

We went out to Arlington early and saw Robert E. Lee's home and the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier and Mount Vernon where George Washington lived. That was on Sunday and we just got back to the train station in time for me to catch the train.

I told Uncle Richie and Uncle Jay what a good time I had and Uncle Richie said maybe I better not tell Mother and Dad about him and Uncle Jay living together and maybe I could come back to Washington to see them next year if I didn't. Uncle Jay said be sure to look him up in five or six years and maybe he could fix me up down at the State Department and Uncle Richie said oh, shut up, Jay. Half the time I didn't know what Uncle Jay was talking about but he was real funny. I think maybe he was making fun of me but I didn't mind

much.

I told Mother and Dad what a good time I had but I let slip about Uncle Jay living with Uncle Richie and Dad got me to one side and made me tell him everything I could remember about what happened at the apartment and while I was in Washington. Then Dad said I couldn't ever go back to visit Uncle Richie and I cried. Dad said someday I would understand but I don't see why.

After I went to bed that night, I heard Dad and Mother arguing. He asked her did she know about Richie and she said what did he mean. And Dad said your brother Richie's a homo and Mother cried.

I looked up the word homo in the dictionary the next day and it means man so I guess Uncle Richie is.

I love Uncle Richie. He taught me how to throw a curve.

I THOUGHT I SAW . . .

by Brother Grundy

I thought I saw my late espoused
Douglas
Leaning across the bar, so debonair,
The angle of his cigarette—the T-
shirt, yellow—
As gay as May. The same conniving
stare,
The jaunty eye, the lips for easy
hello,
The mouth so generous and geans
so spare.
I thought I saw my late departed
Douglas
Standing across the bar, so thin and
fair;
God's dusty mill boy, worn exceed-
ing small,

Ghost boy. Gone boy. You who
never were.
What does he here I thought? Re-
leased from Limbo?
(He gabbles now with guys with
arms akimbo.)
Whose dreamer now I wonder? Now
whose boy?
Blue smoke—Blue geans—True blue-
mood Boy.
(But we were half a universe asun-
der.)

Someone pays for drinks. They nod:
They smile:
They go. And I, undouglassed, sit
on a while.

one
magazine

THE HOMOSEXUAL VIEWPOINT

14TH YEAR
AUGUST 1966
FIFTY CENTS



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Founded October 15, 1952

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

Carlyle

magazine

Volume XIV

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COVER,

ANTONIO DEI NARNI by Donatello, Florence, Museo Nazionale

In the revival of classical literature animating the Italian Renaissance, the works of Plato were the most important influence. Of these the Symposium and the Phaedrus were perhaps the most popular, permeating the art and thought of the period.

From the Phaedrus derives the image of love, a charioteer with the two steeds or aspects of passion: the rearing violence of the carnal in control of the intellectual. By this Donatello transforms a portrait of an individual young man of the Renaissance into a poetic symbol of homosexual love.

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ONE Magazine is published monthly at fifty cents per copy, plus postage for mailing:

Publication offices: 2256 Venice Blvd., Los Angeles, California 90006

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MISSION SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO

Six people rode in the car traveling from San Diego to Los Angeles. There was a father and mother of a fourteen-year-old boy in the front seat. The boy's grandmother and two younger sisters sat in the back seat. The girls in back chatted gaily about their visit to the San Diego zoo, while upfront, the passengers were quiet, the boy staring out at the passing countryside.

Sixty-three miles from San Diego, the father slowed down the car as they passed through a town. "Old Mission San Juan Capistrano," he spoke aloud. "I think, for a pleasant experience, we should all visit this religious shrine."

Ye gods! thought David as they left the car, now we have to visit old grave sites and holes in walls that were made by characters long dead.

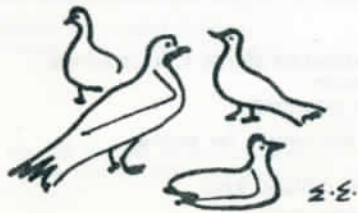
"You have to pay to get in?" asked the grandmother.

"Yes," the man replied. "But, it is for a worthy cause. I'll give David the money and let him purchase the tickets for us this time."

Big deal, the boy thought, as he went through the entrance ahead of everybody, with the money clutched in his hand. He purchased the tickets, gave the change back to his father and passed out the fifty cent tickets and guide maps to the family. As he gave the last ticket to his sister, it slipped and fluttered to the ground at his feet. The girl stooped to pick up her card; and as she did so he saw three words printed on the back in large black letters: VAYA CON DIOS.

"Go with God," he translated aloud, proudly.

"You go," she said. "I'm going with Mom and Dad," and she ran to join the four ahead.



by Arnell Larsen

David walked slowly after them, reading the rest of the printing on the back of the cardboard ticket. *Mission San Juan Capistrano. Founded November 1st, 1776, California.*

The swooping of wings startled him for a moment as he saw the fluttering of white doves all about him. Then he opened his map and guide pamphlet and traced with his finger, the numbered course he was to follow in order to be able to see just about everything. He walked slowly forward, not caring how far away his family might be. He read to himself. *Number One. Fountain and the famous white doves of San Juan Capistrano who will greet you and eat from your hand.*

His feet crunched on the white gravel as he walked up close to the fountain and watched the splashing of the water over the basin rims. Crowds of the white doves swarmed down and about the feet of the sightseers.

He turned and headed Northeast, reading. *Two. Bells have hung in this Campanario since 1813. Originally, they were in the bell tower of the great stone church which was destroyed in 1812.* He stared at the four bells of assorted sizes, which had cracks and patches of green in the metal. The bell ropes seemed rotting, but they still held strong. The end of the bell rope trailed down over the ivy covered wall and to the ground. He started to move forward and then he read the small sign close by which asked the public to please not pull on the bell rope, for their ringing bears a special significance to the town of Capistrano.

Three. This statue is in honor of the founder of the missions, Junipero Serra. He saw the statue of the Padre speaking to an Indian boy in front of him. Then, David read the plaque in the stone base and glanced back up again. It's a real nice statue, he thought, but the birds, the damn birds ain't got no manners. They can sure mess up everything.

David read: *Four. Ruins of the great stone church. Construction was begun in 1797, and work continued for nine years. It was dedicated in 1806. The beautiful building was destroyed by earthquake just six years later.*

David blinked his eyes and stared harder at the piles of ruins of the church formation. The entire ground plan of the church was constructed in the form of a gigantic cross. Such a pity it was destroyed, he thought, and then a second later, now why am I feeling this way? What's it to me?

He saw people pointing up to the remaining front wall of the church and he read his guide. *Five. Many of the nests of the famous swallows are to be seen on the side arch of the ruins of the great stone church. The swallows return from the the southward every year on St. Joseph's Day, March 19th and repair or rebuild these nests. They remain until late Summer when they leave for an unknown destination to the South.*

So that's what those messy blobs of clay or whatever they are made of, are. They're stuck here and there all over the wall. I see steel reinforcements keeping the wall standing. I can still see some feathers clinging to the nests and blowing in the wind. Whoops here comes one fluttering down now. I'll see if I can't grab it for a souvenir. Walking past the boundary line, he grabbed the drifting feather in his hand and walked away with it, proudly. He stuck it into the pocket of the white sweater he was wearing.

This is March, but I guess we must have gotten here too early or something to catch the swallows' visit. Yesterday was the eighteenth and today, hey! Today is the nineteenth! No wonder there's so many people here. I don't see no swallows. Oh well, I guess those crazy birds don't keep very accurate count by the calendar. A lot of people are going to be wasting their time waiting around.

What's next? *Six. Public Rest Rooms.* Well, thank goodness they're around.

"Where's David at, Daddy?" asked one of the girls.

"I don't know." The father looked back anxiously.

"There he is," said the mother, "coming out of the rest rooms. Darling, do you think we should go back after him and tell him to hurry along?"

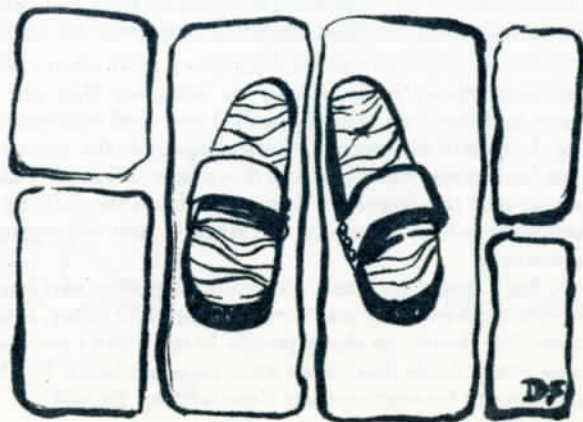
"No," answered the grandmother. "Let the boy alone. It is better for the boy to be alone for awhile. Maybe he can understand and accept the holiness of this sanctuary. He appears to be making the rounds, but slowly, and that means that he is at least interested."

David, not aware that he was the subject of conversation, headed north again along the hedged-in, uneven bricked walk. He turned West, then South again. *Seven. Sacred Garden.* Note two fine old doorways opposite each other at this point. One opens into museum: the opposite one leads into the vestry of the old stone church.

David did not know why he tip-toed into this four-walled enclosure, but he did. The ground was irregularly paved with brick, there were stone benches on either side, the bells were close at hand to be rung for the services. The young man did not loiter here for long. To his right was: *Eight. Sales room for articles of devotion, ceramic souvenirs, pictures and post card views of the mission, and Indian jewelry.* Proceeds of sales help to repair and maintain the old buildings of the Mission.

David by-passed this and went on to: *Nine. Exhibit Room* Formerly the community room where travelers of early mission days were entertained. Note unique ceiling of tile laid on beams, the deep recesses, barred windows, old tile floor, and great thickness of walls.

Here, David noticed all the objects and curiosities with great interest. In particular he noticed the footwear of the Padres. Soles carved out of wood and leather bands attached across the tops of these to keep the sandal on the foot. A far cry, he realized, from the soft leather used in his own loafers. He was aware then of the courage of these men of God, and how they probably never dis-



courage themselves over the trifling things that he was constantly falling victim to.

Ten. Vestment Room. Old brocaded vestments, bell wheel, madraca, the hand carved wooden statues and other objects belonged to the original church. And through the sealed-glass cases he saw some of the fabrics that were many years old, falling to rot. One human's touch would crumple so many of these objects into dust, he realized.

From here, David moved North again to *Eleven. This is the oldest building in California. The only remaining church in the State used by Junipero Serra. Contains one of two original confessionals, the old stations of the cross, the candlesticks, torches, processional cross, altar card frames, statues and pictures saved from the earliest days of the mission. Original Indian decorations are preserved wherever possible. Building is narrow because no longer beams were obtainable in this area.*

Almost with a feeling of reverence, David entered the church and immediately his knees felt weak and he sat down on one of the scarred, hard wooden straight-backed benches. He was amazed at how old, and yet, how holy the interior of the church still remained. Coming in, he noticed the sign which told how this church was still being used for services.

A woman glanced back to see him sitting by himself in the rear of the church and when he saw her looking at him, he quickly buried his nose in the guide booklet and read of what followed next. *Twelve. The beautiful Spanish altar, over 300 years old, came from Barcelona, Spain.*

He looked up and there it was, right before his eyes at the end of the long aisle. It shone in the light of so many glowing candles in their red glass cups. Should I dare, he wondered. Yes, why do I hesitate? He walked rapidly down the aisle, almost running. But he couldn't get up close to the altar for iron grill work stopped him. "Darn," he said aloud and then clapped a hand over his mouth. Easy, David, have you forgotten where you're at? He lit a prayer candle, dropped to his knees and clasping both hands about the iron railing, he commenced to pray softly to himself.

"Oh, dear God. I'm such a sinful boy, I know." He rolled his eyes upwards. "I hope I'm getting through, up there?"

"I say nasty things that I really don't mean after I say them. Things get on my nerves and I become irritated and grumpy. And I take it out on everybody else.

"And those dreams. I know that they must not be fit for young boys to dream of, yet, why do I dream them? Where do those cock-eyed ideas come from? I don't think they're really, really crazy, yet, after I dream about them I feel good, satisfied. I know you must be angry about my telling you these things, especially here in church. But I'm all mixed-up and I feel I have to tell somebody and I can't tell anyone in my family.

"Alright, I'll admit it, 'cause you must know already. I like men, I like them a lot. I wish I had half a dozen for friends, real good friends, even one would make me so happy. I wouldn't care how old he was, just so he would be my very special friend, all my own, too.

"I would hug him, and kiss him, and hold him in my arms, if he would let me? We would do anything for each other's happiness and I would be so proud and pleased. But, of course, such men may not exist. Where could I ever find such a person and would he like me?

"Maybe my dreams are crazy old dreams. Maybe I had better shut up. There are people coming, I can hear them, so I guess I will close now."

David rose to his feet and then knelt again. "Forgot to say thank you. That's for if you can do me any help, if you can." He got to his feet and then knelt suddenly again. "Oh, yes, and amen, too."

People came into the entrance of the church and David left quickly by the side door. He had a strange feeling. He went next into: *Thirteen. Old Indian Cemetery.*

And there he saw the gardener.

He was bent over raking leaves from old burial mounds of the Indians. He did not see the young man.

But David saw him, saw the reddish-brown hands clasping the rough, wooden handle of the rake, saw that he must be in his late forties and that he seemed to be forlorn and forgotten by the world. I'll say 'hello' to him as I go by, he decided. I feel so happy after my prayer that I've just got to say something to someone.

The gardener evidently heard David come up behind him for he turned about suddenly with the rake still in his hands.

Gad! How fierce he looks, thought David. Maybe I should mind my own business before he takes a sudden notion to attack me or something. "Hel—Hullo," he said.

The gardener did not speak but only nodded his head in acknowledgement. The look he gave the boy from shiny-black eyes, sent little shivers up and down David's spine. His face was just as dark as his hands, if not darker and the seams in his face shone with little rivulets of perspiration. His nose, too, was sharp and practically hooked.

David smiled just a trifle bit and decided he had better go on about his business. He started to leave.

"If you are afraid of me, why did you say hello?" The gardener spoke in a voice that was thick and heavy.

"I'm not afraid of you, I—I just said hello." He was surprised that the man could see through him.

"Have you seen all of the mission, yet?"

"I don't think so. There are about twelve or fourteen places I haven't visited yet," he answered, consulting his guide.

"Would you . . . like for me . . . to show you them?" The gardener spoke hesitatingly.

"Well . . ." David answered, "I'm here with my parents." Still, he thought, I can't let him know that I'm excited and just a little bit afraid of him. Now will be a good chance for me to see how I react toward a stranger. "Sure, why not. You can be my guide and I won't be needing this," and he folded the map and guide pamphlet up and stuck it into his sweater pocket. He touched the small swallow feather and brought it out. "See what I caught floating down from one of the nests."

"Yes, they are to come back today."

"Well, they're kind of late, aren't they?" He noticed the sun starting to set.

"They will come," was the man's reply. The gardener placed his rake up against the side of a building and they started to walk away.

"Here, let me decorate your hat," said David. And he accepted the brown, stained, old felt hat the gardener held out to him. Quickly the boy stuck the feather into the fading brim and then handed the hat back. "There, now that feather will bring you luck," he said, grinning.

"I know I will be lucky," the man answered. He looked about them as they walked slowly and he pointed out the many objects of interest. "See there, three arches built at different angles from one column. And here, this building is the old warehouse, but it is used now for classrooms and a convent." They walked down the north corridor.

David heard much activity going on inside as sounds drifted out to him from the screened-wooden-barred windows. There was the clatter of dishes being washed. Then the two walked down a little incline of ground.

"Here are the ruins of the tallow vats. And it was here in the old mission that this section contained all the work shops. In these two vats tallow for mission use and for barter was made. Hides were tanned nearby. Weaving, dyeing and candle making shops were built in this area." He stretched out his hand to survey the location to David. They headed south again.

"There is the smelter where metal was prepared for making old locks, iron bars, keys and any other needs of the time. And that little building over there was the little kitchen used by the Indians."

"Oh, look!" David interrupted. "There's a pool with a little path of stones to the island in the middle of it. And a willow tree with branches growing all the way to the ground is on the little island. Why, it's like a tent. Let's cross over and sit under it for a moment, please. Just you and I . . ."

The gardener went ahead, obediently and turned to help the boy across the large, flat stones. They went through the branches and under the tree and they sat down on the cool, Spring grass. David could see out through the branches at people moving about the grounds and he wondered if anyone could see the two of them sitting under the tree. Then David felt the shock of the gardener's hand upon his head, smoothing back his black hair. He felt himself trembling inside and he reprimanded himself. I mustn't shake, I mustn't let him know I'm pleased and a little bit frightened, all rolled up into one feeling. Oh, I like his hand as it passes over my head, brushing my hair to one side. Should I reach up and touch his fingers, hold his hand? What do guys do in a case like this?

But David was so scared that he might lose control of himself and respond to the man who was sitting beside him, that instead of remaining calm and enjoying this feeling, he cleared his throat, leaned forward and pointed, "What are those things out there?"

The gardener dropped his hand away from the boy and he, too, cleared his throat before speaking for it felt suddenly dry. "Those are foundation outlines, and are all that is left of the work shops, hospital and storehouse of early mission days."

"Oh," David answered. Now I've made a mess of things. I had to go and move. He'll probably not touch me again.

He's flighty, flighty as a little swallow. But he'll learn, he'll learn in due time, the gardener thought to himself. He stood up and ran a hand through his own coal-black Indian hair and put on his hat with the so-called magical swallow feather. "Come, let me show you the calabozo where the unruly Indians were put as punishment."

"O. K." David got up and went with the man back to the mainland. But the rest of his privately guided tour and the special places of interest began to lose their interest for David. He now began to concern himself with the thoughts and emotions that ran through people's heads, his own included, and especially

of what went on in the mind of a certain gardener. They walked along the south corridor now.

"Here is the kitchen of the Padre's living quarters where meals were prepared for the Padres and any travelers who visited the mission." They went inside the old building. "See the old hewn shelves. This was the old storeroom for kitchen supplies. And here is the Padre's living quarters. The fireplace was put in in 1866. Here, looking out of the window you can see the olive and grain crusher. Olive oil was made here during mission days, and was used in sanctuary lamps, in the mission kitchen for cooking purposes, and as an article of trade with other missions and with the outside world."

They went outside. "See the old Indian chimney on the roof above? That is the original chimney. And notice the erosion caused by weather and time on these old columns, and the dripping of rain has created holes in the pavement for over a century and a half." He grew quiet then and his voice was replaced by the toning of chapel bells. "It's the Angelus ringing."

David stood still to listen to the evening bells. He heard the gardener as he sang the Angelus softly, in Latin.

The young man practically wept silently to himself, a thing that he had not done in several years. "How beautiful. How very sacred and beautiful."

When the pealing of the bells had died away, the gardener again tried to resume his discourse. "Over there are the soldier's barracks. Each group of missionaries were assigned a small troop of foot soldiers to protect them on their travels through the wilderness and to serve as guards, once the mission was built."

"Please, no more, no more," David suddenly bent down and kissed the weather-beaten hand of the gardener and his tears fell down, moistening the back of the man's hand. "I have to go now. I hear my parents calling to me over by the exit. You are a good and kind man. I thank you from the bottom of my heart, for showing me the mission. Goodbye and thank you again."

David left the man then and came suddenly to a wishing well. He quickly took out a dime, made a fast wish and slipped it through the grating and down into the well. Then he spun about and ran back to the gardener who was watching him. He ran up to him and threw his arms about his shoulders and hugged him tightly. "Thank you, thank you," he whispered into the red-brown ears. Then David ran off, frightening a flock of white doves as he left the mission grounds.

"God love you," cried out the gardener to the boy as he disappeared.

Then the mission bells began pealing out their message. Clang-clang. Clang-clang. They were ringing their messages out joyfully. The swallows were coming back. The swallows were returning in flocks, they were coming back to Old Mission San Juan Capistrano.

About Our Authors

ARNELL LARSEN is a young author who is trying to have his five novels on the homosexual theme published. This is the first time a story by him has appeared within our pages. He now resides in La Crescenta, California.

THE SUMMER

I WAS

TWELVE



by
Rick Davis

The summer I was twelve, Dad and Mother let me go to Washington all by myself to stay with Uncle Richie over the Fourth of July. It was the first time I was ever on the train by myself. All the people on the train were swell.

Uncle Richie met me at the train in Washington. Boy, that's about the biggest depot there is, I bet. I bet you could put the biggest building at home there in the waiting room. Gosh, but it's big.

Uncle Richie had this beat up old car parked down by the big post office next to the train station. I didn't even know he had a car, but he said it belonged to him and his roommate together. Gee, I didn't know he had a roommate either, and, boy, was it ever hot outside that train station. I asked Uncle Richie was it this hot every summer and he said he guessed so and that part of the city was built on a marsh, kind of.

Anyway, we drove out in front of the station where all these streets came together and ran around in a circle around a flagpole or something. There was an awful lot of

taxicabs driving around there. I bet two out of every three cars we saw was a taxicab. We drove out a street where Uncle Richie pointed out the Senate Office Building and the Capitol Building and we went down Pennsylvania Avenue past a lot of hotels and government buildings and by the White House. Then Uncle Richie said he better take me to his apartment and get me settled since it was so late and we had a big day ahead tomorrow. Besides, his roommate ought to be getting in from work and we could go out and get some supper after I got washed up. Boy, we must of driven two miles or more to get to where Uncle Richie's apartment was—up on top of this big hill. He said it's called Columbia Heights.

You never saw anything like the traffic in Washington. I bet everybody in town was going out that way. Uncle Richie got on this street where more cars and taxicabs was going out—five or six lines of cars all one way solid all the way out. He said it was everybody going home from work; most of them work for the government like him he said and

they all got off work at about the same time it looked like. Well, anyway, we kept on going out this street where all these cars were and all of a sudden he turned off on another street. It was a one way street, too, only not as wide as the other one and we found a parking place that Uncle Richie said it was lucky we found because with all those cars it's hard to find a parking place at all.

We didn't have to walk so awful far to get to the house. It was an old looking house that looked almost exactly like the other houses on this street and they was all touching each other mostly except where there was an alley between some of them.

Uncle Richie took me down under the front steps of this house and there was a door he unlocked and said here we are. Well we went in and he turned the light on and said he guessed Jay wasn't home yet. I asked what should I call his roommate and he said he guessed I oughta call him Uncle Jay even if he wasn't my uncle for real because it would sound kind of silly for me to call him Mr. Jay or Mr. Leathers, so I said it was o.k. with me if Mr. Leathers didn't mind.

Uncle Richie showed me where the bath room was and told me to get washed up and maybe I'd better put on a clean shirt since the one I had on was pretty dirty from the train trip and all, so I did. While I was in the bath room, I heard somebody come in that I guessed was Mr. Leathers or Uncle Jay or whatever I was supposed to call him, and it was.

After I put on a clean shirt, I came out of the bath room and Uncle Richie called me to come in the living room and introduced me to Uncle Jay. Mr. Leathers thought this was real funny, but Uncle Richie told him it wouldn't sound right for me to call him Mr. Jay or Mr. Leathers, so he said all right. Then he looked

at me and said where did I get those long eyelashes and I said from heaven and he said oh, this is too much and was Uncle Richie going to bring me up to be competition. Uncle Richie said shut up, Jay, and get washed up, we're eating out. I didn't much like Mr. Leathers or Uncle Jay like I was supposed to call him at first. He was sort of tall and thin and had blond wavy hair and looked sissy like, kind of. He was making fun of me I think.

Uncle Richie asked me was I going to wear a coat to supper but I told him I didn't ever wear a coat hardly except to Sunday School and to go see Grandmother and Granddad, and he said all right we won't wear coats either, so they didn't. We walked to this little restaurant and this lady in a white dress came over to our table and Uncle Richie and Mr. Leathers, I mean Uncle Jay, said Tom Collins and the lady said what do you want little boy. I told her I guessed I would wait and see Mr. Collins too, and she laughed. I don't like people who call me little boy. Uncle Richie said no, bring him a glass of ginger ale. I guess Mr. Collins must of been busy but he sent Uncle Richie and Mr., I mean Uncle Jay, big glasses of lemonade and we ordered supper then. Gosh, it was fun and all but it's not at all like the food when we eat out at the restaurant at home. Everything all tasted the same without any real taste at all except the ice cream which tastes pretty much the same anywhere, and Uncle Richie said he didn't even know they served ice cream there. I guess Uncle Richie hadn't eaten in this restaurant much and when I asked him, Mr. Leathers said before Uncle Richie could answer, no they didn't eat there at all. Then Uncle Richie told me that he and Jay had a little kitchenette in their apartment and fixed a lot of their meals there and we would eat

there some time while I was there and I could tell Mother and Dad what a good cook he was when I got home, and I did.

After supper Uncle Richie said would I like to go to the movies; there was a double feature playing, and I said sure. We went up the street about two or three blocks and he bought me a ticket. I asked him wasn't he going with me and he said no and pointed to another restaurant with a big neon sign and said for me to come in there when the movie was over and he would be there.

One of the movies was a western with Vaughan Monroe in it. He was the good guy, and it was all right with shooting and horses and all and he sang, but the second feature wasn't so good. It was with Tab Hunter and how he and some lady got cast away on some desert island off of a marine troop ship that got torpedoed by a Jap sub and how they got all mushy and started to kissing and that kind of stuff until a man crashed his airplane there in the war and loses an arm and had a fight with Tab Hunter and they got rescued. It was awful gooey with a lot of old love stuff.

After the movies I went to the place Uncle Richie said he would be and he and Uncle Jay were there. They were drinking lemonades. Uncle Richie asked me if I wasn't tired and hadn't I better go to the apartment with him now and go to bed. I told him yes because Mother said if I didn't mind Uncle Richie she had told him to send me home on the next train and I didn't want to go home. Besides I was kind of tired. While he was walking back to the apartment with me, Uncle Richie said he was going to take me sight-seeing tomorrow and to see the double header between the Senators and the Yankees on the Fourth which was on Saturday. I asked him didn't

he have to work tomorrow and he said his boss had let him off this afternoon and tomorrow both. While I was getting undressed and ready for bed, he set up an army cot for me in the living room and asked me could I sleep all right there did I think, and I told him sure I could. Then he showed me where he and Mr. Leathers slept and the kitchen. There wasn't but one bed there, in the bedroom I mean — not in the kitchen—but it was a double bed and Uncle Richie said they were going to buy another bed when they saved enough money, but they were saving money to buy them a better car right now. They sure did need another car.

When I was in bed in the cot, Uncle Richie said he was going back out for a little while and would I be scared there by myself. Huh, I'm twelve I said and there's nothing to be scared of and he wasn't going to be gone long anyhow was he, and he said no.

I woke up when he and Mr. Leathers, I mean Uncle Jay, came in. They were laughing and talking and Mr. Leathers couldn't walk too good. I mean Uncle Jay. I keep forgetting. I didn't let on I was awake and they kept on talking even after the lights were out, only I couldn't hear what they were saying real good. I dropped off to sleep then.

I woke up early the next morning and went into Uncle Richie's bedroom after I went to the bath room. Mother tells me always to go to the bath room first thing when I get up, and I do. I woke up Uncle Richie and he said my god what time is it and I told him the clock said six-thirty. He asked me to hand him his bathrobe and did I know how to light a gas stove. We've got a gas stove at home I said and Mother lets me light it for her sometimes. Go light the burner under the water kettle he told me and he came in dressed

in his underwear in a couple of minutes and said I had lit it just right. Boy, Uncle Richie has got a smooth build with wide shoulders and big muscles and no pot belly like Dad.

I went into the bath room and watched Uncle Richie shave and brush his teeth and wash his face and he went and woke up Mr. Leathers while he sent me to see if the water was boiling yet, and it was. He asked me did I like fried eggs and I said yes, fried hard and he said how many; so he fried me two eggs hard just the way I like them and one for him and one for Uncle Jay and told me to pour the orange juice and put some bread in the toaster, so I did. Uncle Jay came in and said oh, my head; so I told him Mother always took salts in some warm water whenever she woke up with a headache, and he said that was all he needed. I was real glad I could help him.

After we finished breakfast Uncle Jay said was there anything in the house. I didn't know for sure what he meant, but I guess he meant something for his headache and Uncle Richie said yes, there was some ah—mineral water in the refrigerator; so Mr. Lea—, I mean Uncle Jay, poured some in a glass out of a funny shaped bottle in the refrigerator and drank it. Uncle Richie said we would wait and take Jay to work and then go sightseeing since none of the places opened up before then anyway. I listened to the radio while Uncle Richie and Uncle Jay were getting dressed and Uncle Jay drank some more mineral water before he went to work. It looked just like plain water but it smelled like perfume, kind of.

After we let Uncle Jay off at the office Uncle Richie drove down to the Washington Monument and we walked all the way up but we took the elevator down because Uncle Richie said he didn't want me to

get too tired. And we went to the Lincoln Memorial and the Jefferson Memorial and the Capitol Building and the Smithsonian Institute and I don't know where all. I really liked the Smithsonian Institute because there was Lindbergh's plane he flew the Atlantic Ocean in like Uncle Richie told me about and a lot of old World War I planes like in some of the magazines I read sometimes: Spads and Fokkers and all, and they've still got the machine guns on them. We ate lunch up town, and Uncle Richie said we would go out to see Arlington and Mount Vernon Sunday morning before my train left; and we went to the White House after dinner and went in but we didn't see the President. Then we went to the place where President Lincoln was shot, but it's a new building and a museum and not like it was when he got shot and the house across the street where he died and that is like it was.

We drove around the city some and is it ever big. We drove out through some kind of park, I think Uncle Richie said it was Rock Creek Park, right in town and he said they went on picnics there sometimes. I asked did he and Jay ever take girls with them on these picnics and he said sure, some of the girls from the office went with them and we'd better get back to the apartment if we were going to be in time to cook supper. We had to go by the grocery store and pick up some food. Hamburger and a can of peas and a loaf of bread and some soda water.

Uncle Richie wasn't such a good cook but I told him he was to make him feel good. He burned the hamburger and anybody can hear canned peas but it was better than eating at that restaurant. I asked Uncle Jay did he like the picnics Uncle Richie was telling me about with the girls from the office and all and he said something like girls beat

'em in the head with a stick, I'm asking for a transfer to the State Department. Hush, Jay, be serious, Uncle Richie said.

That night Uncle Richie and Uncle Jay took me out bowling duckpins. We bowled three games and Uncle Richie bowled 102, 111 and 98 and I bowled 78, 74 and 90 and got two spares in my last game that Uncle Richie said was real good. Uncle Jay bowled 94, 86 and 84. I beat him the last game. Uncle Richie took me back to the apartment and went back out again after I went to bed. I woke up again when Uncle Richie and Uncle Jay came in making a lot of noise and neither one of them could walk so good. I guess they must of been sore and tired from all those games we bowled. They closed their door and I went back to sleep.

After breakfast Uncle Richie asked did I want to play some catch with him and I did. He and Uncle Jay had these two gloves and a ball he said he caught at a game out at Griffith Stadium and we went out in the alley back of the house and played catch. Boy, Uncle Richie throws a swell curve and he taught me how. Uncle Jay sat up in the apartment and drank mineral water. I guess he must have a lot of headaches. After a while Uncle Richie and I quit catching and had sandwiches for lunch and went out to Griffith Stadium. Uncle Jay went to the game too. He must of got over his headache because he was real funny and happy like and I started liking him better. Uncle Richie bought me a real professional baseball cap with a white W that cost a dollar and a quarter. Boy, it was real swell. It got cloudy after we got to our seats and Uncle Richie showed me Yogi Berra and Billy Martin and all the Yankees, and the President was there too. The ball game hadn't been going long when

it poured down. We were sitting in the grandstand but it blew in so bad that we got just as wet as if we had been sitting in the bleachers and the President left. And the rain stopped and they got ready to play again and it rained again. Uncle Jay said he'd be darned if he was going to sit there all cold and wet and miserable to please anybody or their nephew when there was a bottle and a hot bath available at the apartment. I guess his headache must of come back and he was talking about the mineral water. Well then go home Uncle Richie said and he sounded kind of mad. And Uncle Jay went. Then Uncle Richie asked me didn't I want to see the rest of the double header. I was pretty cold and wet but I guessed Uncle Richie wanted to see the games pretty bad, so I told him yes. When they got ready to play again the water was so deep in the outfield they had to open up some drainpipes. The men who went out to open the drains up had to wade knee deep in the water. Finally they started playing again and the Yankees won both games. I didn't enjoy it much. It must of been after ten o'clock when we got back to the apartment.

Uncle Jay said he was sorry he said and did what he did at the ball game and he had some sandwiches and a hot bath ready for me and I bathed and ate. Uncle Richie said he was real nice to be so thoughtful of me, and they made up. After I got out of the tub I heard Uncle Jay saying I don't know what the heck gets into me, Richie, imagine being jealous of a kid like that. I don't know what he meant but a lot of times I didn't understand what Uncle Jay was talking about. Sometimes he could be real nice though. I went to sleep real quick that night and when I got up Sunday morning Uncle Richie and Uncle Jay had breakfast already ready.