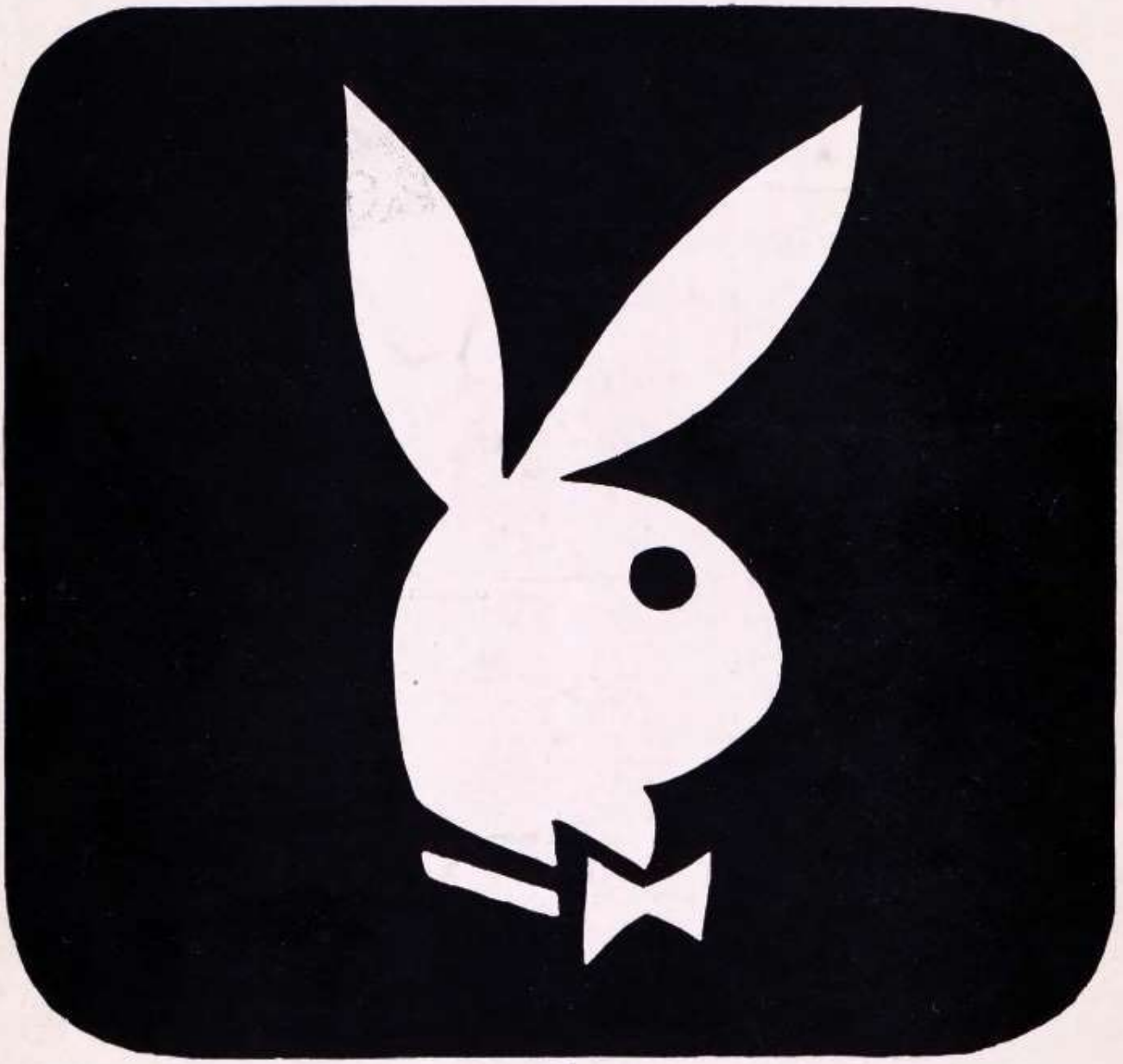
APRIL 50 cents

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN



FICTION • CARTOONS • ARTICLES • PICTURE STORIES • JAZZ • FOOD AND DRINK

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PLAYBOY

MARIO

HECKELMANN

GOODMAN

MARSH

PLAYBILL

DAHL

"APRIL IS THE CRUELEST month," said T. S. Eliot; "grimy" was the word used by Stephen Vincent Benét; Shakespeare (who was born and died in April) grudgingly conceded the month an "uncertain glory;" John Drinkwater cynically snapped, "Men's eyes in April are quicker than their brains." We'll not endorse any of these sour statements: we'd rather go along with Christopher Morley's happy image. "April prepares her green traffic light and the world thinks Go."

Go, man. Plunge into this April PLAYBOY without delay. We'll not detain you. The 3D peek at the Marilyn Monroe of Britain, Diana Dors; the reminiscent ramblings of swing king Benny Goodman; the introduction to French cartoon cutie, Clementine; the text-and-photo feature on sports car racing; Shepherd Mead's tips on selecting your first wife—these need no drum-beating on this customarily drum-beating page. Neither does the fiction—by Willard Marsh (a *Saturepost* and *Yale Review* writer who has been anthologized by Random House), H. E. Heckelmann (a PLAYBOY discovery: the humorous *Cruise of the Aphrodite* is his first published tale), and urbane storyteller Roald Dahl, who vies with Thomas Mario in this issue for the last word on wine—Mario contributes a delightful discourse on the noble grape, and Dahl offers an unusual tale about a cagey connoisseur of the type Mario particularly despises.

Our Research Department tells us that the word April probably stems from the Latin *aperire*, meaning "to open." So don't be an April fool and loiter up front here—open, already.

DEAR PLAYBOY

ADDRESS PLAYBOY MAGAZINE 11 E. SUPERIOR ST., CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS

THE FIRST TWO DOZEN

I was very pleased to see all the previous Playmates together in one issue. Though all the young ladies were wonderfully charming, to my mind, two stood head and shoulders above the others. How about an encore for Marguerite Empey and Barbara Cameron?

R. C. Wilson
U.S.S. Fort Marion
c/o FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

Your January issue successfully maintained the brilliant standard you've set, and the collection of past Playmates was obviously its most attractive feature. However, as a comparatively recent addict of your magazine, I was disappointed. Eve Meyer, Madeline Castle, Bettie Page, La Monroe, *et al.*, do indeed play havoc with any male's hormone balance, but I was dismayed to find them listed as past Playmates. Beauties such as these are encountered regularly on the pages of publications ranging from "He-Cat" type magazines slanted toward the peg pants trade to common 10c and 25c collections of cheesecake.

I would prefer to think of PLAYBOY as taking pride in being America's freshest, most robust magazine. Obviously, photos of Bettie Page do bring out the robust in one, but are they "fresh?" I much prefer models of the Barbara Cameron-Janet Pilgrim variety. Any properly appreciative reader of PLAYBOY should have a good deal of the *voyeur* in him, and I assume the editors do. Accordingly, I feel that the boulevardier who finds a Playmate in a hi-fi shop is more truly the real playboy than the unimaginative merchant who looks up a famed model in a directory and buys some poses.

PFC Edward Lerner
Fort Bragg, N. C.

I would like to take this opportunity to shout the merits of your Playmates. But it's been a full fifteen minutes since I finished the Holiday Issue and I'm due for another go at it.

Dave Hunt
Vineland, N. J.

MISS JANUARY

Your January Playmate was worthy of my highest praise, one of the most gorgeous things I have ever had the pleasure to lay my eyes on. (They still haven't returned to their sockets.) But—who the hell is she? Her name, dimensions and social security number are nowhere to be found in your magazine. How can a man play with his Playmate without at least knowing her name?

Philip Masters, Jr.
Princeton, N. J.

Miss January's name is Lynne Turner; she's a 20 year old model from Southern California; 38"-24"-37" top to bottom.

ODD COINCIDENCE DEPARTMENT

Which maxim does this illustrate—"great minds run on the same track" or "imitation's the sincerest form of flattery?"

Allen Glasser
Brooklyn, New York

TRUE, FEBRUARY, 1956

"Great! What does she do for an encore?"

PLAYBOY, OCTOBER, 1955

"That's fine . . . now let's see the encore!"

VIOLENT PLAYBOY

Since I am an admirer of your magazine, I feel free to criticize it. I regard as unhealthy the overtones of physical violence so liberally sprinkled through the January issue. Specifically, you included the following:

1. Threats to cook Candide in a pot.
2. Nero's liquidation of unwanted relatives.
3. Two Aztec lovelies in full color being shoved in a fire.
4. Story wherein a man from Mars collects blondes in order to eat them.
5. Four-page ballad to a lady who cooks her boyfriends before eating them.

Wilfred Lewis, Jr.
Bloomington, Ind.

Figured we'd get all the violence out of the way in the first issue of the year, so we could get on to more leisurely playboy pursuits.

POETIC PRAISE

You clever, clever, *clever* men
Of ribald wit and facile pen,
Your humor has a subtlety
Which truly, truly taketh me,
And maketh me to want to dance,
Cavort, co-habit, and to prance
And be a sensual Jezebel
Raising fifty kinds of hell!
(Alas! A woman over forty
Only *thinks* herself cavorty,
And while she cuts a wicked caper—
Oh me! She cuts it all on paper!)

O Cole, you're *king*, you naughty boy!
Who maketh me to laugh with joy
And lie down on a tiger fur
To sharpen up my claws and purr!
While I am most sedately sitting
Reading PLAYBOY at my knitting!

And as for Caldwell, Bloch and Gold—
Never were such stories told
With sharper brilliance and *esprit*
To glad the feline heart of me.
Their humor has a "Frenchy" flair,
Urban, cool and debonair;
Yet certainly, it does not lack
The *meat* that brings the Tom cat back
And has him sniffing at the door
Yowling that he wanteth more.

I hope it be not mortal sin
To let Old Adam's rib-bone in
The sacred portals of this page
Adorned with wit, *roué* and sage
Of Bacchus-hoof and Satyr-tail
Of that polygamous gender—male!
Though I am much too antiquated
To (*nuda veritas*) be play-mated,
Perhaps you'll make me really merry—
Elect me *Playmate honorary*,
And let me trip the primrose path
While reading PLAYBOY in my bath!

Violet M. Cobb
Huntington Park, Calif.

LOVE, THE HEALER

That story, *Love, the Healer*, by Herb Gold in the January issue of my favorite

anatomical journal, is very nice, and reminds me of the days when Herb and I used to hunt "wimmen" together in Cleveland, Ohio, and other strange places. When I found one, all I had was a woman; but when Herb found one, he got himself a poem out of her. Get him to do the story of Black Lil, if you can.

Dr. Donald P. Shapiro
Cleveland, Ohio

GUYS AND DOLLS

I have been an ardent fan of PLAYBOY for as long as it has been available on newsstands in my area. As far as I'm concerned, it *was* tops. After reading your movie review of *Guys and Dolls* in the January issue, I do not think it can be classified as such any longer.

I am also an ardent fan of Frank Sinatra, and have been for the past 12 years. Let me remind you that Frankie has been around for quite a while, and as far as I'm concerned he will be around long after your magazine is dead, buried and forgotten. I'm sure that millions of movie-goers and music-lovers will agree with me.

As for Brando, you can have him and his voice "with so much warmth and so much style." I have not yet seen *Guys and Dolls*, but I am positive that Brando could never make Frankie "look like he's still competing on Major Bowes' Amateur Hour."

John Harman
Virginia Beach, Va.

As anyone who has read the November and December After Hours *knows, we're ardent fans of Frank Sinatra, too. We just don't happen to think* Guys and Dolls *was his picture and we suggest you wait till you've seen it before deciding whether you agree with our review.*

SALESMAN

I especially enjoyed your January issue, but I couldn't see much humor in *Dearth of a Salesman*. Guess you-all can't please everyone though.

John Smythe
Washington and Lee Univ.
Lexington, Virginia

I finished reading your January issue on my way back to camp and I want you to know that I almost busted a gut laughing at the salesman article by Addison North. I started talking about it to a couple of salesmen in the club car and I showed them the magazine, which one of them bought for $2.00!

PFC Donald F. Curtiss
Battle Creek, Mich.

COEDS ON PLAYMATES

After repeatedly hearing of PLAYBOY, but never about the actual content, our curiosity was aroused to such an extent that we finally (and with much embarrassment) purchased the January issue.

After reading that issue, we were both dismayed and disgruntled to find that the innocent minds of our boyfriends are being poisoned with such wicked ideas. Do you realize the minds of all college men that have not already deteriorated to such low depths will undoubtedly do so now and that you are completing the ruin of all males whose moral standards have, in spite of all other evil influences, remained high?

Beside that, how are we ever going to get married when all of our secrets are revealed? How can we ever satisfy them when you tempt their virile minds and bodies with such voluptuousness? What we mean to say is *we don't think it's fair!*

Two Unhappy Coeds
University of Michigan
Ann Arbor, Michigan

The girls in our sorority feel that you're giving altogether too much publicity to models and chorus girls. If you took a look at our girls, you'd send some of your Playmates off to the Old Maids' Home.

Barbara Frank
Univ. of Southern Calif.
Los Angeles, California

So send us some pictures.

WILL SHE OR WON'T SHE?

Jules Archer's quasi-scientific advice on fathoming a woman's sexual proclivities reads a little too much like a magazine article. Archer, who apparently views the art of seduction as an elaborate party game, gives the reader no statistical evidence, no empirical assurance, that his dubious methods will work. Are we to presume that Archer has observed the results of his tests — in controlled situations — and has therefore assessed their reliability? Has it occured to him that his female guinea pigs' answers may imply false, even anti-ethical indications of their willingness to climb into bed? Women, in keeping with the rest of the human race, have never been noted for their lack of hypocrisy.

I would suggest to Archer that the number of methods of seduction is equal to the number of combinations of living able-bodied men and women, and that his parlor-game method of ferreting a woman's seducibility is as valid a method as that suggested by the article's accompanying illustration: picking petals from a daisy.

Why not print some constructive material on sex instead of such facetious meanderings? The instructions of Ovid or Ellis would be of infinitely greater value to Archer's "true playboy."

Ron Riddle
Yellow Springs, Ohio

In regard to your *Will She or Won't She?* story in the January issue, I'd like to inform the author that he completely missed the boat on one important little factor which consequently led to an extremely amazing, but quite pleasureable, episode.

Upon questioning a voluptuous brunette and finding all her answers nega-

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tive (or virginal). I was very confused when I took her home. It seems this shrewdie was so experienced that she was two steps ahead of me and realized my game long before I realized hers!!

No complaints!

M. Riley
Fort Lee, N. J.

I read your article *Will She or Won't She?* by Jules Archer in the January issue and tried the ten questions on a rather cool-type playmate. Things were going along fairly well until I came to question No. 9 and asked if she would be induced to spend the night with a man if it would insure world peace. Her reply was in the negative. I then reiterated, "Not even to preserve world peace?" She replied: "But what about *my* peace?" At this point, I promptly cracked up.

1/Lt. L. T. Sampson
Murana Air Base
Tucson, Ariz.

My date tonight was a bit startled when I answered his question, "Suppose you had a choice to start life over again as a man or woman – which would you choose?" with a hearty laugh. You see, I read PLAYBOY, too.

I, and many of my girlfriends, find your magazine as refreshing as a dry Martini. However, we find your statement "All of PLAYBOY's readers are capable of handling three, four or more women at a time without taxing themselves" vastly amusing. Maybe y'all need a Southern vacation!

Cynthia Moore
Emory University
Atlanta, Ga.

Our bags are packed, Cynthia.

Alas, Mr. Archer's *Will She or Won't She?* may bring disastrous consequences. Since you are cognizant of the fact that scads and scads of girls, women and ladies read your publication, I'm sure you will agree that he has now made this illusive feminine set more wary than ever. I vote that articles of this nature be mailed out under separate cover, marked "For Playboys Only." This protective measure would assure our gender the all too often needed one jump ahead, necessary in scoring points.

Louis H. Ploussard, Jr.
Jacksonville, Florida

I recently had occasion to look through your January issue of PLAYBOY. To say the least, I am quite shocked that men would make the suggestion that you make in your article *Will She or Won't She?* by Jules Archer. How can you be so base and corrupt? Is it supposed to be entertaining and a laughing matter to teach men how to seduce girls?

Girls—even the somewhat mature ones —are the same precious bits of humanity that other girls risked their lives to give birth to and on whom much love and care has been expended.

Did you have a mother? Did you have a father? Do you know who he was? Naturally, you must have had a mother, but the man who fathered you might have preferred to remain anonymous.

You ought to be spanked. As I cannot reach you with my big stick, consider yourselves spanked by Grandma Carrell. I am glad I read part of your article. I will be better able to alert my precious grandchildren about the vicious, corrupt men who go lurking about as respectable members of society.

Virginia C. Carrell
Cincinnati, Ohio

Success! I have applied your *Will She or Won't She?* questions around campus and I am extremely happy to report the overwhelming success which I experienced. The playboys here at Marquette have voted this article the best method ever developed for finding playmates.

Robert Conroy
Marquette University
Milwaukee, Wisc.

I read your article *Will She or Won't She?* in the January issue and I must congratulate you on a most interesting question and answer game. It just happened that the same evening I read the article, I was invited to a cocktail party —my thanks go to you for a very enjoyable evening and the hours after.

Gordon Levitt
San Diego, California

You've done it again! Another masterpiece of practical Femininology. *Will She or Won't She?* is one of the best we've seen in PLAYBOY in two years, but it is also a blemish on your record. I know you wrote it in jest, but my naive brother (two years my junior) read your article and was so snowed by your authoritative mein that he tried your two-bit psychoanalysis on our sister's roommate at our post-New Year's party.

This doll was spending the weekend with my sister and as far as li'l brother was concerned, there could be no better set up for this particular adventure.

I had the pleasure of hearing the first half of the interview and was genuinely surprised when our friend convinced this young lady that she would like to hear Les Elgart on his new hi-fi set. Off they went holding hands like your September Playmate pose (though her attire wasn't quite the same).

From what he told me at the hospital, Brother Ted was researching for his own Ribald Classic when the Miss from Smith decided to clout him one where her intuition told her it would be most effective. Apparently you led the boy to believe that no woman could see through the line of questioning.

For my money, Mr. Archer has a tremendous sense of humor and a great way with the ladies (on paper). But, in the future, please, for the sake of my brother and his thousand or so brothers-in-innocence scattered through our Ivy League Frosh classes, abandon your scholarly attitude and make it easier for them to see your work is only in jest.

Richard V. Hertz, Jr.
Dartmouth College
Hanover, New Hampshire

television

We can't exactly say that TV is better than ever, but not too many Sundays ago we found ourselves torn between a James Barrie fantasy on one channel and a visit with several tribes of South American cannibals on another—both shows with excellent casts. Our joy was unbridled, and we began to have high hopes for the cultural future of These United States. Another evening, however, several twists of the dial restored us to sanity and our previous lukewarm enthusiasm for the medium. We had hit, jarringly, a few more of those chrome-plated dramas of the "Playhouse" genre—you know, the *Studio One-Robert Montgomery Presents* axis, whose ideal seems to be a terribly bad play about a terribly good baker, broker, butcher or Bucks County commuter.

These lanolized charades have nurtured a couple of fashionable schools of acting: the vague school of females and the cloven-brow school of misunderstood males still grabbing rides on that streetcar named Desire. The gallery of nervous eccentrics includes moms who Understand, wives who Don't, gawky girls who behave as though puberty were quicksand, remotely bookish boys who would undoubtedly have fewer problems if they actually read a book from time to time. There is also the bellicose businessman in his Executive Bitter-Suite, and we've choked on *his* dust so often it looks as if the Napoleonic complex has replaced Oedipus as the backbone of telewriting.

TV moguls and critics agree that good comedy is harder to write than good drama. Probably so, but until more decent television playwrights are groomed, let's get back to comedy—the unpretentious, whimsical kind that at least offers a diverting moment or two. Let's have plenty of skits, bits, gags and wags—capable, clever guys like Johnny Carson and that happy, two-headed monster, Bobandray.

books

On February 11, 1937, George Gershwin was pummeling away at his *Concerto in F* with the Los Angeles Philharmonic. Suddenly, he lost consciousness and missed a few bars; a fraction of a minute later he regained control of himself and finished the performance as if nothing had happened. Five months later—to the day—he was dead of cystic degeneration of a tumor on a section of his brain that could not be touched by the operating surgeon. The man who said he had more tunes in his head than he could ever put down on paper was dead at 38, and John O'Hara remarked ". . . I don't have to believe it if I don't want to." *Journey to Greatness* (Holt, $5) is trumpeted on the dust jacket as the "definitive" biography of Mr. Gershwin, but we don't have to believe it if we don't want to. And yet, maybe it is, for no other reason than it is certainly the *only* half-way complete biography of that foremost composer. Either way, author David Ewen (*Music for the Millions, The Story of Irving Berlin*, etc.) has done a creditable job ferreting out some little-known facts and figures surrounding the life of America's Johann Strauss, and of special interest is a section that lists all of Gershwin's stage productions, leading stars, premiere dates, motion picture scores, best-known songs and a recommended list of recordings.

Robert Benchley was the kind of a man who could unflinchingly scribble "Don't be silly" across a hopelessly complicated income tax form and return it—quite blank, except for his chilling notation—to the Department of Internal Revenue, with six cents postage due on the envelope. He did it and he got away with it. We didn't see him do it but we know he did it and got away with it because his son, Nathaniel, told us about it in a book, and we're not surprised he did it and got away with it because Robert Benchley was remarkable—and besides, the guy he sent it to at the Department was a personal friend of Benchley's although he (Benchley) didn't know it at the time he posted the no-stamp, no-nothing return. *Robert Benchley* (McGraw-Hill, $3.95), the biography written by his son, was originally published several months before the birth of *Playboy After Hours*, so we didn't get a chance to review it then. It's now in its third printing, and on the chance you haven't picked up a copy yet, we certainly want to send you scurrying to the bookseller's. Scurrying, that is, if you enjoy the antics of the bumbling, bewildered boulevardier as much as we do. Student, author, editor, critic, lecturer, actor, Bob Benchley was certainly one of the funniest men who ever lived, and here is collected much of the blotter-dry wit that came from a too-short career.

A Pictorial History of Jazz (Crown, $5.95) is a glittering gallery of persons, places and things (Bix's death certificate, Jelly Roll Morton's business card, the sign outside Bop City) that have stomped some sort of indelible impression on American music since the turn of the century. In addition to over 625 illustrations and assorted oddments, some rare, some not so rare, you get a knowledgeable caption commentary by Orrin Keepnews and Bill Grauer, Jr., both of whom step lively and lovingly

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PLAYBOY ANNUAL

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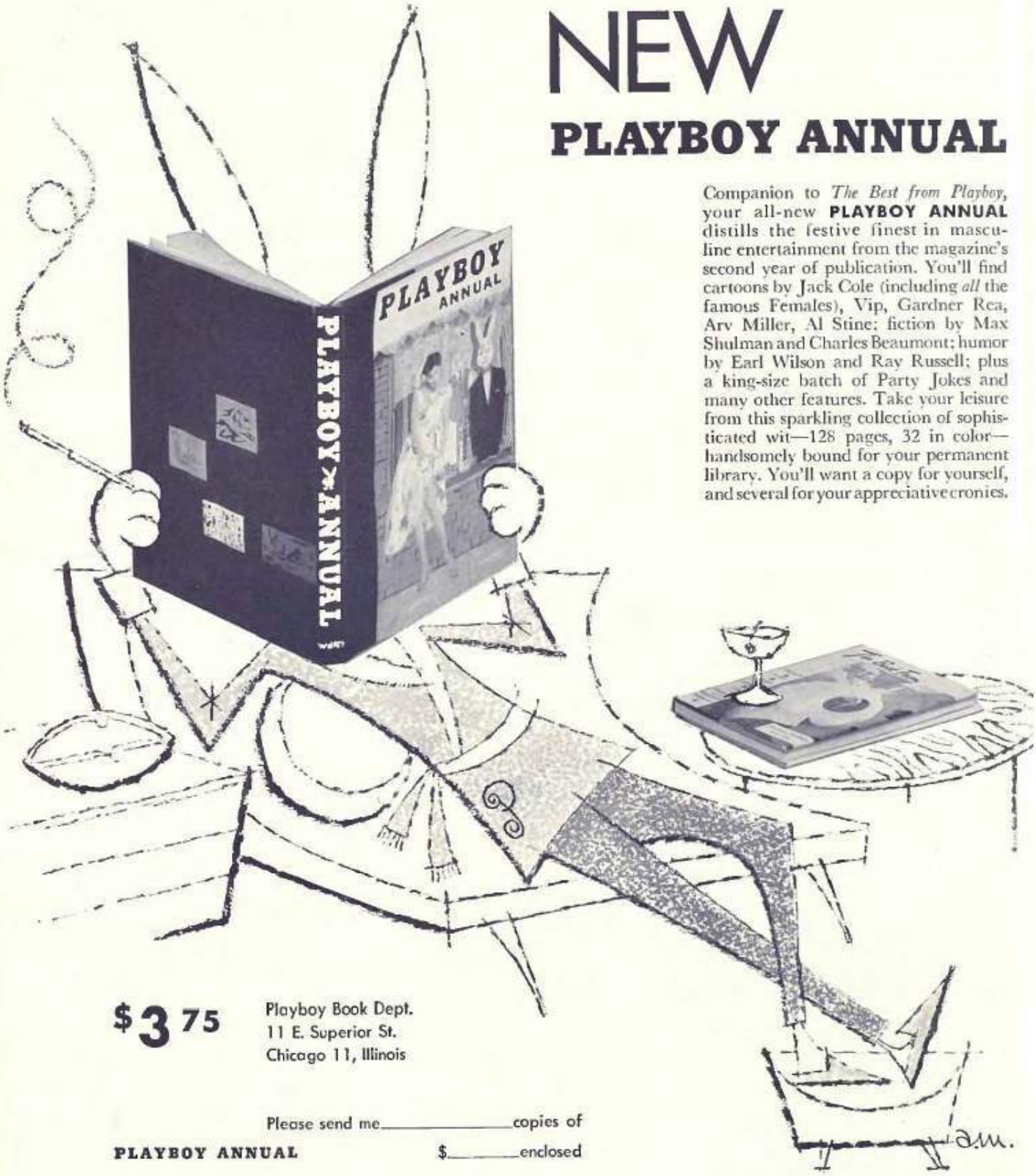

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dining drinking

There is a rather jinxed restaurant location on the Sunset Strip in Los Angeles—jinxed, that is, until the recent, regal opening of the Versailles-Quo Vadis (8225 Sunset Boulevard). A few years back, Preston Sturges' chuck wagon functioned on that spot as a chi-chi movie colony hangout, then for some reason it went into a fast, furious nose dive. Adolph Repp (of Adolph's Meat Tenderizer fame) took up the soup-stained cudgels and, almost before you could say "Rabbit Bourguignonne," proceeded to lose his silk shirt. The place remained boarded up until yet another culinary Hector decided to mount a fresh attack, with neon banners flying the somewhat peripatetic battle cry: The Tablehoppers. We're sorry to report that *that* fellow barely got out of it with his napkins and silver paid for and was forced to retire from Sunny California to a snug rest home in the Maine woods. Tossing a shakerful of salt over their left shoulders, Arthur and Shirley Lyons went at it tooth and nail and their efforts seem to be thumpingly successful. The child of battle, Versailles-Quo Vadis is three stories high, nestled against a hill, and, as the name might imply, is really two restaurants: one French, the other Italian (or ancient Roman, we're not quite sure).

On the first floor is the Quo, done up in white with black trimmings and punctuated with Doric pillars and a covey of well-placed busts. Robust Roman murals line the side walls above a phalanx of white leather booths and there is a low bar staffed with comfortable chairs. Upstairs is the Versailles, really two rooms in one: the first is long with tables on each side, opening into another bar; beyond is the main dining room featuring one complete wall of windows. The far wall resembles nothing so much as pressed mother-of-pearl which, we admit, sounds a bit weird but is really a handsome hunk of masonry; another wall is solid red; chandeliers and glasses are pure crystal and the service a solid silver. The two separate kitchens are both supervised by Efisio Genova, understandably known as Gino, and we're happy to report that he is the antithesis of the bombastic, dictatorial Italian chef. Gino is silent and sensitive and looks like Ernest Treux. His Italian specialty is *Saltimbocca Romana-G'nocchi*, which in free-wheeling translation comes through as "melt in the mouth." Chef Genova takes thin, tender strips of veal and straps them around a magnificent wedge of fresh ham, then covers it with a rich tomato sauce; the *G'nocchi*, of course, is a potato-type dumpling, with the same sauce ladled over. In his more Gallic moods, Gino dotes lovingly on Boned Squab *au Nid* (which breaks apart under just the slightest fork pressure), his equally popular Beef Stroganov or *Coq au Vin*. The Versailles is closed on Sundays and the Quo Vadis on Mondays, but every other night you can find food and drinks aplenty from 5 P.M. until 11. On warmer nights the patio connected to the Quo Vadis stays open until 2 A.M.

In St. Louis a while back, we squired a knowing lass who savors the good life to the Rose and Crown, one of the better restaurants sitting picturesquely on the southwest edge of Forest Park (Clayton Road and Skinker Boulevard). R & C's decor is bathed in a gentle, rosy glow of candlelight; against a background of half-shutters, a guitar-bass-piano trio creates a mellow mood. The food, to boot, is fit for the most fastidious: we chose a pungent onion soup accompanied by a glass of Amontillado, Shrimp Arnaud, a piquant green salad tossed with magnificent flourish right at our table, then a line-up of beef tenderloin filets sauted and casseroled in sherry, and nestled beside a row of asparagus tips. All this we washed down with a virile 1953 Beaujolais, and finished up with Cherries Jubilee, coffee and cognac, then sat back in a mood of vagrant tenderness. This sort of heaven is available to earth-bound mortals every night of the week.

theatre

The Caine Mutiny Court Martial, Witness for the Prosecution, Inherit the Wind, and now *Time Limit:* we may not have listed all the recent "trial" plays, but we think we've corralled enough to make our point—namely, that plays involving court trials are almost sure to be popular. We asked ourselves "why?" and came up with this: For one thing, an audience loves conflict, and a trial is one of the most clear-cut, overt conflicts our society has to offer—a real contest, like a prize-fight, in which one side must win and the other lose. For another thing, it satisfies the public's hankering for *ritual:* all these plays, though written and acted in a naturalistic style, have a ready-made framework of classic formality—the framework of court procedure—and this perfectly natural framework is acceptable to modern audiences when an imposed framework of stylization might, perhaps, be scorned as arty and unreal.

Time Limit, a nerve-opera by Denker and Berkey now at the Booth Theatre, West 45th, NYC, poses the knotty question, "Can an American PW spout Red propaganda to save his 18 fellow prisoners?" The question is not answered, but the suspense of this why-dun-it is so tightly and artfully wound that nobody seems to mind. The action of the play takes place in the Judge Advocate's Office of an Army Post in the United States in August, 1955, and (via flashback)

a Korean PW camp in December, 1951. Upstanding Major Cargill (Richard Kiley) admits right off having played ball with the Reds. Judge Advocate Lt. Col. Edwards (Arthur Kennedy) wants to know why. Edwards' general, whose son died in the same PW camp, presses the colonel to recommend speedy, stringent court martial. But the colonel, with a small and ever-so-slightly sexy assist from his WAC corporal (and in spite of his comic-relief sergeant), persists in pursuing the facts. A combination Father Confessor and Jack Webb, the colonel eases a pertinent fact or two out of the major's wife (Patricia Benoit) in a brief and very human scene. As the play marches to several genuine, jolting climaxes, the general gets the shock of his life and the audience has the time of its. To reveal more would spoil the fun. Director Windsor Lewis has his hands full, what with melodrama, the traditions of the service, the Red menace, moody traitors, and eternal verities, but the result has unity, integrity and sock.

records

Big bands that swung like crazy reached their apex in the early and middle Forties, and one combination that could shoot a decibel rating up 200 percent was the Gene Krupa crew, which boasted, in addition to Gene's zany tub thumping, the scatty, rhythm-packed vocals of Anita O'Day and the brilliant, piercing trumpet of Roy Eldridge. It was a chuckleheaded hipster (1941 vintage) indeed who didn't know what "Blow-oh, Roy, blow-oh" meant, or where, exactly, "Uptown" was situated—jazzological slanguage put forth by Roy and Anita on their record-busting recording of *Let Me Off Uptown*. Eventually, the big Krupa band, like most others, simmered down and broke up shortly after the close of World War II; Anita and Roy took off on their own even before that time, never again to scale such heady heights, but they're all back together on *Gene Krupa* (Columbia CL 753), a re-issue of the band's most knocked-out moments from 1940 to 1947. Included in the select circle of wax are the aforementioned *Uptown*, Roy's tear-'em-up trumpet on *After You've Gone*, Anita's low-groove song without words, *That's What You Think*, and Gene's special showstopper *Drum Boogie*.

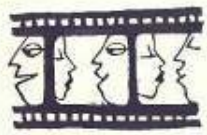
Even before Krupa's heyday, the Benny Goodman band was raising several inches of insulated roof at a string of dance halls and big hotel ballrooms across the country, starting at the Roosevelt in New York City, on to Elitch's Gardens in Denver, then to the Palomar in L.A. That, of course, is a stirring saga, and you can read some of Benny's own reflections on it (and other things) in this issue of PLAYBOY. B. G.'s brand of socky, solid swing is back with us stronger than ever, and you've probably noticed the whole rabble of "commemorative" LPs popping up at your record dealer's. One of the first, and best, of these is *Mr. Benny Goodman* (Capitol S706), which is *not* a re-issue of older Goodman waxings, but a fresh gathering of the B.G. alumni association delivering the old wallop to several of the original tunes and arrangements that made him famous (all featured in the Hollywood holocaust, *The Benny Goodman Story*).

We gave a rave notice to Lurlean Hunter in the Dining-Drinking section of last December's *After Hours* column, and we want to cheer her first LP just as wildly. On *Lonesome Gal* (Victor LPM-1151) she shows off a winsome, warm contralto voice that has made her a talk-of-the-town favorite at Chicago's Cloister Inn for several year's running, and we especially revel in her deep-toned treatments of *It's You or No One*, *Stranger in Town* and *But Not for Me*. This is gimmickless, honest singing at its very, very best.

During a lifetime that stretched across 62 years, Luigi Boccherini turned out a staggering stack of nearly 500 instrumental works, including 97 string quartets, 125 quintets and 20 symphonies. At one time, he held the title of "composer and virtuoso" to the king of Spain's brother, the Infante Luis, at Madrid, later became "chamber-composer" to King Frederick William II of Prussia, then fell under the foreboding wing of Lucien Bonaparte, who eventually led him down the path to poverty laced with obscurity. Boccherini died in Madrid, May 28, 1805, a most miserable and misunderstood man. Although he has never been accorded a top position in the towering hierarchy of classicists, several of his chamber works have guaranteed him a full measure of esteem and immortality. His lyrical, soaring, dignified quartets are splashed throughout with brilliant tone-colors and a wealth of inventiveness; we've heard four of his best played excitingly by the New Music Quartet: the B Minor, Op. 58; the B-Flat Major, Op. 1; and two in E-Flat Major, Op. 40 and 58 (Columbia ML 5047).

Jackie Gleason is pussy-footing around the bedroom again with his tepid brand of moody meanderings, this one entitled *Music to Change Her Mind* (Capitol W632). We doubt whether it will, but in case you'd like to try you'll get some help from Bobby Hackett's syrup-sweet cornet flitting in and out of a honeycomb of fiddles and making gushy such pleasant-enough ballads as *Take Me In Your Arms*, *It's the Talk of the Town* and *I'm Glad There Is You*, all played, of course, at the exact same death-march cadence.

We've enjoyed Doris Day's dulcet tones since her band vocalist days with Les Brown. Like other freckle-faced, pug-nosed, curly-locked moppets (Betty Hutton, Liberace, *et al.*), Doris wound up in Hollywood assigned to a colorful cluster of filmusicals with buttered roles ranging in depth from Mrs. Gus Kahn to Calamity Jane. *Day in Hollywood* (Columbia CL 749) culls some of Doris' most successful soundtrack stylings, including her lovely *Secret Love*, lilting *Lullaby of Broadway* and tender *Till We Meet Again*.



films

The fonnies' thin' about *Forever Darlin'*, starrin' Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz, iss thot Desi plays a research chemist. Ain' thot rich? Of course, Lucille makes a lot of fonny faces, on' James Mason looks embarrased mos' of the time os if he's wonderin' how he got into the picture, what he's doin', on' where the hell is the way out. Tha's the way we felt, too.

One of Europe's busiest and best screen lovers is a shortish, chunky, gray-haired, middle-aged Italian named Vittorio De Sica. That he's also one of the world's finest film directors (*The Bicycle Thief*, *Umberto D.*) is certainly worthy of mention but beside the immediate point, because we feel like talking about this fellow as an actor. He's a damned good one. He's stylish and sensitive, virile and vigorous; an inspired comic and a powerful interpreter of more serious roles. One of the serious roles was in *The Earrings of Madame De*, where his portrayal of a mature lover got us to speculating on how fine he'd be as that most mature of lovers, the older Mark Antony of Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*. Just in case this role never occurred to Signor De Sica, we intend to nail him next time he comes through town and put the bug in his ear. The Shakespeare *Antony* would be a natural for the screen, anyway; among other good reasons, it contains scenes so short it's next to impossible to do them justice on the stage. But back to De Sica: in *Times Gone By* and *Bread, Love and Dreams*, he was teamed with Gina Lollobrigida. In *Too Bad She's Bad*, his partner was that other queen of cleavage, Sophia Loren. In *Frisky*, Gina's back and Vittorio's got her. It's a sequel to *Bread, Love and Dreams*. It concerns the same Italian village, the same people, the same donkeys. It's charming and pastoral and pleasant. Gina, whom we love and cherish, is the only fly in the spaghetti sauce: as the earthy peasant-girl of the title, she's not actress enough to throw off her middle-class urban background, and consequently, she comes across as phony as a $3 bill. Of course, a $3 bill, if fashioned well, can be a thing beautiful to behold, but—like Gina—it's not much good for anything else. De Sica, however, although his name may not be quite as big as Gina's on the marquee, is the star of *Frisky*. See it.

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fiction BY H. E. HECKELMANN

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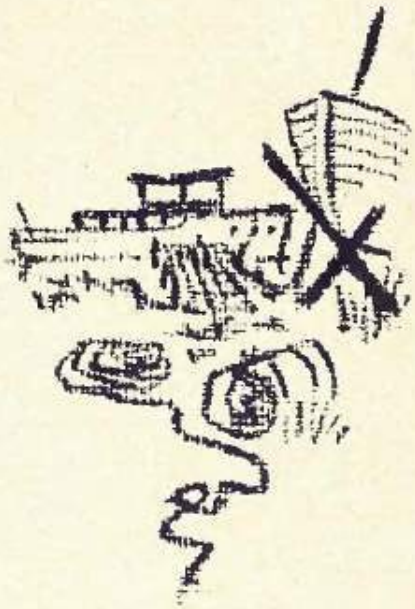


WE WERE SITTING at North Avenue Beach, eating peanuts and watching pretty girls getting sleepy and careless in the sunshine. My friend, Marty, waved his hand graciously towards the water and said solemnly, "I see a new fate in store for us."

"We have been in many ventures together," I said patiently, "but drowning in Lake Michigan is out."

He looked at me scornfully. "You have no imagination." He assumed the manner of one talking to an inferior. "Listen, Horsey," he said slowly, "I've tried to get you to understand this many times. You have to have big ideas to associate with classy women. You have to want to eat caviar and drink champagne, not . . . not," he motioned violently, ". . . not be satisfied with peanuts."

"I paid for these peanuts, Marty. You were broke, remember?"

"That has nothing to do with it," he said as he dug into the bag for a fistfull. I squeezed my hand together around the bag so he couldn't get too many out.

He continued, "One has to develop an air of success and hobnob with the upper set if one hopes to enjoy the companionship of high class damsels."

"How about being waiters in some high class dump?"

"No, no, no, no," he said, straining to control his annoyance. "Waiters are servants, not equals."

"Chuck Meyers was a waiter," I said. "He's got two cars, a big house, a beautiful wife and a jolly, plump maid."

"He is a poseur," Marty declared. "Not socially acceptable. It's not how much money you have. It is the scope of your way of life. Personally, I enjoy lavish leisure. I'm not sure about you, Horsey."

He was silent.

"What's the deal?" I asked.

With dignity and careful pronouncement he said, "We should become yachtsmen."

"I know how to row."

"I don't mean the Lincoln Park Lagoon! I mean out there. Big white boat. Yacht caps. Tall drinks. Pretty girls. Midnight parties. Invigorating storms. Strange lands. Trading beads with the natives for an island of fruit. Trading cows for wives."

"I hate cows."

"It's a chance to rub elbows with people of wealth and culture."

"All right," I said with some irritation. "I guess I'd like to be a yachtsman. Where do we get fifty thousand dollars?"

"That," Marty said archly, "is why most men do not have yachts. They suffer from the grand delusion that yachts cost fortunes. It is merely a clever rumor circulated by present yachtsmen to keep the sport from being crowded and to hoard women."

He pulled a crumpled piece of newspaper out of his pocket and squinted at it carefully. In a monotone he read, "For sale. Forty-foot schooner. Sleeps eight. Three hundred dollars."

"Where is it? At the bottom of the Chicago River?"

"Here's another. Thirty-foot cabin cruiser. Excellent for handyman. Will trade for banjo or best offer." He rapped the paper with his fist. "With some white paint and an engine tuneup we can save ourselves thousands of dollars."

"I think we'd do better with the banjo."

"We can take a look," Marty said. "In case we find a steal, how much money can you borrow?"

"Not enough to pay off what I already owe."

"Forget your past. In a short time we might be wealthy. Do you realize what a tip from some financier's loveable daughter could do for us on the stock market? We'll borrow capitol and live off your investments. Compared to that, the cost of a slightly used yacht is mere peanuts."

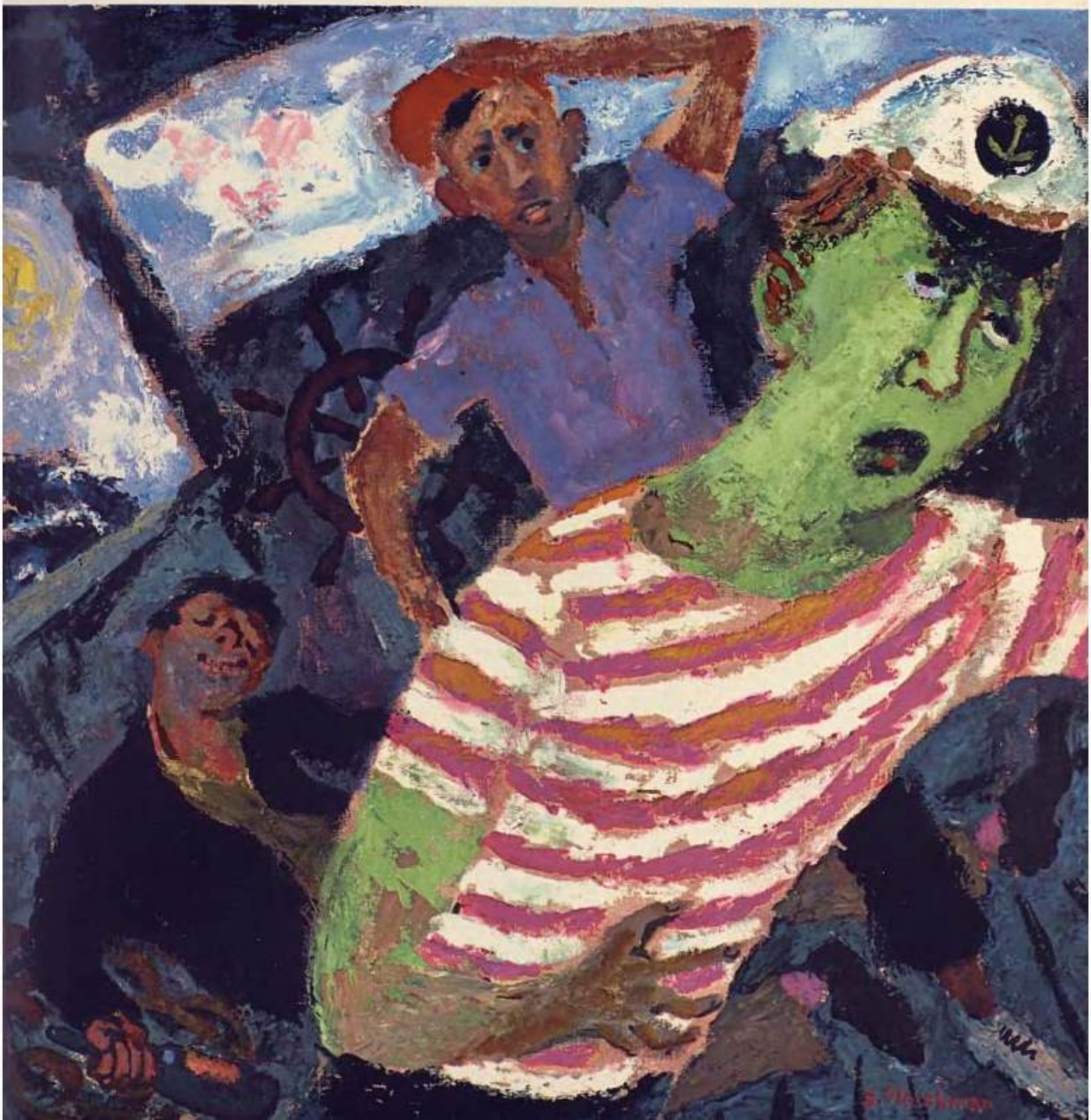
He dug his hand into the bag and scraped out the last crumbs.

A high-power boat cruised close to the shore. A heavy set man was seated on the fly bridge. Two curvy girls in play suits lounged on the front deck. A

"Would you please take over?" said Marty as he turned green

The Cruise of the Aphrodite

a tale of fearless men who brave the myriad terrors of the deep



steward came from the cabin with a tray of sandwiches and cocktails. Marty put his fingers in his mouth and gave a piercing whistle. Everyone on board looked over. Marty jumped up and waved.

The heavy set man stared quietly. The two girls stared sullenly. The steward waved back.

Marty was excited. "You see how easy it is to make contacts?"

"That was only the steward."

"Looked like the owner to me. They would have all waved if we had been in a boat. We are just landlubbers. We are not a part of the sporting world."

"Marty," I said, "I got a friend with a little boat and an outboard motor we can borrow. I know how to start the motor."

Marty got up sternly. He shook his head in silent disgust and walked away.

"Where're you going, Marty?"

"To the boat yard."

"Can I come along?"

"You can," he said condescendingly, "if you will make every effort to conceal your peasant blood."

• • •

The boat yard didn't look good. All the best boats were gone. The ones left had a weatherbeaten, ancient look. The bleached blonde in the yard office was the same way, but it looked like she had more trips in her than the boats. Marty had a weakness for any kind of blonde.

"My good woman," he said in careful accents, "allow me to introduce us. I am Martin Smedley the third and this is my secretary and traveling companion, Mr. Horace Forester."

"My name is Waldschmidter," I corrected.

He gave me a guarded nudge as he eyed her rather hefty figure. All this time he was holding his hand out stiffly. The woman looked at it suspiciously and then gave it a limp touch.

"I don't do the buying," she said defensively.

"Dear madam, we are not salesmen," Marty assured her with a forgiving laugh. "We are interested in purchasing a suitable yacht with which to enjoy the pleasures of Lake Michigan and the hospitality of this city's gracious yacht clubs."

I gave Marty a nudge not to overdo it.

The woman looked at us uncertainly for a few moments and then shouted in a loud voice, "Max!"

There were strange noises in another room. A thin man came shuffling into the office. He looked like he had been sleeping it off.

"They want a boat," the woman said and walked out.

The yardman sized us up. Marty straightened his faded tie and picked a speck of lint from his sagging tweed suit.

"I got an old one for fifty bucks," the yardman said.

"Let me assure you that money is no object," Marty told him. "Although we *would* be interested in a moderately priced vessel since it would allow us to invest more in remodelling to suit our tastes."

"You can sink a wad into this one," the yardman said. He led us to a far corner of the boat yard.

Propped up with rotting timbers was the warped hull of a boat. Marty regarded it thoughtfully. I climbed up a shaky ladder and looked inside. It had no cabin, no deck, no motor and a hole in the bottom.

"It's been recently worked on," the yardman said.

Someone had built a crude framework of two-by-fours over it and tacked on a ragged piece of canvas to keep off the sunlight.

"When was the last time it was in the water?" I asked.

"Couldn't really say. Only been workin' here eight years."

"What happened to the engine?"

"Dropped out. We cut her up for ballast."

Marty was undismayed. "We'll probably have to pay a bit more," he stated, "but in the long run it will save money on repairs."

The yardman thought for a moment. "Could you go as high as three hundred?" he asked. "This one floats," he added hurriedly.

"Price is not really an object," Marty repeated, "but . . ."

"It's got to be cash," the yardman interrupted. "The owner is forced to leave town."

We walked down a row of empty boat cradles and descended a short flight of steps to the dock. It was only sagging planks nailed to the tops of rotting pilings. Floating low in the water was a dirty boat hung with automobile tires. Its paint was peeling off.

"It has nice low lines," Marty said.

"It needs pumping out," the yardman explained.

"It looks strange. Almost has the shape of a shoe," I said. "It's kind of small."

"This here is a custom made boat. The fellow that owns it built it himself."

"Is he a carpenter?" Marty asked.

"No, but he likes to work with wood. He's a shoemaker."

We climbed into the small cockpit. The boat rocked dangerously. I looked into the doorless cabin. It was only four feet high with part of it under water.

"What are the specifications of its power plant?" Marty asked.

"The engine was tore out of a '34 Ford. Makes it nicer than boat engines. You can crank it when your battery's down."

A gear shift lever and knob stuck out of the center of the dock. The yardman patted it. "Gives you three speeds forward and one in reverse. Right now the clutch needs fixin' so it'll only go in reverse. Runs nice."

"Seems like it's just been nailed together. Don't they usually use screws?" I asked.

"Them's boat nails," the yardman said quickly.

"It's too small," Marty said.

"Two cows would sink it," I added.

"Well, if you want something bigger you got to pay more. How about a thousand bucks?"

I got a coughing spell.

Marty poked me viciously. "We'll take a look at it," he said.

This one was about forty feet long. It was roomy, but old. It had a cabin under the forward deck, a main cabin and a trunk cabin. It was stripped of furnishings. The wood looked like dirty gray blotting paper. Marty was electrified.

"This is elegant. Really elegant." He tempered his enthusiasm in front of the yardman. "It will need extensive furnishings and redecoration," he told him.

The yardman said, "It makes a nice roomy shack on the river. Guy that owns it used to bring women here. You and your friend can have some good times. Put in a coal stove for the winter. Get some lanterns for light and," he winked, "a couple of soft mattresses. You can haul water from the yard office. It's about a hundred yards."

"We are interested in extensive cruising," Marty laughed.

"Suit yourself," the yardman said flatly. "You want her?"

"Well," Marty said, "let's discuss the financial aspects of your offer."

• • •

It didn't seem that he could do it, but Marty talked the yardman down two hundred bucks. To raise money we spent two days pawning things and visiting all our erstwhile friends. By the sheer force of his threatening, blackmailing, swindling personality, he managed to borrow all but four hundred dollars. He tried every thinkable scheme for getting the rest of it, including some schemes that were not thinkable, like trying to sell bartenders future cruising privileges at twenty-five dollars a throw.

"They have no imagination," Marty said bitterly. "They are enslaved to peasant attitudes. It is better that we do not associate with the working class."

"They maybe would have kicked in a pony of beer," I speculated.

"Ale!" Marty said. "It's called ale. Only the poor drink beer. Ale comes in small bottles."

"Speaking of drinking," I said, "there's Lefty across the street. It looks like he's having a party."

Lefty was sitting sleepily in a doorway holding a half-empty pint of port wine in one hand.

Marty slapped me on the back. "That's it. A fine suggestion. Lefty just got discharged. Maybe he's loaded."

We made a fast, dangerous crossing of the street. He approached Lefty with his arms extended like he was going to hug him. "Lefty, my old comrade," he said warmly.

Lefty looked at him groggily and tried to get up and leave. He couldn't quite make it.

Marty grabbed a limp arm and began to pump it up and down. "Lefty, we have so much to talk over. So many old times to remember and so many new experiences to share with each other. You must be my guest for a welcome home party."

"I need some sleep," Lefty said

(continued on page 54)

article **BY JACK OLSEN**

THE SPORT OF SPORTS CAR

RACING

a school teacher in a red ferrari is a man with verve

THE SPORTS CAR FAN is a lover, and his car is his mistress. She is expensive, and she demands high-priced accessories. She is unpredictable, and she can be dangerous. She is a mystery whose Sortilege is axlegrease, a siren who sometimes purrs and sometimes sends her keeper home unsatisfied. "Not to-

Ernie Erickson opens up his D-Type Jaguar in the big race at Elkhart Lake, Wisconsin.

Briggs Cunningham in his Cunningham Special (left) and William C. Spear driving his Maserati.

British driver Gordon Benett, Jim Kimberly and Cunningham joke before the race and (right) Cunningham's crew pushes Special to track.

Jim Kimberly in Ferrari and Cunningham in his Special await start of big race.

J. Jefford eats up dirt in 5th race between Jaguars, 1 Corvette and 1 T-Bird.

night," she says. "Not till you buy me those new cams." But doodlebug Renault or growling Maserati, she is an adventure in pure pleasure.

Something there is about a sports car that can send a chairman of the board sprawling in his Brooks Bros. suit to tighten a bolt or oil a bearing.

Something there is that can drive a cartoonist like Charles Addams or a television personality like Dave Garroway to affix goggles to face and go tooling down the road like a high-school boy with his first Model-A.

What's the lure? Scratch a dozen aficionados and you get a dozen answers. Man likes to tinker. He likes to speed. He likes to give orders to a thing mechanical and see them obeyed. He likes to look over his shoulder and wave goodbye to his fellows. He likes to be different, stylish, courageous, heroic. A school teacher in a red Ferrari is a man with verve. A banker cornering tightly in a Triumph has no paunch at all. An accountant in a Fiat is a gay rogue indeed.

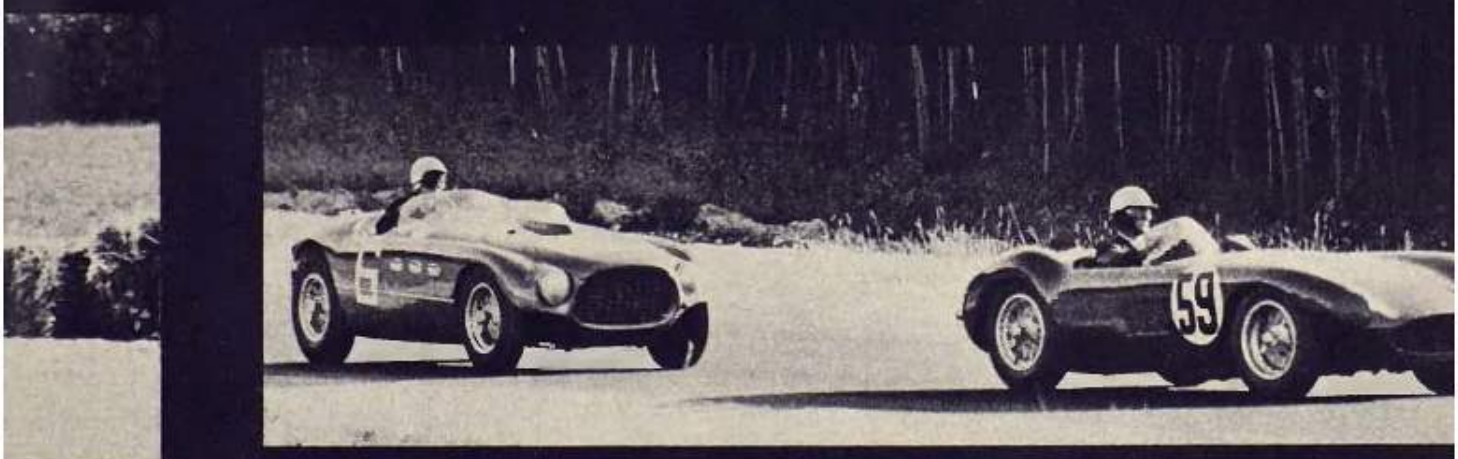
Nor does there seem to be any immunity to the virus. An official of a midwest sports car club tells of the day a motorcycle policeman spent 20 minutes catching up with his Jaguar on the New Jersey Turnpike. "Say, Bud, I clocked you at 100," the trooper said. "This little thing goes that fast?"

"Sure," the owner said, climbing out. "Give it a try."

The trooper roared down the road and returned in about three minutes, his face a picture of joyous surprise. "Okay, Bud," he said, "I don't blame you."

This miraculous machine which so frees a man of his inhibitions is not purely a touring car and not

Normand K. Patton takes a sharp curve in his Thunderbird in the 5th race.



Benett, in Cunningham Maserati, pulls ahead of one of Kimberly's Ferraris.

Below: Kimberly Ferrari gets a tire change and, at right: Briggs Cunningham walks away from the track after his Special has gone to pieces under him.

Phil Hill closes in on leader Sherwood Johnston.

Phil Hill's Ferrari moves around the final lap and roars toward the finish.

The checkered flag of victory is held high by the winner and carried once around the course.

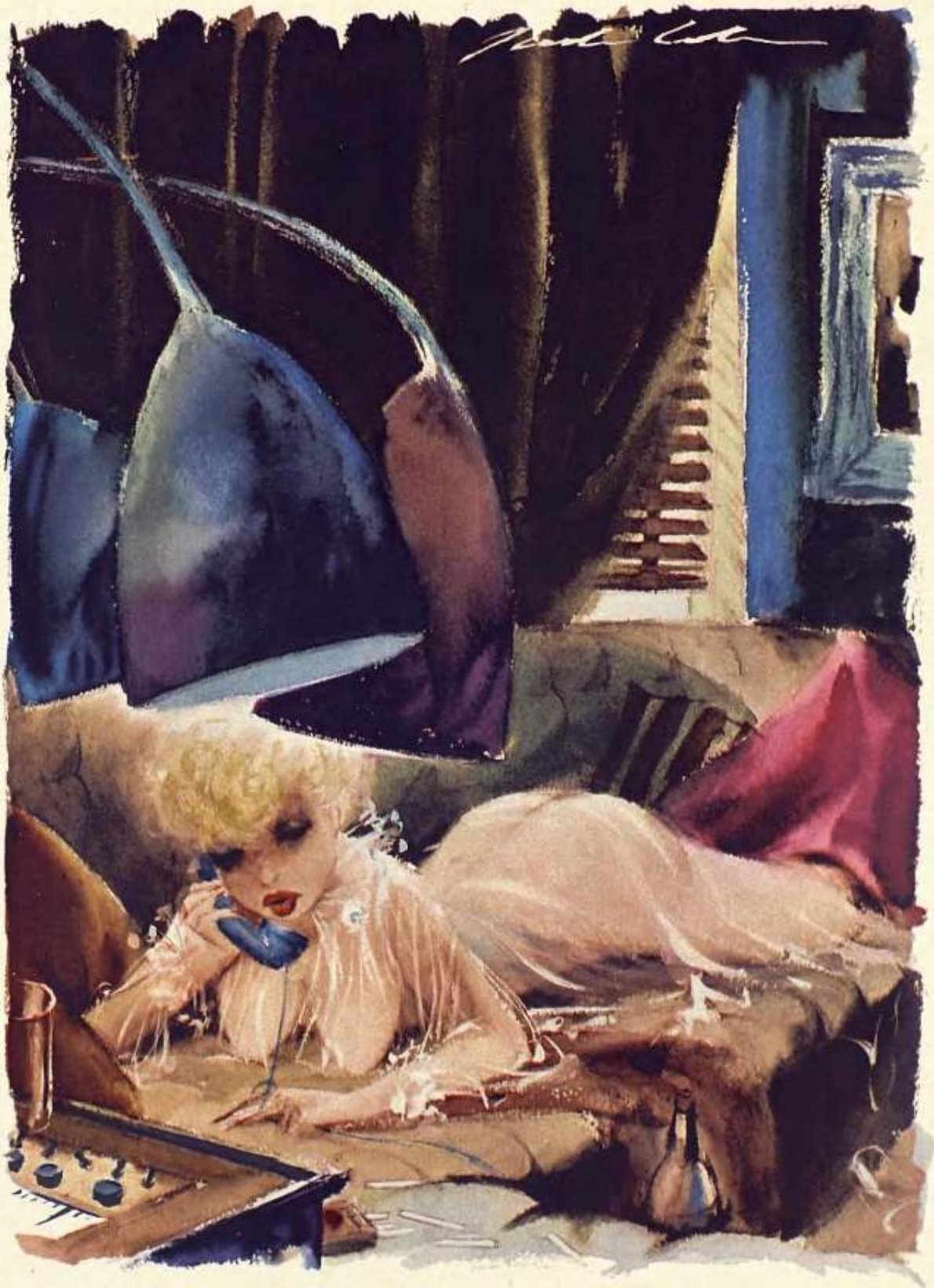



In a state of near-shock after the race, Phil Hill describes how he drove the George Tilp Ferrari to victory over Cunningham's D-Type Jaguar driven by Sherwood Johnston. Johnston and Hill duelled for the lead during most of the race and were never more than 12 seconds apart. As Hill talked he twisted and bent a beer can in his tense hands.

purely a racer. The sports car is a schizophrenic Swiss watch-on-wheels, capable of the widest divergence in performance. It will take you gently to your club or flat-out on the straight at Daytona Beach. It will make you feel at home on cutback mountain curves and in the tightest traffic, on cobblestone alleys and slick superhighways. It is not something you ride in; it is something you *drive*. A sports car with automatic transmission would be like a mistress who undresses herself. There are times when a man does not want to be helped.

From the pride of possession comes the natural desire to compete—to see how your MG stacks up against the Austin-Healey down the block. American

(continued on page 33)

"I had Mr. Stevens over for a few drinks Friday evening, and when I suggested it was getting late, he made me promise to let him stay till the end of the radio program we'd been listening to. Ever hear a thing called 'Monitor'?!"

GOODMAN à la KING

BY BENNY GOODMAN

benny ad libs on jazz

WHEN *THE GLENN MILLER STORY* played to packed movie houses not long ago, I felt that Hollywood — or at least a few perceptive gentlemen in Hollywood — had at last solved the riddle of how to present popular-music-with-a-plot on the screen. The wild public acclaim for the picture certainly proved that the approach was the right one, and, beside that, the film turned out to be a husky money-maker. When the same company, writer and producer contacted me later and suggested they film *The Benny Goodman Story*, I gave my permission in one minute flat.

Man, what memories were recreated for me during some of the scene shootings that followed! The big jam session at the Paramount Theatre in New York had to be filmed inside the United Artists Theatre in Los Angeles, but that didn't make any difference. Hundreds of teen-agers in short skirts, long hair and saddle shoes were hired to fill the seats. Though most of these kids hadn't even been born when swing first became the rage, once our band started blowing they got so crazily enthusiastic that Donna Reed, who plays my wife, Alice, in the picture, wound up on the casualty list. Whacked on the nose, jabbed in the ribs and kicked in the thigh, Donna came out of it swinging right along with the rest of them.

This same group of teen-agers gave us another jolt when we brought the whole bunch out to the Universal lot and sent them into the Palomar Ballroom scene with strict orders to "dance

(continued on page 61)

ARTHUR LERNER

"Clementine will be surprised to see you."

"They've got to see each other somewhere. You won't let them go out together."

meet CLEMENTINE

she is charming all of gay paree

CLEMENTINE lives in a Parisian cartoon world created by Monsieur Jean Bellus, and her humorous misadventures appear regularly in the newspaper *France-Dimanche*. She is a secretary in an office and she makes her home with a pair of unusually understanding, middleclass parents. Her mother and father are generally bewildered by, and always broad-minded about, the amorous antics of Clementine's boyfriends and they welcome each new suitor, even though some are obviously interested in something more than their daughter's hand. As for Clementine, she goes from one affair to another with such naive sweetness that even the prudish reader is more apt to be charmed than shocked. Clementine is the most popular cartoon character in France and now a new book, *Clementine Chèrie*, published by Grayson Publishing Corporation ($2.95) will give Americans a chance to get to know her. And to know Clementine is to love her.

"Don't be impatient . . . she can never decide which dress goes with that hat."

"I think . . . I mean I hope, our little girl is going to announce her engagement very soon."

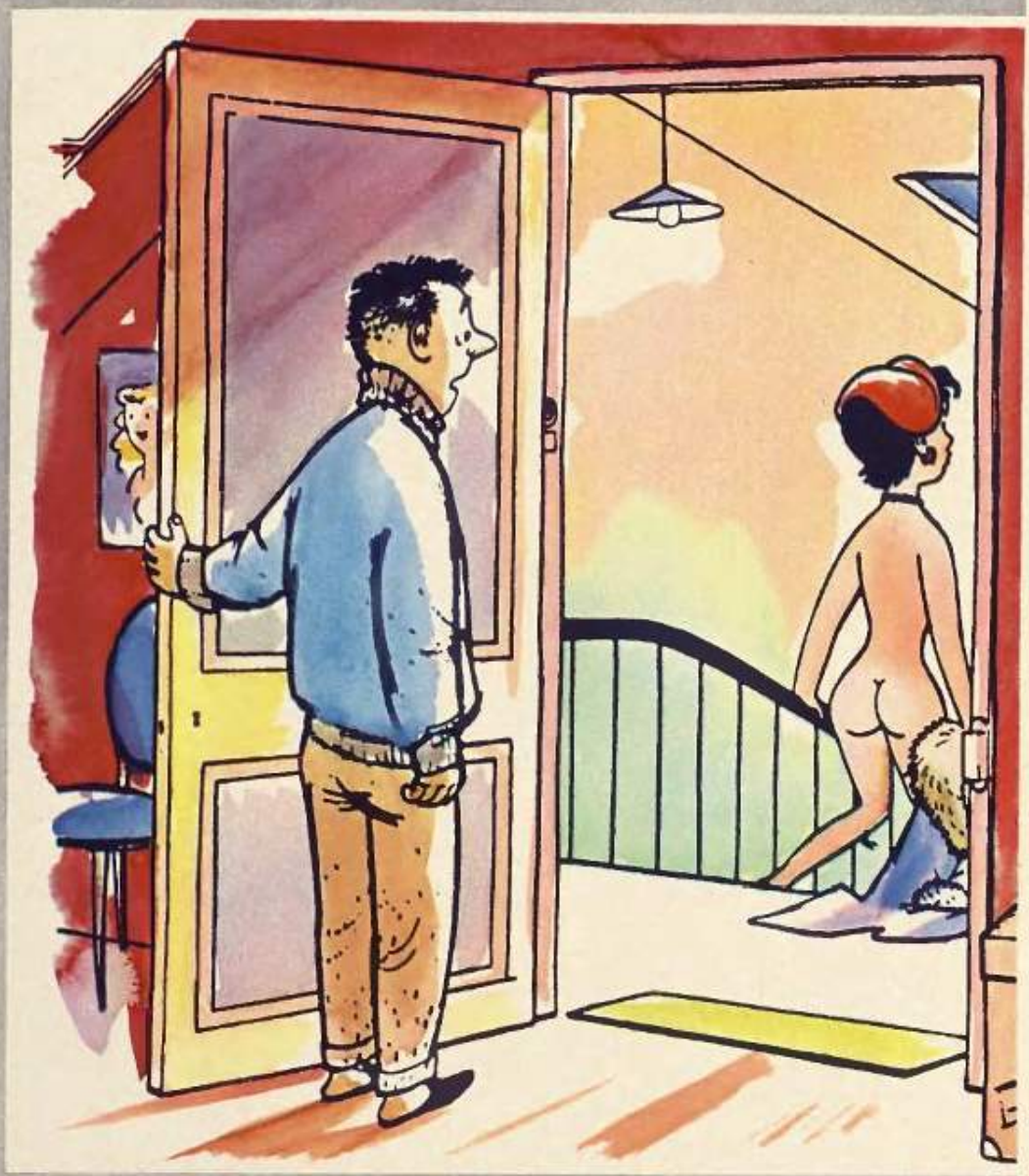
"These youngsters! It doesn't take much to amuse them!"

"See how nice your father can be when you choose your friends with care?"

"He used to try to pick me up that way, too!"

"Clementine! You might at least comb your hair."

"I can never think of a thing to do on a rainy day."



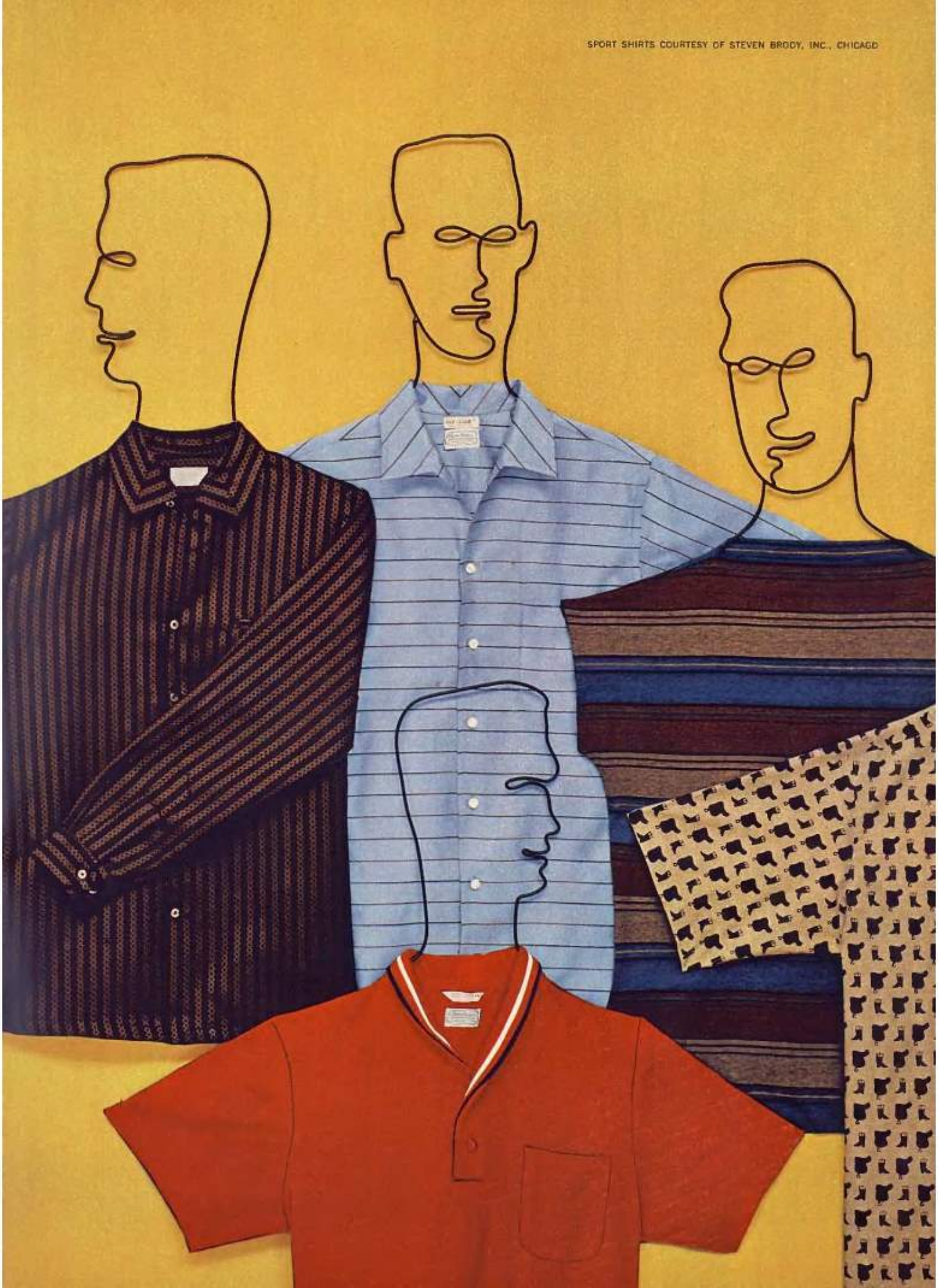
"Aw, don't go away mad, Clementine!"

THE SHIRTS ON YOUR BACK

exciting in cut and colors

attire **BY BLAKE RUTHERFORD**

THEME FOR THE WESTERN WORLD: cool and casual covering. Witness the shirt-happy gentlemen on the starboard page (each, admittedly, just a shell of his former self). Packed with sea-fresh departures in cut, collars and colors, the sport shirt shenanigans of the international fashion set are exciting to see. Note the collar on the blue Italian job: a short-point wide-spread with just a touch of roll, opening into a deep, deep neck. Note also the colorful clutch of stripes (heretofore so dashing on tigers, hot-blooded Sioux and barber poles) blended with a subtle, almost languid, effect. Whether you take your Aprils in Pomona or Princeton, chances are your favorite sport shirts this season were first seen in Paris or Portofino. Going at it clockwise, starting with the long-sleeved guy lunging for the Collins cooler, we have, *voilà*, a brown and black striped affair in a ribbon weave of Egyptian cotton, with a Continental mitered collar, washable, $15. Next, a Copen blue Italian shirt of pure silk with half sleeves, horizontal stripes of red and black, Italian collar, non-washable, $18.50. Following, a French boatneck pullover fashioned of spun cotton with the Riviera sleeve, smoothly blended horizontal stripes of gold, russet and blue, washable, $5.95. Then, a classic British boots-and-saddles pattern of Egyptian maize-colored cotton, trimmed in hunter's green and black, with half sleeves, washable, $12.95. Finally, the bicyclists' bonanza: a bright crimson shirt of Acrilan with racers' collar piped in black and white, washable, $10.95.


SPORT SHIRTS COURTESY OF STEVEN BRODY, INC., CHICAGO

SELECTING YOUR FIRST WIFE

further instructions on succeeding with women without really trying

satire BY SHEPHERD MEAD

YOU MAY ASK the question which is on every lip: "Why marry?"

The reasons are countless. They are as many as there are happy couples living in wedded bliss. Not every reason, however, would suit *you*.

Perhaps we should thumb through a working check list. Write down any reasons that appeal to you.

GREATER COMFORT

There is no question that marriage *can* give a man greater creature comforts. The familiar picture of the devoted wife, the pipe and slippers, and the tender loving care is all too true in many cases, and can last for months.

If you have no good clubs, service apartments or hotels in your neighborhood consider this seriously.

After children arrive, of course, you will have to shift for yourself. You will then be physically uncomfortable a greater part of the time. But in many cases the sacrifice is worth it.

MORE COMPANIONSHIP

The married man is never lonely. There are people around all the time, especially after the arrival of children.

In fact, many husbands and fathers have not had a moment to themselves for years.

The selfish husband who expects companionship *from his wife*, however, will be disappointed. The first wife, as we will see, must work fourteen to sixteen hours a day and has little time to be a companion to her husband.

Don't be unreasonable. If you want the companionship primarily of adult females, by all means stay single. You can have as much as you like, and of far greater variety. Find reliable unattached girls with similar hobbies and you will have companionship galore.

But will you be building a real foundation, a way of life that will *last*?

THE JOYS OF CHILDREN

Children are certainly a great joy.

This is particularly true of other people's children. If you want to give joy to others, by all means have lots of them.

For your own pleasure, however, it is best to encourage brothers, sisters, or close friends to marry and procreate. It is the uncle or trusted friend who really *enjoys* children, and sees them at their best, too. They will be clean, well-dressed, well-behaved, and with their company manners. A gift or two may spoil them a little, but will go a long way toward making the non-father loved and admired. Romp with them freely. It will do you no harm if the children are well trained, and will be appreciated by the youngsters.

Grandchildren are best. To the grandfather go all the advantages of having children without any of the drawbacks.

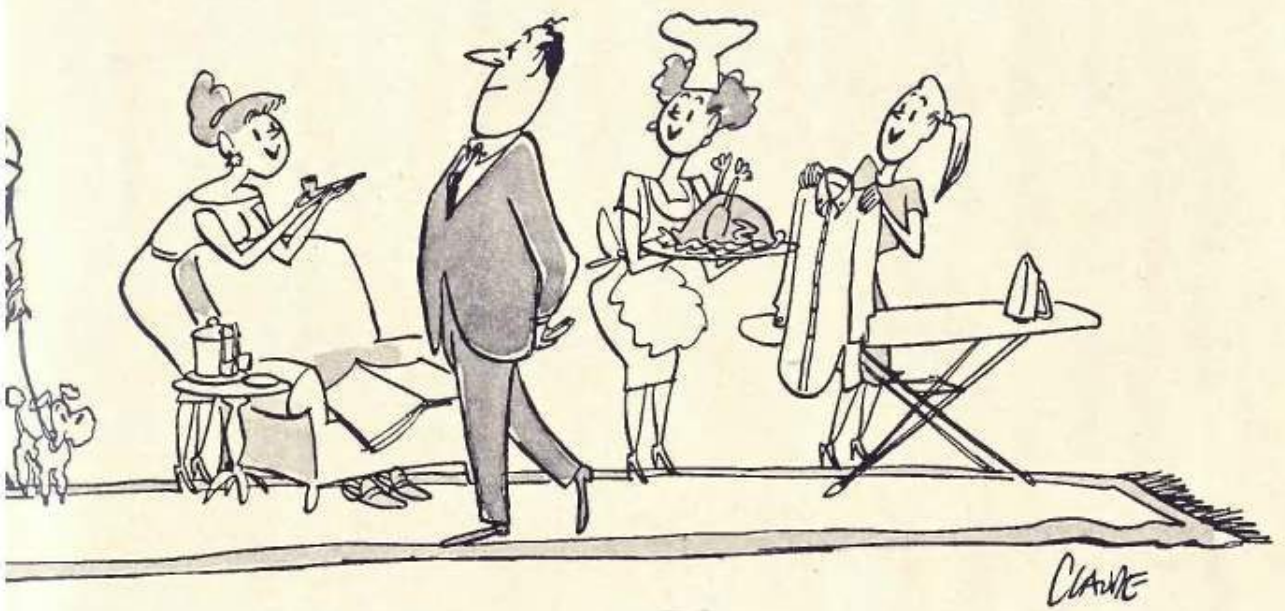
How to have grandchildren without going through the occasionally messy process of having children first is a task we have thrown to our researchers.

SELF DUPLICATION

You probably feel, as so many men do, that your own qualities are unique and wonderful, and that there should be some way of making more of you. There is.

If you can get used to children, you will find that they often duplicate the parent to a marked degree. If you have enough of them you are bound to find at least one which recaptures some of your best points.

Though there are other ways of having children, marriage is the only one that is socially acceptable. Get married and before you know it the little ones will be



Choose your own reason

on their way.

LONGER LIFE

Any set of life insurance figures will show you that married men live longer lives than unmarried ones. This is true.

What it means is that the men who choose to marry are the longer-lived types, paradoxically enough the less adventurous and more sedentary. This is because of the popular misconception that married life is quieter and more settled.

Getting married will not actually make you live longer, however. It will shorten your life. But once again, in many cases it is worth it.

SEX

The man who marries for sex alone will surely regret it.

If you are one of this stripe, you have no need for marriage, since you will have few scruples against taking advantage of unmarried girls, and will find far more sex outside of wedlock than within it.

Our instruction is not for your breed, nor will you be welcome in any of our discussion groups.

CHOOSE YOUR OWN REASON

Have you found a reason that *suits* you? Doubtless not, for this is a matter in which you had best choose your *own* reason.

If you are decent and honorable, you may be swayed by the fact that getting married is *the right thing to do*. This alone will be enough for many of you.

Whatever your reason, if your choice is marriage, do not enter it blindly. The pitfalls are many, the margin for error small.

If you decide to marry, your problems will be to select your first wife, and to marry her quickly, since she will not have the qualities that make for a suitable fiancée.

Before we list the qualities to look for, we had best answer another frequent question:

"SHALL I MARRY BENEATH MYSELF?"

We must all face this question squarely.

Try to look at yourself objectively. Make an honest but accurate estimate of your merits, charms, and abilities. Be sure to tally up your mental qualities, the keen mind that is common to so many males.

Add to this sum your basic, simple maleness, which is so fine. You will probably be faced with this fact, as so many men are: *you must marry beneath yourself*. There is no other direction in which to marry.

The problem usually becomes one of degree. How *far* beneath you should you marry, and in what direction?

This leads us to *the qualities to look for in the first wife.*

A FIRM HEALTHY BODY

The first wife, as opposed to the fiancée, must be practicable and serviceable. She is neither a toy, an ornament, nor a playmate. She will be your wife during the early, hard years before you can afford a staff of servants. She will serve as mother, cook, housemaid, chauffeur, nurse, and charwoman. This will allow her, if she is nimble, six or seven hours of sleep a night, ample for a sturdy girl.

It is best, before deciding definitely, to test for firmness. Few of us would consider buying a grapefruit without squeezing it—yet how many make the far more important choice of a close companion in a sloppy, hit-or-miss fashion?

Using the thumb and forefinger, exert gentle pressure along certain key muscles. A girl with good muscular tone will wear well and last for years, even if neglected occasionally. She will not tire easily, and will usually maintain a cheerful disposition despite long hours and hard work.

"Davie, you pinched me!"

"Oh, sorry, Phoebe. Must have slipped."

"Well, stop!"

"Have you ever thought of taking a bit more exercise?"

ENDURANCE

Though the fiancée, as we have seen, needs occasional bursts of strength, the first wife must have endurance, must be good over the long haul.

There is no known method of testing this accurately, no way of telling by the cut of her jib, so to speak, how she will sail on a long beat to windward.

However, careful observation during times of stress, such as a marathon series of cocktail parties during Christmas week, will give some indication. Observe not the sparkle of personality nor the tinkle of surrounding laughter, but signs of physical deterioration, sagging of the diaphragm, and abnormal clinging to or leaning upon door jambs or male guests.

DOGLIKE DEVOTION

The fun-loving qualities of the perfect fiancée have no place in the first wife, who will be allowed little time for unproductive merriment.

You will be looking for a girl who is earnest, conscientious, and possessed of doglike devotion and a strong sense of duty.

She should be willing to follow you through thick and thin, expecting little, yet happy for every favor you bestow, grateful for every pat or kind word.

Beware the schemer, the girl who pretends devotion only to trap you into marriage. Simple errands often point the way to the right girl.

"Davie, I spent just *hours* trying to get City Hall to answer your question. Must have been to *twenty* departments."

(City Hall is an excellent place to test strength of character.)

"Oh? Find the answer, Susie?"

"Well, no, Davie, I didn't, but—"

"Got a permanent today, too, eh?"

(Be quick to note evidence of personal vanity or selfishness.)

"I simply *had* to—I—"

"Doesn't matter, pet, I don't mind at all."

(No use making an open display of temper.)

Keep looking. No effort is too great if you are to find the girl of your dreams.

A FLEXIBLE MIND

Many men look for a girl with a strong mind. This is a mistake. Your own mind will be strong enough for both of you. Powerful mental equipment on the part of the wife leads only to friction and unpleasantness. Sparks can fly and tears may flow.

The first wife should have a good but flexible mind, one that will bend easily. Keep bending it in the right direction, and you will soon have a wife that is the envy of all your friends.

Many believe that education is harmful to the good wife. Nothing could be farther from the truth. In hundreds of cases girls *with actual degrees* have made fine wives. Though there is little that the classroom can contribute to the work she will have to do, most modern girls' schools encourage games and body building sports. Field hockey, especially, is good. It ingeniously duplicates sweeping and mopping motions. Girls who marry quickly following school can even retain some of the same callouses, well-trained muscles, and nimble athletic reflexes.

Her real education will begin the moment the two of you become man and wife. All during this period, which may last for years, she will be learning, plucking the ripe fruit that hangs so heavily from your mental branches.

GOOD BREEDING

The influence of heredity, which science tells us is so important, should not be overlooked. A girl with a good set of chromosomes is a prize indeed.

How, so many ask, can I check up on them?

Look to her family. A father, for example, who is on the Board of Directors of a number of influential corporations can be reasonably sure to have acceptable chromosomes. Worldly honors do not come by accident, and are only too often the result of good breeding and a well-chosen group of ancestors.

"CAN I REALLY FIND HER?"

"What are my chances," you may ask, "of finding such a woman?" Very small. But don't be discouraged. Remember that the new wife is only the raw material with which you will work. It will be your duty to train her, long and painful as the process may be.

If you keep at it, with little thought of self, but only a firm resolve to have a fine wife, you will succeed!

NEXT MONTH:
"TRAINING YOUR FIRST WIFE"

ARTHUR PAUL

NO MORE GIFTS

a lifetime of running; and at the end, a nice little package named avis

fiction **BY WILLARD MARSH**

HOLDING FAST to the handrail, Avis hitched herself up the narrow bank of stairs. She paused at the landing to unlatch the door to the roof. As it swung full, someone moved in the shadows. Avis drew back, catching her breath. The figure lowered his gun with a laugh.

"Sorry!" he sang. "Thought you were a pheasant."

She stared at him sullenly. He was squatting with his back to the ledge, the revolver cradled loosely in his lap. A ragged circle of cigarette butts surrounded him. Through the settling dusk his features assumed those of the new roomer.

"That wasn't very bright," Avis said. "People have been killed by unloaded guns."

His teeth shone in a grin. "A stupid gag," he agreed. "Pull up a seat and be sociable."

She stepped out on the roof hesitantly. "Mind closing the door?"

Surprised, Avis turned and pushed the door shut.

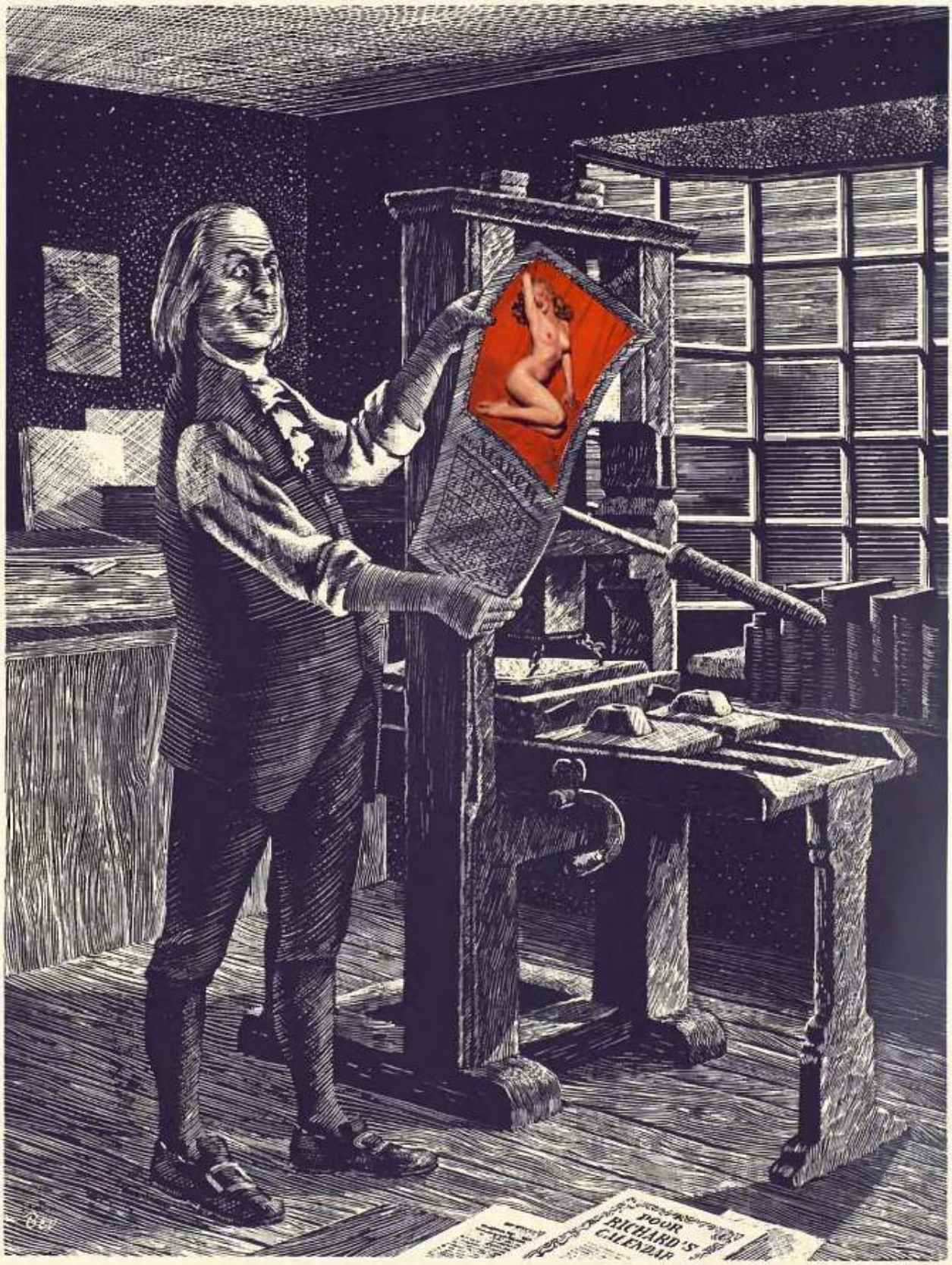
"That's better," he said. "I can't stand the draft."

Avis came forward, dragging her withered right foot behind her with a quick crablike gait. She was conscious of his eyes following her across the tarred gravel to the weathered camp stool. Seating herself, she waited for him to comment awkwardly on the weather, get to his sound normal feet in embarrassment and leave her to the arriving night. But instead he smiled disarmingly.

"Got a chance to get some hunting in this weekend," he said. "Thought I'd come up for some air and clean my gun."

"I didn't think they hunted pheasants

(continued on page 58)


POOR
RICHARD'S
CALENDAR

SPORTS CAR *(continued from page 19)*

sports car clubs have laid down rigid rules to keep competition pure. To qualify in recognized events, a sports car must have two seats, a door, fenders, headlights, a spare wheel and tire, starter, battery and generator. In races and efficiency "rallies," it must compete with its peers, cars with about the same cylinder displacement. (As soon as a sports car is altered, it must race in a "modified" class, where its competitors also have been tinkered with. The removal of one bumper makes a car "modified.")

On paper, standard American automobiles seem to meet all the requirements, but their own limitations keep them from qualifying as sports cars. Super-powered U. S. cars are not necessarily super-efficient. They are soft-springed, heavy, ponderous alongside their little cousins. Matched with a snippy Simca in a tortuous road race, a 300-horsepower American limousine would be elbowed out at the first turn.

The sports car craze bears a made-in-Europe label; the best cars are British, French, German, Italian. American industry has taken several cracks at the market, with uniformly unrewarding results. Production of Chevrolet's plastic-bodied Corvette has been cut to a trickle. The Ford Thunderbird is handsomely designed and commercially popular, but in sports car competition has been notable chiefly for its large windshield through which the driver can watch the Ferraris and Jaguars diminishing in the distance. American manufacturers, latecomers to the field of the compact miniature, have not been able to solve such problems as rear-end sway on curves and fishtailing on the straights. To their credit, they are still trying.

The sports car fan revels in the things he must do himself. He does not want power brakes, power steering, automatic shift. He wants to feel the car out for himself, make the downshifts and upshifts at his own pace, communicate with the wheels and the engine on as straightforward a basis as possible. A high priest of the cult, John Wheelock Freeman, has observed: "I like to preserve a little autonomy in a car. . . . The current trend toward euphoria isn't compatible with the sports car as an institution. A sports car is to be used, like a rifle."

Sports cars range in price from $1,300 to whatever you want to pay, in top speeds from 75 to 175 mph., in size from the beetle-like German Volkswagens and French Renaults to the rakish Italian Ferraris and British Bentleys. They are refreshingly lacking in posh, with direct mechanical braking and steering and four-speed gearboxes operated by plain levers jutting up between the seats. (Ford's inclusion of power brakes, power steering and automatic transmission in the Thunderbird struck most sports car fans as equivalent to mixing a Martini one-to-one.) They are devoid of such hanky-panky as automatic window controls, hydraulic seat adjustments, jutting taillights, "dagmars" and other chromium fillips. Their body lines are smooth, continuous, uninterrupted. On racers like the D-type Jaguar, you can roll a marble from the hood to the taillight with the gentlest push.

But despite these points of similarity, one sports car may differ from another as much as a Nash Rambler differs from a Mark II. Some are made for efficiency —50 miles on a gallon of gas is no feat for a Renault. Some are made for speed —the Ferrari, Jaguar, Maserati, Mercedes-Benz can top 100 in third gear, and reach 160 on a straightaway. Some are made for maneuverability — stock Lancias and Sciatas corner like custom-built racers, and indeed have beaten out their speedier adversaries in road races where maneuverability mattered most.

Sports car clubs have designed a variety of races and events to test these differences. Their aim is to match cars of equal abilities, thus making the contests true tests of driver skill. Racers are divided into classes, like boxers, depending on cylinder displacements, starting with the tiniest cars and running up to the big roadsters. A typical sports car race is a frantic phantasmagoria of many simultaneous races. Roaring away from the starting line are Porsches, Oscas, Simcas, MGs, Singers, each racing in its own class, each blithely unconcerned about the cars in other classes. The neophyte spectator soon finds himself thoroughly perplexed. A car which appears to be running fifth might be in first place — in its particular classification. A car which has been lapped three times might turn up a winner.

The undisputed glamor event of the sports car racer's calendar is the wide-open road race, in which any type of car may compete. Sports cars, some of them highly modified, will tangle with specially-built competition racers. The world series of this type race is the Le Mans endurance contest, a 24-hour trial-by-tire in which the winner is the driver who covers the most miles. The big automobile companies like Jaguar and Ferrari spend months preparing for such races, on the theory that the prestige of victory will sell cars. Mercedes-Benz figured that the cost of the three cars it raced in one year was $200,000. An American, Briggs Cunningham, has thrown $1,000,000 of his own money down the drain in a fruitless five-year assault on Le Mans.

Almost every country has developed its own "Grand Prix" — usually a race over a meandering closed course at average speeds of more than 100 mph. Because such courses require maneuverability as well as speed, "big iron" of the Indianapolis type is at a major disadvantage and the sports car is in its native element. Cornering efficiently, capable of rapid bursts of speed on straights, the Ferraris, Jaguars and Lancias regularly leave the "big iron" behind.

Such races are as brutal as a bull fight, as coldly serious as a forest-glen pistol duel. Drivers like the Argentine champion, Juan Fangio, think nothing of deliberately deceiving their opponents in an effort to run them off the track. Fangio has a particular dislike of "slip-streaming" drivers who take advantage of the vacuum created by his car to increase their own speeds by 15 to 20 mph. He has been known to shake such drivers at night by turning off his braking lights. Watching the Argentinian's tail lights for signs of braking, the trailing driver sees nothing, enters a curve at top speed, careens off the road. Stirling Moss, the British driver, often shakes slip-streamers by waggling from side to side as though about to lose control. The parasite slips back to avoid a collision, and Moss gives 'er the gun.

Cunningham, wealthy racing sportsman from Green Farms, Conn., has more than held his own in such races, although his dream of winning at Le Mans apparently has slipped away for good. He is, by acclamation, king-of-the-hill in American sports car racing. A short, wiry man, Cunningham has a prizefighter's aggressive face, the gentle manners of a well-bred aristocrat, and the iron nerves of a riverboat gambler. Every race course has a "groove," a shortest way around, and Cunningham is usually the first to find it. After the second or third lap, his car will move like a train on a track. Spectators on tight curves have noticed time and again that Cunningham will enter at precisely the same point, brake across the same distance, and floorboard into the straight exactly as he had on every previous lap. He seems oblivious to the competition, never deviating from his track, never looking over his shoulder or engaging in high drama. He drives like a robot.

No less coldly efficient was Cunningham's campaign against the road race records previously the exclusive province of the big European companies like Mercedes and Ferrari. As an amateur, Cunningham formed his own company and designed his own car in 1950. Object: victory for the United States at Le Mans. Cunningham's car had a tubular chassis, a Chrysler V-8 engine, Cadillac pistons, dual fuel pumps, multiple carburetion, twin exhaust pipes and Cunningham at the wheel. The Cunningham Special won nearly every major American race and scored a third place at Le Mans against cars designed and built by multi-million-dollar corporations whose every resource was pitted against him. But this year America's blue-and-white racing colors will vanish from Cunningham's cars. The old master has switched to Jaguars —will represent them in America and drive them in competition. If you can't lick 'em . . .

Although America has developed few road racers of Cunningham's stature, it has turned out a first-rate grand prix on what may well be the world's finest enclosed track. "Road America," in Wisconsin's brockwurst-and-butter belt, appears slated to become a sort of U. S. Le Mans. The race course, near Elkhart Lake, is a blacktop strip snaking through a series of kettle moraine depressions forming natural amphitheaters for spectators. The track was laid out by engi-

neers who must have been nursing deep-seated grudges against racers. There are six 90-degree corners and eight curves, with altitude differences of nearly 300 feet. One of the curves is a 180-degree downhill killer of diminishing radius, so designed that a car which does not brake sharply will have to go crashing into the woods.

To this stern testing ground recently came the elite of the sports car racing fraternity for the first "Road America" grand prix. Cunningham brought a stable from Green Farms. Millionaire sportsman Jim Kimberly, the 1954 U. S. champion with 17 wins in 21 starts, entered his fire-engine-red Ferraris. Wealthy racing enthusiast George Tilp of California sent nervous young Phil Hill to do battle in a white Manza Ferrari. Other big names included Bill Spear and Gordon Benett in Maseratis, Ernie Erickson in his D-Jaguar, Stewart Johnston in a Cunningham-owned D-Jag. The entry list was a bluebook of America's sports car racers.

If some of the more experienced hands were nonchalant about the homegrown track, they soon had reason to treat it with respect. In a practice session, Tom Friedmann of Milwaukee lost control of his Maserati and suffered fatal burns in the resulting crash. Before a single race was run, there had been so many spin-outs and crashes that starter Ben Harris called all drivers together and announced sternly: "Look, this is a hairy track. Get wise to it or we won't be having any more races."

The next day a bevy of Porsches, Renaults, MGs and assorted small cars zipped away in the opening race, a 100-miler. As expected, the race soon settled down among the Porsches, classiest cars entered, but not before there was spinning and whirling seldom seen outside the Moslem world. The German-built Porsche has its motor mounted in the rear. As a result, the heavy rear-end mass tries to come up front whenever the driver brakes. Thus the car has a tendency to spin hind-end-to on curves. One by one the Porches entered the 180-degree diminishing-radius curve and spun out. Spectators were showered with hay. Traffic came to a complete halt. Some of the Porsches recovered, only to spin out again. Ultimately the winner was Bob Ballenger of Highland Park, Ill., who had managed to leave the track the fewest times and run the distance at the relatively slow speed of 67.7 mph.

Five other races followed quickly, but none produced the slapdash abandon of the first. Then came the line-up for the feature. Snapping and spitting, the big four-liter cars trundled out on the track, dashed up and down the straightaways, screeched to brake-testing halts. For the first time, the Sten-gun pounding of the Maseratis was heard, and the 50,000 spectators tensed in anticipation.

Most eyes were on the blue-and-white of the Cunningham Special and the bright red of Kimberly's Ferrari. This was where the race figured to be. Only a few knew that Kimberly was driving an alternate car. His 4.5 stroked Ferrari had gone temperamental, mistress-like, just before the race. Cunningham, too, was in trouble. His Special had been coughing and complaining all through the warmup, and he realized he would have to bank on his stable mate, Sherwood Johnston of Rye, N. Y., for a Green Farms victory. As for baby-faced Phil Hill, he went through his warmup methodically, calmly, attracting little attention except among the few who knew he would play Russian roulette with a one-shot pistol to win a race.

The cars lined up. A one-minute bomb went off. The cars inched forward, their engines throbbing soft and low in unison. The starting bomb reverberated across the countryside and the big cars catapulted from the line. They disappeared around the first curve, and for a while the spectators at the starting post had to content themselves with the dull roar of 26 cars carrying across the woods. Then amplifiers began booming reports from way stations around the track. Hill was in the lead. Johnston was slip-streaming him. The rest of the pack was fading. Cunningham's Special appeared to be in difficulty. Kimberly's red Ferrari was well back in the pack.

At the 12-mile mark, Hill shook Johnston out of his slipstream and opened up a 7-second lead. Now it was strictly a two-man race. By the 68-mile mark, Hill had widened the gap to 12 seconds. Then an Allard went off the road and the yellow flag of caution was dropped. Obeying the rules, Johnston held his second-place position, but he gobbled up the distance between him and Hill. When Ben Harris waved green again, Johnston's D-Jag was framed in the center of Phil Hill's rear-view mirror. That's when the deadly in-fighting started. Hill's Ferrari had the advantage on the straights. The Jaguar, considered to be one of the best braked cars in the world, held the balance of power on curves. Hill inched away on the straight runs; Johnston caught up on the bends.

Then Hill ran into heavy traffic, was unable to take advantage of his car's straightaway superiority, and lost the lead to Johnston. Hill began to show signs of the tremendous pressure of the duel. He all but climbed Johnston's car, but the race-wise New Yorker zigzagged like a blocking back and kept the Californian from moving by. At the 108-mile mark, with every other car in the field lapped at least once by the two front-runners, Hill made a near-fatal error. He followed Johnston too closely into a curve and didn't have enough brake power to corner properly. He skidded off the track, scattering the protective hay bales amongst the spectators. A quick recovery put him back in the race, but now Johnston was 8 seconds ahead. Hill began to close the distance.

Twenty miles before the finish, Hill was riding Johnston's tail again. He tried to pass on the main straightaway, drew nearly abreast, then had to fall back for the curve. On the next lap the two cars roared past the main grandstand in a dead heat. Once again Johnston was holding control on the curves, waiting till the last second before hitting his powerful disc brakes.

As the cars began the final lap, Johnston held a car-length lead. Behind him, Hill was feinting this way and that, trying to get by. Now there were two turns to go, seven-tenths of a mile. Johnston needed one more downshift from third to second at the northeast corner and an upshift back to third at the foot of the main slope and the race would be his.

But where was Hill? Johnston couldn't find him in the mirror. That meant only one thing: Hill was in the blind spot to his right, making his move. Now Johnston slammed into the left-hand curve. He came in high, to the left, then started his normal outward drift back to the right side of the track. Then he saw Hill's Ferrari. It was inching toward the space into which Johnston's car was drifting. The moment of truth had arrived. If Johnston continued his drift, Hill would have to give ground or lurch off the track. Still Hill came on. A crash at that speed might have been fatal to both men. There was a moment of uncertainty, then Johnston lifted his foot from the accelerator. Hill won by two car lengths. His average speed was 80.2 mph. He had run the last lap in 2 minutes, 54 and 55/100ths seconds, fastest time of the day and set a record that may last for years.

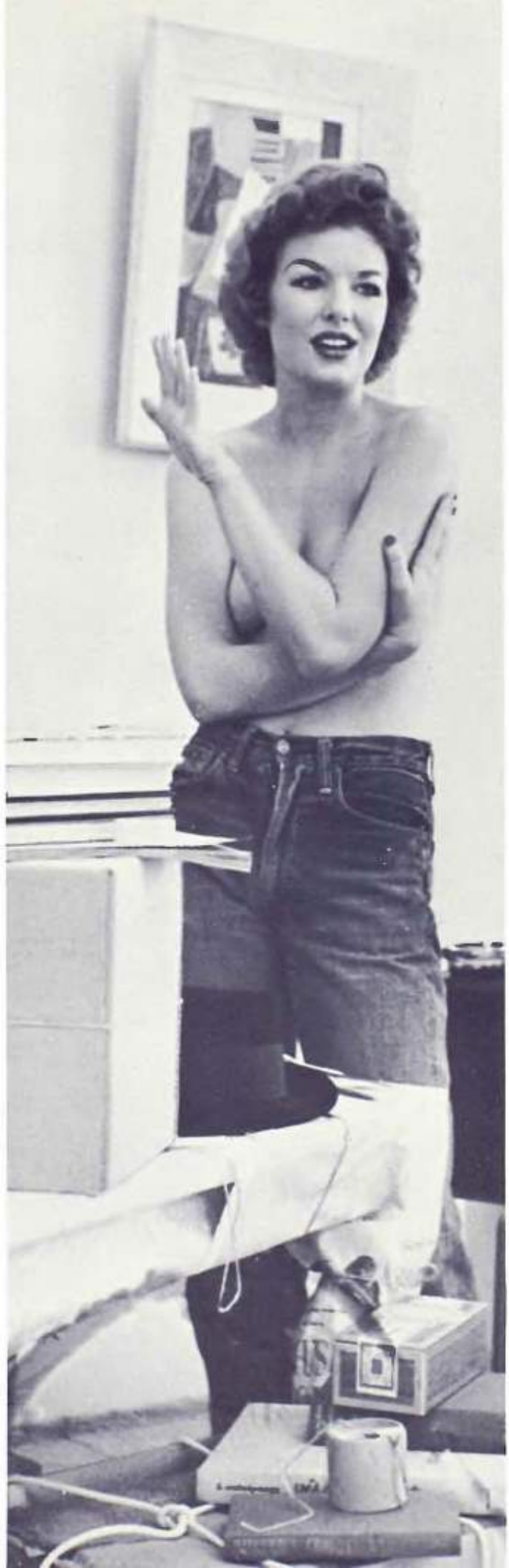
The two cars finished their safety lap and pulled into the pits. Hill accepted the checkered flag and carried it for one more turn around the course. Johnston yanked the goggles from his eyes, exposing two blood-red circles where they had dug into him. His face appeared wracked by tension. He smiled only briefly, wiped at his eyes, ran his hand across his grimy forehead. Reporters crowded around. Not yet aware of the cockpit battle of wills, they asked Johnston: How had Hill outsmarted him? How had Hill forced Johnston to let him pass?

The tired racer blinked at them and said, "Nobody *has* to let anybody pass."

Chief steward Roy Kramer grabbed Johnston's sweaty hand. "If it's any consolation," he said, "you drove a great race." To a reporter, Kramer added, "You could watch racing for 100 years and you'll never see another like this."

Hill finished his victory run and pulled up. He shook hands with Johnston and was helped out of the car by friends. Somebody shoved a can of beer into his hand, and Hill drank. How do you feel? he was asked. Tense? Nervous?

"No, I'm not tense," Hill said. "I was just thinking – I didn't realize how closely matched the cars are. We'll have to do something about that before the next race." He drained the can, then gripped it between two taut hands. Tense? Nervous? The beer can lay crumbled at his feet.



RUSTY IS A RUSTIC GAL

miss april is from the hills of colorado

OUR TASTES rarely run to the rural, being city-bred and all, but when a corn-fed critter as cute as Rusty Fisher comes down the pike, we feel obliged to make an exception. We asked Rusty to give us some biographical data and she scrawled what follows across two large sheets of note paper. We didn't trust ourselves to edit a word:

Hoo-rah far U! Pickin Rusty Fisher far u're gal n Aprul. This here is a reel mountain gal, yes sir. Born n the great state of Colorado 21 years ago. She thin come to thet big citty famus far it's holly trees—Hollywood! Thar to fight her way to the top n show buzzness. A spekkin of fightin — she can fight and ride dern near as good as a man (once broke her nose at it — fightin that is).

Now from what I here — she's 5 feet 5½ tall — a 36 here, a 22 thar, and a 35 way down thar (sorta lack a big coke bottle, huh?) She has also bin in several movies and a gob a ordinary magazines and calinders. I also here she jus become Miss MG far '56. She also sings perty and ant a bad dancer nether. Guess we'll all see her more reglar from now on.

April is the traditional month for moving and Rusty is just the sort to help a young man get settled in new quarters, so that's what we've set her to doing as the April Playmate.

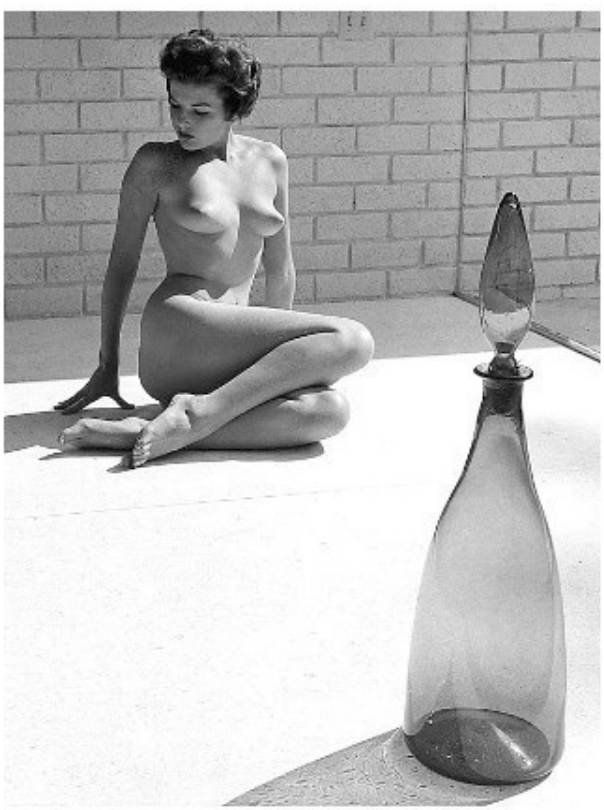
PHOTOGRAPHS BY SAM WU

MISS APRIL

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

MISS APRIL

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Several gentlemen at the Biltmore Bar were discussing their troubles. Hard Luck Harry topped them all when he dejectedly explained that he had a wife, a secretary, and a note from the bank—all overdue.

We just heard about the street cleaner who got fired because he couldn't keep his mind in the gutter.

The switchboard operator in a swank New York hotel received a call at a little past 2 in the morning from a somewhat inebriated man who wanted to know what time the hotel bar opened.

"At 9 A.M., sir," she replied.

At 3:30 A.M. the phone rang again and the same man, this time obviously feeling no pain, asked the same question.

"Not until 9 A.M.," she said a second time.

At 5:15 A.M. the switchboard operator received still another call from the same guy, now completely stoned. Once again he asked the same question.

More than a little irritated, she snapped, "I told you, sir, you'll have to wait until 9 A.M. to get in the bar."

"*Get in*, hell," croaked the drunk, "I want to get *out* of the damn place!"

The kindly old gentleman was visiting the home of his daughter. He entered the room of his two grandsons and found them busy studying at their desks. The first boy was reading a book on aviation.

"What do you want to be when you grow up?" asked the grandfather.

"A pilot, sir," said the boy.

"And what do you want to be when you grow up?" the old gentleman asked the second lad.

The boy looked up from the latest issue of PLAYBOY. "Nothing, sir," he said wistfully, "just growed up."

A table of improper measures we came upon the other day informs us that it takes two pints to make one cavort.

Mrs. Applebottom grew angry with the French maid and after a series of stinging remarks regarding the young girl's abilities as a cook and housekeeper, she dismissed her. But the girl's Gallic ancestry wouldn't allow such abuse to go unanswered: "Your husband considers me a better cook and housekeeper than you, Madame. He has told me so himself."

Mrs. Applebottom looked at the girl scornfully and made no comment.

"And furthermore," said the angry girl, "I am better than you in the bed!"

"And I suppose my husband told you that, too," snapped Mrs. Applebottom.

"No, Madame," said the maid, "the chauffeur told me *that*!"

A girl's conscience doesn't really keep her from doing anything wrong—it merely keeps her from enjoying it.

The opera singer Giovanni Rotondo, star of the Metropolitan during its Golden Age, is credited with making the following common-sense statement: "It is not wise to make love in the morning—you never know whom you'll meet later in the day."

A socially prominent dowager from Boston was visiting friends in New York and a dinner party was held in her honor. She was seated next to another, younger woman, and began discussing the relative merits of Boston society.

"In Boston," she said, "we place all our emphasis on good breeding."

"In New York we think it's a lot of fun, too," agreed the other woman, "but we also manage to foster other interests."

Heard any good ones lately? Send your favorites to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *11 E. Superior St., Chicago 11, Ill., and earn an easy five dollars for each joke used. In case of duplicates, payment goes to first received. Jokes cannot be returned.*

"A Scotch and soda and a soda with Scotch, please."

WINE IS LIKE A WOMAN

it is a living and beautiful thing

BY THOMAS MARIO *playboy's food & drink editor*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MORTON SHAPIRO

ALMOST EVERY YEAR some Frenchman falls into one of the big fermenting vats in the famous vineyards around Bordeaux.

The accident is most likely to happen right after the grape harvest when the mashed fruit is fermenting and the grape sugar changes into alcohol and carbon dioxide. The gas that arises from the churning liquid is so heady that a workman or watchman looking into a vat may become giddy and plunge headlong into the seething mass. The accident has two very grave results. In the first place, the fall may disturb the thick layer of skins and pips on top, mixing them carelessly with the liquid on the bottom. Secondly, if the body is not recovered until the following morning, the contents of the vat with its untold litres of potentially fine vintage wine may have to be discarded.

Old winemen know that carbon dioxide is not the only product that arises from the processing of grapes. There is another form of vapor, never mentioned in the chemistry texts, which is more persistent than simple carbon dioxide. It's the poetic verbiage, the elaborate hocus-pocus of certain self-appointed knights of the wine table. Listen to these flannel mouths as they tell how one wine is hospitable while another one is modest. They are not content to enjoy a wine for its sheer liquid goodness. They must ascribe all kinds of human qualities to it. One savant tells how his wine "curtsied prettily" when he lifted it to his lips. Another detects in a certain vintage the taste of Russian leather – not just ordinary leather, mind you, but Russian leather specifically. While one of the connoisseurs raves about the cedarwood taste of a Burgundy, another describes the savor of an old Saint Emilion with its "perfume of dead leaves and taste of autumn mushrooms" (!)

To these critical gentlemen, the super-bacchanalian test of anyone's judgment regarding wines is whether one can drink an unidentified wine and with unerring accuracy tell the origin of the wine and its vintage year. They'll look down their nose at you and say, "My good fellow! You mean to say you don't recognize this 1921 Avelsbacher Herrenberg, Beeren Auslese, Funder Number 3959 Wachstum Weingut D. O. V? You surprise me!"

Now and then somebody calls their bluff. C. W. Berry, a noted wine authority, once invited a group of wine fanciers to a dinner to test their accuracy. Not a single one of the critical sniffers was able to identify the Chateau Ausone 1923 which was served.

Even Louis Pasteur, the French scientist who demonstrated that wine was a living thing and explained the changes that take place when grapes ferment, was once moved to challenge the members of the French expert commission on wine. Pasteur had been trying to demonstrate that there might be certain benefits if wine were heated during its processing. Although he was merely making a scientific proposal without drawing any conclusions, the experts were horrified at his suggestion. The taste of the wine would be irrevocably killed by heat, they said. Pasteur then gave each member of the commission two glasses of the unidentified wine and asked for their opinion. Each savant detected a difference between the two samples submitted by Pasteur. The wine in all glasses was exactly the same. The "differences" were all above the ears of the experts.

All of this doesn't mean that there is no distinction between good, bad and indifferent wines. The *vignerons,* who work in the noted wine estates in France, are artists with a magnificent background of experience. They, too, have a professional jargon which is sometimes puzzling to outsiders. When the *maître de chai* or foreman of a noted wine cellar, for instance, says a wine is precocious, he simply means that the wine has reached maturity before the expected time. When he describes a wine as nervous, he uses the French word *nerveux* meaning the wine has vigor or sufficient spirit to withstand considerable handling. A nervous wine is one that can be transported without detriment.

But the *vignerons* are the first to agree that the place for wines is deep in the mouth and not on the vintage charts. When the verbal tilts are over and the adjectives unscrambled, any man with normal taste buds must con-

(continued on next page)

cede that the wines of France are the purest forms of liquid pleasure in the world.

Wines aren't a static pleasure. Unlike liqueur or whiskey whose quality is usually unchangeable, wine constantly changes. The grapes on the vine change from year to year and from day to day. Wine continues to change in the vat and in the bottle. It changes when it is transported over the ocean, and finally changes even in the glass as its perfume slowly rises in the air. Because wine is a living thing, it has the fascination of anything that is born and matures. The Frenchman regards his wine as an object of beauty—a changing beauty but not an irresolute one. And to describe the incredible finesse of this beauty he can find only one simile in his language. His wine, he says, is like a woman.

The phrase "wine, women and song" is the most worn collection of words in any language, but this linking of wine with women is justified by history. When the Greeks wanted to fashion the most beautiful wine cup, they used the shape of the divine Helen's breast as the model. In the Song of Solomon the female breast is presented as a beautiful cluster of grapes. Even Martin Luther was supposed to have penned the well known German couplet,

Wer nicht liebt Wein, Weib und Gesang,
Der bleibt ein Narr sein Lebelang.
(Who loves not wine, woman and song,
Remains a fool his whole life long.)

PLAYBOY, with its well-known conservative scruples, therefore, recommends wine as one of the most hallowed and classical of man's pleasures.

Wine and food have always been inseparable. One can drink a glass of dry sherry as an *apertif* before dinner or enjoy a glass of *vin rose* during the afternoon. But, for the most part, wine belongs on the festive board. Like bread it can be served from the beginning to the end of the meal. But unlike bread, it's not mere ballast. It's the coaxer, the instigator, the thrust and parry. The natural dryness of wine—not sourness—the tart grapey flavor, like a mellow but caustic humor, makes wine such a magnificent counterpoint with food.

To regular wine drinkers, wine is not just a beverage like coffee or milk. It's the magic that makes the plump oysters more tangy, the onion soup more friendly, the duck richer, the veal cutlet more urbane and the melon more exotic.

The average young man attempting to explore this great avenue of pleasure is often frightened away because of the aura surrounding the wine judge's art. A man may hesitate to judge or even drink a fine imported wine lest he make a revealing *faux pas*. The same man may eat a tropical fruit for the first time and will not hesitate to assert, "I say it's mango and to hell with it." But when he buys a bottle of Montrachet in a restaurant, his judgement may suddenly become paralyzed. This needn't be.

To learn about wines and their differences one need only taste several wines at the same sitting. It works something like this. Suppose a person were suddenly asked to describe in words the taste of four different kinds of apples. He'd be stumped. But suppose the same individual sat down at a table, and then slowly but carefully tasted each of four different varieties of apples—a McIntosh, a Winesap, a Jonathan and a Delicious. After each bite he would detect almost unbelievable variations in flavor, texture and aroma. In a few moments the apple connoisseur would be talking about sweetness, dryness, mellowness, liveliness, bouquet and all sorts of qualities that he had never tagged before.

In wine drinking, something of the same skill develops after you've drunk several different wines arrayed alongside each other. Now normally, of course, a wine drinker doesn't order three different kinds of burgundy with his mutton chop. But as an educational lark, two or three fellows might order several pints of imported red wines and genuinely enjoy tasting and learning about the differences.

When you first drink wine, it will be with a gulp. You will not hold the glass tenderly between the thumb and forefinger slowly twirling it to admire the bright purple robe while waiting for its bouquet to reach your nostrils. But after you've enjoyed several fine French wines, you may become patient enough to wait for its fragrance to spread in the glass until the first faint evaporation takes place. Winemen call this the first taste. The second one occurs when you drink the wine slowly and your taste buds enjoy the deep flavor, the body, the soft flow of the grape. Finally, you'll experience the third sensation, the mature delight of the lingering aftertaste. In time you'll come to look upon these three phases as distinct flavor experiences just as when you eat a hot Welsh rabbit, you experience first the aroma of the bubbling cheese, then the eating thereof and finally the slow tang of the aftertaste.

To serve wine and enjoy its color and bouquet one needn't buy elaborate glassware. Simple clear white crystal, unadorned and unetched, is the best. Avoid thick cut glass and shun colored glassware like the plague. Wine glasses, often called claret glasses, should be tulip shaped, somewhat larger at the base than at the top. They should, of course, always be sparkling clean.

When you draw the cork from a bottle of wine, you should use a wide thread corkscrew or a corkscrew of the self-opening type. If you have trouble extracting the cork, it's a good idea to hold the bottle between the knees and pull with one hand while steadying the bottle with the other.

When the cork is out, the bottle top should be carefully wiped with a clean towel to remove any loose cork or dust around the rim. The first wine should be poured, cavalier fashion, into the host's glass in case there is any loose cork floating about.

On rare occasions, wine is "corky," that is, the cork may be defective causing the wine to be spoiled. It happens in such isolated instances, however, that it shouldn't bother the average wine drinker.

Very old wine will sometimes show a sediment in the bottle. This is a natural development in red wines as they age. If there is a small amount of sediment, it's best to leave it alone. Remove the cork about an hour before serving. The sediment will then precipitate to the bottom of the bottle. Originally the sediment, if present, was on the side of the bottle since the wine was in a horizontal position on the shelf. Opening wine beforehand permits its aroma to expand in the air. If there is an unusually large amount of sediment, the wine should be decanted. To decant wine, stand it upright for several hours. Then pour the wine slowly into a decanter in one slow motion. Do not tilt the bottle back and forth during decanting. Stop pouring before the sediment is reached. If necessary place a light behind the bottle to see the sediment more distinctly when decanting.

Most people do not have to go too deeply into *viniana esoterica* to know that red wines are served at room temperature while white wines are chilled. At room temperature the bouquet of red wines will develop to their fullest. The flavor of many white wines, particularly the sauternes, is so extravagantly fruity that chilling seems to set them just right for the palate. White wines needn't be freezing. One to two hours in the refrigerator will be sufficient.

It's customary to drink red wines with red meat and game, while white wines are served with fish, seafood and poultry. Here again the strictures needn't be taken too literally. For instance, veal is a red meat, and yet if the veal is very fine, the meat is light in color and delicate in flavor. With a roast rack of veal, a dry white burgundy would be thoroughly enjoyable even though it might not be endorsed by wine purists. With a chicken liver casserole, although it is a form of poultry, a light red bordeaux is delightful. Common sense and individual preference are the only dicta worth respecting when advice on wine drinking is offered.

The study of the great French wines is a huge topic represented by thousands of studies and dissertations. For the young man who is exploring this charming field, PLAYBOY especially recommends Alexis Lichine's book, *The Wines of France*, revised edition (Knopf, $4).

Caution should be sounded against anyone becoming too addicted to the vintage charts. There are some years in which one chateau in a particular district might produce a magnificent yield while a neighboring wine estate may have indifferent or poor results. Sometimes a new wine will seem to bear great promise of maturing beautifully and in time will deteriorate quickly. A particular year may yield great white wines while the red wines fall far behind. For such reasons the vintage charts may be used for reference but should not be taken as the final word.

There are many areas in France producing illustrious wines, such as the

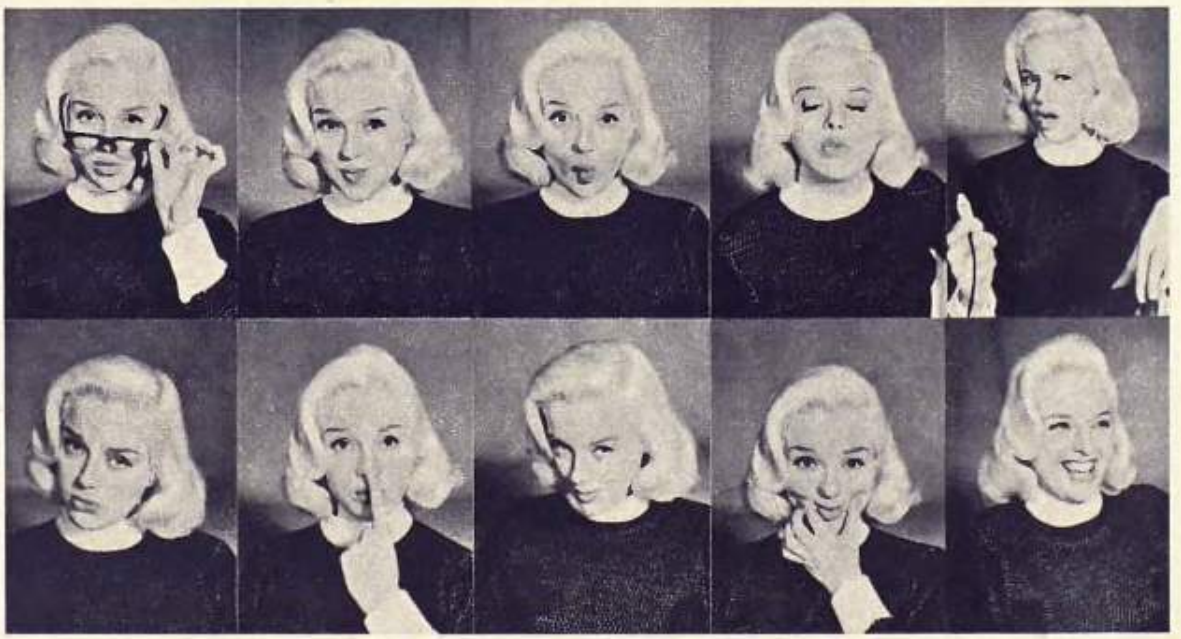
(concluded on page 69)

"In case I forget later on in the evening, the answer is 'No.'"

DD in 3D

a trick with mirrors starring england's marilyn, diana dors

pictorial **BY GRAHAM FISHER**



Diana photographs herself in 2-D, shows a variety of expressions and has fun mugging for the camera.

A small booklet titled *Diana Dors in 3-D* helped catapult this beauteous Briton to stardom, and on this and the next right-hand page are three of the poses from the book that help explain why. These pictures were taken with a stereo-camera and we have it on excellent authority that if you place a fair sized mirror directly between, and at right angles to, the matching photographs, they will appear in three dimensions. Place your nose near the mirror's top and with the reflecting side on the right, close your left eye and look at the mirror with your right eye. Adjust so real picture and mirror image line up, then open the left eye and, with both eyes open, concentrate on the left-hand image. If you concentrate properly, all of Diana's delightful curves should appear in full, rounded 3-D. If not, console yourself with two provocative 2-D photographs—one for each tired eyeball.

ANY GIRL WITH BLONDE HAIR, a glistening lower lip and a mobile fanny will, sooner or later, be labelled The Marilyn Monroe of Lower California, Upper State New York, or Chagrin Falls, Ohio, by some unimaginative press agent or other. There's a mite more meaning, however, to the title "Marilyn Monroe of Great Britain" as applied to 24-year-old, blond-haired, glistening-lipped, mobile-fannied Diana Dors.

The difference is that Diana reached her present lofty position via the same primrose path traveled by Monroe: posing for photographers in a state quite close to nature. And, what is more, doing it in three (count 'em) dimensions.

Diana Dors was born Diana Fluck, a fine old English name, though admittedly somewhat difficult for others to pronounce, as Diana discovered upon reaching years of maturity.

Maturity came early for Miss Fluck: at the age of thirteen she was squeezing her seventeenish convexities into a tight swimsuit and winning beauty contests. Little more need be told, if you are familiar with the classic concomitants of beauty contests: Diana's fortune, if not Diana, was as good as made. After tucking a few more years under her svelte belt, modeling and film jobs began to come her way with refreshing regularity; and, to make this short story even shorter, she eventually emerged as Merrie England's merriest screen siren.

Miss Dors has been fortunate in receiving publicity enough to satiate five or six Marilyn Monroes. "I'm one of those people Things happen to," she has been known to declare; adding, "but if they don't happen, I don't mind giving them a little help." With Diana's help, these are some of the Things that have happened:

With royalty: Bowing low before Queen Elizabeth, as custom dictates, her natural gifts became so apparent that the conservative wing of the British press got huffy about low-cut ladies whose dresses delve below "the Plimsoll line" of modesty.

With the law: Hauled into court for non-payment of rent and copping a plea as a minor (she hadn't yet turned 18), her Gilbert-and-Sullivanesque judge ruled it was the court's duty "to protect infants," whereupon the not-so-conservative wing of the press ran a photo of a diapered Diana under the headline, JUDGE SAYS THIS BABY NEEDS PROTECTION.

With the censors: Instructed, in a film called *Value for Money*, to reach from behind a bathroom door for a towel, she reached with a good deal more than her arm, thus causing that particular strip of celluloid to end up in the limbo of lopped-off footage.

With the Venice Film Festival: Interest swerved from cinematic art to navel maneuvers as she floated in a gondola down the Grand Canal, clad in a Bikini made of mink.

With bibliophiles: Lovers of rare volumes plunked down coin of the realm for a novelty photo booklet featuring the near-nude lineaments of *Diana Dors in 3D*, which soon became an exceedingly rare volume indeed and convinced

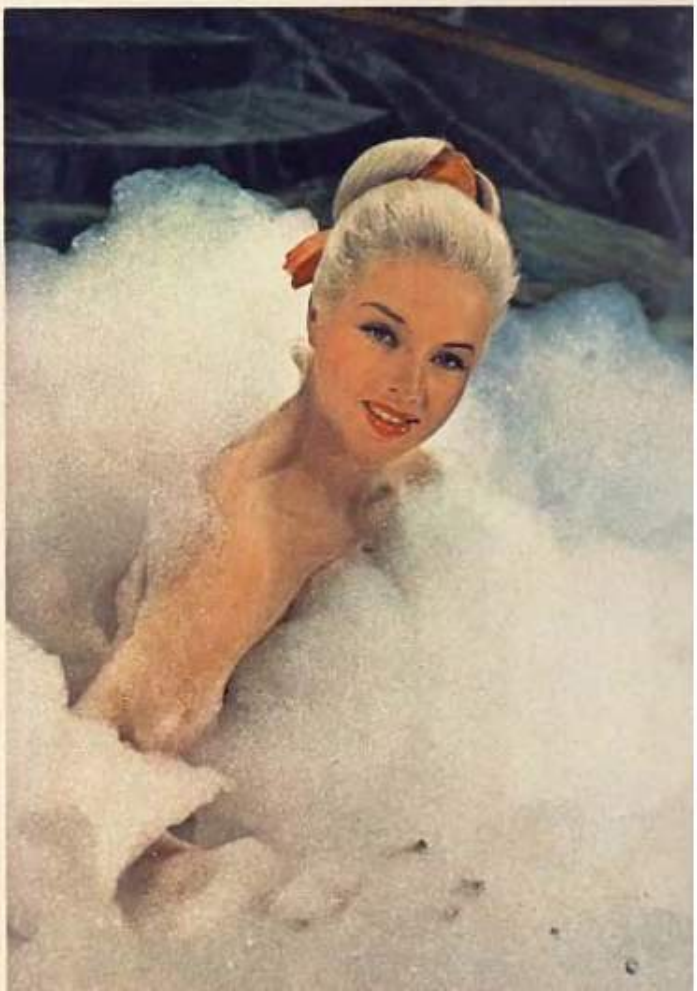
Diana's dress raised eyebrows amongst royalty.

British film scions that Diana possessed that indefinable something known as Star Quality.

Choice excerpts from the 3D booklet are available for your inspection on these pages. And Diana Dors will be available for your further inspection this year in a couple of films due for U.S. release. They won't be in 3D, but they *will* be in VistaVision and glistening-lipped Technicolor.

Her mink Bikini was a hit in Venice.

She's neck-deep in suds in her latest movie.




Interlandi

TASTE

fiction **BY ROALD DAHL**

a wager over wine, with a woman in the balance

THERE WERE SIX of us to dinner that night at Mike Schofield's house in London: Mike and his wife and daughter, my wife and I, and a man called Richard Pratt.

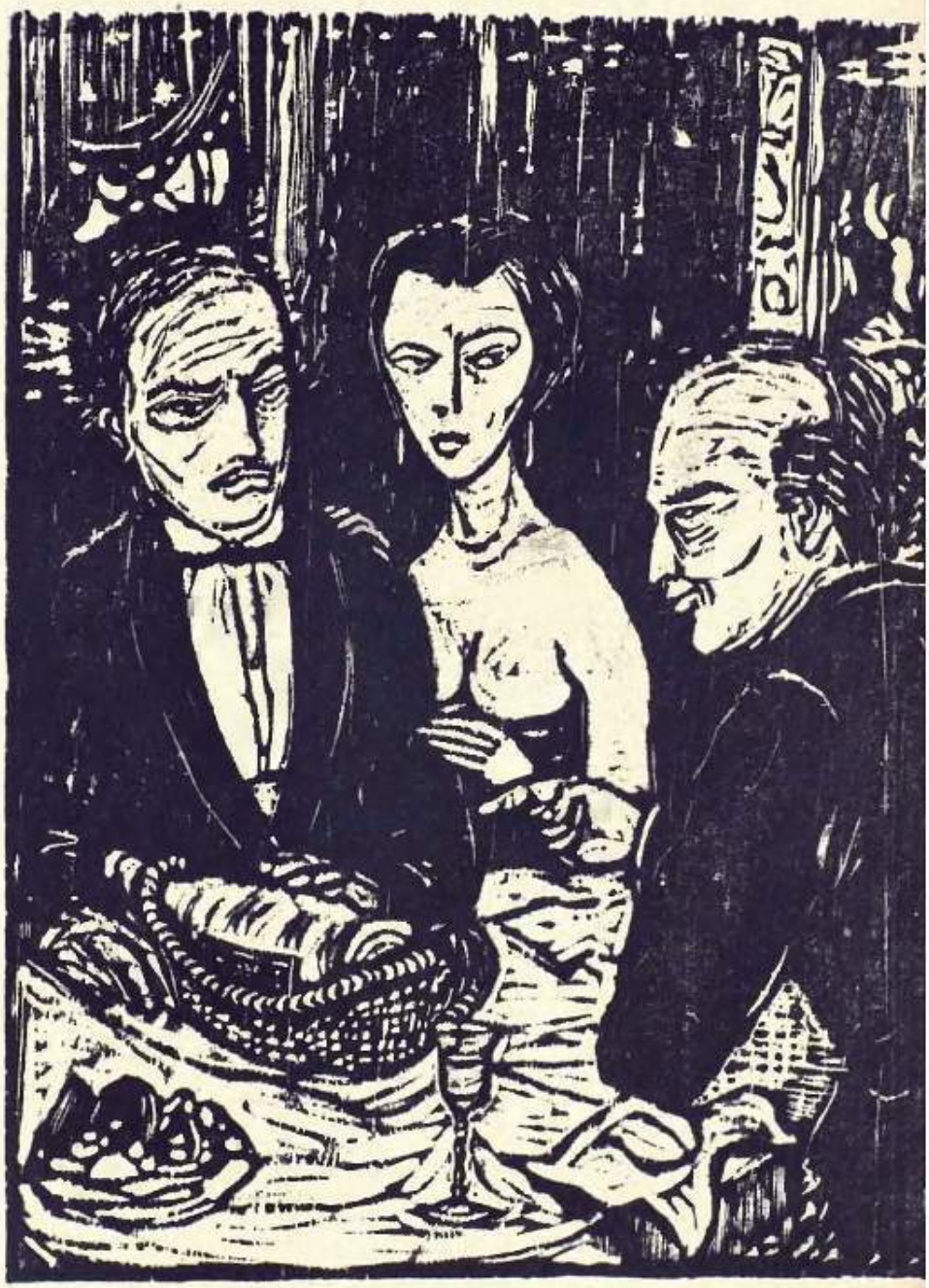
Richard Pratt was a famous gourmet. He was president of a small society known as the Epicures, and each month he circulated privately to its members a pamphlet on food and wines. He organized dinners where sumptuous dishes and rare wines were served. He refused to smoke for fear of harming his palate, and when discussing a wine, he had a curious, rather droll habit of referring to it as though it were a living being. "A prudent wine," he would say, "rather diffident and evasive, but quite prudent." Or, "a good-humored wine, benevolent and cheerful – slightly obscene, perhaps, but nonetheless good-humored."

I had been to dinner at Mike's twice before when Richard Pratt was there, and on each occasion Mike and his wife had gone out of their way to produce a special meal for the famous gourmet. And this one, clearly, was to be no exception. The moment we entered the dining room, I could see that the table was laid for a feast. The tall candles, the yellow roses, the quantity of shining silver, the three wineglasses to each person, and above all, the faint scent of roasting meat from the kitchen brought the first warm oozings of saliva to my mouth.

As we sat down, I remembered that on both Richard Pratt's previous visits Mike had played a little betting game with him over the claret, challenging him to name its breed and its vintage. Pratt had replied that that should not be too difficult provided it was one of the great years. Mike had then bet him a case of the wine in question that he could not do it. Pratt had accepted, and had won both times. Tonight I felt sure that the little game would be played over again, for Mike was quite willing to lose the bet in order to prove that his wine was good enough to be recognized, and Pratt, for his part, seemed to take a grave, restrained pleasure in displaying his knowledge.

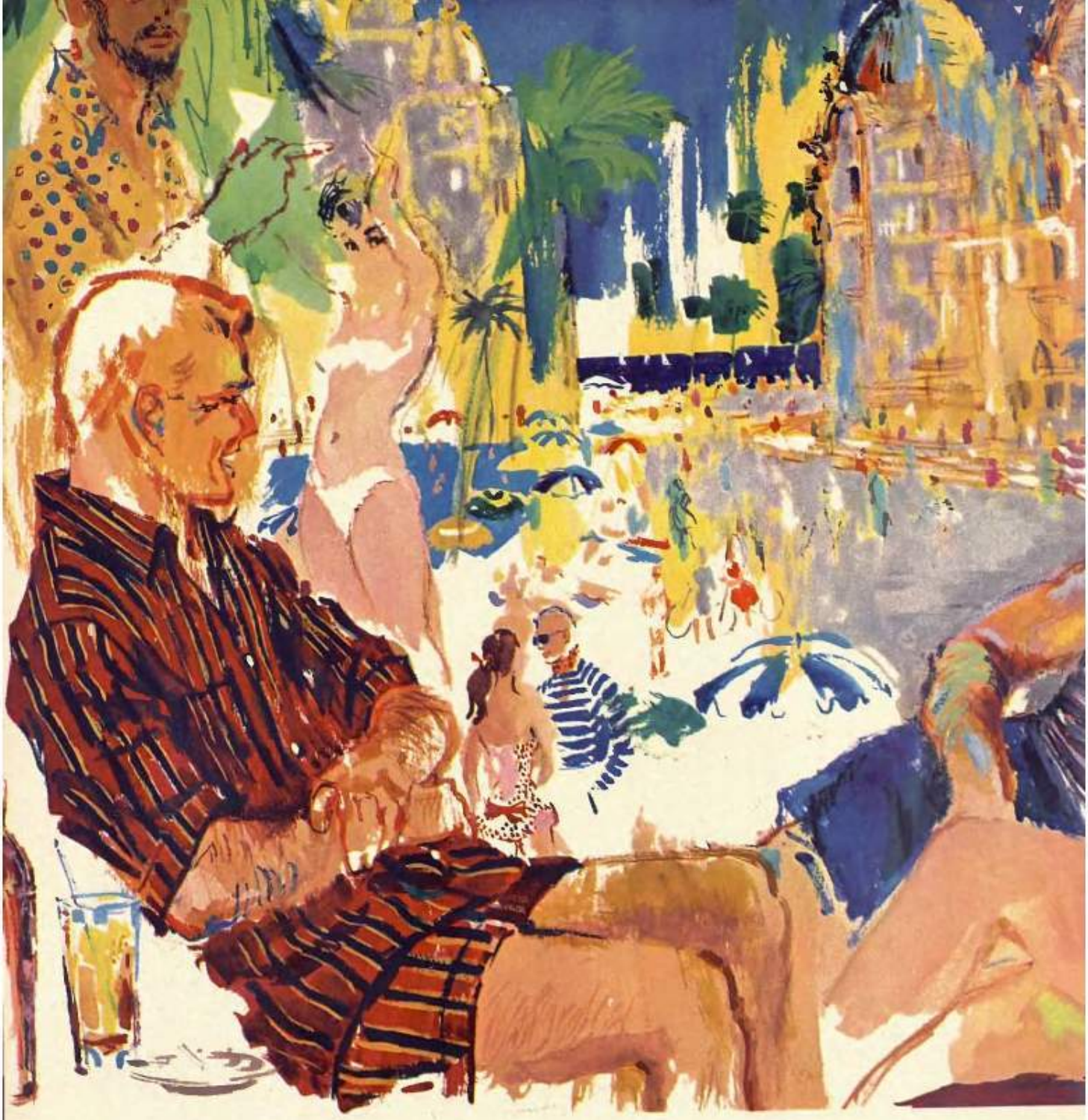
The meal began with a plate of whitebait, fried very crisp in butter, and to

(continued on page 64)



"I want to see the label on that bottle," said Pratt.

WOODCUT BY RICHARD TYLER

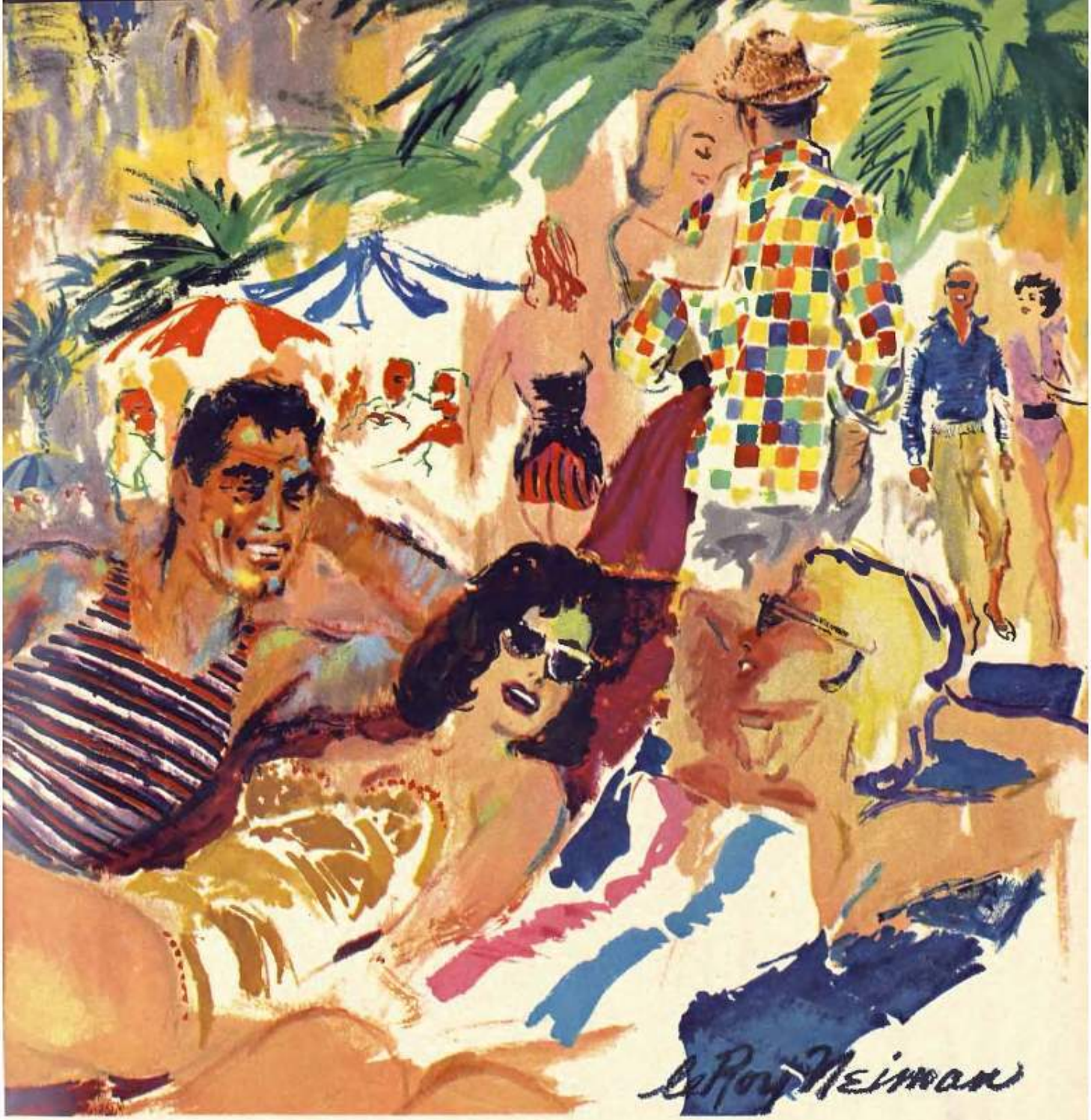


SUN FUN

inspired sports wear with a continental flare

attire **BY JACK J. KESSIE**

THE PRINCIPALITY OF MONACO boasts a wooded reserve for pigeon shooting, Prince Albert's oceanographical museum, a permanent exhibit of prehistoric trivia gleaned from the Grimaldi grottoes near Mentone and assorted Roman antiquities dug up around La Turbie (these, mind you, in addition to Grace Kelly and a somewhat posh gambling casino). It also serves as sports arena for a boodle of Mother Earth's most sun-loving gadabouts who, we're told, don't give a particular damn for pigeon shooting or, for



that matter, what was cooking with the Roman legions circa 44 B.C.

Sunning, sailing, swimming and swilling the contents of a shakerful of frosty gimlet cocktails seems more in the Riviera scheme of things and, between pulls, one can glimpse many of the world's most richly decorated sportsmen.

We'll certainly admit that an awful lot of men's wearing apparel has been masquerading under the starry guise of the "Continental Look." A whole batch of it, frankly, was dreamed up many kilometers from the continent of Europe (or *any* continent that we know of) and could more easily and accurately be labeled Neo Robert Hall Impressionism. When you examine these fanciful items in the various men's stores, it's best to keep in mind that true European gentlemen are traditionally a conservative lot. Color acceptance, for them, has progressed neither as far nor as quickly as ours; in fact, not much beyond the basic shades of gray, brown and blue, and these, at their wildest, can be accepted only in neat geometric patterns or stripes. Much of what you see worn around the smartest spas on the French or Italian Riviera (as well as such Atlantic Coast resorts as Biarritz, Deauville or Le Touquet) was trundled there by a swarm of Americans, a small but sturdy band of Britishers and just a *soupçon* of daring Frenchmen and Italians. A good 95 percent of the merchandise was produced right smack in the garment center of New York City, but

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Cruise of the Aphrodite

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thickly.

"A shave, a shower and a good meal and you'll feel tops again. Lefty, if you cooperate we can all take a refreshing cruise on our yacht. The salt air will do you wonders."

"It's a lake," I said.

Marty ignored me. He pulled Lefty to his feet.

Lefty resisted. He fished in his pocket for a fifty cent piece and offered it to Marty. "Get yourself a pint of wine and leave me alone."

"Your sense of humor has not deserted you," Marty laughed as he pocketed the half-buck.

We dragged Lefty over to a grill and poured black coffee into him. He was feeling rough and only heard half of what Marty told him. I guess the words *pretty girlies, wild parties* and *rich friends* got through to him, because he became interested.

We loaded him onto a street car and helped him over to the boat yard. With his blurred vision the boat looked impressive. He hadn't cashed his mustering out pay. He also had a small wad he had been forced to save up while in an army hospital recovering from an impolite disease. It was a landfall. Marty guided Lefty's shaky signature on the back of the check. The yardman made out the bill of sale and transfer of title.

Marty bought a bottle of French wine in celebration. Lefty complained that it was too sour and mixed his with soda pop. It was too much for Lefty. We carried him into the forward cabin and laid him out on the bare spring of the bunk.

"He's not socially desirable," Marty reflected, "but good companionship could improve his cultural worth."

"So could a bath and some D.D.T."

Next morning Marty was up early, whistling and splashing white paint over the hull. The mooring ropes broke twice and we had to buy sash cord to hold things down. Marty borrowed a battery charger and ran an extension cable out to the dock. Everyone was eager to have a ride, especially Lefty.

"If this tub is so wonderful why can't it move?" he kept asking.

"Patience," Marty said. "Cruises are not planned in a day."

To keep harmony we made sure Lefty was supplied with port wine. It made him more manageable, except that he fell overboard twice. After that we made him wear a moth-eaten life jacket. "It makes me feel like a fat slob," he kept muttering.

That night there was a heavy rain. It dribbled in through the cabin tops and decks. Our blankets got soaked and finally we all got up and sat huddled together under a piece of canvas. I boiled up some coffee in a tin can by holding lighted matches under it. Marty kept telling us that a can of putty would take care of everything.

When the boat was all painted it looked a lot better. From about a block away it almost looked classy. When we were ready to start the engine the yardman came over to gas us up.

"How much do you want?"

"Five of regular."

"We only pump marine gas. Five gallons won't get you far."

"We won't be cheap about it," Marty said, looking suspiciously in his wallet. "A full tank would probably be better. How much would that run?"

"Let's see," the yardman reckoned. "There's two tanks amidships and one under the stern deck. I'd say about 250 gallons."

Marty hit the big gong. He stepped back a pace.

"It's a low compression engine," the yardman continued. "It burns about four gallons an hour."

Marty recovered his composure. "Very well, we'll take eight gallons. We have other committments and won't be able to spare more than a couple of hours."

The engine was hard to start. Lefty was a mechanic. He took out the spark plugs and poured in heavy oil to get up the compression. He had us get 25c worth of ether to pour in the carburetor. The engine coughed and smoked and eventually started. Blue flames spurted oddly out of one side.

"It's got a cracked block," Lefty said very matter-of-factly. He took these setbacks better than I expected. He had been jackrolled enough to be calm about losing money.

We were only hitting on five of the eight cylinders. Marty cast off and almost ran aground turning around in the river. He headed towards downtown. He felt good at the wheel. As we approached another boat he reached up in a nautical manner and gave a tug on the whistle cord. The compressor was just about shot and the whistle made a vulgar sound. The other boat gave a blast on a siren and all the girls on board laughed and pointed as we passed by.

Marty nudged me painfully in the ribs. "You see," he said loudly, "we really belong, now. We'll soon enjoy female companionship."

Just then Lefty let out a holler. He had jumped down from the cabin top and his foot went through the deck. I helped him get it out. He was sore.

Marty shouted through the windshield. "It's all right. A piece of wood and some screws will fix up everything."

"You ain't going to fool with my foot," Lefty said.

I helped Lefty back into the cabin.

"Horsey," Marty said, "I think it's time to issue a ration of grog to the crew."

I dug through a box of junk and handed Lefty his bottle of wine for the day. He was mad at Marty and told him he'd better take on a cargo of pretty girlies or give back his money.

At Erie Street the rudder became fouled. The railroad bridge had just opened for us when suddenly we were out of control. Marty pulled too fast on the reverse gear and killed the engine. A tug pushing a sand barge came straight towards us. We were drifting broadside because of the wind. Marty pulled on the whistle and it fizzled out. "Do something!" he shouted.

I grabbed a boat pole and ran outside. It wouldn't even reach to the waterline, much less the side of the river. Marty came out with a flare. "We've got to let them know we are disabled and in distress," he shouted. He lighted it, but in the bright sunlight it was almost invisible.

The barge didn't slow down. We drifted a little to one side and it plowed past with only inches of clearance. The pilot shook his fist and shouted something.

"He doesn't like yachtsmen," I observed.

"He is a common seaman and socially inferior," Marty explained.

The wind was turning us again.

"Horsey," he said, "you will have to volunteer to dive overboard and clear away whatever is fouling the rudder."

"This is the drainage canal," I reminded him.

"This is the call to duty."

"Swimming gives me an ear ache," I said.

"We must all rally to the emergency. I will undertake to sober up Lefty."

"Why don't we just wait until the wind blows us close to shore and then abandon this hunk of driftwood? We can take a trip to Texas or somewhere." I was trying to tempt him. "You always wanted to try your hand at the oil industry."

He ignored my remarks. I stripped down to my shorts and went over the side. We had been carried downstream to an automobile bridge. A crowd of people gathered along the railing and stared down at me. I untangled a piece of burlap from the rudder and climbed back in. Marty was holding a piece of wet rag to the back of Lefty's neck as he swayed uncertainly over the engine. He clumsily pulled and adjusted things and got it running.

"You can retire to your quarters," Marty said as he let Lefty sag down next to the engine hatch.

I dragged Lefty away from the escaping fumes. "Let's turn back."

"We're almost to the locks and there's Lake Michigan!"

We chugged along for another ten minutes and got through the locks. Marty told the attendant that we were the U. S. S. Aphrodite, home port Chicago, destination confidential. He was nettled when I asked the attendant how far away the nearest Coast Guard rescue boat was stationed.

When we were out on the lake I'll have to admit that it was nice. I had never seen the skyline before. When people waved, I always forgot and waved back, even though Marty kept telling me that it was a breach of yachting ethics. At North Avenue Marty got in pretty close to the shore.

"Isn't the water kind of shallow here?" I asked.

"If we don't get in close enough how

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"He's my kind of man — the strong, solvent type."

travel **BY PATRICK CHASE**

rio de janeiro: a paradise of cream-and-chrome

SAMBA CITY

WE CAN NEVER WRITE about Rio de Janeiro without tapping our feet, jiggling at our desks, samba-swaying around the office. Tam tam-tam . . . *tam tam-tam*. There in three words is Rio—a pulsing samba city with a hooded look and the screaming colors of a parrot.

We always try to fly in from Lima, Peru, straight up and over the craggy Andes (it's like flying over the moon, cold and dead), then across the tangled green jungle that hides some of the world's most primitive people. The natives still blast away at the weekly trains with poisoned darts. Circling in over the unbelievable bay, we spot Rio—nestled in the only certified genuine purple dusk we've ever seen. Everywhere there are mountains, rocky fingers rising sheer from the waters of each scalloped inlet and stretching around behind the lovely city.

It's best to arrive when the street lights are going on—like brilliant necklaces dipping along the shoreline. Once we hit it just right, as floodlights sprayed the huge white statue of the Christ, arms outstretched, atop Corcovado's 2366-foot peak. At the same moment, Sugar Loaf mountain burst into light out in the bay. Then, spreading inland, the lights flashed on in series, reaching back into the canyons between dark hills.

Night closes in fast in Rio. Grab a taxi at the airport and chase the pearls of light strung along palms beside the dark sea, and soon you're in the center of Rio's neon-lit smartness. *Tam tam-tam* . . . the samba beat eddies out at you from sidewalk terraces and across the plush lobby of the Copacabana Palace Hotel.

If you're not too bushed from your trip, stop at the hotel's Midnight (*Meia-Noite*) Room for a quick pick-me-up; also to hear the new French blues singer and admire the smooth, bronzed shoulders and low-cut Paris creations of young cafe society *granfinos* clustered around the bar. Most of the girls are French-educated Brazilian beauties who are both pert and personable, but remember, it is always best to approach these ladies with both tact and discretion.

Out in the city, the evening air is spice-tinged. Step across to the beach-side walk paved in a pattern of black mosaic waves. Keep pace with the smart strollers, chatting softly in a dozen different tongues, until the crowd thins out toward the bay's crescent tip. Now, away from the lights, you can hear the drum beats filtering down from the *favelas*, the little shanty towns up in the black hills. The *favelas* originally gave us the samba, a fetish dance of the West African slaves known as *quizomba*, but this sound is different. This drumming is *macumba*—the voodoo ritual of trance dancing and animal sacrifice to the ancient gods Xango and Ogun.

Morning in Rio is always special. We wait until the waiter goes out on our balcony to spread a breakfast of joltingly strong Brazilian coffee and tropical fruit —custard apple and mamao (papaya). The sun is already sizzling hot, the roar of the sea deafening. The night's tropical fragrance has been replaced by a sun-drenched salt tang, mingled with the day scent of eucalyptus. Outside, there's a shock: a royal blue sea and white, white sand; cream-and-chrome buildings against dark green hills. On the beach are dots of brightness from swimsuits and beach umbrellas, colorful straw hats and

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NO MORE GIFTS

(continued from page 31)

with a pistol," Avis said.

"I guess it's against the rules here. But I'm an out-of-towner."

The streetlamps blinked on below. Through their diffused halos she watched the top floor tenant she had glimpsed late evenings, ducking past her basement window with a bag of sandwiches from the coffee shop. He was a slim highstrung man in his early twenties, with black hair strong against his sallow features. In his mustard-colored sport shirt and dark flannels, he might have been any college boy her own age. But she doubted it, he was a little too mature and wary.

"Can't ever get my fill of pheasants," he said. "I'm a sportsman from away back."

Avis smiled in spite of herself. He was being patronizing, but at least he wasn't being sympathetic.

"You could have fooled me," she said.

"Shows you how tricky looks can be. I'm strictly an outdoor character," he said. "Up with the birds, after a night of clean living. Then into the woods with my faithful pointer for a brace of quail, and back in time to pose for the whiskey ads." There was a contagious nervous gaiety in his voice. "How about you? How do you keep up your morale in these hectic times?"

"Me? Oh, I endorse beauty soaps. My picture's in all the magazines. I guess you didn't recognize me without my lather on."

He grinned at her across the yellow halflight. "Been living in this dump long?"

"Why, this is a very elegant address. Even the mice have pedigrees."

"Are those just mice in the walls? They sound more like cocker spaniels."

Smiling, Avis got to her feet and stretched. She limped over to the ledge and leaned out.

"It's really not so bad," she said wistfully. "Not when you get used to it."

Three stories below, the rubbly sidewalk lay smoothed by lamplight. A smell of simmering cabbage drifted up. Distantly the block echoed with the soprano profanity of kids in flapping pursuit of a tin can. Avis soothed her eyes on the park across the street.

It was nothing more than a swatch of parched grass, with a few listless shrubs competing among the flaking iron benches: but it was a green oasis in the shingled gray monotone. An expensive, older-looking car was parked beside it. One of those conservative kinds, maybe belonging to some old resident who'd made his mark in the world and come back to reminisce. Maybe paying a call in the neighborhood, because she'd noticed it there most of the day.

Just then a match flared inside it. The chauffeur, probably.

"We even have a park," Avis said. "Of course it's not much of a ——"

"I know. I've seen it."

Something in his voice drew her head around. He'd lit another cigarette and was studying her through the unfolding smoke. She stood facing him with her tar-colored hair loosely piled around her shoulders. Her unmade lips parted a little, as if breathing had become more difficult.

"You're a pretty girl," he said bluntly. "I never thought of it that way, but you are. How long have you had that leg?"

She didn't say anything.

"That leg of yours," he repeated. "Has it always been that way?"

"Yes," she said. "All my life."

"I guess it bothers you a lot."

"What do you think?" Avis said.

He started to crush his cigarette out, then changed his mind. "Look," he said awkwardly, "everybody's got one. One way or another. Nobody gets off free."

Limping back to the stool, Avis sat heavily. She flattened her hands against her thighs to still them.

"What are you running from?" she whispered.

"I stopped running, lady. I'm already there, as far as I can go." He glanced at the neighboring roof, a space of no more than twenty-five feet. "I guess I'm not about to tie any world record for the broad jump."

"It's that car across the street, isn't it?"

He continued watching the next roof. "Been running all the way from East St. Louis. You'd think with a head start like that, I almost could." He turned back to her. "What's your name, lady?"

"Avis," she said. "What's yours?"

"Mine? Clay," he said. "Like in pigeon."

She made herself breathe evenly. "Are you a gangster?"

He laughed, then considered it. "I don't think so. I'm just a bad businessman, up for retirement."

"Please – isn't there something I can do?"

"I don't know," he smiled, "is there?"

"The police?" she faltered.

"That's a thought. Give them a ring. And if no one answers, try the Boy Scouts."

She turned her head away.

"I'm not putting you down. Really," he said gently. "It's just that I guessed wrong, and now I have to pay off."

"But there must be *some* way. I can't just let you stay here and get ——"

"Don't be crazy. You better run on home, if you got one." He stared at her in baffled anger. "What the hell's wrong with you, wanting to put your neck out? You don't know the first thing about me. I could be any kind of public enemy or something."

"What if you are? I don't owe the public anything."

He waited, expressionless.

"I don't *care*," she said desperately. I'm not going anywhere. What kind of a life is this – watching the world from a dirty cage?"

Half smiling, he said, "That bad?"

"How would you like it sometime, cooped up in a room no wider than a grave?"

"How would I like it? I wouldn't, lady. I *didn't*."

Avis dropped her eyes to the stool. "Even so," she picked at the fraying canvas, "even so, it's not the same thing. Your bars were real. You knew where you were, and you knew it wouldn't last. And besides, you're a man," she said. "You asked me how I keep up my morale. I keep it up over a sewing machine, hemming things for other women to go dancing in."

She could feel his eyes on her, dark and equivocal.

"And even before that, it was never real. My father was an evangelical minister. Along with this," she nodded at her foot, "he gave me a nice set of rules to explain it. He said it was a gift from God, Who'd seen fit to test my worthiness. Well, I'm not a candidate any more. Let Him recruit saints somewhere else. I'll settle for a life, the smallest little life with people in it."

The man nodded gravely. "All right, lady. I got a small life left, let's pretend you're included. What do we do with it?"

"Well, you certainly can't stay here..."

He shrugged.

Avis kept her eyes down, getting it out in one breath. "I have a room in the basement. There's an entrance around through the back, they wouldn't look for you there."

"Tell me about it," he said. "Your room and all. What's it like?"

She looked up, trying to read his face. "Why?"

"I just want to picture you. Moving around in it, the things you do."

"It's not much. Just one room and a kitchenette. The walls are always damp. But it's got a stove. You wouldn't have to sneak out at night for hamburgers."

"You been keeping track of me."

"Yes," she said.

"Where would I sleep? That's an important point, you know."

Avis could feel the color rising to her face.

"There's a wall bed that lets down," she said stiffly.

"Pretty wide bed?"

She met his level gaze. "Do we have to talk about it?" she said, feeling her control going. "Can't we just let things take care of themselves?"

"Sure," he said, "sure we can. Let's give it a whirl." He reached forward, resting his hand on her wrist. "Look, what's your name again? Avis? Sit over here a minute." He handed her over to the ledge beside him.

Together in the shadows, she could feel her shoulders trembling.

"Listen, Avis," he said, "I'm not sure how to put it. Guess I haven't traveled in the right circles. But what I'm getting at is – you never been with a man, have you?"

"No," she said.

"Well, I'm no lover-boy, myself. I mean, I was never in circulation places

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One of the most sophisticated tales of the French storyteller, Guy de Maupassant

THE POSTMAN'S MISTAKE

ONE DAY, BONIFACE, the postman, found in leaving the post office that his route would not be so long and therefore felt a lively delight.

He had charge of the country around Vireville and, when he returned in the evening, he often found he had covered twenty miles in his long march.

Today the distribution would be easy; he could even stroll along a little and be home by three o'clock in the afternoon. What luck!

He went out along the Sennemare road and commenced his work. It was June, the month of green things and flowers, the true month of the fields and meadows.

The man, in his blue blouse and black cap with red braid, crossed through by-paths, fields of millet, oats and wheat, buried to the shoulders in their depths; and his head, moving along above the feathery waves, seemed to float upon a calm and verdant sea, which a light breeze caused to undulate gently. He entered the farms through wooden gateways built on the slopes and shaded by two rows of beech trees, greeted the farmer by name: "Good morning, Monsieur Chicot," and passed him his newspaper.

The farmer would wipe his hand on his trousers, receive the paper and slide it into his pocket to read at his ease after the midday meal. The dogs, asleep in barrels under the drooping apple trees, yapped with fury, pulling at their chains, but the postman, without turning, proceeded at his military gait, stretching his long limbs, the left arm over his bag, the right manipulating his cane which marched like himself, in a continuous, hurried fashion.

He distributed his printed matter and his letters in the hamlet of Sennemare, then set out across the fields with a paper for the tax collector who lived in a little isolated house a quarter of a mile from the village.

He was a new collector, this Chapatis, arrived but the week before and lately married.

He took a Paris paper, and sometimes Boniface, when he had time, would take a look at it before delivering it at its destination.

Now he opened his bag, took out the paper, slipped it out of its wrapper, unfolded it and began to read while walking. The first page did not interest him; politics did not arouse him; the finance he always passed over; but the general facts of the day he read eagerly.

That day they were very exciting. He became so much interested in the story of a crime executed in a gamekeeper's lodge that he stopped in the middle of a clover field to read it more slowly. The details were frightful. A woodcutter, in passing the forester's house the morning after, had noticed a little blood upon the sill, as if someone had been bleeding from the nose. "The keeper must have killed a wolf last night," he thought, but coming nearer, he perceived that the door was left open and that the lock had been broken. Then, seized with fear, he ran to the village, notified the mayor, who took with him as a reinforcement the keeper of fields and the schoolmaster; these four men returned together. They found the forester with his throat

(continued on page 70)

He was sure some terrible crime was being committed.

Ribald Classic


USN
Sam Miller

it up." That's exactly what they did, all right, and everything seemed to go fine until director Valentine Davies took his first horrified look at the rushes. The kids were sure "dancing it up" but most of their dance steps were completely unknown in the late Thirties. Next day, when the big scene was re-shot, Davies dispatched a squad of "policemen" on the dance floor to weed out the cool ones and keep the dancing hot and swingy, in the proper 1938 style.

Jazz will always be danced to, I guess. But more surprising is the way it is now listened to. There are jazz concerts in New York's Carnegie Hall, Chicago's Civic Opera House and countless other auditoriums all over America and Europe. Jazz festivals and traveling jazz groups continually expand the audience for a type of music that at one time was considered special and highly unorthodox. Hundreds of nightclubs in 1956 no longer have any dance floors of any kind, but still, thousands of people of all ages gather to listen to music – to listen critically and intelligently. Certainly jazz is no longer the boisterous, raw, brash upstart of the Twenties. It has come of age right before our eyes (and ears). The change can be attributed to no single factor, I suppose. Maybe the kids who danced the Lindy Hop, the Shag, the Big Apple and the Charleston are approaching middle age. Now, perhaps, they are content to sit around and listen.

During the early days, our audiences consisted almost entirely of other swing musicians and kids under twenty-five. The kids' reactions were direct, sensual and emotional. They found the music stimulating, exciting and wonderful to dance to. They didn't criticize it, analyze it or write books about it; they simply responded to it and enjoyed it. Over the years, the people who liked this new free and rollicking kind of music grew in number and we played to larger and larger crowds.

Now, I look around and see many to whom swing is largely a matter of nostalgia. It takes them back to their own youth which they relive through swing music. But there is also a new generation of kids whose reactions are as direct as their parents' reactions before them. Jazz is again alive to them, in a healthier condition than ever before. In fact, we can easily say that jazz is one of the original and lasting contributions to culture which America has made in the whole Twentieth Century. In my opinion, it may well go down in history as the folk music of this country.

One of the features of jazz which I find most gratifying is the fact that from its very beginning it has been completely democratic. A difference of race, creed or color has never been of the slightest importance in the best of bands. Musicianship was the only consideration when, with Teddy Wilson and Gene Krupa, I formed the Benny Goodman Trio and started what has since been called "Chamber Music Jazz." It was the only consideration also when I added Lionel Hampton's vibes to turn the small combo into the Benny Goodman Quartet. Many years before the Major League baseball teams used Negro players, Negro and white musicians were playing together all over the country. This is hardly surprising when you remember that most jazz originated with the Negroes and, naturally, they are still among its most creative exponents and undoubtedly always will be.

During the past twenty years, there have been musicians and band leaders of every kind and quality. There have been "greats," like Duke Ellington and Count Basie, to mention only two, whose names have never lost their bright lustre. There have been some who have been just good and who have held the public favor for a while, then vanished from view to drift into other occupations. There also have been a couple – who obviously shall have to be nameless – who, with no apparent talent or personality, have managed through some goofy gimmick to hold the public's fancy. They are paid fantastic sums by the recording companies as well as radio and television networks. There are also big bands, like Guy Lombardo's, who continue from decade to decade, year in, year out, never varying their styles, never deviating from the straight path of conventionality. They have managed to hold a certain definite following of their own, thus maintaining a steady and solid popularity. To these fascinating few, I doff my hat!

An amazing breed which has risen with the growth of music is the record collector. I must admit to knowing very little about them, although I am constantly awed by them and certainly am indebted to a lot of them. For many years, I was so busy playing music and making records that somehow I never got around to buying many discs, and never my own. The result was, when I got married and my wife Alice wanted a set of my old records, I found that they were mostly unobtainable from the usual sources. Finally, though, thanks to an ardent, wild-haired collector, I was able to buy a good many of them.

Some of these record collectors are astonishing. Last year, I met the 17-year-old son of the last Count Bernadotte, whose name is Bertil. In some ways the meeting verged on the embarrassing. He asked me innumerable questions about various records, recording sessions, who played such-and-such a chorus, etc., and almost invariably he knew the answers better than I! The amount of information about discs and jazz he carried in his head was nothing less than startling, and yet, although his mother is American, he had been brought up almost entirely in Sweden.

I had a similar experience with a Greek boy, educated in Athens, who came to America for the first time at the age of 21. He, too, knew more about me than I could remember myself! I am told that record collectors correspond in all parts of the world, exchanging views and information on all kinds of discs. This interest is wonderful, of course, because records are the very blood-stream of the whole music industry.

Looking back, it seems to me that the release of the first Carnegie Hall Jazz Concert LP helped to establish a new trend in the record business. Thirteen years after the concert, which took place on January 16, 1938, the Columbia long-playing records of the concert were placed on the market, made possible because an undiscovered transcription of the music had come to light.

Many people thought that the story of finding the acetate tapes tucked away in a closet was a publicity gag, but it wasn't. The only inaccuracy in the report was that it was *not* my daughter Rachel who found them, but my sister-in-law, Rachel Speiden, and I'm happy to have the chance to present the correct facts now.

This album was released exactly as it was taped over one single microphone at Carnegie Hall. I had no idea that we were being recorded at the time. Since, so far as I know, no album recorded at a jazz concert with a live audience had ever been offered to the public, no one knew what the response would be. Well, the darn thing sold more than 300,000 albums, and has grossed over $1,500,000. Four years after its relesase, it is still a hot seller in the record shops. Since that time, a lot of bands and jazz groups have followed the same procedure in preparing albums. It is fairly commonplace today, and, wherever the music has been good, the record-buying public has responded favorably.

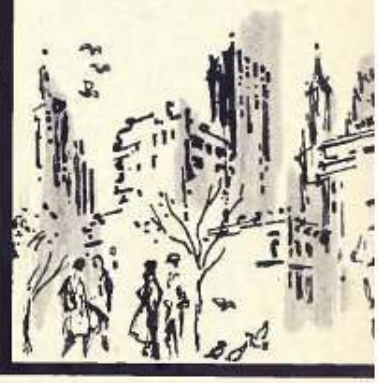
I had a special interest in the success of my first album of this kind because I thought it might possibly be bought only by those of my generation. I was dead wrong. Apparently, all over the country, high school and college kids "discovered" this "new" music for themselves. I heard of many instances, even, where youngsters were astonished and chagrined when they found their parents also knew of Benny Goodman and his band of the late Thirties!

Today there are many gentlemen of the press in this country writing competently about music (my brother-in-law, John Hammond, is one of them). But there are also a raft of critics who seem to be trying to make the subject into an occult science. I can think of one in particular who seems incapable of writing about jazz except in words of four syllables or more. The word, "contrapointal" (or does he mean "contrapuntal?"), which is not even in Webster's Unabridged, is one of his favorites. I sometimes wonder what impression he manages to get across to his readers. To this reader, the invariable reaction is one of total bewilderment spiced with a dash of horror – for in this critic's outpourings there is no emotion whatever, expressed or implicit. The approach is entirely intellectual. Many European critics, too, have written monumental

(concluded on page 72)

"Don't worry, Mrs. Higgins — I'll have your daughter in bed before midnight."

PLAYBOY'S BAZAAR



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TASTE *(continued from page 51)*

go with it there was a Moselle. Mike got up and poured the wine himself, and when he sat down again, I could see that he was watching Richard Pratt. He had set the bottle in front of me so that I could read the label. It said, "Geierslay Ohligsberg, 1954." He leaned over and whispered to me that Geierslay was a tiny village in the Moselle, almost unknown outside Germany. He said that this wine we were drinking was something unusual, that the output of the vineyard was so small that it was almost impossible for a stranger to get any of it. He had visited Geierslay personally the previous summer in order to obtain the few dozen bottles that they had finally allowed him to have.

"I doubt anyone else in the country has any of it at the moment," he said. I saw him glance again at Richard Pratt. "Great thing about Moselle," he continued, raising his voice, "it's the perfect wine to serve before a claret. A lot of people serve a Rhine wine instead, but that's because they don't know any better. A Rhine wine will kill a delicate claret, you know that? It's barbaric to serve a Rhine before a claret. But a Moselle—ah!—a Moselle is exactly right."

Mike Schofield was an amiable, middle-aged man. But he was a stock-broker. To be precise, he was a jobber in the stock market, and like a number of his kind, he seemed to be somewhat embarrassed, almost ashamed to find that he had made so much money with so slight a talent. In his heart he knew that he was not really much more than a bookmaker—an unctuous, infinitely respectable, secretly unscrupulous bookmaker—and he knew that his friends knew it, too. So he was seeking now to become a man of culture, to cultivate a literary and aesthetic taste, to collect paintings, music, books, and all the rest of it. His little sermon about Rhine wine and Moselle was a part of this thing, this culture that he sought.

"A charming little wine, don't you think?" he said. He was still watching Richard Pratt. I could see him give a rapid furtive glance down the table each time he dropped his head to take a mouthful of whitebait. I could almost *feel* him waiting for the moment when Pratt would take his first sip, and look up from his glass with a smile of pleasure, of astonishment, perhaps even of wonder, and then there would be a discussion and Mike would tell him about the village of Geierslay.

But Richard Pratt did not taste his wine. He was completely engrossed in conversation with Mike's eighteen-year-old daughter, Louise. He was half turned toward her, smiling at her, telling her, so far as I could gather, some story about a chef in a Paris restaurant. As he spoke, he leaned closer and closer to her, seeming in his eagerness almost to impinge upon her, and the poor girl leaned as far as she could away from him, nodding politely, rather desperately, and looking not at his face but at the topmost button of his dinner jacket.

We finished our fish, and the maid came around removing the plates. When she came to Pratt, she saw that he had not yet touched his food, so she hesitated, and Pratt noticed her. He waved her away, broke off his conversation, and quickly began to eat, popping the little crisp brown fish quickly into his mouth with rapid jabbing movements of his fork. Then, when he had finished, he reached for his glass, and in two short swallows he tipped the wine down his throat and turned immediately to resume his conversation with Louise Schofield.

Mike saw it all. I was conscious of him sitting there, very still, containing himself, looking at his guest. His round jovial face seemed to loosen slightly and to sag, but he contained himself and was still and said nothing.

Soon the maid came forward with the second course. This was a large roast of beef. She placed it on the table in front of Mike who stood up and carved it, cutting the slices very thin, laying them gently on the plates for the maid to take around. When he had served everyone, including himself, he put down the carving knife and leaned forward with both hands on the edge of the table.

"Now," he said, speaking to all of us but looking at Richard Pratt. "Now for the claret. I must go and fetch the claret, if you'll excuse me."

"You go and fetch it, Mike?" I said. "Where is it?"

"In my study, with the cork out—breathing."

"Why the study?"

"It's the best place in the house. Richard helped me choose it last time he was here."

At the sound of his name, Pratt looked around.

"That's right, isn't it?" Mike said.

"Yes," Pratt answered, nodding gravely. "That's right."

"On top of the green filing cabinet in my study," Mike said. "That's the place we chose. A good draft-free spot in a room with an even temperature. Excuse me now, will you, while I fetch it."

The thought of another wine to play with had restored his humor, and he hurried out the door, to return a minute later more slowly, walking softly, holding in both hands a wine basket in which a dark bottle lay. The label was out of sight, facing downward. "Now!" he cried as he came toward the table. "What about this one, Richard? You'll never name this one!"

Richard Pratt turned slowly and looked up at Mike; then his eyes travelled down to the bottle nestling in its small wicker basket, and he raised his eyebrows, a slight, supercilious arching of the brows, and with it a pushing outward of the wet lower lip, suddenly imperious and ugly.

"You'll never get it," Mike said. "Not in a hundred years."

"A claret?" Richard Pratt asked, condescending.

"Of course."

"I assume, then, that it's from one of the smaller vineyards?"

"Maybe it is, Richard. And then again, maybe it isn't."

"But it's a good year? One of the great years?"

"Yes, I guarantee that."

"Then it shouldn't be too difficult," Richard Pratt said, drawling his words, looking exceedingly bored. Except that, to me, there was something strange about his drawling and his boredom: between the eyes a shadow of something evil, and in his bearing an intentness that gave me a faint sense of uneasiness as I watched him.

"This one is really rather difficult," Mike said, "I won't force you to bet on this one."

"Indeed. And why not?" Again the slow arching of the brows, the cool, intent look.

"Because it's difficult."

"That's not very complimentary to me, you know."

"My dear man," Mike said, "I'll bet you with pleasure, if that's what you wish."

"It shouldn't be too hard to name it."

"You mean you want to bet?"

"I'm perfectly willing to bet," Richard Pratt said.

"All right, then, we'll have the usual. A case of the wine itself."

"You don't think I'll be able to name it, do you?"

"As a matter of fact, and with all due respect, I don't," Mike said. He was making some effort to remain polite, but Pratt was not bothering overmuch to conceal his contempt for the whole proceeding. And yet, curiously, his next question seemed to betray a certain interest.

"You like to increase the bet?"

"No, Richard. A case is plenty."

"Would you like to bet fifty cases?"

"That would be silly."

Mike stood very still behind his chair at the head of the table, carefully holding the bottle in its ridiculous wicker basket. There was a trace of whiteness around his nostrils now, and his mouth was shut very tight.

Pratt was lolling back in his chair, looking up at him, the eyebrows raised, the eyes half closed, a little smile touching the corners of his lips. And again I saw, or thought I saw, something distinctly disturbing about the man's face, that shadow of intentness between the eyes, and in the eyes themselves, right in their centers where it was black, a small slow spark of shrewdness, hiding.

"So you don't want to increase the bet?"

"As far as I'm concerned, old man, I don't give a damn," Mike said. "I'll bet anything you like."

The three women and I sat quietly, watching the two men. Mike's wife was becoming annoyed; her mouth had gone sour and I felt that at any moment she was going to interrupt. Our roast beef lay before us on our plates, slowly steaming.

"So you'll bet me anything I like?"

"That's what I told you. I'll bet you anything you damn well please, if you want to make an issue out of it."

"Even ten thousand pounds?"

"Certainly I will, if that's the way you want it." Mike was more confident now. He knew quite well that he could call any sum Pratt cared to mention.

"So you say I can name the bet?" Pratt asked again.

"That's what I said."

There was a pause while Pratt looked slowly around the table, first at me, then at the three women, each in turn. He appeared to be reminding us that we were witness to the offer.

"Mike!" Mrs. Schofield said. "Mike, why don't we stop this nonsense and eat our food. It's getting cold."

"But it isn't nonsense," Pratt told her evenly. "We're making a little bet."

I noticed the maid standing in the background holding a dish of vegetables, wondering whether to come forward with them or not.

"All right, then," Pratt said. "I'll tell you what I want you to bet."

"Come on, then," Mike said, rather reckless. "I don't give a damn what it is—you're on."

Pratt nodded, and again the little smile moved the corners of his lips, and then, quite slowly, looking at Mike all the time, he said, "I want you to bet me the hand of your daughter in marriage."

Louise Schofield gave a jump. "Hey!" she cried. "No! That's not funny! Look here, Daddy, that's not funny at all."

"No, dear," her mother said. "They're only joking."

"I'm not joking," Richard Pratt said.

"It's ridiculous," Mike said. He was off balance again now.

"You said you'd bet anything I liked."

"I meant money."

"You didn't *say* money."

"That's what I meant."

"Then it's a pity you didn't say it. But anyway, if you wish to go back on your offer, that's quite all right with me."

"It's not a question of going back on my offer, old man. It's a no-bet anyway, because you can't match the stake. You yourself don't happen to have a daughter to put up against mine in case you lose. And if you had, I wouldn't want to marry her."

"I'm glad of that, dear," his wife said.

"I'll put up anything you like," Pratt announced. "My house, for example. How about my house?"

"Which one?" Mike asked, joking now.

"The country one."

"Why not the other one as well?"

"All right then, if you wish it. Both my houses."

At that point I saw Mike pause. He took a step forward and placed the bottle in its basket gently down on the table. He moved the saltcellar to one side, then the pepper, and then he picked up his knife, studied the blade thoughtfully for a moment, and put it down again. His daughter, too, had seen him pause.

"Now, Daddy!" she cried. "Don't be absurd! It's too silly for words. I refuse to be betted on like this."

"Quite right, dear," her mother said. "Stop it at once, Mike, and sit down and eat your food."

Mike ignored her. He looked over at his daughter and he smiled, a slow, fatherly, protective smile. But in his eyes, suddenly, there glimmered a little triumph. "You know," he said, smiling as he spoke. "You know, Louise, we ought to think about this a bit."

"Now, stop it, Daddy! I refuse even to listen to you! Why, I've never heard anything so ridiculous in my life!"

"No, seriously, my dear. Just wait a moment and hear what I have to say."

"But I don't *want* to hear it."

"Louise! Please! It's like this. Richard, here, has offered us a serious bet. He is the one who wants to make it, not me. And if he loses, he will have to hand over a considerable amount of property. Now, wait a minute, my dear, don't interrupt. The point is this. *He cannot possibly win.*"

"He seems to think he can."

"Now listen to me, because I know what I'm talking about. The expert, when tasting a claret—so long as it is not one of the famous great wines like Lafite or Latour—can only get a certain way toward naming the vineyard. He can, of course, tell you the Bordeaux district from which the wine comes, whether it is from St. Emilion, Pomerol, Graves, or Medoc. But then each district has several communes, little counties, and each county has many, many small vineyards. It is impossible for a man to differentiate between them all by taste and smell alone. I don't mind telling you that this one I've got here is a wine from a small vineyard that is surrounded by many other small vineyards, and he'll never

(continued on next page)

FEMALES BY COLE: 22

Indecisive

get it. It's impossible."

"You can't be sure of that," his daughter said.

"I'm telling you I can. Though I say it myself, I understand quite a bit about this wine business, you know. And anyway, heavens alive, girl, I'm your father and you don't think I'd let you in for—for something you didn't want, do you? I'm trying to make you some money."

"Mike!" his wife said sharply. "Stop it now, Mike, please!"

Again he ignored her. "If you will take this bet," he said to his daughter, "in ten minutes you will be the owner of two large houses."

"But I don't want two large houses, Daddy."

"Then sell them. Sell them back to him on the spot. I'll arrange all that for you. And then, just think of it, my dear, you'll be rich! You'll be independent for the rest of your life!"

"Oh, Daddy, I don't like it. I think it's silly."

"So do I," the mother said. She jerked her head briskly up and down as she spoke, like a hen. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Michael, ever suggesting such a thing! Your own daughter, too!"

Mike didn't even look at her. "Take it!" he said eagerly, staring hard at the girl. "Take it quick! I'll guarantee you won't lose."

"But I don't like it, Daddy."

"Come on, girl. Take it."

Mike was pushing her hard. He was leaning toward her, fixing her with two hard bright eyes, and it was not easy for the daughter to resist him.

"But what if I lose?"

"I keep telling you, you can't lose. I'll guarantee it."

"Oh, Daddy, must I?"

"I'm making you a fortune. So come on now. What do you say, Louise? All right?"

For the last time, she hesitated. Then she gave a helpless little shrug of the shoulders and said, "Oh, all right, then. Just so long as you swear there's no danger of losing."

"Good!" Mike cried. "That's fine! Then it's a bet!"

Immediately, Mike picked up the wine, tipped the first thimbleful into his own glass, then skipped excitedly around the table filling up the others. Now everyone was watching Richard Pratt, watching his face as he reached slowly for his glass with his right hand and lifted it to his nose. The man was about fifty years old and he did not have a pleasant face. Somehow, it was all mouth—mouth and lips—the full, wet lips of the professional gourmet, the lower lip hanging downward in the center, a pendulous, permanently open taster's lip, shaped open to receive the rim of a glass or a morsel of food. Like a keyhole, I thought, watching it; his mouth is like a large wet keyhole.

Slowly he lifted the glass to his nose. The point of the nose entered the glass and moved over the surface of the wine, delicately sniffing. He swirled the wine gently around in the glass to receive the bouquet. His concentration was intense. He had closed his eyes, and now the whole top half of his body, the head and neck and chest, seemed to become a kind of huge sensitive smelling-machine, receiving, filtering, analyzing the message from the sniffing nose.

Mike, I noticed, was lounging in his chair, apparently unconcerned, but he was watching every move. Mrs. Schofield, the wife, sat prim and upright at the other end of the table, looking straight ahead, her face tight with disapproval. The daughter, Louise, had shifted her chair away a little, and sidewise, facing the gourmet, and she, like her father, was watching closely.

For at least a minute, the smelling process continued; then, without opening his eyes or moving his head, Pratt lowered the glass to his mouth and tipped in almost half the contents. He paused, his mouth full of wine, getting the first taste; then he permitted some of it to trickle down his throat and I saw his Adam's apple move as it passed by. But most of it he retained in his mouth. And now, without swallowing again, he drew in through his lips a thin breath of air which mingled with the fumes of the wine in the mouth and passed on down into his lungs. He held the breath, blew it out through his nose, and finally began to roll the wine around under the tongue, and chewed it, actually chewed it with his teeth as though it were bread.

It was a solemn, impressive performance, and I must say he did it well.

"Um," he said, putting down the glass, running a pink tongue over his lips. "Um—yes. A very interesting little wine—gentle and gracious, almost feminine in the aftertaste."

There was an excess of saliva in his mouth, and as he spoke he spat an occasional bright speck of it onto the table.

"Now we can start to eliminate," he said. "You will pardon me for doing this carefully, but there is much at stake. Normally I would perhaps take a bit of a chance, leaping forward quickly and landing right in the middle of the vineyard of my choice. But this time—I must move cautiously this time, must I not?" He looked up at Mike and he smiled, a thick-lipped, wet-lipped smile. Mike did not smile back.

"First, then, which district in Bordeaux does this wine come from? That is not too difficult to guess. It is far too light in the body to be either St. Emilion or Graves. It is obviously a Médoc. There's no doubt about *that*.

"Now—from which commune in Médoc does it come? That also, by elimination, should not be too difficult to decide. Margaux? No. It cannot be Margaux. It has not the violent bouquet of a Margaux. Pauillac? It cannot be Pauillac, either. It is too tender, too gentle and wistful for a Pauillac. The wine of Pauillac has a character that is almost imperious in its taste. And also, to me, a Pauillac contains just a little pith, a curious, dusty, pithy flavor that the grape acquires from the soil of the district. No, no. This—this is a very gentle wine, demure and bashful in the first taste, emerging shyly but quite graciously in the second. A little arch, perhaps, in the second taste, and a little naughty also, teasing the tongue with a trace, just a trace of tannin. Then, in the aftertaste, delightful—consoling and feminine, with a certain blithely generous quality that one associates only with the wines of the commune of St. Julien. Unmistakably this is a St. Julien."

He leaned back in his chair, held his hands up level with his chest, and placed the fingertips carefully together. He was becoming ridiculously pompous, but I thought that some of it was deliberate, simply to mock his host. I found myself waiting rather tensely for him to go on. The girl Louise was lighting a cigarette. Pratt heard the match strike and he turned on her, flaring suddenly with real anger. "Please!" he said. "Please don't do that! It's a disgusting habit, to smoke at table!"

She looked up at him, still holding the burning match in one hand, the big slow eyes settling on his face, resting there a moment, moving away again, slow and contemptuous. She bent her head and blew out the match, but continued to hold the unlighted cigarette in her fingers.

"I'm sorry, my dear," Pratt said, "but I simply cannot have smoking at table."

She didn't look at him again.

"Now, let me see—where were we?" he said. "Ah, yes. This wine is from Bordeaux, from the commune of St. Julien, in the district of Médoc. So far so good. But now we come to the more difficult part—the name of the vineyard itself. For in St. Julien there are many vineyards, and as our host so rightly remarked earlier, there is often not much difference between the wine of one and the wine of another. But we shall see."

He paused again, closing his eyes. "I am trying to establish the 'growth,'" he said. "If I can do that, it will be half the battle. Now, let me see. This wine is obviously not from a first-growth vineyard—nor even a second. It is not a great wine. The quality, the—the—what do you call it?—the radiance, the power, is lacking. But a third growth—that it could be. And yet I doubt it. We know it is a good year—our host has said so—and this is probably flattering it a little bit. I must be careful. I must be very careful here."

He picked up his glass and took another small sip.

"Yes," he said, sucking his lips. "I was right. It is a fourth growth. Now I am sure of it. A fourth growth from a very good year—from a great year, in fact. And that's what made it taste for a moment like a third—or even a second-growth wine. Good! That's better! Now we are closing in! What are the fourth-growth vineyards in the commune of St. Julien?"

Again he paused, took up his glass, and held the rim against that sagging, pendulous lower lip of his. Then I saw the tongue shoot out, pink and narrow, the tip of it dipping into the wine, withdrawing swiftly again—a repulsive

sight. When he lowered the glass, his eyes remained closed, the face concentrated, only his lips moving, sliding over each other like two pieces of wet, spongy rubber.

"There it is again!" he cried. "Tannin in the middle taste, and the quick astringent squeeze upon the tongue. Yes, yes, of course! Now I have it! This wine comes from one of those small vineyards around Beychevelle. I remember now. The Beychevelle district, and the river and the little harbor that has silted up so the wine ships can no longer use it. Beychevelle . . . could it actually be a Beychevelle itself? No, I don't think so. Not quite. But it is somewhere very close. Château Talbot? Could it be Talbot? Yes, it could. Wait one moment."

He sipped the wine again, and out of my eye I noticed Mike Schofield and how he was leaning farther and farther forward over the table, his mouth slightly open, his small eyes fixed upon Richard Pratt.

"No. I was wrong. It was not a Talbot. A Talbot comes forward to you just a little quicker than this one; the fruit is nearer to the surface. If it is a '34, which I believe it is, then it couldn't be Talbot. Well, well. Let me think. It is not a Beychevelle and it is not a Talbot, and yet—yet it is so close to both of them, so close, that the vineyard must be almost in between. Now, which could that be?"

He hesitated, and we waited, watching his face. Everyone, even Mike's wife, was watching him now. I heard the maid put down the dish of vegetables on the sideboard behind me, gently, so as not to disturb the silence.

"Ah!" he cried. "I have it! Yes, I think I have it!"

For the last time, he sipped the wine. Then, still holding the glass up near his mouth, he turned to Mike and he smiled, a slow, silky smile, and he said, "You know what this is? This is the little Château Branaire-Ducru."

Mike sat tight, not moving.

"And the year, 1934."

We all looked at Mike, waiting for him to turn the bottle around in its basket and show the label.

"Is that your final answer?" Mike said.

"Yes, I think so."

"Well, is it or isn't it?"

"Yes, it is."

"What was the name again?"

"Château Branaire-Ducru. Pretty little vineyard. Lovely old château. Know it quite well. Can't think why I didn't recognize it at once."

"Come on, Daddy," the girl said. "Turn it round and let's have a peek. I want my two houses."

"Just a minute," Mike said. "Wait just a minute." He was sitting very quiet, bewildered-looking, and his face was becoming puffy and pale, as though all the force was draining slowly out of him.

"Michael!" his wife called sharply from the other end of the table. "What's the matter?"

"Keep out of this, Margaret, will you please."

Richard Pratt was looking at Mike, smiling with his mouth, his eyes small and bright. Mike was not looking at anyone.

"Daddy!" the daughter cried, agonized. "But, Daddy, you don't mean to say he's guessed it right!"

"Now, stop worrying, my dear," Mike said. "There's nothing to worry about."

I think it was more to get away from his family than anything else that Mike turned to Richard Pratt and said, "I'll tell you what, Richard. I think you and I better slip off into the next room and have a little chat?"

"I don't want a little chat," Pratt said. "All I want is to see the label on that bottle." He knew he was a winner now; he had the bearing, the quiet arrogance of a winner, and I could see that he was prepared to become thoroughly nasty if there was any trouble. "What are you waiting for?" he said to Mike. "Go on and turn it round."

Then this happened: The maid, the tiny, erect figure of the maid in her white-and-black uniform, was standing beside Richard Pratt, holding something out in her hand. "I believe these are yours, sir," she said.

Pratt glanced around, saw the pair of thin horned-rimmed spectacles that she held out to him, and for a moment he hesitated. "Are they? Perhaps they are. I don't know."

"Yes sir, they're yours." The maid was an elderly woman—nearer seventy than sixty—a faithful family retainer of many years standing. She put the spectacles down on the table beside him.

Without thanking her, Pratt took them up and slipped them into his top pocket, behind the white handkerchief.

But the maid didn't go away. She remained standing beside and slightly behind Richard Pratt, and there was something so unusual in her manner and in the way she stood there, small, motionless, and erect, that I for one found myself watching her with a sudden apprehension. Her old gray face had a frosty, determined look, the lips were compressed, the little chin was out, and the hands were clasped together tight before her. The curious cap on her head and the flash of white down the front of her uniform made her seem like some tiny, ruffled, white-breasted bird.

"You left them in Mr. Schofield's study," she said. Her voice was unnaturally, deliberately polite. "On top of the green filing cabinet in his study, sir, when you happened to go in there by yourself before dinner."

It took a few moments for the full meaning of her words to penetrate, and in the silence that followed I became aware of Mike and how he was slowly drawing himself up in his chair, and the color coming to his face, and the eyes opening wide, and the curl of the mouth, and the dangerous little patch of whiteness beginning to spread around the area of the nostrils.

"Now, Michael!" his wife said. "Keep calm now, Michael, dear! Keep calm!"

"Hi, Johnny. You the fella who advertised for a fast typist?"

NO MORE GIFTS *(continued from page 58)*

where I could even get the right time from—well, say a girl like you. So here's the way it works, Avis," he said quickly. "We'll stay in that room of yours till things get well. You'll open a can of spaghetti and I'll dry the dishes, and at night we'll sleep in the wall bed that lets down and the damp walls won't matter. We'll stick, we'll make out. But not tonight."

He ran his palm along her arm clumsily. "I can't make it tonight," he said, "because the folks across the street brought a friend. And the back door downstairs opens just like the one up here. Whoever comes through it is a pigeon."

Avis sat like a board, trying not to give. Then she slumped against him with what seemed like exhausted laughter that gradually became a harsher sound, like tearing cloth. She felt his arm loosely around her, making futile soothing motions.

"You can't go up against the law of averages, baby," he said. "This just wasn't our night."

He stroked her into a sort of calmness. The stars continued hanging over them like pale niched torches. His voice probed the opaque night uncertainly. "Running's nothing new for me. I always used to have the bottom bunk in reform school. Always found myself on the floor, running in my sleep. Used to wonder what I'd find when I got there, when I finally reached the wall." He bent over her. "And what is it but a girl," he said. "A nice little package named Avis, who invites me to share her board and pillow."

Avis smiled wetly. "And do you?"

"Gentleman that I am, I do."

"Is she better than the others?"

"The best. We have the world by the tail, me and the minister's daughter."

"Tell me."

"Well, let's see. We're pretty domestic people. Stick close to home, play the radio and shoot a little pinochle. Not too much action, mostly. But we like it."

"Don't we ever get bored?"

"Impossible. The street's a free show. Dog fights, landladies gossiping. And we got a box seat, right in the window where we'll have those nice red flowers."

"Roses?"

"No. Can't remember, it's been so long."

"Geraniums?"

"Sure, that's them," he smiled. "Big fat ones we'll have, the size of a plate. They'll do fine in this hot weather. And nights like this, we sleep in the raw."

"It sounds very . . . happy."

"It is. We live happily ever after."

"Just like the whiskey ads," Avis said.

"That's the idea." He brushed her lightly on the cheek. "And now I'm tired waiting for company. I think I'll go visiting instead."

Avis sat upright, the mood suddenly shattered. She tightened her arms around him and clung.

He let her keep that way for a moment, then gently pried her free. When he climbed to his feet the revolver was in his hand again.

"Here goes. There shouldn't be more than one out back," he said. "That's pretty even odds. I'll drop you a letter."

"Will you, *will* you?"

"If I can," he smiled. "If not, I'll be seeing you." As if to himself, he added softly, "In hell, maybe."

"Don't say that . . ."

"Oh, I don't know," he smiled. "They tell me it's not so bad there in the evenings." Halfway to the door he turned to wink. "We can sleep raw."

He slipped through the door and was gone.

Avis knelt in the gathering silence, not daring to breathe, to disturb a molecule of air. *And I don't even have his name to keep,* she thought. Slowly she raised her face, staring intently at a far, cold star.

Listen to me, she thought fiercely. *I don't need any help. No more of your gifts with dirty little strings attached. Keep off, that's all. Give us a chance for once please can't you . . .*

Suddenly she could no longer see the star. Still on her knees, holding nothing at all between her clasped palms, Avis waited for the sound of luck, the wide night cracking open to let feet run safely through.

SUN FUN *(continued from page 53)*

there's nothing disheartening in that. A "Continental Look" there is, but it does not imply that Europe has suddenly blossomed into the men's fashion hub of the universe; what it does mean is that, more and more, Europe has become a wellspring of apparel inspiration and ideas—modified, adapted and produced to American standards. For your season in the sun, whether you bask at Far Rockaway or Rapallo, we've admired a whole gaggle of sport shirts, swimming gear, slacks, hats, caps, footwear—even handkerchiefs and watch bands—that reflect, then interpret, all that is good in Continental thinking.

Take, for example, the bathing suit top sport shirt looking every bit like the type so necessary on the modest beaches of the Twenties, but with several important changes. Quite popular in the Mediterranean area this season, the bathing suit top shirt is *not* worn in the surf, but rather as an auxiliary sports item, as a top for walking shorts or cotton slacks. We've seen it displayed with an open-front denim sport shirt right over it, so the stripe effect comes through. It can even be donned as a sleeveless sweater over a standard shirt for chilly evenings, or underneath a sport jacket for a different, casual look. It retails here for about $5, is made by such firms as Van Heusen and Gantner in a hardy combination of orlon and wool.

Another item we saw and liked is the handsome West India regimental stripe shirt woven of a matchless D. and J. Anderson cotton in a rich black and gold on red, selling for around $12. Also available are matching swim shorts with boxer back and a tailored fly front that sell for $8.95.

A really hot idea straight from the Riviera is the addition of a thin terry cloth lining to sport shirts, whether they be silk, cotton or one of the synthetic fabrics. The beauty of it all lies in the wonderful absorbent qualities of terry, making the shirt far more comfortable, shape retaining and better looking in a hot, dampish climate. The towelling is not incorporated for your beach wear only, but also functions brilliantly during those long afternoon drives when your shirt—if not your driving companion—has an uncomfortable tendency to cling. What, we ask, could be less dashing than a wet smear of perspiration spread liberally across your shirt back? Contrary to what you might expect, terry-lined sport shirts are not at all bulky and we'd say they'd be just as practical for golf, tennis or just about any other hot weather outdoor sport.

Easily the most popular type of boat or beach slacks worn on the Riviera is the casual cotton job, and we've seen it in striped chambray poplin ending in a tight fit at the mid-calf area, not unlike the female version of toreador pants which were, after all, first worn by men with a penchant for fighting bulls. These new models for men, interestingly enough, are also worn while surfboarding or water skiing, when coverage of the knees is so welcome. They cost a sensible $7, complete with rope belt and leg vents. Hats, to ward off a blazing sun, include the utmost in casual wear, the rakish raffia model, which may be worn untrimmed or brightly decorated to fit the wearer's whims. Leather sandals or canvas-topped Italian espadrilles, with or without thick rope soles, dominate the footwear scene. Roman designers have also taken a new grip on their own *bambino*, the mule, and reintroduced the stubborn cuss for general, outdoor sports wear—cut in calfskin with thin, gently padded soles.

We weren't kidding about the Continental influence even extending as far as handkerchiefs and watchbands. The former includes some magnificent silks from France and Italy, done up in unusual, highly stylized tweed and patterned effects. Watchband ideas from revitalized Germany include solid-color, hand-braided nylon affairs that are inexpensive enough to warrant a change of band with each dominant shirt color you might be wearing from day to day.

WINE IS LIKE A WOMAN *(continued from page 44)*

Champagne section, the Rhone valley and the Alsace. But for the month of April, PLAYBOY would like to cite a few of the noted wines of Bordeaux and Burgundy, favorites for generations with *viveurs* all over the world.

WINES OF BORDEAUX

Bordeaux, the most noted wine district, is a narrow strip of land alongside the Garonne and the Gironde Rivers. Many of the famous Bordeaux wines are now selling for as little as a dollar a bottle in the United States. Both white and red wines are produced here. The red wines are known as clarets, not too heavy in body, sprightly in flavor and guaranteed never to bore even the most exacting gourmet. The Bordeaux district is divided into five famous sections, each of which is known for its wines—the Medoc, the Graves, the Sauterne, the St. Emilion and the Pomerol. In the Medoc, three of the best known clarets are the St. Julien, the Chateau Margaux and the St. Estephe. Margaux wines are esteemed for their tangy fruitiness, St. Julien wines for a nice mellowness.

The section of Bordeaux known as the Graves produces both red and white wines. In the United States the white Graves is the most popular. The soil in which the grapes are grown is known for its gravelly, pebbly texture, not suitable for any other kind of husbandry but magnificent for a light delightful wine.

From the Sauterne section come the stunningly beautiful sweet wines of France. The greatest of the sauternes is Chateau Yquem, a wine celebrated in poems and novels for generations. In the Sauterne region the white grapes are left on the vine until they are overripe, almost musty—a condition known as the "noble rot" in Bordeaux. At times the vines are picked not bunch by bunch but actually grape by grape as each part of the cluster reaches the correct stage of overripeness. Barsac is a particularly delicious bottling from the Sauterne section.

Finally there are the St. Emilion and Pomerol wines. They are often called the burgundies of Bordeaux because of their deep fine body and rich color.

In recent years the French government has taken active steps to assure the genuineness of the labels on French wines. Laws known as the *Appellation d'Origine* have placed strict regulation on the use of chateau names. Even the amount of wine that a noted chateau can produce is limited by law. The names of such famous chateaux as Lafite-Rothschild, Latour, Haut Brion and Mouton Rothschild are automatic guides to illustrious wines. Often you will see on the label, *Mis En Bouteilles au Chateau*, which means put into the bottle at the original chateau. You may also buy a wine with a chateau name put on the label by one of the famous shippers such as Barton and Guestier, Eschenauer, Sichel, etc. Or the wine may not bear the name of a chateau but a trade name and will have the word *depose* printed on the label, meaning the brand has been registered and may be depended upon for reliability. Frequently, among less expensive wines, you will see merely the regional name on the label, such as Sauterne or Medoc. Again if the shipper or importer is well known, you need have no fear as to the authenticity of the wine you are buying. All of these regulations were put into effect because of the widespread fraud that once existed in marketing French wines.

The most noted vintages for Bordeaux wines are 1928, 1933, 1934, 1937, 1940, 1943, 1945, 1947, 1949, 1950 and 1953. The 1955 vintage is not, of course, ready for sale but indications are that it will be a great wine year.

WINES OF BURGUNDY

Burgundy wines are known for their magnificent body and their rich earthy intense flavors. The Burgundy area is known as the Cote d'Or, or slopes of gold. There are two main divisions, the Cote de Nuits and the Cote de Beaune. Three other wine areas in Burgundy—Maconnais, Beaujolais and Chablis—are almost as eminent in the wine world. Unlike the Bordeaux vineyards, each of which is owned by a wealthy private family or corporation, the Burgundy vineyards may have as many as forty owners each. So valuable is the chalky soil that in one vineyard, Clos de Vougeot, the workmen are instructed to shake off the dirt from their shoes before they leave the estate in order not to lose any of the incomparable earth.

Because of the multi-ownership of the vineyards, most of the Burgundy wines are blends. Sometimes the wine is known by the vineyard such as the Clos de Vougeot. In other cases the wine will bear the name of the commune such as the Cote de Nuits. From Burgundy one can still get Napoleon's favorite, the deep fruity Chambertin. Most expensive of the red burgundies is Romanee-Conti, famous for its virile flavor and long life. Nuits Saint Georges and Montrachet are magnificent wines of grace and finesse. Cote de Beaune produces Corton, Clos du Roi and Pommard. The Maconnais and Beaujolais wines are lighter than other burgundies but still extremely luscious specimens.

Chablis is undoubtedly the best all-purpose white wine in Burgundy. Wines from Chablis are pale, dry and fruity and can be served with anything from shrimp to sweetbread.

The best of the Burgundy vintages are 1928, 1929, 1933, 1937, 1943, 1945, 1946, 1947, 1949, 1950, 1952 and 1953. The vintners of Burgundy, like those of Bordeaux, expect the 1955 vintage to develop some great wines.

"I didn't want a big wedding, but she insisted on it."

POSTMAN'S MISTAKE

(continued from page 59)

cut before the chimney piece, his wife strangled on the bed and their little daughter, aged six years, stifled under two mattresses.

Boniface became so wrought up over the thought of this horrible multiple murder that he felt a weakness in his limbs and he shuddered.

Then he replaced the journal in its wrapper and went on, his head full of visions of the crime. He arrived shortly at Monsieur Chapatis's. He opened the gate of the little garden and approached the house. It was of low construction, containing only one story and a mansard roof. It was at least five hundred feet from its nearest neighbor.

The postman mounted the two front steps, placed his hand upon the knob, trying to open the door, but found it locked. Then he perceived that the shutters had not been opened and that no one had come out that morning.

A feeling of alarm took possession of him, for Monsieur Chapatis, since his arrival, had always been up rather early. It was then only ten minutes after seven, nearly an hour earlier than he usually got there. No matter. The tax collector ought to be up before that.

He made a tour around the house, walking with much precaution, as if he himself might be in some danger. He noticed nothing suspicious except a man's footprints on a strawberry bed.

Then suddenly he stopped. For, as he was passing a window, he heard, unmistakably, a groan issue from the house.

He approached nearer and glued his ear to the window in order to hear better. Assuredly someone was groaning. He could plainly hear long, soul-rending sighs and the sounds of struggle. Then the groans became louder and more frequent, finally changing into cries.

No longer doubtful that a violent crime was being committed, Boniface took to his legs, flew across the field and the meadow, running until he was out of breath, his bag shaking and hitting against his hip, and arrived gasping and in dismay at the door of the police headquarters.

Brigadier Malautour was mending a broken chair by means of some brads and a hammer. Gendarme Rauter held the damaged piece of furniture between his knees and placed a nail at the edge of the crack; then the brigadier, chewing his mustache, his eyes round and moist with interest in his work, would pound—blows which fell on the fingers of his subordinate.

When the postman saw them he cried out:

"Come quick; someone is murdering the tax collector. Quick! Quick!"

The two men ceased their work and raised their heads, the astonished heads of people surprised and perplexed.

Boniface, seeing more surprise than haste, repeated:

"Quick! Quick! The robbers are in the house. I heard the cries. There is no

time to be lost."

The brigadier, placing his hammer on the ground, remarked: "How was it you found out about this?"

The postman answered: "I went to carry the paper and two letters, when I noticed that the door was locked and that the collector had not been out. I walked around the house, trying to account for it, when suddenly I heard someone groan as if in terrible agony—and then I started as soon as I could to get you. There's no time to be lost."

"And you didn't try to help any?"

The postman, much frightened, replied:

"I was afraid that one was too small a number."

Then the brigadier, convinced, said:

"Give me time to get into my uniform and I will follow you."

And he went into the building, followed by his subordinate who carried the chair. They reappeared almost immediately, and all three started in quick, trained step for the scene of the crime.

Arriving near the house, they slackened their pace through precaution, and the brigadier drew his revolver; then they went softly into the garden and approached the walls of the dwelling. There was nothing to indicate that the malefactors had gone away. The door remained locked, the windows closed.

"Let us wait for them," murmured the brigadier.

But Boniface, palpitating with emotion, made them pass around to the other side and showed them an opening. "Listen," he said.

The brigadier advanced alone and fixed his ear against the board. The two others waited, ready for anything, watching him closely.

He remained a long time, motionless, listening. The better to bring his head near the wooden shutter, he had removed his three-cornered hat and held it in his right hand.

What did he hear? His face revealed nothing for some time, then suddenly his mustache rose at the corners; his cheeks took on folds as in a silent laugh and, returning, he came toward the two men who were looking at him in a kind of stupor.

Walking along on the tips of his toes, he made the sign for them to follow, and when they came to the gate he advised Boniface to slip the paper and the letters under the door.

The amazed postman obeyed with perfect docility.

"And now, back to headquarters," said the brigadier.

When they had gone a little way he turned to the postman with a jocose air, his eyes upturned and shining with fun, and said in a bantering tone:

"Well, you certainly are a rascal!"

The old fellow asked: "Why? I heard groans, I tell you—groans and cries and thrashing about as if someone were being murdered!"

Then the brigadier, no longer able to restrain himself, laughed aloud. He laughed to suffocation, his two hands holding his sides, doubling himself up, his eyes full of tears.

"Ah!" he said at last. "You heard cries. And your wife, do you murder *her* that way, you old prankster?"

"My wife?"

And he stood reflecting a long time, then he continued:

"My wife. Yes, she cries out if I strike her—why? Was Monsieur Chapatis beating his wife?"

Then the brigadier, in a delirium of humor, turned him around by the shoulders as if he had been a puppet and whispered in his ear.

The old man murmured in astonishment:

"No! You can't mean it! You can't mean that Monsieur Chapatis and his wife were— But—but—*my* wife—she never utters a sound . . ."

And confused, disconcerted and ashamed, he went on his way across the fields, while the two policemen, laughing continually and calling back to him from afar with barrack-room wit, watched his black cap as it disappeared in the tranquil sea of grain.

SAMBA CITY

(continued from page 57)

deeply tanned bodies in the tumbling white surf. The yelping horns of bus and car on Avenida Atlantica along the beach can barely be heard against the roar of great waves leaping to twice a man's height before they crash against shore and draw back to sea in a sheet of living transparency. Swimming in such a surf as this is incomparable.

Rio's tourist attractions, for those who might be interested, include the National Museum in Quinta da Boa Vista, the former residence of two emperors and quite magnificent in terms of the life it once knew. Also the Botanical Gardens out Gávea way, sporting a hothouse of hungry meat-eating plants. Then to the São Bento monastery . . . but, nonsense, Rio is not a place of museums or monuments. It is a place of living, breathing beauty; like Paquetá, perhaps the most charming of the islands in the bay. (The only other possible contender is Ilha Santa Tereza, crowned by the posh vacation home of the fantastically rich Guinle family, who pass the languid days on an estate where flamingoes and ibis and peacocks wander freely. The Guinle wealth even awes the *cariocans*, which is saying a pocketful in a city that defines a poor man as anyone who has to wash his own Cadillac.) Or places like the sweeping mountain road out to Tijuca Forest; or Jurujuba, a quaint, almost unspoiled fishing village. Or a dizzying ride in a cable car to the rock-sheer heights of Sugar Loaf mountain. The panoramic vista from the top is in many ways more exciting than the one from Corcovado, 1000 feet higher. Stretching out at your feet is the sweeping bay; the Pipe Organ mountains behind you troop like rocky battalions into the blue distance; and

(concluded on next page)

between the two the city itself swarms across the narrow plain, through canyons and up the sides of green hills, covering a total area greater than Los Angeles. Or try a sail before dawn with a fisherman for Cabo Frio. About 100 miles from Rio, the settlement is one of the oldest in America, discovered by Americo Vespucci in 1503. The ruins of ancient forts and missions mingle with an Eighteenth Century quaintness that's almost as beguiling as the fabulous seafood they serve there.

Your own home town features steak, French fries, apple pie with a slice of American cheese, so when in Rio, try the local fare. The Alba-Mar is an excellent restaurant for lunch, and be sure to ask for a check-clothed table near a window from which you can view the magnificent bay. If you're up to it, order a shot of *pinga*, a local rum with more kick than a conga, then the flaky *empadinhas de camarões*, patties packed with shrimp, olives and hearts of palm. For your main feast you'll want *vatapá* (one of the great dishes from Bahia in northern Brazil), a fish casserole that's remarkably tasty when you stop to consider that, besides fish, it contains coconut milk, peanuts and thick palm oil! Staying away from the chi-chi restaurants (which you can find listed in any guide book) you might try the Reis on the Avenida Almirante Barroso, where you'll choose your evening meal by lifting lids out in the kitchen. A native *feijoada* should prove memorable: it's made of black beans and rice with spiced sausages, and sprinkled with roast manioc flour. Another worthy spot is the Furna da Onca, on Rua do Ouvidor, specializing in oxtails, kidneys, sweetbreads and other anatomical edibles in a delicious mixed grill. Brazilian food is about the tastiest in all Latin America, so long as you're careful not to inquire what goes into each dish and how it's prepared.

Shopping in Rio produces a glittering selection. An especially favorable market exists in amethysts and aquamarines, alligator bags and antique silver, trays of inlaid hardwoods, and coasters decorated with the purple, black and blue wings of giant jungle butterflies. Many of the narrow, shady side streets of Rio Branco are kept entirely free of traffic just for shoppers. At the end of Rua do Ouvidor is an open-sided wrought-iron shed that serves as the Flower Market, ablaze with vivid green orchids slashed with amber markings. A stall near the Municipal Market peddles *macumba* charms: a clenched fist *figa* of vegetable ivory for luck in love (this has proven quite effective) and a dried sea horse to ward off the evil eye, should you be unfortunate enough to encounter it.

For something different and unusual you might enjoy a visit to the Royal Pigalle cabaret in the tough Lapa district, one of the many spots in the area where the fun gets pretty rough. But the Lapa is not the toughest spot in Rio. That's way over the other way—out by the Canal do Mangue, where the police patrol not in twos but threes.

And there—unless it's been since razed in a new spurt of slum clearance—is one of the last of the old fashioned red light quarters. It's quite a sight. The girls are lodged in sort of horse stalls, each with a double, Dutch-barn-type door. To display their wares, they may only open one half of the door at a time. By municipal order, the top and bottom of the door may be opened together only to admit or release a customer.

The picture there is like a Daumier painting come to life. Take any of the quarter's steaming alleys. There is a street light only at each end; the darkness between is lit sporadically by informal flashes of red and orange light from inside the girls' stalls as they open the doors to lure in clients. The light glares on naked breasts and thighs of every conceivable color, shape and size. Shrilling their pleas in a score of languages, the girls lean far out into the street, reaching for some man's hat as a surer way of luring him in to questionable delights priced at the equivalent of one U.S. quarter. The girls' calls seem to hang in the air long after you've drawn away from this grotesque scene, this dark pit of flashing lights, weaving nakedness and fantastic squeals. For contrast, the clean, chromed brightness of Rio is very near at hand.

• • •

For further information on your trip to Rio, write Pan American World Airways, 135 East 42nd St., New York 17; Moore-McCormack Lines, 5 Broadway, New York 4, or the Brazilian Tourist Bureau, 551 Fifth Avenue, New York. The fare from New York to Rio is $828 round-trip by air first class, or $525 one way by ship first class.

GOODMAN

(continued from page 61)

volumes expressing the most didactic opinions, and they have done almost everything except create the actual music itself, which, with rare exceptions, continues for various reasons to emanate from this country. There is also, of course, an enormous and appreciative public in Europe which responds brightly and enthusiastically to all the good American bands which go on European tours. I know I was amazed at the wonderful reception the boys and I received on our two tours of the Continent.

There have been many, many changes in music, both musicians and audiences, since the days when I used to play with such jazzmen as Kid Ory, Bix Beiderbecke and Frank Teschmaker. Whether the style was New Orleans or Chicago, the key qualities of that music were syncopation, improvisation, freedom and enjoyment. If that's a definition of jazz music, then I can go one better by quoting the late, great "Fats" Waller. Many years ago he was asked just what jazz was, and he smiled back, "Man, if you have to ask questions about it . . . don't mess with it!"

Cruise of the Aphrodite

(continued from page 54)

are the girls on the beach going to see us?" he asked back. "We'll drop anchor so some of them can swim out to us."

"We don't have an anchor. Even if we had an anchor, the pretty ones never know how to swim. They can't get their fancy swimsuits wet."

"You're a first class wet blanket," Marty said.

We were doing about four miles an hour at full speed, leaving a trail of blue smoke behind us. A big white boat passed us swiftly. Their stern wash set us rocking. Marty was quiet for a time. I watched him and figured out he was getting seasick. He began to turn green.

"Horsey," he said in a thin voice, "would you take over?" He ran back to the cockpit and hung himself over the railing.

A few minutes later the engine died. I shoved a stick into the gas hole and found we were empty. We seemed too close to some pilings and the wind wasn't doing us any good. There was a shudder and the sound of splintering wood. When it got quiet I could hear the sound of running water underneath. I didn't have to look below the hatch. We were starting to settle. I went back to Marty. He was so dizzy he could hardly see.

"We're sinking," I said.

He wasn't able to say a word. He cupped his hand over his mouth and got bug-eyed.

Lefty woke up. He staggered over to the railing and looked with glazed eyes towards the shore.

"An island full of naked women," he shouted. "You know, Marty, you're all right, boy. This is the life! You're real genuine, Marty!"

As he waved to the girls on the beach it upset his balance and he tumbled to the deck.

A boat with a large party of people on board pulled up about fifty yards away in deep water. They all watched us in silent fascination as we slowly sank. It took them twenty minutes to decide that we needed help. I just sat there. Lefty was too gone to move. I tried not to look at Marty. When the water started lapping in over the deck they sent a steward in a dinghy to take us off.

The owner of the yacht turned out to be a mean drunk. The steward kept insulting us. There were a lot of fancy looking girls in skimpy clothes on board, but they just giggled and kept away from us. I got a blanket to wrap around Marty and he said, "I'm Martin Smedley of the U. S. S. Aphrodite and this is my secretary and traveling companion, Mr. Horace Forester."

"The name is Waldschmidter," I corrected. He sagged back. I had to leave him to steal a shaker of Martinis for Lefty who was getting the shakes.

"You're real genuine," Lefty said.

I was getting an ear ache.

WHAT IS A PLAYBOY?

Is he simply a wastrel, a ne'er-do-well, a fashionable bum? Far from it: he can be a sharp-minded young business executive, a worker in the arts, a university professor, an architect or engineer. He can be many things, providing he possesses a certain *point of view*. He must see life not as a vale of tears, but as a happy time; he must take joy in his work, without regarding it as the end and all of living; he must be an alert man, an aware man, a man of taste, a man sensitive to pleasure, a man who—without acquiring the stigma of the voluptuary or dilettante—can live life to the hilt. This is the sort of man we mean when we use the word *playboy*. Does the description fit you? If so, we imagine you will agree that PLAYBOY belongs in your life. And we suggest that you enter your subscription at the first opportunity.

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