

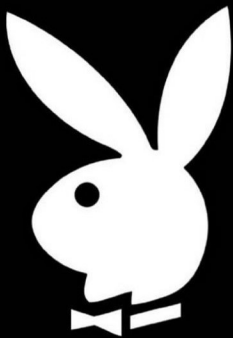
# PLAYBOY

NOVEMBER 50 cents

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

A woman with short, curly red hair, wearing a bright yellow long-sleeved top and a dark, patterned skirt, leans against a large tree trunk. She is smiling and looking towards the camera. The tree trunk is covered in several autumn leaves and has two chalk drawings on it: a large, stylized figure and a smaller figure with an arrow pointing to the right. The background is a blurred outdoor setting with a car wheel visible on the left.

NOVEMBER PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



**PLAYBOY**



CLAUDE



MEAD



GOLD



BELLIN

## PLAYBILL

THE NICEST NEWS THIS NOVEMBER is the beginning of a new success series by Shepherd Mead. His advice on how to succeed in business without really trying has become a good natured guide to getting ahead of the next fellow in the grand game of economic survival. No Bright Young Businessman is considered truly Bright unless he can quote his Mead, chapter and verse. Now Shepherd has prepared, especially for PLAYBOY, a new series that promises to be even more helpful. The subject: how to succeed with women without really trying. Claude, of *New Yorker* fame, will handle the illustrating honors on this second series as he did on the first. We asked Claude (whose last name is Smith, by the way) for a likeness for this page and he sent us what he describes as "a pretty formal self-portrait." He confesses: "I would have preferred to pose with a Scotch-and-soda in my hand, but it wouldn't be honest. While I'm at work, even a short beer makes me want to lick over the old drawing board and yell 'To hell with this indoor drudgery!'" With the liquor safely under lock and key, Claude is busy illustrating the subsequent articles for this series.

You may recall that Herbert Gold's last story for us was titled "A Steady, High-Type Fellow" (five words). In this

issue, his brainchild is called "All Married Women Are Bad, Yes?" (six words). The title of his next novel, he informs us, will be *The Man Who Was Not With It* (seven words). By logical mathematical progression, his next title should be eight words long, the one after that nine, and so on, until the titles are longer than the stories. Herb's yarn in this issue has a Haiti locale, a part of the world he knows quite well, having spent a year there on a fellowship. The bearded photo of him on this page was taken in a Haitian dime store and is supposed to demonstrate "how I go to pieces when I have a fellowship." Now clean-shaven and safely ensconced in exotically Detroit, Herb is becoming a PLAYBOY-regular and is preparing other good things for your enjoyment.

Of all the PLAYBOY-regulars, the most regular by far is Leon Bellin. His work appeared in our very first issue and every issue since. Leon is the fellow who illustrates our Rihald Classics and he brings a fresh, earthy vigor to his work that we feel is unusually right for this vintage material. In past issues, Leon has illustrated no less than twenty-two classics by Boccaccio, Balzac, De Maupassant, Casanova and the Earl of Rochester. For this November PLAYBOY, he has created a poignant, full-color interpretation of a

tales by Straparola.

If that name is unfamiliar to you, it's not surprising. Giovanni Francesco Straparola was born in Caravaggio, Italy, near the end of the Fifteenth Century. The exact date is unknown, and other facts about his life are equally scarce, as are editions of his story collection, *Tredici piacevoli notti* (*Thirteen Merry Nights*). However, our editor in charge of Rihald Classics, after much dusty floundering in the archives of ancient bawdry, has uncovered a few of these rare tales and has translated one of the best, "The Cockold's Stratagem," for this issue.

The PLAYBOY camera, this month, concerns itself with some of the lovely queens of filmdom and burlesque; also with TV's inspired madman, Jonathan Winters. Our All-Time All-Star Jazz Band is discussed by a trio of famous jazzmen and a jockey of discs; Mack Reynolds contributes the devilish story, "Burnt Toast"; and a new department — *Playboy After Hours* — is inaugurated. This new feature will tip you off to the movies, plays, records, books, eateries, drinkeries and nighteries most likely to succeed with you and yours.

But enough of this idle chatter. The November issue awaits.

## PERSON TO PLAYBOY

We saw a very amusing cartoon based on our program, *Person to Person*, in the July issue of PLAYBOY. We would very much like to get the original of this cartoon to frame and hang in our office and would certainly appreciate it if you could arrange this.

Jesse Zimmerman, producer  
Person to Person  
Columbia Broadcasting System  
New York, New York

Since the cartoon is about your show, we guess that's where the cartoon belongs. We're glad you enjoyed it and it's on its way.

## PORNOGRAPHY

Recently I have examined several copies of the drawing-room pornography expressed in PLAYBOY. As you scan the papers and note the arrests for rape, perversion and the like, especially amongst teenagers, I imagine you are as shocked as the rest of us. Or perhaps you are as cynical as your magazine is salacious. It is to be hoped you may some day realize the drive to rottenness that such publications bring to our youths—perhaps yours, too, or those of your friends.

I find it hard to believe that you are unaware of the degradation your company obviously supports. You enjoy a freedom here in America that will not last long if the PLAYBOY brand of slime is allowed to—with other types of visual and vocal corruption—continue to infect our youths and not so discerning adults. This writer is only one, and this note may make you laugh, though I sincerely hope not. But there are intelligent people who are waking up, and becoming articulate against the filth your company and many others are purveying. No doubt you can make a successful as well as honorable living in some other occupation. It might be well to ponder on these thoughts. Without personal rancor, I pray your present business is destroyed.

H. C. Dehouey  
New Orleans, La.

Your letter doesn't make us laugh, it makes us sick. The proposition that adult magazines perpetuate juvenile delinquency is preposterous, but it is a handy weapon for those who would force a single standard on us, in which magazines, movies, books and all other forms of visual and vocal communication become suitable for the mind of a twelve year old, but not for anyone more mature. PLAYBOY isn't edited for children, but it is put together with taste and in-

tegrity, and you will find no overemphasis on the perverted, the violent, or the sensational in its pages. What you consider "rotteness" and "slime" many others recognize as a normal, healthy interest in sex. If this nation is really in danger, it is not because of them, but because of the bigoted few who see filth and obscenity where it does not exist.

## PLAYBOYS ABROAD

I enjoy PLAYBOY very much. The nine copies I've received so far have been read a thousand times here and have been distributed all over Korea. And probably a few of them have gone across the 38th parallel and are being enjoyed by the Red Chinese. I must say, it makes good propaganda—just about the best.

PFC Al Goldman  
Yung Dumg Po, Korea

Since my new duty station is Karachi, Pakistan, I'm looking forward to PLAYBOY more than ever before.

A. B. "Judge" Langenkamp  
Karachi, Pakistan

When your magazine arrives here on the "Rock," it's like a boat load of girls to these guys. The chow line is the only line longer than the one for PLAYBOY. All of us think it's the greatest and to hell with what the bluesies say.

A/Sc Clarence W. Thomas, Jr.  
Kwajalein, M. I.

Returned from flight to Istanbul to find first copy of PLAYBOY in my mail box. Wonderful! I promise subscriptions will flow from this station.

J. E. Campbell  
Port Lyantey, French Morocco

## KNOW YOUR ONIONS

I was interested in your article, "Know Your Onions," in the August issue. I have had a few occasions to prepare french-fried onion rings while keeping a bachelor's apartment at college. I don't believe one sprinkling of flour, as Thomas Mario suggests, produces the best onion ring. I first dip the rings in flour, then in a beaten mixture of whole egg and milk, then into cracker crumbs, and fry. I find that this procedure gives the rings suitable body.

Gene Walker  
Oceanside, L. I., N. Y.

## PLAYBOY IN THE POORHOUSE

I was taking in Klein's cartoon of two gentlemen and a girl on page 22 of your June issue and got to thinking. Do you

know of anyone who would like to share expenses with me on a brunette, 25 years of age, 5'3" tall, 115 pounds, bust 37", waist 22", hips 36"? Average expenses for one month, including such things as clothes, food, jewelry, etc., etc., run about \$1000. If anyone is interested, please contact me at the County Poorhouse.

Bill Ditterose  
Phoenix, Arizona

## PRAISE FROM A D.J.

Bill Binford, our chief engineer here at station K-I, buys a copy of PLAYBOY every month and it stays in our control room for the benefit of all the deejays. Cole's Females are the most, your feature stories make interesting reading, and what can I say about your Playmates that hasn't already been said? No doubt about it, PLAYBOY is the greatest men's magazine published. I'm enclosing a picture



of myself that may interest readers who've often wondered what a busy disc jockey looks like when he's spinning platters.

Len Row  
Station K-I  
Reno, Nevada

## BRUBECK

The article on jazz by Dave Brubeck in the August issue of PLAYBOY was superb.

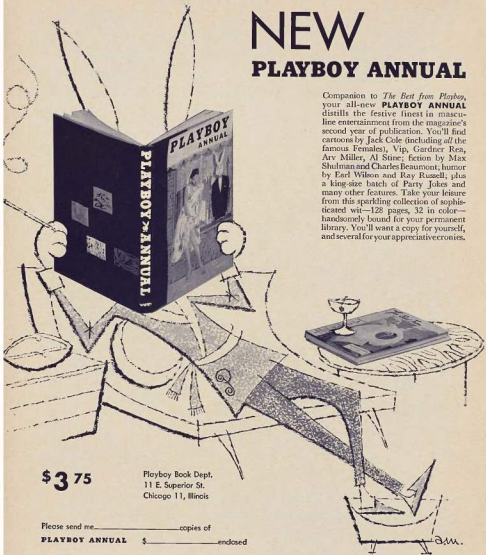
Bradford Phillips  
Yorktown, Virginia

I think pieces like the one in the August PLAYBOY by Dave Brubeck are the greatest. I listen many of your articles to the NBC weekend show, *Monitor*—you dare to print stories that aren't "mass-directed." Too seldom do national mags devote space to topics so deserving. As Brubeck said, jazz is the only true American art form, and I'm glad to know more



# NEW PLAYBOY ANNUAL

Companion to *The Best from Playboy*, your all-new **PLAYBOY ANNUAL** distills the festive finest in masculine entertainment from the magazine's second year of publication. You'll find cartoons by Jack Cole (including *all* the famous Females), Vip, Gardner Rea, Arv Miller, Al Stine; fiction by Max Shulman and Charles Beaumont; humor by Earl Wilson and Ray Russell; plus a king-size batch of Party Jokes and many other features. Take your leisure from this sparkling collection of sophisticated wit—128 pages, 32 in color—handsomely bound for your permanent library. You'll want a copy for yourself, and several for your appreciative cronies.



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about it. Sad but true, one big thing that hurts jazz is the minority group that goes overboard and makes the music look silly for the rest. I enjoy your magazine and especially your articles on jazz.

Jimm Sealey  
Station WJZ  
Decatur, Illinois

Mr. Brubeck is wrong when he writes that "there was no jazz in Hitler's Germany." I know, because I was there as a jazz musician (trumpetist and singer) from 1935 to 1938. I played at the famous Sherbini Bar-Lounge, located off the Kurfurstendamm on Ullanstrasse. Barring one little incident in which the Reichstheaterkammer Minister refused to extend my working permit, I worked at the Sherbini without difficulty. The working permit was extended after the American Ambassador, William H. Dodd, demanded it in a strongly worded letter to Herr Goebbels Reichskulturminister. The jazz group at Sherbini's featured swing, dixieland and American pop tunes. Many dignitaries, including Jesse Owens and other members of the 1936 American Olympic Team, frequented the night spot.

Brubeck is also wrong when he says there is no jazz being played inside Russia. I played there myself back in '25 and '26 as a part of an all-U. S. Symphonic Jazz Orchestra headed by Sam Wooding. We played to packed houses in Moscow, Leningrad and Kiev. I've played jazz in every part of the world: Russia, France, Spain, India, Egypt, Denmark, Sweden, Holland, Argentina, Brazil, Portugal, China, Japan, etc.

"Herb Fleming"  
(N. El-Michelle)  
New York, New York

#### PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATES

How about doing regular readers a big favor and printing the names of all the Playmates of the Month since the first issue?

Charles Noble  
Philadelphia, Pa.

We'll do better than that: the big Holiday Issue of PLAYBOY (January) will include a picture story on all of the first twenty-four Playmates, complete with names.

#### YO HO HO

Thanks for the wonderful article on run in the July issue. Our sales are really climbing and I think PLAYBOY is respectable.

Byron Crandall  
Yersemar's  
Princeton, N. J.

#### CRITIC CRITICIZED

In the August issue of PLAYBOY, we came upon a letter from a boy in our town who objected to the Party Jokes. We want you to know that his is not the opinion of the majority of those (men and women alike) in Hendersonville, North Carolina. In our estimation, your jokes are great.

Bob Jaffe  
Dale James  
Hendersonville, N. C.

My wife and I have just finished reading Jules Archer's article, "Don't Hate Yourself In The Morning." In my opinion it was very timely and interesting, but my wife felt that "It was the biggest bunch of bull that she had ever read," and we are still arguing the matter.

Being a North Carolinian by birth and having lived there for twenty years, I feel that I should answer Freddie Streetman's letter in your August issue, by stating that whether or not PLAYBOY reflects the thoughts of the majority of American males, my back copies were literally snatched from my hands by some of his fellow Carolinians when I was home or leave recently and the Party Jokes were the things read first and commented on most. They liked them.

I've never written a letter to a magazine before, but I feel I must compliment you on your publication and the fine job you are doing.

Lt. James F. Melton  
Mather A.F.B., Calif.

#### P.R. PLAYBOY

I am happy to have been born, for if I had not been born, I would not have grown up, and if I had not grown up, I would not have become a reporter, and if I had not become a reporter, I would not have become a motion picture public relations man, and if I had not become a P.R. man, I would not be flying back and forth across the nation, and if I didn't fly, I couldn't have discovered PLAYBOY on an airport magazine stand. So I am very happy to have been born. I wish you increasing success with each succeeding issue.

Chet L. Swital  
Hollywood, Calif.

#### CROOKED MAN

Charles Beaumont's "The Crooked Man" is quite a story and may well be more prophetic than we think. In my opinion, the hypocritical heritage of Blue Laws and Puritanical ideologies which permeates our era is certainly giving us a decided push in that direction.

Herbert Tuhill  
Sunol, California

Granted, you posted fair warning that "The Crooked Man" would be controversial. I hope that I am not being redundant in submitting a negative reaction. My final feeling after reading the story twice was sadness. Not at the hypothetical doom, persecution, or disintegration of the hero and heroine, but that so splendid a talent as the author has expended such vitriol, sardonicism (if I may coin such a word), satire and maliciousness on an opponent that has already been subjected to the most inhumane derisions and persecutions.

Of course, it must be admitted that exaggeration, vehemence, distemper, ridicule, and disgust are properly within the domain of the satirist. I do not mean to mistake or belittle Beaumont's effort at satire. There is certainly something of the healthiness of Huxley and Orwell and Wylie in his writing. Satirists assuredly do not aim and are not required to



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leave one irradiated with love and empathy.

Yet surely to be a great or good critic there must be a great or good cause for criticism. Beaufort's indignation strikes me as being quite superficial and passé. His fantastic trumpeting are false alarms full of sound and fury signifying nothing and obscuring much. Above all, I question his humanity in this particular work. The plight of his heterosexual hero alone in a world that persecutes those desiring the opposite sex and who is deserted even by the invert-to-be heroine is such outlandish tomfoolery that I do not see how anyone could be moved to compassion or any degree of that suspension of disbelief necessary for a work of fiction.

Such an absurd hypothetical topsyturvydom must surely leave one victim to a quite incredulous chuckle or, as in my case, a deep sadness to see such a gifted writer twisted into full-scale warfare with a paper-tiger enemy.

Saul Rosenthal  
Washington, D. C.

*Funny, Saul, we saw it as a kind of plea for tolerance—shoe-on-the-other-foot sort of thing. At any rate, it's a story that prompts thought and discussion, and that's what is important. It's also a hell of a good piece of fiction and that's why we published it.*

I certainly enjoyed Charles Beaumont's "The Crooked Man" and Thomas Mario's "Know Your Onions" in the August issue. "Man" was a shockingly refreshing story which, although on a controversial topic, was written in good literary style and belongs in a magazine of PLAYBOY's calibre. Many of us bachelors like to cook unusual dishes for ourselves and our friends, so that articles like "Know Your Onions" are most welcome. I've waited a long time for a magazine the likes of PLAYBOY. Congratulations on a truly great achievement in the publishing business.

Donald W. Hryczyna  
Chicago, Illinois

**BACK COPIES**

I've given your magazine a year to prove it could keep up the high grade entertainment, and it has, so here is my check for a three year subscription. As a suggestion, why not reprint some of the early issues? I know there must be many more like myself who got on the PLAYBOY bandwagon a little late and would like to complete their collections. I plan to have my copies put in a permanent binding.

Edward Kissel  
Champaign, Illinois

The following back copies are available and may be ordered at 50¢ each: 1951—May, June, Aug., Sept., Oct., Nov.; 1955—Feb., April, May, June, July, Aug., Sept., Oct. In addition, the best cartoons, stories, articles and humor from the first two years are available in two handsome, hard-cover volumes, The Best From Playboy and Playboy Annual, at \$3.75 each.

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## dining drinking

We were still up one recent A.M. when those who must rise early for their daily bread were hurrying to their respective cells. We were delivering a charming young lady to her apartment and stopped off along the way to let her phone her employer some outlandish excuse for not coming to the office that day. While this fraudulent operation was in process, we found ourselves wondering just how many of the people passing us on the street really were on their way to work and how many were late merry-makers like ourselves. We finally decided that the fresh, happy ones were more likely to have been up all night and that the tired, sad people must have just arisen to face a day at the desk.

By the time our comely companion returned to the car, we had seized hold of a splendid idea. Instead of the usual coffee-shop breakfast, why not a real posh ending to a great night? Breakfast in splendor! Instead of slinking into a sleazy diner and mixing with the early coffee crowd, we headed for the Ambassador Hotel (N. State and Goethe), where Chicago's ultra-swank Pump Room is housed.

We knew the Pump Room wouldn't be open, but correctly reasoned that such a plush hostelry must have some elaborate facilities for the care and feeding of those denizens who don't hunker for breakfast in bed. The dining room is called The Assembly, a sumptuous, high-ceilinged bit of a elegance that smacks of good taste. Breakfast in these opulent surroundings proved just the right ticket for two sleepy people. There's undoubtedly a class hotel in your town, too, that has a room like The Assembly, and we suggest you try it the next time you're up greeting the gentle lark.

We flew up to Cambridge, Massachusetts recently for an extended two-day house party given by a close friend of ours on the Harvard faculty. By the time we arrived, his modest, bookish apartment was alive with toothsome young Radcliffes, Wellesleys, a few Barnards and several Vassar's. We established rapport with a Radcliffe graduate student, and as the evening wore on, suggested that, perhaps, the two of us might sneak away for a while. She suggested we drive into Boston proper to a place called The Stable (20 Huntington Ave., near Copley Square), which was warmly described as a jazz workshop. It was. Governed by the extenct trumpet of Herb Pomeroy who style flowed out smoothly and with proper restraint, in the best cool school tradition. We completely knocked ourselves out until 1 A.M., then returned to the party. Spirits were still high there, too, and so were the guests.

International relations notwithstanding, serious soldiers of fortune will find the Russian Bear (645 Lexington), an interesting place in which to break bread in New York City. Right down to the hatchick, everyone's authentically Russian—strictly the pre-Revolution variety, however. Ambulating fiddle and accordion prepared our souls for Borsch Malorowsky, a touch of Beluga Caviar and beef Stroganov. After dinner we found it edifying to have our palms analyzed by Gypsy Rava, a sage just in from the steppes of central Asia. Vodka Martinis, we discovered again, produce a remarkable effect on the drinker.



## theatre

We wept great, glad, manly tears during the entire performance of *The Boy*

*Friend*, the magnificent British musical that kids the step-ins off the 1920s. Even though we were not exactly in our prime during the flaring-youth era, the sight of a cute flapper wildly doing the Charleston in a knee-length frock somehow creates a zestful feeling in us. Julie Andrews, as poor-little-rich girl Polly at Mme. DuBonnet's Riviera finishing school, twitters and chirps with charming vivacity through three innings of the following plot: *she doesn't know he's rich and he doesn't know she's rich*. This suspenseful business is ultimately resolved to the sympathetic mooring of Polly's four chums in spats, all of whom are marvelous to see. For a light evening's entertainment, if you haven't gotten to it yet, we certainly suggest a visit to the Royale, 45th St., west of Broadway, NYC.



## records

When Mabel Mercer sings Cole Porter, as she does so well in a new Atlantic album of that name, she's more than likely to charm the ice cubes right out of your John Collins. Since her specialty is sophisticated show tunes, this Porter collection is a natural. There's a raft of memorabilia here, not the precious and pedestrian variety, but exciting, off-beat tunes that go way back. We like Miss Mercer's style so well that you can expect a feature on her in the next issue of our favorite men's magazine.

Frank Sinatra's spectacular success, his fall from favor, and subsequent rise to even greater heights, makes one of the best show business stories of our generation. Be that as it may, Sinatra can still do more with a song than anyone else around today. You probably bought this weeks ago, but on the chance that you

didn't, we want to put in the strongest sort of plug for Frank's Capitol LP, "In the Wee Small Hours," one of the best pop recordings released this year. It includes *What Is This Thing Called Love*, *I Never Entered My Mind* and *Dancing on the Ceiling*, but to try and describe what Frank does with these fine tunes would require more than words. Even the singing out of specific songs is meaningless, for every one is a gem, set in the lush, velvety orchestration of Nelson Riddle.

Interestingly enough, if you own three albums: Columbia's "The Voice of Frank Sinatra," Capitol's "Songs for Young Lovers" and the aforementioned "Small Hours," you'll have most of the best Sinatra has ever waxed.

We'd like to mention three other vocal albums here that have been out a little while, but are worth a listen: "Voices in Modern" (Capitol) with The Four Freshmen, "Chet Baker Sings and Plays" (Pacific Jazz) and "Lover Man" (Decca) by Billie Holiday. Don't confuse The Four Freshmen with some of the other crewcut-college groups cutting records these days. This bunch is good, their harmony is inventive, and this album shows them off to advantage.

Jazz fans may not care much for "Chet Baker Sings and Plays," for there's more Chet voice than trumpet on these sides and Chet's voice is a very strange and special thing. It reminds us some of Mel Tormé, though the Tormé quality certainly isn't there. But Baker sings with an intensity and a musical knowledge that made us like this album enough to add it to our own collection.

We don't imagine we have to say very much about Billie Holiday. Along with the title tune, "Lover Man" includes *Porgy*, *That Ole Devil Called Love* and *You're My Thrill*. This is Billie at her best and most benign.

From out Hermosa Beach way, Contemporary Records has issued Volume 6 of Howard Rumsey's Lighthouse All Stars, hot ice amongst their cool compatriots, this group swings with a relaxed, contagious enthusiasm. Several brand new Bud Shank and Bob Cooper compositions, plus a few of the better standards, exhibit nicely this group's high-level musicianship.

There is so much over-orchestrated, romantic mood-music on the market these days, we'd almost welcome something like "Fiddles for a Foul Frame of Mind," just to help clear the air. Capitol's new album, "For Young Moderns in Love," is an exception, however. You'll find no thousand violins or mandolins here, just the simple, pleasant sounds of four trombones, four rhythms and Sam Donahue's saxophone. Dedicated to love, as it is, the recording

should function well in the confines of your own apartment. Feed her plenty of Scotch and start talking quietly about that wonderful warmth which is at once the simplest and most complex of all human emotions.



## films

*Mister Roberts* is one of the most satisfying, all-around entertaining movies you're apt to see in a long time. Henry Fonda, in the title role, recreates the character that won him plaudits on Broadway, and James Cagney etches in acid the s.o.b. Captain of the AK-608, making Bogart's *Queeg* of *The Caine Mutiny* look like Santa Claus. If it weren't for these acting virtuosi, Jack Lemmon, as Ernie Pulver, would walk away with the show. This guy has a magnificent sense of timing and is certainly one of the best young comedians around. Happily, many of the *double entendres* and blue remarks from the play remain relatively untouched in the screen version, including Pulver's bed pillows, one of which is embroidered with the common sense motto: "Tonight or Never!"

*Fete Kelly's Blues* should be our kind of picture, since it concerns itself with jazz and the Roaring Twenties, but deadpan Jack Webb is still wearing badge 714 (though he's a cornet player in this, not a cop) and he and the picture never come to life. Edmond O'Brien and Peggy Lee do well by their roles of racketeer and lush, respectively; Janet Leigh looks delicious in spangles, open gashaws and other flapper trappings; and the movie has some nice musical moments, thanks to Miss Lee, Ella Fitzgerald and a Hollywood studio group featuring Matty Matlock, Dick Cathcart, Nick Fatool and Eddie Miller.



## books

When you've finished this issue of PLAYBOY you might get a charge out of a recent fiction tidbit titled *79 Park Avenue*, by Harold Robbins (Knopf, \$3.50). The up and down career of Maryann Flood, call-girl extraordinary, might easily upset your preconceived ideas about flesh peddlers and how they got that way. You'll soon realize that Miss Flood is something of a special kind of whore, a doll with ethics and a capacity for "real love" as big as Yel-

lowstone National Park. As you might expect, there's an Assistant D.A. in charge of Maryann's prosecution as the head of a plush girl chain, and, naturally, they've been madly in love since childhood days. The poor guy is treading the razor's edge between Duty and Desire, so what can he do? Right! Duty wins and he sends her to prison, but Desire only has to take a two-year rain-check, with time off for good behavior.

*Sports Cars*, by J. W. Freeman and Alexandre George (Random House, \$12.50) is a thoroughly illustrated compendium of the world's most distinctive automobiles. There's a great welter of technical data inside, plus 36 full color photos and more than 200 in black and white, all of which should interest anyone willing to plunk down the hefty price of this tome.

Bantam Books, for a mere two bits, has issued the complete stage version of *The Seven Year Itch*, George Axelrod's racy comedy of summer bachelorhood (in this version, unlike the film, the guy *does* sleep with the girl). Ballantine Books has come out with a perky collection of photos taken during the filming of *Itch*. It's called *Marilyn Monroe as The Girl*, has an intro by Axelrod, and sells for 35c. Monroe, in our humble opinion, never looked better. Ballantine also has followed up its *Mad Reader* with *Mad Strikes Back* (35c). If you're warped enough to have enjoyed the short, happy life of *Mad Comics* (we are), you'll go for these furshlugginer cartoon satires of *King Kong*, *Prince Valiant*, *Believe It Or Not* and other potrachie. The wacky introduction is by a couple of guys called Bob and Ray.

We certainly aren't going to miss the opportunity to plug the brand new *Playboy Annual* in this first book review section (Waldorf, \$3.75). This handsome companion to *The Best from Playboy* includes all the most entertaining material from the second year of the sophisticated men's magazine and some from the first year that was raised in the first hard-cover volume. The *Playboy Annual* includes fiction by Charles Beaumont and Max Shulman, articles by Ray Russell and Earl Wilson, cartoons by Jack Cole, Vip, Gardner Re, Ivy Miller, Larry Klein and Al Stea, including all the first sixteen Females by Cole, Party Jokers, limericks, toasts and a host of special features. There are 82 pages in full color. The book will make a perfect Christmas gift for those special friends and it's available at your favorite bookstore or may be ordered direct from PLAYBOY.



Gillespie P. 27



Mead P. 40



Gina P. 18

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## PLAYBOY

# burnt toast

BY MACK REYNOLDS

*the prince of darkness is a gentleman — and a con man from way back*

"WE HAVE HERE A TABLE bearing thirteen cocktails," the demon said. "And now into one I add a touch from this vial."

"What rat?"

"Poison. Now I switch the glasses about. Truly, you couldn't remember into which glass I emptied the vial, could you?"

"What's the gag, buddy?"

"The proposition," the demon said, "is quite simple. You take your pick and drink it. For your first choice I give you exactly one hundred dollars."

Alan Sheriff shook his head in an attempt to clear away the fog. "You said, minute ago, you put poison . . ."

"In just one. There are thirteen in all. You choose a glass, you drink it, and I award you with a hundred dollars. If you wish to try again, you receive two hundred, next award is four hundred, and so on. If you lose, the forfeit is your life and your . . . soul."

It took a long moment to assimilate that. "Let's see the century," Sheriff muttered.

The demon brought forth a wallet and selected a bill which he laid on the table then looked at the other in anticipation.

Sheriff said thickly, "Nothing to lose anyway." He took up the nearest glass, fished the olive out and threw it aside.

The demon smiled politely.

"Bottoms up!" Sheriff said, tossing it off with the practiced stiff-wristed motion of the drinker. He put the glass down, stood swaying in silence.

"Not bad liquor," he said finally. "I needed that."

"The hundred dollars is yours. Would you like to try for two hundred?"

Sheriff looked at the bill. "This is good, eh?"

The demon shifted his shoulders in impatience. "Of course."

Sheriff said, "Suppose I could ask you what this is all about, but the hell with it. So long, sucker."

"I'll still be here tomorrow, Alan Sheriff."

There was a knock and the demon said, "Come in."

Sheriff closed the door behind him. His blood-veined eyes went about the barren hotel room; magnet-drawn, they came to the small table. Twelve cocktail glasses, sweated with cold, sat upon it.

He said tentatively, "I was tight last night . . ."

"The night before last," the demon corrected.

" . . . but I wasn't *that* tight. I couldn't have dreamed it, especially the hundred bucks."

"Already gone, I assume," the demon said. "You came to try again?"

"Why'd you give me that hundred? Listen, you haven't got a drink around the place have you?"

The other seated himself in the room's sole chair, put the tips of his fingers together. "You won the hundred dollars on a wager. As far as a drink is concerned, I am afraid all I have is there." He indicated the table with its burden of twelve glasses.

Sheriff's eyes went from him to the table, back again. He hadn't shaved since last he had been here and the pallor and odor of long weeks of alcohol were on him. He wavered. "I don't remember too well."

"Briefly," the demon said, "I represent interests that desire your immortal soul." He made again the proposition of the previous evening while Sheriff stared at him. When he was finished, his visitor's eyes went again to the table with its twelve glasses.

"Let's see your money," Sheriff said.

shaky and unbelieving.

The demon brought forth his wallet, extracted two bills.

Sheriff stepped to the table, reached for a drink. "Profit!" he grunted, bolting it. He waited, then with satisfaction, "Wrong one."

The demon shrugged.

Sheriff said, "If I take another one, how much do I get?"

"Four hundred dollars. You wish to try again?"

"There's eleven glasses left. One poison, eh?"

"That is correct. The odds are with you."

Sheriff grinned sourly, two broken front teeth becoming evident. "Best odds I ever had." He reached out quickly, took up another glass, held it in his hand for a moment then drank it as he had the other one with one quick motion. "Four hundred more," he demanded, and received it.

"And now for eight?" the demon prodded.

"Not till I get this spent," Sheriff chortled. "Then I'll be back, sucker." He held up the six hundred dollars he had won, stared at it unbelievingly, clenched it in his fist and stumbled from the room.

The demon looked after him.

"Eight hundred this time," the demon said, the sun ready in his hand, "and the odds are one in ten."

"Here's to glory!" Sheriff toasted.

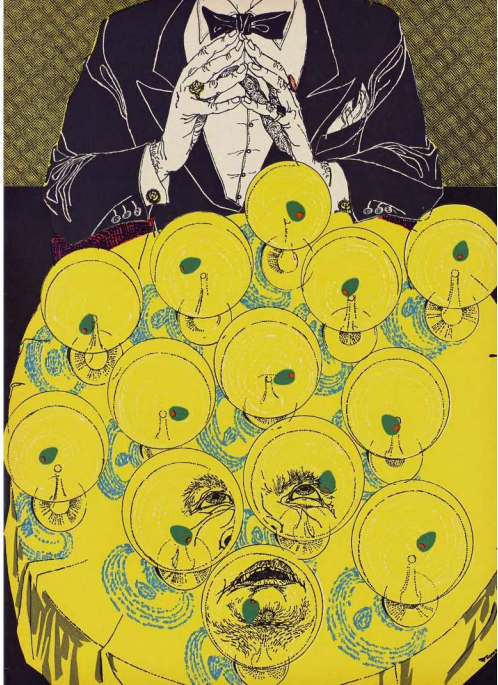
When Alan Sheriff returned, four days later, he was shaven, bathed, attired in gray flannel, his teeth had known a dentist's attention and the shaking of his hands was all but imperceptible.

"You're sober," the demon said.

Sheriff looked at him. The other was

"Thirteen cocktails," said the demon, "and one of them is poison."







medium sized, dressed conservatively. Sheriff said, "You don't look like the devil."

"How am I supposed to look?" Sheriff scowled at him. "Listen, I sobered myself up, but it's temporary. Just long enough to find out what the hell's going on. What'd you give me that money for?"

The demon explained, still again, the wagers they had made.

Afterward Sheriff said, wonderingly, "My soul, eh? Tell the truth, I didn't think there was any such thing."

"It has been greatly debated," the demon agreed.

"What I can't understand," Sheriff said, "is all this trouble you're going to. You picked me out of the gutter. You would've got my . . . soul . . . anyway."

"You underestimate the efforts of our opposition," the demon sighed. "And you must realize victory is never absolutely assured until the last second of life. Ten minutes after I approached you, you might have decided upon reform." He twisted his mouth sardonically.

Sheriff shook his head while saying, "I still don't get this . . . this system of trying to get my . . . soul."

The demon had scented himself in the arm chair, now he shrugged. "Each person in his time is confronted with his decision. Most, admittedly, not quite so directly as this."

"But all that dough for a down and out bum. Already I've got fifteen hundred, and the next chance more than doubles it."

The demon nodded. "Your next try is for one thousand, six hundred. But the amount is meaningless. The, ah, commodity cannot be evaluated in terms of money. One of our most prized specimens cost but thirty pieces of silver." He added absently, "In that particular case he didn't know it was his soul he was selling."

Alan Sheriff looked down at the table. There were nine glasses remaining. He said, "For sixteen hundred bucks, eh?"

The demon nodded, his eyes shining. Sheriff's hand snaked out, took up a glass and brought it half way to his lips. His eyes went to the demon's.

The other smiled.

Alan Sheriff put the glass down quickly, took up another. He held it for a moment. The demon still smiled.

Sheriff's mouth tightened. "Sold!" he said, bolting the cocktail. He closed his eyes and waited. When he opened them, the other was extending a sheaf of bills.

"Sheriff said, 'You'll still be here later in the week?'"

"For you I shall always be here, night or day. There are eight glasses left. Your next wager will involve three thousand, two hundred."

Sheriff said flatly, "I gave up two weeks ago. Lots of dough for liquor, good food, gambling, makes the going easier but I'm not changing my mind about calling life quits. I'll be back when I've spent this."

"Very sound judgement," the demon

nodded. "Until then."

"So soon?" the demon said, "However, the wager is now three thousand, two hundred."

Sheriff said, "This is the last time."

"Ah?"

"This time I'm using the dough for a new start. I'm getting a job."

"Admirable motive, I understand— from the human viewpoint. However, we shall see." The demon changed the subject. "If I understand correctly the Laws of Chance, this is your crucial test."

"How's that?" Sheriff's eyes came up from the glasses to the other's face.

"When we began, there were thirteen glasses, one of which was poisoned. However, we are nearly half through now and your good luck cannot last forever. Taking the averages, you should miss this time."

Sheriff shook his head. "Each time is a separate time. You don't use up your luck, there is no such thing. The odds aren't as good as they were, but they're still seven to one in my favor."

"Very well, let us see," Alan Sheriff, sweat on his forehead, reached out slowly for one of the Martinis. "Here's looking at you," he said.

The demon answered the door and smiled to see his visitor. "Alan Sheriff! But I thought your last visit was to be just that."

Sheriff's face was tight. "I'm not here for myself, damn you. It's for somebody else."

"Somebody else?" the demon said. "I don't understand."

"A girl," Sheriff snapped. "It's none of your business. You wouldn't ever have seen me again except for Muriel. She needs five thousand; medical bills for her old lady, sanitarium. Never mind. The thing is I'll take another one of those drinks."

The demon pinched his lip thoughtfully. "I don't know."

"Damn it, what difference does it make what I want the dough for?"

"Umman. Your motive for taking the wager disturbs me. Some centuries ago a somewhat similar case precipitated a *cause célèbre*. Chap named Johann Faust. Matter had to be taken to the, ah, higher authorities. However, let us see what develops. There are seven glasses and your odds are six to one with the prize amounting to exactly six thousand, four hundred dollars."

Sheriff took up a glass at random, toasted defiantly, "Here's to the ladies!"

"Very sentimental," the demon said.

Sheriff banged on the door heavily, and before it could be answered, banged again.

The demon opened it, his face quizzical. "Ah, our Alan Sheriff."

Sheriff lurched to the table. The Martini glasses stood as before, six of them remaining. They appeared chill and as fresh as the first time he had seen them, months ago.

"What's the bet now?" he slurred.

"The wager is twelve thousand, eight hundred against your life and soul." The demon's voice was soft.

"Okay, Here's hon!"

The demon nodded pleasantly.

"Beat you again," Sheriff sneered. "Give me the dough. I'm on my way to show up a wise guy. Show him what a real spender can do for a girl." The alcohol was heavy on his breath. "What'd be a classy present for Muriel? Show her what a real guy does for a dame . . ."

The demon ran a thoughtful thumbnail along his trimmed moustache. "I understand rank is highly thought of," he murmured.

"Ah," the demon said. "Here we are, once again."

Sheriff looked about the room, unchanged from the last time he had been here except there were but five glasses on the small table. He wondered vaguely what had happened to the eight glasses he had emptied in turn.

"You know," he said, "each time I come here I have to be convinced all over again that it's true."

"Indeed? As I recall, on your last visit you were in the midst of a somewhat feverish romantic situation. Did you take my advice as to the desirability of mink?"

Sheriff was gazing in fascination at the glasses. He said, "What? Oh, yeah. This here wise guy boy friend of hers, old high school sweetheart kind of crap, was trying to beat my time." He chuckled thickly. "But I gave her the old rub job, wound up in Miami Beach for a week. Quite a town."

"Isn't it though? And where is Muriel these days?"

Sheriff was tired of the subject. "She's around somewhere. Got on my nerves finally. What's the bet now? I'm thinking of going into the restaurant business— with my kid brother, he needs the dough to get started."

"Twenty-five thousand, six hundred," the demon said briefly.

"Well, here's mad in your eye," Sheriff said.

"Fifty-one thousand, two hundred," the demon said. "The new business doesn't seem to prosper?"

"The kid doesn't realize there's angles to every business. He's too slow for me. We need this dough to put in a bar and maybe a few tables and some slots in the back, maybe some rooms upstairs where a guy can take a dame or maybe throw a little reefer party."

"There are now four glasses," the demon said.

"Shout!"

The demon opened the door at the knock and admitted the burly, heavy faced man. "It's been a long time," he said simply.

"Yeah," Sheriff said. He looked about the small room. "But you haven't changed much. Neither has this room. I wasn't sure it'd still be here."

"Some things are changeless," the de-

(continued on page 24)



entertainment

## a new comic shops the bizarre for his material

BY VICTOR LOWNES III

**I**F YOU WATCH TV, and we don't necessarily recommend this as a general thing, you've probably already become acquainted with Jonathan Winters, a splendid young comic with a love of the ridiculous and an incredible arsenal of voices and vocal sound effects.

Jonathan, who spent a good deal of the past summer filling in for George Gobel on a program called *And Here's The Show*, boasts a career which closely parallels Gobel's own. Both Gobel and Winters won initial recognition from other performers, both have a flair for whimsy and commendable dislike of the simple "gag"—the kind that writers string together for "machine gun" delivery—and both got their first real big push as summer replacements. However, there's such a vast difference in the styles of the two geniuses, a word we can use advisedly, that Mr. Winters need have no fear of being put down as "another George Gobel."

Winters' entry into the big time reads more like a poorly planned exit. Scraping around from one New York booking agency to another in '53, playing to the kinesthetically astute any comic can get—a series of cynical, ulcer-ridden, cigar-chomping booking agents—he finally got the big call: "Winters, I think I got just the spot for you on *Studio One*." Jonathan, who had neither the time nor the money to be sitting around watching TV, wasn't familiar with *Studio One*, but imagined a variety show that would capitalize on one or more of his comic routines. In order to sharpen up the right sketch he asked if that particular night the show would have any special theme, and was informed that it had something to do with submarines. Having no particular submarine bits ready, and dismissing his own natural misgivings about the idea of building a variety show around same, he set to work preparing a spanking new comic discourse

that would fit.

Before reporting for work he had assembled a fiendishly clever routine called "The U-365." Like all of Jonathan's masterpieces, this one has about four characters with distinctively different voices, and an array of complementing noises that would challenge a completely equipped sound effects studio, not to mention one human larynx.

The skit opens with Commander Hans Winkler (pronounced *Finkler*) of the German Navy peering through his periscope while the submarine cruises along making *chubba-chubba-chubba* noises. The Commander surveys the scene and announces matter-of-factly, "Well, it zhure is a lousy day for zinking ships!" There follows a zany sequence of events ranging from members of the crew being summarily executed for evidences of homesickness, to the Commander's careful "ziaking" of one of his own ships, an oversight which is reported to him by an obsequious member of the crew in this fashion: "Commander, I hate to bother you, but dat vas da Hont Wesel!" The entire routine is punctuated by the Commander's repeated reminder to the crew members to "Lay off dat rye bread!"

Winters showed up at CBS and did his original piece for the director of the show, who was fractured by the rendition, and similarly amused by Winters' misunderstanding of the nature of his own assignment. *Studio One*, it was patiently explained, is not a variety show, and furthermore Winters was not to be on the show proper, anyway. All he had to do was come on during the commercial dressed up like Santa Claus and bellow, "Ho, ho, hof. You can be sure if it's Westinghouse!"

Jonathan looks back on the whole episode philosophically. "It's not crazy a performer who can say they made their TV debut playing opposite a big

**JONATHAN WINTERS AND HIS PURPLE OWL**



1 "I don't mean to be corny," says the cigar smoking customer in Jonathan Winters' *Cut Rate Pet Shop* routine, "but how much is that doggy in the window?"



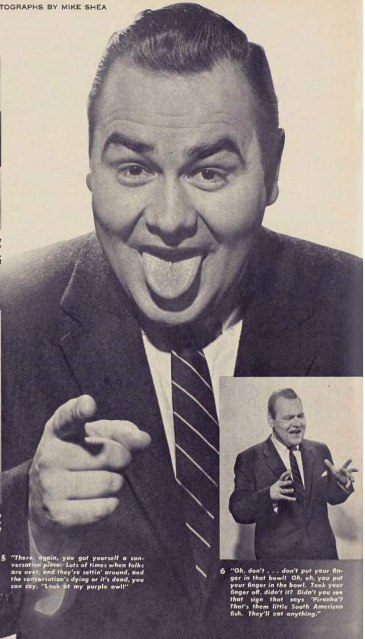
2 "Why, that dog'll run yuh a dollar," says the proprietor. "Yes, sir, just a dollar. You see, that dog ain't got no claws on his front paws. That makes him a sort of conversation piece though."



3 "How 'bout a owl? Wouldn't know that was a owl would yo? Ain't got no feathers on him. They flew him in by plane and all his feathers blown off."



4 "I can give you feathers for him . . . ah, yeah . . . there's purple and green and yellow. You just paste 'em on his body."



5 "There, again, you got yourself a conversation piece. Lots of times when folks are over, and they're settin' around, and the conversation's dying or it's dead, you can say, 'Look at my purple owl!'"



6 "Oh, don't . . . don't put your finger in that bowl! Oh, ah, you put your finger in the bowl. Took your finger off, didn't it? Didn't you see that sign that says 'Pirouette'? That's them little South American Gals. They'll eat anything."



7 "Yep, we never have to feed that fish. There's always some clown like you puttin' his finger in the bowl. Umboy, I bet that smarts, don't it? Ooowee! Took it clean off, didn't he?"



8 "Say, I got a thing over here, a kangaroo. We'll run yuh ten dollars and fifty cents. Yep, that's what this is, a cut rate pet shop. 'Course, you got to lean him against somethin'."



9 "I don't know whether you ever noticed, but most of 'em sit back on their tails. This one fell off a flat car during shipping an' broke his tail, so you gotta lean him against somethin'."



10 "Ooowee, boy, I'll bet that finger smarts. Nasty. Well, say, I know you're feelin' bad and that thing's killin' yuh, but I've got a ban constrictor here. I'll give you that—and a dozen white rats."



11 "Wanna see it? Here, I'll just let it out and . . . oh, oh, watch out! . . . Aw, gibaw! Oh, How, How . . . that dang snake up and swallowed one of the customers again."

name star like Betty Furness."

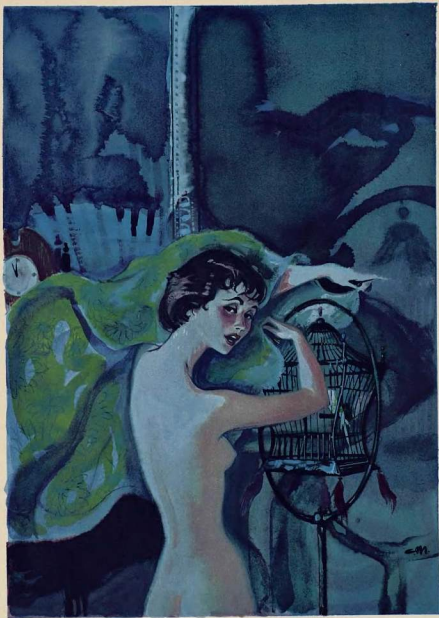
The choice of Jonathan as a commercialized stand-in for Father Christmas wasn't so far fetched. He's a hefty young man with that apple-checked look that is so closely identified with the old reindeer wrangler. There's a really uncanny resemblance to a young Babe Ruth, too. As far as is known, Winters has never

tried to make use of these similarities for check-passing purposes.

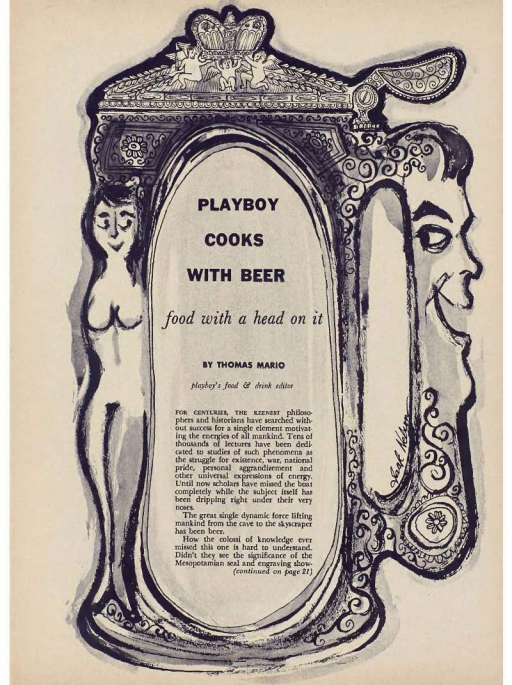
Winters tried out for the Arthur Godfrey Talent Scouts program during a period when Garry Moore was pinch hitting for Artha. Winters didn't win that evening, but Moore, whose taste is perhaps a little more cultivated than the folks who compose an average tele-

vision studio audience, was smitten with Winters' bizarre routines and signed him for twenty guest appearances on his own show.

That sort of approbation has a way of being rather contagious, and led to acceptance on other fronts. The Blue Angel and Le Ruban Bleu, two of New  
*(concluded on page 29)*



*"Strangers always seem to upset him."*



**PLAYBOY**  
**COOKS**  
**WITH BEER**

*food with a head on it*

**BY THOMAS MARIO**

*Playboy's food & drink editor*

FOR CENTURIES, THE KEENEST philosophers and historians have searched without success for a single element motivating the energies of all mankind. Tens of thousands of lectures have been dedicated to studies of such phenomena as the struggle for existence, war, national pride, personal aggrandizement and other universal expressions of energy. Until now scholars have missed the boat completely while the subject itself has been dripping right under their very noses.

The great single dynamic force lifting mankind from the cave to the skyscraper has been beer.

How the colossi of knowledge ever missed this one is hard to understand. Didn't they see the significance of the Mesopotamian seal and engraving show-

*(continued on page 21)*

*pictorial*

# GINA

DEFENDS HER HONOR

*like other screen beauties before her,  
she's grown too prig for her britches*





OSCAR WILDE once observed that life imitates art, not the other way around, but Oscar's generation didn't produce many girls the likes of Italian film star Gina Lollobrigida. In her latest celluloid epic, modestly named *The Most Beautiful Woman In The World*, Gina takes up a sword in defense of her honor; she spends a goodly part of her off-screen life defending the same thing, though usually preferring coursetors to cutlery for the purpose.

In the film, Gina plays a turn-of-the-century prima donna who is insulted by a rival singer. The two hot canaries do a little hair-pulling and finally meet on the field of honor, complete with rapier, seconds, and other paraphernalia, prepared to perform a bit





Gina



Joan



Myrna



Hedy



Claudette

of spirited surgery on each other. Gina's rival swoons before things start to get messy, but her real-life critics aren't so obliging. Usually they are members of the fourth estate who raise questions about her acting ability. Gina doesn't take criticism kindly and almost always counters with rapier-like court action.

One Italian columnist suggested that the Lollobrigida popularity might be due more to epidermis than emoting and was promptly slapped with a law suit; another reporter was sued for offering the opinion that all of Gina's talent is locked up in her bountiful bosom. It isn't unusual for the litigious Lollobrigida to have two or three court hassles going at the same time.

Her latest legal gambol grew out of some publicity photographs taken by an International News Service photographer during the filming of *Most Beautiful Woman*. The pictures are of Gina doing a high-kicking can can sequence and the actress became miffed because INS flashbulbs rendered her lace panties transparent. Her attorneys charged abuse of her image and defamation of character.

Gina wasn't always so concerned with the transparency of her britches, of course. There was a time, not too long ago, when she was perfectly willing to remove them completely when the script required. In *Beauties of the Night*, she strolled into a harem bath as naked as the well known jay bird.

A lot of water has flowed under the brigida since then, however, and Gina is now a star. And when a celluloid cutie becomes a star, she also wants to become an actress. "I have worked hard to learn acting," Gina confides. "I hope American audiences will not think I am trying to get by with a shapely figure and nothing else.

"I wish they would stop comparing me with Marilyn Monroe," says Gina. "She is a beautiful girl, but she has no acting ability." Perhaps not, but she's suffering from the same dramatic delusions these days as the lovely Lollo. The sexy blonde who skyrocketed to stardom on the strength of a nude calendar and a couple of suggestive screen roles is now studying drama in the east, would like to do a Broadway play, and star in a film version of Dostoevsky's grim novel, *The Brothers Karamazov*.

None of this is new, of course. A pretty fraulein named Hedy Kiesler romped *au naturel* through the foreign



Wistful male moviegoers sigh in vain for the exposed Gina of yesteryear.



This is the controversial photograph of Terry Moore exactly as it appeared in the Turkish *Milliyet Halk Gazetesi*.



The pre-Karamazov Monroe kept busy being "blonde all over" for the camera.

film, *Estuary*, a generation ago and the publicity won her a Hollywood contract. There she changed her name to Lamarr and acquired a husband who spent most of his time buying up prints of the movie and destroying them. Joan Crawford, Myrna Loy, Claudette Colbert and a number of other Hollywood notables appeared in near-nude pictures in their starlet days, but shunned the revealing once they were established.

This cinematic schizophrenia has become so confusing, of late, that young starlets not yet certain of their position in the Hollywood heavens don't know whether to play it sexy or straight. Tempting Terry Moore entertained the boys in Korea in a furry bra and panties, appeared in a Las Vegas stage show wearing nothing but a few sequins where a brassiere should have been, and then cried bitter tears when a Turkish photographer took a picture of her at the opening of the Istanbul Hilton Hotel in which her skirt was slightly askew. "I cried all night," she said, after the

(concluded on page 36)

ing men brewing beer over six thousand years ago? Could it be that the students of mythology never learned of the Egyptian god Osiris who taught the people how to make a beverage from barley? Couldn't they discern that the most common staple of man's diet—bread—was only beer in solid form, or (to put it another way) that beer was simply liquid bread since both products were a combination of grain and yeast?

And what about Donar? Did they never in all their research come across the German god of thunder and his brown barley juice and the fact that Donar was the special custodian of hops and malt? Maybe it would be helpful to remind some of the more scantly book-worms that Valhalla was a place where heroes fallen in battlefields were given a limitless supply of *biere* to drink from the skulls of their enemies.

Just ask some of our more solemn pundits about Noah. What did Noah take on the Ark? Nine times out of ten they'll begin reciting names of animals. How many of the gentlemen know of the Assyrian tablet, translated by Prof. Paul Haupt of Johns Hopkins University, which describes Noah's cargo and reads "... with beer and bransly, oil and wine, I filled large jars."

It's time for someone on the campus to remind all our eminent Latin scholars of the fact that Julius Caesar not only crossed the Rubicon in 49 B.C. but climaxed the feat by serving the drink he admired above everything else—beer. Are there any horn rumped pedants who haven't heard of Charlemagne? Yet how many can tell us the most significant fact about Charlemagne—that he personally called all able beer masters to his court and there told them specifically how to brew beer for the best results? Thousands of Shakespearean specialists have studied the bard's genius with awe and perseverance and still haven't discovered the one simple key to Shakespeare's greatness. Shakespeare's father was the official ale caster of Stratford-on-Avon. When Catherine the Great felt she was beginning to lose some of her pepper, she followed the advice of her Scotch physician, Dimsdale, and drank English-brewed beer.

November is a good month in which to ask students of early American history why the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock on their way to Virginia. The average crammer will answer, "Because they ran out of provisions." Give the groggy boy a zero for vagueness. Explain to him that the colonists on the Mayflower boarded a vessel that was well stocked with beer and that they had to cut their voyage short, as the "journal of the voyage tells us, because of our virtuals being much spent, especially about beer." It's another history major who John Alden is noted for. Instantly he'll respond, "He won Priscilla Miller's hand while speaking on behalf of Captain Miles Standish." Wrong again. John Alden is noted for the fact that he was a cooper by trade and was asked to join the Mayflower

company for the extremely important task of caring for the vessel's beer kegs.

What was the hardest ordeal Washington and his men endured at Germantown? Listen to Washington's own words as he beseeched the Board of War: "If only beer or cider and vislager was procured." Should anyone start to quote from Washington's state papers, stop him abruptly and tell him, please, you'd prefer to hear Washington's recipe for small beer written in his own hand in 1757 and used by the brewmaster at Mt. Vernon.

Who were William Penn, Thomas Chittenden, James Madison and Israel Putnam? Owners of breweries, naturally.

What was Louis Pasteur, the French scientist, noted for? Be careful, smart boy, before you answer. Pasteur was known for his *Etudes Sur La Bière* in which he showed how to control yeast in beer making. No scholar is needed to explain that the great French scientist made bottled and canned beer possible by his process of pasteurization.

Come down to modern times. Who were the first people to experiment with and perfect mechanical refrigeration? Brewers in 1866. Where was the first modern air conditioning unit ever installed? In a brewery in Alexandria, Virginia, in 1880. Through what miracle or magic do we enjoy television today? Any child can tell you that the game he's watching is brought to him net by iconoscopes or kinescopes but through the courtesy of the F. & M. Schaefer Brewing Co.

Any poetry lovers in the house? Let them recall this old English rhyme from *Gammer Gurton's Song*:

*Back and side go bare, go bare;  
Both foot and hand go cold;  
But, belly, God send thee good  
Ale enough,*

*Whether it be new or old.*

Or, if you like A. E. Housman, there's always this bit from his *Schoolboy Laid*:  
*Malt does more than Milton can  
To justify God's ways to man.*

Song? Coming right up. Vassar girls have always known that their school was founded by a Poughekepsak brewer named Matthew Vassar, and they still sing:

*And to you are for old F. C.  
Our love shall never fail.  
Full well we know  
That all we owe  
To Matthew Vassar's Ale!*

Speaking of girls, the first sign of genuine maturity in a girl is the moment she begins to like beer. When a young girl says disdainfully, "Oh, it's so bitter," she hasn't yet explored the principal facts of life. Keep an eye on the lass. As she gets older, she will one day discover the extremely intriguing fact that bitter things can be gustful and exquisite on the tongue. She will hold a thin shell of glass with its bountiful amber brew topped with an ivory collar of foam as thick as cream, and as the drinks she will feel that she is indeed swallowing something rare and rich.

Beer weaves a rare and special magic.

It may be a common brand put up in millions of gallons annually. You may drink it from a bottle or bucket, from an exquisite blue crockery stein or from a cool pewter mug. It may taste like many other brands of beer. And yet though you drink it night after night, in frat houses, saloons or in penthouses, the first grand gulp always revives this singular sensation of unexampled goodness. You can drink too much beer but you can hardly get tired of beer.

Can you get drunk on beer? Now any living bartender or any man who has ever wet his whistle with eight or ten glasses of lager knows that beer can put a man into a fuddle, even if it doesn't turn him into a boiled oat. And yet what do the formal scholars say on the subject? As recently as July of this year, Dr. Leon A. Greenberg, Yale professor of physiology, declared that beer is not intoxicating. To be drunk, Prof. Greenberg said, a person's alcohol content of blood must be 0.15 or higher. The average guzzler imbibing 8.7 beer would have to hold two quarts and one pint of beer in his stomach to maintain a 0.15 alcohol level. Furthermore, beer is destroyed at the rate of one third a quart per hour in the body and the amount of beer a man would have to consume to keep up the 0.15 is "physiologically unnatural."

Dr. Greenberg's report immediately stirred up protest by others who argued that one first had to define drunkenness more carefully, that some people got tight on a thinkable while others could take an ocean of bung juice without showing ill effects and that Dr. Greenberg was simply well under the weather with his own work.

The whole controversy proves that the place for beer is not on a lab table but on a buffet table near a cold glazed ham and a plump briquet of corned beef, beside a platter of garlic-flavored knockwurst or crackling brown sausages, in the vicinity of dark pumpernickel bread, crisp pickle, sauerkraut speckled with caraway, stuffed olives and jugs of snappy mustard. Certainly as the holiday season approaches a man can't think of a gorgeous roast Waterbury goose without dreaming of Wurzburger Hofbräu—deep gold, sparkling, rich and flowing like the Rhine itself.

When the ice box is raided and the remains of the cold roast turkey are torn apart and tenderly laid between thin slices of rye bread, only one thing is needed for perfection itself—the piller glass of cold beer sparkling and happy as hops. No man needs to be told that the only partner with a dozen cherrystone clams or a fried deviled crab is a bottle of dry pale ale. Even such sauce dishes as Hungarian beef goulash or hot curry of shrimp are best sent on their way with mugs of creamy beer. Certainly the annual mid-winter beef-steak dinner of the alumni would be impossible without two or three kegs of cold beer freshly tapped for the occasion.

Every playboy drinking beer should know a few simple facts about the art of the brewmaster. Beer is a beverage made

from malt, hops, yeast and water. It has an alcoholic strength of about 3.5 by weight. The term beer includes lager beer, the favorite brew in the United States, as well as ale, stout and porter.

The malt in beer is made by germinating barley. The actual brewing process consists of four main steps. First of all the malt is boiled with water. The liquor thus produced is called wort (rhyming with curt). Secondly, hops are added and boiled. Hops give the brew its snappy, bitter flavor. In the third step, the hops are removed and yeast is added to start fermenting the brew. Finally, after a fermentation period, the yeast is removed and the beer is aged.

Most of the beer we drink now is called lager beer, a pale light brew introduced into the United States from Germany during the middle of the last century. Besides malt, corn and rice are used to make the wort for lager beer. These cereals give the lager its light body.

The difference between lager beer and ale is this: In brewing beer, a yeast is used which settles to the bottom of the vat during fermentation. Beer is fermented at a low temperature. Ale, on the other hand, is fermented at high temperatures, between 50 and 70 degrees. The yeast used to make ale remains at the top of the liquid during fermentation. Because of these differences, ale acquires a more pronounced hop flavor than beer. Ale is sometimes of a higher alcoholic content than beer and is more bitter and racy to the taste.

Stout is a dark ale with a rich sweet malt flavor. Stout is almost black in color because of the caramelized malt used in its brewing. The famous Guinness' stout is made with a strain of yeast that has been in continuous use since 1759.

Porter is a form of ale made like stout from a very dark malt. It is less bitter and less strong than stout.

Bock beer is a special springtime brew made from a combination of barley and wheat malt. Specially selected hops are usually reserved by the brewmaster for bock beer. It was first brewed in Einbeck, Germany. In time the name of the town was corrupted to *ein bock*—meaning goat. The baiting goat is still used in advertisements for this special German brew.

New beer drinkers often think that all beer tastes alike. And, as a matter of fact, a number of beers are similar in flavor to each other. Some brewers want it this way because, they feel, public taste in the United States demands a certain flavor norm which they have attained. Nevertheless there are many flavor differences which the veteran beer drinkers quickly detect. If you're in an experimental mood some night, pour a half dozen different brands of light beer into glasses. Take a careful swallow of each and you'll begin discerning surprising variations in flavor, dryness, sparkle and head.

In this country one soon learns to recognize the differences between the grand old midwestern beers and beers

turned out by smaller regional breweries. Certainly some of the smaller breweries have succeeded in creating brews that are incomparable even when one thinks of fine German beers and English ales. Anyone, for instance, who has ever drunk beer from the Adam Scheidt brewery in Norristown, Pa., especially their double dark beer, has enjoyed a really magnificent brew.

One must have had some drinking experience to appreciate the German beers thoroughly. Brews, for instance, like the Löwenbräu Dark Münchener or the Würzburger Hofbräu will sometimes impress the uninitiated as being almost too smooth, too velvety. On the second or third trip, however, they really ingratiate themselves until finally we learn to drink them like champagne with such luxury foods as shad roe, baked stuffed lobster and planked filet mignon.

When you buy beer, remember to store it in a cool dark place. In the refrigerator it should be kept on the bottom shelf to avoid excessive chilling. Americans don't drink their beer at room temperature as the British do. Nor are they as fussy as the German gent who takes small thermometers with them into restaurants and test the temperature of the beer before they draw the first gulp. Beer generally is best when served at temperatures from 40 to 45 degrees. When it is colder, the flavor becomes dull and clammy.

While Americans are inveterate beer drinkers, they have not yet learned the art of beer eating—beer used in cooking. It's not a new idea, and some great epicurean classics have included beer. Everybody has tasted the beer in Welsh Rabbit. Equally fine is the Flemish carbonnade of beef, a rich beef stew made with beer and renowned since the days of Eschner. Carp with beer is esteemed not only in central European countries but in France, Belgium and Germany as well. For generations the British have used ale to make anything from beer soup to dessert fritters. In the Chesapeake Bay section cooking sea-food with beer is a hallowed tradition. More and more professional as well as amateur chefs are discovering that beer, like wine, can be used to enrich and deepen the flavor of many wonderful viands. Like wine, beer loses something of its original identity in cooking. A faint trace of the bitterness remains while a new iridescent blend of flavors emerges. The following recipes have all passed the Draconian standards of PLAYBOY'S test kitchen.

#### BRAISED BEER STEAKS

Serves 4

Cut two peeled large onions in half, then cut lengthwise into long, thinnest-possible slices. Place onions in a heavy sautépan with 2 cloves of garlic chopped exceedingly fine. Add 3 tablespoons butter, and place pan over a moderate flame. Simmer slowly until onions begin to brown, stirring frequently. Remove pan from flame. Stir in 3 tablespoons flour, mixing well. Set pan aside.

In another pan, a large skillet, melt 4 tablespoons fat. When the fat is hot,

place 4 six-ounce steaks,  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch thick, in pan. The steaks should be semi-tender cuts like top sirloin steaks or chuck steaks. Cook the steaks until medium brown on both sides.

To the onion mixture add 2 cups of stock (or 2 cups of boiling water in which 2 bouillon cubes have been dissolved), a four-ounce can of mushrooms, pieces and stems together with their juice,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup tomato juice, 2 cups of beer,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon pepper and 1 large bay leaf. Mix well with a wire whip. Add the browned steaks. Return pan to a very low flame. Cover with a tight lid and simmer slowly until meat is tender, about 2 hours. Stir occasionally to keep gravy from sticking to pan bottom. Skim fat off gravy. Season to taste. Serve gravy unstrained over steaks.

Alongside the beer steaks on the serving dishes, heap generous portions of buttered egg noodles and green string beans. Crisp hard rolls, a salad with scallions and cold dark beer are welcome at this table. You can conclude the ball session with creamy Comberbert cheese and crackers followed with more dark beer.

#### CHEESE SOUP WITH ALE

Serves 2-3

A double boiler is necessary for this dish to keep the cheese from becoming stringy. If you do not own a double boiler, you might rig one up by pouring an inch or two of water into a large sautépan and then placing a smaller pan into the larger one so that the top section floats without touching the bottom of the lower pan.

In the top part of the double boiler over simmering water, put 1 can of undiluted cream soup. It may be cream of celery soup, cream of chicken soup or any other light colored cream soup. Add 1 cup of ale. Mix well. While the liquids are heating, cut  $\frac{1}{2}$  pound of natural cheddar cheese into cubes about  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch thick. Add cheese to pan. Add  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon Worcestershire sauce,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon celery salt and  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon paprika. Cook slowly, stirring frequently until cheese is melted and soup is very hot.

With this soup, bread croutons are a *fine quo non*. To prepare the croutons, cut 2 slices of white bread into small squares about  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch thick. Place them in a shallow baking dish—a pie plate will do—in a moderate oven, stirring occasionally, until brown. Or, as a time-saver, cut ordinary toast into  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch squares. Sprinkle the bread croutons over the cheese soup just before serving.

#### SHRIMP AND BEER GRavy

Serves 4

In a large sautépan put 2 cans of beer, 2 beer cans of water, 2 smashed cloves of garlic, 1 large onion cut into  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch thick slices and 1 teaspoon salt. Bring the liquid slowly to a boil. Add  $\frac{1}{2}$  pounds of shrimp. Cook until the liquid again comes to a boil and simmer 5 minutes. Strain and save the cooking liquid. Peel the shells from the

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"On second thought, Mr. Birmingham, I'll buy you the Cadillac!"

**JONATHAN WINTERS** (continued from page 15)

York's "smuggest" nightieries, put in bids for his services, and he subsequently did stints at both. Along the way he also found time to replace Orson Bean, another member of the Brooks Brothers school of low pressure humor, in John Murray Anderson's last Broadway revue, *Almanac*.

All of these hilarious doings had their start with Jonathan's free-lance cartooning while he was working as a commercial artist in the old home town, Dayton. The best thing about these cartoons was Jonathan's personal readings of the punch lines. Unfortunately, no publishers were at that time planning any cartoon books to be accompanied by a phonograph record album of the artist's personally delivered captions.

Divorcing the art work from the gags and expanding the latter into brief monologues, Jonathan made his debut as a comic on a local theatre's amateur show. He won a wrist watch and a chance as a disc jockey on Dayton radio station WJNG.

Virtually all of Winters' material is Winters-written. Turning out his own vignettes is second nature to the excartoonist, and he frequently extemporizes entire routines for the benefit of friends at a party, or backstage at a supper club to amuse the band during breaks. His fantastic facility at this sort of thing is demonstrated by his taking a random subject, suggested by someone in the crowd, and working it immediately into a full blown comic skit. In just this manner, many items in his permanent repertoire were born.

Radio is one medium which is not too well suited to Winters' special brand of nonsense. Audiences are very skeptical and when Jonathan would work in sound effects such as the very realistic noise that a boa constrictor might make as it swallowed a human

being, people at home tended to yawn and figure that the station probably had a boa constrictor on the premises swallowing some expendable employee. Other Winters-made noises (car doors, machine guns, mortar fire, horses, howling dogs, and a variety of other contraptions and wildlife) were even more easily explained away by the unseeing audience, though he disdains the use of any props or sound effects assistance.

An offer to take all of this vocal equipment to a TV station in Columbus, WBNS-TV, where the skeptics could see just where all these voices and noises originated, was hastily accepted.

New York, of course, offered the ultimate challenge and in January of '58 the entire menagerie, cast, and mechanical rigamarole that are housed in the T-Zone of Jonathan Winters descended upon the big city and took lodging in an inexpensive theatrical hotel, where the guests would be unlikely to complain about even his efforts to perfect a realistic A-Bomb sound.

Jonathan's stints as a guest artist on Steve Allen's *Tonight*, Jack Parr's recently deceased *Morning Show*, *The Garry Moore Show*, *Omnibus*, and several of NBC's spectaculars won him a long term contract with the National Broadcasting Company last February, which assures his fans more regular portions of his efforts. NBC execs indicate a show of his own will become a reality in the not too distant future.

The unusual vignettes which have won him such attention are very carefully balanced flights of satire and whimsy, which include just enough absurdity and strokes of the macabre to be consistently delightful. His famous and most frequently repeated bit, called "The Cat Rate Pet Shop," goes all out for nonsense, as there is nothing particularly amusing about the idea of a pet

shop *per se*. On the other hand, his satire on movies about the Marine Corps is a pretty realistic recreation of a number of standard armed forces types. Jonathan knows, from a long stretch in the Marines during W.W. II, that you can stick pretty close to the facts about military life and still be very, very funny.

The Marine Corps bit includes such stereotypes as the officious young lieutenant who announces, after briefing his men on a landing operation, "I had hoped to go with you, but they need me here. However I shall be observing from 5000 yards through heavy lenses," an incredibly gruff sergeant with a hideous sense of humor ("Well, you heard what he said, we gotta get in on that island and wipe out the Japs, the monkeys, the croonists, and the Seabees—Yeh, ha ha!"), a Colonel who is suffering from severe gastric disturbances; a meek maneuvered company clerk; a farm boy who insists on playing that "gawdawful guitar;" and a candidly frightened wise guy who responds to the top sergeant's inquiry as to whether "You sick or sumthin'" with "Man, I been sick since the day I knowed I was drafted." All of these, a few more, and the noises of a troopship creaking on a glassy sea, a guitar twanging, gates being lowered, L.S.T.'s being launched, machine gun fire, grenades exploding, and mortar shells whistling through the air, are fitted into a six-minute one-man sketch. It would be a pretty remarkable performance even if it weren't killingly funny, which it is.

Jonathan's other celebrated discourses include a recreation of Custer's Last Stand in which the general is consistently hampered in his efforts to save his group by a nagging old lady who keeps interrupting the preparations for the battle with "General, General, what are they going to do to us?" The "General's" last words for posterity are, "Get that woman away from me!"

In "The Gasoline Station" an unbelievably eager-to-please novice attendant suffers a series of major injuries from a new car driven by a lady beginner. The battered and bashed employee continues to employ his best service-with-a-smile manners after successively being run over, having his head caught under the hood, his fingers caught in the "nice new fangled electric windows you got here, lady . . . Ouch!" and finally seeing the station demolished by the departing customer.

Some of Jonathan's best bits are sheer pantomime save for the sound effects department. He does a great thing concerning the tribulations of a bungling baseball pitcher named Elnor Sugg, and another on the slow-motion demonstration of correct golfing technique, which ends hideously as the pro manages to hit himself in the leg with the imaginary driver.

Jonathan Winters, his wife and child, live in suburban Westchester County, New York. He collects beer steins.

**burnt toast** (continued from page 12)

mon said.

"Three glasses left, eh? My luck's really been with me so far. You know, it's been so long since I been here. What's the bet now?"

"You would win one hundred and two thousand, four hundred dollars, my friend."

"Two chances out of three. It's still a good percentage and I'm branching out into new territory and need the dough." He stared down at the identical glasses, still retaining their appearance of chill freshness.

"And how is your brother these days?"  
 "Bill? The hell with him. I had to bounce him out. Too square for the business I'm in. You know," he bragged, "I'm a pretty big shot in some of the rackets these days."

"Ah? I see."

Sheriff took up one of the glasses, looked over its edge at his opponent. "Well, first one today with this hand," he muttered, downing it. He waited for

a moment then took up the money, stuffed it into his overcoat pocket and left without a backward glance.

. . . .

The knock at the door was hurried, anxious.

The demon opened it and said, "Yes?"

Sheriff hastened in, looked about quickly. "I'm safe here?"

The demon chuckled. "Really, Alan Sheriff?"

"They're after me. The cops . . ."

"Ah?"

Sheriff's eyes went to the small table. "Two glasses left," he muttered. "I could hire Liber for a lawyer, grease a few palms. With more than two hundred grand I could beat this rap, or, for that matter, I could go on down to Mexico, live there the rest of my life."

"It's been done," the demon agreed. "Fifty-fifty chance," Sheriff hissed in sudden decision. He lifted one of the

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## ALL MARRIED WOMEN ARE BAD, YES?

*he had a regular job, and she was well-stacked*

"I WOULDN'T MARRY YOU if you were the greatest French violinist in Haiti," Maureen told Patreck. "I'm sick of everything. I'm bored. Life is just one god damn voodoo ceremony after another."

"Poor Maureen," Patreck cooed, "she is so sensitive, so . . . Have you been picking your sunburn again? Whoever said I wanted to marry you? Eric? Give me one of those cigarettes—only American cigarettes can make me forget I am merely the greatest violinist in the Hotel

des Arts."

"Sh!" cried Eric, padding up on his huaraches. "That should be enough. It is forbidden to be unhappy. It's not even chic this season."

"I could bawl," said Maureen.

"And a match?" Patreck asked. Maureen lit his cigarette.

Eric went into his little speech for such occasions, scratching the hairs under his pink mesh shirt while he re-

*(continued on page 36)*

*fiction* BY HERBERT GOLD



"You lousy fiddler!" yelled Sam.  
"What are you doing here?"



"Yes, I think this is Miss Simpson's apartment . . . yes,  
I think this is Miss Simpson speaking . . ."



## An Interview With Some All-Stars

**I**N THE JUNE ISSUE OF PLAYBOY, Jack Tracy, the editor of *Down Beat*, picked seventeen all-time great jazz musicians for a mythical All-Time All-Star Jazz Band. The article created more interest, indicated by letters from readers, than anything PLAYBOY has published to date, with the possible exception of the Playmate picture of subscription manager Janet Pilgrim. Many readers agreed with Tracy's selection, many more disagreed, and almost all had additional choices to add to the list. New York disc jockey Jean Sheppard was interested enough to devote an entire half-hour of his Saturday afternoon radio show to the article and he invited three of the All-Time All-Stars to join him in a discussion of jazz in general and the PLAYBOY All-Time All-Star Jazz Band in particular.

All-Star Coleman Hawkins is the most

outstanding tenor saxophonist who ever lived. His popularity began in the twenties and has lasted through all the years between. Unaffected by the dixieland, swing, bop and other schools of jazz that grew around him, the Hawk developed an independent and completely individual style that has no name and is simply Coleman Hawkins.

All-Star Dizzy Gillespie is the daddy of bop and his koster, beret and horn-rimmed glasses have even become symbols for the music. He blew in a whole new kind of jazz with his trumpet.

All-Star J. J. Johnson is one of the finest jazz' cool school. In Tracy's words, J. J. proved that "a trombone can be played with almost the speed of a trumpet, while delivering meaningful, rounded solos. His phenomenal skill has shown other transists that there is still much to be accomplished on the instru-

ment and that a trombonist can hold his own with the formidable technicians that the 'modern' school of jazz is producing."

These three musicians sat down at a WOR microphone with Jean Sheppard. They represent three full decades of jazz and what they have to say about themselves and their fellow musicians in this ad lib discussion makes fascinating reading to anyone interested in jazz music. This is the broadcast of the Jean Sheppard Show as it was heard over the Mutual Network on the afternoon of June 11, 1955:

JEAN: This afternoon we've got something kind of special. We've got three of the most important living musicians—when I say living, I mean in the field of  
(continued on page 44)

*diz, j. j. and the hawk talk jazz*







*a galaxy  
of gladsome gifts*

BY JACK J. KESSIE

## PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS STOCKING

IF YOUR HEAD ISN'T POUNDING FROM TOO MANY buttered rums or Christmas roasting, you should be pleased with the assortment of gifts scattered under the tree — especially those with your name on them.

We readily admit that this isn't always the case, even in our own fun-filled diggings. For years, well-meaning mothers, wives, playmates, great aunts and grandmothers have loaded the floor beneath the Christmas tree with more exquisitely wrapped gee-gaws than you'll find hanging up top as decoration. You've probably received some memorable gifts yourself: nude statuettes that turn into cigarette lighters, nude statuettes that turn into cork screws, cigarette lighters that turn into nude statuettes, real western cowhide handkerchiefs, he-man after-shave scents distilled from male goat glands and put up in hairy bottles. The list is painfully endless.

Gift-giving, like love, is a many-splendored thing, so don't let your women, friends and relatives palm off something laughable on you and, similarly, don't be guilty of passing along a gift, yourself, with no more appeal than a dead water buffalo.

To make things a bit easier, we've assembled on these pages a number of choice items that seem particularly appealing to us, for both giving and receiving. The latter can be expedited by marking the gifts you like and leaving this issue in a prominent place where that woman, friend or relative is sure to find it. Most of these gifts or their close kin should be available at the better department or specialty stores in your area. For further information on any of them, write PLAYBOY'S Service Department, 11 E. Superior St., Chicago 11, Illinois.

We're rather confident that your eye must have traveled immediately to the rugged, good-looking herringbone sports jacket pictured on the masculine side of our picture spread. It's an imported

*(concluded on page 56)*





## MEET BARBARA CAMERON

*miss november turns up in a hi-fi shop*

WE WERE LOOKING OVERT hi-fi components when we first saw her. She belonged there amongst those binocular amplifiers and expensive tuners, for the fidelity of her own components was high enough to truly soothe our savage breasts. We wanted to walk up and talk, but thought better of it. After some chit chat with a salesman, she wandered out and across the street to a soda fountain and we, naturally enough, followed. She noticed us there, which isn't too surprising since we sat on the stool right next to her and kept asking her to pass napkins, straws and such. She asked about the Leica M-3 hanging from our shoulder. What kind of camera was it, she wanted to know, and were we a photographer?

This delightful opening led to the kind of badinage you'd expect from an old veteran like ourselves: Well . . . I . . . uh, yes, uh . . .

We asked her if she was a model. She

wasn't, though she had posed for a pin-up picture once for the college humor magazine *Flatiron*, when she was a student at the University of Colorado. We remembered reading about the Colorado *Flatiron* a year or so ago in *Life*—the faculty had raised a rumpus about them printing cheesecake pictures of the co-eds.

We mentioned *PLAYBOY* and she said she'd never seen the magazine. We told her it was a new entertainment magazine for the sophisticated, urban man and we just happened to have a copy with us (never go anywhere without it). We asked her if she would mind our taking some photographs of her. She said she wouldn't mind at all, and we suggested we tag along and shoot whatever looked good to us.

At the record shop, we discovered a mutual interest in show music. By the time we got to the art gallery (where

she had to pick up a print she'd had framed), we were discussing posing for the front cover of *PLAYBOY*. The purchase of a sweater in a small woman's shop provided a chance to praise her figure and we somehow maneuvered the talk around to *PLAYBOY*'s Playmate of the Month.

Oh, she could never do that, she said, and besides, she'd already explained she wasn't a model. We told her that several of the most recent Playmates weren't professional poses: Miss September was a dance instructor and Miss July worked in our own subscription department. We rather preferred their untrained freshness. It was all very innocent and she would be the pin-up queen of not just Colorado, but every college campus in the country.

It would be fun, she admitted, but she couldn't, really, she couldn't . . .





*pictorial*





PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

MISS NOVEMBER



Miss Bradshaw, a comely high school teacher, had saved money for several years and was finally aboard a sleek ocean liner for her long anticipated trip to Europe. Aboard ship, she wrote:

"Dear Diary: *Monday*, I felt singularly honored this evening. The Captain asked me to dine at his table. *Tuesday*, I spent the entire morning on the bridge with the Captain. *Wednesday*, The Captain made proposals to me unbefitting



an officer and a gentleman. *Thursday*, Tonight the captain threatened to sink the ship if I do not give in to his indecent proposals. *Friday*, This afternoon I saved 1,600 lives."

"I'm going to have a little one," said the girl, so gay and frisky. And the boyfriend up and fainted (Then she told him she meant whiskey).

Alfred had been married to lovely Arlene for less than a year and already he was beginning to suspect she was untrue to him.

Forced to leave town for the weekend on a business trip, Alfred explained the problem to his close friend, Wendell, and asked him to keep an eye on his wife while he was away.

Upon his return, Alfred demanded a complete account of Arlene's activities.

"Well," Wendell said, "the night you

## PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

left a good-looking guy came over to the house. Arlene got all dressed up and they went out to a nightclub. I followed them and saw them drinking together and dancing very closely. Finally around three in the morning, they got into a cab and I could see them hugging and kissing in the back seat. I followed them back to your house and watched through the living room window while they mixed more drinks and hugged and kissed each other some more. Then they went into the bedroom and they switched out the lights, so I couldn't see any more."

"That's the trouble," exclaimed Alfred. "Always that element of doubt!"



The very proper spinster didn't go out very often, but she'd had some important shopping to do that morning and so decided to have her lunch in what appeared to be a nice and quite respectable restaurant. With the noontime crowd, many customers shared their tables with strangers: the spinster selected a seat next to an attractive, young office

girl. The girl finished her sandwich and coffee, then settled back and lit up a cigarette. The older woman controlled herself for a few moments and then snapped, "I'd rather commit adultery than smoke in public."

"So would I," said the girl. "but I only have half an hour for lunch."



A sweet young school teacher who had always been virtuous was invited to go for a ride in the country with the gym instructor, whom she admired. Under a tree on the bank of a quiet lake, she struggled with her conscience and with the gym instructor and finally gave in to the latter. Sobbing uncontrollably, she asked her seducer, "How can I ever face my students again, knowing I have sinned twice?"

"Twice?" asked the young man, confused.

"Why, yes," said the sweet teacher, wiping a tear from her eye. "you're going to do it again, aren't you?"

*Have you heard any good ones lately? Earn an easy five dollars by sending the best to: 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.*



*"The next time he suggests 'a little something to hide the safe,' I'm going along to help pick it out."*



## ALL MARRIED WOMEN (continued from page 23)

cited, "Haiti is paradise—the Hotel is Haiti—and have I introduced you to the Sturtevant family? They are divine, my friends. He has a regular job and she is well-stocked."

The creative tourists to Port-au-Prince love this gingerbread place, the Hotel des Arts, all crumbling and flâgrec and termite grandeur. They love the green scum and the split-eyed frogs sunning on its swimming pool. They love the toothless waiters who grin and bow and sing, "Yes, O yes!" as if they understand English. They adore the cheap rum, primitive art, and erotic adventure which, more than Pan-American Airways' free meals on board, are the special porop of a vacation under the glittering royal palms of Haiti.

The manager, Eric von Roitsch ("But please don't call me Baron—I hardly ever use the title anymore"), understands the importance of retaining the Hotel's old-world charm, which is defined by introducing single men to lonely girls and never cleaning the scum off the swimming pool. This job is only a temporary one while Eric awaits his entrance visa to the U. S. of A. His inside dope on the scandals of culture, his talent for tongues, and his special passion for America contribute to making the Hotel des Arts the natural choice of that gifted class of tourists who work in "the arts," that is, television, advertising, airline hawking, and other fields which require the creative personality. A busy man in a pink sleeveless tailcoat shirt, tirelessly smiling, Eric communes devotedly with the clientele. His intuition floods him with exactly the proper bar talk for a fashion photographer ("The camera is the great Twentieth Century art form, d'orchestra knows, but ruined! Prostituted!"), for an author of station-break commercials ("If you want to grasp modern life, it's sad but you have to suffer from it"), or for a sturdy middle-aged widow who had graduated from a creative writing course ("Let me introduce you to a dear friend who knows the real Haiti").

These days, however, Eric is worried that the climate of his mountain slope may have softened that old original cosmopolitan perspicacity. You can buy heavy drapes and smart conversation for a salon in Haiti, but voodoo drums and the hawing of donkeys would embroil the spirit even in the Boulevarde St-Germain. *Embroid* is Eric's word; he felt embroiled by the refusal of Maureen Koot and Patrek St. Coppe, two of his year-round pensionaires, to come to order. Maureen, a girl with blond hair in a pony tail and a married daughter in New Haven, arrived in Haiti almost ten years ago on the income of her third divorce. A painter, she claims to be the first and most authentic of the Haitian primitives. "Why, I invented all that stuff. The Haitian painters were just houseboys until I told them how to be brutal, forceful, voodoo," she says. "Create, I told them. Discovered the real thing in a vision one night."

Patrek St. Coppe, a French musician, is hired by the Haitian government to train and direct the Army band. Upon his arrival he gave a violin recital, but since then, discouraged by the ticket sale, he has settled down to a career of teaching sergeant trumpeters to use pipe cleaners on their mouthpieces in order to prevent that sticky buzz. "It is fierce, the military life," he complains, but otherwise seems to have adjusted to modern civilization.

Where Eric's intuition failed was in the assumption that Maureen and Patrek would find themselves made for each other. They dined together. They smoked each other's cigarettes. They even sometimes went out for a rum-soda together. But Patrek is young and finicky, and Maureen is showing her age fast, as too-long young women sometimes do, so that cigarettes and friendship were all that they exchanged. A great deception for Eric. He was embroiled.

During the sleepy summer months when the tiny lizards called anolis cling to the walls of the Hotel des Arts, making their odd shivering spraddle-legged jump at the distant rumble of heat thunder, puffing out their warty cars, digesting with difficulty, Eric is so bored that he has started to write a novel. This indicates how little he had on his mind, apart from the visa, which was slow, slow, slow to come. The few pensionaires besides Maureen and Patrek require little care. Eric retreated into the joys of literature, telling of a White Russian ballet dancer named Serge who collaborated with the Gestapo in France but was really giving messages to the Resistance, brief codes which he communicated by clapping his ankles together in the *pas-de-deux* of "Swan Lake." Serge made deliberate mistakes in classical form, thus raising the moral issue of the conflict between Art and Freedom, while the crasse-necked German officers foolishly called him "dekadent" or, in their own barbarous tongue, "dekadent."

"It's not Serge Lifar," Eric confided to Maureen. "I knew him well. It's another Serge."

But a surprising event prevented Eric from carrying Swan Lake through to its victorious conclusion for the Allies. A group of dancers, led by one of the several million former partners of Katherine Dunham, arrived in Port-au-Prince and descended upon the Hotel des Arts. On the same day, a fine young couple (be a theatrical scene designer, she a painter but pretty enough to need no other recommendation) registered and asked for the best room in the house. As Eric liked fine young American couples, they would have been given it anyway, but asking the question cost them two fifty more per day. The Hubert Wilkinson dancers, trying to scrape up enough money to get home to Philadelphia, were soon busy hemsing, shrieking, and stretching their pecorials on the great vine-entangled gallery of

the Hotel. The fine young couple, Sam and Tilly Sturtevant, were celebrating their fifth wedding anniversary by an idea-hunting trip. Cheap sandals, straw bags, and mahogany bowls were all the ideas they had found so far. Someone else had already found Haitian painting.

It was one big happy boardinghouse at mealtime. Eric's intertime stories were sprinkled with rum and brought out for the economical delectation of those who took advantage of the summer rates. "And nobody ever explained how the crocodile got up the steps of the National Palace," one concluded. Another favorite was: "And when his wife came back all she would say was she had been initiated into voodoo."

Tilly Sturtevant was a delight. She laughed readily, as pretty women sometimes fear to do, having a mistaken notion that the sight of tooth is a blendish upon beauty. She had a shock of close-cropped dark hair and did not wear a wig when she went swimming. Her small face quick as a monkey's, a pretty and human monkey, she was confident enough to let her strapless blouses slip halfway down before she gave them the yank required by occidental custom. Everybody liked her.

"A lady," Eric breathed, certain that she could hear him. "A queen of the beautiful American race."

Patrek was thoroughly fetched. He gazed, brooded, and worried. For the first time in weeks he straddled his violin and brushed his teeth. At last he confided his trouble to Maureen Koot. "Another girl like this may not descend at the Hotel before the season of winter," he pointed out. "I have terribly the beguine. I am so neurotic over her that my charome came out Leibstrausen. Jean-Sébastien Bach is turning around in his tomb. Do you find that she notices?"

"Now Patrek, don't be anxious," Maureen said. "Remember how we girls don't care for anxious men. It makes it too anxious all the way around."

"But she is too ravishing!"  
"You know how to light her cigarette. Speak French with her. Tell how you were a young genius for violining."

"But her husband is so close to her—like that close to her—always so close," he mused. "I could put a curse on him, but he's already married."

"Well, darling, worried cat never ate tasty rat," Maureen advised.

"Listen me, Maureen. Do not cat me. I am in vacations to the end of this month here, and I no have not cash for Cuba even. Then is it not that I am destined to fall in love? I must I adore her, darling. I am amorous."

At last Maureen took pity. She would see what she could do.

With the wisdom of a long apprenticeship at the Hotel des Arts, Patrek developed his friendship with Sam, Tilly's husband. This serves the dual purpose of putting the fresh young cuckold at his ease, the better to keep him from crazing and stamping and pawing

(continued overleaf)

# ZIP-GUN BOYS ON A CAPER

*fiction* BY ROBERT TURNER

WOODCUT BY RICHARD TYLER

*these studs were cool as cat's eyes,  
and they were slated to get a lot cooler*

I'M UP ON THE ROOF and it's raining. It's raining so hard you can smell it. That mean rainy smell. I don't like it. I don't like the roof either. It's too high and I'm not. I ain't had no charge for three days. I'm a snake-mean stud when it's raining like this and I'm up on the roof and I ain't had no charge.

I stop peeking in windows and look down on the street. Liver ain't nowhere in view. He's a crazy cat, Liver. They call him Liver because he's no longer got one; some chick cut it out with a shiv. But he gets along without it all right. He don't smoke or drink. He's a good clean liver.

While I'm waiting for Liver to show, I get restless. When I'm up on the roof and get restless, I got to get some kicks. I got to walk the edge of the roof. It's about six inches narrow. I hep along on

(continued on page 53)



## ALL MARRIED WOMEN (continued from page 36)

the ground when one fits on the horns, and at the same time it arouses a worried itch which is the next thing to jealousy on the part of the adored lady. It usually has her staring for minutes at a time into the mirror behind the bar. In order to avoid excessive discouragement, Patreck looked long into her eyes when he whipped out a kitchen match and made fire for her cigarette against his horny and blackened thumbnail. Then he turned hungrily back to Sam for news of the degeneration of the Broadway stage set.

This was one day's work. The next day would bring leanings, bendings, brushings, and shy confidences about the sadness which kept him from composing really great music, his true vocation. "Piquant—one must be spice for a lady, Maureen." By the third or fourth day, it would be only the question of finding an opportunity.

That was the way Patreck had it figured, and Maureen agreed with him. They had observed many American tourists at the Hotel des Arts. After all, a two-week vacation is only ten days long (travelling, adjusting, curing the rums), and then you are back among memories and secret yearnings and the workaday world. Straw placemats and mahogany salad tools will be scant comfort when your spouse is sitting absent in the realms of Draget or the Danny Thomas Show. Where else to clean the psyche of its forbidden impulses if not at the Hotel des Arts in the midst of the real Haiti?

"But," as Patreck said, desperate, "she is not matching."

"You're losing the old magic, darling," Maureen teased him. All the same, it was an insult that Patreck showed no interest in being consoled by her, who was so willing to march. She yawned to cover a secret grin of satisfaction.

"No, I think she is willing, but that husband—! So defiant."

"You mean suspicious. He never leaves her alone?"

"Ne-va-ir! A person atrocious."

They dropped into a brooding silence at their corner of the bar. Alois fortified their glasses. They pursed their lips and gathered strength.

"Say, Maureen, who is this McCarran Act?" Eric asked, coming up with a portfolio full of papers. "The consul tells me I'll have trouble getting admitted to the States because of the McCarran Act."

"Think they're a trapeze team. High divers or something," Maureen murmured, not really listening. She was in that gelatinous mood that caused her to invent Haitian painting. It was nice for ideas.

Patreck inhaled all the way down to low C below middle C and said, "I am truly bewitching of her. I am miserable."

Eric carried his troubles away to his desk. There was no manager to listen to him; yet he had to be constantly ready to embroider with sympathy at the

merest suggestion of a beetle in a shower. Maureen followed her thoughts, and they led her far. She was worrying over a gesture of generosity which could mark a turning point in her career. It was possible. Even George Alysia went from matinee idolism to taking the part of the house of Rothschild. Yes, it was even probable. Yes, all it needed was a small bit of ingenious maneuvering which would be child's play to the inventress of primitive Haitian painting.

Maureen, whose studio occupied a separate little cottage just next door to the main buildings of the Hotel, had agreed to do the posters for the dance recital of the Hubert Wilkinson troupe. Ordinarily she refused all commissions except for innocent, unspoiled, primitive Haitian paintings, but they had asked her in such a nice way and cash is cash, especially during the slow summer season. However, she considered lettering such captions as, "The Great Interpreters of African Dance, Direct from Philadelphia," in English and French, beneath the dignity of a painter whose first husband had studied privately with Derain in Paris. Besides, she was sure to put too many I's in Philadelphia, and then they would make a fuss about paying her. Why not ask Tilly to help?

Why not indeed?

Why not work alone with Tilly in Maureen's cottage? Why not then be called to town on important business to do with decorating an authentic voodoo temple for some friendly natives? Why then could not Patreck just happen by?

"O darleeng, why not?" Patreck asked.

"Because," Maureen pouted, "just because."

"Please! For me!" He leaned and touched her sun-roughened cheek. "Please, darleeng, I pray you. I need something to compose again."

Maureen relaxed into tenderness and smiled the toothy, long-nosed, sad-eyed smile of the madam. "Then I'll have to find Sam and get him to take me someplace. If necessary I will have to get him drunk. It's important that you feel secure, Patreck. I hope he has enough money in his pockets."

"She weel march, I know she weel," Patreck ecstatically cried. "Darleeng, you are a pall."

Nice Tilly was so glad to help Maureen with the lettering that Eric almost decided that she knew what was planned. Sam was so willing to trot off with his camera for some color photography on the murals of the Episcopal Cathedral that you would have thought him Patreck's dearest collaborator. Sly Patreck remarked casually that he would drive Sam down "on his route sou-pars"—namely, on his route back to Tilly in Maureen's cottage.

Eric, who now ate lunch with them at a table separate from the long board over which the Hubert Wilkinson dancers frolicked at their food, observed the charming, deep-clefted, monkey-faced Tilly and meditated fluently upon the

embroidering fates which had carried a genuine Baron to Haiti and a girlish witch with a waist like a dream into the clutches of Maureen and Patreck. Naturally, Patreck had confided the project to the man at the Hotel who most admired elegant arrangements. Eric hummed the Creole folk song which goes:

*Marié bon, marié pas bon  
Toute femme marié meussin, ouï  
Mariage is good, is not good  
All married women are bad, yes?*

"What's that?" Sam asked.

"Oh just a ballet Suite wrote for Li-far," Eric replied. "Eyes and the Mechanical Genius. Performed it only once. Not even Cocteau liked it."

"Thought so," said Sam. "I can't stand that French impressionism—it gets on the nerves, it'll never sell."

After the melted ice cream and the sharp job of Haitian coffee, they all chatted a moment with the dancers who were prancing down to the swimming pool to chip away the algae and cool off. Then Tilly and Maureen headed for Maureen's cottage. Patreck led Sam to his automobile; Eric borrowed a bottle of Rhum Barbantouart to help him fill out still another form for the greedy files of the United States Immigration Service.

Ten minutes later Sam had set up his tripod before a huge Bigaud mural that would have to be taken in sections. Patreck gazed at the tripod from heavy-lidded eyes and took his farewell.

Outside in a bar, Patreck called the Hotel. The gods were generous so far. The telephone worked. Filis-Pierre, who answered, went for Maureen. "For me?" she inquired.

"Yess. O yess!" exclaimed Filis-Pierre. Maureen tightened her handana and took her time about getting to the desk. Let Patreck sweat a little, she decided. Good for the appreciation. Really, an attractive girl like Maureen shouldn't have to keep her friends by such tricks. It wasn't as if she really showed all her years. "Hello," she said.

"Hokay," said Patreck, and hung up. He was all attemble.

Maureen scuffed back to the cottage in her espadrilles, mournful but committed, and said to Tilly, "I have to run down to the National Museum. Fellow there wants to buy one of my paintings for the permanent collection. You don't mind doing the lettering yourself?"

"It's perfectly all right, really," Tilly said. "You can help me finish when you get back."

"That's a darling." Maureen then headed toward Sam's tripod while Patreck rushed up to Maureen's cottage. Their paths crossed at the Place des Heros de l'Indépendance, a former race-track, and they exchanged waves. Patreck elated in his little buglike Renault, Maureen disconsolate in the afternoon heat.

Patreck pushed the screen door open, saying, "Alo, Telee." At certain moments his accent came especially strong on him.

Tilly looked up from the eszel where (continued overleaf)



*"Then he changed his mind about marrying me, because he doesn't like children."*

## ALL MARRIED WOMEN (continued from page 38)

she was working and said, "Oh, it's you. Light me a cigarette, will you, Patreck? My hands are all paint."

Patreck tipped the cigarette delicately and then placed it in her mouth.

Meanwhile, at the Cathedral, Maureen stood behind a pillar and watched Sam move his camera from one panel to the next. It took him almost two hours because he was the cautious type. Not a true artist. No free spirits rampaging in Sans Sturtivant. Maureen, watching, felt more and more bitter about Patreck. She had contracted to give him the entire afternoon. When Sam was just beginning to fold up his tripod, Maureen put all her remaining teeth and as much of her goodwill as she could summon into a smile and came running up to him.

"Oh, dear Sam, what luck. I'm so tired," she said. "I just left Tilly—big New York dealer wants me to have a one-man show. Not unless it's on 37th Street, that's what I told him. Come on, buy me a rum, I'm dying."

"What about Tilly?"

"Fine, just great. I lent her one of my nicest smocks. They want an affiche for every public building in town and what they're paying me hardly even goes for the paint. I'm too generous. Well, everybody has a fault. Please, Sam, do you want me to collapse right here and be charged with heat exhaustion?"

The plan was for Maureen to force enough rum down Sam's gullet, sodated or sec, to keep him out of pain for the rest of the afternoon. As he was thirsty and hot, Maureen made a good start on him. However, as she was thirsty, hot and discontented, she made an even better start on herself. They were sitting almost alone at the Pigalle Café, next to the outdoor Theatre de Verdure, looking out over the bay of La Gonaive with the fat sad afternoon flies buzzing about the sticky spots on the table and an occasional blunt-toed peasant woman wandering past with her basket of mangoes or bananas.

Somewhat this time the rum did not calm the Caribbean heat which swept over Maureen. She felt a strange enmity with local color; she almost regretted having invented Haitian painting. Sam's tropical lethargy was the desired quality upon this occasion, a willingness to sit quietly, a philosophic brooding over the meaning of life and the chance of selling his color transparencies; but Maureen felt increasingly sad, hot, and worst of all unimportant. Pretty soon her life's story began to manifest itself.

"You were in Paris on those days?" Sam inquired politely. "What hotel you stay in?"

Maureen's own brief hour of romance and love and heavy spending came flying back to her. Big dollar dinners in 1952. That was real money, those days. Gifts of perfume enough to paddle in. Her head thrown back on a convertible. Mad, crazy, beautiful life. Red convertible with retractable top. O she was lovely then, Sam, with no more than twenty-four inches around the waist ex-

cept when she ate fried foods, and that skin you loved to touch. 1928, too, she was but a mere girl, a lissome creature who never went for that fat-chest fapper stuff. Beauty is all that matters, look at me! Those were her very words to the boy who took her to the Army-Navy game. He was nuts for her and they honeymooned in Paris—her first husband he was, and poor? No goddamn money at all. "A fool I was," she said bitterly. "Let's live it up, Sam. A double rum sec for me."

"Go on, it's fascinating," Sam said. "Personally, I was always commercial."

Then came an unpleasant incident about an Al Johnson record and her first divorce. She wasn't used to divorcing yet and it broke up her painting for months. Then Pete, the literary agent, he talked big but that was all there was to it, talk. Said he had Pearl Buck, Vance Bourjaily, James Hilton's "Lost Horizon." Only Jina he had was James T. Farrell. It only lasted two years—she knew Farrell would never sell in hard covers—but Pete gave her the daughter. For the kid's sake she tried psychoanalysis. Nope. Then there was her show in Boston and Frederic, no K. Lowell, in some ways the most unsatisfactory of them all but at least he settled a little something on her—

"Do you think," Sam asked, "maybe Tilly is finished by this time?"

"Why, how fast is she? One more double rum and we'll go. We're up to the war, Sam. I volunteered for psychological and propaganda, but the abstractionists had already taken over the Army—"

Gradually stirring up Beauty and Truth about the world until she found herself in Haiti, Maureen finally brought Sam abreast of contemporary events. She was reminded, Patreck! Straight from the Taboo ad! She wouldn't have let him hold her furs in the old days. Now he could just squeeze her and throw her away like an old tube of Japalac. No, Japalac comes in cans. Sam, it was awful how low an artist can fall. Anything for love, for passion, for creative people. What a filthy business was being honest with yourself!

Maureen sniffed.

Maureen choked up internally, oxidizing the rum at an accelerated rate.

Maureen burst into tears.

"Maureen," Sam said soothingly, "everything's all right, really. Please don't cry, I'm too susceptible. Anyway, I always try to be philosophic about other people's troubles. That's it, stiff lip, girl. No sense trying to mop up spilt milk."

Maureen stopped up her soles with a curled mouth and an oh-yeah-Sam. Everybody was against her. No one even tried to understand her anymore. They would be sorry, Maureen was a girl you had to reckon with. Therefore, in a few well-chosen words, she informed Sam of Patreck's plan for the afternoon.

Sam took the first cab he saw, although on principle he preferred buses

and saving his money for other things. This seemed as important as most of the other things. On the trip, a matter of a few minutes, Sam felt like a crowning man with a speech defect: his entire wife passed through his head. When he spiced the wooden parapets and sagging balconies of the Hotel des Arts, its unintended wilderness of palms keeping it damp out of the sun, he leaped forward up the hill. He cracked his knuckles. A queasiness in his belly reminded him that he had forgotten his sulphaguanidine today; it may have been his heart turning over. When the cab arrived, he leapt out without asking for change. He charged up the steps toward Maureen's cabin.

"Hey, buddy," the cab driver called in New York English to the catty air, "you still owe me a dime. Well, what the hell, the man's in a real hurry."

Eric caught sight of Sam and thought he had better come along to protect the furniture.

Back at the Pigalle, Maureen ordered another rum sec and worried about whether things would ever again be the same between Patreck and her.

Sam threw himself against the screen door to Maureen's cottage. As it was not locked, he spilled inside onto the floor, smearing his hair in a wet poster which argued: "HUBERT WILKINSON; DANSEUR UNIQUE!" in great red letters and "HUBERT WILKINSON; UNIQUE DANCER," in smaller, discreet, tourist-colored letters.

"Darling!" cried Tilly. "What on earth happened to you? I told you not to slip and break your neck in those sandals without heels."

He stood up with a piece of DANSEUR UNIQUE sticking to his hair. He stared at Patreck, who gloomily stared back, hot and red-faced, a cigarette in one corner of his mouth. "You," he said, "you lousy fiddler." Patreck acknowledged the salute with a slight bow. Shaking, Sam moved toward him. "What do you think you're doing here?"

"Comb the paint out of your hair, darling. Want some turp?"

Sam ignored his wife and advanced upon Patreck.

"Now remember," Eric warned from the doorway, "we have a complete inventory. The mirror is twenty-three dollars. The table is fifteen. The lamps are all written down."

Patreck retreated by one step. Tilly looked at Eric and shrugged. Sam was gaining on Patreck. Back to the wall, Patreck crunched against Maureen's favorite swath of driftwood (no stated value).

Tilly clapped her hands. The smile of comprehension on her pretty little face widened until it made noises of joyous flattered laughter, light pitter-pattering sounds showering over a deep note of womanly pleasure. "Oh Sam, she cried, "it's so wonderful of you."

Everywhere Sam stepped he kicked a drying poster, but he still moved toward Patreck, slightly stooped, fists clenched and a vein throbbing in his forehead. Patreck, having already been

(concluded on page 56)

## WEST COAST STRIPPERS



*the el rancho has the most beautiful and . . .*



... *the* **wildest!**



THESE PICTURES may explain the record-shattering 110 degree heat wave that hit Los Angeles late this summer. Both girls are featured performers at the Pacific Coast night club, El Rancho. Blonde Misty Ayres is almost certainly the most beautiful stripper in Hollywood, a city of beautiful women, and her sophisticated act serves as a satisfying appetizer to the flaming main dish, Renee Andre. Fire-haired Renee kicks her legs in the air, does somersaults and all but stands on her head in what must be the wildest striptease being performed anywhere in the U.S.



## All-Stars (continued from page 27)

living jazz—and we're going to talk to them about an All-Time All-Star Jazz Band. Over on my left, we have Coleman Hawkins, the ace of the tenor, and on my right, we have J. J. Johnson, trombonist, and Dizzy Gillespie, trumpeter—three great names in the world of jazz. Gentleman—I'm going to start with you, Coleman—what do you think of jazz polls in general? You've probably read fifty of them in the past ten years.

COLEMAN: Well, usually jazz polls have a funny way of getting you what they think is tops, but this idea that PLAYBOY Magazine has used is very good. I mean, they've taken them from a long, long stretch of time and they haven't taken one, they've taken several and said they were all great.

JEAN: And they haven't made any dogmatic statement that Joe Blow is the greatest ignomivous horn player that ever lived—that kind of stuff.

COLEMAN: That's right.

JEAN: J. J., how do you stand on that? J.J.: I think, in a general sense, jazz polls are often misleading—I mean some of the polls in the music publications, *Down Beat* and *Metronome*. They are, I think—for the most part—intended to be popularity polls but there are those people, you know, who size them up as something other than that. In other words, if So-and-so wins, they say that So-and-so must be the greatest, or something like that.

JEAN: I've noticed some pretty strange names way up at the top of those polls in the last few years and wondered about it. How about you, Diz? What do you think?

DIZ: I think the same thing. One guy will go out and buy . . . well, they have, in these different magazines, what do you call them . . . ?

JEAN: Little forns . . .

DIZ: Little forns that you vote with. So one guy will go out and buy five hundred magazines . . .

(LAUGHTER)

JEAN: You've got a pretty rich agent, huh?

(LAUGHTER)

JEAN: I see what you mean.

DIZ: Maybe they're able to get them wholesale . . .

JEAN: Well, we don't want to get involved in polls. The only reason that I brought this up is because I was very impressed by the article in the current issue of PLAYBOY Magazine that nominates an All-Star Jazz Band. The article was written by the editor of *Down Beat*, Jack Tracy, whom all of you know, no doubt, and he approaches it in what I think is a very intelligent manner. He says that during the different periods in jazz, there were different people who were undoubtedly the most important forces at that time. If it weren't for people like Teagarden, I don't suppose you'd play today the way you do, J. J. And he uses this as a basis for picking an All-Time All-Star Band.

J.J.: Possibly not.

JEAN: Well, Teagarden was one of the people that broke away from the tradition of his day back in the late twenties—early thirties. Then there were the greats who came after him: Bill Harris in the early forties and you today, J. J. And, Diz, on your instrument, they have listed three men. The first is Louis Armstrong from back in the twenties, just after he left King Oliver's band. The second, the transition musician—that is, the transition between the traditionalists, as represented by Louis, and the jazzmen of today—was Roy Eldridge. And then, of course, you (Diz) represent the No. 1 influence on your instrument today. What do you think of that particular grouping?

DIZ: Well—it could go back a little further than that, I think.

JEAN: Well, let's hear your ideas.

DIZ: If you want to be really sincere about the thing, because I was talking to Louis and he was telling me about King Oliver. Well, King Oliver played the same style of trumpet as Louis Armstrong before Louis Armstrong. That's what Louis told me anyway . . .

JEAN: That's true—I'm sure that's true.

DIZ: He says when he left New Orleans, they told him that King Oliver was his man. Louis was down in New Orleans and King Oliver sent for him from Chicago to play in his non-union place.

JEAN: Yeah, that's right.

DIZ: So Louis' family and his friends says, "You shouldn't go up there and play with those guys if they're non-union." And Louis says, "I don't care what they are, I'm going to play with King Oliver," so he cut out and went to Chicago.

JEAN: Well, in other words, you say that there are a lot more people who were important to the art, or to your instrument anyway, than are ever represented on any poll.

DIZ: Yes, yes.

JEAN: What have you heard about Buddy Bolden? Have you heard anybody talk about him?

DIZ: Yeah, I've heard of him but I've never—

JEAN: He was great way back in the 1890s and 'round about 1905, 1906, something like that. And many people say that he was the one who was responsible for such people as King Oliver. Of course you could go all the way back to the year 900—

DIZ: Of course. There are a lot of influences that affect modern musicians. Take a guy like Freddy Webster—he was a great factor in determining the sounds now being played on the trumpet. And there's Miles Davis.

JEAN: I think he was also a very important man, Miles Davis.

DIZ: Yes, of course, and as time goes on, I think he will be considered even greater than he is right now.

JEAN: He's influencing more people than the public realizes. Excuse me a minute, Diz. I want to get back to this in just a moment, but I've got some

questions I want to ask Coleman Hawkins—

DIZ: Yes, you'll have to ask Coleman Hawkins about those way-back days. (LAUGHTER)

JEAN: Coleman, in your instrument—which, of course, is tenor—we have three people listed by Jack Tracy: yourself, Lester Young as the great transition musician, and then Stan Getz of today. Who influenced you back in your formative days when you were just getting your feet wet as a musician? There must have been somebody you heard that knocked you out. Or did you just grow like Toppy?

COLEMAN: Sort of, you might say. What I mean is, I was never influenced by one particular instrument.

JEAN: Is that right?

COLEMAN: No, I used to take mine from everything from the piano on.

JEAN: That's why, then, Tracy makes a statement in his article that there was nothing happening on your instrument until the day you came along. You poured everything that you heard into this and a new sound came out.

COLEMAN: But I used to get it from every place, though, I used to get ideas from everywhere.

JEAN: How about today? Even today, do you pick up ideas from the young kids like Getz?

COLEMAN: Yeah, oh yeah, sure.

JEAN: He has a real nice sound, hasn't he?

COLEMAN: Uh huh.

JEAN: Well, you've played with some of the greatest musicians in the history of American music. And one record that I mentioned just before we went on the air was this thing that you cut with McKinney's Cotton Pickers. What date was that? What year was that?

COLEMAN: It was some date McKinney came in. I think . . . The way it happened, I think all the band didn't get there or something and we just had to sit in for them.

JEAN: Well, that record was a collector's item for many years until they brought it out again on LP. It was cut back in the late twenties, wasn't it?

COLEMAN: I think so.

JEAN: Do you remember, off hand, how many records you've cut in your career?

COLEMAN: Oh, no.

JEAN: They tell me that some musicians have a complete collection of everything they've ever cut.

COLEMAN: Yes, they do.

JEAN: How about you, Diz?

DIZ: I don't have any of my records.

(LAUGHTER)

COLEMAN: You know, that's like me.

DIZ: I mean, once you play—here's the way I figure it—once you play something, well, that should be the end of that. I mean, because you're supposed to be composing at the time you're playing, so why play the same thing over again when you know you can play that. You've got to go on and try to play something else.

JEAN: In other words, let's get on to the next idea.

(continued on page 50)

## LIMERICKS



A limerick packs laughs anatomical,  
Into space that is quite economical.  
But the good ones we've seen  
So seldom are clean,  
And the clean ones so seldom are comical.

There was a young lady from Spain,  
Who demurely undressed on a train.  
Then an eager young porter  
Did more than he orter  
And she promptly cried, "Do it again."

There once was a lady named Jude,  
Who was such an implacable prude,  
That she pulled down the blind,  
When changing her mind,  
Lest a curious eye should intrude.

God's plan had a hopeful beginning,  
But man spoiled his chances by sinning.  
We trust that the story  
Will end in God's glory,  
But, at present, the other side's winning.

An Indian maiden, a Sioux,  
As tempting as fresh honeydoux,  
Liked to show off her knees,  
As she strolled past teepees,  
And hear the braves holler, "Wioux, wioux!"

She was peeved and called him "Mr."  
Not because he up and kr.,  
But because, just before,  
As she opened the door,  
This same Mr. kr. sr.

An attractive young maiden named Myrtle  
Had quite an affair with a turtle,  
And what's more phenomenal,  
A swelling abdominal  
Proved to Myrtle the turtle was fertile.

A serious thought for today,  
Is one that may cause you dismay:  
Just what are the forces  
That bring little horses,  
If all the big horses say "Nay?"

A wanton young lady from Wimley,  
Reproached for not acting quite primly,  
Answered, "Heavens above,  
I know sex isn't love,  
But it's such an attractive facsimile."

There was a young lady named Green,  
Who grew so abnormally lean,  
And flat, and compressed,  
That her back touched her chest,  
And sideways she couldn't be seen.

A beautiful maiden named Kate  
Reclined in the dark with her date.  
When asked how she fared,  
She said she was scared,  
But otherwise doing first rate.

There was a young lady named Twilling,  
Who went to her dentist for drilling.  
Because of depravity,  
He filled the wrong cavity,  
And now Twilling's nursing her filling.

# THE SORRY PLIGHT OF THE HUMAN MALE



*the first of a new series of articles on how to succeed with women without really trying*  
satire BY SHEPHERD MEAD

**L**ET US ASSUME you have come bouncing into the world, a brand new human male, complete with all your equipment.

It may seem, even to the casual observer, that you are well fitted out, and that you have obvious attributes that your sister does not.

Chances are, too, that you will be larger and heavier, which may lead you to believe that you are also stronger and more durable.

This, unfortunately, is not the case. As a human male you are the weaker of the two sexes, until now doomed to poorer health and to an earlier death.

The figures are clear and convincing. In the United States the life expectancy of women is 71 years, of men 65½. Women recover from diseases more easily and frequently, are physically superior to men in almost every way. They are sixteen times less likely to have color blindness, seven times less likely to have hysteria, eight times less likely to stutter, far less subject to epilepsy, hemophilia, and most other diseases.

Mentally, too, women are much more stable. You have only to take a swing through our mental hospitals to see that

male patients far outnumber females.

WHY?

Why is this true? You will find the answer in your chromosomes. The "Y," or male-producing sperm were pitifully neglected by nature. They contain only a niggardly portion of the rich chromosomal lode—the "G" chromosomes—of the female-producing sperm.

Briefly, in the male something has been left out.

Some have tried to shrug this off, as though a chromosome or two made little difference. They have only to look around them every day to see how trag-

Pity the poor male without the solace of motherhood.



ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLIE

cally wrong they are.

Look about you. Note with a smile, if you dare, this tattered-mation band of human males going bravely on, its hair thinning, its whiskers growing, its paunches expanding, its nerves twitching, its arches falling, without the real power of reproduction or the solace of motherhood.

Note how bravely they stride forward, head erect, eyes clear, and courage firm — even though barren, sickly, mentally confused and doomed to an early grave.

WHAT CAN WE DO?

Is there any way we can save these



Women prefer tall men and small boys and are happiest of all when they find a male who is both.

tragic figures, any way to ease their pain, calm their nerves, save their strength, or settle their stomachs?

*The answer is a ringing YES!*

We can help the human male — and though the path is not an easy one, we can follow it, each of us, by reading and putting into effect a number of tested rules.

And these principles are tested. They are not the result of lazy armchair thinking. Our pioneers have gone into the field, experimenting, checking, re-checking.

What you will see here in this series of PLAYBOY articles are only the trials

that have succeeded. Those countless ones that have failed have not been listed.

Indeed, some of our researchers have not returned at all, and some only with wrecked lives and twisted minds. To them we all owe a tribute.

But we will be concerned here only with success—for it can be ours!

**BEGIN NOW**

It is never too early in life—nor too late—to begin this study.

If you are a lad of five or six, having this read to you at your mother's knee, good! Like the ballet, the violin, and the tightrope, really fine maleness should begin early.

On the other hand, if you are crowding heaven, it is still not too late to add happy years to your life.

Regardless of your age, after the first few columns you will feel your load begin to lighten, your shoulders straighten, and a new look of courage come into your eyes.

After a few more issues, you will flex your muscles quietly, and as the series gathers momentum, you may have to smother a quiet chuckle or suppress a confident grin. These will come, we must warn you, not from amusement, but from a new assurance, and an anticipation of triumphs to come.

Our purpose, of course, is to instruct, not to amuse. Momentary laughter is of small value weighed against a happier and more abundant life.

The scraps of talk must be taken with this in mind. They are intended, like the accompanying illustrations, only to illustrate difficult points. It may seem to you that they are all taken from a single real life story—and so most of them are—but not every incident occurred to our central character. Several have been contributed by our researchers working from Maine to California.

The author would like to make it particularly clear that this material is not autobiographical. A natural modesty prevents him from delving into the labyrinth of his own checkered career.

**HOW TO HELP YOUR MOTHER HELP YOU**

In your very cradle you will be told that there is nothing like a mother, and of course this is true.

Your mother will be, in a sense, your first training ground. She will be your first contact with the female sex. Study her carefully. The lad who learns early how to get around his mother has made a fine start.

**LET BOOKS GUIDE YOU**

Luckily we live in an enlightened age, one in which child psychology has replaced the more vigorous methods of raising children.

However, even today it is not always safe to assume that your mother has a book on child guidance. If she does not, by all means supply her with one. Many fine volumes have been put out in paper covers and can be bought for a few cents. They are within the reach of any

child's allegiance, and are an excellent investment. Best not to let your mother know who bought the book, if you did. Try this method:

"Mommy, why did Daddy bring this book home?"

"Oh, did he, Davie?" (She will pick it up.) "Well, well, Daddy brought it, did he?"

(Then of course you will have to speak to your father.)

"Daddy, why did Mommy bring this book home?"

This will cause a little harmless confusion and will guarantee a careful reading for the book.

Though they come in many colors and sizes, you will find that these books are all built around one premise: the child is often misunderstood, but never really bad. Punishment merely causes resentment and injures the relationship between child and parent.

Encourage this point of view. You will find that no matter what you do, you have done it for a deep-seated reason, and it wasn't your fault. In fact, the book will show that it was your parents' fault. There is no such thing, you will discover, as a bad boy.

"Charles, I don't know what to do with little David! He's been putting frogs in the deep freeze again."

(Or whatever experiments you may have been carrying on.)

"Well, shall I get out the old belt?"

"Charles! Do you want to give him a mental block? Mischief is often a symptom that the child feels unloved and unwanted."

"Oh?"

"Why, you underlined that passage yourself!"

"I didn't."

"Well, someone did. I think we should do something nice for Davie."

Besides making life more bearable for you, these books will help you to keep your mother well adjusted. A mother who is uncertain, who feels at a loss for the right thing to do, is not a mother who will be proud to show to your friends.

After a while, as your mother becomes more confident, you can branch out into all sorts of activities. The more complicated you seem to her, the better.

Be a challenge to her.

**CAN I SHAPE HER CHARACTER?**

However, you will find that in most cases you have arrived too late to do your mother much good. She will already be set in her ways.

Nevertheless, it is often surprising what a determined young man can do. Don't expect to find this in books! There are no volumes available on how to raise healthy mothers. You must improvise.

But remember you cannot expect to change her character, only to mend her ways. A shy, retiring mother cannot be made into a roaring extrovert, or vice-versa.

Be careful. It is best not to let your mother know you are trying to improve

her character. The wise son is casual and indirect, but alert.

**TEMPER TANTRUMS**

No matter how well you handle her, your mother is only human and may occasionally be given to fits of anger, or temper tantrums. This may result from her feeling helpless and frustrated.

At these times she may forget the child psychology books and take violent action, doing things she will be sorry for later.

Some boys use this as an opportunity to throw tantrums themselves. Think better of this! Kicking and screaming will only excite her further. It is best to keep a level head and lie low until tempers cool.

**QUIET HER FEARS**

At one time or another all mothers are frightened. You may find that your mother develops strange, unreasoning fears of normal everyday things like rats, mice, snakes, toads, or spiders—things you play with every day.

It is unwise to use these things against your mother except in emergencies. A frightened mother is not an efficient mother and you both will suffer.

Don't try to shame her out of her fears. It will make her feel even less sure of herself. Instead, show her she has no real reason to be frightened.

"Here, Mom, just pick him up by the tail. He won't hurt you."

However, it is best to instill just enough fear so that she will be careful. A fearless mother can be a careless mother, and also one that is more difficult to control.

**PUNISHMENT**

No matter how hard you try to avoid it, there will be times when punishment is necessary.

You will find, however, that physical punishment is not effective. Rakes left on the lawn, roller skates on the stairs, a swinging door, or a loose board may stop a mother from what she is doing, but will have small lasting value, and will set up walls of resentment.

They will not result in a better mother.

Psychological methods have far more lasting results.

**1. The hunger strike.**

This is one of the most effective ways to bring a mother quickly into line. Several days of seeming not to eat will perform miracles. No need, of course, to be actually hungry. It is safe to snack at friends' houses in mid-afternoon, or to dip temporarily into savings.

**2. Tears.**

Tears are valuable only if used with restraint. Shrieking and wailing have small lasting effect. The trembling lip and the tearful eye are worth a hundred ear-splitting yowls in actual results—and it is results you are after.

**3. Night tactics.**

Usually the above methods will correct the most stubborn mother. However, in extreme cases you may have to resort to night tactics. This is strong (continued on page 55)



*"You can come up if you like—what more have I got to lose?"*

## All-Stars (continued from page 44)

DIZ: Yes, try—you try—

COLEMAN: That's always been my idea, too, but it doesn't seem to be popular with the people anymore.

DIZ: No, no.

COLEMAN: It used to be, but now they just want . . . They hear a record and they want you to play it just like you played it before, you know? I don't understand it.

JEAN: You know, that's a funny thing, I've heard a lot of musicians say exactly that some thing, that people aren't interested in new ideas the way they used to be.

COLEMAN: There's a whole lot of 'em (musicians) couldn't do it today, too, though.

JEAN: Yeah, yeah, I agree, I agree. J.J., we want to talk to you now about your instrument. Who do you think—really—had the greatest influence on you? You play real great. I think you're about the finest technician I've ever heard on that horn. Who influenced you as an artist?

J.J.: Well, when I first started playing, there were quite a few people that I was quite impressed by such as Dickie Wells, who, at that time, was with Basie. I admired his playing and his technique tremendously. Trummy Young, I thought, was a giant; Tommy Dorsey for his flawless technique; and Teagarden—and one guy in particular that's dead now that nobody seems to know much about, but I thought he was a tremendous trombonist. His name was—he was with Harlan Leonard's band—Fred Beckett.

JEAN: Fred Beckett—

J.J.: Yes. He made some records with Harlan Leonard's band—I think the band was called the 400 Rockets, or something like that.

JEAN: Yeah, in Kansas City, wasn't it? Out in Kansas City?

J.J.: Yeah, out in Kansas City. That was a great band.

JEAN: Very good.

J.J.: And this Beckett was one of the greatest trombonists that I'd ever heard and I think if he'd lived, he would probably be one of the giants of this age.

JEAN: Well, I'm glad you brought up Harlan Leonard. I think that this is one of the most neglected bands in the history of jazz. Harlan Leonard's Rockets be called 'em.

J.J.: Right.

JEAN: Out of Kansas City.

J.J.: A great band and Beckett was a tremendous trombonist.

JEAN: And you know, they tried to get that band out of Kansas City the hardest way for years and those guys would never leave Kansas City—would never leave that area.

Well, so much for the patter. I'd like to run over the list of people Jack Tracy has selected for PLAYBOY's All-Time All-Star Jazz Band and if any of you've got any comments to make along the line, I'd like to hear 'em. Trumpet, of course: Louis, Eldridge and Diz. He

also mentions a few other people in passing. People like Bix, who added a few things to the horn. But he says by and large, the great influences were these three. On trombone: Jack Teagarden, Bill Harris—do you remember Harris when he was moving with that Herman hand back in the war-time days? He made a lot of guys listen. And, of course, J. J. Johnson. On alto horns, he just has two: Johnny Hodges for his beautiful lyric quality and, of course, the great Charlie Parker. And I don't have to say anything about Parker here on this program. Any of you have any particularly interesting recollections of the late, great Charles?

(PAUSE)

JEAN: The article just says, "One of the greatest of all." I think every record that he ever made proves the greatness of this musician. On tenor horn: Coleman, Lester Young and Stan Getz. And these are not named in order. These are not named as one, two, three. These are the greatest, each from his own particular period, that Tracy would like to have sitting in his All-Time All-Star group. Clarinet: He says there's only been one really great clarinet player and that's Benny Goodman. This is probably going to bring an argument. Any of you have anything to contribute to that, or not?

DIZ: Where did Benny Goodman get his style from?

JEAN: Well, Tracy says that there were a lot of stylists working before Goodman, but Goodman solidified them all with great technique. He doesn't say that Goodman was not influenced. He also mentions Johnny Hodges—uh—Johnny Dods. He says Dods was great, in an earlier day. These people were important but Tracy feels that the greatest of all was Goodman. I don't know.

DIZ: Hawkins, I was—

COLEMAN: There was a boy named Jimmy Noone . . .

JEAN: Jimmy Noone, yeah.

COLEMAN: Uh huh.

JEAN: Well, of course, Jimmy Noone was earlier, back in the late teens-early twenties.

COLEMAN: Well, I think Goodman got an awful lot from Jimmy Noone.

JEAN: I think Goodman would be the first to admit that.

COLEMAN: They were both in Chicago. His stuff's a bit older than Goodman's, but they were both playing at the same time.

JEAN: Oh, yes. In those South Side spots—

COLEMAN: Oh, yeah.

JEAN: Noone came up from New Orleans and he had a very lyrical quality about his playing.

COLEMAN: He had a sound big as this room.

JEAN: Played real good. Well, on piano: Tracy says there's still one man who all the rest follow, particularly in technique, Art Tatum. How do you feel on that? All of you guys know Art and you know the rest of the people. He says

there are a lot of great pianists playing today, but the real influence has been Tatum.

DIZ: Yes, well, there's no doubt about Tatum's versatility on the instrument, but I think that Earl Hines . . .

COLEMAN: Oh, yes.

DIZ: Earl Hines turned all piano players around.

COLEMAN: I think so, too.

JEAN: Back in the twenties—

DIZ: Yes. He turned all piano players around. Fats Waller, James J. Johnson, those guys—they were great influences, too. But I think Earl Hines had it over all the rest. Art Tatum is so complicated—

you know . . .

JEAN: Technician. Great technician.

DIZ: Yeah, yeah. Great. He's a great technician. And guys, I was just talking to Teddy Wilson the other night at a party at Hazel Scott's house.

JEAN: Listen to this name dropper, Coleman.

(LAUGHTER)

DIZ: And we were talking about the genius of Art Tatum and Teddy said, Art Tatum—he's just so phenomenal. Some guy in Canada has spent his whole life—I've forgotten the guy's name, Teddy knew the guy's name—but he has spent his whole life copying Art Tatum. His whole life. That's his dedication. Note for note and all—mash the pedal when it's supposed to be mashed and hold the note—

JEAN: That sounds like a neurosis to me.

DIZ: Yes, Well, this guy has dedicated his whole life so trying to play like Art Tatum.

JEAN: Well, I don't think there's any question about Tatum's status then, as a pianist, although I do agree with you that Hines, I think, was probably as important an influence on later pianists as Tatum is.

DIZ: Yes, yes.

JEAN: Now, we want to get on to bass men. This is my instrument. I used to play bass a bit and this guy here is my particular god as far as bass men is concerned and I'm real pleased to see that Jack Tracy has nominated him as the all-time bass player, Jimmy Blanton. Did any of you ever hear him work?

DIZ: Yes, I think he brought the bass out of the rhythm section.

JEAN: That's right. And made it into an instrument in its own right.

DIZ: Yes, he made something out of it. JEAN: Coleman, didn't you work with him on some outside dates . . .

COLEMAN: Well, I knew him but nothing particular, no.

JEAN: I thought that you had recorded—or something—with him at one time.

COLEMAN: He used to come up where I played. We played together and all that.

DIZ: When I was playing with you at the Apollo Stables, Jimmy Blanton came in one night.

COLEMAN: He was coming in all the time.

JEAN: Listen, he made a bass sound like one of those great Bach organs.

(concluded on page 55)

"How much simpler life would be," mused Liberale, "if all women looked alike."



Ribald Classic

## THE CUCKOLD'S STRATAGEM

A new translation of an earthy story from the *Tredici piacevoli notti* of Straparola

TWO FRIENDS MORE FAST could never be found than Arthilao and Liberale of Genoa. Indeed, it was whispered that they often enjoyed each other's wives, so true and steadfast was their friendship.

The whispers were not in error. The manner in which this happy understanding was reached, however, was not so generally known:

There was a time when Arthilao slept with his own wife and Liberale with his, and never a thought of exchange entered their minds. This in spite of the fact that each found the other's spouse exceedingly attractive. Daria, the wife of Arthilao, was slender as a willow, with breasts like apples, creamy limbs, and the small white feet of an elf; Liberale's

wife, the lusty Propertina, was shapely as if by a master sculptor, with a generous bold bosom and voluptuously curved hips. Each was lovely in her own way, and both became tigresses the moment the bedchamber light was extinguished.

Once, Arthilao found it necessary to leave the city on business. To his friend, he said, "Liberale, I will be gone for many days, and I am worried that my wife will not be able to manage our affairs in my absence. Will you watch over her while I am gone? You know what women are when there is no man in the house to counsel them and curb their foolish ways. Besides, the good woman is now three months gone with child and may be feeling a trifle ill now and then. Will you keep an eye on her

and advise her?"

Liberale said, "Of course, old friend. It will be my pleasure to do so."

"Good. I know I can trust you." And so Arthilao left Genoa. The day of his departure, Liberale presented himself at the house of his absent friend and addressed his wife, the slim and lovely Daria. "Lady," he said, "please look upon me as a trusted friend, counsellor and guide in all things; regard me as a staff—to lean upon in moments of duress and need."

"Indeed I will, neighbor Liberale," replied Daria, "for I know full well the confidence my husband has in you."

Bowing, Liberale left the house of Arthilao, and on the way home was smitten by a conflict in his soul. "Bless me,



but Daria is a pretty creature!" he observed to himself. "Arthilao is a lucky dog, for certain. Of course, my good Propertia is a lusty girl, with a generous bold bosom and voluptuously curved hips. But on the other hand, Daria is slender as a willow, with breasts like apples, creamy limbs, and the small white feet of an elf. How much simpler life would be if all women looked alike! This great variety constantly before our eyes would tempt a saint."

"That night, sleep came hard to Liberale. His rest was sore disturbed by dreams of creamy limbs and elfin feet and breasts like little apples. At his side, the statuesque Propertia slept unmolested.

Daylight brought Liberale no relief. His desire still raged, and it raged even more when he looked in upon Daria to bid her good morning. Her pregnancy hid her as yet affected but figure and he found her more beautiful than ever. "How is it with you this morning, lady?" he asked.

"All goes well," Daria answered, "but a dizziness comes upon me now and again."

Liberale well knew the cause of the dizziness, but he feigned ignorance of her condition, for a crafty plan had entered his head. "Are you then ill?" he asked.

"Good neighbor," she said, "since you are my trusted counselor, you should know that I have been with child these past three months."

"With child!" exclaimed Liberale. "Alas, and your husband away? What misfortune!"

"Why, Messer Liberale? He will surely return in time for the birth."

"I am certain of that," said Liberale, "but think, lady, Arthilao has left his function here unattended. He has left you unattended in the third month of your pregnancy, when he should have stayed here and by his nightly duties completed the work he had begun. Have you not heard of infants coming into this harsh world deprived of parts or faculties; born, as it were, incomplete? This sort of negligence is said to be the cause."

"O sorry days!" moaned Daria. "Do you truly believe my child will be ill-made because my husband neglected to finish him?"

"I," said Liberale, "am your trusted counselor. Would I alarm you without cause?"

"I do not think so," she answered, weeping. "What do you advise?"

Liberale sighed. "There is only one remedy," he said. And he took Daria in his arms.

"Messer Liberale!" she cried. "You forget yourself!"

"How so?" he asked, unfastening her bodice.

"Is not my husband—" (here she was interrupted by a long and ardent kiss)—"is not my husband your closest friend?"

"That he is, truly," Liberale assured her as he admired the symmetry of her small but perfect bosom.

"Has he not placed his trust in you?"

"Indeed he has," said Liberale, carrying her to the bedchamber.

"And do you violate that trust with evil deeds?"

"Consider, fair Daria," said Liberale as he placed her gently on the bed. "Which is the greater evil—to allow my best friend's child to be born in an unfinished state, or to do what I can to bring about a normal birth? Her reply was delayed by an expert kiss.

"When her lips were free, she said, in a husky tone, "You may be right, good neighbor."

Thus it was that Liberale performed Arthilao's duties every day until his return. And when the child was born—a healthy, squalling boy—there was rejoicing in both households.

One evening, when Arthilao was admiring the beauty of his new son, he remarked to his wife, "Is not our boy well-made? Is he not a young Apollo in face and form?"

"He is," agreed Daria, "but no thanks to you."

"What do you mean?" he asked, offended.

And Daria told him.

It must be said of Arthilao that he controlled his anger well. Outwardly he gave no sign, but within his thoughts ran thus: "So Liberale has made a cuckold of me. And by the most transparent of tricks. So be it. I have of late been troubled by the itching of desire, for although my wife is slender as a willow, with breasts like apples, creamy limbs, and the small white feet of an elf, yet I am forbidden by the physicians to lie with her because of the birth she has so recently undergone. Often at night I have found my thoughts wandering to Liberale's wife, Propertia, for she is indeed shaped as if by a master sculptor, with a generous bosom and voluptuously curved hips. Heretofore, I have dismissed such thoughts from my mind, for Liberale is my dearest friend. But now that he has tricked me, I may, with the clearest conscience, return the trick. And it shall be even more transparent than his."

The next day, Arthilao did two things: he invited Liberale and Propertia to dinner, and hired a thief to steal Propertia's jewels and deliver them to him.

At dinner, the buxom Propertia was in tears, wailing over the loss of her jewels. Arthilao commiserated with her. "Dear neighbor," he said, "pray go into the bedchamber and lie down for a while. Your husband and I will go to the magistrate and demand the thief be found, while my own sweet Daria will (with your permission) search your house to make sure the jewels have not been misplaced there. What say you, Liberale?"

"An excellent suggestion," Liberale replied.

When dinner was over, Propertia went to the bedchamber, Daria was given the key to Liberale's house, and Arthilao and Liberale left for the magistrate's office. They had taken only a few

steps, however, when Arthilao said, "My friend, it is foolish for both of us to talk to the magistrate. I would be of much more service to you by helping my wife search your house."

"Of course," said Liberale. "I will see the magistrate alone." Thus Arthilao parted from his friend—but returned to his own home and the bedchamber where Propertia was resting.

"Have you already seen the magistrate?" she asked.

"Your husband is lodging the complaint," replied Arthilao. "I have returned to see what may be accomplished by means of magic."

"Magic!" echoed Propertia. "Are you versed in that art, Messer Arthilao?"

"Somewhat. Years ago, in my travels, I was taught that lost things might be recovered by means of an incantation and the use of a certain variety of fishing rod."

"You are truly learned," said Propertia, and, starting to rise, she added, "Shall I help you?"

"You will help me best," said Arthilao, "by remaining on the bed." And, in a sepulchral voice, he solemnly intoned:

*Fishing rod, be you far or near,  
Pity our plight and pray appear!*

When the fishing rod appeared, Propertia said it was a well-fashioned implement and that her husband possessed one similar in design though slightly smaller.

Arthilao cast the rod, and Propertia helped him to the best of her ability. While her eyes were closed in concentration, he pulled the stolen jewels from his pocket and cried, "Behold!"

Propertia opened her eyes and exclaimed in delight, "Oh, Arthilao! How resourceful you are! Can you not also recover the little kettle I lost last April?"

"It would please me," he said, short of breath. "It would please me greatly, I assure you, good Propertia, but such strong magic leaves a man fatigued. However, your husband may be able to help you."

"No," said Propertia, "he does not know that lost things may be recovered in this manner."

"Then," said Arthilao with a fleeting smile, "I suggest you tell him all about the bit of magic we performed this evening."

Propertia did so, and Liberale realized, with chagrin, that Arthilao knew of the liberties he had taken with Daria.

The next morning, both men wore stern faces when they met each other. Soon, however, their frowns relaxed; they smiled; and it was not long before they were roaring with laughter over their mutual cuckoldry, the gullibility of their wives, and the sport they had both enjoyed.

It was Arthilao who voiced the notion that a continuance of the exchange would prove refreshing. And Liberale answered, in the very words Daria had previously used, "You may be right, good neighbor."

## ZIP-GUN BOYS (continued from page 37)

one foot, my eyes closed. A couple times I almost go over but it ain't no good. Tonight it don't give me no kicks. I wonder what's the matter with me tonight.

I go down the fire escape. I stop and look into the window of the witch who lives on the top floor. The fat one who gives me the big smile, yesterday. Yeah, the one with the wino husband who gets caught every winter siphoning antifreeze from car radiators. The one don't even use any rubber hose when he does that. He just get under the car, open the petcock and let that anti-freeze run right into his mouth. Straight. He's a mean stud.

The fat witch is looking right at the window and sees me. She shouldn't be doing that. I don't like it. That cat she lives with don't like it, either. He belts her with the fat end of a pool cue. She don't like that a little bit. She sticks a can opener into his neck. She's a mean witch, this one. They two of a kind. They fight all the time like that. He's got more scars on his neck, though, than she's got lumps on her head. I figure she must win more. I shrug and go down another flight on the escape.

I look into another window. I don't see nothing inside. This worries me until I remember this is an empty flat.

Then I hear a whistle. Like a screech owl. I go down the rest of the fire stairs fast. I know it's Liver. He waiting for me in the alley.

This Liver, he got eyes look right through you. Make you feel like you paper-thin. When he gets tired looking through me, this time, he says:

"You got anything on tonight?"

"Sure," I say. "You can see. I'm dressed like always."

"Don't be a funky stud," Liver says. "With the corny jokes. You know what I mean. You gonna kill anybody tonight?"

I tell him I don't know. I try to remember what day it is and then I do. It's Thursday. I shake my head, then. "No," I say. "You know what day it is. I take Thursdays off. You better line up some other cat."

"Sure," he says. "I can get Three-Gun. I can get Slicer, Shiv, Forty-Four, Chink, Limey, Looey, Lager, Lifty, Leecher, Lingo, Jingo or Bingo. I can get a thousand other studs. I don't want 'em. I want you. You cool. You cool as cat's eyes."

"All right," I say. "You put it that way. What you got in mind?"

He looks up the alley, down the alley. He says, softly: "Come here?" I don't get it. I'm right there. Then he pulls out a zip-gun. He flashes it quick and puts it back under his coat.

"You see that?" Liver says.

"I see it."

"You know what it is?"

"I know what it is."

He grabs me by the lapels. I get more wrinkled lapels that way. He says: "I ben, quick, tell me. What is it? I got to know. I don't dig these new-fangled

contraptions."

I tell him. He says: "Oh?"

Then I say: "Passus!" I jerk my head toward a dark doorway. We huddle there like two courtin' cats. Out of my back pocket I whip out that crazy knife I find. I touch a button and out jumps a blade. Liver jumps, too. I say:

"See this?"

"Yeah," he say.

"Know what it is?"

"I know what it is."

I grab him by the shirt tabs. I say real fast: "Tell me. What is it?"

His eyes are watching the knife. This stud Liver's eyes go crazy when he sees a knife. They spin. Like pinwheels. The pupils needlepoint.

Hoarsely, he says: "A switchblade. Man, a real pointy switchblade. That's sharp. It's the real cud - for somebody."

"You tellin' me," I tell him. "Let's go."

We drag out of the alley. The street's deserted. No cops in sight and that's good. It's better without cops, you got to conk out some cat. We hustle down

Hundred Thirty Seventh, up Hundred Thirty Eighth, cross Amsterdam, cross Seventh. We're at The Park. I don't even know how. We're like moving through a cloud. Then I see we been walking behind a street sprinkler. It's not raining no more. But we don't know that until we get out from behind that punky sprinkler.

We find three Bloopers sittin' on a park bench. These Bloopers look real funky. Three of them; three mean cats. And only two of us. But we got equipment; we got armament, man. We ain't spooked. We look at them. They look at us. Nobody says anything. We got nothing to say. I look at Liver. He looks at me. Then one of those Bloopers flips. He calls Liver by his right name. He says: "Hey, Liverachee, play us a tune! Man, dig that ivory-ticklin' cornball!"

That does it. Out comes Liver's zip-gun. Out comes the switchblade. There's like thunder. That's the zip-gun. There's like a *swish-shlizz!* That's the switchblade. We look down at the cement in front of the park bench. No more Bloopers. I get a little sick to the

(included on page 60)

## FEMALES BY COLE: 17



Old Flame



## All-Stars

(continued from page 50)

COLEMAN: Oh, yeah.

JEAN: Oh, what a tone he'd get out of that instrument. Did you ever hear him play, J-J?

J.J.: No.

JEAN: You're a little young for that.

J.J.: I was never fortunate enough to hear him in person. I've heard most of his recordings and I regret the fact that I never got to meet him or hear him play in person.

JEAN: Boy, he makes bass players' hair stand right up on end. Just the name — Jimmy Blanton. And now, down to the guitar: Tracy says there's only one man, as far as he's concerned, that was a great guitarist and that's Charlie Christian.

DIZ: Well, he's right there.

JEAN: He says a lot of fine guitars are playing today — people like Tal Farlow — you could name dozens of them — Johnny Smith and so on, he said, but Charlie Christian was the real daddy of 'em all. How do you feel about that, Coleman?

COLEMAN: Well, I think so too, Yeah.

JEAN: How old was he when he died? Very young.

COLEMAN: He wasn't too awfully old.

JEAN: In his thirties, I think.

COLEMAN: Yes, yes.

DIZ: He was in his very late twenties, I think. Twenty-eight, twenty-nine, something like that.

COLEMAN: Right around close on to thirty.

JEAN: Very young man.

COLEMAN: He was young, yeah.

JEAN: Never played anything the same way twice.

DIZ: He was terrific.

COLEMAN: One of my favorite records of all time was *Solo Flight*.

JEAN: *Solo Flight* with Goodman! Tremendous! Boy, that is the song.

COLEMAN: The arrangement was great —

DIZ: And that wasn't his best playing. You never actually hear most musicians at their best. . .

COLEMAN: Not on records.

DIZ: And not even in person. Because you're inspired so seldom to your heights — so rarely do you play as great as you actually can. I don't know, maybe three times, maybe four times in a lifetime that you actually play your best. I mean, that you reach your actual peak.

JEAN: Do you ever surprise yourself?

DIZ: That's when you surprise yourself.

(LAUGHTER)

JEAN: How about you, Coleman? You've played for a long time. Have you ever done something that just knocked you out?

COLEMAN: Well, I did some of my best things at the Apollo Stables.

JEAN: How many of you guys ever attended a rent party on the South Side of Chicago?

(LAUGHTER)

COLEMAN: Those were the greatest. . .

JEAN: I don't think J. J. knows what a rent party is. Well I'll tell him about it

after the show.

COLEMAN: Oh, yeah, he knows.

(LAUGHTER)

JEAN: Drop a dollar in the hat on the way in and you're in business.

COLEMAN: Bathub whiskey?

(LAUGHTER)

JEAN: Well! We've got one more instrument — one more, and that's the drums. Tracy says that, as far as he's concerned, the best all-around drummer — now again, you're getting into something that could be argued all night long, as all of these nominators could be — but he says the best all-around drummer, in his estimation, is Jo Jo Jones. Jo Jones was the great drummer who worked with the Basie band and molded that Basie rhythm section back in the late thirties. You must have heard him, J.J., didn't you?

J.J.: Oh, surely. Definitely.

JEAN: Well, what do you think about that?

COLEMAN: I think he made a good choice.

JEAN: Yeah — for all-around. There were some other great drummers during the past twenty-five years. Who's the greatest drummer you ever worked with, Coleman?

COLEMAN: Well, let me see. I worked with all of 'em.

JEAN: Ever work with Chick —

COLEMAN: I appreciate Sid Catlett.

JEAN: Oh, Catlett! There's the man. How was he left out — he isn't even mentioned in this list.

COLEMAN: There were so many of 'em, I guess. . .

JEAN: I think Catlett was one of the few people who made the great transition from traditional drumming to what you hear today. Yeah, he influenced a lot of guys. Did you ever hear Chick Webb or work with him?

COLEMAN: Oh, yeah.

JEAN: Don't you think that, as a big band driver, Webb could move a big band just about as well as anybody you've ever heard?

COLEMAN: Chick was good and heavy.

JEAN: That's what I mean. A big band. I don't mean a small combo. I mean moving a sort of mediocre crew into doing things they ordinarily wouldn't know how to do.

(PAUSE)

JEAN: Well, that's it. Those are the people on our list. Roy Eldridge and all the rest of them, and the three that we've been very privileged to have with us this afternoon — Coleman Hawkins, an all-time great on the tenor. J. J. Johnson, all-time trombonist, and, of course, the great Dizzy Gillespie, trumpet.

Why are musicians always referred to as *great*? Even if the guy plays a real miserable piano in one key in some little honky tonk in Pittown, Pennsylvania, he's always referred to as the *great* So-and-so.

COLEMAN: In his presence.

JEAN: Yes, in his presence.

(LAUGHTER)

JEAN: Jack Tracy's article — for those of you who want to read it — is in the

current issue of *PLAYBOY*, at your local newsstand and, by the way, you'll enjoy the magazine. It's a real good, new magazine and their interest in jazz, I think, is a real healthy thing. Dizzy, Coleman and J. J. thanks a lot for being with us, COLEMAN: Thank you.

DIZ: It's a pleasure.

(PAUSE)

JEAN: Ordinarily I'm kind of pretty much of a cynic about these things — these awards. Almost every television show, every radio show, at the end of the season, pops up with an award. There's always some little short guy with a cigar who appears at the end of the program and he hands a great big plaque to the MC or the comedian or whatever he is and says, "Jack, we want to award you this plaque as the greatest cigar smoker in the country." And he takes the award and walks off. But these are people who've made genuine contributions, the people you heard this afternoon, to the American art form of jazz. And jazz is one of the few things that America has exported all over the world, as a genuine art form, and something that is admired and highly respected in all the cultural centers all over the world. These people are truly important Americans. It would be a simple thing for you to find fifteen people in any town in France who know all about Coleman Hawkins. If you holler the name Dizzy Gillespie in Copenhagen, probably five hundred heads would turn and say, "Where? Is he playing in town this week?" These are big people all over the world.

Well, that's about it on this particular portion of our show. We will be back on the Mutual Network next week. Those of you who'll be around your local radio stations, we hope you'll pick up on us and if you're interested in this jazz thing, drop me a card. I'd like to hear from you.

VOICE: This is Mutual, the radio network for all America.



## burnt toast

(continued from page 24)

glasses from the table, said "Cheers," downed it and stood back to wait, his face empty and white. Nothing happened.

He turned to the other. "Give me the money," he said triumphantly. "You know what, sucker? It's like you once said. It's never too late to change. I beat you all the way down the line, but I know when I've pushed my luck as far as it'll go. After I've got myself out of this jam, I'm going to straighten you, see?"

"I doubt it," the demon murmured.

"Yes I am, buster. You've lost this boy."

The demon said, "I suggest you drink the other Martini."

The other stared at him. "That's the one with the poison."

The demon shook his head gently. "I (concluded an next page)

suggest you take the thirteenth glass, Alan Sheriff. It might help you somewhat in the tribulations that lie ahead. After all, it is the very best of gin and vermouth."

Sheriff chuckled his contempt. "Give me my dough, sucker. I'm getting out."

The demon said, "What gave you the impression that the poison was a quick acting one, Alan Sheriff?"

Sheriff blinked at him. "Huh?"

"I don't remember informing you that death was to be instantaneous following your choice of the wrong glass."

"I . . . I don't get it . . ."

"But of course you got it," the demon said smoothly. "The poison was odorless and tasteless and you got it on your eighth try. Since then your life and soul have been mine to collect at will. The fact that I haven't done so sooner was my own whim—and excellent business, as it developed. Surely in the past few years you have done more for the, ah, cause I serve than you would have had I collected my wager immediately."

After a long moment Sheriff picked up the last glass. "Maybe you're right, I might be needing this, and they are good Martinis."

"One for the road," he toasted with attempted bravado.

"Down the hatch," the demon corrected.



## ALL MARRIED WOMEN

(continued from page 40)

put through a struggle, raised his hands in a fatigued gesture of assent to marly combat.

Tilly ran to Sam and put her paint-spattered hand on his arm. "Darling Sam, look at me. I'm all covered with Japalac. Come look at the lettering. I've almost finished. Some of it's practically dry, some is damp, some is wet as can be. Look, I've been working steadily."

His eyes widened and he gazed as if he could see at the posters scattered in disarray about the room—propped against the walls, on the tables, over the bed. "It's true," he whispered.

"Patreek cried, but I just laughed at him, darling!"

"It's true," said Sam. "Showcard color can't just be slapped on."

Patreek slipped by him and out the door.

"Yes, darling," said Tilly, "you have to work it and keep it from running."

Sam made a move to try the dampness of one of the posters with his finger, but did not and turned to take his wife in his arms. "I trust you," he announced briefly. Their breathing mingled in a tropical kiss of the sort which Eric did not expect from his married guests.

Eric stood bemused in the doorway, thoroughly embroiled, murmuring to an anole with its cocked head chomping at termites. "Logic! Understanding! Trust! Then what is there for us in America?"



## CHRISTMAS STOCKING

(continued from page 29)

Scotch Shetland job that's about as handsome as any we've seen for some time. Classic styling is beautifully evident throughout, right down to the 11-inch center vent in the back. If you throw the hint to the wife or girl friend, you might also add that the price is a reasonable \$45. The small shape, modern tempo cap that accompanies the jacket so well is equipped with adjustable back buckle strap and costs a pleasant \$3.95 in cotton or \$4.95 in wool. Hell, even your five-year-old niece can afford that.

The washable Lanella robe directly below the jacket comes in a variety of magnificent tartan plaids that seem to compliment perfectly the man of leisure in his own abode. To go with it, take a look at the Cordovan scuffs at the top of the page; they sell for \$8.95 a pair in brown or black.

If you're a ski enthusiast, the all-wool hand-knit ski sweater goes remarkably well with a pair of trim black gabardine ski pants. The sweater is a product of Sweden and sells for \$17.50. Another ski favorite is the fire engine red zippered parkover with a three-way convertible neck: wear it as a full turtle, turn it down as a crew neck, open the zipper for a V-neck effect. It's available in red, navy, white or black at \$18.50.

The ubiquitous Madame Schiaparelli turns up in the men's sports shirt field. We think you'll go for the striped gold and black job on the right side of our men's display. Amazingly enough, it's washable—a fine blend of silk and cotton with long sleeves and a price tag that quietly says \$16.50. The light-colored deep V-neck sweater shown at the bottom is woven of a durable English alpaca and is available with long sleeves at \$27.50 or in a vest model at \$22.50. If you're not afraid of looking too much like Old Glory or the tricolor, the fine broadcloth pajamas in the lower right corner come in all sorts of club stripes for just \$6.95. The handsome dress shirts—in stripes, solids and checks—run between \$5.95 and \$6.50 in batton-down, round or tab collar styles.

For women between the ages of 17 and 35, nothing is more gratefully received than a cashmere sweater, a notable sample of which is shown in the center of our feminine display. The style varieties are almost endless—cartigan, pullover, round neck, V-neck, turtle, short sleeves or long—and each is good-looking and popular with the girls.

Statement: we like Anita Ekberg in a tight, fur-hugging sweater! However, most of the more sedate young ladies we know personally prefer to wear their sweaters loosely, and this is especially true with cashmere.

Like every rule, of course, this one has its exception. We direct your attention to the cover of this month's PLAYBOY and then quietly close the discussion of sweater sizes forever. If it interests you, prices for the short sleeve models start in the neighborhood of \$20 and spiral

upwards on the long sleeve jobs.

More intimate gifts for your favorite playmate might include such tasty items as a quilted bed jacket (upper right) with accompanying lingerie bag; a rich bouclé sweater-bouise in white (lower right) imported French doekin gloves (lower center) that cost, don't wince, \$50 the pair; colorful nylon slippers in lovely pastel shades of green, blue and pink (upper left); lustrous callskin purse with brass trim, or black velvet evening purse with gold trim and medallion, costing in the vicinity of \$35 each.

But these paltry items are hardly worth your time or effort. What the girl really wants is a jug of something called Joy—yes, it comes in bottles too, and is right lully called The Costliest Perfume in the World. Jean Pastou in Paris distills the heady scent, and you'll have to plunk down \$45 for each ounce . . . but it might be worth while. You never know what gifts like that are going to lead to. *Joyeux Noël!*



## GINA

(continued from page 20)

picture had appeared in the *Millinet* *Halk Gazetesi*, a leading Istanbul newspaper. "I would never wittingly pose for a picture like that. I happen to be a dramatic actress. It even lighted with my studio when they make me pose in a bathing suit. I get embarrassed when I undress in front of another girl." Miss Moore made such a fuss that the Turkish newspaper editors returned the negative of the photograph. At that point an American expose magazine picked up the story and, by blocking out the lower half of the picture, suggested it was far more revealing than it really was. Actually, the photograph showed no more Moore than a bathing suit might, but all the hoopla convinced a lot of people that the shot must have been obscene.

And so are the ways of the women of filmdom. The only sunlight in a dark sky is being supplied by Deborah Kerr. Firmly established as a star and an actress of some ability, Deborah felt she was being typed, and revolted against the sweet, "wholesome" roles in which she was being regularly cast. She sought and got the part of the strumpet wife in *From Here To Eternity* and her sexy beach scene with Burt Lancaster became the most famous in the film. Next, she accepted the lead in the Broadway play, *Tea and Sympathy*, in which she goes to bed with a school boy. Now, as she poses for charming cheesecake photos, she informs the press that she will not play the same part in the film version of *Sympathy* unless the seduction, an important part of the story, stays in.

What does all this prove? Probably nothing more than the old bromide, *la donna è mobile*—females are fickle. But we've known that for a long time.





# PLAYBOY'S BAZAAR



### STACK-A-RACK

Especially created for 45 RPM records and recorded tapes, this clever rack also lends itself nicely to the storage of your current reading matter. The top shelf accommodates radio, record player or PLAYBOY binder; if you need a room divider, the top corner supports are fitted with sockets that take well to the legs of another rack. A rather neat arrangement, in all, available in black wrought iron at \$6.95 or gleaming brass plate at \$8.95 ppd. *Leslie Creations*, Dept. 362, P.O. Box 9516, Phila. 49, Pa.



### VERSATILE BUCKET

This good-looking woven fibre basket serves well as receptacle for waste, umbrellas, gin bottles, magazines or even plants - not, of course, at the same time. It's 16" high, with an 11" diameter wood bottom, available in charcoal or beige tweed, tangerine or off white for only \$5.75 ppd. *Designers in Production*, Dept. JW, 411 S. Clinton, Chicago, Ill.

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



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### GRACIOUS GUZZLING

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"Like to go for a little ride in my new Nash?"



## SORRY FLIGHT

(continued from page 48)

medicine and should be used only when all else has failed.

Wake at regular intervals during the night, say at one, three, and five A.M. Cry loudly. Soon your mother will answer. You may be either (1) too hot, (2) too cold, (3) hungry, (4) thirsty, (5) afraid of a bad dream, or (6) overdue at the W.C.

The expert, however, prefers the simple meaningless wail, which cannot be misread of with a "Well, go on down and get some graham crackers," or other suggestion allowing the mother to stay in bed. She will come in on the double.

"What's the matter, David?"

"Mother, you look lovely with your hair down!"

(Choose any of her good points.

Flattery here is effective.)

"Are you all right?"

"Almost, mother, almost. Nothing you can do. Just sit here a while with me, will you?"

If she brings you to a psychologist (and she may) it is best to take the fellow aside quietly:

"Yes, Master David?"

"Just wanted to brief you, doctor.

If mother says anything about howling at night, I pretend I did it. No use frightening her, you know."

"You didn't cry out?"

"Hardly! Ask father."

(You may assume your father will sleep through all this. Fathers always do.)

The doctor will comfort and reassure her. This is what he has been trained for, and what he is well paid to do.

Remember, though, that in most cases punishment of any kind is not necessary. Mothers are anxious for approval and will go to considerable lengths to obtain it.

Give her the opportunity to please, and then be generous with your praise.

### A WORD OF CAUTION

By following these simple rules you can make your mother useful and happy. She will thank you for it.

You will not only be saving your strength and soothing your nerves, you will be learning, and many of the lessons learned in helping your mother will be valuable in dealing with other women.

However, remember this major difference between mothers and other females: your mother is the only female who will want, from the start, to do something for you. Other women will always begin by wanting you to do something for them.

This is why it is so necessary to bring out the mother in all women as soon as possible. It is far easier to do than it sounds. We will go into it more fully in our later articles.

Meanwhile your body is growing. Make sure your character grows with it!

### HOW TO BE BEREFTHEBLE

#### IN SHORT PANTS

You may feel, once you have properly

trained your mother, that you have no further need to worry about the female world. Unfortunately this is not true.

However, for the next ten years or so, girls of your own age should be completely beneath your notice.

True, your first sight of the schoolyard, filled with laughing girls, will terrify you. This feeling will last for several years—unless you remember this simple fact: *males are afraid of females only at the time when females can do them no damage whatever*, which is when the males are in short pants. This is no doubt some simple instinct of nature, and should be disregarded entirely.

### SET YOUR SIGHTS HIGH

Devote much of your attention during this period to the playing fields. You will be building the fine physique that will be so valuable in later years.

But indoors, remember that your first exercises as a human male have begun.

Concentrate entirely on mature women and begin practicing the masculine charm which will later become second nature to you. The lad who learns how to charm women while still in short pants will have few worries in the trying years to come.

### BE A LITTLE BOY

Though your object will be to charm the fully grown female, you will succeed best by being a little boy.

This is effective even when you are a little boy, and later, when you are not, it will still be good. Thus it is important not only to seem as little as possible, but to remember how you did it.

It is not as simple as it seems. For example, one of the best ways to seem little is to pretend to be big.

"See how big I am, Miss Jones?"

"My goodness, you are big, David!"

"Feel my muscle!"

(Do not harden the muscle fully in these demonstrations. No use revealing your true strength.)

You will soon discover that actual size has nothing to do with it. Women prefer tall men and small boys—and they are happiest of all when they find a male who is both at the same time.

### BE UNBUTTONED

This is closely related but subtly different. Being unbuttoned is an attitude, and can be assumed by expert boys with every button firmly buttoned.

Women, you will soon learn, have a fetish for matness in everything but human males. They fidget to see a littered desk or a cluttered living room, but they have a weakness for men who look like unmade beds.

You must learn, while you are still portable, to look unbuttoned, or teased. Be an island of confusion in a sea of tidiness. A smudge on the knee, a smear of lipstick on the forehead, or shoes put on the wrong feet—these are all good.

The real expert, however, can simply assume an unbuttoned expression without disturbing a hair. This is best of all,

(concluded on page 61)



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(see page 4)

## ZIP-GUN BOYS

(continued from page 53)

sometimes. Especially dead Bloopers. I don't even like those Blooper studs when they're dead.

A whistle blows. Another. Dark forms rise up from behind the shrubbery all around us. I look at Liver. He looks at me. We know what digs, now. It's a trap. I look down at the dead Bloopers again and see now they ain't for real. They're clothing store dummies dressed up like Bloopers. Man, these corny cop studs and their funky tricks.

We run. Liver, he zips one. I switch another. *Bless!* And *swish-shizz!* No more cops. We make time out of that whole area.

A few minutes and we're forty blocks away. Now we slow down. We walk the mean dark streets, real casual, in fact very cool. We're just a couple of cats, prowlin', flow. Nobody bothers us. Except the rats scuttling around the garbage cans. Some stud drops a flower pot off a roof. It just misses Liver. We don't even look up. We don't let it bother us. We're so cool now you can see our breath steamin'.

After awhile, Liver say: "So what else is new? What do we do now? I'm gettin' a trifle bored. You dig?"

I say: "Uh-huh." I say: "You don't know what comes next, you square stud?"

He say: "No."

I say: "Man, didn't you ever dig that Hal Elston cat? You never read *Duke, Tomboy, The Golden Spike, Summer Street!* Where you been at, Man?" I say: "You know what comes next."

But I see he don't. He look blank. Can that Liver stud ever look blank! So I tell him and we go do it. We go to a secret pad. We light up. We take on a big charge. Then we use the switch blade. We cut each other's jugulars. Then we fuse 'em together with Scotch Tape. All the blood out of Liver flows into me. It was a cool connection, you know? Kind of like an initiation or something. So now we real blood brothers.

Then real quick like I don't feel so good. I look at Liver. He don't look so good, too. Right away I know what's happened. We ain't got the same blood types.

We lay down together there in the dark, stinking dirty pad and we die together. Pretty soon we're cool, man, real cool.

EDITORIAL NOTE: *If you've enjoyed this fine, wholesome, stimulating Zip-Gun Boys story, you won't want to miss the others in this exciting series: Zip-Gun Boys On A Ranch, Zip-Gun Boys Go To College, Zip-Gun Boys On A Treasure Hunt, Zip-Gun Boys In The Navy, Zip-Gun Boys' Good Deed, Zip-Gun Boys In Darkest Somaliland, to be published at a much later date in some other publication.*



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## SORRY PLIGHT

(continued from page 59)

but takes practice.

Later, as you reach manhood, the same principles will apply, but they must be carried out with greater care and subtlety. We will cover this, too, in a later article.

### BE INCOMPETENT

Women will always like you more for what they do for you than for what you do for them. This is true at any age, and it is well to begin practicing it early. Your object is to seem to be a blundering but lovable idiot.

"I'm just all thumbs when it comes to tying ties. Will you help me, Miss Jones? Father says you're such a comfort in the office."

"I'd love to, David! Just jump up on my lap."

She may not be able to tie as neat a knot as you can, but you will soon learn there is more in life than well-tied cravats.

### BE DEMONSTRATIVE

Women like gestures of open affection. Approach the woman of your choice with a rush and fling your arms around her as you grow taller. Thus you will, in a sense, work your way up.

The cuddle or snuggle is effective, too. Land suddenly on the proper lap and hang on. No need to talk, though a hoarse word or two will do no harm.

When you have reached the site at which it is debatable who should get on whose lap, you have gone beyond the bounds of this first installment. But do not be impatient! All this will be thoroughly explored in future issues.

### BE A BONE OF CONTENTION

Women are always competing with each other. Use this to your advantage. It is never too early to begin.

Valuable as it is to put your arms around a woman, it is twice as valuable if another woman is watching. Jealousy will begin to work in the neglected woman.

"Davie, come over here and see what I've got for you!"

What I will have something interesting. What it will be will differ as you grow older.

### HOW TO HANDLE TEACHERS

Luckily for you, most elementary school teachers are women. You should be able to handle them just as easily as you do other women, and with the same methods.

Avoid the odd clichés. For example, bringing an apple to the teacher is bad. On the contrary:

"May I borrow your apple, Miss Brown?"

"Oh, Davie, are you so hungry?"

"Oh, no! We have plenty at home. Just felt a little weak."

(Always be brave, be manly.)

"You certainly may have my apple, Davie!"

Your object is not the apple. You may not even like apples. You are trying to

win her friendship. She will soon forget the lad who brought the apple, but she will long remember the one who borrows it.

No need to stay after school. This is intended as a punishment and will not be used if you seem to regard it in a different light.

The first day you have been kept late, say upon leaving:

"May I stay after school again tomorrow, Miss Brown?"

"Only if you have to be punished again, David."

"Please, please, Miss Brown! Home seems so, well, drab after being with you. May I walk home with you?"

Glance occasionally at her legs. This may have, at your age, no particular significance to you, but it will to her. She will notice it. Women always notice everything.

And you will never have to stay after school again.

### SPREAD HAPPINESS

Your little body will begin to grow, faster than you expect. All the more reason why you should use these golden years wisely, giving yourself a firm foundation on which to build your life.

If you forget everything else, remember this: all older women are hungry for love and affection. Give it to them. It is your duty to spread sunshine. Every bit of happiness you bring to others will return to you a hundred fold.

Spread it—in fact, spread it thickly. There will always be enough to go around.

NEXT MONTH: "THE FIRST SAP OF MANHOOD AND HOW IT RISES"



## BEER

(continued from page 22)

shrimp and remove the vein running down the back.

Cut as fine as possible 2 tablespoons onion and  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup green pepper. Put the onion and green pepper in a sautépan with  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup butter. Heat over a moderate flame, stirring frequently, until onion is yellow, not brown. Remove pan from flame. Stir in  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup flour, mixing until no dry flour is visible. Stir in  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon dry mustard. Gradually add 2 cups of the liquid in which the shrimp were cooked and 2 bouillon cubes. Stir well with wire whip. Return to a moderate flame and simmer slowly 5 minutes. Add shrimp to sauce and simmer 3 minutes more. Add 1 teaspoon prepared mustard and  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon Worcestershire sauce. Mix well. Add salt and pepper to taste.

Serve the shrimp and beer gravy with white rice and broiled tomato halves. Keep the beer steins filled before, during and after the shrimp course. Conclude the session with fair size pieces of apple strudel and hot coffee.



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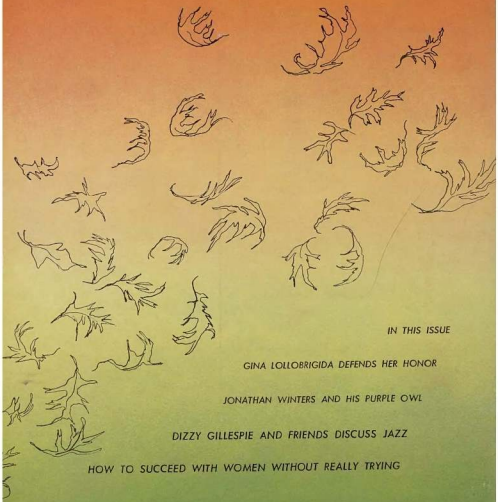
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IN THIS ISSUE

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JONATHAN WINTERS AND HIS PURPLE OWL

DIZZY GILLESPIE AND FRIENDS DISCUSS JAZZ

HOW TO SUCCEED WITH WOMEN WITHOUT REALLY TRYING