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Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

Editorial of the Week—as located by Evelyn Eaton of Independence, California, in *Search* magazine:

What's new? The other day we met some bright and earnest youngsters who call themselves the "new people." They are very concerned about the state the world is in, and they want to do something to change it. Astrologically speaking, they also call themselves "Aquarians," which is popularly said to be bringing the dawn of a new age. And they are very much concerned with doing something basic, with themselves—and that basic thing is explained as "love." A brand-new kind of love, best described by the addition of the word "fried."

Gee, we thought they never touched the stuff. As if that weren't enough, Mrs. H. L. Wilson of Augusta, Maine, came up with the teen news of the week in Jean Adams's TEEN FORUM in the *Kennebec Journal*:

Q. I'm 16. I hate my parents. I wish I were dead. I've quit school.

Those are just the basic facts. After I quit school I was very upset so my parents sent me to a social worker. I've now grown to really like him. He's the only one I have to live for.

I wish we could be friends for all time. I've told him this. I love him and cry about him all day. And I will never go back to that school.

—NOTHING BUT TEARS IN TEXAS

A. What is happening to you is not unusual among girls or women who consult a counselor because of emotional troubles. I believe the young man who is helping you is aware of your condition and won't "drop" you until you are emotionally ready to make it on your own. He has been trained to handle situations such as yours.

What, no birds? And finally, a wedding note—as found by John Felton in the *Dayton Journal Herald*:

JUDY LYNN HIXSON
JAMES D. BUSH

She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred S. Hixson, 638 Wellmeier Ave. She is employed by Homestead Federal Saving and Loan Association.

He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Bush of 1040 June Drive, Xenia. He is survived by Coca-Cola Bottling Co.

They shouldn't think of it that way—they've *gained* a daughter.

Edward Kuhn, Jr., is a man who has been around in book publishing—in

fact he has gone from Harper's to McGraw-Hill to New American Library to World to Playboy. And now he has come up with a novel—*The American Princess* (Simon & Schuster)—a richly readable story of an American girl married to a prince of a tiny Himalayan mountain kingdom called Baktu. We were stern with Mr. Kuhn. Wasn't there enough competition without editors writing too? Editors were supposed to edit, weren't they, and let authors auth?

Mr. Kuhn is a man who can even deadpan a smile. "I've never thought of myself as a writer," he said. "I always loved being an editor. I've always thought and still think an editor's job is behind the scenes. I think of an editor as a damn good mechanic, but that's it. It's a little thing, but when I was at McGraw-Hill, we never used to say 'I.' A book was 'ours,' not 'mine.'" Mr. Kuhn paused. "The editorial we," he said, "really was the editorial us. Nowadays I seem to be conscious of a lot more 'I's' in the business."

Not only does Mr. Kuhn have an editor's view of editing, but, since his job at the Playboy Book Club is a three-day-a-week thing and he is now working the rest of the time on another novel, he also has a real author's view. "I work at my home in Chappaqua," he told me, "in a house that includes a wife and three sons. I have no telephone in the house that can't be unplugged, and I work with ear stoppers on. I call in at two o'clock to get my messages. And now I've learned something else about editors and authors. Again, it's a little thing. But for years I must have been kicking authors around without even knowing I was doing it. You know, when you're an editor and have all those little slips of paper around, it starts to grow—a tiny, insidious self-importance. You start putting people into categories. Joe can be called back later in the day. Someone else can call Jim. Sam doesn't have to be called until next week. But a call from the *Times* or *Book World* or *New York Review*—call them right away, of course.

"I had begun to see all this when I was editing," Mr. Kuhn continued. "But now I see it all from the other side of the fence. Take the time thing. What's the average response time from a publisher? It's a month. How many publishers do you send your manuscript to before one takes it? Four? Seven? And then how long before it's published? Mine was a year between the time I made my final correction

and publication. The total can be two years—for an author the publisher *wants*—and all the time the author's in Nowheresville."

Born in Cincinnati, a product of public schools and Dartmouth, Mr. Kuhn drifted into publishing by the cocktail party route. He met the late Ed Aswell, Thomas Wolfe's second editor, and started talking to him about books. "What are you doing?" Aswell asked him. "I'm living in the Village," Kuhn replied, "trying to write. But I'm broke and I'm about to go home." "Don't do that," Aswell said. "Maybe you can be a reader. We're having a novel contest, and we're behind."

The next day Kuhn read two book-length manuscripts for Mr. Aswell and left two reports on his desk. One was terrible, he recalled; one had possibilities.

The books, we assumed, not the reports. In any case, by the time he was back in his apartment, there was a call that he was to go to work. The pay—\$35 a week.

When Mr. Aswell moved to McGraw-Hill, Mr. Kuhn moved too—and, after Mr. Aswell left, Mr. Kuhn worked with such later editorial luminaries as Bob Gutwillig, Hal Scharlett, Dave Segal, Roger Donald, and Bob Cousins. "I stayed eighteen years at McGraw-Hill," he said. "I love McGraw-Hill. I have the greatest affection for Harold McGraw. I know it sounds so Establishment and antediluvian. A young guy will snap at me, 'What the hell do you mean, you love McGraw-Hill?' But I do."

Mr. Kuhn was not so happy at New American Library and World. "We had," he said briefly, "conglomeratititis." His princess book came about by pure chance. On a fishing trip to Wyoming, he met Hope Cooke's father, who was, and still is, a guide.

Had he, we asked, anything to say before we passed sentence? "Only this," he replied. "I told you that when I work at home, I wear ear plugs. Well, I love peanut brittle, and my mother-in-law gave me some the other day. Don't eat peanut brittle when you're wearing ear plugs. It sounds like an avalanche."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S
KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1951)

ROBERT (FARRAR) CAPON:
THE THIRD PEACOCK

We act as if only man were free, only man had knowledge, only man were capable of feeling. That is not only false, it is mischievous. It makes man a lonely exception to the tissue of creation, rather than a part of its hierarchy.



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CHILDREN, INCORPORATED



Statehood for Cities: The Impossible Dream

What would happen if our largest urban centers were allowed to go it alone?
The prospects are not especially reassuring.

by RICHARD REEVES

One symptom of the desperation of American cities is that just about the only thing growing faster than urban problems is the rhetoric of urban solutions. And even the solutions themselves seem to be escalating. It's no longer enough to talk about such old faithfuls as "regional planning" or "metropolitan government"; now they're talking about city-states.

The idea of a modern city-state isn't new—New York City, Philadelphia, and Chicago have discussed going it alone off and on for forty years—but it is new as a serious political issue. Only two years ago, Norman Mailer and his "fifty-first state" campaign in New York City gave the city-state more publicity than anyone since Plato, but a lot of that was for laughs. No one's laughing now; there could be a real city-state debate in the 1970s.

The debate has already begun in New York, where Mayor John V. Lindsay has appointed a committee to study city-state relations and has an eight-page staff memo that begins: "The current session of the state legislature has made one fact painfully clear: New York City can no longer depend on a body of upstate legislators, who are out of touch with urban problems, to respond to the city's crucial needs. . . . Statehood is not an unrealistic possibility; indeed, it may well be the only sensible approach to governing New York City."

Indeed. Athens. Florence. New York. Chicago. Los Angeles. Newark. Why not? American cities have been getting the short end from the Republic ever since Thomas Jefferson wrote little

notes to James Madison while they worked on the Constitution. One of the notes said: "I think our governments will remain virtuous for centuries as long as they are chiefly agricultural, and this will continue as long as there shall be vacant lands in any part of America. When they get piled upon one another in large cities as in Europe, they will become corrupt as in Europe."

They, the people, are piled upon one another in our cities and have been for a long time. And whatever their collective virtue, they're desperate after 200 years of exploitation by the good Jeffersonians of the federal and state governments. "FREE New York City" buttons are being worn by the 100 Congressmen and other elected officials circulating petitions for a November referendum as the first step toward trying to establish a fifty-first state. In Manhattan it's the greatest thing since 1861, when Mayor Fernando Wood wanted the city to secede from the Union and join the Confederacy.

Wood obviously wasn't much of a military prophet, but he was on to something about the attitudes of the U.S.A. This is an anti-urban country, fostered by gentlemen-farmers, raised in the Log Cabin tradition. In America there is something suspect about anyone born on the Lower East Side of anywhere. The first important public policy in the Republic—the Northwest Ordinance of 1787—provided free land for rural settlers and free land for their public schools. The children of New York City and Philadelphia didn't have public schools for another fifty years, and they waited 100 years more for any federal assistance in building them.

And anti-urbanism didn't end when the West was won. Federal legislation of the twentieth century, whatever it

was designed to do, has helped to destroy our older cities. The agricultural recovery acts of the 1930s mechanized our farms and started pushing an unskilled rural under class onto the welfare rolls of northern cities. The Federal Housing Acts of the 1940s guaranteed the mortgaging of the suburbs, subsidizing the exodus of the tax-paying middle class out of the cities. The National Defense Highway Acts of the 1960s not only saved us from the Russians but provided a \$60-billion suburban transportation system so that commerce and industry could follow workers into the greener pastures. It was an expensive business, financed by taxes paid in the cities—New York, for one, sent anywhere from \$10 to \$20 in income taxes to Washington for every dollar that came back in federal aid.

For all those years, the cities, which had no status under the Constitution, were orphans, or hostages, of rural-minded state legislatures carefully apportioned to keep cities in their place. It was in New York that George Washington Plunkitt, the sage of Tammany, complained in 1900 that his city was "ruled entirely by hayseed legislators at Albany," but it was in Los Angeles in 1962 that six million people had the same number of California state Senators—the number was one—as rural counties with a population of 40,000. The 162,000 residents of Hartford sent two representatives to the Connecticut legislature that year, the same number elected by the 1,400 virtuous citizens of a town called Barkhamstead. Not incidentally, New York, Philadelphia, and Hartford did not get much state help during the 175 American years before the Supreme Court's landmark "one man, one vote" ruling of the 1960s.

But the 1960s were too late. The