

Good Health.

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OCTOBER 1957.

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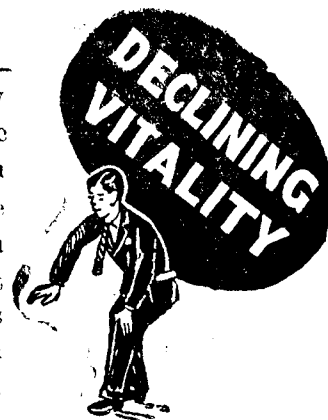
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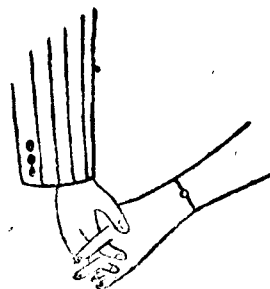
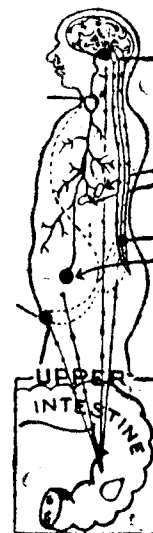
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of
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GLANDS
&
enable
a
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PRINCESS BEAUTIFUL

"I don't generally approve of these old balls she goes out with," John Bernard ("Kell") Kelly Jr., the national sculling champion, said last year. He was referring to the foreignborn escorts his beautiful sister, Cinemactress Grace Kelly, seemed to prefer. "I wish," he added wistfully, "that she would go out with the more athletic type."

In those days sister Grace was showing a distinct preference for such indoor sports as Dress Designer Oleg Cassini and Actor Jean-Pierre Amount. Last fortnight another young foreigner came to call on Grace at the Kelly mansion in Philadelphia. "I was under the impression he was going to stay just a couple of hours," said Grace's father, Millionaire John B. ("Jack") Kelly. "But he stayed." In the end the visitor formally asked Jack for his daughter's hand in marriage. Thus, three weeks after his arrival in the U. S., Prince Rainier III of Monaco found his dream girl.

"I told the Prince that royalty didn't mean a thing to us," Jack Kelly recalled. I told him that "I certainly hoped he would not run around the way some princes do, and I told him that if he did, he'd lose a mighty fine girl." "The Prince solemnly promised that he would be an exemplary husband. After the family learned the happy news, even brother Kell had to admit that his prospective brother-in-law was no oddball. "I don't think we can make a sculler out of him," he said. "He's not tall enough. But I hear he's a terrific skin diver."

Announcement of the royal engagement was first made public in the princely palace of Monaco. Shortly afterward, Jack Kelly confirmed the news to a small group of friends at a luncheon at the Philadelphia Country Club, and afterward to a thundering herd of reporters and photographers at the graceful mansion that Jack built himself. "Grace met him when she was on the French Riviera," confided the father of the bride. "She went there to make a

picture called *To Catch a Thief*-and look what she came back with." Under the breathless guidance of an M-G-M press agent, Grace and Rainier posed placidly for the photographers, answered the questions with aplomb-and an occasional assist from the family. When she was asked about her plans for a family, Grace colored prettily and let her mother answer for her: "I should say they will have lots of children." At first Rainier accepted the questions and pictures serenely, but then the pressing of the press became too much. "After all," he muttered to his chaplain and good friend, the Very Rev. Francis Tucker. "I don't belong to M-G-M."

In Monaco the engagement announcement was received with some jubilation and considerable relief. Monte Carlo was soon festooned with flags and bunting and, at the Hotel de Paris the headwaiter reported that the champagne supply was rapidly being toasted away. Grace's plan for a big family was especially agreeable to the Monegasques, who felt that their Prince was closer to saving them from the dread fate of French taxes and military conscription that would result if Rainier died without a successor.

The Monacan succession has been fairly tenuous in recent decades. Prince Albert I (1841-1922) an oceanographer of world renown, was the first prince to marry an American girl. New Orleans-born Alice Heine. Albert's son by an earlier marriage, Prince Louis II, caused a dynastic dither when, while serving as a lieutenant in a spahi regiment of the French army in North Africa, he met and married the pretty daughter of a washerwoman who, in due course, presented him with a daughter. Albert stonily refused to recognize his grandchild, and threatened to disinherit Louis. Kaiser Wilhelm promptly proposed the German Duke of Urach as a suitable heir. In the nick of time the prodigal prince, came home, was reconciled with his

(contd: on Page 8)

DEATH-HOUSE DRAMA

San Francisco Lawyer George T. Davis was in a gut-wracking hurry. He glanced at his wristwatch: 8-50 a.m. In 70 minutes Burton W. Abbott, 29, found guilty of murdering a teen-aged girl, would die in San Quentin's gas chamber. Davis waited tensely for the U. S. Court of Appeals to grant a stay of execution based on his claim that Abbott had not received due process of law. Then the answer came: appeal denied.

Davis moved fast. Perhaps California's Governor Coodwin J. Knight would grant a brief stay. But the governor, who was just preparing to inspect the Navy's aircraft carrier *Hancock* in San Francisco Bay, was out of reach of the telephone. Davis messaged the ship by Navy radio to turn on a television set for Knight, then arranged with a TV station to broadcast a tape-recorded plea to the governor. Knight got the message. At 9:02 he called Davis by radiotelephone, granted an hour's stay. Six minutes later, Davis presented writ of habeas corpus to the State Supreme Court. The answer came down at 10:42; petition denied. Attorney Davis tried again, this time with a frantic message to the Federal District Court. Judge Louis E. Goodman refused a further postponement. It was 10:50-ten minutes to go.

"There was just one other chance. Racing into the Supreme Court clerk's office, Davis grabbed a phone, put in another call to Governor Knight, who was sitting in the *Hancock's* flag plot room and (charged Davis later) "taking tea." Despite the fact that there were two open radiotelephone lines aboard the ship, Davis says he got a busy signal. After arguing futilely with an adamant telephone operator, Davis phoned Knight's Capitol offices for permissions to break into one of the lines. At 11:12 Goody Knight came to the phone.

At 11:15 Burton Abbott—a former accounting student who was charged with murder after his wife found the murder victim's purse in the Abbott cellar—was led into the prison gas chamber, still quietly insisting on his innocence. After a minute,

Warden Harley O. Teets shook hands with Abbott, murmured "God bless you." Replied the prisoner calmly: "Thank you." A doctor strapped the long tube of a stethoscope to Abbott's chest. Abbott sat quietly, bound to the execution chair. The warden and other officials left the chamber, bolted the door. Three minutes later the executioner pulled a lever, and 16 pellets of sodium cyanide dropped into a crock of sulphuric acid beneath Abbott's chair. The deadly fumes began to rise.

In the clerk's office, Davis was talking at last to Governor Knight over the radiotelephone: "There's a new point of law," he said insistently. "There's no time to explain. Can you stop it?" Knight picked up his other phone, spoke to his secretary, Joseph Babich. Knight overheard Babich's conversation as the secretary called the warden on a direct line:

Babich: Has the execution started?

Warden: Yes, sir, it has.

Babich: Can you stop it?

Warden: No, Sir, it's too late.

In the death chamber Burton Abbott looked straight ahead, his face impassive. The invisible gas rose. His head inched back, his feet twitched. He died as on the carrier the governor hung up the phone.

Almost instantly, news of the spit-second drama raced across the nation. Loudly Lawyer-Governor Knight explained: "I did everything possible to give Mr. Davis every opportunity to develop anything new in the case. This he could not do. In return he staged a dramatic stunt—with no legal ground to stand on—by waiting until the very last minute and then appealing for still another stay."

From lawyer Davis came the charge Goody Knight's "open lines" were busy when the governor claimed that they were not. But more important than even the fact that Davis did have an opportunity to

(Contd: on Page 5)

The Triumphant Squirrel

Linemen of the Wisconsin Telephone Co. were out on the road last week busily repairing the damage done to telephone cables by one of their most persistent natural enemies: the *Sciurus carolinensis*, or Eastern grey squirrel. To the engineers of Bell Telephone Laboratories, the problem is old stuff. In an average year, they figure, the grey squirrel gnaws through some half million dollars worth of U. S. cable. So far, no one has found a feasible way to stop him.

Bell Labs' war on the grey squirrels dates back to the turn of the century, when the company first became conscious of the squirrels' appetite for the lead sheath in which telephone wires are encased. After the squirrels gnaw through the sheath, linemen found, moisture gets at the paper insulation around the wires, causing a short circuit and disrupting communications. Engineers went to work to find out what it is in the lead that appeals to squirrels. According to one theory, the squirrels are suffering from a nutritional disorder caused by a lack of calcium and phosphorus in their diet. Engineers put salt disks in containers on telephone poles, found that the squirrels were willing to switch to salt for one year. After that, they went right back to gnawing cables.

According to another theory, only "neurotic" squirrels gnaw. One researcher cooped up a group of squirrels in cages, provided them

with all kinds and sizes of cable to chew on (0.6 in. proved most popular.) He concluded that young, emotionally unstable squirrels and pregnant squirrels undergoing a change in their nervous systems are the most destructive gnawers. It was not as easy to find a solution, however. Emotionally upset squirrels, the engineers found, do not insist on lead sheaths; they are just as eager to chew on co cables wrapped with copper screening or glass tape.

Over the years, Bell Labs has tested more than 100 squirrel deterrents. Among them: weasel scent, three paint, rabbit repellent, electric shock devices, steel-tape armor, 24 in. barriers of galvanized iron on telephone poles. None of these measures have worked. Several years ago, a researcher thought he had the answer in a brand-new repellent made of chlorinated hydrocarbon, found that its only effect was to make the squirrels chew treated cables and ignore the untreated ones. Lethal measures, e. g., coating the cables with paint containing ground glass, were blocked by protests from the A. S. P. C. A.

After a half century of combating the grey squirrel, the experts are ready to give up. It is cheaper to treat the damage. Bell Labs has decided, then to try to prevent it. Said Engineer Smith last week, nothing the reports of squirrel assaults on Wisconsin cable: "It's hopeless; we're suspending study of the problem."

Princess Beautiful Contd :

father. Prince Albert recognized his granddaughter. Princess, Charlotte.

In Rainier's own time the path to the throne has been tortuous. Princess Charlotte, Rainier's mother, obtained a divorce from her husband, French Count Pierre de Polignac, in 1933, and renounced her rights to the throne in favor of her son Rainier. Later, Polignac attempted to kidnap his son, who was then a schoolboy in England, but doughty, old Prince Louis won custody in a bitter battle in a London court, and Rainier remained the heir apparent. In 1949, three years after marry-

ing an aging actress Prince Louis died, leaving his 24 titles, his considerable bank Account and his principality to Rainier.

After the announcement, Grace and Rainier attended a gala ball in Manhattan's Waldorf-Astoria, where they sat uncomfortably in a "royal" box and nibbled crystallized violets while the press howled at the door. Grace wore a Dior gown and low heels so that she would not be taller than the 5 ft. 6 in. Prince. Later, at the Harwyn Club, Grace nibbled at Rainier's ear, and danced with him until 4 a.m. This

(Contd: on Page 5.)

"ONE DAY I WILL KILL YOU"

When Allied armies were slowly advancing up the leg of Italy in 1944, a partisan leader took over the little northern town of Crevacuore, some 50 miles from Turin. A longtime underground Communist, Aurelio Bussi was a carpenter by trade. He proved throughgoing in meting out justice. He ordered the summary execution of 80 townspeople, some Fascists, some not. He once dragged a local doctor away from his Christmas dinner to be killed, personally shot one man and his 16-year-old daughter. He was in a position to settle personal scores. One morning in July 1944, Bussi entered the home of Margherita Ricciotti, a pretty, 32-year-old brunette whose husband was away on military service. He had tried to win her favor before, and had had his face publicly slapped.

This time Signora Ricciotti again rejected him. He left quietly, but later that morning, when Signora Ricciotti and her ten-year-old daughter Alfa left their house for the post office, they were stopped by three armed partisans and taken along the road to the local cemetery. There Bussi waited. "For you, my dear," he said, "this is the end."

He slapped her, then dragged her by the hair and pulled her up the road. One of his assistants grabbed the little girl, who was clinging to her mother's skirts. Said Alfa later: "I heard my mother crying and calling for me, and then I heard a shot fired, several shots." That afternoon Bussi killed the mother's brother and his fiancée, told his comrades: "If you tell any stories, it will be your turn next."

For weeks thereafter little Alfa lived in a state of shock, dreaming for her mother. Then she seemed to calm down. On the cemetery wall she scrawled: "Butcher, remember, one day I will kill you." Relatives sent her to live with an aunt, a fishmonger, in Venice. "Poor thing," said the aunt, she always had nightmares. She woke me up nights screaming, "They're killing her, they're killing her!" At twelve, Alfa

wrote a poem: "I must live to kill the one who killed her. I must live for vengeance."

When she was 16 Alfa got married. For a few weeks she seemed to have forgotten about revenge. But then it all came back. "I loved my husband," she said. "I wanted to have children and a normal life and to forget. But I could not. In spite of myself, when I was in his arms, I remembered my mother holding me tight on the cemetery road."

By now Commissar Bussi was prospering: he got himself elected mayor of Crevacuore, and proudly displayed a gold medal given him by the government for his valor as a partisan. Then one afternoon a year ago, as he was eating pasta and wine, Bussi was summoned to his front door. As he stood there, wearing his napkin stuffed in his collar, Alfa fired six times, kept pulling the trigger even after husband's 7-65-mm. pistol was empty. Then she stopped a passing car, went to the *Carabinieri* post and said: "I have just killed the mayor. Here's the gun."

By last week, as 23-year-old Alfa Giubelli awaited a jury's verdict, all of Italy had taken up the case. Thousands of letters and wires praised her, and few condemned her. In jail she lost a dozen pounds, but her dreams had taken on happy endings: "I saw my mother, and she was content. I am not mad. I knew exactly what I was doing and had to do it. Now I have settled accounts." Italy's official Communist organ *L'Unita* huffed that she was guilty of "political assassination," and suggested she was a Fascist. But before the trial was over, it was Commissar Bussi and not Alfa Giubelli who in effect stood in the dock.

The six-man jury found Alfa guilty not of premeditated murder, but of voluntary homicide. With good behavior, she will be free in October of next year. But many Italians seemed to be opposed to any penalty at all. When the verdict was read out, the crowd in the courtroom broke into an outraged roar. "Free her, free her!"

THAT WOMAN

"That Woman" is Heriati Hartini Suwondo, the lissome divorcee that President Soekarno secretly married over a year ago. The Women had not minded when Soekarno divorced his first wife, for cause—childlessness—and took a new wife, Fatmawati, in 1942. Fatmawati bore him two boys and two girls, and took her place as the nation's First Lady. But Hartini was something else again.

Soekarno met Hartini in 1953 during a ceremonial visit to Solo, in Central Java. Long before, according to the outraged ladies, Hartini had been only intermittently attentive to her husband and five children. In the months that followed, Hartini was rarely at home, and Indonesian society clattered with talk of the President's clandestine romance. A year ago, a leading women's organization circulated a letter to women's clubs charging that Soekarno had married his girl. Only then did Soekarno admit that he had taken Hartini as a second wife in June 1954, and claimed that she had been divorced long before he met her. The women, suspecting Hartini's reputation, promptly dug out the fact that Hartini's divorce was not entered officially until April 1954. Moslem law requires the elapse of three menstrual periods before a divorced woman can remarry. Thus the ladies calculated, Hartini had violated Moslem law. Soon she was delivered of a son.

Even then the women might have subsided if Hartini had been content to accept the modest status of second wife. But she briskly moved her whole Solo household and her five

children into Bogor Palace, began to entertain old friends, receive officials and carry on for all the world like Indonesia's First Lady while Fatmawati shrank into the background. Whenever Soekarno traveled, Hartini traveled with him.

In protest, the women organized deliberate snubs. During the recent election campaign, the women sent delegations to greet Soekarno. But when Hartini stepped down from the plane, the delegation would turn and march off. They waited on officials, demanding that they snub her. To one irate delegation, Premier Harahap explained that on one occasion he had intended only to shake hands with the President. But Hartini determinedly went up to him with outstretched hand. "What could I do but accept her hand?" bleated Harahap.

Last week, buckling before the demands of women's organization, Premier Harahap authorized a special commission to establish a protocol "governing the married life or lives" of the President and other top officials. The unrelenting women were busy scouring Java for copies of a book which Soekarno had written in his more dispassionate days, vigorously advocating equal rights for women in the new Indonesia. They hoped to fill a truck full and dump the volumes on the President's lawn. Cried one militant lady: "Before we are finished, Mme. Hartini will know her rightful place, and we will have struck a blow for all future generations of Indonesian women."

The door-to-door peddler looked doubtfully at the huge animal lying on the front porch.

"What breed is your dog?" he asked the little old lady rocking nearby.

"I don't really know," she answered. "My nephew sent it to me from Africa."

"It's the queerest-looking dog I ever saw," observed the salesman.

"It was a lot queerer-looking," said the old lady, "before I cut his mane off."

PIGEON RACING

The good citizens of the Ruhr had not known such an air invasion since Allied bombers darkened their skies. Last fortnight, winged squadrons 80,000 and 40,000 strong beat upward from Austria, circled once and headed for the coal mines. The radio flashed word of their departure. On the roofs on their homes Ruhrmen glanced nervously at their watches and stared toward the south. They waited in fear—not that flyers would arrive, but that they might be too long on the way. For this was the race for the National Prize, the great homing pigeon derby that is the payoff for one of Germany's most popular sports.

Known all over Germany as "the little man's horse racing," pigeon racing is no where so popular as it is in the Ruhr. Miners breed and raise their birds with loving attention, bet heavily on the pigeons' speed and natural navigation skills, bridle at the very thought of selling their pets for food. Last month, when a rash crook kidnaped half dozen prize-winners and sent one of his own homers with a ransom note, the whole valley rose in wrath. Pigeon partisans tagged the go-between pigeon with streamers, trailed it by plane back to its loft, and turned the rustler over to the courts.

In the Ruhr, where pigeon racing has an

almost mystical attraction, many of last week's racers were third-generation pigeon breeders. But while bloodlines are important, no pigeon will log a fast flight unless it has some strong urge to get there. Breeders have a special trick to bring their birds back, quickly. Playing on the pigeons' monogamous habits, they separate competitors from their mates for a week before the race, give them one long soulful look at their spouses before shipping them off to the starting line.

Released in groups by officials of the breeders' association each pigeon is fitted out with a numbered leg band. When the pigeon arrives at its loft, its owner slips the band into a metal capsule, which is then placed in an accurate time clock, automatically recording the moment of arrival. The capsules are returned to race officials, who calculate elapsed time and determine the winners. The judges are much more leisurely than the pigeons (which have been known to flap home as fast as 60 m.p.h.). Of the 70,000 contestants last week, all but those hopelessly lost have long since checked into their lofts. But winners will not be known until the end of September—when race officials expect to finish checking time capsules.

DEATH IN THE TANK

In the flat, long light of a late afternoon last week, the oil exploration boat *Submarex* rode gently in the Pacific swell near the southern California town of Redondo Beach. Below the water's surface, Professional Diver Eldon W. Smith, 31, began his ascent. Suddenly, the men on the *Submarex* intercom heard a scream from inside Smith's helmet. The diver, apparently rising too fast, was struck with caisson disease—knifelike jabs of pain caused by the accumulation of deadly nitrogen bubbles in the bloodstream—the "bends."

Carefully, the seamen raised the pain-racked Smith to the surface, rushed him to the Decompression chamber at the U. S. Navy's Terminal Island yard. He was unconscious. Doctors put him on a bench inside windowed, diving-bell-shaped chamber. With Smith went Diver William J. Biller, 33, long experienced in recompression emergencies, to help

in the battle for life. With the chamber door slammed and bolted, Biller waited as compressed air began to seep in. Soon the air pressure inside the tank built up to 78.4 lbs. per sq. in.—the equivalent of the pressure 165 ft. below sea level.

As the pressure rose, Biller massaged Smith's spastic muscles and chest. Outside the chamber, doctors watched carefully, consulted over the intercom with Biller, felt new hope when Smith regained consciousness for a few moments. Soon Diver Smith's wife and two sons arrived, agonizingly watched the rescue work through the chamber windows. The frantic minutes dragged by: the decompression cycle began. For eight hours and 40 minutes Bill Biller worked desperately. Then, thrashing in gasping spasms before the anguished and horrified eyes of his wife, Eldon Smith died.

Interplanetary travel and flying Saucers

When bluff, outspoken Australian astronomer Richard van der Riet Woolley, 49, stepped off his plane at London Airport last week to take over his duties as Britain's new Astronomer Royal, he promptly let fly with some observations that shook space enthusiasts to their dedicated core. Gruffed Woolley, in response to reporters' questions about the prospects for interplanetary travel: "It's utter bilge. I don't think anybody will ever put up enough money to do such a thing . . . What good would it do us? If we spent the same amount of money on preparing first-class astronomical equipment we would learn much more about the universe . . . Is it all rather rot."

Not content with such heresy, Astronomer Woolley went on to pooch-pooch flying saucers: "I was awakened about 3 a.m. by the R.A.F. and asked about an object 3,000 feet due west. I hopped out of bed and had a look. I should have said, 'Take off boys, it's the Russians,' but I had to tell them it was the planet Mars."

For just a moment or so, there was a pained silence from British spacemen. Then

there were howls of indignation. Cried Secretary Leonard Carter of the British Interplanetary Society: "We believe the first flight to the moon will take place within the next 20 years and that Professor Woolley will live to set it . . . Future Astronomers Royal will spend most of their time in space observatories and not in Hurstmonceux [home of the Royal Greenwich Observatory]." Added Interplanetary Society Council member Kenneth Gatland: "Space travel is inevitable . . . Toward the end of the century we will get manned vehicles which will orbit the moon and right at the end . . . we will get actual landings." Confessed one of Woolley's fellow astronomers at the Royal Observatory: "I'm not going to throw cold water on space travel; I'm afraid."

But Astronomer Woolley had also given courage to other conservatives. Said the *Spectator's* Columnist "Phares": "I wish the Astronomer Royal had gone a little further and told them to take up model yachting instead. That is a much prettier pastime than dreaming about going to Mars with a goldfish bowl over one's head and a super-concentrated food lozenge under the tongue."

Princess Beautiful (Contd. :)

week she was off to Hollywood to make a movie with Bing Crosby and Frank Sinatra, leaving her fiance to wander around the U. S. until time for the spring wedding.

To keep him company Rainier had his friend Chaplin Tucker, who was visibly delighted with the match. Rainier, said the priest, was smitten the first time he saw Grace on the screen. She seemed to fit exacting specifications for a bride "shortly after she arrived on the Riviera, we arranged a date. I told the prince," said Delaware-born Father Tucker, "that he could marry a commoner, but not a common girl." Grace met father Tucker's specifications, too. In Chicago Grace paused briefly to give her own estimate of the situation. "Nationality," she said, "has nothing to do

with love."

Death - House Drama (Contd. :)

make his plea at an earlier date was the clear instance of how a set of confused legal procedures can spell tragedy. On the one hand, said Davis, federal law allowed an attorney 90 days to file for a writ of *certiorari* (a re-examination of the record) upon the State Supreme Court's refusal of a rehearing. But in Abbotte's case, the State Court set the date for execution two weeks before the 90-day limit. Thus, with the writ still on file, there was the barest possibility that convicted murderer Burton Abbott might have won a new trial.

TOWN MEETING OF THE BEES

When a swarm of bees separates from an established colony, it does not go at once to a new home. Most swarms settle on a bush or tree, and form themselves into buzzing balls with the queen in the center. After hours or days of debating, the swarm makes up its collective mind and flies to a suitable cranny.

In *Nature*, Dr. M. Lindauer of the University of Munich tells how bees reach their decision. Prosperous colonies send out swarms when nectar is plentiful and storage cells are full of honey. A few days before the emotional orgy that results in swarming, forager bees have been returning to the hive to find neither need nor space for the nectar they have gathered. On their next trips they do not look for nectar. Instead, they investigate knotholes and cranies under rocks. Some built-in nervous mechanism has reminded them that when the colony needs no more nectar, it will soon need a new home.

While the swarming excitement rises, the house-hunting scouts start making their reports. They do it by a stylized dance, just as honey scouts report their finds of nectar-yielding flowers. Dr. Lindauer marked bees that he found poking into crannies, and later watched them making their reports. The direction of their dan-

cing told the others bees the direction of the prospective home site they had found. The vigor of their dance was proportionate to the site's desirability.

The bees make no immediate decision, but the scouts continue to dance their reports after the swarm has separated and is hanging on a bush. Some favour a hollow tree 300 yards away; others have found a cranny under a barn floor. Often there are many factions, each dancing in a different direction. The debate may continue for several days.

While each dancing faction is still pushing its own choice, the swarm makes no move. Then one by one the factions dwindle, as scouts become converted to rival points of view. Finally all the scouts are boosting the same side. Only then does the swarm take wing and permit itself to be led to its new home.

This system of peaceful and democratic debate, says Dr. Lindauer, is almost always effective, and generally the choice of the winning faction is the best available site. Once in a while, however, the democratic process fails on unlucky colony. In one tragic case, the factions debated for 14 days and reached no decision. At last the swarm built its nest in the open, and perished during the winter.

TRUE LOVE - ENRAGED PARENTS

A quiet type when he is not playing literary lion for the public, Author Colin Wilson, 25, was about to sup one evening with his true love, mousy Joy Stewart, 25, in his bohemian quarters in London's West End. Without warning, the door of the bookstuffed flat was suddenly flung open and in burst Joy's enraged father. "Aha Wilson! The game is up!" roared Accountant John Stewart, 58 brandishing a horse whip. Beside Father Stewart stood his wife, bearing a sturdy umbrella, plus Joy's younger sister and brother. Confronting the steamed-up Stewarts, Colin Wilson had good reason to blanch: not 15 miles away he had a wife and son. With no further pleasantries, Mrs. Stewart fell to pummeling Philosophy Collector Wilson with

her weapon, while the others tried to drag Joy from the villain's premises. They screamed at Joy: "You will go to hell!" Their efforts were futile. Wilson was unbruised, Joy unbound, when bobbies swooped down on the domestic scene.

Not far from the locale of this British parlor farce, Wilson's estranged wife deplored Mr. Stewart's stern tactics though not his aims: "When Colin is threatened, he only becomes more obstinate. I have felt like horse-whipping Colin myself sometimes." The strife torn saga was not concluded at week's end. After abandoning his Nothing Hill Gade lodgings, Outsider Willson and the headless Joy were reported bound for America, where Wilson to get a divorce.

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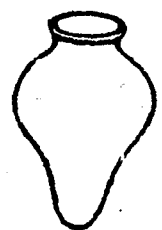
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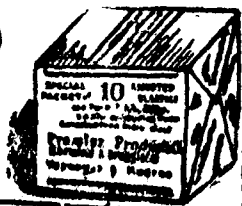
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