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4

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The Bazaar presents with great pride a distinguished work of fiction which this summer was chosen over 300 others in the Second Short Story Contest of the Transatlantic Review, an international literary publication. . . .



A shadowy portrait of trench-coated author Dineen in the steaming crater of Italy's Mount Vesuvius. "The happiest moments in my life," he reflects, "have been those totally alone . . . I like my nature primitive and my cities very, very ancient."

## Thompsonville's Ulysses

A modern Ulysses (or Jack London?) Thompsonville-born John Dineen has led a fuller life in his 38 years than most men live in 70—at great universities, in infantry combat, as a merchant sailor, in a variety of odd jobs, in the East, Midwest, Far West, Europe and the Pacific.

The Dineen family lived on White St., Thompsonville, when John was born. His father, Raymond, worked at the Bigelow Mill as a superintendent and devoted enough of his off-hours to the fine art of Thompsonville politicking that when the family moved to Hazardville he was elected second selectman. (Today the elder Dineens live in South Carolina.)

John attended the A.D. Higgins school; in 1942 he was graduated from Enfield High as class orator.

For a year after high school he worked at Bradley Field. Then came the Army, and for six months he attended UConn as part of an Army engineering program.

The remainder of his service time was spent in the infantry. He saw action in Germany and was wounded on the Remagen Bridgehead.

After the war, he attended the University of Chicago for three years, then dropped out of school to work at "various jobs." At the outbreak of the Korean War, he joined the Merchant Marine to spend two years sailing the Pacific.

He returned to school, this time at the University of California in Berkeley and earned a master's degree in English. He won a Fulbright Scholarship to Rome and spent a year there "falling wildly in love with the city, the country and the people."

"Writing has always been in the back of my mind," he said, "even when other things seemed to be in the foreground at times. For a couple of years after the University of Chicago I wrote extensively, but with no success . . . There have been many rejections. The story in the TRANS-ATLANTIC is the first to be published and I hope there will be others to follow. If not, it won't be for lack of trying."

John now lives in Greenwich Village, writing day and night and working in a lawyer's office afternoons to support himself. He dreams of returning to Rome, to write. And, judging by the literary company he keeps, perhaps that dream won't be too long coming true.

Some of his fellow TRANSATLANTIC REVIEW contributors: Vance Bourjaily, William Carlos Williams, John Updike, Samuel Beckett, Edward Albee, Jack Kerouac and Nobel Prize winners William Faulkner, Quasimodo and Boris Pasternak.

## "The Ways Of Lazarus"

John E. Dineen

Across the street from my rooming house there is a service alley to a modern California supermarket; I stare right down at it from my upperfloor window. The remainder of the block is a funeral procession of dying houses, the kind that were built fifty years ago, solidly timbered white elephants that used to hold big, proliferating families. They are now honey-combed with plywood and gerrymandered into cubicles to house university students. I'm no longer one of the students; I'm more like the old landladies who are walled off in the corners of what used to be their homes, pinching pennies and trying to make sense out of the past without drowning in bitterness. This street is an appropriate stopping station for someone who, after too many years of just stopping over, must finally admit to being a failure.

I mean temperamentally, a failure at everything. I've had more jobs than any application has room for, and years ago I started juggling dates and omitting whole episodes. For two years I shipped out as a merchant seaman, and that span of time always has to be hidden from employers, who look upon seagoing as vagabondage and see no romance in it whatsoever. When you intone the names of Conrad and Melville you only compound the initial mistake, and you can almost hear the shutters of the mind clicking shut. I went to the university for a time and really soared, taking a masters degree in English and a year's scholarship in Rome to work on my doctoral thesis. Italy seduced and ruined me; most of the way home I stared off the ship's fantail in longing for it, and in this soul-sick state of mind promptly flunked my doctor's orals in a scene that I keep remembering as a court-martial, although the sentence was read compassionately and one professor was close to tears. Sitting afterwards by the lovely creek that meanders through the Berkeley campus I began the first of a series of reappraisals and reconciliations. They are not yet completed, but as a start I've pierced some bright American myths and the well-intentioned chatter of everybody, to the truth about myself: I'm not

fit for anything and never have been.

You mustn't misinterpret this as a plea for sympathy; I'm not crying in my beer, I'm simply stating a naked fact and trying to cope with its consequences. My vocation is that of a failure and my problem is that neither my mother's fierce and prodding upbringing nor the public education I received from twelve uncompromising spinsters, who taught me to aim high and be courteous to women, has prepared me for it. Moreover, my year in Italy — oh God, I'm Goethe, Mendelssohn, Stendhal — has led me to believe that the profession of failure is an easier one there than it is here, and I suspect I was born in the wrong country. Nobody under these spacious skies even concedes that it is a legitimate occupation, a fact that I find exceedingly strange in a competitive society. You'd think that a certain amount of fatalism would be in the air of a society that runs races on principle, if only out of simple statistics, since there have to be losers. By blueprint somebody pulls ahead and somebody else lags behind. There is no other way of stating this that doesn't twist, or omit, the facts. A race is a race is a race, and what it is not is a transcendental conversation or a salute to the flag.

I'm one of the losers; I lag behind and shoot the breeze with the other slowpokes. I end up walking around the waterfronts, drawn to the wharves like a lemming to the seacliffs; or looking out my window at the old ladies hanging on for dear life. Even in Italy I'd find myself winding up an exchange of national viewpoints with an Italian by trying to explain Alcoholics Anonymous or Skid Row. A.A. was not totally unfamiliar to him, since there's a chapter in Rome, organized especially for us old guzzling Americans. But Skid Row was almost insurmountably untranslatable; there is nothing comparable to it in Italy. I finally defined it, in broken Italian, as a place in the heart that every American carries around as part of his birthright, somewhere he can end up even in Italy, where there isn't any Skid Row. You see? I should have known then

(Continued on Page 2)



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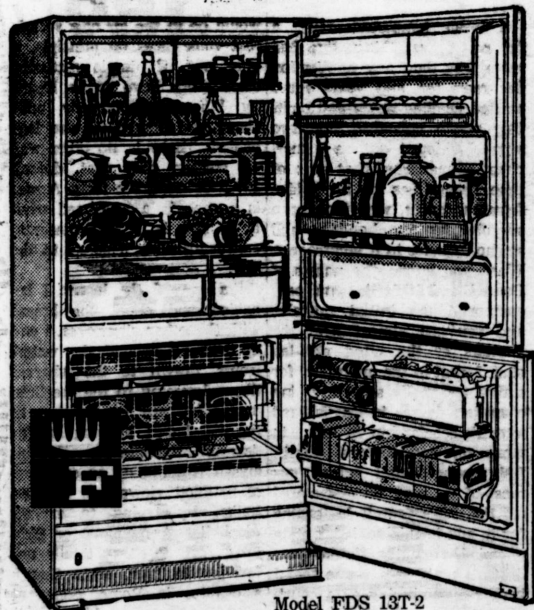
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**Lazarus . . .**

(Continued from Page 1)

"-- She bends like a cow."

and there. Maybe the reason I spend so much time on street-corners and hanging out of windows is that I've been schooling myself in my trade. I've been learning the rudiments of giving up gracefully, which only the streets will teach me. Nobody gives a course in it in America; everybody else is too busy zooming around from one coast to the other in sleek new covered wagons, taking high-banked curves over the oceans and zooming right back again, looking for the big rock candy mountain. It's too bad there aren't any rebellious Indians left; I'd love to see a ring of Fords and Chevrolets drawn up bumper to bumper on some prairie cloverleaf, the drivers down on their bellies firing through the chromium spokes at a mob of howling Sioux, circling the wagon train on Harley-Davidson motorcycles. One of the old ladies down the block came across the continent in a cloth-covered wagon, and her grandparents were killed in Idaho by Blackfeet. She does not regret the passing of the Indians, but Luiz, the middle-aged Portuguese superintendent in my rooming house, complains sadly that a real Indian was one of the things he wanted, most to see in America, and still hasn't after several years here.

Luiz lives directly under me and lets me use his flashlight when I have to replace a fuse, a frequent task in these old houses. They are all overloaded with wiring, tacked to the wainscots. Luiz's only duties are to sweep the hall and keep the garbage cans respectable; for these he gets his room rent-free. He is lame in one leg and one of his eyes doesn't focus properly. He goes to an evening class to learn English and he asks questions from the looseleaf primer. Those fluttering pages look incongruous in his thick hands; he has been moulded a peasant and will always look it. His room is bleaker than mine, he eats from cans, his clothes are second-hand, I never know which eye is looking at me, and seeing him I remember the bright tiled city of Lisbon and wonder if Luiz is really better off in the new world. In truth the mention of Lisbon doesn't trigger any joy in his face and

I guess he would not return even if he could. He often catches me in the window and his gentle doglike face breaks into a wide grin down on the sidewalk. He speaks something up to me and I never know at first if it's English or Portuguese. His door doesn't close for a long time; he wants to talk and he thinks I'll come down. No one ever visits him.

The old lady directly across the street is one of the liveliest ones. She is overweight and ungirdled, and while gardening she wears orange plastic gloves and a pink hairnet that makes her look bald. Her garden is simple, mostly calla lilies and alyssum, which grow like weeds in the bay area and have to be cut back. There is a patch of iris that takes care of itself and a privet hedge next to the sidewalk; on the right there is a row of five rose bushes, all different colors. She has pruned them into little Grandma Moses trees and tied them up with sticks. Her joints are stiff, all motion is a kind of attenuated pain to her; she hoes with a choppy motion that gives her no leverage at all. When she picks something up she spreads her feet apart and bends like an old cow, half up and half down. In the evening she waters her garden and never puts the hose away. Her roomers trip on it but they are agile and never fall. Climbing her steep flight of front steps is a major effort and she stops on each tread with both feet. Her roomers take them two at a time, running to classes. The old woman stares after them with a glazed look in her eyes; she always has something to tell them, but they are gone before she opens her mouth, and it hurts to shout.

Her garden has a marauder, an old man, unmistakably Jewish. He comes up the street in a European manner, with the air of a boulevardier, spine erect, shoulders squared, his head in a perfect state of buoyant equilibrium. His clothes are rags — an old tweed jacket patched at the elbows and pants that flap — but he wears them as though a valet set them out for him daily. One hand is always in the jacket pocket and the other totes a paper shopping bag, the giant kind you buy in super-

(Continued on Page 4)

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Lazarus . . .

(Continued from Page 2)

"The alley is the back door  
to the American dream."

markets. Since he is very short the bag drags on the ground unless he hoists it up an inch.

He perambulates the rose gardens of Berkeley; they blossom all year round here. He saunters up in the sunlight, fills his lungs with fresh air, and stops to look at the old woman's roses. What an expansive, appreciative gaze! He looks around smiling, then back at the roses. The gaze is clinical now. He steps to a bush, his pocketed hand comes into the air folded around a pair of shears, and with a firm unsentimental snip he cuts one blossom — the best one, not yet blown, with as much stem as possible — and drops it into the grocery bag. Then he steps back quickly, pockets the shears, and resumes his constitutional. He has not stepped on another flower; he never takes more than one blossom from a garden; he will not reappear on this street for a few weeks.

I don't know what he does with the roses. He can't be a wildcat perfume manufacturer, people assure me he'd need carloads of flowers for that. Bouquets or corsages, I guess;

the gathering of roses is the first phase in a home industry. It is precarious, however, and not to be recommended as an answer to indigence. Nobody misses a single rose, but some people stand stiffly upon principles and thrive on litigation. The old lady across the street is not one of them, but she knows he takes her roses. She came from the rear of the house once, hanging back, and stood watching the Jew disappear up the hill with one of her freshly cut blossoms in his bag. Then she came down the walk and silently inspected the ravished bush.

She has more grievous annoyances than the loss of a rose. The supermarket sits next to her house and empty cartons bounce over the fence into the iris. This Moloch of a building is the wave of the future; Cheops built it; Saturn is sick with envy of its neon rings. It is open seven nights a week until midnight; it is grocery store, pharmacy, bakery, book shop, music shop, hardware store, 5 & 10, travel agency, kiddyland, gasoline station, pickup rendezvous, and much more. From eight till five six days a week, this block is a beachhead of mechanized equipment, double parked in the street, waiting to get into the alley. There are refrigerated vans and double trailer diesels bigger than churches, and there

are rattling old stakeside trucks driven by dirt farmers in shoulder-strap overalls, who have come in from the valley to sell a few crates of produce. You can tell from their faces that they get less than they expected. The diesels are company trucks, driven by teamsters in freshly laundered chiños and T-shirts; no money changes hands and they couldn't care less about the wholesale price of beans. They wouldn't be caught dead in shoulder-strap pants and they don't wait deferentially at any door. They are powerful men with violence held precariously in check a few inches beneath the surface, and the diesel-powered armor that encases them is a tremendous adjunct to their egos.

The alley is the back door to the American dream. It is a stopping station for the derelict substratum of our society which feeds off the garbage everyone else throws away. They are not to be identified with the drinking societies of Skid Row. These are people still clinging to a set of pathetic appearances, and some of them have transformed what originally must have been an act bordering upon despair into a grim parody of a forty-hour week. They have territories like salesmen and keep hours, staying one step ahead of the city's garbage disposal units. This wretched way of life may not be exclusively American, but it is not universal either. I never saw anybody go through garbage in Italy, and, as you must know by now, this is the kind of datum I've kept my eyes peeled for. There were old women who fed  
(Continued on Page 6)

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**Lazarus . . .**

(Continued from Page 4)

leftover spaghetti to the cats in the Forum, but both the cats and the women were fat. No matter how indigent he is the Italian clings to certain simple gastronomic standards that cannot be met by raiding garbage.

A daily visitor to the alley is a lively old man sporting a hand-painted Hawaiian tie. He is accompanied by an aging mongrel dog and he arrives each week-day morning between ten and ten-fifteen, a punctuality that is remarkable because his circuit

of the alley has a dilatory air about it, and I'm sure he visits many markets in a single day. He wraps his trophies in a paper parcel tucked under one arm, but some days he carries a green canvas sack that is cinched with a leather thong, very off-beat and identical to those carried by the younger professors on campus.

The dog is the ungainliest bitch on earth. She's part dachshund and so overfed that her body looks disproportionately fat for her small idiotic head. Her paunch is distended and her nipples are exposed on

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**Somers Personals**

Mrs. W. Colton Bliss — RI 9-4414

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Easter, Pinney Rd., have returned from a vacation. They were the guests of Mrs. Easter's brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Romeo in Pittsburgh; Mr. and Mrs. Henry Laughlin Jr. in Manchester, N.H. and visited friends on the Cape.

Miss Emilie C. Bugbee spent last week with her sister, Mrs. Ralph E. Howes, Caspian Lake,

Greensboro, Vt.

Mrs. Cora Huteau has returned to her home in Hamden, Conn., after spending three weeks visiting her sisters Mrs. William Hastings, Main St., and Mrs. Ray Hastings in Hazardville.

John Landers, Ninth District Rd., is a patient in the Veteran's Hospital, Newington.

Mrs. F. W. Osincup of Waverly, Iowa, is visiting her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick D. Collins, Colton Rd.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Whitaker Jr., and two children have moved to Rose Haven Rd. Their former home on Maple Ridge Dr. is now occupied by Mr. and Mrs. James Johnston and four children of Hazardville.

Several Somers young people completed the water safety pro-

gram at Crystal Lake this Summer. Lynn Pease and Dale Blythe passed the junior life-saving tests and Lynn also completed the water safety aid program. The beginners course was completed by Clark Pease, Billy Blythe, Gary Wysocki and Chris Hushak.


Members of the Little League Farm Team enjoyed a ball game at Pynchon Park, Springfield, between the Giants and York, one evening last week. They were accompanied by the team manager, Ben Forziati and some of the parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Bourque, Sunset Dr., Somersville have had as recent guests, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bachofner of Schliersn, Switzerland a suburb of Zurich. Mr. Bachofner is a procurist there for a large iron works. Mr. and Mrs. Bourque also recently entertained a dinner party of 48 from Rockville, Tolland, Ellington, Vernon, and Turners Falls.

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## Suffield Chatter

By Myrtle Hierl  
NO 8-7839

Linda Adams, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Adams of West Suffield, was one of 25 members of the 4-H nominated from the state of Connecticut to represent the 4-H Club at Eastern States Exposition on the 4-H Horse Club Activity Group. They will be in the Horace Moses Building Sept. 18 to 21.

Linda is a five-year member of the Tobacco Valley 4-H Riders. The club will show their animals in the Coliseum on Sept. 19 from 9 to 11 a.m. — fitting and showmanship class at 1 p.m. in the outdoor ring. Sunday, Sept. 20, they are all appearing in the judging contest and a Junior General Knowledge Event.

The Red Cross Bloodmobile will be at First Church of Christ Congregational, Suffield, on Monday, Oct. 26, from 12:45 to 5:30 p.m., to collect blood donations to replenish present depleted supplies. Katherine Martin is officer of the day. Jane Hibbard is recruiter chairman.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest McNeill of Manchester announce the birth of a son, Ernest, Jr., on July 13. Mrs. McNeill is the former Vyriling Phelps of Suffield. Maternal great-grandfather is Judson Phelps of Bradenton, Fla. Paternal grandparents are Mr. and Mrs. Robert McNeil of Manchester.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Sikes of Mapleton Ave., and their children, Mark and Abby, have just returned from a six-week camping trip to California.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Love of Thompsonville Rd., have recently returned from a two-week trip to Bermuda. Mr. Love, a partner of the Carpet Clinic of Stafford, has contracts with the Army to clean and install carpeting at the Army bases. He is presently working at a Greenland Army base.

John Hierl, — "Pa" of Mapleton Ave. — is on a trip to visit with his sons: Mr. and Mrs. James Hierl of Binghamton, N.Y. and Mr. and Mrs. Victor Hierl of Don Mills, Ontario, Canada.

Anthony Moffett Jr. of River Blvd. will be among 50 college students participating in Syracuse University's "Semester in Italy" program.

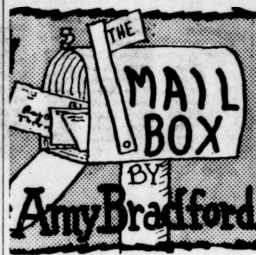
A member of the Syracuse junior class, Anthony, sailed from New York Harbor aboard the Cristoforo Colombo for Italy last Friday. He will begin classes in Florence Sept. 8 studying language, history and culture. Following the semester, ending Dec. 23, he will travel for a month in Western Europe before returning home. He is president of his class at Syracuse, a member of the Orange Key Junior Men's Honorary Society and of Delta Upsilon fraternity. He graduated from Suffield High in 1962, where he was president of his class.

## Sunshine Art Show

A Sunshine Art Show to be held outdoors Sept. 12-13 has been announced by Mrs. Virginia Schoenleber of the Sunshine Art Studio 35 Pleasant St., Warehouse Point.

The show will take place in front of the studio and along the wall of Mrs. Schoenleber's garden. Refreshments will be served each day from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. and honors will be bestowed for the best art works in each classification.

The public is invited to exhibit paintings, sculpture, prints, cartoons, flower arrangements and woodcarvings at a space charge of \$2 for the two-day period. Persons wishing further information may contact Mrs. Schoenleber at NA 3-7863.



Dear Amy: My 16-year-old daughter for the first time has bought her fall clothes without me. When she tried them on at home I was dismayed to see that every skirt was well above her knee. She says it's the style, but to me it looks cheap and I'd be ashamed to have her appear in public in them. What's your opinion.

Mrs. L. M.

Dear Mrs. L. M. Unfortunately your daughter is right. I suggest that you let her go ahead and wear her new clothes. You don't need to worry because you'll find that she looks exactly like every other teen-ager in them. Let's be thankful that we haven't resurrected all the styles of the twenties!

Dear Amy Bradford: To me this is a very important matter and my wife and I have decided to tell you our problem and abide by your decision.

I have a new boss. He's been brought here from out of town to head up my department. He's bought a house and moved his family and what I want to know is this—do I entertain him as a newcomer to town or do I wait for my superior to invite

us first to his home? J. W. Dear J. W. Treat him like a newcomer to town and forget that he's your boss. You never need fear breaking a rule of etiquette when you make a perfectly natural and hospitable gesture. If they accept, make the occasion warm and informal. If they don't, you can still be sure that you did the correct thing in inviting them.

Dear Miss Bradford: My mother isn't fair. She expects me to help at home, but my older sister never has to do anything. I'm 15 and Alice is 17. Who has to set the table for dinner? Josie, of course. Where's Alice? Late getting home from swimming or whatever. After dinner does she help mother with the dishes? Oh no, she has to wash her hair and put it up in curlers before her movie date, while Josie helps mother. It ticks me off to see Alice always getting away with it while I have to do her share and mother can't even see it. What can I do?

Josie

Dear Josie: Just wait and be amiable. Sooner or later Alice and her doings will no longer be in the limelight and you will have moved up into her spot. I hope you have a younger sister to step into your shoes by then so you'll be free to experiment with creams and curlers instead of detergents and dish towels.

Dear Amy Bradford: We moved here to New England from the middle west some time ago and have been treated so hospitably by the old residents in the vill-

age that I shouldn't be critical of them — but I am. I don't like their emphasis on who you are rather than what you are. In one way or another they manage to let it be known that they're all descended from governors of the colonies and the signers of the Declaration of Independence. To me it's the most irritating form of name-dropping. I always long to say something that will bring them down to life size and still I don't want to be nasty about it. Does this kind of pride annoy you too? If so, can you suggest a good deflating remark to make next time instead of biting my tongue?

Westerner

Dear Westerner: I know what you mean. Here's one to use the next time you see an opening for a perfectly priceless quotation:

In the House of Lords on the occasion of an angry dispute which had arisen between a peer of ancient family and one of new creation, Bishop Warburton said:

"High birth is a thing which I have never known anyone to disparage save those who had it not. Nor have I ever known anyone to make a boast of it who had anything else to be proud of."

What are your problems? Write to Amy Bradford in care of The Bazaar. For a personal reply, enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope. All letters will be answered and as many as possible will be published.

**What would you do...**  
In this case? Struggle along without help? Not if you bought your insurance through our agency. We're independent agents, ready to help, day or night. Call us.

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100 Capsules  
(100 days supply)  
REG. \$5.95  
NOW \$3.98  
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6 oz. size  
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SAVE 59¢

Bexel VHP (Very High Potency) 100's, Reg. \$7.89, Now \$5.25... Save \$2.64  
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**McKESSON VITAMIN B-1 (THIAMINE HYDRO.) TABLETS**  
100 mg. — 100's

REG. \$4.25	NOW \$4.25
EACH BOTTLE	2 BOTTLES

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25 mg. — 100's

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**Brooks Pharmacy**  
Green Manoville Shopping Parkade

**Hazardville Pharmacy**  
Main St., Hazardville





"You were out a mile...  
a baby could see that!"

### About Our Trading Stamp Contest

Each week The Press gives away 5,000 World Green Stamps — 1,000 to each of five (5) persons whose names are hidden in Press ads. The names are chosen, blindfolded, from the telephone book at the Chamber of Commerce. RULES:

- 1.) Five new names each week.
- 2.) Names will be found upside down or cockeyed with letters "WG" in front of them.
- 3.) To claim stamps, winner must come to The Press office at 71 Church St., by the Tuesday following publication.
- 4.) No coupons or purchases are necessary.

# 30 DAYS IN SEPTEMBER! FAMOUS McKESSON BEXEL VITAMIN SALE!

● Today only extravagant people with a complete disregard for money pay exorbitant prices for the identical formulas and quality of vitamins they can buy at ½ price, two for one, or special savings. This big September sale is proof of this! Stock up

and save on famous McKesson Bexel Vitamins for the whole family! Get a six month supply... enough to take care of your needs until March of 1965. You'll remember this September... because of all the money you saved on vitamins!

## ½ PRICE ON ECONOMY SIZES



**BEXEL SPECIAL FORMULA IMPROVED**  
180 Capsules (6 mos. supply)  
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**SAVE \$4.79**



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250 Tablets (8½ mos. supply)  
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**BEXEL MPM**  
(Maintenance Plus Minerals)  
225 Capsules (7½ mos. supply)  
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**BEXEL VHP**  
(Very High Potency)  
180 Capsules (6 mos. supply)  
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Bexel MP (Maintenance Plus) 225's, Reg. \$5.89, **Now \$2.95... Save \$2.94**  
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Bexel HP (High Potency) 180's, Reg. \$9.59, **Now \$4.80... Save \$4.79**  
Bexel Orange-Flavored Vitamin Liquid for Children 12 oz., Reg. \$2.98, **Now \$1.49... Save \$1.49**

## INTRODUCING McKESSON BEXEL ELIXIR VITAMIN AND IRON TONIC

● Recommended especially for very active people and older adults. Special Introductory Offer! September 1964 Only. 2 — 12 oz. bottles \$2.79. Regular price after September 30—\$2.19 per bottle.

If you need iron, you just can't buy a better iron tonic. But often iron may not be enough. Read the formula, not only does it contain a daily dose of iron (10 times the minimum daily requirement) equal to that contained in 2 pounds of raw calves' liver, but it also contains the important vitamins.

Look at the McKesson Bexel Vitamin Display and ASK for your FREE COPPER GLOWSALT & PEPPER SHAKERS  
BEAUTIFUL • USEFUL • DECORATIVE



**HURRY! HURRY!**  
While they last!  
NO PURCHASE NECESSARY

200 pieces of Stationery and 100 matching envelopes personalized with YOUR name and address



This is a very exclusive reproduction of authentic early HAND CRAFTED WATER-MARKED PAPER  
YOURS WITH THIS COUPON AND ONLY **\$2.50**

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Please send me \_\_\_\_\_ Boxes of Personalized Stationery

Enclosed find \$ \_\_\_\_\_ (\$2.50 for each box)

Personalized Stationery—P.O. Box 127—Jericho, N. Y.

Send to \_\_\_\_\_

Imprint as above. If different imprint is desired—and for each additional set ordered—please print clearly on separate sheet of paper and attach to this coupon.

DRUGGISTS' AUTHORIZATION \_\_\_\_\_

This offer void in any state where prohibited or otherwise restricted. Add sales tax where applicable. Allow up to 3 weeks for delivery. Cash value of this coupon one mill. Offer expires December 31, 1964.

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Niacin—Wheat Germ Oil—Yeast Tablets (Brewer's)

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McKESSON BEXEL VITAMIN SALE AT:

**Somers Pharmacy**  
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**Enfield Pharmacy**  
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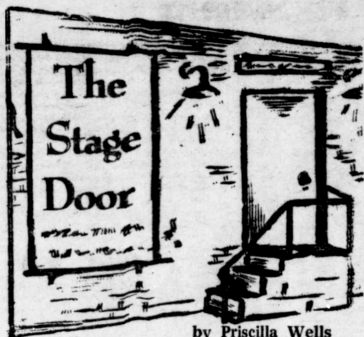
**Drug Center**

South Road, Next To Popular Market

**Southwood Pharmacy**

89 Raffia Road, Southwood Acres

"Wildcat," now playing at the Oval Theater in Farmington thru Sept. 12, is more mild than wild but is an entertaining diversion for the remaining summer evenings. Although a bit too ambitious for this tiny arena stage, there are some interesting performances that make the show mighty worth while. Donna Deitz in the role of "Wildcat Jackson," originally played by Lucille Ball and last summer by Martha Raye, is a tiny and talented red-haired firecracker, blazing with star quality that carries the show. Lester Hartnett is outstanding as "Sookie," the dirty old man who owns the land where "Wildy" and her crew finally strike oil. Ordinarily a character man gives us a sug-



by Priscilla Wells

gestion of untidiness, but this "Sookie's so filthy you'll crawl! His overgrown beard, soiled clothes and lecherous looks add up to rare realism. His duet with Wildy, "What Takes My Fancy?" brought the house down. We saw Mr. Hartnett in "All My Sons" at Rockville last spring but feel his marvelous flair for comedy surpasses his talent for more serious drama.

The costuming of "Wildcat" 's chorus leaves much to be desired. Yes, dear friends, we know there's a budget, but please ask the girls to be consistent — either square dance dresses of 1964 or Mexican Fiesta Costumes of 1912. The mixture was disconcerting, although not too detrimental to the fine singing of this motley group. The audience had lots of fun at "Wildcat," and you will too!

I have two mysterious cub reporters — Robbie J. and Kurt W. — scrounging around for news while I'm "on location" and this is what they dug up this week: Sally B., Ann S., and Marie R. being driven around Hazardville Friday by Dick W. — all from the Bridge Insurance Agency! The Tom Gradys are at Eastham for three weeks. The Fred Oakhills are vacationing with their three children in Ohio. The Fred Collines (he's the expert golfer) are entertaining Mrs. Collins' mother, Mrs. Ossincup from Iowa. Johnny Wyse is visiting his grandpar-

ents in New Hampshire. And the Howard Stevens entertained for the Harvey Worthingtons from Indiana — guests included the Trudeauus, Rosses, Sagers, Weingartners, Woods and Jacks- sons. And the rest of the news I either can't decipher or it's too good to print!

Ran into Margaret Neelans, an old friend just returned from the Cape, to Franklin St. and looking nice and tan and 10 years younger than when I saw her last. Son Alan, now married, and daughter Nancy, just graduated from Northfield and getting ready for Northeastern — both favorite former pupils. And among other young stars for whom I have a nostalgic yen are Mrs. Frank Beneski, formerly Sheila Butler, of Suffield; and Barbara Olshafskie, Enfield teacher who will marry Michael Nosal in December. One, a beautiful brunette, the other, a beautiful blonde — and both so nice.

Recent New York visitors were Paula and Max Gysi (he's Somers' building inspector). They loved "The Unsinkable Molly Brown," playing to crowds at Radio City. And Dorothy Hutton enthused about "High Spirits" and "Dylan."

The response to our news of a matinee group for the Hartford Stage Company has promised real interest in the excellent program offered for the new season. Commencing Wednesday, Oct. 28, a good-sized group of ladies (Mr. Editor, not "a group of good-sized ladies") will be attending shows every third Wednesday through May 12. In case of inclement weather, tickets may be exchanged for Sunday matinee or evening performances. We plan to get in a few luncheons before, or cocktails after, to discuss the plays. Subscription price for eight plays is only \$20.40. Come join us! And our first subscribers for evening tickets are — guess who? The busiest people we know — Bob and Jane Keeney. But they sincerely loved HSC last year and anticipate more exciting theater this year. Please don't hesitate to call with questions, as I just thrive on dishing out publicity!

As a general rule we can endure the worst extremes of

temperature much better than the worn-out jokes of greeting by so many folks: "Is it cold enough for ya?" (And by the time this is printed we'll hear, "Is it hot enough for ya?") Yes, Mark Twain, we're waiting!

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**Lovely modern split level ranch on Broad Brook Road overlooking golf course.** Seven rooms, 1½ baths, fireplace, paved driveway, modern kitchen with dishwasher sink and disposal. Quality design and construction. For more details and appointment to see contact owner, Dr. M. H. Nickerson, 34 Thornberry Road, Winchester, Mass. It 9-2

(Continued to Page 12)

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**½ PRICE ON ECONOMY SIZES VITAMIN C AND B-1...2 BOTTLES FOR PRICE OF 1 TREMENDOUS SAVINGS ON LARGE SIZES/OTHER McKESSON VITAMINS ⅓ OFF**

**SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER!**

McKesson Bexel Elixir Vitamin & Iron Tonic September, 1964 only...2-12 oz. bottles—\$2.79. Regular Price after September 30...\$2.19 per bottle.

**PERSONALIZED STATIONERY OFFER**

Get Coupon at Drug Store Featuring McKesson Bexel Vitamin Sale.

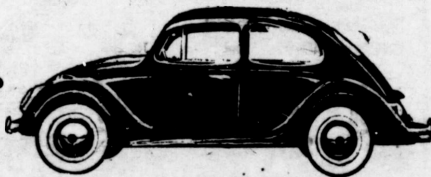
IN THIS AREA THEY ARE:

**SEE OUR AD ON CENTER FOLD**

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• GOOD SELECTION USED VOLKSWAGENS, AMERICAN USED CARS •

**SERVICE SPECIAL**

Oil Change • Lubricate • Check Fan Belt • New Plugs - Points - Condenser • Compression Test • Adjust Values • Brakes • Link Pins • Clutch.

**\$17<sup>95</sup>**

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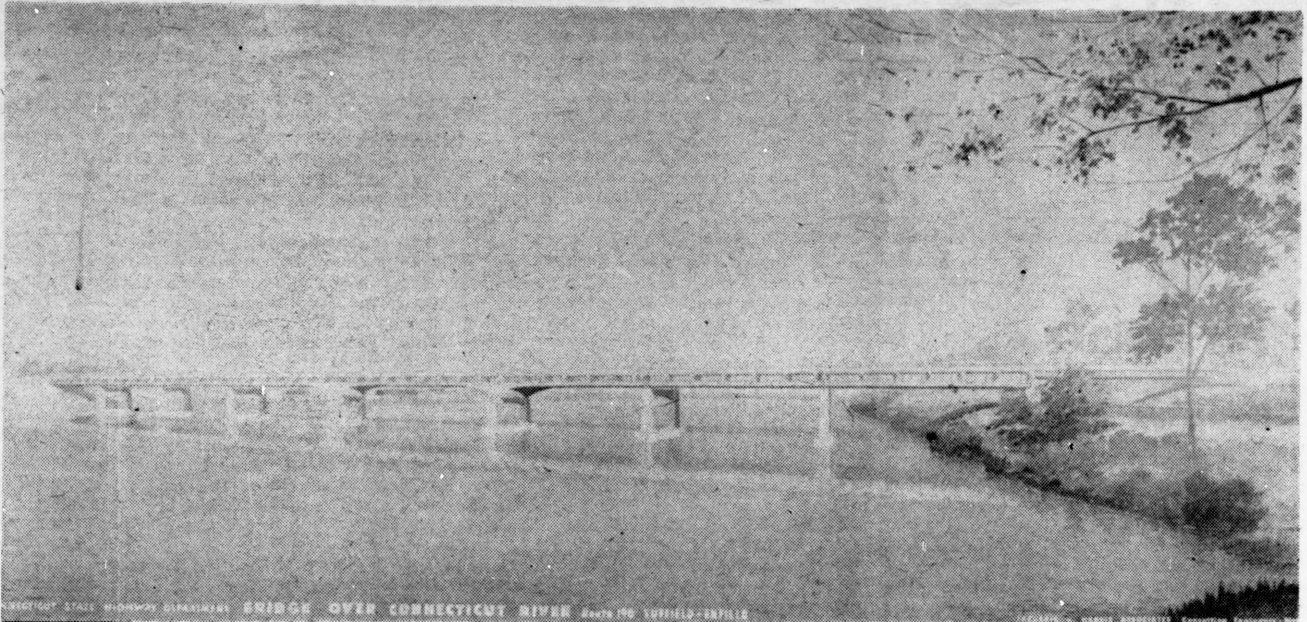
**MUFFLER SPECIAL**

Muffler — All Gaskets  
Chrome Tail Pipes  
ALL YEARS

**\$23<sup>95</sup>**

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# Preview Of The New Bridge To Suffield



The long awaited Suffield-Enfield bridge to be constructed on Rt. 190 over the Connecticut River is shown above in an artist's rendering prepared by Frederic Harris Assoc., consulting engineers. Accord-

ing to a State Highway Dept. spokesman, bridge designs have been prepared and rights-of-way acquisitions are nearing completion. Advertising for bids began Aug. 17 and construction should be under way in the late fall.

(Continued from Page 10)

**Wanted to rent — 5 room apartment with furnace. Have 3 children. Within 10 mile radius of T'ville. RI 9-9140.** It 9-2

**BOARD — Dogs and Cats. Open for summer. Reas. rates. Conlin Kennels, Abbe Rd., Scitico. RI 9-4015. Ask for Daniel Conlin.** tf 8-26

**Sewing machine, 1963 model. Never used. Sacrifice \$35. Will take \$1.50 weekly. RI 5-3742.** tf 9-2

**TRADING POST, 51 Church St., open 10 to 5 on Thursday and Friday. Closed Saturdays.** tf 3-26

**Baby carriage, converts to carped; adjustable baby jumper; play pen. All like new, \$35 for**

all. NA 3-1158. 2t 8-26

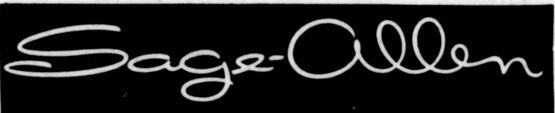
**Convertible High Chair, \$20; baby carriage, \$20; bassinet, \$8. RI 5-8654 after 5 p.m.** tf 3-26

**ASSISTANT BUILDING INSPECTOR ENFIELD, CONNECTICUT SALARY RANGE: \$221.00-\$265.00 Bi-weekly Plus two weeks' vacation; 10**

paid holidays; sick leave; Social Security; Group Life Insurance; Blue Cross and C.M.S.


Requires four years' employment in building construction including two years as a Master Mechanic or in a supervisory, inspection or design capacity or equivalent. Additional information and appli-

cations available at the Office of the Town Manager, Town Hall, Enfield, State Personnel Department, State Office Building, Hartford, or any office of the Connecticut State Employment Service. Last date for filing applications is September 13, 1964.



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**Windsor Open Tuesday-Saturday 10:00-5:30, Friday 10:00-9:00**





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## Lazarus . . .

(Continued from Page 6)

both sides, as though she is suckling puppies. Her name is Brownie and she follows the old man like a burro. He shouts back at her to hurry, she is holding him up, she is good for nothing, he doesn't know why he puts up with her. She ignores all this noise and doesn't change her gait. She exhibits no curiosity about the world whatever. When they reach the alley she turns in a slow tropistic movement and heads for the butchershop door, where she plops down her hind-quarters and waits.

The old man enters like

Ulysses home from the wars. His eyes are watering, there's a gaping smile on his face, he waves to the drivers and the clerks. This gesture is ceremonial, so flamboyantly a wave that everyone is galvanized into a Pavlovian response. But an instant later the men turn away muttering, the old man is cut off; he would never dare go up and put out his hand.

Sometimes they get him off their backs at once. A clerk comes out with a damaged item of grocery; the butcher tosses a scrap to the dog and thrusts a parcel into the old man's hands. A driver for a salami company gives him a half contemptuous signal and pulls two packages of

frozen meat from his van while the old man stands back obsequiously, smiling, smiling. He pops them into his sack and tries to say thanks, but the driver is gone.

If everyone cold shoulders him the old man saunters leisurely around the garbage cans, inspecting them out of idle curiosity, he would have everyone know. In truth I don't think he is much interested in their contents; he prefers items out of the store or off the trucks. Lifting lids, however, enables him to look around the alley and greet new arrivals; if a driver looks absent-mindedly in his direction the arm flies up and the head nods. When a truck enters he springs forward and becomes the traffic director; he stands well back and steers the driver with gestures that are only corroborative, coming a fraction of a second after the driver has made his own decisions. If the driver miscalculated and started backing into the wall the old man would be here waving him on to disaster. The job finished, he smiles like a clown and waits for acknowledgment. When a truck leaves he follows it out and waves goodby, several times.

Resources exhausted, the old man heads out. He hasn't taken five steps before he turns around, as though someone has called him. No one has; it's a ruse to catch somebody's eye and toss a wave. He tries it again, then remembers the dog, sprawled by the butcher shop, grinding a beef bone on her molars. He shouts at her; she pays no attention. He threatens and comes at her as if to land a kick in her ribs. She is totally indifferent. Before the blow has landed the old man is diverted to the cans and starts another round of inspection. The farce begins all over. When the dog has finished her scrap she moves out and the old man follows, passing her up and scolding, accusing her of being disgraceful, dragging him into alleys and garbage pits, as though they were beggars.

It is, of course, a dog's nature to rummage in garbage; and it may be man's nature, too, beneath the thin veneer of more respectable habits. The old man is up on stilts; he feels rock-bottom every time he moves, but he's up in the air by sheer will power, and he wants us to believe he's at home there. Some day he'll trip and hit the ground. The final scene will be fit only for the center pages of the tabloids.

All beggars are on a stage, but the performances are different

in other countries. Rome is filled with them, and some are artists in their calling, but it takes time before an American is at ease with them. I encountered my first Roman beggar on my very first night there. A few feet from the entrance to a beerhall just below the Spanish Steps, a woman was gasping against the wall. She was pounding her fists against her breasts and her face was raised to the sky in absolute agony. My blood went cold and I looked around desperately. There were tables outside, crowded with people, but no one paid any attention to her. The waiters brushed against her with loaded trays of beer steins. Across the street two carabinieri stood statuesquely against a stone wall, their capes fluttering. I thrust a bill at the woman and walked away fast, convinced that Rome was a city of cold-blooded barbarians. A few nights later I came back, relieved to see her gone but still vaguely disturbed by her lingering image. The next week, however, she was there again, in the same spot, in the same agony, and after that I saw her several times in other parts of Rome. She had a different stage for each night of the week. The Italians gave her a token coin, but the Americans either gave her too much, or ran in horror.

There were gypsies, whole armies of them! They came out of the south in the warm weather and inundated the poorer sections of the city. Of all beggars they are the least sympathetic to the Italians because they exploit their children. Once they've sighted you they are like cheetahs in the pursuit; the children grab your sleeve and the women touch you on the hand repeatedly. That cold incessant finger tip on your wrist is the touch of the devil. You must put a coin in each palm and what you give is never enough, they want a hundred lire and boldly ask for it. Tourists are special targets; one day in the spring I turned a corner below the Villa Borghese and found myself confronting a small army of women and children. They had been begging in the park and were returning to the southern quarters of Rome, skirting the Via Veneto because they were not allowed there. The sudden sight of me — Americano written all over my face and clothes — sent them into a transport of ecstasy. They whooped their joy and then in an instant they were destitute supplicants. I laughed at the quick change, and when they saw me digging for coins they began to laugh, too, the children pressing close and staring up with their incredible eyes, alive with mischief. The small coins ran out; I withheld the larger ones and some palms went uncrossed. I was then cursed, as I had expected to be.

All these actors — melodramatic old woman and cunning gypsies — have a touchstone of truth in their performances that does not exist in American begging. They exaggerate their misery, but that which they overplay is that which they are, in truth: beggars. The old man in the supermarket alley will never admit this, even implicitly. However steeped in deceit, beggary in Rome exhibits a face of sanity. The Roman beggar appeals to your pity — for more of it than the facts warrant — but pity is, after all the psychological truth of the fleeting intercourse he establishes with other people. Pity is what all charity depends upon, except

(Continued on Page 13)

Known By the Parties She Gives



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Lazarus . . .

(Continued from Page 12)

"His teeth seemed phosphorescent when he smiled."

those dutiful protestant philanthropies which seem more like entries in a salvational ledger. The Italian accepts pity as one of the more civilizing aspects of his humanity; in asking for it and in giving it he shares an attribute of God. The American is insulted by it; he would die before he made an appeal to it, and he uses every tactful dodge at hand to disguise it in giving. His God helps him who helps himself.

Some Italian beggars play no fictitious role whatsoever. One evening I passed a young man leaning against a wall on the Largo Argentina. I was coming from a language lesson, it was the rush hour, his was one face out of dozens. His hair was receding, but he had strikingly handsome features with a complexion the color and texture of chestnuts, and northern Italian eyes, large, brown, vibrantly alive, like reflecting pools in which the whole animated square was swimming in double miniature. He smiled at anyone who looked at him; his hands were at his sides, gripping the crutches that supported his one leg. I gave him a coin and he shifted his balance skillfully to take it, with an amiable flick of his fingers in gratitude.

After my next lesson I found him on one of the darker side-streets. In the shadows his teeth seemed phosphorescent when he smiled. We exchanged talk this time, and later it occurred to me that this was my first ordinary conversation with a full-time beggar. He said that he changed locations out of boredom, he got tired of looking at the square. I saw him after every lesson and we always talked for a few minutes. I won't say that we became friends — that is an overused word — but we did become perfectly at ease with one another. I looked for him and he waited for me. After my final lesson I bade him goodby and we wished each other luck. I forgot about him until one day in New York, shortly after I had returned. I was heading towards a luncheon date, walking fast up Lexington Avenue, still readjusting to my homecoming. Blood and nerves were speeding up to match the in-

igenous tension of New York—you have to come home gradually or you get the bends — and my eyes were aching for the rose-tinted refraction of Rome. At the corner of 42nd Street a big fat man was standing in the middle of the sidewalk, mumbling at people as they passed. He was shaven and clean, not the Bowery type, and he had the shell-shocked appearance of a man who had just suffered an irremediable blow and found himself on the streets, for the first time in his life, asking for help. He didn't know how to do it. He was talking in an undertone that no one heard distinctly. Halfway around the block toward Grand Central I knew I couldn't eat with that image unexorcised, so I doubled back and hauled him a quarter. He was stunned and started to cry — I swear to God this hulking man broke down in tears right there on Lexington Avenue — and when I walked away I suddenly remembered the one-legged beggar on the Largo Argentina and how I used to walk away from him as though from a confessional, my sins absolved and my soul, which from childhood I have confused with my heart, shriven white and nestling like a dove inside my ribs.

For the fat man's sake I hope he has an act by now, if he hasn't been jailed for begging in the wrong part of town. His misery was too naked for anybody's comfort, and he would go to pieces if he continued to beg just out of pain alone, guilelessly. To survive on the streets you need your wits and some stage property, such as the hatful of pencils that makes it seem that the legless man is in business. The pencils are the emblem of his self-respect, and why that should be so important to him is something only an American takes so totally for granted. Well, we are what we are, and I hope that the fat man has learned to beat the sanitation squad to the punch; I hope he's holding his head up over a cigarbox of shoelaces, or has made a little business out of discarded flowers. Some people cannot make the transition and I don't have the vaguest idea

(Continued on Page 14)

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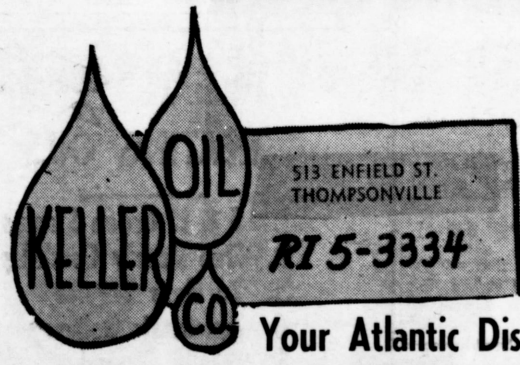
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**Lazarus . . .**

(Continued from Page 13)

**"The dog was growling  
in a paroxysm of anger."**

how it's done. The beginnings are mysterious and probably just a flimsy breath away from total breakdown, which will never be far away. To the best of us the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night, according to St. Paul. The beggar lives in a house ransacked by thieves, at any moment of the day someone can rip off the mask and leave the truth naked, like a maggot squirming in the sun. They are capable of doing it to each other.

For example, the rose-gathering Jew and the old man with the dog have despised one another all along. Their enmity became apparent several weeks ago. One bright afternoon I saw the Jew come up the block and watch him stop twice to inspect and snip roses. Across the street the old lady's five little rosetrees were singing with new blossoms and I anticipated a cunning little scene of selection and cutting under my nose. But he suddenly stopped with a jolt and crossed over to my side, where there aren't any roses. There outside the alley was the old man, stooping to grip the dog's collar, and watching the Jew's movements with hatred burning in his eyes. For the very first time the animal was exhibiting a nervous system, snarling at the sight of the Jew, who was almost running now below my window. Man and dog did a slow furious pivot, following the short, puffing figure until it reached the corner and turned out of sight.

Yesterday they met again; their voices woke me from a nap. They were face to face by the old lady's privet hedge, screaming at one another. The old man was scarcely able to restrain the dog, who was growling in a paroxysm of anger. Two drivers were watching from the alley, and the old woman was standing in her yard with a broom in her hand, frozen in the act of sweeping her walks.

"Get out the dog!" the Jew yelled. "In a cage it belongs, the side-walk is for people!"

The old man's face was purple. "She has a license!" he screamed, and his fumbling hands twisted the dog's collar to exhibit her legality. "She is paid for! She has a right to walk anywhere! More right than a Jew and a thief."

The Jew squared his shoulders. "I spit upon your words! A beggar, a piece of dirt, you go through garbage! In filth you live!"

The dog thrashed in rage at the Jew's voice, and the attempt to restrain her infuriated the old man. "Dirty goddamn liar," he screamed, and then twisted her head toward the old woman. "He steals your flowers! He's a thieving Jew! They are all thieves!"

The old woman winced and stepped back.

"He steals your flowers!" the old man screamed at her. "His bag is filled with flowers, he steals them all!"

"It's all right," the old woman said quietly, shaking her head and putting her hand up.

"A thief I'm not!" the Jew shouted at her. "It's not stealing I should take a flower! You

shouldn't listen to filth that lives on garbage!"

"I've seen you take them,"

the old woman said. "It's all right."

This mitigation of the Jew's offence drove the old man to tears. "You should have him arrested! He belongs in jail, in a concentration camp! The Germans should have burned him!"

The old woman waved her hand in negation and turned away. One of the drivers came uncertainly out of the alley.

Luiz appeared on the walk be-

low my window, and there were people looking out of other windows.

The Jew drew his head up tall and then swung forward as he spat on the sidewalk. Reciting a string of Yiddish curses he stepped into the gutter and started to pass. With a rasping snarl the dog broke from the old man's grasp.

"Brownie!" he yelled and fell to his knees. The dog lunged

over the curb and tangled herself in the Jew's legs. The Jew shouted a curse, and kicked hard, catching the dog on her distended belly. She yelped as she plopped back, and then lunged forward again.

"Brownie, Brownie—", the old man yelled, but before he got to his feet the Jew's hand was in the air, gripping the closed shears. The old woman moaned,

(Continued on Page 15)

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"Murdererrrr!" he screamed

but the Jew was already bent over, his arm coming stiffly down as though he were swinging an ax. The closed blades of the shears sank to the finger grips in the dog's neck. The animal gave a short piercing howl and then a gush of blood poured from her mouth. With a firm pull the Jew yanked the shears up and stepped back, wild-eyed and dripping blood like a figure in a Jacobean tragedy, while the dog twisted in a kind of dance movement and then fell on her side, the fur twitching down the length of her body. The old man was up and over the curb in an instant falling on both knees with his hands out to the dog. Her legs kicked for a few seconds and then went stiff, while the old man's hands twisted over the death agony and his painted tie dangled in the air. The Jew backed away, then spun on his heels and ran across the street, holding his arms straight out in front of him, the bloody shears in one hand and the shopping bag in the other. The old man was roused out of his grief and got up, trembling.

"Murdererrrr!" he screamed, stepping after the figure puffing up the street in the gutter. For a second it seemed that his rage could not be contained, he would spin around the street in a dance of wild despair. The driver came at him and touched his arm.

"Easy, old man—" "Ahhhhhhh!" the old man screamed, his voice breaking.

The driver turned in the direction of the Jew, almost at the corner now.

"Hey, mister!" "No. let him go!" the old woman called, coming down the walk. "What good will it do? Let him go, they're both poor old men."

Her voice settled the question. The driver turned back to the old man and held him up. The old bent body shook with sobs as it was led to the steps of the woman's yard.

There were people up and down the block now, staring at the dog in the gutter and the old man huddled on the steps. No one quite knew what to do. Then, like a weary but infinitely experienced stage manager, old Luiz shuffled across the street, his shoulder bent and his thick arms dangling at his side. He leaned over the dog, and then walked up to the hedge.

"Lady, you calla police," he said very distinctly. The old woman nodded. "You gotta newspaper?"

The old woman went to the rear of the house and returned with a newspaper. Luiz spread it on the road, next to the dog. Then he knelt down and pulled the animal's hind quarters, on the paper. The driver knelt down to help.

"You getta box," Luiz said, pointing to the alley. The driver obeyed at once.

Now the old man stood up in alarm.

"What are you doing to Brownie?"

Luiz looked up. "She eez dead, meester. You getta nudder dog. They eez Jotsa dog."

The driver returned with a carton and the old man watched with tears streaming down his cheeks as the two men rolled the paper around the carcass and lifted it into the box. Then Luiz fumbled inside and came up with the dog's collar, which he wiped on the paper and handed to the old man. He lifted the box by himself and carried it to the curb.

When the police arrived ten minutes later the crowd had dispersed. The old man was sitting again on the steps, staring at the box. Luiz had pulled the old woman's garden hose down the walk and was sloshing the street, and for once he looked more or less at home, because that's what the people of Lisbon seem to do every day, hose down their streets.

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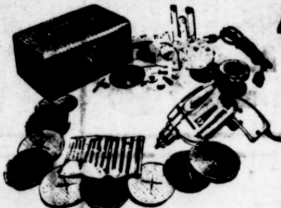
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