

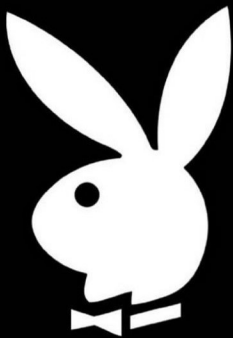
OCTOBER 50 cents

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN



COLLEGE ISSUE



PLAYBOY



JONES



MOUNT



ADAMS

PLAYBILL

JAMES JONES LIKES TO WRITE big, fat novels like *From Here To Eternity*, with the result that very little short fiction has had a chance to roll out of his busy typewriter — only eight or nine stories, by his own count. And, as he told us recently, "It doesn't look like I'll be writing any more for a while — not until I've finished this new book, anyway." Which makes us all the happier that we're able to give you, in this College Issue of *PLAYBOY*, a brand new James Jones story about a great jazzman, "The King."

"The Taming of the Rake," also in this issue, is the first published story of a young fellow named Anson Mount. Anson (who was born in the Smokey Mountain country of Tennessee and therefore has to endure the nickname of "Smokey" Mount) surprised hell out of himself late last year by winning first prize in a short story contest judged by Ellery Queen, Bennett Cerf, H. Allen Smith, Fannie Hurst and other notables. Miss Hurst admired the "smoothness and sophistication" of Mount's story, but objected to a certain brazen, outspoken element in its style. Being rather brazen, outspoken fellows ourselves, we had no such objections, so we told Smokey we'd give "Rake" its first publication. We think you'll like his racy story of a lady-killing college man.

Pictorially, *PLAYBOY* watches a lithe stripper take over a university and drools appreciatively over the eminently stacked Anita Ekberg, while photographer Hal Adams, faced with one of life's pleasanter crises, tries to narrow down two curvy corals to one college Playmate. By the way, we're still getting some of our models the easy way, using members of the organization. The sweet young thing yelling her pretty head off on the cover this month is Marilyn McClintock, *PLAYBOY*'s receptionist.

Rounding out this College Issue is a side-splitting story of sexual shenanigans by Thorne Smith; an article on stag parties by Jay Smith (no relation); a salute to the cocktail hour by Thomas Maria; and the usual dazzling array of cartoons, Party Jokes, and other *PLAYBOY* features. Drop that textbook, and get with it.

DEAR PLAYBOY



ADDRESS PLAYBOY MAGAZINE

11 E. SUPERIOR ST., CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS

PLAYBOY PRESCRIBED

Your magazine, PLAYBOY, has been a real tonic for many of my patients. In fact, it has provoked laughter and fun for those who previously appeared very depressed. I recommend it as a therapeutic agent.

Ralph Bowen, M.D.
Houston, Texas

THE OLD DOPE PEDDLER

A copy of the July issue of PLAYBOY has reached me here in stir and I want to express my deepest appreciation for the story about me. I'm afraid I could never make you believe how delighted I am with the whole thing (even if it doesn't sell a record) and how impressed I am with Mr. Malcolm's success in saying exactly what my already overinflated ego loves to hear, and in exactly the most satisfying way. Thank you, one and all. You have brightened tomorrow's KP beyond measure.

Pvt. Tom Lefter
Fort Dix, New Jersey

POLYGAMY

My husband and I enjoy your magazine very much, especially the cartoons by Cole and the Party Jokes. However, I heartily disapprove of the article, "A Vote For Polygamy" by Jay Smith in the July issue. Why should men be allowed several wives and a woman only one husband? I can't approve of separate moral laws for men and women; I certainly wouldn't want a man that several other women had. Tell Mr. Smith that if he enjoys the Trojanland Islands so much, he should go there and live. Keep up the good work, but get rid of J. S.

Mrs. J. J. Dubendorff
South Houston, Texas

Your article in the July issue entitled "A Vote For Polygamy" is the thing that is for the birds, not the one-wife system.

Robert Russell
Riverside, California

PARTY JOKES WITH WHISKERS

I realize that your Party Jokes are supposed to be the best of the humorous quips and stories continually passed from one good fellow to another and, as such, are not original. I understand, too, that some of these may have been around a few seasons, but the gag about the sign falling down in your May issue is carrying all this a bit too far.

In the year 1884, A. D. Worthington & Co. published John B. Gough's *Photograph Echoes*, on temperance, which in-

cluded this version of the sign story:

"A young fellow was walking down Beacod Street one fine morning, and coming upon the intersection of Mary's Slip, spied an ole man lying in a gutter in front of one of the neighborhood's lawdy saloons. Running up to the saloon's bat-wing'd door, this young lad knock'd, and roused the bar keep who inquired what in 'hell' he wished. The young man replied, 'nothing in hell, but to report to you that your sign has fallen down, and is lying there in the gutter!'"

The joke in the May issue just used a different setting—the plot is exactly the same. 1884. H'ow.

Gehus N. Carbon
Jamestown, New York

JULY ISSUE

Just finished reading the July issue of your great magazine and think it is the best to date. My wife hasn't read it yet, but she has liked them all thus far.

Some fine office help you've got there—that Miss Pilgrim is sure a bee-ooterful Playmate! Cole's sketches at the beach were amusing and your stories and articles are always entertaining. This being a "dry" (ha!) state, it is hard to come by the ingredients for some of T. Mario's liquid refreshers, but they sure sound good. Also, on behalf of a good portion of Oklahoma, I'd like to apologize for our Puritan brother, Mr. Mieldke of Enid—he doesn't seem to know a good magazine when he reads one. As always, I thoroughly enjoyed all the cartoons in the July issue.

Bermuda walking shorts are still looked upon with raised eyebrows hereabouts, but I thought Jack Kessie's article on them was a fine one, and I hope they may be much in evidence next season. I sure enjoy their coolness.

PLAYBOY is a fine magazine and we certainly do appreciate it in this family.

Dean A. Crawford
Central State College
Edmond, Oklahoma

Just finished with my July issue. Very entertained by Ray Russell's satire on writing a "breast seller" (since I am a writer) and also the one on polygamy (since I am an advocate of free enterprise) and especially by Cole's luscious beach art (since I am only human). I'd like to add my name to the list urging you to reprint all of the "Females by Cole" in one issue.

Robert L. Loeffelheim
Moses Lake, Washington

JULY COVER

Would you mind explaining the meaning of the untanned design on the back of the girl lying in the sun on the July cover?

James Wacker
Saginaw, Michigan

PLAYBOY has taken as its symbol, that playboy of the animal world, the rabbit. He appears on every PLAYBOY cover, in one form or another. In this case, he was sunning himself on the beach with Miss July, his head resting on her back. Just before the cover picture was snapped, he got up to get some cold beers, but the sun left the silhouette of his head imprinted on her lovely taint.

JANET

Amateur or professional, we think Janet Pilgrim rates with the best. Can we see more pictures of Playmate Pilgrim?

The Boys in River Dorn
Ohio State University
Columbus, Ohio

Is it possible that a girl as beautiful as Miss July actually works in your circulation department? It seems much too good to be true!

Charles O'Connell
New York, New York

It's true all right. PLAYBOY's subscription manager and editor-publisher are



pictured together here in costume the afternoon the July cover and Playmate were photographed.

It hardly seems conceivable that such a lovely blonde creature as Miss Janet Pilgrim (it is Miss, isn't it?) could have been in your own circulation department all this time. PLAYBOY has been heading for the top of the heap since its very inception, but after your presentation of Miss Pilgrim as the July Playmate

of the Month, you have reached the very pinnacle. To use a show biz expression, you've "arrived." With all due respect to past Playmates, for they've all been lovely, they just fade away like old generals compared to Miss July.

Shelby Campbell, Jr.
Philadelphia, Pa.

I've been working for 20th Century Fox Studio for the past four years and I've never seen anyone as beautiful as your Miss Pilgrim.

Kenneth E. Strauch
Lanson Air Force Base, Wash.

In response to your advertisement on pages 28-29 of the July issue, I should like to apply for employment in the circulation department of your publication. Although my experience is severely limited, I am quite willing (compared, say I) to work at a reduced salary (shall we say, nothing? Or less?) until I am able to satisfy your requirements.

R. Frank Shackford
Derry, New Hampshire

BUNK

As a faithful, longtime reader, I've enjoyed your content. As Managing Editor of the *Chaparral*, Palo Alto's chief competitor to *PLAYBOY*, I've been impressed by two things in your magazine: the art direction, which is consistently miles above standard, and the almost miraculous good taste with which you present the risqué. As a college humor veteran, I can understand well the problems of treading the taste line and I compliment you fully for your restraint.

But, I'm also a hot jazz lover. I read Charles Beaumont's "Black Country" enthusiastically, his "Red Beans and Ricely Yours" somewhat disappointedly. When I saw reference to a "Bunk Jones" in the article, I immediately attributed it to one of two things: either a proof room mistake, or a slip of memory on Beaumont's part. I suspected the former.

Now, though, as I read David A. Cobb's letter in your June issue, I find myself completely mystified by Mr. Beaumont's response. Either, in my research on jazz history I've completely overlooked a great cornetist whose life and style are fantastically coincidental with Bunk Johnson's, or else Satchmo has forgotten his tutor's name and Beaumont has taken him at his word.

Point by point: 1) Bunk Johnson told newsmen in 1942, when he first came to New York, how young Louis Armstrong used to pester him for cornet lessons after work and how Louis used to hide behind the piano until Bunk came in after his regular job to teach him. Finally, in Bunk's words, Louis could "play anything he could whistle."

Louis was around eleven at the time. Ralph J. Gleason relates this in his album notes to the 1942 RCA Victor Bunk Johnson release. Gleason at the time was press agent and publicist for Bunk, and had close personal contact with him.

2) Bunk Johnson played for years at Dago Tony's after the Bolden band broke up as a regular member of an approximately two-piece jazz group. In an American Music LP (No. 643) Bunk tells of how he used to play "nuthin' but the blues" all night long in Dago Tony's Dance Hall. Furthermore, he tells of the fact that Dago Tony's used to be "around Louis' neighborhood."

3) Perhaps the most devastating quote I can offer is from George Avakian's notes to Columbia GL 520: "... and the budding child cornetist (Louis) would suck into Dago Tony's, a bar where Bunk played every night after the Eagle Band's regular job ended, and curl up behind the upright piano until Bunk arrived to wake him up."

4) Satchmo's description of Bunk "Jones" cornet style, according to Beaumont, reads: "Jones had an uncommon amount of subtlety for that era, always hesitating a hair behind the beat and getting a lot of strong vibrato out of the horn." Listen to a Bunk Johnson record some time for the answer to that one.

Come, come, gentlemen. Attack sacred cows and shock frustrated old spinsters if you will, but let's not slight the memory of the man who 1) taught Louis how to play the cornet, 2) ditto Tommy Ladner, 3) ditto Punch Miller, 4) influenced Joe Oliver, and 5) gave Sidney Bechet (age 12) his first job.

The least you can do is make abject amends to the myriad Bunk fans still left. The sad ones, like me, think even Satchmo himself couldn't make his horn say as much as Bunk's did. Pyrotechnics? Sure, Louis is spectacular, but he never could play the real lowdown, straightforward blues as dirty as old Bunk.

Allan Hayes, Editor
Stanford Chaparral
Stanford University
Stanford, California

P.S. I was both interested in and horrified with Mr. Tracy's all-azaz jazz band. I'd rather listen to the 1915-style New Orleans Wail's Home Band trumpet section of Armstrong, Kid Rena (fabulous) and Shots Madison (the greatest) than Mr. Tracy's Armstrong, Eldredge and Gillespie. But, I could possibly be prejudiced.

Beaumont's authority was CURRENT biography which mentions Bunk "Jones" five or six times. Chuck reasoned that this was too often to be a typographical error, although he could find no mention

of "Jones" elsewhere. The weight of evidence indicates that they were in error, however, and that Bunk "Jones" and Bunk Johnson are one and the same.

FEMALE CRITIC

I just happened to pick up two copies of *PLAYBOY* magazine that my brother brought home and I feel very depressed to think that there are some women who have so little respect for themselves as to pose with their bodies showing like those in your June and July issues. No, I won't even call that type a woman. With such backs running around, it is lowering the standards of all the nice girls. I am not an old woman of sixty, so I can't be old fashioned. I'm only eighteen and I'm sure not jealous so it must just be the common sense that I have. Sex? What a laugh and *PLAYBOY* is even a bigger laugh.

Debra A. Martin
Arkansas City, Kansas

Keep laughing, Debra. We hope the guy you eventually marry thinks it's funny when you announce that you think sex is a big laugh. We feel for him.

FEMALE FANS

You call your magazine entertainment for men, but I've got news for you. I'm strictly a woman, and can prove it, and man, I dig your magazine the most. Its limericks and jokes and toasts are unequalled anywhere and all hell breaks loose around here when the word goes out that I've received a new issue. So far seven boy friends have borrowed my May issue and the girls here at Bal Moral, a residence club in San Francisco, think your mag is it.

Joni Laiote
San Francisco, Calif.

Picked up my first copy of your magazine yesterday and very thoroughly enjoyed every word of it before I slept last night. Never thought I would write a "fan letter" on anything, but congratulations on a delightfully refreshing publication.

Sally Cunningham
Portland, Oregon

CARE OF A COFFEE POT

I disagree with T. Mario on the care and keeping of a coffee pot. We Navy men believe that a Java pot isn't any good until it has been used a dozen or so times without being washed. Just rinse out with cold water; as for soapy washing—nix, pal, nix.

Richard E. Robinson
Bainbridge, Maryland



THE ADVENTURES OF HECTOR

he was looking for a little peace and quiet, but quiet seemed hard to find

UNTIL QUITE RECENTLY, Mr. Hector Owen's chief occupation in life had been vaguely connected with the law. He was, or so his sheepskin from Harvard testified, an attorney. A nice, simple sort of occupation, one might think, not demanding too much in the way of patience or forbearance. Mr. Owen, however, found both of these qualities taxed to the utmost.

He acted as a sort of bailiff for a wealthy estate, the owners of which, so far as he could gather, spent nearly all of their time either in jail, in bed, or intoxicated, or in any combination of the three, such as intoxicated in bed, intoxicated in jail, or just simply intoxicated anywhere, and always in trouble. When in trouble (and when weren't they in some?) they naturally turned to Mr. Owen for succor.

But Mr. Owen had had enough. He was through. "I am," he said one morning, "through." The succinctness of this simple declarative statement appealed to his sense of order, and he went on: "Through. Finished. Done with it. Choice of one." Since the shaving-creamed reflection in the medicine-cabinet mirror made no reply, Mr. Owen, carefully avoiding a small mole, continued in this vein. "It's not as if my clients actually need me. There are any number of eager young law-school graduates who would give their eye teeth for the job." Mr. Owen desultorily examined his own eye teeth. "On the other hand, or conversely, I certainly don't need them. I'm a man of resources, a man of many facets, I have other irons

in the proverbial fire." Again he skirted his mole deftly. "The store, for instance."

Mr. Owen was alluding to a certain department store in a neighboring city. His father, who had long since shuffled off this mortal coil, had at one time been one of its two owners, and upon giving up the ghost, had willed his half-interest in the enterprise to his son Hector. This young man (who, we might note in passing, had now succeeded in neatly decapitating the mole) had never set foot in the store, preferring to enjoy the privileges of a silent partner. Staunching the flow of blood with a towel, he muttered grimly, "It's about time I stopped playing nursemaid to a bunch of ne'er-do-wells and took an active interest in the business. Stability, that's what I need. The staunch bedrock of conventional commerce."

And so it was that Mr. Owen found himself, a scant two weeks later, in another city, throwing himself eagerly into the invigorating role of a store owner. His co-owner, a Mr. Larkin, was, as he put it, pleased to have him aboard. "It will be awfully convenient," said Larkin, "to have some genial chap like you about to share the many responsibilities. Do you like my office?"

"What?" gasped Mr. Owen, startled by the abruptness of the question. "Oh, yes. It's lovely."

"I rather fancy it myself," confided Mr. Larkin, gazing appreciatively about him at the huge pillow-heaped divans, the colorful oriental hangings, and the gleaming rug-scattered floor. He even

delicately sniffed the scented air. "Isn't that nice stunting?" he continued. "The one with the man."

"They both look made to me," observed Mr. Owen, glancing at the painting indicated, then hastily averting his eyes in holy horror.

"Yes," said Mr. Larkin simply. "That's what's stunning about it. They're both nude together—mother naked. I do a lot of business here, a lot of interviewing. You understand, with my staff, of course."

"I'm afraid I do," replied Mr. Owen. "If you'll pardon my saying so, there's an unmistakable suggestion in this office of an old-time barroom."

"Is there, now?" said Mr. Larkin, greatly pleased. "Well, isn't that a coincidence? Because this room is literally alive with liquor. Let's have a drink."

"Er— not at this hour, thanks," said Mr. Owen. "I really think I should be getting acquainted with the store. The various departments, the employees, you know."

"Oh yes. I know. Especially the employees, eh? Sly dog, aren't you, Owen?"

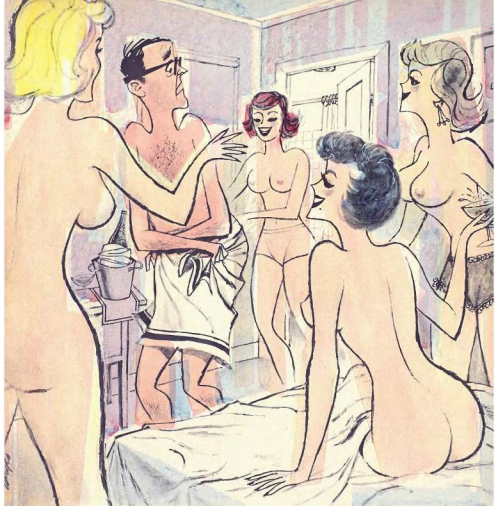
"I beg your pardon . . ."

"No need. No need, old fellow. I'm not offended at all. Suppose we start you in the Lingerie Department?"

"I think," said Mr. Owen, "that something more—conservative would be better. Books or something?"

"Books," said Mr. Larkin. "Very well, old fellow. Books it is. Come along."

Soon, Mr. Owen found himself caged behind four counters. He was literally



"Can't you realize," cried Mr. Owen, "that I am stripped to the buff?"

JUSTIN WAGER

surrounded by books. As far as his gaze could reach, there were books and still more books. The mere thought of reading even a fraction of them numbed his literary faculties. All the books in the world seemed to have been gathered into that department. He found himself unwilling to open the cover of even one of them.

"How is *The Broken Bed* going?" a tall gentleman asked suddenly.

"What?" replied Mr. Owen. "I don't sleep in a broken bed."

"No. No," said the customer in tones of pain, "I was referring to Monk's latest. I don't care where you sleep."

"Nor do I care where you sleep," replied Mr. Owen tastily, "or if you ever sleep. Please stick to business. You were referring to Monk's latest what?"

"I was referring to the works of Monk," answered the tall person in the

manner of a god offended.

"Oh," said Mr. Owen, momentarily stunned. "You were? Well, we don't refer to them here. You must be in the wrong department."

"Do you mean to stand there and tell me to my face," cried the man, "that you don't sell *The Broken Bed* here—not one single *Broken Bed*?"

"I'm rather new at this business myself," Mr. Owen explained, thinking it

better to be patient with the man. "But I know they will broken mechanical toys. They might even sell broken beds. Why don't you try the Furniture Department? If they haven't one there they might be willing to order a broken bed for you. They might even break one of their good beds. Almost anything can happen in this store."

"My dear sir," said the tall man, evidently deciding to be patient himself, "it seems you don't understand. I am referring to Monk's works."

"I know," said Mr. Owen, "but I do wish you'd stop."

Upon the reception of this request, the tall man uttered a loud complaint and dashed off wildly through the store.

A good-looking salesgirl sidled up to Mr. Owen and invited incredible confidences with her wickedly shadowed eyes.

"You're the new partner," she began, "aren't you? Don't mind that half-wit. He's just an author. You know, they come around here and innocently ask how their books are going, and then get mad as hell because we haven't even heard of them. They should tell us they're authors in the first place. Then we could think up some comforting lie."

"This one," said Mr. Owen, "asked for a broken bed."

"That's Monk's latest book," the girl told him. "It doesn't matter, though. He didn't want to buy it. He was seeking information."

At this moment a middle-aged lady sailed up to the counter and knocked off several books which she failed to replace. The salesgirl eyed her.

"What would be nice for a young lady sick in bed?" she demanded in a scolding voice.

"How about a good dose of salts, lady?" the girl replied promptly out of the side of her mouth, and winked at the shocked Mr. Owen.

"Or a nice young man?" chimed in another salesgirl.

"I'll have you know this young lady comes from one of the best families," the woman retorted indignantly.

"Why did they kick her out?" Mr. Owen's companion wanted to know.

"They didn't kick her out," cried the woman.

"Then how did she get to know you?" the other girl inquired.

"Are you deliberately trying to insult me?" the woman demanded in a voice of rage.

"I was," said the girl with the shadow-stained eyes, "but I've given it up."

"The management will hear about this," the woman threatened.

"The management has heard," the girl replied, indicating Owen. "This gentleman is one of the owners. Isn't he lovely?"

Impotent with anger, the woman rushed away.

Owen looked blankly at the salesgirl. "Is there anything wrong?" he asked her.

"Oh, no," she replied, her eyes gleaming with unholly amusement. "There's nothing at all wrong. Can't you read?" Here she pointed to an overhead sign.

"That damn fool came to the Pornographic Department. Take a look at this book."

She selected a book at random, turned the pages until she found an illustration, then passed the book to Mr. Owen. He glanced at the picture, gave one frank look about him, then turned his back on the girl. The poor man's brain was paralyzed by the picture the girl had put under his nose, a picture she should not have looked at herself and which most certainly she should not have shown to him. With the book still held forgotten in his hands, Mr. Owen strove to think of other things. It was obvious to him that he was never going to turn round and face that girl again. What disturbing eyes she had! He wondered whether it would not be better for him to crouch down back of the counter and wait there until Mr. Larkin came to take him away. Dimly he realized that someone had been asking him a question, the same one, several times. He looked up and discovered he was being glared at by a thin, bitter-faced lady who gave the impression of being mostly pince-nez.

"Do you have the *Sex Life of the Flea*?" the woman asked sharply.

Mr. Owen now noticed that the woman held a slip of paper and a pencil in her hands. "My God," he wondered, "is this horrid old crow trying to interview me on my sex life? What a place this is."

"No, lady," he answered disgustedly. "I don't even have the sex life of a louse."

"But I must have the *Sex Life of the Flea*," the woman insisted.

"I hope you enjoy it," he retorted, "but I shall play no part in it. None whatsoever. Personally, I don't care if you have the sex life of a mink."

"I've finished with minks," snapped the woman. "I'm doing fleas now."

"Have you mistaken me for a bull flea or whatever the he's are called, by any chance?" he shot back. "Or have you gone batty like everyone else? If you want a flea's sex life why not take up with some unmarried flea and have done with it?"

"You've gone batty yourself," retorted the woman.

"Madam," he replied, "I certainly have. Now, run away and look for this flea. I'm busy."

The woman sniffed, tossed back her head, and subjected Mr. Owen to a parting glare.

"You," she said witheringly, "would not even understand the sex life of the Bumpers — *Chlorocaulus chrysurus*."

"I doubt it," admitted Mr. Owen. "It doesn't sound very restrained."

"And as for the courtship of the Squid," she tossed in for good measure as she prepared to march away. "I know you are ignorant of that."

"I'm not alone in my darkness, madam," he told her, a little nettled, "and, furthermore, I'm not a Peeping Tom."

"Will you kindly hold that book a little higher?" a fresh voice asked at his

other side. "I want to study the detail of the illustration."

Mr. Owen whirled and found himself confronting the gravely critical face of a lovely young girl. With his last shred of chivalry he endeavored to remove the book from view, but the girl hung on gamely.

"What's the matter?" she asked innocently. "Don't you want me to see it?"

"Of course not," he siddled. "I don't want anybody to see it. Can't look at it myself."

The girl took the book from his now nerveless fingers and studied the picture intently. Fully expecting her to shriek and hurry away as soon as she understood what it was all about, Mr. Owen watched with fascinated eyes.

"Those Arabian lads certainly had some quaint ideas," she observed in a casually conversational voice. "So complicated — almost too elaborate, I would say, but perhaps they had a lot of time on their hands and nothing better to do. And after all is said and done, what is there better to do?"

"Don't ask me, lady," said Mr. Owen hastily. "I wash my hands of the whole affair."

"You seem to find something wrong with this picture," the girl went on. "Is it out of perspective?"

"It's out of reason," he answered coldly. "Please stop memorizing it."

"I don't have to memorize it," the girl replied proudly. "I'm thoroughly conversant with the technique of Arabian erotology."

"Oh," replied Mr. Owen feebly, then prompted by the belief that anything would be better than this clutching graphic illustration which they were shamelessly sharing between them, he asked, "would something in Squids interest you, or Bumpers, perhaps?"

The young lady judicially considered this proposal.

"No," she said at last. "I don't think I'd get much of a kick from the erotic life of the Squid."

"Sorry," said Mr. Owen, and he really was. "Then how about something especially filthy in the line of Bumpers? That might tide you over."

"Hardly," replied the girl. "Haven't you a dirtier book than this one?"

"My dear young lady," said Mr. Owen with deep conviction, "they don't print any dirtier books than that one. Even to be standing together in its presence makes me feel that for all practical purposes you and myself are nine tenths married."

"Does it affect you that way?" the girl inquired with professional interest.

"I don't know what way you mean," he replied cautiously. "But I do know I'll never be quite the same."

"You're too impressionable," the girl assured him. "Now, I ran across a book the other day that would have opened your eyes. It was ever so much dirtier than this — to begin with it described —"

"Don't!" cried Mr. Owen, clapping both hands to his ears. "Are you proposing to stand there in cold blood and



"It seems like only yesterday, she was crying for her oatmeal."

describe to me a book even dirtier than this one?"

"Perhaps when I've finished," smiled the girl, "your blood won't be so cold."

"Oh," muttered Mr. Owen, panic-stricken by the implication in the girl's words. "Oh, dear. Oh, dear. I want to get out of this department. How can I do it? Where shall I turn?"

His hands fluttered helplessly over the books, and all the time he was painfully aware of the fact that the salesgirl with those eyes was observing his distress with quietly malicious amusement.

"Tell that creature all about it," he said to the young lady distractedly and pointed to the salesgirl. "She'll probably cap your story with the *Nuptials of the Whale* or *Everyman's Manual of Rape*, for all I know. Don't hang around here any more. I'm in no mood for any monkey business."

"Then I'll call on you when you are," the smiling young lady replied. "I like that sort of business, and it's so refreshing to find a man who is still fresh and unspoiled—you know, not blasé."

"Don't you dare come back," Mr. Owen called after the girl as she gracefully swayed away. "My sex life is null and void."

Apparently the girl did not hear, but various other customers did, and stopped to stare interestedly at this man who was thus publicly proclaiming his truly lamentable condition.

"I hope you don't mean that," the salesgirl murmured, undulating up to him with her trias, flexible torso.

Mr. Owen, after recovering a little from the effect of the torso, noticed for the first time that a small section of hell had crept into her hair and left its flames glowing among the waves. A dangerously alluring girl, he decided. She was certainly not the proper person to team up with, when selling pornographic literature. Especially when illustrated. Or maybe she was. He did not know.

"I wish you'd stop sidling up to me like an impassioned and overdone piece of spaghetti," he complained. "And what has my sex life to do with you, I'd like to know?"

"That's rather a leading question, isn't it?" she answered, a challenging glimmer in her eye.

"I don't know," said Mr. Owen. "If it is, don't answer."

"I feel that I must," she told him gently.

"Oh, God!" breathed Mr. Owen.

"So far," said the girl, "our sex lives have never crossed, but they might any minute."

"What!" cried Mr. Owen. "You mean right here and now? Oh, no they won't, my girl. Nobody is going to cross my sex life in the middle of a department store. You keep your sex life and I'll keep mine."

"But you seem to have no sex life."

"Then don't worry about it. Let the sleeping dog lie."

"What sleeping dog?"

"Don't ask me," Mr. Owen told her bitterly. "Any sleeping dog"

"Oh," said the girl. "I thought you meant your sleeping dog."

"Well, I didn't," he retorted irritably. "I never had a dog either sleeping or awake."

For a moment she studied him appraisingly.

"Did you ever have a girl?" she asked.

"I'm somewhat hazy on that point," Mr. Owen replied. "Seems as if I had. Why?"

"Nothing at all," she answered. "I was merely wondering if your sex impulses had ever been thwarted."

"What's that to you?" he asked.

"Again, nothing at all," she assured him. "Only it makes one a little cracked when that happens."

"You don't look so scary," Mr. Owen was ungrateful enough to observe as he considered the girl's gracious moulding.

"Why should I?" she demanded.

"Don't ask me," he answered defensively. "I don't know whether you should or shouldn't. It's none of my business."

"It certainly is some of your business," she told him, returning his gaze with an appraising eye. "You don't think I'm going to let you or any other man thwart my sex impulses, do you?"

"I don't give a hang about your horrid old sex impulses," he retorted.

"Have I tried to stop you?"

"From what?" she wanted to know.

Mr. Owen looked blankly at her.

"From whatever you want to do when you carry on like that," he answered lamely.

"Well," she snapped, "you haven't been any too encouraging. You haven't pulled or panted or rolled your eyes or tried to find out things like other men do."

"Do you want me to rush about after you like an exhausted mason?" he demanded.

"No," she replied, "but you haven't even insulted me so far."

"Would that be possible?" he asked.

"No," she replied dispassionately. "But it's nice, just the same. A girl gets to expect it. Mr. Larkin makes indecent proposals whenever he gets the chance. Nothing discourages him."

"Do you try?" Mr. Owen asked quickly, surprised by the keenness of his interest.

"Why do you want to know?" she demanded, drawing near the man.

"I don't care," he disclaimed hastily. "I don't care if you encourage the War Veterans of the World."

"Who are they?" she asked with sudden interest, then her eyes snapped dangerously. "Oh," she continued, "so you don't care, do you? Well, I'll fix you. I'll damn well lay you out with the dirtiest book I can find."

"Then what will you do?" Mr. Owen inquired.

"Lay myself out beside you," she fumed.

"With an equally dirty book, no doubt," he caustically added.

"Yes," she said, snatching up a heavy volume of *A Thousand and One Nights*. "This ought to settle your hash."

It probably would have, had not Mr. Owen ducked at the last minute. *A Thousand and One Nights* consequently descended upon the head of a near-sighted but otherwise unremarkable gentleman, whose nose, previously nearly buried in a book, was now completely interred. When presently the nose found strength enough to rise from its lewd resting place, the gentleman behind it glared at the innocent Owen through tatters of rage and pain.

"That," said the man, as if explaining the incident to himself, "was an unaccountably dirty trick."

"It was an unnecessarily dirty book," Mr. Owen replied soothingly. "It barely missed my head."

"Well, here's one you won't miss," grated the gentleman, and before Mr. Owen could duck he received full upon the top of his skull the entire contents of *Fanny Hill*, illustrations and all. As he staggered back from the blow he felt a heavy tome being slipped into his hand. Several other salesgirls were arming themselves with erotic literature for the defense of their assaulted heads.

"Pat him with this," a voice said in Mr. Owen's ear. "It's a bronze-bound Boccaccio. If that doesn't settle his hash I'll have a swell Rabelais ready."

"You're bound to settle somebody's hash," Mr. Owen muttered with a grunt as he drove Boccaccio down upon the other gentleman's head. "Better his hash than mine. I hope that did it!"

Apparently it had. The twice-flattened nose descended to rise no more of its own volition. Boccaccio had made a lasting impression. The body was speedily removed, and business went on as usual. Mr. Owen thanked the salesgirls for their ready support, then turned to the one who had made him her special province.

"Just where were we?" he asked, then remembering that they had not been at such an agreeable place, added, "Let's begin a little farther back."

"How much farther back?" she asked.

"Before all this rotten pornography?"

"Oh," said Mr. Owen hopefully, "then you're not so fond of pornography yourself?"

For a moment the girl looked at him defiantly.

"Suppose I'm not?" she demanded. "I can take it or leave it, just as I like. You don't have to wallow in pornography to be pornographic yourself. I'm a very erotic woman, I am. So erotic I can hardly stand being in the same section with you. I don't know what might happen."

"Don't let it," pleaded Mr. Owen. "I haven't quite found my sea legs yet."

"You haven't even looked at my hand ones," the girl shot back.

"Let's not go into that any more," he begged her. "Do you mean that you find it difficult to be caged in here with me, or would you experience the same feeling with just any other man?"

"With any other man," she replied, "so long as he wasn't dead or too badly damaged."

(continued on page 16)

bumps and grinds in the groves of academe

A STRIPPER GOES TO COLLEGE



At left: candidate Decker follows Patti into a handy Oldsmobile "88" which will whisk them away to Fraternity Row. Above: the Sigma Chi's are all eyes as Patti pirouettes prettily on their dining-room table.

A NIMBLE WENCH, known professionally by the improbable name of Patti Waggin, and gifted with a remarkably mobile midriff, recently invaded Fraternity Row at the University of Southern California.

The purpose, they say, was to promote interest in a couple of guys named Weintraub and Decker, candidates for top class offices. She promoted plenty of interest, but not in Weintraub and Decker, who wound up in the cellar in the election.

This probably says something significant about the integrity of the voters, although, to our way of thinking, their classmates might have been a little more appreciative of two such enterprising candidates. Weintraub and Decker don't really care, though. They had a good time. So did Patti. Most everybody did, in fact, except one small sour minority: we understand the university authorities are rewriting the campaign rules for next year's elections.



Things began quietly enough when Patti arrived at U.S.C. smothered in a big long coat—she was taken for one of the prettier brand of coeds, and nothing more. But after the coat came off (and with it, a few other trifles), things were far from quiet. Patti passed out promotional matchbooks, and when she ran out of those, passed out kisses. The frat brothers just passed out.



One good turn deserves another. Since Patti was nice enough to drop in on the boys at the university, the boys decided to return the courtesy by paying her a visit at the New Follies Theatre. In these uninhibited environs, Patti was at liberty to discard a few more trifles—or display a few more trifles, if you'd rather look at it that way.





"Heaven knows, Mr. What's-his-name and I tried to make this marriage last, but—"



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A sharp rap on the door startled the two lovers.

"Quick, it's my husband," exclaimed the frightened woman. "Jump out the window!"

"But we're on the thirteenth floor," the Casanova gasped.

"Jump," cried the woman. "This is no time to be superstitious."



The attractive governess, with her small charge in tow, left the park to visit her boy friend in his hotel room. They embraced warmly and each longed for intimacy, but these seemed to be little they could do with the child watching. Then the governess hit on an idea.

"Bobby," she said to her small charge, "go look out that window and I will give you a dime for every red hat you see."

Delighted with the new game, Bobby ran to the window and stared intently at the passers-by below.

Almost a minute passed before Bobby's voice popped up with, "I see a red hat!"

"That's nice," came the governess' muffled reply.

"There's another one," said the boy a short time later.

"Keep counting," the woman managed to say.

"Oh, governess," Bobby exclaimed suddenly.

"What now?" she asked, breathing

heavily.

"I just wanted to tell you that this is going to be the most expensive roll in the hay you've ever had, 'cause here comes a Shriner's Parade!"

It was a large, lavish dinner party and many important dignitaries and members of society were there.

"I suppose I wasn't offer you wine," said the hostess to the guest of honor seated on her right. "Aren't you the chairman of the Temperance League?"

"Oh, no," replied her guest with a smile, "I'm the head of the Anti-Vice League."

"Oh, of course," said the embarrassed hostess, "I knew there was something I shouldn't offer you."



Mrs. Culpepper was almost in tears. "Oh, Marie," she said to her maid, "I believe my husband is having an affair with his secretary."

"I don't believe it," snapped Marie. "You're just saying that to make me jealous."

Three female members of an exclusive country club walked into the women's shower room and were shocked to see the lower part of a man's anatomy behind the door of one of the shower stalls. "Well!" said one of the ladies, "that certainly isn't my husband!" The second one added, "He isn't mine, either."

And the third, the youngest of the three, said, "Hell, he isn't even a member of the club."



A naive father is one who thinks his daughter has been a good girl because she returns from a date with a Gideon Bible in her purse.

"That wife of mine is a liar," said the angry husband to a sympathetic pal seated next to him in the bar.

"How do you know?" the friend asked.

"She didn't come home last night and when I asked her where she'd been, she said she had spent the night with her sister, Shirley."

"So?"

"She's a liar. I spent the night with her sister, Shirley."

Have you heard any good ones lately? Earn an easy five dollars by sending the best in: Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 11 E. Superior St., Chicago 11, Illinois. In case of duplicate submissions, payment will go to first received. No jokes can be returned.

HECTOR (continued from page 10)

Mr. Owen's face fell. His disappointment was obvious.

"Oh," he said somewhat flatly, "that's nice if you like it."

"Not that you don't affect me differently," she went on, smiling up at him. "I find my sex life rapidly approaching yours. It may be today, it may be tomorrow. It may be the next day at the very latest. Whenever it is, they're going to meet like a couple of ten-ton trucks."

"Does it necessarily have to be as violent as all that?" he asked uneasily. "Sounds sort of rough to me."

"It will be rough enough, no fear," she replied. "There's something about you that arouses my most primitive instincts. I don't know what it is, but it makes me simply filthy. Feel free if I want to shock you out of your wits."

"You have already," said Mr. Owen, "and I don't even know your name."

"It's Honor Knightly," she told him, "but people call her Satin because of my skin. I'll show you that later—all of it, if you like."

"No," said Mr. Owen, a little terrified. "Only some. It is like satin, though, all smooth and everything..."

"You don't know the half of it," she beamed. "I'll open your eyes to something extra special in the line of skin!"

"You're too good to me," murmured Mr. Owen, unenthusiastically, as he thought of the tremendous amount of skin he was slated to see on or before the day after tomorrow at the latest.

"Oh, I get fun out of it, too," said the girl almost gleefully. "I get a lot of fun."

"I'm sure you must," remarked Mr. Owen. "But, tell me, Satin, do all young ladies about here talk like you?"

"Oh, no," the girl declared. "Most of them are not at all afraid of calling a spade a spade—perfectly unrestrained, they are."

"Not like you," he suggested.

"Not a bit," she admitted. "I like things clean but nice. You know—lady-like."

"Have you a decent dictionary?" a staid-looking gentleman inquired, leaning over the counter towards the girl.

"No," said the girl briefly. "All our dictionaries are indecent. Full of obscene words."

"I know all those," said the man.

"You do like hell," snapped Satin.

"How about this one?"

She leaned over and whispered a word in the man's ear.

"What does it mean?" he asked in an awed voice.

Once more she whispered in the man's ear.

"My word," he said, his eyes growing round. "Does it mean all that?"

"And more," the girl replied. Turning to Mr. Owen, who was curious in spite of himself, she added, "Now, if I wasn't a lady I'd have said all that right out loud."

"Thank God you didn't," murmured the gentleman. "On second thought, I

think I'll buy one of those dictionaries."

"It's called the *Little Gem Desk Dictionary of Obscene Words*," she told him, passing him the book. "It's standard. You'll find it quite a comfort, especially when you're mad."

"I've a friend on the faculty who loves indecent words," the studious gentleman informed her, tucking the book in his pocket. "Of course, when nicely used."

"Most members of faculties love indecent words," Satin declared. "It comes from dealing with the young."

"What are you doing for luncheon?" the gentleman asked her, to Mr. Owen's amazement.

"Too bad," said Miss Honor Knightly with sincere regret. "I'm dated up today. Some other day, perhaps."

"You'd be surprised," Satin informed Mr. Owen, when the gentleman and his dirty dictionary had taken themselves off, "how many invitations I get since I've taken charge of the Pornographic Department."

"No, I wouldn't," Mr. Owen assured her.

"Yes, yes," Honor went on, happily reminiscent. "I'd never suffer from insomnia if I took advantage of all my opportunities."

"Do you ever suffer from insomnia?" he asked, white nights from the past dimly stirring his memory.

"Terribly," said Satin, "when I'm all upset and erotic. But I won't stay more now that you are here. There'll be no need of insomnia to keep me awake. I like things clean but nice."

"Oh, you like things clean but nice," Mr. Owen observed moodily. "I'll admit you make them clear enough. I'd never mistake one of your spades for a teething spoon, by any chance. But don't elude yourself. I'm not going to be here for long. I'm going away."

"Then I'm going to ask Mr. Larkin if he won't give you to me," the girl declared.

Before Mr. Owen could respond to this brazen suggestion, a page boy appeared to inform him that Mr. Larkin was awaiting his pleasure. As he prepared to follow the boy, he observed with some satisfaction the expression of irritation on Miss Honor Knightly's undeniably pretty face.

"You haven't told me that word," he tossed at her casually. "You know, the one you whispered in the man's ear."

"No?" she replied. "Well, lean over and I will."

Mr. Owen leaned over and waited. Why did he want to know? he wondered. His orderly mind assured him it was because she had told the other man. Was it possible he was morbidly jealous? He felt her breath fanning lightly on his cheek. Her lips brushed the lobe of his ear. Then her teeth seized it and, so far as he was concerned, bit it off. In his anguish Mr. Owen involuntarily released several of the dirtiest words he knew.

"It was none of those," she told him. "And now you will never know."

"How can you talk so clearly," he asked her huskily, "with the lobe of my ear in your mouth, or did you swallow it?"

"How common you are," she remarked coldly. "I don't like vulgar men. The page boy is waiting."

Tenderly feeling his ear, Mr. Owen followed the boy to Mr. Larkin's private office. Here he was enthusiastically received and escorted up to one of the largest cocktail shakers he had ever seen.

"It's nice to drink a lot of cocktails before luncheon," Mr. Larkin assured him. "Of course, if you drink a whole lot of them you get quite drunk, but then, getting drunk is sort of nice, too."

Mr. Owen received this surprising slat of information with a proper display of interest as he accepted a glass from the hands of his partner. After he had swallowed its contents he was inclined to agree with Mr. Larkin.

"And now," said that gentleman, linking his arm in Mr. Owen's, "luncheon beckons. You will join me, won't you, Owen?"

"Well, I —"

"Of course you will. There's a good chap. I know the loveliest café. Simply teeming with women. Delightful women. Actresses and what-not. What not, indeed? You know the sort."

Mr. Owen allowed himself to be carried off.

It was a friendly sort of day, with a fair blue sky overhead. Beneath it the boulevard gave the impression of running away into friendly places. Other streets branched from it. Mr. Owen caught glimpses of spacious parks and plazas and lovely, interesting buildings. It seemed to be the sort of city he would have built himself, had he been given a free hand. Even the theatres wore an especially attractive aspect. One announcement read: "The only piece of cloth in this show is the curtain." Another play was called *Just As We Are*, and Mr. Owen, looking at the photographs of the girls, decided they would be just like that in this wholly desirable metropolis. He was very favorably impressed with everything. Delighted.

Their progress was necessarily slow, owing to the wide acquaintance of Mr. Larkin with various ladies and gentlemen they encountered in the course of their walk.

At length, they reached their destination—a café of the Continental variety—and threaded their way cautiously among the tables. Mr. Larkin nodded pleasantly to various young ladies.

At one table Mr. Owen was introduced to a lady who in his exalted state impressed him as being the most beautiful woman in the world. When he extended his hand to take hers she deftly slipped her café bill into his.

"Pay that and I'm yours," she said in a thrilling sort of voice.

Mr. Larkin took the bill from the amazed Mr. Owen, scrutinized it closely, then clapped his hand to his forehead.

"Do you mean for life?" he asked the woman.

(continued on page 20)



STAGS FOR FUN AND PROFIT

vigorous shindigs to suit every budget

article BY JAY SMITH

MEAN, IS YOUR CLUB, lodge or fraternity treasury low? Is the rent overdue? The liquor bill unpaid? Do you have to loot the Sick and Welfare Fund to buy clean pinocchio decks? Or borrow from the Burial Account to get all the brothers in the burlesque on Friday nights?

To ask such a question is to answer it. The treasury is even lower than Billy Graham's opinion of King Farouk.

Of course, there are the usual methods of raising money. You can increase the dues, but this won't help immediately (in fact, never) because all the members are in arrears and intend to stay that way. You can throw a dance, but with the hundred bucks for the band and all, you won't clear much. You can put on a bingo or a bridge party. You can raffie off a turkey. Or, like the old White-chapel Club in Chicago, you can run a candidate for mayor and solicit campaign funds.

Pretty small potatoes, fellows. In fact, no potatoes at all — peanuts.

Now listen — you want a sure-fire money-maker, one that combines maximum pleasure, maximum profit, and low, low overhead? All right — throw a stag party!

Stag parties, commonly known as "Stags," are get-togethers designed to appeal to red-blooded men. Women are generally excluded from them, at least

as spectators, although some sneaky, unprincipled females have been known to dress up in men's clothes and crash the party.

Now, there is a mistaken impression that Stags are somehow low-down, boorish, and vulgar. Not at all. The institution of the Stag is older than the Daughters of the American Revolution and more cultural than Rimsky-Korsakov or the Venerable Bede. Indeed, the very name "Stag" is of classical derivation, coming from the *hirco-cervus*, or goat-stag of the Dionysian Mysteries. The Roman festival of the *Saturalia*, held at the completion of the spring sowing, was a big stag party, involving wine, wild dancing, "flaying" ("course and indecent chaff") and various orgiastic rites intended to propitiate the Praepic gods.

The anthropologists point out that the stag party is found in every culture from the most primitive to the most highly developed. Among the Tarahumars of southern Mexico, the men are too bashful to enforce their matrimonial rights without the stimulation of a stag party plus *tesvino* (corn liquor), so without the Stags there would be no Tarahumars.

Obviously, the Stag has such a distinguished lineage that it should be presented only in public libraries and museums of natural history, but most police

officers are too illiterate to realize this. There are many different varieties of stag parties, appealing to all types of masculine taste, but in general they fall into four classifications:

1. *The rumbout-four cylinder-forty-miles-to-the-gallon-Folkswagen Stag.* Otherwise known as The Smoker, this is a perfectly legal little fraud to which you can invite your Sunday School teacher, philosophy professor, or ship steward. You soak everybody a buck and don't give 'em a damn thing, not even a cigarette. They bring their own smokes and provide their own entertainment, grouping around the piano and bellowing male-type songs about the tables down at Morry's, the sweethearts of Sigma Chi, and the halls of Montezuma. Late in the evening, when the strong cigars are beginning to work, some of the boys may swap Liberace jokes and the singers will probably tee off on the smell above Cayuga's waters and how they took the ice off the corpse and put it on the beer. The older men will remember the mademoiselle from Armenia-tiers for a few verses. Some cut-up may pass around a couple of those little cartoon books featuring Tillie the Toiler or Maggie and Jiggs in unusual but agreeable situations. And that's all. No refreshments. No nothing. Get fifty or a

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SUMMA CUM STYLE

BY JACK J. KESSIE

*some unusual fashion-finds
for the playboy-about-campus*

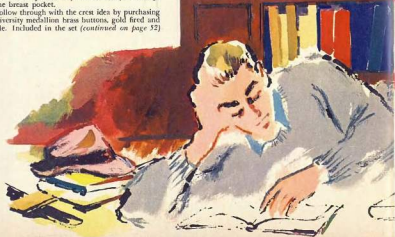
LET'S REMEMBER THAT THE PRIMARY function of clothing is still to keep you warm in the winter and out of jail in the summer. Beyond that, the attire you choose to wear is almost as limitless as your own imagination—especially on campus.

As an example, did you know that for three bucks you can pick up a genuine Alma Mater athletic supporter, the pouch of which carries your school colors in blazing rep stripes? Loyalty and devotion to that degree leaves our pulses pounding just a little quicker than before.

Yes, the campus is a good place to burst forth with distinctive originality in your choice of clothing. While it's true that several of our better-known eastern universities have been accused of being rather rigidly tradition-bound concerning matters of attire, few will argue against the fact that it is to the Ivy Leaguers that we owe the current national acceptance of the trim, tapered, natural look in men's clothing. Gratefully, we raise a double brandy in their direction.

This year, any playboy-about-campus worth his Thunderbird will take full advantage of the New Freedom that is abroad in our land. You might start exercising your rights with a violently-colored, brass-buttoned wool and cotton blazer jacket in a solid green with black-and-white stripings or navy blue with red-and-white stripings. A somewhat quieter blazer, woven of a deep blue woolen flannel, serves as a good knockabout jacket. If you wish, sew your college crest over the breast pocket.

You can follow through with the crest idea by purchasing a box of university medallion brass buttons, gold fired and untarnishable. Included in the set (continued on page 32)





Leroy Neiman.

HECTOR (continued from page 16)

She shrugged her handsome shoulders eloquently.

"Nobody wants me for life," she replied.

"They might want you," he declared gallantly, "but, my dear, only a few men could afford to feed you. Is that just this morning's bill, or have you been living here for years?"

"You know how it is," she smiled. "Just dropped in and felt thirsty. Got a bit hungry. Ordered a few things. That's all."

"The way you say it sounds cheap as dirt," Mr. Larkin said, returning her smile with interest. "If you hadn't let us see this bill we'd never have suspected you were sitting there filled to the scrupers with five quarts of champagne — of the best champagne, let me add, not to mention various other small but costly items."

"I know," protested the woman, "but I have to act this afternoon."

"What is, a free for all?" he inquired. "Or are you fortifying yourself for the entire chorus?"

"Oh, of course," retorted the woman, "if you don't care to pay it —"

"But we do," broke in Mr. Owen.

"You mean you do," said Mr. Larkin and quickly passed the bill to Mr. Owen.

"I don't know how much money you have," he observed, "but you'd be simply mad to have as much as that."

Mr. Owen did not have as much as that. And it was such a nice day too. A man should have no end of money on such a day as this and in the presence of such a woman. He looked about him helplessly. Mr. Larkin took the bill and called for the captain.

"Charles," he said smoothly, "this is my new partner, Mr. Owen, Mr. Horace Owen — no, I mean Mr. Hector Owen. I grow confused in the presence of so much beautifully concealed champagne. Anyway, it doesn't matter. They both begin with H. Why did I call you, Charles?"

Charles, who was evidently both fond of Mr. Larkin and quite familiar with his ways, bowed and smiled quite happily.

"Has it to do, perhaps, with the presence of Madame Gloria?" he asked.

"Tremendously, it has," cried Mr. Larkin. "The very woman herself. Now Mr. Owen, my new partner, desires very much to sign her check. He will sign the store's name and his own initials, H. O. Even I can remember them. As this bill stands now, it is a worthless scrap of paper. Signed, it becomes even more so. If it doesn't bring money, we may be able to outfit your staff. Is everything understood?"

"Fully," the captain replied with another bow.

"And Mr. Owen gets the woman," went on Mr. Larkin. "Remember that, Charles. She's his until bent with age. This is a monolithic bill. It makes one crawl to think of it. Sign, Mr. Owen, sign."

Mr. Owen signed the bill, and Charles, still smiling, departed with a generous tip provided by Mr. Larkin.

"Thank you," said Madame Gloria sweetly to Mr. Owen. "I am yours for life."

It was exceedingly indelicate, thought Mr. Owen, the way everyone kept referring to his ownership of this woman, including the woman herself.

"We'll take that up later," he explained to Madame Gloria.

"Did you say up or off?" inquired Mr. Larkin. "The size of that bill makes off almost obligatory." He paused and beamed upon the fair lady. "You may call your friends back now," he said. "I've detected them hiding about in places for quite some time. You've established your line of credit."

Then he turned quickly to Mr. Owen. "We really must go back now, old man," he said.

"But I haven't had any lunch . . ."

"I know. Life is hard. But we can pick up a little tasty in the Delicatessen Department."

"I've already picked up a little tasty," said Mr. Owen, "in the Book Department."

"You refer to Satin, I take it. But I'm talking about food."

"Why," asked Mr. Owen, who was just beginning to grow confused, "can't we eat here?"

"Love to, old chap. Splendid cuisine. But I'm late for a fitting back at the store."

"Fitting? You're being measured for a suit?"

"No, I'm measuring a customer for a coat."

"You're measuring a customer? I don't understand. Is it customary for a store owner to personally measure customers?"

"No," said Mr. Larkin, who was already walking briskly. "Only lady customers. And I'll expect you to lend a helping hand."

"Jip!"

But before he knew it, Mr. Owen had been hustled back to the store and Mr. Larkin was addressing a beautiful blonde customer. "Sorry to be late, madam. If you will just step into that curtained enclosure, my colleague and I will take your measurements for that fur coat."

For a few minutes strange noises came from behind the enclosure. A series of giggles, small shrieks and startled ejaculations filled the air. Customers of both sexes paused and looked enviously at the curtains. Even the salesgirls, as accustomed as they were to the enthusiastic methods of Mr. Larkin, did not remain unmoved.

"My God," came the voice of the blonde customer. "The way these men go about it you'd think they were measuring one for a pair of tights instead of a fur coat."

Presently Mr. Owen came staggering from the booth and stood outside mopping his brow with a handkerchief.

"It's too much for me," he admitted to a salesgirl. "I know nothing about measuring."

"Neither does Mr. Larkin," said the salesgirl.

"I'm not at all used to this sort of thing," Mr. Owen continued.

"No?" said the girl with interest, favoring him with an insinuating eye. "How'd you like to practise?"

"My God," muttered Mr. Owen, "what a store!"

Mr. Larkin came bustling up to Mr. Owen and the salesgirl. He handed the girl a slip of paper on which some figures had been hastily scrawled.

"Give this lady a couple of coats," he said. "Make the price right. It was worth it. These figures might help, but I doubt it. I wasn't quite myself when I jotted them down. Charge them. And," he added, looking severely at the girl, "that is the way to make sales. Remember — on your next sale."

"I think I see what you mean," replied the girl. "Thank you very much."

Mr. Larkin moved away with dignity and aplomb. "Let's collect Satin," he suggested, "and ask her to buy us a drink."

And thus ended Mr. Hector Owen's first working day in his new occupation.

Satin was quite amenable to buying the Meses. Larkin & Owen a drink. That evening found her in their company, seated at a table in the smart café they had recently vacated. Drinks had been consumed, and there were prospects of lots more. Mr. Larkin, against Mr. Owen's wishes, insisted on telling Satin the details of their adventure in the café that afternoon. Concluding his story amid gales of laughter, he said, "And speak of the devil, there's Owen's property now." For, sure enough, Madame Gloria had entered the café.

That lady, accompanied by several ladies and gentlemen of her profession, wearily seated herself at the next table. This was unfortunate, for the moment Satin's madly bright eyes rested on Madame Gloria and noted that she was good, they began to snap and sparkle dangerously — venomously. The fact that Madame Gloria was a truly beautiful woman, although perhaps a shade faded, did not soften the quality of Satin's hostile gaze. She had, however, the grace to allow her enemy to seat herself before opening the attack.

"I understand," began Honor, her voice unclouded by the slightest indication, "that this person owes you for life. What about it?"

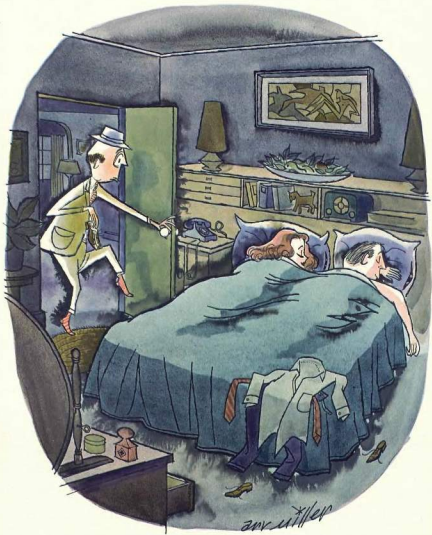
Satin indicated this person by leaning so heavily against him that Mr. Owen found it wiser to cling to his chair rather than to be pushed off it to the floor.

Madame Gloria observed Satin with one of her most perfectly refrigerated smiles.

"Are you personally interested in the answer, my dear?" she inquired.

"I am," said Satin distinctly. "And that lets you out. This man is mine. Un-

(continued on page 27)



we love to see that evening sun go down

WOMEN WEREN'T REALLY LIBERATED until the coming of that grand national free-for-all, the cocktail hour.

Before Prohibition, bars had been one-sex affairs. A woman might sneak into the side door of a saloon to have her pitcher filled with lager and then go home to drink it alone. More respectable matrons would be escorted by gents into the Ladies' Café for an occasional ginger beer or port flip. During Prohibition any girl who drank was, of course, a dangerous piece of sweetmeat. You were extremely careful when you brought her home.

With repeal, however, women ripped loose like corks bursting in a champagne cellar. Crusty bartenders stood aghast as women, alone or with men, boldly walked into bars, grabbed the pretzels and demanded extra dry Martinis. From busy offices, girls came home not to toll the knell of the parting day but to reach for the ice bucket instead. Hotels hastily set up restricted men's bars in defense against that new female en-

croachment, the cocktail lounge. At the newly opened ladies' sections of men's clubs, a fresh breed of nymphs hovered over their drinks busily telling the bartender just how much honey to use in a Bee's Knee and how much curacao went into a Flying Dutchman.

While recognizing this as simply another tentacle of that insidiously growing octopus, the Matriarchy, the urbane man is inclined to regard said tentacle with affection, for it has unwittingly played right into his hands by foisting a new—and very welcome—type of girl.

This is the girl who's been to a few lively cocktail parties in addition to the usual Ladies' Literary Circle affairs. And, generally, the kind of cocktail parties she attends take place in somebody's one room apartment. Also, she is the type of bachelor girl who doesn't hesitate to invite a dozen friends to her own studio and, with perfect poise, serve anything from Bloody Marys to V.O. on the rocks.

A girl who gives, and is given, cock-

tail parties knows that the prime purpose of such events is not to pay off social obligations in a mechanical way but to stimulate as much active circulation as possible between the sexes. With the very first round of drinks she glimpses strange but incredibly potent vibrations passing between the girl with the thick black bangs and the unmarried math prof. Fraternity brothers and sorority sisters slide their hands into the bowl of salted peanuts at the same time. While one end of the stuffed celery is held by the slim divorcee's teeth, the other end is clutched in the mouth of an insurance broker. Even the backwoodsman from the Agricultural School can be seen passionately spreading anchovy paste on toast for the auburn-haired chick in the low-cut dress.

As more people arrive and the party sails into high gear, the room gradually becomes as crowded as the hold of a slave ship—but a great deal jollier. A crowded cocktail party is wonderful for several reasons. The sheer number of

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

THE COCKTAIL HOUR



people automatically prevents the appearance of that classic bore, the Life of the Party. And the sheer noise of people talking at the tops of their voices inhibits that other well-known species of malignant fauna, the Brilliant Conversationist.

The accidental nuzzling may not lead immediately to a full-fledged petting session, but enough prospecting takes place for infinitely varied future activity.

The cocktail girl isn't a stereotype. You may give her six or eight Stingers, thinking that each one will make her progressively more submissive, only to discover that the young lass has an almost unlimited tolerance for alcohol while your own knees are buckling and your desire is ebbing. You may hopefully pick up the breezy looking young newspaperwoman who chain smokes all day long only to discover that the cloudy drink she is holding is not absolute but merely lemonade and that she has been on the water wagon for the past ten years.

Sheer pedantry compels us to call attention to the women of the Mohave Indians, as described by Dr. George Devereux in the *Journal of Alcohol Studies*. One of the inflexible Mohave customs decrees that "a woman who accepts several drinks from a man thereby implicitly indicates her consent to the probable sexual consequences of the action." But then the Mohaves are a primitive people. In our advanced, more genteel society, such implications must not be read into a lady's innocent acceptance of alcohol. By no means. Absolutely not. Of course, you may have different ideas on the subject: after all, it's your cocktail party. And PLAYBOY, believing that cocktail parties are here to stay as long as there is a sardine or an ounce of gin left in the world, here-with offers a few tips on converting your cocktail party from a mere occasion to an event.

In making preparations for such an event, be sure the fire insurance on your household effects has not lapsed. If one of the invited guests inadvertently places his lighted cigar against your rare Belgian tapestry, it is important to secure proper indemnification. Be sure that all objects with a high center of gravity (such as bridge lamps, occasional tables, urns, umbrella stands or hat racks) are not within reaching or hurling distance of your guests. It is imperative that light fixtures be of the type that are securely fastened close to the ceiling rather than the low hanging trapeze variety.

Place glass tops or marble tops on all tables which are not alcohol proof. If there is a large picture window in your quarters, it is prudent to build a high scaffolding alongside it. Finally, be sure that you have access to a good mop, mop bucket, towels, shovel and other first aid equipment.

If you want to have as little to do with your guests as possible, act as your own bartender. The mechanics of taking orders, remembering orders, mixing drinks, opening bottles, draining chasers, squeezing lemons and other chores

will keep you so occupied you'll barely have time to greet your guests, let alone converse with them. However, if you want to converse with them (and some hosts do), it's a good idea to ask one or two friends to be the custodians and dispensers of liquor. Or, if you don't mind the expense, hire a bartender or a combined bartender, waiter and busser. Any good restaurant waiter knows how to mix simple drinks. Sometimes you can hire one from a restaurateur if you are friendly with him.

If you're having a large cocktail party for a single occasion, you can get your glassware, tables, chairs, etc., by either borrowing them or renting them from a regular catering service. If you give cocktail parties frequently, you should naturally own the necessary equipment for this greatest of twilight sports.

When the cocktail party is a small informal affair in which four or six friends get together for a few sips of whiskey before dinner, no major alterations are necessary in your furniture or fixtures. But if a full battalion is arriving, you must consider the grave matter of chairs. For a crowded come-and-go cocktail party, the best plan is to remove all chairs from the room. A no chair party discourages stragglers and unwanted overnight campers. Your cocktail party will then be that rare kind of hour which is confined to sixty minutes. If, however, you are expecting the pretzel-benders to stay several hours, you should provide straight back chairs lined up against the wall with an occasional table between chairs for ash trays and empty glasses. Don't place any chairs or tables so that they interfere with the wide traffic aisle between the walls.

The most important equipment at any cocktail party is the glassware. Drinking a Martini out of a thin piece of crystal and drinking one out of a thick pressed glass makes the same mixture seem like completely different potions. You needn't buy the most expensive Steuben or Tiffany glassware for a bar/relhouse party. Simply be sure that whatever glasses you select are of one type and uniform size. Ordinary clear white glasses, even the popular no-nick variety, are satisfactory, provided they are all the same size and style. Be sure the glasses are sparkling clean. On the buffet table the glasses should be arranged in mass formation upon a clean snowy white linen tablecloth.

The vogue of cute personalized glasses is thankfully on its way out. Glassware with such hilarious motifs as "Down The Rat Trap" or "Here's Mud In Your Eye" have lost their alleged charm and are gradually finding their way into the ash can.

Before arranging a cocktail party, check the following basic pieces of bar equipment: ice bucket, ice crusher or shaver, ice tongs, long spoons for stirring, whiskey glasses or measuring glasses with at least 1½ ounce capacity, metal bar jigger, corkscrew (the self-opening heavy duty style), paring knife, fruit juice squeezer, lime squeezer, ice glass, glass or metal cocktail shakers, Martini pitcher, cocktail strainers (the

perforated, not the wire variety), bottle openers, towels and highball stirrers.

Use flat coasters if necessary to protect your furniture, but more sensible are the basketweave jackets of the proper size to fit your highball or old-fashioned glasses.

One of the best places for purchasing such equipment is a restaurant or bar supply house. The equipment in such places will not be elaborate but it will be solid, heavy duty material preferred by all professional bartenders.

The most popular mixers used in highballs include plain water, sparkling (carbonated) water, and some variety of a sweeter mixer like ginger ale or Seven-Up. Fussy drinkers will demand a bottled water rather than the tap product, especially in those cities where chlorine is used heavily. Bottled carbonated water is usually satisfactory even to the most discriminating drinkers.

On your shopping list for the cocktail party, check the following non-alcoholic bar materials: maraschino stems, cherries, Martini olives, cocktail onions, biters, sugar (buy the superfine powdered sugar, not the confectioners' nor the granulated sugar), lemons, oranges and limes. If any great quantity of fruit juice is needed, you may use the frozen concentrated juice, although it can never equal the quality of freshly squeezed juices.

As for food, there is only one guiding principle. Millions of toasts, tidbits, hot hors d'oeuvres, cold hors d'oeuvres, cocktail snacks and canapes are sold commercially prepared. You simply ask yourself—are they decidedly salty, peppery or piquant? If they are, they spur the taste apparatus and the thirst apparatus. If they aren't, they appease and dampen the appetite. For instance, salty anchovy fillets quicken the taste buds. A paste made of canned salmon, on the other hand, deadens the appetite. Genuine razor back Smithfield ham, cured with pepper, sets the juices flowing. Ordinary boiled ham keeps the juices passive.

If you plan to serve canapes or hors d'oeuvres beforehand, either hot or cold, and you want them to be as showy as possible, you should buy them already prepared. In large cities especially, there are many caterers, restaurants or even delicatessens that will supply them by the dozen or by the hundred. Be sure to place the prepared canapes on a large platter or tray lined with a large lace paper doily.

If you want to provide your own cocktail spreads, these can be bought in any fancy grocery store. Again, remember to avoid such bland concoctions as peanut butter, tongue puree or cream cheese and pineapple spread. Do by all means use such items as Roquefort cheese spread, anchovy paste, smoked salmon paste, etc. Remember that such spreads should be ice cold and should be served on the lightest and crispest crackers or cocktail wafers available. If you are using crackers, they must be opened fresh no more than an hour before the party begins.

(concluded on page 58)

he was a great jazzman--there won't be no more like him

fiction BY JAMES JONES

WHEN WE MET Willy Jefferson, "King" Jefferson, our band had already been following his progress for over five years. His records used to cause more argument in our band than Stephen Grappelly's Hot Four and the question of whether the violin ought not to be morally disqualified as a jazz instrument. All we had to do was to put on some of King's records and listen to that trumpet, and we would end up by bringing in everybody from Panassié and Rodi Blesh to Dave Dexter, Jr.

Our whole band were juniors in high school when they were combing the backwoods of Louisiana looking for King. The next summer, when Bob Rhynolds of US Records finally found him, our band was playing its first book-

ing away from home grouped as a truly professional outfit. We manufactured schmalz for ten weeks in the pavilion at Seraphim Lake upstate for the dancers. Our high school music director led the outfit. We had to put up with him because he got the job for us. He was friends with the owner and also had the soft-drinks concession. We came home from there sick of Guy Lombardo, but with our minds made up to all go together in a body to the same university so we could continue to develop our band as a unit, in spite of the parents.

Bob Rhynolds was already making plans then to record Mister King. He started collections, via *Down Beat* and some others, to buy King a new horn and some teeth. And he wrote a couple

of articles about him for *Down Beat*, telling how at sixteen the old man had played second cornet with Buddy (King) Bolden's Band; how, when they finally carted poor Buddy off to the nut ward, he had apprenticed himself to Freddy (King) Keppard, Buddy's successor; how later, while slow-developing Joe (King) Oliver was still earning his feed as a butler, he had organized the Triple Eagle Band and with it won himself the title of third King in that dynasty which would die with Joe Oliver in a Savannah poolroom cleaning spittoons. And how finally, when they closed down Storyville in the First War to protect the virtue of the soldiers and sailors, he had disappeared off with a

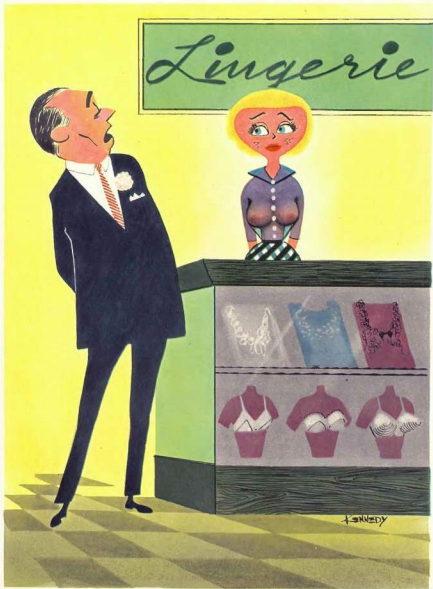
(continued on page 53)

THE KING



"You boys stick around," King nodded. "I going to play here pretty soon. They ain't ask me, but I going to anyway."

ART LUNN



"Let's put it this way, Miss Frisbie: if this were the shoe department, we wouldn't come to work barefoot, now would we?"

derstand that—all of you. He's mine. Of course, I don't want him much, but just the same, I'm going to have him. One encounters new faces so rarely."

"Very well, my child," Mr. Larkin proposed in a fearfully soothing voice. "Excellent, excellent, my dear girl. You take his face, and Madame Gloria can have what's left of him, although I very much fear that with her much won't be left of him long."

"Come! Come!" muttered Mr. Owen ineffectually, then added, by way of emphasis, "I say now—come, come!"

"No," replied Hour firmly, utterly disregarding the weak objection of the gentleman under discussion. "I'll have little use for his face unless I find it necessary to slap it occasionally. I want all."

"Couldn't some mutually satisfactory division of the man be arranged?" interposed Mr. Larkin.

Once more Mr. Owen was moved to objections as he gulped down a strong drink.

"Why not draw and quarter me?" he suggested. "From the way things are going, I might as well be hanging in cold storage. Am I some butcher's chuck to be sliced and hacked at the convenience of two women?"

"I find this conversation jarring on my artistic sensibilities," put in Madame Gloria languidly. "Why drag it out here of all places?"

"Why drag it out at all?" demanded Mr. Owen in a shocked whisper.

"Now that we've started," replied Mr. Larkin, "it has to be dragged out."

"What has?" mumbled Mr. Owen.

"It!" cried Madame Gloria dramatically. "Everything! We must know all, see all, and hear all."

"Not about me, you don't," exclaimed Mr. Owen, rising from the table. "I'm leaving now. Oh, yes, I am. I'm going right away."

"Sit down!" Satin snapped at him. "And don't mind that woman. I'll drag out as much as I want. This—"

"Do you think I'm worrying about which one is going to do the dragging?" furiously interrupted the indignant man.

"Will you please be still?" the girl demanded. "This matter must be settled here and now. Drag it out, say it!"

"How do you mean?" asked Mr. Owen, now thoroughly aroused. "Who are you talking to anyway?"

"My good woman," explained Madame Gloria with slyly malicious patience, "it has been settled already, this little affair. Can't you get it through your silly head that I am his for life and he is mine?"

"What fractional life interest can he possibly have in you?" Miss Knightly wanted to know. "You're an over-subscribed issue already. For years you've been floating yourself all over town."

"Really," protested Madame Gloria. "This is too insulting. When I give myself to a man I give myself entirely. Everybody knows that."

"Everybody should," Satin tossed back with a smile. "That is, every able-bodied member of the male population, not to mention a few cripples. When you give yourself, lady, you give yourself like a ton of bricks!"

"Oh!" gasped Madame Gloria, not a little offended. "Is that so?"

"Yes, it's so," Satin informed her. "And here's something else: If he's yours for life, he's not going to live very long."

"I don't care how long he lives," Madame Gloria replied most convincingly. "I wouldn't mind killing him myself the way he sits there without a word to say in defense of the woman he owns."

"But, my dear lady," protested Mr. Owen, "you gave yourself to me of your own free will."

"That's a rotten thing to say," cried Madame Gloria.

"Why get so technical, Gloria?" asked a gentleman at her table who was obviously all for peace. "Frankly, I can't see what either of you two women want with him at all."

"I don't either," replied the lady of the stage, "but that doesn't matter. It's not as if I belonged to myself. I don't. I belong now to my public. I have that to think about, and my career, my reputation. Would it look well to see in the papers, 'Gloria Loses Her Man? Wouldn't that burn you up? Why, I've never lost a man to any woman.'"

"I wouldn't mind it so much," the gentleman replied, "not when you consider the man."

"I know," went on the actress. "He's admittedly a flop and all that, but I don't want my public to get the impression that the first overripe tomato that comes along can drop in the lap of one of my interests."

"I'll be damned well damned if I'll stand for all this!" Mr. Owen exploded, gulping down another drink. "That man has insulted me twice."

"Insulted you, hell!" exclaimed Satin. "That bedridden trollop of an actress called me a tomato—an overripe one, at that. If it wasn't her stock in trade I'd tear her clothes off!"

"Are you afraid, my dear," asked the bedridden trollop sweetly, "that my figure would put yours to shame?"

Satin rose furiously and began to unhook her dress while the Messrs. Larkin & Owen beat desperately at her hands.

"Come on!" she cried to Madame Gloria. "I'll make your body look like a malconditioned cow's!"

"Why, if I did such a thing in public," scoffed the lady, "men would hang diamonds around my neck."

At this terse moment a waiter, having proudly exhibited a moribund and loathsome eel to some strong stomached patron, passed by Satin on his way to the kitchen. Mastering her instinctive repulsion in the magnitude of her rage, she seized the snake-like object by its tail, twirled it expertly above her head, then gave it with a fashing motion to the actress, horror-riven in her chair.

"How do you like that round your neck?" Satin asked her, sitting down and fastidiously dipping her fingers in a fresh highball, then gulping it down considerably less fastidiously.

An eel is not so much a matter of character as it is of feeling. This is especially true of an eel wound round one's neck. One may have no character at all to speak of and yet object strongly to having an eel like that. Although Madame Gloria's character was far from good, she had every justification in assuming that the eel was not going to improve it any. Satin had asked her how she liked the eel round her neck. Madame Gloria was far too busy to give her an individual answer. However, she did make a fairly convincing public protest. Emitting a piercing scream, she clutched with both hands at her neck, only to encounter eel. Immediately she uttered another scream and decided she would rather be strangled to death than risk a similar experience. Thereafter she moved her hands impotently in the air and from time to time made noises. Mr. Larkin was of little help in this crisis. He was sitting with a napkin pressed delicately to his eyes.

"That was a decidedly offensive thing to do," came his awe-touched voice. "How can people think up such things? Just imagine—an eel round one's neck. What retribution!"

But by this time the eel was no longer round the fair neck of Madame Gloria. The eel was in quite a different quarter of the lady. It had slid down the neck of her dress in the general direction of her stomach, where it was much worse not only for itself but also for Madame Gloria. People who have had eels in both places claim that an eel on the stomach is, if anything, more undesirable than the same eel round the neck.

Such people would have experienced no difficulty in getting Madame Gloria to subscribe to their views. In the past she had electrified many an audience by the abandon of her dancing, especially in and about the present locality of the eel. She now cast aside whatever little restraint she had exerted over her movements and did some really shocking things with her torso. At various tables, patrons unacquainted with the circumstances leading up to the gratuitous demonstration, cheered the gyrating woman on to even more devastating endeavors. For the first time in her life Madame Gloria was deaf to applause. It was not until the cause of her anguish fell with a moist flop at her feet that she desisted from her abdominal revolutions and rushed shrieking out of the café. After her trailed her party, leaving Satin and her horrid weapon in full possession of the field.

Madame Gloria had departed, and the first round had gone to Satin, yet deep in the heart of the actress burned an intense desire to rehabilitate herself in the eyes of her audience to which she owed so much. And she swore to herself that at a time no later than that night would she assert her rights to the body and

(continued on page 34)

2 PLAYMATES



We wanted to give readers something special in this College Issue of **PLAYBOY**, so we asked Hal Adams to photograph two of California's loveliest models, to give us a double chance at picking the Playmate of the Month. Hal's setting was appropriately collegiate and both models were as lovely as ordered.

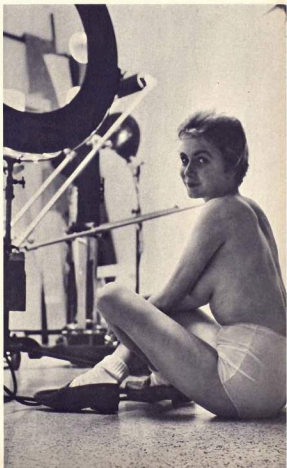


FOR THE PRICE OF ONE



Hal built himself a fraternity room in his studio, complete to pennants and Playmates on the walls. To make the choosing difficult, he used lovely Jean Moorehead (opposite page) and Johnnie Nicely (below) as models. Jean was runner-up in last year's Miss Rheingold contest.

hal adams shoots miss october twice





From these nine color transparencies, selected from nearly two dozen submitted by photographer Hal Adams, **PLAYBOY's** editors finally chose one for the October Playmate. Which one would you have picked? For our choice, turn the page.



MISS OCTOBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





HECTOR (continued from page 27)

person of one Hector Owen. She would watch for her opportunity.

"Now," said Honor Knightly, looking coldly upon Mr. Owen, "you're mine tooth and nail. Make no mistake about that. If it hadn't been for your cowardly vacillation all this would never have occurred. You've succeeded in making me extremely nervous and jumpy, you and your horrid old eel between you."

"It wasn't my eel in the first place," disclaimed Mr. Owen. "I wouldn't lift a finger for all the eels in the world."

"Oh, no!" shot back Miss Knightly in a nasty voice. "Well, what would you do for this one?"

With a vicious lunge she recaptured the fallen eel. Once more the air whistled as the flashing body became the radius of a circle. Patrons at nearby tables buried their heads in their arms and waited for the inevitable crack. Fortunately for her intended victim, but not so for an unknown drunkard, the eel escaped her clutches and landed without warning in his soup. Drunk as he was, the man had enough sense left to know that he had not ordered eel with soup on it or soup with eel in it or eel in any other form. Therefore, putting the worst interpretation on this sudden appearance of reptilian life in the first thing he had attempted to eat for days, he broke into a cold sweat and collapsed to the floor, where he lay calling on God until dragged off by the waiters. Henri, the head deity of the café, approached Mr. Larkin's table and deferentially registered a nail objection.

"Is it," he said, more in the nature of a suggestion than a request, "that the eel, you could let him rest tranquil for a small little? To our patrons he is more than enough already."

"Count me among the strongest objectors, Henri," Mr. Larkin replied with feeling. "I think it's simply disgusting myself."

"What's so wrong with a little eel?" asked Satin.

"I can't begin to tell you," Mr. Larkin replied. "As Henri says, he is simply more than enough. Please, Henri, hurry back with at least two quarts of champagne. And keep all eels away from this young lady. It's not her fault. It's a weakness—like a red flag to a banker, or is it a bull? I'm forever getting them mixed—bulls and bankers, you know. Not red flags. Anyway, what does it matter? And Henri, for God's sake, draw a sheet over the body of that eel, either dead or exhausted, on the table. He is doing no one any good where he is. He is an eel the most depressing, is he not, my old?"

My old, with a dazzling smile, showed the stuff that was in him by departing with the eel merrily swathed in a tablecloth. Mr. Larkin breathed a sigh of relief and beamed upon his companions. "What a lot of things life is full of," he observed, "and what a lot of liquor we are."

"And we're going to get even fuller,"

gloated Satin, "and then I'm going for him in a big way."

Once more Mr. Owen braced himself against the pressure of her body. The situation was growing serious. By the time they had completed the ruin of the first bottle of wine he had formulated a plan of action.

"You'll have to excuse me a moment," he said, rising from the table.

"Why?" demanded Honor.

"Is that necessary?" he asked, elevating his eyebrows.

Mr. Owen had been absent less than five minutes when she sprang to her feet and seized a passing waiter.

"Where's the men's room?" she demanded.

"You're a lady," the waiter informed her. "It's another room, madam."

"At this moment I'm not a lady," she told him. "And what is good enough for a man is good enough for me."

"I know, madam," said the waiter, who evidently had ideas of his own on the subject. "It's maybe all right for you, but what about the men? Are they to enjoy no privacy at all?"

"If a man's a man," declared Honor, "he shouldn't want to enjoy privacy with a good-looking girl about. Anyway, I don't want to annoy your blessed men. I merely want to stand outside."

"Very good, madam," said the waiter, "but I don't see what that's going to get you. All the way back to the right."

Satin hurried away and took up her position by the door where she stood her ground in spite of the curious glances of various gentlemen passing in and out. After she had waited what she considered was a reasonable time she sent for Mr. Larkin. That gentleman appeared.

"You're the most restless woman to take places," he complained. "Never a moment's peace and quiet. If it isn't an eel it's a men's room. What won't you be wanting next?"

"I want that partner of yours," she grated. "And I want him quick. I don't care what he's doing. You go in there and tell him if he doesn't snap out with a click I'll go in and drag him out."

Mr. Larkin departed on his mission, only to return within a few minutes a much puzzled man.

"He's not there," he said. "He's not in the men's room."

Satin made a dash for the door, but Mr. Larkin held her back.

"Think!" he cried. "Think of what you're doing."

"If I can stand the Pornographic Department," she retorted, "a men's room should be child's play to me."

"But the men take it quite seriously, I assure you," he protested. "And besides, Mr. Owen is not in there."

"Then where is he?" she demanded.

"Gone," said Mr. Larkin. "To a hotel, perhaps."

"A stand-up, eh?" muttered Satin. "I'll cook his case. Let me out of here."

With a sigh of relief, Mr. Larkin

watched the girl hurry from the café.

Mr. Owen did not know the first thing about this city into which he had so recklessly thrown himself. He was not even sure that he had made good his escape. Had he seen the closed automobile draw up in front of the hotel into which he dodged he would have been somewhat skeptical on the point. And had he seen Madame Gloria, her fair face set in lines of grim determination, emerge from the car and sequester herself in the lobby of the hotel, his skepticism would have increased to the conviction that from the trap he had crawled into bed with the trapper.

A short time after these two seemingly unrelated arrivals the hotel was treated to a third. Satin, with blood in her eyes and champagne almost everywhere else, rushed impetuously through the wide doors, caught sight of Mr. Owen's unassuming back, and ducked behind the nearest convenient chair. This happened to be occupied by a nervous gentleman whose sole desire in life was to be left alone. Satin was breathing hard. Feeling a draft on the top of his head the gentleman reluctantly put on his hat, a precaution which annoyed him a little owing to the existence of a headache directly beneath it. The draft ceased, but the sound of wind—a small, self-contained and irritatingly spasmodic wind—continued. Satin had been covering considerable ground. Beneath her fine upstanding chest her lungs were carrying on. The gentleman's annoyance increased. He arose and peered over his chair.

"Why are you breathing on me?" he demanded.

"Got to breathe somewhere," the girl explained.

"But not on me," said the gentleman firmly.

"If you put your newspaper over your head," she told him, "you won't feel it."

"I've already put on my hat," he replied with a suggestion of bitterness. "Isn't that enough?"

"Apparently not," said Satin. "Do you want me to explode back here?"

The gentleman considered this possibility dispassionately.

"I wouldn't mind," he told her at last. "Better to get it over once and for all."

"I've finished parting now," she assured him. "Do me a bit of a favor, and I'll send you a dirty book."

"How did you know I like dirty books?" asked the gentleman in some surprise.

"You look it," retorted Satin, not thinking.

"Mean I look dirty?" demanded the man.

"No" explained the girl impatiently. "Just nasty. You know how."

"How dirty is this book?" inquired the gentleman, deciding to let the point rest.

"Have we time to go into all that now?" expostulated Satin. "It's got pic-

(continued overleaf)



"Fake it."

HECTOR (continued from page 34)

tures."

"All right," said the man. "Here's my card. Don't forget the book. What do you want me to do?"

"See that chap at the desk," she told him. "He seems to be having some trouble. Find out what room they give him and let me know."

The gentleman departed in the direction of the desk. Satin turned her back and stood looking out on the street.

Mr. Owen was experiencing no little difficulty with the clerk, a man of apparently the loosest morals and the most astonishing propositions. Had the escaping partner known that he was endeavoring to book accommodations at the city's most modern hotel, one which insisted on providing everything that would make for the comfort and entertainment of its guests, he would, perhaps, not have been so far at sea. As things stood, however, and in his somewhat confused mental condition, he was having a hard time in battling against the hospitable suggestions of the clerk.

"I don't want to talk to you any more," he said at last to this puzzled individual. "You seem able to think of only one thing. Will you please send me someone else — someone with some faint conception of propriety?"

Another clerk amiably appeared and presented himself to Mr. Owen.

"Anything I can do for you, sir?" he asked in a confidential voice that gave Mr. Owen little hope.

"Yes," he answered wearily. "I want a room and bath."

"Do you want a double room with a single woman, sir?" inquired the clerk smoothly. "Or would you prefer a nice, cozy room with two of them?"

"Two of what?" asked Owen unwisely.

"Two of women," replied the clerk. "Haven't you any rooms without women?" Mr. Owen asked rather hopelessly.

"None for gentlemen, sir," said the clerk blandly. "It's part of our progressive policy, you see. The hotel provides accommodations for certain members of our indigent female population while they in turn provide companionship for our male guests. We consider it an exceptionally sensible arrangement."

"I don't know how sensible it is," observed Mr. Owen, "but it certainly is good and immoral."

"Not necessarily, you know," replied the clerk. "Some men enjoy being read to, or waited on, or entertained in various other ways. It's merely a matter of individual preference."

"Well," said Mr. Owen, "from what I've been able to learn of this town, people seem to think of only one form of entertainment."

"That holds for every town," the clerk replied philosophically. "You'll always find it so. The only difference between this town and others is that here we make a virtue of what they make a vice."

"A startling conception," admitted Mr. Owen. "Doesn't anyone ever sleep alone?"

"There's no scientific basis in fact that a man should sleep alone," replied the clerk.

"Is there any that he should sleep double?" asked Mr. Owen.

"No," admitted the clerk, "but it seems more natural."

"I didn't come here to argue," said Mr. Owen. "All I want is a room and bath."

"I know," said the clerk, growing a little impatient himself. "And all I want is to get you to commit yourself to some reasonable arrangement. Do you want a single lady and a double room or two of them in one?"

"How about a double woman and a single room?" Mr. Owen shot back, spitefully giving the clerk a little something to think about.

"A double woman," murmured the clerk, running the pen through his glistening hair. "A double woman, you're wanting. We've never had one of those. Isn't it rather abnormal?"

"No more than a double Scotch and soda," Mr. Owen replied.

"Isn't it?" observed the clerk. "You must come from a rugged country. Wouldn't two single women do as well?"

"I always take my women double," retorted Mr. Owen. "It's the only way."

The clerk regarded him admiringly.

"It's a new one on me," he said at last, "but it does sound dandy. Where do you get these double women? It might be a good thing for us to know."

"We breed them," Mr. Owen replied in a hard voice. "In fact, I've got so used to double women that I don't think I could stand 'em single. I've a couple of singles already knocking about somewhere. I'm trying to give them the gate."

"Well," said the clerk, once more referring the pen to his hair. "The women go with the room, you know. There's no extra charge. Of course, you've got to feed them, and they don't like being left alone." He paused and looked perplexed. "I'll tell you what we'll do," he went on. "You let me talk to the women. I'll explain it to them. Trust me to handle them all right. You go on up to your room, and I'll see what can be done about it. Don't worry. And by the way —" here he paused again and leaned confidentially over to Mr. Owen — "when you have a doable woman, what do you do with the other one?"

"Chloroform her," said Mr. Owen briefly. "Or put her in a strait jacket."

Without a word, but looking many, the clerk handed a key to room 707 to the waiting page boy, and a few moments later Mr. Owen was elevated by the lift to his room on the seventh floor.

"For you, sir," said the boy, opening a door to a bathroom, then added, laconically, opening a door on the other side of the room. "This bath is for your women."

"There'll be no women," replied Mr. Owen. "What's behind those other two doors?"

"Guests, probably," replied the boy.

"They belong to the rooms on either side of this one. They can easily be unlocked, sir, should you desire larger quarters."

"All I want is this room," said Mr. Owen. "Just this room and a bed and a lot of privacy."

"What about the women?" asked the boy.

"I'll ring for them," he was told.

"Sometimes they don't even wait for that," the boy remarked. "If you ask me, this place is a hotel in name only. Never saw such goings on."

Mr. Owen regarded him nervously. "Bring me a whole, full bottle of Scotch," he said at last. "I'm going to make myself so that I won't know that there's such a thing as a woman within ten miles."

"It's the only way," approved the page boy, departing with his tip. "Sometimes we have to drag our guests out by sheer force, the women take such a fancy to them. It's hard to work with 'em — they don't follow any rule."

When the boy had gone, Mr. Owen walked to one of the windows and stood looking out over the city. Was every-thing happy in this city, Mr. Owen wondered, or was this only a superficial glamour such as any city could show? He felt inclined to doubt it. As far as he had been able to discover during the short time he had been there the entire populace seemed to be much more interested in the way to enjoy life than in how to earn a living. This was how things should be, yet never were.

The boy, entering with the bottle, and a basket of ice, interrupted Mr. Owen's musings. He was tired and needed a drink. He took several and no longer felt tired.

"I want the largest box of the largest cigars in the house," Mr. Owen told the boy. "And I want some very large matches."

"Yes, sir," said the boy, apparently not surprised by such an order. "That whiskey makes a body feel that way."

Mr. Owen was pleased to note that, in his intoxicated condition, time seemed to have no meaning. This he considered excellent. "Nasty old thing, time," he muttered drunkenly. The boy re-appeared in what seemed no time at all.

"Those certainly are big matches and even bigger cigars," he told the boy. "Where did you get such big matches, boy? They must be all of six inches long."

"Yes," agreed the boy. "They are very big matches, but they're not the biggest matches."

"No?" said Mr. Owen. "Have you ever seen bigger ones?"

"Sure," replied the boy. "Out in the country they make 'em so long a man has to climb a tree to strike one on the seat of his pants."

"Is that so?" replied the astonished Owen, thinking he understood, then suddenly realizing he did not. "How does that help?" he added. "How can he strike a match on the seat of his trousers

(continued on page 11)

THE TAMING OF THE RAKE

a tragedy in five acts, namely: doris, blossom, louise, veronica and ann



fiction BY ANSON MOUNT

*And intoxicated with love
I left my home
And roamed over all the valleys and
woods.
Her hair was dark and curled,
And her eyes mirrored open skies,
And passion and affection gripped me.*

(Prologue, *The Tales of Hoffman*:
Jules Barbier)

NAVAL AIR STATION
OPA LOCKA, FLORIDA
JUNE 19, 1946

DEAR BLUE,

It's as good a time as any to write to you. I suppose; last night I was out walking naked in the soft Florida night air through the more sedate part of Coral Gables, and the physical exertions concomitant to that kind of nocturnal sport were enough to make a day of loafing around the barracks a welcome change.

This is lovely country down here; the liquid splendor of the summer nights when the orange blossoms perfume the air is something akin to a poet's dream of a Greek island in the Aegean Sea. The world here seems to awaken only in the early evening. During the day a somnolent torpor envelops the whole air base, but in the evening not a single sailor seems to stay on base, for the soft air that blows in from the everglades brings a gentle hint of impending adventure, a promise that a certain erotic Something is there waiting for us and that we only have to walk out into the night to find it. In the face of every sailor who passes through the main gate, crisp and fresh in his white uniform,

there is a look that speaks no doubt that tonight he will pursue wood-rythms around deserted Greek temples and into moonlit forest glens.

And so it was, yesterday, that Tiny Schwartzkopf, all two hundred and sixty pounds of him, approached me in the repair hangar and promised an uproarious evening if I could be the second male in a double date he had arranged. Tiny is a brassy and glibulous but likable oaf from New Jersey who threatens often and attacks seldom; the kind who is a blessing in battle but a social liability in public, who can be trusted with your life but never with a dollar or a pint of your whiskey. I knew that Tiny's double date would be worth an evening.

The Blue Death Wagon has been so named because of its unpredictable brakes and the bilious-blue coat of paint that Tiny has lately blessed it with. As it carried us east on Seventy-Ninth Street, Tiny grinned at me with that mouthful of disorderly teeth and told me of the evening's expectations. He had lately had the good fortune to develop the friendship of a girl whose mother was away and whose father, a railroad engineer, was home only every third day. But there was a younger sister, Doris, whose attention it would be my duty to divert, and Tiny inferred that I could be rather free in my choice of diversion.

The house was a stucco affair, on the edge of Coral Gables, with only a scattering of neighbor houses. There was a paved but uninhabited street that ran a block behind the house and, for the sake of discretion, we parked the car there. As we parked we noticed that the

adjoining vacant lot had been freshly plowed all the way to the back yard of the house where the girls were waiting for us.

It was a gratifying evening. About eleven o'clock, Doris and I were sitting on the couch in the front room talking quietly and listening to soft music from the radio and Tiny and his girl were in the back bedroom, discussing ancient Persian rock formations, I suppose. Everything was calm and quiet and I was impressing Doris with one of my war hero stories when there was a sudden fall of footsteps on the front porch and a hand jiggled the door knob as though it expected the door to be unlocked. Then there was an impatient knock.

We looked at each other; I saw terror in her eyes.

"It's Daddy!" she said in half belief. "He's back early."

I didn't have time to ask questions. I began grabbing my clothes up off the floor.

"Just five minutes, honey," I begged as I slipped my bare feet into my shoes. "Just give us five minutes."

I didn't even slow down as I ran through the back bedroom. All I said was, "Come on, Tiny," and I didn't need to elucidate, either. Before I was even out of the kitchen door he was crouched behind me, his arms wrapped around a disheveled wad of clothes and muttering "Jesus God!" under his breath.

Outside it was as black as the basement of Hell and we couldn't exactly see where we were going, but we were running like the devil to get there. I

had a short head start on Tiny when we first hit the back yard, but he had more miles-per-hour per pound last night than any fat man I ever saw. I had just seen his big buttocks pull past me like an express train and he was digging in for a good long run when he hit that damned clothes line. It caught him under the chain and his feet flung up in the air, and articles of casual clothing were scattered over a twenty-foot stretch of grass. While he was groaning and picking himself up off the ground and retrieving his clothes, I was laughing so hard I could hardly get my pants on.

He had found only about half his clothes when we heard the back door of the house open and slam shut, and we took off again like a couple of scared antelopes. We had just gotten up our full speed again when we hit that damned plowed field. Have you ever tried to run in a freshly plowed field when you expect to hear the belch of a shotgun at your back any moment? It's like one of those nightmares when you flee for your life but your legs will hardly move.

When we finally reached the car, winded and exhausted, there was a wild melee of searching through Tiny's bundle of clothes for the ignition key, and then after we found it we didn't think the engine would ever start. In a few minutes, though, we were barreling hell bent for leather up Biscayne Boulevard and I was getting into the rest of my uniform. Tiny was talking so excitedly and was so intent on his driving that we were waiting for the light to change at Flagler Street before he suddenly looked down at himself and realized that he was sitting unclad in the middle of downtown Miami.

I was talking to Tiny this morning at breakfast; we are both afraid to go back to see the girls to find out what happened.

So it goes, Buz, old boy. Keep the home fires burning back there in Natchez, and good luck with the draft board.

Your old buddy,
SALTY

UNIVERSITY OF THE SOUTH
SEWANEE, TENNESSEE
JANUARY 8, 1948

DEAR BUZ,

Your proffered pity is so much hogwash: for an astute gentleman who drinks good whiskey, your judgment is remarkably inaccurate.

On the contrary, we have better access to the more frolicsome morsels here in Sewanee than you have on your co-ed campus. Such indulgences as women and beer are reserved largely for week-ends, when several surrounding girls' schools offer up abundant feminine fodder for our parties and dances. Thus, the week is reserved for such necessities as mathematics and sleep.

And more important is the fact that we can escape any serious conversation with our dates. Nothing is so futile as a political discussion with a fetching freshman, and sooner or later, if you go to classes with her, even the most adoring

playmate will expect you to talk to her as if she were a friend.

Another advantage is that southern girls' schools seem to attract students who have just enough intelligence to digest their food, and the lack of male competition in the classroom keeps them from rising to higher profundities. On the rare occasion when your date dotes to get esoteric, when your date dotes to be added with a shot of whiskey.

At this point in my day, I will stop memorizing for a moment the names of all the bumps and holes on a cat's skull and tell you the history to date of my latest amorous conspiracy.

Blossom is the daughter of a family of pre-Civil War eminence who lives in a pre-Civil War home in Chattanooga, and she goes to school in a Richmond, Virginia institution for the manufacture of Southern Belles.

But the indoctrination doesn't seem to sink in.

Her folks are iron-sided descendants of the Old South; they seem to feel that their family honor hinges largely on the state of repair of their daughter's virginity. Because of their medieval ideas and the stiff-backed matrons at the school, our moments alone have been short and infrequent. Until, last month, we decided to do something about it.

In early December my room-mate, Tommy, lent his fertile but perverse mind to my problems and came up with a plan that worked beautifully. Blossom gave her blessing, so I bought a round-trip plane ticket from Chattanooga to Richmond and she bought two round-trip Pullman tickets over the same route, and we were off on the Great Attempt.

I flew to Richmond on the day her school got out for Christmas vacation and we enjoyed the overnight train trip to Chattanooga more than I need to detail. The Spanish sherry I had brought along was excellent; the mountain scenery, viewed from the darkened window of a Pullman berth, was superb, and you know what an aesthetic nut I am about scenery.

The train slowed to a brief stop in a small station on the outskirts of Chattanooga, and there I hopped out, bag in hand, to find good old Tommy waiting in my Chevy with the engine warm and running. We wore half the rubber off the tires getting to the Union Station in Chattanooga and I ran on to the platform just a couple of minutes before the train came in. I found Blossom's parents waiting there, and they were real tickled that I could get down from school to meet the train. After Blossom had kissed her folks, we went through our tender little greeting routine while Mama and Papa looked on approvingly and the Pullman porter, whom I had already bribed, damn near croaked while he tried to keep a straight face.

When Blossom left to return to school the day before yesterday, I was there to see her off on the train. Our farewell was a tender and poignant scene; we were both shy and embarrassed in front of her parents and we

performed just enough awkward pauses and nervous fidgetings to make the scene convincing. Out of the corner of my eye I saw her mother suppress a sniffle and whisper, "Isn't that sweet?" to Papa.

I mentioned a lab period I was going to be late for at school, apologized for having to rush off, and left a few minutes before the train pulled out. Tommy ran through a couple of red lights, but he got me out to the north side station just before the train came around the bend.

The sherry and the scenery and the geological discussions were even rather than before.

I just flew back from Richmond this morning, and here I am memorizing the nomenclature of a cat's skeleton. The intellectual life is bleak at times; there's something dreadfully superfluous about learning anatomy from a textbook.

Well, hit the books hard, old dog. I'll see you in Natchez, and we'll combine our polity to behob the old town out of its doldrums.

AS EVER,
SALTY

145 JASMINE AVE.
NATCHEZ, MISSISSIPPI
APRIL 4, 1950

DEAR BUZ,

Well, I finally got rid of Louise; and for good, too. I was kinda sorry to have to play such a dirty trick on the girl, but the situation had been intolerable for such a long time that I was willing to try anything. Anyway, she will never know what happened to her, so the Machiavellian methods I used don't really matter.

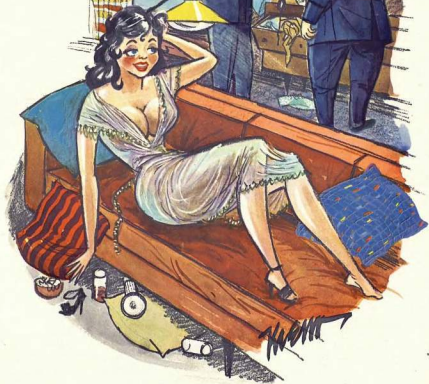
Sounds like quite a trick, getting a dame out of your hair without even letting her know how it happened, doesn't it? Well, I don't take credit for it; that diabolical thinking machine I have for a room-mate came up with this one. That fellow should have lived in the world of Louis XIV. He would have been a sensation among the intrigues of the French salon.

My parents were to blame for the whole mess situation, anyway, so I let them bear the shock. Ever since Louise and I were babies there has been a plot afoot between our families to gently railroad us into marriage. Seems our fathers went to college together and have been bosom buddies ever since. I'm not really angry with my folks for presuming to decide my glandular destiny for me at such an early age; how were they to know that Louise would grow up to look like a Belgian draft horse?

When we were kids we lived on the same street and we played football and went to school and took baths together. She was the best friend I had. Then the rising sap of puberty went coursing through my veins, and things have never been the same since.

I thought the worst was over when her family moved to Memphis a few years ago, but my folks would never say die. Up at Sewanee I would make the mistake of mentioning a brewing frater-

(continued on page 67)



"You shouldn't have too much trouble catching him. He was pretty pooped when he left here."



The SIGNAL



Ribald Classic

THE LOVELY MARCHIONESS de Renzodon was still asleep in her dark and perfumed bedroom.

In her soft, low bed between sheets of delicate cambric, fine as lace and caressing as a kiss, she was sleeping alone and tranquil, the happy and profound sleep of a divorced woman.

She was awakened by loud voices in the drawing room and she recognized her dear friend, the Baroness de Grangeric, who was disputing with the lady's maid because the latter would not allow her to go into the marchioness's room. So the marchioness got up, opened the door, drew back the door hangings and showed her head, nothing but her fair head, hidden under a cloud of hair.

"What is the matter with you that you have come so early?" she asked. "It is not nine o'clock yet."

The pretty baroness, who was very pale, nervous and feverish, replied: "I must speak to you. Something horrible has happened to me."

"Come in, my dear."

She went in; and the marchioness got back into her bed, while the lady's maid opened the windows to let in light and air. Then, when she had left the room, the marchioness went on: "Well, tell me what it is."

Baroness de Grangeric began to cry, shedding those pretty bright tears which make women more charming. She sobbed out without wiping her eyes, so as not to make them red: "Oh, my dear, what has happened to me is abominable, abominable. I have not slept all night, not a minute, do you hear? Not a minute. Here, just feel how my heart is beating."

And, taking her friend's hand, she put it on her breast, on that firm, round covering of women's hearts which often suffices men and prevents them from seeking beneath. Her heart was beating violently.

She continued: "It happened to me yesterday during the day at about four o'clock—or half-past four; I cannot say exactly. You know my apartments, and you know that my little drawing room, where I always sit, looks on to the Rue Saint-Lazare and that I have a mania

for sitting at the window to look at the people passing. The neighborhood of the railway station is very gay, so full of motion and so lively—just what I like! Well, yesterday I was sitting in the low chair which I have placed in my window recess; the window was open and I was not thinking of anything, simply breathing the fresh air. You remember how fine it was yesterday!

"Suddenly I noticed a woman sitting at the window opposite—a woman in red. I was in mauve, you know, my pretty mauve costume. I did not know the woman (a new lodger, who had been there a month, and as it has been raining for a month, I had not yet seen her), but I saw immediately that she was a bad girl. At first I was very much shocked and disgusted that she should be at the window just as I was, and then by degrees it amused me to watch her. She was resting her elbows on the window ledge and looking at the men, and the men looked at her also, all or nearly all. One might have said that they knew of her presence by some means as they got near the house, that they sensed her presence by instinct, for they suddenly raised their heads and exchanged a swift look with her, a sort of secret signal. Her signal said: 'Will you?' Theirs replied: 'I have no time,' or else: 'Another day,' or else: 'I have no money,' or else: 'How dare you!'

"You cannot imagine how funny it was to see her carrying on such a piece of work, though after all it is her regular business.

"Occasionally she shut the window suddenly, and I saw a gentleman go in. She had caught him like a fisherman hooks a fish. Then I looked at my watch and I found that they never stopped longer than from twelve to twenty minutes. The whole procedure fascinated me!

"I asked myself: 'How does she manage to make herself understood so quickly, so well and so completely? Does she add a nod of the head or a motion of the hands to her looks?' And I took my opera glasses to watch her proceedings. They were very simple: first of all a glance, then a smile, then a slight

backward nod of the head which meant: 'Are you coming up?' But it was so slight, so vague, so discreet, that it required a great deal of knack to succeed as she did. And I asked myself: 'Wonder if I could do it as nicely as she?'

"I went and tried it before the looking glass and, my dear, I did it better than she, a great deal better! I was enchanted and resumed my place at the window.

"She caught nobody more than, poor girl, nobody. She certainly had no luck. It must really be very terrible to earn one's bread in that way, terrible and amusing occasionally, for really some of these men one meets in the street are rather nice.

"After that they all came on my side of the road and none on hers; the son had turned. Then came one after the other, young, old, dark, fair, gray, white. I saw some who looked very nice, really very nice, my dear, far better than my husband or than yours—I mean than your last husband, as you have got your divorce."

"I said to myself: 'If I give them the signal, will they understand me? I, a respectable woman?' And I was seized with a mad longing to signal them. A terrible longing; you know, one of those longings which one cannot resist! I have some like that occasionally. How silly such things are, don't you think so? I believe that we women have the souls of monkeys. I have been told (and it was a physician who told me) that the brain of a monkey is very like ours. Of course we must imitate someone or other. We imitate our husbands when we love them during the first months after our marriage, and then our lovers, our female friends, our confessors when they are nice. We assume their ways of thought, their manners of speech, their words, their gestures, everything. It is very foolish."

"Yes, yes," the marchioness said impatiently, "but what happened? Surely you did not yield to this temptation?"

"My dear, when I am tempted to do a thing I always do it. And so I said to myself: 'I will try it once, on one man

(concluded on page 56)

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



FOREIGN CAR QUIZ



YOU PROBABLY ADMIRE the sleek lines of these foreign jobs that are purring along U. S. boulevards these days, and perhaps you drive one yourself. But how are you when it comes to naming the countries that produce them? Below you'll find a list of thirteen foreign cars. And alongside, a list of five nations. Can you match cars and countries? A score of 8 is a respectable cruising speed; at 10 you're approaching the speed limit; and at 13, your gas pedal's down to the floor.

- | | |
|----------------------|-------------|
| ___ 1. Jaguar | (a) GERMANY |
| ___ 2. Talbot | (b) ENGLAND |
| ___ 3. Ferrari | (c) FRANCE |
| ___ 4. Mercedes-Benz | (d) ITALY |
| ___ 5. Rolls-Royce | (e) RUSSIA |
| ___ 6. Allard | |
| ___ 7. Mor | |
| ___ 8. Lancia | |
| ___ 9. Fiat | |
| ___ 10. MG | |
| ___ 11. Simca 8 | |
| ___ 12. Porsche | |
| ___ 13. Zis | |

ANSWERS

1-b, 2-c, 3-d, 4-a, 5-b, 6-b, 7-c, 8-d, 9-b, 10-c, 11-a, 12-a, 13-d

HECTOR (continued from page 36)

way up in a tree?"

"He doesn't," replied the boy, "but the man on the ground does."

"Oh," said Mr. Owen, then looked suddenly at the boy. "Will you please go away," he told him. "I hate stories like that. I hate even to think of the insane mind that conceives them. Imagine a man being so damned accommodating as to climb a tree—No," he broke off. "I don't like to think about it. You'd better go."

The boy left, and Mr. Owen complacently resumed his drinking, a faint smile on his lips. He contemplated the twin beds and tried to decide which one he would choose. That double woman idea of his had been a good one. It had worked. The clerk had been greatly impressed. He, Mr. Owen, would not be troubled by a lot of loose women.

As he sat there drinking he wondered why he had run away from Satin. He suspected that she had been too bold, too sinister about her intentions. After all, he did really want her. He wanted her more than any woman he had ever known. He could not say why he did unless it was because she gave him a feeling of youth and expectancy. He wondered where she was now and what she was doing. Smiling faintly, he rose and ambled, glass in hand, to the bath-rooms. The tub looked inviting. A man could almost swim in it—a man and a woman. Once more he wondered where Satin was. A bath would be refreshing, he reflected. It might improve his character; then again, it might not. Anyway, good people bathed occasionally as well as bad. Who was he to snap his fingers at a bath? He was glad there was no oil in it. Where was that girl now that he was all ready to take a bath? He would take a bath without her. He always had in the past. Why not now? He turned on his heel and began to undress in the casual fashion of the brooding male.

What with one thing and another, Mr. Owen became so preoccupied with his undressing that for the moment he lost that awareness of his surroundings which all males, either brooding or otherwise, should exercise when performing such a delicate operation. So deeply engrossed was he in some knotty moral problem that he failed to hear the stealthy opening of the door to one of the guests' rooms.

Nor did he see the red head of a woman thrust itself through the aperture while two bright eyes studied his sparsely clad figure with frank but unladylike interest. He did see, however, just at the critical moment when he was about to attack the business of doing away with his drawers, the other door fly open and Madame Gloria, in almost as bad a fix as he was, standing resplendently in it.

"I see it all now!" cried the lady in a voice choked with emotion. "Everything is clear."

Hearing the dazzling creature for once speaking the truth, Mr. Owen became convulsed.

"My God!" he exclaimed. "What a fix! I can't stand looking even at myself, and I certainly shouldn't look at you."

"Gaze over your right shoulder," Madame Gloria commanded, "and you will see something else again—something that will cause you to swoon in your tracks."

"I need little help in that direction," he muttered, glancing over his shoulder, and at that moment the room leaped into darkness.

In this comforting concealment Mr. Owen stood, undecided as to his next move. As he listened to the strains of the orchestra drifting in from the park, he wondered how God could permit people to dance and enjoy themselves while his plight received no attention.

"Quick!" came the penetrating whisper of Madame Gloria. "Leap into my room. We can carry over there."

"A nice lady," observed Mr. Owen aloud to himself in the darkness. "If that woman doesn't go away they'll have to carry me out on a stretcher."

Whether he thought it was more impersonal or more forceful to address his remarks to Madame Gloria indirectly, Mr. Owen was not sure himself. For some strange reason it gave him the feeling of being less physically involved in the situation.

"I am still here," called Madame Gloria sweetly.

"I feared as much," said Mr. Owen. "But you shouldn't lie. Can't you realize, Madame Gloria, that I am stripped to the buff?"

After this announcement there followed a long, pregnant silence which was finally broken by Madame Gloria's voice.

"Listen," she said with a trace of humility. "I've been acting all my life and I've missed a lot of words. What's your buff?"

Mr. Owen thought about this for a moment, and while doing so became convinced that he heard someone giggling softly in the room. Was this implacable woman advancing noiselessly upon him to make her kill?

"You should know that as well as I do," he exclaimed impatiently.

"Should I?" she asked. "Have I one—a buff?"

"How should I know, madam," he asked wearily, "whether you have a buff or not? I suppose you have, but is this any time to enter into an academic discussion of buffs? Maybe it's a state of being and not a thing at all."

"It would be better so," said Madame Gloria dryly. "Whenever I'm like this my audiences are in a state of frenzy."

"So am I," retorted Mr. Owen. "But you don't hear me clapping unless it's with my knees. Don't creep up on me and spring without warning."

"You looked cute with your buff," came the musing voice of Gloria.

"In my buff, madam," Mr. Owen corrected her. "It's not with. I'm sure of that."

"But you didn't seem to be in hardly anything at all," the woman protested. "Did you get them off?"

"What off?" asked Mr. Owen.

"Your funny little drawers," replied the lady.

"Why do you want to know?" he demanded nervously.

"Who has a better right?" she asked.

"I don't know," he retorted. "I can't think clearly. I don't even know if anybody has any right to know anything about my drawers."

"That's a pitiful condition to be in," she observed, sympathetically, "but cheer up, I won't leave you long in doubt."

This threat—or promise—left its hearer so unmoved that he was seized with a desire to drink. The inhibitions he had thought he was losing had flocked back to him from the past. A bathrobe would have saved his end of the situation. There was none. In the darkness he could not even find his trousers. As he reached out to grasp the bottle a shriek broke from his lips as his hand felt a bare arm. His fingers slid down it only to encounter a firm hand clutched round the object he was seeking. This time his shriek embodied a note of bitter disappointment. He had needed that drink and he still did. Was he surrounded by naked women? Was the darkness cluttered up with bodies? Abandoning his attempt to possess himself of the bottle he raced for the nearest bed, and jumping in, encountered a body in the flesh. This hotel must be used to shrieks, he thought to himself, emitting another one and reversing the direction of his jump like a diving figure in a playful swoosh. As he crawled towards the other bed the room was filled with sound. There was a scampering about in the darkness and a vigorous banging of doors. Fumbling greedily with the coverings of the second bed, he was about to crumble beneath them when the perle voice of Madame Gloria turned him to a graven image.

"I'm here," said Madame Gloria. "If you're looking for me."

"Will you tell me where you aren't?" he chattered. "Only a second ago you were in the other bed."

"Oh, no, I wasn't," came the playful reply. "That was the other one."

"What other one?" he asked in a dazed voice.

"The other woman," the lady explained.

"Holy smokes," faltered the man, reverting to the vernacular of his youth, like a person approaching the end. "Are there two of you in this room?"

"At the very least," replied Madame Gloria.

"Two women and one buff," came a voice from the other bed. "Who gets the buff?"

"From the way he's acting," complained Madame Gloria's bed, "a person would get the impression it was a blind man's buff."

"There's none so blind as will not see," observed the other voice, which he recognised now as that of Satin. "This

chap won't even feel."

"Are you two going to chat there comfortably in my beds," demanded Mr. Owen, "while I crouch here in the darkness?"

"Why not transfer the scene of your crouching to my bed," inquired Satin, "and then we can all chat together?"

"If you get in bed with that woman," cried Madame Gloria, "I'll damn well drag you out, buff or no buff."

"I heartily hope you do," said Mr. Owen with all sincerity.

"That works both ways, mister," Honor told him.

"You don't have to worry," said Mr. Owen, "neither of you. I'd rather crawl in bed with a couple of bees."

"No animal could be badder than I am," commented Satin thoughtfully. "Not even a billiard ball."

"For shame," reproved Mr. Owen.

"That's right," said Satin. "For shame, it is. What would a girl do if it wasn't for her shame?"

"I thoroughly enjoy mine," put in Madame Gloria. "Quite frankly, I admit it."

"Well I can't bear mine," declared Mr. Owen. "If you all don't go away, I'm going to lock myself in one of the bathrooms."

"Who's got a match?" asked Satin. "I want to light a cigarette."

"You do yourself well, don't you?" Mr. Owen asked sarcastically. "Cigarettes and everything. I suppose you've got my bottle, too."

"I have," replied Satin. "I sip it from time to time. Crawled in and I'll give you a swig."

"If he does," grated Madame Gloria, "I'll yank him clean out of those funny little drawers."

"You'd be one yank too late," chortled Satin, and even Madame Gloria was forced to laugh softly to herself in the darkness.

"I don't see how you can laugh," Mr. Owen lamented. "Suppose Mr. Larkin knew where you were, Miss Knightly?"

"He'd be right in with me," asserted Satin. "Mr. Larkin isn't sexually illiterate, like you."

"Sex! Sex! Sex!" cried Mr. Owen. "Sex morning noon and—"

"What are you shouting about?" interrupted Honor. "You've got plenty of sex around. Aren't the two of us enough?"

"The way that man calls for his sex," put in Madame Gloria, "you'd think he wanted a harem."

"I've met men like that," commented Satin. "Never willing to start at the bottom rung."

A match suddenly flared in the darkness.

"There he goes!" cried Honor Knightly. "It's hard to say whether it's a man running away in drawers, or a pair of drawers running away with a man."

"Looks like a running man in drawers," replied the other lady as the match went out. "Wonder where he's going?"

"Maybe he's getting ready to spring on us," suggested Honor.

"He'd have to be all spraddled out to land on us both," observed Madame

Gloria. "Doubt if he could make it."

They were not long in finding out. Mr. Owen had dashed to the nearest bathroom and was clawing at the door. It flew open in his grasp, and he looked in upon a strange woman splashing busily in the bath tub.

"Come in," she said calmly. "What's your hurry?"

"I'm not in a hurry," gasped Mr. Owen, backing out of the room. "I'm in a whirl."

"Coze lock!" called the woman as he sped in the direction of the other bathroom. "I won't look."

This invitation served only to increase Mr. Owen's speed. He reached the door, flung it open, and dashed inside, slamming it behind him. Almost immediately the two ladies in the beds were treated to a series of animal-like cries such as they had never heard before. Mingled with them were the entrancing notes of a woman's voice.

"My God!" cried Honor. "A woman's got him in that one. To the rescue!"

Merging the worst features of their seemingly one and only interest in life, the two women sprang from their beds and raced to the bathroom door.

"Come out of there!" cried Honor.

"What are you doing now?" called the more imaginative Madame Gloria.

"Wrestling with a woman," came from Mr. Owen in grunts, "and she's all wet and naked."

"I'll fix her," grated Satin. "Which way are you wrestling—for or against?"

"Why don't you answer?" cried Madame Gloria nervously. "We can't see a thing. Why is the door locked? We want to know everything."

"Well, you can't exactly be an Edward R. Murrow in the arms of a naked woman," Mr. Owen panted as caustically as conditions would permit. "Especially a wet one with soap all over her. I can't grab hold."

"Of what?" asked Satin.

"Of anything," called Mr. Owen.

"That's just as well," put in Madame Gloria.

"If you two broads would go away," came the voice of the woman behind the door. "I'd soon have him eating out of my hand."

"I'd rather see him starve first," said Madame Gloria in a tragic voice.

"I don't give a damn about his appetite," put in Satin. "I'm worrying about his buff, whatever that may be."

"Yes," agreed Madame Gloria. "He seemed to set a great deal of store by that buff. We have to get him out." She rattled the door furiously. "Why don't you come out?" she cried. "Unlock the door, and we'll drag you out."

"I'm trying to," Mr. Owen called back. "But my hand is trembling so I can't turn the key."

"All right," broke in the disgusted voice of his captor. "All right. Go on out. I don't want a nervous wreck."

In the meantime the lady in the other bathroom, hearing the noise, had emerged dripping, clad strategically in a towel.

"Where'd he go?" she inquired of the

other two. "I caught only a glimpse of him."

At this moment the bathroom door flew open, and she caught another. Mr. Owen found himself between two fires with the light from behind flooding down on the scene. He took one paralyzed look at all the bare flesh by which he was surrounded; then, snatching the towel from the clutches of the first bathing woman, flung it over his head.

"Back to your places!" he screamed. "Back to your beds and baths, or I'll throw you all out on your—"

"On our whats?" demanded Satin.

"On your cars," he retorted. "Make it snappy."

There was a pouter of bare feet, then quiet settled down.

"You may come out from under that towel now," Satin's voice proclaimed.

"I'm going to live beneath this towel for the remainder of my life," he answered firmly.

"I think you're about to lose a button," Madame Gloria said comfortably from the pillow. "The button, I'd be inclined to suppose."

With great promptitude, Mr. Owen snatched the towel from his head and flipped it round his waist.

"You've got four of us now," observed Satin. "What are you going to do with so many?"

"I'll show you," said Mr. Owen, striding over to the telephone. "I'm going to have you all chucked out."

"On our cars?" inquired Honor.

"I don't give a damn what they chuck you out on," he retorted into the transmitter.

"And as for me," came back a voice over the wire. "I don't give a damn if they slit your throat from ear to ear."

"I wasn't talking to you," Mr. Owen hastened to explain to the operator at the other end. "I'm sorry. Please give me the desk."

"Oh, that's all right," the girl's voice replied. "If you've no objection to my sex I'll come up there and help you to chuck them out myself, whoever they may be."

"For God's sake, don't," he cried. "I'm oversexed already. I want the room clerk."

"The room clerk!" exclaimed the girl. "What on earth does a man in your condition want with the room clerk?"

Mr. Owen emitted a howl of rage.

"Calm yourself dearie," came the voice of the operator. "I'll give you the room clerk, though I must say—Hold on, here he is."

"Hello!" cried Mr. Owen. "Room clerk? Good! I've got two beds and two baths, and there is a naked woman in each."

"What more do you want?" asked the clerk. "We haven't any double women, if that's what you're after."

"I'm not," snapped Mr. Owen. "But where do you expect me to go?"

"I don't know about you," said the clerk, "but if I was fixed up as you are I'd either go to bed or take a bath. You

(continued on page 18)



WE SOLEMNLY SWEAR (or affirm) that PLAYBOY is one magazine that is not going to make cute references to smorgasbord, Swedish massage, Swedish meatballs, or suchlike similes in connection with the Swedish amazon, Anita Ekberg. Nor are we going to drag in Greta Garbo, Ingrid Bergman, and other radiant but irrelevant Swedish exports. All we want to talk about is Anita.

For one thing, she's a big girl: five-feet-seven, 120 pounds, measuring 35"-22"-57" from north to south, according to her press agent. All very nice, if you like 'em large. We like 'em any size.

Ekberg is what is known as a *Svenske flicka*. Literally translated, that means nothing more than "Swedish girl," but to get the real meaning, you must hear the phrase spoken by a young and virile Swedish male: thus rendered, it will take on the full-bodied casualty of the bona fide leer, packed with all kinds of pleasant and improper implications.

If you're still with us, and your eye isn't roving to the pictorial matter, you may be interested in a small amount of reportage: Anita is twenty-four, was born in Malmö, Sweden, won a beauty contest in Stockholm in 1951, often went swimming without benefit of halter in the Old Country (a not uncommon practice in Sweden, we're told). This last habit, for some reason, brought her to the attention of certain Hollywood promoters, who felt that her *flicka* had just the *Svenska* they were looking for. These nature loving gentlemen brought her to the United States and promptly featured her in a cinematic epic called *Abbott And Costello Go To Mars*. Soon after, she appeared in a charming thing titled *Blood Alley*. Neither of these celluloid masterpieces utilized Anita's attributes to best advantage, but if titles are any indication, her newest film, *Artists and Models*, should do better.

Though her rise in Hollywood has been spectacular, it was just last summer that she received the final stamp of approval that marked her as an authentic celebrity: she was

SVENSKA FLICKA

pictorial



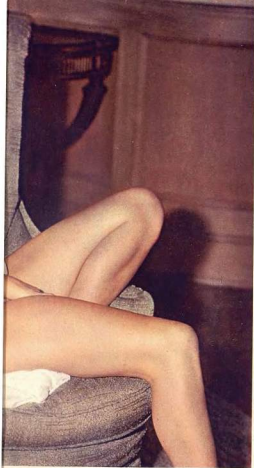


Ekberg displays some of the same Scandinavian charm that made this year's Swedish entry a unanimous winner in the Miss Universe contest. If these are a sample of that country's females, we understand why "sin" in Sweden has created such a sensation the past few months.

labelled an iceberg by *Confidential*. (Though nearly everyone who is anyone is doing it this season, she apparently doesn't plan on suing.)

The only dark cloud in this sunny saga is the fact that Anita no longer goes swimming minus halter. Some low-down, no-good do-gooder must have told her it just isn't being done in this country. If we ever find out who the big mouth was, we'll let you know. You can bring the tar and we'll get the feathers.





A hell-bent Ekberg reigned in devilish raiments as queen of the 1955 Art Students' Ball.



HECTOR (continued from page 44)

can't lose."

"Something has to be done about all these women," fumed Mr. Owen. "And that without further delay."

"I should say so," agreed the clerk. "The night isn't getting any shorter. By rights you've entitled to only two women. How did you manage to smuggle the others in?"

"I didn't smuggle them in," Mr. Owen protested. "They smuggled themselves in."

"Women are great hands at that," philosophically observed the clerk. "You seem to be having all the luck."

"Listen," Mr. Owen pleaded. "You don't seem to understand. There are two beds and two baths. So far I've got a woman in each."

"Let's see," broke in the clerk. "If I remember your room rightly that leaves chairs and one sofa unoccupied. Do you want a woman in each of those?"

"Are you mad?" thundered Mr. Owen. "No," replied the room clerk, "but you must be, not to be satisfied with a couple of beds and bathtubs filled with women."

"I said you didn't understand," roared Mr. Owen. "I'm more than satisfied. Much more than satisfied."

"Ah!" exclaimed the gratified clerk. "I have been stupid, haven't I? You want to complain to the hotel, don't you? Well, I'm sure the management will be delighted to hear you've had a good time. Go right to it. What a stupid ass I've been."

"You still are," growled Mr. Owen, and hung up the telephone, a beaten man.

Suddenly he was seized by a mad idea, springing up from the telephone, he fled across the room in the direction of Madame Gloria's door. Up from the beds and out of the baths like four naked bats out of hell the women raced after him. Across Madame Gloria's room he sped and out into the hall, his pursuers close behind. Here his flight was arrested by the sudden descent of his drawers. Yet even as he fell he had time to thank his God he was landing face forward. When he did land, the women behind him passed over his prostrate body and became hopelessly entangled on the other side. Still in the clutch of inspiration, he sprang to his feet and, pulling up his treacherous drawers with one hand, dashed back to the room he had just quitted and locked the door behind him. Hurrying into his own room, he seized the bottle of whiskey and took a deep pull. From the hall came the sounds of agitated female voices. Hands were beating on his door. Mr. Owen grinned and drank again. His telephone bell was ringing. Applying his ear to the receiver, he listened blandly.

"Say!" came the voice of the clerk. "The floor operator tells me that there are four naked women beating on your door and raising howling hell in the hall to be let in."

"Good!" cried Mr. Owen. "It's music to my ears. I was expecting them."

"But, man alive," went on the clerk. "You've already got four naked women, and with these four it makes eight altogether. How many more do you want? People sleep in this hotel occasionally, you know."

"No," said Mr. Owen. "I didn't know that. Well, I'm going to be one of them."

He hung up the instrument and turned back with a satisfied smile to the room. Four indignantly naked women were watching him with glittering eyes.

"You forgot the other floor, didn't you, dearie?" said Madame Gloria in overcast tones.

"And that's going to be just too bad for you," added Satin, her small white teeth gleaming.

Mr. Owen made one dive for the bed. The women made four. All landed safely, Mr. Owen on the bottom. At this moment Mr. Larkin, escorted by a page boy with a passkey, entered the room with the glacial dignity of the elaborately drunk.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mr. Larkin. "What a bevy! And where can Owen be? Ah! There he is! Underneath the bevy, of all places."

"Is he the one with the drawers?" asked the page boy. "Yes," said Mr. Larkin. "The only one with drawers, if my eyes do not deceive me."

"He won't have them on long," the pageboy remarked placidly, "the way they're going for him."

The presence of the two new gentlemen spread consternation in the ranks of the ladies, who, to Mr. Owen's surprise, suddenly developed scruples hitherto unsuspected. In their own strange way these women had their standards. Up to this point each one of them had believed herself to be rightfully entitled to Mr. Owen. In the face of an audience they were willing to abandon their claim. And they abandoned it as energetically as if had previously been pressed. They literally took Mr. Owen up and tossed him at his partner's feet. After that they divided the bedclothing and sat expectantly swathed.

"And now," resumed Mr. Larkin smoothly, addressing the highly edified page boy, "if you'll be so good as to hurry away and bring back leagues of sandwiches and oceans of strong drinks, we'll see what can be done to make this evening pleasanter—or is it morning? I forget which. Does it really matter? As the boy hurried away, he turned to Mr. Owen. "I ask you," he resumed. "Does it? No. All that really matters is that you get some trousers on as speedily as possible. And that only matters to you, although sometimes I feel we are liberal to a fault."

Mr. Owen rose and shook his partner by the hand.

"Mr. Larkin," he said, looking vindictively at the ladies seated like so many Orientals on the beds, "you saved me from a living death."

"I cannot think of a happier one," Mr. Larkin replied, bowing to the four

swathed figures. "Who are the other two? I don't seem to recall their faces."

"We go with the room," explained one of them in a husky voice.

"And he didn't want us," said the other, "but we snaked in anyway, just in case he changed his mind."

"Conscientious to the last," observed Mr. Larkin approvingly. "You seemed even willing to change his mind for him."

"Let bygones be bygones," said Mr. Owen with a grin as he collected his scattered garments and made for the bathroom. In a moment he reappeared and picked up the bottle. "You know," he explained, "this bottle and these drawers and myself have been through so much together we can't bear to be separated."

"You almost were," said Satin grimly. "And if you keep flaunting yourself before us I'll snatch you as naked as a babe in arms."

Mr. Owen departed, this time not to return until securely as well as completely clad. His bottle was now empty, but the rooms were full of drinks. Mr. Larkin had done things on a tremendous scale. Everywhere Mr. Owen turned, a glass or bottle was ready to his hand. Nor did it take long for them to find their way to his lips. On the two beds the ladies sat in their drapery and munched sandwiches. In their eyes was that knowing expression of women awaiting developments which experience has taught them were quite inevitable even when unsuspected.

"I've literally thrown away my night," declared Madame Gloria, adding an empty glass to two others already beside her. "Simply tossed it away."

"Why, my dear lady," protested Mr. Larkin. "All is far from lost. Instead of getting one man, you've got the both of us. Think of that."

"Yes," replied Madame Gloria. "I am. Four women and only two men. A disturbing thing to contemplate."

"Not at all," smiled Mr. Larkin. "When the men are vigorous specimens like Owen and myself, with frank, honest faces and all that."

Madame Gloria said, "I'd hardly call Mr. Owen's face frank and honest. But at least it's new."

"Why can't you cultivate an attitude of indifference towards me?" asked Mr. Owen annoyingly. "My face may be new to you, but really it's an old, old story."

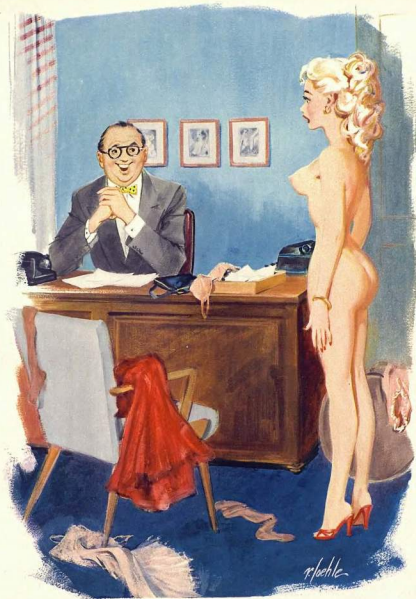
"But, my dear man," explained Madame Gloria. "I haven't seen the last chapter yet."

"No, but you've seen almost everything else," Satin had observed. "All of us have. Weren't his little drawers enough?"

"Those drawers were almost too much," Madame Gloria agreed reminiscently. "Especially when they tripped him."

"Can't you change the subject, Mr. Larkin?" asked Mr. Owen, feeling that his once secret life had now become a public scandal. "Those drawers of mine

(continued overleaf)



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

HECTOR (continued from page 48)

are exhausted."

Mr. Larkin daintily shot back an immaculate cuff, and examined a magnificent watch.

"It is," he said, "exactly three o'clock in the morning. At this hour people, if they sleep at all, are usually attempting forty winks—that is, if both parties are willing."

"Which is ideal," said Mr. Owen.

"It does make for party harmony," agreed Mr. Larkin. "But to continue. The halls of this hotel are infinitely long, and broad almost to a fault. For gentlemen that stagger, as what gentleman doesn't, they are occasionally discouraging. One either falls down or grows sober before hitting them. For a man who staggers as much as I do, whether drunk or sober, this becomes quite a trial. It throws the responsibility for my progress on my own shoulders instead of on the walls. I mean, the walls themselves—not their shoulders. Anyway, that's not what I'm talking about."

"No?" inquired Honor Knightly. "Would it upset you greatly to revert to what you are talking about?"

"Not at all," was the ready response. "Only, my dear lady, don't fly out at me. What I wanted to say was that I would like to have me a little foot racing done. There! I've said it."

"You have," remarked Mr. Owen, "but not very clearly. How do you mean, I would like to have me a little foot racing done? It's not even bad English. It's worse. Something seems to be there, but one can't quite find it. Do you mean that you would like to sit in

a chair and watch others run foot races for you, or that you desire to participate yourself in some damn fool sporting event, or just what intelligence are you trying to convey through the medium of human speech?"

"I would like to run a foot race on foot," said Mr. Larkin simply, but in a slightly offended voice. "But I'm getting a little exhausted about it even before it's started."

"Well, that's clear, at least," commented Madame Gloria. "Does anyone else feel like running a foot race on foot?"

"How?" asked Mr. Owen, who had secretly won tremendous races in the past. "On foot," replied Mr. Larkin.

"Oh," said Mr. Owen. "If it's on foot, I'll run one."

"On what foot?" asked Satin.

"On one's best foot," supplied Mr. Larkin. "One puts it forward, you know."

"And drags the other behind. I suppose?" Satin retorted with bitter sarcasm.

"No," answered Mr. Larkin. "One gives the other foot every encouragement. Although, so far as I'm concerned, one can take it or leave it, as one likes."

"I'm worried about my drawers," said Mr. Owen.

"Take 'em off, man! Take 'em off!" Madame Gloria exclaimed. "Your face is not the only old, old story about you." "No," decided Mr. Owen. "I think I prefer to keep my drawers on. After all, a foot race is serious business."

"Especially when it's on foot," added Madame Gloria.

"Sure," put in Honor Knightly. "If he were running this foot race on his hands, his drawers would stay up anyway, wouldn't they?"

"How true," remarked Mr. Larkin. "And how unnecessary."

As a consequence of these elaborate preliminaries, the two foot racers, Mr. Larkin and Mr. Owen, accompanied by their supporters, proceeded noisily to the hall, where they took up their positions. They were rather unsteady about this, but meticulous as to details. When they attempted to toe their marks in the conventional posture of the runner, both had to be lifted from their faces upon which they had slowly collapsed. The race itself started somewhat casually, both Mr. Owen and Mr. Larkin having to be pushed into operation. As they trotted down the magnificent hall, their friends and admirers followed them at a respectful distance. As a matter of fact, they were forced to gear themselves down in order to keep from outstripping the contestants.

"I didn't know you were a racing enthusiast," observed Mr. Larkin, veering over towards his rival. "To be quite frank, I never knew that I was one before. It is jolly if one doesn't go too fast."

"Well, I'm not sure even now," replied Mr. Owen, "whether I'm a racing enthusiast or not. I've often enjoyed myself thinking I was one."

"Are you like that, too?" exclaimed Mr. Larkin, barely getting his best foot forward. "So am I. I dearly love to think of things. Oh, yes, yes, I'm a great thinker. Once I thought I was the Sultan of Turkey and, would you believe it, before I could change my mind, I had dragged seventeen strange women into my house and was eventually discovered chasing a terrified Negro porter with a huge pair of shears. It's amazing, isn't it? I mean when one thinks deeply of anything I was thinking almost too deeply. You see, I must have wanted a harem down to the last detail."

"The Negro being the last detail," observed Mr. Owen.

"Yes," agreed Mr. Larkin. "It's a good thing for him he could run so fast. He ran even faster than we are now, if anything."

"He had something to run for," commented the other competitor.

"Didn't he, though," agreed Mr. Larkin. "Under similar circumstances I'd have run too. I'd have fairly torn along—much faster than this."

"Has any special distance been thought of in connection with this race?" Mr. Owen inquired politely.

"None at all, so far as I know," came the cheerful reply. "I guess we'll just keep running round these halls until we get sick of it, or they get sick of us, or we think of something else to do."

"But, who wins?" asked Mr. Owen.

"That's for us to decide," Mr. Larkin said with some complacency. "That's where we have the advantage. We hold the winning trick."

"How do you mean?" Mr. Owen (continued on page 59)



STAGS FOR FUN (continued from page 17)

hundred guys to a Smoker and you got fifty or a hundred bucks, clear as a Muggsy Spanier high-D.

2. *The six cylinder-club sedan that won the Mobilgas-Economy-Run Stag.* A money-maker favored by the less exclusive clubs and fraternities, this old reliable is really a big poker or dice game with the house copping every fourth pot, plus an "exotic" movie. This latter may feature a bevy of bare legs lumbering over the rocks in the Hollywood Hills and looking coy, or it may be one of the new-type burlesque movies like "French Peep Show" or "Striporama" that are allowed to run in sidewalk scratch-houses in states untroubled by movie censorship. You can lease one of these epics for fifteen dollars a night from most any film rental outfit. There are dozens of them listed in the classified sections of the photography magazines. With this job you charge two dollars a head and provide beer and sandwiches. The film is just a come-on; you make it on the gambling. Good profit but don't invite your pastor.

3. *The six cylinder-sports-convertible-with-nylon-top-foglights-white-side-wall-tires-and-overdrive Stag.* A real winner, and illegal as hell so don't get caught. A class item. By invitation only, at three to five dollars per head. You put up the blackout curtains for this one. A couple of slot machines brought in by your local crime syndicate representative on a percentage basis catch stray quarters and are fixed so the jackpots won't come down if you hit them with a battery of bazookas.

But the big feature of this snazzy number is the entertainment, the show. You don't book this out of the back of any photography magazine. You go to one of those seedy theatrical agencies in the low-rent district, run by a guy in a checked suit whose office is in his hat and whose hat is on his head at all times. This character books strippers, exotics and talking women for the burly wheels and peel joints. You tell him what you want and he picks up the phone, dials a number and says: "Hello, Ida? Honey, you wanna work a Stag out in Meadville next Saturday?" If Ida says yes, he also calls Toots, Millie, Brandy, Choo-Choo and Gert. That's your show — six femmes who start where Lily St. Cyr leaves off, plus a union piano-player. An hour of wiggle and waggle by Ida, Toots, Millie, Brandy, Choo-Choo and Gert in the altogether and sex has been set back a hundred years. But the customers enjoy it, the gals are twenty-five dollars richer (less the agent's ten percent) and your treasury is able to sit up and take a little nourishment. Toots, Ida and company have absorbed a few playful pinches and pots, but their hides are protected by Jergen's lotion and Workmen's Compensation and they don't give a damn anyway. By one A.M. they are taking the bus back to hubby and kids and your House Committee is able to play the horses again. A ten-spot to the cop on the beat is usually a de-

terminer in this type of Stag, and it's also good policy to have your alderman present.

4. *The eight cylinder-overhead-valve deluxe-synchro-mesh-drive-with-panther-skin-upholstery-and-built-in-bar Stag.* This is the *meat*. It's too powerful for your own pressies; you have to hire a hall, preferably one over or behind a saloon in the industrial district. Usually your Stag will attract so many customers to the saloon that the proprietor will let you have the hall for free. With this deluxe job you give the boys both live entertainment and movies. And what live entertainment! What movies! The guests won't know whether it's a show or a nervous breakdown. It's so subversive you book it through your local cell of the Communist Party.

This super-duper number starts where the other models end. It features talented performers of both sexes and generally kicks off with half an hour of movies that were filmed with a good deal of somebody's imagination, but leave nothing to yours. These films, so hot they practically melt the emulsion, present 57 varieties of boudoir activity in clinical detail with the dimmest camera angles you ever saw. The manufacture of such peppy productions is a \$300,000,000-a-year business in Hollywood and New York. One of the best of them stars a now-famous movie queen who garnered her early dramatic experience in this vigorous medium. Her present, well-heeled boy friend is offering large sums of money for the film,

trying to get it out of circulation. Another popular series was torn off in a hurry by a star witness in the Jelke case to take advantage of the newspaper publicity. It features the lady and a West 99th Street bartender.

When the movies are finished, the live talent takes over. These flesh-and-blood thespians go through much of the same activity that has just been enjoyed on the silver screen, but they have the added in-person appeal that has always prompted the discrimination to prefer legitimate theatre to film fare. In addition, they often offer an innovation made popular by television, audience participation.

This model stag party is admittedly hazardous. In the first place, it's as illegal as nude bathing in Rockefeller Center. In the second place, you'll need a physician in attendance for the customers with weak tickers.

For a look at this job, plus a chance to live dangerously, you seek the guests anywhere from five to twenty — enough to cover bribes, bail bonds, and doctor's bills. But you still make a mint.

NOTE: This type Stag is not recommended for lodges or fraternal organizations without insurance benefits. It may send some of the customers into psychomania.

In addition to the classical and modern varieties of Stags, there are many in-between types that are not easy to classify. Back in March, 1902, for instance, one of the most aristocratic Stags in history was staged at the old Everleigh Club in Chicago. It was

(concluded on page 59)



"Psst . . . Cut Benson off. He just pinched me."

SUMMA CUM STYLE (continued from page 18)

are three buttons for the jacket front and six for the sleeves or possibly a vest. If your girl friend or house mother is handy with a needle and thread, either should be pleased to sew them on for you.

Carrying this Alma Mater craze a little further, there is an enterprising clothier (Chipp, 14 East 44th St., New York City) who adapts traditional college colors and mascots into an array of apparel items and accessories. Your university mascot—be it leopard or billy goat—is woven in small, neat figures in authentic university colors on a pure rep silk fabric. Out of it all flows a colorful flood of vests, slippers, neckties, bows, cummerbunds, watchbands, tobacco pouches, belts, braces and garters—sporting Yale's Bulldog, Princeton's Tiger, Dartmouth's Indian, Cornell's Bear, Columbia's Lion, Virginia's Cavalier and even Williams' Purple Cow. Other university mascots and colors are available, but mostly for those schools east of the Monongahela River. We find the whole idea an appealing one.

The sport waistcoat (pronounced *wee-ait* or *vest*) is an established fashion fact at most schools these days and one that adds a plush and colorful note to your party weekends as well as extra warmth for chilly football afternoons. Some of the best-looking waistcoats that we've seen around the men's dormitories come in a watersall check pattern trimmed with pearl buttons. Color combinations

we like include a red, wine, navy and black check on a yellow background, or a black, light blue, brown and yellow check on a white background. Other favorites in good taste are made of velveteen in the warmer solid shades of scarlet, gold, light blue or green. Pure woven rep silks of dark brown vertical stripings on a black background or dark green on a navy background impart an elegant, sophisticated air to the wearer. All wool vests of imported miniature tartans, including Black Watch (green-black), MacDuff (red-green) or Dress MacLeod (yellow-black), provide a wonderful dash of color and distinction for any occasion... including a party raid.

Well-appointed university men to whom we have spoken have taken campus to a relative newcomer on the warm scene—the duffer coat. This all-weather knockabout is made of a 32 ounce rough pile fabric, and comes with detachable hood, whittled mahogany wooden peg buttons and Dutch fishing hemp button holes. The duffer coat is available in a choice of natural tan or navy blue and costs you only \$25.00—a beautiful thought if you still depend on Uncle Sam for tuition and fruitage.

Another cold weather campus favorite is the double-breasted greatcoat of water-repellent tan cotton gabardine in either the short or full-length models. The body and sleeves are lined with thick alpaca pile; the neck carries a

heavy alpaca collar. For more variable climates, you may wish to choose a water-shedding heavy tan cotton cloth surcoat with a removable rayon, wool and alpaca lining and small mouton collar. Both these coats are cut in the raglan sleeve model; the greatcoat comes with a belt and slash pockets while the surcoat features straight hanging lines with large flap and patch pockets. For those unpredictable fall days, you'd be smart to pick up a zippered shower-proof windbreaker in coat length with removable wool plaid body lining, or jacket length with knitted waist band and cuffs.

If you happen to belong to an eastern club, or midwestern fraternity, you can probably find a handsomely-striped six-foot muffler—smart and warm for outdoor living—in your proper club colors. We've seen them made up in a durable Shetland wool, in wide stripes, for such venerable organizations as D. K. E., Psi U, Fence, S. A. E., Colonial, Raquet, Cap & Gown, Ivy and Cottage; also in the school hues of Notre Dame, Michigan, North Carolina, Washington and Lee, Brown, Pennsylvania, Harvard and Amherst. If you're not quite that much of a booster, you may prefer a six-foot job in an authentic tartan plaid woven in Scotland by the very same fellow (Cambridge '07) who makes them for the British Royal Family. In fine worsted and Saxony wool, they're available in Royal Stewart, Dress Stewart, Black Watch, Hunting Fraser, and Cameron of Erracht. As long as you're feeling your Scotch, why not top the whole thing off with a tartan ski cap of British flannel, with a square peak and a warm alpaca earband? We've seen them in richly-colored MacPherson (gray-light blue), Hunt Campbell (red-green) and, probably the most popular and best-looking tartan of all, Black Watch. But for sheer luxury and warmth at more formal occasions it's difficult to beat a cashmere muffler, available in a two-color combination of navy and wine or solid shades of beige, light gray, navy or brown. Gloves should be chosen with a careful eye to their warmth as well as their harmonious blending with the rest of your campus clothing. Dress-up affairs demand hand-sewn, cork-colored pigskin or brown lambakin pull-ons with a warm white fleece lining. Less formal sessions call for wool string pull-ons in black, gray, maroon or navy.

For serious beer drinking, there's no better lounging fare than a crew (round) neck long sleeve pullover made of pure llama. Because the South Americans can actually breed these clever ruminants in fashion-wise colors of black, dark brown, charcoal gray, light gray and beige, there's no worry about your sweater pulling a fade-out after several washings. But if you don't mind taking a chance, there's always the faithful vat-dyed Shetland wool crew necks available in the above colors and also in good-looking shades of navy, olive, rust, yellow and green.



circus band and not been heard from since, mainly because after his horn got banded up in a fight at a dance and the rest of his teeth started to go he was forced to retire to the New Arcadia ricefields where he had started, without the money for a new horn, or for new teeth. And there he stayed for twenty years, until this letter from Rhynolds addressed in care of the New Arcadia postmaster found him, still working in the ricefields.

The story caught the public's imagination, and the response was terrific. A lot of people who were not even jazz fans sent in money for him. Our band would have sent in ten bucks on that horn and then teeth oneself if we had not been so short of cash.

Bob was writing King regularly, because King was giving him the dope about the early days for his book *Jazz-babies*, which was why he contacted King in the first place, but now this other of recording him had taken hold of him, and he published King's thank-you letter in *Down Beat*. King wrote he was very pleased and proud over the response, and that he was excited over the prospect of being able to play again for the audiences of the world, whom, King admitted, he had not even expected would even remember him. He said maybe his hair was gray but the only thing old about him was his clothes. And he was waiting eagerly for the chance to play for all the good people who were helping to get his teeth and his horn.

By the time the Rhynolds records, which were to create such a stir, finally reached the market, our band had graduated and were playing our second big summer job, at Edmond's Point in Ohio. Our drummer's uncle owned the amusement park there. He talked to the pavilion owner, Edmond's Point was a summer resort on Lake Erie but not of the class of Russell's Point or Cedar Point and they only had the name bands in on the weekends. We did the playing the other four nights of the week.

It was our drummer's mother, together with two of the mothers of our reed section, who had hatched the idea to write the drummer's uncle and appeal to him. They did that after the band had declared itself about to embark for Chicago to seek a summer playing job somewhere down around the vicinity of South State Street.

Actually, it was not nearly as bad as it sounds. Our drummer's uncle hardly ever bothered to check up on us. We could buy all the bottles we wanted. And our two rabbits were off by themselves on a spit, so that after we knocked off from work at midnight we could go home and play our own kind of music and jam to our hearts' content without waking up anyone. And of course, we had our records and player.

We bought the Rhynolds records as soon as they were out.

You have to remember we were all

serious about the future of jazz music in general, and our own in particular. Coupled to this was the fact that they were important historically. They were the first cuttings ever to be made of King Jefferson's legendary trumpet, and they would provide a lasting link between the lost music of Buddy Bolden and King Oliver's old acoustical recordings from the days of Dreamland and Royal Gardens. We held great expectations for them.

Well, what we heard, sitting there on that screen porch looking out over Lake Erie, was a style of trumpet that was rawer and coarser than any we had known existed, including our own grade school efforts when we first got our horns. Gutsy wasn't the right word for it at all. Armstrong played gutsy trumpet, with a high polish and technical refinement of guttiness. This trumpet had no polish. It was as unpolished as our brass man's fingernails he had never learned to stop biting. King Oliver's correct might occasionally sound antiquated to modern jazz ears—mainly because of the old acoustical-type recordings—but always it had a sensitivity of tone and precise originality of phrase that nobody, not even Armstrong, could beat, though he might tie it. This trumpet didn't have that either. This trumpet sounded as if a man whose reflexes had forsaken him was fumbling and choking to get half-remembered things in his head out through the mouth of his horn. And to complete it, there was not a single original phrase in the whole collection of sides. The numbers were all traditional old New Orleans numbers, and the trumpet's treatments of them were the same old trite treatments, solos so ancient they had beards, so hackneyed we all knew every note before it came out the horn. And yet, with all the faults and blunders, you couldn't deny that there was power in the trumpet, a strong emotional power, that hit you hard.

All this was a pretty big lump for our musical natures to swallow and digest. We were disciples of men like the early Hawk and Jimmy Arkey, and Pops Foster, and Art Hodes, and old Sidney Bechet, mostly men whose music had grown and smoothed out and changed since they left New Orleans. And here we were being asked to appreciate a man whose music had not changed since around 1910. But we made it. Not all in one day, naturally. But by the end of the summer we were ready to admit he was almost as good as Bob Rhynolds maintained he was. Maybe the opinion of the public in general had something to do with it.

Even our reed section who disliked him (led by the saxes, naturally; but also reinforced by the bass and piano) argued against him theoretically, rather than personally. By that I mean, they too had accepted him as a permanence, as a big man in the field who would have to be reckoned with. They would have only sneered at a third-rater, not

argued.

The critical opinion didn't agree any better than our band did. Some of the critics, who had previously lauded Bob Rhynolds' re-discovery of King, were frankly shocked and disillusioned, they said. The Opinions ran all the way from the prophecy that King Jefferson would immediately sink back into the obscurity he deserved, to the prophecy that King Jefferson would immediately rise to the top and remain there for good, above Armstrong. Several writers feared King would give jazz the coup de grace of catapathy. Others maintained jazz had at last reached the long-awaited fulfillment of its golden promise.

Whatever effect the argumentative reviews had on King himself when he read them, they certainly didn't hurt his popularity any. The general non-jazz public went wild over him. King and his band began to get more engagements in New Orleans than they could handle. A couple of record store owners in L.A. made a trip clear from California to record him under their own label. Another guy, from Pennys, drove all the way down to New Orleans to record him himself. Before long King was recording right and left, for just about everybody but the big companies.

Our band enrolled en masse in James Milikin at Decatur that fall, majoring in Business Administration, a concession made to our various parents in return for the right to enroll in a body, and continued to follow the Cinderella Story from up there.

For that was what it was. We could see it in the change in our own hand. The college kids, instead of asking for swing a la Goodman or Dorsey, at the dances we played, wanted to hear New Orleans a la King Jefferson. It was hard on our saxes, and the bass and piano, but the rest of our people thought it was great.

In the spring King appeared in Frisco with a series of Ruth Blesh jazz lectures, with a sort of living example. He played to an overflow crowd and told them the story of jazz in his own words, and of his happiness at finding so many good people who still liked his music. The critics' Greek chorus immediately swelled in volume, some pointing out that the story of jazz King told wasn't anywhere near the truth, while others pointed out that music in King's soul made him as words like a poet.

Then a small group of rebels, led by Bob Rhynolds naturally, voted him into third place in the *Esquire* Jazz Poll, and he was in.

In January of our sophomore year he played the Jazz Poll Concert from New Orleans. That spring Sidney Bechet brought him up to play with his band at the Savoy in Boston. That didn't last long, but King had stopped off in New York for a sensational jam session at Jimmy Ryan's that made all the trade papers, and appeared on Condon's coast-to-coast program. That fall he and his old band opened at the Standish Casino on the lower East Side. They

were an immediate sensation. *Time*, *The New Yorker*, *Mademoiselle*, *Vogue*, *Esquire*, and the New York papers ran pics and stories on them. *Collier's* ran a full length feature on King and he was interviewed over the local radio stations. At the Standish he was pulling them in, not only the jazz fans but the general public.

Actually, it didn't happen all that quickly. There was a time lag of over a year of hard luck in there, but looking back you tend to forget that. When King went out to Frisco our band were still freshmen at Millikin; when he opened at the Standish we were juniors. But looking back on it it still seems all it happened in one long breathless rush.

Maybe that is because the popularity, when it did come back, came so hard and so strong that it was as if it were not fickle and had never faded, but had instead kept right on growing. New York had taken him into its arms with all its enthusiasm for what is new, and the out-of-towners asked to go to the Standish the first place, when they got in. And in the newspapers he was The King.

Our band was having its own troubles all through that time. It was all right for us during the school year, what with the dance jobs, but during both of those summers the only jobs we could get were dances at the local Moose, Elks and Country Club, and some weekends at Lake Lawler right next to home.

It was the same thing the next year, too, the summer after our junior year at Millikin. The home-rule was, if we couldn't get a regular-paying job playing, we had to work. And when the band wanted to try Chicago on its own again, the parents set their collective foot down on that.

When we went back to school our senior year, we had what amounted to a signed ultimatum. If we could not get the band established as a self-paying proposition during the summer after we graduated, then we would all come home and go into various businesses. Our bass man had an uncle who owned a couple of newspapers in Connecticut, and he promised to use his pull to get the band a job there for the summer, but after that we were on our own. Our parents were financing us for that one summer. We all knew how that would end.

It wasn't much of a deal, but it was all we could get.

The first thing we did when we got our bags unpacked in Stamford, where the job was, was to take in New York. There were only five of us, the others were coming to Stamford in another car and hadn't got in yet. In New York we headed straight for 52nd Street. Bechet was playing at Jimmy Ryan's, and we went straight there, without even stopping to look at the strippers' pictures down along The Street, and we did not come out till they closed at four in the morning.

We had hit town on a Saturday night and Ryan's was crammed. There was a

log of beery breath and tobacco smoke that burned your eyes, and so much screaming you could not hear yourself think and had to concentrate hard to even hear Bechet at all. It was wonderful. We stood at the bar to save money. We were dressed right, cardigans and drapes, double-Windors and spread collars, and pretty soon some of the cats there had swept us in and we were arguing Mezz Mezzrow, musician versus writer.

We had the best time we'd ever had in our lives. The fast time of anything only happens to you once, in your life. I guess.

Maybe there was something significant in the fact that we went straight to Ryan's, to hear Bechet. We did not even consider going to the Standish Casino. King Jefferson was still playing there. When we left, one of those cats yelled to be sure and come down for the jam session tomorrow.

We knew all about the Jimmy Ryan's Sunday afternoon jam sessions, of course. I mean, we knew they paid the players. And we knew they charged a buck and a half. We knew sidemen didn't just bring their horns down and sit in. In other words, we knew they were commercialized. But we also knew—how well—musicians had to earn a living, too. And hick strangers from the Middle West don't get into the apartments of featured strippers. Or of unfeatured strippers.

We got there early Sunday. The instruments weren't set up yet. A couple of the featured artists were footing around accepting drinks from the cats. The rest weren't there. We bought our tickets, and went across the street to Johnny's Tavern to do our drinking. We had already learned that trick last night. The rest of the featured artists were over there where eye is thirty-five a shot. Ryan's were having Pete Brown on alto, Ed Hall on clarinet, Jerry "Wild Bill" Bailey trumpet, Baby Dodds drums, Papa Foster bass, and somebody else on piano and guitar. By the time we had our drinking done, they had all sifted out and gone back across the street to work and you could hear them clear outside as we crossed the street to Ryan's.

It was during the second break of the afternoon that we saw King Jefferson standing at the bar. We were on our way out to Johnny's to have a drink. King was talking to Baby Dodds about Punch Miller, and we stopped to listen. It was a minute before we noticed Baby was embarrassed and trying real hard not to be constrained. King had his trumpet case under his arm.

"Is Punch Miller in town?" one of us asked.

The King swung around so hard he almost fell over. He was real drunk. "You know old Punch?" he asked eagerly.

"Now," one of us said. "Just his music. We got some of his records."

"Yeah, he in town. I just telling Baby."

gone. He had moved down the vacant bar and was talking to some cats at the other end.

"So you boys know old Punch," King said. "Why'n't you go look old Punch up."

"We don't know him," one of us said.

"We just—"

"Here, I give you his address," King said. "He be real glad to see you boys. Old Punch is down and out. He on his uppers, and he sick. That's nowhere to be, not in this New York town." He wrote the address on one of Ryan's cards and handed it to the nearest one of us. "I just telling Baby about old Punch. You go see him."

"We don't know him," one of us said.

"We just—"

"Why don't you put your name on it, too, King?" the one who had the card said. "I'd like to have it."

The King's eyes kindled. "You boys know me? Sure, I sign it. Here. Gimme that card."

"Hell yes, we know you," one of us said.

"You ever hear me play?"

"Just on records."

He nodded. "You boys stick around. I going to play here, pretty soon. They didn't ask me, but I going to anyway." He shook the trumpet case at us. "They don't ask of King no more to these jam sessions. But I just come down anyway. I see you boys." He went off down the bar toward Baby Dodds and the talking cats.

"I'm going to keep this card," our bass man said, shaking it at us, as we crossed the street to Johnny's. "I'm going to keep it forever." He put it in his pocket carefully.

"I don't belong to you," our trumpet man said. "Belongs to the whole band."

"Like hell!" the bass man said.

We argued about the card over our series of eye-highs in Johnny's Tavern, without reaching a decision, until we heard them start up again across the street, and then went back over there.

There wasn't any minimum at the Sunday sessions and we got bottles of beer and moved down to a table as close to the band as we could get. They were already gone and going strong on *Nobody's Sweetheart*, with Wild-Bill-Bailey punching out the drive in that surcharged style of his.

King Jefferson was standing in the passageway around the left of the stand to the men's room with his trumpet in his hand. He would play a few bars, low, along with them, and then he'd stop and reach up and pluck at Baby Dodds' shirt sleeve. Baby would look down at his drums embarrassedly until he couldn't any longer, and then he'd look down at King and frown and shake his head and say something, and then smile, with that constrained look of trying not to look constrained on his face embarrassedly. It was bothering his playing. King didn't even leave him alone when he was on his solo choruses. He kept it up all through the set, but Baby never got mad.

Once we saw Wild-Bill-Bailey lean

over and say something to the colored guitarman and they both shook their heads and laughed disgustedly. When the set was over, Wild-Bill climbed down and cut out quick. So did Baby and Pops Foster. King Jefferson lingered around the stand, after they were all down, and blew little bleats on that exquisite trumpet as if he were warming up his lip. He would blow a bleat and look around and grin and nod his head and then blow another bleat.

When we came back from Johnny's Tavern and refreshments, they had already started the fourth set and King was standing in the passageway at Baby's elbow again. Finally, about the sixth or seventh set, we came back from Johnny's and he wasn't there any more.

When the jam session was over and Ryan's deserted, we crossed the street to Johnny's Tavern through that almost unbearably melancholy, lonely twilight New York has, to do some drinking and decide where to go for the evening, and to argue some more about the card. We were still sitting at the bar there when King Jefferson came in with his trumpet case under his arm.

He didn't seem to be any drunker. But he wasn't any soberer. He remembered us.

"You boys come on and have a drink with old King."

"Sure," one of us said. "It'll be a privilege."

"We'll be proud to," another of us said.

We seemed to kind of fall into it, the way all the rest of them did, except Wild-Bill-Bailey, humoring him. You couldn't help it.

"Let me show you boys my horn," he said, after we had been served the drink. He got the case down on the floor and squatted by it and lifted the horn out lovingly. It was a beautiful trumpet, inscribed to him. He showed us the inscription.

"They gimme that horn in France," he said. "Las year. They know real music over there. That Mr. Panasié, he a fine man."

"You boys heard my band?"

"Just on records, King," one of us said.

"No, that's my old band. I mean my new band. I got me almost all new boys."

"We've been mesaging to hit the Standard, King," one of us said. "But we only got in town last night."

"You don't want to hear it," King said. "Don't come down there. They all good boys, you understand. I like my boys. But they just don't play old King's kind of music. And all the people come they want to dance, not hear old King's kind of music. Have to play dance music. Most all my old boys led me. They getting better jobs, see? That's all right. That's fine. You know I the man brought Buddy Ferrill back? He working in a lime kiln in that great old city of New Learns. You know Buddy Ferrill?"

"Sure. On records," one of us said. "Bob Rhynolds says he's the greatest

jazz drummer ever lived."

"No he ain't. Baby Dodds is." The King's eyes kindled. "You boys know Bob Rhynolds?"

"We just read about him," one of us said. "We never met him."

"He my good friend," King smiled at us proudly. "Bob Rhynolds my old buddy." He put the horn back into its case lovingly and looked at it and then rubbed the bell with a piece of flannel and closed the case. "I got to go, boys. Got to go to work pretty soon."

We all stood up. "We'll be down and see your band later on tonight, King," one of us said.

"You don't want to see my band. It a good band. They all good boys. But they ain't like the old band, and they never going to be. Old King wouldn't lie to you. I can tell you boys know good jazz. Don't you boys come down.

"Boys," he said, "I'd like to pay for this drink. But that all the money I got." He turned his pants pocket out; there was seventy cents in change in it. "I made a lot of money in this town, but I spending it just as fast."

"That's okay, King," one of us said. "We'll get it."

"I surely thank you boys," he said. "You boys write Bob Rhynolds, you tell him old King asking after him. I be seeing you boys sometime."

We watched him leave, the trumpet case tight under his arm. Then we paid for his drink.

Bechet was off that night and Ryan's had some other band so we ended up at Bop City. Louis Armstrong's All-Stars were playing at Bop City, and we had heard a lot about their young bassman, Arvell Shaw. He was as good as they said, too.

FEMALES BY COLE: 16



I guess it was about a year or so later—anyway, we were all back home, in business—that there was a little piece in *Down Beat* that said King Jefferson was anxious to hear from any of his old friends across the country or people who had seen him play and he would answer any letters faithfully. The address was New Arcadia, Louisiana.

That was the first we'd heard about his not being renewed at the Standish, and it shocked us. We'd always thought of him as a perennial. The five of us who'd met him agreed to write him a long newsy letter, but something else came up before we got a chance to do it, and we figured a lot of other people, people he knew really well, would write him.

It was probably a year after that, maybe two, before *Down Beat* mentioned him again. They gave him a double column spread and used his picture, his best one, the one that was on his first Victor album. It was a good writeup. I had read the obits for both Fats Waller and Johnny Dodds, and it was as good as them.

A lot of us musicians felt his death, personally. I remember I was sitting in the Rec Hall poolroom on the Square, when I first read it. It was Tuesday and the new issue had just come in up at the newsstand. I had taken my morning-break-off-caffeine at the store and used it to beat it over and get my copy. Tom Myers, our old band's bassman, and I always took our morning breaks to get our copies when they came out and read them in the Rec Hall with a bottle coke, where it was quiet. Other mornings, we would go to Adams's Drugstore and have coffee at the fountain like the other peasants.

Tom came in from his father's insurance office just as I finished reading it. Tom had already seen it, on his way down from the newsstand. Both of us felt pretty somber, and we sat and talked about him so long we were both late getting back to work. We both felt the world had lost something pretty important, a piece of jazz history. No matter what the critics said, he had been important, a big man, a landmark. He was a great jazzman. Tom said he still had the signed card the King had given him that time at Ryan's, had it with his music stuff somewhere.

"It ought to be worth something some day, don't you think?"

"Sure." I said, "I don't see why not."

"You going to be to City Band practice tonight?"

"I don't know. Marcia's been having trouble with the baby. She's been sick. But I'll try and make it."

"How's the other one?"

"The boy? Oh, he's over it already."

"You ought to make it if you can."

"I'll try," I said.

"—You know, we met a great jazzman, when we met King Jefferson," Tom said, as we left.

"We sure did," I said. "There won't be no more like him."

SIGNAL

(continued from page 11)

only, just to see. What can happen to me? Nothing whatever! We shall exchange a smile and that will be all, and I shall deny it most certainly."

"So I began to make my choice. I wanted someone nice, very nice, and suddenly I saw a tall, fair, very good-looking fellow coming along. I like fair men, as you know. I looked at him; he looked at me. I smiled; he smiled. I made the signal, oh, so faintly; he replied yes with his head, and there he was, my dear! He came in at the large door of the house.

"You cannot imagine what passed through my mind then! I thought I should go mad. Oh, how frightened I was! Just think, he will speak to the servants! To Joseph, who is devoted to my husband! Joseph would certainly think that I had known that gentleman for a long time.

"What could I do? He would ring in a moment. I thought I would go and meet him and tell him he had made a mistake and beg him to go away. He would have pity on a woman, on a poor woman. So I rushed to the door and opened it just at the moment when he was going to ring the bell, and I stammered out quite stupidly: 'Go away, monsieur, go away; you have made a mistake, a terrible mistake. I took you for one of my friends whom you resemble. Have pity on me, monsieur.'

"But he only began to laugh, my dear, and replied: 'Good morning, my dear; I know all about your little story, you may be sure. You are married and so you want forty francs instead of twenty, and you shall have it, so just show me in, if you please?'

"And he pushed me inside, closed the door, and as I remained standing before him, horror-struck, he kissed me, put his arm round my waist and made me go back into the drawing room, the door of which had remained open. Then he began to look at everything, like an auctioneer, and continued: 'By Jove, it is very nice in your rooms, very nice. You must be very down on your luck just now to do the window business!'

"The I began to beg him again. 'Oh, monsieur, go away, please go away! My husband will be coming in soon. I swear that you have made a mistake!' But he answered quite coolly: 'Come, my beauty, I have had enough of this nonsense, and if your husband comes in I will give him five francs to go and have a drink at the cafe across the street.' And then, seeing Raoul's photograph on the chimney piece, he asked me: 'Is that your husband?'

"Yes, that is he."
"He looks like a nice, disagreeable sort of fellow. And who is this? One of your friends?"

"It was your photograph, my dear, you know, in that gown with the daring décolletage. I did not know any longer what I was saying and I stammered: 'Yes, it is one of my friends.'

"She is very nice," he said. "You shall introduce me to her."

"Just then the clock struck five, and Raoul comes home every day at half-past! Suppose he were to come home before the other had gone; just think what would have happened! Then—then I completely lost my head altogether. I thought—I thought—that—that—the best thing would be—to get rid of—of this man—as quickly as possible. The sooner it was over—you understand."

The Marchioness de Remedon began to laugh, to laugh madly, with her head buried in her pillow, so that the whole bed shook, and when she was a little calmer she asked:

"And—and—was he good looking?"

"Yes."

"And yet you complain?"

"But—but—don't you see, my dear, he said—he said—he should come again tomorrow—at the same time—and I—I am terribly frightened. You have no idea how persuasive he is—and how obstinate. What can I do—tell me—what can I do?"

The marchioness sat up in bed to reflect, and then she suddenly said: "Have him arrested!"

The baroness looked stupefied and stammered out: "What do you mean? What are you thinking of? Have him arrested? Under what pretext?"

"That is very simple. Go to the commissary of police and say that a gentleman has been following you about for three months, that he had the insolence to go up to your apartment yesterday, that he has threatened you with another visit tomorrow and that you demand the protection of the law."

"But, my dear, suppose he tells them that—"

"They will not believe him, you silly thing, but they will believe you, who are an irreproachable woman, and in society."

"Oh! I shall never dare to do it."

"You must dare, my dear, or you are lost."

"But think how he will insult me if he is arrested!"

"Good! You will have witnesses to his insults, and he will surely be sentenced."

"Sentenced to what?"

"To pay damages. In such cases one must be paid!"

"Ah! Speaking of damages—there is one thing that worries me very much—very much indeed. He left forty francs on the mantelpiece."

"Forty francs?"

"Yes."

"No more?"

"No."

"That is very little. It would have humiliated me. Well?"

"Well? What am I to do with that money?"

The marchioness hesitated for a few seconds, and then she replied in a serious voice:

"My dear—there is only one honorable thing to do with the money. You must make your husband a little present of it. That will be only fair!"



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COCKTAIL HOUR (continued from page 24)

A sensible custom is to place on the buffet table two or three containers or platters of really distinguished gourmet foods such as Stilton cheese, *pâté de foie gras*, fresh Beluga caviar, Westphalian ham, smoked turkey and other high-stepping dishes that do not normally appear on the boarding house table. Guests scoop out the cheese or *pâté* and spread it on crackers with a minimum of fuss and feathers.

PLAYBOY does not wish to join the snobocracy who turn up their noses at such old-fashioned treats as potato chips, peanuts and popcorn. But if you're throwing a party, why not put on a proud belly for your special occasion? Instead of peanuts, serve large fresh salted almonds; instead of potato chips, serve the light feathery shrimp chips; instead of ordinary popcorn taken from a bag, make your own warm fresh popcorn and douse it generously with fresh butter and swirls of salt.

For large parties, the alcoholic mixtures may be combined—not shaken—beforehand. They are then stored in liquor bottles in your refrigerator until needed. When making Martinis, for instance, it's a timesaver to combine the gin and vermouth in whatever proportions you prefer. Then when you are ready to serve the Martinis, pour the mixture into tall pitchers with ice, stir

it and serve. If possible, chill the cocktail glasses in the refrigerator or fill them with crushed ice for a minute or so and then discard the ice just before pouring the cocktails into the glasses.

The classic Martini cocktail consists of gin and dry vermouth. If you're putting on the dog, use imported gin, otherwise a good brand of domestic gin. While the orthodox Martinis served at bars consist of two or three parts of gin to one of vermouth, these proportions may be changed to four, five or even ten parts of gin to one of vermouth, depending upon the degree of dryness which you prefer. In the bottom of each glass there should be a pitted green olive. After the cold Martinis have been poured into the glasses, a piece of lemon peel should be twisted over the top of each drink, allowing the spray of lemon oil to float over the top. The peel may be discarded or dropped into the glass.

24 MARTINIS

- 1 quart bottle of gin
- 1 pint of dry French vermouth
- 24 cocktail olives
- 24 small pieces of lemon peel

These proportions, admittedly, will make a fairly "wet," or Christian, Martini. For a dryer, more pagan, drink, simply cut down the quantity of vermouth to suit your own taste. Scene

brave souls prefer the lethal "in-and-out" Martini: meaning that the only vermouth in it is what's left after a dash of the stuff has been swished around in the glass and then dumped down the drain. As the Romans said, *De gustibus non est disputandum* (free translation: "It's your funeral").

Place the gin and vermouth in several large Martini pitchers or cocktail shakers. Fill the pitchers with cracked ice. Stir (never shake) with a long bar spoon for at least 1½ minutes. Glasses should be lined up with an olive in each glass. Pour the Martinis into the cocktail glasses, taking care to strain the ice carefully. Twist a piece of lemon peel over each cocktail. Serve immediately.

For sweeter tongues and rye addicts, serve Manhattans. Strangely, most people do not prefer the most expensive grade of bonded whiskey for Manhattans. Popular taste runs more to the better blends of rye free from any woody or smoky flavor. Manhattans may be made with all Italian vermouth—the sweet type—or half dry and half sweet vermouth.

24 MANHATTANS

- 1 quart bottle of rye
- 1 pint Italian (sweet) vermouth
- 24 maraschino stem cherries
- 2 teaspoons bitter

Place the rye, vermouth and bitters in a large pitcher or in several large cocktail shakers filled with cracked ice. Stir for at least 1½ minutes. Put a cherry in each glass. Pour Manhattans, straining carefully, into glasses.

24 DAIQUIRIS

Use dry light rum rather than golden rum. Unlike the Manhattan or Martini, the Daiquiri should be shaken vigorously in a cocktail shaker until it foams and is stinging cold.

- 1 quart light rum
- Juice of 12 large lemons
- ½ cup of sugar

Place ingredients in cocktail shakers filled with ice. Shake like a dervish (do not merely rock) until the cocktail shaker is so cold you cannot hold it. Taste the Daiquiris before pouring into chilled glasses. You may want to add more juice or more sugar. Pour into chilled glasses.

24 OLD FASHIONED COCKTAILS

- 1 quart rye
- Bitters
- 24 pieces of lemon peel
- Sugar
- Ice cubes or coarsely cracked ice
- Carbonated water

In the bottom of each Old Fashioned glass put a dash of bitters and ½ teaspoon sugar. Add a small squirt of carbonated water and stir until sugar dissolves. Add 2 or 3 ice cubes to each glass. Add a 1½ ounce jigger of whiskey. Twist a piece of lemon peel over each glass. Stir each drink. An additional squirt of water may be added before stirring if desired.



"Just what kind of research is Professor Ditzelheimer doing?"

STAGS FOR FUN

(continued from page 51)

thrown in honor of Prince Henry of Prussia. The prince had come to this country to get away from the grim Prussian court and raise a little discreet hell. The committee in charge of the prince's visit got wind of his real reason for coming to this country, so they arranged this wing-ding in Chicago from which the press was barred. The Everleigh Club, run by two sisters, Minna and Ida Everleigh, was the most elaborate bordello in the world; it had an art gallery, a library, a grand ball room, and fountains that spouted perfume, plus two orchestras for dancing and mood music, and a kitchen staff of twenty-five. Each room had a \$630 gold spittoon, and the beds were inlaid with marble and fitted with specially-built mattresses and springs. His phone number, Calumet 412, was known the world over. It was the unofficial Chicago Press Club, and more often than not the unofficial Chicago City Hall. Its presence in Chicago was responsible for the initiation of a special 17-hour train service between New York and the Windy City.

The Everleigh sisters went out for the royal visitor, putting on an banquet and show that featured girls in Erwenskins celebrating the rites of Dionysus-Zagreus, tearing at a paper ball with their teeth and devouring hunks of raw meat. During the uproar a coryphee lost her slipper and a man promptly found it, filled it with champagne, and drank from it, thus initiating a custom that was to symbolize mutual affection and respect between the sexes everywhere.

A contemporary Stag of classical proportions took place not long ago in Las Vegas. There, the opening of a glittering new casino on the Strip was celebrated publicly with the usual hoopla—speeches by politicians, eyelash-fluttering by noted film beauties, and the blare of big name bands. But the real celebration, held at midnight before an all-male audience of international gamblers, Nevada politicians and other pillars of society, was a no-holds-barred Stag staged by a famous New York and Hollywood nightclub impresario and starring another blonde movie queen who is famous for her madcap antics. She was "supported" by a flock of starlets and a couple of Hollywood stuntmen. Unlike most Stags, this one was beautifully staged and costumed and the performance was accompanied by an orchestra. Every erotic nuance in the lexicon of love was explored; the orgy lasted all night.

Wholesome as all this may sound to any healthy, right-thinking citizen, there are still some among us whose view of such things is decidedly dim. As one example out of many, let us consider the blazing Stag that was tossed in a hall upstairs over a Milwaukee tavern recently and drew about five hundred cash customers at \$5.00 a head. This was a professional job put on by guys who make stag shows their business, and it

had both pix and live entertainment. But a sore-head competitor tipped the cops and they hit the place—thirty sheriff's police, five FBI men, seven Morals Squad officers, and two city detectives. Twenty-one arrests were made and 247 writs issued charging patronage of a disorderly house. Also, several guys got banged up diving out of windows. One of the dolls working the show was shoved into the paddy-wagon wearing only a necklace. Since many of those in attendance were prominent citizens (lawyers, businessmen, etc.) there was a lot of sweating going on until it was decided not to print the names of those receiving writs in the local press.

So there it is, men. If your organization has no money for such indiscreetables as new Sauter-Finegan records or a house subscription to PLAYBOY, why fool around? Why not take the time tested, traditional, fool-proof way? Why not throw a Stag?

On second thought, better try selling garden seeds.



HECTOR

(continued from page 50)

wanted to know.

"I'll think that up, too," he was informed, "and let you know later. At the moment everything is in abeyance. We're coming to a corner."

They achieved the corner with dignity if not with speed, and continued on in amiable conversation. And as they progressed, doors opened up along the hall behind them. People in various stages of dishevelment appeared in these open doors and wanted to know things. Not receiving a satisfactory answer, they joined the ranks of the following party to find out for themselves. Presently a considerable crowd of people, ignorant both as to why they were running and where they were running, were milling quite contentedly through the corridors of the hotel. Clerks and page boys arrived on the scene to inquire into the reasons for this unusual activity. Inasmuch as no one was able to enlighten them, they too joined the ranks and started running with the best of them. Presently this impressive body of guests, clerks and attendants overtook and passed the two innocent causes of its existence. They were too busy conversing to give any coherent answers to the questions put to them. They desired to be let alone, and had entirely forgotten why they were there themselves. Looking after the hundreds of figures disappearing down the hall ahead of them, Mr. Larkin's curiosity was aroused in a refined, unobtrusive way.

"Goodness gracious," he exclaimed. "Look at all those persons running round the halls. Wonder where they can be going at this time of night?"

"I don't know about them," observed Mr. Owen, "but I'm getting pretty tired and thirsty. There should be barrooms along these halls for long-distance run-

(concluded on page 62)

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RAKE

(continued from page 38)

nity dance in one of my letters home, and the next thing I knew Mother had taken it upon herself to invite Louise up to Sewanee for the affair. And when I was coming home for a weekend from school, there would be Louise, up for a "visit with the family."

It's not that I minded so much being stuck with the girl for a weekend, but she always managed to embarrass the hell out of me in front of the fraternity brothers. We're broadminded about drinking up there and nobody thinks much about it when somebody's date gets loaded, but when she upends a Chesterfield settee through a French window and throws candleabra at the Vice Chancellor it's sort of hard to explain to the fellows.

And those bawdy songs she used to sing! She has a figure like a cupid, a voice like a wheel sliding in gravel, and after four or five drinks she gets cross-eyed; so you can imagine the spectacle that the tuxedo-and-boopskirt set were treated to when she stood on top of the piano and sang six verses of *Roll Me Over*. I felt a little awkward about lugging her back to the hotel and holding her under the shower.

Then Tommy got to incubating my problem in that crazy brain of his and came up with a plan, so I decided to try it. I let Mother know several weeks in advance when I would be home on spring vacation and, sure enough, when I got home last week Mother greeted me with the glad tidings that Louise would be up for a "visit with the family" this weekend.

I drove to the station yesterday morning to meet her train and on our way back to the house I explained about Mother's "condition."

I hadn't told her about it before, I said, because it hadn't been really necessary up until now, and it was the sort of thing that would be embarrassing to all of us; I had felt that Mother would rather have kept it within the family if possible, but we had been having so much trouble with her lately that the psychiatrist had advised us to take some extra precautions, especially with house guests, and so on and off et cetera.

Louise sat dumbfounded with astonishment.

There's no point in going into detail, I said; the general idea was that it had been necessary for Mother to undergo treatment and we had been having a little trouble with her lately; especially about sleep-walking; she did some awfully strange things when she walked in her sleep.

When Louise began to express her regret and sympathy I explained that my reason for telling her all this was to impress her with the necessity of locking her bedroom door when she goes to bed in our house. This seemed a perfectly reasonable request, I suppose, and nothing more was said about it.

So last night she and I went out to

the country club and drank a dozen highballs and danced and threw golf balls at the flood lights and made disrespectful remarks about the other members. When we came home about one A.M., I offhandedly reminded her to lock her bedroom door, said good-night, and then went up to my room. I got into my pajamas, hung my clothes over a chair beside my bed, got into bed and rolled over a few times to muss it up, and then went up to the attic and slept on an old couch.

My mother, being a motherly person, always assumes the role of the family alarm clock, and has made her unflinching rounds of the family bedrooms at seven forty-five every morning for thirty years. When she came into my room this morning she found my bed empty but my clothes still hanging on the chair. This was something of a jolt to her, I'm sure, for getting me up in the morning is generally a major engineering project. As she continued her waking rounds farther down the hall she found the mutedly meaningful locked door to Louise's room.

Boy, has the air been heavy around this house today! When Louise and I came down for breakfast Mother was dripping with sweetness, and the old man looked confused and uncomfortable and finally mentioned some chores he had to see to and left the table early.

Louise felt the electricity and asked about it after breakfast, and I told her the tenseness was just another one of Mother's symptoms and that it made everyone uncomfortable. I could see it was giving her the willies, too.

Right now, I'm sitting in my room pecking at this typewriter and drinking bourbon and branchwater, waiting for Louise to get her bag packed so I can drive her to the station. Mother is downstairs giving the maid help and rearranging the furniture in the parlor, and Dad found an excuse to go down to the office.

Like I said, I hate to do this to a good friend like Louise, but who the hell wants a girl for a friend?

Keep loose,
SALTY

PHI DELTA THETA HOUSE
UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
APRIL 12, 1952

DEAR BUZ,

I'm beginning to think I never should have come up here to graduate school. It's been a disappointment from the beginning. Not the Anthropology Department, which has more to offer than I can ever assimilate, but the social life is arid by southern standards. Sometimes on Saturday nights, out of a desperation that comes from the depths of boredom, some of the boys from the house here go up to Skil Row or to a jazz-and-strip drive, trying to escape from the earnest but depressing conversations that permeate the atmosphere of the campus. These adolescent intellectuals who monopolize the campus beer joints (you know the type, Buz) are good joes, but

they get their kicks out of sober discussions of Sartre and Bartok and pronouncing "reactionary" with a hiss. That last is not so easy to do, believe me, but still it's not my idea of fun.

Now and then, though, the more robust of our number find some way to relieve the tedium. Last Sunday evening Jim and Tony and I went up to the Near North Side to have dinner and hit a few spots. I must have mixed my drinks the wrong way because I withered somewhere along Rush Street. The other boys were having their own difficulties by that time and I guess they got tired of lugging me around, because when I woke up it was four A.M. and I was tied to a street corner mailbox with a tag addressed to the fraternity house tied around my neck, and a three-cent stamp stuck to my forehead.

I've had very little truck with these Yankee women. They're a sorry lot, by and large: intellectual, independent, opinionated. But I did have a rather odd experience with one of them recently. Name was Veronica. I met her about a month ago and I had been seeing her pretty regularly for a couple of weeks when it began to look like I was in love with the girl. I noticed that I was losing my appetite. Worse than that, I couldn't sleep at night, I couldn't concentrate on my books and I was becoming edgy and irritable. My weight and my grades were dropping and I had decided that I had better just marry the girl to get her off my mind.

Then came the great disenchantment: last week my doctor told me I have a vitamin deficiency. I'm disgusted.

The mating chase has begun to bore me. I don't suppose I'll ever get married.

Give your wife my love, and I hope it's a boy.

They call me
SALTY

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
OCTOBER 18, 1953

DEAR BUZ,

I guess I'm writing this letter more for my benefit than yours; I have to get a grip on myself some way, and maybe if I sit down and put it all on paper I can begin to make some sense out of it. The props have fallen from under my little world and I'm not sure what it all means.

One balmy evening last month I was sitting on a bench in Bughouse Square listening to the assorted street-corner orators. There, among the crowd of huns and curiosity-seekers who came to listen or to heckle, I saw Ann for the first time. She was standing a little apart and watching the proceedings with such a wide-eyed wonder that I was reminded of an illustration in *Alice in Wonderland*. I sat watching her for awhile. There was a childlike quality about her: long brown hair that came down over her shoulders, eyes that seemed too large and a continual look of wonder in her features.

I was hardly impressed; she looked



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like she might think that marriages are made in heaven, and I wouldn't even have bothered to say hello if my own company hadn't become tedious. There was such a look of frightened purity in her appearance that I had only the smallest hope of picking her up, so you can imagine my astonishment that she seemed almost glad to see me when I introduced myself and offered a free guided tour of the bedlam around us.

"I'm kinda scared by myself," she confided. "I didn't know there would be so many rough looking people up here. Are you in the University?"

How easy!

She seemed so obligingly intent on everything I said, listening with the open-mouthed wonder found only in the naive or the wonderfully coy. And, sure enough, when we were driving down the Outer Drive and I casually suggested she come up to my apartment to listen to my records, she gave the appearance of wrestling with the idea for a moment and then agreed.

But nothing could have surprised me more than to see her make a dash for my record collection when we got up to my place. She thumbed through the albums eagerly, talking excitedly in her soft cello voice about what she found there and making happy little gasps when she discovered a favorite. She selected a Strauss tone-poem and a Mozart concerto and asked me to play them, and sat in the middle of the floor with a look of near transfiguration on her face while the music enveloped her.

We talked of music and books and poems for a couple of hours, she with wide-eyed delight and me with astonishment that she knew and understood such values as Wagner and Wordsworth, Berlioz and Housman.

How do you like that, Buzz? I run across a girl in a notorious breeding pen like Baghouse Square, pick her up in forty seconds flat, take her up to my apartment, and—what happens? Right away she flashes her Girl Scout badge on me!

AS EVER,
SALTY

CLIFFSIDE APARTMENTS
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
SEPTEMBER 24, 1955

DEAR BUZ,

At last I have a few minutes to answer your letter. Ann went to some kind of ladies' social tea over at the church this evening and left me here to straighten up the place a little and take care of the baby. So, with a glass of beer, I now settle down to write to you. (Forgive the sloppy typing; my finger is infested where I pricked it on a diaper pin the other day.)

I tell you, boy, this married life is great; best thing that ever happened to me. I'm in the pink, so to speak; feeling a hell of a lot better since I gave up the old bourbon and branchwater. I've got Ann to thank for that suggestion. Swell little woman, my Annie!

As far as that get-together is concerned, any time it's convenient for you

to bring your family up for a visit, come ahead. There are some things in this old town that were never dreamed of in Natchez and we will do our best to make them available to you. Some great stuff in the Art Institute. Ann put me on to it.

We sure would like to accept your kind return invitation, but it looks mighty unlikely right now. What with the baby and all, we have a lot of new expenses. Of course, we've been saving a bit by not being able to squander a lot of dough on movies and night clubs and crap like that, but it's still a long time between pay checks.

Well, that's it for now. Ann left a few dishes in the sink and I think I'll surprise her by having them washed by the time she gets back. After that, I'm heading straight for the sack. Gotta be bright-eyed when I punch that time clock at eight thirty tomorrow morning. Your old buddy,

SALTY

A VOICE:
Where's Hoffman?

ANOTHER VOICE:
He's done for.

(Epilogue, *The Tales of Hoffman*:
Jules Barbier)

Y

HECTOR

(continued from page 59)
ners like us."

"Perhaps if we keep on running, we'll come at last to your room, like Magellan—or was it MacFadden?—I don't know which."

At length, barely able to distinguish the best foot from the worst, they staggered through the door of 707 and fell panting on the beds, where they lay until refreshed by a drink. The others, who had lost interest in the race, sat around with glasses in hand and waited patiently while the athletes got their breath.

"Open a bottle of champagne," gaped Mr. Larkin.

"Are you tired?" Madame Gloria asked.

"Are we tired?" exclaimed Mr. Larkin. "My God, this hotel is endless. There's absolutely no stopping it. It goes on and on just as I do at times. Only I'm never tiresome. We're simply broken reeds, that's all there is to it."

"But who won?" asked Madame Gloria.

"Won what?" asked Mr. Owen.
"Make yourself clearer," said Mr. Larkin.

"Why the race, of course," explained one of the ladies who went with the room. "Who won that?"

"I won," interjected Satin.

"What did you win?" asked Mr. Owen.

"You."

"Your logic," sighed Mr. Owen. "I fail to follow it."

"Then don't," whispered Satin huskily. "Follow me."

"Where?"

"Don't ask silly questions." She began to lead him into the adjoining room.

Mr. Owen objected. "Are you asking me to abandon Mr. Larkin to the tender mercies of these three predatory females?" he cried.

"Oh, don't worry about me," beamed Mr. Larkin. "We'll get along swimmingly. I like females. The more, the merrier." His brow creased momentarily. "What does predatory mean?"

"You'll find out," growled Madame Gloria, lasciviously.

As Satin led Mr. Owen into the adjoining room, he turned and saw Mr. Larkin become a smiling island of man completely surrounded by women. Satin closed the door.

"Alone at last," she murmured, and without rhyme or reason, placed her lips against the surprised but unreluctant lips of Hector Owen.

"What do you think of that?" she asked after she had finished kissing him as it is given to few men to be kissed, that is, by Satin.

"I'd think quite a lot of it," he said slowly when breath had returned to his body. "If it meant a damn thing to you, but it doesn't."

"That doesn't matter," she said. "What do you think of it as a kiss pure and simple?"

"I think," he replied with conviction, "that it was far from pure and it certainly wasn't simple."

"As to the first, you may be right," she admitted, "but you're wrong about the last part. For me, it's child's play."

"All right," sighed Mr. Owen. "I know when I've met my master."

"Mistress," corrected Satin.

"Please," protested Mr. Owen, raising an admonitory hand. "As I was saying, I know when I'm licked."

"You haven't been licked. To hear you talk, one would think I was a cat or a dog."

"I find all this very trying," continued Mr. Owen with an attempt at dignity.

"But I'm not a cat or dog," insisted Satin. "Am I?"

"No," agreed Mr. Owen without any show of warmth. "You have the worst qualities of both."

Making one last, half-hearted attempt to resist, Mr. Owen reached for the door knob, only to discover that Satin had locked the door. To save face, he said, "I hate hotel doors. They always stick."

"And so do I," said Satin, her bad eyes glowing with all sorts of unmeasured enticements.

Mr. Owen, his bastion conquered, rolled his eyes heavenward and allowed Satin to kiss him again. He was to say the least, most pleasantly impressed. Scarcely a moment later so was Satin. Had she been a nicer girl, a wee bit more conventional and a little less impulsive, she might even have been shocked.

For Hector Owen's inhibitions had passed beyond recall.

Y



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