

Reader's Digest

1985 October — December

Reader's Digest



ELIZABETHVILLE, NEW YORK 12845

Founders: DeWitt Wallace and Lila Acheson Wallace

Editor-in-Chief: Kenneth O. Gilmore

Executive Editor: Fulton Oursler, Jr.

Managing Editors: Mary Louise Allin, Peter C. Canning, Jeremy H. Dole, Kenneth Y. Tomlinson

Executive Editor, International: Alain de Lyrot

Art Director: Donald H. Duffy

Assistant Managing Editors: Walter J. Hunt, David L. Minter

Washington Editor: William Schulz

European Editor: John D. Panitz

Senior Staff Editors: Nina Bell Allen, Robert N. Bischoff, Michael Blow, Ric Cox, Helen Fay, Regina G. Hersey, Charles R. Morgan, Dan O'Keefe, Philip B. Osborne, Susan Wanner

Senior Editors: Clell Bryant, Heather Chapman, June Chatfield, Benjamin Cheever, Winifred Clinger, Frances Craighead, Howard Dickman, Marjorie A. Flory, Steven Frimmer, Elinor Griest, Terry A. Kirkpatrick, Thomas Lashnits, Jeremy Leggett, Roberta Lindegren, Arthur H. McManus, Phyllis H. Mead, Virginia E. Rice, Marcia Rockwood, Dale N. Schuman, Katherine M. Sinclair, Barbara Skiba, Norman Lewis Smith, Eleanor Swink, Nancy Taloya, Jeannie Vernoia, Edward Ziegler

Rowing Editors: Joseph P. Blank, Rudolph Chelminski, John Culhane, Lawrence Elliott, Stanley L. Englehardt, Rowland Evans, Alex Haley, John G. Hubbell, Henry Hurt, Andrew Jones, Peter Micheltore, Robert Novak, Anthony Paul, Lowell Ponte, David Reed, Carl T. Rowan, Claire Safran, Claire Sterling

Associate Editors: Donna G. Banks, Jacqueline K. Brown, Felicity Buchanan, Terry Dunkle, Barbara Klath, Anne Griswold Loomis, David Pacholczyk, Kathryn H. Phelps, Elizabeth Plaisted, Carlotta Rosenthal, Diana Schneider

Research Editors: Indie Ahl, Elinor Bratton, Ann Dear Gavell, Nora Hair, Greta Jones, Francis Lostys, Mary Jo Richardson

Research Associate Editors: Leonard Andrews, Jr., Ellen Bollert, Nancy Carothers, Nancy Chute, Nona Louise Dunbar, Charles Dunn, Diane H. Jones, Caroline Sissi Maleki, Brian H. Morgan, Rosanne Nicastro-Fleury, Deirdre O'Reilly, Randall Osgood, Suzanne Stewart, J. H. Sullivan III, Elizabeth Whitehead, Olinda M. Woods

Senior Art Editors: Jeff Babitz, Norman Hotz

Art Editors: Aldo DiNolfo, Dirk H. Grob, Michael Lanotte, William Sonntag

Associate Art Editors: Richard Cambareri, Ernest Coppolino, Dianne Grubb, Judith Kletter, Robert Milazzo

Assistant Art Editor: Eugene Fedele

Washington Bureau: **Senior Editors:** Nathan M. Adams, Trevor Armbrister, John Barron, Ralph Kinney Bennett, Eugene H. Methvin

Associate Editor: G. William Gunn

European Bureau (Paris): **Senior Editors:** John Flint, Yvonne Fourcade, Ursula Naccache

Associate Editors: Page d'Aulnay, Alessandro Bedford, Samuel Perkins

Research Associates: Gloriana Bonetti, Alan McClay, Imogen Mallet

Business Manager (Editorial): Roseanne Purkert

Correspondence Editor: Elinor A. Griffith

Rights and Permissions: Katherine Burns; Ruth Tedde

Assistant to the Editor: Consuelo L. McGowan

Index Editor: Adrienne Bova Velardi

Librarian: Joanne Frasene

International Editions:

Deputy Executive Editor: Michael Randolph

Senior Editor: Maureen Ward

Associate Editors: Jeffrey Charboneau,

Joan Leffingwell Mills, Mark Walters

Assistant Editors: Barbara Burchette, Jean S. D'Angelo, Richard Hessney, Karel Cohen Schnitzer

Chairman, Chief Executive Officer: George V. Grune

Vice Chairman, Publisher: Richard F. McLoughlin

President, Chief Operating Officer: William J. Cross

Secretary: Virginia Lawton

Senior Counsellor: Melvin R. Laird

Chief Financial Officer: Vernon Thomas

Treasurer: Ross Jones

Associate Publisher: Lynn C. Mapes

Advertising Sales Director: Richard N. Murray

International Advertising Sales Director: Charles R. Powell

Creative Director: Anthony L. Antin

Circulation Director: Ronald L. Cole

Director, Books and Recorded Music: Kenneth A. Gordon

Director, International Marketing: M. John Bohane

International Area Director: William J. O'Neill

Director, New Business Planning: Edwip J. Phelps, Jr.

Production Director: Melvin T. Williams

Data Processing Director: Francis G. Ronnenberg

Director, Human Resources: J. Edward Hall

Director, Financial Analysis: Harold J. Scott

Corporate and Public Affairs: John M. Allen;

Charles Pintchman

Director of Corporate Planning: Rene Isaac

Consumer Affairs: Mari Ann Blatch

Equal Opportunity Affairs: Martha J. C. Farquhar

READER'S DIGEST is published in ENGLISH [U.S., British, Australian, Canadian, South African, New Zealand, Indian and Asia Editions]; SPANISH [Latin American and Spanish Editions]; PORTUGUESE [Portuguese and Brazilian Editions]; SWEDISH; FINNISH; NORWEGIAN; DANISH; FRENCH [Belgian, French, Swiss and Canadian Editions]; GERMAN [German and Swiss Editions]; DUTCH [Dutch and Belgian Editions]; ITALIAN; JAPANESE; CHINESE; KOREAN; ARABIC; HINDI; GREEK. It is also published in a LARGE-TYPE EDITION, in BRAILLE and on TALKING RECORDS.

MOVING?

SEE PAGE 243
FOR CHANGE OF
ADDRESS FORM

October 1983

Reader's Digest

\$1.50

WAKE UP AND LIVE FIT

PAGE 55

PAGE 71

DESTINATION TEHERAN:

ANATOMY OF A HIJACKING

A READER'S DIGEST
EXCLUSIVE

PAGE 123

SAVE-IN!

AMA IN REAL LIFE

A Boy of Unusual Vision . . . <i>Baltimore Sunday Sun</i>	65
There's a Dark Man in Your Palm, Madam . . . "Alan Marshall's Battlers"	83
What Really Makes a Marriage Work . . . "Married People"	86
The Woman With a Knack for Murder . . . <i>John Culhane</i>	92
El Tigrillo: Portrait of a Contra <i>Trevor Armbrister</i>	98
Favorite Haunts . . . <i>Cartoon Feature</i>	103
Take Charge of Your Time . . . "Staying OK"	104
Sean Marsee's Smokeless Death . . . <i>Jack Fincher</i>	107
On the Wings of the Wind . . . <i>Texas Monthly</i>	113
Land of Plenty "On the Road With Charles Kuralt"	119
The Scandinavians Among Us . . . <i>Wallace Stegner</i>	130
How to Keep Cool in a Crisis . . . <i>Zenia Cleigh</i>	135
U.S. Eyes Over Russia: How Much Can We See? <i>Ralph Kinney Bennett</i>	142
Your Manners Are Missing . . . <i>Woman's Day</i>	148
Treasures From the Reader's Digest Collection . . <i>Picture Feature</i>	153
"Nip It in the Butt" . . . <i>N.Y. Times Magazine</i>	167

She Wouldn't Let Her Son Die . . . <i>McCall's</i>	173
Glory of Garlic . . . <i>Gourmet</i>	185
Kittens . . . <i>Life</i>	200

gh-Risk Obstetrics From the book	207
--	-----

11
loon, 25
rstar, 43

Personal Glimpses, 3—News of Medicine, 37—Points to Ponder, 49—Life in These United States, 81—Picturesque Speech, 91—Word Power, 117—News of Science, 128—Laughter, 140—Day's Work, 181

64th Year: World's Most-Read Magazine
Over 30 million copies in 17 languages bought monthly ★

PERSONAL GLIMPSES®

TOM SELLECK has kept the cast and crew of "Magnum, P.I." in high spirits for the past five years. In an interview with Richard Hart on "PM Magazine," he said, "It's my job to come to the set and be positive, no matter how I feel. A lead actor in a show can drag everybody down with him in about five minutes. I've been on enough sets in the past fifteen years, doing little parts, and have seen it happen. I caught myself saying things like, 'If I'm ever lucky enough to have my own show, *that* won't happen.'"



FRENCH AUTHOR COLETTE was a life watcher. She heard, she touched, she breathed the world in, she stared with intense care, hypnotized.

Look at flowers, she would say. Look at the white gardenia that after three days resembles a "white kid glove that has fallen into a stream." The tulip—a painted Easter egg, its heavy posterior sitting on its stem. The black pansy—the velvet of it.

Look at people; recognize them; accept them as they are, without wanting to change them. She looked at love most of all, determined to define its

nature and worth. "The heart can begin again," she said with authority.

"We will never look enough," summed up Colette, "never accurately enough, never passionately enough."

—Helen Bevington, *Beautiful Lofly People* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich)

OPERA SINGER Jessye Norman's voice, a marvel of expressive power and control, is considered one of the greatest vocal instruments in the world. Her powerful stage presence delivers what opera promises: music and drama writ larger than life.

The Norman repertoire is daring and iconoclastic—from baroque opera to the avant-garde, from French art songs to pop classics. "When asked whether I am a mezzo, a dramatic soprano, an alto or a baritone, I respond that I'm a singer and I want to sing things," says Norman, whose voice falls between soprano and mezzo. "Pigeonholing is interesting only for pigeons."

—Curt Sanborn in *Life*

IN 1982, SALEVAA ATISANOE was just another 340-pound Hawaiian high-school football player. Then one morning two sumo-wrestling scouts saw him on a Honolulu beach. He had been planning to go to college, but the scouts had another idea.

Today Atisanoe, known professionally as Konishiki, has reached the senior levels of Japan's oldest, most

ILLUSTRATION: GEORGE ANGELINI

Reader's
Digest

The Digest®

Trademark Reg.
Marca Registrada
(ISSN 0034-0375)

Published monthly by The Reader's Digest Association, Inc., Pleasantville, N.Y. 10570. Rates: \$1.50 a copy; \$13.97 plus \$1.44 for postage per year in the U.S. and territories; \$21.41 (including shipping) for the U.S. edition delivered outside the U.S. and territories—and for all international editions delivered inside the U.S. and territories, except for Colombian, Arabic, Korean, Indian and Greek licensee editions, which will be billed at higher rates by the licensed companies. Second-class postage paid at Pleasantville, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. A special Large-Type Edition with selected articles from Reader's Digest is published by Reader's Digest Fund for the Blind, Inc. For details, write: Reader's Digest Fund for the Blind, Inc., Pleasantville, N.Y. 10570. Reader's Digest, Vol. 127, No. 762, October 1985. © 1985 The Reader's Digest Association, Inc. All rights reserved. Unauthorized reproduction, in any manner, is prohibited. Printed in U.S.A.

POSTMASTER: Send address changes to Reader's Digest, Pleasantville, N.Y. 10572.

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

revered sport: sumo wrestling. At 489 pounds and six-foot-one, he is believed to be the biggest man in the history of the sport.

A natural musician, he amuses other sumo wrestlers by belting out Japanese love songs and by playing the trombone, trumpet or Japanese flute—and even teaches some to break-dance.

“I can pop and I can lock,” says the pride of Japan of his dancing, “but I no can break. That means I can’t spin on my head, man.”

—E. S. Browning in *The Wall Street Journal*

CARTOONIST Jim Davis’s connection with his subject Garfield can be traced to his boyhood on a farm in Indiana, where he was surrounded by 25 outdoor cats. His mother encouraged him



to while away his long sieges of asthma with pen and paper. This, coupled with hours at the window watching feline antics, provided him with a reservoir of memories.

“The cats were always there,” he recalls. “They were much stronger and harder than Garfield could ever be, but they were my playmates.”

Today Davis’s lasagna-loving fat cat provides cartoon buffs worldwide with the “paws” that refreshes.

—Holly G. Miller in *The Saturday Evening Post*

MARY KAY ASH, founder of Mary Kay Cosmetics, runs a sales business that has a reward system unlike that of any male-operated company. Each consultant gets a card on her birthday. Monthly prizes are mailed to the representatives’ homes. And top perform-

ers may get a fur coat, trips, jewels, even a pink Cadillac.

When she first went to work selling merchandise for a home-products company in 1938, she says she was “a compulsive competitor who entered every sales contest. After I won my first, I was crushed to learn that the top prize was a flounder light.

“That’s *flounder* light,” she explains dryly, “as in a light to fish by. I made up my mind right then that if I ever ran a company, one thing I would never do was give someone a fish light.”

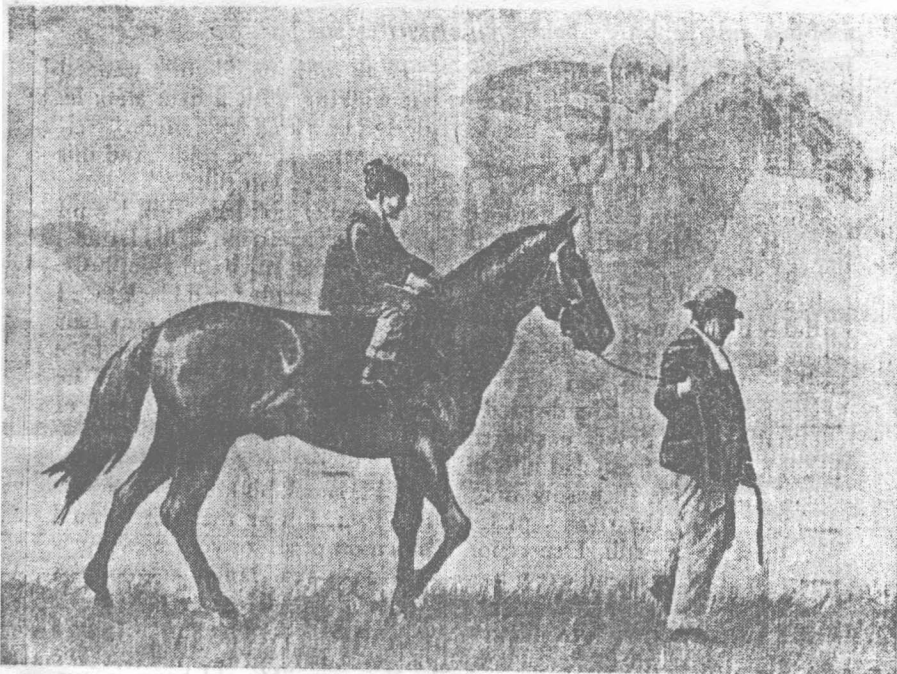
—Kim Wright Stanley in *Savvy*

UPON ACCEPTING the American Patriots Medal from the Freedom Foundation, poet Rod McKuen gave his personal view of America:

When I was eleven, I left home and went to work. By the time I was twenty, I had been a farmhand, day laborer, rodeo rider, lumberjack, salesman, disc jockey, coal miner and newspaper columnist. I had worked in a factory by day and spent my leftover energy as a waiter at night. I went where the jobs were, all over the western United States. I liked working.

Most of all, I liked the people I met. In later years, I would travel around the world several times. I always came home positive that I had been born in the right place at the right time. And, while our purple mountains’ majesty, rolling plains and all the other topography were wondrous and always surprising, I realized early on that the strength of this nation came from the hearts and heads and outstretched hands of the people.

Do you have an anecdote for “Personal Glimpses”? See page 20 for information about payment.



HORSES HAVE ALWAYS BEEN a big part of our family life. In the corral behind our New Mexico home, my teen-age sons used to test their mettle against mounts of varying contrariness. Thunder, the haughty brown gelding, would tolerate no rider incapable of matching his own strong will. Aloof and ever wary was the jet-black mustang mare Cricket, short of stature but more than a match for all in endurance. And there was Maude, the docile old appaloosa mare, a present for my younger children James, then eight, and Becky, six.

One evening Becky, just back

MY FIRST RIDE

It was a very special birthday present, upon a very special horse

Condensed from
FORD TIMES

WILLIAM J. BUCHANAN

MY FIRST RIDE

from slipping Maude some sugar cubes through the back fence, climbed into the patio glider beside me and asked, "Daddy, did you ever have a really special horse?"

At her question a fond memory instantly presented itself, and I told her the story.

It was shortly before my tenth birthday that January dawn in 1936 when my father gently shook me awake. "I'm taking you over to Lexington," he said. "Get dressed."

During our drive eastward through the low, frost-clad hills of central Kentucky, flickering hobo campfires along the river signaled that these were still Depression times. As the sky ahead grew amber with the rising sun, my father turned onto a narrow lane. Green-and-white barns took shape. I sat up with growing interest and asked, "Is this a horse farm?"

"That's right," my father replied. "Thoroughbreds. I'm stopping to see an old friend."

With increasing excitement, I watched the exercise boys, one to a horse, lead their young charges from the barns to their morning exercise in the paddocks.

"Are these real racehorses?" I asked.

"Sure are," my father said. "There'll soon be more too." He pointed to a foaling barn where, inside, brood mares were devouring their extra rations of grain from open tubs.

We parked near one barn slightly apart from the others, and a man

came to meet us. Slightly stooped but walking with a firm step, he greeted us with a wide smile. "Welcome, Mr. Jess," he said. "And this must be your son Bill."

My father nodded. "Bill, I want you to meet my friend, Will Harbut."

Will shook my hand vigorously. Above his deeply lined black face I noticed the first signs of gray hair poking from a battered porkpie hat. "Happy to meet you, Bill," he said. "I hear you're mighty fond of horses. That's good. I got no use for men who got no use for horses. No, sir." He shook his head emphatically. "Fact, I hear that what you'd like most of all for your birthday is to ride a real honest-to-goodness horse."

"Yes, sir!" I blurted.

"Well, here now." Will took me by the arm. "My old horse is just now finishing himself a big breakfast." He led me into an immaculate, four-stall barn. "You, Red!" he called. "Meet this young friend of mine. And don't make no fuss, hear?"

A huge red horse in the first stall lifted his head from a feeding tub. Still munching a bite of hay, he nodded, as if he understood every word.

He was the most beautiful horse I'd ever seen. Nearly as tall at the withers as Will, the horse stood on muscular, widely spaced legs supporting a deep, full chest and massive haunches. A white star adorned the center of his forehead. His off-color sorrel coat, magnificent even

in winter, reminded me of over-ripe persimmons.

Will snapped a plaited leather leader to a halter already in place. "Come on now, Red. You're getting old, like me. Gotta do some walking to keep your knees from getting stiff."

"Is he really old?" I asked in disbelief.

"Nigh on to twenty," Will replied. "That's about sixty for you and me."

Outside, the giant horse's nostrils billowed steam against the cold morning air. Will glanced at me. "You wanta ride him a bit? Just once around the paddock?"

"Can I really?" I asked, eager to ride a horse for the first time.

"Well, I say you can." Will

chuckled. "And in this paddock, what this old horse and I say goes."

He cupped his hands and lifted my foot as I climbed astride Red's wide back. "Draw your knees high up in front or you'll split yourself," Will said. "Here now, hold on to this clump of mane." He checked my seating, then turned to Red. "Now, Red, walk easy, hear?" he admonished. "So this youngster will remember well of you."

I never realized the back of a horse could be so far from the ground. I clutched the short mane tightly and squeezed my knees firmly against Red's huge shoulders. With each step he took I could feel the immense power of his bulging muscles. But he walked easily. From his gentle manner I sensed

MY FIRST RIDE

that he understood my inexperience and wanted me to relax. Matching my balance to his smooth gait, I became one with the big, red horse.

Too soon, it was over. Reluctantly, I let Will help me down. Will released the strap from Red's halter. "Get along," he said. "Frolic some in the fresh air before your visitors start coming."

Together my father and I watched Red, full of spirit now, prance boldly about. "Someday," my father said, as he put his arm on my shoulder, "you may have horses of your own. But I wanted your first ride to be one you'll always

remember. Happy birthday, son."

My story nearly ended, I lapsed into silence until my daughter cut through my reverie. "Was Red a racehorse, too, Daddy?" she asked.

I nodded. "Come on. I'll show you." In the den, I took a book from the shelf and lifted Becky onto my lap. As she gazed wide-eyed, I read the inscription beneath the picture of a large, red horse: "Demolisher of world records—Retired a living legend at age 3."

My thoughts returned to that winter day in Kentucky, the day I rode the greatest racehorse of them all. The day I rode Man o' War.

California Classics

ON EXCLUSIVE RODEO DRIVE in Beverly Hills, my four-year-old son fell, cutting his lip. A tanned young woman ran over and said reassuringly, "I'll get something for it."

Moments later she reappeared with a linen napkin and a glass of Perrier.

—A. C. S., quoted by Ron Alexander in *New York Times*

"YOUR IDEAL WEIGHT is what you weighed when you got married," said the health lecturer to our diet group. Then, surveying his middle-aged, Southern California audience, he quickly added, "... the first time."

—Contributed by William F. Smithana

A MAN REPORTED his home had been burglarized and two items had been taken. He told the police, "It shouldn't be hard to find a person wearing a white bearskin rug and carrying a gold-handled cane."

"Well," replied an officer, "in any other town maybe—but in San Francisco, who'd look twice?"

—Matthew Kelly, quoted by Herb Caen in *San Francisco Chronicle*

WHEN A COLLEAGUE, who drives the most beautiful Rolls-Royce I've ever seen, picked up her son at his private school, he slumped down in the back seat hiding his head.

"Mom," he pleaded, "I hate it when people stare at us. Why can't we be like everybody else in Monterey and drive a Mercedes?"

—Contributed by Claudia E. Ruster

"SMART MONEY" LIFE INSURANCE

Here's how to protect your family and save for future needs too—with Allstate Universal Life.

A lot of "smart money" people today are looking for a better deal on life insurance.

They know they need life insurance to protect their loved ones. But they want something worth living for, too.

Have it both ways.

Allstate Universal Life may well give you the better deal you've been looking for.

That's because this plan provides big life protection *plus* the opportunity to build big cash value savings for the future. So it can help you save for your children's education, emergencies, retirement, or whatever.

This "smart money" protection can build these "living benefits" at currently competitive interest rates, too, that can help keep pace with inflation.

Greater flexibility, too.

Allstate Universal Life also has the flexibility to help meet your changing needs.

You are allowed to build more cash savings, increase or decrease coverage or decrease or skip premiums, if you qualify and within prescribed limits.

See how much more you can get out of life.

Ask for all the facts on Allstate Universal Life. And you'll get your own computerized Cash Savings Outlook, which shows you how this plan protects your family today and how the "living benefits" can build for tomorrow.

You'll see for yourself—in black and white—how Allstate can help you get more out of your life and your life insurance dollars.

Free Computerized Cash Savings Outlook

**See your Allstate agent,
mail this coupon or call Allstate toll-free, 1-800-343-4300**
(ask for operator 369)

Allstate Life Insurance Company, Northbrook, IL

Allstate Life Insurance Company of New York, Huntington Station, NY

☐ **YES!** Show me in black and white how I can help protect my family today and be sitting pretty tomorrow with Allstate Universal Life. Please send my own personal, computerized Cash Savings Outlook and information on Allstate Universal Life—free and with no obligation.

Mail to: Allstate Consumer Information Center
P.O. Box 7623, Mt. Prospect, Illinois 60056

Name (please print) _____ Male ☐ Female ☐

Address _____ Apt. No. _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone _____ Date of Birth _____ Mo. / Day / Yr. Smoker ☐ Non-Smoker ☐

Desired Amount of Coverage: ☐ \$50,000 ☐ \$100,000 ☐ Other \$ _____
(minimum \$50,000)

A member of the
Sears Financial Network

Allstate
You're in good hands.

Guess why
most guys in suit ads
look so stiff.

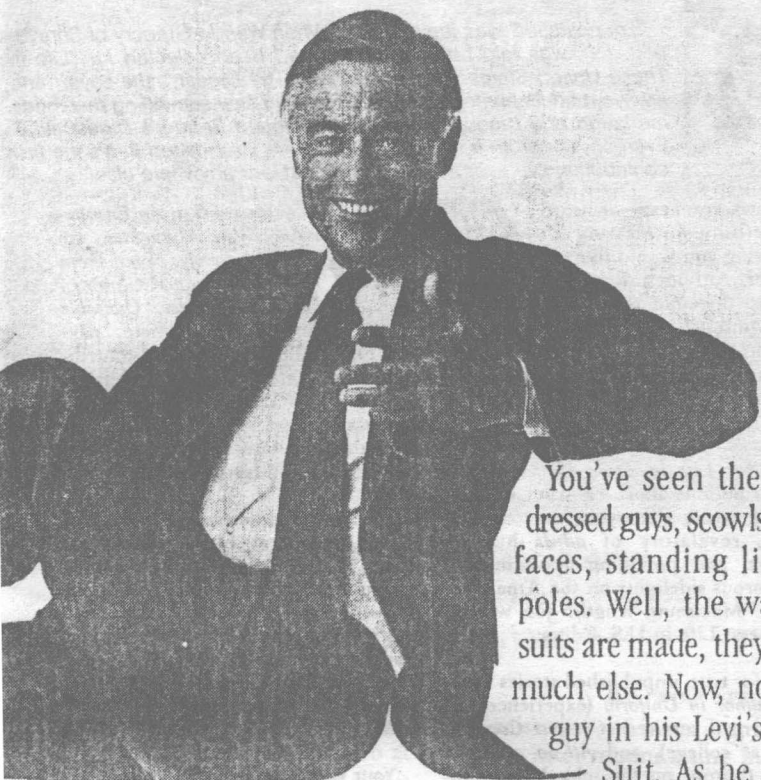


The word "TERT" is a registered trademark of Levi Strauss & Co., San Francisco, CA. © 1985 Levi Strauss & Co.



Scotch-Release®
Easy to use. Strong wash out.

DACRON®



You've seen them. Well dressed guys, scowls on their faces, standing like flag-poles. Well, the way those suits are made, they can't do much else. Now, notice our guy in his Levi's® Action Suit. As he sits, the

action waistband moves with him. Hidden stretch panels keep the jacket from binding. And the Scotch-Release® treated fabric makes caring as easy as wearing. Good looking, classic style. And the kind of comfort that takes some of the work out of a day at the office.

Now, guess why so many men in real life sit back and smile in their Levi's® Action Suits. Better yet, call 1-800-543-2600. We'll tell you where you can try one on. Then you'll know.



Levi's Action Suits
COMFORT FIT FOR A MAN



"I'm ecstatic!" was the response when Wanda Gregory of Shreveport, La., was told her submission had been selected for "Life in These United States." "I grew up with *The Digest*," she says, "and always read its humor sections. Recently I saw something that made me laugh and I thought it would be a good Reader's Digest story. Even so, I rewrote it several times before I submitted it. It's the first contribution I've ever sent to *The Digest*—or anywhere else!"

HAVE YOU READ—or heard—something interesting or amusing you would like to share? Although Reader's Digest does not read or return unsolicited article-length manuscripts, it welcomes the following contributions, and payment is made, on publication, at these rates:

\$300 for *Life in These United States*. Contributions must be true, unpublished stories from your own experience, revelatory of adult human nature, and providing appealing or humorous sidelights on the American scene. Maximum length: 300 words. Address: Life in U.S. Editor.

\$300 for true, unpublished stories used in *Humor in Uniform* (experiences in the armed services), *Campus Comedy* (life at college), and *All in a Day's Work* (humor on the job). Maximum length: 300 words. \$35 to the first contributor of each item from a published source used in any of these departments. Address: Humor in Uniform, Campus Comedy or All in a Day's Work Editor.

\$40 for an original item for *Toward More Picturesque Speech*. \$35 to the first contributor of a published item. Address: Picturesque Speech Editor.

Wanted: Your Laugh Lines!™

For items used in *An Encouraging Word*, *Laughter*, *the Best Medicine*, *Notes From All Over*, *Personal Glimpses*, *Points to Ponder*, *Quotable Quotes* and elsewhere, pay-

ment is as follows: To the first contributor of an item from a published source, TV or radio, \$35. For original material, \$20 per Reader's Digest two-column line, with a minimum payment of \$50. Address: Excerpt Editor.

For short anecdotes, quips and quotations, the most likely sources are books, magazines of limited circulation and local newspapers. So many duplicates of items from major magazines and syndicated columns are received that the chance of being the first contributor is slim. Original poetry is *not* solicited (except for short, light verse suitable for *Picturesque Speech*).

Your name, address, telephone number and the mailing date should be on all items. Original contributions—which become our property upon acceptance and payment by Reader's Digest—should be typewritten. Published material should have the source's name, date and page number. CONTRIBUTIONS CANNOT BE ACKNOWLEDGED

OR RETURNED. Please send to the appropriate editor, Reader's Digest, Pleasantville, N.Y. 10570.

Here's the bumper sticker you will receive if your original contribution is published

I earned money, fame & glory
Reader's Digest bought my story!

Spell of the Rising Moon



With every moonrise comes
the renewal—and enchantment—
of an ancient mystery

BY PETER STEINHART

THERE IS A HILL near my home that I often climb at night. The noise of the city is a far-off murmur. In the hush of dark I share the cheerfulness of crickets and the confidence of owls. But it is the drama of the moonrise that I come to see. For that restores in me a quiet and clarity that the city spends too freely.

From this hill I have watched many moons rise. Each one had its own mood. There have been broad, confident harvest moons in autumn,

shy, misty moons in spring; lonely, white winter moons rising into the utter silence of an ink-black sky and smoke-smudged orange moons over the dry fields of summer. Each, like fine music, excited my heart and then calmed my soul.

Moongazing is an ancient art. To prehistoric hunters the moon overhead was as unerring as heartbeat. They knew that every 29 days it became full-bellied and brilliant, then sickened and died, and then was reborn. They knew the waxing

moon appeared larger and higher overhead after each succeeding sunset. They knew the waning moon rose later each night until it vanished in the sunrise. To have understood the moon's patterns from experience must have been a profound thing.

But we, who live indoors, have lost contact with the moon. The glare of street lights and the dust of pollution veil the night sky. Though men have walked on the moon, it grows less familiar. Few of us can say what time the moon will rise tonight.

Still, it tugs at our minds. If we unexpectedly encounter the full moon, huge and yellow over the horizon, we are helpless but to stare back at its commanding presence. And the moon has gifts to bestow upon those who watch.

I learned about its gifts one July evening in the mountains. My car had mysteriously stalled, and I was stranded and alone. The sun had set, and I was watching what seemed to be the bright-orange glow of a forest fire beyond a ridge to the east. Suddenly, the ridge itself seemed to burst into flame. Then, the rising moon, huge and red and grotesquely misshapen by the dust and sweat of the summer atmosphere, loomed up out of the woods.

Distorted thus by the hot breath of earth, the moon seemed ill-tempered and imperfect. Dogs at nearby farmhouses barked nervously, as if this strange light had wakened evil spirits in the weeds.

But as the moon lifted off the

ridge it gathered firmness and authority. Its complexion changed from red, to orange, to gold, to impassive yellow. It seemed to draw light out of the darkening earth, for as it rose, the hills and valleys below grew dimmer. By the time the moon stood clear of the horizon, full chested and round and the color of ivory, the valleys were deep shadows in the landscape. The dogs, reassured that this was the familiar moon, stopped barking. And all at once I felt a confidence and joy close to laughter.

The drama took an hour. Moonrise is slow and serried with subtleties. To watch it, we must slip into an older, more patient sense of time. To watch the moon move inexorably higher is to find an unusual stillness within ourselves. Our imaginations become aware of the vast distances of space, the immensity of the earth and the huge improbability of our own existence. We feel small but privileged.

Moonlight shows us none of life's harder edges. Hillsides seem silken and silvery, the oceans still and blue in its light. In moonlight we become less calculating, more drawn to our feelings.

And odd things happen in such moments. On that July night, I watched the moon for an hour or two, and then got back into the car, turned the key in the ignition and heard the engine start, just as mysteriously as it had stalled a few hours earlier. I drove down from the mountains with the moon on

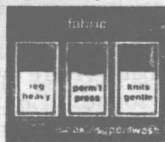
Whirlpool washers and dryers help lighten your work load.

Whirlpool® washers and dryers are designed to make laundry day less of a chore... and make your world a little easier.

Let us tell you how.

A variety of cycles for a variety of fabrics.

Rest assured that every Whirlpool washer is designed to be tough on dirt, yet gentle on today's fabrics. We have a cycle for permanent press that helps prevent wrinkles. A gentle cycle for delicate knits. An adjustable water level control that lets you use *only* the right amount of water and energy. Even controls that allow you to select the right water temperature, and agitation and spin speeds. And on our models with Solid State controls, you can do it all at the touch of a finger.



We have self-cleaning lint filters that do this messy job for you. Even washers that dispense bleach and fabric softeners automatically, at the right time, and in the right way.

Dryers that take it easy on your clothes...and you.

Whirlpool dryers offer a variety of features that can make the other half of laundry day easier, too. There's a Tumble Press® setting that helps cut down on ironing. A special setting for your washable knits. And because there are so many different fabrics, Whirlpool dryers are available with up to four different temperature levels.

Sizes and capacities for any size home.

Different families have different laundry needs. That's why Whirlpool washers and dryers are available in a wide variety of styles. We have washers that can handle *up to 18 lbs.* of heavy fabric and denim. And a Thin Twin®

laundry system that's small enough to fit into a standard-sized closet...and still do a big job.

A promise of quality that we stand behind.

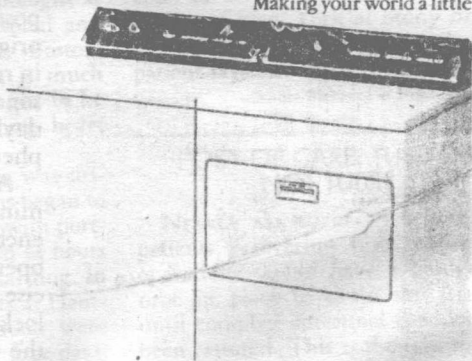
Every Whirlpool appliance is backed by our promise of good, honest quality. It's a promise that we're proud of, and we support it with helpful programs that include our toll-free, 24-hour Cool-Line® service.* To us, it's just another way we can save you some time...and make your world a little easier.

*Call 800-253-1301.

In Alaska and Hawaii, 800-253-1121.
In Michigan, 800-632-2243.



Making your world a little easier.



my shoulder and peace in my heart.

I return often to the rising moon. I am drawn especially when events crowd ease and clarity of vision into a small corner of my life. This happens often in the fall. Then I go to my hill and await the hunter's moon, enormous and gold over the horizon, filling the night with vision.

An owl swoops from the ridge-top, noiseless but bright as flame. A cricket shrills in the grass. I think of poets and musicians. Of Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata" and of Shakespeare, whose Lorenzo declaims in *The Merchant of Venice*, "How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!/Here will we sit and let the sounds of music/Creep in our ears." I wonder if their verse and music, like the music of crickets, are in some way voices of the moon. With such thoughts, my citified confusions melt into the quiet of the night.

Lovers and poets find deeper meaning at night. We are all apt to pose deeper questions—about our origins and destinies. We indulge in riddles, rather than in the impersonal geometries that govern the daylight world. We become philosophers and mystics.

At moonrise, as we slow our minds to the pace of the heavens, enchantment steals over us. We open the vents of feeling and exercise parts of our minds that reason locks away by day. We hear, across the distances, murmurs of ancient hunters and see anew the visions of poets and lovers of long ago. 兴兴