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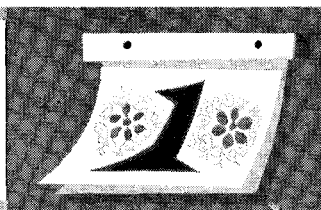
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First of the Month



By CLEVELAND AMORY

WE DID a lot of traveling during the month and, in the course of it, uncovered our favorite election-aftermath story. It came from a brief little meeting with a brief little lady from the grand old state of Maine. "I just didn't vote at all," she told us. "It only encourages them."

One thing baffled us as the campaign drew to what sometimes seemed its endless end. This was Senator Goldwater's lackadaisical approach and seeming lack of interest, let alone conviction. He made, in fact, several speeches which seemed to indicate that he really didn't want to run and that someone was making him. Not until after November 3rd did we learn that he was merely doing what he was told to do—by Madison Avenue. Once Mr. Humphrey had leveled his amazingly effective charge about "a nervous finger on our nuclear trigger," Goldwater's advertising crowd panicked and in desperation sold him on an "image" of being cool, calm, collected, and even gentle—the last man, in other words, who'd even come forward to press an elevator button. The trouble was, of course, that then he seemed like nothing at all—and the Grand Old Party ended on the very wrong side of the grand old game of bland man's bluff.

Madison Avenue came out poorly, too, in the month's highly publicized private war at Curtis Pub. It has long been our opinion that the *Saturday Evening Post* would be better off today if it had not made a single change since the year 1939—which, by a curious coincidence, happens to be the exact time we ourselves left the organization. (We were, as we are sure you will recall, one of the great *Postscripts* editors of our time.) A quarter of a century ago the *Post* may have been the "organ of privilege," as it was called, but it was at least the organ of privilege—its editorial page was the No. 1 voice of American conservatism.

As for the rest of the magazine, the print was in those days still good and what it printed with its print was the best—in articles, in fiction and, needless to

say, in *Postscripts*. But Madison Avenue wanted change—splashy, flashy change—and, as change after change followed, with Madison Avenue of course each time diverting more and more of its support toward *Life*, *Look*, and *McCall's*, it soon became obvious to everyone but Madison Avenue that every change was for the worse. We hold no brief for all of those who seemed to be rejoicing at Curtis's troubles—the Fourth Estate, we have noticed, is not very fair or objective or even understanding when it comes to the necessity, in their reporting, of divesting themselves of their vested interests. But for Madison Avenue to join in the carrion cry seemed to us particularly irritating. The last straw, of course, from the *Post* itself, was the announcement that it is now going biweekly. It was hard enough to get used to a *Saturday Evening Post* that came out on *Tuesday*, but an Every-Other-Tuesday-Saturday-Evening *Post*—well, we want to tell you, it just couldn't have happened in our day. Surely somewhere, someplace, there must be some sturdy soul still alive who could, independent of Madison Avenue, do just one simple thing—give us back our *Post* just the way it was in the Year of Our Lord 1939. The kind of person Curtis should be looking for should, in our opinion, be modest and unassuming, yet willing to assume large burdens—particularly the burden of a large salary with mineral rights. He should be a steady sort of fellow but with proven experience on the light side—say, for example, an ex-*Postscripts* editor. Finally, he should not be too old, but rather gracefully mature. All in all, we'd say forty-seven would be just about right (PL 7-3425).

During the month one of Curtis's greatest editors, the late Ted Patrick, was the posthumous author of a book which—along with a truly remarkable picture book of both dogs and cats (*Reigning Cats and Dogs*, by Mary Eleanor Browning)—belongs on every animal lover's Christmas list. The title of Patrick's book is *The Thinking Dog's Man*, the subtitle is "The Mystique of the Relationship between Man and His Dog," and the advice on how to teach a dog to do tricks is alone worth the price. "In teaching the tricks, never lose patience. Never punish. Never even scold. Never express disgust. If the dog shows a dis-

inclination to do the trick, drop the project for the time being and come back to it another day. If the disinclination continues, forget the whole thing. Maybe he has detected flaws in it you weren't aware of."

Elsewhere on the animal front during the month we journeyed to Fort Worth, Texas, where, through the courtesy of Margaret Scott, president of the Tarrant County Humane Society, we were permitted a swim in a pool beside the only two trained fresh-water porpoises in the world. (They were caught in the Amazon, where they are not called dolphins.) During our swim a small boy came into the aquarium and, according to Lawrence Curtis, president of the Fort Worth Zoological Park, shouted to his mother, "Look, Ma. Moby Dick." Mr. Curtis also maintains that the child was immediately answered by a question from his mother, "Which one?"—but, we assure you, Mr. Curtis, who is the country's outstanding young zoo man, is far better with animals than he is with jokes. At least we can only assure you that any reference to any similarity in size or shape between a porpoise and ourselves was a joke.

On the social front the publication of *Leather Armchairs: A Guide to the Great Clubs of London*, by the English historian Charles Graves, gave us a not altogether reassuring look at the English castle from which all American clubs descend—in many cases, unfortunately, in all senses of the word. We were, however, happy to learn that at the wonderfully named Eccentric Club the clock still runs counterclockwise, and that at Pratt's an M.P. named David Price was blackballed because, the author tells us, "he abstained on Suez and was opposed to the death penalty." It was good to know, too, that new members are still rapidly initiated into the old-timers' ways of doing things. At the Savage Club, for example, there is a story of a young actor, newly elected, being asked for a loan of five pounds by one of the elderly club characters—a man invariably called Old Odell. Patiently, day after day, week after week, the young man waited to be repaid. Finally, after six months, he could stand it no longer and asked, point-blank, for his money back. "But," indignantly snapped Old Odell, "I haven't finished with it yet."

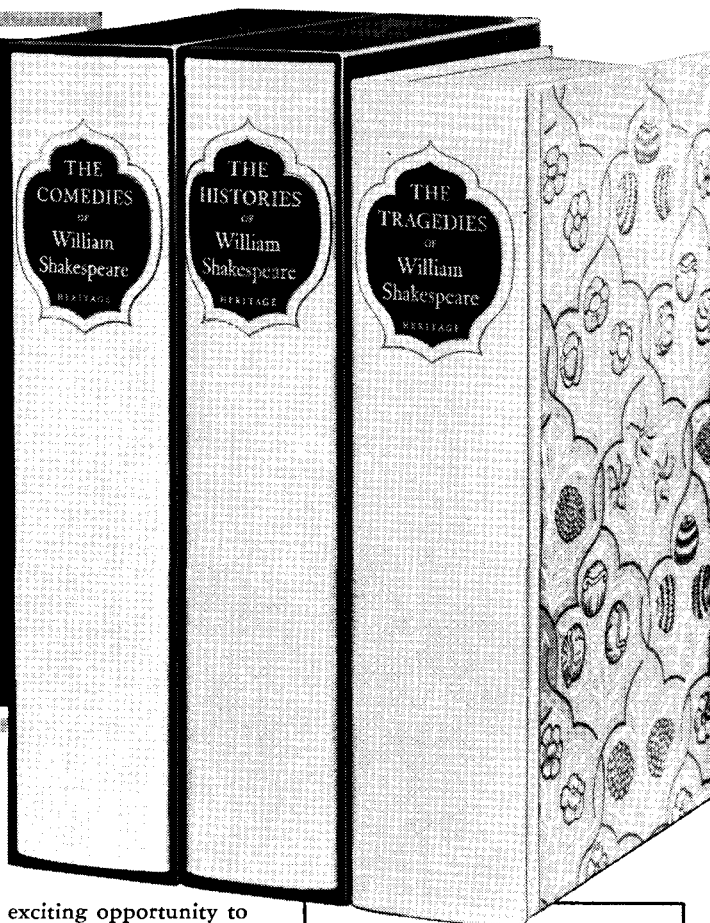
Nor, in such clubs, are close relationships easy to come by. At the Reform Club the story is told of the brother of Bertrand Russell who was seated at the dining-room table when a fellow member came up beside him and prepared to sit down. "May I," he asked politely. "take this chair?" "You may," replied Russell, "provided you take it with you."

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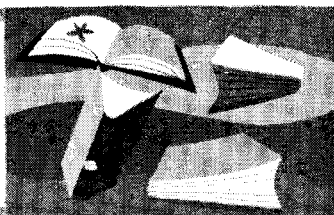
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Trade Winds



The people of Ohio are lucky to have a Senator who can write. He is Senator Stephen M. Young and I have just read his book, *Tales Out of Congress* (Lippincott). Young says he is seventy-four years old, but he has the pep of a much younger man. He has a sense of humor, a feeling for humanity, and an aversion



to phoniness that are not only enviable but refreshing in a profession that is supposed to depend on a certain amount of sham for protection.

Senator Young is already well known for the frankness of his responses to letters from constituents. *Tales Out of Congress* is just as outspoken on many subjects, especially when it comes to the story of his nomination and election for his first term. If certain Democrats and Republicans from Ohio thought that Young would be kind to them in this book, they will be disappointed. If his colleague, Senator Lausche, doesn't know by now what Young thinks of him, he can look it up here. When Young declares that Senators are long-winded, he gives examples. When he blasts the cocktail parties and receptions of the nation's capital, he lays it on.

"The free-loading that goes on is astounding," he writes. "I have seen women bring along special paper bags and plastic containers and empty the hors d'oeuvres into them for later consumption. At one reception in an Arabian embassy two elderly ladies were gorging themselves at a huge table filled with shrimp cocktails and lavish quantities of sauce. During their feast a tall, dignified Arab gentleman in a white robe strolled by; one of the ladies wiped her hands on his robe."

Senator Young is not an iconoclast. He is merely an honest fellow, suggesting that we cut through all the baloney and get on with the governing of this country and with understanding the world. It's reassuring to know that this kind of person can be sent to Washington by the electorate.

Here's an anecdote I read in Senator Young's book. Representative Bill Moorhead of Pennsylvania was making a speech before the Daughters of the American Revolution. Afterward a young lady rushed up to him and said, "Oh, Congressman, your speech was superfluous, simply superfluous!"

"Why, thank you," replied Moorhead. "I'm thinking of having it printed posthumously."

"Oh, that's wonderful," she replied, "and the sooner the better!"

A collector of unusual signs, Mrs. James Marietta of Overland Park, Kansas, adds a couple to my collection. In the zoo in Washington, D.C.: PLEASE TAKE LOST CHILDREN TO THE LION HOUSE.

On a power station in Indiana: TO TOUCH MEANS INSTANT DEATH. ANYONE CAUGHT WILL BE PROSECUTED TO THE FULL EXTENT OF THE LAW.

A scientist named Langdon Stookey, says he is tired of having people get mad at him when they get his phone number by mistake. Once he answered the telephone and told the caller, "Sorry, you've

LUCIA, BABY, IT'S FOR YOU!



got the wrong number." The party was very angry, crying, "Then why did you answer?"

Stookey is constantly getting calls for Lucia, whoever she is. Now, instead of just correcting the caller, he says something like, "She can't come to the phone. She's taking a bath." The other party gets very suspicious and always says, "Who's this?" Stookey plays it by ear from there and has a marvelous time.

Sharps and flats: Kathryn Lindskoog discovered in Tustin, California, a new residential street named Heathcliff Drive.

► Mort Forer found this dire warning on page eight of the Canadian government's booklet, "Eleven Steps to Survival": "If you are near the [nuclear] explosion without adequate protection, you would be seriously affected by the

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