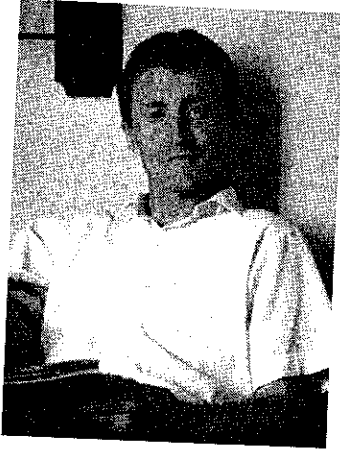


Don Slater (1923-1997)

Joseph Hansen



In January 1953, sixteen long years before the much-ballyhooed drag-queen rebellion at the Stonewall Inn on New York's Christopher Street, Don Slater, with the help of a handful of friends with more idealism than good sense, quietly launched from a modest side-street bungalow in Los Angeles the first openly publicly sold magazine for homosexuals in the United States, *ONE*.

This was the true spearhead of the American homosexual movement. It awakened homosexual men and women all across the country to a sense of who they were, that they were not alone but everywhere, and were not outsiders, not criminals,

but citizens with equal rights under the law, deserving decent treatment from the society in which they lived and to which they contributed.

So bringing *ONE Magazine* into existence and by whatever means possible getting it out into the world was Don Slater's first towering achievement. His second, at least as important, was to gain for us all the right to send through the U.S. mail printed matter dealing with homosexuality.

No, I don't mean pornography. The mind-set of postal authorities and the courts in the reactionary 1950s was that the very concept of homosexuality was pornographic, nasty, disgusting, repugnant, unacceptable, un-Christian, and un-American. Freedom of the mail (and of the press) was for nice, normal people—not homosexuals. Don Slater turned this around. And no, this is not a myth.

Don Slater was born August 21, 1923, at Pasadena Hospital, in the staid, tree-shaded California town of that name, at one minute past 2 a.m., the firstborn of twin boys, the second being Harvey. Their father was Warren Steven Slater, age thirty-nine; their mother Katherine Fairen Slater, age thirty-five. The couple had come to California from Connecticut in 1920,

and were already the parents of a son and a daughter when Don and Harvey arrived.

Warren Slater made his living as an athletic director at YMCAs and Boys Clubs in Pasadena, Glendale, Los Angeles, and Oceanside. Although never out of work during the Great Depression, he moved around a lot and all those moves from town to town, job to job, make it hard to trace which schools Don attended. He ended his public education in Capistrano Beach at Chaffey High as a member of the class of 1942.

To be a young man graduating from high school in that year meant only one thing: Uncle Sam wanted you. Whether in the Army, Navy, Air Force, Marines, or Coast Guard, your future was laid out for you, in a nice, neat uniform. That Don ended up at Camp Hale, Colorado, as a ski-trooper trainee suggests that Coach Slater, as his father was known, must have done some telephoning to friends in high places. Warren Slater owned a ski lodge on Mt. Baldy, and Don had skied from an early age, so what branch of the armed services could have suited him better?

Don was inducted in February 1943 among snow-covered Rocky Mountain Peaks. He had what looks from snapshots to have been a lively and louche time with his buddies, then developed rheumatic fever, was put to bed in the infirmary with his "heart beating double-time," and after a few weeks was honorably discharged. This was October 19, 1943, and rifleman Private Don Slater had served his country for exactly eight months and three days.

Whatever went on in those very temporary-looking barracks after lights out between Don and his frisky young friends, evidently the officers didn't know or didn't care about. One has written in the blank labeled Character on Don's discharge papers, "Excellent," which, of course, it was, and would always remain.

Maybe Don chose the University of Southern California as the place to enroll in February 1944 because the campus sprawls through the heart of old Los Angeles, and Don loved old Los Angeles, the more run-down and ragged the better. There was then nothing distinguished about the college. Anyway, Don didn't pay a lot of attention to his studies. He worked in the library, but he also spent riotous nights with Hal Bargelt and other members of the university's "gay underground" boozing in the bars on sleazy Main Street. "He enjoyed the transvestites," Bargelt recalls, and was as friendly with them and the other lost souls adrift in the gritty shadows of Main Street's gaudy neon as he was with his fellow students by day.

Always impish, in college Don's devil-may-care attitude got him into frequent hot water. All his life he would love thumbing his nose at authority. At USC, he collected traffic tickets like trophies, then decided to act like Thoreau, refuse to pay the fines, and go to jail for civil disobedience. His po-

sition was that the state had no business telling him where he could park. Far graver was his naive mistake in letting someone photograph his trim swimmer's body naked and sexually aroused. The photos fell into wicked hands, and for the next half-dozen years Don paid blackmail to keep his sexuality from harming his father's reputation. Don had bought a brand new shiny Ford convertible about that time. He loved it, and his friends couldn't understand why he kept it only a month. Now at this later date they know it was because of blackmail.

Rheumatic fever revisited him in 1948, causing him to miss classes. He was a "high senior" and didn't want to flunk out, so he asked for time to rest, recover, then start the term over. As anyone who knew Don Slater would expect, he chose an unlikely means of rest. A friend, Ernest Carter, found a newspaper ad offering young men a chance to see the world at no cost by signing on as hands aboard a freighter. Don jumped at it, an action which did not sit well with Tony Reyes.

Tony had been a baby-faced, slim-hipped, Tex-Mex high school student of sixteen who dreamed of being a dancer when he and Don met in the shaggy tree shadows of nighttime Pershing Square in the heart of downtown Los Angeles, where each of them was on the prowl for sex. The year was 1945. Twenty years later Don told it to me this way in a conversation I had with him:

We kept skulking around in the underbrush and, AAGH! bumping into each other. "What, you again?" Finally, we couldn't stop laughing, and we decided we must be meant for each other, and we never changed our minds.

Still, Don did take off with Carter on this very different sort of cruise, and although Tony was hurt, their relationship survived. "Our love affair was just beginning." Actually, it was three years old by this time, and he and Don, after living for a spell in Don's parents' ski lodge, had settled into rented rooms in a refurbished Victorian mansion on Bunker Hill, "a few doors west of Hope"—a statement he often used because of the nearby Hope Street, a main north-south thoroughfare. It had originally been part of a triad of streets, Faith, Hope, and Charity, of which only Hope had survived.

However, in 1948 Don had his *Wanderjahr* in the best Eugene O'Neill style, going ashore to explore the waterfronts of Oslo, Stockholm, Bremen, Le Havre, Marseilles, and other fabled ports of call. How long was he gone? Six months, at least, maybe nine. Whenever he returned, he was soon back in college.

After graduating with a BA in English literature (he specialized in the Victorian novel; whenever later in life I would ask him if he'd read my newest book, he would protest that he still hadn't gotten through the collected works of Edward Bulwer-Lytton), Don took a job at Pasadena's stuffiest bookshop, Vroman's. He had to wear a tie. The pay was fifty cents an hour. Tony, meanwhile, danced at the El Paseo nightclub on Olvera Street, a crooked, humpy brick lane between eighteenth-century houses lined with vendors' booths selling everything from serapes and huaraches to tortillas and beans. Mariachi bands, tooting trumpets, and strumming guitars wandered through in huge sombreros. In those days, Olvera Street not only drew tourists but the movie crowd. El Paseo was their main watering hole, and Tony became a favorite of many of these tinsel types who invited him to parties at their showy Hollywood Hills mansions. Lonely women of a certain type seemed to idolize Tony, and paid the management to have him join them at their tables for a drink, and to have their photos taken with him. As Tony said: "Don didn't like it, but the extra money was nice. And Don used to bring his friends to see me dance. That made me happy. My heart lifted, and I always danced my best on those nights" (Hansen, 1998, p. 17).

Among the friends he brought was tall, lanky Bill Lambert (W. Dorr Legg), then in his late forties, who fascinated Don with his erudition and his way with words. "He had charm and poise and manners," Tony remembers, "and was clever." He was an initiate of a circle of homosexuals that called itself the Mattachine, after a troupe of medieval mimes. Lambert took Don and Tony to a meeting one night. "A sewing circle," Don said afterward. "The Stitch and Bitch Club." More formally, and forty-odd years later, he wrote in a letter dated May 3, 1995:

I had gone to a few of the Mattachine meetings and was disappointed. We were only talking to ourselves. I was perfectly content with my sexual conduct, had always been. I was not interested in self-serving self-pity. We needed to address the general public. *ONE Magazine* [became] our medium.

ONE came into being on a November night in 1952, and by January 1953 the first issue was printed by Dale Jennings' sister and her husband in their basement. Finding a professional typesetter-printer willing to risk association with the magazine was difficult. At the place they finally found, Don told me years afterward, "the linotypist was a frail little old man with thick glasses. And we all roared when we saw the first galleys. Every time he'd come to the forbidden word, his skills had failed him. Over and over again he wrote 'homoseeeeeeexual!'"

Newsdealers were just as shocked: "A what-kinda magazine? What are you—trying to get me arrested?" So Don Slater, Bill Lambert, Tony Reyes, Martin Block, and a brave handful of others took a deep breath, squared their shoulders, and did what they had to do. Each to a different section of the sprawling city, they trudged the empty night streets from one gay tavern to the next, peddling copies from bar stool to bar stool, from the sober to the drunk, from the business-suited john to the muscle-boy hustler, to the drag queen, to the wispy, bespectacled closet case with a picture of his mother in his wallet.

It seems a safe bet that none of their customers had entered his or her favorite gay bar that chilly January night looking for something to read. Still, this brand of reading had never been offered before. If nothing else, it had curiosity value. Copies were twenty-five cents each, the price of a beer. And Tony Reyes swears that the amateur peddlers all came home with pockets jingling.

"Listen to me, Don," *ONE*'s consulting attorney had said, "you can't print fiction. Your charter says you're education. You give anybody the idea that you're printing entertainment, you're dead. Catering to the perverted, that's what they call it" (Hansen, 1998, p. 29).

Don chafed under this restraint. He loved fiction. What kind of magazine didn't print fiction? After a few months, he couldn't stand it any longer and in the July issue printed what Ross Ingersoll (*ONE*, January 1962) called a harmless little tale, "But They'll Outgrow It," by David Freeman.

Wouldn't you know, with the very next (August 1962) issue of the magazine came the first hint of trouble. The magazine was held up at the post office, and Don had to hire a lawyer to get the copies released, which took three weeks. Next time the post office acted, it would take three years!

ONE at least found offices they could afford to rent: two seedy rooms in a ratty old building of garment sweatshops on Hill Street in one of the sadder sections of downtown Los Angeles. Desks, chairs, and shelving were donated, and as sand ran through the hourglass, typewriters, a mimeograph, and other equipment were procured as well, and the two seedy rooms expanded to six as the library, which took up a lot of space, kept growing.

Under a dozen pen names, to make readers believe the magazine had many writers, Don, Bill Lambert, and other stalwarts turned out all sorts of copy. Energetic staffer Jim Kepner was Lyn Pederson and Del MacIntire as well as himself. Robert Gregory was a name kept for random use when imagination flagged. Gregory was on the staff; Gregory was this, that, and the other functionary. He didn't exist.

Determined to keep in the background although the dominant force, Don put witty New Yorker Martin Block into the editor's chair first. When Block quit after six months, the sardonic playwright-novelist Dale Jennings

stepped in. When he quit in February 1954, Ann Carll Reid, who took the post seriously, worked hard and well, and kept at it until 1958 when her health failed. Don, with a sigh, took on the job that fate had meant for him from the start.

ONE was consistently supported by women, not only Ann Carll Reid, but Eve Ellore, for many years its art director. Other women included the poet Helen Ito and writers Elizabeth Lalo, Geraldine Jackson, Alison Hunter, and Sten Russell (Stella Rush). In February 1954, an entire issue, "The Feminine Viewpoint," appeared, written by, for, and about women and thereafter a column with that title was a frequent feature of the magazine.

"Meantime," wrote Ross Ingersoll (*ONE*, January 1962), "the going was rough. There was never enough money, never enough good publishable material [magazines that cannot pay contributors are prone to this problem] and there was never enough help [*ONE* depended on volunteers], which meant there was never enough time. The October 1954 issue notified readers 'there would be no August or September issues that year. All subscriptions would be extended for two months.'"

That October issue turned out to be a historic document. Assertedly because of a lukewarm lesbian love story and some crude comic verses, "here was the issue which Otto K. Oleson, the Los Angeles postmaster," according to Ross Ingersoll (*ONE*, January 1962), "felt he could legally refuse and safely label 'obscene.'"

Had Don Slater asked for it? On the cover is the screamer, "You Can't Print It," plugging an article inside by *ONE*'s legal counsel detailing the "laws of mailable matter." To read it today is to be flabbergasted at how little freedom Americans had at that time, but it was a red flag to Postmaster Oleson. He impounded the issue and sent a copy to the solicitor general in Washington, DC who had found in *ONE*'s favor last time, but not this time.

A keen young attorney, Eric Julber, went to bat for *ONE*, bringing a court action against Oleson, enjoining him from interfering with the mailing of the magazine. After a year's delay, U.S. District Court Judge Thurman Clarke ruled that the October 1954 issue was nonmailable because it contained "filthy and obscene material obviously calculated to stimulate the lust of the homosexual reader" (Hansen, 1998, p. 37). Julber, fully aware that *ONE* could not afford to pay him but sensing a landmark civil rights case was involved, appealed the verdict. And after another year, in March 1957, the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals in San Francisco affirmed the lower court verdict, adding some colorful language of their own. *ONE*'s board of directors grew restive. Some at *ONE* were ready to give up, but not Don Slater and not Eric Julber. Julber bought his own plane ticket to Washington and filed a brief with the U.S. Supreme Court. "Maybe they'll look at

it," Eric told Don, "and maybe they won't. They only handle about one in a hundred of the cases submitted for review."

"You know how to cheer a man up," Don said.

"It's all right," Julber said. "They'll love this one. It's a chance to write law" (Hansen, 1998, p. 37).

It was, and they did. On January 13, 1958, without hearing oral arguments, by unanimous decision the United States Supreme Court reversed the lower court findings, concluding that the October 1954 issue of *ONE Magazine* was not in fact obscene, but was an exercise of American free speech. Ross Ingersoll wrote in *ONE* (January 1962),

ONE's own victory was tremendous, but it pales alongside the overall gains which came with this decision. The real, the basic, the honest and fundamental issue resolved was that the mention, the treatment, in fact and in fiction, of homosexuality was not in and of itself obscene.

Commented *The New York Times*, "The decision means that the Supreme Court is insisting on a rigorous, narrow definition of 'obscenity.' It means, as one lawyer put it, that 'the court is going to keep a weather eye out itself, to prevent censorship of anything, but what might be called hard-core pornography'" (Hansen, 1998, pp. 37-38).

ONE, if it ever would, now had that destined fifteen minutes of fame of which Andy Warhol spoke. Subscriptions increased, and in more and more cities the modest little periodical began perching on news racks like a sparrow among peacocks. Dare we think there was even a little income? Probably not much. Still, luck had not run out. In 1962, Morgan Farley, the actor, located (and I expect, knowing Morgan, paid the first month's rent on) a large, sunny office space for *ONE, Inc.*, above a neighborhood tavern on Venice Boulevard.

The magazine and all the accumulated trappings of its first ten years were hauled downstairs from the gloomy, crowded old Hill Street place, loaded into moving vans, and trucked southwestward and upstairs again into its new quarters on May 1, 1962. Bill Lambert waxed ecstatic and wrote an editorial about the crowning of the May Queen. Did he mean himself? Certainly Don believed that Lambert's delusions of grandeur set in about this time.

ONE was always a penny-ante operation. Money had never been the object. The object had been to make the world a better place for homosexuals. Rarely was anyone paid at *ONE*. If they had an extra dime, they were expected to put it in the pot. The rent, the light bill, the printer's bill were always a problem. If the printer was not paid, the magazine did not appear. There were scary moments. Would there ever be a next issue?

At the same time, Bill Lambert was "magicked" by the new place with its wonderful large central room. He could hold seminars in it. Conducted by himself. With famous guest speakers. Some of the surrounding cubicles could be converted to classrooms where he could teach. He visualized these rather stark accommodations as ivied halls, a new university—a new university devoted solely to "homophile studies." (Lambert loved that word: it got rid of the nasty "sexual" part that so put off the, uh, heterophiles.)

The charter had specified that the main function of ONE was to publish a magazine. Now, Lambert decided, that would change. When a list of ONE's functions was painted on the door at the new place, education came first. With no money to pay instructors, where would the staff come from? Why, he would teach socioscientific courses; Morgan Farley could teach theatre; Don Slater (listed in the prospectus as having "traveled widely in Europe and the Orient") could teach literature; tireless Jim Kepner and other volunteers could be roped in to make a faculty. For the fact that the magazine had been the sole excuse for ONE's existence, had brought it friends and supporters all across America, had alerted the establishment that homosexuals were part of the warp and weft of society and had rights the same as everyone else, and were now, not unreasonably, asking for those rights—Bill Lambert suddenly cared nothing. He would build his hallowed Institute of Homophile Studies above that dusty saloon on Venice Boulevard, and teach the Truth to a happy few (and few they always would be), expenses be damned.

Strangely, Lambert's dream would soon come true, financed by Reed Erickson, a transsexual oil millionaire. In the meantime, Bill Lambert destroyed *ONE Magazine*. With so little money to go around, a trade-off was inevitable. At first, Lambert simply resigned from the editorial board, leaving Don Slater in sole charge of the magazine, while he, now dropping his pseudonym of Lambert, became W. Dorr Legg, Dean of the Institute.

Don shrugged. If Lambert could find the nickels and dimes to make his dream a reality, he didn't mind. I had been writing stories regularly for *ONE*, and Don brought me into replace Legg on the editorial board. I was pleased, because I felt the magazine needed to liven up its contents, to slick up its looks, and to reach a general readership, not just a gay one. Don agreed. He just hadn't the steam to handle all the work alone.

I began coming to the office to help out in early afternoons, before I went to my job. There were stacks of manuscripts to be read and responded to. There were letters weeks old that had to be answered. There were accepted manuscripts to be edited. There were proofs to be read; dummies to be pasted up. No one else was around to do these things, so I did them.

Usually the only other being in the vast bare-walled reaches of ONE's headquarters would be Bill Lambert, and I would give him a cheerful

"Hello," when I arrived at the top of the stairs. He never answered me. He never even looked my way. Later, I understood why. My desire to breathe new excitement into the magazine was for him at best a nuisance, at worst a threat to his private plans. He wanted *ONE Magazine* to die.

To recount the details here exactly how he managed to kill it would take too long, and the details would bore you silly. But by the time Don realized that Lambert wanted total control of the organization the two of them had built and always (he thought) comfortably shared—it was too late. By foxy parliamentary maneuvering, Lambert had won. Not only had Don's friends on the board of directors been dumped and replaced by Lambert's lackeys, but Lambert then, on Easter eve, 1965, barged in on a work session of the magazine's editors and fired us all.

Don, after talking to a lawyer to be sure he was within his rights, staged a midnight raid and hauled off everything worth taking from ONE to quarters he had rented in Cahuenga Pass in Hollywood. Lambert went to court, but the judge impatiently calling this a "squabble between a couple of hysterical queens" gave the name ONE to Lambert and instructed Don to divide up the library and files with Lambert. The division began amicably until Lambert issued some letters calling "Queen Don" a thief, and then all bets were off.

The magazine was the important thing. Using *Tangents*, the name of the most popular feature of ONE, Don, Ross Ingersoll, Billy Glover, and I got the first issue out to subscribers of the old ONE and newsstands as fast as we could. The cover design by Jane Hansen showed a phoenix rising from the ashes. In a flurry of subpoenas and like nuisances, Don Slater, hardly stopping for breath, pressed on with his mission in life.

He was exhilarated to be out of the range of Bill Lambert's droning, "No, we tried that once, and it didn't work" negativity. One of the first actions was a motorcade through Los Angeles to protest the military's antigay policies. *The New York Times* took notice. Don formed a corporate basis for the Tangent Group called, with his usual matter-of-factness, Homosexual Information Center. He began counseling service people who had been unfairly discharged, even finding them defense lawyers. He kept this up doggedly for years, although he rarely won a case.

Bill Lambert's intemperate letters to ONE's subscribers had divided them. Some stuck with Dorr Legg who soon ceased to publish a magazine altogether. Some others favored Don. Some said, "A pox on both your houses." Circulation dropped for *Tangents* and money, always a problem, became even more of a headache. I suggested we advertise. New people who needed us would subscribe, but first they had to know we existed.

Right away we hit a snag. While the *Nation*, a liberal New York-based magazine rather bemusedly accepted our advertisement, the *Los Angeles Times* refused it because they were a "family newspaper." Don, Billy

Glover, and I, along with Morris Kight, a gay community ombudsman, met with the paper's top brass and tried to convince them to change. They wouldn't budge. So we said we would have to picket them, and picket we did. The picketing was fun, but the paper ignored it.

This was the era of the hippies, the flower children, love-ins, the sexual revolution. While Lambert gasped in shock and firmly closed ONE's doors and pulled the shades down, Don invited even the rowdiest leaders of gay liberation to speak at *Tangents'* headquarters. I interviewed them for the magazine. We joined them at Griffith Park on summer Sundays where guitars and bongos played, and the young danced half-naked with flowers in their hair.

At the magazine, we began having lively exchanges with *Playboy's* Hugh Hefner and other trendy editors who began treating sex behavior openly in their pages. When they showed prejudice or misunderstanding, Don was quick to send them his viewpoint, to straighten out their thinking. Leo Skir sent lively reportage and photos from New York and Fire Island on the youthful gay life there. Lee Atwill, a young film buff I'd met, agreed to write us a multipart history of Hollywood's treatment of homosexual themes in the movies with accompanying stills. Barbara Grier, writing as Gene Damon, reviewed stacks of current books each month, never missing a significant title. Sol Hirsch, our designer-printer, gave the magazine a sleek exciting appearance. Jane Hansen continued to provide stunning cover designs.

But *Tangents* remained a quiet, thoughtful voice, and quiet was no longer in style. The new-style gays were protesting, demonstrating, clowning, making a noise in the streets. The newspapers noticed, television noticed. Our subject was no longer our subject. Magazines such as *Cosmopolitan* that had never before dared to speak our name discussed homosexuality constantly, seriously, and with increasing balance and good sense.

Splashy color collections of photographs of naked young men hit the news racks. Neither *ONE* nor *Tangents* had ever offered such fare. In 1968 along came *The Advocate*, an inky tabloid for gays, with a thick advertising section selling sex, classified and unclassified, that paid its bills, even its staff. *Tangents* stopped selling. Copies came back from distributors by the carton full. It was time to pay off our long-suffering printer and close up shop, which we did in 1970.

"The day will never come when serious thinking and writing about homosexuality aren't needed," Don said. After moving from Cahuenga Boulevard to smaller and cheaper cramped upstairs offices on Hollywood Boulevard and later from his house, Don continued until his death to issue the *HIC Newsletter*, with his own relentless essays and scathing comments on the passing scene, and book reviews and others pieces by some of us who had written for his magazines.

He was interrupted in 1979 by his damaged heart and he had an artificial valve implanted at the veterans administration hospital. The transplant was successful but somehow during the surgical procedure Don was infected with hepatitis B, which nearly killed him. To aid in Don's recuperation, Norman Kelly, a retired interior decorator who had supported *Tangents* financially, took Don along with him on a cruise of Europe. An acquaintance Don made on that voyage insisted he accompany her to South Africa, where the apartheid policies then in force depressed him. Don made one more sea trip, a brief one to Brazil, seemingly on his own.

Then, three years later, leaving his office late one night, he was attacked in the dark parking lot in Hollywood, savagely beaten, and robbed. "Every bone in his face was broken," said Charles Lucas, the friend who found him that night. After that episode, Don moved HIC and its library and archives to his and Tony's house near Echo Park. Tony, to add to his income as an entertainer, was now working as a warehouseman for a book publisher.

For very little money he and Don bought a mountain cabin in Colorado with land around it and a stream running through. Don enjoyed the place thoroughly, rustic as it was. Sometimes alone, sometimes together, sometimes with friends, they spent a lot of time there every year, a part of it skiing. At home in Los Angeles, Don added to his menagerie of beloved cats and dogs a rooster named Calhoun. He liked gardening at home, and was often seen clambering around on his rooftop, patching it against the rains.

His doctors urged him that it was past time to replace his frayed heart valve, but he said that he felt fine. In fact, he was fearful that another surgery would mean another infection, so he kept putting off the procedure until it was too late. In December 1996, he suffered a massive heart attack and was carted off to the hospital. He tried to leave at Christmas but could not. Too run down for surgery, he lay in the hospital, visited often by Tony and other lifelong friends, dying on the night of February 14, 1997.

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Other printed sources are back files of *ONE* (1953-1965), *Tangents* (1965-70); *HIC Newsletter* (1972-1996); and the booklet *Don Slater Remembered by His Friends*, Universal City: HIC, 1997.

In addition, Don's personal papers served as a source as did long conversations with William Edward "Billy" Glover, Don Slater's longtime aide-de-camp, now living in Louisiana. Tony Reyes, Don's life partner, now living in Colorado, shared

letters and evocative photographs, as did his sister Marion S. Grandall, who now lives in northern California. Others who contributed were Hal Bargelt of Palm Springs and Howard Russell of Malibu, Ross Ingersoll, and Martin Block. I would like to dedicate this article to the memory of Martin Block, 1920-1995, a founder and first editor of *ONE*.