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Those Limp Wrists Still Swish
In The State Department

HOW LONG WILL LIZ WEAR THE PANTS
IN THE BURTON FAMILY?

Trading Stamps — Benefit Or Bilk????

THAT PHONY ROMANCE BETWEEN
JANE FONDA AND ALAIN DELON!

"I Begged and Lied for My Daughters" says Sophia Loren's Mother!



THOSE LIMP-WRISTS STILL SWISH-IN THE STATE DEPT.

Despite a long history of purges to weed out the “boys who want to be girls,” the State Department is still headquarters for Ivy League fairies! Existence of a secret list has just become known!

A Secret List Of State Dept. Security Risks

By GUY RICHARDS

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There is a list of 847 grave security risks in the State Department.
It includes the names of pro-Reds.

By I. M. KAMP

“WELL, at least some good has come out of the Bobby Baker hearings,” sighed a higher-up in the State Department at an informal gathering recently. “No one has pushed the panic button lately on the number of homosexuals running around the State Department these days.”

His words were prophetic. Barely a week had passed since the Baker hearing was pigeon-holed than the *New York Journal-American* headlined a sensational story about a secret list containing the names of 847 grave security risks occupying positions of varying importance in the diplomatic arm of the government. The list includes the names of pro-Reds, pinks, homosexuals, alcoholics, sex degenerates and a number of others suspected of being hard core professional Communist agents.

The *Journal-American* revealed that the list had been compiled by the late Scott McLeod, former Ambassador to Ireland and one-time head of the State Department's bureau of Security and Consular Affairs. Before McLeod's untimely death at 47 he made two copies of the list, entrusted it to a close friend and requested him to keep them in separate safe deposit boxes. McLeod's instructions were to use the list when the proper time arose.

As a result there has been considerable backstage maneuvering in Washington these last couple of months. Two schools of thought exist. The first holds that there should be an immediate clean-up of the State Department so that it does not become an election issue. The second insists that it should wait until after November when State would have a logical excuse to shuffle its forces and to ask for resignations at the “convenience of the government.”

Proponents of the latter idea have wide bi-partisan support since it is felt a wholesale, headlined investigation would only give comfort to the enemy —

exposing again what has come to be a regular political scandal, the presence of maladjusted people in sensitive positions in the diplomatic world.

The largest number of names on the McLeod list are male homosexuals and this brings up the question of how, despite repeated purges, such men are permitted to enter the foreign service. Citizens want to know how it is possible for them to escape the scrutiny of investigators. Wouldn't past associations reveal such tendencies?

Screening Seems Easy But Isn't

On the surface screening homosexuals would seem comparatively easy. Anyone who has ever applied for a job or insurance is aware how adroitly investigators can dig into a person's past and come up with the most intimate type of information.

But this is possible only if the person has a past. A man in his 30's, for instance, has had considerable personal and professional experience. There are former employers to ask questions of, home-town friends, a former wife, perhaps, or even a long forgotten short-lived affair.

Recruits to the State Department, however, represent America's bright, young men who are drawn to the diplomatic world because it presents a splendid career with job security. Moreover, bright, young men are needed.

They come to the State Department direct from college or post-graduate work. They may have recognized early in their teens that they were homosexuals but unless they were blatant about it, they managed to deceive their school chums, even their parents.

It isn't very difficult to do. Many homosexuals make it a practice of dating a number of girls, just to keep the deception

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great classic of the English theatre.

Liz's future is up in the air. No doubt about it she's still boxoffice—but is she worth a million clams? No one will give you odds on that these days. She still can name most of her own terms—but not that mighty seven digit figure.

She keeps saying that she doesn't care; that she'd be perfectly content to do nothing more than sit on the set and be Burton's dialogue coach.

It could be true. But dialogue coaches are lucky to get \$200 a week.

And with that kind of salary it is difficult, if not a bit awkward, to rent \$600 a day hotel suites and to charter airplanes at \$3,000 a crack. Liz lives high, wide and

fancy-free. It would be tough for her to come down to the level of the man in the street.

All in all Liz and Burton appeared to have lived on the sunny side of the street long enough. The intrigue is over. The scandal has petered out. Now they're just Mr. and Mrs. — no longer rugged individuals in a conformist world.

All that has happened to them—good and bad—has come about because that's the way Liz wanted it.

Now the going will be tougher—and how it turns out will depend on which member of the family wear the pants.

It should be Burton.

But will it?

[End]

State Dept. Swishes

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going. Their worst fears are that their mothers and fathers will find out.

Actually, they are little more than boys. The investigator walks down a dark alley when it comes to finding out anything about their sex lives. If two 40-year old men live together and vacation together there's good reason to raise eyebrows. If a couple of college chums spend weekends at each other's homes or wander off to Europe in the summer for an educational tour, that's as normal and as American as apple pie. No one in his right mind could call it a clue to homosexual behavior.

So unless the lad wears pink nail polish and scampers around the house in mama's finery, the chances are even that he won't be tabbed as a deviate. If his qualifications are acceptable he's given a State Department appointment.

His troubles begin when he comes to Washington and suddenly discover that he's not the lonely, troubled young man he supposed; that for every one of him there are dozens and dozens of bachelors who live totally among themselves, using women only occasionally as "fronts" to keep their reputations clean.

He learns that among the older men in State there are limp-wrists who've been there for years — going back to the time when the highest

officials of the department were homosexuals and that being *queer* was almost a prerequisite for getting a job.

He further discovers that it is to his advantage to curry the favor of these well-entrenched veterans; that, posh appointments can come from apple-polishing. It's not uncommon for them to accept dinner invitations at the older men's homes and then doing what comes — *unnaturally*.

Georgetown is the favorite quarter for State's homos. A large number of them live there; some, paired; others, alone. They have their own discreet society, characterized by small intimate parties which are given almost nightly with the blinds tightly drawn, guests carefully chosen. No loud music blares out to disturb the neighborhoods. It's all utterly respectable — on the outside.

Inside, anything goes, from mass sex orgies to dancing — males waltzing cheek to cheek. A great amount of liquor is consumed at these gatherings accounting for the fact that the cars parked outside at eight in the evening are still there at eight the next morning.

Still others lead normal appearing lives five days a week and on the weekend seek the anonymity of New York. Crack trains get them out of Washington in four hours. For two days they are free to go on mad benders with their gay pals along the Great White Way. More often they pass themselves off as minor Washington clerks and avoid mentioning the State Department. A few who've boasted of their sensitive jobs learned to regret it when cute little numbers they cruised on Broadway started to blackmail them. Such stories are quickly circulated in Washington's small town atmosphere, so the smart boys say as little as possible.

Quite a few State Department homos who've made it up to top posts abroad have found it expedient to marry. Some wives know of their husband's off-beat sex life, live with it and try to understand it. Others live in total ignorance even though they often confess bewilderment at their husbands' friendship with certain questionable males.

It is not until the one-time pink-cheeked youth has grown up in the department that security officers can pin down any suspicions of deviation. This happens largely through carelessness, by going with the wrong people, by drinking too much and behaving revealingly in public.

Making a case against such a person is extremely difficult. He may have friends in high places. Or he may possess damaging information

about his immediate superior, not necessarily of the homosexual variety, which would make it imprudent to proceed with a full scale inquiry.

Moreover, there is that old rule of evidence that governs morality cases. The suspect has to be caught in bed — and even then the evidence may be insufficient to hold in court.

Consequently, State labors along as best it can, dependent on the bright, young men who enter its ranks every year and hopeful that they will represent the majority of civil servants who are dedicated to their jobs and keenly aware that their lives must serve as models to the people with whom they deal daily in sensitive diplomatic matters.

The pity is that their conscientious efforts seldom receive the publicity that seems to be the peculiar province of State's gay division. [End]

Playboy King

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page 27

Even those anti-monarchist Helenes who had never accepted the 100-year rule of the Danish dynasty now considered Constantine a true Greek. And the rest of the country worshipped him as a genuine Greek god. His triumphal return to Athens set off a weeklong orgy of rejoicing.

From then on, Greece regarded its Crown Prince in a new light. His sports—both indoor and outdoor—no longer were considered a frivolous waste of time and money. Adopting a more tolerant view than before, Athenians told each other that a young man must sow his wild oats before he can take on serious responsibilities.

So Constantine kept on sowing all over the Continent.

In the summer of 1962, the Prince went to Norway for a yachting regatta. All the crowned heads of Scandinavia turned out to watch him race. His kissin' cousins of the Danish court were almost as proud of the Olympic champion as the Greeks were.

At a reception following the regatta Constantine received a royal welcome from the dimpled daughters of the King and Queen of Denmark—Princess Margrethe, then 20, heiress to the

throne; Princess Benedikte, 16, and Princess Anne-Maria, 15.

All are beauties, but it was Anne-Marie who capsized the royal yachtsman. The last time they met, she was still a child. And now she was almost a woman.

A few nights later, beneath the pale stars of Norway, Constantine proposed and the Princess accepted, even though they both knew parental permission could have to be obtained.

Perhaps the Greek Prince had marriage on his mind because he had recently attended the wedding of his older sister, Princess Sophie and Spanish Prince Juan Carlos. More than 500,000 persons thronged the streets of Athens for a glimpse of the bride and groom, but it was Constantine who got the loudest cheers as he arrived at the cathedral on a prancing white charger.

Sitting ramrod-straight in the saddle, he was the perfect picture of a storybook Prince. The gold braid and medals on his uniform reflected the hot Athenian sun as he tossed the horse's reins to a retainer outside the church and leaped lightly to the ground.

But as he started up the cathedral steps behind the King and Queen, he tripped over his gold spurs and almost fell flat on his face.

The second time he fell that summer was when he met Anne-Marie.

King Paul and Queen Frederika approved of his choice. They saw no reason why Constantine shouldn't marry his cousin. His parents are also cousins. And so, for that matter, are most of the crowned heads of Europe.

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