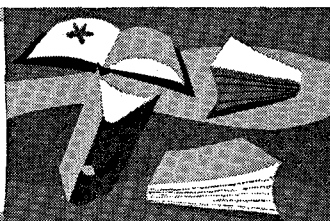


Trade Winds



A sign at, of all places, a University of California-San Diego parking lot, reads: "No Parking Prohibited Without a Permit."

And Harvey C. Paige, when stationed on Guam during World War II, was so intrigued by a sign posted next to a water faucet that he recorded it for posterity. It goes like this: "This faucet is for drawing water not to be used for wash area if this is not carried out it will be removed First Lt."

In his book on the public relations business, *The Relations Explosion*, (Macmillan), William Safire predicts that in the forthcoming political campaigns, as in those of the past, one of the key figures will be Charlie Regan. Regan's job has always required a certain amount of delicacy, which, apparently, only he possesses. In campaign headquarters, there is a lot of gentle turning-down to be done without offending well-meaning volunteers. Horrible campaign songs, meaningless slogans, and useless advice are offered. Even the candidate himself occasionally has to be dealt with carefully if he comes up with some idea that the staff doesn't like. That's why at campaign

headquarters you often hear the phrase, "Sounds great, but have you checked it with Charlie Regan?"

Or: "That'll have to come out of Regan's budget. I'll see what he says."

Or: "I'll give you a go-ahead as soon as Regan gets back."

Of course, Regan never does get back. He is a fiction, known only to the handful of people at the helm of the campaign. He has a desk, a telephone, a listing in the directory, and he receives carbons of all memos. Sometimes he even sends memos of his own, and he owns a raincoat, which is usually draped over the back of his chair.

I use the name Regan as an example. Each party and each campaign must invent a new monicker for the elusive fellow. Safire says that after the election is over, the candidate himself, having heard how hard Charlie Regan worked for the cause, usually writes a thank-you letter to him.

Those who are already tired of the Civil War can read *Will Success Spoil Jeff Davis?* (McGraw-Hill), a highly irreverent view of various and sundry North-South features and events. T. Lawrence Connelly, the author, is

chairman of the History Department at Presbyterian College. He not only needles the generals and the armies and the shooting match, but he takes out after Southern cooking, too. The effect of drinking a mint julep, he says, can be had by swilling vodka while chewing gum. As for Chess pie, it's "a sticky and loathsome concoction of eggs, butter, and too much sugar."

Professor Connelly points out that there were 10,455 engagements fought between North and South, of which seventy-six were classified as battles and 6,377 as skirmishes. Before reading about the Civil War, he says, familiarize yourself with the terminology:

Campaign: what a General calls a maneuver if it is successful.

Reconnaissance: an unsuccessful maneuver.

Battle: a fight that a General wins.

Skirmish: a fight that a General loses.

Strategic Withdrawal: a fight in which the General gets the stuffing beat out of him.

Raid: a successful attack on a Union chickenhouse.

Siege: the successful capture of a distillery.

The author calls it "the last book about the Civil War" and he may be close to right. It won't be the last word, though.



My comments about Sara Henderson Hay's second look at fairy tales reminded Beatrice Lieber of Chicago of something that took place last year in her kindergarten class. She told the story "The Three Little Pigs." As she concluded with the wolf's demise in the pot of boiling water, she noticed a little boy on the verge of tears. When the teacher asked him what was wrong, he replied:

"I'm thinking of the wolf's family!"

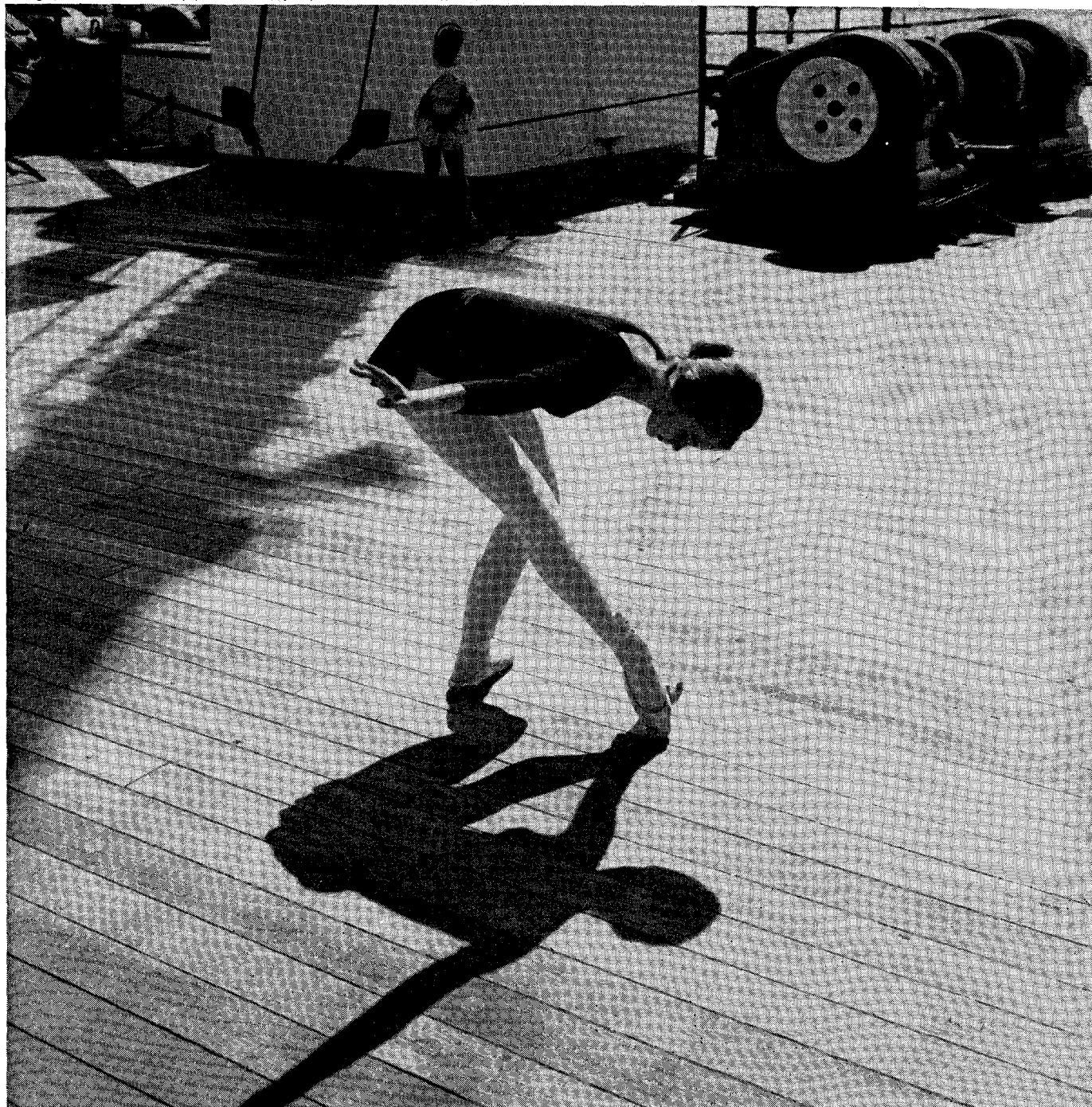
There may be others, but Sidney Offit is the only fellow I know who waits on table in the summers so he can write books during the rest of the year. For the last ten years he has done this, eventually becoming hotel steward, a job that entails planning the menu, supervising the kitchen staff, and buying the food. The hotel is the Aladdin in Woodbourne, New York. Offit originally got the job because the establishment is owned by his wife's parents, but there is nothing sinister about this. They like the books he writes as well as the way he runs the kitchen.

In the off-season the Offits move to



"Are you kidding? I have to study for my midterms."

Photographed, en route to Europe, aboard a happy ship of the Holland-America Line



Can you do as you please aboard Holland-America? Ask Sheila Folstein.

Among the many lovely sights on a recent Atlantic crossing were the ballet exercises of Miss Sheila Folstein of Washington, D.C., a dancer on her way to London.

We talked to Miss Folstein, and this is what she said: "This is my first trip on the Holland-America Line, and it's a wonderful experience. Everyone is so gay and friendly—crew and passengers alike. The ship is beautiful and so spacious. There are dozens of secluded spots where I can exercise without collecting a crowd.

I've had a perfectly marvelous trip, and I'm looking forward to a repeat performance."

If you'd like to know about Holland-America's many sailings to Europe, ask your travel agent. But if you want to know how much fun a voyage can be, ask the people.

For free brochures, write HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE, Pier 40, North River, New York 14, N. Y. Sail a happy ship—to Southampton, Le Havre, Rotterdam, Cobh, Galway, and Bremerhaven.

increase your wealth
at Commonwealth

a
member of the
SEARS
family!

Earn Current High Interest

4.85%
Current Interest Rate Per Annum
Compounded Quarterly

Get These Extra Benefits

- Interest paid from date funds received when left through end of quarter and paid to date of withdrawal when left 6 months or more.
- Funds received or postmarked by the 10th earn from the first.
- Savings insured to \$10,000 by the Federal Savings and Loan Insurance Corp.
- We handle all details of transferring your account. Pay postage both ways.
- Accounts welcomed from corporations, institutions, etc.



OPEN YOUR ACCOUNT TODAY
(Mail coupon below)

Commonwealth
SAVINGS & LOAN ASSOCIATION

5077 Lankershim Blvd., Dept. BH, North Hollywood, Calif.

- ☐ Please send Informational Booklets and Financial Statement.
- ☐ Please open an insured Savings Account in the amount of \$_____ Funds are enclosed.

NAME(S) FOR PASS BOOK

STREET

CITY AND STATE

Learn faster
at Britannica Schools

newest
member of the
Encyclopaedia Britannica
family!

Learn the modern, "programmed" way

exclusive
with
**Britannica
Schools**

1. IOWA WRITERS' WORKSHOP
Fiction Writing • Poetry Writing
2. COMMUNICATIONS
Writing is for Readers
Communications in Business
and Industry
Technical Writing I, II
3. MATHEMATICS—15 Courses
7th grade through Calculus
(completely programmed)
4. Complete High School Course

Britannica Schools

14 E. JACKSON • CHICAGO 60604

Please send me information on the following
Britannica Schools course(s):

- ☐ Iowa Writers' Workshop
- ☐ Communications
- ☐ Mathematics
- ☐ Complete High School Course

Name

Address

City

Age

Occupation

State

Zip Code

Dept. SR14

New York, where Mrs. Offit is a full-time medical student at NYU. There are two young sons who go to public school. Offit is involved in a dozen community and neighborhood activities which I haven't room to describe. He also manages an apartment building of which he is part owner. He has found the time to write five books for children, the latest of which, *Souphone*, St. Martin's just published. He is at work on his third novel for Crown Publishers.

"I have never listed all this on the back jacket of a book," he explains, "because it seems to be just another writer struggling to provide for his family, keep in touch, and secure some free hours for the typewriter."



Sharps and Flats: You'll be interested to know that Mac E. Barrick of the Department of Foreign Languages of Lycoming College has made a study of what he calls elephant riddles. His interest is the geographical movement of this phenomenon. I lent him the many letters you people sent me containing these peculiar stories, and he did a lot of research in other places. He reports to me: "I was amazed to see how widespread they really were. The letters would indicate that the elephant riddles originated on the West Coast in 1962 and spread, probably through college students, across the country by early summer, 1963."

Those college students. First mononucleosis, and now this!

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S
KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1551)

OLIVER HALE:
ABOUT REMEMBRANCE

The haunt is in what we recall;
there are the efforts not made, and
the golden unvisited land,
the great books never taken down at
all
from the shelves on the wall.

Not to look back is best, . . .
for . . . every Helen is at the cost
of Troy, and a world lost.

A
moving plea
to subscribers
on the move

WE DON'T LIKE to burden you with our problems.

But since your cooperation is essential in helping us solve one of them, we hope you won't mind wading through the next few paragraphs to find out how you can help us save money, improve subscription service, and continue *Saturday Review's* editorial growth.

Here is the problem:

Recent changes in postal regulations have greatly increased the expense of handling copies which are not correctly addressed.

If you move without notifying us or your post office, your copies of *Saturday Review* are not forwarded. Nor are they returned to us. They do no one any good. The local post office sends us notification, however, that your copies were not delivered . . . and each of these notifications cost us ten cents. We lose ten cents per notification . . . plus the cost of the undelivered copies . . . the expense of tracking down your new address . . . and the outlay for sending you the missing copies if they are available. Multiply this by the tens of thousands of subscribers who change their addresses each year, and you can easily see that the waste of money and manpower could be considerable.

We would rather put that same money and manpower to work on the editorial side—continuing to add to *Saturday Review* new and important material to increase your reading enjoyment each week.

That is why your cooperation is so important to us, to yourself, to all *Saturday Review* readers:

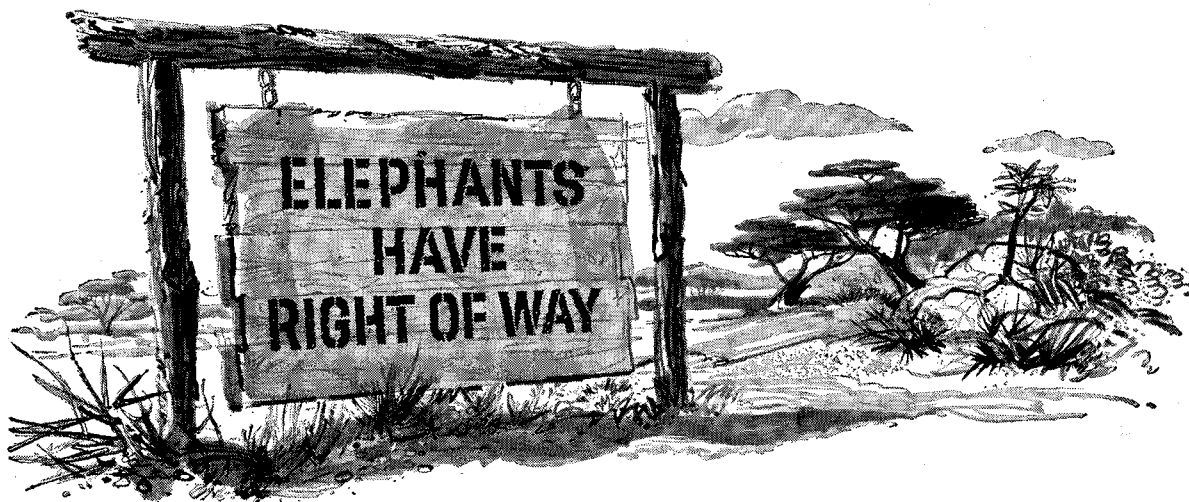
Please notify us at least four weeks in advance if you plan to move or be away from home for any considerable length of time.

And for speedy processing, tear a label from one of your recent copies and enclose it with your letter to:

Subscriber Service Division

Saturday Review

25 W. 45 Street, New York 36, N.Y.

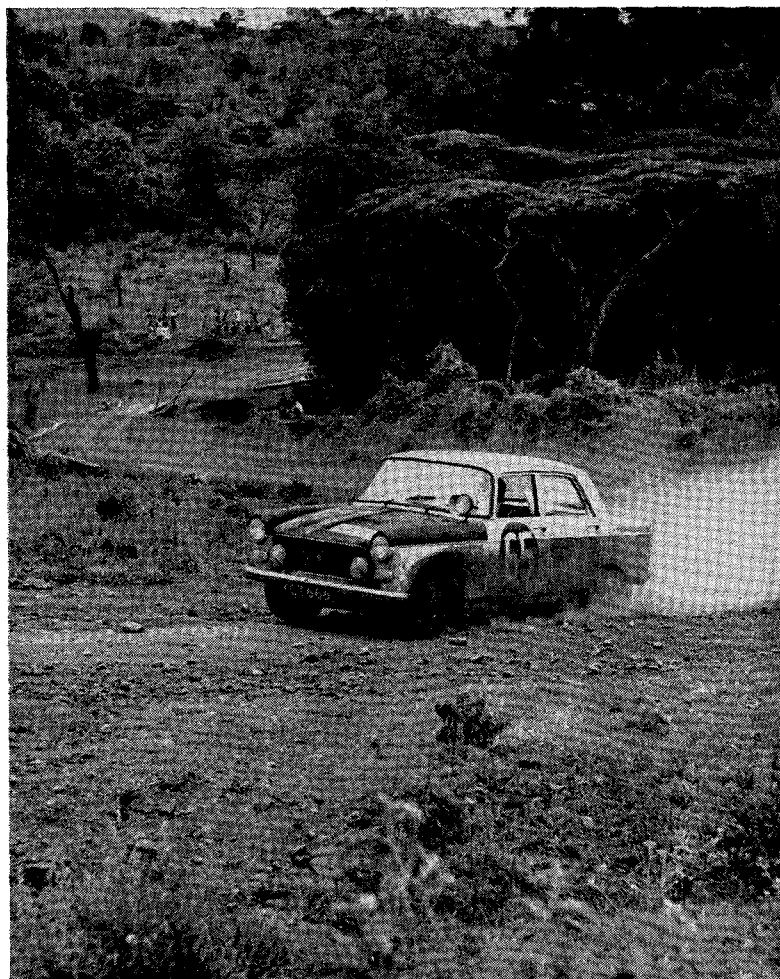


Peugeot encountered many extraordinary signs—and difficulties—in winning the recent East African Safari. Lions, giant anteaters, hub-deep mud, stampedes, cloudbursts and hairpin turns were a few of the joys of the annual event some auto manufacturers shun like the plague. LIFE calls it: "The most punishing ordeal on earth for drivers and stock cars." TIME says: "If there were a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Automobiles, there would be no East African Safari."

The 1963 version of hell on wheels was the most fantastic in history. 84 cars began. Exactly 7 finished. 3 of the seven were Peugeots, the winning Peugeot finishing an hour and fifteen minutes ahead of its nearest competitor!

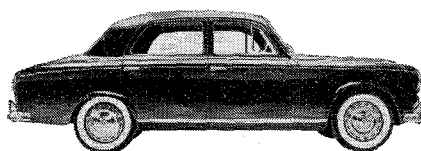
As the rally got underway, torrential rains had washed out many of the trails that are laughingly called roads, and cars bogged down right and left. Rocks slashed the gas tanks and tires of other cars. Once the front-running Peugeot, blocked by two stalled cars, had to swing off the road and smash through a tropical forest in order to continue the course. The Peugeot entries completed every tortuous inch of the 3130-mile course taking first, fifth and sixth places in overall rankings and first and second in their class.

What does all this prove, since none of us will ever face similar driving conditions? It proves that Peugeot is built with integrity. Body steel is heavier. Bumpers and trim are stainless steel, not chrome. Every single Peugeot is test-driven. Every part, down to nuts and bolts, is scrutinized. Peugeot has earned a nickname we're proud of. The Indestructible. This car combines extraordinary performance with amazing durability. Test drive a Peugeot and you'll see what we mean.

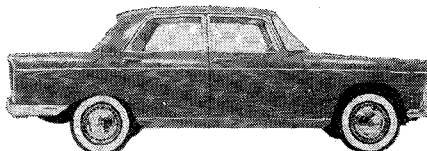


PEUGEOT

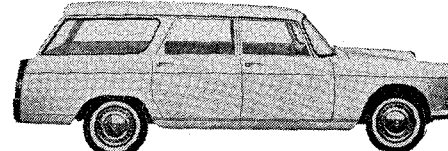
(Say Pooj-oh)



PEUGEOT 403: \$2295 East Coast POE, \$2387 West Coast POE. Called one of the seven best made cars in the world by John Bond, publisher of Road & Track.



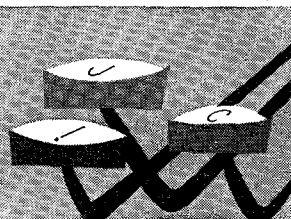
PEUGEOT 404: \$2645 East Coast POE, \$2736 West Coast POE. Designed to be even better than the 403.



PEUGEOT STATION WAGON: \$2795 East Coast POE, \$2875 West Coast POE.

For brochure write: Peugeot, Inc., 97-45 Queens Boulevard, Rego Park, New York.
For overseas delivery write: Cars Overseas, Inc., 555 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N.Y. or see your local dealer.

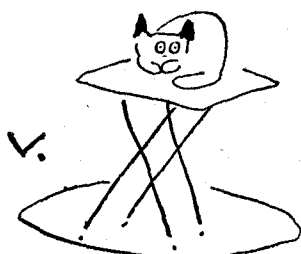
Manner of Speaking



American Antiquities: Once upon a time there was a man named Alexander Botts who sold Caterpillar Earthworm Tractors, or Earthworm Caterpillar Tractors, or whatever they were, for a magazine that is still called the *Saturday Evening Post*, that used to be written for by a man named William Hazlitt Upson, who was and, I am happy to say, is a good friend of mine despite certain political opinions for which I forgive him every summer at Bread Loaf, Vermont, which is a part of the country in which the political opinions for which I forgive him have a certain indigenous though waning tenacity largely associated with such adjectives as "staunch" and "rock-ribbed" and with such philosophies as "rugged individualism" and "cash on the barrel-head," especially if the barrel so cashed on contains hard cider, of which—I am bound to note—my friend is not prominently an imbibitor. Bread Loaf, of course, is the scene of the annual Bread Loaf Writers' Conference, of which I am not only a partisan but the director, and of which William Hazlitt Upson is both a friend and neighbor.

Mr. Upson is also a passionate student of local Vermont history, and it was from him that I learned that the most ancient date on any tombstone in the United States was to be found in the Middlebury Cemetery (the one by Middlebury College, which stands about twelve miles from Bread Loaf, eight of them down the mountain to East Middlebury and four of them north on Route 7.) Nor is the ancient date a mere matter of early colonial history. It is no less than 1883 B.C.

Mr. Upson, in the best Vermont tradition, is not above pulling a city slicker's leg, and though I should happily trust him with my best watch and the family silver, I was prepared to doubt him on this point till I made the trip myself and saw it with my own eyes.



You enter the main gate of the cemetery (across from the Middlebury College fieldhouse), watch the tombstones on the left until you come to one marked "Chipman," turn left, and there it is:

ASHES OF AMUN-HER-KHEPESH-EE

AGED TWO YEARS
SON OF SEN WOSET 3RD
KING OF EGYPT AND HIS WIFE
HATHOR-HOTPE
1883 B.C.

Above the inscription, in a row, you will find an ankh, a cross, and what must have been meant to be an ibis except that it emerged as some sort of chicken. Such are the details, as any man may verify for himself. The story, as I have it from Mr. Upson, runs about as follows:

Some years ago a man named Sheldon decided to establish a museum in Middlebury (it is still there), and since no museum could qualify without at least one Egyptian mummy, he traveled to New York and dickered for one, settling for a baby, since his budget would not permit the full regal splendors. On the death of Mr. Sheldon the museum was closed down for a number of years. I do not know how many, but they were more than enough for the mummy, which had been left in the attic. A Vermont attic can generate a sort of Dutch-oven effect unknown to the ancient sacred crypts of Egypt, and when the museum was reopened Amun-Her-Khepesh-Ee gave powerful evidence of standing in need of reburial.

The new owner, a man of principle, felt that nothing less than Christian burial would do. As I have it from Mr. Upson, the new owner's friends and advisers did point out that Prince Amun-Etc. was not a Christian, but they were told that principle is principle, that Vermont is a Christian state in a Christian country, and that nothing but Christian burial would do.

The new owner's exact interpretation of Christian rites seem to have been a bit disconnected, as the story goes, for he proceeded to cremate the mummy in the furnace of the building next door. No one was able to tell me why it was the furnace of the building next door rather than that of the museum itself. Perhaps the museum furnace had also run out of time in the

years since Mr. Sheldon's death. But the rites, if a bit slack in the method of cremation, certainly included formal burial in the family plot, and there stands the headstone to prove it: main entrance, Chipman tombstone on the left, turn left, and about the fourth or fifth headstone on your right.

Mr. Upson also told me about another one in the same cemetery, this one reported to read:

FAITHFUL HUSBAND
THOU ART AT REST
UNTIL WE MEET AGAIN

I spent two hours prowling around for that one and could not find it. Three Middlebury residents whom I believe to be reliable assure me that it exists, and I shall have another try at it come next year. As I shall for one in another cemetery that reads, as Mr. Upson assures me:

HE WAS PIOUS
WITHOUT ENTHUSIASM

That one would, of course, require a footnote on the language. In the eighteenth century an "enthusiast" was one who carried things to fanciful excess, the term succeeding the seventeenth-century epithet "fantastic," and perhaps foreshadowing what the beatniks now mean by "way-out." A pious man, moreover, would have been understood to be one who walked soberly in the ways of the Lord. Let that be a lesson to any man who thinks of committing his sentiments to stone, a material too often given to outlasting the meanings we try to hammer into it.

My last antiquity is not from stone but from one of the living, as we may say. I overheard it on one of the wide verandas of summer with the sun stippling through the laceworks of the wisteria at one of those inns that seem to arrest time with a grace much like that of a country cemetery.

A very sweet and very birdy lady of the sort the late Helen Hokinson would have recognized at once was sitting with her near-twin in the row of wickers just in front of me, and I heard her say: "I live such a *qui-et* life. I just *can't* understand my dreams: they are so *wild!*"

Poor doddering old sweet. It seems that our psyche's enthusiasm can be too much for even our best-intentioned pieties. What I found myself thinking was "*La chair est triste*," which is, I think I remember, from René Char, but don't ever trust my memory for the right name to the right quotation. My dreams are seldom as wild as my attributions are likely to be.

—JOHN CIARDI.