

IN THIS ISSUE!

our new supplement

gay

PAGE 20

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**"You
Can't
print
it!"**

-ONE'S
Legal
Counsel

OCTOBER 1954
TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

* **ONE** is a non-profit corporation formed to publish a magazine dealing primarily with homosexuality from the scientific, historical and critical point of view . . . to sponsor educational programs, lectures and concerts for the aid and benefit of social variants and to promote among the general public an interest, knowledge and understanding of the problems of variation . . . to sponsor research and promote the integration into society of such persons whose behavior and inclinations vary from the current moral and social standards.

Notice!

No, you are not "seeing things."
 This is the October Issue!!
 There will be no August or
 September issues this year.
 All subscriptions will be
 extended two months.

This month we compliment PEOPLE TODAY for

their complete and unbiased version of our activities
 which was featured in their issue of August 25th.

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"... a mystic bond
 of brotherhood
 makes all men one."

Carlyle

The Homosexual Magazine

Volume Two

Number Eight

October 1954

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ONE Magazine is published monthly at twenty-five cents per copy (plus postage for mailing); subscriptions are two-fifty per year, two years for four dollars, one year first class sealed three-fifty, two years first class sealed six dollars in the United States and Canada; all other countries three-fifty per year. Single copies are twenty-seven cents by regular mail, thirty-one for first class. Publication offices: 232 South Hill Street, Los Angeles 12, California.

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The Law of Mailable Material

by
ONE'S Legal Counsel



I have been asked by the Editors of ONE to write an article explaining the legal problems involved in screening and selection of the written material appearing in the magazine. I am happy to do this, and hope it will serve two purposes: (1) to give the readers of ONE an idea of some of the difficult behind-the-scenes problems facing ONE's Editors, and (2) to indicate to ONE's contributors the legal limits of printable material.

I. THE LAWS PERTAINING TO MAILABLE MATTER.

The use of the mails is not an absolute right. It is, rather, a privilege extended by the Government. The privilege is a broad one, as broad as the guarantee of freedom of speech in the First Amendment. Nevertheless, it has its limits, and it has long been the law that the Government can exclude from the mails any matter it deems contrary to the public welfare or morals. For example, it is illegal to send gambling tickets or abortion-producing devices through the mails.

The basic law on the subject, the United States Code section 1461, reads as follows: "Every obscene, lewd, lascivious, or filthy book, pamphlet, picture, paper, letter, writing, print, or other publication of an indecent character . . . is declared to be nonmailable matter . . . Whoever knowingly deposits for mailing or delivery (such matter) shall be fined not more than \$5000 or imprisoned not more than five years, or both."

Thus the law not only forbids the mailing of "obscene, lewd, lascivious or filthy" matter, it makes an attempted mailing of such matter a Federal crime, with heavy penalties attendant.

This law is enforced by the Postmaster General, and by his assistant Postmasters in each city. It is the duty of each local postmaster to screen mail matter originating in his locale (although he cannot examine sealed matter without a warrant), and use his judgment and discretion in banning nonmailable matter. His judgment is regarded as conclusive, and will only be reversed by a reviewing court of law if it is clearly wrong.

In actuality, what happens is this: if the Postmaster suspects a given publication may be nonmailable, he holds up its transmission, and submits a copy of it to the office of the Solicitor-General in Washington. The Solicitor-General is, in effect, the Postmaster's attorney. The Solicitor-General renders his opinion to the Postmaster, and then the Postmaster acts accordingly, either releasing or confiscating the matter.

ONE'S readers may remember that last year, ONE'S August issue was detained by Los Angeles postal authorities for three weeks, pending a determination by Washington of its mailable. The Solicitor-General decided that ONE was mailable (or, at least, that the August issue was mailable). This, of course, was an important victory for ONE.

II. WHAT IS "OBSCENE"?

The question of precisely what is "obscene, lewd, lascivious or filthy" has, as is to be expected, plagued lawyers and the courts for many years. It is obvious at once that what is "obscene" is a subjective standard which will vary from society to society, and will change within a society as times goes on. Nevertheless, we live in 20th Century America, and must, therefore, study the standards as laid down by the judges of our past 50 years.

"Obscene, lewd and lascivious" have been variously defined by the American courts as, for example, offensive to the common sense of decency and modesty of the community; as tending to suggest or arouse sexual desires or thoughts in the minds of those who might be corrupted thereby; as nasty, dirty, vulgar, indecent, morally depraving or debasing; impure; calculated to excite lustful and sensual desires in those whose minds are open to such influence; foul; disgusting; or descriptive of dissolute or unchaste acts, scenes or incidents.

It has been said further that in order to bar publication from the mails, the likelihood must be that the work will so much arouse the salacity or lusts of the reader as to outweigh any literary, scientific or other merits in that reader's hands. Note also that by "the reader" is meant the Average Reader, not the actual reader.

Examples of mailed matter which has been declared obscene, and the senders prosecuted criminally, are: a letter to a married woman, proposing a meeting for purposes of intercourse; a letter to an unmarried woman, proposing to pay her travel expense plus five dollars if she would submit to intercourse; a letter, in itself free from obscene language, but offering to sell obscene pictures; and a letter from one man to another, suggesting a meeting for homosexual acts.

It is important to note that the classics themselves are not above suspicion. A case is reported in which the Judge's charge to the jury read, in part:

"The defendant's counsel has read in the course of his argument certain passages from certain well-known authors—from Shakespeare, Sterne, Suetonius, and even from the Bible. The passages read, taken in connection with their context, may be, or may not be, obscene or indecent. You are not trying that question, nor will your verdict decide in this case whether the Bible, Shakespeare, Sterne and Suetonius must be excluded from the mails."

In this connection it is of interest to note that at various times in the past, famous classics have in fact been banned as obscene. Such authors and works as Rabelais, the Arabian Nights, Ovid's Art of Love, Boccaccio's Decameron, Confession of Rousseau, Queen Mab by Shelley, and Ulysses by James Joyce, have all been the subjects of famous lawsuits (and all ultimately declared mailable). On the other hand, certain works, such as Tropic of Capricorn, by Henry Miller, are still held nonmailable.

It may be of further interest to note that of all the material which went into one of ONE'S recent issues, the only work which needed deletion, for purposes of avoiding trouble with the law, was some poetry by Walt Whitman!

III. WHAT IS PRINTABLE IN ONE MAGAZINE?

Whether or not we like or agree with the laws of this world, we must live with them. This is an admonition attorneys frequently have to give clients. Therefore, what do these laws mean, in terms of what ONE can or cannot print?

First, while I do not want to alarm ONE'S readers, I must in frankness say there is one extreme school of legal thought which would say that ONE, merely by its existence, is illegal. That line of reasoning would run as follows: Homosexual acts are made crimes in every State of the Union. ONE is published specifically for homosexuals. Therefore, ONE is a magazine for criminals, their edification and guidance. It is, therefore, illegal.

This, however, is too extreme a view for 1954. There is no indication from any quarter that such a view will ever be taken, or could be successfully maintained in a court. It is likelier that a more moderate, sensible position will in fact prevail. This moderate view is in fact the one taken last year by the Solicitor-General.

That view is this: that a discussion of the social, economic, personal and legal problems of homosexuals, for the purposes of better understanding of and by society, is permissible; but appeals to the lusts or salacity or sexual appetites of ONE'S readers are not permissible. ONE, in other words, can appeal to the heads, but not the sexual desires, of its readers.

This view is in accord with that taken by the Church of England recently, when it announced that in its opinion, the condition of homosexuality itself was "morally neutral"; homosexual acts, however, are sinful.

Let us apply these principles to the actual day-to-day problems of the magazine, in dealing with contributions. The following rules can be set forth. ONE cannot print the following:

- (1) Lonely hearts ads, seeking pen pals or meetings.
- (2) "Cheesecake" art or photos. To readers who ask, "But how about all the girlie magazines?" I can only reply that in our society, visual stimulation of man by woman is tolerated to a far greater extent than attempted visual stimulation of man by man, for what is in law a criminal purpose.
- (3) Descriptions of sexual acts, or the preliminaries thereto. Again here, what is permissible in heterosexual literature is not permissible in ONE's context.
- (4) Descriptions of experiences which become too explicit. I.e., permissible: "John was my friend for a year." Not permissible: "That night we made mad love."
- (5) Decriptions of homosexuality as a practice which the author encourages in others, or waxes too enthusiastic about.
- (6) Fiction with too much physical contact between the characters. I.e., characters cannot rub knees, feel thighs, hold hands, soap backs, or undress before one another. (All examples taken from recent contributions).

This is only a partial list; the only real standards are the taste, discretion, and judgment of the individual editors.

Note also that these rules are relaxed somewhat in work dealing with homosexuality among women. Hence, the greater freedom of ONE'S February All-Woman Issue. This is merely a reflection of society's attitudes in general, based on no particular logic.

IV. CONCLUSION.

These rules may outrage some readers who desire far greater militance and frankness. They are, however, the facts of legal life. The rules here set forth have proved valid in the experience of other publishers, who have found the Postal Department to be "trigger-happy" in the area of homosexual literature. One well-known publisher of fiction has announced he will not handle work of this character any longer, the risks of publication having become too great.

ONE, also, must operate under restrictions, some of which chafe. Every word which goes into the magazine must be read by ONE'S attorney at least twice, once in its raw, manuscript form, and again in finished, printed paste-up. ONE'S revenues are sometimes limited by having to refuse to take certain advertising, which in the context in which ONE operates would prove dangerous.

The path is difficult and requires great judgment and responsibility. But if ONE, and the writers and viewpoints it represents, can become an accepted institution in American literary life (and this seems to be happening), it will have served a great and important purpose, both for its readers and for the cause of freedom of speech; for in its own way, ONE is helping to broaden the areas of free expression in this country.

Democracy



In the ideal democracy, persons govern themselves, collectively, according to certain ethical principles agreed upon among them, principles which are defined in terms of individual rights. Theoretically, democracy rejects moral codes as a means of government, and seeks instead for universal social principles, truths, and qualities which can be placed at the foundation of a political structure—principles, truths and qualities which every responsible person in society can be said to embody and express with equal force. The most famous sentence in our Declaration of Independence clearly illustrates this:—"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness."

The ability of the human mind to reach into and define the basic principles of its own welfare is the cause which has led to the emergence of democracy as a social ideal during comparatively modern times. We have reached for a universal ethic to guide and regulate our behavior; and in the midst of this process, and also because of it, we have sensed that moral codes, in themselves, are too much confined to temporary or restricted conditions to furnish us with such a guide. The distinction between ethics and morals is of great importance to the future evolution of our society,

R. H. Crowther

but it cannot be drawn satisfactorily within the limits of this article. For the immediate purpose, let it suffice to observe that moral codes rest upon certain limited relationships, such as "the family" or "the tribe," or upon certain limited necessities, such as those relating to physical subsistence, or to sexuality. Then, from a utilitarian and objective point of view—"the greatest good for the greatest number"—they describe certain permitted or prohibited acts pertaining to these limited relationships or necessities, and they do this in an arbitrary way, without reference to any of the subjective necessities or inclinations which are actually responsible for individual behavior. Thus, obviously, no moral code, as such, can reflect justice except imperfectly, taking "justice" to mean both an orderly and harmonious adjustment within the individual's total self, and, in the social context, our collective solicitude for all of the subjective as well as the physiological phases of individual growth and well-being. Distinguished from morality, ethics neither prescribes nor proscribes actions, per se, but defines, as rights, certain subjective conditions of individual well-being—conditions in which every human being shares identically. Then, it categorically supports any and all actions which further this well-being and, incidentally, condemns any and all actions which do not.

Because democracy is centrally concerned with describing the subjective requirements rather than the mere external conditions of individual welfare, and because it recognizes every individual as a living personification of these subjective requirements, it has elevated the individual more and more to a position of supreme importance in the social structure. Therefore we expect to find in democracy that social relationships are sustained and developed for the purpose of enhancing the liberty and the opportunity of the individual, and for

the purpose of furnishing every possible means for individual self-expression along constructive, creative, cultural lines. After many centuries of acquaintance with the democratic ideal (contrasted with our many failures to attain it) it has become commonly understood that man's individual goal in life is not essentially materialistic, nor primarily reproductive. It has become a modern-style platitude, for example, that "You can't take it with you," and it is also generally agreed upon that men and women have cultural possibilities in society which far outreach the biological urge to procreation, both in terms of social significance, and in terms of the spiritual potentialities and dimensions of the human personality itself. No life seems quite so barren as that which is enslaved to material acquisition, or which has never discovered reality in human values other than those associated with biological needs and relationships. In the ideal democracy, on the contrary, we have learned to view man's individual goal in life as one of character-establishment, and of personality growth. We have also recognized that this can be achieved only if we can determine our own individual actions in accordance with our own individual needs, and then only if these self-determined actions are guided and criticized by means of the highest possible ethical principles. We have become convinced that there can be no true liberty or personal growth apart from a sound understanding of ethics, and of the basic, subjective needs of human welfare which ethics seeks to discover and describe. We have long since understood that individual "welfare" or "happiness" attained at the expense of others is neither welfare nor happiness, that we do not act rightly,—i.e., that we do not express or deserve our individual rights—if our actions in any way subvert or disturb the exercise of these same rights by others. The democratic ideal is built from these basic conceptions.

Despite all of the theoretical conclusions on the subject of democracy which we have reached during the past twenty-five hundred years, our social regulations are still a confused mixture of universal ethical precepts and arbitrary moral compulsions. In all its phases, our society today is in the midst of serious growing-pains; what is growing is our capacity to know what it means to be governed by universal social principles, in distinction to being regimented by local social mores; and, conversely, it is these local or limited social mores which are acting, inevitably, as impediments to the practical evolution of larger social insights. Intelligent and ethical sexual deviants have long suffered under one aspect of these growing-pains; intellectual deviants from traditional social or scientific conceptions have also been long familiar with other aspects, which have assumed great current significance against the background of political arrogance and dictatorship which now menaces so much of humanity. Most of us realize that we are supremely fortunate in living in that part of the world where the democratic right of individual self-determination is still recognized, even though, sometimes, it must assert itself against great odds.

All of the profound and constructive social developments in human life have begun from tiny centers of growth, from "minority groups" at variance with traditional social conceptions or habits. There are, of course, minorities and minorities; some may be nuclei of social progress, while others may be only stagnant relics of the past, obsolescent and decaying. How well we succeed, as minorities, in enlarging the social insight and the social outlook all rests upon what kind of a minority we are, and this depends upon what we stand for, and on how we approach the task of deepening and defining the social conceptions of human welfare and of human rights. It will be entirely according to its knowledge and definition of these

that humanity will progress from this point on. Human society has ceased to be a thing of accident, merely — of local frictions or amalgamations among petty groups scattered at random about the earth. Our technological advancements, and the evolution of our political thoughts and institutions have bound all peoples into one or another kind of intellectual design. Our future, therefore, will depend upon the logic and depth of our thinking, and no longer upon the chance associations or the haphazard conquests of the past. At no time has humanity held so much of its future within its own intellectual discretion.

In view of the great contributions already made to human culture by distinguished members of our own ranks, there should be no doubt that the homosexual minority can play a very creditable role in the evolution of human rights and in the fulfillment of the democratic ideal — not because it is homosexual, and certainly not if it is under the delusion that sexual rights are humanity's chief or only rights, but because its individual members have been compelled, like the members of many other minorities, to visualize the full nature of human rights perhaps more clearly than those who are complacently entrenched in traditional conceptions and majority attitudes. Thus this group can, if it will, make a distinct contribution to the social discovery and revaluation of human rights on all levels, a discovery and revaluation which stands as the issue of greatest human importance during this apocalyptic era. But it can do this only if it devotes its primary attention, not to what it is against, but to what it is for. The positive, constructive, forward-looking approach is indispensable. First of all, such an approach holds before it a goal — not merely a personal goal, but a high and beneficent social goal. Secondly, it concentrates upon the unifying, cohesive principles of society, rather than upon the superficial distinctions which tend to

divide society. Lastly, it will bring about for our minority a gradual erasure, both personal and collective, of the various social definitions which place the homosexual group in its present category, — definitions which have, by their very nature, aggravated our sense of dissociation from society, instead of fostering our assimilation and integration into society at large.

All persons deserving of democratic opportunity have an equal stake in democracy, and stand to gain equally by remaining loyal to the democratic ideal, and living it. For various psychic reasons, the homosexual is often in a particularly advantageous position to tap the creative resources which lie within the human consciousness. These creative resources are the origin of our cultural riches in all of their phases — intellectual, esthetic, scientific. Encouraged and brought forth from within under the free skies of democratic principle, and socially accepted on their own merits regardless of the personalities involved, the cultural contributions of individuals are, so to speak, the flower and fruit of practical democracy. Quite logically, therefore, it seems that there could be no programme of greater importance for the modern homosexual than to bend every effort towards the positive, cultural achievements which can prove the social worth of every human being, irrespective of race, sex, or other material condition. Along with all self-respecting human beings, there are a great many homosexuals who seek spiritual dignity and social usefulness. To the extent that we achieve these, we will find not only the ties which can lead us onward towards the solution of a common problem, but we will also discover deeper bonds, bonds of mutual respect and self-esteem which reach through all barriers of misunderstanding wherever these may exist — bonds from which can be forged the realistic sense of brotherhood that, in the end, can unite all of humanity.



An Open Letter to You:

It has always been hard for me to admit I am wrong. It is even harder to admit I've been a fool, but having just returned from my first visit to the staff of *One*, I must plead guilty on both counts.

The winter of *Quatrefoil's* debut I discovered the "party crowd" of gayer New York—a way of life at once entertaining, bewildering and rather disillusioning to anyone of comparatively simple tastes and outmoded honesties. I was convinced that I would find the same situation surrounding America's first successful homosexual magazine, and although the prospect of spending a weekend in that atmosphere was not appealing, I was determined to look over this brave new venture and give it some practical support if possible. Mentally gritting my teeth, I arrived in Los Angeles.

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I was met by two young men who might have been professors at any university. No berets, no pink fur ascots, no carved ivory cigarette holders, but a great deal of real charm and friendliness. They were the business and circulation managers, Bill Lambert and Dave Freeman. My bags were collected and I was driven to a small house in the heart of the city and its key given me. My host, Don Slater, also a contributing editor, had simply turned it over to *One* for my stay because I'd asked for privacy. I began to appreciate these new friends very vividly.

For the next five hours, until dawn, we talked. Questions that had puzzled me for months were answered quickly and concisely. Some of the answers didn't suit preconceived ideas so several times I started arguments, but each time I felt I'd struck a stone wall. These young men seemed to have the answers to every question I threw them. Above all, their answers were based on recent experience whereas my questions sprang from pure theory. By the time we said good night I was beginning to feel that perhaps I was the stone wall.

Saturday night I attended my first Corporation meeting. On the way we picked up a heavily moustached young man who, but for his crew cut, might have posed for a portrait of Edgar Allen Poe. This was Lyn Pedersen, whose resemblance to perhaps the greatest American story teller I soon suspected was more than physical. With every carefully uttered sentence the man's mind opened before us as a story such as one seldom hears, and when he admitted he was working on not one but three new books, I pulled in whatever professional horns that might still be showing.

At the meeting I was welcomed by Ann Carll Reid, an attractive, shrewd but charming businesswoman whose letters had first made me want to make the trip, and Eve Ellore, the art editor whose rather elfish beauty is of that rare type that makes male invert wish they weren't. I met the others, new members, old ones, the attorney who weighs every word before the magazine goes to press. As the meeting got under way I began to understand the tough, definitive assurance of this group. For instance, the secretary reported, "Last week's subscriptions enabled us to buy the paper for the new edition. In two more weeks we should be able to send it to the printer." Obviously they were getting more out of their bootstraps than most.

When I suggested, rather pompously I believe, that it might be easier to accept a loan to get the edition out on time, I was told firmly but courteously that contributions of any amount were always welcome—but only on the Corporation's terms. "You see, Mr. Barr, *One* cannot ever be for sale."

And they are right. Homosexuals must support their own magazine if it is to grow. No one on the volunteer staff of *One* is paid. All work at regular outside jobs every day, several go to school at night. "In between" they put out the magazine. If they get a bit hungry, they laugh about the lean years. Discouragement melts before the thanks that pours in with every mail from every state in the nation: the sailor who sends his last fifty dollars "for such a swell job," and the monthly fifty cents from the boy in a small southern town "alone down here but for your magazine. I don't know what I'd do if it stopped."

No indeed, Mr. Barr, dreams are *not* for sale. As a writer you should know that. We need your faith, and the faith of every other homosexual in what we are doing here and now. We've made the start. You, and a million others can make us great, or you can let us die. But whatever you do for us, do it with respect and trust.

I ask you, what defense is there against a plea such as that?

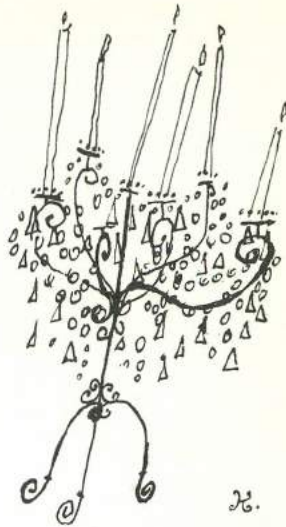
On Monday they gave me a farewell party—and a buffet laden with cokes and coffee. Yet in the group were an internationally famous essayist, a photographer whose name ranks in the top five of our nation, and the bearer of an European name so ancient it is almost legendary. They had learned humility too, but as one of them said, "Don't despair, young man, they're fond of us in spite of ourselves. Be pleased with so much!"

And needless to say, quite humbly I am.

James Barr.

SAPPHO REMEMBERED

Jane Dahr



On the way from the airport to their hotel they had no chance to talk for Joe Rich, the manager of the Antoinette Room where Pavia was opening that night, was giving her all the information he'd given Jill, her secretary, at least four times already. Joe Rich was obviously the itchy type.

"And Miss Orr," he said ridding himself of yet another hangnail with his small bright teeth, "your secretary and I decided to let your accompanist do a whole number by himself tonight before you sing. Then, when he's half way through the second number, you start singing softly out beyond the spot and just sort of wander into it. Ignore the audience, sort of, you know."

Beneath her mink coat, folded over her knees, Pavia pressed her knee conspiratorily against Jill's. The routine was as old as the ballad singer, but an effective opening for any *disease* with her poise, and Jill knew Pavia was delighted to have it accepted without a row. She said in that silky, famous voice of hers, "That's a very shrewd idea. Yours, Mr. Rich?"

"Well, I suppose," he admitted modestly. "If it's done right, it sort of catches 'em napping, you know. And wear that slinky silver and white job your secretary showed me yesterday — Gad! you've got a figure!" His eyes appraised the firm lines beneath her beige jersey dress with a buyer's gleam. "She says it's a Fath original — I'll see the word gets around where it'll do the most good — and it fits you like the hide on an earthworm." He leaped ahead of himself and rushed on, "And keep that pianist of yours out of trouble. This town's hot as a rivet since they picked up the mayor's kid queening a drag ball. We're sold out for the next three weeks and we can't afford any bad publicity. Didja notice I had three photographers at the airport? Not bad for a town this size!" But before they could reply, "Oh, here's the hotel. Want me to come up awhile. I can."

"No, thank you, Mr. Rich, I really need to relax." Pavia cleared her throat and Rich jumped with fright.

"Something wrong with your throat? I know a specialist—"

"Everything's fine, Mr. Rich. I'll see you this evening."

"Nine o'clock! Don't forget! Don't be late! Remember, nine o'clock!"

As they entered the lobby, where Pavia instinctively took Jill's elbow to assist her at the few marble steps, she said, "Poor darling, have you had to put up with that for three days?"

"That and more! Pavia, don't be surprised if he drops dead before your first number. He's a dynamo, but too big for what he's supplying."

"Everything all right, if you'll excuse a foolish question?"

"Perfect. And how did Dr. Kaegel impress you?"

"Jill, that man's a marvel. He has facts that will make Kinsey's look like copy book exercises. But everyone's afraid of him, so I promised —"

"Oh, darling! How much this time?"

"I said five thousand, but if you —" Pavia trailed off sheepishly.

"Pavia, five thousand! You're so generous, and even though you're —"

Pavia closed the door of their suite behind them, tossed her coat on a chair and gently drew the girl to her.

"Forgiven?" she asked at last. She touched the delicate pulse beat beneath the light golden hair on the child-like temple. "Will there ever be a day when you won't blush when I do that," she murmured.

"I hope not," Jill sighed. "It's so good to have you back."

"Sweet." Pavia touched her earring. "Coral flowers on little shell ears. Coral suits your coloring, Jill; pearl, ivory, coral, gold. But aren't those the ones we saw in the shop in New York?"

Jill nodded. "I showed them to Jerry and he bought them. I couldn't resist taking them even though they're far too dear. They had a necklace too, each little flower was a perfection of carving and it was all worked into several strands of tiny seed pearls. But it was sold." She sounded heartbroken. She was such a child, Pavia thought with annoyance.

"Never mind, you're pretty enough without it. Any mail?"

"Pavia, you don't mind my taking presents from Jerry occasionally?"

"Of course not. You're free to do as you please — until you decide. You know that." Pavia's rich voice had grown ominously flat as she took off her hat and fluffed her short dark hair in the mirror. "Any mail?"

Jill picked up a stack of letters and two unopened notes that had been delivered by hand. "Do you know a Mrs. Leah Brake," Jill asked.

"Why yes, she's —" Pavia stopped short, feeling herself flush.

"— the girl who had you expelled from college," Jill finished for her. "The one I remind you of so much. The notes are from her. She has called three times, wanting you have cocktails and dinner with her tonight — just the two of you — out at her home. She said she's a widow now."

"I know," Pavia put the mail down unexamined. "I think I'll shower."

"Pavia, Jerry's calling from New York tonight for a definite answer."

"Have you made up your mind?"

"I *think* so."

"When will you *know*?"

"I don't quite know. It's rather up to you, isn't it?"

Pavia took a cigarette from her bag and lighted it. "Nothing is up to me. That decision is yours. I've explained why." She started out. "Call Mrs. Brake and tell her to pick me up here at five."

"I . . . I've found a girl here in town who can take my place," Jill said quietly. "She's a good secretary, a wonderful girl. I knew her sister."

"I'll interview her tomorrow." And Pavia left the room.

She dressed in the new gown that Jill had put out for the show, and as she caught up her long ermine wrap and shimmering bag, she called to Jill, who was staring out of the tall windows at the snow falling over the lake, "Will I see you before the show? I'm not coming back here."

"I suppose so," Jill replied, not turning, "but if you don't—"

"If you want, you may wait here for your call."

"Thank you. Mrs. Brake's chauffeur is waiting in the lobby."

"Good night."

"Good night."

How could she, Pavia reproached herself as she stared at the back of the chauffeur's sleek, well groomed head. She was numb with misery and yet she had done nothing to alleviate the pain. She had practically pushed the girl out of her life, even before she knew what her decision was to be. But Jill was so dependent; she had to learn to think more for herself. And hadn't Jill said she'd found another secretary? Of course, that had been after she'd told her to call Leah. Still, she had been searching for a substitute.

Pavia massaged her throat which suddenly had begun to ache with suppressed emotion. The chauffeur was staring at her in the mirror again. Now that they'd left the downtown traffic, he had divided his attention almost equally between her and the road, yet his eyes held neither admiration nor curiosity for the famous. It was plain hatred. Did he know about her, Pavia wondered. If he did, how did he know? Did Leah send for other women now that she was a widow? She picked up the small microphone at her elbow and said, "Will you keep your eyes on the road, please?" His face and neck turned scarlet, but he did not look at her the rest of the drive.

She wondered again about Leah. Was it possible for the personality of such a woman to change? Vividly she remembered their sorority room at the university, the faces of their House Mother and the Dean of Women as the door had burst open upon them, that nightmare of an inquisition in the office downstairs with Leah hysterically screaming accusations at her, her parents' faces as they had come to take her home. Ten years ago, and yet the agony could still bleed freely. Was it possible she still loved Leah? She had thought she wanted never to see her again, yet here she was on her way to answer the first summons the woman had sent her. But how much had Jill to do with her going — and Jill's young man.

Jill was so helplessly young, only twenty and actually nearer sixteen in many essential ways of maturity. She'd known this Jerry all her life; they'd been in love in a way, until she'd come to work for Pavia. Pavia had met the fellow several times, a nice young man, good job, good prospects, he would give Jill a good life with healthy babies and her share of bliss and mediocrity. Could I do more, Pavia thought with a sharp ache in her heart,

Then she remember what Dr. Kaegel had said to her in New York: "We, as individuals, are not important; but as a part of some scheme of Nature we have yet to understand, we're terribly important. As individuals it doesn't matter if we're big or little, wise or foolish, so long as, together, we generate enough energy, or enlightenment, to reveal the darkened stage upon which Nature has set us. We have to find the main switch before we are all lost or dead! *That* is how we are important to mankind!"

He was right. It must not matter what the Jills did. There were always the Leahs to provide the essentials, Pavia told herself fiercely.

But she was wrong. She knew it the moment she walked into the beautiful drawing room, cold and correct like its mistress. Leah had not changed. As one slow minute dragged forth a fresh one, Pavia saw the old faults grown bigger, the few virtues nearly dead. Pavia's mind could not leave her hotel suite, where the girl she loved above all else was waiting for a fatal call.

And Leah, receiving no encouragement, nor even interest, became more aggressive, and after dinner in the middle of a plea for forgiveness and understanding, with tears, and "can't we try just once more, darling," the sleek young chauffeur had strolled in, out of uniform, his collar open, as if he had owned the house! The situation was as ludicrously clear as Leah's face. Pavia could hardly keep from laughing aloud. Of course, the man had apologized, thinking, "Madame was alone," which only made matters worse for Leah. After that, even a fool would have understood that Leah didn't care where her pleasures came from — so long as the supply was tremendous, varied and unending. Pavia went back to town in a cab, leaving Leah's paramour to justify his deliberate intrusion in ways best known to them alone. She hoped they would be very happy, as she laughed in spite of her misery.

But the episode had helped to restore enough perspective to get her through her first performance at the Antoinette Room. She had told Joe Rich, "I'll just do three numbers," and afterward, "I don't think I should do a second show the first night — bad psychology to crowd them on an opening," and miraculously, he had agreed with her. She escaped to her suite where she expected to find her secretary at least ecstatic, and probably packed.

To Pavia's surprise, there was a candlelit table laid for two overlooking the city, the lake and the night. Jill, who had been weeping, was dressed in the gown Pavia liked best. But she barely spoke as Pavia took off her wrap.

"Well," Pavia tried to sound cheerful, "is this for *Auld Lang Syne*?"

"It is an occasion," Jill said, biting her lip and not looking at her. Then she burst forth, "I can't leave you, Pavia. Jerry called just a few minutes ago. My answer was *no*. He . . . he was even drunk!"

"But why *no*? He has a right to get drunk once in a while, surely?"

"It wasn't that! Drunk or sober, I don't love him . . . like I do you!" She started to cry. "Mrs. Brake may be more important to you than I am — but she won't go with you everywhere as I will, and you *do* need me . . . in spite of what you may think . . . as I need you!"

Pavia felt the fatigue within her melt from her mind down through her muscles. She felt like a girl again herself, living in the imagery of Millay and Dickinson. But she knew Jill too well. She must not give in too quickly to her for the girl had to be taught to be stronger and more self reliant somehow, and Pavia knew how she must teach her. It would be difficult, but it would be heaven.

"Jill, dear," she said quietly, "I've a surprise for you — two of them, in fact, before we have a long, long talk. First, Mrs. Brake is sleeping with her chauffeur, and I'm glad she is. Second, if you found a jeweler's box when you unpacked for me, it's for you. You see, I remembered what day it is too," she nodded to the roses and candlelight. "Why don't you get the box?"

"Pavia! It can't be the —" Jill ran from the room.

"But it is, dear," Pavia said softly as the girl brought the box back and opened it. "*Every flower a perfection of the carver's art, all worked into several strands of tiny pearls.*" Something out of the same gentle sea from which Aphrodite arose, and over which Sappho gazed as she wrote her lyrics. It might have been my going away gift, but thank God, it isn't. Come, my mouse, let me help you put it on."

This is MIAMI!

Crackdown On Deviate Nests Urged

WARNING FOR MIAMI?

How L. A. Handles Its 150,000 Perverts

Pervert Colony Uncovered In Simpson Slaying Probe

By MILT SOSIN
Miami Daily News Staff Writer
A colony of some 500 male homosexuals, congregated mostly in the near-downtown northeast section and ruled by a "queen," was uncovered in the investigation of the murder of an Eastern Air Lines steward.



Let's Do Something About It



Perverts Seized in Bar Raids

(Second In A Series)

By JACK W. ROBERTS
Miami Daily News Staff Writer

Is Greater Miami in danger of becoming a favorite gathering spot for homosexuals and sexual psychopaths?

It happened in Los Angeles and it could happen here. In California the homosexuals have organized to resist interference by police. They have established their own magazine and are constantly crusading for recognition as a "normal" group, a so-called "third sex."

They number 150,000 in Los Angeles, their leaders say. They claim kinship by nature with some of the leading literary and business figures in the nation.

The Los Angeles homosexuals are apparently well aware of the situation in Miami.

In the January issue of their magazine, Miami Beach Police Chief Romeo Shepard was roasted to a turn for a raid on homosexuals gathered at the 22nd Street bathing beach.

Urge Suit On City

The cover of the magazine showed a young man in bathing trunks facing Biscayne Bay with his arms lifted up in supplication.

Beside the figure was this headline:

"Miami Junks The Constitution."

The article urged homosexuals living in the Miami area to get together and sue the City of Miami Beach for their arrest.

Dan Sullivan, operating director of the Greater Miami Crime Commission, also was lambasted in the same issue for calling all homosexuals "sex criminals."

Due For Roasting

Last Thursday Chief Shepard pulled another raid at 22nd Street and probably will get another roasting from the magazine published in Los Angeles.

Dr. Paul Kells, Miami psychiatrist who was asked to supply some of the answers to problems for this series, explained that certain types of homosexuals tend to congregate in the same area.

Dr. Kells does not have any statistics on the number in the Miami area, but police have estimated there are between 6,000 and 8,000.

Robbery Plan Bared

Youth Tells How He Shot Steward



Charles L. Lawrence, 19, of 987 NE 131st St., told authorities that he shot William T. Simpson, 27-year-old steward, accidentally after Simpson made improper advances, but Richard Killem, 20, of 659 NW 99th St. confessed, Deputy Sheriff Manson Hill said, that the killing was the result of a badly-executed attempt to rob the steward.

Killem said, according to Hill, that he and Lawrence for several weeks had been working a racket to "roll" men who gave rides to Lawrence.

The racket was worked, Killem said, by having Lawrence pick up rides from homosexuals and luring them to a "lover's lane" near Arch Creek, at 134th Street, near North Miami.

MIAMI HERALD Against Deviate Drops Charge

8/13/54

MIAMI

\$200,000 Outlay Urged for Center To Treat Deviates

By BERT COLLIER
Herald Staff Writer

Florida could set up a modern treatment center for sex deviates and give them scientific care for an initial investment of \$200,000, Robert F. Riley, president of the Children's Protective League Association, said Tuesday.

Reports blossomed anew Sunday that Sheriff Thomas J. Kelly is about to be removed from his post by Acting Gov. Charley E. Johns.



The alleged gambling, coupled with the widely-publicized pervert problem here, are reportedly the grounds Johns plans to use to satisfy the public that Kelly must go.



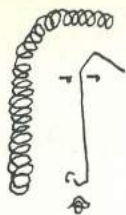
Great Civilizations Plagued By Deviates

PSYCHIATRIST LOOKS AT DEVIATES

'Disguised' Detectives Visit Beaches



one



Lord Samuel and Lord Montagu



(A New and Very BAB BALLAD by Brother Grundy, Hollywood 1954)

"... now ... we find to our dismay that the vices of Sodom and Gomorrah appear to be rife among us ... we may indeed be on the eve of a new Elizabethan age."

Viscount Samuel, News of the World

"And Samuel said, What meaneth then this bleating of the sheep in mine ears, and the lowing of the oxen which I hear?"

I Samuel, 15-14

Lord Samuel says that Sodom's sins
Disgrace our young Queen's reign,
An age that in this plight begins
May well end up in flame.

As if to show his words are true
Of commoner and peer —
It's goal for Baron Montagu
For upwards of a year!

His ins and outs with various Scouts
Had caused a mild sensation.
Accomplice airmen take the stand —
Secure the Lord's damnation.

A Labour Member, Mr. Field
For "importuning" fined is,
The spivs, the M.P.'s. richly heeled,
Discover Justice blind is.

The GENT'S at Piccadilly says
The press, both tame and raucous,
Of places the most silly is
To hold a party caucus!

Lord Samuel is a legal peer
(While real are Monty's curls!)
Some peers are seers but some are queers —
And some boys WILL be girls.

In good Victoria's glorious days
When Sammy was a child
Were things perverse a great deal worse?
Is Wildeblood worse than Wilde?

This new Elizabethan age
The ancient pattern fits —
When Roister Doister held the stage
And boys were Honest Kit's.

Gomorrah, Pompeii, Corinth, Tyre,
Rome, London — all a piece —
It seems the fat's been in the fire
Ere Athens was in Greece.

While Priestley tell the B.B.C.
About the "invert clique"
Why should this Second Samuel flee
The bleating of the sheep?

Had he beheld — this Statesman Eld' —
The vice of other reigns,
Would he thus the "Lily" geld
Or throw him to the flames?

Would he idly waste his breath
In sniffing round the drains
Had he known "King Elizabeth"
Or roistering "Queen James"?

MORAL

They say the sins of Sodom
In these Isles have come to roost —
So if your flying east from GANDER
Watch you don't get fairly "goosed".

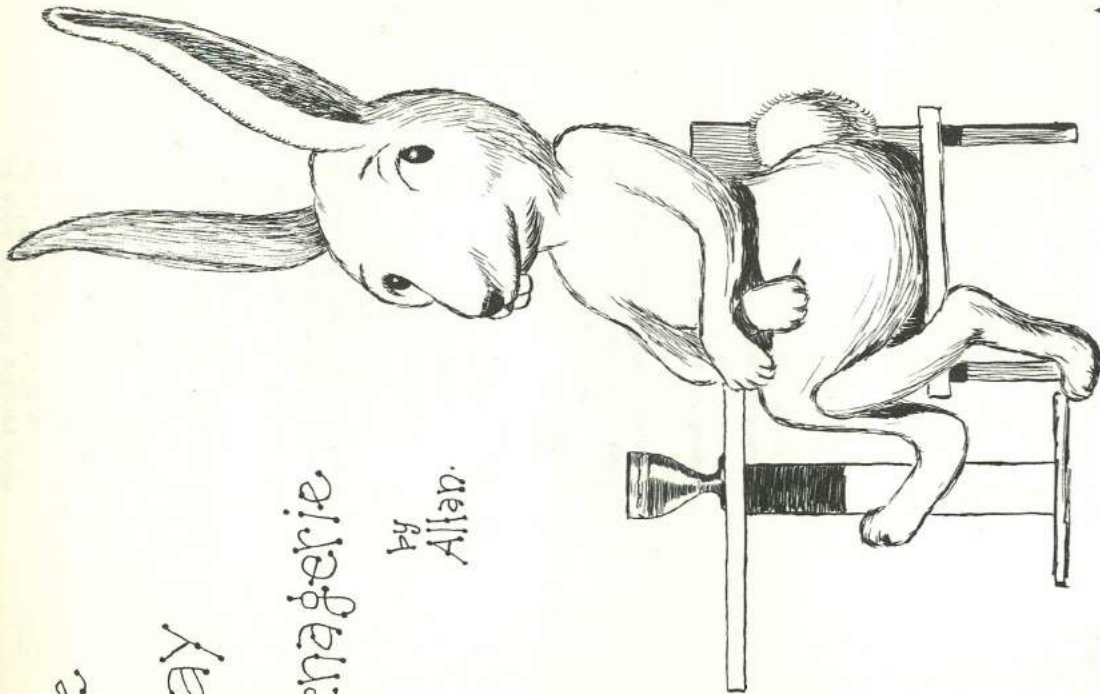
And if you wish to Pick a Dilly
When you're strolling out at night,
Just make sure it's not a "Lily"
Or a male transvestite.

For there's blackmail in the woodpile
And there's blackmail by the fence,
But to black male and to white male
It's: AVOID THE PUBLIC "GENTS"!



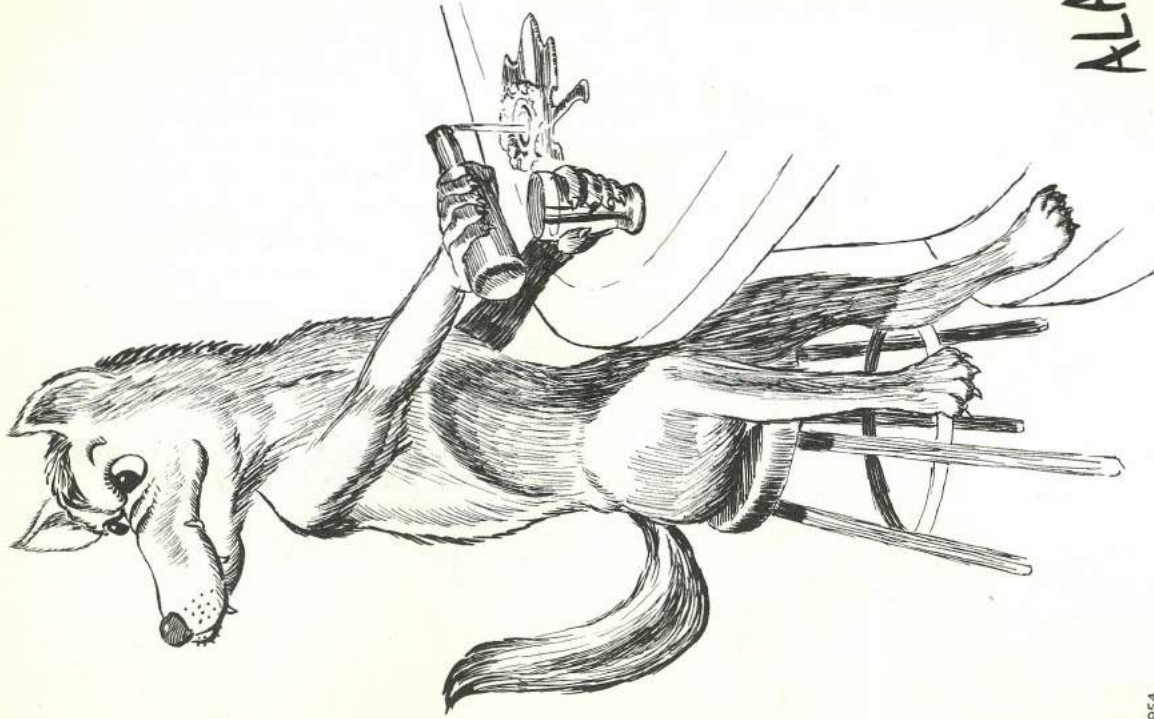
The Jay Menagerie

By Allan



ALAN

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“Never saw that one before.”



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"Excuse me. I see a friend at another table."

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"Anybody want to go for a motorcycle ride?"



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"For instance, in ancient Greece it was considered
the highest form of . . ."

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ALAN

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"I'm elegant"

LETTERS

Gentlemen:

The June issue just recently received is one of the best since your beginning. While one may not agree with all the philosophical conclusions reached by the various writers in this issue, you are certainly to be commended for presenting these views, thus giving us the incentive to re-think our patterns. We are on the march against ignorance, prejudice and all the other black sins that curse the "realm of Christianity"—so-called. ONE can be proud that they have lead the way.

A MINISTER

Dear Sirs:

Each issue of ONE makes the cause of homosexuals more known. I always remain my issue to a person I think would be interested in our cause. If every member did this, we would soon have more support.

SAN FRANCISCO m

Dear Editors:

Having been handed a copy of the recent issue of another magazine, containing an article explaining the efforts of the Editors in publishing ONE, my partner and I are very much interested in subscribing to ONE, regularly.

So far, this is the first that any of our friends have heard of the publication. We all join in congratulating you and your fine staff in creating what we have all hoped for over a long period of time.

From the description in the other article, it seems to be a very outstanding magazine, and of a type which will certainly achieve what each and every one of us is striving for—tolerance in society, by our employers, neighbors and families.

We all join in extending our best wishes for continued success.

PORTLAND, OREGON f

Gentlemen:

I salute the editors and staff of ONE for doing in addition to hoping and dreaming. I will always remain willing to support in my small way any effort to reduce intolerance toward a minority group in the United States. Intolerance is basically as un-American as Communism. I realize that the road ahead of us is long and difficult, but that part of the road already traveled has been pretty tough, too.

WINSTON-SALEM, N. C. m

Dear Sirs:

A moment ago the established fact of your publication was brought to my attention. I am overwhelmed, so much so that I can hardly express that which I wish to say. But first and foremost I am truly thankful that at last someone has had the courage to take such a decisive step—in the right direction. Dissemination of truths and ideas in order to dissolve the moral bigotry that has been and is being broadcast today is the first step toward better understanding by the heterosexual of the problem which he has helped create.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF. m

Dear Editors:

Let me congratulate you heartily on your issue, "Religion and the Homosexual." A year ago I was afraid ONE might be merely a vehicle for gripes—but now it is a creative force. Keep up issues like June's 1954 and it will be a permanent, irreplaceable instrument for greater tolerance and freedom.

HOLICONG, PENNSYLVANIA m

Dear Sirs:

The reason that I'm interested in subscribing to ONE is that I believe I am homosexually inclined. I feel that your magazine will give me guidance and enlightenment that I need. Just knowing that I am now writing to you lets me know that I am not alone with my problem. You are to be commended very highly for the step you are taking. I know that many others are grateful just as I am.

EAST POINT, GEORGIA m

Dear Sirs:

If myself or any of my close friends can be of any assistance to your organization—WE ARE READY!

IRVINGTON, NEW JERSEY m

Editor's note: We thank you! It is spirit such as this that Whitman would wish for, in order to build his "City of Comrades."

To ALL it may concern:

In a recent issue of **People Today** I read of the marvelous effort you, a non-profit organization, are doing to promote a better understanding of a misunderstood minority group. I not only believe its goals sincere and right, but also believe that such goals will be reached in the near future only if people like myself are willing to bring knowledge and understanding into our American homes.

PONTIAC, MICHIGAN m

Editor's note: And it's "people like yourself" who are enabling ONE to send this knowledge to the homes, the churches, to our doctors, lawyers and educators. Thank you for your contribution!

Dear ONE:

A great change has come about in ONE—in the past 6 months! I speak, not only for myself, but for many friends who subscribe and who meet with me and discuss each issue. ONE seems to have acquired a heart in 1954! ONE no longer seems to feel that the "male" is the only one who needs help and understanding, and that the only way to attain same is to battle constantly with law enforcement! People make the laws. Men and women. Your appeal recently has been to ALL peoples—the laymen and the scholars. The recent articles mean as much to the Lesbian as to the male invert.

We feel now, that you love us—there may come a time when you'll be forced to take up the sword, both for us and for ONE, but your love for us is going to make the army behind you MUCH stronger!

BEAUMONT, TEXAS f

A

plan has been worked out whereby ONE'S readers can take active part in its progress and expansion. ONE, a California non-profit corporation, now offers to you, and to all its friends, four different types of non-voting corporation membership. From these each person can select a means for supporting ONE's aims and ideals.

We are confident that you want to help us make ONE a better magazine, a more fearless and exciting challenge than ever before. We have great plans and high hopes for the coming year. Won't you join with us?

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And while you are at it, why not send a copy of ONE (anonymously, if you wish) to your doctor, lawyer, minister, those friends or relatives to help further their understanding?

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Dutch Homosexual Magazine Illustrated monthly. Send orders to ONE, Inc., 232 S. Hill Street, Los Angeles 12; or, Vriendschap, P. O. Box 542 Amsterdam, Holland. \$4.00 yearly.

H

HUMANITAS

official magazine of the Gesellschaft für Menschenrechte
Editor, Christian Hansen Schmidt
Neustadter Strasse 48, Hamburg, Germany.

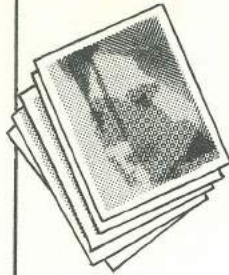
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New subscriptions will begin with the oldest issue available unless we are specifically instructed otherwise. This decision is the result of many requests from our subscribers.

ONE DOES NOT solicit subscriptions from minors, and if any are received from individuals known to be under legal age, the subscription must be refused.



ONE REGRETS that it cannot accept subscriptions on a "bill me later" basis. We know this would be convenient for many people, but **ONE** has neither the administrative apparatus nor the capital to operate this way. Please send check or money order with your subscription blank!

CANCEL THE P. O. BOX

ONE moved into its downtown quarters November 1, 1953. The postbox address that was used before that time no longer serves to do anything but confuse the mailman. Please address us **ONLY** at 232 South Hill Street, Los Angeles 12, California. If you find us still using some of the letterheads with the old address, it's because we are extremely Scotch — from necessity, so pay no attention.

T

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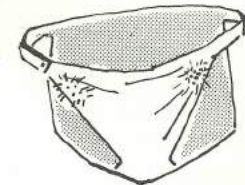
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