot. "Go and get me something to eat. I am hungry."

Arturo looked up. "I did not say I was yours yet, to order about. I am hungry too. We will both eat."

* * *

The Mission grounds were lit up that night by the flames of many torches. An Indian band was playing Spanish pieces and ravishingly beautiful señoritas were dancing about on a stage, clicking their castanets and swirling their petticoats beneath their green and scarlet dresses. Sequins sparkled in the firelight, guitars strummed, and high heeled slippers stamped upon the wooden boards.

The two Indians sat beneath a pepper tree whose long hanging branches swayed gently in the evening air. Esteban sat on the ground and leaned back against his saddle and Arturo squatted drawing strange Indian designs among the dead leaves. All was not dark here for a nearby bonfire gave off enough light to see by.

"I am glad you won something today," said Arturo.

"And I am glad you are glad, little one."

"Why do you call me 'little one'? We are both short and of the same size?"

"I call you 'little one' as I would call it to a swallow or a dove. They were meant to be handled gently and not to be harmed and that is how I feel for you."

The music in the background took a wide change now as drums throbbed and shakers were shook and sticks rattled. Semi-nude Indian men and maidens leaped and twisted in the sensual, primitive rhythms of their ancestors while the crowd looked on. Firelight gleamed against the slippery wet backs of the male dancers, and the smooth hips and fine legs of the females. Their breasts swayed in time with their shoulders and they arched themselves in graceful backbends. The men fell to their knees and clasped the girls about their bare waists. They slunk like panthers, swayed like flowers upon a stem, they stretched like snakes. And the music grew more intense, fiery and passionate.

Esteban and Arturo knew what the drums spoke of, for though they had been raised within the Mission's confines, their parents had taught them on the side, a little of their race's religion.

Arturo moved his hand over the ground and across the fallen leaves until his fingertips touched Esteban's thigh. Then his hand was seized by Esteban and pressed hard against his thigh.

"You know what the drums speak of, you know what we should do?"

"I am ready to go with you," answered Arturo. "If we go now, I do not think there will be anyone in our bunk house."

The two got to their feet, Esteban slinging his beloved saddle over his back. With his free arm he encircled Arturo's waist and keeping as much in the shadows as possible, the two headed toward the bunk house in which the male, unmarried Indians were locked up each night. The women and girls had a similar bunk house. But the music was too loud, there was too much activity, they did not know they were being watched.

The door to the still bunk house squeaked a little as it was opened. The outside fires shone in through the barred windows lighting the interior. The two Indians entered and went to their bunks. Esteban slid his saddle under his bunk of interwoven rope for springs and covered by a hay-filled mattress. When he looked up he saw Arturo stretched out on his back on his bunk waiting for him.

"Esteban, come to me," Arturo whispered.

And the Indian went to him.

"What was that?" Arturo exclaimed.

"Nothing," said Esteban as he undid the belt of his three-quarter length trousers. "It is just the noise of the ones outside."

Arturo slid his blouse up over his head.

"So!"

Arturo quickly pulled the blouse from his head and pointed. "Esteban, it is—"

"So!" The words rang out again in the bunk house.

Esteban whirled about, grabbing his pants before they had a chance to slide down over his hips. "Go-good evening, Father Gomez." He squinted his eyes to make sure it was the right Padre he was addressing. Beneath the brown habit he could hear a sandled foot impatiently tapping.

"Needless to say I am outraged by this evilness you were about to perpetrate, you sinful little monster." He stepped forward and planted a ringing slap across Esteban's face and the Indian fell to the floor upon his knees, making no outcry, expecting more bodily punishment.

"In the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, I banish you, Esteban, now and forever, from this Mission of San Luis Rey. Your name will be removed from all records." "Banishment!" Arturo finally found his voice. "And me, Father?"

The Padre looked over at the Indian. "Oh yes, you are the one who carved the new and very lovely statue of Saint Francis . . . You will stay. You will be severely flogged, but you will stay here at the Mission. I will not send two of you out into the world to continue on in your evilness." Then Padre Gomez made the sign of the Cross. "In the name of the Father, the Son, the Holy Ghost. Amen." He turned and strode toward the door. When he reached it, he paused and turned about for an instant. "Before the sun rises, I will be here to see that you leave peacefully." He then left the bunk house.

With a cry, Esteban toppled forward on the floor.

"Esteban, do not worry." Arturo succeeded in pulling him to his feet. "Father Peyri may not know of this. I will go to him and beg that he not send you away. He will listen, he is much nicer than Father Gomez."

Esteban grabbed Arturo's arm. "No! I will not have you beg for me on my account. I am too much of a man." He looked deeply into Arturo's face. "Would you . . . will you leave with me tomorrow?"

"Leave here with you?" Arturo was shocked. "No. This is my world, I know nothing of life outside of this Mission."

"You are right. It is better that I go alone. You would not wish to be held in

the arms of a son of Satanás." Esteban threw himself upon his bunk in agony. Once more he pleaded. "Will you not come with me?"

"No!" Arturo replied in a final tone. For he was frightened at the very thought. If only Father Peyri knew of what has happened. That night Arturo twisted and turned upon his bunk, hardly able to sleep.

That morning, early, Esteban left his bunk, slung his saddle over his shoulder and picked up a hand-made bag that contained a few personal belongings and some clothes. He tried not to turn his head, but the temptation was too great. He stole one final glance at the sleeping face of Arturo. Esteban knew that he was not mad with Arturo for not leaving the Mission with him. He knew he was the strongest of the two. For out there in the wilderness, one had to be a strong man and he was a proud Indian.

With the sounds of the sleeping Indians about him, Indians that were usually up at this time but were allowed to sleep late because of yesterday's activities, he opened the squeaking door and stepped out into the coolness of morning. And there he saw Padre Gomez waiting for him.

"You will go that way," he said, pointing toward the distant mountains. "And you will never show yourself upon Mission lands again."

"There is just one question I would like to ask, Father Gomez."

"Yes, what is it?" said in a reproachful voice.

"Does Father Peyri know you are sending me away?"

"No, he does not. Being a companion friar, I, at least have some things to say in regards to the welfare of this Mission. He will be told in due time when he misses you. "Now," he slipped his hands within his sleeves, "in regard to showing you a little bit of decency, I will go into the Mission, trusting to your honor that you will depart from here in haste before you are seen. You may keep the saddle you have won for it has nothing to do with your character. May God have mercy on your soul." The Padre turned and walked back into the Mission.

Esteban sighed and moved the saddle an inch further down his back. He had not the slightest idea as to what to do next. But he would have to walk and walk a long ways for he knew that the Mission lands extended far and wide.

"Has he gone yet?" A voice asked from behind the door and then Arturo was at his elbow.

"What is it? what are you doing out?" And then he saw the bag in the Indian's hand, similar to the one he carried.

"Give me your bag please," said Arturo, and he was handed the second bag. "Now, here is my hand. I am ready to go with you."

Esteban grinned and all of the moment's sadness seemed to fall away from his body. He grasped Arturo's hand eagerly and squeezed it. Then they walked forward. "Now will not Father Gomez roar when he finds you have gone with me."

"Should we not hurry before we are seen?"

They hastened their stride.

Within an hour they were at the top of a high hill and Arturo looked back once, seeing the Mission of San Luis Rey de Francia, gleaming like a white jewel in a green setting, the morning sunlight reflecting off of the belltower. He shivered, then looked away ahead of them.

"Afraid?" Esteban asked.

"I would be lying if I said I was not."

"Do not worry, my little one. I will always take good care of you." The squeeze of the hand was reassuring.

The exiles journeyed forth.



by Jacqueline Lawson

LITTLE JENNIE MOUSE

The angel looked drunk. It swayed and wobbled at the tip of the tree as Donnie stepped back unsteadily and tried to see it through her tears.

"God-awful lookin' angel," she muttered, sinking down heavily next to the bottle on the floor. Her hand went out to pick it up but she drew back and covered her face instead. Tears trickled out from between her fingers as she hugged herself and cried bitterly.

"Timmie, Johnny, where are you?" she called, raising her streaked face to the tree. "Best' little nephews an aunt ever had. They don't care who ya love. It's alla same to them. Where are they? I'm gonna get 'em."

She lurched abruptly to her knees, then sank back chagrined. She took another swallow from the bottle.

"Far, far away," she mumbled, cradling the bottle tenderly in her two arms and rocking back and forth.

"Far away—far away." She wove the incantation and round the room,

murmuring it softly until she slept curled on the floor like an incarnation of the Spirit of Christmas Lost.

* * *

At work the next day she felt awful. It had been so ever since December began: each day a little bit worse than the day before. As she moved resolutely around the office she reflected again on the inevitability of her heartbreaking decision.

Victoria, lovely Victoria whom she had loved too much; she had caused the making of the decision. Victoria was beautiful and they had loved each other well. But her parents had seen what was happening, and afraid for their innocent daughter had gently forced her back into a proper mold. Malicious gossip had seeped through to Donnie's parents, resulting in an explosive scene that had driven her from their house and out of the town. She had fled into oblivion in the biggest city she could find and was now safely lost among the unquestioning multitudes.

That had been in October and still there was no let-up in the rage and despair she carried with her as a result of her flight from smashed love. She was locked up in a black room of hate that seemed to have lost its door to the outside world. To her co-workers she was a veritable bear socially, although her ability as a secretary was clearly above reproach. She was an enigma, to be handled in the gingerly manner usually reserved for rich elderly maiden aunts. To a distant part of Donnie this was funny, but the near part had been drained of feeling. There was nothing left but the bare bones of despair.

Dragging through this last working day before Christmas, Donnie suddenly remembered that she had to pick up her check. "Damn!" she thought. "I have to go through that barn-dance down there." She closed her desk reluctantly and walked quickly down through the noisy halls.

"Merry Christmas!" "Have a nice holiday." "See you next week!" "I've met the most divine man. Wait til you see—"

Snatches of excitement caught at her as she took her place in the long and lively line at the pay window. No one tried to talk to her, though; her face was closed, a bulwark against intrusion. Getting up to the window at last, she looked at the gaily festooned office behind the clerk.

"What good is all that junk if you don't feel like Christmas," she thought, looking blacker than ever.

The girl behind the barred window slid an envelope across the counter. "Thanks," Donnie said shortly, turning to go.

"Merry Christmas," she heard, seemingly directed at her.

She turned back to the window. The girl was holding out another envelope, and her inquisitive brown eyes looked directly into Donnie's.

"Don't you want your bonus?" she asked, slightly amused.

"Bonus?" said Donnie, surprised out of her shell. "I just got here. A bonus for two months' work?" Amazement flickered over her face.

The girl smiled, looking suddenly shy. "Everybody gets one this year. Even you."

Donnie's shell closed with a snap. "Thanks," she said again. She turned on her heel and walked rapidly away.

"Snippy witch," she thought with a spurt of hot dislike.

She didn't see the faint cloud that appeared in the eyes of the girl who watched her go.

* * *

The afternoon of the 23rd, Donnie rolled out of bed sober, and what she saw gave her a nasty shock.

"God bless America! What a mess." She stepped gingerly among cigarette butts and crumbled potato chips. In the door between the living room and the kitchen a pyramid of beer cans barred the way. "No more rye," she remembered, stepping over the tower of cans.

The sink displayed an assortment of dirty dishes, a soggy towel was flung over the empty drainer. The remains of sandwiches were strewn over the table and crumbs were legion on the chairs, the floor, the window sill. This was too much for Donnie's precarious sobriety. She escaped into the living room, turning on the radio as she paused by the window to get acquainted with the weather. Snow drifted slowly from a cottony grey sky. How beautiful it was! So much like home—Whoops. Her thoughts skidded away, reaching for blankness.

"It came upon the midnight clear, that glorious—" She jumped for the radio, cutting it off in mid-carol. She looked out into the snow.

Victoria. Red cheeks, black eyes under an October sky. Victoria. Running breathless through the crackling leaves. Victoria. Perched on a fallen log watching a squirrel scamper up a tree. Victoria. Only a kiss away. Vic—

"It's gonna be a wet Christmas," she said to the air. "Drink your bonus. That's what I always say." She threw on a raincoat and disappeared out the door.

Several hours later a rye fog had settled over the flat. Donnie sat tailor fashion on the rug, a brilliant red ball in one hand, a few strands of tinsel in the other. The poor tree looked like a surrealistic nightmare. With a sharp motion of her arm, Donnie threw the red ball toward the tree. It ricocheted from a branch and, striking the edge of the table, splintered into a thousand fragments on the rug.

"Oh oh," said Donnie with a lopsided grin, "threw the wrong one." She tottered to her feet and advancing crunchily over the slivers of glass, tenderly laid the tinsel along one green branch.

"Donna?" A soft voice came from the open doorway.

Donnie turned slowly, planting her feet carefully as she moved. A brown-eyed girl stood watching, snow glistening on her wavy brown hair.

"Who're you?" Donnie asked belligerently. "Don't tell me," she said suddenly, going erratically over to the girl.

She stood her ground as Donnie peered into her face. "You work in payroll." Donnie's jovial manner changed. "Whaddya want? Go 'way." She turned with exaggerated dignity and made her way back to the tree.

"Donna." The girl came into the room, faint trouble in her eyes.

"Name is Donnie. Now get out." Donnie fiddled with the tree, her back to the hesitating girl.

"Donnie. I came because I knew you needed help. I need it too. Please. Let me talk to you."

"Help? Listen, Snip—" Donnie sat down on the rug and glowered at her.

She took her wet coat off and sat on the edge of the couch. "Donnie, listen to me. I wondered about you, and I was right. You're alone, 300 miles from home, and it's Christmastime." She looked at Donnie with a sad smile.

"So what?" Donnie countered. "And how did you know?"

"I process the personnel cards," she explained. "You claimed no dependents and ever since I've first seen you, there's been unhappiness in your face."

"Maybe I have a roommate," Donnie said craftily.

"Do you?" She waited tensely for the answer.

"No." Donnie looked blearily in her direction. "What's your name?" she asked irrelevantly.

"Jeanette," she answered, heartened by the question. She didn't know Donnie.

"Good bye, Jeanette." Donnie reached for the bottle under the table.

"Oh Donnie, it took all the courage I've got to get myself here. Don't chase me away." Jeanette's lip trembled slightly. She looked ready to bolt.

Donnie extended the bottle. "Here, have a swig." She grinned wickedly, looking pleased with herself.

Jeanette took the bottle and continued talking, hoping to divert Donnie's attention long enough to hide it. Jeanette talked as if her life depended on it. And as she talked she watched. As dusk stole darker and darker into the room and snow whirled outside the windows, she talked against Donnie's drunkenness and waited for sleep to drown her.

* * *

When Donnie woke early on the day before Christmas there was a mountain between her ears. She lay in bed where she dimly remembered having been escorted—Who had put her to bed? That mousy little thing! She sat up, her head reeling, and looked out the bedroom door. No one there. She lifted herself gently out of the bed and tiptoed through the apartment. There were no butts, no cans, no crumbs, no dirty dishes. That little brown thing had cleaned up the whole mess! What a good deeder! Donnie fixed herself a Prairie Oyster to aid in the reduction of her magnificent head, and as she drank it she thought about the astonishing girl named Jeanette.

She didn't like that name. Little Jennie Mouse, that's what she was. Donnie smiled to herself at the absurd name. She reached over and turned on the radio. Carols were still playing, but they sounded so sweet. Outside her window there was still snow, but it reminded her of Little Jennie Mouse standing at the door, offering a happy Christmas out of her good heart. Donnie felt shame well up in her at the brutality of the treatment she had offered in return.

"And I don't even know her last name. How can I tell her what she has done for me? I won't see her until I go back to work." Donnie looked ruefully at her crazy tree. "I didn't do right by you, either," she said to the little tree. She put out her hand to touch a decoration and saw something white on one of the branches. It was a little folded note and on it was written "I'll see you."

"Yes, but when?" Donnie thought, excitement and disappointment chasing each other around her heart.

There was a small knock at the door and the note flew out of her hand as she ran to answer. There was nobody there. "What is this?" she asked aloud. A tiny motion caught her eye and she looked down. There on the floor was a fluffy brown puppy.

"Well who are you?" she said to him. He wagged all six inches of himself and bumbled over to her foot. She stooped down, captivated, and scratched behind one floppy ear. She looked up suddenly. Jeanette was standing flat against the wall, watching her and smiling a secret smile. Donnie straightened up.

"Little Jennie Mouse!" Jeanette's smile vanished and apprehension took its place.

Donnie laughed. "I'm sober, really I am. I didn't even look for the bottle."

Jeanette's smile stole back into her eyes.

Christmas was real for Donnie that year. She and her Jennie and Payroll, the new puppy, kept themselves warm at the true fire of Christmas. Love burned brightly, freely given and freely taken. Donnie was even persuaded to write forgiveness to her parents. And the spirit of Victoria sang distantly in the frosty air, benign and having no longer the power to hurt.

TOWARD UNDERSTANDING

The purpose of this column is to create a better understanding of homosexual problems through the psychiatric viewpoint.

Dear Dr. Baker,

I note that you are interested in obtaining some data on the less ephemeral type of gay marriage. Perhaps I can oblige.

I have been a partner in a gay marriage for the last eight years. Our relationship is based upon love, and what is equally important, similar interests and abilities. This latter fact has doubtless contributed to the lasting relationship, although it was not planned this way. Love came first. I met my friend while on a 30 day leave from the army and we had a wonderful month together. After I returned from Korea, we set up house-keeping with my mother while I finished my university work and then moved out on our own. Of course my mother had to know of our relationship. While I cannot say that she was delighted, she was not outwardly antagonistic. Currently, due to my mother's advanced age, we are again living under the same roof.

We are both university graduates and professional people, although in entirely different fields. We have many things in common but are far from being Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee. We believe in and practice sexual fidelity and consider it a necessary stone in the foundation of any such permanent relationship. We have our ups and downs but share an underlying conviction of permanence in our relationship.

Circulating to some extent in the gay world, I have the opportunity to observe many homosexuals, of both the single and married variety. I must confess that I know few happily married homosexuals, but that is not to say that I know of no such relationships. It will be obvious that gay marriages have many strikes against them



BLANCHE M. BAKER, M.D., Ph.D.

from the start which range from the reluctance on the part of landladies to rent to two single men to the lack of legal and parental compulsion in the direction of permanence. Gay marriages, therefore, seem to be of a temporary nature in most instances. They are frequently mere infatuations, or if potentially lasting love is involved it is often one-sided. Also we must recognize the numerous opportunities and temptations toward infidelity which destroy both gay and heterosexual marriages but which find the homosexual marriage more vulnerable. Few people realize how easy it is for a homosexual to have extracurricular affairs. Not only are there numerous other homosexuals available, but heterosexually married men can be found in large numbers in any city who are not in the least opposed

to homosexual contacts. This gives rise to the saying that "all men are gay until proved otherwise."

Lasting gay marriages would appear to fall into two categories. First, there is the marriage of convenience. This marriage may contain an element of true affection on both sides or it may be that only one of the partners is in love with the other.

Few gay marriages of convenience last any length of time but of course there are exceptions to any rule. These marriages are held together by one-sided love, financial dependence or the enjoyment of a nice apartment which would be denied to both partners were they to live single lives. These fellows are sometimes called "married sisters", indicating their superficial nature. This type of relationship is frequently the end result of a marriage which started out as a genuine affair of mutual love.

The other broad category is that of a genuine love-bound marriage. This is as idealized by homosexuals as it is by heterosexuals. This type of relationship is the avowed goal of many single homosexuals but closer observations reveal that such will probably never come to pass for most of them because either they are incapable of the degrees of unselfishness required or are really having a ball as a single queen and are merely blowing off steam when they express such desires. There is only the question of old age which gives such homosexuals pause in their wild promiscuity.

I am inclined to feel that the permanent homosexual marriage has been somewhat slighted by not only *One Magazine* (perhaps their staff members are all single and cynical) but by psychologists and others interested in human relationships and personal adjustment. Possibly this is due to the fact that many married homosexuals view the mad world of the single queen as both dangerous and amusing

and are reluctant to make themselves known, preferring to confine their social life to a small group of similarly adjusted people. Also, the married homosexual who includes many single gay men in his social sphere runs the risk of jeers and derision on the subject of sexual fidelity and this often contributes nothing to their permanent relationship. Additionally, we must recognize that single and married homosexuals have few things in common. The single queens talk on and on about the tricks they've had or nearly had and the married team is more interested in the chair they've just re-upholstered, the new set of silver that their savings have enabled them to buy or other terribly boring household or common experiences with which the single queen has no patience.

One can go on to great lengths on the subject of what might have been. If society's view of homosexuals was more tolerant; if the law was less one-sided; if employers were more understanding, would then the homosexual marriage be more prevalent and more desirable? It may be so. If the Department of Internal Revenue allowed married homosexuals the right to file a joint return, things might be much improved also. Homosexuals are easily led into the trap of blaming the social order and attitude for their plight. In the final analysis the gay marriage must be based on a belief in the institution as such, on mutual love, common interests and abilities and upon self discipline. Age is also a major consideration. Many homosexuals cut a ridiculous figure in chasing after chicken and few sights are sadder than the middle-aged or old homosexual who is keeping a young lover for in most cases the end is easily predictable.

I will now recount some facts about the relationship between my partner and I which you might possibly find

interesting. We are both in our early thirties. We have been together since 1952. I had one or two satisfying homosexual experiences in my adolescence but did not enter gay life completely until I married my partner. During my adolescence I was aware of my homosexual inclinations but dated girls in the belief that I might grow out of these desires. My partner realized his homosexual leaning in his early childhood and was a thoroughgoing homosexual when I met him. Parents on both sides know the score and I am accepted in his home by his parents when we make a rare visit there. We have a joint bank account and none of the furniture belongs to either one of us as such. We do not have a social life apart from one another except as our jobs demand, which is not often. We socialize mainly with other married couples who share our interests and type of marriage. We know about three "genuine" gay marriages among male homosexuals, numerous marriages of varying degrees of convenience and two or three marriages among Lesbians. Being new residents of California, we cannot estimate the number of marriages which might exist in, let us say, San Diego or LA. Many of our friends from back east have preceded us to this state, so making friends is no great problem. Perhaps I should say making acquaintances instead of friends, but we count ourselves fortunate to know several couples quite well and we call them friends with more than average correctness. We also know several homosexuals who maintain a heterosexual marriage, the aspect of which provides varying degrees of amusement and pathos.

In conclusion, let me say that ONE Magazine has done well to connect itself with a person of your understanding and interest in our common problem of social adjustment. I can

but hope this indicates a trend. Listening to KPFK-FM as I do, I cannot but hope that in time ONE Magazine will be represented by more articulate people in its panel discussions and be able to speak with greater authority born of university training on the subject it might be tempted to believe it has mastered.

Very truly yours,
C.L.R.
Bakersfield, Calif.

Dear C. L. R.

Many thanks for your informative and frank letter. I agree with our Editor that we "have seldom seen a more sane appraisal of the adjusted homosexual partnership". However, this subject has not been entirely neglected by ONE Magazine for there was an article on homosexual marriage in the August 1953 issue. The subject of the "gay marriage," as well as the hetero marriage has been of great professional interest to me. In over 25 years of dealing with sexual problems and marriage counseling, I have found that the basic needs and problems of both marriages are quite similar. It may come as a surprise to many people that there is such a relationship as a "gay" or homosexual marriage, but, because the homo marriage is not socially, legally or morally approved it is rendered more vulnerable, as you have indicated. The homo marriage has the doubtful advantages of being more easily consummated . . . and more easily dissolved than the hetero marriage which is more closely cemented by legal, religious and social bonds. However, this does not mean that the hetero marriage is any more happy or successful, for, as Dr. Paul Popenoe, Director of the American Institute of Family Relations in Los Angeles, has stated: "Most American marriages are not real marriages, but are simply not divorces."

It might be well at this point to consider the real or realistic purposes for

marriage. Three purposes seem to be indicated: First—The creative companionship of two human beings; Second—The procreation and rearing of children so that human life may continue to exist in the world; Third—The marriage of convenience with economic and social factors predominant. Although a gay marriage cannot produce children, there are cases on record where homo couples have adopted and successfully reared children. Or if adoption of children is not possible or desirable, an interest in children can be sublimated into creative work with them as is the case with many childless heterosexual couples. School teaching, volunteer work with Scouts and Campfire girls, and with children in hospitals and clinics as well as "brain children", the results of activity in the creative arts are examples. My husband and I have no children, but we act as mother and father figures with the majority of people who work with us in therapy. It has been claimed that a homosexual marriage is bound to be unsuccessful because homophiles are said to be "unstable, neurotic and promiscuous individuals". I do not deny that many homosexual individuals may thus be described, but I do not find that these negative qualities are always associated with homosexuals per se. I find that these negative qualities are quite frequently associated with heterosexual individuals as well. As a matter of fact, maladjusted homosexuals closely resemble female prostitutes in these negative aspects. The basic cause behind instability, neuroticism and promiscuity seems to be lack of self-confidence and appreciation of one's self as an individual. Such a person is keenly aware of social disapproval, especially in the sexual realm, which enhances his self-destructive or masochistic tendencies. The homo- and bi-sexual individuals are natural variants of the human

species, the products of hereditary variations combined with early environmental factors, especially the attitudes of father and mother. Since such individuals tend to feel that they are different from other children quite early in life they are sensitive especially to negative criticism and tend to develop the negative qualities we are discussing. However, there are homo- and bi-sexual individuals who are more fortunate in their early environment where their differences were accepted and not criticised or condemned; thus they mature more successfully, becoming adjusted individuals who live quiet, creative lives in their own unique way and never need to find the path to the psychiatrists' office. I count quite a number of such individuals among my friends; and I suspect that there would be a great many more such useful members of society if homosexuality were more widely understood and accepted. I would like to see children who show homosexual tendencies early in life given a more unique type of education so that they can better understand and accept themselves. Then they would be more capable of forming and maintaining the close creative relationships with their own kind which have been referred to as the "gay" or "homo" marriage. As you have indicated, the more successful marriage is based on friendship and common interest, rather than on "cruising" and one-night-stands.

Again let me thank you, C. L. R., for your very helpful letter.

Let us have more letters from other couples who have maintained a similar successful marriage for many years. Let us create an ideal of success in homosexual relationships. We have been hearing all too much about the unhappy failures who need these letters to strengthen their efforts towards happiness.

Sincerely,
Dr. Blanche M. Baker.

BOOKS

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO THOMAS, transl. by Guillaumont, Puech, Quispel, Till and Al Masah. Harper, 1959. \$2.62 pp.

In a ruined tomb near Nag Hamadi in upper Egypt, near the site of the first Christian monastic brotherhood, a group of manuscripts about sixteen centuries old were discovered in 1945.

The discovery of the Dead Sea Scrolls in that same year has already shaken up religious thinking. The translation of these so-called "Gnostic manuscripts of Upper Egypt" has been slower, but their effect, particularly for homosexuals, may prove even more revolutionary, for where the former collection was pre-Christian, the Nag Hamadi manuscripts, found nearly intact in a large jar, were the library of a Gnostic Christian community of the Third or Fourth Century. Since the early orthodox Church Fathers denounced them as heretical, little has been directly and specifically known about the Gnostics in the Christian community. Gnosticism encompassed a set of ideas, poetically expressed, popular through several ancient religions, and forming part of the fabric of early Christianity. The ideas of *gnosis* are still common in popular Christianity wherever the spirit of mysticism or evangelicalism is found. Gnostics (those who possess the secret knowledge) believed a perpetual struggle exists between the God of Light and the Powers of this World—of Darkness. Man is a stranger here, a spirit bound in a prison of flesh, whose evil corrupts him. He is doomed unless he finds salvation from the "Bringer of Light," who will give him the secret *logos* (word) to liberate his soul.

This collection, in addition to the present *Gospel According to Thomas*, contained four versions of a *Secret Book of John*, writings attributed to James, Peter, Philip, etc., and another book by Thomas, described as "the athlete." Most of these books were referred to and quoted from, disapprovingly (but the quotes check), by the Church Fathers.

St. Thomas, known as the doubter, and sometimes called Jesus' brother, was traditionally supposed to have founded the ancient Malabar church in India, which still bears his name. The well-known *Acts of St. Thomas*, describing his mission, and denouncing marriage with even more vigor than St. Paul did, was attacked by St. Augustine as heretical.

This present slim volume, a fragment of a more weighty work to follow, is printed both in English and in the Coptic in which it was found. It consists of 114 *logia*, or sayings, of Jesus. The opening and some other passages are identical with three Greek Third Century fragments of papyri found in 1903 at Oxyrrhynchos, indicating that this text may be a slight revision of a much earlier, perhaps less Gnostic, text. This translation is in flat modern English, and lacks the hypnotic roll of the King James style. Generally, these *logia* parallel sayings of Jesus found in the New Testament—of which there are few older manuscripts than this—and there is heavy textual evidence that this may be from an earlier gospel than Matthew, Mark or Luke, which often seem to *follow* the wording here.

The variations are of particular interest to homosexuals, elaborating ideas hinted at in other gospels, and evidencing the oft-claimed connection between Gnosticism and homosexuality. But in early Christianity, Gnosticism is no more than a matter of degree. Its influence shows throughout the New Testament particularly in the

books attributed to Paul and John. Whatever might be said of the rest of the Nag Hamadi library, no single passage of this Gospel is so Gnostic as to be inconsistent with the New Testament.

In somewhat more primitive language, as if this were indeed an earlier, less "literary" version, many of Jesus' most familiar parables and sayings are here. With them is another theme, first stated in Logion 22:

"Jesus said to them: When you make the two one, and when you make the inner as the outer . . . and when you make the male and the female into a single one, so that the male will not be male and the female not be female . . . then shall you enter the Kingdom."

Log. 37: "His disciples said: When wilt thou be revealed to us and when will we see thee? Jesus said: When you take off your clothing without being ashamed. . . ."

Log. 79: "Blessed is the womb which has not conceived and the breasts which have not suckled."

Log. 106: "Jesus said: When you make the two one, you shall become sons of Man. . . ."

And finally, in the concluding Logion 114: "Simon Peter said to them: Let Mary go out from among us, because women are not worthy of the Life. Jesus said: See, I shall lead her, so that I will make her male, that she too may become a living spirit, resembling you males. For every woman who makes herself male will enter the Kingdom of Heaven."

This most important find, already rated by many Biblical scholars as equal in authenticity to the canonical gospels, coupled with the new translation of such passages as Matthew 5:26 in Lamsa's new Peshitta translation of the Bible, from ancient Aramaic texts (Jesus castigates those who condemn homosexuals), and other materials now being uncovered or reinterpreted, should go a long way toward lifting

the stigma that latter-day Christianity has unjustly placed on the homosexual. Perhaps it is time for homosexuals to begin to "search the scriptures," both old and new.

—James Kepner, Jr.
ONE Quarterly Editor.

tangents

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

and uneven new book won't likely agree with him.

"I writhed at what the gossip would be," he says, "for every reader who saw my piece there would be ten or a hundred who would hear that Mailer was writing for a faggot magazine. It would be taken for granted I was homosexual — how disagreeable! I used to wish that One Magazine would fail, and be gone forever."

The Jan. '55 article from ONE which Mailer reprints in his fat new book didn't sell as many magazines on the newsstands as we had hoped — we still have plenty left at 25c per. Aside from his unconvincing attempts (except regarding General Cummings) to analyze certain of his fictional characters as homosexual the article was received and appreciated by us as a sincere expression of the view that those who believe in tolerance and understanding need to extend it to homosexuals as well as to racial and religious minorities. It seems the new Mailer is too hip for such conventionally pious views.

A senseless series of teen-age gang murders in NYC led in Sept. to heavy police roundups of youths in Central Park, Times Square and the Village, causing Robert Firkin of the Legal Aid Society to protest that such mass arrests involved possible violation of civil rights. Press reports indicated that the war on juvenile gangs had turned into a drive

ports indicated that the war on juvenile gangs had turned into a drive against homosexuals. Magistrate Ohringer denied any civil rights violations—said, we can't "turn over part of our city for immoral purposes," added that most youths arrested were charged with "possible solicitation of men for immoral purposes." A special force of detectives arrested 357 juveniles in 5 days. Balladeers, sightseers and picknickers were driven out of Washington Square at night (dog-walkers and couples strolling arm-in-arm were not bothered, police said) on the excuse of antagonism between Beatniks and Italians living south of the park.

After a few days, a 39-year-old cop was arrested for shaking down a "reputable citizen" on threat of a fake morals arrest. Patrolman Chester H. Bell was accused of taking \$125 and demanding \$500 from a man he picked up while off duty, in the BMT washroom on 14th St.

(transit cops "have been investigating scores of similar complaints in recent months"). Bell had quite a record on the force: 23 departmental complaints, including reprimands for "accidentally" shooting both his first wife and his second in the head (the second recovered). Such a man still carrying a gun?

In mid-Oct., Thomas Rohan of State Liquor Authority announced stepped-up drive to close "plush East Side ginmills overrun by homosexuals and prostitutes and controlled by gangsters." He said, "Our hands have been tied by a court ruling which said that the mere congregation of homosexuals, prostitutes and underworld types in any one place was not sufficient grounds for action," but added Rule 36 is being rewritten to get around this. With new rigged rules, 12 bars were closed by end of October, for infraction of new nuisance regulations, such as requiring that all bars must have their bookkeeping done on premises.

Letters



UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES DO THE EDITORS FORWARD LETTERS FROM READERS TO OTHER PERSONS NOR DO THEY ANSWER CORRESPONDENCE MAKING SUCH REQUESTS.

Dear ONE:

Enclosed are newspaper articles on the situation in Massachusetts, indicating that the situation in this state for homophiles and the law is very unfair, unjust and certainly does not solve the problem any.

Your "Toward Understanding" column is excellent. I enjoy the Magazine and inform others of it constantly.

Mr. H.
Springfield, Mass.

Dear Friends:

While finding considerable interest in recent issues I have come to feel that most of the material presented has been of a rather unimportant nature in comparison to the outstanding articles of T. M. Merritt, R. H. Crowther, Luther Allen and some others, and the fiction of Geoffrey Wright, which so distinguished many of the issues from '55-'57.

Only the wonderful art work of Eve Ellore, Tangents and Dr. Baker's column maintain consistently today the stature which so few years ago characterized so much of our Magazine's content.

Cannot these writers who have demonstrated their remarkable grasp of elemental problems be persuaded to make new contributions? Better a page of wisdom than a dozen of prattle.

Mr. S.
Cambridge, Mass.

Dear ONE:

I first saw your issues of May and June, 1954, then again in 1959. I want to say that the improvement in TONE and attitude is tremendous. In 1954 you seemed to say, "We have these unhappy misfits in our midst—we must do what we can to rehabilitate them." Now, you seem to say, "Here we are—all in

the same boat. Life and love can still be beautiful, if we will accept ourselves and the courage to be ourselves." I am very happy over this admirable advance.

Human nature cannot be changed, but our particular version of it can be recognized and allowed freedom. We should work for legislation that we can live with honestly. Canada is reported to be working in the opposite direction.

My solution is, complete segregation. Certain areas should be reserved for homophiles. I don't believe in mixing or trying to make converts. We must learn to live and let live, and gain tolerance for our attitudes. This is a vast subject which you are just beginning to approach in the right spirit. More power to you!

**Mr. M.
Bethany, W. Va.**

Dear Mr. Slater:

You published a letter (June, 1959) by Don Rifle, answering an earlier one of mine. Perhaps I was born with some type of insight or other, I do not know, but I do observe more than Mr. Rifle seems to. During my sight-seeing in various parts of the globe I usually head for a Gay Bar at night and have seen many queens and many strictly butch numbers and many people like myself and (I suppose from the tenor of his letter) like Mr. Rifle, who are neither one or the other. There are three distinct groups. I would label them: The Girls, The Men and The Boys.

Personally I like men so I do not even attempt starting anything with A Girl. Nor do I attempt it with one of The Men. I'm one of The Boys and I want another member of The Boys. Someone with whom I know there will be compatibility.

Now it has been my observation that when one of The Men enters he usually focusses his attention on The Girls. These Men have a deep-rooted desire for "boys," yet are unwilling to accept the reality that they are as Queer as the rest of us and so will pick up one of The Girls for the simple reason that they are more girlish than boyish. They desire a male, but really feel they should have a female, so they compromise.

Many of the straight boys like to go out with a queen for a little sexual "fun" once in a great while. Should he be propositioned by one of The Boys—someone who does not conform to our Straight Man's opinion of what a gay kid should be like—he ordinarily would not accept. For deep within him this seems wrong. This is really going to bed with another man. But a queen? Just a lark. No moral harm in it.

I showed Mr. Rifle's answer to a strictly butch acquaintance of mine, who quickly agreed with him; then during the succeeding conversation proceeded to inform me, subtly,

that he never went out (or to bed) with anything but Real Queens. One reason he and the others (I love snooping into other people's affairs) do not go with anyone but Queens is that they are afraid their Manhood will be impaired during the dalliance, should they pick up one of The Boys.

**Mr. A.
Brooklyn, N. Y.**

Editor TIME Magazine (copy to ONE):

If Dr. Edmund Bergler (**1000 HOMOSEXUALS**, Time, Nov. 9) has met that many sick, frightened and desperate homosexuals in his professional career, it is about time that he should broaden his understanding to the extent that he meet a few who are healthy, happy, sane and enjoying life at least as much as the average heterosexual.

I deeply resent the Freudian flummery and hogwash in his book, as reported in your article. These findings are about as biased as would be the summation by an Alabama prosecutor in a rape case with a Negro as defendant. It hurts to know that the prejudices of many and the fears of others will be confirmed by the voice of Authority. I can speak only from experience, but the categorical picture of homosexuals as unhappy, woman-hating, masochistic, conspiratorial, pathologically jealous and unfaithful, disease-ridden and doomed to a tragic old age is ridiculously unfair, distorted and untrue.

If Dr. Bergler must have a whipping boy, let him choose Society, which makes life hell for many and outcasts or misfits of those few who have not the strength to develop a sense of personal worth in the face of hostile prejudices.

**Don Rifle
Santa Monica, Calif.**

Dear Mr. Slater:

I enjoy each issue and look forward to the next one. I enjoy "Toward Understanding" very much. It places a lot of light on some very touchy subjects. Dr. Baker has a very keen and understanding mind in reasoning things out. We need a lot like her to help us understand ourselves.

**Mr. H.
St. Louis, Mo.**

Dear ONE:

Your feature article in the September issue was most gratifying—gratifying in that I agree with it 100%.

Doctor Blanche has a great insight into the problems presented her. Your choice of letters is good also. They seem to be quite representative of the majority of problems present. I personally find the greatest service you have ever offered to the reader in this feature.

Having a background in psychology and also in the treatment of the disturbed individual, I feel that one of your greatest fields of service falls in his direction: giving added strength to members of our groups who are disturbed and in need of a helping hand.

I first entered the field of psychology in an effort to find out what was wrong with myself, but I soon discovered that my problem and that of most of our kind can be traced to faulty adjustment to life. Anything we can do to help our friends adjust to life is of great and lasting value.

**Mr. D.
Spokane, Wash.**

Dear ONE:

Hey there yerself!! Happy seventh birthday, and many more of 'em! And here's \$10.

**Anon
San Diego, Calif.**

Happy birthday, and may you have many more! Wish this could be larger, but it's the best I can do at present. I want you to know how much I enjoyed my first copies of ONE Confidential.

**Miss H.
Chicago, Ill.**

Here is my pittance. Wish I could send at least ten times this amount. I am canvassing some friends to see how much I can pry out of them.

**Mr. S.
Philadelphia, Pa.**

Since the section "Hey There" was marked in the October ONE Confidential, and since I have never received a bill from you for your magazine, I am enclosing a contribution to your cause. I wish it could be more.

With all good wishes for your most valuable work.

**Harry Benjamin, M.D.
New York, N. Y.**

I wish this gift for your Fund Drive could be more but it is all I can afford now. I want to say how much I enjoy ONE Confidential and ONE Magazine. It's like receiving a letter from very close friends and warms my heart to know there are so many of us who feel the same way. Your publication is improving month by month and I hope that you can go right on growing.

**Mr. C.
Allen Park, Mich.**

I'm sorry I couldn't come up with the dough sooner and only a little amount, as I don't have much. But I want you to know that I'm back of you all the way. Not because you need help, but because you've helped me in many, many months when I

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receive ONE Magazine and the gay and informative articles that it has.

So please keep up the good work and I for one will say thanks for all the work you've done in the past and hope you can keep going in the future.

**Mr. L.
Chicago, Ill.**

I'll try to send \$10 per month and hope it will help in a small way. I didn't win the Irish Sweepstakes (again) so we'll both have to struggle a while longer!

I admire you fellows so very much for keeping going in spite of what must be heart-breaking discouragements. I sure as the devil hope you can continue to hold out. If it helps, use this check to buy gin and give yourselves a lift—temporary, unfortunately.

As usual my gifts are completely unrestricted as you know far better than I to which depleted fund it had best be applied. My gifts?? Hell—they're my investment in a better future for me and many others, made possible by you devoted few.

**Mr. L.
Brooklyn, N. Y.**

EDITOR'S NOTE:

At the time of going to press gifts for the Seventh Birthday Fall Fund Drive have amounted to \$1,387.34. For this help, on behalf of ONE, Incorporated, our sincere thanks to each and every one of you—and to those who wanted to do something, but just weren't able. As the letter from our Board of Directors (on the Editorial page) indicated, the urgent need is for \$5,000, to pull us out of the red. So, until this amount comes in above regular sales and subscription income we will still have to scrimp and struggle and "rob Peter to pay Paul" as has been the unhappy necessity for many months past.

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