

unfortunately, the Dutch royal family was spared the spectacle outside Rome's Santa Maria Maggiore that looked more like a political rally than wedding festivities. The crowd rang with Carlist\* battle cries of "Vivan los reyes!", and students from Spain's Loyola College, in the heart of Carlist country, serenaded the pair with guitars, tambourines and castanets. Irene's father-in-law, Prince Xavier de Borbón y Parma, as gaunt and straight-backed as an El Greco grandee, arranged a brief interview with Pope Paul VI, who gave the newlyweds his personal blessing and their first wedding present—a crucifix. No reigning monarchs attended the wedding, but the guests included such ghost royalty as Austria's ex-Empress Zita and Portugal's Duke of Braganza. Emotionally the Roman weekly L'Espresso addressed an open letter to Irene telling her "you are like a lamb caught in a den of tigers."

**Petty Game.** Dutch opinion, though in less perfervid language, essentially agreed that the princess was letting herself be used by the Carlists for their own purpose, however absurd, of gaining the Spanish throne. To a lot of people outside Holland, this petty political game—and the government's anxious insistence that the Dutch monarchy must stay out of it—did not seem reason enough for Irene's own parents to boycott the wedding. But under the Dutch constitution the government is held responsible for the monarch's actions. Besides, Holland maintains a sometimes precarious balance between its Protestant and Catholic citizens, was thus bound to take the issue seriously.

The Dutch were upset by the entire tragicomedy of errors, from their belated discovery that Irene had been converted to Roman Catholicism and become engaged, through the Queen's radio announcement that the engagement had been broken, which then had to be retracted, down to the arrival in The Netherlands of the flamboyant Bourbon-Parmas with their preposterous

\* In 1833, Spain's King Ferdinand VII, dying without a male heir, named his daughter Isabella as monarch of Spain. His younger brother Carlos opposed this decision, and his supporters fought two civil wars in a futile effort to put a Carlist king on the throne. The feud still continues among Spanish monarchists, with Carlists backing Irene's husband, and anti-Carlists the far more likely pretender Don Juan, a descendant of Isabella.

meeting with her mother, the great Wilhelmina, and was determined that her own daughters should have a happier childhood. Crown Princess Beatrix received a good education with a stress on her coming constitutional role, but the three other girls were scarcely trained as princesses and had wide freedom. A friend of the royal family recalls, "Sometimes weeks would go by



IRENE & PRINCE AT WEDDING  
A lamb in the tigers' den?

when the Queen had no idea what Irene was doing."

Juliana herself is a somewhat uncertain and muddled Queen, always late for appointments because she gets too involved in whatever she is doing. In the 1950s, she fell under the influence of a faith healer named Greet Hofmans. Juliana had long felt a personal guilt for the near blindness of her youngest daughter, Christina, an affliction probably caused by an attack of measles during the Queen's pregnancy. Hofmans claimed she could cure Christina, and Juliana soon depended on her for spiritual and political advice as well. It was Prince Bernhard who got rid of the faith healer. While Dutch papers remained loyally silent, Bernhard leaked the story to the foreign press, and the resulting uproar brought the Queen and government into direct conflict. As a result, Greet Hofmans moved out of the palace and now lives in an old-fashioned wooden trailer on the estate of a Dutch banker.

representative abroad, but he also provides the authority and humor Queen lacks. In the case of Irene backed the view of the Queen the government that, given the political complications, the wedding must take place without official sanction.

With the embattled wedding finally over and Irene formally ruled out the line of succession by Parliament attention turned to Beatrix, who already is surer of herself than Juliana ever was. Particularly close to her mother, "Trix" shares his spontaneous joyment of life. Once, when christening a new ship, she drenched the assembled dignitaries with champagne, and laughter at the sight was heard throughout the country on TV. Her only parent major problem is getting married. The government would dearly like to break the habit of finding royal couples among the Protestant German aristocracy. But suitable Protestant princes, German or otherwise, are hard to find nowadays. The remaining daughter, pretty, 21-year-old Princess Margriet, shares her mother's stoutness, and her hairdos have a lamentable tendency to come down about her ears.

**Rinse & Set.** While Irene and her husband were honeymooning in Italy, Juliana received the good wishes of many people on her 55th birthday. Wearing glasses and with a new hair rinse and set, she drove along the road in front of the palace in a Chevrolet convertible so that the crowds could get a better look. Later, on TV, she told the nation a little unconvincingly that her role as Queen and mother had never clashed in the matter of Irene's wedding. She thanked her subjects for "the love you have shown our daughter Irene, whom we love so much. Difficulties often make us realize how much we love someone and we know that you hope with us that our daughter will find true happiness."

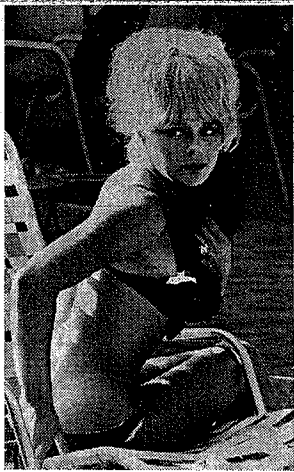
## WEST GERMANY

### Brünnhilde Reshaped

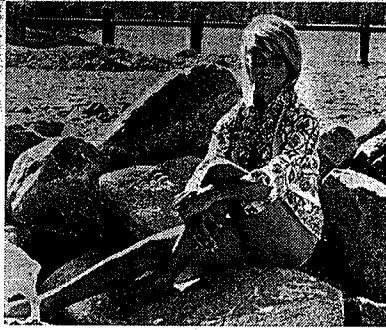
Though less celebrated than the economic miracle, or *Wirtschaftswunder*, another happy postwar transformation has overtaken West Germany. It might be called the *Fräuleinwunder*. In place of the pigtailed, fat-at-elbow female who used to be the popular image of Teutonic womanhood, a new generation of luscious, leggy girls has grown up, the delight of girl watchers everywhere.



LAAF



SOMMER



BOECK



FASHION MODEL



BERGER



MUNICH STREET SCENE

For girl watchers, the new *Fräuleinwunder*.

Champion Marika Kilius and Sprinter Jutta Heine—look more like starlets than muscle-maids. At the Lido in Paris, where the famed Bluebell girls were once mostly English imports, one-fifth of the dancers are now German. Las Vegas talent scouts are also turning to Germany. Pan American Airways, which recruits 150 foreign stewardesses yearly, now finds a sizable percentage of them in West Germany. The Germans even boast two of Europe's prettiest politicians, Bundestag Deputies Hedda Heuser and Annemarie Renger.

**The Aryan Look.** The postwar German girl seems to have come from another world than the one her mother inhabited and in effect, she has. German women have always had considerable natural assets—among others, the advantage of being, despite Hitler's theories, a mixture of many different racial strains. But the assets tended to be hidden in one way or another. Romantic German poets sang the love of their women to the point of distraction, but their heroines usually sounded remote and untouchable. Faust's demure Gretchen was touchable, all right—but he left her to go cavorting in the Devil's company with Helen of Troy.

German womanhood moved from romanticism and prudery straight into the miseries of World War I and the inflationary postwar years, when the country was too poor and too hungry to do much about cultivating beauty, when few German women could afford to dress well or to eat nonstarchy foods. Occasionally, beauty of a fascinating and slightly wicked kind did grow from the ruins, personified by that incomparable charmer, Marlene Dietrich. But then came the Nazis, who insisted that women's role was to keep house and bear children for the Third Reich. Proclaimed Gertrud Scholtz-Klink, head of all Nazi women's organizations: "Our weapon is the cooking spoon."

Though even blondes bleached their hair for the super-Aryan look, the Nazis frowned on such womanly weapons as alluring clothes and makeup, considered that cotton undershirts and muslin slips were the proper attire for the descendants of breast-plated Valkyries. Their

functional ideal was personified by Hitler's dark-blond mistress, Eva Braun, and like her, it died with Hitler.

**Generation of Models.** But the country's extraordinary postwar recovery resuscitated the German girl. Says Marlies Hessel, a former Miss Germany: "Very few girls seem to grow up to be ugly any more. Ugliness is something that is bred by adversity. Perhaps beauty is flowering now because we have weathered something very close to hell."

In a nation where women outnumber men by 3,000,000, German girls today have to compete to catch male eyes. They can afford to, since more than 90% of all the nation's women between the ages of 20 and 40 have jobs—a proportion unequaled in Western Europe. Guided by countless women's magazines and a keenly competitive, cosmopolitan fashion industry, they spend a hefty proportion of their earnings on hairdos, makeup and clothes. For the first time, German couturiers—notably Willy Bogner, Bessy Becker, Heinz Queisser—have established worldwide reputations.

As the girls' svelte, springy figures attest, they watch their diets, eat healthier food, and probably take more exercise than any other women in the world. Louella Ballerino, a swimsuit designer for California's Rose Marie Reid, finds that German girls today tend to be skinnier of hip than young Americans and Italians. This "generation of fashion models," as one approving editor calls it, averages 5 ft. 6 in. in the 14-25 age bracket, one inch taller than other European girls, and it boasts unbeatable vital statistics (35-24-35).

**Beauty Bounty.** Nor is the change only skin—or even bikini—deep. Says Chief Editor F. W. Koebner of *Elegante Welt*, Germany's leading fashion and society magazine: "The breakup and reorganization of German society

not to mention the tens of thousands of G.I.s who have married *Mädchen*.

Germany's three big fashion shows, concluded, not only displayed the most ready-to-wear clothes that have been put chic into German life; they were also an eye-popping showcase for the girls themselves. Since more than 100 models are needed for each of the shows in Munich, Berlin and Düsseldorf, more than half of them are recruited from offices, universities, café society—and it is becoming more and more difficult to tell the amateur beauty from the pros.

Help from Hamburger. Modeling is a field in which German girls are increasingly sought after both at home and abroad. Bavaria's Ina Balke and Melander Dagmar Dreger are among Manhattan's highest-paid models. German mannequins are in equally great demand in Paris; most of them came to France originally as domestic servants, though one of the most noted, Brigitte Laaf, is the daughter of a wealthy Cologne businessman.

The situation is similar in the movies. In Rome's Cinecittà to Hollywood, every year's Latin and Anglo-Saxon actresses are being challenged by such talented Teutons as Romy Schneider, Elke Sommer, Nadja Tiller and Senta Berger. Eddie Fisher rebounded from Liz Taylor the help of a Hamburger—pert, blonde Renata Boeck. Tony Curtis left the Leigh for dark, Munich-born Brigitte Kaufmann.

When top German women athletes—like them, Olympic Figure Skating

has given the individual German girl the material and psychological means to become beautiful." She has rejected her parents' ideals and escaped the self-sufficient autocracy that used to be family life in Germany. By contrast with her insular parents, she is worldly, well-traveled, avid for the fads and fashions of other nations. She has a new sense of identity and self-confidence, and she has undergone a startling social emancipation.

On the whole, German men seem to be spoiled and not appreciative enough of the feminine bounty all around them. Writers and poets are busier decrying the dangers of prosperity than extolling the beauty of their women, and politicians, beginning with Chancellor Ludwig Erhard and Opposition Leader Willy Brandt, are much too stuffy to allow themselves to comment publicly on such matters. But the *Fräuleinwunder* is there for all to see with delight. George McGhee, 52, the Texas oilman who has been U.S. Ambassador to Bonn for the past year, says carefully: "Of course, I am a married man. But even by Texas standards I don't see how any American can fail to observe and be impressed at the charm, wit and distinction of German women."

### Socialists Without an Issue

Beaten in every national election since the founding of the federal republic, West Germany's Social Democrats find themselves boxed in again as the 1965 contest approaches. Their trouble is that, given unprecedented domestic prosperity at home and basic national agreement on foreign affairs, they simply have no issue. Essentially, the Socialists are reduced to arguing that they could run West Germany's booming capitalistic economy better than the Christian Democrats who built it, and that anyway the C.D.U. has been in power too long.

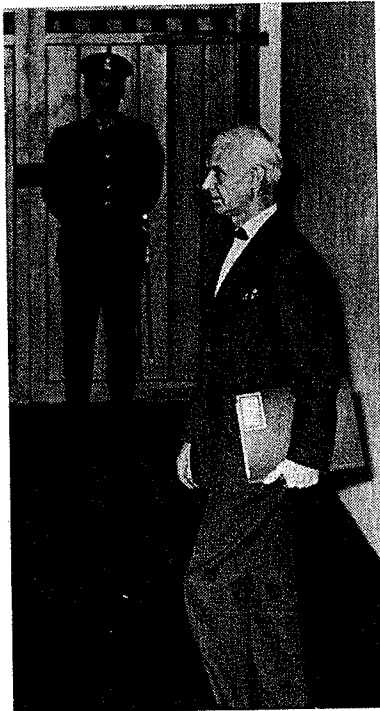
Last week these arguments were again put to the test as the southwest state of Baden-Württemberg held elections for the local legislature, the most important trial test before next year's big race.

Grabbing snacks in his Mercedes as he raced from smoky Stuttgart to the picturesque towns of the Swabian countryside, Socialist Leader Willy Brandt minimized partisan criticism, stressed "common tasks of the future." Typical punch line: "For each rocket that is fired into space, there should be one against heart attacks."

That sort of thing simply did not work well for West Berlin's Mayor Brandt, a political lightweight whose popularity is concentrated in his own city. Chancellor Ludwig Erhard kept himself and his C.D.U. loftily above party battles. "Ach ja," he deadpanned at the end of one speech, "I almost forgot, you're having an election here soon." Erhard accurately counted on his immense popularity as architect of Germany's economic miracle. "Shall I tell you what I have achieved?" he

asked complacently. "I wouldn't think of it. There is no one who doesn't know me. Deeds speak louder than words."

Voters seemed to agree. The Christian Democrats surprised even themselves, increased their share of the votes from 39.5% to 46.2% of the total. The Socialists barely held their own, did noticeably badly in cities, where their main strength supposedly lies, and with new voters. Practically wiped out in the same election: the right-wing All-German Party, which had based its strength on discontented refugees from the East; now integrated into the West German economy, they are discontented no longer, and they massively joined the ranks of the C.D.U. Said a troubled Willy Brandt: "We shall now have to double our efforts for 1965."



WENNERSTROM ON WAY TO COURT  
Flushed out by a cleaning woman.

### SWEDEN

#### The Case of the Red Eagle

Though neutral Sweden has not fought a war for 150 years,\* few Western nations are better prepared for one. The crack Royal Swedish Air Force, with 1,000 first-line jet aircraft, is the world's fourth biggest (after the U.S., Russia, Britain). To defend itself against Soviet attack, Sweden has spent hundreds of millions of dollars since 1935 building a vast secret complex of command posts, antiaircraft missiles, submarine pens and support facilities buried deep in its granite mountains.

And all the time, at the apex of its military establishment, systematically selling the latest details of its defense strategy, sat a respected Swedish officer

\* Since French General Jean Bernadotte, later crowned Sweden's King Charles XIV, allied his country with Britain, Austria, Prussia and Russia in the campaign that finally defeated Napoleon in 1814.

with the secret rank of Soviet general.

**Unquestioned Access.** The army's favorite Swede was Colonel Carl Wennerstrom, 57, the suave, some aviator and longtime (19) air attaché in Washington who rested last June after passing U.S. and NATO secrets to Russia for 15 years. Though Wennerstrom on trial behind locked doors in Stockholm courthouse, he had enough of his activities to spur a sive, forced-draft revision of Sweden's defense program that will cost \$57 million over the next seven years. Last week a bulky report on his activities published by a bipartisan parliamentary investigating commission suggested the political cost to the government which faces elections in September will also come high. "The Eagle," as Wennerstrom was code-named by the Russians, had been under grave suspicion for years but so relaxed—or just plain lax—that the Swedish government that made his decisive was done about it.

As far back as 1946, Inspector Danielsson of the state security service investigated Wennerstrom. Finding an exhaustive report on Soviet intelligence by Wennerstrom, who had spent wartime months in Moscow, Danielsson concluded that it could only have been prepared by someone who was active in league with the Russians. But there was no conclusive proof against Wennerstrom, and around 1958 he became consultant on rocketry to Defense Minister Sven Andersson. As such, he had unquestioned access to the most highly classified material, which certainly included defense information that the U.S. has provided Sweden.

**No Whistle.** Defense Minister Andersson was informed of police suspicions in late 1959 and again in January 1960. When the then Foreign Minister Osten Unden asked the Defense Ministry for a military expert to advise on disarmament questions, Andersson recommended Wennerstrom—in belief that this would be a safe play for him. Hardly. Though Foreign Minister Unden was also informed of the suspicions that had been aroused by Wennerstrom, the colonel continued to quest and get top-secret defense files from foreign office files. Even when Defense Minister Herman Kling finally canceled two scheduled meetings with Wennerstrom in 1962 to brief Premier Tage Erlander, officials made no further attempt to blow the whistle.

But the police continued to search for solid evidence and finally got it with the help of Mrs. Caren Carlsson, a middle-aged cleaning woman who worked at Wennerstrom's stylish residence in suburban Djursholm. She cured papers that proved "of great value to the investigation," and she grabbed the Eagle as he was flying off to Spain. Wennerstrom proved so valuable a spy that he secretly offered Soviet citizenship