purpose of the
Daughters of BILITIS

A WOMEN'S ORGANIZATION FOR THE PURPOSE OF PROMOTING
THE INTEGRATION OF THE HOMOSEXUAL INTO SOCIETY BY:

1 Education of the variant, with particular emphasis on the psychological, physiological and sociological aspects, to enable her to understand herself and make her adjustment to society in all its social, civic and economic implications—this to be accomplished by establishing and maintaining as complete a library as possible of both fiction and non-fiction literature on the sex deviant theme; by sponsoring public discussions on pertinent subjects to be conducted by leading members of the legal, psychiatric, religious and other professions; by advocating a mode of behavior and dress acceptable to society.

2 Education of the public at large through acceptance first of the individual, leading to an eventual breakdown of erroneous taboos and prejudices; through public discussion meetings aforementioned; through dissemination of educational literature on the homosexual theme.

3 Participation in research projects by duly authorized and responsible psychologists, sociologists and other such experts directed towards further knowledge of the homosexual.

4 Investigation of the penal code as it pertains to the homosexual, proposal of changes to provide an equitable handling of cases involving this minority group, and promotion of these changes through due process of law in the state legislatures.

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A friend of mine once said that he divided people into two categories - the solution and the problem. He said he had neither time nor energy to waste on the problems and that only solutions could be found among his friends. But what my friend failed to see was that those he considered were solutions were first problems. For the problem is part and parcel of the solution. Without the problem there would be no need for solution, and out of the problem comes the solution. No man is satisfied with the problem. Even the suicide is seeking a solution. For a problem demands an answer. And when the problem presents itself, the answer is at hand - if we could but recognize it!

That man sometimes fails to find the solution or finds the wrong solution to his problems is because he persists in looking outside himself for the answer. The key to peace is not in some one else or something else. The source of peace is within himself. When man comes to the realization that he is the victim of his own treachery, that he is the product of his own thoughts and beliefs, that he creates his own conflicts and circumstances and resolves to change his attitudes and deeds, then and only then will he find his release - and the peace that was always there awaiting his awareness.

Peace stems from the individual to the group to the community to the state to the nation to the world to the universe. And as one man finds peace within himself, he will find peace with his brother. The exchange will project itself further and further into the realm of mankind.

And there will come the answer to the fervent prayer -

"Peace on Earth, good will towards men."

- Del Martin

Holiday Greetings
Far from Bethlehem, Terry thought; and yet, how similar in so many ways. So many inns that still do not have room.

There were no cabs. Those that sped past were full. Terry walked down to 21st Street. The snow was blowing in straight sleetish lines, that stung her eyes and cheeks; but it felt cool and comforting, somehow. It seemed to be saying: There, there. At 21st Street, she walked over to Eighth Avenue and turned into a dingy, small apartment building. The door downstairs was, as usual, unlocked. Terry walked into the small vestibule and swiftly scanned the names on the mailboxes, just to be reassured. The card was new. It read: "June Dennison Apt. 28." Terry let out her breath again.

Upstairs, beside the door marked with a crooked "28," there stood a pair of bright red snow boots, leeking a dark puddle, which ran in a thin stream across the worn linoleum. Particles of tainted snow still stuck to the tips of the toes. They were women's boots. Terry knocked on the door.

June said, "Oh!" before she smiled broadly and said, "Why, Terry, how nice to see you again. Please come in."

Terry nodded and tried desperately to swallow her throat muscles, but they wouldn't go down. She walked into the room.

It was a nice apartment, as cold-water flats go, containing in this front room a table, cabinet, chest of drawers, three chairs, a doll carriage, and a small girl who stood solemnly before Terry and announced: "I remember you. You're Terry."

"And you're Joanne," she replied. "I remember you, too."

And then, Terry remembered something else and groaned inwardly: A long, white box, left forgotten on the train seat, "I forgot your present," she told the child softly. "I was bringing you a doll, and I left it on the train."

The tiny face went serious for a moment, then the child said, "Oh, that's all right. Maybe the conductor will find it and give it to his little girl. Besides, I've got a new doll. Carol bought me one," And the child scampered away.

There was a small, white artificial tree standing on the table; and a tall, handsome woman, in dark blue slacks, was meticulously arranging the ornaments. The tree was lighted with small twinkle lights that didn't twinkle.

"This is Carol," June said, "...and this, is Terry."

Carol turned from her interior decorating, and murmured, "How do you do...Terry..." It matched the weather outside the
dingy front windows. The words had snow on them. Her smile was one of those pasted-on varieties, induced by perfect dentures, and the reading of such books as: "Smile Your Way to Fame and Fortune."

Terry untwisted her throat muscles long enough to mutter, "Hi!

"This is my new doll," Joanne said, pushing her way between the women. "I'm going to call her 'Carol,' because Carol gave her to me."

The pasted-on smile widened a tooth or two.

"Your feet got wet," June said, glancing down. "Did you walk through the snow?"

Terry nodded.

"Carol has red snow boots," Joanne announced proudly.

"Come into the kitchen," June said. "I'll get you slippers. You must take off those wet shoes."

"I've got bunny slippers made out of white fur," Joanne offered.

The kitchen was around the corner, out of sight of the tree. June led the way, then said to her small daughter, "Go on back there and talk to Carol. We mustn't leave our company all alone, you know. It isn't polite."

"I want to see Terry's wet feet," Joanne replied.

"She's getting to a fresh stage," June said, smiling. Then she said, "I'm so glad you came, Terry. I was even hoping that...that..." She stood quite close, waiting. Terry didn't move. June went to the refrigerator, suddenly, almost awkwardly, and got out a can of beer, not looking at Terry again.

Terry watched, thinking, I could have done it, if I had wanted to. Maybe I don't want to anymore. She stared at June's lips and knew that she was lying to herself.

June placed the can on the table and fumbled with the opener. She didn't raise her eyes.

"Who's this 'Carol'?" Terry asked abruptly. She had wanted her voice to sound casual, even indifferent; but the words sprang out like bullets from a machine-gun.

June smiled, glancing at her sideways. "My new flame."

"I surmised that!"

"Jealous?"

"Hell no!"

The beer can, opened unceremoniously, went: Fzztt! June tipped it and poured the contents into a thick glass that had red flowers stenciled on it. The foam rose swiftly, running over the sides. "You never could pour beer right," Terry said.

"According to you, I never did do anything right."

Terry didn't answer. The beer tasted good. She gagged through the foam to the cool amberness beneath. "I've got new flames too," she said, finally.

"Flames? Plural?"

"Why not?"

From the front room came the scratchy sound of Joanne's record player giving out with "Little Drummer Boy," sung by twenty little choir boys, with voices fresh and new, like starlight on snow. "Baby Jesus...I am a poor boy too...I have no gifts to bring..."

"I like singular better," June said.

"Singular? One at a time, you mean, don't you?"

June's dark eyes blazed. "I'll get your slippers."

Joanne appeared in the doorway carrying her new doll. "Mommy, Carol wants to know if you have any more beer."

"Tell her to come and get it herself," June replied. "I have to get Terry's slippers."
"I want to see Terry's wet feet," Joanne replied.

"This is Christmas Eve," June announced sternly. "Santa Claus is coming, and you have to get to bed."

"I want to see Santa Claus!" Joanne cried.

June swept the child before her as she disappeared through the doorway. Carol appeared then, and for one brief fleeting instant the pasted-on smile had given way to a suspicious glare; suddenly, as Terry caught her eye, the old smile was back in a twinkling flash; and Carol was bending over the small table, opening a can of beer. June returned, carrying the slippers. Terry took them, muttering, "Thank you;" and a sudden realization engulfed her as she handled them. They were her own slippers, old, forgotten, but definitely hers. There was faint grey dust in the old familiar creases and inside where the lining had been worn smooth by her own feet. They had been a Christmas present, of some years ago, one of the first, from June to Terry. She glanced at June, she was smiling at her. It was a smile that said: Remember?

Carol asked, "Is it still snowing out?"

Terry nodded. "Yes, quite hard now."

"The roads will be impossible tomorrow," Carol replied and the bright smile dimmed almost imperceptibly.

"Carol lives quite far out on the Island," June said. "She drives in."

"Oh?" Terry replied. "I live in Jamaica, myself."

Carol's golden eyebrows lifted. "Jamaica? I didn't know that there were any residential sections in that area."

"I hear Santa Claus coming now!" Joanne cried. "I hear his reindeers on the roof."

"And I think you had better get on to bed," June replied.

"Oh, it's Christmas Eve," Terry reminded her. The child immediately went to Terry and climbed uncere-
"I'll see you to the door," June said.

"See?" Joanne asked Terry, climbing back on her lap. "This is the doll you gave me last year. I call her 'Terry' because you gave her to me. Don't you remember her?"


The child slid from Terry's lap and ran to the door. "Mommy, Terry remembers my old doll," she said. And she stood there looking up at them.

"Well, Merry Christmas," Carol said. She looked annoyed.

"Get home safely," June replied. "Drive slow. It's a bad night to drive, with the snow and all..."

"I'll try to see you tomorrow," Carol said. Then she glanced down at the child, clinging to her mother's knees. "Merry Christmas," she said.

June came back into the kitchen, glanced at Terry and went to the refrigerator, taking out another can of beer. "I hope she drives slow," she said. "The roads are slippery."

"You didn't kiss me goodnight..." wailed the child from the center of the huge double bed.

"She's calling you," June said. "I kissed her already. But she won't sleep unless you go in and pacify her."

Terry went to the bedroom and sat down on the edge of the bed. It had a cozy, familiar squeak. "Where's your doll?" she asked the child.

Joanne reached down and pulled out the grinning, yarn-topped raggedy. "Here she is."

"But that's your old doll. Where's your new doll?"

June's shadow loomed in the doorway.

"Oh," Joanne replied solemnly, "I don't take new dolls to bed with me, only old dolls. They're the best, old dolls. They're the ones I take to bed with me."

Terry nodded, smiled, and kissed the little girl.

June opened the can of beer, and carefully, very carefully, poured it into the thick glass with the red flowers stenciled on it. "There!" she announced as the foamy head rose only three quarters of an inch upward and then settled comfortably.

"Finally," Terry said.

"Oh, I can learn," June replied.

Terry nodded. "You can learn, and you do learn, very quickly, I would say. Especially when you want to learn."

"What does that mean?"

Terry's hand reached for the glass, but at the last moment, changed its mind and closed over June's. "What are you doing with this Carol?"

"Nothing... What are you doing with yours?"

"But she was here, and acting mighty familiar."

"So?" June didn't pull her hand away, but instead, slid hers around, so that their palms touched; then she gripped Terry's hand tightly.

"So what's between you?"

"After six months, this worries you?"

Terry's eyes blazed. "I came here tonight to ask you something... and I find this..."

June laughed softly. "Found what? Found a woman trimming a Christmas tree; that's what you found. You... you idiot..."

(Continued on page 26)
"She would rather light candles than curse the darkness, and her glow has warmed the world."

With these heartfelt words, United States U.N. Ambassador Adlai Stevenson characterized the loss felt throughout the world as the death of Anna Eleanor Roosevelt was headlined on November 8.

At 78, "the First Lady of the World" capitulated to a combination of non-contagious tuberculosis and a form of chronic anemia. It was the first time she ever gave up.

Besides bringing up a family, she had cut her political teeth years before her husband, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, won the presidency in 1932. And after that event she left the United States and the world breathless at the human whirlwind who was America's First Lady.

Her 13 years in the White House covered depression, crisis and world war. Mrs. Roosevelt believed that government should take on more responsibility for public welfare. Her efforts in behalf of the American Negro and other minority groups were regarded as important contributory steps to social and political equality in the U.S.

During World War II she stepped up her activities. She was a woman of great modesty and enormous vitality.

When her husband died in 1945 Mrs. Roosevelt refused to lapse into passive widowhood. She was a member of the U.S. delegation to the U.N. General Assembly for six years and chairman of the U.N.'s Human Rights Commission for five years.

She believed the United Nations to be "the best hope we have for peace" and crusaded tirelessly for it across the country.

As a publicist, special pleader and political liberal, Mrs. Roosevelt was undoubtedly the world's most famous feminine private citizen. Never once did she stop battling "for the good of the many."

She traveled around the world many times and visited most areas of the United States. She traveled by plane, train, auto, bus, jeep, pack horse and on foot.

"I hate the idea that I might ever lose touch with people," she once said. And she never did.

As she was buried next to her husband in the Rose Garden at Hyde Park, the Episcopal rector who conducted the service, the Rev. Gordon L. Kidd, said "the entire world becomes orphaned by her passing. Christ's teaching on the brotherhood of man was no mere pious sentiment with Mrs. Roosevelt. It governed her relationships with all people. She was too honest and too civilized to spurn any person because of the accident of race or religion. She was a follower after the truth, and the truth which she found made her free, and others as well."

No better description of her credo - her way of life - than the following prayer of St. Francis of Assisi which she had asked be recited at her funeral. It reads:

Lord, make me an instrument of your peace,
Where there is hatred, let me sow love,
Where there is injury, pardon,
Where there is doubt, faith,
Where there is despair, hope,
Where there is darkness, light,
Where there is sadness, joy.
Oh Divine Master, grant that I may seek not so much to be consoled as to console,
To be understood as to understand,
To be loved as to love,
For it is in giving that we receive,
It is in pardoning that we are pardoned,
And it is in dying that we are born to eternal life.
Amen

There is no one who can fill the vacancy she has left.
The New Publicity Break:
Where Do We Go From Here?

BY JOHN LEROY

IT HAS NOW BEEN AMPLY DEMONSTRATED THAT HOMOSEXUALITY CAN BE PRESENTED TO THE PUBLIC BY MEANS OF THE MASS MEDIA. BOOKS ON IT HAVE REACHED THE BEST-SELLER LISTS. RADIO PROGRAMS HAVE BEEN DEVOTED TO IT. IT HAS BEEN DISCUSSED ON TELEVISION AND BEEN WRITTEN UP IN MAGAZINES. NOW THAT CONSIDERABLE PROGRESS HAS BEEN MADE IN TRANSFORMING HOMOSEXUALITY FROM A SUBJECT ONLY TO BE WHISPERED ABOUT TO A WIDELY DISCUSSED TOPIC AMONG THE MORE ENLIGHTENED, THE QUESTION STILL REMAINS: WHAT SHALL THE HOMOPHILE ORGANIZATIONS SAY TO THE PUBLIC ABOUT HOMOSEXUALITY NOW THAT SEXUAL VARIANCE HAS BECOME LEGITIMATE TO TALK ABOUT MORE OPENLY?

To search for answers to this question, a panel discussion was held at Academy Hall in New York City last October 6 before a capacity crowd of 70 or 80 listeners. Moderated by MRS. ELSIE CARLTON, who is affiliated with the WInsion Book Service, the panel included Curtis Dewees, newly elected president of the New York Mattachine; Jess Stearn, author of The Sixth Man and veteran reporter; Randolph Wicker, the "one man revolution" and head of the Homosexual League of New York; and Meredith Grey, public relations director of the Daughters of Bilitis.

After having paid tribute to the founders of all the homophile organizations, MRS. CARLTON asked the panelists what type of audience should be reached and how should homosexuality be presented to such an audience.

Jess Stearn suggested that a conventional impression should be conveyed to the American public. The lesbian, to be made palatable, must appear to be as normal as "the girl next door." She must be seen as attractive with a definite sales message in her behalf. Curtis Dewees emphasized the need to reach the nature enlightened segment of the population. MR. Dewees said that homosexuality should be presented as a community problem affecting the lives of the members of the heterosexual majority as well as the homosexual minority. Randolph Wicker, in disagreement with MR. Stearn, stated that all types of homosexuals should be presented to the public from the most respectable to the most flamboyantly disrespect-

FUL. In short, the homosexual should be shown simply as he is. This policy is what Mr. Wicker thought was responsible for the successful broadcast on WBAI and its widespread attention.

Meredith Grey suggested that knowledgeable people in the Public Relations Field ought to be invited to discuss the best means of presentation. Among the points that should be emphasized to the audience are: (1) that the homosexual, in the spirit of true revolutionary change, is willing to look upon society with good will, not thumb his nose at it; (2) that there are many types of homosexuals and many different attitudes about them; (3) that homosexuality is not a remote contagious disease, but a combination of hereditary and environmental conditions; (4) that it is wrong to compel others to comply to one's own standards of sexual morality. In this respect, police and jails are ineffectual and self-defeating.

Mrs. Carlton then turned to the techniques of interviewing. Mr. Stearn advocated the use of the interview to bring out the best that is in any particular interviewee. This, he felt, is important if all the negative criticism and moral obloquy which has been for so long leveled against the homosexual is to be mitigated. In addition to interviews, Mr. Wicker emphasized the need for salesmanship. One must never take no for an answer. Interest, once generated, arouses intrigue. Personal contact with a sense of the alien on the part of the people involved may be helpful in enlisting their cooperation.

In closing, Curtis Dewees called for the positive aspects of homosexuality to be emphasized. The negative side will come out in due time anyway. Randolph Wicker rallied for the support of all groups in helping to eliminate the "vast wasteland" and espouse the "liberal cause." He then proceeded to outline the aims and purposes of the Homosexual League of New York, at present a virtual one-man organization designed to "sell" the idea of homosexual acceptance to the public. Jess Stearn pointed out that both liberals and conservatives have been known to either accept or reject homosexuals without regard to their particular political creeds. It would be stupid for the homosexual not to try to put his best foot forward by presenting his most acceptable aspects. In any case, he concluded that no homosexual revolution will overwhelm the heterosexual public.

Mrs. Carlton ended the discussion by asking all of us to consider the homosexuals yet unborn, the condition of whose lives will be at least partially determined by the homosexuals of today.
Christmas Eve! Outside, blistering, penetrating cold and wild, invading winds. Silent, virgin snowflakes swirling thickly through the air and descending to spread a white blanket over the shivering earth. Faint strains of Yuletide hymns and tolling bells.

Inside one of the many crowded lounges, six girls were snugly fitted around a table originally intended for four. The origin of the friendly circle is of little consequence. Suffice it to say that over a period of years, as is wont to occur, a close friendship had developed. A natural, uninvolved companionship. Yet, if the well-guarded secret of one had been known, the circle might well have opened, disgorged its victim and closed more tightly than ever.

Draining the remainder of the unwanted cocktail, I withdrew another cigarette from the rapidly diminishing pack purchased only a few short hours ago. I struggled in vain against the confounding sadness that encompassed me. Not the holiday sadness one frequently experiences, but a strange, yearning sensation of profound emptiness. The hapless child of a new awakening; a realization which had, in my own mind, set me apart from the very people with whom I had once been so closely associated.

The need to communicate weighed heavily upon me. To pour out the startling confession of an alien nature which had with elapsing weeks fought its way to the surface and immersed me in an unknown world wherein I seemed to be the only occupant. To secure a reasonable explanation, to be assured that I belonged with the multitude rather than with the undefined. I had fought this ruthless transformation with all the intelligence at my command, rationalizing it as a delayed stage of adolescence, repudiating the possibility that such an alteration of nature could be forthcoming in adulthood. But finally, accepting defeat as courageously as possible, I vowed to keep this knowledge to myself at all cost.

Silently I prayed for the strength to see me through this day and succeeding days. It was becoming exceedingly difficult to thwart the strain and inner emotional devastation. Even now, although feigning concern over a nonexistent spot on an unexposed section of my coat, I felt those questioning eyes upon me—the eyes I could no longer look into without experiencing an explosion of nerves and senses. For years inseparable, yet now I desperately wished her into the remote past so that I might return to sanity. Lorrie, who unknowingly and unintentionally had forced me into a ravaging realm of living from whence there was no escape.

My spirits lifted somewhat when our Christmas celebration came to an end. There remained but the task of driving Lorrie to her home and the ordeal would be over. Extending greetings and invitations for the Christmas to one another, we would separate.

The drive was sheer agony. I had the wheel in a death grip feeling like a child in the presence of a wondrous, awesome creature. And I was frightened!

Lorrie's sudden invasion of the stillness almost sent us off the slippery road.

"Let's stop for a Christmas drink together."

Far from being a suggestion, it was more in the nature of a command. That segment of our relationship had remained unaltered. Lorrie was as always the accepted leader. Surprisingly my own reaction was a mute nod of agreement, even though I was keenly aware that the delay would only add to my frustration.

The conversation that passed between us escapes me. Surely it was of little importance and did not dispel my discomfort. I do recall feeling utterly relieved when once again we were in the car. I started the motor and switched on the car radio. Music might be relaxing.

"Before we go, I'd like you to open your present," Lorrie said, handing me a small, brightly wrapped package.

"We should wait until tomorrow," I protested in a small voice.

"I want to see if you like it," Lorrie insisted in a firm tone.
I shrugged and accepted the gift. In turn I withdrew a similar sized package from my purse and extended it to her. For those who enjoy surprising coincidence, our gifts were identical. I had purposely chosen the drop pearl chain because Lorrie was a conservative dresser and disliked ornate jewelry. In addition, its ancient significance appealed to me. Lorrie was pleased and put hers on at once. I followed suit.

"Do you know the East Indian meaning connected with the pearl?" Lorrie questioned, holding the pearl between her thumb and index finger.

I was glad for the dimness, for my face must have turned crimson.

"N-no I don't," I lied, hoping my voice did not betray my words.

"Remind me to tell you sometime," Lorrie answered. Then she turned abruptly and asked, "When are you going to tell me what's wrong between us?"

I swallowed hard and cleared my throat. "I wasn't aware there was anything wrong."

"Were you?" she answered.

The increasing darkness hid her face, but I knew her expression was one of maternal acquiescence which she wore whenever my actions or words indicated a refusal to meet the issue. And of late it seemed I dismayed her more and more often with my nervous evasiveness.

In the ensuing silence between us, I recognized the melody coming over the car radio as the once popular song, "I'll Walk Alone". How very appropriate I thought bitterly.

Lorrie chuckled softly, but I detected no mirth in her laughter.

"Funny that particular song should play," she murmured. "I've been singing it for years. I thought I'd be switching to 'We'll Stroll The Lane Together'; that is, I imagined so until you showed me the fallacy in my thinking."

I thought I had gasped until I heard Lorrie's name and recognized my own voice. Instantly she took my hand in hers. If I had taken the time to consider, the future may not have altered course, but succumbing to the burst of emotion that flooded me with immense feeling, I grasped Lorrie's hand to me.

The quiet moments that transpired are for us alone to remember. I can recall but one physical exchange - the handclasp. Yet we were overwhelmed by a harmonious unification of emotions. Together we glimpsed the Christmas rainbow for the first time. Hand in hand we ventured toward the mystical "pot of gold" and shared its riches in the coming days. The time of searching was in the past.

A rapid succession of events paved the way for us and within a two-month period we were sharing an apartment. The first evening in our new home was akin to standing on the apex of Utopia. Those exquisite hours are branded in my memory. We exchanged vows of love and fidelity which were no less sacred to us for having been said in the absence of clergy. At no time during our six years together were we suspected of being more than friends.

Frequently I wonder if, perhaps, Fate dealt us the ruthless blow because of envy. Whatever the reason, our lives were torn asunder without warning. Driving home from work one stormy evening, Lorrie hit an elderly man who walked into the path of her car. Regrettably, he died, but the testimony of two eye witnesses exonerated her of all responsibility. Nevertheless, Lorrie was unable to expel the tragedy from her own mind.

Details are worthless and too painful to recount. I ask to be spared the distress of describing those horrifying days. Undoubtedly you will understand the pain and torment of that period when I say that subsequently Lorrie's parents were called.

Following many helpless, sleepless nights and numerous medical and psychiatric examinations, Lorrie was admitted to a private sanitarium. Revolting against reality, she had withdrawn from the world of living into her own private purgatory of existing. We held onto the thread of hope that Lorrie would return to us. At first the doc-
tor's words were encouraging. So too was the expression in Lorrie's eyes when I visited her - the expression that indicated she had not sealed the door to memory entirely. But as time passed, recognition faded into emptiness. Treatment failed, as did Lorrie. I go to her often. If I am alone, I sit and hold her hand and tell her of the happy moments we had shared. Most often, she merely sits and stares at a spot on the wall well over my head. Yet there have been times when she has looked at me and smiled and tightened our handclasp, but she has never spoken a word.

I will stand alone at the end of the approaching Christmas rainbow. I will wait as I have waited. With each holiday that comes and goes, I die a little. Somehow I know that the long wait is in vain. Nevertheless, the bond between us has not been broken; the words we exchanged have not been retracted. I cannot do otherwise.

I will decorate our Christmas tree as usual. I will place my personal gift for Lorrie under that tree as usual. When the season passes, I will put the decorations and tree away. I will put Lorrie's present with the others. There will then be three unopened packages.

Lorrie exists as I exist and though her name remains anonymous, the circumstances are factual. I am sure that if Lorrie could be with me now, she would join me in saying to those of you who have found your Christmas rainbow, we extend a sincere hope that it will remain yours for always. To those of you who still may search, we extend the hope that you may be very close to attainment.

- L. A. L.

BLANCHE M. BAKER
MEMORIAL SCHOLARSHIP FUND
SEND CONTRIBUTIONS C/O DOB, 1232 MARKET ST., S. F. 2, CALIF.
A series of six meetings has been arranged for this winter, at which well known authorities on penal reform, sexual deviation and similar subjects will lecture on matters connected with the Wolfenden proposals, by the Albany Trust. The next scheduled event will be on December 11th, "Parliament and the Wolfenden Report", Kenneth Robinson, W. P., at the English Speaking Union, 37 Charles St., London W. 1. The following three lectures to be held at the Ivanhoe Hotel, Bloomsbury St., London W.C. 1., include: January 8, 1963, Gordon Westwood on "Recent Researches Into Homosexuality"; February 5, Anne Allen, J. P., on "Sex and the Family"; March 5, Anthony Grey on "Towards a Sexually Sane Society". Lectures which have already been held were: October 6, C. H. Rolph on "Homosexual Law Reform" and November 13, Dr. W. Lindesay Neustatter on "Sexual Deviation from the Psychiatric Standpoint".

Dionysus, newest California organization to join the homophile movement held its first symposium in the Surf Room of the Laguna Hotel in Laguna Beach on November 11. For further information regarding the activities of this organization write to Box 382, Fullerton, California.

A WEE BIT OF WHIMSY. ...Every so often an author will, to honor or kid a friend, add some in-group mention of the person in a book. This is a little like Alfred Hitchcock always appearing in every movie he makes, in some brief way. The novelist, Robert Towers, in his book, THE NECKLACE OF KALI (Harcourt, Brace, 1960) has done this in a most clever way. The hero, a vice consul in India, has been sick with Dengue fever. After he is partially recovered he describes his activities on his first well morning beginning Chapter 10 in this manner:

"...I sat in an easy chair reading - or rather skimming - a fat novel called Gallant Are My Sons by Marijane Packer Aldrich."

One supposes it could be coincidence that the notorious Vin Packer-Ann Aldrich is in real life named Marijane, but it isn't too likely. What is especially charming is the title of the imaginary book.

* * * *

Getting good reviews is Sidney Kingsley's Broadway play, "Night Life", now at the Brooks Atkinson Theater in New York. A fairly important lesbian character is played by Salome Jens.

* * * *

Lesbian love affair terminated in court. ...An unusual case in Metro Toronto Women's Court where one woman charged another with "watching and besetting" was reported by Justice Weekly, Canadian Tabloid, "an idea of what it was all about was forthcoming some little time before the case was aired when it was noted that quite a few lesbians were seated in the body of the courtroom. All wore male clothing, had boys' hair-dos and looked more like males than females," the paper reported.

Doris Graveline, the accused, pleaded, "Partly guilty", saying that she had tried to stop the complainant, Mary Egerton.

Crown Counsel Rod Cormack asked Mary the following questions:

"Have you ever lived with this woman?". The witness replied, "Yes."

"Have you had sexual intercourse with her?" was then next rather unexpected and unusual question. Again an affirmative reply.

THE GAYEST
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"She wants you to stop it?" Here the witness explained, "She just wants me to stop and I don't want to." Which would appear to indicate, according to Justice Weekly, that Mary did not want to stop her lesbian activities, although she did want to break them off with the accused.

The case was concluded when Doris was bound over in the sum of $200 for one year, a condition being that she keep away from Mary.

Later when Justice Weekly asked the crown how two females could have sexual intercourse, he said what he actually meant was sexual relations. Which the Weekly mentioned to put the record straight.

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The Decade of Modern Spies...The Police Review in London said recently that the Old-Fashioned Image Of A Spy As A Beautiful Mata Hari appears to have been replaced by a Pallid Homosexual. The Magazine For Law Enforcement Officers Commented:

"Perhaps this is a sign of the Decade of the Modern World. Mata Hari, A Legendary German Spy of World War I, Did Not Get Her Sexes Mixed, Whatever Her Faults."

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The Old Doll

(Continued from page 13)

"Laugh...Laugh...Dammit; here I come to ask you to..."
June's answer was strictly to the point. Terry froze, then responded.

"But this Carol," Terry said, finally. "This Carol..."

June placed cool fingertips over Terry's mouth. "I'm like my daughter," June replied, "about dolls."

Terry laughed softly. "Do I hear Santa Claus on the roof?"

"It's about time he got here again," June replied.
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