

X-Day

By Karl Ruehle

During the war such expressions as X-Day, D-Day, V-Day, came into use. These expressions strike an unpleasant note because they were used in connection with military strategy.

The "X"-Day of which I am speaking now is somewhat different and has been experienced by all the members of the Nativist Camps. For Nativists, "X"-Day is a happy event, a turning point in their lives — for the better.

The expression "X"-Day means one's first visit to the campsite of a Nativist Club where one makes his debut as a new member and wears the same uniform as all the other members. This uniform has long been out of style, but is now making a determined comeback due to the fact that no man-made suit or dress can substitute for the efficient functioning of one's own skin.

That the majority of people are still shaking their heads over such a change is quite understandable. They are not accustomed to the sight of the nude body which, according to public opinion, since it exposes the sexual parts would arouse sexual desire.

The conversion to Nativism, therefore, has to be done very slowly. The practicing of Nativism at the present time is confined to the home and the Nativist camps. This will gradually change until remote and deserted beaches and wasteland will become free for nude exposure of the body to sun, air, and water. Twenty years are really nothing in the course of such a change. We are actually working for the next and the next generation.

Let's follow the developments in the life of a typical Canadian family on their "X-Day". Let's pretend that we are able to see into their home and read their thoughts. Here they are: (Mr. and Mrs.) Ken and Vi Prospect. The file tells us that they have two children, 4 and 6, have a car, and own a house in the suburbs of the city. Ken is 32 and Vi is 26. Both belong to the same church and are respected members of their community. So much for the records.

Ken's interest in Nativism began some years ago when he came in possession of a Nativist Magazine and discovered that the pictures showing camp life and the articles describing Nativism were of excellent quality and very educational. It was during the time when he was courting Vi. At that time he had brought up the subject but she frowned at him and gave him the brush-off. Vi thought that it must be wrong because people said that it was not decent to be nude in society.

As time passed by Ken and Vi were married and blessed with two children. All was going well except that the children were not in the best of health, according to the doctor. They were experiencing nearly all the childhood diseases, and the doctor explained to Ken and Vi that it would help

a good deal if the children would spend as much time as possible out in the sun and fresh air. So Ken installed a sand box and wading pool in the backyard, which the kids enjoyed very much. The three children from next door joined them in the fun. One hot day all the children took off their sun suits and had a wonderful time playing in the nude. However, their enjoyment was short-lived — the people from next door discovered the "shameful" goings on and "rescued" their children, giving them a good scolding.

Vi heard the commotion and went out to see what was going on. When she saw that the children were nude, she almost fainted. She grabbed her two and hurried into the house with them. The children, of course, were crying over their lost paradise.

When Dad came home and Mom told him all about the backyard incident, and to what extent their reputation had suffered, all Ken did was laugh and laugh, much to Vi's surprise. He then explained that children have a natural desire to be naked, and that a child's mind is not aware of the phony reason why grownups are so fussy about covering the private organs.

This incident again reminded Ken of his intention to investigate Nativism, which advocates nude living wherever possible and advisable. This time he was determined to find out all about it. The first step was to procure a current issue of a good Nativist Magazine. When he found one he looked through it for the location of the Nativist Clubs. There was one not too far from their home, and after he had studied the entire copy from front to back and back to front, he made up his mind to write in.

Vi, who was curious to know why Ken was occupying his favorite chair so long and so quietly over a magazine, approached him from the rear.

She was not really surprised to learn of Ken's renewed interest in the Nativist Movement. And, after he explained it most convincingly to her, she decided to be more co-operative, knowing that Ken would do no wrong.

That evening, while Ken was reading the paper, she asked him for the magazine. "Sure," he said; "I would like you to read it. You see, many people speak against it although they have never given it full thought, let alone trying it. To put it mildly, this is an injustice." "Yes, I see your point, Ken," Vi said; "But I don't think I would dare try it myself. I would sink in the ground if I had to stand in the nude in front of other people." Ken replied that even he wondered just what his reaction would be, seeing so many nude girls, and being nude himself. "Actually, there should be no difference," he said, "when all the people at such a camp are nude.

(Continued on page 29)

she not feel inclined toward any strenuous games or activities, she can just lie in the sun, body and mind at rest, and enjoy complete relaxation.

If the nearest sun club is too far distant to make it economic to travel to it as and when desired, there are many advantages that can be enjoyed in one's garden, despite what many people think to the contrary. With discretion and planning it is often surprising how one can, by means of screening, etc., convert a corner of a garden to a sunbathing nook that does not infringe on the law or upset one's neighbours. Within certain limits my husband and I have managed to do this at two addresses to date.

Such arrangements do give a woman the chance to get some sunshine on her body when she gets an odd half hour in the daily routine, but it lacks the atmosphere of the sun club of course. If she is lucky enough to live near enough to a club that she can get there on weekdays as well as weekends, she will be able to enjoy welcome breaks in the sun and air. Most sun clubs do have members who can do this, and in the season there are usually holiday members throughout, so there is no lack of good company, and a housewife can gain much from mid-week breaks such as these, and yet still cope with her household chores.

So many women who are mothers and housewives tend to forget about their one-time lovely figures after marriage and babies, and even when they realize how much Naturism can do for them they are apt to feel rather shy about their lost shape, etc. I would so like to reassure them that they need have no fears on this score, for we are all only human, and Naturists do come in all shapes and sizes! There are definitely no odd men (or women) out in a sun club!

In any case, once you have had the glorious feeling of the sun and air on your body for a while, it is quite on the cards that you will find your carriage and posture improving automatically, your skin clearing and a general feeling of well-being stealing over you. This in itself has often provided the spur for many women to find renewed interest in their body contours, and to set about physique improvement exercises with results that have surprised them and delighted their husbands and friends!

Well, ladies, I hope that those of you who have been reading this short article of mine, and who may have been hesitating about "taking the plunge", are still with me, for I would like to assure you that joining a Naturist club along with your husband and children can lead to wonderful changes in your family life. In my opinion Naturism has much to offer any wife or mother and her children, and my advice to you all is to study the appropriate addresses listed in this magazine and get in touch with the sun club nearest your home, and discover for yourselves the benefits and pleasures it holds for you!

More and more clearly every day, out of biology, anthropology, sociology, history, economic analysis, psychological insight, plain human decency and common sense, the necessary mandate for survival — that we show love of our neighbors as we do ourselves — is being confirmed and reaffirmed.

—Ordway Tead.

X-DAY

(Continued from page 25)

No one would be staring at you because everyone is nude, not just you alone. And while women's scanty summer clothing and burlesque shows promote sexual stimulation, Naturist Camps do not, due to the fact that the people are entirely nude, leaving nothing to the imagination."

The following week turned out to be a very warm one, so Ken and Vi made plans for the weekend. Ken suggested that they try to find the campsite of the club nearby and have a chat with the people. "I don't think that would be possible," Vi countered. "You should write first and ask for an invitation. Perhaps we would be allowed to visit the camp. Also, they would send us directions how to get there."

A letter was sent the following day explaining that they were both interested in learning more about Naturism, and asking if it would be possible for them to visit the camp on a weekend. They were very surprised at the promptness of the reply stating that they were welcome to visit the camp on the following Sunday, and that all the information could then be given personally. The letter also stated that they would not be asked to disrobe; this would be left entirely to themselves.

As Sunday approached, Vi, who was now feeling that they were about to undertake something strange, became a little frightened; would she have the courage? Sunday after a delightful early-morning drive, they arrived shortly after 10:00 a.m. They were impressed by the large sign over the camp gate which, besides giving the name of the camp, also stated that it was for members only. They had to telephone to the camp office, explaining that they had received invitations and that "Here we are." The gate lock was then removed electronically by remote control from the office. Ken drove up the attractive camp road and stopped in front of the office. Vi was relieved when a lady receptionist appeared to welcome them, because she again experienced some queer sensations when she noticed quite a number of people wandering around the camp, all completely nude. The lady in the office was too, but this was different, she thought. She immediately felt at ease as she talked with Pat, the receptionist, who had a very pleasant manner.

The formalities being over, Pat introduced them to Bruce, the camp owner-manager. "Yes," Bruce said, "We are always happy to show people around our camp because we have found that most people like our little paradise." It took them quite some time to see all the different establishments and projects, and when they got back to the picnic hill all felt hungry. The kids had already mixed with the other children and they had removed their clothes and left them hanging over the bench of a picnic table. Yes, the kids were enjoying life to the full, playing by the creek where the other children were digging holes.

It was a wonderfully warm day, this Sunday; actually too warm, and both Ken and Vi felt that

(Continued on page 32)