

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

MAY 50 cents





PLAYBOY

PLAYBILL

MARY, BONNIE, MARY ANN,
JANET, SHIRLEYMARY, BONNIE, MARY ANN,
JANET, SHIRLEY

JANET PILGRIM



SHIRLEY AND MARY ANN

WHILE WE OF EDITORIAL struggle with the problems of producing a smart, sophisticated and always (we trust) entertaining publication, another department is concerned with reminding that grand, gray-flannelled group who control the nation's advertising that *PLAYBOY* is the best medium for advertisers interested in selling the young, new-about-town and new-about-campus.

We reminded a great many clothing retailers and manufacturers at a convention just completed at the Palmer House in Chicago, and had a lot of fun in the process. The National Association of Retail Clothiers and Furnishers holds a convention each year, but this was the first *PLAYBOY* has attended. *PLAYBOY* is the most popular magazine on college campuses in the country and our clothing advertising and merchandising theme for fall is built around the college girl: "The man above campus dresses right for every occasion." Handsome window displays are available for retailers and we constructed a store window right in our display room to show how the material could be used.

PLAYBOY promotion manager Victor Lourdes III made all the arrangements for the convention display and advertising manager Eldon Sellers and eastern and western ad managers Ellis Meyers and Ralph Balanderdson were on hand to tell *PLAYBOY*'s advertising and merchandising story. A choice collection of chicks from *PLAYBOY*'s office were on hand, too, including Janet Pilgrim, all wearing college cheerleader costumes with *PLAYBOY* symbols on the sweaters, and they prompted Tony Weisz to remark in his column in the *Chicago Daily News*, "Retail clothiers conflag in the Palmer House is glorified by six gorgeous dolls . . . all of 'em supposed to be from the steno staff at *PLAYBOY* magazine. (Which must use a casting director instead of a personnel manager.)"

No other display at the convention was so well attended — when other rooms were empty, *PLAYBOY*'s was filled to overflowing. On the last afternoon, one of the men with a newspaper association display across the hall wondered whether we planned on attending the NARCF convention in Atlantic City next year. "I want to be sure we get the room across from *PLAYBOY* again next time," he said. "We did real well this year with your overflow."

While all this was going on at the Palmer House, our editorial staff was

working at the *PLAYBOY* Building a few blocks away, putting together this May issue.

Ever wonder where dirty jokes come from? The rich humor that is too blue for any printed page? A fellow tells you a joke some other fellow told him. But who told that other fellow? And if you could trace the joke all the way back to its source — what would you find? That's the fascinating puzzle Richard Matheson sets himself to solving in his highly amusing story, *The Splendid Source*. And having traced the bawdy jest back to its beginnings (purely a noble endeavor), Dick is now busily himself counting the cabbage he recently made by converting his forthcoming novel, *The Shrinking Man*, into a motion picture script.

Two *PLAYBOY* favorites are here with original fiction for this May issue, too: Erskine Caldwell tells the story of *The Shooting of Judge Price* and Charles Beaumont offers a sizzling satire of television in *The Monster Show*. Cartoonist Art Miller also turns in some satire, by pen rather than Royal; his subject for skewering: secretaries. The *PLAYBOY* camera moves from sublime to ridiculous visiting lush thrush Meg Myles and the melancholy Dame of Broadway, Victor Borge.

Last month, we were so enthused in our own imagery about the magic of April that we neglected to laud the first of a series of globe-trotting articles by our new travel editor, Patrick Chase, no mean image-enchancer himself. Better late than never: let us now proudly trumpet the fact that for this issue, Chase has whomped up some jeweled, knowledgeable prose about the pleasures of Portugal, and for future issues he will send prose from other ports of call.

This issue also includes an appealing essay on applejack by Thomas Mazio; a couple of authoritative articles on attire by Frank Carioti; a very ribald Classic from the Orient; more amusing nonsense on how to succeed with women without really trying by Shepherd Mead; another triple-page, fold-out Playmate; a host of Party Jokes; a pictorial on LP jazz jackets and some poignant prose on the sorry state of an ex-bull and a bald headed man. All of which should add abundantly to May's new-fangled mirth (a Shakespearean shred we found last month while enmeshed in all those appalling April images.)

DEAR PLAYBOY



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

GODFREY AND HIS FRIENDS

Imagine my surprise and pleasure in tuning in on *Arthur Godfrey and his Friends* the other morning and finding him quoting from your Party Jokes. He had discovered the magazine on a newsstand on the way to the studio and spent about ten minutes raving about it on radio and television. He fell but stopped Frank Parker in the midst of a song when he showed your February Playmate of the Month under his nose. Frank took one look, gulped and uttered, "Don't do that to me! I've a weak heart!" Needless to say, all this was very much appreciated by the audience.

Richard Stealey
Chicago, Illinois

KENTON AND RUSSO

Many thanks for the Kenton coverage. Bill Russo, a talented trombonist and composer-arranger, has added another dimension to his versatility: a chronicler of the passing jazz scene. Bill's account of Stan was one of the finest I've ever read. And the unusual photographs of the Kenton Band on the road, taken during one of my favorite Kenton years, were excellent.

Congratulations to *PLAYBOY* and Bill Russo for a job well done in a tribute to the most exciting influence in modern jazz, Stan Kenton.

Pete Griffin
WDOD Broadcasting Corp.
Chattanooga, Tennessee

Good article on Kenyon; interesting set of pictures. Suggestion: Drop the tiresome Playmate and the stale Party Jokes and you'll have a damned fine magazine.

Bill Merger
Music Director, KAGV
College Station, S. D.

JAZZ

I want to thank you for the continually excellent articles you publish on jazz. Being a lover of jazz—all of it—they are my favorite feature in the magazine. I'd very much enjoy more articles on Dixieland. We don't hear much about the musicians playing in New Orleans and K.C. today. And what about more on the history of the music during the early part of the century: the story of Storyville and the move to the north? I would enjoy seeing more written about such greats as Buddy Bolden, Blank Johnson, Manuel Perez, Jimmy Noone, Buddy

Petit, King Oliver, Kid Ory—I could go on for hours.

Keep up the good work, men, and you'll drive all the lace panty "men's" magazines right out of business.

John Hilgerdt

University of N. C.
Chapel Hill, N. C.

We're an article on New Orleans' Storyville and the bawdy house beginning of jazz (Red Lights and Hot Music) in our August, 1954 issue; PLAYBOY will print a piece on the musical move to Chicago, where jazz got its name, later this year.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

In our office, the pleasant habit of birthday gifts for everyone prevails. On my birthday, I was asked if I preferred a bottle of whiskey or a sports shirt. My answer was "Get me a year's subscription to *PLAYBOY*."

As an advertising agency account man, I am concerned over your lack of advertising. Either your representatives aren't doing a good job or advertisers don't appreciate a top notch book.

Carl B. Friedman
Samuel Schindler Advertising
Cincinnati, Ohio

*We appreciate your concern, Carl, but it is unwanted. Short cuts to advertising revenue have always been available; we could have hastened the entry of many conservative advertisers by simply making the magazine less sophisticated and we could fill our pages with advertising if we were willing to take everything submitted. *PLAYBOY* turns down four ads for every one accepted.*

*By maintaining the highest possible editorial and advertising standards, we hope to make *PLAYBOY* the smartest, freshest, most interesting men's magazine in America and the best possible advertising medium for anyone selling the class male market. It is somewhat longer, but far more satisfying approach.*

MOVABLE MOUNTAINS

I can really appreciate Jules Archer's article, *Don't Hate Yourself in the Morning*. After spending 14 years with a woman who still hated herself each morning, I called it quits and am now (after two happy years) still married to one who purrs like a kitten on cream and wants to stay in bed in the morning. She also buys *PLAYBOY* for me and gives it to me just as soon as she has read it. *PLAYBOY*, I mean.

I have never taken a firm grip on my typewriter and written to a magazine before, but something of an emergency has arisen and I must speak up. I feel that the beautiful, God forsaken, wind swept, flood ridden, drought ridden, frozen out, fried out, proud Republican state we live in needs all the publicity it can get. Noble and Averbuch (in their article, *The Long Blue Nose of the Law*, in the February issue) erred greatly and hurt our pride much when they alluded to Judge Twain Michelson's cousin Guston Borglum and his sculpturing on the granite hills of North Dakota.

That "hill" they are referring to is in the state of South Dakota. It is a mountain of solid rock, 6,200 feet above sea level, in the highest range of mountains between the Rockies and the Coast. On this mountain is the shrine of democracy, the Mount Rushmore National Memorial. The heads of Lincoln, Jefferson, Washington and T. Roosevelt are carved 450 feet high.

Forrest Elliott
Sioux Falls, S. D.

Your very entertaining magazine is certainly not best known as a geography text, but I would think that Mrs. Noble and Averbuch could locate the sculpturing of Borglum in South rather than North Dakota.

Jim Noe
South Bend, Indiana

... I wouldn't be a bit surprised if you receive a letter from the desk of Joe Foss, Governor of South Dakota.

Mrs. R. Gohle
Rapid City, S. D.

Not yet.

CRACK OF DOOM

Don Marquis' *The Crack of Doom* was a suspense-filled, heart hammering story, but the author was guilty of one unpardonable error, which I'm certain many other poker players caught. Until the last card of that fateful hand was dealt, I was sweating it out for our man Mason, but my blood ran cold when the author had Sam Clinker make the opening bet! One of the first rules a poker novice learns is that high man on board opens the betting—usually announced by the dealer. Clinker's three tens showing could not buck Mason's three ladies and I'm certain every poker player will agree with me when I say

a double shot of sophisticated pleasure

THE BEST FROM PLAYBOY

and PLAYBOY ANNUAL

Here, in two handsome, hard-cover volumes, are all the best, most sophisticated, most provocative features from the first two years of PLAYBOY.

Cartoons by Jack Cole, Gardner Rea, Al Stine and Vip; stories by Erskine Caldwell, Charles Beaumont and Thorne Smith; humor by Ray Russell, Earl Wilson and Max Shulman; plus a choice selection of Ribaltd Classics and a host of Party Jokes, ballads, toasts and limericks.

You'll want both books for your permanent library, and several extra copies for deserving friends.



THE BEST FROM PLAYBOY and PLAYBOY ANNUAL

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PLAYBOY BOOK DEPARTMENT, 11 E. Superior Street,

Chicago 11, Illinois

arms would naturally have become tired from holding the cup and toast, she'd have lowered them, then *swoop!* — all PLAYBOY readers would really have been rewarded with an "outstanding" picture. Regretfully, two good points were missing.

Al Brett
Montreal, Que., Canada

Your latest Playmate is the most. I'd like to be her piece of toast. But if that job is taken up, I'd settle for her coffee cup!

Harold Brownie
Warwick, R. I.

I have just finished reading your February issue. I thought the Playmate pose of Marguerite Empey was one of the best yet.

I have a complete collection of PLAYMATES, and Margaret Scott (Miss February, 1954) is still my favorite. How about a rerun for Maggie?

Jack Harding
Chicago, Ill.

DARTMOUTH SNOW BUNNY

We thought you'd enjoy this picture of our fraternity statue erected for the



Dartmouth Carnival weekend this February. PLAYBOY is the most popular magazine in our fraternity and, as a matter of fact, throughout the entire campus.

PLAYBOY's "trademark" turned out to be an ideal symbol to stand by us in our bacchanalian revelry those four days.

Delta Upsilon
Dartmouth College
Hanover, New Hampshire

PLAYBOY'S BOXING PREVIEW

Everytime I read a fight report on the famous Robinson-Maxim bout, the writer makes a point about Sugar Ray collapsing from heat exhaustion and not from Maxim's punches. So where was Maxim during this heat wave? Was he in a cooler part of the state or was he carrying a portable air conditioner? Let's give Maxim some credit.

E. H. Bolda
Detroit, Michigan

Joey Maxim wasn't doing much fight-

ing that evening, so he was less effected by the heat than Robinson. Sugar had already won the bout when he collapsed from heat exhaustion; had he simply been able to stay on his feet through the remaining round-and-a-half, he would have taken the light-heavyweight title. Even referee Ruby Goldstein was busier in the ring than Maxim and the 116 degree temperature got him in the fourth.

A WORD FROM THE LADIES

PLAYBOY is wonderful. My husband and I discovered your magazine a few months ago and have become avid fans. Every month I go downing down to the drug-store to buy the new issue for him — that way I get to read it first. I'm an ex-PTA President and a Sunday School teacher, but I think you publish one of the best, most entertaining magazines around.

Mrs. Katherine E. Williamson
Penney Farms, Florida

Your mag has come across the ocean to me — a mere woman — and I love it. The drawings are super and very cute.

A *Fate For Polygamy* suits me fine. I'd like two husbands — one young shot and one old and rich.

Dolores Gilbert
Kensington, London, England

You have the damndest magazine I have ever seen. I must boast a bit and say that I have read them all, from *Sexology* to *Poor Richard's Almanac*. Take it from a "Mousewife," yours is the greatest thing since diaper service.

Entertainment for men? Debatable. After parting with my half a buck, I then part the pages of PLAYBOY. I view the Playmate and after finding no figure flaws, I console myself with the thought that she is probably a horrid cook. Please do not disillusion me.

At this unfortunate time of year, my husband is vacationing in Korea. I debated to great extent before I decided to send him each month's copy. It was my lucky day when I mailed one to him. The gesture has endeared me to his heart more than ever before. Hasn't said a word about being discontented with my 36-23-36.

Warren J. Straub's Playmate
Hampton, Virginia

My son who has returned from Korea serving with Uncle Sam's army has brought a copy of PLAYBOY home. I have looked through it and am thoroughly disgusted to think men in this wonderful country of ours would be guilty of publishing such a magazine. Have you no respect for womanhood?

Mrs. Ruby Carpenter
Rockville, Missouri

Even the name "PLAYBOY" sounds irresponsible. Do you folks really feel you are doing any good, any service to anyone, including yourselves, publishing a magazine like PLAYBOY? Have any of

you ever really given these things a serious, down deep in the heart, evaluation, in terms of morality, purity, and the dignity of woman? I really feel sorry for the likes of you. I hope somehow, sometime, good sense will get through to people like you, before it is too late.

Mrs. Eva Printz
Hamilton, Montana

I predict that your magazine, like other fads, will die out quickly — and good riddance. Trash is the word for it.

Mrs. C. W. Pottet
Overland Park, Kansas

A REPLY TO CRITICS

I believe this poem is an appropriate answer to those who read your magazine and write letters of outraged indignation. It was originally published in *The Point of View*, dated 1905:

Afterwords

If aught indecent has jarred the sense,

If aught of sophistry has brought a frown,

Perhaps a counter charge might be set down
And leave the reader with a sad defense.

If aught of flighty verse or tale interests

Has led you on, this final page to crowns

With comment critical, some slight renown

Accrues to me through that same evidence,

For were you not, yourself, on pleasure bent,

You surely had not read as far as here.

I pray you judge me by my good intent

To bring a smile or chase away a tear,

And if my methods must for pardon see,

I first must bid you take my Point of View.

Louis Klotz
Kenilworth, N. J.

A project begun nine months ago was culminated for me on February 4th in the shape of a small, loud daughter. As my wife is an avid reader of PLAYBOY, I dropped the latest off at the hospital for her to enjoy. Visiting hours the next day brought a barrage of where and how and from whence cometh, etc. from doctors, nurses and patients.

Considering the fact that the inhabitants of maternity wards are usually female (those who are able to read, anyhow) I feel that it is an answer to the indignant ladies who occasionally annoy us cultural types with their complaints. Congratulations to *PLAYBOY* and keep it up.

Rob Merolla and family
Waukegan, Illinois

P.S. Have a cigar.

Thanks.

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



films

The title role in *Richard III* requires (among other things) the talents of a high comedian, because it is written on an almost unrelied note of sardonic humor. Sir Laurence Olivier is just such a high comedian (among other things) and this is the principal reason why his latest film is a delight to watch. There are other reasons, of course: the bracing bustle of the battle scenes; the Machiavellian machinations of the plot; the visual beauty of the sets, costumes and Claire Bloom; the perfect performances of such other actors as Ralph Richardson and John Gielgud—but it's Olivier's show, and he knows it. From the time he first fastens his eye on the camera and soliloquizes directly to the audience (making us, as it were, accessories to his crimes), Olivier is pretty much the m.c. of the whole shindig, stepping in and out of the story (but never out of character) with the agility of the virtuoso. His Richard is intelligent, unscrupulous, efficient, persuasive, ironic—no more, no less. This may not be the well-rounded Richard one might wish (we missed the suggestion of a cripple's inner anguish), but it is a legitimate and devilishly entertaining one—and one who can make convincing that hardly-written, unbelievable scene where Richard woos and wins, in a matter of minutes, the widow of a man he murdered. He is aided here, of course, by the home truth that women find evil irresistible, and also by the fact that he wisely divides the scene into two scenes, allowing the lady at least one "No" before the heavy breathing sets in. Olivier, besides playing the lead, directed the film and, with Alan Dent, wrote the

screenplay. It is based on a couple of chronicled histories by Shakespeare.

Doctor at Sea is a pleasant British farce featuring a ship's doctor (Dirk Bogarde), a ship's captain (James Robertson Justice) and a shipshape mademoiselle (Begum Bardot). Justice—250-odd pounds of red-bearded rage—is uproariously funny as a sort of comic Quicque, and Miss Bardot, though still a little shaky in the speaka da English department, is just about the most decorative piece of French pastry our jaded old eyes have seen on the screen in many a moon. But then we're pushovers.

Meet Me in Las Vegas, a foam-light musical fable, concerns a dilatent rancher (Dan Dailey) who comes tooling into Vegas in the longest, reddest convertible we've ever seen and soon discovers that whenever he and a temperamental ballerina (Cyd Charisse) clutch hands, eerie witchcraft prevails: slot machine cough up jackpots, dice know naught but seven, roulette balls clatter into preordained niches. Cyd and Dan clean up, then lose, then win the Big Pox (love). Besides this, you get a sampling of the famous entertainers (Lena Horne, Frankie Laine, et al.) on deck at such plush palaces as the Desert Inn and the Golden Nugget. High point is a jazzy ballet treatment of *Frankie and Johnny*, narrated and sung by Sammy Davis, Jr., hooded sinuously by Miss Charisse and other sash-skirt types.

Take the good old Restoring-the-Rightful-Ruler-to-the-Throne plot. Then add: a band of outlaws led by a gazbo who calls himself The Black Fox, a flaxen-haired princess, secret birthmarks, jousting tournaments and damsels in all sorts of distress, and you come up with a standard castle drama, give or take a wimple or two. But add just one more

ingredient—Danny Kaye—and you've got yourself *The Court Jester*, a very funny film. The magical Danny contributes a new, nut-like flavor to the old stew by being the same nutty mudnik it has always been his wont to portray: a bumbling bumpkin caught in circumstances far beyond his simple understanding—projected, of course, with all the high art of his inhumanly elastic face, voice and body. Glynis Johns, a cute Briton we have a particular hankering for, wears the low-cut medieval robes with assurance and Nasal-Basil Rathbone is still, for our money, the undisputed sultan of the supercilious sneer. Good fun, this: a picture to please all devout devotekayes.



theatre

George Bernard Shaw's *Pygmalion*, a favorite of ours ever since we essayed the role of Third Bystander in an obscure 1950 production (whereupon Shaw up and died), is now a musical comedy. We rather expected the bust of G.B.S. on our office mantelpiece to glower at this news, but the stony eyes seem to be twinkling instead, for *My Fair Lady* (the musical under discussion) is a bright bit of work.

Shaw's story of a lowly Cockney girl who is transmuted into a fine lady by a persistent professor of speech is, after all, a fable, and therefore an admirable subject for the musical stage. Frederick Loewe's music and Alan Jay Lerner's lyrics point up the fantasy of the story, and the vibrant, zestful, larger-than-life performances add the final touch. Julie Andrews—the girl friend of *The Boy Friend*—is a fetching, pathetic, demonic

Eliza (the Cockney girl); never was the phonetician Higgins more glacial, more caustic, more suave than this Higgins of Rex Harrison (the talk of human kindness absolutely freezes over during his speech lessons); and the relatively minor roles of Eliza's father and Colonel Pickering are polished off with stunning authority by Stanley Holloway and Robert Coote, respectively. No small item in this production's success is the happy fact that all the principal players are Britishers—and chock-full-of-talent Britishers, besides. Jolly good show, guv'nor: you'd best queue up for tickets straightforward; look sharp now! off you go. (At the Mark Hellinger, W. 51st, NYC.)

Playwright Paddy Chayefsky, as anyone who saw *Marty* knows, is more a photographer than a poet, but his photography is pretty good: it has a kind of verbal *Wegie* quality. In this vein is his current Broadway piece, *Middle of the Night*, a mostly plausible yarn of a love affair between a lonely but neglected young wife (age 25) and her successful but lonely widower of a boss (age 50-plus).

A danger of drama in the Chayefsky mode is that it tends to record life's drab, dull, pedestrian side right along with everything else. This play is saved from the error of art-equals-life by the vibrant presence of Edward G. Robinson. He is a link between sidewalks and stars. He stands on Chayefsky's shoulders and heighthens the author's camera-eye technique to the point of drama. Never cowards, Robinson gestures in the grand manner in the midst of an ever-so-slightly Seventh Avenue speech, and the two go together to make a vital performance and an exciting theatrical evening. (ANTA Theatre, West 52nd St., NYC.)



dining drinking

"We keep it always the same," said Leon Galatoire, gesturing toward his menu. "Trout murgery, shrimp remoulade, filet marchand de vin." For 80 years, Galatoire's in New Orleans has served some of the finest French cuisine in the entire U. S., ever since old Uncle Jean Galatoire came from France in 1876. For the last 50 years, Galatoire's has occupied the same location at 209 Bourbon: the walls are lined with mirrors, graceful brass fans reach down from the ceiling, the floor is tile, the windows heavily curtained. The doors of the dignified white structure just off Canal Street are open noon to 9 P.M., closed Mondays. And Galatoire's is always crowded, being a favorite of New Orleanians as well as visitors. No reservations can be made. Why? "It is a tradition," says Leon. "There were no reservations when we first opened and — we keep it always the same."

We were sitting in Orsatti's Pump Room (13th and Locust) in Philadelphia checking up on a remarkable story we heard from an actor pal, a hard-bitten, ice-water-for-blood kind of fellow noted for his tough guy roles on stage and screen. Claimed he had harkened to a lark at Orsatti's who warbled his favorite song (*Diane*) so beautifully that he immediately dissolved into a puddle of unabashed tears. We found the subterranean conference chamber to be a red-draped, indirec-lighting sort of snugger with Maitre d' José Marva (formerly of the Shamrock in Houston) greeting us and seeing to it that we sampled Chef Oscar's Chicken Fesouane (chicken and mushrooms sautéed in white wine and lemon juice, with spices added). We were well soothed for the girl — DeLloyd McKay — who made our therapist friend blubber into his Schweppes. She sits at her piano almost hidden away in one corner, and sings all the songs from Storyville to Tin Pan Alley in a bitter-sweet voice reminiscent of Mildred Bailey's. What really got through to our friend, we decided, is DeLloyd's distinctive and instinctive style of rendering ballads in just the nostalgic way you are sure the composer intended. We didn't haul, but the night hours melted away pleasantly indeed. Closed Sundays.

There's more than an adequate cache of comfortable chairs and white leather booths at Chicago's London House (Michigan and Wacker Drive) in which to take in the current keyboard recitals of Marian McPartland, a girl who pilots her trio through some man-sized, yesterday arpeggios. You're apt to spot owners Oscar and George Marienthal hurrying between pillars and posts most any time, and the entire green-walled room (with paneled bar off to one side) pulses happily with talk, talk, talk about clients, budgets, schedules, etc. (L. H. is the hub for Chicago advertising nabobs). When thirst abates, as it must occasionally, all eyes wheel toward the open health up front which dispenses giant, ruddy sirloins, chops of all sorts, and a line of plump, pampered chickens that seem almost pleased with their charred fate. A wee, but wonderful, wine list is at your constant call (recommended: Pommard-Hassenklever 1947). Most flambed patrons stick around until closing: 5 A.M. on Saturday, 4 during the rest of the week. Johnny Pate's is the knowledgeable house trio Monday and Tuesday; Miss McPartland and her slick sidckicks have a go on other nights.

Whenever the tantalizing vision of extraordinary food served in an atmosphere of nearly monastic simplicity assails our inner eye, we zip right over to Washington's Occidental Restaurant (1411 Pennsylvania Ave., N.W.), just a chip shot from the White House. Business manager Arthur Riback was telling us that Ulysses Grant used to hitch up his horse to a post outside the door and burst in for a few fast shots (at 25¢ apiece, when the Occidental was called

the Thompson-Owens House), and it wasn't uncommon for Abe Lincoln to drop in now and then for a pleasant meal. Today, he went on, you're just as apt to spot a Cabinet member, Senator or star of a current play running at the National or Shubert theatres. He motioned towards a wooden table in the corner and there, large as life, sat Labor Secretary James Mitchell stretching his legs and easing his Secretarial frame against the canvas back of a captain's chair. When Mr. Mitchell works overtime, we were told, his chauffeur drives to the Occidental and picks up a steak sandwich for him. We thanked Mr. Riback for the information and proceeded to take a closer look at a few of the 250 autographed photos decorating the dining room walls: Thomas Edison, Buffalo Bill and Dwight Eisenhower looked down with no-nonsense frowns; Tallulah Bankhead was grinning. Emphasis at the Occidental has been placed down the decades on "hearty American fare," which means, we discovered, steaks, lobsters and chops prepared under the Alpine-clear eye of Swiss chef William Rueller. Lunch, dinner and supper hours merge gracefully into one another from 11 A.M. through 1 A.M. and it is wise to phone for reservations for the simple reason that the dining room's 300 seats seldom go beckoning.



records

The Olivier Richard is also on tap for ears alone on three LPs handsomely boxed by RCA Victor (LM 6126). This is the original sound track, with every fanfare and footfall left undisturbed, and though the lack of selectivity gives the listener the feeling he is sitting in a theatre lobby overhearing tantalizing chunks of an unseen film, the album makes a fine permanent souvenir of an excellent flick.

Vital, thunderous, then suddenly soothng and easy-voiced, Harry Belafonte has the knack of inspiring all the vocal dramatics and brassy showmanship so necessary to his special *mélange* of ballads and folk music. A commanding cross section of his repertoire is heard on *Belafonte* (Victor LPM-1150), which catches, among other things, the spirited slave chant *Jump Down, Spin Around*, the rum-soaked calypso taper *Matilda* and the haunting *Waterbury*.

The first time Sammy Davis, Jr. heard the Hi-Los, he supposedly stuttered, "Man! They're a gas!" and we too are a little dizzy from the effects. We don't know who came first, the Hi-Los or The Four Freshmen, but comparison is inevitable: both groups stun the ear with mile-wide organ chords, weird phrasing and souped-up delivery. Both quartets are

sharp as can be: listen to *The Hi-Lo's Under Glass* (Starlite 7003) and *The Four Freshmen and Five Trombones* (Capitol 1683).

Sarah Vaughan in *Hi-Fi* (Columbia CL 745) catches this most sophisticated lady in a first-rate mixture of slow blues, jump tunes and ballads, each a gracious study of Sarah's divine warbling. An extra dividend is Miles Davis' introspective trumpet featured in a small jazz group backing Sarah up on such sterling silver songs as *The Neighbors of You, Can't Get Out of This Mood* and *East of the Sun*.

Frank Sinatra's new LP for Capitol, *Songs for Swinging Lovers* (W635) is a beauty, containing a palette of up-tempo love tunes delivered by a jaunty, hands-in-pocket Sinatra. Standouts include *We'll Be Together Again* and the Cole Porter classic *Anything Goes*, bristling with such lyrical gems as: "Good authors, too, who once knew better words, now only use four-letter words writing prose. Anything goes!" This is Sinatra's fourth LP collection for Capitol and every one has been a waxen wonder. There is no one else around today who handles a pop tune as well as Frank.

When Margaret Whiting Sings for the *Story-Eyed* (Capitol 1685), she does it with tact, taste and an almost unnerving ability to pen a love song until it pangs. Despite all the palpitated prose on the jackets about "first love" and "star-crossed" feeling, Miss Whiting's LP is an adult, clear-voiced presentation of some compelling songs, including *They Didn't Believe Me, Let's Fall in Love* and the starry-eyed *I've Told Ea'ry Little Star*.

Victor has dug into its dusty archives and come up with *The Golden Age of Benny Goodman* (LPM 1099), spotlighting the original 1936-39 killer-diller band rolling out a barrel of socko' swing: *Stompin' at the Savoy*, *One O'Clock Jump*, *Bugle Call Rag*, *And the Angels Sing*, etc. Contrasted to the Capitol LP reviewed last month (Mr. Benny Goodman, which featured new cuttings of practically the same tunes), *The Golden Age* trots off with top honors.

Igor Stravinsky was a striping of 27 when Serge Diaghilev, the stormy ballet and opera producer, presented him with a commission to whip up some music to a Russian folk legend concerning a sentimental fire bird. Prince Ivan, King Kastchei and 13 curly princesses who owed allegiance to a bewitching Tsarevna. The brooding, dissonant, swollen score with its triumphant finale has been staged and recorded many times since its first performance in 1910, but nowhere will you hear a more ebullient *Fire Bird* than that turned in by Ernest Ansermet conducting *L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande* (London LL 1272). Two contemporary American ballet scores we like are Morton Gould's *Fall River Legend* and Leonard Bernstein's *Fa-*

simile (both on Capitol P 5320). The first, of course, is based on the semi-comic ax murder of Mr. and Mrs. Borden by their ditz daughter Lizzie, the whacky baw who allegedly administered 40 whacks to Mother and 41 to dead old Dad. Sinister, startling and roaring at the climax is Mr. Gould's interpretation of the going-on. *Fa-mille* is a psychological tone poem concerned with post-war nameless types (Woman, First Man) in an episode at the beach that is laced with fitful passion, jealousy and disillusionment, all of which is cogently reflected in Mr. Bernstein's properly neurotic score. The Ballet Theatre orchestra is conducted by Joseph Levine.

Jazz on the campus, no doubt about it, is a flourishing fact. Most of it, for some reason, seems to emanate from Eastern or Midwestern schools, and we've had the personal pleasure of bouncing our blusters to the Salty Dogs (Purdue University) as well as Stan Rubin's Tigrerton Five (Princeton). Not to be outdone, Yale has unfrocked its own half-dozen undergraduate clambakers who have chosen to call themselves *Eli's Chorus Six* (Columbia CL 736), and a fine mess of music they do cook up. Cleverly conceived is the funny old blues novelty, *Ugly Chile* ("Your teeth are yellow, you don't smell so mellow, you're a ugg-uh-uh chile"), plus several other solid Southland standards: *Wolf-vine Blues*, *That's A-Plenty*, *Muskrat Ramble*. The lads have a particularly good time with Cole (Yale, '36) Porter's *Bulldog* by slicing in from time to time a stream of other traditional Eli favorites, *Goodnight Pooh Harvey*, *Bonfire Bonfire*, *Big College Years*, etc., and it's a fine romp from start to finish.

Ringleaders in the cult of progressive jazz on the campus, *Johnny Eaton and His Princetonians* (Columbia CL 737) blast off on a winding, flute-filling journey through a milkyway of originals and standards. By admission, pianist Eaton and the rest of his group (vibraphone, bass, drums, flute) are students of "serious" music, and it isn't too difficult to discern the influence of Schoenberg, Milhaud and even Rossini cutting liberally across their polytonal orbit. Mr. Eaton, a scholarly young fellow, discusses on the LP cover the why and wherefore of one of his own tunes, *Babbitsy*: "Mulligan-esque flute and bass beginning leads to subject and counter-subject on dominant and, after ten measures 'breathe,' the theme comes in fourths via piano." Yoicks! Despite the super-sophistication, Johnny Eaton and his Princetonians manage to roll merrily along, and a Persian double harmonic scale over open fifths in the bass, shouldn't bother you one whit.

Six crystal-pure male and female voices, undiluted by instrumental nonsense, warble their winged ways through 14 top tunes of 16th and 17th Century England, on a platter called *The English*

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Mortis of extraordinary mastic velocity, mixed a la September issue; Hickory barbecue ribs that are a work of art in them selves; an Homic 26 ounce cut of prime rib of roast beef (that's right, 26 ounces) that is a many splendored thing . . .

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Medieval School. Vol. I (Vanguard \$5.50). The tone is liquid, the technique flawless, the songs disarming and the racing canny: lively, jocular melodies such as *Mother, I Will Have a Husband* are alternated with the sustained, serene beauty of songs like *Weep O Mine Eyes*. These are dedicated, spirited singers, and, under the gently firm direction of Alfred Deiter, a good time is had by all.

Lee Konitz with Warne Marsh (Atlantic 1217) spotlights two of the brightest "thinking" saxophonists in captivity (Lee plays alto, Warne tenor), and the jazz comes at you like gamma rays shot in a line of tricky time and knife-sharp tones. Lee took a lot of his harmonic training from Lennie Tristano, grand maestro of a brilliant contemporary jazz school in which every note counts, so you best keep three or four cans cocked at all times. Here are some of the most subtle, whip-smash musicians around these days, whose control over their instruments constantly amazes us. As just one example, listen to Oscar Peterson's *Don't Sigmak* (Oscar plays bass with the group, which also includes Billy Bauer on guitar, Sal Mosa on piano and Kenny Clarke on drums).

Lighthouse at Laguna (Contemporary 3509) casts a steady beam on a recent West Coast jazz concert that featured Howard Rumsey's Lighthouse All-Stars, Barney Kessel's guitar and the Hampton Hawes trio. It's a real fine race through the world of light, polite jazz, and we took particular pleasure in Frank Rosolino's facile, free-blown trombone on *Lady Jean*, as well as Hampton Hawes' big, booming chord work on *Walkin'* and *The Champ*. Mr. Hawes is the champ, a geno who placiates a piano as if he possessed at least seventeen felicitous fingers.

should never have seen. What Shaw has etched magnificently is a deadly, too-human pattern of insatiable egos, self-hatred, revenge and final expiation.

Myopic, tin-eared Lee Mortimer, who has chronicled high jinks and low life in a series of treatises titled *Washington Confidential*, *Chicago Confidential*, *New York Confidential*, *U.S.A. Confidential* and *Mars Confidential* (the last for a pulp fantasy magazine) this time returns to Earth for the *coup de grâce*. *Around the World Confidential* (Putnam, \$3.50), a sort of United Nations with dirty lines, finds Mr. Mortimer skipping in and out of such sinful cesspools as Beirut, Tokyo, Bangkok, Rome, Copenhagen, etc., trying feebly to confirm a concept that William Steig presented with infinitely more charm: people are no damn good. To "prove" it, some choice Mortimer quotes: Denmark—"Seven out of ten married women had at least one child before they were 'christened!'" Hong Kong—"Ladies of the night are actually encouraged." And so on. Confidentially, it stinks.

If we must go around the world in an Eames chair, we'd rather do it under the tutorage of our own Patrick Chase or at least David Dodge, whose 1956 edition of *The Poor Man's Guide to Europe* (Random House, \$5.50) turns out to be a prize tipsheet for travelers. Mr. Dodge, the nickname's most revered peripatetic, is a crafty young coot who once paddled from the French Riviera to the Italian Riviera on a water bicycle while clad in nothing but a bathing suit and the inspiring effects of a bottle of Cognac. Here, he offers some very funny and practical hints on packing, tipping, tippling, chiseling, lodging, dredging, traveling and haggling your *cotrate* way around the Continent.

First, Rose slept with Alexis. Then she slept with Alexis' uncle, George, who had a mistress named Giulietta. Then Rose slept with Alexis again. Then Rose married George and they had a daughter named Jenny. Then Rose slept with Vincent, and Alexis almost slept with Jenny, but slept with Giulietta instead. It all sounds rather complex, but David Garnett, in his slender novel *Aspects of Love* (Harcourt, Brace, \$3), guides the reader in and out of boudoir and hayloft with agility, keeping each relationship crisp and sharp while spinning a delightful full story. This book is unashamedly pagan: filled with the joy of life, glowing with appreciation for the pleasures of food, wine, nature and healthy carnality. Author Garnett, at 64, is obviously a fervent believer in the line of Virgil's which he quotes and which may well be considered the theme of the book: "Here's Death twitching my ear, 'Live,' says he, 'for I'm coming.'"

"Innocence," says Graham Greene in his first novel since 1951, "is like a dumb leper who has lost his bell, wandering the world, meaning no harm." Alden

Pyle, title-character of *The Quiet American* (Viking, \$3.50), is an innocent abroad in French Indochina, meaning no harm but causing a great deal and coming to ultimate harm himself thereby. Caught up in Pyle's futile, fatal stumbling is the book's narrator (a disenchanted British war correspondent strongly resembling the author) and fragile Phuong, the Vietnamese mistress of both men. This bittersweet, if not best, Greene novel is being publicized as his first book in some years in which "religion plays little or no part." It makes good reading, for Greene is one of the world's most accomplished novelists, but when we remember *The End of the Affair*, *The Heart of the Matter* and *The Power and the Glory* (in all of which religion played a major part), we can't help wishing Greene would return to the fold.

A trio of comedies that have been raking in the Broadway shelves are now available to armchair theatre-goers: *Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?*, *No Time for Sergeants*, and *Janus* (Random House, \$2.95 each). *Rock Hunter*, by George (Seven Year Itch) Axelrod, is full of slick-and-sassy dialogue, concerns a hashful young fellow, a brash young blonde, and a devil in the form of a literary agent named Irving LaSalle (Mr. Axelrod's own literary agent is named Irving Lazar). *Sergeants* is a series of funny, fantastic incidents involving an engaging, Li'l Abner-type yokel and the Army Air Force. *Janus*, taking its title from the two-headed god of Greek myth, is about a man and woman who get together every summer to commit adultery and collaborate on a number of sexy, successful historical novels. All three plays make swift, lighthearted reading for those evenings when you don't want to wrinkle the gray matter.

That Uncertain Feeling (Harcourt, Brace, \$3.50) busies itself with extramarital sport among a clutch of comic Welsh, each of whom wavers charmingly on the brink of infidelity. John Lewis, an assistant librarian living in Gwynedd, Wales, is riddled with a breast fetish ("Why did I like women's breasts so much? I was clear on why I liked them, but why did I like them so much?"). Along comes Mrs. Elizabeth Gruffydd-Williams, a taut-bloused, fluffy thing whose hubby is chairman of the Library Committee, and tosses a wicked pass at John, who happens to have a wife and wants a better job. An awful damned lot of English drawing room chatter is flipped back and forth ("bloody this, 'bloody that") before the affair picks up any sort of steam: they kiss on page 77 ("Well, that really was nice.") and finally take a roll in the sand on page 198 ("That was good, wasn't it, darling?"). It's bloody well-written, though, and author Kingsley Amis is a bloody clever chap—almost another bloody Huxley.



books

"And then, in fifteen minutes in a little stinking summer resort beside a lake, the whole thing collapsed." The whole thing, in this case, happens to be the lives of three grade-A bunglers in Irisn Shaw's painful, penetrating novel of a sour marriage, *Lucy Crown* (Random House, \$3.95), and a corking good one it is. Lucy is a 35-year-old upper-middle-class knockout who chooses adultery as her favorite form of self expression, gets caught between the sheets by her sensitive son, is nailed to the wall by a pompous husband. From then on, the walls come tumbling down as Lucy wanders from Simms to Scaly "looking for a good opinion of myself in the arms of other men." Son Tony turns into a cynical, sneering expatriate living in Paris, husband Oliver goes completely to seed and finally steps into a hail of German machine gun slugs in a war he





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PLAYBOY

"... Then spare me your slanders, and read this rather at night than in the daytime, and give it not to young maidens, if there be any... But I fear nothing for this book, since it is extracted from a high and splendid source, from which all that has issued has had a great success..."

— Balzac: *Contes Drolatiques*, Prologue

IT WAS THE ONE Uncle Lyman told in the summer house that did it. Talbert was just coming up the path when he heard the punch line: "My God!" cried the actress. "I thought you said *sarsaparilla*!"

Gullaws exploded in the little house. Talbert stood motionless, looking through the rose trellis at the laughing guests. Inside his contour sandals his toes flexed ruminatively. He thought.

Later he took a walk around Lake Bean and watched the crystal surf fold over and observed the gliding swans and stared at the goldfish and thought.

"I've been thinking," he said that night.

"No," said Uncle Lyman, helplessly. He did not commit himself further. He waited for the blow.

Which fell.

"Dirty jokes," said Talbert Bean III. "I beg your pardon?" said Uncle Lyman.

"Endless tides of them covering the nation."

"I fail," said Uncle Lyman, "to grasp the point." Apprehension gripped his voice.

"I find the subject fraught with witchery," said Talbert.

"With —?"

"Consider," said Talbert. "Every day, all through our land, men tell off-color jokes; in bars and at ball games; in theatre lobbies and at places of business; on street corners and in locker rooms. At home and away, a veritable

deluge of jokes."

Talbert paused meaningfully.

"Who makes them up?" he asked. Uncle Lyman stared at his nephew with the look of a fisherman who has just hooked a sea serpent — half awe, half revulsion.

"I'm afraid —" he began.

"I want to know the source of these jokes," said Talbert. "Their genesis; their fountainhead."

"Why?" asked Uncle Lyman. Weakly. "Because it is relevant," said Talbert. "Because these jokes are a part of a culture heretofore unplumbed. Because they are an anomaly; a phenomenon ubiquitous yet unknown."

Uncle Lyman did not speak. His pallid hands curled limply on his half-read *Wall Street Journal*. Behind the polished octagons of his glasses his eyes were suspended berries.

At last he sighed.

"And what part," he inquired, sadly, "am I to play in this quest?"

"We must begin," said Talbert, "with the joke you told in the summer house this afternoon. Where did you hear it?"

"Kulprit?" Uncle Lyman said. Andrew Kulprit was one of the battery of lawyers employed by Bean Enterprises.

"Capital," said Talbert. "Call him up and ask him where he heard it."

Uncle Lyman drew the silver watch from his pocket.

"It's nearly midnight, Talbert," he announced.

Talbert waved away chronology.

"Now," he said. "This is important."

Uncle Lyman examined his nephew a moment longer. Then, with a capitulating sigh, he reached for one of Bean Mansion's thirty-five telephones.

Talbert stood toe-tucked on a bearskin rug while Uncle Lyman dialed, waited and spoke.

"Kulprit?" said Uncle Lyman. "Lyman Bean. Sorry to wake you but Talbert wants to know where you heard the

joke about the actress who thought the director said sarsaparilla."

Uncle Lyman listened. "I said —" he began again.

A minute later he cradled the receiver heavily.

"Prentiss," he said.

"Call him up," said Talbert.

"Talbert," Uncle Lyman asked.

"Now," said Talbert.

A long breath exhaled between Uncle Lyman's lips. Carefully, he folded his *Wall Street Journal*. He reached across the mahogany table and tamped out his ten-inch cigar. Sliding a weary hand beneath his smoking jacket, he withdrew his tooled leather address book.

Prentiss heard it from George Sharp, C.P.A. Sharper heard it from Ahmer Ackerman, M.D. Ackerman heard it from William Coenzer, Prune Products. Coenzer heard it from Rod Tassel, Mgr., Cyprian Club. Tassel heard it from O. Winterbottom. Winterbottom heard it from H. Alberts. Alberts heard it from D. Silver, Silver from B. Phryne, Phryne from E. Kennedy.

By an odd twist Kennedy said he heard it from Uncle Lyman.

"There is complicity here," said Talbert. "These jokes are not self-generative."

It was four A.M. Uncle Lyman slumped, inert and dead-eyed, on his chair.

"There has to be a source," said Talbert.

Uncle Lyman remained motionless.

"You're not interested," said Talbert, incredulously.

Uncle Lyman made a noise.

"I don't understand," said Talbert. "Here is a situation pregnant with divers fascinations. Is there a man or woman who has never heard an off-color joke? I say not. Yet, is there a man or woman who knows where these jokes come from? Again I say not."

Talbert strode forcefully to his place of musing at the twelve-foot fireplace.

THE SPLENDID SOURCE

fiction BY RICHARD MATHESON

talbert's question was cosmic: where do dirty jokes come from?



He poised there, staring in.

"I may be a millionaire," he said, "but I am sensitive." He turned. "And this phenomenon excites me."

Uncle Lyman attempted to sleep while retaining the face of a man awake.

"I have always had more money than I needed," said Talbert. "Capital investment was unnecessary. Thus I turned to investing the other asset my father left—my brain."

Uncle Lyman stirred; a thought shook loose.

"What ever happened," he asked, "to that society of yours, the S.P.C.S.P.C.A.?"

"Eh? The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals? The past."

"And your interest in world problems. What about that sociological treatise you were writing . . . ?"

"*Slums: a Positive View*, you mean?" Talbert brushed it aside. "Inconsequence."

"And isn't there anything left of your political party, the Pro-antidisestablishmentarianists?"

"Not a shred. Scuttled by reactionaries from within."

"What about Blitemallism?"

"Oh, that!" Talbert smiled ruefully. "Past, dear Uncle. I had been reading too many Victorian novels."

"Speaking of novels, what about your literary criticisms? Nothing doing with *The Use of the Semicolon in Jane Austen* or *Honorio Alger: the Misunderstood Satirist*? To say nothing of *Wes Queen Elisabeth Shakespeare*?"

"Was Shakespeare Queen Elisabeth," corrected Talbert. "No, Uncle, nothing doing with them. They had momentary interest, nothing more"

"I suppose the same holds true for *The Show Horn: Pro and Con*, eh? And those scientific articles—*Relativity Re-Examined* and *Is Evolution Enough?*"

"Dead and gone," said Talbert, patiently, "dead and gone. These projects needed me once. Now I go on to better things."

"Like who writes dirty jokes," said Uncle Lyman.

Talbert nodded.

"Like that," he said.

When the butler set the breakfast tray on the bed Talbert said, "Redfield, do you know any jokes?"

Redfield looked out impassively through the face an improvident nature had neglected to animate.

"Jokes, sir?" he inquired.

"You know," said Talbert. "Jollities."

Redfield stood by the bed like a corpse whose casket had been opened and removed.

"Well, sir," he said, a full thirty seconds later, "Once, when I was a boy I heard one"

"Yes?" said Talbert eagerly.

"I believe it went somewhat as follows," Redfield said. "When—uh—When is a portmanteau not a—a—"

"No, no," said Talbert, shaking his head, "I mean dirty jokes."

Redfield's eyebrows soared. The vernacular was like a fish in his face.

"You don't know any?" said a disappointed Talbert.

"Begging your pardon, sir," said Redfield, "If I may make a suggestion. May I say that the chauffeur is more likely to—"

"You know any dirty jokes, Harrison?" Talbert asked through the tube as the Rolls Royce purred along Bean Road toward Highway 27.

Harrison looked blank for a moment. He glanced back at Talbert. Then a grin wrinkled his carnal jowls.

"Well, sir," he began, "there's this guy sittin' by the runway eatin' an onion, see?"

Talbert unclipped his four-color pencil.

Talbert stood in an elevator rising to the tenth floor of the Gault Building.

The hour ride to New York had been most illuminating. Not only had he transcribed seven of the most horrendously vulgar jokes he had ever heard in his life but had exacted a promise from Harrison to take him to the various establishments where these jokes had been heard.

The hunt was on.

MAN AXE / DETECTIVE AGENCY — read the words on the frosty-glassed door. Talbert turned the knob and went in.

Announced by the beautiful receptionist, Talbert was ushered into a sparsely furnished office on whose walls were a hunting license, a machine gun, and framed photographs of the Seagram factory, the St. Valentine's Day Massacre in color and Herbert J. Philbrick who had led three lives.

Mr. Axe shook Talbert's hand.

"What could I do for ya?" he asked.

"First of all," said Talbert. "Do you know any dirty jokes?"

Recovering, Mr. Axe told Talbert the one about the monkey and the elephant.

Talbert jotted it down. Then he hired the agency to investigate the men Uncle Lyman had phoned and uncover anything that was meaningful.

After he left the agency, Talbert began making the rounds with Harrison. He heard a joke the first place they went.

"There's this midget in a frankfurter suit, see?" it began.

It was a day of buoyant discovery. Talbert heard the joke about the cross-eyed plumber in the harem, the one about the preacher who won an egg at a raffle, the one about the fighter pilot who went down in flames and the one about the two Girl Scouts who lost their cookies in the laundromat.

Among others.

"I want," said Talbert, "one round-trip airplane ticket to San Francisco and a reservation at the Hotel Millard Filmore."

"May I ask," asked Uncle Lyman, "why?"

"While making the rounds with Harrison today," explained Talbert, "a salesman of ladies' undergarments told me that a veritable cornucopia of offi-

color jokes exists in the person of Harry Shuler, bellboy at the Millard Filmore. This salesman said that, during a three-day convention at that hotel, he had heard more new jokes from Shuler than he had heard in the first thirty-nine years of his life."

"And you are going to—?" Uncle Lyman began.

"Exactly," said Talbert. "We must follow where the spoor is strongest."

"Talbert," said Uncle Lyman, "Why do you do these things?"

"I am searching," said Talbert, simply.

"For what, dammit!" cried Uncle Lyman.

"For meaning," said Talbert.

Uncle Lyman covered his eyes. "You are the image of your mother," he declared.

"Say nothing of her," charged Talbert. "She was the finest woman who ever trod the earth."

"Then how come she got trampled to death at the funeral of Rudolph Valentino?" Uncle Lyman charged back.

"That is a base canard," said Talbert, "and you know it. Mother just happened to be passing the church on her way to bringing food to the Orphans of The Dissolute Seamen—one of her many charities—when she was accidentally caught up in the waves of hysterical women and swept to her awful end."

A pregnant silence bellied the vast room. Talbert stood at a window looking down the hill at Lake Bean which his father had had poured in 1923.

"Think of it," he said after a moment's reflection. "The nation alive with off-color jokes—the world alive! And the same jokes, Uncle, the same jokes. How? How? How? By what strange means do these jokes o'erleap oceans, span continents? By what incredible machinery are these jokes promulgated over mountain and dale?"

He turned and met Uncle Lyman's mesmeric stare.

"I mean to know," he said.

At ten minutes before midnight Talbert boarded the plane for San Francisco and took a seat by the window. Fifteen minutes later the plane roared down the runway and nosed up into the black sky.

Talbert turned to the man beside him.

"Do you know any dirty jokes, sir?" he inquired, pencil poised.

The man stared at him. Talbert gulped.

"Oh, I am sorry," he said, "Reverend."

When they reached the room Talbert gave the bellboy a crisp five-dollar bill and asked to hear a joke.

Shuler told him the one about the man sitting by the runway eating an onion, see? Talbert listened, toes kneading inquisitively in his shoes. The joke concluded, he asked Shuler where this and similar jokes might be overheard. Shuler said at a wharf spot known as Davy (continued on page 26)

TO VICTOR BELONGS THE SPOILS

jestor borge made \$2,000,000 on broadway's longest solo

personality BY ALBERT C. LASHER



819 PERFORMANCES is usually considered pretty healthy for a Broadway show. For a one-man Broadway show, it's more than healthy, it's historical. The one man who recently chalked up that fantastic figure, grossed over two million bucks in the bargain, and is now accumulating even more performances on national tour, is a melancholy Dane who was once employed in a funeral parlor: Victor Borge.

The solo show has been tried by others—Cornelia Otis Skinner, Maurice Chevalier, Joyce Grenfell, Emlyn Williams (furnisharies, all), but never with the success enjoyed by the batty Mr. Borge. And this in spite of (or because of) the fact that he used basically the same material he had been using for years in night clubs, on radio, records and television.

Borge plays the piano, which is sometimes funny. He also gives short lectures on music, which are always funny. In fact, he can scarcely open his mouth without provoking laughter.

This sometimes has very little to do with what he says. During his 819th per-

"There will be no curtain calls because there is no cast, so we don't have to wait to see who gets the most applause."





"It was hard for me to learn to speak English. In Denmark we speak with a ghghghghgh and here you speak with a ththththth. The translation from ghghghgh to thththth is quite a translation."

"The Baldwin piano people have asked me to announce that this is a Steinway."



"This is the second Hungarian Rhapsody by Schlitz, the junior composer from Wisconsin."



"Is this too drafty for you?"



"I don't know this number as well as another I am not too familiar with. In fact, this one I don't know at all."

formance, for example, he announced with a straight face: "This is my 819th performance; last night was my 818th performance." He paused. "Tomorrow will be my 820th performance." The audience laughed uproariously. Formerly-admired Borge tilted his well-barbered head to one side, lifted one eyebrow and shrugged almost imperceptibly, as though he couldn't see what was so funny. Reading his words on paper, you share the feeling. They aren't funny. That is, the words aren't funny. But when Borge speaks them, a mysterious alchemy transforms them into high humor.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY WERNER WOLFF

Seated at the piano, he will announce Chopin wrote the next number in four flats, then mumble: "Because he had to move four times." The audience breaks up. If Red Skelton delivered the same line, he'd get stony silence.

At the start of his show he would ask for requests from the audience, explaining: "I do not usually do request numbers . . . unless I have been asked to do so." Then he'd turn to the keyboard and announce: "This request is from a lady . . . at least I sincerely hope so." But before playing a note, he would rise and walk purposefully to the front of the stage, smile benignly and say: "We are

going to have an intermission pretty soon." The audience would titter. He'd hesitate a moment, smile some more, strike a sincere attitude and add: "I thought you'd like to know that." The audience would roar. Any other top comedian would cut off the heads of his writers if they tried to foist such material on him.

Borgé has no writers. He does not even write his own material. He just makes it up as he goes along. He has mastered the art of putting together two perfectly constructed sentences that seem to be vaguely connected and at the same time have absolutely no relation-

"I will now play some excerpts. There are two reasons why I do excerpts. One is I don't know the whole thing. That is the other reason, too."

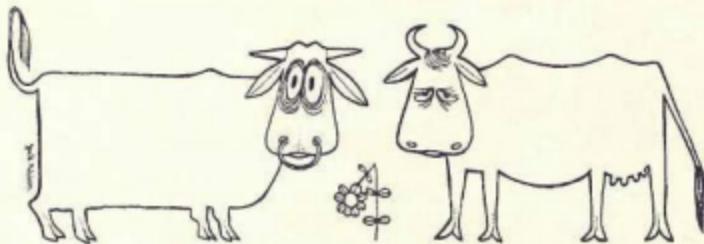
ship to one another. When he notices his audience is confused he attempts to clear things up. The explanation complicates matters even more and the result is convulsing.

But two hours of this would have been hard to take. Borgé divided his show into three parts: straight piano, monologue without piano and "pianologues," a sort of stunted piano recital with verbalized program notes.

One of Borgé's most famous sketches, which, for the sake of a title, can be called *The Borgé Method of Punctuation*, had an origin typical of much of

(continued on page 69)

HOW NOW, BROWN COW?



article BY JAMES F. PEIRCE

*the attorney general of Texas grew eloquent
over an ex-bull's deep despair*

TEXAS LAW and the men who make and keep it have always been unique. In witness to this fact is a legal opinion handed down by the Office of the Attorney General in Austin, Texas, a few years back. The opinion concerned the castration of a farmer's bull yearling by employees of the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas after the bull had broken into the pasture of the Dairy Husbandry Department and serviced several cows. "The dairy hands lassoed him and castrated him. He was hot and mad and as a result was found dead in the pasture the next day." The farmer demanded and received \$20.00 in payment for the death of the bull. When the College submitted this bill to the Comptroller of Public Accounts for payment, the comptroller asked the Office of the Attorney General for an opinion as to whether this was a proper charge to be paid from State funds. The opinion, slightly edited and abridged, follows:

"It appears that the account has been paid by the A. and M. College out of certain local funds belonging to the college and now desires a warrant on the State Treasurer for a like amount to reimburse local funds.

"From available sources of information it appears that the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas, in addition to instructing the youth of Texas in book learning, both ordinary and extraordinary, is engaged in raising pure blooded cattle of various and diverse breeds. The particular department of the college whose duty it is to supervise

this beneficent work is the Department of Dairy Husbandry. In order to propagate and rear these finer and better specimens of cattle, it is necessary to have enclosures, corrals, pens, cow lots, and pastures, wherein said cattle may feed on nutritious grasses and inhale fresh air containing a high percent of ozone. All these conveniences have been furnished this institution by the State of Texas.

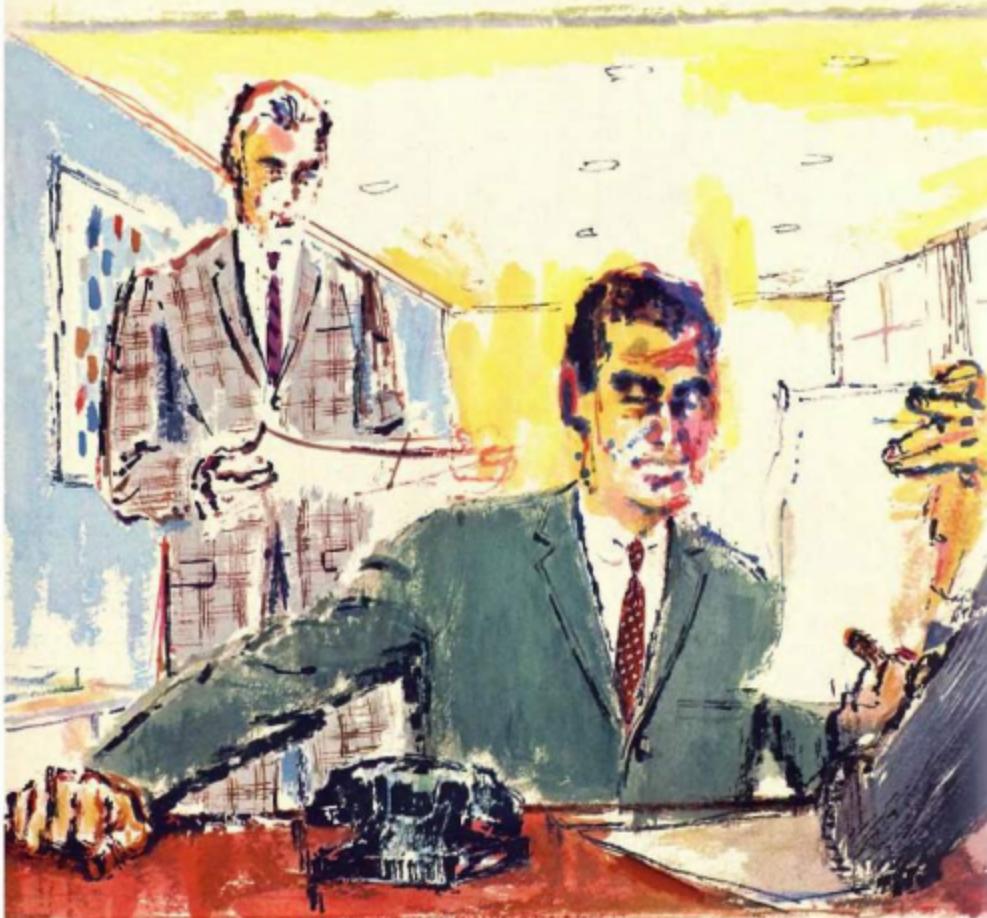
"The eventful day on which occurred the great tragedy which gave rise to your inquiry, several of these fine heifers owned by the State were in one of the State's pastures. In an adjoining pasture there dwelt an unpretentious bull, just budding into young bullhood. This bull was just a common, ordinary, proletarian bull belonging to the 'common herd.' He could not and did not boast of an illustrious ancestry. He had been born and raised in an unpretentious, unsophisticated manner. He knew nothing of the ways of the world, had never heard of elite society. On this particular morning, he arose early as had been his custom from early youth and, as any well-raised country bull should, 'bellowed a greeting to the dawning sun.' It was a bright September morn. The air was fragrant with autumn flowers, cool and invigorating—just such a morning as is calculated to fill any well-raised, well-fed bull, young or old, with 'pep.' His bellow was wafted on the perfume-laden autumn breeze to the adjoining pasture, wherein dwelt the well-fed, evergreened, sleek and soft-eyed maidens of aristocracy belonging to the State of Texas and particular pride of the Department of

Dairy Husbandry. These young 'blue bloods,' or at least some of them, evidently mistook the innocent effervescence of this young bull as an attempt or an invitation to start a flirtation, so from across the way there came an answer, not a deep, bass, unmelodious roar as of distant thunder, but a tremulous, sympathetic, soft, even-toned m-o-o. This young bull had heard many 'moos' before, but none such as this. It seemed as if someone was calling him, yet, being young and unacquainted with the ways of the world, he could not understand. He stood as in a dream. Again the call came. He felt himself being irresistibly drawn in the direction from which this wonderful sound emanated. He answered the call. The flirtation was on. He had not advanced far before he discovered the cause for the peculiar feeling in his breast. There, just across the fence, she stood—a beautiful, young, soft-eyed heifer.

"She advanced to meet him at the fence. An acquaintance was soon formed and a conversation in low tones was held. What was said will never be known unless that beauteous, prize-winning heifer tells the story. But evidently she did not ask for his family tree. If she did, she cared not that he could not boast of any of his progenitors having won blue ribbons. She was in love, and so was he. It made no difference to these young and trusting hearts that they were separated not only by an impassable social gulf but also by a seven-stranded barbed-wire fence. Truly, love laughs at locksmiths and knows no bar-

(concluded on page 65)

warm weather tailoring for the man-about-business

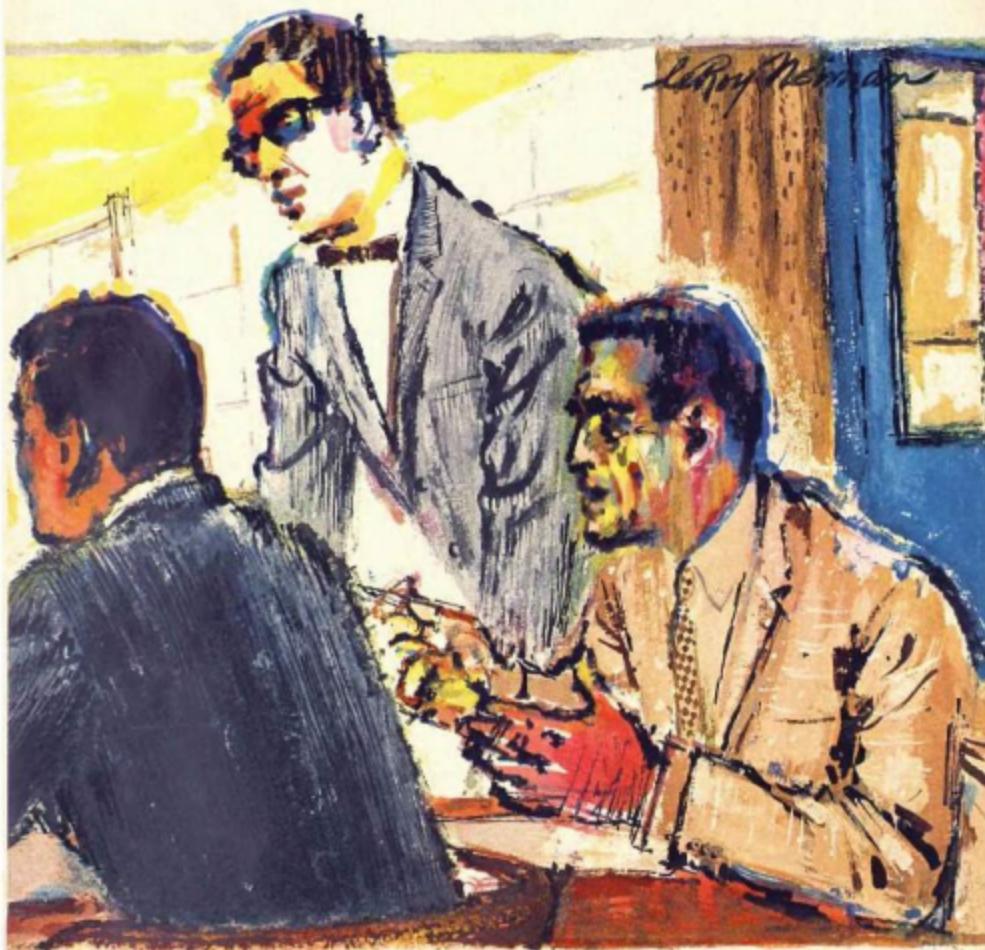


Executive suits left to right: summer-weight dacron-wool blend in gray-brown Glen plaid by Springweave (Palm Beach), in the new "Savoy model," natural cut, three button, about \$50. Olive shade spring-weight gabardine in Ivy League cut, three button, tapered shoulder, pleatless trousers with belted back, tailored by Maxwell, about \$70. A summer tradition, the cord suit interpreted in two new, natural models by Haspel, blended of 75% dacron, 25% cotton, tan, gray and blue, about \$40. The elegance of silk: a natural cut model in light beige Dupioni silk costing about \$75.

LAST WORD from the prognosticators of the good life in 196X is that we will all be engared in "air conditioned suits." This advance tip gives no indication of whether the compound miracle of tailor and engineer will depend on portable battery power or atomic energy (or perhaps we will just plug ourselves into any convenient outlet). All of that tumbles us pell-mell into the batte of survival-with-propriety through

attire BY FRANK CARIOTI

EXECUTIVE SUIT



the summer heat, and a stout brawl it's going to be.

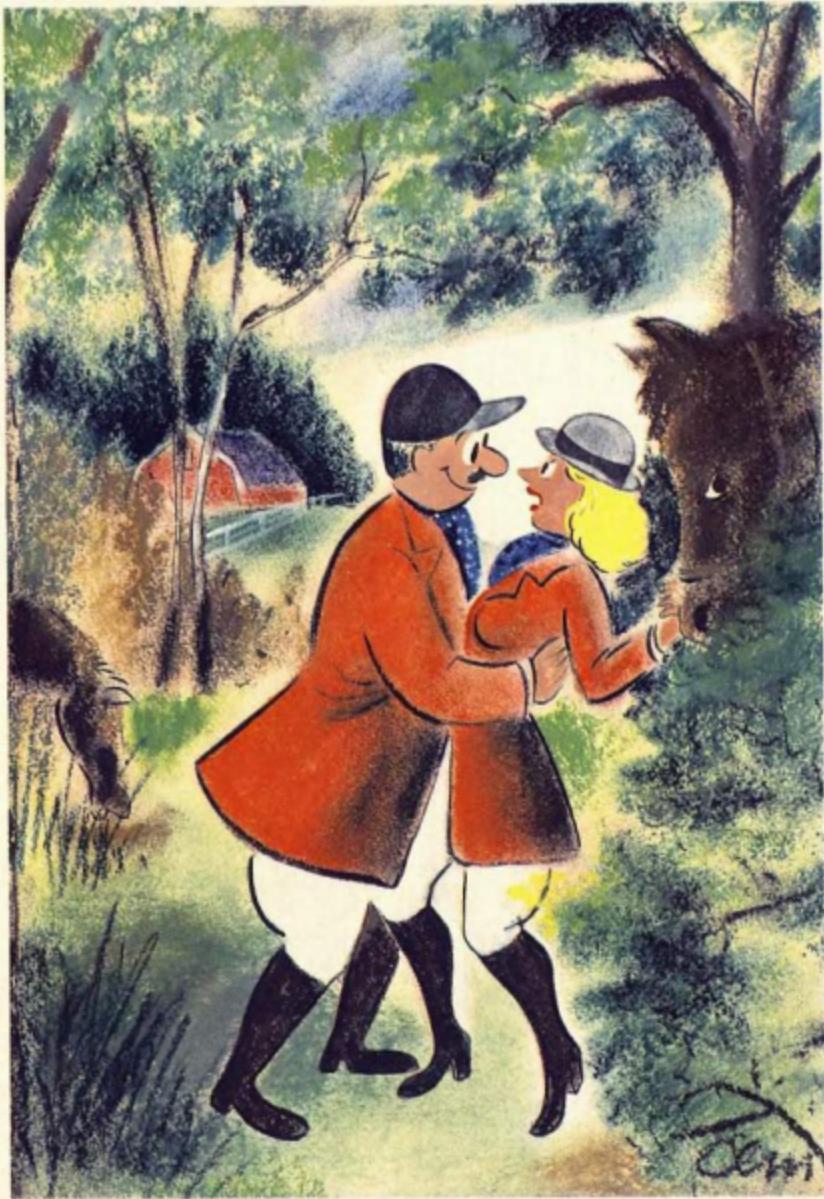
The first Highland laddie who ever slipped into a pleated skirt probably had the best answer to natural air conditioning. But in a fast-paced society with all sorts of sudden drafts, the interpretation of kilts in lightweight worsted would undoubtedly raise more than a couple of eyebrows. The next practical step is the suit with knee-length,

matching shorts: practical, yes . . . and even available on the market. But the fact that short pants are featured as part of a two-trouser suit (the second pair full length) is itself mute testimony that such rakish individualism in the office doesn't always meet with acceptance much beyond the conference rooms of the more avant advertising agencies.

The fact that this style trend is catching on for campus wear, however, is go-

ing to make many a grad feel he was born 20 years too soon. The Eastern schools pioneered the spirit which is now spreading across the nation and the matched coat approach fills the demand for comfort when the contrasting blazer-walk shorts combo might be a bit too sporty.

And so the urban man-about-business is still outfoxed by tradition. He is left *(continued on page 66)*



"Whoa!"

"No you don't, sister!" Bonnie cried.

THE SHOOTING OF JUDGE PRICE

there was nothing the widow browning wouldn't do to win her man

JUDGE WADE PRICE was a distinctively handsome man in his leisurely fifties, a widower for nearly a decade, and for many more years than that he had been presiding judge of the county court. Everyone who had ever known Judge Price thought of him as being scrupulously honest, fair-minded to a fault, and, as he often said to himself, deferent to the honor of womanhood. It was doubtful if anybody could be found who had ever seen him fail to take off his hat when he spoke to a woman or young girl of any age.

Perhaps one of the reasons why Judge Price was beloved by so many people was because of his unfailing habit of having a friendly word for everybody he spoke to, men and women alike. Being more than six feet tall with bushy black hair turning gray, and walking with a dignified erectness at all times, even strangers in town were impressed by his imposing appearance and friendly nature.

Judge Price's five sons and daughters had married and moved away, and he lived alone in a large red-brick house on the only hill of any size in Agricola. He employed an elderly Negro maid, Mamie, who went to his house early every morning and prepared his meals and then went home after supper at night.

(continued on page 32)





"I made a deal with the Essex: they pay my rent and I keep their rooms filled."

JAZZ RECORD JACKETS GO



THAT CIRCLE OF WAX with the hole in the middle has come a powerful long way since John McCormack blubbered the strains of *Mother Machree* down an acoustical horn.

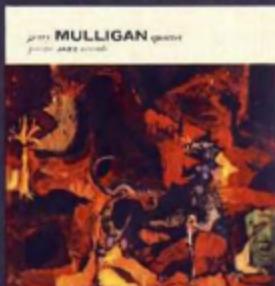
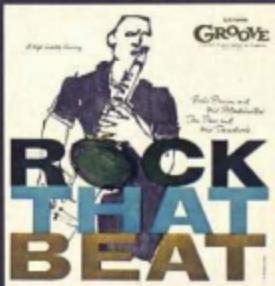
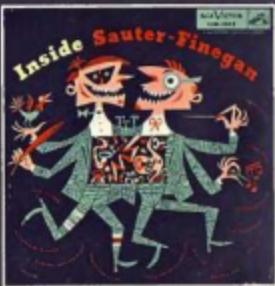
Sheiks and Shebas danced the Charleston to a windup Victrola in the Roaring Twenties, but during the Depression everyone took to radio, where the music was free; a couple of brothers named Dorsey billed their new orchestra as "Radio's Next Name Band," and about the only one listening to the phonograph was RCA Victor's dog. In the late Thirties records enjoyed a revival, swing became king, and everyone began collecting recordings of his favorite dance band; automobiles had just eliminated the crank and phonographs did the same.

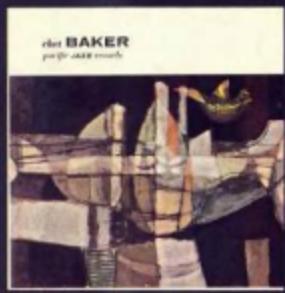
During the Forties, jazz went from swing to bop, progressive and the cool school, and a fellow named Sinatra reminded folks that croon rhymes with swoon, but nothing very special happened in the record business until 1948. In 1948 something spectacular happened. In an accelerated age, when man had just broken through the sound barrier, was about to crack the four minute mile, rated his automobile by its horsepower, and tried to do everything from racing to reading and reasoning a little faster than his neighbor, Columbia Records reduced their recording speed from 78 RPM to 33 1/3. This permitted music lovers to read the labels on the records while they were playing; the long play microgroove recording also ushered in a new era in high fidelity recorded sound.

Full orchestras filled living rooms with full, living music; velvet-toned troubadours practiced their melodic

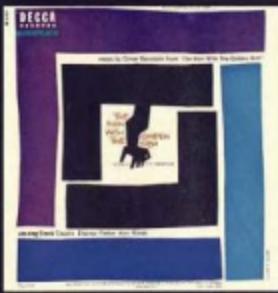
love in a manner never heard before; jazz bands blasted the plaster from apartment walls. The lover of jazz was perhaps the luckiest of all: the other major recording companies began waxing LP labels too (though they couldn't use the trade-marked initials) and the popularity of the slow-speed platters produced new, independent recording companies across the country, many of them devoted almost exclusively to jazz. In addition, the established firms began digging out old discs from their wax museums, releasing sides that had long been collector's items. Today a jazz fan can choose the best from Bix and Besie to Billie, Brubeck and Baker, and as though in celebration over this happy state of affairs, the platter people are wrapping their wares in handsome packages unlike anything seen in pre-LP days.

Artists, photographers and designers have contributed a colorful collection of jackets that not only help sell the records inside, but, somehow, make them a bit more enjoyable after the purchase. David Stone Martin has done an impressive series of covers for Clef and Norgate, Capitol commissioned surrealist Salvador Dali to paint a jacket for a syrupy Jackie Gleason session, and a colorful Columbia cover advertised both a new Dave Brubeck record and a new brand of lipstick, but it was Pacific Jazz that carried record art to its logical extreme: they commissioned prominent West Coast artists to paint abstract impressions of the music. The exciting results, completely free of any recognizable form, were used to package equally exciting jazz by Chet Baker and Gerry Mulligan.





*Smart covers
help boost
LP sales*



SOURCE (continued from page 14)

Jones' Locker Room.

Early that evening, after drinking with one of the West Coast representatives of Bean Enterprises, Talbert took a taxi to Davy Jones' Locker Room. Entering its dim, smoke-fogged interior, he took a place at the bar, ordered a Screwdriver and began to listen.

Within an hour's time he had written down the joke about the old maid who caught her nose in the bathtub faucet, the one about the three traveling salesmen and the farmer's ambidextrous daughter, the one about the nurse who thought they were Spanish olives and the one about the midget in the frankfurter suit. Talbert wrote this last joke under his original transcription of it, underlining changes in context attributable to regional influence.

At 10:16, a man who had just told Talbert the one about the hillbilly twins and their two-headed sister said that Tony, the bartender, was a virtual fountain of off-color jokes, limericks, anectodes, epigrams and proverbs.

Talbert went over to the bar and asked Tony for the major source of his levities. After reciting the amerrick about the sex of the asteroid vernal, the bartender referred Talbert to a Mr. Frank Bruin, salesman, of Oakland, who happened not to be there that night.

Talbert, at once, retired to a telephone directory where he discovered live Frank Bruins in Oakland. Entering a booth with a coin pocket sagging change, Talbert began dialing them.

Two of the five Frank Bruins were salesmen. One of them, however, was in Alcatraz at the moment. Talbert traced the remaining Frank Bruin to Hogan's Alley in Oakland where his wife said that, as usual on Thursday nights, her husband was bowling with the Moonlight Mattress Company All-Stars.

Quitting the bar, Talbert chartered a taxi and started across the bay to Oakland, toes in ferment.

Veni, vidi, vici?

* * *

Bruin was not a needle in a haystack. The moment Talbert entered Hogan's Alley his eye was caught by a football huddle of men encircling a portly, nosedomed speaker. Approaching, Talbert was just in time to hear the punch line followed by an explosion of composite laughter. It was the punch line that triggered.

"My God!" cried the actress. "Mr. Bruin had uttered. "I thought you said a banana split!"

This variation much excited Talbert who saw in it a preview of a new element — the interchangeable kicker.

When the group had broken up and drifted, Talbert accosted Mr. Bruin and, introducing himself, asked where Mr. Bruin had heard that joke.

"Why d'ya ask, boy?" asked Mr. Bruin.

"No reason," said the crafty Talbert.

"I don't remember where I heard it, boy," said Mr. Bruin finally. "Excuse me, will ya?"

Talbert trailed after him but received

no satisfaction — unless it was in the most definite impression that Bruin was concealing something.

Later, riding back to the Millard Filmore, Talbert decided to put an Oakland detective agency on Mr. Bruin's trail to see what could be seen.

When Talbert reached the hotel there was a telegram waiting for him at the desk.

MR. RODNEY TASSEL RECEIVED LONG DISTANCE CALL FROM MR. GEORGE BULLOCK, CARTHAGE HOTEL, CHICAGO. WAS TOLD JOKE ABOUT MIDGET IN SALAD SUIT. MEANINGFUL=AXE. Talbert's eyes ignited.

"Tally," he murmured, "ho." *

An hour later he had checked out of the Millard Filmore, taxied to the airport and caught a plane for Chicago.

Twenty minutes after he had left the hotel, a man in a dark pin-stripe approached the desk clerk and asked for the room number of Talbert Bean III. When informed of Talbert's departure the man grew steely-eyed and immediately retired to a telephone booth. He emerged ashen.

"I'm sorry," said the desk clerk, "Mister Bullock checked out this morning."

"Oh." Talbert's shoulders sagged. All night on the plane he had been checking over his notes, hoping to discern a pattern to the jokes which would encompass type, area of genesis and periodicity. He was weary with fruitless concentration. Now this.

"And he left no forwarding address?" he asked.

"Only Chicago, sir," said the clerk.

"I see."

Following a bath and luncheon in his room, a slightly refreshed Talbert settled down with the telephone and the directory. There were 47 George Bullocks in Chicago. Talbert checked them off as he phone.

At 3:00 o'clock he slumped over the receiver in a dead slumber. At 4:21, he regained consciousness and completed the remaining eleven calls. The Mr. Bullock in question was not at home, said his housekeeper, but was expected in that evening.

"Thank you kindly," said a bleary-eyed Talbert and, hanging up, thereupon collapsed on the bed — only to awake a few minutes past seven and dress quickly. Descending to the street, he gulped down a sandwich and a glass of milk, then hailed a cab and made the hour ride to the home of George Bullock.

The man himself answered the bell. "Yes?" he asked.

Talbert introduced himself and said he had come to the Hotel Carthage early that afternoon to see him.

"Why?" asked Mr. Bullock.

"So you could tell me where you heard that joke about the midget in the salami suit," said Talbert.

"Sir?"

"I said —"

"I heard what you said, sir," said Mr.

Bullock, "though I cannot say that your remark makes any noticeable sense."

"I believe, sir," challenged Talbert, "that you are hiding behind fustian."

"Behind fustian, sir?" retorted Bullock. "I'm afraid —"

"The game is up, sir!" declared Talbert in a ringing voice. "Why don't you admit it and tell me where you got that joke from?"

"I have not the remotest conception of what you're talking about, sir!" snapped Bullock, his words belied by the pallor of his face.

Talbert flushed a Mona Lisa smile.

"Indeed?" he said.

And, turning lightly on his heel, he left Bullock trembling in the doorway. As he settled back against the taxicab seat again, he saw Bullock still standing there, staring at him. Then Bullock whirled and was gone.

"Hotel Carthage," said Talbert, satisfied with his bluff.

Riding back, he thought of Bullock's agitation and a thin smile tugged up the corners of his mouth. No doubt about it. The prey was being run to earth. Now if his surmise was valid there would likely be —

A lean man in a raincoat and a derby sitting on the bed when Talbert entered his room. The man's mustache, like a muddy toothbrush, twirled.

"Talbert Bean?" he asked.

Talbert bowed.

"The same," he said.

The man, a Colonel Bishop, retired, looked at Talbert with metal blue eyes.

"What is your game, sir?" he asked tauntingly.

"I don't understand," toyed Talbert.

"I think you do," said the Colonel, "and you are to come with me."

"Oh?" said Talbert.

He found himself looking down the barrel of a .45 caliber Webley-Feaberry.

"Shall we?" said the Colonel.

"But of course," said Talbert coolly. "I have not totes all this way to resist now."

The ride in the private plane was a long one. The windows were blacked-out and Talbert hadn't the faintest idea in which direction they were flying. Neither the pilot nor the Colonel spoke, and Talbert's attempts at conversation were discouraged by a chilly silence. The Colonel's pistol, still leveled at Talbert's chest, never wavered, but it did not bother Talbert. He was exultant. All he could think was that his search was ending; he was, at last, approaching the headwaters of the dirty joke. After a time, his head nodded and he dozed — to dream of midgets in frankfurter suits and actresses who seemed obsessed by sarsaparilla or banana splits or sometimes both. How long he slept, and what boundaries he may have crossed, Talbert never knew. He was awakened by a swift loss of altitude and the steely voice of Colonel Bishop: "We are landing, Mr. Bean." The Colonel's grip tightened on the pistol.

Talbert offered no resistance when his

(continued overleaf)



*"Oh, hello, dear—I thought I saw you go down
for the third time."*

SOURCE *(continued from page 26)*

eyes were blinded. Feeling the Welty-Feaberry in the small of his back, he stumbled out of the plane and crunched over the ground of a well-kept airstrip. There was a nip in the air and he felt a bit lightheaded: Talbert suspected they had landed in a mountainous region; but what mountains, and on what continent, he could not guess. His ears and nose conveyed nothing of help to his churning mind.

He was shovored—none too gently!—into an automobile, and then driven swiftly along what felt like a dirt road. The tires crackled over pebbles and twigs.

Suddenly the blindfold was removed. Talbert blinked and looked out the windows. It was a black and cloudy night; he could see nothing but the limited vista afforded by the headlights.

"You are well isolated," he said, aprehensively. Colonel Bishop remained tight-lipped and vigilant.

After a fifteen-minute ride along the dark road, the car pulled up in front of a tall, unlighted house. As the moon was out Talbert could hear the pulsing rasp of crickets all around.

"Well," he said.

"Energe," suggested Colonel Bishop. "Of course," Talbert bent out of the car and was escorted up the wide porch steps by the Colonel. Behind, the car pulled away into the night.

Inside the house, chimes bonged hollowly as the Colonel pushed a button. They waited in the darkness and, in a few moments, approaching footsteps sounded.

A tiny aperture opened in the heavy door, disclosing a single bespectacled eye. The eye blinked once and, with a faint accent Talbert could not recognize, whispered furtively, "Why did the widow wear black garters?"

"In remembrance," said Colonel Bishop with great gravity, "of those who passed beyond."

The door opened.

The owner of the eye was tall, gaunt, of indeterminable age and nationality, his hair a dark mass wisped with gray. His face was all angles and facets, his eyes piercing behind large, horn-rimmed glasses. He wore flannel trousers and a checked jacket.

"This is the Dean," said Colonel Bishop.

"How do you do," said Talbert.

"Come in, come in," the Dean invited, extending his large hand to Talbert. "Welcome, Mister Bean." He shifted a scolding look at Bishop's pistol. "Now, Colonel," he said, "indulging in melodramatics again? Put it away, dear fellow, put it away."

"We can't be too careful," grumped the Colonel.

Talbert stood in the spacious grace of the entry hall looking around. His gaze settled, presently, on the cryptic smile of the Dean, who said:

"So. You have found us out, sir."

Talbert's toes whipped like pennants in a gale.

"Have it?" he covered his excitement

with.

"Yes," said the Dean. "You have. And a masterful display of investigative intuition it was."

Talbert looked around.

"So," he said, voice hated. "It is *here*."

"Yes," said the Dean, "Would you like to see it?"

"More than anything in the world," said Talbert, fervently.

"Come then," said the Dean.

"Is this wise?" the Colonel warned.

"Come," repeated the Dean.

The three men started down the hallway. For a moment, a shade of premonition darkened Talbert's mind. It was being made so easy. Was it a trap? In a second the thought had slipped away, washed off by a current of excited curiosity.

They started up a winding marble staircase.

"How did you suspect?" the Dean inquired. "That is to say—what prompted you to probe the matter?"

"I just thought," said Talbert meaningfully. "Here are all these jokes yet no one seems to know where they come from. *Or care*."

"Yes," observed the Dean, "we count upon that disinterest. What man in ten million ever asks, where did you hear that joke? Absorbed in memorizing the joke for future use, he gives no thought to its source. This, of course, is our protection."

The Dean smiled at Talbert. "But not," he amended, "from men such as you."

Talbert's flush went unnoticed.

They reached the landing and began walking along a wide corridor lit on each side by the illumination of candelabra. There was no more talk. At the end of the corridor they turned right and stopped in front of massive, iron-hinged doors.

"Is this wise?" the Colonel asked again.

"Too late to stop now," said the Dean and Talbert felt a shiver flutter down his spine. What if it were a trap? He swallowed, then squared his shoulders. The Dean had said it. It was too late to stop now.

The great doors cracked open.

"Et voilà," said the Dean.

* * *

The hallway was an avenue. Thick wall-to-wall carpeting sponged beneath Talbert's feet as he walked between the Colonel and the Dean. At periodic intervals along the ceiling hung music-emitting speakers: Talbert recognized the *Coste Parisienne*. His gaze moved to a petticoated tapestry on which Dionysian acts ensued above the stitched motto, "Happy is the Man Who is Making Something."

"Incredible," he murmured. "Here: in this house."

"Exactly," said the Dean.

Talbert shook his head wonderingly.

"To think," he said.

The Dean paused before a glass wall and, barking, Talbert peered into an

office. Among its rich appointments strode a young man in a striped silk waistcoat with brass buttons, gesturing meaningfully with a long cigar while, cross-legged on a leather couch, sat a happily sweatered blonde of rich dimensions.

The man stopped briefly and waved to the Dean, smiled, then returned to his spirited dictating.

"One of our best," the Dean said.

"But," stammered Talbert, "I thought that man was on the staff of—"

"He is," said the Dean. "And, in his spare time, he is also one of us."

Talbert followed on excitement-numbed legs.

"But I had no idea," he said. "I presumed that organization to be composed of men like Bruin and Bullock."

"They are merely our means of promulgation," explained the Dean. "Our word-of-mouthers, you might say. Our *creators* come from more exalted ranks—executives, statesmen, the better professional comics, editors, novelists—"

The Dean broke off as the door to one of the other offices opened and a barrelly, bearded man in hunting clothes emerged. He shouldered past them muttering true things to himself.

"Off again?" the Dean asked pleasantly. The big man grunted. It was a true grunt. He clumped off, lonely for a while.

"Unbelievable," said Talbert. "Such men as these?"

"Exactly," said the Dean.

They strolled on past the rows of busy offices. Talbert tourist-ed, the Dean smiling his mandarin smile, the Colonel working his lips as if anticipating the kiss of a toad.

"But where did it all begin?" a dazed Talbert asked.

"That history's secret," rejoined the Dean, "veiled behind time's opacity. Our venture does have its honored past, however. Great men have graced its cause—Ben Franklin, Mark Twain, Dickens, Swinburne, Rabelais, Balzac; oh, the honor roll is long. Shakespeare, of course, and his friend Ben Jonson. Still further back, Chaucer, Boccaccio. Further yet. Horace and Seneca, Demosthenes and Plautus. Aristophanes, Apuleius. Yea, in the palaces of Tzankhanen was our work done; in the black temples of Abrimian, the pleasure dome of Kubla Khan. Where did it begin? Who knows? Scrapped on rock, in many a primordial cave, are certain drawings. And there are those among us who believe that these were left by the earliest members of the Brotherhood. But this, of course, is only legend . . ."

Now they had reached the end of the hallway and were starting down a cushioned ramp.

"There must be vast sums of money involved in this," said Talbert.

"Heaven forfend," declared the Dean, stopping short. "Do not confuse our work with alley vending. Our workers contribute freely of their time and skill, caring for naught save the Cause."

"Forgive me," Talbert said. "Then, *(continued on page 70)*



a bracing brandy has come of age

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

PHOTOGRAPH BY RALPH CONIAN

THE LIQUID APPLE

APPLES HAVE ALWAYS given moralists a bad time. Other fruits, like the plum and the pomegranate, have been red, but the apple has always been blushing red.

When the progenitor of the human race and his playmate took bites of the fleshy fruit, they were instantly given a sign of thumbs down.

Even the serene Greeks went into a pucker over a certain apple. The gods
(continued on page 30)





"Five minutes, everybody!"

JUDGE PRICE *(continued from page 23)*

For a long time it had been common knowledge in Agricola that Fern Browning, who had been a widow for the past five years, had made up her mind to go to any extreme that was necessary in order to get Judge Price to marry her, and many people often wondered if there could be a limit to what she would do to gain what she had set her heart on. So far, as most people knew, Fern had used every means she could think of to induce Judge Price to ask her to be his wife, but she was both resourceful and persistent, and she had no thought of failing for lack of effort and determination.

"If there's a female in town who can get what she wants, fair means or foul," one of the married women said, "it'll be Fern Browning. You just wait and see. She'll find a way."

Fern was no longer a young woman, but even at forty-five she was more youthful and attractive in many ways than some women half her age. She had retained her slender figure, she had cultivated a pleasant personality, and her eager smile was always provocative and winsome. Besides, her clothes were always becoming to her and she was rightfully proud of her chocolate-colored hair.

Most of the people in Agricola had become accustomed to seeing Fern Browning stroll along Main Street once or twice a week at the time when Judge Price was in the habit of leaving the courthouse in the late afternoon. He always stopped on the white stone steps under the colonnade of the building and lighted a cigar before continuing toward the street. If he had been delayed in court for some reason, Fern went into the drug store and made a small purchase at the cosmetic counter, and after that, if he still had not appeared under the colonnade, she would go across the street to the post office and buy a few stamps. By that time, Judge Price was usually walking across the tree-shaded courthouse lawn in his dignified manner, and Fern would wave to him in a gesture of surprise as though she had no idea that she had expected to see him. Then, while he was taking off his hat, she would hurry to him.

"I'm so glad I happened to run into you like this, Wade," Fern would say breathlessly when she reached him. "I've been trying to find time all day to phone you and ask you to come to supper tonight. There won't be any other guests—just you and me, Wade."

"Well, Fern," Judge Price would usually say with a slight frown, "that's a very kindly invitation from a very charming lady, and I do thank you. But as a matter of fact, I had planned to stay at home tonight and review some important briefs. I don't see how I—"

Before he could say anything more, Fern would come closer and put her hand on his arm while she smiled at him enticingly.

"Oh, Wade, those old briefs can wait a little while. I've planned to have everything for supper that you like so

much. There'll be hot rolls and a beef roast and peach ice cream. Please say you'll come, Wade. It would be such a great disappointment if you didn't. I've gone to so much trouble just for you."

Her lips pouting girlishly, Fern would move closer to him so that he could not keep from smelling the perfume of her gleaming brown hair. Almost without exception, except on Friday nights, Judge Price would smile and say that her pleasing invitation overruled any objections he might entertain and that consequently it was gratefully accepted. After that, Fern would squeeze his hand intimately and then hurry home to prepare supper.

Every time he went to Fern Browning's house, which he had been doing once or twice a week for almost a year, Judge Price was served an enjoyable meal and he was glad to have a change from Mamie's cooking. After supper, he and Fern usually sat on the front porch when the weather was mild and on chilly evenings they sat on the sofa in the parlor. Later in the evening, Fern would move close to him and put her hand on his and tell him how peaceful and happy she was whenever they were together like that.

Judge Price always stroked her hand affectionately, knowing that otherwise she would be disappointed, but at the same time he was always careful not to let himself be carried away by her intimate hints about the joys of marriage. More than that, every time Fern wore one of her more revealing dresses and used more perfume than usual, Judge Price always tried to leave before Fern put her head on his shoulder and began talking about how lonely she was, his excuse being that he had to go home and study some important cases that were scheduled for hearing in his court the next day.

Their evenings together might have continued in such a manner if Fern had not begun to wonder why it was that Judge Price was always firm and inalterable each time he said he would be unable to come to her house for supper on a Friday night. The more she thought about it, the more suspicious and upset she became, and she raised up her mind to find out where he went and what he did every Friday night for week after week and month after month.

The next Friday afternoon Fern was walking slowly along the street in front of the courthouse when Judge Price crossed the lawn. As soon as he saw her, he stopped and took off his hat. This time she did not wave gaily, but went directly to where he stood and, with only a fleeting smile, said that she would like to have him come to her house for supper that night. Judge Price thanked her in his usual warm manner for her invitation, but he also shook his head firmly and told her that it would not be possible for him to visit her on that particular evening.

That was exactly what she had expected him to say, and for the first time

she did not go closer and squeeze his hand intimately. Instead, without even a parting smile, Fern turned abruptly and walked away before he could speak to her again. Standing there with his hat in hand, mystified by her conduct, he watched her with a perplexed frown on his face until she was out of sight.

That night promptly at eight o'clock, as he had been in the habit of doing for many years, Judge Price left his house and drove down the street in his automobile. Fern had been sitting in her car nearby since dark, and she followed him as closely as she dared. Judge Price stopped at the drug store and bought some cigars, and then he got back into his car and drove up Flower Street for three blocks. He stopped the car in front of Bonnie Tyler's house.

Watching from the corner, Fern saw Judge Price get out of his car, light one of the cigars, and then walk in his dignified manner to the front of the house. There he rang the bell, and after several moments the door was opened and Judge Price, taking off his hat and bowing, stepped inside. All the rooms in Bonnie Tyler's house, both upstairs and downstairs, were lighted, but the shades had been closed tightly over the windows and Fern was unable to see anything that was taking place.

Fern did not know how much time had passed while she was trying to decide what to do next, but her whole body was trembling with the chill of the night air when she ran to the front door and rang the bell. Almost at once the door was opened by Bonnie Tyler, and, before Bonnie could close and lock it securely, Fern ran past her into the hall. She had never been inside the house before, and she had no idea where she was going, but at the end of the hall she saw a wide stairway leading to the second floor and she ran toward it.

Fern had gone several steps up the stairway when Bonnie caught her by the arm and roughly jerked her backward from the stairs.

"No you don't, sister!" Bonnie said determinedly, pulling her away from the steps. "I don't know what you want, but whatever it is, it's not what you're going to do."

"Take your hands off me!" Fern cried angrily, slapping at Bonnie's face.

An instant later, flinging her arms free from Bonnie's grasp, Fern took a pistol from her handbag and began firing it wildly. One of the bullets shattered the glass in the front door and another one knocked plaster from the ceiling. Immediately after that there was complete silence in the house, and then suddenly one of the girls upstairs screamed.

"That shows I know what I'm doing!" Fern said, waving the pistol recklessly. "Where's he?"

Just then, Judge Price, unburdened and dignified, came down the stairway. He stopped when he was about half-way and took off his hat and bowed to Fern.

"What in the world, Fern?" he said, frowning slightly. "What does this (continued on page 71)



THE PLEASURES OF PORTUGAL

glowing wine, fishing towns and high-society sands

travel BY PATRICK CHASE

PORTUGAL — bless its heart — is the only country we know in Europe where wine is *free* with every meal at every restaurant, or at least included immovably in the table d'hôte price. We've not confined our wine biblio to meals only, of course: there's little else that will tone up the system as well or do more for the soul than an amber-hued white port, sipped of a sunny morning from the wicker depths of a chair on a cafe ter-

(continued on page 42)





Marion strikes a graceful pose in picture for girdle advertisement.



Marion manages to look attractive though tied to a post for magazine.



A publicity shot of Marion posed in a bathing suit may bring in other modeling jobs; lingerie advertising assignments come far more frequently than the fashion work models prefer.



A PLAYMATE'S PHOTO ALBUM

miss may's pictures illustrate a model's career

THE MAY PLAYMATE is a New York model named Marion Scott whose career has included everything from fashion photography to posing for the covers of detective and confession magazines. Marion was born in Germany and came to this country with her parents after the war — now lives with them in New Jersey. She is 23, 5'6" tall, with a striking 36"-25"-35" figure that helps explain her success as a model. She considers herself "an avid student of philosophy and religion," and is a superior sportswoman, excelling in skiing, riding and swimming. Marion has done well as a model, but would like to do better, and perhaps go into show business. She confides the hope that her appearance as a PLAYBOY Playmate may prove the turning point in her career.



A sheet of contact prints of Marion posing prettily before a mirror suggests the action of a motion picture and adds life to her photo album.











MISS MAY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH









MISS MAY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





This candid snap on a tennis court taken by a friend is in sharp contrast to the formal photograph of Marion Scott, the model. Marion would rather play tennis; she enjoys sports and is good at most.



Photographer Herman Leonard has the enviable job of applying body makeup to the lovely Scott tissue before shooting her as Playmate for May. PLAYBOY art director Arthur Paul flew to New York especially to supervise the photography and he took these informal pictures of the preparation for Marion's pose as the triple-page Playmate of the Month.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

We were enjoying one of the more sensational Italian films the other evening, and during a torrid love scene, we heard a small voice near us in the darkened theatre say, "Mommy, is this where he puts the pollen on her?"

A psychologist is a man who watches everybody else when a beautiful girl enters the room.



The young man relaxed on the bed, enjoying a cigarette; his girl friend lay beside him, lost in thought.

"Darling," she said unexpectedly, as girls are wont to do, "let's get married."

The young man took a long drag on his cigarette and without turning, said, "Dearest, who would have us?"

Who, raged the angry employer, "told you that just because I've kissed you a few times you could loaf around the office and neglect your work?"

"My attorney," cooed his secretary.

Abachelor is a man who believes in life, liberty and the happiness of pursuit.



His lion trainer had quit without notice and the circus manager needed someone to replace him for the next night's show. He put an ad in the local paper and the next morning two applicants showed up outside his office. One was a rather ordinary looking young man and the other a ravishing, red-headed beauty. Neither one of them looked very much like a lion trainer, but the manager was desperate. "All right," he said, "here's a whip, and a chair, and a gun. Let's see what you can do with big Leo over there. We'll let you have the first try, miss, but be careful—he's a mean one."

The ravishing red-head strode past the whip, and the chair, and the gun,

and empty-handed, fearlessly entered the cage.

Big Leo rose, snarling, then came charging across the cage towards her with a ferocious roar. When the lion was almost upon her, the girl threw open her coat. Underneath, she was stark naked. Leo skidded to a stop and crawled the rest of the way on his belly; he nuzzled the girl's feet with his nose, purred, and licked her trim ankles.

The astonished circus manager grinned happily and turned to the pop-eyed young man. "Well, young fella," he asked, "think you can top that?"

"Yeah," breathed the man. "Just get that stupid lion out of there."

"To me," said one, "he's a pain in the neck."

"Strange," said the other, "I had a much lower opinion of him."



He asked her for a burning kiss; She said in accents cruel, "I may be quite a red hot gal, But I'm nobody's fuel."

Gina Lottabooma, the shapely Italian screen siren, was put under contract by a Hollywood studio and brought to the U.S. to make an epic Western.

"I absolutely refuse to play this scene," she exclaimed.

"But, Gina," explained the director, "all you have to do is point out the direction the outlaws took when the sheriff and his posse ride up to you."

"I know," said the star, "but have you read the screen action in the script?"

"What do you mean?"

"Look how I'm supposed to point," snapped the star. "It says here that I am to place both hands behind my back, take a deep breath, turn north and say, 'They went thataway!'"

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.



"... And so, sir — when this cad tried to insinuate that I was too familiar with your fine daughter — well, I — I struck him, sir..."

race. It heightens your joy in the wiggling walk of a sturdy *varinete* fishwife, gaily costumed as she passes with a head-carried basket of glistening, fresh-caught octopus, or the green-water reflections of a fleet of slant-masted, high-prowed *fragatas* fishing boats, bright-painted arabesques shimmering in the oily surge of little harbors.

As you might have gathered, we like Portugal. In fact, we never go to Europe without starting or ending our trip there. And if we were to go back tomorrow (and tomorrow is the best possible time) we'd start the same way we always do—with a cable to Senhor Jorge Rebello in Lisbon for a reservation at his Avir Hotel. It has only 26 double rooms and everybody, but everybody, wants to stay there, maybe because each room is furnished with genuine antiques, including the paneled walls, all scrupulously matched in period. The bathrooms, by contrast, are modern—to make up for which, perhaps, the walls are inset with mosaic designs.

The Avir, as we discovered on our first trip, used to be the home of the world's richest man, an Armenian-born oil magnate by the name of Gulbenkian. He didn't own it; he stayed there by choice, which will give you some idea of why the place has earned a reputation as one of the most luxurious hotels in all the world. Quite properly, therefore, the Avir serves what is probably the best food in Lisbon (ask for *meats* of thin-sliced liver very specially seasoned) and its bartenders pour the driest Martinis that side of the Atlantic. As if that's not enough, the Avir maintains 100 servants to minister to the comfort and whims of a maximum of only 52 guests.

Our second stop in Lisbon is always the Port Wine Institute on Rua São Pedro de Alcântara. It's fortunate that we have to give the driver that address only on the way there, rather than after several happy hours traching our palates the subtle intricacies of more than 300 varieties of Portugal's most popular product. It's an education that never ends, and one that should begin with a trip to Oporto and the terraced hillside vineyards of the Douro Valley.

It's almost a journey into another century, especially during the October vintage. There's music everywhere. To the gay tunings of a rural pipe, long lines of men move out of the trellised vineyards at a dancing *jota* trot, lugging 140-pound baskets of grapes. To a faster tune picked up by a guitar, other men dance knee-deep in great stone tanks, trudging the cold, red grape mush in breathless four-hour shifts, refreshed as they jerk and jump by quick palls of a viciously raw brandy. The girls cheer, the music gets keener, the brandy passes faster and the dancing becomes more spirited until . . . but we digress.

Wine, of course, is lost without song and in Portugal, that means the *fado*. Lisbon's Adega do Machado is as good a cellar spot as any to start listening, but you're likely to find something even

more typical (or something from a recent Broadway hit—it's a 50-50 chance) if you try any of the spots in Bairros Alto or in the Alfama, the hillside Warren of narrow streets, heavy with the ancient passage of the Moors. There's a more lyrical, classical *fado* sung at Coimbra, the old university city whose students are still distinguished by long black cloaks slashed (often into tatters) every time they take on a new girl friend. But the street-song *fado*, soft with African undertone—that belongs in Lisbon.

First, the guitarists come into the candlelit room that is heady with the fragrance of wine. Two are strumming small round guitars, sweet and high pitched. A third man joins in, fingering the rhythm in a deeper tone. Now the singer gets up. She's in black, with a shawl over her head, face drawn and translucent. Her eyes close in a mask of inner pain—and the melody flows out . . . gently, quietly at first, undulating like the great Atlantic swells that course ceaselessly up to Portugal's long coast.

Her voice soars and murmurs, cries out at times, then picks delicately at the words. And she tells of black despair at man's unchanging fate, of the tragedy of a prostitute with a beautiful love, a prisoner's terrible lament, the awful longing for something that can never be defined . . .

You see why we will go to any pains to hear the real thing. (And why we reserve straight night clubs like Tagide, Pigalle and Maxim's for another night.) The real *fado* has an overpowering beauty that somehow explains Portugal, the Portuguese and their proud history in a single flash of intimate insight.

The thing you remember about the Portuguese is that they don't give a damn whether you like them or not. Their land will spread its rich beauty at every turn, its people approve warmly of you for your good taste in going there. But as long as there's another chair somewhere in the room, they'll not get up to make you welcome. "We like you," they seem to say, "and that's that. Now come in and talk. And bring that wine off the table as you go by."

It would be a huckster trick elsewhere for waiters at one of the better restaurants to wear baggy blue overalls whitened by many washings. It's the most natural thing in the world at the Monte Mar in Guincho where they wear 'em because they're easier. And wearing white tie and tails, they might argue, isn't going to add to your enjoyment of their giant *santolas* crabs, waiting for the breaker in a seawater pool of shiny green rock.

Don't mistake the casual manner of the Portuguese for cold indifference; it is a graciousness, a perfect cordialness that you will see everywhere. As hosts, they want you to feel free, unrushed to savor the place: the walled cities of hilly Estremadura and the gothic wine cellars of Oporto, the almond groves of monolithic Algarve province and the smart gambling resorts of the Costa do Sol, the

little fishing villages like Nazaré and the cosmopolitan capital, Lisbon, with its past hillside villas and street elevators that reach up to them.

If the Portuguese are casual, it is probably because they wish to mask a quiet, burning pride in their land and the way of life they've built through the centuries, a rather solemn but painfully unobtrusive effort to see that you enjoy it all as deeply as they do, whether your tastes run to bull fighting in the amateur ring at Lisbon's Feira Popular or lounging on Estoril's high-society sands.

Estoril during the last war counted more honest-to-god and would-be spics to the square inch than any other neutral point on three continents. It was quite a place. Ask any of the barkeeps there about those days—when murder was committed ("accidentally," of course) for a scrap of paper and less, when even we were questioned by police because our typewriter late at night in a hotel room sounded like a secret transmitter key in fast operation. Today, however, it's just a grand resort with miles of sunning-clotted white sands, a lot of good looking girls and unemployed kings living on very little money. This you can do as well as the kings since a good room at the Estoril Palace will set you back only \$3 a day.

We always try to stay awhile and to fan out from there, to Guincho for a huge \$1 lobster on buttered rice at the Monte Mar, to Cascais, its bay dotted with bobbing, bright net floats, and the Fim do Mundo restaurant near net-drapped fishing wharves where owner Antonia serves as fine a codfish bacalhau as you'll ever meet and an even better bottle of white local Porta de Murta. To the orange groves and native markets of Setubal and sweet local pastries at little bakeshops on narrow side streets, to the castle of Pansela, massive with the weight of eight full centuries, and the lovely beach of Portinho de Arrábida, and further off, to Cape St. Vincent.

You follow a winding road there, along which the fragrance of pine gives gradual way to the tang of heather. Then even that fades in the strong sea wind and you're standing on a high rocky point by a ruined hermitage with an inadequate compass traced in cobblestones on the grass. The sea sucks and howls in tunnels and blow-holes it has cut under the cliff and in its agonies you hear again the cries of seamen tacking tiny caravels past this point to push the boundaries of the medieval world out to America and across Asia.

Of an evening at Estoril, of course, there's the Casino—with its night clubs and bars, dining and dancing. And like everybody else, when we've eaten as much as we possibly can and marveled at the slight hill, we go off to finish paying for our meal in a more civilized way at the gaming tables. These rooms are nominally a private club so you'll present your passport and pay a membership fee for the privilege of tossing away your money at roulette, baccarat or craps. Oh, it's honest, mind you—there's no fix;

(concluded on page 62)

*it would be
the biggest,
the greatest,
the most spectacular
television show
ever produced*



"Then, quos!" said the Official Coordinator. "Right in the old schwanzola!"

THE MONSTER SHOW

fiction BY CHARLES BEAUMONT

"IS IT SOCK?" the Big Man inquired nervously, licking a tablet into his mouth.

"It is sock," the Official Coordinator of TV Production replied. "It is wham and boff. I give you my word."

"I give it back to you. Words mean nothing. It's pictures that count. Flap!"

"Sure; flap, flap," the Official Coordinator said, and slipped a small needle into a large vein. "But I tell you, B. P., there is nothing to worry about. We have got thirty cameras regular and sixty in reserve. For every actor, two stand-ins. In fact, we have even got stand-ins for the stand-ins. Nothing can go wrong. Nothing-O."

The Big Man collapsed into a chair and moved a handkerchief rhythmically across his neck. "I don't know," he said.

"I am worried."

"What you should do, B. P.," the Official Coordinator said, "is, you should relax."

The Big Man belched a picture off the wall. "Relax!" he shouted. "The most expensive TV production in history and he tells me to relax!"

"B. P., flap this. Everything is scatty-boof, A through Z. We absolutely and positively cannot miss."

"I just don't know," the Big Man said, shaking his head.

The Official Coordinator removed a red pellet from an onyx case and tossed it into his mouth. "Boss, listen to me for a double-mo. Listen. Close the eyes. Now: You are no longer the Chief and Commander of Production of the World's Largest TV Studio — "

The Big Man trembled slightly.

"You are, instead, Mr. Average World Family, 1976 A. D. Flap."

"Flap, flap."

"Kay. You are sitting in front of your two-thirds-paid-for 150-inch non-curved wall T-Viewer. You are in your undershirt. The misan has poured you a beer and you are munching Cheese Drackles. Reet-O. Suddenly you see that it is two minutes to eight. You jab the auto-ray and switch channels right away, if you are sucker enough to be on another channel, which, thanks to those lousy feels at OBC, maybe you are. But not for long! Because for six months you have been hearing about it. The biggest, the greatest, the most spectacular, the *most* expensive production ever to hit the screen. Said I biggest? Said I great-

est? Said I most spectacular? Father-O, this is a veritable *monster* of a show! So what do we call it? Natchezomy: *The Monster Show!* EVERYBODY WILL BE WATCHING IT — WILL YOU? These words, Mr. Average World Family, are stamped into your brain. You've seen them everywhere: billboards, leaflets, sky-writing, magazine ads, the regular 15-minute daily commers; and you've heard them everywhere, too: in buses and planes and cars, from your children — "

"Means to tell you," the Big Man interrupted, "getting at the children was a good move."

"What about the parents?"

"The parents was also a good move."

"I blush, B. P. But hearken O: There you are. Are you there?"

"Proceed on. I am ears."

"Kay. It is one minute to eight. You are shaking with excitement. Just like all the rest of the Folks everywhere else. In the bars, in the theatres, in the homes. Some with 90-foot curvo screens, some with modest 40-inchers, some even — like the cops and all — with nothing but their wrist-peeps. But they're with ya: you know that. Get the image, B. P. All over the world, everything stopped, everybody staring at their sets, waiting, waiting . . .

"What about the competition?"

The Official Coordinator stuck his hands in his pockets and did a sort of dance. "B. P., Uncle-O — there isn't any!" He grinned widely. "And that is my surprise."

The Big Man opened his eyes. He clutched the arms of the chair. "How's that, how's that?"

"You tell me no stories. I'll tell you no untruths," the Official Coordinator smirked. "Baby, they have scratched themselves. Us they do not choose in buck. They are offering to the folks in place of their usual maloop a kitty of our own show — which I got a hefty slap for which. Mother-O . . ."

"Now, now," said the Big Man, smiling slyly, "you did not muscle the OBC boys a little, I hope?"

"Truth-O, Uncle, Nay. They plain quit. The eight spot is own!" The Official Coordinator slapped his hands together. "And who's to blame them? What *The Monster Show* has not got you can mount on the sharp end of an isotope. Flap this: We begin with a two-hour commercial round-up, advertising the products of our 57 sponsors: General Turbines, Sleep-Neat Capsules, Chewey-Flakes, the Koomfy-Kool TV Furniture line and et-cetera. But are these ordinary commerses? Noo. We have them tricked out so they look prettily like the show. Excavate?"

"Yo."

"Kay. Then: into the show. And what a show! I ask you. Mr. Average World Family, at night when you're all blasted out and ready for the old air-matt do you like to get spooned a lot of maloop you have got to think about, or do you like to get round?"

The Big Man made a solemn circle with his finger.

"And what is the roundest? Something

long and complex and all drawn out? Nay. Faserry: that's what is the roundest. So we give you a variety show. Starting things off with a knock, we have a half-hour trained dog set. Then right into fifteen minutes of old Western movie footage, with the middle reel of a British mystery for the capper. Then a full hour of wrestling, male and female. Ears?"

"Ears."

"A more starteroo, B. P. We punch 'em with twenty minutes of hillbilly-style Used Car commish, and then we really start fighting. A right cross with Rev. Vincent Bell on *How to Live Up to the Hilt*; a left jab with the first installment of a new detergent-opera, *Jilt Jackson, Jeef-Wife*; an uppercut to the jaw with *Who's Zoo* — keep moving; don't give 'em a chance to think, set — followed by a flurry of lightning blows to the face and body: *Chief Gaston Eswargol's School of Cookery*; *Mike Tomasetti, Private Opt A Ten-Year Roundtrip of Stock Turbo and Fallopdy Racing!* A musical remake of the old motion picture *Waterloo Bridge*, now called *London Devriese!*" The Official Coordinator was warming to his topic: his eyes were wide and his lower lip moist. "Do we swing?"

The Big Man nodded. "Speaking as Mr. Average World Family," he said, "I am getting slightly interested. Wing on."

"Well, we got 'em dizzy now, flap Kay. We ease off with a handerean commish: you know, the voodoo dance routine? Thirty minutes. Then, quod Right in the old schwimzola!"

"What do we do, what do we do?" the Big Man asked.

"We let 'em have it. POW!" The Official Coordinator needled a vein ecstatically, and exploded: "The old haymaker. The slamboreens. Twenty of the world's greatest commotions onstage, going through their most famous routines, *all at the same time!*"

There was a pregnant pause.

Then the Big Man shot from his chair, extruded a hirsute hand and laid it gently on the Official Coordinator's shoulder. "One thing," he said, with genuine concern.

"Yes?" the Official Coordinator quavered.

"Do we have enough?"

"B. P., I think we do. I really and truly think we do." The Coordinator quickly rolled three pellets into his mouth and grimaced.

"Then," said the Big Man, "I feel that we ought to be mighty proud. And, flap me, mighty humble, too. Because we are giving the world public the thing they want and need most: *Entertainment*." He wrinkled gravely. "Also, we are making for ourselves a few drachmas. Excavate?"

The Official Coordinator brushed a tear of satisfaction from his cheek. "Bosa," he said, in cathedral tones, "I promise you this. This I promise you. Everybody on Earth is going to be watching *The Monster Show* tonight. It is going to be an experience no one will forget. In fact, I will far-enough-go to say that it will be the most important moment in history!"

The Big Man squeezed the Coordinator's fleshly digits and smiled. "Screech," he said. "You've done poggo. Now powder: the mind must rest."

The Coordinator nodded, tugged at his forelock, and exited through the bullet-proof sliding door.

When it was firmly shut, the Big Man went over and locked it; then he removed from his pocket a flat disc with three knobs. He twiddled the knobs.

There was a humming.

"As planned," the Big Man said, and put the triple-knobbed disc back into his pocket.

His face was curiously devoid of expression. There was perhaps a trace of amusement about the mouth-ends as he went to the chromium bar and poured himself a shot of araber; perhaps not. He tilted the glass, swallowed, hiccuped, set the glass down and punched the inter-office audiobox. "Miss Dove-coat," he said, "please flap me good. I will see no one between now and the show. Out?"

"And over," the voice of Miss Dove-coat crackled.

The Big Man sat in the chair, silent and unmoving, expressionless as a hararuda, for four and a half hours.

At ten minutes to eight he pressed seventeen levers on his desk and listened to seventeen years.

"Report?" he barked.

"Scareomy, sir," came the answer like a celestial choir somewhat off key.

"Sure!"

"Adnotive and posituve."

"Everything moving?"

"With an 'o.' With a 'k.'"

"Unhad, gentlemen."

"You snap the whip, we'll take the voyage."

"Ears out, now. Coverage?"

"One-hundred-percent."

"100%, one-hundred-percent?"

"100%, one-hundred-percent 100%!"

"Kay. Gentlemen: Proceed on."

The Big Man turned off all the levers and touched a concealed desk button. The three walls of the room seemed to shimmer and reshape themselves into a perfect curve; then they became clear. The image of a man fifty feet tall appeared. He was snelling and pouring a hundred gallons of beer into a gigantic glass.

"... so get those tute buds unlimbered, folksies, and treat yourselves to the world's favorite brew: *Rocky Mountain! Yea!* That's absolutely right! I said *Rocky Mountain!* And . . ."

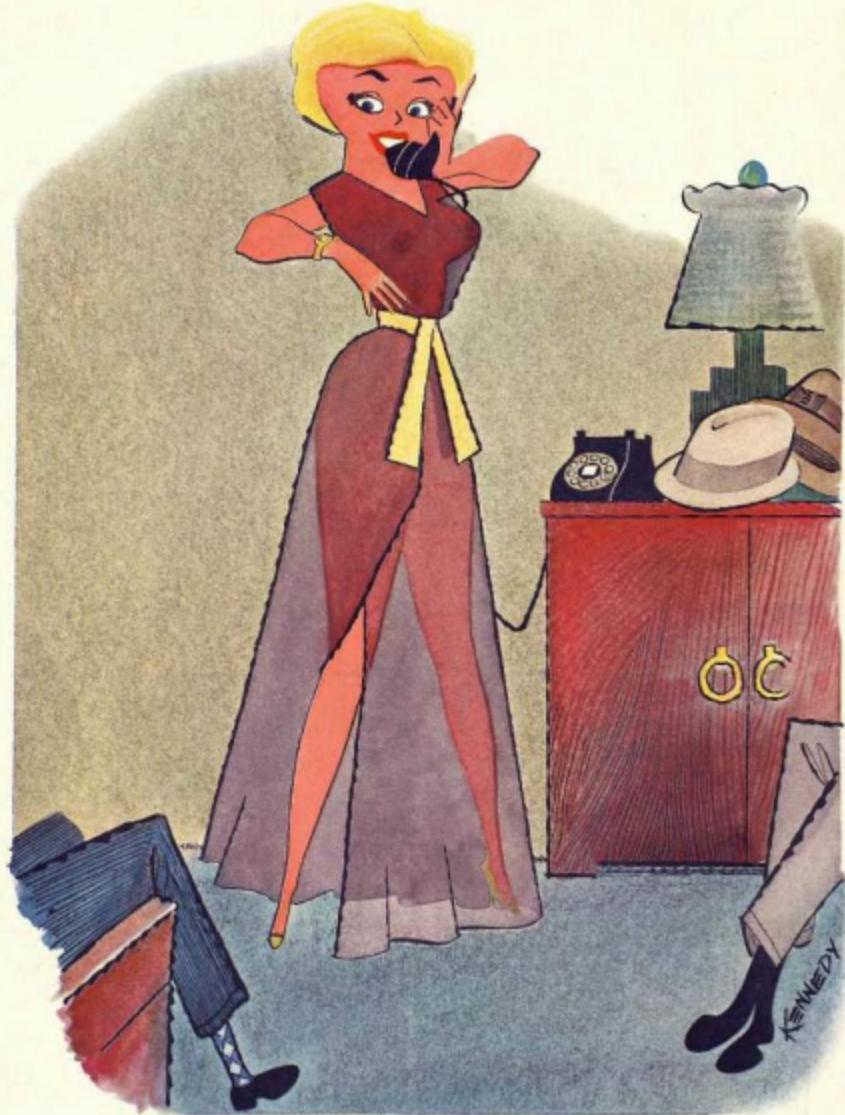
In moments the giant man faded, and there was a portentous pause.

Then, the sound of a thousand trumpets, and an aerial shot of 70 hand-picked chorus girls, so arranged as to spell out:

THE
MONSTER
SHOW

The Big Man waited a moment, until the Emcee had come on-stage, then he snapped the concealed button and the walls became walls again.

He removed the triple-knobbed disc. (concluded on page 56)



*"Why I'd love to meet you downtown for dinner, if you don't mind
waiting a little, darling . . . I have a couple of things to take
care of first . . ."*



Incorrect posture.



Correct posture.

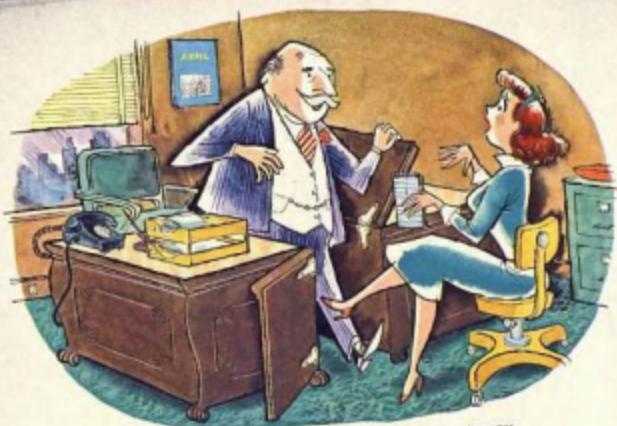
THE PERFECT SECRETARY

valuable tips for your girl friday

by Arv Miller



Be neat. A boss notices little things.



Don't be hard to find when the boss wants you.



The boss' desk pad will often aid you in keeping informed
of what's on his mind for the coming day.

IN



Don't be discouraged because the boss overlooks
some of your finer attributes.



Pay attention during dictation.

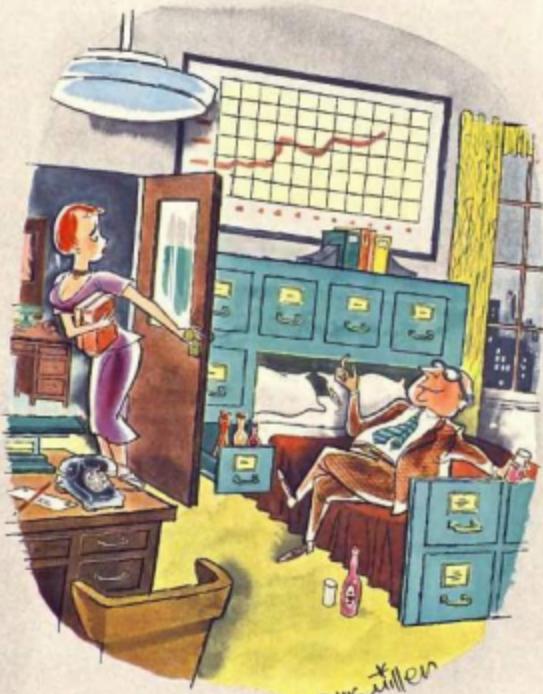
OUT



Some bosses like to bring their hobbies to work.
It helps if you've had modeling experience.



Lots of bosses are sports minded and you may be asked to
carry an imaginary football or help him practice a trick golf shot.



Be prepared to work late when needed.

LIQUID APPLE *(continued from page 29)*

had assembled for a marriage ceremony. Everything was going as slick as grease until an uninvited law, Eris, threw an apple into the party. Three beauties — Hera, Athena and Aphrodite — each claimed possession of the ball. In the ensuing argument, Paris was asked to referee the squabble. Paris gave the apple to Aphrodite, thereby starting the ruckus that led to the Trojan war, the fall of Troy, and several bad movies.

The Greek story was another one of the classical apple myths. But the implication of such myths, namely, that all the evil in the world is derived from an apple (*i.e.*, something pleasurable) is a point of view that PLAYBOY regards as pure applesauce. The Greeks should have blamed envy — not the sweet apple — for their discord.

The Romans were a little wiser than the Greeks. They called the apple *pomum*, meaning something to drink, apparently alluding to its nectar-like flavor. They were on the right track, but even they never realized the full potentialities of the ruddy fruit.

In the middle ages, the apple tree, like the Maypole, had become a popular fertility symbol. English farmers didn't merely prune and water their apple trees, but poured ale over them in the happy ritual known as wassailing. Even among the primitives, the apple had become a symbol of love and impulsiveness. Women of the Kara Kirga tribe ran to apple trees and rolled under their branches with admirable abandon to make themselves fecund.

However, it was only after America had been discovered for several centuries that the apple finally came into its own supreme form. In Europe, chemists and druggists had been developing the art of distillation. All over the colonies, farmers were crushing apples to make cider. Some of the farmers, like George Washington, had been fermenting their apple juice into hard cider, a beverage with the alcoholic content of wine. James Madison was so appreciative of the nutritional value of hard cider that he drank a glass of it each morning before breakfast. Then somebody put hard cider into a still, and applejack was born. It was called, quite correctly, *apple brandy* before it was known as applejack. Among the earliest producers of the heady drink was Samuel E. Laird of Monmouth County, New Jersey, to whom George Washington wrote asking for the Laird applejack recipe. To this day the Laird lineage is still carrying on the ancestral art of apple spicing.

Although the Apple of Discord is forgotten, modern applejack myths still keep flying thick and fast. The young ladies, for instance, who made up the corps of ballet swimmers in Guy Lombardo's Arabian Nights at Jones Beach last summer were noted not only for their grace and skill in the water but also for the considerable ocean of liquid apple that they consumed. Applejack was the chosen drink, according to one

chronicler, for three reasons. In the first place, the drink was supposed to have preserved the sheen of the girls' hair no matter how many times they dove into the water. In the second place, applejack kept them slim because it contained less calories than other hard liquor. In the third place, it did not produce hangover effects. PLAYBOY's Department of Press Agents' Dreams has investigated each of the above claims. Applejack has less caloric content than whiskey. But the difference is so small, two percent at the most, as to be insignificant. The other claims are quite unsubstantiated.

Then there is the abnormal sale of applejack at Princeton, N.J. For over a year now the Nassau boys have been regaling local bartenders with stories of the aphrodisiac effects of applejack, especially the Algonquin cocktail containing 2 ounces of applejack, 2 tablespoons of mashed baked apple and 1 teaspoon of sugar. After extensive inductive and deductive observations made in its own private laboratory, PLAYBOY has come to a definite conclusion. The Algonquin is not an aphrodisiac, more's the pity.

But while the myths are unimportant, applejack itself is a wonderful source of sheer flowing pleasure. To those young men who haven't had extensive experience with the distillation of Eve's fruit, we are happy now to offer a brief orientation course in the processing of the liquid apple.

Like the first whiskey distilled in America, the essence of apple was originally not the smooth apple drink we know today. According to legend, old bartenders spit it out and it burned holes in the floor. They called the 120 proof liquor "essence of lockjaw," "corpse reviver" and "horn of gunpowder." It was an extremely popular drink at funerals, so popular in fact that colonial heirs were sometimes thrown into bankruptcy because of the large quantities of apple that flowed down the throats of mourners. Eventually the drink became known as Jersey Lightning since most of it was made in New Jersey and since it was necessary to distinguish it from White Lightning, the colorless corn liquor made in the South.

During Prohibition, applejack unfortunately acquired a stigma which is only now being lived down. In the Twenties, any farmer with a few apple trees and a rusty still could make his rough apple rotgut. Most of it was uncut and unaged, except for the small private stock that some venerable applemen kept in their cellars for their own personal use. Sometimes the rough applejack was mixed with straight alcohol and water. Sometimes it was a complete fraud, made up of alcohol, water and artificial apple flavoring. But it was easy to come by, and during Prohibition it flowed as freely as bathtub gin.

Homemade applejack was sometimes made by simply freezing hard cider. The water in the liquid turned to ice while the alcohol, which remained unfrozen,

was then siphoned off for a crude form of applejack. It was strictly for squirrel shooters.

Because of this delinquent past, applejack is sometimes a misunderstood liquor. Some older people simply refuse to drink it, remembering the days of Pusyfoot Johnson and the snap-neck apple peddled by bootleggers. For a few years after Prohibition, a lot of applejack, while carefully distilled, was sold comparatively unaged. It bore little resemblance to the four-year-old applejack now available — a subtle, serious and fine liquor.

Modern applejack is a brandy made by crushing apples, straining the juice, fermenting it until it becomes wine and then distilling it until it is hard liquor. When distilled, it is about 120 proof. It is then aged in charred oak barrels in bonded warehouses for approximately four years. After the aging process, it is cut with pure well water down to 100 proof or 84 proof and bottled.

Any good ripe apple can be used to make applejack. As a matter of actual practice a number of apple varieties are combined in order to get a uniform flavor year after year. Since apples vary from one year to the next and since two apples from the same tree will sometimes be dissimilar in flavor, the choice of apples is one of the first significant steps in applejack making. The aroma of sweet apples must be balanced with the tartness of acid apples. Sometimes apples from orchards in two or three different states are combined for the initial blend.

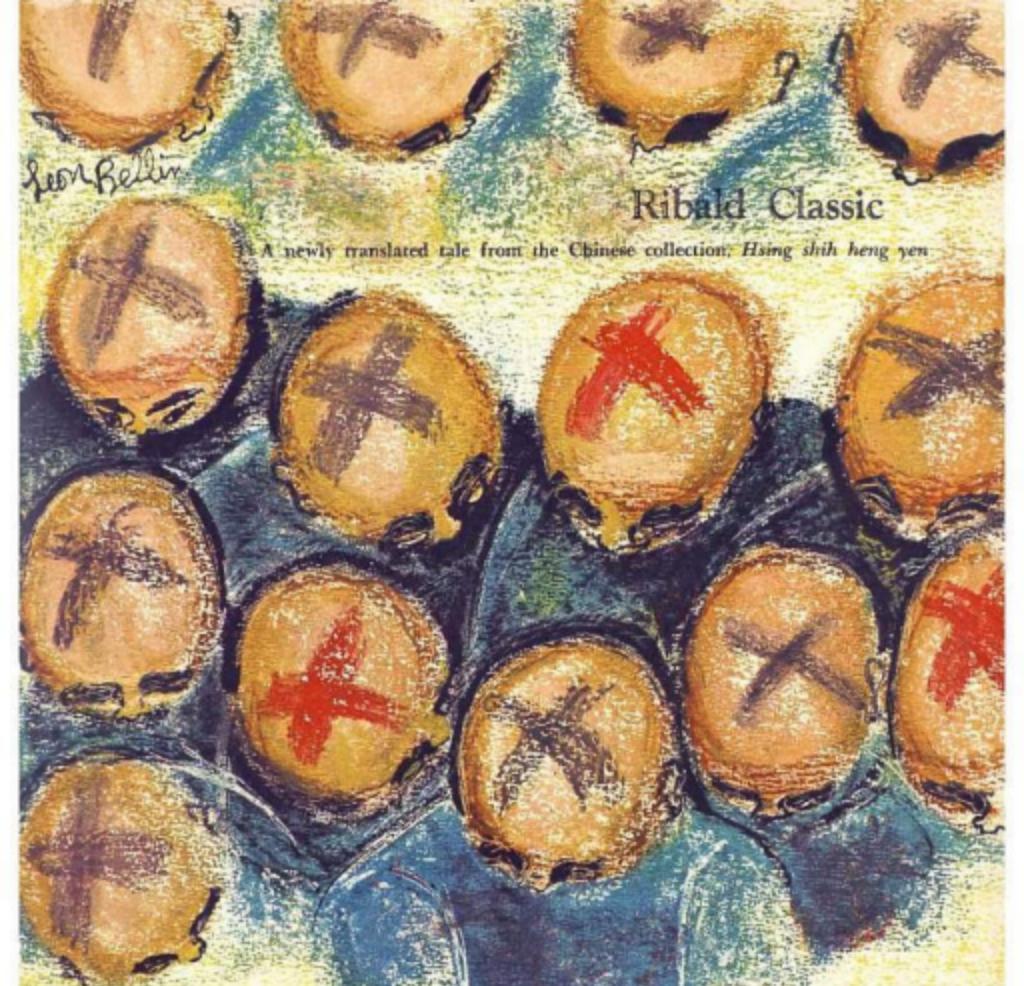
In the distilleries, the professional applejack tasters, unlike wine tasters who merely roll the wine around in their mouth and then spit it out, must actually swallow the hard liquor to judge it appropriately. Applejack tasters perform their work in two sessions, one at 11 A.M. and another at 4 P.M. At each session they are able to taste six types of applejack. After the sixth swallow, any conclusions which they form aren't of much value.

The soul of a good applejack is a certain blend of tartness and smoothness. While good applejack is mellow, there's a pleasant astringency that keeps the flavor from becoming monotonous in the sense that thick sweet cordials often grow monotonous.

One of the most intriguing things about applejack is that it actually bears the fragrance and flavor of the original fruit. Rye whiskey doesn't taste like rye nor does corn whiskey taste like corn, but applejack carries all the sultry fragrance of a cellarful of Winesaps. After you drink applejack, the slow glow of the aftertaste lingers in the back of your mouth like the remembrance of a real apple — with a mellow difference.

A novice may sometimes have to educate his taste buds and nostrils to the new sensation. But once learned, applejack drinking becomes a delightful addiction. You'll want to return to the lively flavor, like eating apples right off the tree, hard and bubbling with juice

(continued on page 72)



Leon Bellin

Ribald Classic

A newly translated tale from the Chinese collection, *Hsing shih heng yen*

The Temple of Fruitful Women

IT IS WRITTEN that in the town called Eternal Purity there was once a famous temple to which barren women went to pray for fruitfulness. This in itself is not remarkable. The wonder is that, in almost every case, the woman was delivered of a healthy child, just nine months after her visit to the holy shrine.

Here is the procedure they followed: after praying and consulting the sacred wands, the woman desirous of conceiv-

ing would trace a small chamber where she would spend the night alone for previous meditation and sleep. The chamber's single door was sealed and a member of her family stationed outside it all night so that no one might enter. In the morning, the woman was let out and she returned to her home to await the first flutterings of life within her body.

Now then, when the women were

outfitted by their husbands as to the import of the miracle which had transpired in the temple, the replies were many and varied. One woman might say that a god told her in a dream that a son was forming himself in her womb; another might answer that a spirit from the other world, in the form of a potent and superbly-built man, appeared before her and climbed into bed
(concluded on page 62)

*top level felts for spring,
straws for summer*

attire

THE MAIDENS OF BALI have never completely accepted the blouses foisted on them by a prodish Indonesian government. Today, on a sun-baked, dusty path, you're still liable to bump into several bare-breasted ladies with their blouses wrapped enticingly around their noggins.

We're not going to suggest that warm weather headwear is more important than the shirt on your back, but the up-and-coming man rates extra attention from those around him if he has something smart above his ears as well as between them. Our office hat rack holds six neatly styled answers for that light-headed feeling this spring and summer, with models ranging from strictly business to the more casual types. Please note carefully.

Top left: a good-looking combination of colors dresses up the modified telescope crown of the Milan straw in Torino head (a looser head than is usual with the popular Milan), double pleated band in fine diagonal stripes of gray and blue, about \$7.50 (Knox).

Middle left: even a hint of a summer breeze will whip through this open mesh Hanoko straw with tapered crown, dressy crater crease, light brown with figured, pleated band of cream-white, about \$5 (Mallory).

Bottom left: for a more pronounced texture, a rich brown Burita palm straw with tapered crown, center crease and trimly tailored flat band with vertical striping, about \$5 (Mallory).

Top right: crush it, fold it, pack it away; this one has all the practical values and a smart Continental look as well. A spring-weight felt, it is the "Double Life" hat with soft double brim and a crown that will take any of the shapes you want to mold into it, about \$15 (Dobbs).

Middle right: another telescope crown, this time in steel-gray Burita palm with braided hemp band for more casual wear, about \$5 (Mallory).

Bottom right: a telescope-type crown for the man who could never look or feel right in this shape. This is the new "Flatterer" model in Milan straw with deep band to balance the higher rise found in this flat-topped job, about \$10 (Knox).

Y





HEADS, YOU WIN





TRAINING YOUR FIRST WIFE



ILLUSTRATED BY *Charlie*

*continuing the series on how to succeed
with women without really trying*

satire BY SHEPHERD MEAD

LET US ASSUME you have found the ideal girl, or at least one as close to specifications as was available.

You are about to embark on the first happy voyage of your married life. Young, star-eyed and full of love, you set sail on what must surely be a sea of bliss.

THE GOLDEN TIME

Once married you begin the careless, rapturous days of Just You Two, before you settle down to the serious business of raising a family. Enjoy these blissful days because they will never return.

But remember, these first months were not intended solely for plucking rose-buds. These are the vital months in which the foundations of a marriage are laid.

These are the critical months in the training of a really serviceable wife. Fritter them away if you will and she will be soft and flabby. Use them wisely to toughen her fibres and you will have a helpmeet fit and ready to stand by your side in the more trying days to come.

KEEP HER BUSY

Since you will probably move at first into a small apartment, your wife may think she has little to do. Show her how mischievous she is.

"Oh, Davie, it's just too sweet!"

"Glad you like it, Phoebe."

"I'm sure it will simply take care of itself."

"Well—"

(Give her a long slow look, as

though you were beginning to question the whole marriage.)

"I suppose you could let things slide after a while, Phoebe. Once you get it properly cleaned up, that is. Pretty sorry mess right now, isn't it?"

You will find it is virtually impossible for a man to tell whether or not an apartment has been properly cleaned. It is safe simply to assume that it hasn't been cleaned well enough.

The finger method is best for the novice. Wipe one finger on any horizontal surface — table, window sill, book shelf, anything, first making sure that your wife is watching you. Look at the finger just a few seconds, almost absent-mindedly. Shake your head slowly and

(continued on next page)

then shrug your shoulders.

"Davie, what's the matter?"

"Nothing, Phoebe, nothing."

(Never complain.)

"But I spent all day cleaning."

"Good, fine, pet."

(Go over and kiss her on the forehead. *Tenderness belongs in every marriage.*)

"But I did, Davie!"

"I know, sweet. Remember, Rome wasn't built in a day."

The sideways look at any polished surface, particularly something like a glass-topped coffee table, is almost as effective and makes a nice variation.

Try these and make up new ones of your own. Set her going at a good clip and keep her out of trouble. She will be building both muscle and character for the years ahead.

SET HER A GOOD EXAMPLE

By all means encourage and inspire your wife with a good example. If you can, be the good example yourself. But if your health and strength aren't quite what they should be, or if you are saving yourself, you can accomplish the same result without stirring from your easy chair. (This easy chair will soon become the focal point of your household, the center of interest and the mecca toward which your wife, and later your whole family will turn for admiration, guidance, and encouragement.)

A fine example is the *model wife*. If you know some real woman whose life can be an inspiration, so much the better. If not, don't be discouraged. Your purpose is to fire the imagination, not present dull facts.

Just talking to Joe at the office, Phoebe.

"Oh!"

Always bragging about his wife. "Listen," I said, "I'll stack my little woman up against yours any day!"

(Always be loyal. Defend your wife hotly at all times.)

MONSTER SHOW (continued from page 44)

"Now," he said, and slumped into a chair.

Hours passed, but he did not move.

Finally, there was a sharp knock at the bullet-proof sliding door.

The Big Man went to the door and opened it, cautiously. Eight lavender creatures with slimy skin and no noses at all were at the threshold.

"Well?" the Big Man said. "How did it go?"

One of the creatures, slightly more lavender than the rest, stepped forward. "Extremely well," it said. "In fact, perfectly. The Earth people are all dead. Thanks, Volshak, to you."

"Nonsense," the Big Man said, turning into a lavender creature with slimy skin and no nose at all. "I have had quite enough idolatry. I prefer to think of myself merely as an agent who tried to do his job."

"Volshak, Volshak," the creature

"Good for you, Davie."

"Absolute genius," Joe says. "Ran up a meal for six people last night for a dollar thirty-seven — and delicious!"

"Oh?"

"Just work, he says, matter of kneading and pounding — and clear thinking. We'll show him, eh, pet?"

A healthy sense of competition will do wonders for a spirited girl.

BUT COOK BOOKS

Another way to keep her alert and busy is to bring home cook books. Dozens of fine ones are available. Before bringing home each book, it is best to set the stage.

For a week or so, eat three or four hamburgers before coming home to dinner. Avoid onions, which may betray you. Sit down hungry at the table.

"Say, looks good, dear!"

"I hope it will taste good, Davie."

Toy with the food, engage in bright conversation, and smile frequently. However, don't actually eat anything.

After about a week of this, bring her a present.

"Oh, Davie, another cook book! Just what I wanted!"

"Looks like a dandy. I checked a few good entries. See what you think, eh?"

AVOID TIME KILLERS

Light, amusing occupations such as knitting, darnng socks, sewing on buttons, and so on may seem harmless to you, but they can develop into bad habits.

The woman who lolls about today in a semi-reclining position patching your pants, say, may very well fritter away two hours tomorrow crocheting a doily or buffing her nails.

Make it clear to her that the efficient woman performs these restful little chores while she is doing something else,

such as sitting in the laundromat or waiting for you at the station.

As for daytime television, you have only to glance at homes where it is permitted to see ruined families, cold suppressants, men neglected and undeniably, and women who are listless, red-eyed, flabby, and mentally decayed.

However, do not *lock* the television set. Rely either upon the honor system or, if your wife is lacking in character, quickly remove a tube before leaving in the morning.

Allow all the radio listening she wants, but suggest peppy and stirring music. Studies in some of our large industrial plants show that music increases efficiency, stimulates morale, and raises production.

SHOPPING CAN BE DANGEROUS

Grocery shopping can be a real danger to the human male.

Every man's fine sensitivity, acute ear, and volatile nature are crushed by a super market. Science estimates that one hour in a large metropolitan food store can take a week to ten days off a man's life.

Your wife may not at first realize this, and it is your duty to her to make this point clear.

The sullen uncooperative attitude will get you nowhere. It is far better to use one of our Power Plays often referred to as *The Orgy*.

The Orgy. The very first time your wife asks you to accompany her to the super market, accept easily and almost ecstatically.

"Will I? You bet I will, Phoebe!

Love so!"

(Be eager, bright of eye, brisk and keen. Once inside the market, breathe deeply, and moop noisily from item to item.)

"Davie, you're knocking over the carts!"

"Gosh, Phoebe, something happens to me every time I get into one of these places!"

"Put down those jars of pigs feet!"

"I tell you, I'm going mad, mad! Where's the herring salad?"

"David, we don't need herring salad."

"Never can tell who's going to drop in. Say, what's this? Liederkrantz! Need five, six of these, huh? Haven't had so much fun in years!"

You may be sure your wife won't ask you to the super market again soon. The few dollars you have spent will return to you many-fold in future happiness, and in longer life.

DON'T GIVE UP

Time after time you will be discouraged, again and again you will wonder if your wife can be trained. But if you keep at it you will find your efforts have not been in vain.

NEXT MONTH:
"HOW TO KEEP YOUR WIFE
IN LOVE WITH YOU!"



THE LYNX WITH THE LUSTY LARYNX

meg myles' voice is hardly half of it

"MUSIC," as every bonchead knows who has read Act I, Scene I of William Congreve's *The Mourning Bride*, "hath charms to soothe a savage breast, to soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak." Now, Mr. Congreve's Restoration pen was a facile one, and we had always chalked off this high-blown phrase as a pleasant enough bit of fluff, but little more. That's what we thought until catching our first long glimpse of big-eyed, full-mouthed, eminently-constipated Meg Myles—sometime singer, sometime dancer, sometime actress and



pictorial







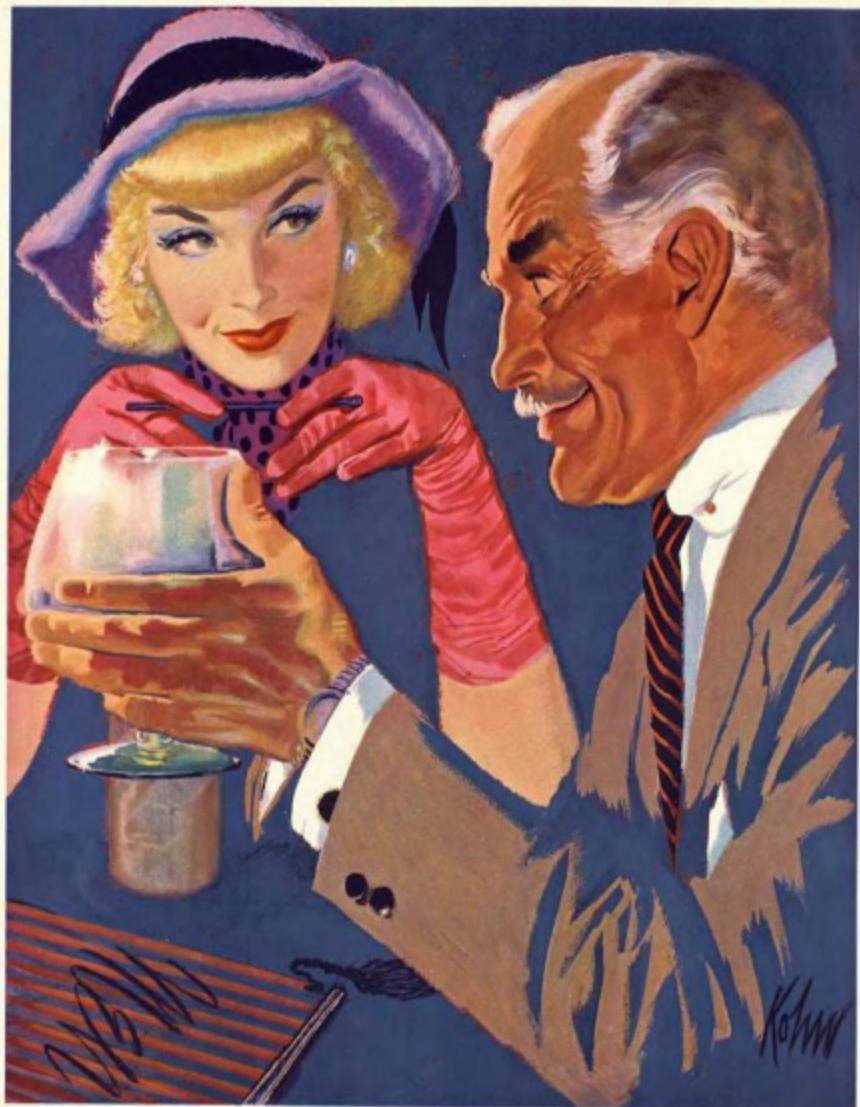
fulltime woman. *Mr. Congreve*, our savage breast is soothed.

Meg just recently came tumbling into the public eye, batting her heavy lashes up and down at the photographer, romping o'er fields and microphones for Capitol Records and assorted night clubs. Star-eyed press agents have billed her as a "sultry singer" with a "big voice" that in turn boasts "distinctive qualities." Whatever it is that Meg's got, she certainly has enough of it to set her well out in front of most other

popular vocalists today.

Pulling a neat switch on the singer-turned actress gambit, Meggin Myles (whose given name means "Mountain" in Welsh) first assaulted Hollywood in April, 1953, as a straight dramatic aspirant, never dreaming what latent wonders lay smoldering in her larynx. Other than the usual bathroom halfday, Meg didn't know she could sing a lick until June, 1955. But Meg is obviously the kind of a girl who could whoop up a

(concluded on page 70)



"Oh, no — my wife understands me, and we get along fine. It's just that she's old and fat."

I'M LOSING MY HAIR



"DARLING," SHE WHISPERED as she caressed me, "you're losing your hair."

It was then I knew the secret was out. The whole world would soon know my once full crop of black hair would shortly become a shiny bald pate. And it revolted me.

From that night on I became more and more aware of the less and less I had to comb. I parted my hair differently and wore a hat more often. I found myself staring at more fortunate young men who had such wonderful trouble keeping their hair in place.

I also discovered the most frustrating aspect of losing one's hair is going to the barber. The embarrassment of going to clip something that isn't there is less annoying than the hair-saving advice bald-headed barbers throw in free.

As I sat down in the chair, one of these scissors jockeys asked:

"Shall I clip it short?"

"Yes," I answered sarcastically. "Give me a trim."

He didn't get my weak attempt at humor, but after trimming and clipping for a while he made a startling revelation:

"It's getting kinda thin on top. You ought to do something about it."

"What would you suggest?"

"Tincture of green soap; works every time."

I tipped him handsomely and bought a bottle of tincture of green soap on my way home.

That night, I prepared to save my hair. With the meticulousness of a sur-

geon, I laid out my utensils: brush, comb, towel and a bottle of the Great Green Hope. Never one to go in for half-way measures, I used the soap liberally. After thoroughly rinsing and drying my hair, I applied the comb . . . It was ghastly: twice the usual amount of hair lay on the floor.

I did the best I could to pat the remains in place. On my way out to dinner, I tossed the green soap into the garbage pail.

That weekend I paid a brief visit to the family homestead. My mother, who had barely noticed the change in her not-so-fair-haired boy during the past few months, was startled when she saw me.

"Jackie, what did you do with your hair? It's getting so thin! . . . Oh, my goodness, you'd better get married quick."

"Get married?" I shouted. "What in the world has that got to do with my hair?"

My mother was a little ashamed for having been so blunt. She tried to cover up.

"Well, it really doesn't mean much, but you know how a girl is . . . she likes a fellow to be handsome and . . . hair is important. Of course, after you're married it doesn't make any difference."

"Mother, I will not succumb to the nuptial net of any woman just because I'm losing my hair. If she wants to marry a hairy ape, let her go to the zoo."

That was the last I heard of such talk

from *The Old Folks At Home*. Nevertheless, the problem still existed and although my mother didn't mention hair to me, I still faced the barbers periodically. They weren't reticent to discuss so sensitive a topic. Of course, I never returned to the green soap enthusiast. But there were others—many, many others.

I changed barbers often, more out of curiosity about advice than dislike of service. I was convinced early in my hair-losing days of the social uselessness of barber advice on falling hair. But still they advise until the last strand is gone. Then they turn to skin care advice.

I'll never forget one "expert" who advised a kerosene treatment (and one sucker who actually tried it). The barber argued:

"Look, you're losing your hair, right?"

"Right."

"That means there's a germ working up there some place, right?"

"Right."

"Take it from me, I had the same trouble when I was your age. I took a little kerosene, mixed it with water and I never had any trouble with falling hair again. Germs can't live in kerosene. Right?"

I thought the idea was ridiculous and I told him so.

"Look, I'm only giving you some advice, buddy. After all, I don't sell kerosene here; I don't make any money if you buy it." *(continued on page 65)*

Temple of Fruitful Women

with her; still another woman might lower her eyes and insist that she could not speak of these holy matters. And there is another thing of interest to be told: some women would never return to the temple, even when their husbands commanded them to do so; yet others were back again and again, impressing the community with their piety and presenting their husbands with son after son.

This state of things went on for many years in the little town of Eternal Purity, and everyone was well content. For you must know that the people of that place were of a quaint sort who placed much faith in miracles.

But it came to pass that a new governor was appointed to the district, Lord Wang by name. Lord Wang was young and full of new ideas and his faith in miraculous happenings was tempered much by doubt and skepticism. When told of the babies that were born as a result of prayer, he stroked his fine black beard and said to himself, "Now then, this is all very well; but why may not these women do their praying at home instead of traveling for miles to the temple and spending the night in a cheerless cell? This is a situation to be investigated."

Lord Wang paid a visit to the temple, where he was received with much ceremony, to the sound of drums and bells, and accorded every honor. When finally seated in audience with the Superior of the temple, he brought up the subject of the miraculous impregnations, and asked many questions about the prayers, the chambers and the procedure. He inspected the chambers and found they had but one door, before which he was told a member of the woman's family stayed all night so that there might be no question of any mortal man entering and sowing seed within her in a more usual way. "I am satisfied," said Lord Wang at last, "and will send her to my own wife here, for she has been most

(continued from page 51)

negligent in her duties and has not yet a child in her belly though we have been wed already five months."

"Nay, Great One," quickly said the Superior, "that will not be necessary. Your esteemed and most fragile lady need not make the long journey to this temple. She may pray in your palace."

"So?" said Lord Wang. "My wife can pray at home, but the wives of lesser men must needs spend the night here? Why should this be?"

"Great Lord," replied the Superior hastily, "is it not logical that you, who are the protector and benefactor of our temple, should be looked upon with special favor by the gods?"

"You speak wisely; it is indeed most fitting." And, after a ceremonious and courtly farewell, the young governor left the temple.

Returning to his palace, he summoned his assistant and said, "Find two young harlots and bring them before me at once!" The assistant, hearing these words, was stricken with admiration for the lusty appetite and great prowess of his master, but he soon discovered that Lord Wang wanted merely to talk to the harlots and did not desire the blandishments of their flesh.

When closeted alone with the harlots, Lord Wang swore them to secrecy, gave them certain instructions, and then presented each of them with a bottle of ink. One received a bottle of black ink, the other a bottle of red. He then told them to dress in the clothing of honest women and go to the famous temple.

These things they did. They consulted the sacred wands, said their prayers, and were conducted to separate chambers. Certain of the governor's staff passed themselves off as members of the girl's families, and spent the night in front of the sealed doors.

Now then, you must be told that one of these two harlots was prettier and better-formed than the other. Though both were comely, the one named Mei-

chich was like a tiny goddess, with hands and feet of the most exquisite smoothness and smallness. Moreover, in her face there was that rare and admirable expression that is found in women of all stations but most often in professional love-makers; that expression that seems to speak of secret and subtle delights and which enkindles the blood of all men who behold it. Such was the beauty and magic of Mei-chich, to whom Lord Wang had given a bottle of black ink.

Mei-chich had not been locked within her chamber very long when she heard a gentle scraping of stone, felt a draft and opened her eyes to see a hidden aperture opening in the wall. A young monk entered, on silent feet. "Who," whispered the lovely Mei-chich, "are you?"

"A god," replied the monk, "who has come to bless you, little housewife, with a child." He pulled down the coverlet of the bed and looked upon the flesh that had ensnared the hearts of countless men before him. "By the sun and moon," he cried softly, "this is a dish truly fit for the gods!" And he took his desire with her with such relish and robustness, and so many times, that even Mei-chich, to whom such things were commonplace, could not contain her rapture and uttered small sharp cries of fulfillment. She was, however, a business woman above all, and she did not forget the instructions of Lord Wang. At that point when the young monk was senseless to all things in the world save the bursting of his soul's rocket, she dipped her finger in the bottle of black ink and gently drew it across his shaven head . . .

Imagine the surprise of the temple's Superior when, in the dark of the next morning he was awakened by a visit from Lord Wang. "Great One," chattered the Superior, "what is your will?" "Call out your monks," said Lord Wang, "and line them up before me this instant. No words! Do up as I tell you."

The monks were summoned, and all fourteen stumbled sleepily into the presence of the governor.

Lord Wang asked for a lamp. Lifting it, he walked down the line of monks, and inspected their hairless heads. As he did so, he was shaken by two emotions: a boundless rage at the impious lechery of these allegedly holy men, and an equally boundless admiration for the industry and devotedness of Mei-chich. For, although the head of every monk was marked with ink, only three of the marks were red. The other eleven, without exception, were black.

To finish this story, it is only needless to say that the monks and their Superior went to the beheading-block, and that the temple was put to the flames. The husbands of the town called Eternal Purity rejoiced at the justice of Lord Wang, but a great many wives, in the quiet of the night, wept secretly; or so at least it is written.

PORTUGAL (continued from page 42)

the home gets its legitimate percentage, no more.

The delicacy of this operation always reminds us of the difference between Spanish and Portuguese bull fighting. For the relatively bloodless Portuguese version, rather than Spain's violence and death, is the true survival from the original fights of the Sixteenth Century, when the nobles showed off the skill and grace of their steeds against the stupid brutality of the bull. The chief figures in the opening parade are not the men but the highly trained horses. And the highlight of the battle is not the kill, as in Spain, but rather the opening stages when the horseman challenges the bull, spurs him into a charge, turns at the last moment and plants a small dart in the animal's great neck. Only when all the skirmishes are over does the *torero* work on foot, making the classical Spanish passes. Even then, the bull,

whose horns are shortened and leather capped, is never killed. Instead, a team of men throws itself at the beast, drags him down and then, his rage apparently spent, they let him get up and be driven out of the ring with a herd of other bulls.

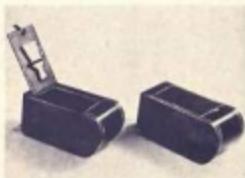
The spectacle may lack modern excitement; it may be a little archaic. But it's in good taste; it has charm and grace and meaning all its own. As a matter of fact, that goes for Portugal as a whole.

For one-way fares, New York-Lisbon, allow between \$200 and \$330 by sea, \$300 to \$400 by air, depending on class and season. For more details, write Casa de Portugal, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20; Trans World Airlines, 380 Madison Avenue, New York 17; Italian Line, 24 State Street, New York 4.





PLAYBOY'S BAZAAR



ONE FOR THE ROAD

Here's a comfortable, padded-lid armoire that fits easily in center of front seat, stows maps, gloves, glasses, jar of *petit de foie gras*, crackers, doubles as a baby seat. Washable, scuff proof, fully lined, saddle stitched, with all-purpose whisk-brush thrown in. Measures 14" by 6 1/2" by 6", costs \$7.98 (plus 50c handling); in blue, leather tone or green. *Merrill Ann Creations*, Dept. AA, 102 Warren St., New York 7, N. Y.



TAVERN ON THE WALL

Your favorite folding wall bar measures 31" wide by 16 1/2" high in a black iron frame with bleached mahogany formica shelf (12" by 30") edged in matching plastic. Comes complete with eight brightly colored plastic-tipped glass holders, bottle opener, corkscrew, brackets, bolts and plenty of space for jugs. \$27.50, ppd. Blue, yellow or pink frame, \$29.50. *Gotham Gifts*, Dept. BB, 15 West 47th St., New York, New York.

All orders should be sent to the addresses listed in the descriptive paragraphs and checks or money orders made payable to the individual companies. With the exception of personalized items, all of these products are guaranteed by the companies and you must be entirely satisfied or the complete purchase price will be refunded.



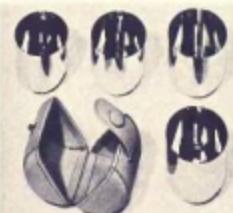
DANDY DINOSAUR

Where do you stand on the dinosaur question? No use saying "Would rather not take sides" or "Haven't made up my mind." Do not prate and musumble. The dinosaur came before the mugwump, so the time to come out in favor of dinosaurs is now. By coincidence, here's a jira clandy called the Allosaurus. Used to stand an enormous 35 feet high. This one's a six-inch scale model in full color porcelain. For two bucks, the *Abbott Supply Co.*, Dept. DL, 179-23 Jamaica Ave., Jamaica, N. Y., delivers him ppd. in a plain box marked "Confidential: Dinosaurs."



WONDERS NEVER CEASE

A cunning lighter that makes a mockery of old-fashioned flint and wick varieties. All you do is remove the cap, expose the platinum and silver filament to the air and, eureka, up jumps a clear, blue, gem-like flame that won't blow out. Handsome gift box contains lighter (weighs less than 1 oz.), extra cartridge and special fluid, \$3.95, postpaid. *Forller Co.*, Dept. CZ, 1716 Deckner Ave., Green Bay, Wisconsin.



IN YOUR CUPS

This pocket-size cup case carries four clever containers that nest when not in use. The cups rarely rust and, over, are stainless steel with chrome finish, gilt on the inside, imported from Europe, excellent for double dates or bailing out a small boat. Case is 18" high, weighs 28 oz., is made of East India morocco. Complete outfit, \$4.50 postpaid. *Empire Lion Sales Company*, Dept. QM, 1550-46th St., Brooklyn 19, N. Y.

BROWN COW

(continued from page 19)

riets.' It was love at first sight. A scandal was impending, but what cared they? Two hearts beat as one, but the possessor of one stood still while the possessor of the other backed off about twenty paces, summoned all his great strength, and with lowered head made a charge on the fence which alone stood between them and happiness. The fence fell before the impact of the charge, and the bull now stood beside his new-found friend. He was a trespasser against the State of Texas and more particularly against the Department of Dairy Husbandry of the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas. But why should he worry? It was a glorious day. He was in a new, a different environment. He was in society. His 'stock' was rapidly advancing. He possessed all that a young bull could desire—a good pasture, healer friends of undoubted social standing, and last but not least—the State's chaperones of these aristocratic belles were absent. The world was his. He was introduced to other young heifers, all members of this exclusive set, and found favor in the eyes of several of them. In these happy surroundings he was oblivious of the passing of time. The day was spent in fast company. It was a great awakening, a wonderful, an indescribable experience. The world was a different place to live in. But just as he was congratulating himself upon his rapid rise in this brave new world, the unexpected—as it always does—happened.

"There were shouts, cries, curses. The bull was surrounded by the unfaithful guards of the princesses' chamber. He was kicked and beaten, and before he fully realized what had happened, he found himself a prisoner in one of the State's basements—an eight-foot corral. Here he was again beaten, cursed, intimidated. And subsequently he was, by employees of the Department of Dairy Husbandry, subjected to great indignities and by force, threats, and fraud compelled to submit to a surgical operation which caused him great physical pain and mental anguish, since it tended to destroy his social standing in the community in which he resided.

"We here take occasion to say that the action and conduct of these said employees of the State who perpetrated this foul and unseemly deed show that they possess hearts that are regardless of social duty and fatally bent on mischief.

"The bull was later released and led back through the breach he had made onto his own premises. When his tormentors had departed and he was alone with his memories, he stood long as if in a trance. His thoughts undoubtedly were on the happenings of that eventful day. Surely 'the way of the transgressor is hard.' He had lived too fast in too short a time. But hours before he seemed to have succeeded in life as well as any young bull whether aristocrat or proletarian could. He had been in full possession of his faculties, both mental and

physical, and was the pet and pride of a herd of aristocratic, blue-blooded, silkstockinged, young society heifers belonging to the great State of Texas. Now, how different and how sad he was. He had been humiliated beyond measure by the treatment that he had received at the hands of the State's employees in the presence of the very same young and winsome heifers in whose eyes he had so recently found favor. He must surely have realized that in his present condition that he could no longer play the bull in society, that by the said operation he had been made fit to serve only as an humble ox. This was the cause of excruciating anguish to his bullock to say nothing of the unceremonious manner in which he changed from Mr. Bull to Mr. Steer, the latter name being personally obnoxious to him.

"That night the stars came out in myriads. The moon shed its yellow rays on that outraged steer, who had been so recently deprived of that part of his anatomy that makes a bull a *bull*, an act that was committed in violation of the 'due process of law' clauses of both the State and the Federal constitutions. The bull lay once again upon his downy couch. Dew drops gathered upon the end of his tail. With the coming of dawn they glistened in the sunlight like so many diamonds. The steer did not as the bull had done upon the previous morn, arise to greet the dawning sun. For his grief was more than he could bear, and his sorrow knew no bounds. He refused to be consoled. He partook neither of food nor drink. His thoughts were only of his humiliation and sudden downfall. Thus he languished for several hours before going the way of all the earth. He died of a broken heart without due benefit of clergy. As he passed away, he may have comforted himself with the thought that love's labor may not always be lost.

"Now, the owner of this steer, erstwhile bull, has demanded of the proper authorities of the A. and M. College of Texas that he be compensated for the loss of his animal, the value of which was arbitrarily fixed at \$20.00.

"You ask if this account is one which may legally be paid out of any current appropriations made by the Legislature to the A. and M. College.

"We think that the correct rule of the law applicable to this case is laid down in 23 Ruling Case Law, pages 407 and 408, and is as follows:

"The rule is well established that a state is not liable for the negligence of its officers or agents, except when such liability is assumed voluntarily by the Legislature. The doctrine of respondent superior does not prevail against the sovereign in the necessary employment of public agents. Where wrongs are done to individuals by those who are servants of the government, those injured are not remedied, as such persons may be sued as may other citizens for the torts which they commit."

"In any event, the employees of the college, dairy hands, were not acting within the scope of their employment when they performed the operation which resulted in the death of the bull. The tort was theirs, not the State's. They alone are responsible for their unlawful acts. Perhaps the bull might have survived if the College veterinarian had been consulted to assist or to advise as to the fine points of the operation, but we cannot speculate on that question.

"We can imagine the chagrin and disappointment of the agents of the State when they found this scrub bull in company with its young heifers and saw their hopes and plans for a social career for their wards vanish like a mist before a summer sun, but these blasted hopes cannot be made the basis of justification for their wrongful acts or make the State liable for such tortious acts of its employees.

"It is the opinion of this Department, and you are so advised, that the account submitted cannot be legally passed to voucher by your Department.



LOSING MY HAIR

(continued from page 61)

I had to admit his approach was sincere. There was no kerosene in his shop, and I began to wonder if there was some validity to his treatment. One fatal night, after several weeks of mental conflict, I gathered enough courage to carry out "Operation Kerosene."

Needless to say, dear reader, kerosene is not the answer. As a fuel or chemical for cleaning clothes, it's tops. But as for saving curly locks, it gets you nothing but red splotches of irritated scalp and harbored-wire hair. Furthermore, I was afraid to smoke a cigarette; I had fears of bursting into flames at any moment.

I could see easily that my hope did not rest with the local barbers. I was determined to find a remedy from more reliable sources. I went to science.

I found that literature was plentiful on how to save hair. Most of it was interesting but, to say the least, impractical.

For example, Dr. R. E. G. Armstrong of the Lomieshie Research Center in Londonderry, Ireland, made a study of baldheaded men in relation to ethnic groups and geographic locations. After years of meticulous scalp probing, he found more young Swedes were bald than Frenchmen.

I was very happy for the young men of France, but I live in New York. I suppose if I cared enough for my hair I could sail for France and live a happy, hair-filled life. But that didn't appeal to me, especially since my French was as spotty as my scalp.

However, Dr. Armstrong espoused another theory which may present the self-conscious hair-losing male with a point for rationalization. For some under-

(continued on next page)

minded reason, he said, the most intellectual men are likely to become bald.

He cited, for example, a meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, held at Dundee, Scotland, several years ago, where 77 per cent of Britain's outstanding scientists who attended were bald.

Well, I gloated to myself, one could take solace and almost pride in such an implication. No doubt this would have been satisfying were I looking for peace of mind. But I was looking for hair.

So I continued my search for another "scientific" explanation and found one belonging to Dr. M. Warton Young of Howard University. He claimed that tension — wearing a tight hat, for example — leads to baldness by cutting circulation. He also said a study of atom bomb victims in Japan revealed that exposure to atomic rays will lead to baldness.

Clearly, Dr. Young's theories could not apply to me. I wore a hat rarely and then only after I began losing my hair. As for the atom bomb, the closest I've ever been to one was during a telecast of an experimental explosion at Yucca Flats. This was hardly convincing evidence.

Another unusual explanation for baldness came from Cincinnati. Originator is Dr. Andre Alexis Cueto who maintained that baldness was caused by faulty capillary circulation. He suggested a hood he placed over the head and by the creation of alternate vacuums and pressures within the hood, the capillary

action would quicken. Just plug the gadget into the wall and falling hair would be gone forever.

Somehow, the method seemed dubious to me and I ruled it out. A more practical solution, however, was given by Norman Hillier of New York City. In a National Beauty Congress in Seattle some years ago, he recommended that persons with thinning hair stand on their heads, for "standing on your head brings blood to the scalp." Blood in the scalp is good for growing hair, he said.

It may sound unreasonable, but anyone who would use kerowene would risk standing on his head for a while. So I stood on my head. My friends caught me doing this one afternoon and that ended my upside down days. I reasoned that a reputation as a head-stander was more damaging socially than being bald.

Scientific explanations notwithstanding, it was time for another haircut. It was difficult, but I braved it.

The barber tucked me in and began trimming.

"You know," he said gaily, "you're losing your hair."

"Where?" I shouted with false surprise.

"Right here on top. The best way to stop it is to take two fingers and massage three times a day. Circulation, you know, is the best thing."

"Yeah," I said dryly, "trim my mustache."

(The mustache was cultivated recently to counteract nature's dirty trick. I may

have no control over falling hair, but I'm the master of my upper lip.)

For some unknown reason, I became very strong-willed after that haircut. I not only resisted the two-finger rub, the suggested beer wash, lemon juice rinse, and hot towel treatments as well. I cast aside all talk that worry, serving in combat during the war or using too much water on hair would lead to baldness. Furthermore, I discovered that as far back as 1916, a woman named Dorothy Osborn gave valid evidence that baldness is inherited.

Re-examining my family tree, I discovered both my grandfathers were bald, my mother's brothers are bald, and my father and his brother are bald. I'll never know whatever possessed me to think I would have a lush crop of hair with a background like that.

I was very grateful to Dorothy Osborn and the Ohio State Department of Zoology and Entomology for which she made the study. It relieved old tensions and gave me a sense of fatalism in learning that my hair was no longer my problem; it belonged to the fixed laws of science. I was merely the victim of a hairless family.

The moral of my story is that even if you rinse with kerowene or stand on your head, you can't stop your hair from waving goodbye. All you can do is give your barber a dirty look and throw away your comb.



EXECUTIVE SUIT

(continued from page 21)

to figure out for himself how to look sharp and be sharp while working in a mid-town steam cabinet.

Let's tackle the question of summer comfort partly from a point of fact and fashion and partly from the vantage point of fairly well-considered ad copy psychology. Is summer comfort purely a matter of suit fabric weight? Does this rule out tweeds from May to September? Are the test tube fibers the end-all to the problem? Is "wash 'n' wear" myth or miracle?

The weight question is a hefty problem. There's no debate that comfort counts a lot in the psychology of thinking you are cool, and getting a load off your shoulders—even just by ounces—is a good starting point. But given two fabrics of the same weight, you will sadly discover that the one in tight weave will provide a custom-fitted hot box, while a loose weave prouresources open season on a cool breeze.

(A gabardine, for example, is among the tightest of woven fabrics—so tight as to effect a natural water repellency. A lightweight gab is excellent for a day in spring or even for the first few days of summer, but in spite of the light weight of the yardage or its soft, sunnery colors, this is no weave for a hot weather wardrobe.)

Loosely woven tweed fabrics which often have bulk without weight are good
(concluded overleaf)



"Sure . . . when he pulled off that Brinks job, he was your son . . .
now he gets nabbed and he's my son! . . ."



Ben

"George, someone's been spreading the story you've slept here."



TRAVEL and HOME BAR

For a Great Hunt, the ideal camping case, for plane or car, or at home. Check it, it's a smart plastic-coated leather match fold game **1250 Ppd.**
 Plastic that looks exactly like leather. Open, it's a completely
 equipped bar with sparkling chrome bar guides. Contains 8 high-
 ball glasses, one cocktail shaker, six glasses, square, dinner, shaker,
 tray, fruit platter. Space for three or four bottles. Includes
 two sets of salt and pepper shakers, two sets of sugar and cream
 sets, two sets of salt and pepper shakers. Dimensions 20" x 12" x 5" -
 Excellent quality. \$125.00 value. Specialized price at \$74.50, postpaid,
 insured. Send check or money order, **25% deposit or C.O.D.**

RUDI'S Dept. P.S., 1123 Broadway
New York 10, N.Y.



GIVE YOURSELF A
SUBSCRIPTION TO PLAYBOY



insulators and a good choice for spring wear but some of the coarse weaves with mammish splinters of fiber may be a bit rough for cuddling. Conclusion: try a cashmere to impress her all the way round (if a cashmere budget isn't your way of figuring, try a wool and orlon blend and she probably won't know the difference). Moving into the dog days of summer, tweeds are generally put to the back of the closet - they don't look or feel the summer role. Through the 30s and early 40s a "summer suit" was fitting in the 11-13 ounce bracket. Loose fitting flannels in light colors "looked summery" and were staples. Tropical worsteds were popular only with those with enough green stuff to pay for the craftsmanship necessary to make lightweight wool into a tailor's showpiece.

Out of the research of the war years came the miracle test tube fibers. Here was a chance to add a 5% strength increase to a blended fabric with each 1% increase in content of some synthetics (nylon in particular). Of course experimenters lost their heads and went too far too fast. The customer sometimes found his new suit melted like butter in the ironing board, because scorched in the pressing room or returned from the cleaner with knife-sharp creases "welded" into the fabric. But, by gosh, the weight of the fabric went down and the strength went up, and the poor pink, who lost out in the process can take solace in the knowledge that he aided science in its sterling search for the good way of life. Today, the value of the synthetic fiber is heightened in a blend with natural fibers and the most popular is the 55% dacron—45% wool combination in a pique-ounce fabric.

Unless you're blind or illiterate, you're aware of the rash of wash-and-wear garments in circulation. If the accumulated impact of the hallyhoo for shirts, shorts, socks and suits were brought to fruition, GE would be out of the iron business and into research on the "wash-while-you-wear man-sized tumble laundromat." We have yet to see the Madison Avenue brigade bending an elbow over this washable, three-button treat. But with a good strong lead by Haspel, effective styling on modified Ivy League lines, a healthy promotional budget and an attractive pricing under \$10, the cord suit is definitely in for another big season.

Before you climb into a cord with the thought of looking like a Neiman fashion drawing for PLAYBOY, be forewarned: this suit is always worn with a traditional don't-give-a-damn, casually crushed air which indicates you've just lost the wrestling match with a new research assistant from Wellesley but had great fun in the process. This visual impact is heightened in direct proportion to the amount of cotton in the fabric (a marker rundown shows blends from 75% dacron and 25% cotton to the old fashioned but strongly traditional all cotton models). Some men wear cotton cords immediately; others just let them get baggy in the knees and elbows. Let's say this—it's *not* the *right* *look* for *the* *best*.

Stylewise, almost all of the wash-and-wear suits are cut with pleated trousers, three-button coats, single-breasted. Some lightweight outfits are completely stripped of trim and padding, and the models with modified built-up construction (small shoulder pads, strip lining) offer effective counter-action to the drooping, wilted look sometimes mistakenly interpreted as Ivy League.

Haspel's newest introduction to the '56 summer picture is a smooth finish fabric (not corded), approximately six ounces, blended of 65% dacron and 35% cotton. Again the slightly built-up construction helps to retain the style line of the suit that sells in the \$50 bracket. There's a nice bit of tailoring in the garment, but, again, don't demand too much of these cotton blends for heavy-duty wear. They do offer a terrific psychological kick in that you'd swear you just slipped into the lining of your previous suits.

For those with an eye to statistics: One of the finest summer fabrics we've had the pleasure of packing, wearing and repacking with little attention to pressing has been from the Palm Beach mills. About five or six years ago this fabric was introduced under the name "Java Weave." The fabric no longer carries that tag, but is still a major part of the line with some modifications in fiber content. For 56% the content is 25% dacron, 15% mohair and 60% viscose. With a full range of colors, the fabric has a linen-like appearance and luxury-lined models (worth the few dollars over the unlined models) of Palm Beach suits sell nationally at about \$40. The Spring manufacturer line (about \$50) by the same manufacturer has more of the look of the tailored tropical worsteds with a fabric blended of wool and mohair.

Best news of the season for the guy who wants to look like a million bucks is that the coveted silk suit is down off the pedestal and on the ground floor pricewise. Five years ago you couldn't teach this outfit with a ten-foot silk worm for less than \$125-\$135 on the rack (and the customs houses were having a field day). Last year there was joy in the sartorially elegant world to see the price tag dwindle to a modest \$90. This year a batch of the famous Dupont silk from Italy was snagged hot out of the dyebaths by Carson Pirie Scott of Chicago, tailored to special order and will undoubtedly have a rousing ad campaign to announce silk suits at \$75.

Let's face it: we all know that you can't even bend an arm over a Martini without creasing the silk fabric. And we'll admit that the upkeep in terms of a pressing bill after each wearing is monstrous, but there's something in the feel and look of a silk that just can't be matched by the highest lustre of a mohair (which also crushes like crazy). Silk is no more practical than viscose or cashmere, but we'll take two for the season, even if we have to hook the souped-up Vanna to run the pressing bills.

VICTOR

(continued from page 17)

his material—accidental. The sketch is nothing more than a system of verbal punctuation. Each punctuation mark has a special sound. For instance, the exclamation point may be a wet splutter and short Bronx cheer, a *oompa* an abrupt peering whistle and a period a kind of hoarse grunt. According to Borge, this system clarifies verbal communication, just as the written punctuation system clarifies written communication. The sentence "Come here, son," the father said, "and pick up this cigarette butt" might sound like this: "Splutter-splutter splut! Come here *tauet* son *tauet* splut the father said *tauet* splut and pick up this cigarette butt grink splut splutter-splutter." For the sake of improving upon the original story, Borge always explains he developed the system when he first arrived in the U.S. and had difficulty understanding Americans. He soon discovered Americans had trouble understanding themselves. The reason, he felt, was that punctuation marks were left out of speech.

Actually, Borge originated the sketch in Copenhagen, city of his birth and original fame. He was rehearsing a show and one of the actors had a bad cold. While reading his lines, the man could barely get a phrase out without sneezing, coughing, or clearing his throat. The effect was hilarious, and Borge, though sympathetic, dissolved into laughter. He developed a sketch in which he interspersed a reading with coughs, throat clearings and sneezes, later refined it to its present form.

Vicen Borge was born Bing Rosenbaum in Copenhagen, Denmark, on January 5, 1909, son of a violinist in the Royal Danish Opera orchestra. For some reason, perhaps because it was shinier and made more noise, young Borge preferred the piano to the violin.

He was playing piano and reading music at age four; performed at a benefit at age ten; and made his important public debut at age 13 as soloist in Rachmaninoff's Second Piano Concerto, with the Copenhagen Philharmonic Orchestra. About a year later, playing with the hundred-man State Symphony in Copenhagen, he succumbed to his comic sense and launched himself as a puncturer of overblown social sham, a satiric commentator on customs and mores. The unveiling came halfway through a concerto, during a long, two-fingered trill. Borge told one biographer: "The sight of those serious old musicians grinding away for all they were worth while I twiddled with my two fingers was suddenly too much for me. I looked over my shoulder at the audience and winked at them." The audience's explosive laughter provided the crescendo to the trill. Said Borge: "I figured that even if I had spoiled it for a few musical purists, the majority of the people had had a better time than usual at a concert."

Ever since, Borge's aim has been to

entertain rather than cultivate. His present-day audiences, not familiar with his history, leave a performance with a vague but nagging feeling that they heard snatches of musical genius and would have liked to have heard more. And ever since, he has applied the theory of the wink—the act of benevolent irreverence—to his routines. In introducing Debussy's *Clair de Lune*, he'll pull a Fractured French and explain: "English translation: Clear the Saloon."

When he came to America in 1940, he had no money, he was a stranger in a strange land and couldn't understand the language. In Denmark he was famous, in America he was unknown. He went to Florida in the winter of 1940, ate for a while on 25 cents a day, which paid for enough citrus fruit to fill his stomach. He performed without fee at private parties whose only saving grace was the food served. When Al Johnson and Hildegarde cancelled a benefit at the Whitehall Hotel in Palm Beach, he filled in. This led to a one-night stand at the Everglades Club which got a good notice from vacationing Charles Ventura in his *New York World Telegram* column.

That inauspicious start plus the English he learned from attending double-

features for months in New York got him an opportunity to do a warmup for a Bing Crosby radio show, originating in Los Angeles, where Borge was making the rounds of movie studios and radio stations. To the chorus of uncontrollable laughter from Crosby's studio audience, Borge signed as a regular on the show itself and stayed 56 weeks. He once again was famous.

Now an American citizen, he has appeared often on television, has had his own network radio shows, has played such places as the Roxy, Waldorf and Plaza in New York and the Palmer House in Chicago, and toured the country with his own orchestra.

The itinerant—though well-paid—vaudevillian found road-show work in the U.S. and abroad a mixed blessing. "I was presented with pianos that were unplayable; eight out of ten were museum pieces which should never have been played. That is the reason for so much comedy in my work. I used to do more music in my performance. But the bad pianos forced me to make fun of everything I did."

Today as always, Borge works almost wholly without props. He is a self-con-

(concluded on next page)

FEMALES BY COLE: 23



World Traveler

NO MORE LOST GOLF BALLS!



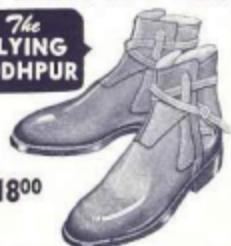
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tained comedian. There is, of course, his piano. During his Broadway show a prop chandelier was lowered as he did an uninhibited takeoff on Liberace. And finally, there is L'Amour, his tiny pet poodle.

L'Amour, whom Borge calls "Lammy" for short, joined the show of his own accord. One night he nosed open the dressing-room door, waddled down the flight of stairs leading backstage and meandered onto stage. He sniffed around, stalked off with an air of sublime boredom. He did the same during all the succeeding shows, while Blonge, as he did that first night, played on, unperturbed and unware.

Borge opened his one-man show in Seattle after knocking under to the theater owner's insistence on a flat-rate rental of \$3,000 instead of a percentage deal. He was there one week and grossed \$72,000 in two weeks. When he hit New York, he collected a hatful of rave notices, plus his entire investment after just three performances.

Borge is as competent a businessman and producer as he is an entertainer. He makes his own business decisions and supervises all phases of his show. He arrived in New York the afternoon of the Broadway opening; designed, bought and put up the settings; laid out the vastly complicated lighting schedule and went through a full dress rehearsal.

Direction of the show was complicated by the fact that it was somewhat spontaneous. Indeed, the theatre program read: "Frankly we don't know what Mr. Borge will do but we're sure he'll keep us posted from time to time. P.S. There is also an intermission . . . but only Mr. Borge knows when." To guide the stage manager, Borge used a system of subtle hand signals, much as a baseball catcher uses to communicate with his pitcher. Since he often said whatever popped into his mind ("I still can't understand why Jimmy Roosevelt signed that letter"), a huge recording machine in his dressing room taped every performance, just in case he hit on something he wanted to use again.

Of course, not everybody finds Borge irresistible. Some folks find he palls on them after awhile. Others return to see him again and again. One man saw his show 53 times. A 92-year-old lady wrote she hadn't smiled in 30 years until she saw Borge. A Rosenblum, Pa., man admired his impeccable dress, asked him the name of his tailor (Pucci, of Chicago). A Riverdale, N.Y., woman ended a wildly enthusiastic letter saying, "I'm really cold sober."

Now that his fabulous one-man show has closed in New York, Borge is taking it on the road—news that should gladden the hearts of those who were unable to catch it on the Great White Way.

This will undoubtedly create more Borge enthusiasts. We would like to assure these new addicts that, despite Victor's seeming incoherence, irrelevancy and general confusion, they are not watching the antics of a plastered performer. Not at all.

He's really cold sober.

LYNX

(continued from page 59)

tiful of interest even if she possessed a voice like Alda Ray's (she doesn't; Meg's is a throaty, thrashing contralto), and it wasn't too long before she found herself cast as the steamy blues singer in *The Phenix City Story*.

From then on, little Meggin's career took the high road, with a successful engagement at Las Vegas' Royal Nevada Hotel, a tour of the country's smarter supper clubs, and a Capitol recording contract.

Meg has long been a Sinatra fan and not too long ago, she finally met her idol at a disc date in New York. "I just stood there and couldn't say a word, not even 'Hello,'" blushed Meg. "I was really tongue-tied, but after a couple of seconds, I did manage to smile." Frank was far from speechless and it is reported on good authority that he turned in one of the most inspired recording sessions of his career.

Meg is aware that men like the way she looks. NBC was sufficiently impressed by the Myles of Meggin that they selected her as their *TVenues*, whatever that means, and The Tuberculosis Fund has named her "The Girl with the Best Lungs in California," and we know exactly what that means. We're sufficiently impressed to give the girl three choice pages in PLAYBOY.



SOURCE

(continued from page 28)

rallying, he asked, "What Cause?"

The Dean's gaze fused on inward things. He ambled on slowly, arms behind his back.

"The Cause of Love," he said, "as opposed to Hate. Of Nature, as opposed to the Unnatural. Of Humanity, as opposed to Inhumanity. Of Freedom, as opposed to Constraint. Of Health, as opposed to Disease. Yes, Mr. Bean, disease. The disease called bigotry; the frighteningly communicable disease that taints all it touches; turns warmth to chill and joy to guilt and good to bad. What Cause?" He stopped dramatically. "The Cause of Life, Mr. Bean—as opposed to Death!"

The Dean lifted a challenging finger. "We see ourselves," he said, "as an army of dedicated warriors marching on the strongholds of prudery. Knights Templar with a just and joyous mission."

"Amen to that," a fervent Talbert said.

They entered a large, cubicle-bordered room. Talbert saw men: some typing, some writing, some staring, some on telephones, talking in a multitude of tongues. Their expressions were, as one, intently aloft. At the far end of the room, expression unseen, a man stabbed plugs into a many-eyed switchboard.

"Our Apprentice Room," said the Dean, "wherein we groom our future . . ."

His voice died off as a young man ex-

ited one of the cubicles and approached them, paper in hand, a smile tremulous on his lips.

"Oliver," said the Dean, nodding once.

"I've done a joke, sir," said Oliver. "May I—?"

"But of course," said the Dean.

Oliver cleared vivid anxiety from his throat, then told a joke about a little boy and girl watching a doubles match on the nudist colony tennis court. The Dean smiled, nodding. Oliver looked up, pained.

"No?" he said.

"It is not without merit," encouraged the Dean, "but, as it now stands, you see, it smacks rather too reminiscently of the duches-buster effect. *Wife of Bath* category. Not to mention the justifiably popular double reverse bishop-hammond gambit."

"Oh, sir," grieved Oliver, "I'll never prevail."

"Nonsense," said the Dean, adding kindly, "son. These shorter jokes are, by all odds, the most difficult to master. They must be cogent, precise; must say something of pith and moment."

"Yes, sir," murmured Oliver.

"Check with Wojciechowski and Sforzini," said the Dean. "Also Ahmed El-Hakim. They'll brief you on use of the Master Index. Eh?" He patted Oliver's back.

"Yes, sir," Oliver managed a smile and returned to his cubicle. The Dean sighed.

"A somber business," he declared. "He'll never be Glass-A. He really shouldn't be in the composing end of it at all—but—" He gestured meaningfully. "—there is sentiment involved."

"Oh?" said Talbert.

"Yes," said the Dean. "It was his great grandfather who, on June 23, 1848, wrote the first Traveling Salesman joke, American strain."

The Dean and the Colonel lowered their heads a moment in reverent commemoration. Talbert did the same.

"And so we have it," said the Dean. They were back downstairs, sitting in the great livingroom, sherry having been served.

"Perhaps you wish to know more," said the Dean.

"Only one thing," said Talbert.

"And that is, sir?"

"Why have you shown it to me?"

"Yes," said the Colonel, fingering at his armpit holster, "why indeed?"

The Dean looked at Talbert carefully as if balancing his reply.

"You haven't guessed?" he said, at last. "No, I can see you haven't. Mr. Bean . . . you are not unknown to us. Who has not heard of your work, your unflagging devotion to sometimes obscure but always worthy causes? What man can help but admire your selflessness, your dedication, your proud defiance of convention and prejudice?" The Dean paused and leaned forward.

"Mr. Bean," he said softly. "Talbert—may I call you that?—we want you

on our team."

Talbert gaped. His hands began to tremble. The Colonel, relieved, grunted and sank back into his chair.

No reply came from the flustered Talbert, so the Dean continued: "Think it over. Consider the merits of our work. With all due modesty, I think I may say that here is your opportunity to ally yourself with the greatest cause of your life."

"I'm speechless," said Talbert. "I hardly—that is—how can I . . ."

But, already, the light of consecration was stealing into his eyes.

Y

JUDGE PRICE

(continued from page 32)

mean?"

"I'll show you what it means!" she cried in a loud, excited voice.

Closing her eyes, she fired the pistol at him. There was a deafening noise, complete silence for a moment, and this time all the girls upstairs screamed. Judge Price slowly seated himself on one of the steps.

Before Fern could aim the pistol at him again, Bonnie jerked it from her hand. As soon as that happened, Fern fell in a heap on the hall floor.

Bonnie ran up the stairway to Judge Price.

"Are you hurt, Judge Price?" she asked anxiously. "Did she shoot you?"

Judge Price felt his right leg from knee to thigh. After that he nodded.

"I'll phone for the doctor right away," Bonnie said, starting down the stairway. "I'll tell him to get here as fast as he can."

Judge Price reached forward and caught her by the arm. "No, Bonnie, don't do that," he said calmly, shaking his head. "That won't do at all. As soon as I can get to my car, I'll drive home and then send for him. That would be much more appropriate under the circumstances. I'm sure you understand my reasoning."

"But you might bleed to death, Judge Price," Bonnie said fearfully.

"That's the risk I'll have to take," he told her in the same calm manner.

Fern slowly lifted her head, and then she sat upright on the floor. She gazed dazedly at Judge Price for a moment, and then, while tears streamed down her face, she began crawling on her hands and knees toward him.

"Wade—Wade—I don't know what made me do it," she said tearfully when she reached him. "I just couldn't help myself. And now you'll never marry me—never—never—never!"

Judge Price put his hand on her tousled brown hair and stroked her tenderly. As soon as she felt the touch of his hand, Fern locked her arms around him and hugged him with all her might.

"Fern," he said as he stroked her hair. "Fern, with the experience of sitting on the judicial bench for many years, a

(concluded on next page)

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