

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

# PLAYBOY

JUNE 50 cents







# Dear Playboy

**Address** **PLAYBOY**  
**11 E. Superior St.**  
**Chicago 11, Illinois**

## SECRETARY DEPARTMENT

Although PLAYBOY is a magazine for men, I find that females enjoy it as thoroughly as their male counterparts. My secretary and I go through each new issue together. Congratulations on a delightful publication. It is light-hearted and gay and as refreshing as a cool breeze in the summer time.

Ed. P. Williams  
Attorney At Law  
Corpus Christi, Texas

This is to let you know, my first issue of PLAYBOY will be long remembered. You see, my secretary didn't feel as enthused about your fine magazine as I, and after minor discussion over a cartoon, she up and quit.

Frank D. Ranaletto  
Buffalo, New York

## PLAYBOY BUYS A ROUND

Thought you'd like to know that PLAYBOY was responsible for a free round of drinks the other evening. After bowling, two of my office friends and I dropped into a local bar; I had my latest copy of PLAYBOY with me and we looked at it as we drank. The bartender watched us laugh our way through a few pages and then asked about the magazine. I told him PLAYBOY was the greatest men's magazine that had even been published and then I made a bargain with him. I told him I'd let him look through my copy and if he agreed it was everything I'd said,

he'd have to buy us a round. He went through it cover to cover and then, without a word, he poured up the three drinks.

Ed Kuhn  
Chicago, Illinois

## IN THE OFFICE DOGHOUSE

At present I am in the doghouse for not bringing the last issue of PLAYBOY to the office for perusal by the staff. I have an order from my superiors to bring it to the office tomorrow, or else. The one feature in the magazine that is most enjoyed by our senior news reporter (my boss) is "Tales From The Decameron." Some of these stories are boring, but the ones you choose to publish are really laugh producing. The joke section supplies me with a nice selection for softening up news sources. Your variety indicates you must have an outstanding editorial staff.

Samuel W. Severson  
Photographer & Reporter  
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

*Quit complimenting the staff, Sam—they'll start asking for money.*

## DENTAL DEPARTMENT

I would like to take this opportunity to really congratulate you on your new venture PLAYBOY. There is no question, it is the smartest magazine in years. I'm enclosing a check to cover two separate subscriptions—one for myself, of course, and one for Dr. David

Hagerman, D.D.S.

May I explain the reason for the doctor's subscription? We have a very attractive calendar hanging here in the laboratory. The doctor comes by occasionally on business and last time remarked about how nice he thought it was. A couple of days later I purchased your March issue and was very pleased to see the Playmate of the Month was the same lovely lady. Naturally I sent the doctor a copy. The following week it was necessary to converse with him regarding financial matters and he said, and I quote: "Grayson, I'll do better than that, if you'll send me a subscription to PLAYBOY I will go all the way with you." It's nice to have a magazine that's both entertaining and helps business too.

Courtney H. Grayson  
Hallmark Dental Laboratory  
Houston, Texas

## THREE YEAR PLAYBOYS

Please enter my subscription to PLAYBOY for three years at \$13—my check is enclosed. Your magazine is one of the best I have read in years. Though I have seen only one issue, it is enough to sell me. We've been needing a true man's magazine for a long time.

Gene A. Lundquist  
Garwood, Texas

I am enclosing check for \$13 for three year subscription to PLAYBOY. When my present subscription to *Esquire* runs out—they've had it!

Ray Sullens  
Oklahoma City, Okla.

Enclosed you will find a check for \$7 to cover the cost of extending my subscription to three years. My original subscription was for a single year, but I find the quality of your publication is holding up in such fine style, I'd like to extend it two more years.

Edward J. Stone  
Colorado Springs, Colo.

## FEMALE ADMIRERS

I like your magazine, too, and I'm a female. Missed the first two issues, but learned of the third one from my favorite newsstand. Since then I have bought every issue. I never tire of Boccaccio's tales, and "Fahrenheit 451" was super.

(Miss) Lillian Day  
Atlanta, Georgia

It's a toss-up between my husband and me as to which one enjoys your magazine the most.

Mrs. Jeanne Z. Newcomer  
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

## JAZZ

I couldn't help but write and tell you how much I enjoy PLAYBOY. I enjoy all the articles and the terrific pics.



Keep the articles on jazz coming! Only don't limit it to "big band" jazz. How about an article on Norman Granz and his "Jazz At The Phil." stars? Or doing a piece on the West Coast jazz schools—Bob Scobey's Frisco Band for traditional and Shelly Manne for modern.

Donald Stewart  
St. Paul, Minn.

I want to congratulate you on the fine work you are doing in publishing a well-balanced magazine for men. In reading the April issue of PLAYBOY, I especially enjoyed the article on the Metronome All Stars. I wonder if it would be possible to do a feature article on Glenn Miller. I think he's everybody's all-time favorite.

Bruce Campbell  
Urbana, Illinois

### MARCH ISSUE

I am not very good when it comes to using adjectives, but I can think of one which covers your magazine. It's *fabulous*, from cover to cover. I have just finished your March issue and liked everything about it, particularly the article by Roger Price and the start of Ray Bradbury's story. The only complaint which I have about the magazine is the difficulty I have keeping it from disappearing before I have finished reading it.

Louis A. Benton  
Johns Hopkins University  
Baltimore, Maryland

### MISS APRIL

Just finished your April issue and must say it's tops. I just discovered your magazine last month but you've got yourself another steady customer. I especially enjoyed the second installment of "Fahrenheit 451," your Party Jokes, Earl Wilson's "The Body Beautiful," and *ooh la la*, let's have more of Miss April in the future.

Jimmy R. Allen  
Amarillo, Texas

What gives with the April Playmate? Was the photograph distorted or is the girl's body really that bad? Bust, waist, back, arm—everything's out of proportion. Your other Playmates have all been excellent, but Miss April—ugh!

Your April cover was the most eye-catching yet. Great idea using your rabbit on the front of the magazine. I very much enjoyed "Sin In Paradise" by William Bradford Huie. Written like an eye witness, in true army jargon.

Arthur Anker  
Murray Hill, N. J.

Miss April—what is her name? That exquisite angel, that heavenly body can't be mortal! It must be Venus.

Stop looking for Playmates. No one else can ever rate now.

Charles March  
Montclair, N. J.

### PLAYBOY AT SEA

*I like it! I like it!* That's what all all my buddies have been telling me about my PLAYBOY (March issue). They echo my sentiments to a man. Being in the navy has whetted their appetites for really tasty humor. And the women! *Magnifique!* I would pass up a steaming bowl of *pasta-fasu* for an issue of PLAYBOY. *Eet ees, how you say, reel jorge! Viva PLAYBOY!*

Most of the pictures from my issue have been cut out. They can be found pasted in conspicuous places throughout the ship. Even the Chief's got one in his quarters. *Big Man*—he got Miss March.

Oh, if you see Boccaccio running loose anywhere, tell him he's not bad. And Ray Bradbury is out of this world (excuse the pun).

Pete Noll & shipmates  
USS Dynamic

### PLAYBOY IN THE AIR

Enclosed is a check for \$6 for a year's subscription to PLAYBOY. A copy of your exciting publication was found among the literature available at the alert pilots' ready room at our base. After being perused by the six members of Old Dawg (D) Flight, of which I am a member, we agreed that we had to have each month's copy to stimulate the long hours we spend waiting to be scrambled against the unidentified aircraft violating our air defense zones.

So for Lt. A. G. Wackerman, Flight Commander, Lt. L. Hale, Lt. R. Mealy, Lt. R. F. Johnson, Lt. R. MacLure, and myself, thanks for the enjoyment provided so far and we'll be looking forward to each issue.

Lt. Emil J. Kotalik, USAF  
Westhampton Beach, L. I., N. Y.

### PLAYBOY ON MARS

Here is a message I received from one of my friends on Mars after sending him copies of PLAYBOY: *Dzck Aaron, Cdke efhi gzc dewl brste. Orust Uyude bandlz mi a dkl twas. Tor cyz lamnt zoom zoom. Sycklru, Sars.*

This means: Terrific, whoopee, whee, wow, rrrff, crazy, gone, the most, terrifically high, send me more!

I enjoy your magazine—when I can read it. My women-starved buddies in the barracks hardly give me time to start breathing hard over your luscious Playmate of the Month and *zip*—the magazine is doing a 60 yard dash with half the barracks after it!

George D. Wandroehe  
Barin Field  
Foley, Alabama

### PLAYBOY FOR HUBBY

Please, oh, please send a year's subscription of your excellent magazine to my panting husband! The strain of watching the newsstands each month is beginning to tell on him. By the way—I enjoy it too!

Mrs. John Hreha  
Tacoma, Washington

### PLAYBOY FOR DAD

Congratulations for giving the American male a real magazine. I enjoyed your last issue so much that I have decided to send my father a subscription so he can have some entertainment from what the boys in my outfit call, "A real man's magazine."

Pvt. John L. Hogan  
Exercise Flashburn  
Fort Bragg, N. C.

### MITCHUM IN CANNES

I got my first look at PLAYBOY today and believe me, it's the best magazine of its kind that I have ever seen. Enclosed is \$6 for a subscription.

Today I read in the *Korean Stars and Stripes* that Simone Silva, a British actress, posed nude from the waist up with Robert Mitchum at a picnic held in connection with the annual Film Festival at Cannes, France. Is it possible to get this picture for your magazine?

Duane E. Stordahl  
San Francisco, Calif.

Here's a challenge to you, old boy (clipping enclosed)! Or were you one of those who fell into the water trying to take pictures?

Richard C. Burns  
Cleveland, Ohio



*We managed to dry our camera off before the photograph was ruined. So here's the famous pair; Mitchum is the one on the right.*





ADDRESS ALL ORDERS TO THE MEN'S SHOP,  
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## THE MEN'S SHOP



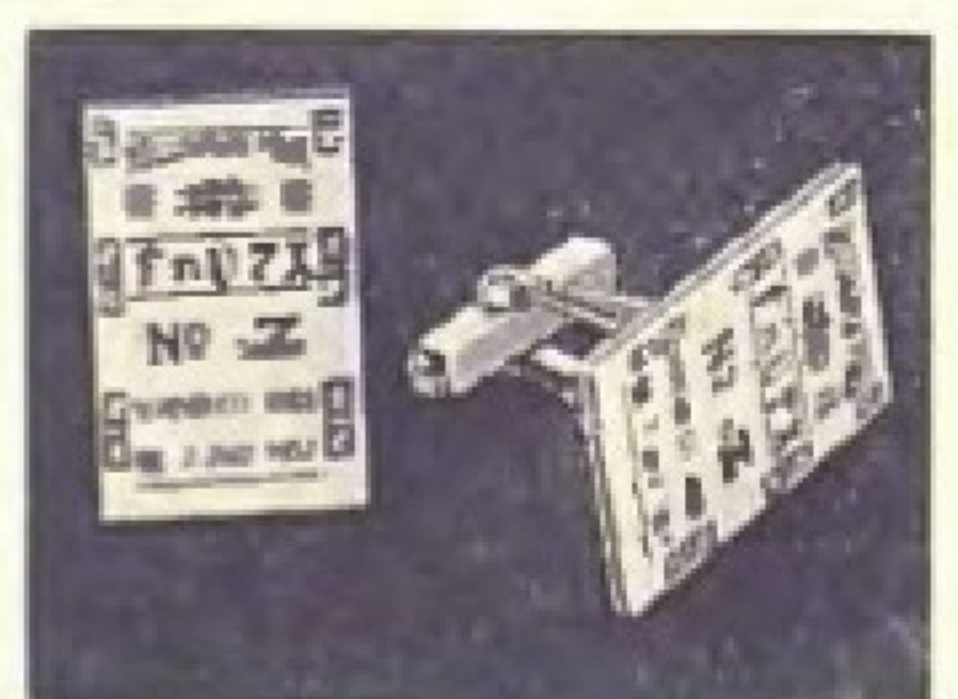
No need to wear crumpled cravats just because you're on the road. This Deluxe Travel Tie Case keeps your neckwear free from wrinkles and slips

into your luggage with nary a bulge. Suntan cowhide leather, brown moire lining. Zippered on three sides. Convenient hook for hanging. It's all yours for \$7.95.



This Swirl-O-Matic brush won't make car-washing a pleasure, but it will make it easier, faster, and leave you in good shape for the pursuit of hap-

piness. Turbine action cuts through grime, doesn't harm finish. Great for washing walls, screens, storm windows, the basement and garage, too, if you like that sort of thing. Just \$6.95.



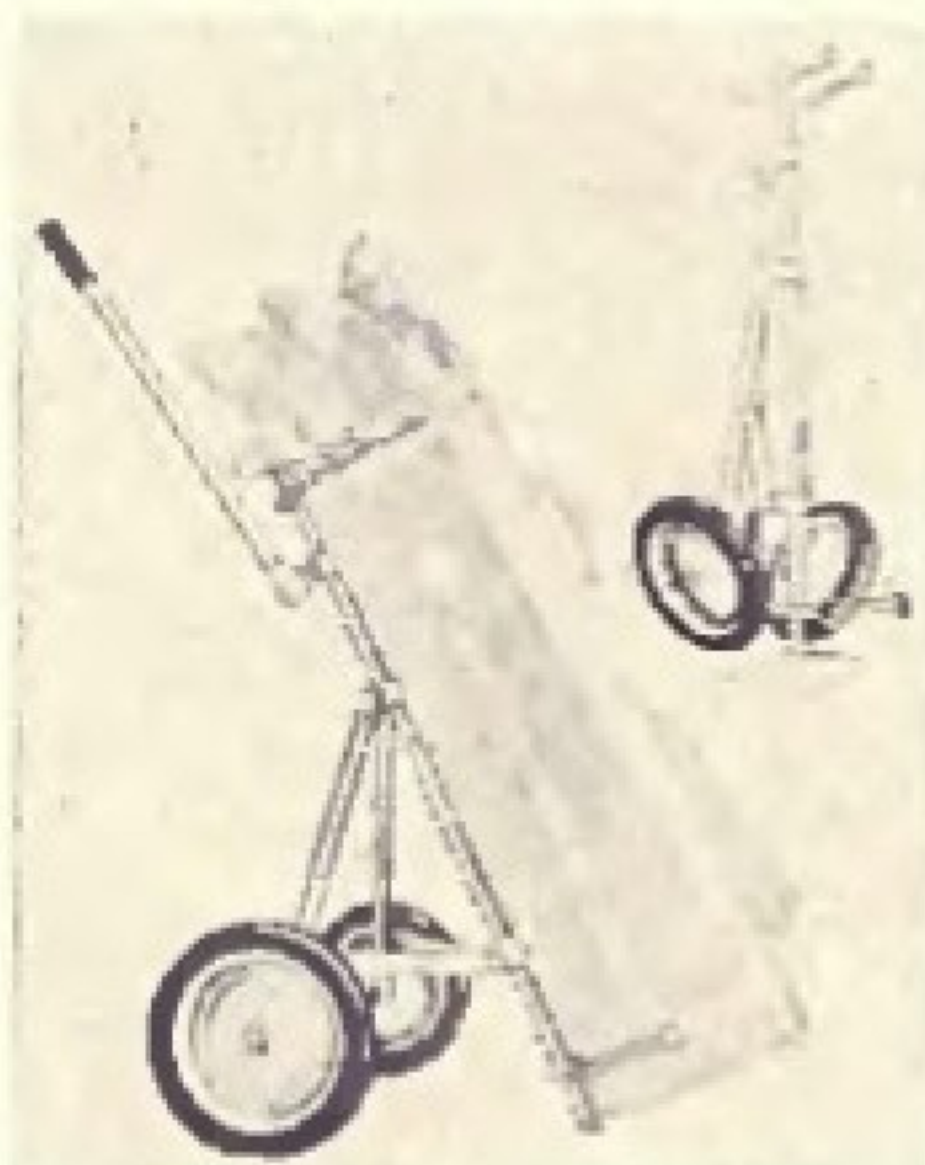
Here's a parlay that turf fans can't pass up. A money clip and matching cuff links that are exact replicas of a pari-mutuel ticket. The clever clip is chrome-plated with deeply etched letters in red and black. The massive, masculine links have swivel

backs, rich chrome finish, and the same colorful lettering. Money Clip, \$2.00. Cuff links (tax included), \$3.60.



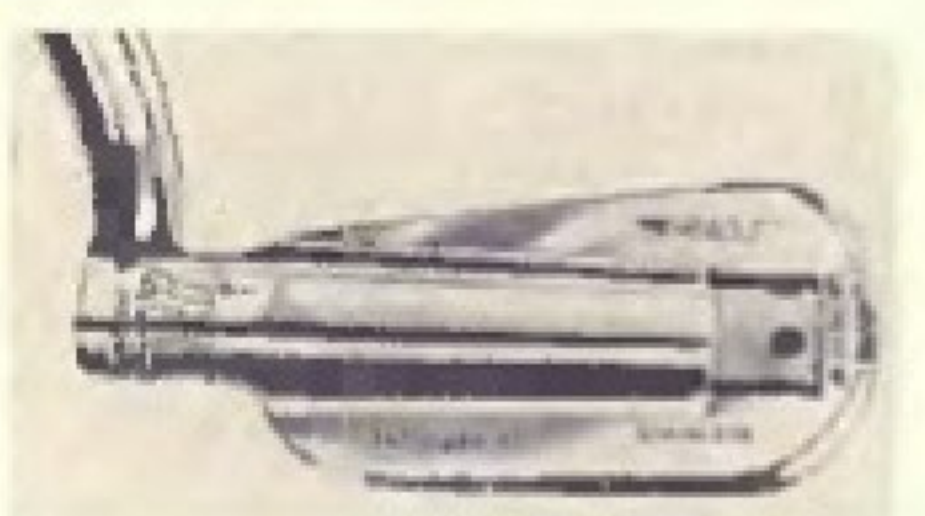
Luxury on the links. The Golf-er's Pal keeps your mind on the stroke, not the score. All you have to do is press the plunger and your stroke is

automatically recorded. Then just turn the knob and the dial's reset. This envy-inspiring item looks like a handsome wrist watch. \$5.00.



With your mind off the score, all you need now is something to save all your energy for the game. Here it is. This K-Kart Golf Bag Carrier does all the hard work. Made of strong,

lightweight aluminum. Ball bearing wheels have semi-pneumatic tires. Takes just a few seconds to collapse and the whole thing weighs only ten pounds. \$19.95.



"Miracle" Adjustable All-in-One Club. No bag to carry! Just dial your shot and play any position. And because it's easier to groove your swing to the weight and balance of just *one* club, you'll play better golf. Comes in three lengths: 36", 37", 38", and for right or left hand. Be sure to specify the size and tell us whether or not you're a southpaw. It's \$25.95.

If you're interested in conserving even more energy, feast your eyes on the

# PLAYBILL

W. Somerset Maugham insists that he has never pretended to be anything but a storyteller. If this is true, he is certainly one of the very best storytellers living today. His unusual "A Woman of Fifty," in this issue, helps prove that.

Bachelors won't want to miss Burt Zollo's sizzling "Open Season On Bachelors," and you married guys will get a kick out of it, too.

You don't have to be an art lover to appreciate the exciting pen work of Heinrich Kley. You'll find five pages of Kley's best in this issue—three in color. And there'll be more coming up later.

The personality piece on Orson Welles is the first of a series of word portraits on interesting men of our time.

Jack Cole's "Spinster" is also the first of a series. We suggest you save these *Female Sex Types*. Many of them will remind you of close friends and acquaintances and they'll make wonderful cards on birthdays and Valentine's Day.

Bob Perlongo, author of the satirical "Little Boy's Blues," is editor of *Shaft*, humor magazine at the University of Illinois. Bob and *Shaft* are in trouble with the school authorities, because he thinks a college magazine should be fresh and breezy. We think so, too, so we're especially pleased to be running his story during this—his hour of trial and tribulation.

Roger Price is back, too, with more worthwhile information on the human mind. Price's first article set psychology back twenty-five years; this one, on testing your personality, should do at least that well.

Add to all this, some fascinating photographs by Andre de Dienes, another article by Shepherd Mead on how to succeed in business without trying, an interesting piece on female figures, another tale from the Decameron, a pleasant sprinkling of cartoons and party jokes, plus, of course, another full color, double-page Playmate of the Month, and you have the seventh issue of PLAYBOY—the new entertainment magazine for men.





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**Subscriptions:** In the U. S., its possessions, and Canada, \$13.00 for three years; \$10.00 for two years; \$6.00 for one year, in advance. Elsewhere, \$12.00 a year, in advance.

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Vip P. 30



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# PLAYBOY

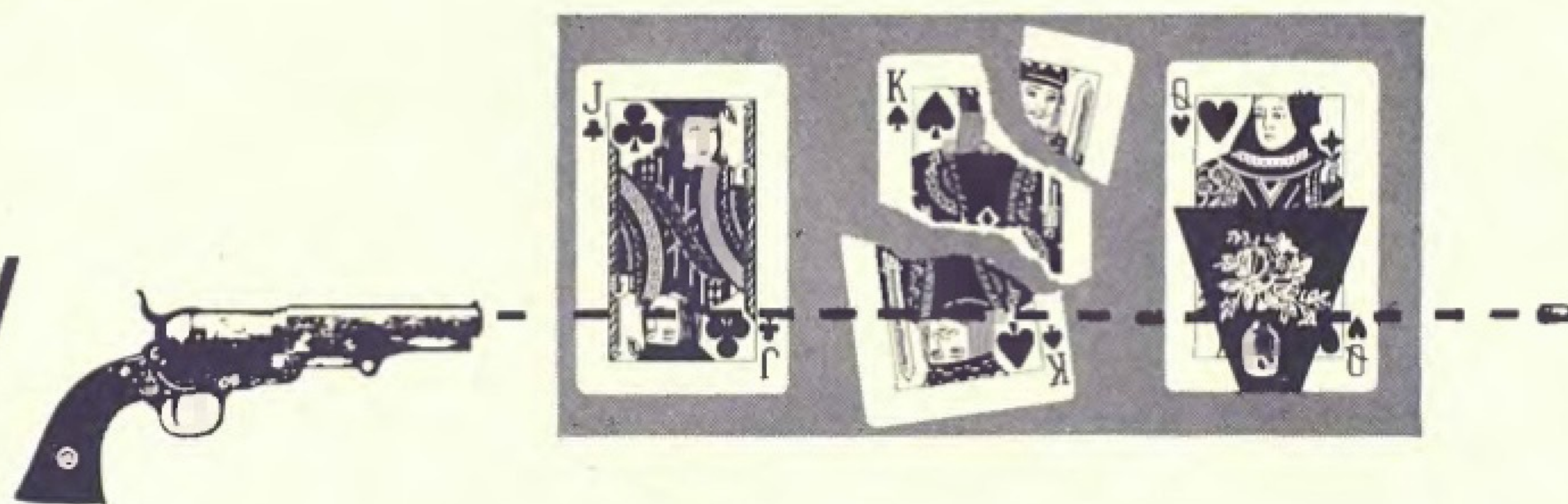


ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR PAUL





# A woman of fifty



MY FRIEND Wyman Holt is a professor of English literature in one of the smaller universities of the Middle West, and hearing that I was speaking in a nearby city—nearby as distances go in the vastness of America—he wrote to ask me if I would come and give a talk to his class. He suggested that I should stay with him for a few days so that he could show me something of the surrounding country. I accepted the invitation, but told him that my engagements would prevent me from spending more than a couple of nights with him. He met me at the station, drove me to his house and after we had had a drink we walked over to the campus. I was somewhat taken aback to find so many people in the hall in which I was to speak, for I had not expected more than twenty at the outside and I was not prepared to give a solemn lecture, but only an informal chat. I was more than a little intimidated to see a number of middle-aged and elderly persons, some of whom I suspected were members of the faculty, and I was afraid they would find what I had to say very superficial. However, there was nothing to do but to start and, after Wyman had introduced me to the audience in a manner that I very well knew I couldn't live up to, that is what I did. I said my say, I answered as best I could a number of questions, and then I retired with Wyman into a little room at the back of the stage from which I had spoken.



Several people came in. They said the usual kindly things to me that are said on these occasions, and I made the usual polite replies. I was thirsting for a drink. Then a woman came in and held out her hand to me.

"How very nice it is to see you again," she said. "It's years since we last met."

To the best of my belief I'd never seen her before. I forced a cordial smile to my tired, stiff lips, shook her proffered hand effusively and wondered who the devil she was. My professor must have seen from my face that I was trying to place her for he said:

"Mrs. Greene is married to a member of our faculty and she gives a course on the Renaissance and Italian literature."

"Really," I said. "Interesting."

I was no wiser than before.

"Has Wyman told you that you're dining with us tomorrow night?"

"I'm very glad," I said.

"It's not a party. Only my husband, his brother and sister-in-law. I suppose Florence has changed a lot since then."

"Florence?" I said to myself. "Florence?"

That was evidently where I'd known her. She was a woman of about fifty with gray hair simply done and marcelled without exaggeration. She was a trifle too stout and she was dressed neatly enough, but without distinction, in a dress that I guessed had been bought ready made at the local branch of a big store. She had rather large eyes of a pale blue and a poor complexion; she wore no rouge and had used a lipstick but sparingly. She seemed a nice creature. There was something maternal in her demeanour, something placid and fulfilled, which I found appealing. I supposed that I had run across her on one of my frequent visits to Florence and because it was perhaps the only time she had been there our meeting had made more of an impression on her than on me. I must confess that my acquaintance with the wives of members of a faculty is very limited, but she was just the sort of person I should have expected the wife of a professor to be, and picturing her life, useful, but uneventful, on scanty means, with its little social gatherings, its bickerings, its gossip, its busy dullness, I could easily imagine that her trip to Florence must linger with her as a thrilling and unforgettable experience.

On the way back to his house Wyman said to me:

"You'll like Jasper Greene. He's clever."

"What's he a professor of?"

"He's not a professor; he's an instructor. A fine scholar. He's her second husband. She was married to an Italian before."

"Oh?" That didn't jibe with my ideas at all. "What was her name?"

"I haven't a notion. I don't believe it was a great success." Wyman chuckled. "That's only a deduction I draw from the fact that she hasn't a single thing in the house to suggest that she ever spent any time in Italy. I should have expected her to have at least a refectory table, an old chest or two and an embroidered cope hanging on the wall."

I laughed. I knew those rather dreary pieces that people buy when they're in Italy, the gilt wood candlesticks, the Venetian glass mirrors and the high-backed, comfortless chairs. They look well enough when you see them in the crowded shops of the dealers in antiques, but when you bring them to another country they're too often a sad disappointment. Even if they're genuine, which they seldom are, they look ill at ease and out of place.

"Laura has money," Wyman went on. "When they married she furnished the house from cellar to attic in Chicago. It's quite a show place; it's a little masterpiece of hideousness and vulgarity. I never go into the living room without marvelling at the unerring taste with which she picked out exactly what you'd expect to find in the bridal suite of a second-class hotel in Atlantic City."

To explain this irony I should state that Wyman's living-room was all chromium and glass, rough modern fabrics, with a boldly Cubist rug on the floor, and on the walls Picasso prints and drawings by Tchelicheff. However, he gave me a very good dinner. We spent the evening chatting pleasantly about things that mutually interested us and finished it with a couple of bottles of beer. I went to bed in a room of somewhat aggressive modernity. I read for a while and then putting out the light composed myself to sleep.

"Laura," I said to myself. "Laura what?"

I tried to think back. I thought of all the people I knew in Florence, hoping that by association I might recall when and where I had come in contact with Mrs. Greene. Since I was going to dine with her I wanted to recall something that would prove that I had not forgotten her. People look upon it as a slight when you don't remember them. I suppose we all attach a sort of importance to ourselves and it is humiliating to realize that we have left no impression at all upon the person we have associated with. I dozed off, but before I fell into the blessedness of deep sleep, my subconscious, released from the effort of striving at recollection, I suppose, grew active and I was suddenly wide awake, for I remembered who Laura Green was. It was no wonder that I had forgotten her for

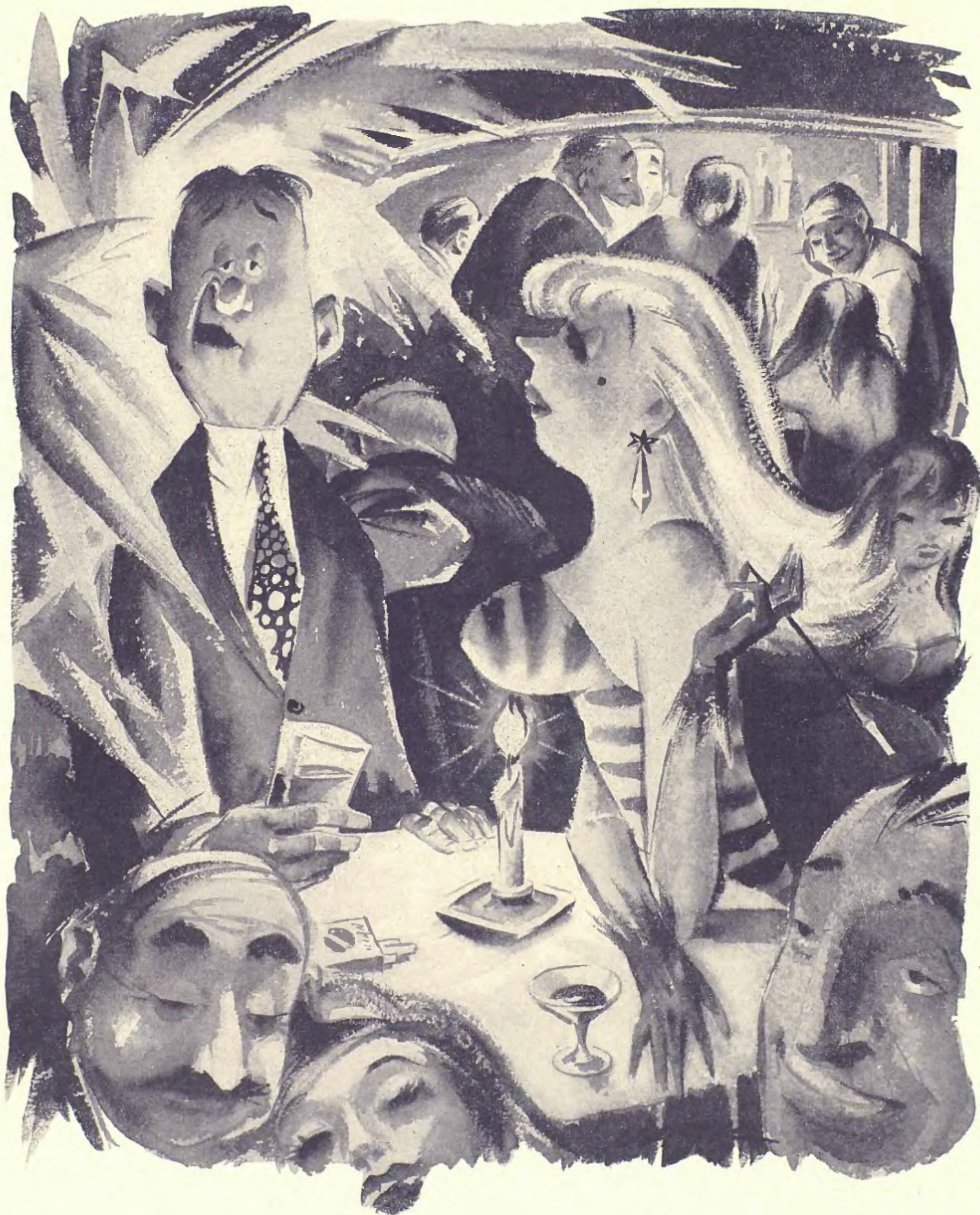
it was twenty-five years since I had seen her and then only haphazardly during a month I spent in Florence.

It was just after World War I. She had been engaged to a man who was killed in it and she and her mother had managed to get over to France to see his grave. They were San Francisco people. After doing their sad errand they had come down to Italy and were spending the winter in Florence. At that time there was quite a large colony of English and Americans. I had some American friends, a Colonel Harding and his wife, Colonel because he had occupied an important position in the Red Cross, who had a handsome villa in the Via Bolognese and they asked me to stay with them. I spent most of my mornings sight-seeing and met my friends at Doney's in the Via Tornabuoni round about noon to drink a cocktail. Doney's was the gathering place of everybody one knew, Americans, English and such of the Italians as frequented their society. There you heard all the gossip of the town. Then there was a lunch party either at a restaurant or at one or other of the villas with their fine old gardens a mile or two from the centre of the city. I had been given a card to the Florence Club and in the afternoon Charley Harding and I used to go there to play bridge or a dangerous game of poker with a pack of thirty-two cards. In the evening there would be a dinner party with more bridge perhaps and often dancing. One met the same people all the time, but the group was large enough, the people were sufficiently various, to prevent it from being tedious. Everyone was more or less interested in the arts, as was inevitable in Florence, so that, idle as life seemed, it was not entirely frivolous.

Laura and her mother, Mrs. Clayton, a widow, lived in one of the better boardinghouses. They appeared to be comfortably off. They had come to Florence with letters of introduction and soon made many friends. Laura's story appealed to the sympathies, and people were glad on that account to do what they could for the two women, but they were in themselves nice and quickly became liked for themselves. They were hospitable and gave frequent lunches at one or other of the restaurants where one ate macaroni and the inevitable scallopini, and drank Chianti. Mrs. Clayton was perhaps a little lost in this cosmopolitan society, where matters were seriously or gaily talked about that were strange to her, but Laura took to it as though it were her native element. She engaged an Italian woman to teach her the language and soon was reading the *Inferno* with her; she devoured books

(continued on page 12)





*"I could swear I smell burning rubber!"*



**N**OT SINCE Dr. Kinsey's interviewers trudged cross country asking coy young things the scientific equivalent of "Have you had it lately?" has the noble art of empirical research produced such a fascinating set of statistics.

*Male Preferences For Female Figure Types*, it's called, and it was prepared by a top-flight research organization. The report comes in a neat, brown folder—and looks very much like a market analysis, financial presentation, or similar bit of business trivia. The report contains enough academic gibberish to delight any Ph. D., but the meat of it (if you'll excuse the expression) is far removed from the realm of markets and finance.

The sponsor of the research and resulting report is the H. W. Gossard Company, manufacturers of women's foundation garments. They wanted to find out just how men like their women stacked. Presumably so that

they can manufacture garments that will reshape the female population to a reasonable facsimile of the average guy's preference.

To make the statistics manageable, four basic figure types were selected: the conventional Junior, Miss, and Woman types, plus a mysterious group designated Type "X."

The "Junior" figure was defined as a 34" bust, 24" waist, 34" hips. The "Miss" category had a more generous helping of everything: 35" bust, 25" waist, 35" hips. The "Woman" figure was more mature, with a 36" bust, 29" waist, and 38½" hips.

The special interest, however, was added by the "X" type. "X" for "Extra," perhaps, since this is the sort of figure usually seen in publicity pictures with captions like "Miss Grapefruit of 1954." You know the kind—"Miss Grapefruit" in a low-cut bit of nothing, leaning over a basket of fruit which is paled into insignificance by

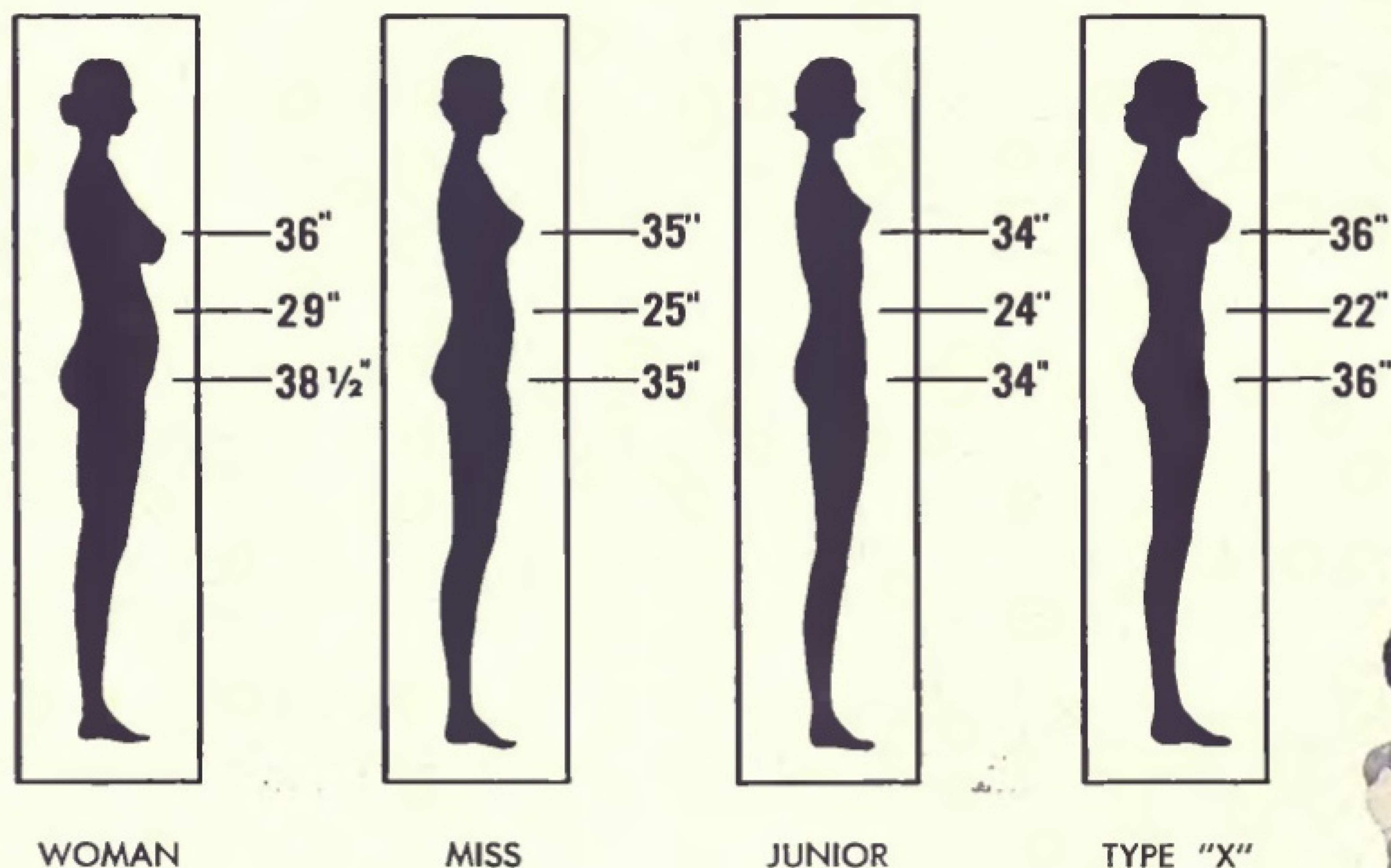
her luscious offerings. Type "X" measured in with a 36" bust, 22" waist, and 36" hips, which explains why she rates a category all by herself.

Four models were then selected who exactly met the specifications of the four categories. These young ladies were dressed exactly alike and were given masks to rule out individual preferences in faces. Then the four masked beauties and an interviewer, armed with pencil and notebook, descended on the unsuspecting male populace.

The quartette cornered Mr. Average Man in all his typical work-and-play hangouts. They would enter an office, for example, and (without much difficulty) gain the attention of a suitable number of executives, junior executives, and office boys. The men were asked to examine the four young ladies — visually, if you please. Then, while their pulses were still thumping, they were asked which fig-

## ONE MAN'S MEAT

They wanted to find out how men like their women stacked, and they got some surprises.







## article

ure type they preferred. The interviewer also recorded such other pertinent data as age, occupation, and marital status.

In the course of the survey, the girls were paraded before city councilmen, ogling fraternity boys, baseball fans, salesmen, business heads, and the ubiquitous man-on-the-street. Then, the sampling completed, the girls retired to that limbo where models go when the last leggy picture has been snapped, and the slide-rule

boys began what they call "the analysis and evaluation of derivative data."

They happily skewed curves, set up graphs, established correlations of coefficients, and generally had a fine old time sorting and classifying the drooling opinions expressed by the men of the nation.

Out of their columns of figures and tabulated statistics came the final report. Here is what they found, and there are some surprises in the results.

The single most impressive finding

is the older a man gets, the *less* he cares for the "X" or "Miss Grapefruit" type. As he ages, perhaps conscious of his own limitations, he begins preferring his women with a more conventional figure.

As might be expected, the upstarts under the age of 24 took to the grapefruit figure by a healthy 75%. Between the ages of 25 to 39, however, the preferences for Miss "X" dropped to 54%. And after 40, only a meager 25% are able to raise an eyebrow when she swishes by.

When Miss "X" was eliminated from the running, most men seemed to prefer the "Miss" figure, but there was a noticeable swing towards the more womanly body as the man grew older. Of the men under 24, 30% preferred the "Junior" figure over other conventional types, 60% preferred the "Miss" figure, 10% the "Woman" type.

Of the middle aged men, 25 to 39, only 20% liked the "Junior" figure, 47% the "Miss," and 33% the "Woman." With older men, 40 and above, 25% preferred the "Junior" shape, 34% the "Miss," and 41% the "Woman."

The researchers also picked up some interesting information on married men. The lucky guys who had wives with "X" type figures understandably preferred them that way by a solid 100%. And there were 76% of the men with "Miss" type wives who were totally satisfied. But the "happy with her as she is" quotient dropped to 58% with the "Junior" type, while only 48% of the hubbies with "Woman" type wives were really content.

A female fashion writer has already written her way around the survey with: "Don't worry, girls. This thing only proves that every figure type has its following." Meaning a girl on the make should work the men who prefer her type and she's in.

Naturally, the Freudians got in their licks, too. A psychiatrist, who wishes to remain anonymous, points to the increased interest in the girlish "Junior" figure among older men and says it represents a form of regression—an unconscious desire to return to youth, schooldays, and high school sweethearts. On the other hand, a younger man drawn to the more mature "Woman" figure probably has a mild Oedipus complex—an unconscious attachment to mom.

What does all this mean to you? Well, Gossard's findings can probably be interpreted in a number of different ways, but we prefer to look at it like this: A guy can dream about Miss Grapefruit, the fabulous "X" type beauty, and still be happy with one of the less sensational varieties.

And considering the scarcity of "X" type females, it's a damn good thing.





## WOMAN OF FIFTY (continued from page 8)

on the art of the Renaissance and on Florentine history, and I sometimes came across her, Baedeker in hand, at the Uffizi or in some church studiously examining works of art.

She was twenty-four or twenty-five then and I was well over forty, so that though we often met we became cordially acquainted rather than intimate. She was by no means beautiful, but she was comely in rather an unusual way; she had an oval face with bright blue eyes and very dark hair which she wore simply, parted in the middle, drawn over her ears and tied in a chignon low on the nape of her neck. She had a good skin and a naturally high colour; her features were good without being remarkable and her teeth were even, small and white; but her chief asset was the easy grace of her movement, and I was not surprised when they told me that she danced wonderfully. Her figure was very good, somewhat fuller than was the fashion of the moment; and I think what made her attractive was the odd mingling in her appearance of the Madonna in an altarpiece by one of the later Italian painters and a suggestion of sensuality. It certainly made her very alluring to the Italians who gathered at Doney's in the morning or were occasionally invited to lunch or dinner in the American or English villas. She was evidently accustomed to dealing with amorous young men, for though she was charming, gracious and friendly with them she kept them at their distance. She quickly discovered that they were all looking for an American heiress who would restore the family fortune and with a demure amusement which I found admirable made them delicately understand that she was far from rich. They sighed a little and turned their attention at Doney's, which was their happy hunting ground, to more likely objects. They continued to dance with her, and to keep their hand in flirted with her, but their aspirations ceased to be matrimonial.

But there was one young man who persisted. I knew him slightly because he was one of the regular poker players at the Club. I played occasionally. It was impossible to win and the disgruntled foreigners used sometimes to say that the Italians ganged up on us, but it may be only that they knew the particular game they played better than we did. Laura's admirer, Tito di San Pietro, was a bold and even reckless player and would often lose sums he could ill afford. (That was not his real name, but I call him that since his own is famous in Florentine history.) He was a good-looking youth, neither short nor tall, with fine black eyes, thick black hair brushed back from his forehead and

shining with oil, an olive skin and features of classical regularity. He was poor and he had some vague occupation, which did not seem to interfere with his amusements, but he was always beautifully dressed. No one quite knew where he lived, in a furnished room perhaps or in the attic of some relative; and all that remained of his ancestors' great possessions was a cinquecento villa about thirty miles from that city. I never saw it, but I was told that it was of amazing beauty, with a great neglected garden of cypresses and live oaks, overgrown borders of box, terraces, artificial grottos and crumbling statues. His widowed father, the Count, lived there alone and subsisted on the wine he made from the vines of the small property he still owned and the oil from his olive trees. He seldom came to Florence, so I never met him, but Charley Harding knew him fairly well.

"He's a perfect specimen of the Tuscan nobleman of the old school," he said. "He was in the diplomatic service in his youth and he knows the world. He has beautiful manners and such an air, you almost feel he's doing you a favour when he says how d'you do to you. He's a brilliant talker. Of course he hasn't a penny, he squandered the little he inherited on gambling and women, but he bears his poverty with great dignity. He acts as though money were something beneath his notice."

"What sort of age is he?" I asked. "Fifty, I should say, but he's still the handsomest man I've ever seen in my life."

"Oh?"

"You describe him, Bessie. When he first came here he made a pass at Bessie. I've never been quite sure how far it went."

"Don't be a fool, Charley," Mrs. Harding laughed.

She gave him the sort of look a woman gives her husband when she has been married to him many years and is quite satisfied with him.

"He's very attractive to women and he knows it," she said. "When he talks to you he gives you the impression that you're the only woman in the world and of course it's flattering. But it's only a game and a woman would have to be a perfect fool to take him seriously. He is very handsome. Tall and spare and he holds himself well. He has great dark liquid eyes, like the boy's; his hair is snow white, but very thick still, and the contrast with his bronzed, young face is really breath-taking. He has a ravaged, rather battered look, but at the same time a look of such distinction, it's really quite incredibly romantic."

"He also has his great dark liquid eyes on the main chance," said Charley

Harding dryly. "And he'll never let Tito marry a girl who has no more money than Laura."

"She has about five thousand dollars a year of her own," said Bessie. "And she'll get that much more when her mother dies."

"Her mother can live for another thirty years and five thousand a year won't go far to keep a husband, a father, two or three children and restore a ruined villa with practically not a stick of furniture in it."

"I think the boy's desperately in love with her."

"How old is he?" I asked.

"Twenty-six."

A few days after this Charley on coming back to lunch, since for once we were lunching by ourselves, told me that he had run across Mrs. Clayton in the Via Tornabuoni and she had told him that she and Laura were driving out that afternoon with Tito to meet his father and see the villa.

"What d'you suppose that means?" asked Bessie.

"My guess is that Tito is taking Laura to be inspected by his old man and if he approves he's going to ask her to marry him."

"And will he approve?"

"Not on your life."

But Charley was wrong. After the two women had been shown over the house they were taken for a walk round the garden. Without exactly knowing how it had happened Mrs. Clayton found herself alone in an alley with the old Count. She spoke no Italian, but he had been an attaché in London and his English was tolerable.

"Your daughter is charming, Mrs. Clayton," he said. "I am not surprised that my Tito has fallen in love with her."

Mrs. Clayton was no fool and it may be that she too had guessed why the young man had asked them to go and see the ancestral villa.

"Young Italians are very impressionable. Laura is sensible enough not to take their attentions too seriously."

"I was hoping she was not quite indifferent to the boy."

"I have no reason to believe that she likes him any more than any other of the young men who dance with her," Mrs. Clayton answered coldly. "I think I should tell you at once that my daughter has a very moderate income and she will have no more till I die."

"I will be frank with you. I have nothing in the world but this house and the few acres that surround it. My son could not afford to marry a penniless girl, but he is not a fortune hunter and he loves your daughter."

The Count had not only the grand manner, but a great deal of charm and Mrs. Clayton was not insensible

(continued on page 18)

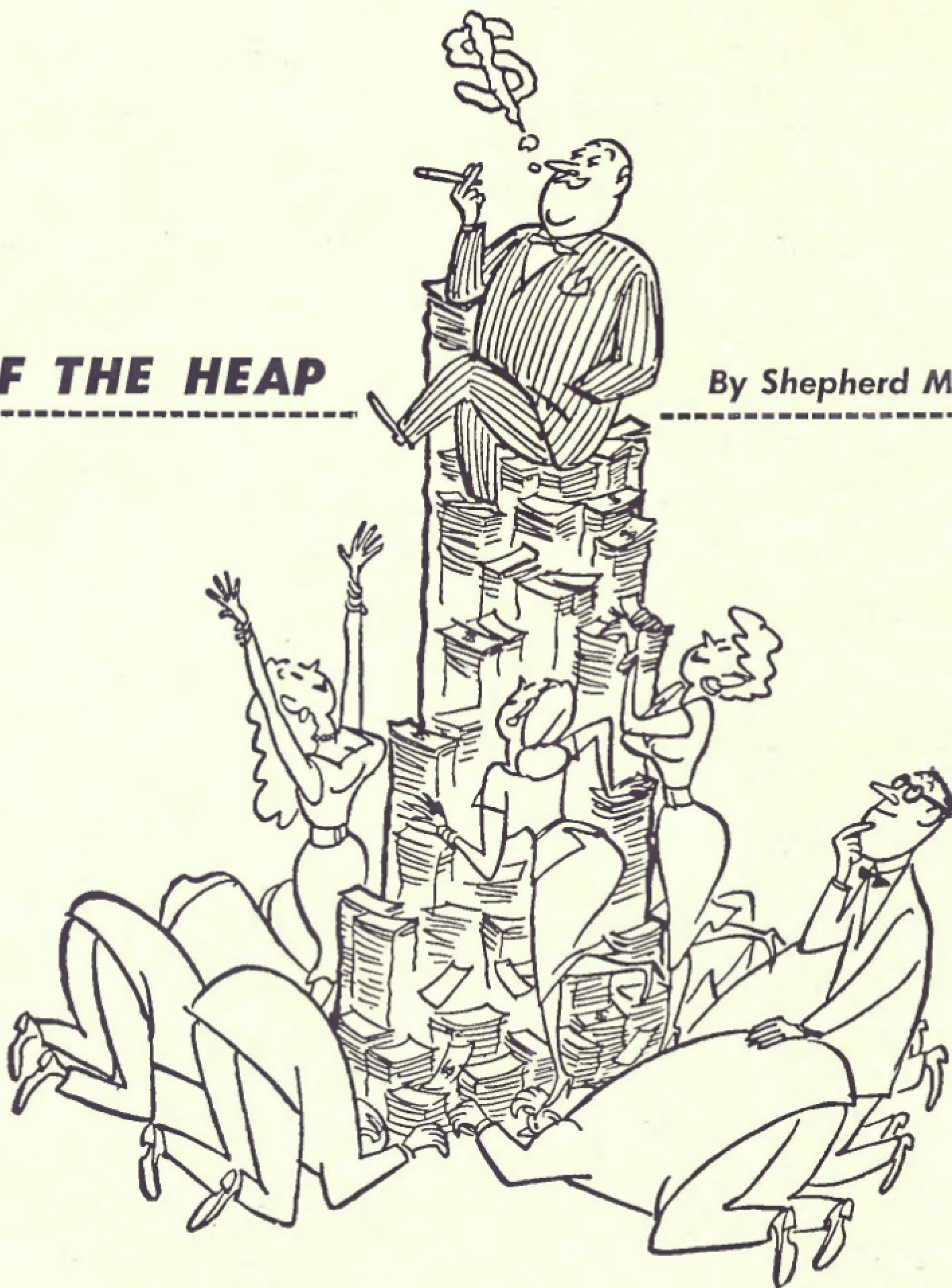


## THE TOP OF THE HEAP

By Shepherd Mead

*satire*

The second  
of a series of articles  
on how to rise  
in the business world  
without really trying.



**L**AST MONTH we got you the *right* job. Now, with your feet firmly planted on the first rung, let us proceed upward on the ladder of success.

Beginners often spend their first golden months—or years—in the mail room, or shipping department. Years hence, when you are careworn, harried, and tax-ridden, you'll look back fondly on those golden, carefree times and see yourself as you were then, clad only in a three-button West-of-England tweed, cheeks tanned, eyes clear, trudging happily to the post office with a sack of mail.

But remember, the thing is to Get On, to succeed, to escape from the mail room, and it is to this purpose that this article is written. Let us leave the nostalgia to other, more skillful pens.

### HOW TO DRESS

After you have made your mark you

may cultivate a studied carelessness, but the mail-room man must always make a good impression. In fact, it is impossible for an ambitious young apprentice to be *too* well dressed.

Dress at all times as though you were attending an informal wedding or tea dance: conservative—but well-cut—lounge suit, the best white linen, carefully knotted four-in-hand from Sulka or Countess Mara, and good, well-boned boots. Do not be concerned with expense.

### HOW TO LIVE

How, indeed, the fainthearted will cry, if your tailoring bills alone more than consume your \$27.50 a week? Never fear. If you are one of those poor devils without independent income or generous women friends, you can still survive easily. Supper money and judicious use of "taxi" money will allow you to eat lightly.

*You need not pay rent.* You will find that the offices of your firm's executives are handsomely equipped and comfortable. They are, in addition, often in a fashionable part of town and are, of course, close to your work. Choose an office with a large comfortable couch and quiet exposure. Some prefer one facing east. It is cheerful to see the sun rise! Generally speaking, the higher the executive the larger the office, the more comfortable the couch, and the later he will come in mornings. As long as you are out by nine-fifteen, no one will complain.

*You need not perform menial tasks.* It is extravagant to wear out a pair of \$30 brogues on a simple errand! Keep the phone number of a good messenger service at your fingertips. While the fellow is delivering his package, wait at your university club, using the time profitably to plan your



promotion.

### SOME USEFUL TIPS ON HOW TO BE PROMOTED

1. *Attract Attention.* Let them know you're there—in a well-bred way, of course.

After an especially difficult assignment return with package directly to executive's office (not to mail room!) with visible evidence of hardship. A bit of blood is helpful, if wiped from the face in a devil-may-care manner as you enter his office.

"You must have gone through hell, boy!" he will say.

"Finch, sir, Pierrepont Finch." (Always be careful to establish the name.) "It was nothing, sir."

"Blood, eh?"

"Just a scratch. Some hoodlums tried to take it from me."

"Oh?"

"Taught them a lesson, sir!"

But don't *push!* Remember, the elevator and the men's room are the only places where you will meet the executives on a man-to-man basis. Don't press your advantage. Just a word or two is enough.

"Damned fine memo of yours on the wicket situation, sir," you will say.

"Oh, you like it, uh—"

"Finch, sir. I agreed with almost all your recommendations." (Note the "almost.")

2. *Read Memos.* You will soon find there is little information of any value in them, but they are mighty handy in cases like the above.



You need not pay rent.

3. *Write Memos.* Write them on any subject. Small matter what you write them *about*, as long as you write them often. No one will read them, but someone will notice your name at the top.

4. *Two Heads Are Better Than One.* The chap who uses his head will not long stay in the mail room. Ideas are the thing, but you may find that because of your boyish appearance and young open face few people will take you seriously.

Don't be disheartened! Remember that two heads are better than one, especially if the other one belongs to an influential executive.

A quick run through the files will turn up a number of ideas over which some of the executives have fought long losing battles.

Read all the correspondence on one of these, then approach the man whose baby it was:

"Oh, pardon me, sir, I know it's presumptuous of me, but I haven't been able to sleep lately for thinking of the wicket retreading situation."

"Yes? Well, come in, son!"

(At the very words "wicket retreading" he will begin to breathe more rapidly.)

"Finch, sir, Pierrepont Finch. Please tell me if I'm on the right track."

Then rehash his whole idea in your own words.

"Well, what do you think, sir?"

"I think it'll work, Finch! I *know* it'll work. And it *would* have worked, too, except for an, uh, political situation."

"You mean it isn't a new idea?"

"You couldn't know that, son. Before your time. Incredible, though, boy of your age. Miss Willoughby, will you bring in that wicket retreading file—'48 I believe—and don't disturb us. I'd like to spend some time with this boy. Yes, uh—"

"Finch, sir."

"Yes, Finch, you must have a mighty good head on your shoulders!"

From this point on he will consider you his protege. You will be sure to have the first vacancy in his department.

This technique is far easier than thinking up your own ideas—and far more effective.

5. *Be Generous with Your "Buddies."* The lad marked for success is one who is openhearted and unselfish, happy to share his good fortune with others, particularly his colleagues of the mail room.

The callow chaps around you may not look like much, but they may well be tomorrow's captains of industry. Make them your "buddies." These rough-and-ready friendships

will stand you in good stead in the years to come.

For example, suppose the personnel manager calls you into his office and says:

"Oh, Finch, we've been keeping an eye on you!"

"You have, sir?"

(It is well to be noncommittal at this stage.)

"Yes, you may not realize it, but we keep a mighty close watch over all you fellows. I think you may have the stuff, Finch."

"Thank you, sir."

"In fact, we've decided to give you a nice promotion. You've done so well as a mail boy that we're thinking seriously about putting you in charge of the whole mail room!"

At this point the run-of-the-mill fellow would accept willingly. Not you! Remember, be generous! Be big! Look him straight in the eye and say:

"Decent of you, sir, damned decent! And you know how I'd like to accept. Don't see how I can, though, in all honesty."

(He will look at you with new interest.)

"No?"

"Don't really deserve it, sir. Watson is your man. Quiet chap, not one to attract notice, but he's *earned* that job!"

Be sure you tell Watson what you've done for him. He'll be your friend for life, and of course he'll still be in the mail room, running it efficiently, long after you have gone ahead to higher things. (The personnel man won't forget how big you were about this!) It will pay off in extra service, too.

"Oh, Watson, send a boy up to my place, will you? These pencils are getting frightfully dull."

"Can't spare one, but I'll come myself for you, Ponty."

"That's a good boy, and make it quickly, will you?"

Of course, if the first offer of promotion will take you *out* of the mail room it is better to accept.

No good being too generous!

Just follow these simple rules for a few months and you will quickly be summoned to the department of your choice.

"Finch, we feel you're our type of man! We're taking you into the department. You'll sit at the old desk in back of the mimeograph machine. Only temporary, of course, and you'll get more money, too. Think I can swing \$2.50 more a week!"

This is what you have worked for! You're a Junior Executive. No one can stop you now!

(Next month: How to Stop Being a Junior Executive.)





*personality*

# ORSON

he's everything  
but your  
obedient servant.

By **RAY RUSSELL**

SOMEBODY once told Orson Welles he looked like a Roman emperor. "You mean I look sensual," he corrected.

There is something of the Roman emperor about Welles. There's a pagan zest in his devotion to profane pleasures like 75¢ cigars, flowing silk cravats, dozens of oysters, two-inch steaks, Dolores Del Rio, Rita Hayworth and Eartha Kitt.

But he is a good deal more than a sensualist. Actor, director, producer, magician, newspaper columnist, radio commentator, playwright, novelist, editor of Shakespeare: his restless creativity darts in and out of enterprises so fast



it's almost impossible to keep up with him. Unfortunately, he's erratic. Like the little girl with the curl, he's either very, very good or he's horrid. But horrid in the grand manner, for Welles is never mediocre.

This running to extremes is also true of his audiences. Very few people can take Orson or leave him alone. They either intensely admire or intensely dislike him.

For the record, George Orson Welles was born in Kenosha, Wisconsin, on May 6, 1915, and made his theatrical debut at age 10 in Marshall Field's window in Chicago, playing Peter Rabbit. Two years later, he was staging *Julius*



# ORSON



1950: Orson's "Faust" puzzled Paris with its mixture of Milton, Dante, Marlowe and Eartha Kitt. In Germany, the real Faust's home, he called the show "An Evening With Orson Welles."

*Caesar* at the Todd School in Woodstock, Illinois, playing Marc Antony, Cassius, and the Soothsayer. At 16, he ran off to Ireland to paint pictures, ended up in Dublin penniless, and glib-talked his way into a juicy role with the famed Gate Theatre.

He was in his late teens when he took a job chuckling sardonically over American airwaves as "The Shadow." By the time he reached his early twenties, he was staging *Caesar* again, this time in modern dress as one of many chores for the WPA's Federal Theatre. On this occasion, he played only one role: Brutus — in a blue serge suit. Right about this time he began to stick the "Mercury Theatre" label on all pies in which he had a finger. Then, on October 30, 1938, Mars attacked the Earth.

It was a pleasant autumn evening. The kids were roaming the streets in Halloween attire. Grown-ups, fiddling with their radio dials, found a program of Latin music and settled back to listen to the familiar melody, "La Cumparsita." After a few bars, however, an announcer cut in: "Ladies and gentlemen, we interrupt our program of dance music to bring you a special bulletin . . . Professor Farrel of the Mount Jennings Observatory reports observing several explosions of incandescent gas, occurring at regular intervals on the planet Mars, and moving toward the Earth with enormous velocity . . . We now return you to the music of Ramon Raquello . . ."

But Ramon was to be interrupted soon again for an interview with a Princeton, New Jersey, astronomer, and a broadcast from a farm in Grovers Mill, also New Jersey, where a "meteorite" thirty yards in diameter had fallen. Radio listeners leaned forward in their chairs when they heard the announcer break off his smooth commentary to exclaim, "Just a minute! Something's happening . . . The top is beginning to rotate like a screw! Something's crawling out . . . it's large as a bear and glistens like wet leather. But that face. It — it's indescribable! It's coming this way —" The radio audience heard a crash, then dead silence. Finally a studio announcer told them that "due to circumstances beyond our control, we are unable to continue the broadcast from Grovers Mill."

That was enough for many New Jersey listeners. Families piled into cars and fled in panic. Some stayed to hear more: a State Militia officer ordering the territory under martial law, news of eight battalions wiped out by a heat ray, bulletins reporting more Martian landings in Buffalo, Chicago, St. Louis.

And some even stayed long enough to hear the commercials and Orson's bland reminder that they were listening to a special Halloween broadcast of H. G. Wells' *War of the Worlds*. Three results of the broadcast were a scholarly Princeton University treatise on mass hysteria, an FCC ruling on over-realistic radio shows and overnight fame for our boy.

The Mars affair made enough noise to attract Hollywood. In 1941, RKO tempted Orson with an offer to write, direct and star in his own film. Orson yielded to temptation and went West, taking with him such little-known Mercury Theatre players as Joseph Cotten and Agnes Moorehead.

Some movie moguls took a dim view of putting an entire film into the hands of a precocious smart-aleck who had never seen a sound stage. But Welles showed them that a fertile imagination is just as valuable as years of experience. He thought up new film techniques, revived some old ones, borrowed discriminately from here and there, and turned out a movie masterpiece called *Citizen Kane*. Visually, it was a thing of bold contrasts, inquisitive camera angles and razor-sharp montage. It was the story of a millionaire's son who created a publishing empire only to see it partially crumble, attempted unsuccessfully to build a political career and, finally embittered, retired and died alone in a gloomy palace upon a man-made mountain. Louella Parsons saw the film before its release and ran, horrified, to her boss with shouts of "Libel!" Her boss listened to her description of the movie and immediately got in touch with RKO. "Shelve *Citizen Kane*," he demanded, "or I'll kill every RKO ad in every one of my papers!" RKO politely refused, and though Welles insisted Citizen Charles Foster Kane was fictional, it is interesting to note that the film was never advertised, reviewed or even mentioned in any of the newspapers owned by Louella's boss, Citizen William Randolph Hearst.

Welles liked film work. He immediately made another picture, *The Magnificent Ambersons*. It and *Kane* remain his two finest cinematic essays. Along about this time, he met up with a beautiful creature named Dolores Del Rio, and soon had her stripped down to a leopard skin for a sensational dance sequence in his movie, *Journey Into Fear*. This began a pattern of casting his current flames in his current productions.

In 1943, for instance, he combined business with pleasure by touring Army camps with Rita Hayworth. It was a magic act billed as "The Magnificent Orson — Alive," and he titillated the  
(concluded on page 50)





*"On second thought, George, I will accept your pin."*



## WOMAN OF FIFTY (continued from page 12)

to it. She softened a little.

"All that is neither here nor there. We don't arrange our children's marriages in America. If Tito wants to marry her let him ask her and if she's prepared to marry him she'll presumably say so."

"Unless I am greatly mistaken that is just what he is doing now. I hope with all my heart that he will be successful."

They strolled on and presently saw walking towards them the two young people hand in hand. It was not difficult to guess what had passed. Tito kissed Mrs. Clayton's hand and his father on both cheeks.

"Mrs. Clayton, Papa, Laura has consented to be my wife."

The engagement made something of a stir in Florentine society and a number of parties were given for the young people. It was quite evident that Tito was very much in love, but less so than Laura was. He was good looking, adoring, high-spirited and gay; it was likely enough that she loved him; but she was a girl who did not display emotion and she remained what she had always been, somewhat placid, amiable, serious but friendly, and easy to talk to. I wondered to what extent she had been influenced to accept Tito's offer by his great name, with its historical associations, and the sight of that beautiful house with its lovely view and the romantic garden.

"Anyhow there's no doubt about its being a love match on his side," said Bessie Harding, when we were talking it over. "Mrs. Clayton tells me that neither Tito nor his father has shown any desire to know how much Laura has."

"I'd bet a million dollars that they know to the last cent what she's got and they've calculated exactly how much it comes to in lire," said Harding with a grunt.

"You're a beastly old man, darling," she answered.

He gave another grunt.

Shortly after that I left Florence. The marriage took place from the Hardings' house and a vast crowd came to it, ate their food and drank their champagne. Tito and his wife took an apartment on the Lungarno and the old Count returned to his lonely villa in the hills. I did not go to Florence again for three years and then only for a week. I was staying once more with the Hardings. I asked about my old friends and then remembered Laura and her mother.

"Mrs. Clayton went back to San Francisco," said Bessie, "and Laura and Tito live at the villa with the Count. They're very happy."

"Any babies?"

"No."

"Go on," said Harding.

Bessie gave her husband a look.

"I cannot imagine why I've lived thirty years with a man I dislike so much," she said. "They gave up the apartment on the Lungarno. Laura spent a good deal of money doing things to the villa, there wasn't a bathroom in it, she put in central heating, and she had to buy a lot of furniture to make it habitable, and then Tito lost a small fortune playing poker and poor Laura had to pay up."

"Hadn't he got a job?"

"It didn't amount to anything and it came to an end."

"What Bessie means by that is that he was fired," Harding put in.

"Well, to cut a long story short, they thought it would be more economical to live at the villa and Laura had the idea that it would keep Tito out of mischief. She loves the garden and she's made it lovely. Tito simply worships her and the old Count's taken quite a fancy to her. So really it's all turned out very well."

"It may interest you to know that Tito was in last Thursday," said Harding. "He played like a madman and I don't know how much he lost."

"Oh, Charley. He promised Laura he'd never play again."

"As if a gambler ever kept a promise like that. It'll be like last time. He'll burst into tears and say he loves her and it's a debt of honour and unless he can get the money he'll blow his brains out. And Laura will pay as she paid before."

"He's weak, poor dear, but that's his own fault. Unlike most Italian husbands he's absolutely faithful to her and he's kindness itself." She looked at Harding with a sort of humorous grimace. "I've yet to find a husband who was perfect."

"You'd better start looking around pretty soon, dear, or it'll be too late," he retorted with a grin.

I left the Hardings and returned to London. Charley and I corresponded in a desultory sort of way, and about a year later I got a letter from him. He told me as usual what he had been doing in the interval, and mentioned that he had been to Montecatini for the baths and had gone with Bessie to visit friends in Rome: he spoke of the various people I knew in Florence. So and So had just bought a Bellini and Mrs. Such and Such had gone to America to divorce her husband. Then he went on: I suppose you've heard about the San Pietros. It's shaken us all and we can talk of nothing else. Laura's terribly upset, poor thing, and she's going to have a baby. The police keep on questioning her and that doesn't make it any easier for her. Of course we brought her to stay here. Tito comes up for trial in another month.

I hadn't the faintest notion what this was all about. So I wrote at once to Harding asking him what it meant. He answered with a long letter. What he had to tell me was terrible. I will relate the bare and brutal facts as shortly as I can. I learned them partly from Harding's letter and partly from what he and Bessie told me when two years later I was with them once more.

The Count and Laura took to one another at once and Tito was pleased to see how quickly they had formed an affectionate friendship, for he was as devoted to his father as he was in love with his wife. He was glad that the Count began to come more often to Florence than he had been used to. They had a spare room in the apartment and on occasions he spent two or three nights with them. He and Laura would go bargain hunting in the antique shops and buy old pieces to put in the villa. He had tact and knowledge and little by little the house, with its great spacious marble floors, lost its forlorn air and became a friendly place to live in. Laura had a passion for gardening and she and the Count spent long hours together planning and then supervising the workmen who were restoring the gardens to their ancient, rather stately, beauty.

Laura made light of it when Tito's financial difficulties forced them to give up the apartment in Florence; she had had enough of Florentine society by then and was not displeased to live altogether in the grand house that had belonged to his ancestors. Tito liked city life and the prospect dismayed him, but he could not complain since it was his own folly that had made it necessary for them to cut down expenses. They still had the car and he amused himself by taking long drives while his father and Laura were busy, and if they knew that now and then he went into Florence to have a flutter at the Club they shut their eyes to it. So a year passed. Then, he hardly knew why, he was seized with a vague misgiving. He couldn't put his finger on anything; he had an uneasy feeling that perhaps Laura didn't care for him so much as she had at first; sometimes it seemed to him that his father was inclined to be impatient with him; they appeared to have a great deal to say to one another but he got the impression that he was being edged out of their conversation, as though he were a child who was expected to sit still and not interrupt while his elders talked of things over his head; he had a notion that often his presence was unwelcome to them and that they were more at their ease when he was not there. He knew his father, and his reputation, but the suspicion that arose in him was

(continued on page 36)



THE  
ART  
OF  
HEINRICH  
KLEY



ON this and the next four pages, you will find some of the wonderful, satirical drawings of Heinrich Kley. A German painter of some note, in the early 1900's Kley turned from portraiture and still life to the audacious pen work that has made him famous.

Kley's world is a fantastic jungle of nymphs, centaurs, people as large as buildings, and elephants as



Kley's world is *whimsical...*



Drawings selected from "The Drawings of Heinrich Kley,"  
Borden Publishing Co., Los Angeles, California.





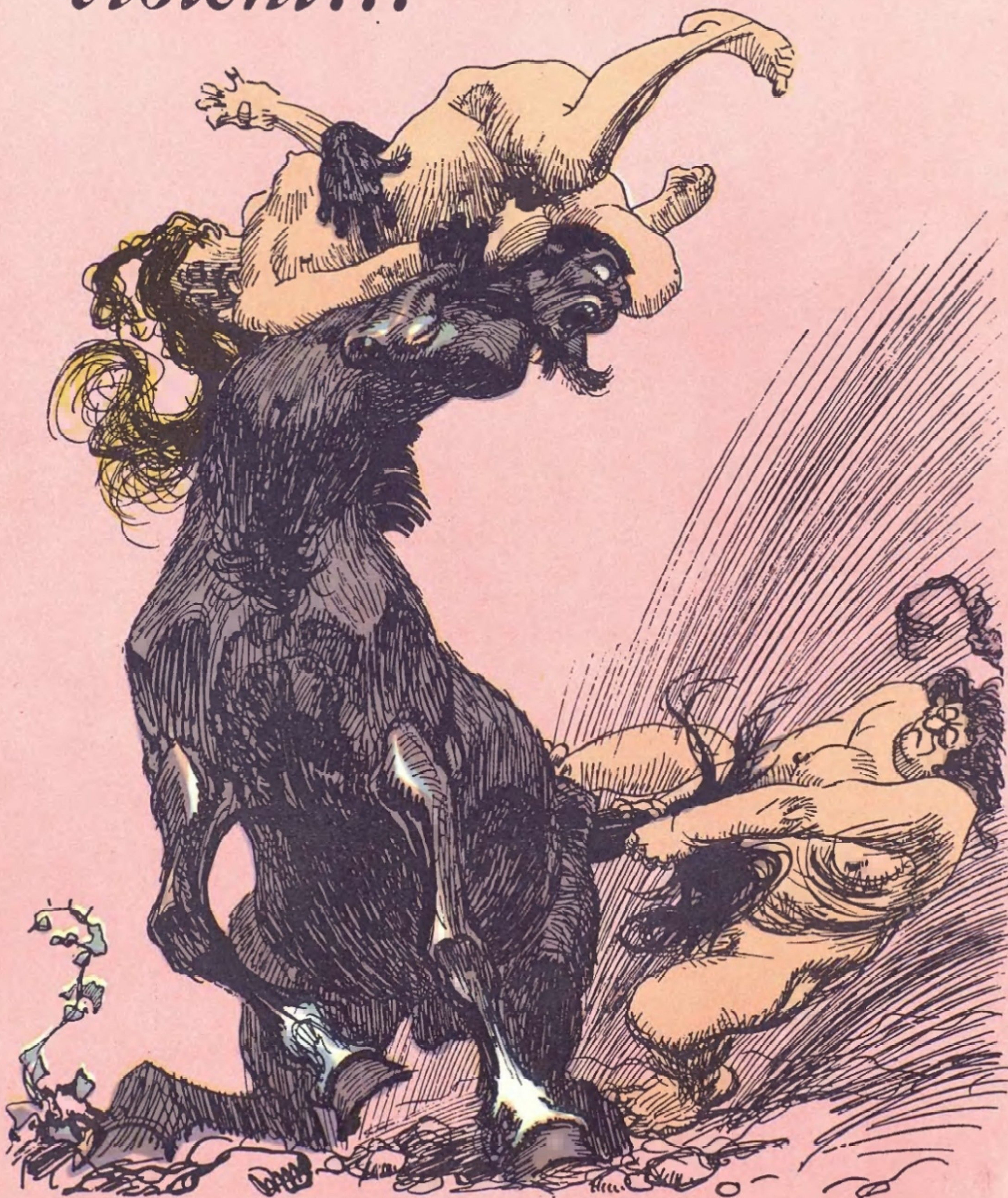
small as children. His humans rarely wear clothing, but his animals may appear in top hats, coats, and spats.

In Kley's world, a proper, bookish gentleman dreams of naked pleasure on a faraway island with champagne and native girls, elephants dance ballet and visit urinals, women suckle tigers and struggle with centaurs, and little people drink from the skull of a friendly giant. Kley's art is, by





*violent...*

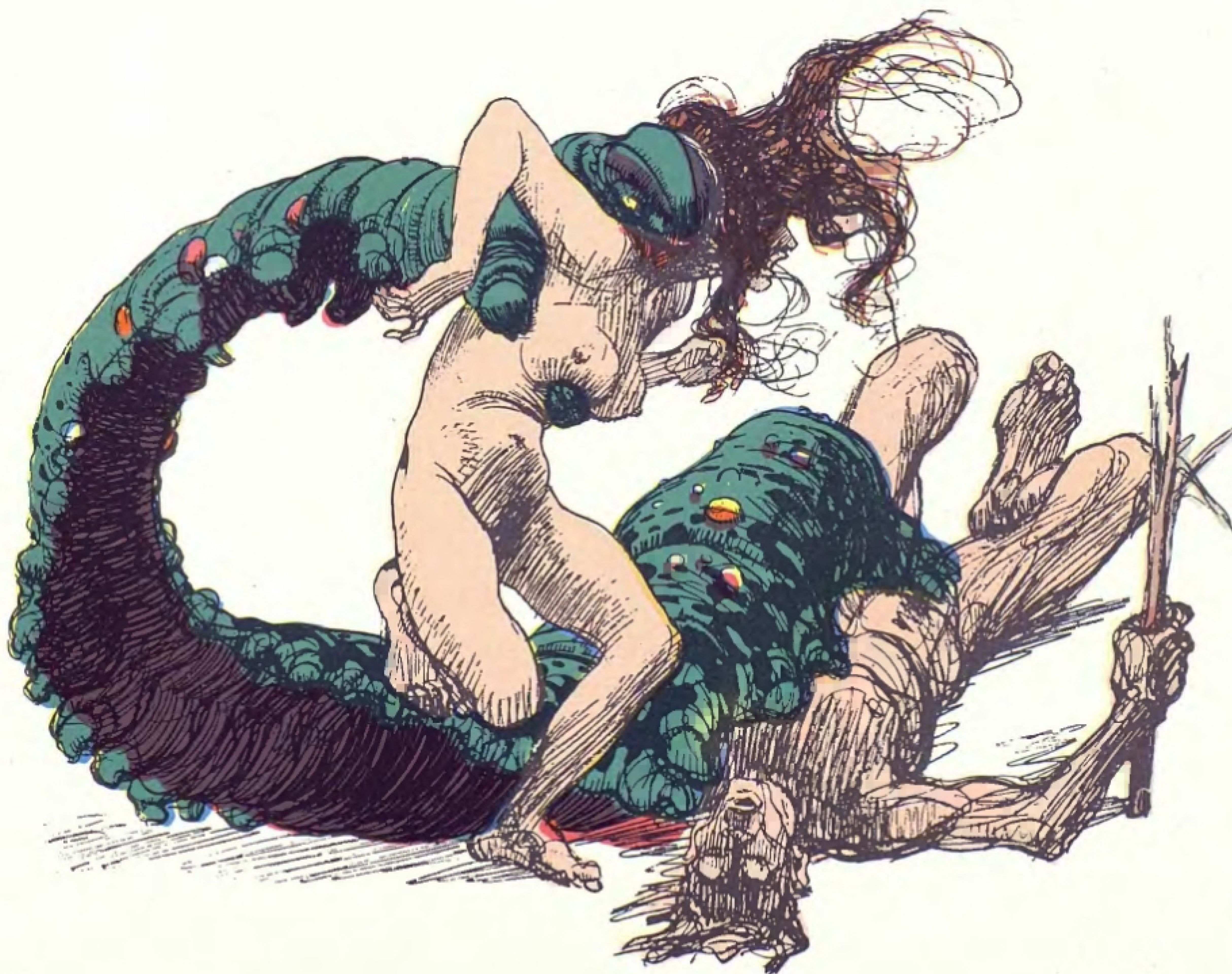




# ...*macabre*

turns, humorous, bizarre, frightening—always fantastic—yet always catching something of the real world, too. Few artists have brought such vigor and freshness to line work.

Considering the nature of his art, the rumor that Kley went insane and died in an asylum is perhaps not too surprising. He actually died in 1942 of malnutrition and general suffering in one of Hitler's concentration camps.





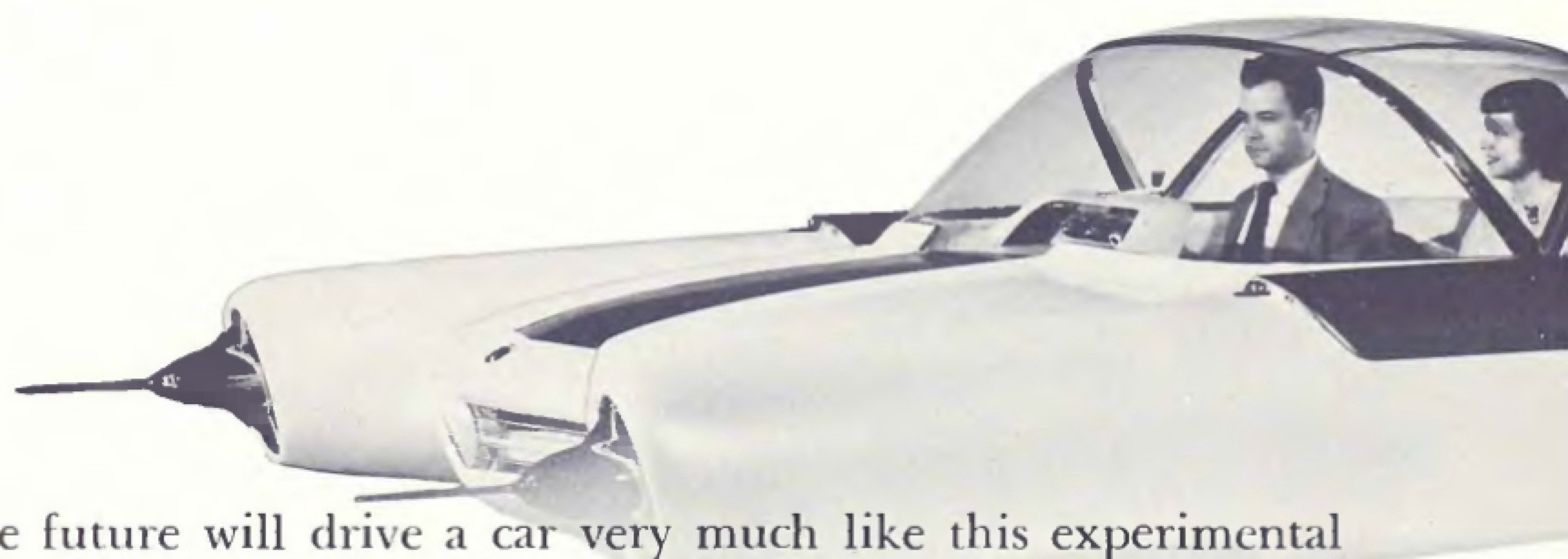


*"Here's a quarter to stick around. I may  
need your help later."*





## ***A PLAYBOY'S DREAM CAR***



THE PLAYBOY of the future will drive a car very much like this experimental model, if Ford's designers have their way. The FX-Atmos will never be put into production, but a number of its styling and engineering features will be included in the future cars produced by the Ford Motor Company. This low slung, twin-tailed, plastic "dream car" is pearly white, accented by broad bands of red on the front luggage compartment and rear wheel housings. From windshield to rear stabilizer fins, the upper sides are icy blue. A clear plastic bubble canopy offers maximum visibility. The car seats three; the engine is in the rear. Radar antennae jut out where you'd expect to find headlights. Guided by radar, cars of the future will stay on highways automatically—veer away from oncoming vehicles—making accidents almost impossible.









PLAYBOY'S

PLAYMATE

OF

THE

MONTH

MISS JUNE



# tales from the DECAMERON

A new translation of one of the choicest stories from Boccaccio's bawdy classic.

## PUTTING THE DEVIL IN HELL

In the heathen land of Barbary lived Alibech, a young and beautiful virgin, daughter of a wealthy merchant. Alibech was not a Christian, but after hearing many visiting Christians extol their faith, she longed to know more about it.

She asked one of the visitors how one might serve God. He replied they serve God best who renounce all worldly things and live alone in the manner of the holy hermits of the desert.

Moved by these words and by a youthful enthusiasm, Alibech set out for the desert the very next morning. After several days, she reached it and found there the hut of a holy man. He was much surprised to see a young girl in the desert, and he asked her what had brought her there. Alibech told him she was seeking someone who could teach her how best to serve God.

The good man gave her food and drink but did not invite her to stay, for he felt the urging of the blood within him at the sight of her and dared not trust himself in her presence. "My daughter," he said, "a man far holier than I dwells but a stone's throw from here. I suggest you go to him."

Alibech did so, but this man, though truly far holier than the first, felt his blood dance in his veins, too, when he looked upon her, and even he sent her away.

At length, the weary Alibech came to the cell of a young hermit named Rustico. She told him her wishes, and (although his blood was no cooler than the others) he took her in, telling himself that thus he might put his piety to the test.

The desert night was upon them soon, and Rustico made her a little bed of palm leaves. As she laid herself down upon them, Rustico felt the powers of the spirit and the flesh wage a mighty battle in him. It was a short battle:

the forces of the spirit were soon routed and the flesh was victorious. Rustico resigned himself to his fate and, putting aside pious thoughts, set his mind to planning how he might enjoy this girl while still appearing holy in her eyes.

Casually, he asked some carefully chosen questions, and by her answers learned that she was unaware of the basic difference between men and women: a charming, not to say excessive, innocence which immediately made his task easier. For now he saw a way to quiet his blood all in the name of piety.

He spoke to her of the devil and of how God had condemned him to hell; he told her that the devil was forever escaping from hell and roaming the world in various forms. The best service a mortal could render to God, he assured her, would be to return the devil to hell where he belonged. Alibech asked how this might be done.

"You will soon know," said Rustico. "Merely do what I do." What he did was remove every stitch of clothing and fall naked to his knees in an attitude of prayer. Alibech did the same.

Since she was fair and well-made, that miraculous phenomenon some call the resurrection of the flesh was not long in coming to Rustico. Amazed by this wonder, Alibech asked what it was.

"Oh, my daughter," Rustico answered, sorrowfully, "behold that very devil of whom I spoke and see how he delights in vexing holy men."

"I am more fortunate than you," observed Alibech, "for no such devil troubles me."

"True," replied Rustico, "but within you is another thing no less evil."

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "What is that?"

"Hell," he said in sepulchral tones. "I feel you were sent here by a Divine Hand to save me from the devil. If you truly wish to serve God, this is your chance, my daughter. Alone, you and

I are powerless against the devil. Together, we can put him into hell."

"Let it be so, then," Alibech said.

"Bless you," murmured Rustico. And, without more words, they put the devil in hell six times: a process which wearied Rustico but left Alibech much refreshed.

Thereafter, she would often return to Rustico's cell and righteously demand they do their duty by returning the devil to hell. Indeed, the girl was puzzled somewhat as to why the devil ever left hell, since he seemed most happy there and hell was glad to welcome him.

This diligence of Alibech's proved too much for Rustico, whose diet of roots and water left him ill-equipped to perform such holy tasks so frequently. "The devil is vanquished!" he would wail. "He no longer lifts his head in pride. Let us leave him in peace!"

While these religious questions were being debated, it so happened that Alibech's father died, leaving her sole heir to his fortune. The courts were about to claim this legacy for the state since Alibech was not present to receive it, but a young man named Neerbale, who was eager to marry into money, went into the desert and brought her home, much to the relief of Rustico.

Alibech and Neerbale were married. At the wedding feast, the bride was asked by some curious ladies how she had served God in the desert. Alibech told them, with words and gestures, adding that Neerbale had sinned by taking her from such pious work.

At this, the ladies laughed loud and long and told her, "Fear not, little Alibech. Neerbale surely knows how to put the devil in hell, too, and he will be the first to suggest that you serve God in that way!"





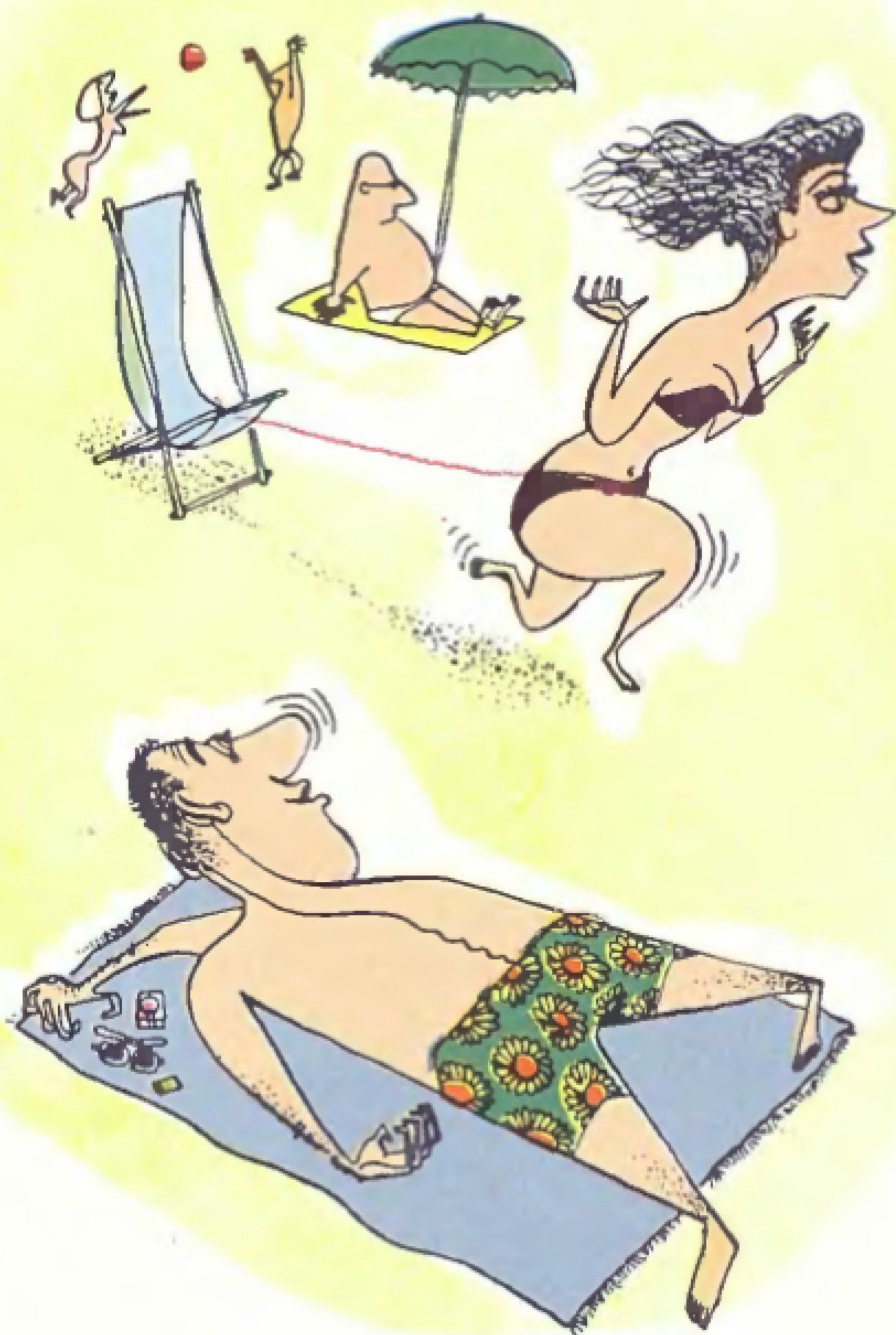
"Oh, my daughter," said Rustico, sorrowfully,  
"behold that very devil of whom I spoke."



ILLUSTRATED BY LEON BELLIN



# ON WOMEN



*"Thin walls."*



# VIP



*"Is this one mine,  
Mr. Grendler?"*

This guy Virgil Partch really gets around. In previous issues he's mauled Sex (it hasn't been the same since) and Liquor (we've been on the wagon since that one). Now he's giving Women the eye and recording his experiences with them—marital, extra-marital, inside and outside, and all around the town. Like the drawings that have come before, we can only say that these are pure Vip.



*"To you I'm just another  
stick of furniture."*



# LITTLE

ONCE UPON A TIME, there was a little boy who played the trumpet. "Alfonso Embouchure" was the name printed on his musician's union card—City of Chicago, Local 369.

Alfonso lived in a small room of a Rush Street apartment house. The room really wasn't bad at all, because Alfonso was fond of mice anyway. And besides, as long as he had a smooth board to sleep on, and an apple box to keep his back issues of *Down Beat* in, Alfonso had no reason whatever to complain, or make a fuss.

Alfonso had a very unusual range. He also had a very agile right hand and a very powerful pair of lungs. Wherever Alfonso went, his trumpet went with him. And when Alfonso blew into his trumpet, very very good jazz notes came out of it.

Once when Alfonso was working as a lowly part-time elevator operator in the Merchandise Mart, he stopped between floors and played his trumpet for Harry James, who happened to be riding in his car. Alfonso will never forget the moment when Mr. James turned to him and said, "Five, please."

Not so long after that, Alfonso got his big opportunity—a chance to play at the Club Libido (which had a four-star rating in *Down Beat* as a real solid jazz spot). It was not exactly a full-time job. Alfonso's combo only worked on Tuesdays, when the regular outfit had the day off.

The job didn't pay very much—just a pork chop sandwich and a cup of Squirt—but it was good experience. And experience was what Alfonso craved. Fame and fortune would come later.

Alfonso's outfit featured Alfonso himself on trumpet and a fellow named Morgan, whose entire musical talent consisted of keeping time by hitting two bricks together.

Alfonso's combo was popular, but it finally broke up. Alfonso and his partner were always fighting over which one of them should go out front and see how they sounded. No one seems to know exactly what happened to Morgan after that, although he was reportedly seen last squeezing oranges in a Walgreen's Drug Store. As for Alfonso, well, it was just a case of being caught between jobs again.

It was during this temporary set-back, that Alfonso met Hipscat Hilliard, the famous old-time jazz man. Hipscat had heard Alfonso play at the Club Libido.

"You play real fine trumpet, boy," said kindly old Hipscat. "You play like I used to play when I was your age."

"Thank you," said Alfonso.

"You play from the heart, boy," said Hipscat.

"Thank you," said Alfonso.

"Don't go commercial, boy," said Hipscat. "Stay with jazz. Stay with the *real* music!"

"I'll try," said Alfonso, leaning against a wall for support.

"What'samatter, boy?" Hipscat asked. "You look ill!"

"I'm hungry," Alfonso said. "I lost my job and I haven't eaten this week."

"Doesn't matter," said Hipscat. "Good for a jazz man to suffer. Makes your music *real*. Play from the heart, boy—not from the stomach!"

"Yes, sir," said Alfonso.

A few days later a lucky break saved Alfonso from starvation. Dizzy Gillespie sent a wire to Samuel and Franklin Plotnik, the owners of Club Libido, saying that he was unable to accept their two-week booking. So Samuel and Franklin Plotnik had to start thinking real hard about who they could get to replace him.

"How about that crazy trumpet player we had here last month—the one who played fill-ins on Tuesdays?" asked Samuel.

"The nut who played through the intermissions and did

**When Alfonso blew into his trumpet,**

*satire*

ILLUSTRATED  
BY JACK NELSON





# BOY'S BLUES

by Bob Perlongo

sixteen encores every night?" asked Franklin.

"That's the one."

"The screwball who worked for a pork chop sandwich and a cup of Squirt?"

"That's the one."

"Call him up," Franklin said. "And why don'tcha buy some crayolas when you're in the Loop this afternoon, so we can make up a real nice sign for him."

So Alfonso Embouchure got his first, honest-to-goodness, full-time job as a jazz trumpet player. The pay was still not very much—twenty dollars a week and all the maraschino cherries he could eat—but he was on *his way*, and that's what counted. Fame and fortune were nearer his grasp now, and the *big break* might be just around the corner.

His two-week engagement at the Club Libido permitted Alfonso to buy a smoother board to sleep on and a bigger apple box to keep his *Down Beats* in. He also had enough left over to buy a pair of horn-rimmed glasses, so all the cats would know he was a *cool one*.

Almost three months passed before Alfonso received the *big break* he'd been hoping for. He saw, in the pages of the most recent issue of *Down Beat*, an ad. A big network station had an opening for a trumpet player in its studio orchestra. The ad said a fabulous salary awaited the right man.

Alfonso immediately called the studio, and an audition was set for the following Monday. Alfonso vowed he would be ready. He went into training.

All that week he did not drink any bad liquids. And he did not smoke any cigarettes. Not even the kind you buy in packs, at stores.

Alfonso practiced every minute. When he was out in public and could not practice on the trumpet, he would practice on the mouthpiece.

"Why do you always blow through that little thing for?" asked the waitress at Alfonso's favorite Rush Street eating place.

"Shut up and gimme my milk," Alfonso would explain.

On Monday Alfonso was ready. He put on his new horn-rimmed glasses, tucked his trumpet under his arm, and walked to the network studio.

The studio orchestra director made Alfonso sit on a fold-up chair, and gave him some sheets of music to set on his music stand.

"What is this?" Alfonso asked, holding the sheets before him and looking very, very hard at them.

"The music," the orchestra director said. "The music we're going to play."

And then Alfonso became very shaky at the knees for he had never learned to read music that was printed on sheets because he was a jazz player and all jazz players ad lib.

And then the orchestra director walked out in front and held up his baton. "The first number will be 'Stars and Stripes Forever,' sheet number 47," he announced.

After a short pause, allowing the musicians to find their places, the orchestra director pushed his baton down through the air.

The orchestra started to play "Stars and Stripes Forever." Well, most of the orchestra. Alfonso was lost. Alfonso was playing bridges from "When the Saints Go Marching In."

The face of the orchestra director became very red. He whacked his baton against the side of his music stand.

"Embouchure!" he shouted, "What the hell's wrong with you?"

"I think my valves are a little rusty," Alfonso shamefacedly said. "They're acting up on me."

"You better go some place and oil your valves," the or-

chestra director said.

"Yes, sir," said Alfonso. "I better go some place."

Alfonso hung his head and walked very slowly out of the network studio. Alfonso was despondent.

He wandered unhappily down Rush Street till he found himself at the door of Hipscat Hilliard. He went in.

"Hipscat," Alfonso said, "I don't think I'm ever going to make the grade."

"The trouble is," said Hipscat, "you're reaching for a note that no trumpet man in the world can play."

"As a matter of fact, that isn't the trouble at all. It's just that—"

"—A note that doesn't exist."

"No," said Alfonso. "I'm afraid you don't understand—"

"Forget that high note," Hipscat went on. "Forget about hitting a note that doesn't exist."

"But I'm not—"

"Play from the heart, boy," said kindly old Hipscat, "and let the notes blow where they may."

"That's all very good," Alfonso said irritably. "But that's not what I'm worried about. You see—"

"You can't keep a good trumpet player down," Hipscat cut in. "Not if that man plays from the heart."

Alfonso began to get mad. He took out his mouthpiece and blew very very hard through it.

"You play a mean mouthpiece," Hipscat observed.

"But the trouble is," said Alfonso, "I can't read music."

"Why didn't you say so in the first place?"

"I've been trying to."

"No need to worry about reading music, boy," said Hipscat. "Why, when I used to play my horn in New Orleans twenty years ago, nobody worried about reading music, I tell you."

"But unless I learn how to read music I won't get a fabulously paying job with a big network studio orchestra," Alfonso said. "You see, they're looking for a trumpet player."

"A big network studio orchestra, eh?" said Hipscat.

"Yes," said Alfonso. "They got an ad in the latest issue of *Down Beat*."

"Well, don't worry about it, son," Hipscat said. "Bands like that will ruin you. They'll make you commercial and you won't be able to play the *real* music anymore. You just play from the heart like I told you. That's the important thing."

"Thank you," said Alfonso. "I can see now how mixed up I was. I can see now, if I learned to read it might ruin me."

"That's right," said Hipscat warmly. "Now take your horn and go play the blues. From the heart."

Alfonso walked out of Hipscat's little room feeling very, very warm inside. He tightened his grip on his horn.

Let them point at me, Alfonso thought. Let them say, "There goes a musician who can't read music!" Alfonso knew that no jazz man worth the name ever read from printed sheets. How could he and still play from the heart?

It was all too clear.

Perhaps he would never be as rich or as famous as he'd hoped. But leave that to the Guy Lombardos and Sammy Kayes. He would have something more—something finer. Hadn't Hipscat said it?

The very next week Alfonso got booked into the Club Libido for two solid weeks, with options, at \$22.50 per; that same week a big network studio orchestra gave a fabulously paying job to a trumpet player named Hipscat Hilliard.



very very good jazz notes came out of it.



# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The husband finally wised up to the fact that his wife was something less than faithful. He put a private investigator on her tail, and within a week, had the name and address of the "other man."

"No sonofabitch is going to break up my home," the husband snarled indignantly to himself. "My loving wife would be true to me today, if this sneaky guy hadn't come on the scene!"

Still, the husband prided himself on his sophistication, and determined to handle the situation in a businesslike way. He called in his secretary and dictated this letter:

"Sir: It has been called to my attention that for some time now you have been carrying on an affair with my wife. So that we can settle this matter intelligently, please see me in my office at 3 P.M. sharp on Friday."

The "other man," amused by the husband's formal manner, called in his own secretary and dictated this reply:

"Dear Sir: Received your circular letter this morning. You are advised that I will attend the scheduled conference on time."

The farmer had borrowed a bull from a neighbor to service his two cows. He put the beast in the pasture and instructed his son to keep an eye on them. "As soon as the bull has finished, you come up to the house and tell me," he said.

When the farmer got back to the house, he found the reverend there paying a social call. They were seated in the front room sipping tea when the boy burst in the door.

"Dad, Dad," he exclaimed, "the bull just — the brown cow!"

Greatly embarrassed, the farmer took his son outside. "Is that any way to talk in front of the reverend?" he demanded. "Why couldn't you have said the bull 'surprised' the brown cow. I would've understood. Now go back down to the pasture and come tell me when the bull is finished."

A few minutes later the boy again burst into the room.

"Dad, Dad—" he exclaimed.

Fearing another breach of verbal etiquette, the father interrupted.

"I know, I know," he said. "The bull has *surprised* the white cow."

"He sure has," exclaimed the excited boy. "He — the brown cow again!"

"Your wife will probably hit the ceiling when you get home tonight," said the bar fly to his drinking companion.

"Yeah," said the companion. "She's a lousy shot!"

The mother entered the darkened room unexpectedly and found daughter and boyfriend in passionate embrace on the sofa.

"Well—I never!" exclaimed mother.

"But, mother, you must have!" said daughter.

Paul Revere's horse galloped down the country road. The life of the colonies depended on his warning the people that the British were coming. He approached a farm house.

"Is your husband at home?" he called to the woman feeding chickens in the yard.

"He's back in the barn, Paul," she answered.

"Tell him to get his musket and go to the village square. The Redcoats are coming!"

The exchange of words had taken but an instant; Revere's horse had not broken its stride. The famous patriot thundered off towards the next farm.

"Is your husband at home?" Revere called to the woman in the doorway of the next farm house he approached.

"He's asleep in his room, Paul," she said.

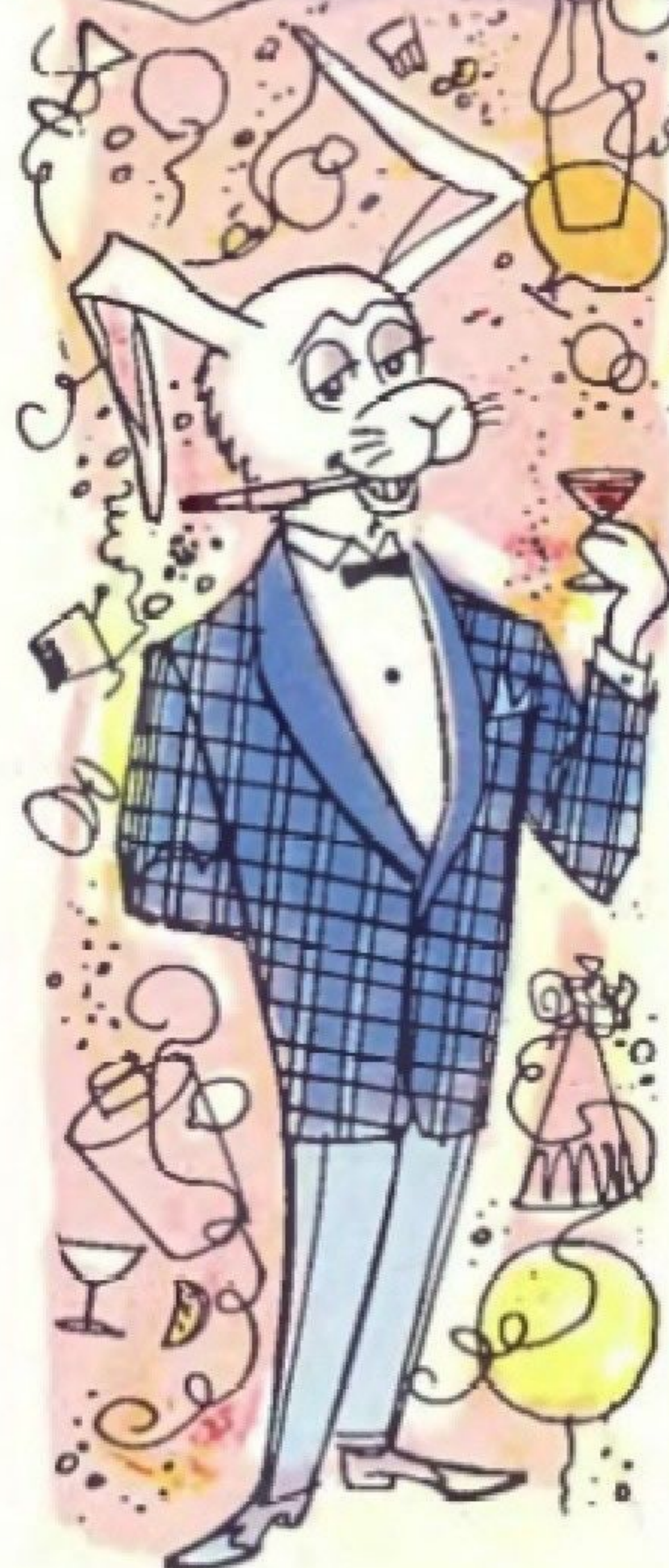
"Tell him to get on his clothes," Revere cried. "The Minute Men are meeting at the village square. The British are coming!"

Horse and rider galloped on to still another home.

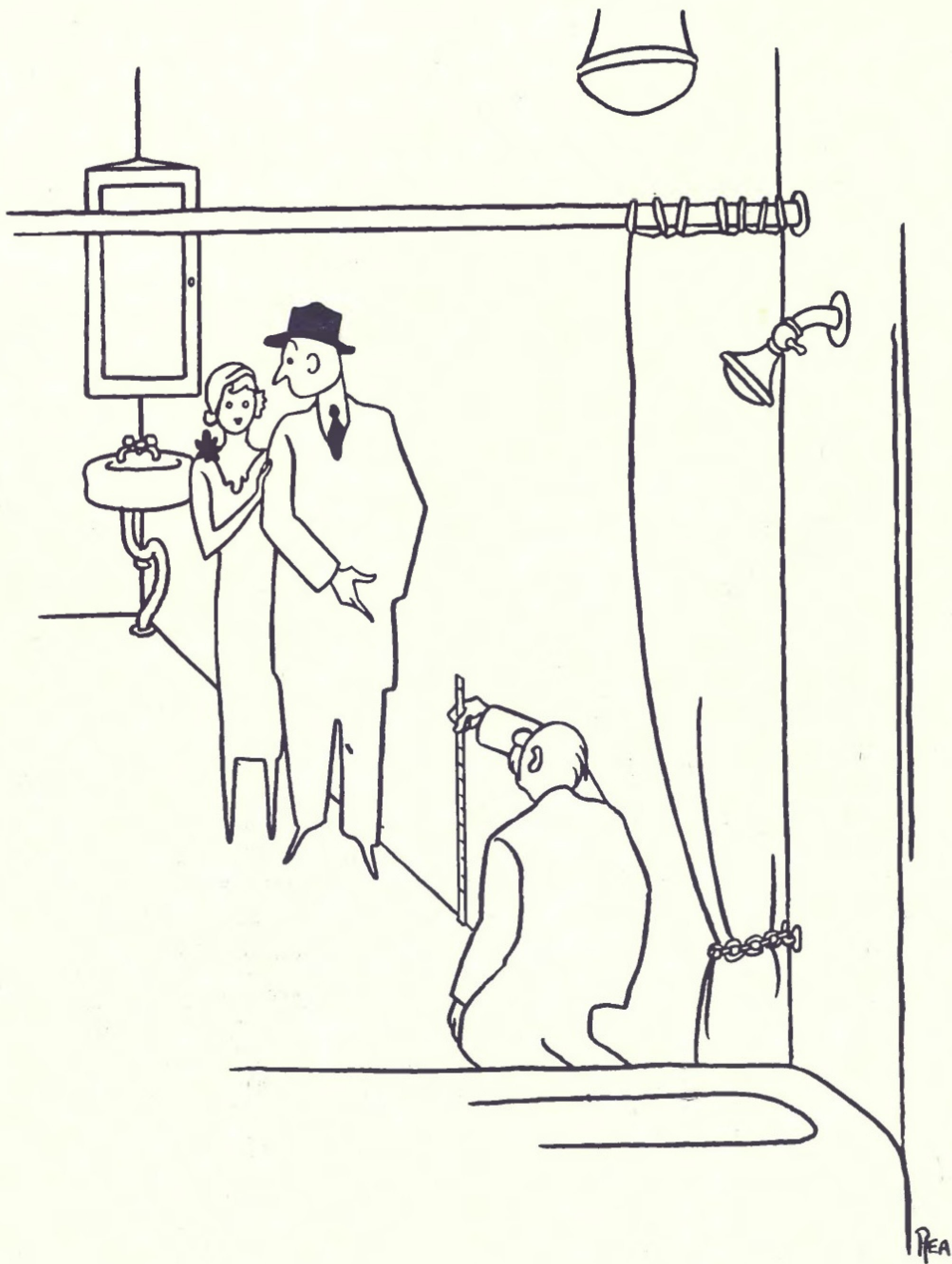
"Is your husband at home?" he called to the handsome woman who leaned out the window.

"He's gone to New Amsterdam and won't be back till Sunday," she said.

"Whoa-a-a!"







*"But suppose we had a short guest?"*



## WOMAN OF FIFTY (continued from page 18)

so horrible that he refused to entertain it. And yet sometimes he caught a look passing between them that disconcerted him, there was a tender possessiveness in his father's eyes, a sensual complacency in Laura's, which, if he had seen it in others, would have convinced him that they were lovers. But he couldn't, he wouldn't, believe that there was anything between them. The Count couldn't help making love to a woman and it was likely enough that Laura felt his extraordinary fascination, but it was shameful to suppose for a moment that they, these two people he loved, had formed a criminal, almost an incestuous, connection. He was sure that Laura had no idea that there was anything more in her feeling than the natural affection of a young, happily married woman for her father-in-law. Notwithstanding he thought it better that she should not remain in everyday contact

with his father and one day he suggested that they should go back to live in Florence. Laura and the Count were astonished that he should propose such a thing and would not hear of it. Laura said that, having spent so much money on the villa, she couldn't afford to set up another establishment, and the Count that it was absurd to leave it, now that Laura had made it so comfortable, to live in a wretched apartment in the city. An argument started and Tito got rather excited. He took some remark of Laura's to mean that if she lived at the villa it was to keep him out of temptation. This reference to his losses at the poker table angered him.

"You always throw your money in my face," he said passionately. "If I'd wanted to marry money I'd have had the sense to marry someone who had a great deal more than you."

Laura went very pale and glanced at the Count.

"You have no right to speak to Laura like that," he said. "You are an ill-mannered oaf."

"I shall speak to my wife exactly as I choose."

"You are mistaken. So long as you are in my house you will treat her with the respect which is her right and your duty."

"When I want a lesson in behaviour from you Father, I will let you know."

"You are very impertinent, Tito. You will kindly leave the room."

He looked very stern and dignified and Tito, furious and yet slightly intimidated, leapt to his feet and stalked out slamming the door behind him. He took the car and drove into Florence. He won quite a lot of money that day (lucky at cards, unlucky in love) and to celebrate his winning got more than a little drunk. He did not go back to the villa till the following morning. Laura was as friendly and placid as ever, but his father was somewhat cool. No reference was made to the scene. But from then on things went from bad to worse. Tito was sullen and moody, the Count critical, and on occasion sharp words passed between them. Laura did not interfere, but Tito gained the impression that after a dispute that had been more than acrimonious Laura interceded with his father, for the Count thenceforth, refusing to be annoyed began to treat him with the tolerant patience with which you would treat a wayward child. He convinced himself that they were acting in concert and his suspicions grew formidable. They even increased when Laura in her good-natured way, saying that it must be very dull for him to remain so much in the country, encouraged him to go more often to Florence to see his friends. He jumped to the conclusion that she said this only to be rid of him. He began to watch them. He would enter suddenly a room in which he knew they were, expecting to catch them in a compromising position or silently follow them to a secluded part of the garden. They were chatting unconcernedly of trivial things. Laura greeted him with a pleasant smile. He could put his finger on nothing to confirm his torturing suspicions. He started to drink. He grew nervous and irritable. He had no proof, no proof whatever, that there was anything between them, and yet in his bones he was certain that they were grossly, shockingly deceiving him. He brooded till he felt he was going mad. A dark aching fire within him consumed his vitals. On one of his visits to Florence he bought a pistol. He made up his mind that if he could only have proof of what was in his heart he was certain

*(continued on page 45)*

### FEMALE SEX TYPES by COLE



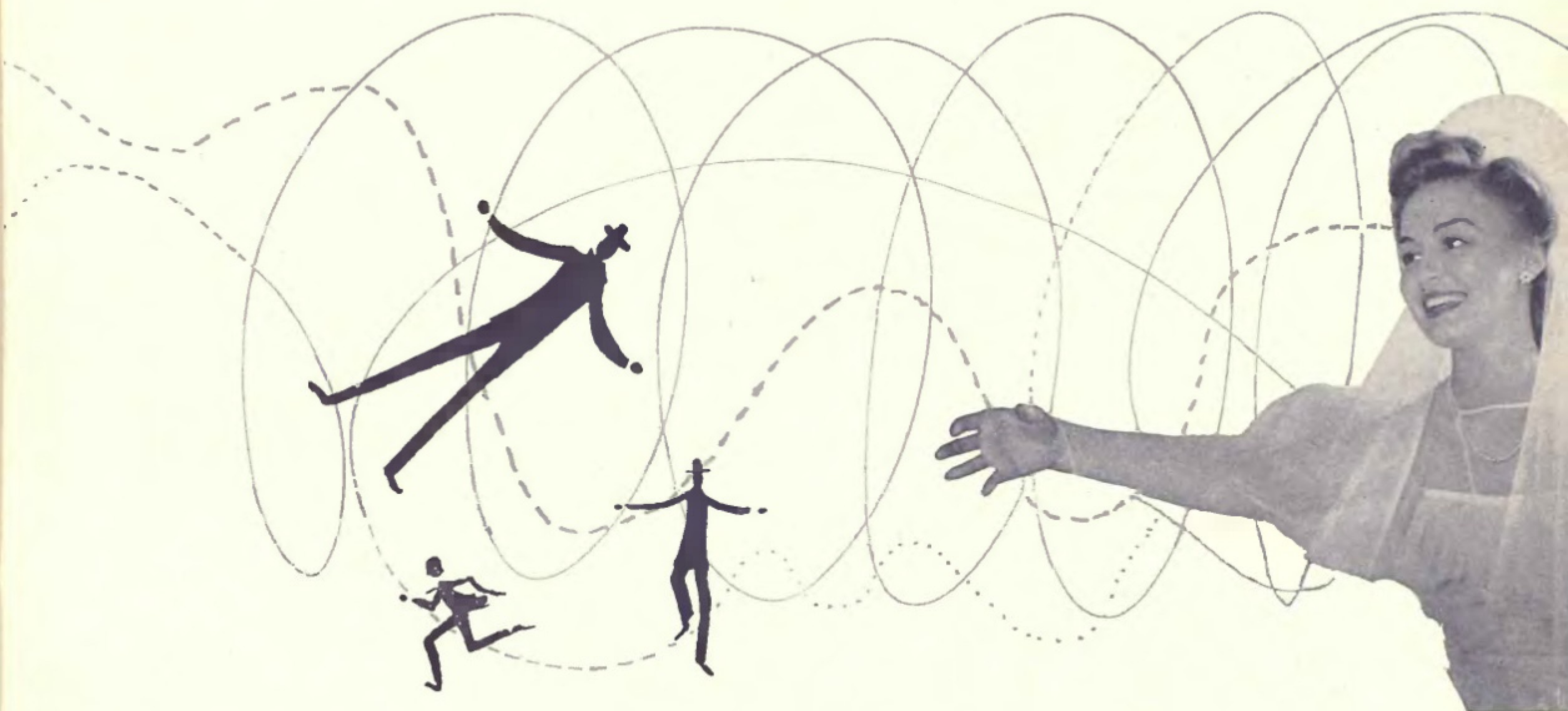
The Spinster



JUNE is a very important month to the women. Tradition—and society columnists—decree that a female without a mate by June is washed up matrimonially for the year. So in the month of orange blossoms, woman's pursuit of man reaches its climax.

Woman becomes more heated, more desperate—and much more dangerous. She asks no quarter and gives none.

If the besieged bachelor is to escape with his skin, he must either take to the hills



by BURT ZOLLO

or arm himself with some fundamental facts about his adversary. To understand the enemy is to be protected against her.

Realizing that a June-inspired girl is twice as lethal as the common July-to-May variety, the male who prizes his freedom must remember these truths:

1.) *Woman wants to be a wife long before man wants to be a husband.*

Unlike many-sided man, woman has only *one* goal in life—marriage. In infancy she plays house. In adolescence, she dreams of her "Prince Charming." In her teens, she packs a "hope chest." Before she is twenty, she is hungering—and scheming—for a life of "wedded bliss."

If she goes to college, it isn't for an education. She's interested in just one subject—*animal husbandry*. And you're the animal.

Should the academic life prove unproductive, she becomes a sophisticated 9-to-5 "career girl." But the *career* she has set for herself is landing a man.

At social gatherings, and on dates, she may seem gay and carefree, but don't be taken in. Under the smile and the light laugh, she's deadly serious. She's making plans—big plans—life-long plans—and they include a man—quite possibly you.

And as the years pass—as twenty turns into twenty-one—and then into twenty-two, the marriage-urge becomes more intense. Interest turns into concern—concern into anxiety—anxiety into panic! A single male is a bachelor all of his years; a single woman, after twenty-five, is an old maid.

It is often suggested that woman is more romantic than man. If you'll excuse

## Open Season on BACHELORS

This article is for bachelors only—the rest of you will have to read it when nobody's looking



an ecclesiastical expression—*phooey!*

Man is the real romantic. It is man who loves freedom, exploration, adventure, the conquest of new worlds, the search for new truths.

All woman wants is security. And she's perfectly willing to crush man's adventurous, freedom-loving spirit to get it.

2.) *Watch out for sex.*

This sounds like the sort of advice mothers give to bright-eyed female virgins, ages ten to fourteen, and you may be wondering what it's doing in a man-to-man article like this. Patience, and you will see.

From Bathsheba to Babs Hutton, woman has developed numerous plots and counter-plots to defeat man. Her single, most decisive weapon is sex.

The uses and abuses of sex are endless.

If she won't let you, she'll go out

of her way to get you hot and bothered, then give you the "not until we're married" business.

If she will let you, you'll get the "you took advantage of me, now you've got to marry me" routine.

And, in extreme cases, you'll be subjected to the "I'm pregnant" technique, which may or may not be true, and if it is, may or may not have anything to do with you.

Sex also has a number of subtler ramifications. The clever girl can tease a fellow along until he's so worked up he confuses passion for love.

Or, she may use the "yes-no" technique, a variation of the old "now-you-see-it-now-you-don't" shell game, in which the girl crawls all over the fellow when they're in a crowd and won't let him near her when they're alone.

"What's with this doll?" he mumbles.

"She makes with the eyes in public and the elbows in private."

There's a reason—there always is.

The open display of affection convinces the guy's friends that the girl is crazy about him and that she is a very desirable dish; the hands off attitude when they're alone keeps him continually frustrated and unsure of himself. With public prompting supported by his own private urgings, the man weakens, falters and is hooked.

Woman often takes advantage of man's innate goodness. The "you took advantage of me" technique works because man, basically, is a good fellow and wants to do the right thing. The smart girl parlays these sterling qualities into feelings of guilt over some trifling affair, and with a little more psychological hocus pocus, convinces the sucker that the guilt feelings are really love. A neat swap—the girl's virtue (?) for a life of security and relative ease.

3.) *Never underestimate the adversary.*

You're most vulnerable when you think you've got the upper hand. Don't drop your guard for a moment. Start assuming that these truths only apply to the other guys' girls and that the sweet young thing that's been hanging around your door is the exception, and, brother, you've had it.

Face up to the problem squarely. Consider what's at stake. Take a good look at the sorry, regimented husbands trudging down every woman-dominated street in this woman-dominated land. Check what they're doing when you're out on the town with a different dish every night—see how often the "little woman" lets them enjoy those all night poker sessions and weekend fishing trips.

Take a good look at the men who've already fallen into the pit. Look—but don't bother asking their advice. Almost to the man, they'll tell you marriage is the greatest. *Naturally.* Do you expect them to admit they made the biggest mistake of their lives? Even a man married ten years has some pride left. Besides, married men want bachelors to get hooked. Misery loves company.

None of this is meant to suggest that you become a hermit or stick to strictly male company. Not on your life. The true playboy can enjoy the pleasures the female has to offer without becoming emotionally involved. Like the little bee, he flits from flower to flower, sipping the sweet nectars where he finds them, but never tarries too long at any one blossom.

Armed with the basic truths set down here, you may successfully avoid wedlock during this month of June. You may, in fact, continue to enjoy the freedom of bachelorhood indefinitely. You may, but we doubt it.



"With this ring I thee . . ."





*OUTSIDE*

*WITH de DIENES*

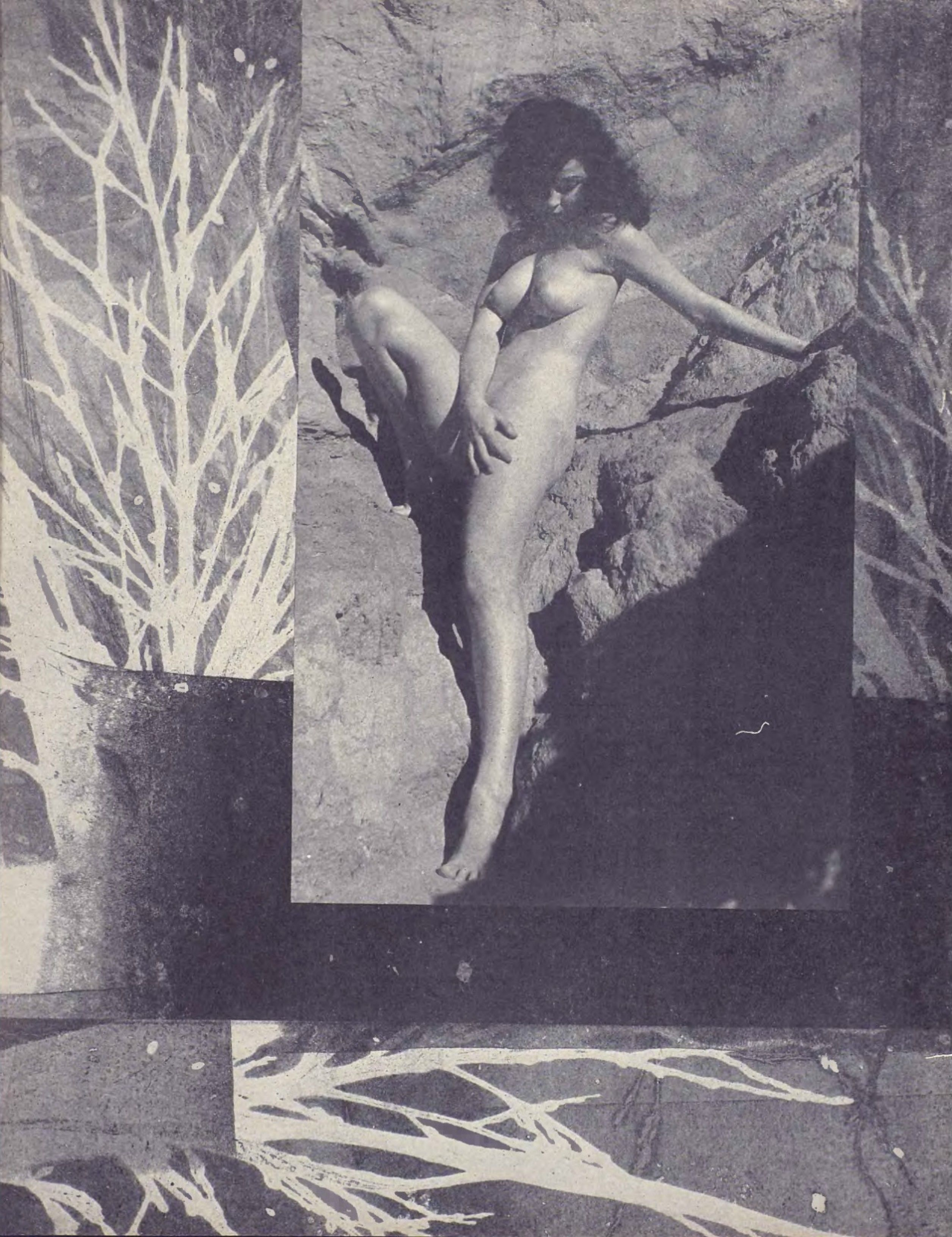




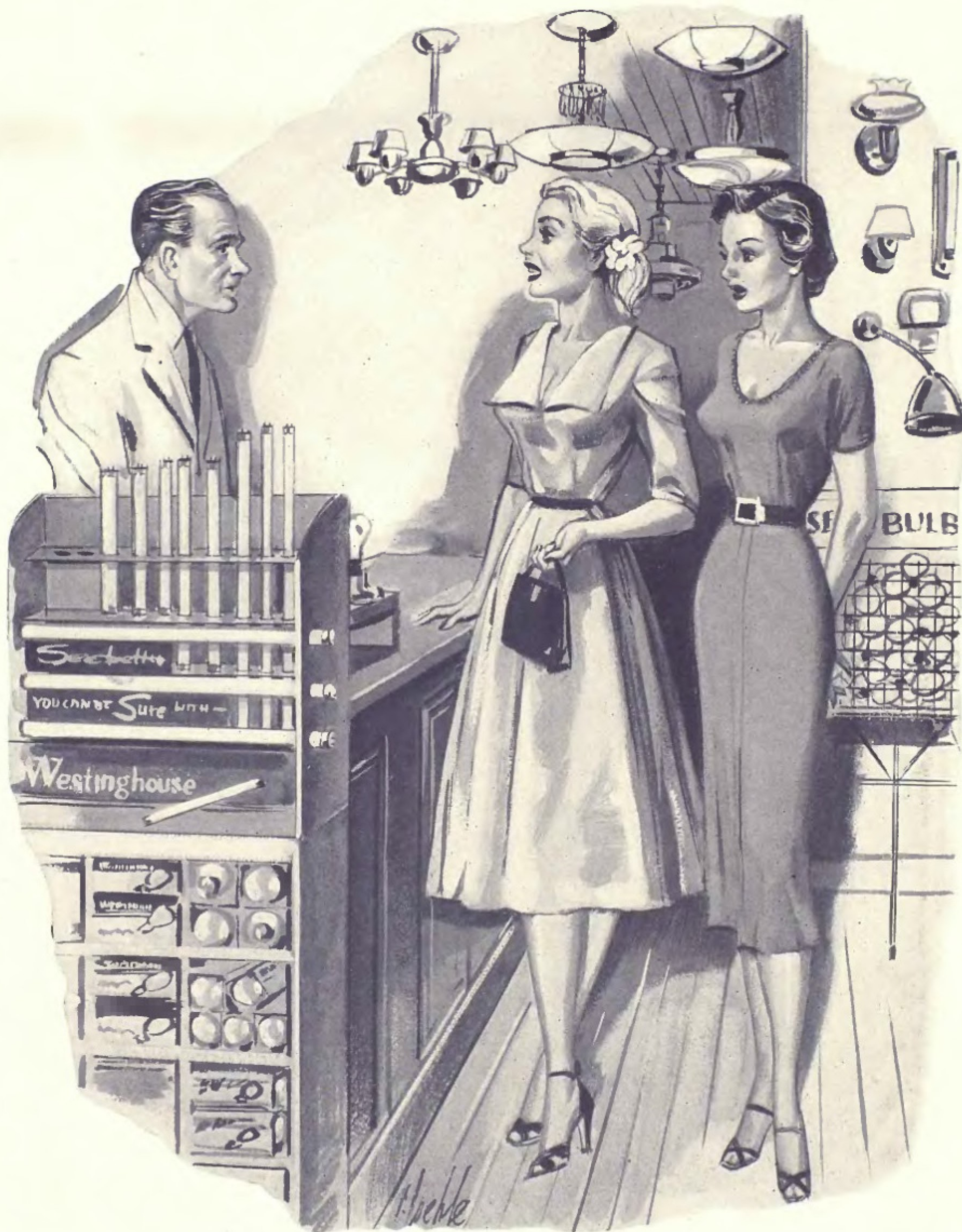
A few months back photographer Andre de Dienes sent us some delightful pictures of the interior of his home. We printed them in the January issue and afterward we wondered whether the surrounding California landscape might not be just as interesting. We asked Andre about that and he wrote back that it is and sent more photographs to prove it. We've never seen rocks, sand, and fields of grain as fascinating as those in Andre's section of the country.











"Do you have any red ones?"



# TestiNg Your PersonAlity

By Roger Price

Playboy's science editor explains the complexities  
of psychological testing, with particular emphasis  
on the Schwine-Kitzenger Personality Test.

humor

EVERYONE has a personality. Personalities fall into two basic categories, Extroverted and Introverted. Introverts and Extroverts are easily recognized with the naked eye, but when you try to define the more subtle variations of these types you need help.

In my studies of people, I've found no better or more easily applied method of determining Personality Type than the Schwine-Kitzenger Test.

The Schwine-Kitzenger Test was devised by Dr. Schwine and Dr. Kitzenger, who came from opposite schools of psychology. Actually, Schwine and Kitzenger only had one thing in common—Mrs. Schwine.

This awkward situation, if it had involved persons who were not so well adjusted, might have created a problem that would have interfered with their work. You see, Schwine *knew* that Kitzenger was fond of Mrs. Schwine, and Kitzenger knew that Schwine knew that he was, etc.

But being scientists, rational and civilized men, they approached the situation unemotionally and worked out an adult solution. Whenever Schwine would come home unexpectedly and discover Kitzenger with Mrs. Schwine, Kitzenger would grab a baseball bat and beat the bejezus out of him.

To get back to the test (I believe that pausing to include a little human-interest story such as the above lends a note of warmth and personal understanding to the study of these theories)—as it is now used, the Schwine-Kitzenger Test is the climax of a long series of painstaking experiments. Originally, it was based on the Rorschach Ink-Blot Test, which is, of course, well known to all of you readers who have been treated for mental disorders. For the benefit of any readers who have not been treated for mental disorders (the group we refer to as the "Squares"), the Rorschach Test consists of showing a succession

of ink blots to a subject and then analyzing his reactions to them.

The Schwine-Kitzenger Test was an imaginative extension of this. Schwine and Kitzenger would have the subject come into the office and sit down on a fried egg.

Then they would analyze the seat of his trousers.

This was messy, but profitable, as on the side Kitzenger ran a cleaning establishment.

In the light of present-day knowledge, the results obtained seem crude, but then, we must remember, so were Schwine and Kitzenger.

Let us glance at a few sample of analyses obtained by this method. (Figure 1, reprinted by permission from *The American Poultryman Journal*, April 2, 1935.)

Schwine and Kitzenger were forced to abandon this test in 1936, when Kitzenger's license was revoked (not his medical license, but his cleaning-establishment license). The next two

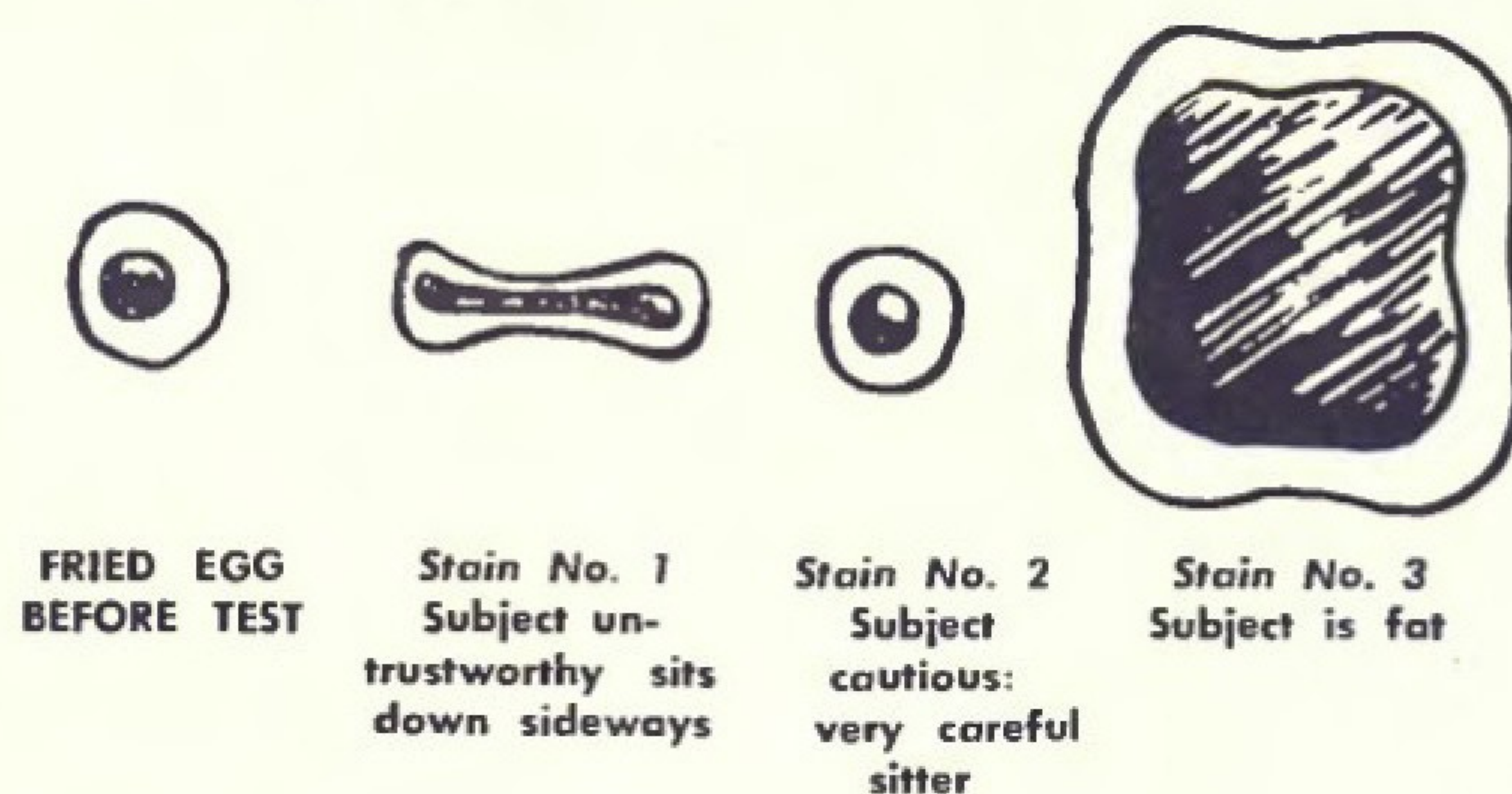


FIGURE I  
(Scale 1/20th actual size)

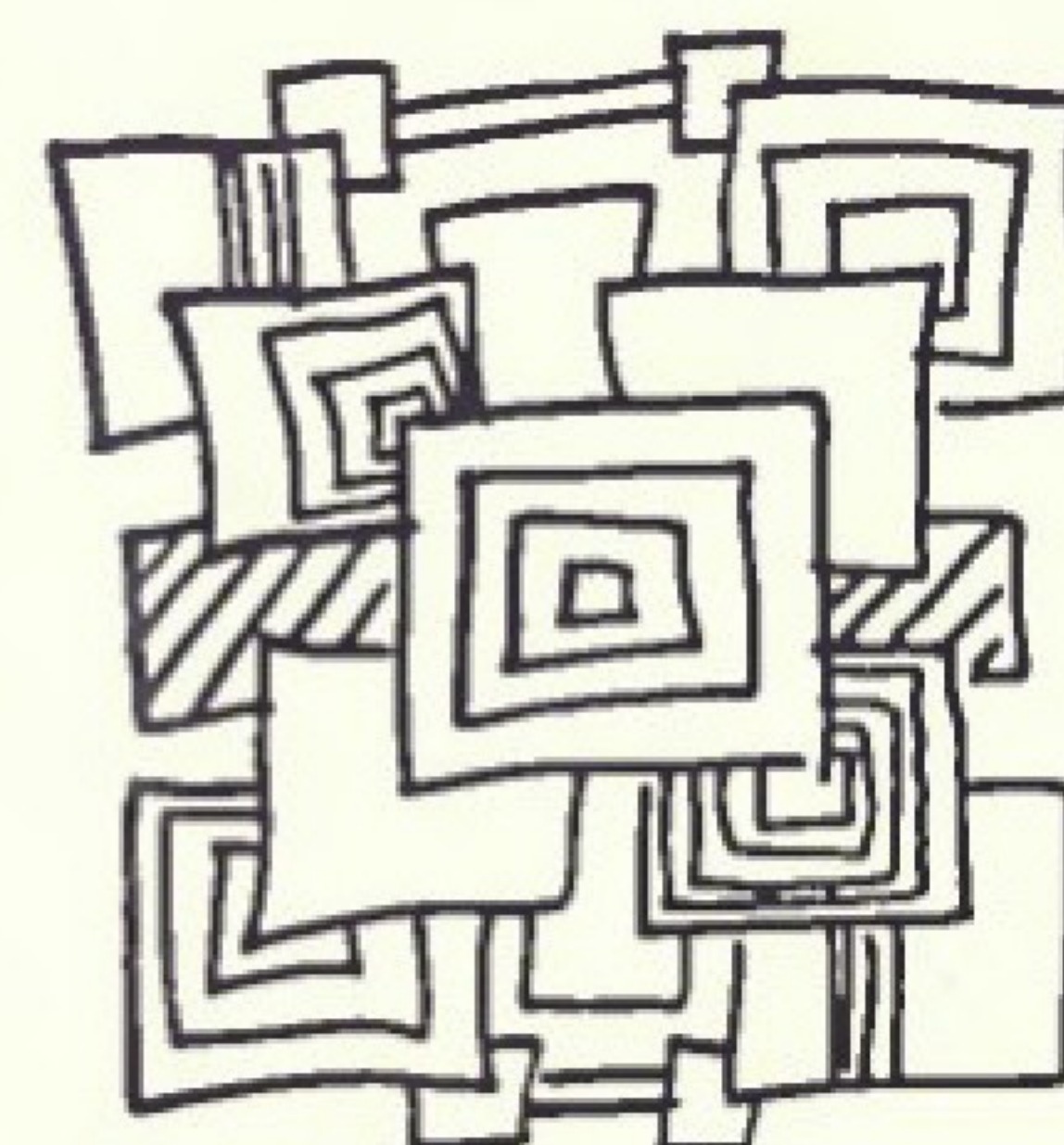


FIGURE II



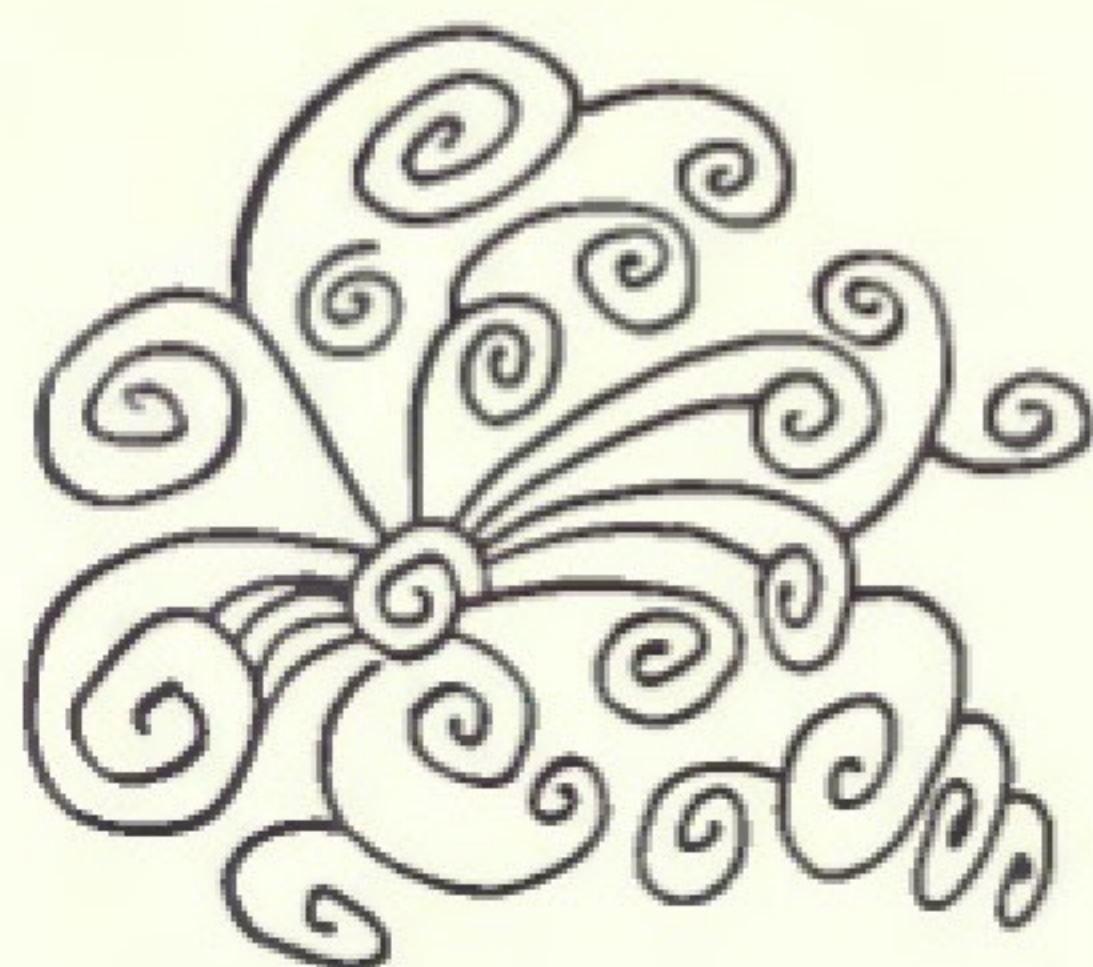


FIGURE III

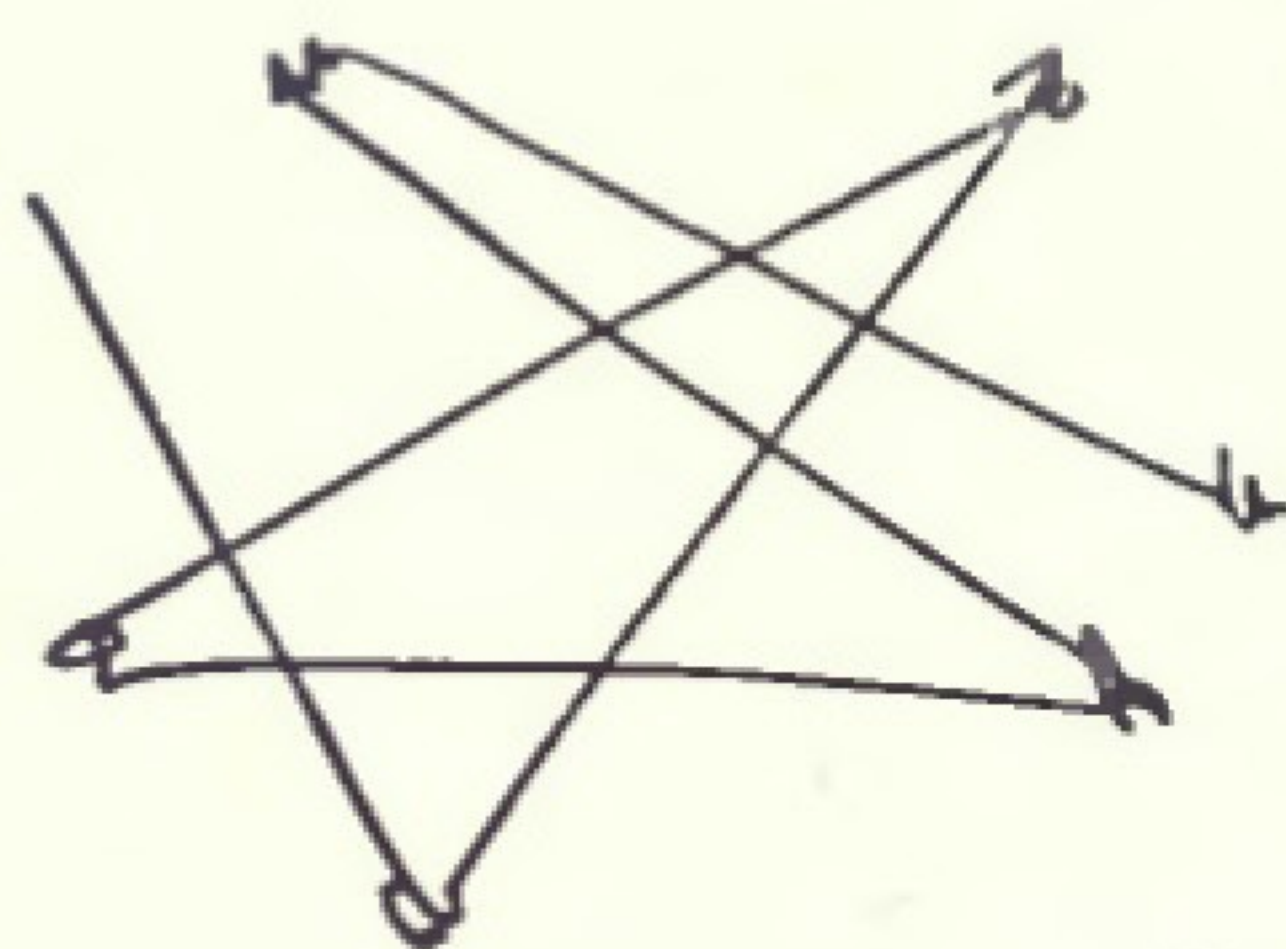


FIGURE IV

$$2+2=6 \quad 4+4=12.75$$

$$6+6=18.50 + \text{TAX}$$

FIGURE V



FIGURE VI



FIGURE VII

years were spent trying out other types of tests.

One device was quite ingenious, but it could only be used to determine the Personality Type of males. They would take the subject and lock him in a room with a young lady (a Miss Patricia Delray). In one wall of the room was a concealed window, and once the subject was locked in, Schwine and Kitzenger would peep through the window and study what went on. Occasionally they would invite scientifically minded friends over to peep through the window with them. The tests attracted so much interest that soon they weren't able to accommodate all of the friends who would drop by, even after they raised the prices.

They had to give up this test because of an accident. One evening the bleachers Kitzenger had put up collapsed, and fourteen members of the Elks' Club were injured.

It wasn't until 1944 that Schwine and Kitzenger thought of the idea upon which the present test is based, doodles. Now, doodles are little drawings we make with our subconscious mind (or a pencil; whichever is handier) while our conscious mind is busy talking on the telephone or something.

From a study of doodles, we (Schwine, Kitzenger, and I) are able to tell just what kind of personality the doodler has.

There are several basic types of doodles. Figure II, called the "conservative doodle," consists of geometric shapes drawn so as to form an orderly, balanced design.

If you make this type of doodle, you have a stable, organized personality, a mathematical approach to life, and wear long-johns in the winter.

Another, more involved, type looks like Figure III.

If you are this sort of doodler, you have a highly developed imagination and a dangerous sacroiliac condition.

Sometimes, the doodles take strange elongated forms, like Figure IV.

This doodle indicates only one thing—hiccups.

Many people doodle with words and symbols, instead of drawings. Recently I came across an interesting example that looked like Figure V.

This is a rather specialized doodle, being done exclusively by night-club waiters.

Figure VI is another example of the specialized doodle.

This doodle was drawn by Mrs. Schwine while she was talking on the telephone to Dr. Schwine. It shows a generous, affectionate nature and a great interest in murder mysteries.

"Murder mysteries" bring to mind an example of how this test was able to help a friend of mine, Maxwell M——.\*

Back home, everyone always expected that Maxwell would do big things in the world because he had always been so precocious. He was the only baby in town who ever sucked his thumb through a straw. But as Maxwell grew up he couldn't seem to find his niche in life, and no one could help him because no one in town knew what "niche" meant.

I decided to try to help Maxwell by analyzing his personality, and I had him collect a few of his doodles. (See Figure VII)

From these doodles, I determined that Maxwell was best suited for detective work, and later events bore out my opinion one hundred per cent.

Maxwell got a job on the police force. One day a home was burglarized by a thief who wore calfskin gloves. Maxwell was assigned to the case and took fingerprints of everything. After studying the fingerprints carefully, he whipped into action. And just six months later he arrested a cow in Kansas City.

**SUMMARY:** Using this test, you should now be able to analyze your own personality in no time at all. If you have any trouble, you can bring your doodles to Schwine and Kitzenger personally. **WARNING:** Do not send your doodles through the mails. Schwine and Kitzenger have had a lot of trouble with the postal authorities in this regard. Telephone Mrs. Schwine in New York for an appointment.

**BIBLIOGRAPHY:** Kitzenger, *My Method of Testing Personality with Doodles* (1944), Schwine, *MY Method of Testing Personality with Doodles; Kitzenger Had Nothing to Do with it* (1945).

\* This is not an attempt to conceal his identity. M—— happened to be his last name.





## WOMAN OF FIFTY *(continued from page 36)*

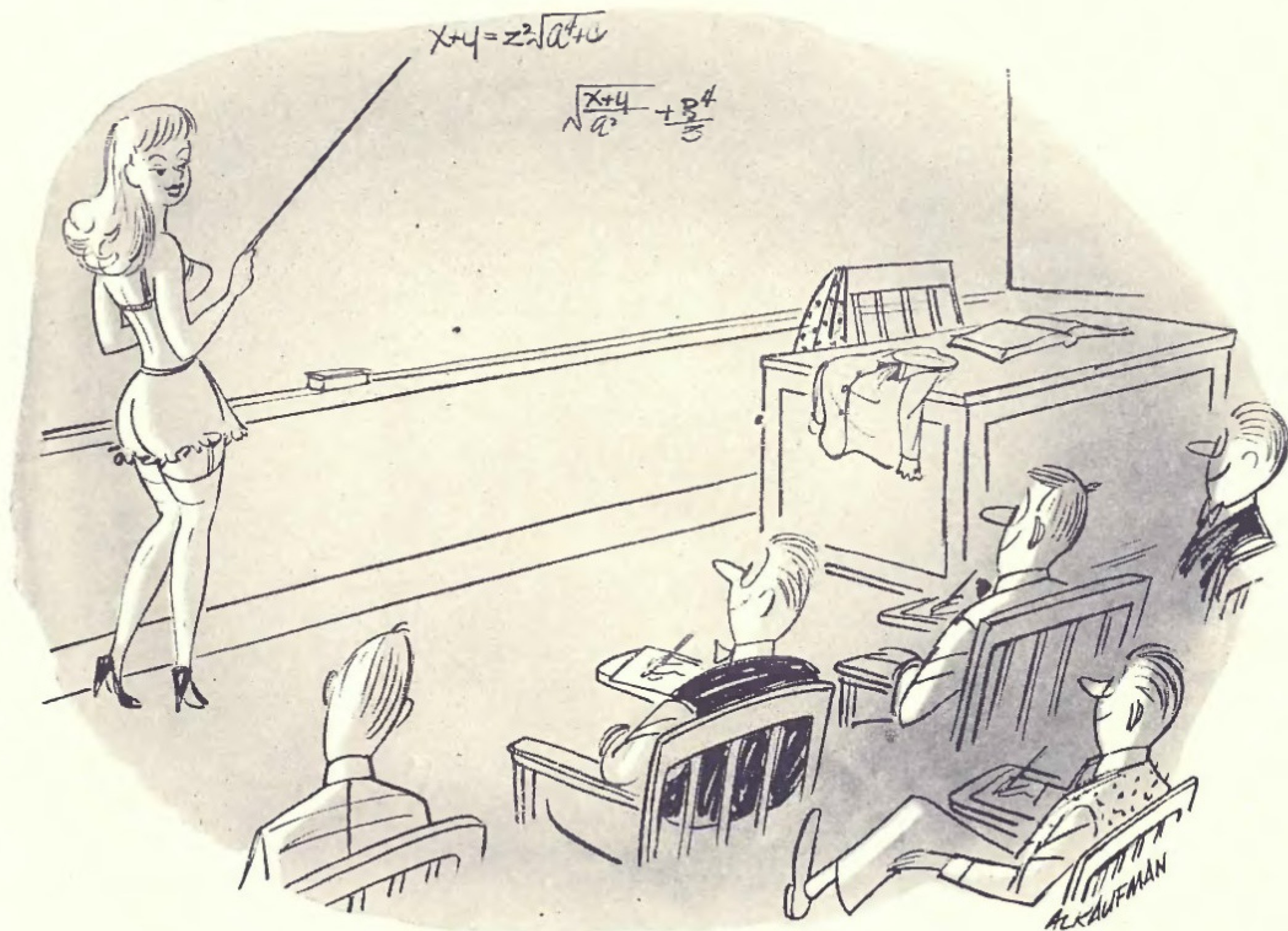
he would kill them both.

I don't know what brought on the final catastrophe. All that came out at the trial was that, driven beyond endurance, Tito had gone one night to his father's room to have it out with him. His father mocked and laughed at him. They had a furious quarrel and Tito took out his pistol and shot the Count dead. Then he collapsed in a nervous crisis and fell, weeping hysterically, on his father's body; the repeated shots brought Laura and the servants rushing in. He jumped up and grabbed the pistol, to shoot himself he said afterwards, but he hesitated or they were too quick for him, and they snatched it

out of his hand. The police were sent for. He spent most of his time in prison weeping; he would not eat and had to be forcibly fed; he told the examining magistrate that he had killed his father because he was his wife's lover. Laura, examined and examined again, swore that there had never been anything between the Count and herself but a natural affection. The murder filled the Florentine public with horror. The Italians were convinced of her guilt, but her friends, English and American, felt that she was incapable of the crime of which she was accused. They went about saying that Tito was neurotic and insanely jealous and in his stupid way had

mistaken her American freedom of behaviour for a criminal passion. On the face of it Tito's charge was absurd. Carlo di San Pietro was nearly thirty years older than she, an elderly man with white hair; who could suppose that there could have been anything between her and the Count, when her husband was young, handsome and in love with her?

It was in Harding's presence that she saw the examining magistrate and the lawyers who had been engaged to defend Tito. They had decided to plead insanity. Experts for the defence examined him and decided that he was insane, experts for the prosecution examined him and decided that he was sane. The fact that he had bought a pistol three months before



"Now that I have your undivided attention, we'll proceed."



he committed the dreadful crime went to prove that it was premeditated. It was discovered that he was deeply in debt and his creditors were pressing him; the only means he had of settling with them was by selling the villa, and his father's death put him in possession of it. There is no capital punishment in Italy, but murder with premeditation is punished by solitary confinement for life. On the approach of the trial the lawyers came to Laura and told her that the only way in which he could be saved from this was for her to admit in court that the Count had been her lover. Laura went very pale. Harding protested violently. He said they had no right to ask her to perjure herself and ruin her reputation to save that shiftless, drunken gambler whom she had been so unfortunate as to marry. Laura remained silent for a while.

"Very well," she said at last, "if that's the only way to save him I'll do it."

Harding tried to dissuade her, but she was decided.

"I should never have a moment's peace if I knew that Tito had to spend the rest of his life alone in a prison cell."

And that is what happened. The trial opened. She was called and under oath stated that for more than a year her father-in-law had been her lover. Tito was declared insane and sent to an asylum. Laura wanted to leave Florence at once, but in Italy the preliminaries to a trial are endless and by then she was near her time. The Hardings insisted on her remaining with them till she was confined. She had a child, a boy, but it lived only twenty-four hours. Her plan was to go back to San Francisco and live with her mother till she could find a job, for Tito's extravagance, the money she had spent on the villa, and the cost of the trial had seriously impoverished her.

It was Harding who told me most of this; but one day when he was at

the Club and I was having a cup of tea with Bessie and we were again talking over these tragic happenings she said to me:

"You know, Charley hasn't told you the whole story because he doesn't know it. I never told him. Men are funny in some ways; they're much more easily shocked than women."

I raised my eyebrows, but said nothing.

"Just before Laura went away we had a talk. She was very low and I thought she was grieving over the loss of her baby. I wanted to say something to help her. 'You mustn't take the baby's death too hardly,' I said. 'As things are perhaps it's better it died.' 'Why?' she said. 'Well,' I said, 'think what the poor little thing's future would have been with a murderer for his father.' She looked at me for a moment in that strange quiet way of hers. And then what d'you think she said?"

"I haven't a notion," said I.

"She said: 'What makes you think his father was a murderer?' I felt myself grow as red as a turkey cock. I could hardly believe my ears. 'Laura, what do you mean?' I said. 'You were in court,' she said. 'You heard me say Carlo was my lover.'"

Bessie Harding stared at me as she must have stared at Laura.

"What did you say then?" I asked.

"What was there for me to say? I said nothing. I wasn't so much horrified, I was bewildered. Laura looked at me, and believe it or not, I'm convinced there was a twinkle in her eyes. I felt a perfect fool."

"Poor Bessie," I smiled.

Poor Bessie, I repeated to myself now as I thought of this strange story. She and Charley were long since dead and by their death I had lost good friends. I went to sleep then, and next day Wyman Holt took me for a long drive.

We were to dine with the Greens at seven and we reached their house on the dot. Now that I had remembered who Laura was I was filled with an immense curiosity to see her again. Wyman had exaggerated nothing. The living-room into which we went was the quintessence of commonplace. It was comfortable enough, but there was not a trace of personality in it. It might have been furnished *en bloc* by a mail-order house. It had the bleakness of a government office. I was introduced first to my host Jasper Greene and then to his brother Emery and to his brother's wife Fanny. Jasper Greene was a large, plump man with a moon face and a shock of black, coarse, unkempt hair. He wore large cellulose-rimmed spectacles. I was staggered by his youth. He could not have been much over thirty and and therefore nearly twenty years

(continued overleaf)



"I'm afraid, Miss Kipulski, we are running out of clay."





THE OPEN FLY





1



2



3



4





younger than Laura. His brother, Emery, a composer and teacher in a New York school of music, might have been seven or eight and twenty. His wife, a pretty little thing, was an actress for the moment out of a job. Jasper Greene mixed us some very adequate cocktails but for a trifle too much vermouth, and we sat down to dinner. The conversation was gay and even boisterous. Jasper and his brother were loud-voiced and all three of them, Jasper, Emery and Emery's wife, were loquacious talkers. They chaffed one another, they joked and laughed; they discussed art, literature, music and the theatre. Wyman and I joined in when we had a chance, which was not often; Laura did not try to. She sat at the head of the table, serene, with an amused, indulgent smile on her lips as she listened to their scatterbrained nonsense; it was not stupid nonsense, mind you, it was intelligent and modern, but it was nonsense all the same. There was something maternal in her attitude and I was reminded oddly of a sleek dachshund lying quietly in the sun while she looked lazily, and yet watchfully, at her litter of puppies romping round her. I wondered whether it crossed her mind that all this chatter about art didn't amount to much when compared with those incidents of blood and passion that she remembered. But did she remember? It had all happened a long time ago and perhaps it seemed no more than a bad dream. Perhaps these commonplace surroundings were part of her deliberate effort to forget, and to be among these young people was restful to her spirit. Perhaps Jasper's clever stupidity was a comfort. After that searing tragedy it might be that she wanted nothing but the security of the humdrum.

Possibly because Wyman was an authority on Elizabethan drama the conversation at one moment touched on that. I had already discovered that Jasper Greene was prepared to lay down the law on subjects all and sundry, and now he delivered himself as follows:

"Our theatre has gone all to pot because the dramatists of our day are afraid to deal with the violent emotions which are the proper subject matter of tragedy," he boomed. "In the sixteenth century they had a wealth of melodramatic and bloody themes to suit their purpose and so they produced great plays. But where can our playwrights look for themes? Our Anglo-Saxon blood is too phlegmatic, too supine, to provide them with material they can make anything of, and so they are condemned to occupy themselves with the trivialities of social intercourse."

I wondered what Laura thought of this, but I took care not to catch her eye. She could have told them a story

of illicit love, jealousy and parricide which would have been meat to one of Shakespeare's successors, but had he treated it, I suppose he would have felt bound to finish it with at least one more corpse strewn about the stage. The end of her story, as I knew it now, was unexpected certainly, but sadly prosaic and a trifle grotesque. Real life more often ends things with a whimper than with a bang. I wondered too why she had gone out of her way to renew our old acquaintance. Of course she had no reason to suppose that I knew as much as I did; perhaps with a true instinct she was confident that I would not give her away; perhaps she didn't care if I did. I stole a glance at her now and then while she was quietly listening to the excited babbling of the three young people, but her friendly, pleasant face told me nothing. If I hadn't known otherwise I would have sworn that no untoward circumstances had ever troubled the course of her uneventful life.

The evening came to an end and this is the end of my story, but for the fun of it I am going to relate a small incident that happened when Wyman

and I got back to his house. We decided to have a bottle of beer before going to bed and went into the kitchen to fetch it. The clock in the hall struck eleven and at that moment the phone rang. Wyman went to answer it and when he came back was quietly chortling to himself.

"What's the joke?" I asked.

"It was one of my students. They're not supposed to call members of the faculty after ten-thirty, but he was all hot and bothered. He asked me how evil had come into the world."

"And did you tell him?"

"I told him that St. Thomas Aquinas had got hot and bothered too about that very question and he'd better worry it out for himself. I said that when he found the solution he was to call me no matter what time it was. Two o'clock in the morning if he liked."

"I think you're pretty safe not to be disturbed for many a long night," I said.

"I won't conceal from you that I have formed pretty much the same impression myself," he grinned.



5





# ORSON (continued from page 16)

GI's by, among other things, sawing Rita in half. Rita's beau, Victor Mature, threatened to do the same to The Magnificent Orson if he didn't stop travelling around with his girl. Orson solved everything by marrying Rita.

The last thing the two of them did together before going their separate, sensational ways was *The Lady From Shanghai*. They filmed it during a vacation to South America. It was Rita's first and last appearance as a blonde and gave Orson the money to pay off a debt. "The only thing I learned from that picture," Orson said afterwards, "was how to photograph a sexy girl singing a song."

In 1946, with the help of a Jules Verne novel and music by Cole Porter, he bombed Broadway with a stunning extravaganza called *Around The World*. It was the last big thing

he did before skipping the country. For several years, the only news the U.S. had of him came from stray bits in the gossip columns: "Orson is vacationing on the Riviera with the Darryl Zanucks" . . . "Orson is rumored to owe Uncle Sam back taxes" . . . "Orson is slated to play the film life of King Farouk" . . . "Orson is damned if he'll play King Farouk" . . .

Actually, he was keeping pretty busy by writing plays and novels, broadcasting a kind of British "Dragnet" called *Black Museum*, filming *Othello* in Africa and Italy, appearing on the stage all over Europe (he speaks six languages), and accepting small but flashy parts in good British films like *The Third Man* and shoddy British films like *Trent's Last Case* and *Return to Glennascaul*. In Paris, he made the acquaintance of an ex-Kath-

erine Dunham dancer named Eartha Kitt, and was so impressed by her that he cast her as Helen of Troy in his version of the Faust legend. Eartha was likewise impressed. To this day, her sloe eyes glaze as she declares, "He's the most fascinating man I've ever known."

Welles believes in "the complete human being" and is a champion of the individual. He says, "A man should be allowed to be crazy if he wants to be, to stay in bed one morning if he finds it good, or thumb his nose at a sacred image." Having thumbed his nose at a great many sacred images, himself, he speaks with the voice of authority. He's a professional non-conformist. Even his physical person is a defiance of tradition. Shakespearean actors are usually lean, raw-boned characters with Roman noses. Orson is undeniably a Shakespearean actor but he's a big beefy guy with a button nose and the face of a diabolic cherub.

Welles is devoted to the classic authors, but he is seldom content to leave them intact. He slashed *Julius Caesar* from a five-act tragedy to a one-act cyclone, then blithely added lines snatched from *Coriolanus*. On the other hand, he crammed hunks of *Henry IV*, *Henry V* and Lord knows what else into an evening's potpourri called *Five Kings*. He has done *Macbeth* as a jungle melodrama with a Harlem cast, and as a surrealistic smorgasbord of a film spoken in a Harry Lauder-type Scotch dialect. The *Faust* he did with Eartha was pasted up out of odd scraps of Milton, Dante and Marlowe.

Just last October, Welles dashed in and out of the country long enough to play *King Lear* on TV. Decked out in \$75 gloves, real seaweed and a Santa Claus beard, he was his old booming, bug-eyed self, but he was also deeply moving and (to quote the script) "every inch a king." In a time when lesser actors speak knowingly of "restraint" and "underplaying" to rationalize their own inhibitions, Welles is not afraid of bigness and flourish. He belongs to a vanishing species: the heroic actor.

What's next on the agenda for Orson? Admirers of his early promise look for a return of the old fire, mellowed by age and experience. They pin their hopes on his excellent TV *Lear* and await the release of *Othello* with their fingers crossed. He was last seen hot-footing it into Canada, his portfolio bulging with unrevealed plans. When he was in New York for *Lear*, he mentioned his French novel, titled X, which he wants to film in Spain, Italy, Tangier, Germany and Mexico. Has Canada been added to the list?

Only The Shadow knows.



"Mom—what's Modess?"







The evolution of the bathing suit

## NEXT MONTH

A racy tale by Thorne Smith •



## THE COMPLEAT PLAYBOY

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