



Frankly, I have never been able to understand the appeal that camping seems to have for so many people.

I'll admit there are times when the benefits of contemporary civilization seems questionable, to say the least. Nonetheless, I have never been willing to give up such things as air-conditioning, hot water, screens, daily newspapers, evenly-cooked meals and, most of all, reading in bed with a decent light—just to “rough it” in a tent which I had to transport for miles and then set up myself. Maybe I'm effete, but back when I was sixteen years old I decided that creature comforts were the life for me.

Still, I know that a lot of otherwise intelligent people disagree with me, and from these people I have been hearing good words about a new book by Bill Riviere, *The Complete Guide to Family Camping*.

Having looked at the book, I can testify that it is an excellently organized and eminently practical collection of advice on all aspects of camping—from selecting equipment, through setting it up, to tips on recreation after everything is in order (assuming that it isn't then time to break camp and go home). Especially useful is a section on public and private agencies offering camping assistance, with names and addresses.

In brief, it's the ideal book for the family that is really determined to camp. I recommend it. But if you do buy it and use it and like it, and want to tell me about it, you'll find me out near the paved highway at the motel, the one with the heated swimming pool, gourmet restaurant and indoor plumbing.

L.L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

The Complete Guide to Family Camping (\$4.50), by Bill Riviere, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or at one of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 8131 Forsythe Boulevard, Clayton, Missouri 63105.

Saturday Review

June 18, 1966

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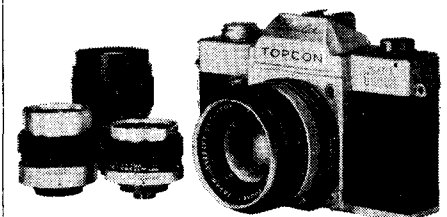
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Setting it up was no small job. And to make it even tougher, after part of it had been completed, the government asked us to finish the rest of it in one year instead of two.

It took a bit of doing. But Western Electric is part of the Bell System, so there are a couple of points to remember.

Point one: we did not have to go out and build the network from the ground up. It was, basically, already there—the one you use every day—the Bell telephone network.

The Bell companies just set aside certain portions of it, then we made and installed new equipment where necessary. It was here that our experience in making and installing compatible equipment over the years paid off.

Point two: even though the two stages of FTS required equipment of enormous complexity and a shortened installation period, we had the ability to meet the extra demands. Because, day-in and day-out, it's our job to help the Bell

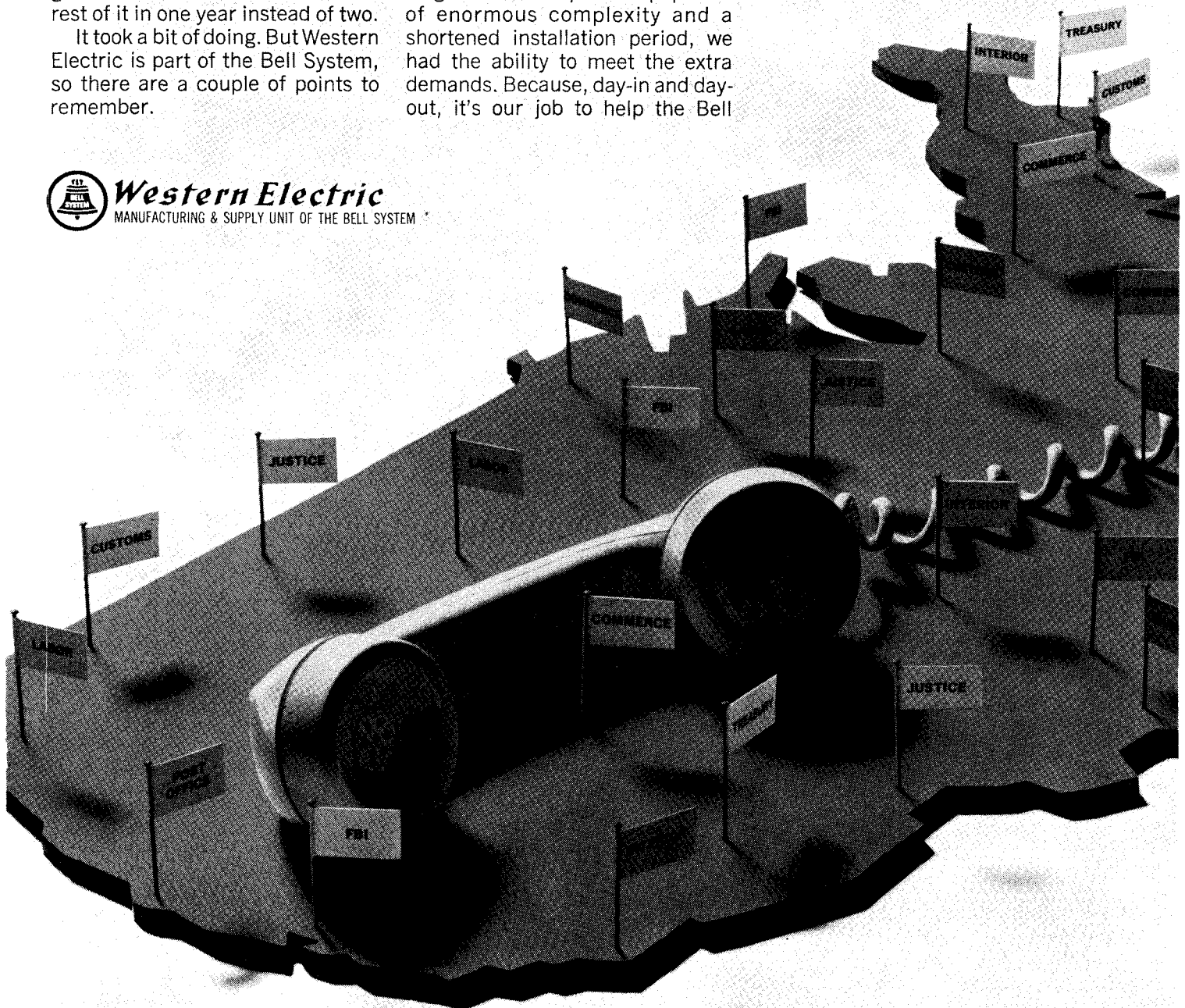
telephone companies to meet the public's demands for more and increasingly complex communications equipment.

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THE PHOENIX NEST

Pray, Gypsies

Edited by Martin Levin

Lyrics From a Lived-in Life

School Days 1902-1910

At Public School
I made no sense,
But learned the art
Of self-defense.

From Kindergarten
to 6 B
I went to P. S.
103.
And what with all
The cons and pros
I left there
With a broken nose.

Continuing
The local war,
I went to P. S.
24.
My tongue as usual
Was glib;
I left there
With a broken rib,

I went to P. S.
165.
The only ones
Who there survive
Are those whom Darwin
Termed the "fittest,"
The students who
The hardest hittest.
I left there
With a souvenir:
A slightly
Cauliflowered ear

I held my end up
If you please,
With several
Pyrrhic victories.
It's give-and-take,
The golden rule
At any New York
Public School.

—HOWARD DIETZ.

The Gypsy Moth Caper

THE United States Department of Agriculture has launched an aerial offensive against gypsy moths again this year, penetrating deep behind moth lines in several Eastern states, including Pennsylvania, New York, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and my own state of New Jersey. Strike reports are still being

evaluated, and it's too early to tell how much damage was done. But repercussions are expected.

Many residents around where I live got excited last spring, when the agriculture department flew over in a World War I Spad and sprayed the countryside to kill gypsy moths. Some wrote protest letters to newspapers, congressmen, the governor, the agriculture department, and the Spad people. But it was too late. The agriculture department people tried to explain that the poison was okay, and that the spray was designed to kill gypsy moths only. Apparently, to prove this, they sprayed a bunch of little kids waiting for the school bus. Amazingly, the people got even madder. Public relations is a tricky business.

Moth experts say that the program, carried out in cooperation with state departments of agriculture, is necessary because gypsy moths eat holes in the leaves of trees. After last year's spraying, holes were observed in the leaves of trees. One popular theory was that although the spray killed the moths, it had a bad side effect; it ate holes in the leaves of trees. This is probably pure rumor. Just the same, it has the ring of a federal program.

After all the fuss, the agriculture department understandably kept mum about how many gypsy moths it got. But reports—unconfirmed at this writing—trickled in from the provinces. One man found some tiny golden earrings on the ground. Another discovered little red bandanas strewn about. A nature-lover who lives in the deep woods reported that he no longer heard the sound of small guitars at night, and that there weren't any fresh wagon-wheel ruts in his flower bed.

The locations to be sprayed last year were determined by a gypsy moth survey. The Agriculture Department placed traps over a wide area. According to a press release at the time, the traps were little paper cups containing a "sex attractant" to lure the moth. (Editors of rural family newspapers refused to run that story.) The paper-cup traps were tacked to tree branches. They had lids with a small hole in the center. It was difficult to see how a moth, even one burning with lust, could climb inside the cup without considerable effort, twisting and turning this way and that. But that's what makes it all worthwhile, eh, gypsy moth?

After about a month of hanky-panky in the woods, the agriculture department gathered up all the traps and took

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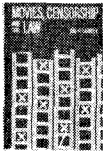
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Movies, Censorship, and the Law

Ira H. Carmen



"This is an information-packed but very readable book about the legal aspects of movie censorship in the U. S. . . . The speculative discussion of where film censorship is going and how it has changed over the years has inferential value to anybody in the business of circulating books."

—The Virginia Kirkus Service

In some of the nation's largest cities motion pictures are screened by review boards meeting in secret. Their files are seldom open to inspection, and they often wield a nearly absolute power over what the public is shown. In a series of dramatic interviews with film censors in major cities, Carmen captures the flavor of the struggle between censor and exhibitor.

The book reveals what effect court decisions really have at the grass-roots level. Finally, it offers a challenging analysis of what kind of censorship, if any, is needed in a free society.

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Anthony J. Podlecki



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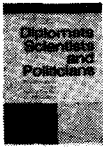
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Harold Karan Jacobson

Eric Stein



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Robert Adams Day



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Henry E. Allison



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—Kenneth E. Boulding

What do games like tic-tac-toe, chess, checkers, and Go have to do with politics, economic struggles, the battle of the sexes, and war? How are they different from games of chance? What decisions are correct when two or more interests conflict? The answers to these and other questions form an important part of the new science of game theory.

Anatol Rapoport's explanations open the door on a new way of seeing how mathematics can be applied to the study of human behavior and decision-making.

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The University of Michigan Press

Ann Arbor

them back to the laboratory for a "study" behind closed doors. Suddenly, the spray program was announced. Apparently it was a success, because now, a year later, it is with us again. The old biplane flew low over the woodlots, just at dawn, early last week. None of the newspapers managed to get a picture of it. Witnesses swore that the pilot wore a leather helmet, and a white silk scarf.

The average man has a hard time understanding government agriculture programs. —DERECK WILLIAMSON.

Happy Conclusions

(Being a sampling from a hobbyist's collection of endings culled from popular fiction.)

"I'm going," he told her, "but I'll be riding back this way some time. Watch for me."

She watched him ride away, the West in his eyes, on the trail of unfinished business.

"That's something else I can't answer, son. All I can say is that you'll just have to go in that room and see for yourself."

"I love y'u- love y'u- love y'u!" She breathed with exquisite, passionate sweetness. Her dark eyes burned up into his.

"Ellen, I can't lift you up," he said, signifying his crippled arm. "But I can kneel with you! . . ."

She stood there waiting while he crossed the room and cupped his hand and blew out the flame. Then he lifted her in his arms, a soft, clinging bundle. He had to put the gun down to do it right, but he damned well wasn't going to put it up.

She put her arm through his and leaned back. The whitening moon lay softly upon a swelling pulse in her throat. Several hundred yards away an old Mexican with loose sandals began a mournful song of love on his guitar, and there was an understanding born of much living in his voice.

With a smile on her lips and tears on her lashes, she watched him ride away, tall and graceful atop his great black horse, to answer the call of duty and face danger and new adventure.

With arms interlocked at the front gate of the old homestead, Jack and Dorcas watched the glowing sun as it sank from view back of grandmother's grave.

"The SOB kissed me," he said tenderly. You never can tell about women.

"W'at the bloody 'ell we waitin' for?" bellowed Half-Hanged over his shoulder. "To 'orse, me 'earts! To 'orse!"

—F. DE SALES MEYERS.

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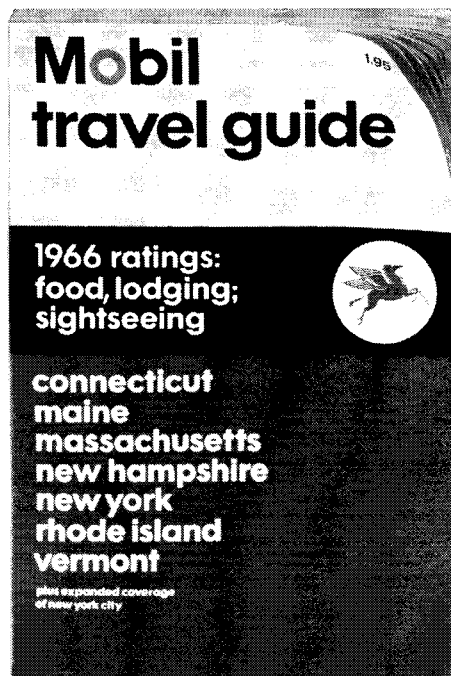
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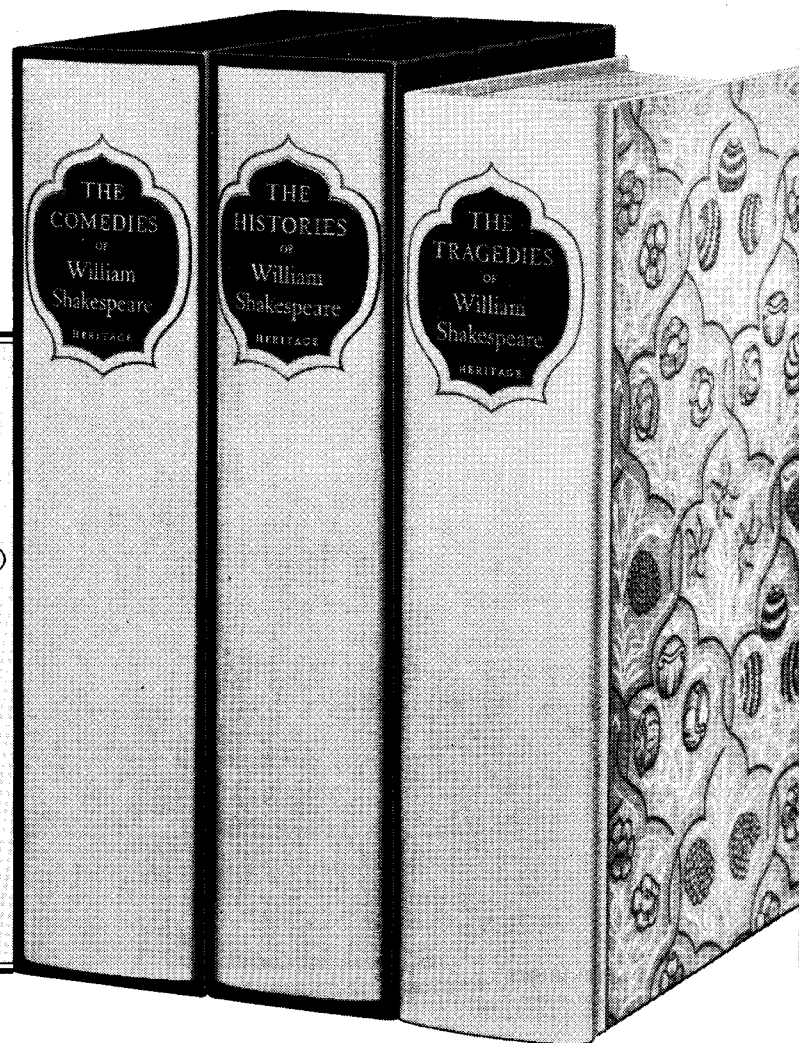
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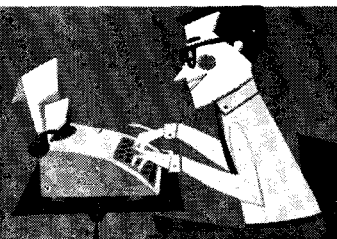
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Top of My Head



Send this Id to Camp

THE PREVAILING sex question which is keeping most of our male population awake these nights is "Should a gentleman offer a Tiparillo to a lady?" To which, of course, the simple answer is "Yes, if she came to smoke."

But the sexual question with which I wrestle these nights is more basic, more aberrational; actually more sexegenarian. The question is: "Should a gentleman take the little lady along when he goes out to buy a sportsjacket for himself?"

In search for truth on this question my id has been tortured to its very spleen until I can't tell my biophores from my determinants; and neither of those from my elbow. So lanced has it become that I finally took my limp id to a doctor and laid it candidly before him on the table. Actually it was on another piece of furniture—a couch. I asked the good doctor why I was so distressed at the thought

of taking my wife with me when I shopped for a sportsjacket.

Like all great men of science he gave an answer that was incisive and brought the question into proper perspective:

"Why do *you* think it distresses you?" he answered. Period.

During my second hour he penetrated more deeply. I asked him, "Should a gentleman take the little lady along when he goes shopping for a sportsjacket?"

He replied: "Do *you* think you should?"

Now we were getting somewhere. We were getting to a third and fourth and fifth hour. That's what we were getting to. So we took the usual journey. Back to my childhood. I told him that my father always had bought me shoes one size too large to accommodate my growth. And jackets a size too small, to take care of

the rest of the kids in the family. Two younger sisters.

By week's end the doctor had entered my case in his diary as "A crazy, mixed-up id."

The following week he took my adult case history. I confessed under questioning that I had never had much sales resistance. Recently I went into a shop to buy a dark blue tie and came out with a light blue sweater. Once when I went into a doctor's office to have a flock of fleck removed from my eye I emerged with a tonsilectomy.

The next week's visits were devoted to dreams. "Do you have any recurring dreams?" he asked. I said "No, but I'll try." Three days later I returned and told him I had had a recurring dream. He rubbed his hands gleefully. "What did you dream?" he asked.

I told him I dreamed I had gone shopping with my wife to buy a sportsjacket. An olive green, cashmere, three-button, narrow-lapel sportsjacket.

I said to the salesman: "Do you have an olive green, cashmere, three-button, narrow-lapel sportsjacket?"

"Just a minute, dear," my wife said, "Let me." Then to the salesman: "He wants an olive green, cashmere, three-button, narrow-lapel sportsjacket."

"That's what I just said," I told her. "No you didn't," she replied. "You said, 'Do you have,' and so forth. I said 'You want,' and so forth. See the difference, dear?"

Well the salesman returned with an olive green, cashmere, three-button, narrow-lapel sportsjacket. It fit and I said, "I'll take it."

"Just a minute, dear," my wife said. Then to the salesman: "We'd like to see this in some other colors." I remonstrated that this was the color, the style, the very jacket I wanted.

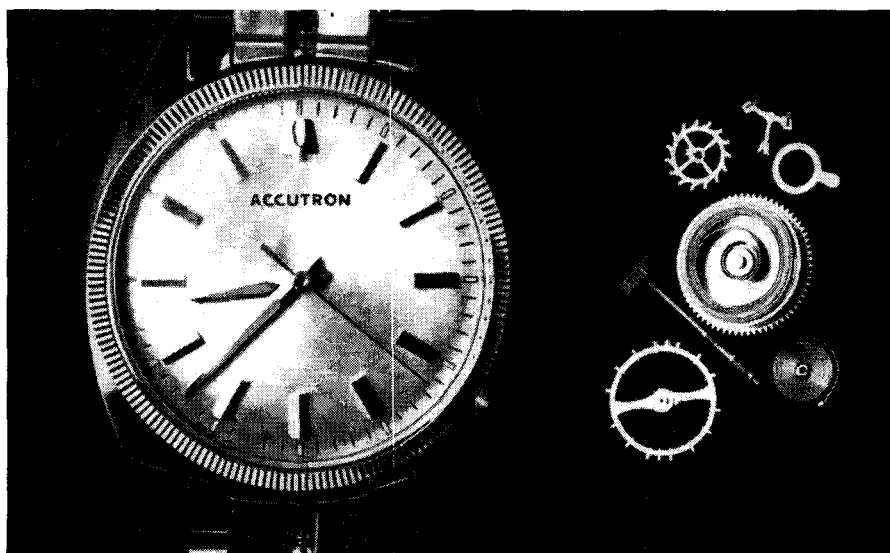
"Well, to make a recurring dream short," I said to the doctor, "I came out of the dream with a beige, linen, two-button jacket because it matched a sweater she was wearing. What do you make of that dream, doctor?"

"Well," he replied, "it's quite obvious. My wife says that dreams are always the opposite. If she dreams she was run over by a car, it means she's going to run over somebody in her car. So according to your dream you can take your wife along. You will not come out with a beige but with the olive green you want. If you don't believe me, ask my wife. She'll tell you."

"Well, my wife has something to tell you, doctor," I said as I got up to leave. "This wasn't a dream. It happened yesterday. She went shopping with me and now hanging in my closet is a beige sportsjacket."

He rose angrily and shouted after me: "Foul! Fake! Charlatan! Miss Amplemeyer, get my psychiatrist on the phone!"

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