

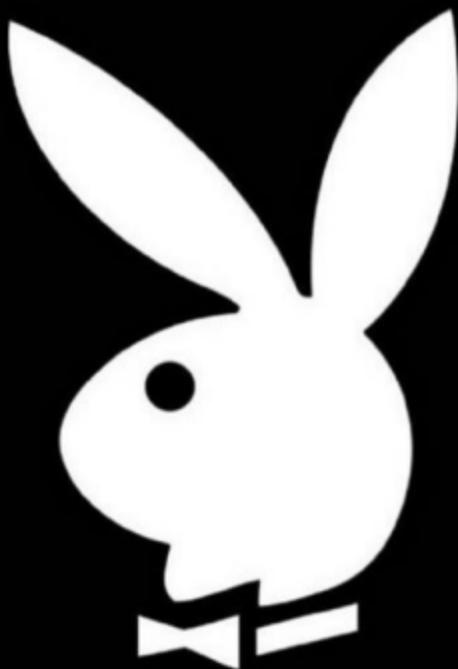
PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

COLLEGE ISSUE

OCTOBER 50 cents





PLAYBOY



PLAYBILL

HOW, WE ASKED OURSELVES as we were preparing this third College Issue, did *PLAYBOY* become the most popular periodical on the college campuses of America? Except for one issue each year, *PLAYBOY* virtually ignores college life in its articles, fiction, photo features and cartoons — why, then, does it sell more copies at campus newsstands than the multi-million circulation magazines? The answer isn't really too difficult to discover, because the average college male is less interested in the cloistered here-and-now than the world that lies ahead. He dreams of the future bachelor apartment, the hi-fi set, the well-stocked liquor cabinet, the sports car — and the bedroom-eyed beauties who will help him enjoy it all. These are the dreams, of course, that *PLAYBOY* is made of; this is the world the college man reads about in *PLAYBOY*'s pages — reads and re-reads, passes on, promotes and parodies. As the most popular magazine on campus, *PLAYBOY* is also the most kidded; college editors at the University of Texas, Penn State, Indiana University, Syracuse College, Oregon State and the University of Arizona all turned issues of their humor magazines into *PLAYBOY* parodies this past year. Nothing better expresses the impact *PLAYBOY* has had on the collective college campus than a recent issue of Northwestern's *Profile*, however: it featured a coverfull of students ditching

their copies of the Northwestern feature magazine to crowd around one fellow holding a copy of you-know-what. Other schools across the country have been giving *PLAYBOY* parties, dances and variety shows, and one of them — Dartmouth — enjoyed a visit from Playmate Janet Pilgrim. Subscription supervisor Janet's weekend on that all-male campus is covered in this College Issue. And Janet, somewhat uncovered, puts in a new *Playmate* appearance.

A host of other *PLAYBOY* favorites are on hand this month, too: Amson Mount, who appeared in last year's College Issue with *The Taming of the Rake* and now leads our College Bureau, contributes the amusing tale, *A Pound of Flesh*; Herbert Gold, who teaches at Wayne University, has written a powerful story, *The Right Kind of Pride*, with implications beyond the microcosm of its fraternity setting. This is strong stuff, worthy of this young three-time novelist of whom Saul Bellow has said: "I put him at the head of my small list of writers who have their own eyes and are capable of making fiction which gives pleasure."

Jack Cole, inspired zany, has whomped up a cartoon spread about blankets and all the fascinating things that go on under them at college football games.

Ray Russell, no less inspired and certainly no less zany, has never associated with colleges in any manner, shape or

form and certainly has no intention of starting now. His subject for satire is, therefore, science-fiction films, in *Put Them All Together They Spell Moustier*.

Masuccio, called Salermitano because he was born in the city of Salerno, was a gentleman of rank as well as a popular teller of tales. His collection, *Il Novellino*, published in 1476, has been rated by one commentator as "second only to Boccaccio for wit, originality and dramatic power." The flavor of Boccaccio is certainly evident in Masuccio's story, *The Hoodwinked Husband*, this month's Ribald Classic.

Add the second half of the sumptuous *Penshouse Apartment*, more Hemingway-like by Ted Kiley, a pictorial (or do we mean pictorial?) feature on bare-bosomed American cinema, assorted features on male fashion, travel, food and drink to the pauprue package and you've about completed this College Issue — save only for the most important feature of all — the first annual *PLAYBOY JAZZ POLL*. The winners of the poll will be brought together in a truly spectacular jazz exhibition and you'll want to make certain your favorite jazz artists are there, so fill in your ballot just as soon as you've completed the issue. Better still, pick your favorites for the 1957 *PLAYBOY ALL-STAR JAZZ BAND POLL* and then read the issue.

They DREW their way from "Rags to Riches"

Now these famous artists are helping others do the same

By REX TAYLOR

ALBERT DORNE was a kid of the slums who loved to draw. Before he was 13, he had to quit school to support his family. Although he worked 12 hours a day—he managed to study art at home in "spare time." Soon people were willing to pay good money for his drawings. At 22 he was earning \$500 a week as a commercial artist. He rose higher and higher to become probably the most fabulous money-maker in the history of advertising art.

Dorne's "rags to riches" story is not unique. Norman Rockwell left school at 15. Stevan Dohanos, famous cover artist, drove a truck before turning to art. Harold Von Schmidt was an orphan at 5. Robert Fawcett, the "Illustrators' Illustrator," left school at 14. Austin Briggs, who once couldn't afford a cold-water flat, now lives in a magnificent home over 100 feet long.

A plan to help others: Nearly ten years ago, these men gathered in Dorne's luxurious New York studio for a fateful meeting. With them were six other equally famous artists—Al Parker, Jon Whitcomb, Fred Ludekers, Ben Stahl, Peter Helck, John Atherton. Almost all had similar "rags to riches" backgrounds.

Dorne outlined to them a problem and a plan. He pointed out that artists were needed all over the country. And thousands of men and women wanted very much to become artists. What these people needed most was a convenient and effective way to master the trade secrets and professional know-how that the famous artists themselves had learned only by long, successful experience. "Why can't we," asked Dorne, "develop some way to bring this kind of top-drawer art training to anyone with talent . . . no matter where they live or what their personal schedules may be?"

The idea met with great enthusiasm. In fact, the twelve famous artists quickly buckled down to work—taking time off from their busy careers. Look-

ing for a way to explain drawing techniques to students who would be thousands of miles away, they turned to the war-born methods of modern visual training. What better way could you teach the art of making pictures, they reasoned, than through pictures? They made over



ALBERT DORNE—From the window of his skyscraper studio, this top, money-making artist can see the slums where he once lived.

5,000 drawings specially for the school's magnificent home study lessons. And after they had covered the fundamentals of art, each man contributed to the course his own special "hallmark" of greatness. For example, Norman Rockwell devised a simple way to explain characterization and the secrets of color. Jon Whitcomb showed how to draw the "glamour girls" for which he is world-famous. Dorne showed step-by-step ways to achieve animation and humor.

Finally, the men spent three years working out a revolutionary, new way to correct a student's work. For each drawing the student sent in, he would receive in return a long personal letter of criticism and advice. Along with the letter, on a transparent "overlay," the instructor would actually draw, in detail, his corrections of the student's work. Thus there could be no misunderstanding. And the student would have a permanent record to refer to as often as he liked.

School is founded; students quickly succeed. The Famous Artists Schools (whose classrooms are the students' own homes and whose faculty is the most fabulous ever assembled in art education) now has 5,000 active students in 32 countries. The famous artists who started the school as a labor of love still own it, run it, and are fiercely proud of what it has done for its students.

Don Smith is a good example. When he became a student three years ago, Don knew nothing about art, even

doubted he had talent. Today, he is an illustrator with a leading advertising agency in New Orleans.

John Busketta is another. He was a pipe fitter's helper with a big gas company until he enrolled in the school. He still works for the same company—but now he is an artist in the advertising department, at a big increase in pay.

John Whitaker of Memphis was an airline clerk when he enrolled. Two years later he won a national cartooning prize. Soon after, he signed a contract to do a daily comic strip for a group of newspapers.

Gertrude Vander Poel had never drawn a thing before enrolling in the School. Now a swank New York gallery exhibits her paintings for sale.

"Where are the famous artists of tomorrow?" Dorne is not surprised at all by the success of his students. "Opportunities open to trained artists today are enormous," he says. "We continually get calls and letters from art buyers all over the U.S. They ask us for practical, well-trained students—not geniuses—who can step into full-time or part-time jobs.

"I'm firmly convinced," Dorne goes on, "that many men and women are missing an exciting career in art simply because they hesitate to think that they have talent. Many of them do have talent. These are the people we want to train for success in art . . . if we can only find them."

Unique art talent test: To discover people with talent worth developing, the twelve famous artists created a remarkable, revealing 8-page Talent Test. Originally they charged \$1 for the test. But now the school offers it free and grades it free. Men and women who reveal natural talent through the test are eligible for training by the school.

Would you like to know if you have valuable hidden art talent? Simply mail coupon below. The Famous Artists' Talent Test will be sent to you without cost or obligation. And it might lead you to become one of the "famous artists of tomorrow."

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DEAR PLAYBOY

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NEWPORT JAZZ

I thoroughly enjoyed George Wein's article, *The Newport Jazz Festival*, in the July issue of your fine magazine and was particularly interested in the references to Miss Toshiko Akiyoshi. I became acquainted with Miss Akiyoshi in Japan while serving as entertainment manager for one of the service clubs there. She is, in the opinion of myself and many other avid jazz fans, the most creative musician to emerge from post-war Japan.

During my tenure as entertainment manager, our club staged some 200 shows. Only once, however, did an entertainer subdue an audience of, more or less, homesick Airmen and turn them, before our very eyes, into a silent, listening body. Toshiko did this seemingly impossible task simply by playing the most beautiful version of *Moonlight in Vermont* any of us had ever heard.

It is difficult for a woman to make good in the jazz world of today. For a Japanese woman, it is next to impossible. I think Toshiko's story would provide one of the most inspiring articles ever written about jazz and its people.

Doni Sanner
Marietta, Georgia

My wife and I enjoyed Mr. Wein's article on *The Newport Jazz Festival* very much. The layout of pictures were some of the best I have seen. Many thanks for *PLAYBOY*'s interest in the Festival.

L. L. Lorillard, President
The American Jazz Festival
Newport, Rhode Island

CRITIC CRITICIZED

Open letter to the motion picture critic of America's finest men's magazine:

1.) I thought Hitchcock's *The Man Who Knew Too Much* was a superb motion picture, worthy of all kinds of awards.

2.) *The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit* is a fabulous example of how fine acting can make a picture excellent.

3.) The change of pace in *Jubilant* was a good change. This particular reader feels that the aforementioned film was the best of its type since *Shane*.

4.) As of this writing, you have not

reviewed *1941*, *D-Day*, *The Sixth of June* and the spectacular *Oklahoma*. Please dislike these pictures so that I can lose even more respect for you.

5.) Tell me, have you ever liked any motion picture?

David A. Jacobs
Baltimore, Maryland

HENRY MILLER

In your July issue you reviewed *My Friend Henry Miller* by Alfred Perlis. In this review, you mentioned a book by Miller, *Tropic of Cancer*; your reviewer said that he had bought a copy in Paris several years ago. My curiosity has been aroused by the description given of this book and I would very much like to read it. I have inquired at several of the book stores in town, but none of them carry the book. The manager of one of the stores did tell me that if I could find out the name of the publisher, he would order the book for me. Can you supply that information?

I have been a regular reader of your fascinating magazine since a date tried out the questions in *Will She or Won't She?* on me; and I enjoy *PLAYBOY* thoroughly even though I am a girl.

Sally Bickford
 Ft. Worth, Texas

Henry Miller's twin tomes through celestial erotica (*Tropic of Cancer* and *Tropic of Capricorn*) have never been legally published in the U.S. or permitted through customs, though a great many paper-bound copies were smuggled into the country from France by returning G.I.s after World War II. These aren't books you can write away for, Sally. You'll just have to find a friendly ex-G.I. who has a copy stashed away among his wartime souvenirs. Or plan a vacation trip to Paris.

TURNPIKE MOTORCYCLES

Reader H. J. Holmes is mistaken (*July, Dear Playboy*) when he suggests that the midwest S.C.C. official didn't know what he was talking about when he told a story involving a motorcycle on the New Jersey Turnpike. When the Pike first opened, the State Police did have a few Harley-Davidson motorcycles. But they proved too dangerous and were soon taken out of service and sent

An ad about Marilyn Monroe without pictures?

You'll call us mad, but we want to call your attention to the *rest* of a new book, the first candid, sympathetic, detailed and un-hocked-up analysis of what makes America's All-Girl Girl tick. Don't expect any Helle-from-Hollywood stuff. This is Marilyn as she really is. (Do you know what she suggested to Jane Russell when they were asked to leave their imprints in the wet cement at Grauman's Chinese theatre? Ever heard of "lesh impact"? Why is Marilyn right about the proper role for her in *The Brothers Kovacs*?)

Gathered in long talks with people like director Billy Wilder, with agents, and with people who have just plain observed her (how could that be plain?), the book studiously avoids barking lady columnists. It's a book for men, and for men to give to others. Pete Martin's story is terrific — and we haven't been crazy enough to publish the book without pictures. There is a stunning jacket in full color, and inside, 43 knockout photographs which speak more loudly than you-know-what.

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by Pete Martin

With 43 photographs

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to the Turnpike's Central Garage in Heightstown. After being held for about two years, they were sold. This information comes from a Trooper with whom I work. He thinks that the only car that has outrun the "thundering Chryslers" they now use (stock with four barrel pot) is a Mercedes-Benz.

Donald Howard
Newark, New Jersey

SCANDINAVIAN SMORREBROD

Having devoured Judy's omnibus of women, wit and whimsy, I am left with the distinct impression that PLAYBOY travel editor Patrick Chase must be unattractively fat. I had intended this day to drink my way through the noonday indulgence in cuisine, but after scanning his six-times-a-day encounter with Danish *smorrebrod*, pulsating pains of hunger overtook me and sent me flying for the nearest dining room. What sort of expense account do you allow this man anyway?

Philip E. Jacka
Kansas City, Missouri

Mr. Chase's expense account may be described as adequate; his waistline, trim.

BURGLED PLAYBOY

Last week someone entered our home and took our television set, television stand and approximately 15 issues of PLAYBOY — my entire collection. So this month's edition starts a new stack.

The television and stand are replaceable, but the past issues of PLAYBOY are not. A logical assumption is that the thief will undoubtedly read future issues of your magazine after seeing mine. If he sees this letter, our message is: Keep the television, keep the mahogany stand, but return the PLAYBOYS and all will be forgiven.

Don L. Green
Fresno, California

OK, you heard the man — return his PLAYBOYS.

MARLA'S MOLE

Being a longtime admirer of Marla English, I was most pleased to discover your pictorial feature on this lovely miss in your July issue. However, close scrutiny of the photographs in *The Girl in the Peep- a-Boo* reveals a disturbing discrepancy: three out of five pictures show a heavy mark on Marla's face just to the right of her mouth, while the other two show it to the left. Perhaps inconsistent slant-knock policy is to blame or perhaps Marla has a mobile mole, but I wish to heaven somebody would clear up the mystery for me.

Pete Walters
Michigan State University
East Lansing, Michigan

Marla's mole is a stationary one: two of the five photographs were flopped; she has a beauty mark on her right cheek.

THE DEAL

The presentation of Alice Denham as both writer and Playmate, JULY PLAYBOY, was both unique and entertaining. After admiring the sensitive description in *The Deal* — revelling in the colorful imagery of its words — I am left with a

haunting feeling that a vital question remains unanswered, however.

This is in marked contrast to the emotions concerned with the Playmate pose. No question there at all—only an answer. "That girl doesn't leave much on when she poses," observes Son.

"And she doesn't leave much out when she writes," reports I.

But she did leave something out which is vital. And either she or character Linda should give.

I was all set to discontinue my testosterone shots in favor of PLAYBOY, when son appropriated the Playmate by virtue of youth. There was nothing left for it then but to re-read *The Deal*. So . . .

It is one thing, Alice Denham, to identify with Linda. The old goat had the cash and Linda was broke. And how Linda felt about it was how you felt about it. And your words were like the blinding of color, which is fine.

When that hideously old rake of 56 propositioned Linda, "Linda wondered if he could." That's where you left me, despite the painful details of Linda's acceptance and all that followed. (When *The Deal* was completed and sealed with a G, who was left wondering? Not Linda. Just me.)

So that's the part I think you left out. If you're gonna be a Playmate, Alice, let's play fair. He was 56 and "Linda wondered if he could." For heaven's sake, tell me. Could he? COULD he? COULD HE??

Ernest A. Laing
Indianapolis, Indiana

P.S. I'm 55.

He could and did: "Years later he moved slightly and it was over."

It surprised me, very much indeed, to learn that Chekhov's tale, *The Woman in the Case*, published in your July issue is the first English translation. As far as 20 years ago I read it in Spanish and since then in French and Portuguese.

I would like to add, about your remark (Alice Denham's *The Deal*): "Ending forever the bit about *Beauty vs. Brains*," that the exception only confirms the rule. The work is a good and deep one, well written, but Linda's pre-final impulse of not wanting to take the money (even considering that women are unpredictable) is most unusual. I see it as . . . an excuse . . . which proves to me, despite what you say about her frankness, that the real name of the girl in the story is not Linda, but Alice. My congratulations to her, as a writer; she must be quite a woman, too.

Although I have lived in this country for the last nine years, I have just "discovered" your magazine four months ago. I must say that I am sorry for all the good moments I have missed, since all of your stories, articles and humor are excellent.

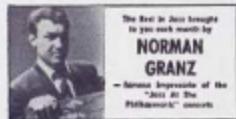
X. Móvna
Philadelphia, Pa.

I am presently working towards a Doctor's degree in Education at the University of Southern California and thought you might be interested to learn that Alice Denham's story, *The Deal*,

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If, however, you decide to give membership a try, then the price you pay for the Hampton record you will receive, FREE, a wonderful 12" Bonus Record for every \$60 additional 12" selections you accept from the Society. Since the price to members for each 12" record is \$6.00, you will receive, actually your cost per record, exclusive of a few cents tax and shipping, comes to about \$60.00.

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Waldo B. Phillips
Los Angeles, California

MISS JULY

This is probably the first congratulatory letter you've ever received for a feature in *advance* of publication, but on the last page of your June issue, you have a picture of Miss Alice Denham and announce that next month you will publish a story by her and she will appear as Playmate of the Month.

Alice is a lovely, lovely person. Not only is she dazzlingly beautiful, but she is intellectually brilliant and a lady in every respect. Heartiest congratulations on bringing both her talent and her beauty to the American people.

John Begman
Jackson Heights, N. Y.

During the past 20-odd months, since your magazine first came to my attention, I have dutifully plunked down my half-dollar for each new issue and repaired to some quiet spot to enjoy its many entertaining features and, most especially, to ogle the Playmate. I have yet to be dissatisfied with your choice in feminine pulchritude. Janet Pilgrim is a doll; Eve Meyer is *quelque chose*; and all the rest have been magnificent. But this month you have reached the highest magnitude. This Alice Denham has got it. Never have I seen any gal, a n-y-w-h-e-r-e, that has made my blood tingle, my pulse accelerate, my toes curl up, my pupils dilate, my hands tremble in eager anticipation like this gal does. She's the babe that they've patterned all the brick whatchacallits after.

James A. Presley
Detroit, Michigan

AN OFF TO A PICTURE OF ALICE (in final form):

Before me in chromatic splendor hangs—a picture; A parody I'm sure—a fatty prism's puffed bloom. She smiles a song no siren nymph could ever hope to sing; It's Alice; enthroned on bed in myrtle room. Her hair: Surely no queen's diadem renowned Can best that wave on wave of auburn tresses thrown. I give my word: The only ready answer true: They were to earth posthaste by angels blown.

P.
Richmond, Virginia

STREET SCENES

Thought you might enjoy this clipping which appeared in the *Atlanta Journal*, in a column titled *Street Scenes*: "Dignified little old lady getting on plane at airport clutching copy of *PLAYBOY* Magazine."

Proves that all your readers aren't young men-about-town. My wife and I are both avid fans of your magazine and if I don't bring home the latest issue when it first appears on the newsstand,

she somehow manages to maneuver me into the drugstore and then says, "Oh, look, here's the new issue of *PLAYBOY*." Keep up the good work.

Charles W. Johnson
Macon, Georgia

JAZZ QUERY

I thoroughly enjoy your many features on jazz and I wonder whether you might be able to help me with some information on two particular recordings I'm interested in acquiring. They are *Milagros de cha cha cha* and *Manteca*. I know that Dizzy Gillespie is the recording artist on *Manteca*, but I don't know the recording company; I know neither the recording artist or company for the other disc and I don't know the numbers of either. I want very much to add both recordings to my collection, so will appreciate any information you may be able to supply.

Harold L. Hauser
Winston-Salem, N. C.

Dizzy Gillespie's Manteca is available on Victor 20-0146, a single 78 r.p.m. recording; *Milagros de cha cha cha* is played by *Fernando Rivero* and his Quartet on an LP titled *Cha Cha Cha*, Victor LP-1081.

PLAYBOY has instituted a Reader Service Department to answer questions on jazz, fashion, travel, food, drink and other subjects of interest to the urban male that may be raised by features in the magazine. Readers are invited to address such queries to *Playboy Reader Service*, 11 E. Superior St., Chicago 11, Illinois.

SUBSCRIBE, ALREADY

In true *PLAYBOY* tradition, you have seduced a virgin in making me write my first letter to any editor or publication for purposes of either congratulation or damnation. In breezing through your subscription message, *So What Are You Waiting For?*, on the inside back cover of your July issue, I must say you've got guts to ask Gentle Reader to deface his copy of *PLAYBOY* by cutting that lousy coupon out of the back cover! Get smart! No *PLAYBOY* reader in his right mind would foul up an issue just for a subscription. Not when it's just a two mile walk to the newsstand. Which brings me to my point: leave your sales pitch where it is and move the coupon to the facing page. When you do that, newsstand readers will subscribe. But cutting a chunk out of a cover makes as much sense as hacking a hunk from the Playmate of the Month.

W. K. Acree
Atlanta, Georgia

OK—in this issue the subscription blank appears on the facing page. What's more, you can subscribe at *PLAYBOY*'s special Holiday Rates.

PHONY LETTER DEPARTMENT

As a college Resident Council, I am in a position to realize just what a retarding factor *PLAYBOY* is in this process of education.

Part of my campus duties include seeing that the dormitories are kept in a manner conducive to good study habits.



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convention four years ago were Charles (Black Country, *The Crooked Man*) Beaumont and Richard (The Splendid Source) Matheson. Would you say we, at that time, had a good PLAYBOY assemblage?

Roger Nelson
Rockford, Illinois

HOO HA

Let me first of all make myself quite apparent—PLAYBOY is nothing more than a crude assortment of vulgarisms that must appeal to only the adolescent introvert. Having years of learned experience and from having made extensive research studies, I know that the balance of a body can be affected by a certain group of ultra-sensitive, serious type ganglions called the rhombencephalals. These nerve terminals are usually located four to six millimeters above the position where the epiphysis of the vertebral column is articulated with the vertebral column. They are adjacent to certain other nerves that reflect particular mental sexual emotions, other than those concerned with the normal sexual process. Whenever these nerves are disturbed the rhombencephalals are in turn affected by sharp reverberations within the epiphysis, such that the entire metabolism of the body is disturbed. The resulting syndrome includes post orbital pains, laryngeal gyrations, epigastric disturbances and diarrhea.

The point is that I estimate that about 50 percent of your readers suffer from this affliction, besides from the disturbance of hydrogen oxide in the cranial cavity.

Thurl Andrews
Kansas City, Kansas

Your rhombencephalals are full of garbenfarfe.

SPORTS CAR RACING

Your article on sports cars was pretty good. Generally, you are right about American cars, but I didn't care much for your reference to Indianapolis "big iron." The Indy cars are the best racing machinery made in the U. S. They are admittedly open to the criticism that they can do only one thing, but they are only built to do one thing and they do that better than any other machine in the world. The Indy cars don't compete with the Grand Prix cars—they are not built to. The G.P. cars don't compete with the Indy cars—they are not built for that purpose.

Generally, the Indy cars attain higher speeds than the G.P. cars because they are lighter (no gear boxes). They accelerate from relatively high speeds (90-95 in the turns) to top speed. They only turn left, but man, do they turn left. They are built to lap a two-mile closed circuit track; in that field they are supreme.

Ferrari is planning an assault on the "500" this May. The entry: a Ferrari-engined-Kurtis Kraft chassis. "If you can't beat 'em . . ."

Mercedes was interested in the "500" and sent none less than their famous

racing manager, Papa Alfred Neubauer and company. With the usual German proficiency, they checked everything. They requested the temperature readings, by hours, and humidity records for Indianapolis during the month of May for the past ten years. Then: "When we come, we will take the lead on the second lap and hold it to the finish." Which meant that they would not come until, according to their calculations, they could do just that. During the race that year, as we watched Lee Wallard tool around in his iron, he was heard to mutter, "What acceleration, what nerve, what skill!!" By the way, the silver arrows have yet to assault the brickyard.

You pick the two mile closed circuit course and I'll take the Indianapolis iron.

Ronald Fitz Gerald
New Orleans, Louisiana

PLAYBOY PHOOEY

Somebody where I work brings PLAYBOY to read and when there is nothing else left, I read it too (God forbid, that I should squander four-bits of my own on such hogwash!). I like the Playmate as much as anyone, but the interest ends with her appearance. The stories are loony, the articles stink—it is the only magazine on the newsstand that I can read cover to cover in 30 seconds flat. I am also as fond of a little intimacy with the opposite sex now and then as the next guy, but it is quite apparent to me that it is just about all you characters ever think about! The fact that you sell as many copies as you do only proves that the bunch is still around who used to read that crap written by some psycho named Mucky Spleen a few years ago.

If I may, I'd like to make a suggestion for future issues of PLAYBOY. Use paper that is soft and absorbent, like Scott Tissue, and publish PLAYBOY in roll form. In this way, PLAYBOY could serve the only purpose it is good for.

Robert H. Berg
Boulder City, Nevada

PLAYBOY FOR PEACE

An ideal! Because: 1st, I sent Bill Smith a year's subscription to PLAYBOY at his apartment in Beverly Hills. He recently reported that his landlord, who had not permitted Wahines (females) in the apartments, was caught reading Bill's magazine with the mailman and enjoying it very much. Challenged, he called off his ban on Wahines.

2nd, Jerry Ross, who disliked his mother-in-law, came into the den and found her chuckling over PLAYBOY; now they get on fine. 3rd, I took a recent issue along on a drive across Honolulu yesterday (we're vacationing here). Wife and I got out to walk to the edge of a nearby mountain. Upon returning, we discovered our Japanese driver, who hadn't spoken a word of English till then, laughing and splitting his fat little sides over what he found in PLAYBOY.

So the idea: Do you want to help the cause of peace in the world? Then send copies, charge them to me if you're not interested in saving the world, to the



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gents at the Kremlin, to Tito, the Chinese bosses and all the trouble makers of the world, including the boys in Egypt, Arabia and Syria. Start them all laughing over the same pages and a communal understanding may evolve that can embrace all languages and all beliefs. Then, through PLAYBOY, perhaps the world can find real peace. Good?

Sam Shereco
Honolulu, Hawaii

FOLK SINGERS

I want to tell you how very much I appreciate your magazine. Your fiction is first rate and I particularly enjoy your articles on men's fashion; I followed your word on summer suits in the purchase of mine.

I have a request. You have had a number of articles on jazz and jazz singers—how about an article on folk singers, Stan Wilson, for instance, or Josh White or Harry Belafonte. I am sure other readers would appreciate an article on any one of the three.

Scott Jackson
Petersburg, Virginia

ATTIRE

Have read the article *Fit To Be Tied* in your March issue. In the article, you mention a rather dated publication on wearing and tying of ties. Have often wondered if there is any recent volume on this subject and how and where to obtain it. Can you help?

John Armstrong
P. O. Box 26, Benning, Georgia

Suggest you write to Wembley Ties, Inc., Empire State Bldg., New York City or Superior Cravats of the same address for more up-to-date information.

Your magazine is tops here at the University of Iowa. I acquired the PLAYBOY habit early and am now a devoted student.

I especially like your articles on attire, which are equalled by none. I find other men's magazines much too general and containing too much "continental" flavor. The East, in my opinion, will always set the pace for styles and your articles contain plenty of specific information on what the New York advertising men and Eastern college students are wearing.

As I am interested in art and taking some drawing courses here at the University, the illustrations by LeRoy Neiman that accompany your articles are of interest to me. His illustrations of the man at ease in a cotton madras dressing gown and that one on rainwear are really good. He seems to attain a "detailed casualness" that is distinctive from other fashion illustrators.

Thor W. Rinden
University of Iowa
Iowa City, Iowa

JUNE APPLAUSE

You had a beaut of a June issue. Wonderful satire in *The Dredger's Build-Up*. That guy knows Hollywood. Mandel's *Last Gambit* was slick and enjoyable, as was your whole handling of chess. The cartoons were better than

ever. And Bradbury! What a guy. What a philosophical message draped in the best science fiction style. I can hardly believe it, but you're still getting better—all the way around.

Edward Dew
Burbank, California

You'd better start printing one million and one copies. The girl friend has just read your magazine for the first time (June issue)—in fact, she has it right now—and I can see there's going to be an argument over who gets the issue first each month. One advantage—she's hinting about a subscription for me for my birthday coming up in a few weeks. At any rate, chalk up a new fan from California.

Don Smith
Palo Alto, California

We of the Hopi Lodge Cultural Society of the Aesthetic Appreciation of Classical Literature are happy to announce that your periodical has met the



exacting specifications of our organization and has been classified as excellent reading material for college students. The accompanying photograph shows two members of our Critical Analysis Committee (Bill Milano and Gary Houston) in deep concentration as they evaluate the merits of a recent issue. Congratulations!

Gregory Archibald, Philip Marquardt,
University of Arizona
Tucson, Arizona

PRAISE FROM THE TIMES

By way of introduction, I am on the city staff of *The New York Times*, for which I cover the borough of Brooklyn. I also do book reviews for the Sunday book supplement.

I admire the job you are doing with PLAYBOY. You seem to be hitting a market that has hitherto been pretty thoroughly unexploited. Most of the strictly men's magazines are got out with an eye on the telephone repair lineman and the thirty-seven year old adolescent. There is too much contrived virility and too little respect for the fact that adult males have minds as well as biceps and libido. There aren't many breaches left in the magazine field, but you seem to have stepped into one handsomely.

John M. Phillips
The New York Times
New York, New York

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



books

As we go to press, the spiritual leader of the Night People is looking for a sponsor. His name is Jean Shepherd, and he is (or was) the wee-hours d.j. of New York's WOR. "There's a great body of people who flower at night," according to Shepherd, "for night is the time people truly become individuals." Such folks, says he, "are embattled against the official, organized, righteous Day People who are completely bound by their switchboards and their red tape." Shaking the Day People from their snug complacency is the dearest joy of the Night People, and to this noble end, Shepherd and his night-owl listeners recently conspired in creating a mythical historical novel by a non-existent author. Bookstore clerks (archetypal Day People), when asked by Shepherd-inspired Night People for *I, Libertine*, by Frederick R. Ewing, consulted their all-powerful lists and haughtily informed the Night People that no such book or author existed. Their faith in Dayism was shattered when (a) requests for the tome poured in to bookstores in New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Miami, Paris and Helsinki; (b) a Pennsylvania d.j. interviewed British-accented author "Ewing" over the air; (c) the title cropped up in the Books-to-be-Published section of *The New York Times Book Review*; (d) the Catholic Legion of Decency banned it; (e) a confirmed Day Person (sub-species Librarian) found a card for the book in the index of the Philadelphia Public Library (in the corner of the card appeared the strange device *Excelsior*, a favorite Shepherd hattie-try); and (f) 25,000 copies of the book

itself miraculously appeared in bookstores everywhere.

This crowning touch was the eleventh-hour brainstorm of late-listening publisher Ian Ballantine. As we understand it, Mr. B was fascinated by the hoax and recklessly confided to Shepherd that he'd publish the book if only someone would write it. Shepherd's crony, science-fictioner Ted Sturgeon, said, "I'll write it!" — and he did, in 30 days. Shepherd, heavily disguised as Frederick R. Ewing, appears on the back cover of the hoax-that-became-reality, and although it unfortunately reads like the rush job it was, *I, Libertine* (Ballantine, 35¢ paper; \$2 hardbound) is a memorable collectors' item and a tribute to that cult of night-blooming non-conformists in which PLAYBOY proudly claims membership. Maybe by the time we hit the newsstands Jean will have found a sympathetic sponsor. We hope so, but if not, let's raise a cry to restore the High Priest of Nightism to office. All together, now: *Excelsior!*

A husky percentage of mad dogs and Englishmen may go out in the midday sun, but British critic V. S. Pritchett prefers the foggy days in London town. You can see for yourself in *The Sailor, Sense of Humour and Other Stories* (Knopf, \$4.50), which the distinguished Pritchett wheels out a tram-full of bizarre, back-alley Jamesian named blocks like Hubert Timberlake and Mr. Pocock. In this last of all possible worlds where people are "popping" in and out of the sack, Pritchett describes in his penetrating style the laughable Mr. Phillipmore who "suggested the frantic, yelping, disorganized expression of a copulating dog," a minister's daughter who asks "... when you've lived with someone for ten years, and he pays the rent and keeps you, he is your husband, isn't he?" plus a wide assortment of other fantastic fauna. Pritchett's slogan might well be

taken from the title of one of his own stories: *You Make Your Own Life*.

Among the paperbacks: the Army tempestuous of PLAYBOY cartoonist Shel Silverstein may be sampled via his cunningly titled *Grab Your Socks!* for which Bill Mauldin wrote the intro (Ballantine, 55¢) . . . "The power to amuse and, if possible, to fascinate"; this is the yardstick *New Republic*'s stringent Eric Bentley has used in selecting five plays *From the American Drama* (Anchor, \$1.25). Saroyan and Wilder are included, but O'Neill, Odets, Miller and Williams are not; the chosen plays (among them Fitch's *Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines* and Langdon Mitchell's *The New York Idea*) "move," according to Bentley, "with the swing of the American life-rhythm." Nicest surprise: the libretto of *Guys and Dolls*, picked because "possibly it is the best of all American musical comedies" and because "musical comedy is today the most lively part of the American theatre."

The cohabitative habits of the denizens of the deltas are reported in 21 *Gulf Coast Stories* (Little, Brown, \$3.50) by the old master, Esquire Caldwell. Here are 248 pages of adolescent and sex, suicide and sex, child brides and sex, etc., insidiously in the broad, stagey style that has become associated with the author of *Tobacco Road* and *God's Little Acre*. Two of the tales first saw the light of day in PLAYBOY.

To enjoy Margaret Croftland's *Jean Cocteau* (Knopf, \$5), a biography of the fiery darling of the fashionable arts, you don't have to be familiar with the galaxy of odd-ball talents that has kept the avant garde sky of Europe luridly lit these past 30 years — but it sure helps. It also helps, and may even be a requisite, to have some prior interest in Cocteau and his works, because this is a sober sides

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and serious — and rather woodenly written — study of the man, rather than an evocation of the glamorous realms of ballet, theater, films, music, painting and literature in which he romped and worked. It's a worthy effort, but for contemporary American audiences a seasoning from the ample spice available in the artist's life and milieu would have been welcome.

Coccau, as you undoubtedly know, enjoys an international reputation for being an important innovator in translating surrealism to film; his most famous effort being *The Blood of a Poet*. But closer to his native Paris his name has been identified with virtually all the arts. Yet, because of his quirky behavior, his lavish eccentricities, and his dominating position in that romantic world where the arts and society mingle, he's enjoyed greater notoriety as a personality — even a character — than fame as an artist. It was a mixed and sometimes fruity collection of artists and dilettantes of which Coccau was a sort of mascot; in his youth, in fact, he was a bit lopphish and dandified, what the French call *très cool*. His biographer does not actually gloss over much of this, but her concern is to reveal the artist behind the façade and to demonstrate that he successfully applied his talent in many fields, with the underlying aim of unifying the arts. She also presents convincing evidence that despite the seeming dispersion of his energies in all directions at once, he produced a prodigious amount of fresh and original work: the book has a bibliography which runs to some twelve pages to prove it.

You've heard a lot of it before, but you still might get a whump out of *Will Acting Spoil Marilyn Monroe?* (Doubleday, \$2.95), a series of interviews with press agents, photogs, directors, studio moguls, Sir Lawrence Olivier and, of course, the quotable kitten herself. Pete Martin asks the questions, and out of them all comes the Monroe doctrine: "I just want to be wonderful." For those who get bored with the prose, there are 43 nicely-exposed photographs.

Can a writer play eight not-very-various variations on the same theme without inducing in the reader a feeling of ennui? The question is raised by Alberto Moravia's first collection of short stories to be published here, *Bitter Honeycomb and Other Stories* (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, \$3.50), a concoction of morbidly sexual, obsessively repetitive tales in which the anatomy of love plays second fiddle to the anatomical approach to erotic entanglements. The answer to the question is, unfortunately, no — but with reservations, and the reservations raise a further question. Like this: is Moravia a writer whose stories should be collected and read consecutively, with nothing between? Here the answer is a flat no; books of short stories by the same author require, for uninterrupted reading, variety of some sort: theme, treatment, pace, plot, characters, scene. Moravia is strictly a Johnny One-Note.

The stories concern themselves with, among others, these situations: a reluc-

tant prostitute's encounter with a British officer; a confused bride's troubles with communism and virginity; a man teased and tormented by a hellion mistress; the failure of a couple to repair a fractured marriage.

A final question is whether these stories, singly, are worth perusal. Here we have a qualified yes; they vary in excellence but they're all finely wrought and brilliantly insightful. Still, the reader may wonder whether Moravia isn't in a rut — in both senses of the word.



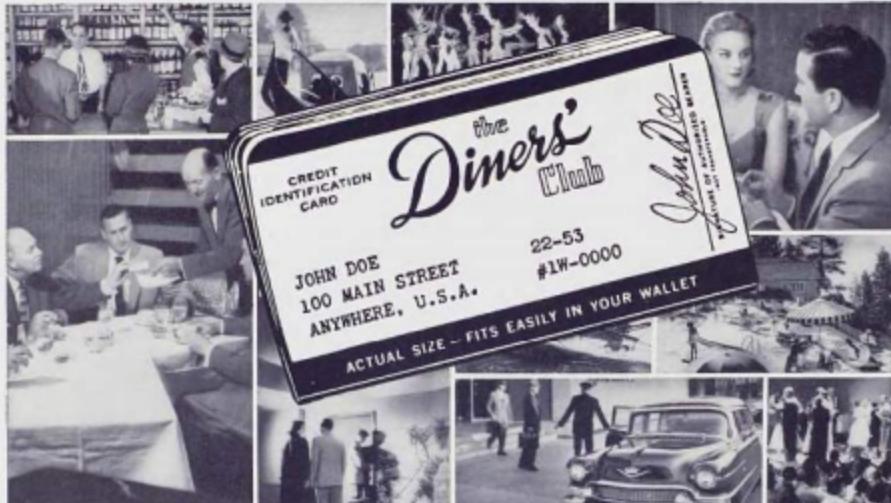
dining
drinking

The Gourmet Room of St. Louis' Park Plaza Hotel (at the Kings Highway entrance to Forest Park) is a grand little kickin' in which to sample some elegant vittles. Emphasis here is on the haute cuisine delivered to your table, whenever possible, on a flaming sword or, more accurately, a flaming épée; whole boned squash, roast rack of lamb, pessallade, Chateaubriand, Bearnaise and other gastronomical glories. We found the Rock Cornish game hen with a perrigordine sauce (sherry, truffles, shallots) and stuffed with wild rice to be something those cats up on Mount Olympus might have fought over. August Sahadell, the Paris-born food comptroller, confided to us that the secret of serving fine meats and fowl is in the buying, and beamingly declared that his buyers shout out their numbers loud and strong at the nearby Chicago stockyards. M. Sahadell also told us that there is no continental dish that is not available at the Gourmet Room, but for some inexplicable reason the room's decor is Japanese. Well, anyway, a trio plays whispery music while you nibble, and there's a multi-vintaged wine cellar. Open every night.

In New Orleans, even the coffee and doughnuts come sprinkled with tradition. The Morning Call, a late-date dunkery sitting on the corner of Decatur and Dumaine since 1870, stays open 24 hours a day and dispenses flagons of bracing brew and its famous square sinkers (no holes) — nearly 5000 a day. Try whipping up your own pot of coffee a la Morning Call, but we can't guarantee it'll rival the McCoy unless you use Mississippi River water (somewhat distilled) and a couple of breaths of Vieux Carré atmosphere in the process. But here goes: drip your regular brand coffee *triple* strength; boil up some milk and pour them together into the cup *from a height of one foot* (to put a head on the mixture), using slightly more milk than coffee. Owners Edmond and Alvin Jurisich confide that they toss in a bit of chicory to their blend for a special bite. But not even the joker who rustles up the doughnuts knows the recipe for those; Ed and Al mix it secretly at home, in the dead of night. Don't wait until Christmas before calling at the Morning Call. That's the only day it's closed.

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Smack in the heart of Philadelphia's nighty belt, Jack Lynch has opened his Living Room (Locut at Camic, in the Hotel Rio)—a sort of inspired after-thought to the adjoining Tabu Supper Club and just about the coziest hutch in town. We settled deeply into a divan while a willowy waitress (in evening gown) scurried over with the wassail. Everywhere about us, couples were chinning at ease in the comfort of overstuffed sofas and easy chairs grouped around low coffee tables. The white-paneled decor is intended to suggest the Deep South and that's what it does. To keep it smart rather than stuffy, there's a couple of keyboard carolers (Wes Cornelia and Paula Watson) who relieve each other at a preposterous ebony-and-gold grand piano. They'll sing your requests as if they couldn't be more delighted. It's a quiet, intimate spot to take your date, an elegant let's-talk-it-over retreat in which to decide what's next and where. Open from five every day but Sunday.

about as different as can be. *Velvet Carpet* (Capitol 1720) presents the Shearing Quintet with what is called a choir of stringed instruments. If you can't imagine Shearing lending himself to a cornball, schmaltzy, saccharine treatment of some perfectly respectable music, you'll have a sad widening of your horizons when you hear this one, which is tea-dance orchestral and movie-house modern, and might have suitably been subtitled *Music to Make a Silly Girl By*. By contrast, the Shearing we know and admire shines through in *Shearing by Request* (London LL 1335), in which his wonderfully ley and original style is displayed against a rhythm accompaniment. All the numbers in this one, by the way, were recorded during or just after World War II.

Rendezvous (Bald Eagle—no fooling—711) is a French biscuit featuring Claude Dauphin, the screen star, peddling bedroom banter and consumptive vocals aimed at making a lady's thyroid start pumping. Most of the time, Dauphin comes through like Pepe le Pew, that persistent, never-piqued skunk of cartoon fame, and the result is real corn à la française. Sample: "Alo, darlink . . . ah, you are so lovely to zee . . . I do not want you to zink about tomorrow . . . you are 'ere now . . . come closer, cherie . . ."

records

A sloe-eyed, slow-singing Parisian lass name of Juliette Greco is currently bating a thousand with her sexy singing of ballads in the better bars along the bistro belt of Babylon-by-the-Seine. Now, on *Juliette Greco* (Columbia ML 5088) you can hear why the jive-happy egg-heads of the international set think she is *absolument le moins*. La Greco goes in for songs of many-leveled sophistication: the most matable theme gets a sweet-sassy treatment—and predictably vice versa; a screwball animal story is sung with tremendous feeling—and then given a shrug-it-off, ludicrous ending; a ballad about the desolation of war is sung with startling insouciance; all this in a husky voice which makes a lot of Piaf sound like a virgin conservatory soprano. A free translation of each song is supplied on the liner, to help you over the harder French.

Swingin' Zoot Sims, who's managed to retain the benign influences of Prez and Bird, comes on real strong in *The Modern Art of Jazz* (Dawn 1102), a collection of standards and new compositions in which he's given a hefty assist by, among others, Bob Brookmeyer. Side One gives a quick-tempo treatment to *September in the Rain* and the other three selections: the virtuosity and the modernity here are unimpeachable, but to our thinking the velocity sometimes exceeds the felicity. This is definitely true of the way *Them There Eyes* is handled on the second side but from there on out to the end it's as good as you can ask for, sure and solid and impressive. Two of Zoot's originals we especially like are *Dark Cloud* and *One to Blow On*.

Two new discs feature the British maestro George Shearing and they're

name your poison: Verdi? Puccini? Mascagni? Leoncavallo? Knotty coda-denza and murderous high Cs by all four of these tenor-killers are negotiated with gusto and brilliance on *Mario del Monaco Operatic Recital #3* (London LL 1333), an even dozen tenor tidbits from *Otello*, *Aida*, *Castellor*, *Rigoletto*, *Pagliacci* and *Manon Lescaut*. A rarity among the grand old operatic chestnuts herein is *Penente amor*, the brief aria usually cut from *Rigoletto*, and a peppery little jig it is as helled out by Signor Monaco and a bunch of boisterous spear-tossers.

A throaty, slick and terribly commercial Sarah Vaughan can be heard on *At the Blue Note* (Mercury 20094), a tip-of-the-hat to Frank Holzleind's Chicago jazz spot that gave Miss Vaughan (and many others) a first big boost toward the big time. This is supposed to be a nostalgic type LP, and the tunes are properly smooth and dreamy, if not downright scary. Pretty ones include *The Touch of Your Lips* (which Sarah insists on pronouncing "lipsch"). *Tenderly* and *I Don't Know Why*. Well, we don't know why they had to stick the girl with such a punk background orchestra (conducted by Hugo Peretti), a maskish, weeping collection of third-rate fiddle pluckers who really botch up the whole business. Gee, remember when Sarah used to sing in front of wee jazz combos?

Next to cutting classes, the three most popular sports on campus have always been quaffing, wenching and singing, and never have these three Art Forms attained a higher level of perfection than among the German Studenten of

the middle ages. *German University Songs* (Vanguard 477) is a roaring collection of that period's boola-boolas, each a paean to the innate goodness of good beer, good buddies and big bosoms. Included are such throat-busting ballads as *Der Witten Tschertlein* (*The Inn-keeper's Daughter*) and *Bier Her!* as well as the little ditty *Johannes*. Brahms filched for his *Academic Festival Overture*—*Gaudemus Igitur*. Everything's yodelled in German by boozing baritone Erich Kunz abetted by the entire male chorus and orchestra of the Vienna Volksoper, and you couldn't ask for a more rousing, ribald and thoroughly splendid song fest. Complete texts and translations are tossed in.

A couple of discs from two competing companies invite comparison. *The Music of Alec Wilder* (Columbia CL 884) is best on the A side which was originally recorded as a 78 rpm album several years ago, and still makes good listening. Wilder's slick, pseudo-classical pieces include airs for bassoon, flute, cor anglais and oboe, a *Slow Dance* (our favorite) a *Theme and Variations*; this a vaguely Baroque bit, severe and saucy, with hot interludes and solo passages for harpsichord. The reverse boasts some fascinating titles (*His First Long Pants*; *It's Silk, Feel It!*) for some less-than-fascinating musical meanderings by the same smart Alec Wilder who was also roped in on *Tone Poems of Cofey* (Capitol W735), a pile of sludge mostly by composers of the Victor Young-Gordon Jenkins cut, portraying the hues of the spectrum as interpreted by the verbiage of one Norman Sickel, a radio writer whose bilious poetry appears on the sleeve. Both the Columbia and Capitol platters have a gimmick in common: they're conducted by Frank (it says here) Sinatra.

Five fine discs for the discerning: *The Jon Eastley Seven* (Prestige 7055) is modern jazz at its driveliest, and Jon's a master technician in trumpet cognitions; *Drummer Man* (Verve 2006) dishes up Krupa with Anita O'Day and Roy Eldridge (a trio that used to swing beautifully together in the 40s), all doing real well, but for our money Roy's vital trumpet steals the show; *Piano Interpretations* (Norgran 1077) presents Bud Powell who ups to his 88 and proves that notable music can be got from standards via inventive freshness and superb musicianship; *Red Mitchell* (Bethlehem 38) gives us that youthful bassist abetted by such sidemen as Hampton Hawes, all going great guns; *Fibes on Velvet* (EmArcy 36064) presents Terry Gibbs in a quiet, melodic mood, the velvet being provided by five saxes which weave a background to the honed vibes, adding up to a willowy waxing which woos would do well to keep handy for that moment.

We heard two kinds of Bach this month. The old-fashioned sort is preferred by grand old harpsichordist Wanda Landowska on 15 *Two-Part Inventions*, coupled with *Concerto in D*

Minor (Victor LM-1974). The bare bones of Bach, denuded of melody, are revealed in all their rhythmic architecture on *Bach for Percussion* (Audio Fidelity 1812), two fugues and two sonatas transcribed for five guys clattering conga drums, claves, castanets, wood and temple blocks, ratchets, maracas, timbales, bongos and boomboms, under the stick of Harold Glick. The results are weird: infectious and uncomfortable by turns. These boys succeed in reducing the ultra-civilized Bach to a welter of compulsive sounds more primitive than those offered by Albert Mouangue and his African Ensemble on *An Adventure in Rhythm* (Vanguard VRS 7032), a 10-inch LP of native songs from that big bend of Africa's west coast, the Camerons. Unlike the Bach biscuit, this one has vocals, with such curiously cosmopolitan lyrics as *Ost B'anga Moyo Maleduma* (*The Brother-in-Law is a Little Self-Satisfied*). Both of these drum discs are great for pepping up a party or showing off your rig.



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the receipts from its longtime tenant, *Uncle Fanya*. You can see Chekhov's funny business for a sensible \$3.85 top. The Circle in the Square (6th Ave. & 4th St.) is currently feeding *The Iceman Cometh* to the 170-odd gathered closely around the stage. Price is four bucks maximum.

Other worth-watching stages away from the Broadway Taj Mahals include the Downtown Theatre (85 E. 4th), The Provincetown Playhouse (133 Macdougal), The Lenthall Players (265 W. 86th). The Cherry Lane Theatre (38 Commerce St.) and Actor's Playhouse (Sheridan Square). Of special note is the Amato Opera Theatre (139 Bleeker St.) which doles out the grand stuff creditably well and admission is — of all things — free, although a deep opera hat is passed at the end of each performance.



films

Cinemaddicts who enjoyed Stanley Kubrick's *The Killing*, mentioned here last month, will be glad to learn that French director Jules Dassin damn near out-Kubricks Kubrick with his nerve-rapping *Rififi*. This, too, is the case history of a heist through which you'll be rooting for the robbers all the way. They come to a sticky end, of course, and a dirty shame, too, because they're really a nice bunch of guys. We liked their girlfriends, also, especially the one in the transparent nightie.

Playing painter Vincent Van Gogh in *Lust for Life*, Kirk Douglas never had it so bad. He yells, rants, pops his eyes, beats his chest, saws off his ear and violently demonstrates that art is hell and nobody understands real talent. *Lust* does well with excellent location photography and a collection of Van Gogh originals pegged to the story line (from the same-name book by Irving Stone). But the overall tone of unrelieved frustration and despair makes everything seem gray despite the Technicolor.

Goldbricks and snafus have been an recurring army roll calls ever since Hannibal struggled over the Alps, but if *Private's Progress* may be believed, the British Army cornered the market during W. W. II. The picture begins with the proud announcement that the producers are grateful for the cooperation of absolutely nobody, and then focuses on the military career of funny-fellow Ian Carmichael, cast as a proper Oxonian caught in the meshes of the B. E. F. His superiors include a medical officer with a perpetual cold, a psychologist with a facial tic, a major who sneaks off to the cinema only to discover his entire company had sneaked thence before him, etc. Carmichael, via the machinations of arch-villain Dennis Price, does finally get into the thick of things, however: there's a raid behind German

lines for the sole purpose of seizing art treasures for the black market. Carmichael succeeds in creating a character in the noble tradition of Pistol, Schweik, Hargrove, Sad Sack, Willy & Joe, Ensign Pulver, Gunner Asch and all the other folk heroes of the armed forces.

If the parody on page 30 whets your appetite for science-fiction films, you may be tempted to catch two recent examples of this vigorous genre that have a couple of things in common: excellent technical effects and insurmountably dull humans. *Godzilla*, *King of the Monsters* is a Japanese effort about a 400-foot stegosaurus who stomps Tokyo to rubble and also emits a kind of halitosis that wilts steel girders and heavy artillery. Good, clean fun, intermittently interrupted by some spliced-in Stateside footage involving Raymond Burr sucking on a pipe and looking thoughtful. *Earth vs. the Flying Saucers* contains some of the slickest superimposing we've seen (saucers hovering convincingly over real-McCoy cities), interlaced with cogily-edited shots of scale models of the Smithsonian Institution, the Washington Monument and the Capitol Building getting pulverized by the badies. If you're a sucker for movie legendarium, you'll get a charge out of these two flicks — providing you can stay awake through the flesh-and-blood stuff.

William Inge's Broadway success, *Bus Stop*, used a gimmick older than the proverbial hills: take a group of one-dimensional characters from varying social strata, strand them in some God-forsaken spot and watch them squirm. What resulted was often dramatic, funny and full of pathos, but just as often crass and vulgar.

Well, Hollywood purchased this popular pot of pop, emasculated it, and then proceeded to shoot it full of its own brand of hormones. The doctor was George Axelrod of *Seven Year Itch* and *Rock Hunter* fame (and, to our mind, a better playwright than Inge). The completed project happily bears only the slightest resemblance to Inge's original, chief difference between them being the movie's heavier accent on comedy. Axelrod has wisely elected to dump the threadbare philosophy and enlarge upon the most striking facet of the play — the humorous conflict arising between the unashamed, uncivilized concupiscence, Beauregard, and the pseudo-gentle "chanteuse" who affectively dubs herself Cherie. The brunt of this revitalized effort now falls on the two topliners in these roles. Don Murray as Beauregard is a likeable loudmouth except for one or two occasions when his giddy enthusiasm seems forced and affected. And Mrs. Arthur Miller, as Cherie, is an extremely pleasant surprise: Sexerella has, through some kind of metamorphosis, become an *Actress* (the character may, admittedly, be a close counterpart of her own real personality). *Bus Stop*, to sum up, is one hell of a swell way to spend an evening.





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PLAYBOY

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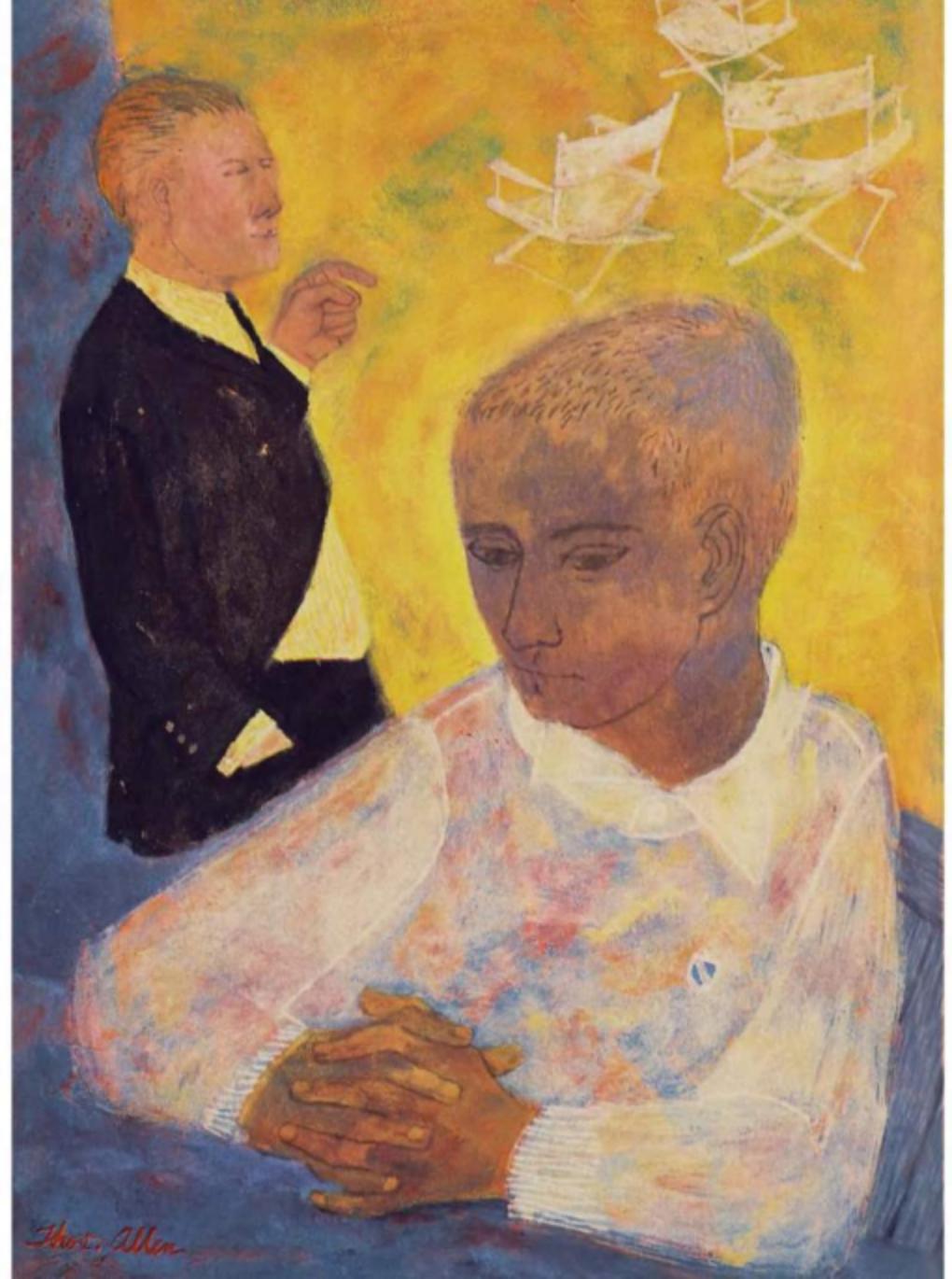
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Short, Allen

The Right Kind of Pride

in the fraternity, you could do whatever you wanted—as long as allen approved

fiction BY HERBERT GOLD

ALLEN TURNER, a busy man with creamy cheeks and a rapid, decisive speech, tempered his hard duty by smiling with the steadiness of a clock. The face supporting the smile broadened magnificently with approval of his words. He smiled past a missing tooth. "You don't play poker? OK," he said to Dan Shaper, "you don't have to. This is the free democratic world. You don't like the programs the fellows all like? Okay, the TV isn't a law, just for recreation. You had a ticket to the last game and you didn't go? It's your privilege. But boy," he added morsantly, "you don't ever play poker."

Dan Shaper bowed his head before this correction, just and measured as it was, administered by the President of the Chapter. Modestly he showed Allen the ridges of his scalp. His hair was growing back in little pincushions after their ritual shaving. He no longer wore the beanie.

Very friendly and fraternal, Allen went on with Allen's important phrases: Prepare for positive living . . . develop the social side . . . getting along, being well-liked, and good contacts . . . Allen had risen to high office in his junior year. The voice faded in strongly: "We got Monsanto men who listen to us, we got G.M. men. We got Allis-Chalmers in our pocket, boy."

He paused. Now it was up to Dan to say something. Smiling, nodding, pulling

the lobe of one ear, all excellent chapter spirit, Allen encouraged him to confess error and forthrightly resolve upon virtue. Allen put his tongue in the empty socket where he had lost a tooth. Patiently he sucked. He waited.

Skinny, quick, carefully controlled, Dan Shaper had searched about, hungering, during his first year at college. The winter had been sad—like his own vacant, fatherless home. The first spring had been desperate—like the mood of his mother when she remembered love. Watching the fraternity boys in easy fellowship with each other, or strolling confidently with their girls, Dan had gritted his teeth to say, *No, no, stop!* He would not carry his isolation through college with him.

The hungering shone in his eyes as ardent energy. He was both clever and shy, and yet had a touch of the easy loquacious manners of the father he barely remembered. Before long he was asked again, and this time he joined, and now he wanted to be liked by these friends who had tested him for virtue and performance, approved him for display, and finally initiated him into brotherhood. They depended upon him to be one of the group. It was nice to be needed. He turned from the dark panels of the rec room to the strained leather couches, the collapsing ping-pong table, and the familiar lounging forms before the TV at one end of the

long room and about the study table at the other end. It was an easy place, warm as kitchen life. His loneliness had been a terrible thing.

Allen abruptly stopped waiting. "Well? What's there to think about?"

"I wish," said Dan, and let Allen interrupt him.

"Don't think I'm telling you this just because I'm responsible for the whole Chapter," Allen said. "I'm speaking as a friend, duty aside. I voted for you personally."

With an effort Dan raised his eyes to Allen's. "I really appreciate how you took me in. I never expected —"

"Don't misunderstand me, boy," Allen insisted. "We like you to be serious, a scholarship student. How much your old man has in the bank or sound common stocks don't matter so much. The war charged all that. We need balance in the Chapter—we already had athletes, old-type families, big men in activities like me, that element there. We need you the way you are. Danny boy! But one and the same, you got to show your true colors for being one of us —"

"I know, I'm learning," Dan said to this very mature young man.

"Let me finish, please." For the first time Allen's voice turned sharp and cold and the smile froze into a quirk of tonguing the empty socket. "I was talking to you, boy, so you listen here to me now. Your individualities goes too far.

It's not c'structive. If you want to be a loner, like I mean dating townies like that girl, you didn't have to join the Chapter. Nobody twisted your arm. In this moddum free world, we all do whatever we want, but when we decide, we got to take the consequences." The smile returned with his moral calm. He patted Dan on the back. "That's all I have to say, boy." He nodded encouragingly. "Now you talk."

Allen gave him this moment for confession and repentance. To humiliate himself just a bit would establish the old good-feeling, that sense of responsibility to a group upon which every mortal man's health depends. Allen was big enough to forgive and forget on behalf of all the boys, and say no more about it, if only Dan could find the right words — shy and modest ones, but stalwart all the same, in the best traditions of the fraternity. Again Dan tried to meet his eyes, failed again, and said in haste and unsuccessfully, wishing only that Allen would stop sucking the empty socket in his gums:

"All right, all right, I'll play poker with the fellows next time."

* * *

Lucille lived below the hill from campus. To save bus fare Dan made the long walk on foot down that coppery strewn slope toward the darker town autumn with its leaves frayed in the gutters. His trouble made the walk seem less long. He wanted time to think out Allen Turner and the fraternity and why he needed them.

At the curb part way into town someone was vainly trying to start an automobile, working the sick battery, roo-hum, roo-hum, while a thick blanket of wet leaves clung to the roof and other stray leaves mottled the hood. The man inside, mouth working, feet and hands pumping, sweating ferociously in his toecap, punished the stiffer button and gas pedal without mercy.

Dan shook his head, scuffing through leaves and tasting their acid burning. He would do anything to hold on now. He could give up Allen and the others, yes, he could do that; but he could not let them give him up.

The mark of the Yankee, he thought wryly. And smiled at his self-conscious college-boy naming of the thought. At home they wouldn't call themselves Yankees: they were just stubborn was all. Besides, the warrahs and laughter of the House was something for which he had been parched since the news came that his father had gone down over Calais.

The evening stroll with Lucille went badly. "What's the matter with you?" she demanded almost at once, knowing that he was not all for her tonight.

Despite her lovely, pale, almost silvery hair, worn unfashionably long, despite her huge eyes of that magical blue which can change in an instant from a wintry withdrawal to an ardent summer sky azure, she was gawky and shy herself, needing great tenderness from him before she could give him any of her own. A townie, grown up to warnings about the college boys on the hill.

They only want what they want, and then they marry back home or one of the sorority girls. "Dan? Don't you like me tonight?" she asked. "You thinking about someone else?"

"No, no. I like you very much." How could he like anyone but this tall, long-waisted, silvery and quiet girl?

"You don't even look at me or call me Lucille. I'm tired. I need to go to bed early tonight."

"Lucille, let's not go back yet. Please."

"I want to go home, Dan. You don't even say you like my dress. I worked on it all day. I wanted something new to wear for Saturday."

"Lucille, wait, you're not giving me a chance about anything."

"I'm sorry, I guess I'm just tired. I thought you could make me feel better."

He heard the pleading shrillness of his own voice: "Then let me try," — and knew it was no good. "Would you like to stop for —?"

"I want to go home right now, Dan."

She permitted her hand to rest in his without gripping it. He did not let her go, fearing the moment when she would no longer be with him, even in this bad way with him. And almost her last words were, as he fumbled and pressed clumsily against her at the door, his shyness turned to pushing, his need brutally excluding her, turning her away as he wrestled like any stupid youth: "What is the matter with you?"

"Nothing you can't help!"

For the time of a single failing breath beneath his mouth, her body went soft and split, like a ripe plum under the midsummer blaze — then she gasped, stiffening her reply to mere anger and elbows. She beat at his chest with both fists. He fell away.

"I'm sorry, I'm not myself, Lucille. I'm sorry."

She was furious, aroused despite herself, shivering in her new dress, and made still more cold and distant by fight at her secret acte of response to his strange violence. "Stop it! Is this the way they tell you to handle the townies? Oh I know you" — and she used a girlish word which he hated: "Do you have to get grabby? Now stop it."

I, I, I, he started to say, wanting to tell her of his trouble, trouble up on the hill at the House and now trouble in town with her, but he lost the strength for explanations. A girl is a mystery, and says grabby when you turn all the way to her because you are a stranger to yourself.

He had shown disrespect to his date. All right, then give her a dose of courtesy.

"I'm sorry," he said.

She relaxed at the return of his shyness. She worked against her own heavy breathing. "That's all right. Please don't say it like that. I wish . . . Never mind."

"Good night, Lucille."

She gave him her lips chastely to kiss. He leaned forward, lightly encircling her shoulders in his arms, with only the heat of his mouth reminiscent of the brutal straining of a few moments ago. Despite herself, Lucille regretted that harsh secret person so abruptly fled,

but she could only ask once more, "Dan, whatever is the matter with you tonight?"

On his long walk back up the hill, the sweat started again under his new suit, and the chill breezes made him feel feverish. Yes, it's true that trouble, once finding a door, sprawls and breathes foully in every corner of a man's life. Trouble with Allen and the Chapter led to trouble with Lucille, and these troubles made it hard to study, and troubles with his scholarship were surely due. All this made it difficult to write home — thus trouble with his mother. And the thought of it turned him hot, turned him cold, and what if he caught some disease, the flu or something, and had to take to bed?

Not he decided. He would not look for release by illness. He resolved to stop perspiring in this stupor-and-start way, not to catch a germ, not to do it. He paused near the car with the bad battery, glistening under its wet fringe of leaves, unsmoved, shut, abandoned beneath the streetlight. Someone had cursed: someone had failed and gone away. He made himself smile.

Better, better. He would call Lucille tomorrow, and maybe send her a box of candy with a note composed now, before bed, to tell her how he felt about her. It must be earnest but elegant, something she might even want to whisper over proudly with her best friend — and yet it would take its lonely sense from their gathered memories together of a fine dark autumn. (One night, after walking so late that it was dawn when they stopped, they had gone to have breakfast together in a steaming early morning restaurant. Very precisely caring for him, she had buttered his toast, sliced it, and offered him the warm bread with a smile which, more than any other gesture, promised that she might someday be his.) As he wrote, he thought of her tender, tilted grace when she buttered toast for him. She would understand his stammering. Wanting him as he needed her, the someday was already and now. Or so they might both feel.

The letter was painfully made up, working to tell the truth without spoiling it, difficult. Writing to her helped him to remember and hold on.

He sat awhile at the table downstairs in the rec room. Most of the men were still out on their Saturday dates, but the few who were playing cards left him in peace. He was grateful for that, said goodnight without interrupting their game, and went up to bed.

* * *

Usually the brothers lay sluggish on Sunday mornings, but when Dan went to the House kitchen to make his coffee, he found Allen long awake, waiting for him near the stove, dressed, combed with much water, his face cheerful at the cheeks and wet at the temples.

"Had a good date?" Allen asked. "The fellows say you got in before midnight. What's the matter, that girl of yours having her sick days? Why you in bed so long? Dreaming? Or were you (continued on page 26)

THE FOOTBALL BLANKET

by
JACK COLE

*it can be
almost as much fun as
the game itself*



Don't let cold weather lessen your enjoyment of the football season. With a little practice, life under a blanket can be quite pleasant . . .



. . . Quite.



During lulls in the game, you can amuse those sitting near you. Put your shoes on your hands and watch reactions.



If you don't own a Land Camera, a blanket makes a nifty little darkroom for developing game pics and stuff.



The old doubled fist addendum is always good for a laugh, though you run the risk of a doubled fist right in the kisser.



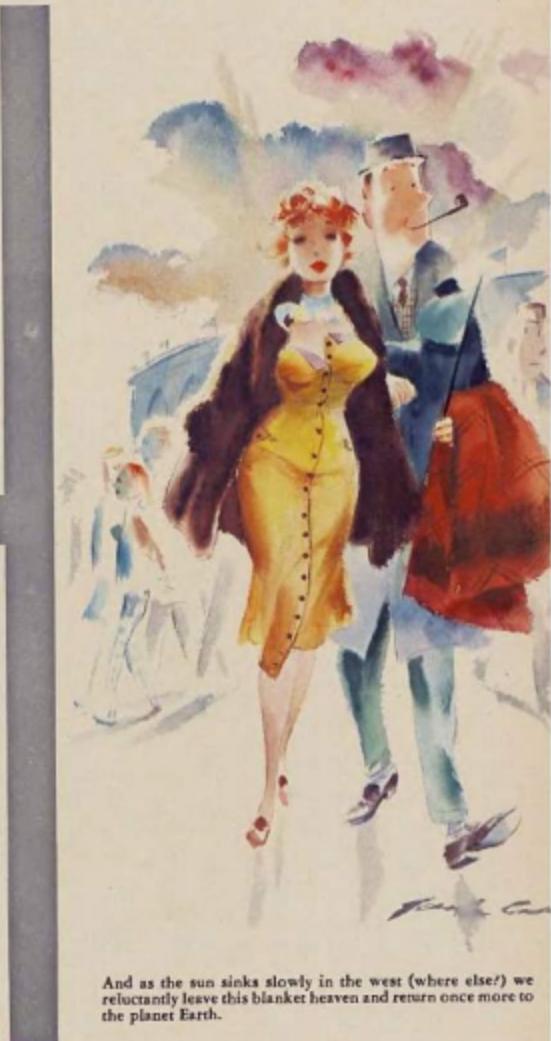
If the score is tied and the crowd tense, a blanket can help you relax. It's only a game, after all.



Keep an eye on those along the sidelines who might try to get into the game.



A blanket is just the ticket for camouflaging end-runs of your own, however.



And as the sun sinks slowly in the west (where else?) we reluctantly leave this blanket heaven and return once more to the planet Earth.

awake and thinking, boy?"

"Thinking about what?" Dan flushed. He had tossed haphazardly, unwilling to begin Sunday, yes, and thinking of Lucille.

"About what I said — my frenzied advice."

"Sure," Dan agreed, dryly working this around into a joke, "sure." His longing for Lucille was a tightness of chest and belly every morning unless the alarm roused him out for a class. *I joined the fraternity because I was alone, he would explain. Well, I'm just another tourist, she would say. I wouldn't know about that. You feel better now?* And he would answer very simply, responsible to her need: *I've met you, Lucille.* And she would say . . .

Allen elbowed the fantasy away. "Well, thinking isn't enough in this modern world," he continued. "When I analyzed your problem for you, boy, I wasn't just belling around — issue of the uttermost importance. You got to straighten up and fly right. I'm telling you brother to brother, not because I'm President of the Chapter."

"OK, you're right, I will," Dan said, much too fast. He needed the coffee and wanted privacy for warming his hands over the cup and figuring out Lucille.

Allen did not go. He blocked the way, his body settling without moving. His face darkened. Hiding the vacant gaze, the small full mouth stopped smiling. Easy victories did not please Allen. The glitter at his forehead was no longer water from combing; perspiration swelled in little droplets. "Just a sec, Shaper," he said. "Way-up. Not so fast, boy."

Dan watched this perverseness with an unreasoning flutter of panic in his stomach. It was a long Sunday for quarreling. He didn't like that part of brotherhood; it was too much like his own meddling relatives. The bland false faces that appeared abruptly at the several doors to the kitchen were ready. It had all been arranged, and Allen's solemnity was another sham, part of the play.

His trial, conducted along lines of strict democracy in the fine old mansion, was scheduled for that very afternoon. He had the right to choose a defense attorney. Only Allen, as President, could not serve — he regretted, he had to be judge — but anyone else Dan wanted. In a democratic way, the Chapter as a whole would sit at jury.

Dan looked at his brothers. They watched without speaking. "I'll defend myself," Dan said.

"That's your privilege, of course." Allen shrugged. "Prerogative. But our procedure is merely to protect you from yourself, Dan, you should know that. We're all your brothers."

"I'm not afraid."

"We're a democratic club. Maybe you want to be alone now to think things through?" The gap in his teeth abruptly disappeared and reappeared. The plump body leaned solicitously toward Dan. "You prolly have lots to think over, fellas."

"Yes."

"Any questions?"

"May I know what I'm accused of?"

Allen smiled and touched his arm, sorrowing at the duty to report such grave charges: "Natch, this is a democracy. Billy Kay, our pre-law senior, has put the complaint in correct form, but I speak as man to man." He paused before pronouncing the accusation, very careful, giving every syllable its value: "Arrogance. Lack of Brotherhood. Insufficient Belongingness. Lone Wolfers. Any further questions?"

There were none.

The Chapter sat whispering away the morning, giving Dan his right to quiet alone in his room while he thought through the charge. To plead guilty would indicate an almost perfect humility and might earn special forgiveness from the brothers. "It's the right kind of pride," Billy Kay told him, "the kind the fellows would appreciate." Curled in a tight arch as he lay fully clothed on the unmade bed, Dan admitted his guilt to himself, felt it and felt punished, but did not know if he could admit it in the mock seriousness of a mock trial. He tried thinking of Lucille to make himself strong. He needed strength to take her; he could not draw on her while she too was mysteriously not yet his. Still and pale, he imagined kissing her hair, her distant eyes, the full mouth which once swelled under his teeth — but he was not yet sure of her. Perhaps he really did suffer under the wrong kind of pride.

* * *

The first unfavorable impression made by Dan's neglecting to shave, shower, and dress in his best charcoal grays was dissipated by his pale, modest, bowed posture as he heard the charge and the testimony.

ITEM: Alleged sarcastic attitude for card-playing. (*I don't care, it's a matter of taste, I don't have the money.*)

ITEM: Quitting after winning one game of ping pong, without giving Billy Kay a return match. (*I had to study, and besides, he could never beat me with that weak backhand of his.*)

ITEM: Persistent silence, hasty eating, and running to his room after meals. (*Yes, I like my room. How can I explain that I feel less lonely with you all in the house, but still need privacy?*)

ITEM: On the day of the Greenville game, when the House chartered a bus so that all could go together . . . (*Guilty, I wanted to spend that last Indian summer Saturday with Lucille.*)

Item, item, item.

Guilty, guilty, guilty. Dan assented to the judgement. But he liked them anyway, he did; he wanted them to like him. With a long dwelling together, couldn't the group come to understand?

And now came his most serious symptom: Lucille. Weren't the college girls good enough? Didn't he know the traditions of the Chapter — that the sorority across the hill counted on each of them? This year there were several ex-

tra girls; he had no excuse. Couldn't he understand that using a townie was an insult to the honor of the club?

I'm not using her, Dan thought, gritting his teeth as he listened.

"Defense?" Allen inquired.

"What?"

"Defend yourself, boy."

"Nothing to say."

"Were you listening?"

"Yes."

The voice rose fiercely: "And you still don't have anything to say, boy? Listen here now — you admit everything?" Then there was no need for the jury to vote. He denied nothing. Just sentence him.

Allen considered. The born leader, he knew how to impose his silences upon a group. Dan looked at the walls of the rec and study room, finding comfort in their familiar closeness even at this moment, remembering his year of helpless loneliness before the Chapter took him in. He could be grateful for the punishment which would cleanse him of guilt and put him in good standing.

They would not expel him. He had paid for his room and meals, and it was inconvenient to refund the money — this the practical reason. It would also be a scandal. They needed his record as an honor student. The duties of leadership and the weight of decision lay heavily on Allen's shoulders. Responsibility — what would a senator do? How would the director of a great corporation behave? Where lay Justice and Security?

Allen started suddenly as if waking from a dream, as if thinking: *Mercy! Repentance, Forgiveness, Honest Reform* — these words now flowed freely from his lips. He made a brief but statesmanlike appeal. The applause was spontaneous. Billy Kay led it. Allen modestly raised his hands for silence.

"Is it great to you, Dan?" he asked mildly. If Dan would submit to a little further initiation, this would put him back in good standing, cement his place in brotherhood, give proof of sincerity.

Having passed successfully through the initiation only a few months ago, Dan found this most generous — and yet he began to shiver. He could not understand his delayed anger and fright after such unexpected clemency. He managed to reply yes, and to nod yes, and to stand to say, "Yes, thank you, brothers."

The ceremony was for that very evening. Close the business, declare peace and harmony for the new week . . .

Allen patted him reassuringly on the back and invited him up for a drink from his personal bottle. "Buck up, boy," he said, "it's not so bad. I don't even know what it'll be myself. You know how busy I been with you? I haven't made my d'cision."

* * *

They kept Dan in his room. Allen, very busy, bustling, arranging, and managing, popped his head through the doorway to say, "You OK? Don't you worry about a thing." It was a pleasure not to jitter through another dull Sunday evening. Even in his liquored detachment, Dan sensed something like

(continued on page 36)

FOR EXPORT ONLY



*stateside cinema is spicy, too,
but not for home consumption*

LAST MONTH, you'll recall, we did a splash on the French film, *Folies-Bergère*, calling attention to the various versions of certain scenes, *i.e.*, Rare, Medium and Overdone. The United States, of course, was scheduled to get the Overdone version, while other countries enjoyed the refreshing sight of torsos unadorned, or adorned only by a few rhinestones in the wrong places. This sagacious strategy we attributed (if we may quote ourselves) to "Gallic practicality" — but now it appears that practicality is not an exclusively Gallic commodity.

We're talking about a U. S. film called *The Ambassador's Daughter*. It has a lot of high-type Americans in the cast — Olivia de Havilland, John Forsythe, the late Edward Arnold — and the plot concerns itself with a senatorial investigation of American G.I.s' conduct in Paris. It's a fairly routine Hollywood product, except for one charming little scene photographed at the famed Parisian nightery, the Lido. Olivia and Forsythe are seated at a table therein, playing footsie and watching the floor-show. The show consists of a rather undistinguished hunk of terpachore performed by ladies with fans. This doesn't impress Forsythe much until



John Forsythe and Olivia de Havilland prepare for scene.

Below, scene from *The Ambassador's Daughter* as it is being shown to U. S. audiences; at right, the European version.



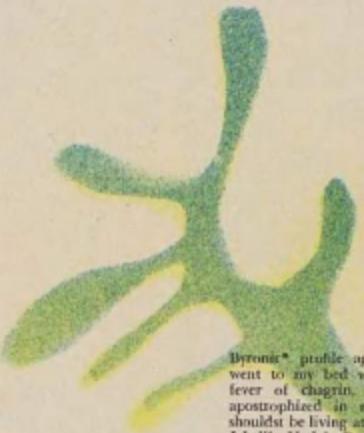
the fans are lowered. Then he — and the audience — gets a long, close gander at what makes American G.I.s in Paris conduct themselves like American G.I.s in Paris. Forsythe blushes a bit, Olivia twits him, and the scene is over.

We say the audience gets a gander, but we'll have to amend that a little. The French audiences who see this American movie will enjoy the added spice, all right, but the only condiment American filmgoers will get is the salt on the popcorn. This scene — like the semi-nude sequences in *Folies-Bergère* — has been shot twice. In the version the U.S. will see, the idea of the bare-breasted dancers will be gotten across by mirror shots showing silky backs. They're

nice backs, if you like backs, but they can't pinch-hit for the fine stuff up front.

Thus, the producers of *The Ambassador's Daughter* have pulled a switch on the usual situation of foreign-producer-cleaning-up film-for-American-market. But no matter who the chef is, there's no switch on who is served the Overdone rabbit on the menu: that hapless personage is, as usual, the strong-stomached Mr. U. S. Moviegoer. The difference between the two versions is slight, but *Vive*, as a Frenchman said on another occasion, *la différence!*





PUT THEM ALL TOGETHER

HAVE YOU A BETTER ANIMAL?" inquired a Columbia producer of a screenwriter via interoffice memo earlier this year. "They gave up gorillas at Universal and created the creature from beneath the sea, and it gave horror pictures new life."

The screenwriter, a good friend of the present chronicler, passed on the memo for my delectation, little realizing the shattering effect it was to have upon me. For, being a rabid monster enthusiast from way back (being, in fact, a rabid monster from way back), I was at once seized by nostalgia for the simple horror films of yore; the days of the common, or garden, monster that could be whipped up in one's home laboratory or discovered, after a little shopping around, in a friendly neighborhood graveyard. Being of delicate temperament, and rather highly strung, I grew a bit pale at this new evidence of the encroaching technocracy, a bit dizzy at this latest example of the growing complexity of modern living. Gasping desperately for breath, I reeled once, then struck a tragic posture and silhouetted my

Byronic* profile against the moon. I went to my bed with a raging 102.5° fever of chagrin. "Frankenstein!" I apostrophized in my delirium, "thou shouldst be living at this hour. Dracula! Jekyll! Hyde! Doss thou lie so low? And Boris Karloff, Bela Lupoff, George Zucco, Lionel Atwill, Lon Chaney, Lon Chaney Junior! Whence? Whither? Where are the ghouls of yesteryear?" A sea of titles swam before my eyes: *Them*, *It (Came from Outer Space)*, *It (Came from Beneath the Sea)*, *The Thing (from Another World)*, *The Day (the Earth Stood Still)*, *The Day (the World Ended)*, *The Beast (from 20,000 Fathoms)*, *The Phantom (from 10,000 Leagues)*, *The Creature (from the Black Lagoon)*, *The Creature (from the Gray Flannel Lagoon)* . . . I was, you see, far gone. Finally, moaning incoherently, I sank into sleep — a sleep fitful and beset by dreams.

I was in a theatre (in my pajamas, of course, bottom half only, let the Freudians make of that what they will), and a box of popcorn was in my hand. Among the other spectators, I recognized several friends of mine, an old flame, my dentist, my old flame's dentist, Marilyn Monroe and John Quincy Adams, all in their

*George Gordon, Lord Byron, the beloved poet, was born in 1788 and died in 1824. The Byron referred to above is Sam Byron, who runs a filling station in Deposit, New York.

pajamas, with the single exception of Miss Monroe; she was in the top half of mine. I doubt the significance of these details and pass them on only in the interests of documentation and good fellowship. A newsreel was in progress (I seem to remember something about Johnny Weissmuller being inaugurated President of the United States), but it was soon over and the main attraction smote the screen with an annihilating blast of neo-Stravinsky. The title was:

THE

And the subtitle:

My pulse quickened and my fingers clawed at the popcorn . . .

"I can't understand it."

The words were spoken by a young fellow with white shoe-polish in his hair and a fascinating network of greasepaint lines on his face. These told me he was Elderly and lent weight to his next utterance: "Never in my entire medical career have I encountered anything remotely like it."

The camera pulled away to reveal the body of a sumptuously-shaped starlet, horizontal on a white slab. I was keenly disappointed to see her dead, for she had been unusually active in the newspaper

another heavy-handed satire BY RAY RUSSELL

THEY SPELL MONSTER

ads—veritably entranced in horror around the H of THE, baring her thighs and eyeballs with equal vigor, and displaying a healthy supply of pearly molars. However, I was too excited to cavil.

A gentleman with prognathous jaws and a belligerent manner asked, "What's the cause of death, Doc?"

The Doctor scratched his head, got a fingernailful of white shoe-polish, and replied softly, "Severe nausea, Lieutenant."

"Brought on by what?"

The Doctor's silence and tight-lipped headshake were eloquent. Eloquent or not, though, he had a line and, by Gadfrey, he was going to say it: "I . . . don't . . . know," he said. And added, "That's more in your department, isn't it—the police—rather than mine?"

It was the Lieutenant's big scene. He played it to the hilt, stalking back and forth, shoving his hands in and out of

his pockets, and casting hostile glances alternately at the Doctor and at the camera. "If we only had something to go on!" he ranted. "Anything," he whined. "Anything at all," he whined. "But there isn't a *thing*!" A cogent line like this deserved expansion, and the Lieutenant was not a man to stint: "Not one single blessed *thing*!" Then, with a deprecating wave of his hand, he muttered, "Just these big fat globs of strange, unearthly-type goo all over the body, that's all."

"Mimininnye-e-t-ess," said the Doctor (actress for "Yes"), "but in those strange globs may lie the answer."

"Whaddaya talkin'?" sneered the Lieutenant, growing more belligerent by the second.

"I suggest we get in touch with Bradstone."

"Who's that? I don't want no Federal men musclin' in on my precinct."

"Dr. Bradstone," explained the medito with withering condescension, "is the world's foremost authority on viscosimetry."

"Viscosimetry, Lieutenant, is the science of measuring viscosity."

The Doctor pointed to the body and the camera focussed sharply on the strange, unearthly-type globs. "Goo," he said, solemnly.

And here, the Stravinsky got more into than ever.

I chewed my popcorn furiously and

stole a glance at Marilyn Monroe. She winked with abandon. "Gee," I said, solemnly, and winked back. Arthur Miller had materialized in the seat next to her, but I snapped my fingers at him and laughed recklessly.

On the screen, one scene was melting into another with head-swirling speed. Starlets of diverse dimensions were to be seen going about such workaday pursuits as cooking, gardening, screwing rhinestones into their navels, etc., with such a remarkable degree of studied unconcern that I knew their dooms were sealed. And—sure enough—in each

(continued on page 86)

HOSPITALITY fiction

BY LESLEY CONGER



the goose and gander gambit, eskimo style

THE GREATEST MISTAKE Copley made was to tell his Eskimo story in front of Evan Barrington.

Of course, he had always told it everywhere without discrimination (and always with a sharp eye on his discomfited wife), and it must have seemed even more fitting than ever to tell it at this dinner party at Copley's London house. For Barrington, the guest of honor, was leaving the next morning for some remote point inside the Arctic Circle.

Copley was a hoer. He was one of those hoers who often turned up married to perfectly fine and decent women—more often than not. Lucy was a small, faintly-turned creature, the kind that seems plain and undistinguished until you perceive that inner light glowing behind the dense windows of the eyes: then you realize that women like Lucy Copley are really quite beautiful. It is impossible to understand why such women marry men like John Copley.

He spent a great part of his time smirking her.

He knew, I think, that he deserved nothing one-half so good as Lucy; and this knowledge was so unpleasant a hair shirt for his ego that he had to—he was forced to—prove that he could treat her as he pleased and she would still be his. This he did by talking incessantly of other women, women he had known, women he still knew, women he would undoubtedly know in the future. Copley was, furthermore, a fair raconteur. His repertoire of anecdotes, to give the devil his due, had elements of wry humor and showed a knack for the surprising twist which would have redeemed them had it not been for the cruel use to which they were put.

Why Lucy cared, after so much of it, I do not know; but he was his husband and she still did care, though she had learned to control herself so that you could see only a faint blanching, a quickly-inhibited biting of the lip, and the lifting into relief of the little tendons on the backs of her hands.

Barrington, their guest, was one of those rich men who are bored by money but also bored by the usual ways of spending it. He had strayed into Arctic researches, an admirable way of getting rid of money. Out of this had come a few excellent monographs and a deserved recognition.

When Copley began his story, I watched Barrington as much as I watched Lucy Copley. Perhaps I hoped Barrington would catch Copley up in some misstatement, but I knew the man better

than he. Copley might embroider, but he would never lie. He had been up in Eskimo country; he had stayed with Eskimo families and lived off what the land, the sea, and the trader could supply. The truth of his story came out in its wealth of detail—smells and tastes and the feel of a raw wind, and even a word or two of an Eskimo dialect; and it was further substantiated this time by the nodding credence of the Arctic expert Barrington. But Barrington's credence was, I felt, marred by a faint distaste—he had the look of a man who in polite dinner company has bitten into something he does not like, but must carefully chew it and get it down.

There was nothing unusual in Copley's Eskimo story. A number of white men have told substantially the same tale of the ultimate in exotic hospitality, and one or two, like Copley, were doubtless telling the truth. Copley, moreover, all but located his Eskimos on a map; he named names and identified the band he had visited so clearly that Barrington marveled his recognition. Unhurriedly, Copley led his audience up to the gently and genuinely amusing climax of the story, when his young Eskimo host had unmistakably offered him the use of his wife for the duration of his visit; he described his own embarrassment, made more acute by the fact that he had mistaken a rather ugly female visitor for the wife in question; he lingered over his desperate delaying tactics; and he detailed his exquisite relief when the wife presented herself with a gleaming smile in a round and pretty face. Copley grinned at us at this point, a boyish grin that was a pleasant little shock in his rather beefy countenance, or would have been if I had not seen a flicking glance he threw at Lucy, like the stinging tip of a whip. "They aren't all the shape of those parkas," he said. And then, facting the usual unspoken question, he went on with one of the vulgar touches that always betrayed him. "Well, when in Nome—" he said, leaving it unfinished. "Of course, that was a few years ago, before I married Lucy," he added. But instead of implying that therefore it shouldn't matter, he managed to make it imply, somehow or other, the contrary.

Lucy sat very still, smiling, with her head held high on her firm little neck. I saw Barrington watching her, with, for a moment, quite a naked look on his face. Then he laughed in almost a spontaneous fashion; but, every once in a while as the evening progressed, a

thoughtful expression would settle over him like an obscuring cloud, and he would be watching her again.

When Barrington got back from his Arctic trip he rang me up. After the usual exchange of questions he asked me, somewhat curiously, how the Copleys were.

"Fine," I said. "Just the same. He still tells that odious Eskimo wife-lending story of his and she still tells it smiling. I think I've heard it a half-dozen times since you left." Barrington grunted into the phone. I was about to suggest dining together when I remembered—"Matter of fact, I'm going to dinner at the Copleys' tonight," I said ruefully, "so I suppose I'll be hearing it again."

"Oh, dinner tonight," Barrington said, and he laughed in a peculiar way. "Well, I'll see you around."

Dinner went as usual, and Lucy was her usual quiet, quietly agonized self. Copley hadn't even gotten around to his Eskimo story (there was a new couple there to tell it to) when the doorbell rang. The thought crossed my mind that it might be Barrington, and I wondered that he could be so gauche as to interrupt the dinner when I had specifically mentioned it to him.

But when Copley, in his bluff, man-of-action manner, sprang to answer the door, cursing the slowness of the maid, we all heard his voice boozing hospitably in the hallway.

"Upik! Great heavens, man, I'd hardly have recognized you! Come in, come in!"

Beaming, he drew his visitor into the arching doorway of the dining-room, a young, smooth-faced, brown-skinned fellow who wore with considerable flair a suit of grey flannel and what I recognized as one of Evan Barrington's neckties.

"I'm sorry I break in, Johnny," he said. "I thought maybe—you put me up?" His soft, slurry English was quite charming. Behind him I could see a suitcase standing in the middle of the hall.

Copley, nodding vigorous assent, was still smiling ear-to-ear when Lucy stood up and crossed to them, extending her hand. Her glance flicked across her husband's face like the tip of a whip, then settled lingeringly on the tip of a whip, as she said, "I've heard so much about you; I'm Mrs. Copley, John's wife." She smiled. "You must—you simply must make yourself at home!"



"Everything is getting so commercialized these days!"





KING'S CORD

attire

a royal fabric, corduroy, comes back big on campus

TO BE CALLED "shoe" on a college campus is a rare compliment indeed. Translated from the Ivy-ese, the expression means that the fellow on whom it is hung is damned well dressed. He is not over dressed, he is not gaudily dressed, he is not too conservatively dressed. He is simply — "shoe."

(Sometimes, if the budding academician is impeccably dressed, all stoppers are pulled and the guy is labeled "very shoe." This is as good as being called "very wealthy," but is not nearly so easy to come by.)

True, there are stopover points along the path to shoddom. The man who shuffles around clad entirely in black

(concluded on page 84)

Deserving close study is the young blade in the campus shop being fitted in the cord suit — a richly rugged wide wale (about six ribs to the inch) with a natural, slimline cut to it, three button jacket with leather welt edging around the pockets and rousingly lined in colorful rep silk. Around \$45. Colors include tan, brown, gray and green.

A fine accompaniment to crew neck sweaters or tweed sport jackets are the corduroy slacks: comfortable, casual and very correct, with or without leather trim around the pockets and a leather back-buckle strap. No pleats in front. Slacks, around \$15. Colors include tan, black, gray, beige, white or faded blue.

The small-shape cord cap with the leather-trimmed peak and back buckle strap comes in a passel of colors and even some interesting stripes, around \$4. One of the best investments we know is the corduroy vest, which turns in a neat job of adding both verve and versatility to the campus wardrobe. Around \$10.

gratitude to him for the sin which they could all celebrate together.

There was a conference downstairs, but judging by the way his good friend Allen kept running in and running out, showing his blank tooth and sealing his orders, Dan understood that the decisions were executive ones. Allen would take the responsibility. Well, that was all right. Allen was his friend, his good brother, President of the Chapter.

"Put on your pajamas," — and Allen ducked out. Dan got undressed while Billy Kay watched him. Billy, plump and friendly, and a bottle, friendly and plump, had been delegated to keep Dan company. Allen didn't want him to worry. Billy watched curiously while he undressed and dressed in the dullest, brownest pajamas he owned.

"Wait just ten more minutes, fellas," — and Allen disappeared. Dan could wait. He folded the top inside and pulled the drawstring. Billy filled his glass, but this time he shook his head. He could take anything. He was ready.

"Is the brother all set?"

"Yes, Allen."

"OK, just a sec." He looked steadily to Billy. "It's now tenn-ten. S'chronize your watch. Bring him down to the rec hall at exactly ten o'clock," — and the door slammed to. Allen was a paupering person tonight. An automobile pulled into the driveway and there was hubbub downstairs. Dan found it odd that, this last time, Allen had not spoken to him. *Bring him down.* It was as if he were an object or an animal.

"Let's go."

Barefooted, tipsy, cool and sure within, Dan moved under Billy's command. He followed obediently down the carpeted stairways — the tufted wool pleasant on his bare toes — across the linoleum of the kitchen — slippery and cold it was — and into the basement from the back way. As instructed, Billy led him into the laundry room.

A large unshaded bulb filled the place with light — sink, soap, pails, brick, a heap of old tennis shoes in the corner. Lounging and easy with himself, his healthy chops pink with smiling, Allen waited to greet him. He put out his hand, then said to Billy, "OK, you go in now. Go on. I'll explain it to the brother." Billy started through the door. Allen put a hand on his arm, saying, "Thank you, Billy," making it personal, making it something done for Allen.

Alone with Dan, Allen went on nodding and smiling. It was his way of showing that nothing worried him. Others were always filling up empty spaces; Allen Turner did not need to talk. Naked under flimsy pajamas, Dan found it difficult to meet the eyes of this fully-dressed man. He needed a belt. He wanted shoes. Finally Allen spoke: "Don't you worry now, boy."

"I'm not," Dan said.

"It's nothing much. It's just for the form."

"I'm all right. I'm ready."

"Here, boy, put away a bit of my bottle."

Dan took it. He had never drunk so much in one day. It was generous of his pal, Allen.

Allen smiled, then sheathed him, hating him against the automatic washer. "Now listen," he began. Dan barely understood.

He listened to Allen with a beautiful smile. The fellows were all swell. They were a swell bunch of fellows. It would all be over soon. Dan was happy in his new brotherhood. Allen approved of him.

But just for the form, like he said, just to make sure, just not to back out now, they wanted him to pass one more little initiation rite. It was nothing serious. He had nothing to fear if his loyalty was perfect. "Take off the pajamas."

Dan stripped, shivering in the chill censure dampness of the laundry room. He stood naked before Allen, sobering dizzily, pulling his wrists together in front.

"Stand up like a man."

Dan tried to pull his shoulders straight, as in ROTC drill.

"You're among your sworn brothers. Don't look so damn chicken."

Dan fixed his teeth to stop the chattering. He was alone with Allen, but secure among his brothers. Over soon. He was not frightened, but being without clothes in the cold basement, with everyone else dressed, obscurely troubled him. He had dreamt of times like this, and never believed the dreams.

From the rec room, through the door, Dan heard the phonograph playing. They all were waiting for him. The record was some cornball Hawaiian tune, aloha-oh, with many guitars and a sickly joggling rhythm. Allen explained, talking rapidly while, around Dan's middle, he tied an Indian headdress, part of the Chapter's stock of souvenirs.

The feathers behind and the front bare-backed. The feathers tickled the back of his legs. They hung and scratched at his flanks as he moved. "Now you go out there and do a hoo-hoo dance for the boys," Allen said.

"Wh-what?"

Allen nodded encouragingly. "Like this?" But these feathers — I'm naked — I'm worse than . . . The stiff working of his mouth meant protest; his voice — joining the group — already — did no work for him and he could not speak out.

"It's nothing at all, boy, you heard me, and then it'll be all over. A nice little hoo-hoo-kooch-koochie, that's all. Now you just wait here a sec."

"No!"

"Listen here, c'trol yourself, boy. I'll go up front and call you when we're ready. OK?"

Dan nodded his head yes.

Alone again, he wished that Allen had remained until it was time. He needed to talk. He tried moving the way he had to, and the prickly feathers tickled him.

He knew that he could not hide himself with his hands or the fellows would hoot and complain. He had to throw himself into the joke. All right, he would show them. He knew them! He knew himself! He punished himself for his own failures, first of all for his awful loneliness last year, by offering this tribute to belonging before he took his stand on the outside. For stubbornness, for punishing pride, for perverse justification of all his differences, he would conform now in order to stand afterward more firmly apart.

"Brother Dan! Hey, Brother Dan!" It was Billy Kay's voice.

Dan emerged, blinking, into the rec hall. The ping pong table had been dismantled. They burst into applause and cheers; he turned to let them see the feathers and huffed them up behind and they shouted and clapped their hands. Someone turned up the music. He was suddenly very drunk and victorious.

"Dance! Dance now!"

He began slowly undulating, keeping his back to them, arching it, giving them what they wanted, calm both in contempt for the watchers and victory over his own feelings. He held to this sense, dancing furiously, even burping and grinding to their cheers, flipping the stiff feathers and letting them fly. Aloha-oh, aloha-oh, sliding and moving. Now, still dancing, he turned.

Many of the faces were not watching him. Odd. He danced, but they were craned around, staring at the door. Allen had come in through the front door of the long room. He was standing with someone. She had a round, astonished, terrified face, and her eyes were fixed on him with an expression so strange, so fixed, and finally so cold even in her recognition that for a moment he did not recognize Lucille.

Allen had promised her a surprise party, and maybe said it was his birthday — a *surprise party for g'old Dan?* Understanding at once, in the single act of his rush through the audience while the music screeched and whined, Dan left completely clothed, not at all naked, winged and feathered by rage as he flew toward Lucille. He did not touch her, however. He fell on Allen, flailing, punching, kicking, working deliberately toward Allen's bad teeth, and it took Billy Kay and two others to pull him off.

Looking at Allen's aggrieved face, white and stiff in the unexpected, not having counted on this, the mouth already puffing and swelling, Dan Shaper felt that he had come a long way toward his education. You have to make your own terms, he decided, even for fellowship. Lucille had slipped out alone. The girl could not now be Lucille; having committed herself to his disgrace, even by mistake, she should have stayed with him until the end; but after this evening, with the next girl, Dan and everything else would be different.

And Allen's lip would stay broken for awhile.





"Aha! The moment of truth!"

a tipsy treatise on the sudden rise of vodka

By Thomas Mario *playboy's food & drink editor*

VODKA, according to the ads, will leave you breathless. This pitch makes a particular appeal to those executives who sometimes return to the office right after an important business lunch with a breath strong enough to carry freight. The advertising claim is indeed correct. Vodka *will* leave you breathless.

It will also, if you drink enough of it, leave you speechless and motionless.

Vodka is a drink for people who hate liquor. Hence, its recent zoom to popularity in this country. Americans love to get high, but an appalling percentage of them don't give a damn for the taste of booze. In fact, many Americans actively dislike it.

Vodka is simply pure grain neutral spirits distilled in the same manner as gin. While gin, however, is redistilled with juniper berries to give it its characteristic flavor, vodka is processed through charcoal to remove as much flavor as possible. The secret of good vodka seems to be not in the original distillation but in the charcoal process which occurs afterward. The kind of wood from which the charcoal was made, such as hickory, oak or cherry, determines the tone and clarity of the final product. Some distillers filter their vodka through as many as nine different columns of charcoal.

Fortunately, while America's vodka appetite has vaulted higher and higher, the sales of gin haven't dropped at all. As a matter of fact the gin output jumped in 1955 about two million gallons over 1954. Apparently there are still a sufficient number of drinkers who want their Martinis to taste of honest juniper juice and who know that a Tom Collins was originally a drink made with English Old Tom gin and no other substitute.

PLAYBOY, frankly, loves the man-sized flavor of strong waters (as any true bo-

rient should) but as an up-to-the-minute handbook for the urban male, we have a duty to perform; namely, to pass along a few tips on how to make vodka — that tasteless tipple — tasty.

Actually, like any other food or drink that passes over the back of the tongue, vodka isn't completely tasteless. If, for testing purposes, you were to sip in succession three or four prominent brands of American vodka at room temperature, you would detect certain definite minor differences in flavor. The true vodka virtuoso, needless to say, doesn't permit even this fraction of a sensation to affect his taste buds.

In Finnish restaurants, for instance, one drinks vodka straight, as an aperitif. When the Finnish bartender reaches for the vodka, he brings out a bottle robed in a thick blanket of ice. The ice was formed by placing the bottle of vodka in a can of water, freezing the water and then removing the can. The Finn pours the biting cold vodka into glasses which have been preiced. The extreme cold helps to nip any residual flavor which might have remained in the liquor. The drink is taken bottoms up. While the Finn is swallowing the vodka with one hand, his other hand is reaching for a plate of plump herring fillets, bright with oil. Then, if by accident a slight wisp of alcoholic flavor lingers in his mouth, it's at once obliterated by the intense flavor of the herring. The correct Finn repeats the step two more times. After the second draft of vodka, he may eat some thinly sliced smoked salmon. After the third, he may munch a slice of hot sausage on rye bread. Then slowly the quiet Finn begins to feel the presence of the Northern Lights rising in the sky and his taciturn nature turns into a wonderful slow ecstasy.

There are now about 100 different brands of vodka on sale in American

liquor stores. When you buy a bottle of vodka, the salesman will ask you if you want 80 proof or 100 proof. These are the main categories, but there are a number of variations from these low and high powered models. Nikoff brand vodka is bottled at 90 proof on the theory that a good average strength vodka will provide an all purpose liquor suitable for straight or mixed versions. Imported Borzoi Wolfhound vodka manufactured in England is put up at 91.5 proof. Kord, also imported, is 100 proof. The most potent domestic vodka is Cavalier brand, a hefty 103 proof specimen.

For those who like vodka but still want some semblance of flavor, there are lemon flavored and peppermint flavored vodkas although they are small stars in the constellation. Perhaps the most distinctive of all flavored vodkas is the imported Zubrowka from Czechoslovakia. Its flavor is developed by steeping vodka in Buffalo grass which is grown only in Poland. In each bottle of Zubrowka there is a blade of Buffalo grass.

Even a colored vodka has now entered the tourney. Golden Yar vodka originally made in Holland but now distilled in this country is bottled at 86 proof.

Between the imported and domestic varieties of vodka there are no earth-shaking differences. A special citation, however, should be given to the Finland House vodka bottled and shipped by the Republic of Finland. It's dry and silky smooth, with a stunning 101.8 proof. For cold straight pre-dinner drinking, it provides the most happy kind of exhilaration.

Vodka drinks fall into several main categories. First of all, there are the drinks in which vodka takes the place of gin, whiskey or other liquor. For those drinkers who may dislike the flavor

(concluded on page 80)

THE POTENT PARVENU





Playmate Pilgrim meets members of the Dartmouth faculty at a tea held in her honor. The entire campus was smitten by the lovely pin-up come to life and Janet had an unforgettable weekend.

JANET'S DATE AT DARTMOUTH

*an ivy weekend with
playboy's office playmate*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MIKE SHEA



Subscription manager Janet Pilgrim supervises the magazine's subscription circulation while increasing PLAYBOY readers' circulation by posing playfully as the provocative Playmate of the Month.



Student Leonard Clark won a date with Janet by entering a cartoon of himself picking petals from a daisy in the "I want Janet Pilgrim for my Playmate" contest sponsored by the school paper. At right, he proudly escorts Miss Pilgrim to dinner in Thayer Hall, well aware of the envious eyes of several hundred Dartmouth men.

WHAT HAPPENS to an attractive young office girl when she suddenly becomes a favorite pin-up of several hundred thousand men across the country?

Janet Pilgrim, our subscription manager, found out soon after her Playmate appearances in the July and December issues of PLAYBOY last year. There were a number of professional modeling offers, two TV proposals and a chance at a Broadway show, but these were easy to turn down because Janet likes her job at PLAYBOY. More difficult to decline were the dozens of invitations from college men across the country to various dances, hops, balls, carnivals, beer-busts and other assorted formal and informal student functions. Janet couldn't accept

them all, so one school was selected to represent the many.

Dartmouth College, in Hanover, New Hampshire, is one of the oldest colleges in the country, steeped in tradition, with a history dating back to pre-revolutionary days. It is the winter sports center of the Ivy League, famous for its annual Winter Carnival that served as background for Budd Schulberg's novel, *The Disenchanted*. When this stately institution requested permission to build a campus show around a PLAYBOY theme, we were flattered and, in granting the request, waggishly inquired if Janet Pilgrim might not be valuable as a supervisor of the proceedings. The Dartmouth men called our bluff and re-

Janet autographs Playmate pictures of herself at one of the dorms and greets students over college radio station WGDS.





Janet lectures to a packed house in what is supposed to be English 96. She explained what it is like to supervise the subscription department of the nation's most popular urban men's magazine and almost every word met with cheers.



Janet is the center of a press conference in the offices of *The Dartmouth*, the oldest college newspaper in America; she had to stand on a chair so that she could be seen during the interview; student beside her holds the paper's pet alligator

sponded with a ringing *Tex!*

With a movie star or Broadway celebrity, this eagerness might have been expected, but when such campus commotion was caused by the anticipated arrival of a Chicago office girl, this was news — and *Life* decided they'd better cover the event, assigning a photographer and correspondent to stay with the young lady throughout the trip.

It had been decided in Hanover that Janet should have a student escort, so the college paper, *The Dartmouth*, ran an "I Would Like Janet Pilgrim For My Playmate Because" contest. Leonard J. Clark, president of the local chapter of Beta Theta Pi, won the honor — not by completing the sentence in 25 whistles or less, but by painting a Cole-like picture of himself plucking the petals from a daisy. The simple caption: "Pilgrim . . . because."

Janet arrived early Friday and was escorted first to a press conference in the offices of the school paper, where a corps of some 50 "correspondents" had gathered. They asked about her job. *Yes, she really was subscription manager of the magazine.* Had she ever done any professional modeling before becoming a Playmate? *No, she'd never been interested.* Did *PLAYBOY* raise her salary when she started becoming famous? *She received a raise, but only because her subscription job had grown: she had a single girl working for her when she posed for her first Playmate picture and now there were 18 women in her department.* Janet discovered that *The Dartmouth* had been

During lunch at the freshman dining hall, a *PLAYBOY* reader presents Miss Pilgrim with the top half of a pair of his pajamas; a picture story in the magazine had mentioned that Janet buys men's PJs and wears the tops as shortie nightgowns.



MISS OCTOBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH







MISS OCTOBER

PLAYBOY PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





printing stories and pictures of her on the front page all week, and now they wanted a photograph of her being kissed by her date. She obliged.

Janet was hustled from the press conference to a lecture hall where English 96 was scheduled. The hall was a large one, with a gallery in addition to a sizeable main floor, but for some strange reason it was completely filled. An instructor, Severn DuVall, stepped forward to dismiss the class because the scheduled lecturer was ill, but changed his mind and introduced Janet as a guest lecturer instead. She talked about the operation of her subscription department — a dry topic, one might think, but almost everything she said was greeted with wild cheers: when she confessed she had never quite "made" college, the walls shook with laughter. Instructor DuVall remarked that Professor Robinson was certainly going to be sorry he missed class.

On Friday afternoon a brief rehearsal of the variety show was held and that evening Janet and her escort ate in Thayer Hall, the freshman dining room. Janet was practically mobbed when she entered — students cheered and stood on their chairs for a better view. One presented her with a gift: the top half of his pajamas (a *PLAYBOY* article on Janet had mentioned she likes to wear men's PJs tops to bed). After dinner, she was guest of honor at a meeting of a senior secret society, *The Casque and Gauntlet*, where a strict rule against picture-taking on the premises was, understandably, relaxed. At 11:30 P.M. Janet was interviewed on WGDS, the college radio station, and read the midnight news from the UP wire service.

The next morning, Len Clark took Janet shopping and bought her one of the ankle length green-and-white scarves Dartmouth men traditionally give their dates. Lunch followed, then a session of *Playmate* autographing, more rehearsals, and a faculty tea at which Janet met faculty members, their wives and the Dean.

After a quick cocktail and dinner, she dressed for the variety show, appropriately titled *The Playboy Playbill*. Janet was introduced and thunderous pandemonium reigned. She apologized for not being able to sing or dance and doubted that anyone would care to watch her enter subscriptions on the stage. She said she had brought along some Party jokes submitted by Dartmouth students, however. These were all too off-color for publication, but if the audience wanted her to, she would read some of them aloud. Len Clark then hustled her off stage, but she returned to clown with the show's m.c., Jack Upham (a young man who looks and talks incredibly like



Leonard Clark and Janet Pilgrim pose for student photographers after the press interview in *The Dartmouth* offices; they requested that Len kiss his date, he did, somewhat bashfully; and then Janet removed the lipstick while the boy beamed.

Playmate Pilgrim meets a fraternity mascot and discusses her part in the Saturday night variety show. Some of the students had expected a mannered but indifferent young miss and they found, instead, that Janet was both cooperative and charming.





Len and Janet have a few moments alone in the dressing room during *The Playboy Playbill*, Dartmouth's variety show. Below, left: they watch performance from backstage. Janet was incorporated into several of the skits, appeared with the m.c., two magicians, a mechanical man and an elephant.



Above, against a background of *PLAYBOY* covers, an elephant pulls a Dartmouth pennant from Janet's sweater, Janet produces another, and they both wave them in the show's finale; below, Len and Janet dance at a tri-fraternity party given at the Sigma Chi house after show.

the late Fred Allen), help two magicians with their act and be serenaded while sitting atop a grand piano. For the finale, an elephant pulled a Dartmouth banner from her sweater, she produced another, and they both waved them while the band played a campus favorite, *Dartmouth's in Town Again*.

As the weekend came to a close, the Dean remarked that he had never met anyone "from the outside" who had comported herself more creditably or better represented her organization than our girl Janet. It was a mighty rallestone in Pilgrim's progress: one that Janet — and a lot of guys — will never forget.



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The young man was determined to win his girl that evening.
"I have loved you more than you will ever know," he said.

"So I was right," she exclaimed, slapping him across the face. "You *did* take advantage of me last Saturday night when I was drunk!"



The husband wired home that he had been able to wind up his business trip a day early and would be home on Thursday. When he walked into his apartment, however, he found his wife in bed with another man. Furious, he picked up his bag and stormed out; he met his mother-in-law on the street, told her what had happened and announced that he was filing suit for divorce in the morning.

"Give my daughter a chance to explain before you take any action," the older woman pleaded. Reluctantly, he agreed.

An hour later, his mother-in-law phoned the husband at his club.

"I knew my daughter would have an explanation," she said, a note of triumph in her voice. "She didn't receive your telegram!"

He did not drink, or smoke, or swear. His morals were not bad; Nor did he live a century— He only *felt* he had.



At breakfast one morning Lady Cribblesfram suggested to His Lordship that since their son, Reginald, was fast approaching manhood, someone should be telling him "about the birds and bees."

Lord Cribblesfram did not welcome discussion on matters so delicate, but he recognized a father's duty and so, that evening after dinner, he summoned his son to his study.

"Er . . . ahem . . . Reginald," he began uneasily, "Lady Cribblesfram and I both feel it is time you and I had a man-to-man talk on the subject of . . . uh . . . the birds and bees."

"Yes, pater," said Reginald brightly. "Son, do you remember our trip to Paris last summer?"

"Yes, sir." "And do you remember our visit to the Folies-Bergère?"

"I do, pater." "You will then, perhaps, remember our drinking with the two lovely ladies from the Folies?"

"I do, indeed, pater." "And afterwards, you remember our taking them to our hotel and what we did there?"

"Yes, sir." "Well, son," said Lord Cribblesfram, wiping the perspiration from his brow, "it's very much like that with the birds and bees, too."



"I've good news for you," said the psychiatrist. "You're a well man. It won't be necessary for you to continue the analysis any longer."

"How wonderful, doctor," said the patient. "I'm so very pleased. I wish there were something special I could do for you in return."

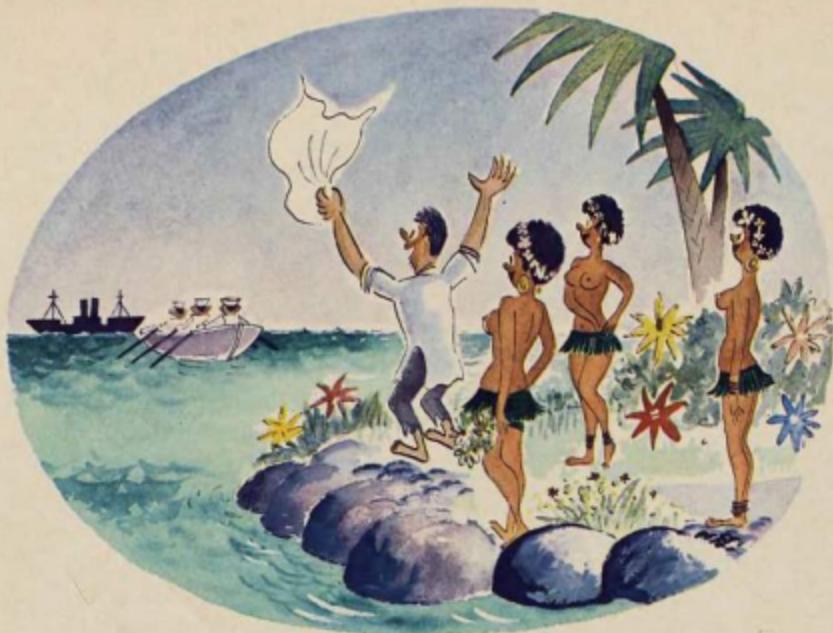
"Oh, that's not necessary. You've paid your bill and that's all that's expected."

"But really, doctor, I'm so elated I could kiss you!"

"No, don't do that. Actually, we shouldn't even be lying here on the couch together."

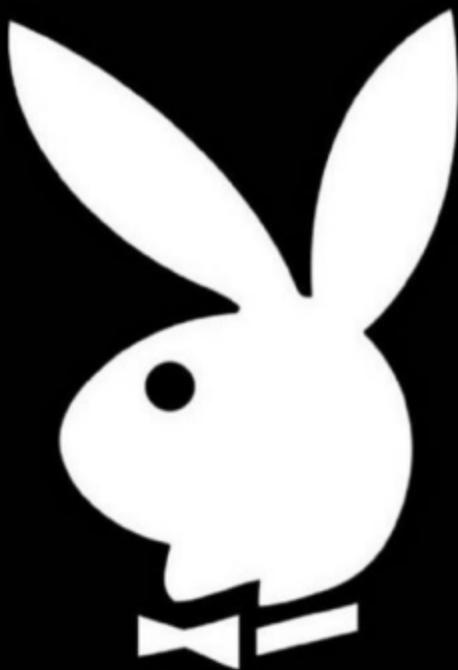
One of the airlines recently introduced a special half-fare rate for wives accompanying their husbands on business trips. Anticipating some valuable testimonials, the publicity department of the airline sent out letters to all the wives of businessmen who used the special rates, asking how they enjoyed their trip. Responses are still pouring in asking, "What trip?"

Read 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.





"Most of my automobile accidents have happened in back seats."



PLAYBOY



THE HARBOR AT RAPALLO

the italian riviera: a 200-mile chunk of technicolor

AFTER A COUPLE OF frothy, frantic weeks in Rome or Florence, what jaded gent wouldn't relish a respite on the Italian Riviera — a 200-mile chunk of Technicolor land-and-seascape sprawled out near the top of the boot?

What's so special? Well, in addition to a string of sculptured coves and inlets, olive groves, sleepy fishing towns and rocky, rugged shoreline, the Italian stretch of the Mediterranean shore boasts a precious house specialty known as *ambiente*, that whoospingly romantic "atmosphere" Italians are always sighing and singing about whenever they're in love, which is a good 78% of the time.

Ambiente comes in abandonized profusion along the Riviera. Which is certainly one reason why the train running commuter husbands from stuffy offices in Genoa, Milan and Turin to wives and mistresses reclining at resorts along this splendid coast is known as the *Cornuti* or *Cuckolds'* Special. Fortunately, the same *Cornuti* also carries flocks of magnificent Italian womanhood anxious to bask along the beach at Paraggi in Bikinis that might weigh all of two ounces soaking wet. But we're getting ahead of ourselves.

We usually head for the Italian Riviera from Paris because we like to

eat in Provence on the way south, then blow off steam at Nice and Cannes on the French side of things. But we keep going afterwards, along the *Corniche* road cut into sandstone cliffs just a few yards above the heaving, cobalt Mediterranean. And we don't stop again until we see the sage green uniforms of the customs men at the Italian frontier.

From then on we amble, stopping wherever fancy seizes us. And fancy, bless her heart, grips pretty often and damned hard, starting right at Ventimiglia, the border town. The place is wallowing in the fragrance of the local

(continued on page 82)

THE HOODWINKED HUSBAND

Ribald Classic

a newly translated story from the

Novellino of Masuccio Salernitano



"We shall both enjoy her," said Antonio

CAPTAIN ANTONIO MODO, a Venetian seafaring gentleman of great vigor and good looks, was walking with a friend along a canal when he saw a woman so beautiful, so sensuous, so altogether desirable, that he turned to his companion and said: "I must have her!"

"For shame, Antonio," replied his friend. "That wench is the wife of one of your own sailors, Marco de Cursola."

"Indeed? . . . No matter. I must have her. I will have her."

"Marco is jealous . . ."

"And stupid."

"He adores her . . ."

"So do I."

"He keeps her under lock and key . . ."

"Love laughs, they say, at locksmiths."

"Antonio —"

"Yes?"

"I say you will not have her."

"I say I will." Antonio smiled at the woman.

"Will you wager?"

"I will."

"You are that certain?"

"I am."

"What will you wager?"

"The price of a fine dinner, Saturday next, for you and I and all our friends — at the best inn on the canal."

"No more?"

"No more, I'm not," Antonio smiled, "that certain!"

There was an old woman Antonio knew, a go-between he had often used to carry messages of passion to lovely ladies. She was cunning, efficient, and entirely discreet — providing she was paid enough. Antonio was not wealthy, but what money he had he scraped together. "Go to Marco de Cursola's wife," he told the old crone. "Tell her the handsome captain who smiled at her on the canal today is afame with love, consumed with desire . . . you know the sort of thing." The old woman nodded, sealing toothlessly. "Then tell her he knows a way to take pleasure with her

without any danger from her husband. Ask her to give you her answer: a straight yes or no, without coquetry. Do you understand?" The old woman nodded. "That is all." She did not leave. "Ah, yes," said Antonio, putting a half-empty bag of gold into her hand. "You will get the other half when you return with the answer." The old woman turned to go. "But only," warned Antonio, "if the answer is yes!"

The old one left on her mission; Antonio waited, not without impatience, and when she returned, he questioned her closely about the lady's answer. He was told that the charmer was eager to know him better, but fearful of her jealous husband's wrath. "Tell her," said Antonio, "that she need have no fear. Tell her, in fact, that I will come to her tonight. As for her husband: she may leave him to me. Go now and tell her these things." And he gave her the remainder of the gold.

Humming gaily to himself, Antonio now sought out Marco de Cursola. He found him in his fishing boat, which was tied up along the dock. "Marco!" he called. "How fares it with you?"

"Captain Antonio!" grinned Marco. "Well met!"

"Well met indeed," replied Antonio. "You can do me a service, if you will."

"Gladly, sir."

"I am meeting a lady tonight . . ."

"Ah, sir, you were ever a rogue!"

". . . and I am in need of transportation. However, my funds are low and I cannot afford a gondola. Can you lend me your boat and your strong rowing arm?"

"With pleasure. Where shall we meet?"

"Here. At sundown."

That evening, as Marco rowed him slowly along the canal, Antonio chatted of love matters, sang songs of amorous song, and told bawdy jests. There was a pleasant breeze stirring the air. At length, the wily captain said, "Stop in front of this house." Marco did so, and Antonio climbed out of the boat. "Wait for me here," he told Marco, and he entered a nearby domicile.

Now the cleverest part of Antonio's strategy went into operation. He had already paid the owners of several houses small sums for the privilege of entering through the front door and leaving through the back. In a few minutes, by this device, he was knocking on the door of Marco's own house and being received by the arms of Marco's own wife.

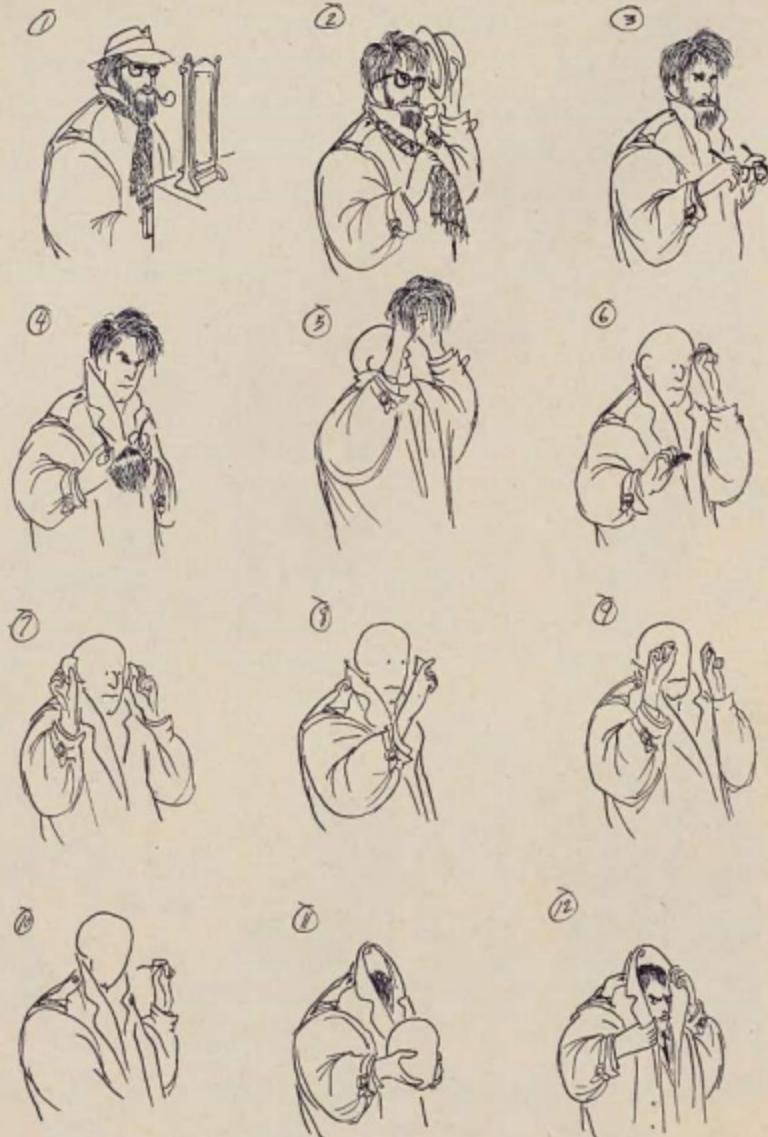
Quickly, but with high satisfaction, they enjoyed together the full and delicious ending of their amorous desires. Then, after making plans for a similar liaison the following evening, they parted, and Antonio returned, by the same devious route, to the spot where

(concluded on page 87)



*"I don't care what the other girls are doing, you be home
from that orgy before dawn."*

THE DISGUISE



Siegler

HEMINGWAY

a title bout in ten rounds

pastiche

BY JED KILEY



"It's Mr. Hemingway's autograph I want," said the bellboy.

ROUND 3: "A FAREWELL TO ARMS"

I FOUND ERNEST in New York. Or rather he found me. I was there on my way to the West Coast. It was my first trip to The States in twelve years and the newspapers gave me quite a write-up. Pictures in the paper and everything. He saw it and came around to the Plaza to see me. I was glad he had seen it.

He looked pretty low, I thought. But that awful Depression and the Prohibition stuff was enough to make anybody low. He had a clean shave though and didn't need a haircut. He even had a tie

on. He never felt right in city clothes. Looked like a fireman out of uniform. Kept shaking his head sadly. I expected him to start congratulating me. But he didn't. Guess the Depression must have caught up with him over here. Too bad. Out of the frying pan into the fire, I thought.

"Hello," I said shoud.

"Hello," he said.

"Get some bad news?" I said.

"Yes," he said.

"About a book or something?" I said.

"No," he said. "About you. Is it true?"

"Is that true?" I said.

"That you are only getting five hundred?" he said.

There he goes again, I thought. Only five hundred he says. You'd think five hundred a week was peanuts to hear him talk. Looked like he was going to break out crying. I poured him a drink of twelve dollar Scotch fast. I knew he wouldn't let any tears dilute that. But he hasn't had any Scotch that good since he's been in New York, I thought.

"It's coming in every week," I said.

"Tear up your contract," he said.

"Why?" I said.

"The place is a graveyard for writers getting small dough," he said.

Still thinking about graveyards, I thought. I knew it wasn't sour grapes. Just a state of mind. You could see he really felt sorry for me.

"Ever been there?" I said.

"No," he said.

"Oh," I said.

"Refused four times that much last week," he said.

"Pretty good purse for a club fighter,"

I said. "Suppose I could get you a good boat out there. What would you really take?"

"Ten thousand," he said.

"A year?" I said.

"A week," he said.

"Oh," I said.

What are you going to do with a guy like that, I thought. Who ever heard of a writer getting ten grand a week? That's a half million a year. Must be kidding me. If I can get him a job in Hollywood I'll do it, I thought.

I said aloud, "How is the Depression hitting you?"

"What Depression?" he said.

"I wouldn't know," I said. "Heard things were pretty tough."

"Haven't noticed it," he said. "My last bout drew a big gate. Best seller. Bought a boat and a house in Key West. Will be shooting at the New York State title in the Garden in my next one."

I rang up for some ice and some set-ups and when the bellboy came in with the ice he turned the knife. Held out a pencil and asked Ernest for an autograph. I reached for the pencil thinking the kid had made a mistake. I was the visiting celebrity. But the bellboy held on to the pencil and handed me the ice instead. "It's Mr. Hemingway's autograph I want," he said. "I can sell it for ten bucks anytime."

That's a hot one, I thought. Must be a gag.

"That your son, Ernest?" I said.

"Could be," he said.

The bellboy said, "I read *A Farewell To Arms* and it's a swell book."

"I've heard it well spoken of," Ernest said.

"So have we," my friends said.

"I must remember to read it," I said.

"You won't," Hemingway said.

I said farewell to New York the next day. A brash hand met me at the station in Hollywood and escorted me in state to the studio. Then they forgot all about me. I couldn't learn the language.

They would ask me how much I was getting and then stop speaking to me. I met an old newspaper pal of mine from Chicago named Charlie MacArthur. He was getting two grand a week, he told me. I didn't believe him until he showed me his contract. When he heard what I was getting he shook hands warmly with me. "Goodbye, pal," he said. "Nice seeing you." And he walked away. That guy Hemingway must be psychic, I thought. When I saw one of the movies they made of my stuff I'll hit out for Paris. Couldn't take it.

I tried to contact Ernest in New York but he was fishing in Key West. After three weeks in Paris I got another offer from Hollywood. The Fox studio wanted me for a Paris picture. They didn't even know I had ever been in Hollywood. I raised the ante a little this time but it still was not enough. Again I looked for Ernest. But he was still fishing.

But back in Hollywood this time I got my chance to pay him back for that big favor he had done me at the Paris fights. I was working at MGM at the time. It was about a year later. I had not heard how he was doing. In Hollywood you never read or talk about anybody but yourself.

But somebody at MGM must have broken the rule. They had seen an item in O. O. McIntyre's column about Hemingway and me. I was right there on the lot so they sent for me. I was escorted with great deference into Louis B. Mayer's office. Did I know Hemingway? Sure I did. Could I get him to come out to Hollywood? Sure I could—for big money. How much would he want? Plenty.

Naturally I knew that ten grand a week was ridiculous and I also knew that Frances Marion was the highest paid writer on the lot at that moment. She was getting \$2750 a week. So I told them they would have to pay him five thousand. No harm in asking, I thought.

They never baited an eye. You'll think it was five cents the way they agreed. I couldn't wait to get out of there to send him a telegram. Here it is:

ERNEST HEMINGWAY

KVF WEST FLORIDA

GOT YOU OFFER FIVE THOUSAND A WEEK STOP MGM STUDIO STOP THREE MONTHS CONTRACT STOP WIRE ACCEPT-
ANCE STOP CONGRATULATIONS

JED

Well, I thought, it will be nice seeing the old boy again. Five grand a week? Some stipend. I knew that he wasn't the kind of guy to stop talking to an old pal just because he was in the big sugar. Nice kind of a guy to have around to put the bite on now and then too. He'd never miss it. Makes a fellow feel good to help out an old pal. I felt swell and could hardly wait for his wire. Maybe we could get a house together in Beverly Hills with a big swimming pool and everything. I was wondering how long it would take him to get there when his wire came:

JED KILEY

MGM STUDIOS

CULVER CITY CALIFORNIA

DON'T BE SILLY STOP

ERNEST

There it was in black and white. I saved the telegram in case some psychiatrist in Key West might want to see it some day. How do you get that way? I thought. Five grand a week is twice as much as the President of the United States gets. And he says don't be silly. Why, F. Scott Fitzgerald was only getting a thousand on the same lot. I told Scott about it. He shook his head sadly.

"Mayhe he's right," Scott said. "I said he just turned down fifty thousand for the movie rights to *A Farewell To Arms*. Said he wants a hundred grand or nothing."

"What?" I said.

"That's right," Scott said. "And to think that I thought I was overpaid when they offered me ten for one of mine."

"He's not a writer," I said. "He's a business man."

"No," Scott said. "He is a great writer. If I didn't think so I wouldn't have tried to kill him that time."

"Kill him?" I said.

"Sure," Scott said. "I was the champ and when I read his stuff I knew he had something. So I dropped a heavy glass sky-light on his head at a drinking party. But you can't kill the guy. He's not human."

"Hurt him much?" I said.

"Not enough," Scott said. "Only twelve stitches."

"Too bad," I said.

I could have dropped a whole roof on him after that telegram. I was counting on a nice ten percent for getting him the job. Felt sorry for poor Scott too. Hollywood turned out to be a graveyard for him all right. He died soon after.

I left Hollywood in 1934. It was too lonely. Then one day in New York I saw a big headline in *Forresty*. "HEMINGWAY GETS 100 C'S FOR FAREWELL" it read. What do you know? I thought. He got it. That was tops in those days for movie rights to a novel. One hundred thousand smackers! Some purse.

Wonder if he can take it, I thought. Prosperity is harder to take than poverty. A lot of good men slow down when they get into the big money. Look at poor Scott Fitzgerald. He was a great champ until he started getting what he thought was big money. Then he never wrote another thing. The big time killed him. He was already punch drunk when I saw him in Hollywood. A has-been at 35.

Wonder if Ernest will keep slugging like he always said, or get out of shape too? Might even go high-hat. I didn't see how he could get the swelled-head. He had that, as big as it could stretch, ten years ago. Before he had a dime. He can dish it out, I thought, but can he take it?

I found out in the spring of '36.

NEXT MONTH:

ROUND 4: "WINNER TAKE NOTHING."



SAVING MONEY ON YOUR WIFE'S CLOTHING

*more excellent advice on how to succeed with
women without really trying*



"Maybe with a little more lipstick, or something."

satire BY SHEPHERD MEAD

THE FAR-SEEING HUSBAND knows how important it is for his wife to be well-groomed at all times. The sloppy, poorly-dressed wife creates a bad impression everywhere, can even be harmful to a man's standing in the community, and in his business relations.

Remember that a dollar spent to make your wife lovely is a dollar invested not only in her future, but in your own.

BUT BE THRIFTY

Luckily, good grooming and careless spending do not go hand in hand. Some of our best-groomed matrons are ones who spend the least actual cash, though their investments in taste and careful planning can be large indeed.

There are many ways for the thoughtful husband to help his wife cut clothing expenses. If you remember some of the following methods—and have a well-trained and cooperative wife—costs

can be slashed dramatically.

Use the Model Wife.

She can be the same skillfully conceived character discussed above. An occasional word or two about her can be inspiring.

"By the way, pet, Joe's wife stopped in at the office today. What a knockout!"

"Oh?"

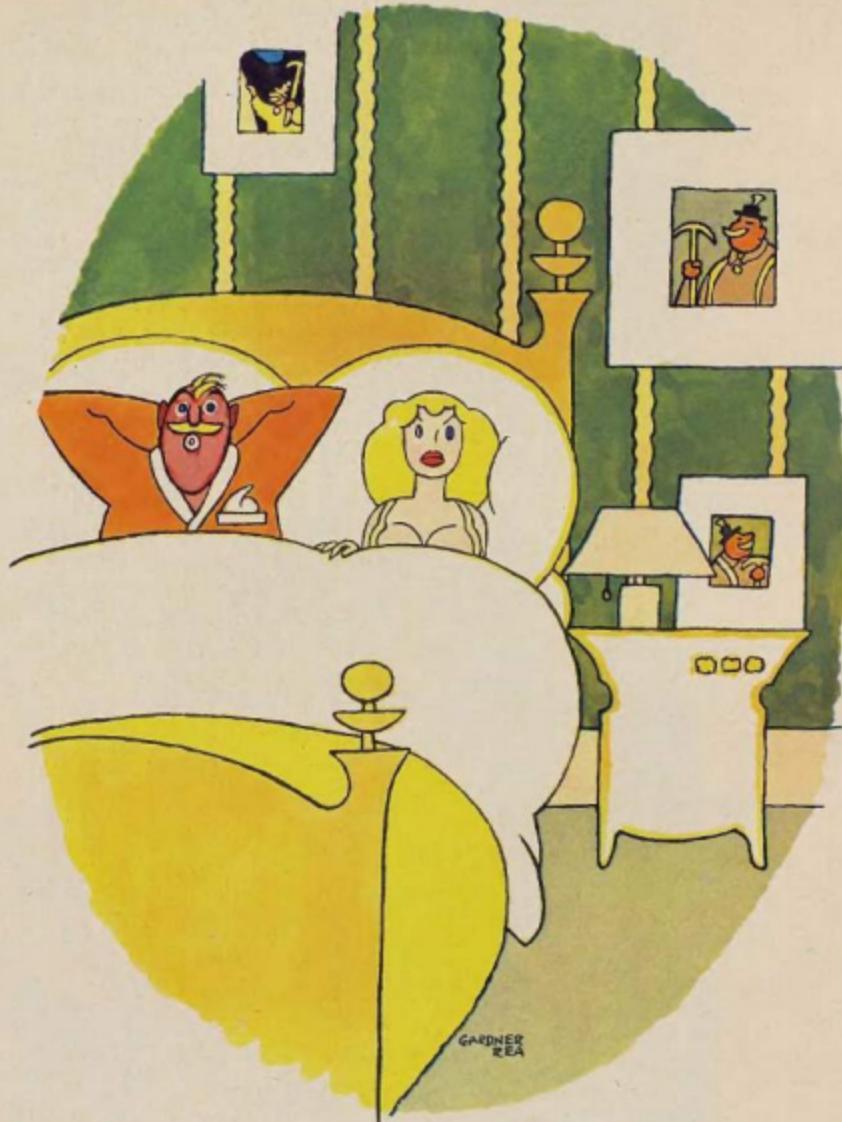
"She hasn't your basic good looks, Phoebe—essentially a plain woman—*(A bit of flattery is good here.)* It's just that she has a genius for clothes. She was wearing this suit—"

"Expensive, I'll bet."

"No, as a matter of fact she ran it up herself. Bought a 30¢ pattern, and used the old auto seat covers. Knocked it out in just a few weeks."

THE HAT PROBLEM

Though a woman's hat is utterly use-
(continued on page 64)



*"The devil of it is, with Mt. Everest out of the way,
there's nothing left to climb."*

"All I require," said Tahil, "is a \$45 deposit."

A POUND OF FLESH

fiction By Anson Mount

*Nay, quoth Baboush, I do deny that
strain;
I have more knowlery in me than you
tuvim.*

— Thomas Weelkes:
Ayres or Phantasticke Spirits

WE USUALLY PASSED the torpid afternoon hours lolling about our private garden in pajamas, drinking arrack and savoring the after-thoughts of our nocturnal enormities.

Our conversations in those days took some pretty wild turns. Among other things, we worked out an elaborately detailed plan for importing Arab women into the States and playing impresario to a kind of floating bagnio. We would embellish it with dancing girls and other, more imaginative, exhibitions and book it for tours around the country. We were compiling a list of the more probable cities one July afternoon when

*concerning a sinful
enterprise
of heroic proportions*



Tahil approached through the stone archway from the street, stepping absentmindedly over the fly-covered Arab who always slept there in the afternoon. He was wearing that incessant mechanical smile which revealed a protruding semi-circle of almost horizontal upper teeth. I never could figure out why Sammy took such a shine to that bastard. He had eyes like a pawnbroker and the sense of humor of a barracuda.

Tahil sat down and had a slow drink with us. He even made lame attempts at conversation, which told us that he had something bigger on tap this time than a little hashish or some racy pictures. At the first lull in the conversation he began to feel us out. Would we, he asked, like our libidinous endeavors on a more domestic basis, with quality, sanitation and availability always assured?

We tried not to appear too enthusiastic, but we admitted that these considerations indeed had merit.

Well, it just so happened that a certain business acquaintance of his (a man of impeccable integrity on whose moral virtue and honesty Tahil would gladly swear a thousand oaths to Allah) had for sale a 15-year-old girl of the very highest quality. She was beautiful, obedient and willing to work and Tahil, in the name of his friend, was willing to haggle.

This was a sinful enterprise of such heroic proportions that our enthusiasm boiled over on the spot, a fatal mistake in the art of diskering with an Arab. After a little sober reflection, though, I was more skeptical. I could see more than one flaw in the project. There were practical considerations to be taken. When I voiced my doubts Sammy looked at me with the disillusioned eyes of a betrayed brother. The very thought of me hedging over the chance of a lifetime because of a few insignificant details disgusted him. He all but disowned me on the spot.

The absolute minimum sacrifice price, it developed (and this only because of Tahil's enormous affection and concern for us), would be the French currency equivalent of 86 dollars. Only half payable in advance, half on delivery.

I was still wary of the idea. "Look at it this way," Sammy explained. "Suppose we go to a House once a day; OK; if we go to the better ones at two dollars a jump, that's more than 700 dollars a year. Almost 1500 for both of us. *Men, look at the money we can save!!*"

His logic was watertight, so the bargain was closed.

Like I remarked to Sammy later on, we were maybe the only sailors in the history of the U.S. Merchant Marine ever to purchase a 15-year-old girl, cash on the barrelhead. Not that either of us wanted a wife or kids, you understand. In those days of our youth when the hormones were coursing wildly through our veins, like the poets say, we were more interested in recreation than procreation.

No place on the face of the Earth could have been better suited for the

raising of what little hell our psyches bankered after than the near-native quarter of Casablanca. The ways of fate and the Merchant Marine took us there in the summer of 1945, with the help of a German submarine that sank our ship off the coast of Morocco in late June.

The British destroyer that picked us up had deposited us in Casablanca. A harried American consular official took us in hand and found us temporary shelter in a hotel, but the bureaucratic wheels of the Merchant Marine could grind forever before our deliverance was effected, so most of us sought private quarters in other parts of the city.

It was only natural that Sammy and I should look for a place together; we had been all but inseparable aboard ship. On the surface, ours was an unlikely friendship. Sammy was the son of a wealthy Eastern family who had steeped him in the finest cultural traditions of Europe. I was a farmer from Indiana whose most consuming interests until a few months before had been football and pigs. But Sammy had been the proprietor of the most astonishing library of books I had ever seen. Not ordinary pornography (that would have been inconsistent with Sammy's good taste), but nobly written, dignifiedly bound volumes. Some were of a pseudo-medical or ethnological pretension, but exciting, breath-taking reading nevertheless. I had discovered this library, and, with it, Sammy, during the long and dreary weeks at sea.

Our friendship grew with those monotonous days and we did a pretty good job of showing each other, from a perspective of ten years, I can look back and see what innocent (but imaginative) kids we were. Our fabrications had been a harmless kind of vicious indulgence in the pleasures of the flesh, but they grew into an eviler-than-thou game that eventually reached proportions that scared the hell out of both of us.

Sammy's library had been lost with the ship. But by now we had plans for diversion of a more direct nature, so we didn't really miss it. The success of our projected schemes to sample the sensual delights of the world depended largely upon private quarters, and we found them with the help of Jules, a delightful little French corporal we met at a tobacco counter.

In other cities of North Africa, there are two sections of Casablanca, the European area and the native quarter. But there is also a kind of twilight zone where the two worlds meet. The more Westernized natives as well as the Europeans of shadier history dwelt here in comparative peace. It was in this area, in a large white stucco building of Moorish architecture, that we found a surprisingly well-furnished apartment.

The building was surrounded by a high stone wall which also enclosed a Spanish garden of almost Isabellian splendor, with orange trees and fragrant bushes and grape arbors. Here we walked away most of our idle afternoons, lounging on intricate wrought-iron garden furniture, drinking arrack and planning, with the help of Jules, hair-raising future deprivities. Arrack is an Arab beverage

of questionable composition and high muzzle velocity. Its principal virtues are that it is quite cheap and after a couple of slugs your taste buds are deadened enough so that drinking the stuff is fairly painless.

Sammy made some hashish fudge one day that almost turned out to be a big success. We had a hell of a giddy good time for the two hours it took us to eat it, but we both turned a lovely green and got sick as dogs before evening. The recipe for this concoction was furnished by Tahil, as was the powdered marijuana which was its main ingredient. It was also Tahil who volunteered to introduce us into some of the more scintillating soirées that were held nightly in the Arab sector. For days we planned a visit to the most notorious bordello in Casablanca, where, Tahil guaranteed, "exhibitions" we would witness would be beyond our wildest fancies and we would have our own choice of the most desirable tail in North Africa. Unfortunately, we got so roaring drunk the night before our intended visit that our hangovers were unbearable and we decided to postpone the debauchery for a few days.

It was at this point that Tahil showed up with the girl for sale. And, like Sammy said, it was such a hell of a good bargain that we couldn't afford to turn it down.

I thought Jules was going to suffocate with laughter when, later on the afternoon of Tahil's visit, we told him excitedly of our business deal. At first he didn't believe us. When we finally convinced him that we had really given Tahil a \$45 deposit on the merchandise, he folded his arms around his waist and howled. Through his tears he told us in gags that we had just bitten at the oldest and most classic con game in North Africa. *The Girl For Sale* dodge, it seemed, was the Moroccan equivalent of the Brooklyn Bridge Sale and the Snipe Hunt rolled into one.

We had just spent the afternoon in wildly excited conversation, but now we sank into a melancholy of hurt pride and injured dignity that was too terrible for Jules to behold for very long, so he left us alone in our garden to lick our respective wounds.

"Well, it was a good idea, anyway," Sammy said, and poured another glass.

Around midnight, through a fuzz of sadness and arrack, I became conscious of a commotion outside our front door. I yelled at Sammy to wake up. There was a knock at the door and we both jumped to our feet. Outside we found Tahil, furtive of manner and shifty of eye. He asked if we had the final payment ready. Sammy recovered his wits before I did and said something to the effect of *habes corpus*. A form was brought out of the shadows, clothed rather heavily in what appeared to be an old matress cover.

The payment was made and very suddenly we were alone in our front room with our purchase: two arms and two legs protruding from four jagged holes (continued overleaf)



campus pullovers for sportsmen, spectators and scholars

UNDERGRADUATE GENTLEMEN in the halls of ivy continue to roar for their trusty pullovers as loudly as they roar for their ale and wenches. Whether conniving a volume of Yeats or the swing of a passing pidgeon, a learned man looks to his sweater as the near-perfect knockabout attire. Though he may not fill it out as fetchingly as that cashmere Kappa across the aisle in Geology 101, he nevertheless keeps at least three or four on hand (sweaters, that is) for every exercise from skiing to sheing. Favorites for the fall campus scene are found on the blackboard and each pullover boasts

three worth-having features: no shrink, no stretch, no fade. Starting at board's top: a bright V-neck pullover in a red-and-gray vertical stripe, hand washable, in a blend of lambs' wool and orlon, \$10. The powder blue V-neck is for richer tastes: a Bernhard Altman cashmere that sets you back the price of a case of gin — \$32.50 — but worth it. The big-stitched, bulky blue-and-white ski sweater with crew neck is another hand washable job lacquered from 100% wool, \$12.95. Even if you bust a fibula schussing down the mountain, you are assured the garment will look just as natty with a pair

of black flannel slacks on campus. Crutches and a plaster cast add that devilish, worldly posture. The oxford gray crew neck is as traditional at eastern schools as the Harvard-Yale game, is usually worn with chino or flannel trousers. This one is blended of lambs' wool and orlon for simple scrubbing, and includes a good-looking cable stitch for \$15.95. At the bottom of the heap is a perennial ski pal in taste on or off the slopes: a red hot turtleneck that's all wool and a yard wide. Washable, too, at \$14.95.



POUND OF FLESH *(continued from page 60)*

in a cotton sack. We had bought a pig in a poke and we were afraid to look.

Finally, Sammy unfolded the sack-cloth. I stopped breathing for a moment. We found eyes that were liquid black with little flecks of gold in them, soft dark skin and long black hair, full lips that were pink and moist and a trifle nervous. The sack-cloth, where it fell against her body, showed promising bulges. But the expression on her face was that of a trapped animal.

I was a little nervous myself and I gasped audibly when I first saw the loneliness and fear in her face.

Sammy spoke to her in French.

"We'll not hurt you," he said. "We want you to live here and take care of our house for us."

She seemed to understand and looked a little less likely to run off.

"Quick," Sammy told me in English, "make some tea."

Now that I think about it, I honestly believe that everything would have worked out fine if I had only had the good judgment to turn out the lights that first night when I took her to my room. I had won the flip of the quarter so my turn came first. She was submissive enough; she didn't even object when I took off her robe when we were alone in my room. But, damn it, she just sat on the edge of the bed and looked at me. An unblinking, searching stare; it had something of pleading and something of wonder in it. She hadn't said a word since she arrived. But as she sat naked on the bed beside me there was something of the little girl in her aspect that dampened my ardor. Most of all, I guess, it was the trapped look on her face that stopped me cold.

I realized that I was confused. I sat and studied her for a long moment. She lowered her head and looked at the floor with such a depth of sadness and resignation that I did the most surprising thing of my life: I lifted the covers and tucked her into bed.

When I awoke next morning Sammy was shaking me.

"Hey, Lover Boy," he said with a glint of humor in his eye, "you must have really inspired that girl. She's been up since dawn cleaning up the whole place."

"You're kidding!" I said, bleary-eyed.

"Like hell I am." He sat down on the edge of the bed. "She must have been well-trained wherever she came from. She's been cleaning up and mopping and dusting like crazy. She's out in the kitchen cooking breakfast right now."

"Breakfast?" This was almost too much to believe.

"Well, I guess it's breakfast." He paused thoughtfully for a moment. "Say, have you ever eaten carrots stewed in Madiera wine for breakfast?"

"Good God, no!"

"Neither have I. I come to think of it. Guess I'm not up on my French cookery. But I expect we better eat it anyway. She's trying awfully hard out there and I wouldn't want to hurt her feelings the first day. Anyway, the hot buttered rolls

she made look pretty good."

While I was getting into my clothes I could smell the fragrance of coffee coming from the kitchen. I found Sammy enthroned at the dining table lifting a napkin by the corner and reaching for the hot rolls. The table was all set and two cups of coffee were poured.

We made a pretty good show of eating breakfast. The carrots weren't so bad, after all. Not so bad.

While we ate she stood brooding in the corner of the room. We tried to get her to sit down with us but she refused. It was then that it occurred to us that we didn't know her name. Sammy questioned her in French but she wouldn't answer. She was either stubborn or she didn't understand.

So we had a long discussion over our arrack that morning about what to call her.

"Let's call her Sundae," Sammy finally suggested. "It's a nice twist on the Robinson Crusoe story."

A rainy spell descended upon Casablanca shortly before Sundae came to us and we were forced to spend most of our days indoors. There wasn't much to do, so we drank and talked. I guess the monotony of staying inside and the tedium of the endless rain caused us to get on each other's nerves. But, for me at least, there was an even more disturbing element. After all the big talk we had showered on each other, my pride would not let me tell Sammy that my conscience had gotten the better of me. Each night that Sundae slept peacefully and trustingly beside me I felt less and less capable of trying to make her. In fact, I found myself developing an intensely protective attitude toward her. This unexpected chivalric turn in my nature was outraged at the calm and lighthearted manner with which Sammy took her to my room every other night and the self-satisfied look on his face the morning after. I found myself being shocked at the unashamed lechery of his character.

My pride made me steer the conversation away from the events of the bedrocks and I was relieved when Sammy didn't bring up the subject either. I didn't want to hear his squalid reports.

But we did have some upbraidingly good times anyway. One day Sammy decided that the men's underwear and trousers Sundae had taken to wearing (she borrowed them from my bureau drawer) were not fitting in any sense of the word. So he came home that afternoon with an assortment of feminine lingerie complete with all the usual straps and hooks and elastic. Now, the geography of ladies' undergarments was something of a mystery to both of us. We sat around discussing the project and drinking arrack most of the afternoon before Sammy, fortified with alcoholic courage, undertook the task at hand. I sat in the corner and howled while he got her into the brassiere. He was a study in analytic concentration while he pulled elastic cords and hooked and

fastened and clamped. I offered some inane suggestions but he ignored them. When he had finished she looked like a confused and resentful puppy that had just been put onto leash for the first time.

We knew, of course, that our jollity would have to come to an end some time. But when the news arrived — five days after our purchase of Sundae — we really weren't prepared for it. The American consul had arranged for us to leave for London the following Monday. There we would board a freighter for the States.

A pall of gloom settled over the apartment. And to it was added the ill-feeling festering between Sammy and myself. His gamey, unashamed carnality was disturbing enough, not to mention the growing feeling of his resentment toward me. His irritability made it painfully obvious to me that he was jealous of my share of Sundae's affections. So another nasty facet of his nature was coming to the surface.

I wouldn't have said it if I hadn't been drunk. The tension and resentment had been building inside me for days, and one afternoon when we had been sitting around mostly in silence, drinking and looking out the French windows at the ceaseless rain, Sammy said something that rubbed my fur the wrong way.

"Why you vulgar son-of-a-bitch," I said, "you feel pretty proud of yourself, don't you . . ."

He hit me in the mouth with the arrack bottle before I could finish. If that iron chair I threw at him had connected it would have killed him. It was soul-satisfying to throw my fist into his face.

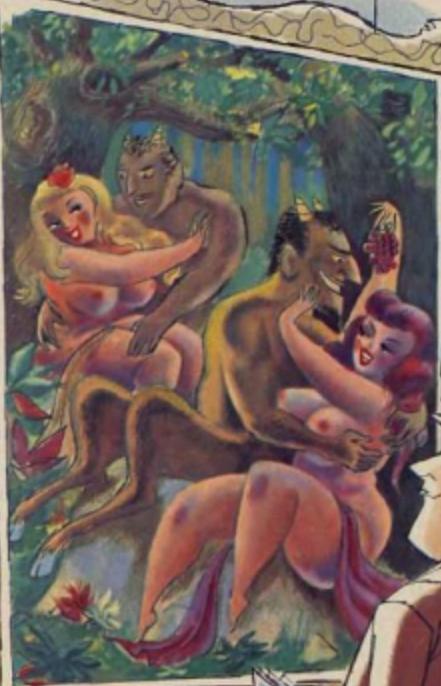
Now ordinarily I could whip Sammy. I'm bigger than he is, for one thing. But Sammy holds his alcohol better than I do and my equilibrium was in bad shape that day. He had me down on the floor pounding the daylight out of me when he suddenly stopped and sprawled across the room. Sundae was crowded in the corner, weeping hysterically. Sammy was over there in an instant putting his arms around her and trying to comfort her. I wiped the blood out of my eyes and then went into the bathroom to clean myself up. When I returned he was sitting on the floor with his arms around Sundae, talking quietly to her. She was whimpering; her little world had exploded unexpectedly and the shock must have been terrible.

I sat down on the floor beside them. Our antagonism was gone now. We were consciously friendly to each other, hoping, I guess, to reassure our frightened little girl.

There was still the question of what was to be done with her. That evening after supper we faced up to the problems for the first time. We didn't even discuss the possibility of selling her back to Tahil; it was important to us to see that she had a good home after we were gone. Our departure was only three days away, so we decided to take our problem to Jules. He could always be counted on for advice and help.

"Why don't you turn her over to the convent orphanage?" Jules suggested the

(concluded on page 79)



ann miller

WIFE'S CLOTHING (continued from page 57)

less, performing no function whatever in warming, protecting, or shedding rain, many women have an unreasoning and emotional desire for new ones.

The husband who resists this stoutly will not only save considerable sums of money, but will be doing his wife a real service. We will list a few tested methods.

Admire Her Hair.

A woman who has any hair at all believes it is beautiful. Knowing this is a valuable weapon in itself.

"Glorious the way this light strikes your hair, pet."

"Oh, you like it, Davie?"

"Flecks of pure gold in it."

(No matter what the color of a woman's hair, she will always accept the fact that it has flecks of gold in it.)

"Oh, really?"

"Take off that hat, will you?"

"But it's a new hat, Davie!"

"Ah, that's better! Why is it that you always look so much less clever with your hat off? Must be your beautiful hair, pet."

Narrow The Field.

If you aren't successful in eliciting the hat altogether, the next best thing is to reduce the number of variations.

Always maintain that you prefer the small black hat, the smaller the better. Scoff at all decorations.

"How do you like my hat, Davie?"

"Fine, pet, really brings out the blue in your eyes."

(Make the opening remarks without looking at the hat.)

"You haven't even looked at it."

"Oh, Yes. Always liked that hat."

"It's a new hat, David."

"I liked it better before you put the little doohickey on it."

"David, it's new, the whole hat."

"Really? Well, why don't you just take the doohickey off anyway?"

"Well, if I do, it'll be just the same as that other one."

"Oh, will it?"

It may take a few years, but after a while she will begin to see the hidden logic of this.

If, on the other hand, you discover she has added an inexpensive decoration to an old hat, your course is clear.

"I like that new Skinner, Phoebe, does a lot for you."

"It isn't new, Davie. I just put this little dimesore rhinestone on here, and—"

"Well, it looks new! By golly, somehow it does something to your whole face, Phoebe, gives it a kinda glow."

If necessary, start this yourself. Pick up a sprig of bittersweet, say. There is a good supply in most reception rooms.

"For you, pet. Saw a nice old lady selling it, and it just cried out for you! Remember that little black hat of yours?"

"Davie, they're practically all little black hats!"

"The one I like so much. There!"

(Pick any one, at random.) "Just

toss the bittersweet here, pin it, and—voila!"

"Well, I don't know—"

"Really does something for you, Phoebe. Gives you a kinda glow."

The Woman-on-the-Hat Approach.

Occasionally your wife may, in spite of all your efforts, insist on a large and, she will think, dramatic hat. The unskilled husband objects violently. This is unwise. The more you protest, the more she will want the hat.

Be big. Be smart. Take the opposite tack, praise it extravagantly.

"You really like it, Davie?"

"Like it? Phoebe, I simply can't take my eyes off of it. I guess it's the most beautiful hat I've ever seen."

"Really?"

"Honest injun. It's such a really stunning hat that I wonder if—^h
(Hesitate a moment and then shake your head slowly.)

"What's the matter, Davie?"

"No, I think you can get away with it. Only a really beautiful face could compete with it, pet, and I think you're the gal."

"Oh?"

"Maybe with a little more lipstick, or something." She'll still love you—and yet you'll find that in most cases she'll take the hat back for a refund.

THE PROBLEM OF STYLE.

Unlike men, women do not wear out clothes. They throw them away while still quite sturdy because they are "out of style."

The woman who believes she is out of style feels the same way a man feels without his trousers. This is purely a mental problem. Help your wife to face it. She will be better adjusted, and your savings will be encouraging.

There are many ways to combat the style psychosis without sacrificing any of your wife's warm affection for you.

Avoid High Style.

Very high style changes every month, with each new edition of the fashion magazines. Gentle humor is your best defense against it. This requires little thought since the very latest thing will have one or more bulges, lumps, flares, or other trick departures from the normal lines of the female figure.

Wait until your wife spots a walking exhibit of haute couture.

"There, Davie, that's just what I want, the—"

"I see."

(Look at a different woman.)

"Isn't it beautiful?"

"I do like it, Phoebe. Clean, simple. Doesn't do her any harm, though, being next to that clown getup. Look at the green job with the bulges!"

"David, I mean the green one!"

"Oh, really?"

Delay, If You Can.

The cheerful delay is also effective against high style. Put off the purchase

a month or so and you can be sure she won't want it any more.

"Please, Davie, please?"

"Yes, indeed, Phoebe, you must have it. The latest and best is none too good for my Phoebe!"

"Thanks, David."

"In fact, I'll go with you when you try it on, OK?"

"Tomorrow?"

"Fine. Oh. Can't make it tomorrow. Let's try for early next week." (Keep that up for just a few weeks, then remark)

"Oh, Phoebe, Joe's wife dropped into the office today. Had on one of those off-the-hip-line jobs we were going to get you."

(NOTE: "We were.")

"Oh, those. She can have it, Davie. Didn't catch on at all."

Use Flattery.

"Don't you think it's stunning, Davie?"

"Well, ingenious anyway, Phoebe. Damned clever way to hide those fat hips. Mighty glad my purty streamlined little gal doesn't need cheaters like that! Takes a figure like yours, Phoebe, to wear a little black dress!"

(The man who establishes early the principle of *The Little Black Dress* can save himself the price of a spot car in the course of any marriage, even a short one.)

HOW TO AVOID FUR COATS

The Sable-or-Nothing Device.

Always remember that nothing is too good for your wife.

Make it clear that you want to buy her a fur coat—but only the best for coat. For her you will accept no imitations, no shoddy substitutes.

"Davie, I was just thinking. It's beginning to get cold now and, well, I just happened to walk by the fur—"

"Did you?" (Rush in quickly. To delay at this stage may bring disaster.) "Reminds me that Joe's wife dropped by the office today. Had on one of those, uh, rat skin coats."

"You mean muskrat, Davie? That's just what I—"

"Some kind of rat. Meant to look like mink. Ha, imagine wearing a fake mink! Not for my girl!"

"But David, all I've got is this old tweed!"

"It's a real tweed, though, baby, no imitation. Know what I want for you, Phoebe? Sable. Sable or nothing, baby."

"But you've been saying that for six years!"

"And I still mean it! Nothing's too good for you, Phoebe."

The Allergy.

One of the miracles of modern medicine is the fact that we now have a number of interesting diseases that our forefathers were not even aware of. In fact, we are discovering new and fascinating illnesses almost as fast as we learn to (concluded on page 85)

*a second look at a high, handsome haven—
pre-planned and furnished for the bachelor in town*



PLAYBOY'S PENTHOUSE APARTMENT

A MAN'S HOME is not only his castle, it is or should be, the outward reflection of his inner self — a comfortable, livable, and yet exciting expression of the person he is and the life he leads. But the overwhelming percentage of homes are furnished by women. What of the bachelor and his need for a place to call his own? Here's the answer, PLAYBOY'S penthouse apartment, home for a sophisticated man of parts, a fit setting for his full life and a compliment to his guests of both sexes. Here a man, perhaps like you, can live in masculine elegance.

At first glance, it obviously looks like a hell of a fine place to live and love and

be merry, a place to relax in a looie or to share for intimate hours with some lucky lass, a wonderful setting for big or small parties — in short, a bachelor's dream place. It is all these, but it's more, too — thanks to the fact that it doesn't follow the conventional plan of separated rooms for various purposes. Instead, there are two basic areas, an active zone for fun and partying and a quiet zone for relaxation, sleep and such.

The living room, with its cozy shadowbox fireplace suggests a tête-à-tête on the couch — but it's just as inviting to a cordial crowd of fellow hi-fi enthusiasts. The electronic entertainment center, re-



BEDROOM

cessed in the giant storage wall that separates living room from foyer, contains binaural hi-fi, FM, TV, tape recorder, movie and slide projectors. And merely moving that blue Saarinen armchair makes living room and dining room one—for gala entertaining. Kitchen and dining room, too, may be used separately or together, thanks to the sliding Shoji

screens which divide them. These areas comprise the apartment's active zone, which was described in detail last month.

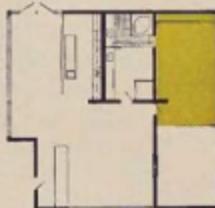
A huge bed dominates the penthouse bedroom. This is a magnificent sleeping platform of veneer plywood on steel legs, 8 feet long and $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet wide. The 4" airfoam mattress stops short enough of the foot so that the platform's end serves

as a bench on which to slouch while donning or doffing shoes and socks.

Casement windows stretch across one entire wall, framing an ever-changing, living mural of our man's city. In the corner nook formed by windows and the Modernfold door which closes off the study, is a charmed circle where a bachelor may have a romantic nightcap with



Above: Hidden by the brick wall in the illustration at left, the bedroom includes wall-hung, clear maple cabinets (Knoll #121, \$249) with white lacquer innards fitted out as a bar. Below: Laminated walnut chair designed by Eames, made by Miller (LCW, \$58) is part of the bedroom's lounge-area furniture grouping.



Below: Classic Noguchi table built by Miller (#50 IN, \$350) has thick, clear glass top resting on black lacquer legs, is nucleus of bedroom lounge area. It is sturdy and, of course, alcohol proof.



Custom headboard-storage unit creates a dressing area.

a chosen guest. Grouped here are a Saarinen chair (the mate of the one in the living room), a walnut Eames chair and free-form Noguchi table. Across from you (but hidden in the illustration by the brick wall) is a hanging wall cabinet wherein is cannily concealed a built-in bar and small refrigerator, just large enough for ice cubes, mixers and mid-

night snacks—a boon to the barefoot bachelor in PJs who's reluctant to trek to the kitchen for his good-night potion, or perhaps unwilling to interrupt the dulcet dialogue he's been sharing.

Now, we've sipped the nocturnal dram and it is bed time; having said "nighty-night" (or "come along, now, dearest") to the last guest, it's time to sink into



BATHROOM

the arms of Morpheus (or a more comely substitute). Do we go through the house turning out the lights and locking up? No sir, flapping on the luxurious bed, we have within easy reach the multiple controls of its unique headboard. Here we have silent mercury switches and a rheostat that control every light in the place and can subtly dim the bedroom lighting to just the right romantic level. Here, too, are the switches which control the circuits for front door and terrace window locks. Beside them are push buttons to draw the continuous, heavy, pure-linen, lined draperies on sail track,

which can insure darkness at morn — or noon. Above are built-in speakers fed by the remotely-controlled hi-fi and radio based in the electronic entertainment installation in the living room. On either side of the bed are storage cupboards with doors that hinge downward to create bedside tables. Within are telephone, with on-off switch for the bell, and miscellaneous bed-time items. Soft mood music flows through the room and the stars shine in the casements as you snuggle down.

At the start of a new day, the chime

Below: The bathroom's slot bench (Knoll #400, \$84) in natural ash has foam rubber cushion cover for sun-lamp bathing. At bottom: Upholstered vanity seat is by Miller (#4672, \$56).





Top left: By all odds your chair of chairs will be this contour lounge set by Herman Miller (chair #670, footstool #671, \$605 for both) which will hold you in free-floating luxury. Lower left: Knoll cabinets line the study's window wall; shown in walnut, available in other woods; in 4 and 6 foot lengths (#542, \$264; #541, \$381). Top right: Close-up look at texture of continuous carpet used in bedroom and study— tweedy, wool-rayon mixture. Lower right: Desk is one of Knoll's #1500 series which offers 12 different pedestal arrangements, ranges from \$450 to \$550; the upholstered swivel chair is by Knoll (#71 S, \$177).

STUDY



alarm sounds, morning music comes on and the headboard's automatic controls again prove their value: reaching lazily to the control panel, you press the buttons for the kitchen circuits and immediately the raw bacon, eggs, bread and ground coffee you did the night before (while the ultrasonic washer was doing the dishes) start their metamorphosis into crisp bacon, eggs fried just right, and steaming hot fresh java. Now you flip the switch that draws the curtains and opens the terrace doors to let in the brisk morning air. Don't just lie there, man, rise and shine!

Just off the bedroom is the bath; you shave and shower and as you towel off you go back to the bedroom, but now you stay in the dressing area, behind the bed's seven-foot-tall headboard, which affords complete privacy and access to the bath without requiring you to cross any part of the bedroom proper—a blessing to the bachelor whose hospitality extends to a planned or impromptu overnight guest. On this side the unit is equipped with sliding doors (one of them mirrored) behind which are dust-proof trays for haberdashery, a rotating tie rack and, below, a boot locker with a hand-height, suspended row of lever-operated shoe trees. The locker's hinged door, when open, forms a bench. Here, too, is the cedar-lined built-in blanket chest and, above it, storage shelves for linens. Opposite is an entire closet wall with separate compartments for winter wear, summer wear, sports clothes, dress clothes, and a guest closet with lighted, built-in vanity. The closet at the bathroom end of the wall is warm-air dried and has brass fixtures for hanging huge turkish towels and terry-cloth robes; the one at the opposite end has sliding shelves of cedar for flat-lying sweaters and knit T-shirts. Mirrors on the insides of the two center doors, which open in opposite directions, combine with the one on the head-board unit to form a three-way mirror.

The out-size bathroom is as practical as the more usual two-bath arrangement and carries out the apartment's feeling of spaciousness. The room actually comprises two areas, separated by a sliding screen of translucent glass, so that the one adjoining the bedroom can be completely private while the other remains accessible from the apartment's active zone. Suppose early guests arrive before their host is quite ready for them; with the sliding screen closed he can shower and dress undisturbed while they freshen up on the other side. The lavatory itself is completely enclosed, ensuring total privacy. In addition to the john, it has a bullet, magazine rack, ash tray and telephone. (Let's face it, there are bachelors, as well as some of their guests, who like to spend quite a lot of time in the throne room—maybe as a hangover from younger days of living at home, when it was the only place to get away from it all—hence we've made this push head a comfort station in every sense of the phrase.)

The bathroom impresses with its size

and colorfulness. With the screen rolled back, there's a continuous counter with two wash basins (one on either side of the screen) with backlitghted mirror above. A row of compartmented drawers below, whose handles are towel racks, hold the potions, lotions, notions, sundries and other mysteries which ordinarily crown conventional medicine chests. One entire wall is decorated with bold and vigorous primitive paintings reminiscent of the prehistoric drawings in the caves of Lascaux. In the corner is a huge, rectangular, recessed tub which serves as the floor of the shower. The shower head—and the pipes leading to it—are concealed in massed foliage growing on both sides of the picture-window pane which divides this end of the bath from the dressing area of the bedroom. What with the cave paintings and the wall of greenery from which the spray descends, you may feel as though you're bathing under a waterfall in an exotic outdoor setting—an impression you can enhance if it strikes your fancy by turning on the sun lamps recessed into the ceiling. (Stravinsky's *Le Sacre du Printemps*—or the Chico Hamilton Quartet—tuned in loud on the bathroom hi-fi speaker will accentuate the mood.) For more serious sun bathing we've a Knoll slab bench with recessed sun lamps in the ceiling above it—provided with a foam-rubber mat covered in waterproof Naugahyde, it is a handy place to stretch out and luxuriate in a tropical glow all the year 'round.

Even a bachelor in his own domain needs a place like our apartment's study, where he can get away from the rest of the house and be really alone, where if he wishes he can leave papers on the desk in seeming disarray (actually in that precious disorder in which he alone can lay hands on just what he wants). This is the sanctum sanctorum, where women are seldom invited, where we can work or read or just sit and think while gazing into the fireplace.

Continuous storage cabinets range the full length of the study's window wall, providing ample storage for typewriter, dictaphone, stationery, office supplies, and hobby gear or scale model collection. Impossibly jutting from these is the man-size desk, with comfortable swivel chair by Knoll (#718, \$177). On the other side of the desk is an easy chair (Miller #5484, \$850). Here on special occasions you will seat the business guest with whom you want to work in your own surroundings and undisturbed—or as a rare exception, the admiring lass whose fond gaze makes poring over your papers more enjoyable.

Flanking the fireplace is an occasional table to hold pipes, humidor, books and magazines; and an enormously comfortable upholstered, contoured Herman Miller armchair with foot stool, a lord of the domain chair reserved for you alone, which holds all of you evenly supported in the right places and fits in with your relaxed posture so that you and the chair are like twin spoons nested together. On the other side of the fireplace is a globe

of the world, lit from within, craftily pinpricked so that major cities shine out as flecks of brightness.

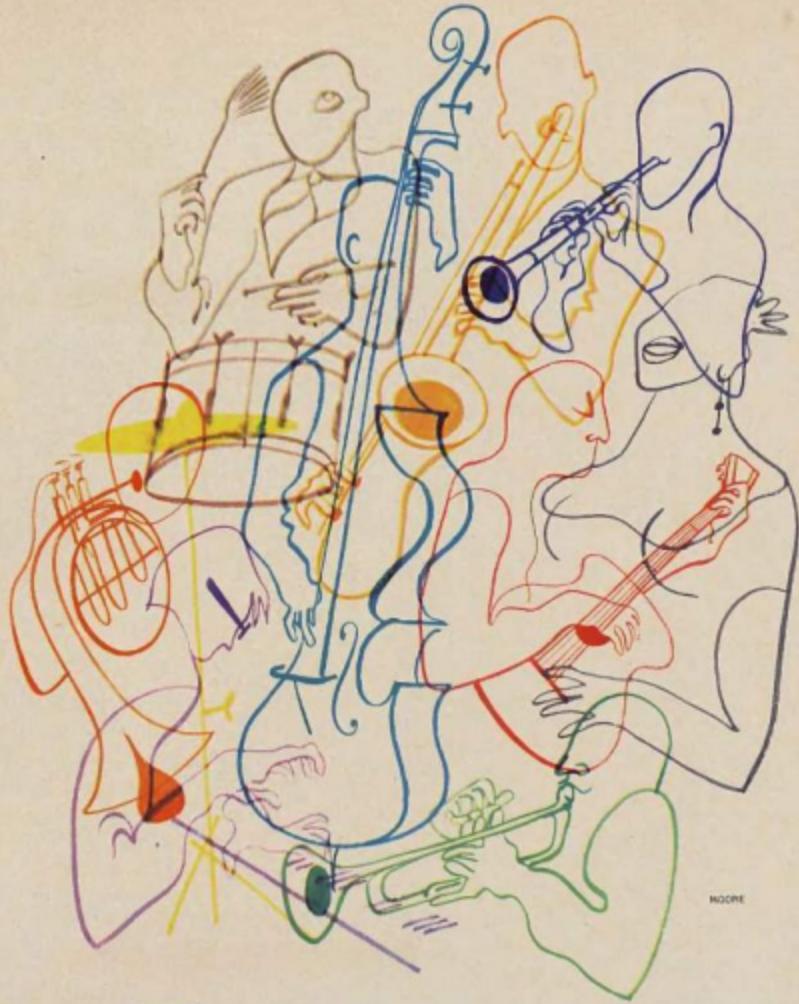
The entire third wall is bookcase, floor to ceiling. The two bottom shelves are wide and deep enough to hold record albums, stamp albums, your largest picture books and encyclopedias. The rest of the bookcase, on up, is shelves of normal width and depth, except that there is a space 20 inches high between the wide and narrow shelves, tube-lighted, providing a surface on which to lay open a dictionary or an atlas. At either end of this bookcase wall are binaural hi-fi speakers which connect with the sound equipment in the foyer wall. With a study like this, even the most dedicated pub crawler or theatre and nightclubs buff will be tempted to stay at home of an evening, content within his own surroundings and savoring the city's glamour via the enchanted view from the window wall. But suppose the playboy master of the house decides that now, with the winter season starting, he wants to hold a real big shindig. By folding back that according door between study and bedroom the two are merged into one magnificent room, with the continuous carpeting from end to end and the matched draperies tying it all together. Now the whole apartment's a grownup's playground for rolicking, fancy-free fun 'til dawn lights the windows and it's time for prairie oysters and breakfast.

Throughout the apartment, its strikingly different atmosphere is achieved by the bold though harmonious use of solid color and interesting texture. Entering the bedroom from the living room we are immediately aware of the textural difference between the living room's cork floor and the luxurious wall-to-wall carpeting of the bedroom, which seems to invite a barefoot romp but which also bespeaks rich smartness. The dramatic brick wall between living room and bath projects into the quiet area, establishing visual continuity between the apartment's two zones and providing a sight barrier between the living room and the sleeping area of the bedroom, just as the headboard unit visually separates sleeping and dressing. Lighting—ample and glareless—is provided by those conical fixtures called "top hats," which are recessed into the ceiling at strategic locations. Lamps, which would impede the clean, open look of the place, are virtually dispensed with; there is a complete absence of bric-a-brac, patterned fabrics, pleats and ruffles.

This is the kind of pre-planning in design and furnishing which makes PLAYBOY's penthouse apartment a bachelor haven of virile good looks, a place styled for a man of taste and sophistication. This is *his* place, to fit his moods, suit his needs, reflect his personality.

For further information on any aspect of the PLAYBOY penthouse apartment, write Playboy Reader Service, 11 E. Superior Street, Chicago 11, Illinois.

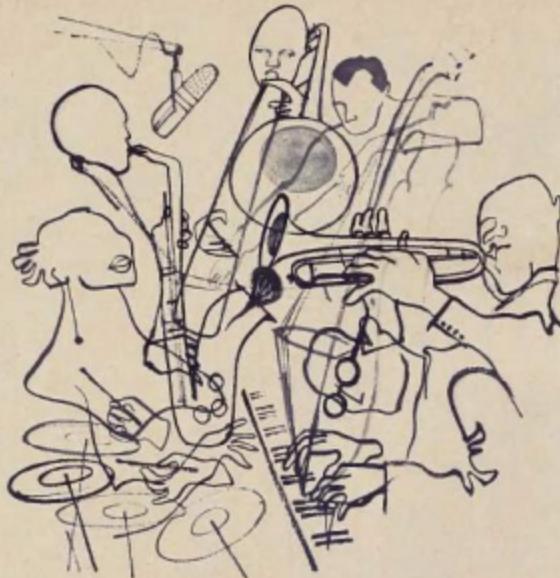




HOOPER

THE

PLAYBOY JAZZ POLL



THE PLAYBOY JAZZ POLL

EVERY JAZZ FAN will want to help choose the musicians for the 1957 PLAYBOY ALL-STAR JAZZ BAND. No imaginary aggregation this—the winners will appear in the greatest jazz spectacle of the year—the first national PLAYBOY ALL-STAR JAZZ CONCERT. They will also record a PLAYBOY ALL-STAR LP.

This is the largest popularity poll ever conducted in the jazz field and we want every PLAYBOY reader who enjoys the music—he be Dixielander or cool schooler—to dig this ballot and vote.

Help assure your favorite jazzmen a place in the PLAYBOY ALL-STAR JAZZ BAND. Follow these simple instructions and get your ballot in the mail *today*.

1. You are voting for the musicians for the 1957 PLAYBOY ALL-STAR JAZZ BAND, for their leader (the man you feel did the most outstanding job of leading his own jazz band this past year), for the band's male and female vocalists, for the vocal group that will sing with the band and an instrumental combo to handle specialty numbers. Your ballot appears on the next two pages. In some cases you are allowed more than one vote in a category (i.e., trumpets, trombones). Be

careful to cast the proper number of votes as too many in any one category will disqualify all the votes in that category.

2. A Nominating Board composed of jazz critics and representatives of the major recording companies* has nominated those in each category that they consider to be the outstanding artists of the year and this may serve as an aid in your voting. However, you may vote for any living artist in the jazz field. If you wish to vote for an artist who has been nominated, simply place an X in the box before his name; if you wish to vote for an artist who has *not* been nominated, write his name in at the bottom of the category and place an X in the box before it. Vote in as many categories as you can—you will not be penalized if you skip some, however.

3. Please print your correct name and address at the end of the ballot. It is requested that you cast only *one* ballot in the poll and that your correct name and address appear on it. Ballots that do not include a correct name and address cannot be counted.

4. Cut your ballot along the dotted line

and mail to PLAYBOY JAZZ POLL, 11 E. Superior St., Chicago 11, Illinois. A postage-paid reply envelope is attached for your convenience. Vote for your favorite jazz artists and get your ballot in the mail today. No ballot can be accepted with a postmark dated later than November 15th. The results will be audited by an independent auditing firm and the PLAYBOY ALL-STAR JAZZ BAND winners will be announced in the February issue.

*NOMINATING BOARD: Bill Sidor, BILLBOARD; John S. Wilson, HIGH FIDELITY; Whitney Balliett, SATURDAY REVIEW; Wilder Hobson, SATURDAY REVIEW; Norman Weiser, PLAYBOY; Creed Taylor, ATLANTIC RECORDING CORP.; Alfred W. Lion, BLUE NOTE RECORDS; W. H. Miller, CAPITOL RECORDS; Normand Granz, CLIFF-NORGAN; George Avakian, COLUMBIA RECORDS; Max Weiss, FANTASY RECORDS; Bob Shad, MERCURY RECORDS; Richard Boch, PACIFIC JAZZ; Bob Weisbrock, PRESTIGE RECORDS; Fred Reynolds, RCA VICTOR; Bill Grauer, JR., RIVERSIDE RECORDS; Ozzie Cadena, SAVOY RECORD CO.; John Hammond, VANGUARD JAZZ SHOWCASE.

YOUR 1957 PLAYBOY ALL-STAR JAZZ BAND BALLOT

LEADER

(Please check one.)

- Louis Armstrong
- Georgie Auld
- Count Basie
- Leonard Bernstein
- Dave Brubeck
- Teddy Charles
- Miles Davis
- Wilbur DeParis
- Tommy Dorsey — Jimmy Dorsey
- Duke Ellington
- Dizzy Gillespie
- Benny Goodman
- Friedrich Gulda
- Chico Hamilton
- Woody Herman
- Harry James
- J. J. Johnson — Kai Winding
- Quincy Jones
- Stan Kenton
- Gene Krupa
- John Lewis
- Charlie Mingus
- Gerry Mulligan
- Tito Puente
- Shorty Rogers
- Bob Scobey
- Cal Tjader

TRUMPET

(Please check four.)

- Louis Armstrong
- Chet Baker
- Ruby Braff
- Donald Byrd
- Buck Clayton
- Miles Davis
- Rusty Dedrick
- Sidney DeParis
- Kenny Dorham
- Roy Eldridge
- Don Elliott
- Art Farmer
- Maynard Ferguson
- Dizzy Gillespie
- Bobby Hackett
- Thad Jones
- Jon Newman
- Shorty Rogers
- Bob Scobey
- Charlie Shavers
- Don Stratton
- Phil Sunkel
- Joe Wilder

TROMBONE

(Please check three.)

- Milt Bernhart
- Eddie Bert
- Bob Brookmeyer
- Jack Buck
- Jimmy Cleveland
- Willie Dennis
- Wilbur DeParis
- Vic Dickenson
- Bob Encalvado
- Carl Fontana

- Mathew Gee
- Bennie Green
- Urbie Green
- Bill Harris
- J. J. Johnson
- Abe Lincoln
- Lou McGarity
- Turk Murphy
- Benny Powell
- Frank Rosolino
- Jack Teagarden
- Kai Winding
- Britt Woodman
- Trummy Young

ALTO SAX

(Please check two.)

- Julian (Cannonball) Adderley
- Boyce Brown
- Benny Carter
- Paul Desmond
- Lou Donaldson
- Herb Ellis
- Gigi Gryce
- Ernie Henry
- Johnny Hodges
- Lee Konitz
- John LaPorta
- Jackie McLean
- Frank Morgan
- Leni Niechans
- Gene Quill
- Bud Shank
- Sonny Stitt
- Earl Warren
- Phil Woods

TENOR SAX

(Please check two.)

- Buddy Arnold
- Georgie Auld
- Al Cohn
- Frank Foster
- Bud Freeman
- Stan Getz
- Coleman Hawkins
- Peanuts Hucko
- Illinois Jacquet
- Bobby Jaspar
- Ritchie Kamuca
- Waite Marsh
- Eddie Miller
- J. R. Monrose
- Bill Perkins
- Flip Phillips
- Sonny Rollins
- Charlie Rouse
- Zoot Sims
- Sonny Stitt
- Buddy Tate
- Lucky Thompson
- Charlie Ventura
- Ben Webster
- Frank Wess
- Lester Young

BARITONE SAX

(Please check one.)

- Pepper Adams
- George Barrow
- Ernie Casares
- Harry Carney
- Serge Chaloff
- Al Cohn
- Marty Flax
- Charlie Fowlkes
- Jimmy Giuffre
- Lars Gullin
- Gil Melle
- Gerry Mulligan
- Cecil Payne
- Joe Rushton
- Sol Schlinger
- Sahib Shabab
- Bud Shank
- Jack Washington

CLARINET

(Please check one.)

- Buddy Collette
- Buddy DeFranco
- Jimmy Giuffre
- Benny Goodman
- Edmond Hall
- Jimmy Hamilton
- Peanuts Hucko
- Rolf Kuhns
- John LaPorta
- Ove Lind
- Matty Matlock
- Joe Muranyi
- Tony Parenti
- Pee Wee Russell
- Tony Scott
- Omer Simeon
- Putte Wickman

PIANO

(Please check one.)

- Toshiko Akiyoshi
- Count Basie
- Dave Brubeck
- Barbara Carroll
- Bill Evans
- Russ Freeman
- Red Garland
- Erroll Garner
- Friedrich Gulda
- Barry Harris
- Hampton Hawes
- Earl Hines
- Hank Jones
- Billy Kyle
- Lou Levy
- John Lewis
- Dave McKenna
- John McLaughlin
- Charlie Mingus
- Thelonious Monk
- Phineas Newborn
- Herbie Nichols
- Bernard Peirce
- Oscar Peterson
- Bud Powell
- Jimmy Rowles
- George Shearing
- Horace Silver
- Art Tatum

- Billy Taylor
- Sir Charles Thompson
- Lennie Tristano
- Randy Weston
- Teddy Wilson
- Stanley Wrightson

GUITAR

(Please check one.)

- Laurindo Almeida
- George Barnes
- Skeeter Best
- Kenny Burrell
- Bo Diddley
- Herb Ellis
- Tal Farlow
- Barry Galbraith
- Dick Garcia
- Freddie Green
- Jim Hall
- Steve Jordan
- Barney Kessel
- Mundell Lowe
- Charles Paris
- Jimmy Raney
- Howard Roberts
- Sal Salvador
- Chuck Wayne
- Billy Wright

BASS

(Please check one.)

- Aaron Ball
- Ray Brown
- Red Callender
- Paul Chambers
- Israel Crosby
- George Duvivier
- Sam Gill
- Bob Haggart
- Percy Heath
- Milt Hinton
- Eddie Jones
- Ahmed A. Malik
- Wendell Marshall
- Al McKibbons
- Charlie Mingus
- Red Mitchell
- Walter Page
- Oscar Pettiford
- Eddie Salsanski
- Leroy Vinnegar
- Douglas Watkins
- Gene Wright

DRUMS

(Please check one.)

- Louis Bellson
- Art Blakey
- Jimmy Campbell
- Kenny Clarke
- Jimmy Crawford
- Bobby Donaldson
- Nick Fatail
- Chuck Flores
- Harold Gramowsky
- Chico Hamilton
- Gus Johnson
- Oisc Johnson
- Jo Jones
- Philly Joe Jones
- Connie Kay
- Gene Krupa
- Shelly Manne
- Ray McKinley
- Joe Morello
- Sonny Payne

- Buddy Rich
- Max Roach
- Art Taylor
- Ed Thigpen
- Bob Thompson
- Ed Shaughnessy

MISC. INSTRUMENT

(Please check one.)

- Dorothy Ashby, harp
- Sidney Bechet, soprano sax
- Larry Bunker, vibes
- Don Butterfield, tuba
- Teddy Charles, vibes
- Buddy Collette, flute
- Don Elliott, vibes, mellophone
- Terry Gibbs, vibes
- John Graas, French horn
- Stephane Grappelli, violin
- Lionel Hampton, vibes
- Milt Jackson, vibes
- Steve Lacy, soprano sax
- Herbie Mann, flute
- Mat Mathews, accordion
- Sam Marowitz
- Marlowe Morris
- Ray Nance, violin
- Red Norvo, vibes
- Oscar Pettiford, cello
- Terry Pollard, vibes
- Tito Puente, timbales
- Sadi, vibes
- Bud Shank, flute
- Jimmy Smith, organ
- Cal Tjader, vibes
- Cy Touff, bass trumpet
- Art Van Damme, accordion
- Frank Wess, flute

MALE VOCALIST

(Please check one.)

- Louis Armstrong
- Chet Baker
- Ray Charles
- Nat "King" Cole
- Perry Como
- Bing Crosby
- Sammy Davis, Jr.
- Buddy Greco
- Clancy Hayes
- Roy Kral
- Johnny Mathis
- Brother Joe May
- Turk Murphy
- Jackie Paris
- Jimmy Rushing
- Frank Sinatra
- Jack Teagarden
- Mel Tormé
- Bobby Troup
- Joe Turner
- Joe Williams

FEMALE VOCALIST

(Please check one.)

- Claire Austin
- Betsy Bennett
- Janet Brace
- Jackie Cain
- June Christy

- Chris Connor
- Ella Fitzgerald
- Billie Holiday
- Lurean Hunter
- Malaika Jackson
- Morgana King
- Teddi King
- Peggy Lee
- Marlene
- Mary Ann McCull
- Carmen McRae
- Helen Merrill
- Lizz Miles
- Anita O'Day
- Lucy Reed
- Rita Reys
- Ann Richards
- Jerry Southern
- Sarah Vaughan
- Dinah Washington
- Lee Wiley

INSTRUMENTAL COMBO

(Please check one.)

- Australian Jazz Quartet
- Dave Brubeck
- Kenny Clarke
- Miles Davis
- Wilbur De-Paris
- Kenny Dorham's Jazz Prophets
- Don Elliott
- Tal Farlow
- Erroll Garner
- John Graas
- Friedrich Gulda
- Chico Hamilton
- Lionel Hamilton
- The Jazz Messengers
- Hot Jug Band of N. Y.
- Charlie Mingus
- Modern Jazz Quartet
- Gerry Mulligan
- Phineas Newborn
- Dave Pell
- Oscar Peterson
- Max Roach
- Shorty Rogers
- Bob Scobey
- Johnny Smith
- Billy Taylor
- Cal Tjader
- Randy Weston
- Kai Winding - J. J. Johnson
- Teddy Wilson

VOCAL GROUP

(Please check one.)

- Blue Stars
- Bradford Specials
- Cadillacs
- Jackie Cain - Roy Kral
- Kenny Dorham's Jazz Prophets
- Four Freshmen
- Hi-Lo's
- Honey Dreamers
- Mary Kaye Trio
- McGuire Sisters
- Mills Brothers
- Spellbinders

Correct name and address must be printed here to authenticate ballot.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

HOW TO BATHE A POODLE

CONSISTENT WITH PLAYBOY'S POLICY of publishing timely, informative features of real worth and value to the urban male, here is the step-by-step procedure for properly bathing your poodle. Though we realize not all of our readers presently possess, or have immediate plans for procuring, a poodle, we are confident that every last one of you is, deep down (where it really counts), a poodle lover and so will be able to take at least an academic interest in these instructions. Miss Joan Bradshaw has very kindly consented to assist us in the demonstration.

helpful hints on proper pet care, illustrated



1. First, filling the bathtub with sudsy water, the owner calls the poodle over. The presence of the owner in the tub allays any fears he (the poodle) may have concerning the matter. If it is good enough for people, it is good enough for me, the poodle reasons.

2. Though the poodle appears dubious, a little applied poodle psychology and he (the poodle) is convinced the tub is the place to be.



3. The pet is brought in contact with the water in a series of quick, up-and-down motions, not unlike the dunking of a sugar wafer in a cup of tea.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANDRE DE DIENES



4. The poodle purrs contentedly while his owner applies a gentle brushing. We don't care what you've got to say, this poodle is purring.



5. Any questions?



"Gee, that's funny — all he gave me was a written exam."

next afternoon. "You can make a contribution of, say, a hundred dollars or so. That should take care of her and give her a little education. I know a priest who knows the Mother Superior, and I think everything can be arranged with no questions asked."

We gave him the hundred, and he left to make negotiations. The next afternoon was as dismal a day as I have ever seen. The cab that drove us through the rainy streets was slow and rickety. Jules talked aimlessly of a dozen subjects, while Sammy and I, feeling very depressed, sat on either side of Sundae and held her hands.

At the front entrance of the convent school, Jules rang a little brass bell and we were received by a stout and stern-faced nun. Her authoritative manner gave warning that she would brook no nonsense, and during her brief conversation with Jules, this imposing woman, who reminded me vividly of my high school English teacher, sent looks flying in our direction that contained all the elements of eternal damnation.

At last she left Sundae away through an inner door. We almost ran back to the cab, hoping to be gone before Sundae realized that we had deserted her.

We dropped Jules off at his French Army post on our way home and then paid the cabman outside a coffee shop near our apartment. We found a table and ordered coffee.

It was a dreary and rainy late afternoon and our depression had dropped to a painful level. We didn't feel like talking, but after a few minutes Sammy said, "I got something I want to get off my chest."

"Yeah? What?"

"Well," he said, hesitating, "damn it, I'm sorry if I've been hard to get along with lately. But I've been upset about a couple of things. To tell you the truth, I just couldn't get up the nerve to make that kid. I don't know why exactly; maybe she looked too much like my kid sister."

I sipped my coffee and didn't say anything. He continued after a while: "I guess I really didn't have any right to be so peevish at you. After all, that's what we bought her for."

I still sipped my coffee and said nothing. We sat in despondent silence for about ten minutes.

"Say," he said at last. "I can't help but be curious. Tell me. How was it?"

I leaned back in my chair and looked real thoughtful for a moment, and then I took another sip of coffee before I answered nonchalantly. "Not bad for a young girl, I guess. Personally, I like them more mature."

It was an empty victory; our relationship for the next couple of days, while we were packing and vacating our apartment, was strained and cheerless. On the plane going to England Sammy sat beside me and read a book and gave the shortest possible answers to my conversation.

In London he was always busy; he had

a number of friends to visit and somehow I was never included. Once, when he did introduce me to an acquaintance, he said of me, "This guy is a *real* devil with the women." He grinned when he said it, but there was bitterness in his voice.

I could never quite reach Sammy those last few days. He sailed from Southampton before I did, and when I went to the dock with him to say goodbye he was preoccupied and didn't seem to want to look me in the eye. It was a depressing few minutes as we stood there by the gangplank; I felt the impending

loss of one of the best friends I ever had.

I made what was perhaps the first mature decision of my life as he turned to leave. When he was halfway up the gangplank I yelled at him. He turned around with a bored now-what expression on his face.

"I didn't either!" I yelled. He looked puzzled for a moment, and then the smile on his face was pure sunshine.

He stood on the deck and waved as the ship pulled away from the dock, then I walked through terribly empty streets to a little restaurant and had a cup of coffee.



FEMALES BY COLE: 28





PLAYBOY'S BAZAAR



NEW TWIST

This cagey corkscrew has been given the nod by the Wine Institute, penetrates and extracts the longest, strongest or most fragile stopper without chewing up the cork or flecking the juice in the jug. Don't ask how; just take our word for it. It's made of hand-turned lesson wood, 5" long with a $2\frac{1}{2}$ " tempered steel screw, sets you back a scant \$3.50, ppd. *Sturm Smith Company, Dept. K, Carpentersville, Illinois.*



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CRITICS PANEL • BOX 3113 • PHILA. 50

AMBIENTE LAND

(continued from page 51)

flower market (huge bunches of blossoms are carried to the car by tattered boys crying "belli fiori, bellissimi fiori"). Ten thousand tons of the posies are produced for perfume essence every year on the sharply terraced farms that climb the hillsides along the coastal road. In fact, flowers spread bright carpets over most of the farmland all the way to Genoa. After that, as the roadside billboards (yeah, they've even got them there) thin out again, it's olive groves all the way to La Spezia.

We don't get that far our first day. At least we never have yet. One reason is a restaurant called La Mónola, between Ventimiglia and Bordighera. We enter the place through a mist of ilex petals, and the waiters will apologize, "Sempre qui una pioggia di fiori" ("Always here it's raining flowers"). Then we'll pass up the menus loaded with the usual fare from Paris and Rome and ask instead for the local specialties.

Last time, we spent a contemplative hour or so with a bottle of the palest lemon-green *coronata* from the vineyards of Polcevera, light and pungent and in tune with our morning mood. Later the waiter brought us a *cicchetti* fish stew that compares well with the French *bouillabaisse*. With it came a more definite white *Cannè Terre*, a wine Dante and Boccaccio were already raving about back in the 14th Century. Then a wild array of cheeses and cold fresh grapes and figs, followed by a glass of *matto*, a nut-flavored cordial.

In San Remo, a little further along the coast, you'll want to search for four things: the Casino, the Royal Hotel, the Rendezvous restaurant and the 13th Century charm of the hilltop Pigna district of darkly narrow lanes and winding flights of stone steps.

Speaking of casinos, the one at San Remo is the only one along this coast that deserves the name. It features the usual Palm Court concerts and balls, and roulette, trente et quarante and baccarat. There are a couple more (at Rapallo and Varese) that run to dancing, drinking and gambling during the summer high season; but generally speaking anything else referred to as a *casino* (with the accent on the "i") is likely to feature less licentious pleasures.

Beyond San Remo, the road runs through a whole cluster of resorts. Some are big and well known and fairly crowded even in the spring and fall, between the summer infestation of Italians and the winter invasion from northern Europe. Places like Alasino, Levanto and Arenzano, for instance. We've got nothing against them; in fact, we like their festive resort life, smart restaurants and nightclubs. But for a place to settle awhile, we'll take the smaller uncommercialized spots like Liguria, Noli, Arma di Taggia, Celle Ligure and Vara, these last two distinguished by mountain torrents running through town and across the beach into the sea. They're all within easy driving of the

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mium in Portofino and Rapallo. Stroll the long arcaded main street for pottery, baskets, sandals, velvets and corduroys, and the nobly smoked *prescinto* hams and *robolina* cheeses of the district. You could make it a stop on the way back, if you go straight through to Monterosso in an hour and a half by fast train from Genoa or Pisa.

You can take a local to the other villages of Cinque Terre. We usually walk — first along the seawalls, then up well-made footpaths high above the sea among wild narcissus and violets. We're always struck on the way by the serenity of the peasant women who pass with great flat baskets of grapes and the good-natured friendliness of the men hanging by ropes to tend terraced cliffside vineyards.

There are no shrill auto horns, no telephones, no industry, no goggle-eyed tourists — nothing except neighbors (which means you, too, if you're staying there) who gather beside the old church, on the sun-drenched piazza, looking down the steeply sloping main street. (The foot of the street is flooded at high tide; at low, the archaic fishing boats lie on their sides along the street not unlike parked cars.)

These villages have a strange history, we learned one evening chatting with the priest at Riomaggiore. Seventh Century Lombard invaders drove the Ligurian Terrans from rich inland farms to this then barren coastal strip. Almost literally the people carved their villages into the cliffs, back-harrowing soil over the chain of hills to create today's famous vineyards and orchards. Then, in the 11th Century, Turkish raiders killed most of the men and occupied the towns, accounting for the darkly striking good looks of today's Cinque Terrans. For obvious reasons, the Turks never left.

You'll have more real fun if you keep costs low on the Italian Riviera; and you can live very well indeed on \$7 to \$10 a day. Fares to Genoa start at \$200 to \$250 from New York by Italian Line (24 State Street, New York 4) or American Export Line (39 Broadway, New York). The air lines charge around \$350, one way. For full information check with your travel agent or Italian State Tourist Office, 21 E. 51st St., New York 22.

* * *

PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

Junket in November for men only: South Seas air cruise to the fabled island chains of Tahiti and Fiji. Muon and Siapewer scenery caressed by the trade winds. You can swim or loll in palm-fronded anchorages, embark on outrigger canoe trips, explore coral lagoons or simply gaze at the belles who inspired Gauguin. The whole undertaking runs 10 days, costs \$1000 from Honolulu (Pacific International Tours, 391 Sutter St., San Francisco).

Snow with style is supreme during Quebec's Ice Carnival at the end of January: ice-canoe races on the floes of the

St. Lawrence, gigantic ice carvings in the streets, gala costume parties complete with lovely ladies and buttered rum galore. Stay at the superb Chateau Frontenac for a modest \$120 per week, including room, all meals, unlimited use of the winter sports facilities at nearby Lac Beauport (Quebec Municipal Tourist Bureau, 60 Rue d' Auteuil, Quebec 4).

Colorful, still uninterested "out islands" of the Bahamas are a top choice for a lazy, sunny November rest. Take a sample on a four-day yacht plane combination from Tampa to Nassau, then on to Eleuthera for about \$80 (Mackay Airlines, Broward County Int. Airport, Fort Lauderdale). Or fly from Nassau to Harbour Island for \$9.30, then sizzle, swim or loaf at Pink Sands Lodge for \$32 a day for two (Bahamas Airways, Ltd., Oaks Field, Nassau; Pink Sands Lodge, Harbour Island, Bahamas).



KING'S CORD

(continued from page 35)

(including undershorts, wallet, house keys, etc.) is not unreasonably tagged "black shoe." The man who seems to be heading in the proper direction, though sometimes falter (due to, say, a flapless pocket on his jacket), is given a pat and a place card: "brown shoe." He is not without hope. "Suede shoe" might just as well forget the whole thing, drop out of school and join the Air Force.

You can see by the foregoing that the balance is precarious: woe to the bone-headed freshman who stumbles through rush week in boho's raiment.

With that thought firmly fixed in mind, you'll certainly want to cast an eye on what's happening to corduroy-wise "shoe" insurance if ever we've seen it.

Corduroy's been poking around the campus (and elsewhere) at least as long as courses in Freshman English, but this year it's in for extra big doings. The richly ribbed fabric is supposed to have taken its name from *carte du roi*, or king's cord, and it's true that European monarchs treasured the noble stuff for its velvet-like appearance and long, hard-wearing abilities. Of late, the functional qualities of corduroy have been given an additional shot of sophistication — thanks to sensible tailoring, easy washability and a whole stadium full of interesting colors. Some manufacturers are trying to promote yards of corduroy with the ribs running horizontally instead of vertically, but you'd be smart to stay with the traditional vertical variety.

Today, you can pick up at your campus haberdasher's everything from beanies to sneakers fashioned elegantly out of the noble cord. Check especially his line-up of suburban coats, suits, vests, slacks and caps (don't be surprised to see suspenders and wallets done up in the stuff, too) and make sure they've got a natty leather trim around the pockets. Another coat feature: beer stains wash out in a flash.



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WIFE'S CLOTHING

(continued from page 64)

cure the old ones.

Some of the most intriguing of all the new discoveries are the *allergies*, among them the *fur allergy*.

Develop one of these quickly, for it will be *effective only if begun early*.

Suppose, for example, that your wife buys a dress or cloth coat with a bit of fur on the collar.

"Davie, how do you like the new—"

"Aaaaah-chooo!"

"Well, God bless you!"

"Aaaaah-choo! Go away, Phoebe, go away with that awful—aaaaah-choo! — fur collar! I can't be within—aaaaah-choo! — ten feet of any kind of—aaaaah-choo! — fur!"

After this she will return the offending garment and select only cloth coats. Get her a good one. Remember, the best is none too good.

Our Little Four-Footed Friends.

Most women, bless them, are kind and tender-hearted. Sentiment plays a strong part in their lives. Given the right facts, their impulses are often fine and generous.

"Davie, isn't it time we talked some more about a fur—"

"That reminds me, Phoebe. Had an interesting talk with a fur man today, down at the office."

"Oh, Davie, you're sweet!"

"He was explaining to me why some pelts have a sorta gnawed look in the corner. Little devils try to chew off their own feet. You know, the foot that's caught in the trap."

"Oh, David, stop!"

"Probably doesn't hurt 'em too much. Only stay in the traps a couple of days."

"How cruel!"

"Can't blame the trappers, really. It's the women who buy the fur coats. Glad you're so sensible about that, Phoebe."

If you succeed in putting over this point of view, your wife may even spread the word to other women. You will make hundreds of grateful friends among your male acquaintances.

BE PROUD OF YOUR WIFE.

But remember, do not be niggardly. If your wife wants to buy a good, durable dress with lasting classical lines, let her do so. The ragged, threadbare wife is strong evidence of a selfish husband. Have a wife you can be proud of. The cost is small and the rewards are great.

Be generous with your praise, too. If she has run up a trim house dress out of the old bedroom curtains, appreciate it. Women thrive on appreciation.

Before you know it you will have a wife who is smart, well-dressed, and self-assured.

She will be a good investment.

NEXT MONTH:

"SELECTING YOUR SECOND WIFE."



Here are some additional stores that are trying in with PLAYBOY's fall fashion theme, "THE MAN ABOUT CAMPUS DRESSES RIGHT FOR EVERY OCCASION." Like the 388 stores listed last month in PLAYBOY, all of the fine shops listed below are prepared to see that you're outfitted in taste and in style for the season ahead.

CALIFORNIA:

POMONA—Sears Roebuck

ILLINOIS:

ATLANTA—Van Mills Store

CHICAGO—Regal

MICHAEL—Harry O. Turner

QUINCY—Sears Clothing Store

INDIANA:

NORTH JUDSON—Marvin's Clothing

KANSAS:

CIMARRON—Nicole's

MANHATTAN—DeLuxe Cleaners

MICHIGAN:

DETROIT—The Exchange Shop

FLINT—Dove's Haberdashery

FLINTON—Archie's Clothing

GRAND RAPIDS—Walter Clothing

DETROIT—Kress Clothing

MISSISSIPPI:

UNIVERSITY—Users Clothes Co. Store

MISSOURI:

ST. JOSEPH—Ed Conrat Custom Shop

NEW YORK:

NEW YORK—Neiffs

NEWBURGH—A.R.C. Fleisch Men's Wear

OHIO:

MIDWAY—Rile's Shop for Men

YELLOW SPRINGS—Joe Holly's

OKLAHOMA:

PONCA CITY—Swin's B. & M.

OREGON:

ROCHESTER—Men's Shop

PENNSYLVANIA:

PHILADELPHIA—Morville

RHODE ISLAND:

PROVIDENCE—Arthur Palser Jr., Inc.

WISCONSIN:

MADISON—Ole's Clothing Shop

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MONSTER

(continued from page 31)

case, a towering shadow entered the picture, the theramin began its timorous wail, and the beauty in question looked over her shoulder, uttered Scream of Mortal Terror, Female, No. 84-B (Full-Throated), and was promptly gripped by severe nausea just at the fade-out.

Newspapers loomed upon the screen: 600 STRIKES AGAIN!

STRANGE STUFF SLAYS SEXY SIREN!

And *Facinity*, shocked at the death of a prominent girl vocalist, reported:

THUMBS HUSHED BY MUSH

"Things," said the Lieutenant, picking his nose with a matchstick, "are getting worse."

"You are not just a-clackin' your prognathous jaws, Buster," quipped a melon-bosomed blonde, undulating into range with a crinkle of taffeta and flapping her well-greased eyelids.

"Who are you?"

"Bradstone's the name; Dr. Brenda Bradstone, Girl Viscosimeter."

"You mean you're the — —"

"World's foremost authority?" She struck an attitude. "The same. Where is the latest victim?"

"Well, uh — —"

"One moment." The new voice belonged to a young man with broad shoulders and a sincere tilt to his eyebrows who lumbered, profile first, into their midst. "Dr. Bradstone is not entirely correct, Lieutenant," he blathered. "Though possessing a certain proficiency in the field," and here he bowed low to the lady and seized up her ankles, "she is not the world's foremost authority."

"Who is then, you're so smot?" asked Brenda.

"The author of *Fisicosity in a Changing World, Fisicosity for the Millions, How Fisicos Are You* and *Whether Fisicosity* of course. In short, myself."

"Then you're Dr. Quentin Conroy of the Institute for Viscosimetric Research!"

"The same," said Conroy, striking an attitude.

"Well, Dr. Conroy," said Brenda, coldly, striking another attitude and striking, also, the Lieutenant, whose hands had been roving, "it's a pleasure."

"Thank you," smirked Conroy, removing from his satchel a small device resembling a double-barrelled rectal thermometer.

"What, pray, is that?" asked Brenda, haughtily. "A double-barrelled rectal thermometer?"

"It is obvious, Dr. Bradstone," responded Conroy with cool decorum, "that you do not know a capillary viscometer from a hole in the ground."

Brenda sniffed huffily. "If that," she said, writhing with ambivalence and lamping her opponent's shoulders with something more than scientific interest, "is a Thorpe and Rodger viscometer, or even a Wilhelm Ostwald viscometer, I'll eat it."

"It is neither," came the sharp riposte, "it is a Conroy viscometer. Now shake your butt and help me set up my equipment."

"Yes, sir," mumbled Brenda, submissively.

Having made this obeisance to the spirit of scientific discussion and also putting half the audience to sleep, the scene now shifted to the city room of a local newspaper. The screen was a riot of shirtsleeves, blue pencils, green eyeshades and cigarette smoke. The city editor, picking his nose with a blue pencil, was staring at an unkempt but earnest young man, "Yuroutaya mind, Pfeiffer," he said. "Just because" — here he paused to suck a dram of coffee from a soggy container — "just because the first goo killing coincided with reports of a living sacerdote sighted in the hills near town, and just because a few hundred nitwits say they've seen a weird monster fifty feet tall walkin' around, and just because a bunch of hoofs swear they've been hearin' some strange, unearthly-type theramin music the last few days — you get the dim-bulb notion that these hoofs are been' knocked off by a creature from outer space! Pfeiffer, you kill me. You know what I think? You really wanna know what I think?"

"What, boss?"

"Yuroutaya mind. Pfeiffer, that's what I think. Go get me another pint o' java."

The city editor, I noted, was cast from the same rugged mold as the police lieutenant; in fact, upon closer inspection, I discovered that he was played by the same actor, his bushy hair covered with liquid latex to simulate a lumpy baldness. I admired this stroke of economy.

Pfeiffer, of course (if I may condense the action a bit here) took his story to the Lieutenant and was promptly catalogued as a troublesome illusionist. Conroy, however, overhearing the reporter's theory, got a faraway look in his eye and, loosening his Countess Mara, began to wade into his work with renewed gusto.

Two lap-dissolves and a theramin solo later, Conroy looked up from his viscometer. His face was pale, his eyebrows knotted. "It's — — incredible!" he said. "And yet — why should it be incredible? If, on our world, all living things have a base of carbon, why then on other worlds may not life have a basis of some, thing else? Silicon, or hydrogen, or — this?"

"Quentin," breathed Brenda quietly, looking soulfully into his hair-line (they had reached the First Name Stage while I wasn't looking), "what is it?"

"The stuff," said Conroy, "the horrible goo on the bodies . . . He broke off, consulted his viscometer once more, then looked up again, nostrils akimbo. "Yes! Brenda, the monster that killed those poor girls, the monster that, even now, is roaming at large: that monster is a fifty-foot blob of — vaseline!"

"Vaseline!?"

Conroy nodded grimly. "With hair." "Yuroutaya mind," said the Lieutenant.

"But . . . but . . ." floundered Brenda, forgetting her lines, "but vaseline is harmless . . ."

"Yes — vaseline as we know it," Conroy agreed. "But what if it were endowed with a superhuman intelligence



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beyond our ken?"

"Yeah," said the Lieutenant, "but even so—"

"Lieutenant," Conroy said evenly, "picture it. What would you do if you saw a blob of vaseline fifty feet high and all covered with hair coming at you?"

The Lieutenant's eyes grew glassy at the image; then he clapped his hand to his mouth and lurched straight for the washroom.

"It all fits together, Quentin," said Brenda, breathing heavily. "The severe nausea—the globs of goo—the flying saucer—the theramin music. But what is this monster's purpose in killing these girls? And why only girls?"

Conroy frowned. "I . . . don't . . . know," he said.

And suddenly, the monster was upon us. The screen was filled with hairy vaseline—fifty feet of it, stroking outisly down the road and humming to itself. John Quincy Adams clapped his hand to his mouth and was never seen again. My dentist climbed up the theater wall. Arthur Miller followed close on his heels and Marilyn Monroe clung to me (understandably) for comfort. My popcorn, of course, went flying at the first sight of the monster, and for a moment I was blinded by salt and falling kernels.

When my vision cleared, I saw to my horror that Brenda was in the coils of the unearthly type creature and was giving the theramin some stiff competition in the wailing department. Next we saw Conroy, his viscometer awry, pointing wildly and yelling, "It's taking her toward the hills!"

"The hills!" echoed Pfeiffer the reporter, materializing from behind a clothes-tree. "That's where the flying saucer was sighted!"

After some scratchy stock footage of Grant Withers and Onslow Stevens climbing in a couple of '35 Chevys and hurtling down the road, we got our first glimpse of the saucer. It was made of Limoges china, trimmed with blue. The monster oozed into the picture, hugging Brenda, whose struggles had grown noticeably lacking in sincerity. The armed services had apparently been summoned, for we were now treated to stirring shots of the U. S. infantry, the Polish cavalry, and the air force of an unidentified nation, all engaged in dust-raising activity of one sort or another, culminating in the detonation of the hydrogen bomb. Needless to say, these efforts left the monster unscathed. By the time Conroy and Pfeiffer arrived, it had miraculously released Brenda, however, and she ran toward her colleague.

"Brenda!" said Conroy. "You're all right! It let you go . . . and you didn't get severe nausea . . . What—?"

Panting, Brenda said, "I found out everything. That theramin music—it's Morse code. The goo told me the whole story. He didn't want to kill those girls; they just got deathly ill at the sight of him. He was only looking for a mate. He's lonely."

"A mate! But he's—that is—he doesn't have any—I mean—"

"You don't understand, Quentin. Look at my eyelids."

"They're ravishing."

"What else?"

"They're well-greased."

"Correct. With vaseline?"

"You mean—?"

"Exactly! All those other girls greased their eyelids with vaseline, too. And the stuff from outer space was just looking for someone of his own kind!"

"Amazing!" Conroy embraced her. "You're wonderful, Brenda! A true scientist. Brenda, darling—will you marry me? Together, we will plumb new depths of viscosity!"

"Youroutaya mind," said Brenda. "I'm going home with Pete."

"Pete?"

Brenda sighed ecstatically. "I can't pronounce his real name. I call him Pete because he's made of petroleum jelly—vaseline to you."

"What? You're going back to his native planet with him?"

"Yes, isn't it wonderful? Talk about plumbing new depths of viscosity—man, he's really viscous! I'll be doing the cause of viscometry a great service. Besides," she added, with a libidinous growl, "I always was a sucker for tall, hairy guys."

Hand-in-pseudopod, Brenda and Pete walked toward the flying saucer as the music climbed to great heights. It was still new, but this time it was more like Tchaikovsky than Stravinsky. Conroy took it like a man, blinked back a tear, poked his viscometer and walked slowly in the opposite direction.

The lights in the theatre went up and I became suddenly aware of the coldness of the leather seat on which I was sitting. A sudden fear gripped me and I looked down to find it confirmed. Somehow, by the wizardry of dreams, I was now clad in only the tops—rather than the bottoms—of my pajamas. Fortunately, I looked at Marilyn. She was wearing the bottoms. I found this turn-of-events charming and, as I left the theatre with her, hand-in-pseudopod, I did not even try to understand the transference. That would require, I knew, a superhuman intelligence beyond my ken.



HOODWINKED HUSBAND

(continued from page 52)

Marco was waiting in his fishing boat.

"Ah, Captain!" cried Marco. "I am glad you are here. For as I sat here, imagining the high sport you must be enjoying, my blood grew restive and it was all I could do to keep from rowing away and taking a taste of my wife! I very nearly did so, in fact—but I knew how disappointed you would have been to find your transportation gone."

At these words, Antonio grew slightly pale, for he realized he had come dangerously close to discovery. Rallingly, however, he said, "Why, my good fellow! Are you married? I had no idea. If I had but known, I would have told you to enjoy her by all means and then return for me."

"What, sir?" asked Marco. "Did you not know I recently wed a girl so beautiful, so sensuous, so altogether desirable

that she arouses a craving in all who look upon her?"

"No, you lucky rascal! But see here: wives, however fair they may be, must be reckoned as part of the regular furniture of the house, something to serve our pleasant uses whenever we stand in need. But married or unmarried, we lusty men must always be on the look-out for some fresh morsel. Nature demands it! Therefore, when you bring me to this place tomorrow evening, I will return to the boat with the lady—so that we both may enjoy her. Eh? What do you say?"

Marco was overcome with delight.

The next evening, he had draped his heat with carpets and canopies, improving its appearance and increasing its privacy. He dickered at the same place; Antonio got out, repeated his journey of the previous night, and returned in a short time with a heavily-veiled young woman. Marco waited patiently while the two made merry within the canopied enclosure. Then, after a while, Antonio came out and said: "Now then, Marco, she's yours. And a sweet bit of sauce she is, indeed! Although I have never seen the wife of whom you spoke yesterday, I am sure the lady within is her equal in beauty and ardor. One thing, however, good Marco my friend: do not, I beseech you, attempt to lift her veil or make speech with her, or in any other way try to learn her identity. It would be the undoing of us both."

Marco's heart creased at this. "I do not understand . . ."

"I did not mean to tell you," Antonio said in a whisper, "since the fewer who know, the better. But because you are puzzled, I will reveal to you that this lady is no less a personage than the daughter of the Doge, and she meets us here in great peril of her father's wrath. Can you conceive our fate if word of this got out, or if you incurred her displeasure by lifting her veil? The rack, the thumbscrew! Therefore, Marco, enjoy her quickly and in silence."

Terrorized at the dangers Antonio had painted, Marco joined the veiled lady and took his pleasure of her in five minutes, returning to Antonio full of praise for her accomplishments. "Not only is she the equal of my wife," he declared: "she surpasses her! But Captain: before you return this blighorn lady to the shore, please tell me how I may repay you for this enjoyment you have given me tonight?"

Antonio, somewhat embarrassed, said, "Repay me, Marco? There is no need." "I insist, sir! Such sport as this cannot be found at any price in the finest bawdy houses in Venice! What can I do for you in return?"

"Well," said Antonio, "I have planned a dinner on Saturday for some friends, but as you know, my funds are low, if you could possibly loan me . . ."

"Say no more!" said Marco. "And speak not of loans. It will be my pleasure to provide the price of a fine dinner, Saturday next, for you and I and all our friends—at the best inn on the canal!"





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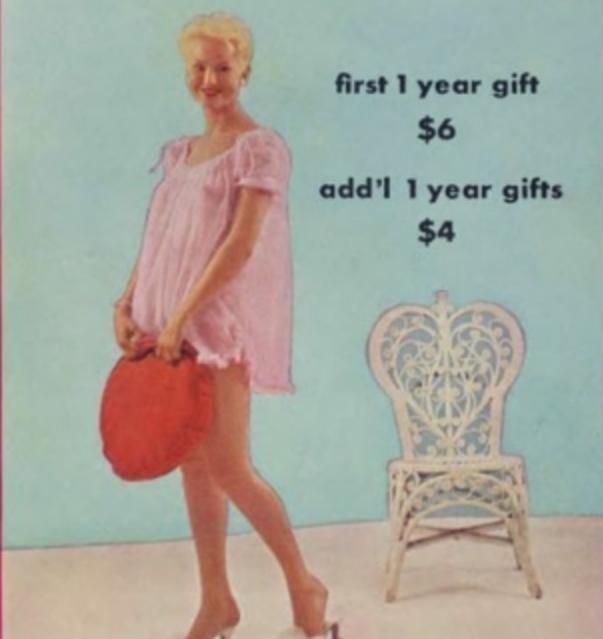


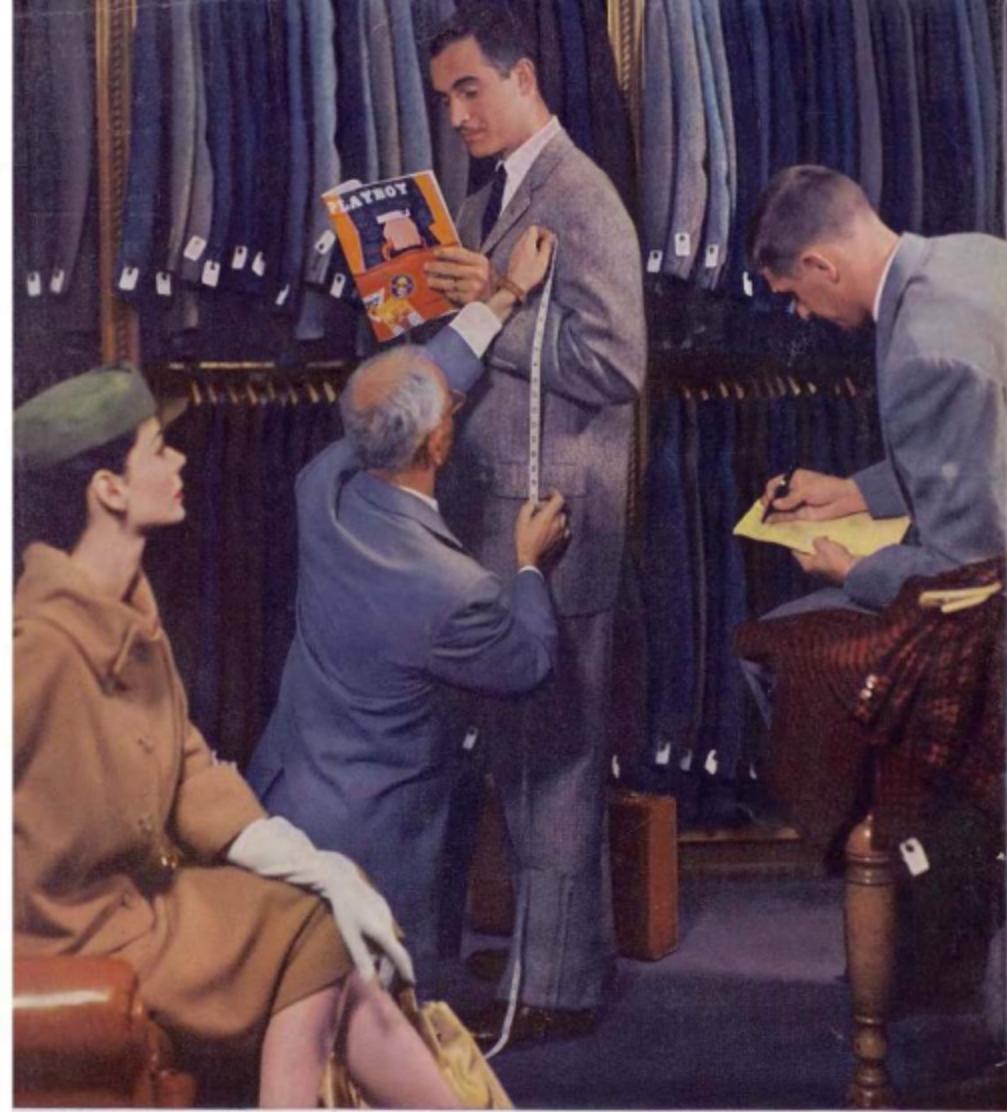
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9/2
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