

from sudden Highland cloudbursts like any other young family caught in the rain. But last week, what one London daily paper joyously banner-headlined as the BEST-KEPT SECRET was finally out: Queen Elizabeth is expecting again.

The baby watchers, aware that Elizabeth's three previous pregnancies had been proclaimed somewhere around the fourth month, reckoned that February would probably mark the birthday. At 37, gynecologists assured the public, Elizabeth was at a blooming time of life for the blessed event. If the new child is a boy, he will be third in line to the British throne, after Prince Charles, 14, and 3-year-old Prince Andrew; if a girl, fourth in line behind 13-year-old Princess Anne.

Inevitably, the notion of four youngsters in the royal household stirred Fleet Street's sob sisters. "I don't expect that the Queen will be buying another pram for the new baby," cooed Edith Teague of the Evening News. "Instead she will have all the joy of bringing out again the same one from the palace storage rooms that she used for Anne and Andrew." Leslie G. Pine, onetime editor of Burke's Peerage, solemnly added that in Britain "there's no doubt that the big family is on its way back." But the Queen's New Year baby will hardly make a record royal brood. Her grandfather, George V, had six; so did great-great-grandfather Edward VII, and great-great-grandmother Victoria had nine children.

►On the same day that Britons were let in on the royal secret, the Belgian people learned sad news about their Queen Fabiola. A terse communiqué from the palace revealed that "the hopes which were raised by recent reports concerning the state of the Queen are unhappily no longer founded." It was the childless, 35-year-old Fabiola's third miscarriage since her marriage to King Baudouin in December 1960 and it leaves Baudouin's younger brother, Prince Albert of Liège, still heir to the Belgian throne.

WEST GERMANY:

Return of the 'Scoundrel'

The tall man with the scholarly stoop to his shoulders spooned up thick bean soup and washed it down with Rumanian red wine. Leaning forward, he spoke in a voice just barely loud enough to be heard above the lunchtime din at Munich's Klein Bugharest restaurant. "I have been working on this case ever since I got out of jail," he confided. "Above all I must clear my name. When Konrad Adenauer goes, then I will have my chance ..."

The words, and their portent of a sensational rerun of Germany's most sen-



Queen Elizabeth: No. 4

sational postwar espionage trial, came from 53-year-old Dr. Otto John. He was the "scoundrel"—as Chancellor Konrad Adenauer called him—who disappeared into East Germany in 1954 while head of a West German counterintelligence system—the OPC, or Office for the Protection of the Constitution. Seventeen months later he resurfaced in West Berlin, was tried for treason, and imprisoned from 1956 through 1958.

Antics: Deeply tanned and at ease, John last week looked like a different man from the baggy-eyed, emotionally distraught "master spy" whose last months in high office were marked by dark intrigues, interagency feuds, and bouts of drunkenness. Many who followed his antics then were certain that Adenauer, who had been pressured by the British into making John a sort of German J. Edgar Hoover, would soon sack him. The Chancellor refrained, and was outraged when John gave press interviews in East Berlin "exposing" Nazis still in the Adenauer government.

Yet John's story then—and now—remains virtually the same. Violently anti-

Nazi, he was in on the plot to assassinate Adolf Hitler on July 20, 1944, in which his older brother, Hans, was brutally tortured and executed. All ex-Nazis were barred from his OPC, unlike the rival Federal Intelligence Service run by U.S.-sponsored Reinhard Gehlen. As for defecting, he claimed he had been drugged and then kidnaped from the apartment of a Dr. Wolfgang Wohlgemueth and that later he "cooperated" with the Communists only to allay suspicion until he could escape.

Known in Berlin's nightclubs as "Wowo, the little wolf," Wohlgemueth did take John over the border—only a day after the OPC chief burst into bitter tears at a tenth-anniversary ceremony honoring those executed in the July 20 assassination plot. Wohlgemueth then returned briefly before heading east himself with one of several mistresses and the formula for a magic "cancer cure." Back in Berlin now, he denies influencing John in any way.

Other witnesses, John claimed, would clear his name. Three were East German refugees, including his onetime security guard. Moreover, a key witness, who testified that John admitted defecting voluntarily, has vanished after being charged with perjury. Application for a new trial is to be made on Oct. 4—shortly before Adenauer retires as Chancellor in favor of Minister of Economics Ludwig Erhard, who John believes has no personal enmity against him.

If a retrial is granted, which is likely, John's attorney will be former army Maj. Fabian von Schlabrendorff who helped lead the Paris uprising in 1944 which was timed to coincide with the July 20 attempt on Hitler's life. A tiny, select group known as "Former Twentieth of July" men will pay the court costs.



Comrades in Arms: Decked out in blue berets and leopard battle dress, a company of French Alpine troops, integrated with a German detachment, paraded through Coblenz, West Germany, last week. They were fellow trainees during an exercise in Franco-German military cooperation. Most of them were born as World War II ended.



Christina on the griddle at Radcliffe: A smorgasbord of questions Pierre St. Cloud

Junior Miss: Will she be dating any Harvard men? Sweden's blond, buxom, bespectacled Princess CHRISTINA, 20, laughed and said: "Probably. I haven't met any yet." Harvard Yard is right down the street, an easy walk from the Radcliffe dormitories in Cambridge. But Christina had been on campus only half an hour, and she was still sampling a smorgasbord of press-conference questions. Yes, she does the twist. No, she won't mind making her own bed. Clothes? "Oh, I have taken mostly skirts and blouses and, yes, a few blue jeans." Enrolling last week as a Radcliffe junior bent on studying music, literature, and history of art, the Princess signed in sans title as Christina Bernadotte. By the weekend, she was just "Chris" to fellow residents of Holmes Hall—fifteen of whom share a bathroom with her.

►Britain's tall, slim, elegant Prince WILLIAM, 21-year-old cousin of the Queen, arrived in Palo Alto, Calif., to plunge into graduate courses at Stanford. Subjects: economics, business, political science. Newsmen were to accompany William on a tour of the Stanford campus this week. After that, said a spokesman at the British Consulate in San Francisco, "Prince William just wants to blend in with the landscape, as would any other student."

Hunt and Pique: Typewriter heiress GAMBLE (Gambi) BENEDICT, 22, had been pictured as living the happy life in Switzerland with husband ANDRÉ PORUMBEANU, 37. Gambi's grandmother, who tried to block her 1960 marriage to Rumanian-born playboy Porumbeanu, is now dead. Supposedly, the ex-deb and the ex-chauffeur were content with their two small children, their 26-room villa in Erlenbach, and a \$2,500-a-month court allowance from Gambi's inherit-

ance, which may net her \$20 million when tax problems are straightened out. But was it all an idyl rumor? It seemed so last week when Gambi filed for a Swiss divorce. André, who bills himself as an "economist," was doing the town in New York City when the news came. He hustled back to Switzerland, but Gambi was in hiding with the children. Her lawyer described the divorce grounds as "misconduct," adding discreetly: "That word is a legal term chosen to cover up the details."

This Above All: *To be, or not to be*—that was the question. Welshman RICHARD BURTON gave an actor's answer that *must follow, as the night the day*: yes, he will be Hamlet in a Broadway production opening next March. Will it be a hit, a very palpable hit? *'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wish'd* by



Gambi: Was the idyl just a rumor? Associated Press

producer ALEXANDER H. COHEN. Obviously, director JOHN GIELGUD believes that *the play's the thing*—not the costumes. His "Hamlet" will be performed in rehearsal clothes, meaning anything that suits the actors (*for the apparel oft proclaims the man*). For instance, said Cohen, "Richard may wear a trench coat in some of the scenes, or one of his suede sweaters." Seasoned Shakespearean Burton—longest-running of all the Hamlets who played London's late Old Vic—reacted to the assignment in a *rhapsody of words*: "I'm in love with Hamlet, with Shakespeare, with Gielgud, but most of all with Broadway."

Boola Boo: Scratched from a November speaking date before the Yale Political Union—a student group—was Gov. GEORGE C. WALLACE of Alabama. The Political Union advised Wallace: "It has been made clear to us that your presence here would severely impair the relations between Yale and the New Haven Negro community." Among those making it clearest was New Haven Mayor RICHARD C. LEE, up for a sixth term in a city election which falls the day after Wallace was to have spoken. Lee wired Wallace: "You are officially unwelcome in our community." The Yale Daily News thought it an outrage that any voice should be suppressed, even a white supremacist's, and Wallace himself was certain that the Political Union would resent interference with "its cherished tradition of presenting the views of all." As for Lee's telegram, Wallace deemed it "offensive and not representative of a responsible public official."

Grecian Returns: After a Caesarean delivery and the death of her premature baby last month, First Lady JACQUELINE KENNEDY got doctor's orders to take it easy for the rest of the year. But the doctor didn't tell her to stay in one place. Having summered in Hyannis Port and Newport, the First Lady was due back in Washington this week—and not for long. In early October she will fly to Greece for a two-week holiday with sister LEE and brother-in-law STANISLAS RADZIWIŁL, who have rented a villa outside Athens, near a beach.

Boxer Rebellion: Stepping off a plane in his hometown of Denver, heavyweight champion SONNY LISTON growled: "I'm ashamed to say I'm in America." Liston's friends interpreted it as his way of commenting on the bomb deaths in Birmingham. All right, but what brought him back from England in such a rush? "That's getting just plain nosy," the fighter told newsmen. By then, various explanations were in print. One version had Liston walking out on a European tour after a row with a British boxing official. Reason for Sonny's wrath, ac-