

Back from Britain in the same was Fred Perry, pre-war Wimuon lawii tennis champion. Nobody can play tennis over there any more," he was kind enough to say, "and the courts are in terrible

Equally severe were the comments of Evangelist Renee Martz. (In case you don't happen to know, or remember, Miss Martz is nine years old and is widely billed as The Wonder-Child Preacher). "No matter what I ate," commented

sports, and it was the remarks of those two noted "sportsmen," Ben Hogan and Fred Perry, which first caught our eye.

Still, thinking it over again, perhaps they just furnish further evi-dence of the growing tendency of a whole lot of athletes and sports figures to take themselves much, much too seriously. We don't need to confine ourselves to golf and tennis to see glaring examples of this tendency—or to travel south of the border to find it, either!



Double Scrubbing - New York's water saving campaign put 5.45 little Fadigan kiddles in the same bath tub. Maureen, 125-25, took it nicely, but Jimmy, age 4 months, seems to say, "What's going on here?" Mother, Mrs. Dorothy Radigan, scrubs away-using as little water as possible.

Chink In The Armour

perfection. A beautiful love story, cut short by the death of his lordship. He was drowned on his way to join an expedition to free some obscure European country from the yoke of another. Bill Daley's geography was as

dignity, he collected his few ludic-

driven me mad. I suppose the boy

couldn't stand it either. She was

much better suited where she's

years. But-it was the beech woods that drew 'me back. I loved 'em,

There was moisture in Martin's

you know-always shall, He raised his battered hat in

through the gates.

unreal as his grasp of life, but there was no mistaking his sincerity as he told a story of deathless gallantry. The audience sighed nostalgically. Not even Hollywood had conceived anything like this. And now it focussed its gazed on the next portrait, of young Jeremy Catesby, their only son. And here, again, was that lustre of heroism; for he

had lost his life on a climbing expedition in Africa. It was then, as Bill's voice went on eulogizing, that Martin's clear doctor's brain began to question. Why had young Jeremy—whom he doctor's brain began to question.

Why had young Jeremy—whom he had known as a quiet, gentle lad, a bookworm at heart—gone off into a dark continent that could have held no attraction for him and list beloved woods to add to the precious treasure of free or and independent of the precious description. held no attraction for him, and died and independence. in a test of physical endurance for which he was utterly unsuited? The last of the Catesbys was

Honey and Hank

For a moment the tramp regarded him without a blink. Then with Picton. Ontario.

HOMESPUN YARN—made of lyng Virgin
—extra warm—long wearh ii—suitable
socks—siwash sweaters and ofter woollen
ments. 2-3-4-ply, white, grey, tyal blue, y
green ,scarlet, maroon, yellow, brown, bea
black, fawn, white and grey wrist, 31,89
10 lbs, or over, \$1,80 lb, dell gred. North rous belongings and moved slowly When he spoke, his voice had changed. "She was a maniac for perfection was Irene," he muttered. "And in the end, it would have



.. Classified Advertising ..

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Sitting This One Out-Demonstrating something new in water skiing, Bud Leach, mounted on his favorite chair over a pair of water skis, goes skimming over the water. Bud has promised to try a rocking chair lashed on two sharks for his next demon-

Heart-Rending Stories Of Happenings Behind Iron Curtain

with the crisis coming on, your hus-band may lose his job any day and

band may lose his job any day and you yourseli be out on the street, starving."

After a pause to let this dire warning sink in, he adds: "Besides, you as a Russian will be under suspicion everywhere. The Un-American Activities Committee will be after you. You won't have a moment's neace. And remember, if you go.

peace. And remember, if you go, it's for good. Never again can you set foot on your homeland."

Another pause, during which the official thumbs through her file.

When he resumes talking, his kind-ly tone has steeled slightly: "Cit-

get your exit permit-a long time." (Outright re usals are not in accord with usual Soviet practice.)
Then, in a more persuasive note:

"You are young, attractive. Is it really worth wasting the best years

One of the most heart-rending stories coming from behird the Iron Curtain is the plight of those seeking to get out. In this article Edmund Stevens — veteran Moscow correspondent of The Christian Science Mointer—now writing from a feet the news from there? Why, and the second of the common of th Stories coming from behind the Iron Curtain is the plight of those seek-ing to get out. In this article Ed-mund Stevens — veteran Moscow the Russian-born won'ea who mar-

A current Moscow anecdote con cerns Ivan Petrevich, who is sent abroad on "kakmandirovka" (offiand independent." Next, from Prague, he wires "Long live hoslovakia, free and indepen-The cables are repeated in the

same vein as Petrovich journeys to Romania, Bulgaria, Hungary, and other satellite countries. Then, after a period of silence, comes a message m Switzerland that reads: "Long live Petrovich, free and independent!" That's the last Moscow hears of this particular Ivan, according to To Soviet wives of foreigners, try-

of your life for the sake of a for-eigner? Is he really worth it? What's wrong with our Soviet fellows? Look around you!" ing for years to join their husbands Next, with a wrathful crescendo abroad, to husbands struggling to free wives and children whom the rising to thundering cl'max: "I cannot understand how you, who cannot understand how you, who claim to be a loyal Soviet citizen, can be prepared to renounce your birthright, to desert the socialist motherland that raised and educated you, for an American!"

If, at this point, the victim shows obvious signs of mental anguish, the inquisitor suddenly relents: "Here, here, Citizeness, I did not wish to hurt your feelings. I simply was Soviets claim, this story has tragic

ply it retroactively.

Meet, who is a weathed second to be about the part in special content and Liventock Shore.

The Smile That Convicts

The

It works like this. When a wife who has been waiting years for an exit visa goes round to the visa department for a routine inquiry on the status of her application she is received by a "sympathetic" offi-



Just Plain Pooped-Fe his alertness in spotting the human interest qualities in this scene and for his skill in following through with the camera, Rudolph Vetter, photographer, was awarded a \$25 prize. The attitude of the dozing damsel, 7-month-old Sharon Hart, shows how completely tuckered out she was after an exciting all-day tour of the Fair and Livestock Show.

shrewd one.

was the Soviet wife of a certain American foreign service officer. Having tried but failed to get a Sovchild, he had to leave upon termination of his Moscow assignment. Six months later the house manager-a profession which in Russia includes the duties of police infor-

the business you'd sweated to build. Each week you wrote a check for and wast thoroughly conscious of what had prompted it.

A bribe, she thought. Oh, he's a him, his share of the profits, the share for which he never worked.

mer—came to the flat she shared with her parents and announced she But that was Jimmy. That had ne longer could be registered there and must move out immediately. nothing to do with the defendant. She'd have to clear her mind, keep When she pleaded that she had noit clean and open, review the facts where to go, the house manager one by one . . .

sneered: "Go to the Americans: Fact Number One: The defend-they'll look after you."

Fact Number One: The defend-ant had been in the Army for three She was given lodging and a job as housekeeper at an embassy billet.

She was a veteran of North Africa and Anio. Easy to imagine One day a week later she failed to him in uniform, ribbons on his high, indignant, as if he knew she return from a trip to the market, and has not been heard from since.
The customary diplomatic representations to the Foreign Ministry have too, and a jaunty set to his cap. tations to the Foreign Ministry have produced the customary silence.

Wives of Americans and Britons are by no means the only victims of the no-exit-visa policy. The case

too, and a jaunt' set to his cap, and he had smiled at her over the heads of the pretty young hostesses at the Canteen. And, later that night, they had talked and the word of an admitted thief of the no-exit-visa policy. The case of the son of the former Chilean ambassador in Moscow was brought before the United Nations. Another But the defendant least Number of death. How much can you trust the word of a man who would

lent character, the Army records had claimed. A fine boy, the character witnesses had added. Devoted

share for which he never worked.
"What do I know about this fancypants business?" Smiling, smiling,
packeting the check
"You and Jimmy make such a
sweet couple," her friends had said
so often—her older friends, that is.
They were the ones he didn't smile at, the ones who couldn't possibly know the nights she spent listening to his ngly flippancies . . and worse, the nights she spent alone . . .

secutor. The prosecutor's voice was

before the United Nations. Another case involved the Russian wife of think of the defendant. Fact Number Two: The defendant had been honorably discharged from the honorably discharged from the Army. He had gotten a job with a ledith Bolton glanced past the

prosecutor's waving hands, once again sought cut the defendant, and then let her eyes drift to the defendant's wife. She was a thin, pale woman, anguished, exhausted. A few years older than the defendant, and afraid of those "Look, grandma." Jimmy had

said, "you may be going home to-night, but I'm not. Now, don't get

Women had always looked that way at Jimmy. Everywhere, always. The customers in her own shop. The trim, stupid assistant decora-The trim, stupid assistant decorator. The sagging, avaricious rug
huyer—even the seventeen-yearold stock girl with the hanging
slip, the run-down heels. Rich or
poor, rheumatic or infantile, they
all looked at lummy.

But she had to stop straying,
Edith Bohom told herself sternly.

She mustn't think of Jimmy in the back of the shop, the stock girl in his arms. She musn't think of anything now but this trial. There was a decision to take— there was no time left for debating or wondering. In five or ten minutes the prosecutor would end his summation. The jurors would retire. They would listen to her,

ward, surveyed the courtroom. She glanced at the judge, at the droop-ing tipstaff in the corner. Her eyes travelled to the defendant, and then to the table with its pile of State's



Weapon Wedding ---Herrick, 19, a bride of one day, charged that her husband Moines, la., forced her to marry him at gun point. Byers said she eloped with him to Teka-mali, Nebr., willingly











