

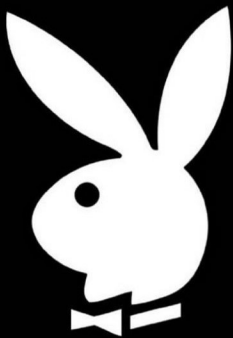
DECEMBER 50 cents

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN



A HOLIDAY EVENING
WITH JANET PILGRIM



PLAYBOY



NEIMAN



BEAUMONT



WILSON



BRADBURY



TYLER

PLAYBILL

PLAYBOY IS TWO YEARS OLD. On birthdays, surrounded by good friends, a man is usually permitted a toast or two and a little speech, so we'd like to toss off some thoughts on the progress of our favorite magazine.

In our first issue, we made clear that PLAYBOY wasn't going to be a "family magazine." The wife and kiddies have plenty of publications of their own, and PLAYBOY's dedicated to the entertainment of the man of the house. Further, it is edited for a particular kind of guy: sophisticated, intelligent, urban in tastes and interests. We've tried to make the magazine an exciting experience, both visually and editorially—a virtual handbook for the young man-about-town. We've succeeded to the extent that PLAYBOY is now the largest selling quality-priced (50c-or-over) magazine on newsstands in the nation; more young men go out and pay half a dollar for PLAYBOY each month than for any other magazine in the United States, which means, in the entire world.

A year ago, with a single candle on our cake, we were excited about the magazine's growth from an initial print order of 70,000 to 170,000, not realizing that PLAYBOY's popularity was just beginning. That First Anniversary Issue sold 97% and the demand raised the press-run to 250,000 for the February issue, 350,000 for April, 400,000 for May. We are printing over 600,000 for this Second Anniversary Issue and the circulation is still climbing. More important than growth, however, is the continual improvement of the magazine; we are rather pleased with ourselves, for we feel that issue after issue, we are producing a smarter, more enjoyable, more provocative publication.

On birthdays it's nice to recall some of the pleasant experiences of the year: An independent survey conducted by Gould, Glens and Benn, Inc. revealed the average PLAYBOY reader was just the sophisticated man-about-town we'd

hoped—twenty-nine years of age, college educated, with a professional or executive position; it also indicated that 25% of the readers are college students, giving PLAYBOY the largest percentage college audience of any national magazine.

PLAYBOY was accepted into membership in the A.B.C., a non-profit organization that audits the circulations of all the top magazines for potential advertisers; *Writer's Digest* saluted PLAYBOY as the "new slick, luxury magazine" and "one of the most outstanding success yarns in recent years."

Two of PLAYBOY's photographic illustrations, for *Naked Lady* (May) and *The Cocktail Hour* (October), were selected for the Annual Exhibition of Advertising Art by the Art Director's Club of Chicago, along with four other pieces of the magazine's art, including Arthur Paul's illustration for *The Most Horrible Story* (February) and Art Lester's drawing of Satchmo for *Red Beans and Ricely Yours* (February). PLAYBOY received a Certificate of Merit from the Art Director's Club of New York for the second year in a row, this one for LeRoy Neiman's illustration for *A Change of Air* (February), which was also selected for international exhibition as part of a government sponsored show of outstanding U.S. art and design.

A number of PLAYBOY's regular illustrators are serious, non-commercial artists on their own, which helps explain why PLAYBOY is one of the most exciting pictorial magazines being published today. LeRoy Neiman, who appears in almost every issue and does all of PLAYBOY's fashion illustrations, is an instructor in figure and fashion at the Art Institute of Chicago and has won important prizes with his oil paintings. One of his canvases, *Caryow*, is presently a part of the 1955 Carnegie International Institute of Oil Paintings at Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Richard O. Tyler, whose woodcuts have illustrated Maughan's *The Closed*

Shop (September), *Zip-Gun Boys On A Caper* (November) and Bradbury's *The Next In Line* in this issue, was honored with a special exhibition of his woodcuts this fall by the Smithsonian Institute, United States National Museum, in the Smithsonian Building, Washington, D.C.

It has been a very good year for PLAYBOY and we are grateful to all of you who have helped to make it that. If a toast to the future is in order, we'll raise one to the hope and plan to make PLAYBOY the best, most sophisticated, most entertaining men's magazine ever published.

This Second Anniversary Issue is certainly a good start. Charles Beaumont and Ray Bradbury have both been regular contributors to PLAYBOY's pages, but this is the first issue in which these two good friends appear together. Beaumont's versatile pen is put to the telling of an amusing love story and Bradbury spins a tale of horror reminiscent of E. A. Poe. Ray tells us he's currently shaping *Fahrenheit 551* into a play for the famous theatrical producing team of Charles Laughton and Paul Gregory (*Don Juan In Hell, Three For Tonight*). *Fahrenheit* received its first magazine publication in PLAYBOY last year.

Ray Russell is back with a snappy satire on Hollywood and its mores; he's also written some Christmas card verses, illustrated by cartoonists Cole, Stone, Miller, Klein and Denison. Earl Wilson uncovers a nudist wedding. Shepherd Mead presents the second in his new series of articles on how to succeed with women without really trying; there are some unusual Mother Goose Rhymes that should amuse, Thomas Mario has some delicious thoughts on gifts for gourmets, and the PLAYBOY camera visits a burlesque show in, of all places, Japan. In addition, PLAYBOY's subscription manager, Janet Pilgrim, has kindly consented to pose for another Playmate picture and it is, in our opinion, the prettiest we have ever published.

DEAR PLAYBOY



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

PLAYBOYS AT SEA

At present the battleship USS New Jersey is preparing a cruise book covering the activities of the ship during 1955, both in the United States and on foreign shores.

Regardless of where we may be, mail eventually gets to us, and invariably included in the mail are copies of PLAYBOY. When this occurs, there is a gradual and progressive loss of efficiency as the issues are passed throughout the ship . . . and seamen can be seen on all decks, boats, bldgs, and even in gun barrels reading your magazine. Side cleaners have been known to paint the same spot for six hours while trying to look busy . . . and read PLAYBOY at the same time. Four boats have been beached by coxswains who missed the channels for reading PLAYBOY. And one lad was actually scalped because the barber was concentrating on PLAYBOY and forgot to stop.

So you see, everyone on the New Jersey looks at PLAYBOY, and we were hoping to continue this situation by having PLAYBOY appear in our cruise book as well. We would greatly appreciate it if you would give us a Playmate of our very own . . . Miss New Jersey . . . to add color, character, and warmth to our book, and our lives here on a constantly moving battleship.

Commander C. C. Hartigan, Jr.
Executive Officer, USS New Jersey
c/o FPO, New York, New York

SEPTEMBER SATIRE

Browsing, I happened to flip open the September issue of PLAYBOY and found myself zestfully intrigued. I didn't realize how hungry I was for genuine satire until I devoured your *Closed Shop* and *Spy Story*. All in all, PLAYBOY proved to be my most delightful find in years. The high quality of your fiction is inspiring.

Dr. Felix Conrad Schwarz
Stillwater, Oklahoma

I want you to know that I particularly enjoyed Robert Sheckley's *Spy Story* in your September issue. Think it was one of the greatest I've ever read.

L. R. Horn
Chicago, Illinois

BASIC WARDROBE

Shame on PLAYBOY. After reading Jack Kessie's *The Basic Wardrobe*, I have become disillusioned with your magazine. What self respecting playboy would be caught dead without a tuxedo

and dinner jacket? Why, it's almost as bad as finding a Madison Avenue ad exec without a button-down shirt. It just doesn't happen. I'll continue to check your magazine in the future to see that such crimes of omission are not repeated.

Martin Silver
Waukegan, New York

Kessie's September article covered only the fundamental pieces in a man's wardrobe. Martin. Formal attire, like swim trunks or an umbrella, is necessary, but specialized and, therefore, wasn't covered. Jack will spend some time on formal dress in the January issue.

RUSSELL IRREGULAR

I thought you'd enjoy knowing that Ray Russell's amusing Sherlockian pastiche, *The Murder of Conan Doyle*, in the May issue of PLAYBOY, will be listed in the archives of the Baker Street Irregulars in our national quarterly, the *Baker Street Journal*. All good wished

Vincent Starett
Baker Street Irregulars
Chicago, Illinois

MISS SEPTEMBER

In regard to your Playmate of the Month, September issue, what manner of man is that, who would let a sweet young girl like Anne Fleming walk up those stairs? In Texas, sir, she would be carried up—three at a time, I might add!

William F. Chesnut
Kenedy, Texas

THANKS FROM SAMMY

I would like to take this opportunity to thank you for the PLAYBOY article on me in your September issue. It was well written and I enjoyed it very much.

Sammy Davis, Jr.
Chicago, Illinois

THE PERFECT MARTINI

Regarding September's pictorial, *Mixing the Perfect Martini*, you were on the beam until you wiped the glass with lemon peel and used a twist. Sirs, you may play with my heartstrings with the lovely Playmate, but when a man wants a Martini *don't serve him lemonade!*

L. L. William Gurley
Fort Scott, California

COLLECTING JAZZ

So help me, I've never read a finer issue of any magazine than the September PLAYBOY—a real gem on all counts. Perhaps my favorite piece was the one

on record collecting. I've been buying, trading and stealing records here in New Orleans for over twelve years and feel certain that, as those women's ads say, "I'm in the know."

I once paid \$25 for a mint Ellington and lived on hamburgers for a week as a result. Needless to say, I have a real solid affection for this disc. The most heart-busting scene I ever witnessed was in the movie, *Blackboard Jungle*, where those hopped up kids smashed the school teacher's wax collection.

I liked your selection but thought it incomplete. Even the most basic collection should include some Keaton.

Bert Wydown, Jr.
New Orleans, La.

DON'T HATE YOURSELF

To your article, *Don't Hate Yourself*, I say hi! Sex shouldn't be regarded so lightly by bachelors and bachelorettes. I'm married (happily I might add) and did a lot of coasting in my day, but I was a virgin when my husband and I married. Believe me, we had no trouble getting me into working order (#5 and #6 in your list of rules)—we have three children, ages four, three and one.

So all you men, keep right on hating yourselves afterwards. I'm certainly proud of the fact that I wasn't an old hand at sex before I married.

Mrs. W. H. Lane
McCam, Texas

Well, it's about time! I believe both you and Mr. Archer should be presented some sort of medal good for a life case of beer for having the guts to bring the truth out in the open.

I'm twenty-two years old and during the course of my young life I've met, and been thoroughly disgusted with, all the various moanings and groanings from women which you describe. Maybe now that they realize that everyone knows what is going on in their little minds, they'll be more sincere (but I doubt it). Anyway, thanks for a truly great article and keep up the good work as yours is the best man's mag out, bar none.

Guy Edward Sann
Sheppard AFB, Texas

Don't Hate Yourself in the Morning is the most honest, down to earth chronicle I've ever had the pleasure of reading. If more American men would educate themselves to these facts, I wholeheartedly believe we would all live

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in a better world. I know the girls would.

Cy Martin
Rochester, N.Y.

I think the article, *Don't Hate Yourself in the Morning*, is ridiculous. Mr. Archer probably wrote it because some girl has just de virginized him. His knowledge of women is sadly lacking. Perhaps he should try writing again when he gets to about his fifth woman.

Miss Kathryn Bishop
Beverly Hills, Calif.

"Men are men," "women are women," "fun is fun." These are representative clichés of a contemporary ideological thought trend which is most disturbing to me, and should be as disturbing to everyone else. The most exciting thing to me about people, all people, both men and women, is that each one is different, each one an individual. The individuality of every human being is a blessing which none should desecrate. It's the something that we Americans have painstakingly developed, nurtured, protected; and which we flaunt proudly in the faces of those less fortunate and less spiritually, mentally, physically and emotionally developed than ourselves.

Now to be sure, fun is fun, but there are many varieties of it—many different interpretations by many different individuals. What is funny to one may, in fact, be repulsive to another. (A good old-fashioned wiccanic roast satisfies my own taste, but a good old-fashioned venison seems to be what it takes to satisfy some other people's sense of humor.) Even in jest, there is both good and evil.

Your article, *Don't Hate Yourself in the Morning*, was the vilest piece of anti-individualist propaganda I've ever read. Besides being exceedingly offensive, this article was one of the grossest insults to adult intelligence ever published in the name of "enlightenment." Its subject matter—sex, virginity and guilt feelings—is certainly deserving of commentary, has been kept in the shadows too long and needs some healthy airing. But the shoddy manner in which your writer handled the subject, sprinkling generously throughout the article the names of psychologists and psychiatrists giving the misleading impression that his (the author's) narrow and limited "opinions" are accepted medical facts, is a shameful violation of the integrity of the psychiatric profession.

The main impression that Mr. Archer's article leaves the reader with, although it was so full of broad generalities that it was indeed difficult to be sure of any given impression, is that it's some sort of unforgivable sin for a man to marry; a thesis which leads to doubt that Mr. Archer is campaigning in the best interests of bachelors. The bachelor, like his counterpart, the old maid, is unmarried because he has been unable to find a mate of the opposite sex to live with. But bachelors certainly *went* to get married, raise families, and follow the fa-

mililar patterns of organized society.

Jane Ross
New York, N.Y.

P.S. If an editorial apology should result from this or any other complaint, we can do without the standard snide remarks about "the wily workings of the female mind" and/or "this is a man's magazine anyhow, what is a woman doing reading it?" I am, as a matter of fact, an admirer of your publication and interested in increasing its circulation—that's why all the interest. I would particularly like to offer bravoes for Charles Beaumont's *The Crooked Man*, which was an excellent story, intelligent, informative, stimulating and truly imaginative and thought inspiring. Hope that my criticism is taken in the friendly light that it is offered.

We've tremendous respect for the individual, Jane, and we consider a man's right to be different a fundamental part of his freedom in a democracy, but damned if we know what that's got to do with Archer's article. He never suggested that a bachelor shouldn't get married (though there's a lot to be said on that subject too, and we said some of it in an article published more than a year ago, Open Season on Bachelors, June, 1954). He also indicated early in the article that he wasn't writing about all women: "Dr. Kinsey pointed out that about half the women in America are non-virgin by the time they marry. It should be made clear at this point that this article is principally concerned with the 50 per cent who do or will, not with the 50 per cent who want to but won't." The "main impression" that Mr. Archer wanted to leave with readers was pretty clearly stated in the article's title and sub-caption: "Don't hate yourself in the morning; you weren't the only one having fun." His point: If a young lady goes to bed with a man, it is because she wants to and any weeping and wailing that takes place, before or after, is for his benefit and to ease her conscience.

After finishing your August issue of PLAYBOY and especially devouring Jules Archer's article, *Don't Hate Yourself in the Morning*, I secretly gave overbearing thanks for such enlightening information coming my way. It appears that I was in that mentioned minority of bachelor males who are naive and totally unaware of the amatory habits of the opposite sex. Armed with a strong conviction of righteousness, I lost no time putting into effect the author's proposals.

That was last night, and right now I am tenderly nursing a swollen eye and two livid looking lumps on my chin. I bear neither PLAYBOY nor the author any malice. But I definitely think a word of caution should have been inserted for the inexperienced and over-zealous few—including myself—who do not possess the savvy and amorous techniques necessary for such an undertaking!

Robert P. Adams, Jr.
Croft, Nevada



PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



records

*Katy King, she had a diamond ring . . .
Who would be the lucky one to get it,
All the fellows wanted to know.
She said:*

*Take your finger off it,
Don't you dare to touch it,
'Cause it don't belong to you.
'Taint no use to covet it,
Mama's gonna save it
For the man whose love is true . . .*

We were sitting up front near the bandstand in Chicago's jazz spa, The Blue Note (3 N. Clark), when Lizzie Miles pelted the people with these rather uninhibited blues lyrics. As she sang, her big body rocked in easy rhythm; behind her, Bob Scobey and his Frisco Band wailed out the accompaniment. Sharing a table with Lizzie between sets, we asked her if anyone might be disturbed by a possible double meaning in the words. Lizzie looked horrified, then incredulous before answering, "All depends how a person thinks, doesn't it?" For us, Lizzie's just about the greatest of the old-style blues shouters—with a gutsy, outgoing delivery that's reminiscent of the late Bessie Smith, whom Lizzie admired a lot. She's left the Blue Note since, returning to her old haunt in New Orleans, the Parisian Room, but you can hear her on lusty Cook LPs titled *Hot Songs My Mother Taught Me* (1185) and *Moves and Blues* (1182).

Louis Armstrong's latest Columbia LP, *Satch Plays Fats* (CL 708), makes us think wistfully of the Hot Seven days, when Louis would do up brown such delights as *Potato Head Blues*. It's not the tunes that are only fair on this recording—they're all by the late Fats Waller—but rather Satchmo's unimaginative blowing

and the cute, commercial tricks perpetrated by both Louis and the ensemble (Trummy Young, Barney Bigard, Billy Kyle, Velma Middleton, et al.). Fats deserves a better tribute than this.

Eartha Kitt is certainly one of the most distinctive tonal-wigglers around these days, able to romp through the roundelays in a wide assortment of languages, both foreign and domestic. We suggest you listen to the kitten on her new Victor offering *Down to Earth* (LPM-1109) if you crave the sexy, sentimental, saucy lady at her most provocative. They're bound to run out of puns for these LPs soon; an earlier disc was titled *That Bad Eartha*.

An old high school buddy of ours, Lon Levy, turns up on piano on a new Norgran release, *West Coast Jazz* (N-1032). With him is a dedicated band of modern brigades led by Stan Getz, Shelly Manne and Conte Candoli, none of whom need any endorsement from us; they perform as fine as their reputations would lead you to expect.

If traditional jazz is your stein of beer, the Good Time Jazz label serves up a series of barefoot stomps by such spirited syncopators as George Lewis, Turk Murphy, Kid Ory and Pete Daily, each with his respective group. Titled *Jazz Band Ball* (12005) the record is certainly not meant to be a contest but we cheered loudly for the Lewis crew, especially George's haunting clarinet passages on *Burgundy Street Blues*.

We like to see a new record company emerge in the classical field, especially one that enters as suspiciously as the Unicorn label. One of their first releases, *The Golden Age of Brass* (UN 1005), presents Seventeenth Century

works from Italy, England and Germany brilliantly played and recorded by a brass ensemble culled from the Boston Symphony. Composers include Gabrieli, Purcell and Bach in several of their more neglected works. The sounds that emerge, ancient though they be, sound strangely modern and surprisingly akin to the current Kenton brass section. Another Unicorn offering, *French Moderns* (UN 1005), displays three Twentieth Century giants, Milhaud, Honegger and Poulenc; the somewhat more tempered Saint-Saëns; and the debut on LP of Roland-Manuel, in an exciting collection of chamber music for wind instruments. Both are excellent recordings, with dust jackets done up as tastefully as any we've seen.



dining
drinking

The Roma in New York City (3rd Ave., between 46th and 47th) is barely the size of two commemorative stamps laid end to end, but there's still room enough for "Mr. Paul" Christi to hustle heavenly spaghetti and linguine in white clam sauce over to your table. Music floats in over a beat-up radio that was old when Garibaldi was a boy, and plays nothing but Rossini. Out back, Mama Christi labors lovingly with Yeal Scallopine Marsala, which is simple enough in the writing; dredge two cutlets worth of scalloped veal in flour; brown in butter for 2 minutes; pour half a glass of Marsala in the pan and let it evaporate for several minutes, then cover the pan; serve any time after that.

A subterranean swing mill in Chicago, The Cloister Inn (900 N. Rush), boasts a spellbinder in Lurlan Hunter.

a pretty miss who soothes a song like Dido working on Aeneas. During the more crowded weekends, the devotees pack the piano-bar four deep, but you don't hear a murmur when Luritan starts warbling such lush lullabies as *The Nearness of You* or *Isn't It Romantic?* Her cohorts, Roy Barten on piano and Dave Poshko on bass, contribute a steady, modern jazz beat that's right up to snuff. If you'd rather avoid the spirited Friday-Saturday revelers, we suggest a weeknight visit—when this relaxed, romantic alcove functions with less turmoil. Luritan and friends entertain every night except Monday and Tuesday, at which time the wee bandstand is ably occupied by Dick Marx, piano, and John Frigo, boss, both of whom play modern without losing track of things. Open every night until 1 A.M.



books

For Christmas and New Year's celebrations, the season would be dull indeed without warily-spiked portions of egg-nog and at least one copy of *The Abe Burrows Songbook* (Doubleday, \$4.50). This wacky welter was published too soon for Abe to include his latest smash, *For Every Man There's a Woman so How Come I Wound up with You?*, but you will find both words and easy-to-ruin music to such light-headed Burrows ballads as *The Girl with the Three Blue Eyes*, *I May Be Sick* and *The Duke of Dittendorten*, this last a memorable Operetta-type Operetta. In addition, you get an illuminating introduction by the composer—who also co-authored *Guy and Dolls*, *Gas-Gas*, etc.—explaining just why he bothered to pen the immortal masterpieces in this collection. Fine singing stuff for those big holiday parties.

If you can't get to New York to catch *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, you'll relish the printed version of the galvanic Tennessee Williams drama (New Directions, \$5). The usual ingredients of Southern decadence and sex (several varieties) are there, but also in abundance are crackling conflicts, crusty characterizations, and the crisp, lyric dialogue that is Williams' greatest virtue. The script reads like lightning, smacks of limelight and gressepain—and yet is profoundly human. Even if you did see the show, this book gives you the chance to read both versions of Act Three—Williams' original and the Broadway rewrite done at the urging of director Elia Kazan. The original wins hands down for our money. The one used in the show is a makeshift compromise complete with a last-minute character

change, a stagey electrical storm, and a meaningless re-entrance of Burl Ives for the sole purpose of cracking a hardly joke about an elephant. It's a pretty good joke, at least, and the trumpet-up act won't dim the pleasure you'll get from reading this socky sizzler.

Noel Coward (or, as Lorenz Hart so accurately pronounced it, Noel Ca-aid) is recently represented in drugstores by a paperback potpourri of his short stories, short plays and songs, titled, amazingly enough, *Short Stories, Short Plays and Songs by Noel Coward* (Dell First Edition, 35c). Of the twenty-one urbane items, *What Mad Pursuit* is a deft knife-in-the-back-type story of the Broadway-Hollywood set; *Still Life* is the delicate drama of infidelity that became the movie *Brief Encounter*; and the songs include such teddily dahling classics as *Don't Put Your Daughters on the Stage* (her bust is too developed for her age).

Steve Allen, a fast guy at the Steinway, turns out to be just as cratty at the Smith-Corona portable—witness his neat nest of short stories titled *Fourteen for Tonight* (sponsored by Henry Holt, \$3). It's comforting to know that Steve skips the corner pub after the night's TV labors, and chooses to bat out such spiky, wry items as these during the slunk of the morning. Among other things, the stories describe the demise of a flirty wife, the misadventures of a sozzled uncle, the cool singing of a parlor maid, and a brief *tête-à-tête* with a homosexual—set to paper swiftly and with substance.



films

The Tender Trap, a celluloid version of the Broadway comedy by PLAYBOY-regular Max Shulman and Robert Paul Smith, is a clever confection about an unmarried theatrical agent (Frank Sinatra), his married crony (David Wayne), and the women in their respective lives. The script is adult (not above mentioning such things as paternity suits) and the direction, by Chuck Walters, has snap and savvy. Sinatra, who is described by one character as "attractive, in an rib-beat, beat-up sort of way," runs away with the show, but Wayne follows close behind. As for the women, there are Mrs. Eddie Fisher and a number of walk-ons, all equally darling and equally dense; there's also Celeste Holm, a victim of her congenital ailment, fallen archness. Of course, Hollywood makes its usual obeisance to conventional morality—

Sinatra gets married and the married guy returns to his wife—but despite these minor failings, it's a pleasant picture with a bouncy title tune, sung once by Sinatra and once too often by Debbie Reynolds.

Hollywood now and then likes to clamp its cinematic teeth into some of the more explosive social situations that bubble and seethe around us (*On the Waterfront*, *Blackboard Jungle*), oftentimes with telling effect. In *Trial*, writer Don Mankiewicz and director Mark Robson take a good, meaty swipe at Communist Party tactics in the U.S., here vaguely disguised as the "All-People's Party," and come up with as devastating a hunk of contemporary exposé as you're likely to see. The facts are these: Glenn Ford, as a trial-sly law instructor, is drawn into defending a teen-age boy of Mexican descent against a charge of rape and murder. Co-counsel (and card carrying) Arthur Kennedy, quick to spot a potential party martyr, whips up a corker of a Madison Square Garden rally, ostensibly to raise defense funds for the hapless boy. Complications and blood-pressure pile up as the script and performances combine to make this a snarling film.

Gene Kelly, who has plenty of know-how between the ears as well as in his feet, continues to be the whitest hope of the filmical. His latest, *It's Always Fair Weather*, spotlights himself, Dan Dailey and choreographer-turned-actor Michael Kidd in an inventive romp about three war buddies who meet after a decade to find their friendship has gone phfff. Naturally, everything turns out fine at the late-out, and before then there's plenty of energetic hoofing and spirited vocalizing. Dolores Gray, bangle-voiced import from Broadway, sings André Previn's songs loudly and well, is amusing as a cloying TV star. Cyl Charrise drifts dully through most of the film, but comes to life with a bang in her single all-too-short dance number. Hal (*\$61,000 Question*) March has a lot of fun with his bit as a punchy pugilist. Cinematically, the *ton-de-force* of the movie is a closed-mouth, stream-of-consciousness trio by Kelly, Dailey and Kidd, sung to the tune of *The Blue Danube*: as each of their inner selves takes a solo, the CinemaScope screen shrinks to a small rectangle just large enough to frame the "singer's" face. The Comden and Green script is clever throughout and has a particularly good time ribbing the Madison Avenue crowd for its love of the suffix "—wise" ("situationwise," "saturationwise," etc.), and Dan Dailey, as a fed-up ad exec, has a devastating drunken dance sequence. All in all, it's a top level show, entertainmentwise.



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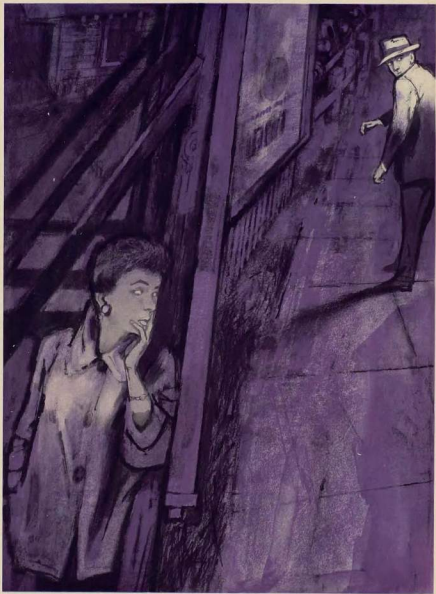
Playboy is published monthly by the HMH Publishing Co., Inc., 11 E. Superior, Chicago 11, Illinois. Postage paid occasionally on manuscripts and drawings submitted if they are to be returned and no responsibility can be assumed for unreturned material. Entry on second-class matter applied for at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, August 5, 1955. Contents copyrighted 1955 by HMH Publishing Co., Inc. Nothing may be reprinted in whole or in part without written permission. Printed in U.S.A. Any similarity between the people and places mentioned in this magazine and any real people and places is purely coincidental.

Subscriptions: In the U.S., six months, \$13 for three years, \$30 for two years, \$5 for one year, in advance. Elsewhere, \$12 a year, in advance. Please allow three weeks for starting a new subscription, renewal, and change of address.

Advertising: Main advertising office, 8, Boulevard des Capucines, western manager, 11 E. Superior St., Chicago 11, Illinois, Michigan 2-4311; western manager, Stanley Hitz, 270 Park Avenue, New York 17, N.Y., Phone 9-3074; Los Angeles representative, F. E. Crowford, 638 S. Van Ness Ave., Los Angeles 5, Calif., BR 6-3505; San Francisco representative, A. Tewksbury, 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco 4, Calif., EK 3-6155; Miami representative, Hoke Frantz, Lazard Building, Miami 32, Florida, MI 5-2168.

Credits: Cover design by Arthur Paul, model Janet Pilgrim, photographed by Arthur-James; P. 11 photo by Mike Shea; P. 15 *The Next in Line* c. 1947 by Ray Bradbury, revised with permission of Herald Motion; P. 17 photo by Milton Cooper; P. 29-31 photo by Mike Shea; P. 32-3 photo by Arthur-James; P. 41 photo by J. M. Pruden II and Liekeport; P. 40-5 photo by European.

PLAYBOY



He looked over his shoulder, like a criminal.

a classic affair

fiction BY CHARLES BEAUMONT

hank's extramarital interest was a doozy

IT TOOK HER QUITE A WHILE to get around to it, but that's the way Ruth is, and there's nothing you can do except wait. The direct line doesn't work. I'd tried it once and she'd married Hank. So I sat there, watching her wind up, and waiting, wishing she weren't so damned pretty: it didn't make me feel much like the friend of the family I was supposed to be.

Finally I couldn't take it any more. I finished the coffee and got up and started to go. But she caught my arm and looked at me, very hard, and said, "Dave, I've got to talk to you about something." I kept quiet. "I've got to talk to you about Hank," she said.

Of course, at first I thought she was kidding. There was a time when she might have pulled such a gag; but I reminded myself that this wasn't *my* Ruth. This was Hank's, another person entirely. A housewife. Feet on the ground, eyes on the budget, not the sort to pull gags.

But even so I couldn't quite believe what she was saying. I'd been gone almost a year — the Europe thing; partly to reorient myself and get it all straight, partly as a dirty trick: Ruth and I had planned the trip together — but a year isn't very long. Not long enough, anyway, for a person to reverse his character. And yet this was apparently what had happened. Because Ruth was telling me that she and Hank were breaking up, because she had discovered that he was no longer faithful to her. It boiled down to that.

You'd have to know the guy to understand what a blast it was. I mean, I was never crazy about him, we weren't the Best Friends some people thought, but I guess I knew Hank Osterman as well as anyone did. And the biggest thing I knew was that he was just exactly what he seemed. A solid, substantial citizen. No-nonsense type. Mr. Average, in every way. Except that he loved Ruth. Almost as much as I did, maybe; and when you feel this way about Ruth, extra-curricular activities simply don't interest you much. They couldn't.

"When did you find out?" I asked. She was getting ready for a cry, but that was all right.

"About three months ago," she said. And then she told me the whole story. It was classic stuff. How he had failed to come home on time one night, and how he had gradually turned moody and secretive, and the rest of the routine. When she came to the part

where she followed him, she looked away.

"I told her never mind, get on with it. 'Well...' She glanced at the clock: it was three-thirty. We were safe.

"Come on," I said.
She started talking to herself. "It was ten-something. He'd been fighting, pretending to read a magazine, but you could tell—I mean, I could. I could tell something was wrong. Always before Hank would get sleepy around this time. Now he wasn't sleepy at all. He'd turn a page and look at it, and then look up—not at anything, actually—and keep doing this until I thought I'd go insane. Then he said he was going for a walk. I asked him if he wanted company but he said no, he was nervous and had a headache and a walk all by himself would probably clear it up. So he went out. This was about the seventh or eighth time it had happened, and he'd been acting so strangely, that —"

"That you decided to see what was up."

"Yes." She faced me now.
"And what was up?"

"I followed him for about seven blocks," she said, "down to where Riverside and Alameda come together, you know. He stopped on the corner there."

She was having a hard time, so I helped her out a little. "So far nothing to get excited about."

"No? What about this, then? He went into the car lot there and looked around over his shoulder, like a criminal. And then he got into one of the cars in the back, in the shadows, where nobody could see him."

"And?"

"How should I know?" She blew up. "Do you think I wanted to stand there and watch the whole filthy thing?"

"Why not?"

"Oh, Dave, for heaven's sake! Am I supposed to be a child? Isn't that enough?"

I walked over to the stove—still afraid that this was all too good to be true—and got the pot and poured some more coffee. "You mean you didn't really see him meet anyone?"

"No," she said, "I didn't. I didn't have to, I mean, isn't it plain enough? Must I show you pictures or something?"

"Take it easy."

"It's a woman, all right," she said. "I don't see what else it could be except a woman, do you? He's got all the symptoms; believe me. All of them." She raised her eyes at that. "He hasn't come close to me for months," she said, and waited for it to sink in. It did.

I changed the subject in a hurry. "How many times have you gone after him?" I asked.

"Five or six."

"Always the same thing?"

"Exactly the same."

I threw down the coffee. Everything was getting too warm. I had to be careful. "I'll see what I can do," I told her.

"You won't tell him I—?" She came close to me. "You know what I mean."

"The soul of discretion," I said, and moved toward the back door. "Will he be there tonight, you suppose?"

She came closer. "He's there every night." I remembered the smell of her hair and the softness of her arms, suddenly, all in sharp focus, and I wanted to run.

"Dave," she said, touching my hand, "I want this thing to work. I want it to be all right between Hank and me. You grew up with him; maybe he'll tell you. Please help and make it all right."

"I'll do what I can."

She tried to give me one of those non-committal kisses, but I managed to get out the door.

I went home and took a shower and thought about quite a number of things. About what Ruth was really telling me, for instance. Try to patch it up, Dave, try your best. If it can't be done, let's talk some more. Wasn't that it?

I thought about what she had told me about Hank, and it was certainly peculiar, but it didn't make me feel bad. Not bad at all.

I parked four blocks away and looked at my watch. It was crowding ten now, and Ruth had said that would be plenty of time, so I got out and started walking toward Riverside and Alameda. The streets were pretty quiet. I walked and tried to figure things out, but they wouldn't fit together. With somebody else, maybe, but somehow not with Hank.

One thing I knew for sure: I'd play it straight. She loves the guy, I kept telling myself, and if I can fix it, I will. Yes, by God, that's what I'll do. For Ruth's sake. Then I'll go right back to being a friend of the family, old buddy-buddy Dave.

Like hell.

I'll just help Hank shake the girl—and it's a girl, all right: probably a secretary, one of the standard bits—and then I'll get out. And stay out.

Across the street I saw him. There couldn't be any mistake: cheap suit, stooped shoulders, that old man's walk he'd had even as a kid.

"Hey, Hank!"

He whipped around and blinked until I was close enough for him to make me out, then he smiled and stuck his hand forward. He'd looked bad the one night I'd spent over at his house last week, the welcome home party, but now he looked worse.

"What are you doing around here?" he asked.

I told him, "Looking for you." Then I said, "Hank, I want to talk with you. Let's grab a drink."

He shook his head. "No, thanks, I'd rather not, not this time, anyway." He kept glancing over his shoulder at the corner, nervously; it was pretty obvious. I let him have both barrels. "I saw Ruth this afternoon."

"Oh?" It didn't register.

"She called me up. That's why I came over while you were at work."

He nodded, but I could see it still hadn't penetrated.

"Look, Hank," I said, "we've been friends for about fifteen years. I guess we can talk to each other by now. Can't we?"

"Why, of course," he said. "I mean, hell yes, of course. But—couldn't we make it tomorrow, Dave? For lunch, maybe?"

He was headed down the street for the corner. I got his sleeve. "Why? Do you have a pressing engagement?"

"So to speak, Dave. That is, I do have something on."

I walked in front of him. "Ruth told me a story," I said. "Now I'd like to hear your version of it."

"What? For the first time he seemed to come out of it. His eyes lost that glassy look. 'What do you mean?'"

"You want to discuss it here, in the middle of the street?"

"Yes," he said. "Here in the middle of the street will be just fine."

I told him everything that Ruth had told me. He listened intently, never interrupting.

When it was over, he smiled.

"Well?" I was getting a little sore.

"I'm afraid it's true," he said. "I have been unfaithful to Ruth."

The urge to swing on him passed, and I found myself feeling confused. "She's waiting for you now, I suppose?"

He nodded. "She waits every night for me."

All I could say was, "Who is she?"

"Come along," he said. "I'll introduce you."

I said no, of course, but he insisted, so I followed him to the corner, still not completely able to accept things.

Hank turned, then, and stared into the lot. It was dark, no strings of bulbs, no flashy Christmas-tree come-ons, just a dark place with a lot of parked cars that you couldn't see very well.

"Do you remember this?" he asked, softly. "It's really amazing. We used to pass it every day—hundreds of times. And never gave it a second look."

I adjusted my eyes to the blackness. The cars, I saw, were antique models mostly; big square boats, the kind you see in Chaplin and Fields revivals, Rees and Auburns and old Lincolns. I guessed. Over the salesman's shack a sign read: SPRINGFIELD'S VINTAGE AUTOMOBILES.

Well, it was an original trying-spot, anyway.

Hank pulled me along, past all the ancient crates. Some of them were orange with rust, nothing but heaps of rotten metal, twenty and thirty years old. A few didn't seem to be anything but shells.

He stopped by the tiny wooden house, and grinned. Then he leaned against one of the boats. "You still want the introduction?"

I nodded. Why not? I was this far already. Sure, trot her out and we'll all have a nice sticky scene.

He stepped back. By this time I could see perfectly. "All right, then," he said. "Come over here."

I did. He walked around and opened the door of the car. "David, please meet Miss Duesenberg, Miss Duesenberg, my good friend David Jenkinson."

I looked inside the car.

not to have heard mabel mercer is to be a little poor in life

BY VICTOR LOWNES III



THE MAGIC LADY

THE GREATEST POPULAR SINGER in America may be a middle-aged woman whose name will draw a blank stare from faithful juke-box feeders: Mabel Mercer.

Make no mistake: she's not spectacular. She won't blast you off the bar stool, dazzle you with trumpet tones, titillate you with tricky technique. In fact, you may not even appreciate her the first time around. Because, like many of life's good things (Scotch, olives, Roquefort cheese), her subtle brand of singing is an acquired taste.

It is a little surprising, then, to discover that Miss Mercer is considered the Kobinoor of interpreters of luscious love lyrics by such spellbinders as Frank Sinatra, Kay Starr, Nat Cole, Peggy Lee and Margaret Whiting—to mention just a few. When Earl Wilson recently reported that Joe DiMaggio and his former bride were seen clutching moist hands in a smart, upstairs *boite* on New York's East Side, odds on the pair's eventual reconciliation shot up like a December sales chart on Christmas tree ornaments. It wasn't the handholding or the heady locale that impressed the romance touters—they simply had proper respect for the misty magic doled out by Mabel Mercer, then featured vocalist at the Byline Room.

Today, Mabel spins her special web six nights a week at another New York bistro called The Pin-Up Club. (She was forced to leave the Byline Room because of what some people refer to as an Act of God—the place burned to the ground—but what others insist was the direct result of the warmth generated by Mabel's intimate interpretations.) She doesn't arrive at work until sometime




after eleven, an arrangement that gives her plenty of opportunity to dine with friends and attend the theatre first. At the club, in a back room entered through swinging doors with a plaque stating simply "Mabel Mercer Room," she chats with customers for a while; then, excusing herself, she'll move to a leather armchair in front of the piano. There she'll sit, her hands folded in her lap, a single, soft spotlight playing on her sensitive face; the pianist will pick out a quiet intro; and Mabel will sing. Then you discover just what magic the lady has.

For a little while, as the shadows move over the darkened room, you are no longer a part of the present. You remember what it's like to walk through Central Park with a girl in the autumn rain; you remember what it is to be in love and be loved, to have a girl and to lose her. There is no vocalist around who can translate these feelings into quiet reality as well as Mabel. The song is hers, but the sentiment becomes your own, and as she sings a love lyric by Cole Porter these seem to be the very words you would use to express your state of heart to the girl sitting next to you. And funny, when you squeeze her hand, your companion seems convinced that you are saying these wonderful things, too. Some very practiced Don Juans have discovered with delight the effect that this can have on even relatively unimpassioned young ladies. The Mercer magic can be well-nigh irresistible.

Mabel's special style has earned her the soubriquet of "The Great Catalyst"—for she supplies the strange chemistry (Larry Hart called it "that unlit clasp of hand") that turns a guy and a girl

(continued on page 47)



GIFT CARD TO A VERY CLOSE FRIEND

The gift they tell us to despise;
It is the thought that we should prize.
A noble rule, if rather sentimental.
With this in mind, your gift, my dear,
Will not be shares of stock this year,
But just a little Lincoln Continental.



PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS CARDS



GENTLE HINT TO THE GIRL NEXT DOOR

Like a Tom without the Jerry,
Or like holly minus berry,
Like Adeste sans Fideles
Is the sprig above my trellis.

Since my domicile with women is accoutered rather
sparsely,
This old mistletoe, for all the good it's doing, might be
parsley.

TO A COSTLY KEPT LADY
Although with gifts your sleigh is brim-
ming,

Pur-
chased
newly,
Remember, it's the tree you're trimming,
Not
yours
truly.



*missives and missiles
for the jolly season*

GIFT CARD TO AN OLD BUDDY

That necktie with the naked girl
Hand-painted on it sure is nifty:
Thanks! I'd be a graceless churl
To not admire so fine a giftie.

In fulfilling Yuletide duty,
I consider it an honor
To give you a naked cutie
With a necktie painted on her.



TO A GIRL NAMED TESS

(Because no other name
would rhyme)

Gollath, he his David had,
J. Caesar had his Brutus,
Jack Palance had his Alan Ladd,
A brother foul had Hamlet's dad:
By Christmas I will feel quite sad
If I have not had you, Tess.

Power BY RAY RUSSELL

classic affair (continued from page 11)

It was empty.
 "You understand?" Hank said.
 I said "No," and I never spoke a truer word.

He was staring at the car now. I'd tried to light a cigarette, but he'd knocked it out of my hand, explaining that there might be police around. We stood quietly.

"No woman?" I said.
 He shook his head. "No woman." He wasn't touching the car, or leaning against it; just staring. It was a huge thing. Dark-blue or black, it looked something like a Rolls-Royce. I thought, only sportier. There was just room for two in it, or at the outside three. I couldn't tell much else. A big convertible, around twenty years old.

"Let's go somewhere and talk," I said, almost in a whisper.

"I can't," he said. "I've got to stay here, Dave. Look." He opened the door again. "Look at this leather. Smell it. It's top grain, you can't get any better. Feel how soft it is, and rich. Go on."

I ran my hand over the seat. It was good leather, all right.

"Now think of what one kid with a pocketknife could do to that," Hank said. "I mean, you know what kids are. They slash the seats in theatres, in drug stores, you know that. I don't know why. But they do, and think of what would happen if one of them found out about this . . ." His voice turned angry and hard. "And these fools won't lock it!" He glared in the direction of the shack, and swallowed. "I know, you're going to tell me that I ought to bring it to their attention. I almost did, believe it or not. But then I thought, if it's locked, I won't ever be able to sit in it. I don't know."

"Hank," I said, "let's go somewhere. I really think we'd better do that."

"I just told you, I can't. If you want to talk, do it here."

I was going to argue, but I could tell from his tone that it wouldn't do any good. "Okay."

"Not outside, though," he said. "Here." I got into the car; Hank settled himself beside me and closed the door.

"By the way, I want you to notice the wheel," he said. "Leather-covered. Horn button, too. And take ahold of that emergency."

It was all chattered, longer than the gearshift; something you'd expect to find aboard a steamship.

Hank was smiling again. He pointed to a small lever on the dash—there were dozens of them. "This gadget is your brake adjustment," he murmured. "See? You can adjust the brakes for any road condition, no matter what. This here is the altimeter. Tell you how high up you are. And this little thing—"

"Hey."
 He stopped talking. After a bit he sighed and turned toward me. "I can't explain, Dave," he said. "I've fallen in love with a car, that's all. I can't explain."

"Give it a try."
 "No use. It's something that's happened. I can tell you how, how's easy; but not why."

"That's good enough."

He leaned back and closed his eyes. "Well—I was coming home from work. I guess it must be almost three months ago. The bus went down Riverside, as usual. I was looking out the window. When we passed Springfield's, I glanced in at the old cars, and—well, I saw it."

"You saw this car."
 "That's right. The sun was still fairly high, and it sort of glittered off the paint, and I remember thinking at the time, My God, you know, what a fine looking piece of machinery. Didn't think much about it, of course. But the funny thing is, I kept seeing it, even after the bus had passed. At home I still saw it, that quick flash of dark blue . . ." He got lost in his remembering. But I wasn't about to interrupt. "It wouldn't go away, Dave. The next day when the bus passed, I stopped and got out and walked back. I stood around the lot for a long time, looking in at the car—I mean, I didn't even know what kind it was—and I felt something happening. You used to say it happened to you: kind of hurting, the way you feel when you see a beautiful girl that you don't really want, but you do, too. With you it was paintings and plays and things like that. But, God, this was the first time for me, and I couldn't understand what was wrong!"

"Go on."
 "There isn't much more," he said. "I came back the next day and asked the dealer what it was and he told me, a Duesenberg. That night I decided to take another look; at the engine. He wouldn't let me see it, you know. The lot was closed. It was sitting alone, two big Mercedes-Benz jobs on either side. For the first time I examined it closely. I touched it, and saw how wonderful it was."

Now he was grinning. Talking more than I'd ever heard him do, he told me how he'd worked up the nerve to try the door. How he'd sweated over the decision: To get in or not to get in. How he had then gone to libraries and book stores and read everything he could get ahold of pertaining to the car.

"It was an astonishing thing," he said, "really and truly astonishing." His eyes were lit, and I think he was trembling; maybe not. "The facts—Dave, listen. This automobile, the one you're in now, how fast would you say it goes?"

"Hell," I said, "I don't know anything about cars."

"Take a guess. Go on."

"Seventy?"
 "Seventy?" He chuckled. "Dave, this automobile will turn an honest over-the-hill. One hundred and thirty miles per hour. But that's not it, of course," he said, hurriedly. "I mean, a lot of cars will go fast."

"Then what is it?"
 "Everything," he said, helplessly. "The

way it looks so goddamn regal and efficient and luxurious, and—the way it's put together. That Angie Duesenberg, you know, he didn't fool around. I mean, this car isn't one of your assembly line jobs like they have nowadays. It just isn't, Dave. Like—well, you remember that house we looked at on Benedict Canyon, the big stone one that you said it looked like it had its feet planted in the ground right up to its knees? You remember that house?"

"Yeah."

"This is the same. The same exactly. It's a work of art, Dave; I'm telling you!" His voice got a little louder. "This guy Briggs Cunningham, he goes around saying he wants to be the first American car to win at Le Mans—he's nuts. An American car won Le Mans, which American car? The Duesenberg. Yes, and, listen, the tolerances on the engine are still just as fine as any of your European makes. Hell, they didn't have anything else but Duesie powerplants at Indianapolis Not for years! God, Dave, you know what they did? They had this one man, a mechanic. He was an artist. Responsible for the whole engine, just him. They'd finish the car and take it out on a track and run it at top speed for twenty-four hours or something. Then they'd take it back in and this mechanic, he'd take it apart and see if anything was worn. If it wasn't absolutely perfect, he'd start all over again. I mean, that's something that's gone, it's gone forever. I'm telling you. And—I suppose I sound like an advertisement?"

"A little."
 "Well, never mind. It's all true." He opened the door. "Look here: three hinges. Or there, the running board. Get out for a minute."

He had me bang my fat on the fender. It was hard and solid. Then he started showing me other things: the taillights, the gigantic wheels with their special tires, the rumble-seat. There wasn't anything for me to do but follow him around and wait it out.

"Shall we take a peek at the engine?"
 We took a peek.

"Four hundred horses, Dave. A '29, remember."

He must have talked for hours, showing me every square inch of the car, giving me a complete history. I could see that it was for real, however fantastic it might seem. Old gray Hank had flipped his wig over an auto, and since people like Hank usually live out their whole lives without flipping their wigs over anything, he was taking it hard.

"I may be insane," he said, "but there's nothing to be done about it. I'm telling you, when I'm away from the car, I'm—in hell. I keep thinking of what might happen to it, just sitting here, unlocked at night. I keep dreaming the day when somebody buys it. Some ape, some fat cigar-smoking ape without the sense to know what he's got . . . Here it is, the finest automobile ever built, the absolute best of them all. Sitting here." His fists were clenched tightly. "I want you to know this, if

(continued on page 46)

the name on the skull was marie

THE NEXT IN LINE

fiction BY RAY BRADBURY

WOODCUT BY RICHARD TYLER

IT WAS A LITTLE CARICATURE OF A TOWN SQUARE. In it were the following fresh ingredients: a candy-box of a bandstand where men stood on Thursday and Sunday nights exploding music; fine, green-patinaed bronze-copper benches all scrolled and flourished; fine blue and pink tiled walks—blue as women's newly-lacquered eyes, pink as women's hidden wonders; and fine French-clipped trees in the shapes of exact hatboxes. The whole, from your hotel window, had the fresh ingratiation and unbelievable fantasy

one might expect of a French village in the nineties. But no, this was Mexico! and this a small colonial Mexican town, with a fine State Opera House (in which movies were shown for two pesos admission: *Rasputin and the Empress, The Big House, Madame Curie, Love Affair, Mama Loves Papa*).

Joseph came out on the sun-heated balcony in the morning and knelt by the grille, pointing his little box-browne. Behind him, in the bath, the water (continued on page 20)



"The climate," said the caretaker.

"It preserves them."



*"What do you mean, where's your present?
You're unwrapping it now."*

a best man from Broadway bares all

article BY EARL WILSON



UNCOVERING A NUDIST WEDDING

TO BE INVITED TO a nudist wedding was a vast honor in itself, but to have people begging you to be best man at some naked nuptials was a greater distinction than I could bear . . . or is it bare?

I immediately thought of the vintage joke about a nudist bride who was asked by the minister, "Do you take this man to be your lawfully wedded husband?" — and enthusiastically replied, "No, I've decided to take that one over there."

So I declined the invitation to be best man — secretly thinking it was quite modest of me — but said I'd be happy to attend and see just what was going on, or off, as the case might be. After all, a New York columnist is supposed to see everything — and this seemed the perfect opportunity.

My wife — B.W. — the initials stand for Beautiful Wife, Barefoot Wife and, at times, just Bourbon and Water — raised a slight problem when she announced:

"But I haven't a thing to wear!"

"That's exactly the way you're supposed to go — and anyway, who invited you?" I asked.

In her ladylike way, she delicately mentioned that the invitation read "Earl Wilson and Friend" — and if she

ever heard of any dame being friendlier to me than she'd been, she'd sub the hussy in the gizzard with a nail file, no matter who she was.

You can see why I thought it wise to beseech her to come along. In fact, I begged her.

I'd been around the Skinorama Set before, having pecked in at some nudist conventions . . . but to go to a wedding where the happy couple got out of their clothes *before* the ceremony . . . well, sir, I got all goose-pimpling.

And so did the bride, a fine little gray-haired lady named Louise West, who admitted to the age of 48.

She shivered, and shook, and her teeth did a rat-a-tat-tat, as she waited to say "I do" at that wedding up in the Rockies outside Denver that chilly evening. She kept her little cotton housecoat on until the minister got ready to begin his Question and Answer game. Not because she was nervous; because it was cold in them thar mountains at dusk.

If you don't think so, try running around the mountains without your clothes on some night around 7 o'clock — and you'll see. (If you've already tried it, how about telling me what happened?)

I suppose you think I was buddy-buddy with the bridegroom.

We had never met before, and when we did meet, he was naked, and having his pre-wedding supper. He was bouncing around the kitchen of the Colorado Sunshine Club holding a plate of ham and cabbage in one hand and a cup of coffee in the other. He was as brown as a berry from stem to stern. When he galloped up to my wife — who was clothed — and asked her if he couldn't fetch her another potato, she tried to shift her gaze to the ceiling. This is not easy when you're talking to a bridegroom who has no clothes on, especially when you're a woman.

Col. Herbert A. Lindle, U.S. Army, Retired — that was the bridegroom's name — was a boy of around 70.

Boy? He was with "Black Jack" Pershing on the Mexican Border in 1916. This was not a callow youth flinging himself into some impetuous flirtation.

"Where did we meet?" he said, echoing my question.

"Well," and he chuckled, "you see, she has a trailer camp near San Antonio.

"One day when I was roumin' around, I parked my trailer there, and . . ."

There's a joke which I believe was concocted by Martin Burden of my staff,

which goes like this: "Why do nudists get married? . . . Because they can't wait to see what each other looks like with their clothes on."

But that wasn't true here. They'd met in a trailer camp, which is not the same as a nudist camp . . . not usually, anyway . . . and during their courtship, the Colonel had remarked casually to the lady that he owned property.

"I didn't tell her my property was a nudist camp," he confessed to me . . . "not yet."

When he got to know her better, he admitted the bare facts—that darned word "bare" keeps coming in here and there's nothing I can do about it—he asked her if she wished to become a nudist.

"She thought it over 15 minutes and said yes," he recalled with some pride.

I don't mean in this article to overlook Evelyn West, the stripteaser known as "The Treasure Chest" (because she had her bosom insured with Lloyd's of London for \$50,000), and I don't advise you to overlook her, either.

Evelyn was the bridesmaid.

She was there because she's been a nudist for some years, both on and off the burlesque stage. She's not related to Louise West, the bride.

"We're just sisters under the skin," is the way Evelyn puts it.

My wife and I didn't see Evelyn until we arrived at the camp. We rode out with a couple of nudists who commented on the beautiful mountain scenery.

"You'll be seeing some nice curves up ahead," the driver remarked, referring, I think, to the countryside.

"I hope we'll be seeing some nice ones at the wedding, too," tackled a companion, referring, I'm sure, to Evelyn.

Several nudists had already dined when we got there. Three or four gentlemen nudists sat outside, relaxing, clad only in their after-dinner cigars.

We climbed the stairs to meet Evelyn.

I'd never met "The Treasure Chest" but she's the kind of girl you recognize, anywhere. She was bare-chested . . . that's what I noticed first . . . and she had no polka dot Bikini pants . . . that's what I noticed second. She was also engaged in putting on her principal costume for the wedding—false eyelashes. I never did notice that. My wife told me later. Women notice details like that.

"Why the pants?" I asked her, waiting, of course, until we'd introduced ourselves to each other.

"I could ask you the same thing!" she retorted.

I forgot to mention that I had decided to wear something. Years back when I went to a nudist convention at Mays' Landing, N.J., I'd been required to strip. I was alarmed as to what my wife might think about me romping around naked before all that crowd on that occasion, and fearfully asked her permission to attend in the raw.

And was she jealous of my physique being seen by other females! "Thank God, this is one trip you're going on, I won't have to pack a bag for you!" she

said.

But here in Colorado, the members of the press could be nude or not. I selected for my wedding costume a high silk hat and some striped swimming trunks. Maybe it's because I'm older and more sedate that I wore something. Maybe it's because I have a rash.

I tried now to explain this to Evelyn and she tried to explain why she wore Bikini pants. Tossing her Treasure Chest modestly about, she said she'd worn the pants just to greet me . . . she thought she ought to have a little something on.

"Oh, let's do away with these formalities," I said.

And so Evelyn took 'em off, and went downstairs as naked as a jaybird. She did have on high-heeled shoes, a little bridesmaid's hat, her false eyelashes, and a dab of powder here and there. She also carried a corsage . . . and somebody thrust in her hands a sign that said, "Check your fig leaves upstairs."

The minister now arrived. Think of that . . . a nude minister!

"What's his name?" I whispered to Evelyn.

"Homer," she said.

"Homer Who?"

"Nudists only wear their first names," she shrugged, prettily.

Another nudist, overhearing, spoke up. "We don't think it's a good idea to give out his whole name because he might be criticized for this in the press."

Somebody else added, "Anyway, Homer's only a lay minister."

The Rev. Homer Blank's disrobes of office consisted of his spectacles and his shoes. He was fiftyish. When we finished our supper and walked out to our cars, to mount the stony path to the wedding site, still higher in the Rockies, one of the nudist bosses told us:

"You can take nearly any pictures you wish—except, please, no front views of Homer."

We had seven or eight photographers in our crowd. They listened attentively to the instructions about no front views of Homer—and ignored them. Not because they wanted any front views of Homer, but because if Homer's front view happened to be in the way of a picture they wanted, what could they do?

I soon found out that the nudist wedding was being run, more or less, by an enterprising radio commentator, Grady Franklin Maples of KGMC at nearby Englewood.

"We have a very lively station—if there isn't any nudes to report, we make nudes," he told his audience.

Before the wedding actually got started, it seemed to him that it would be a fine idea for all the nudists to sing *Happy Birthday* on the air. And so their happy voices boomed out through the chilly mountain air.

"Whose birthday is it?" my BW, inquired.

I shrugged. But Bill Peery of the Rocky Mountain News observed, "It must be everybody's. Everybody's in his birthday suit!"

Finally, when all the nudists had been thoroughly interviewed for the radio, the enterprising commentator was ready to go to the more formal part—the wedding. He took his microphone up to the cluster of principals and told them to go ahead—he was ready now.

The Rev. Homer Whoozis cleared his throat.

He had on something now. He had put on a jacket. Homer's front view was partly covered. It wasn't to cover up his front view that he'd put on a jacket, however. He was just cold.

"Everybody ready?" he asked.

"Where's the bridesmaid?" somebody remembered.

Evelyn West was in plain sight—a very nice sight, too. She was standing over against a tree doing some Eve poses for the photographers. Miss West was raising a knee flirtatiously and giving her impressions of Eve in the Garden. Miss West knows how to do this perfectly, as she has posed for Tom Kelley, the Hollywood photographer who gave the world the Marilyn Monroe calendar.

"Oh, Evelyn, let's get with it," somebody called to her.

Snatching up her corsage, Evelyn trotted over . . . bounciness—bounciness—bounciness. The bride-to-be whipped off her housecoat, realizing that the moment had come. The bridegroom-to-be had been naked throughout the warm-up festivities and he only had to take the lady by the arm.

It was about this time that I beheld a strange sight—perhaps I should say, another strange sight.

Into our little crowd of 70 or 80 came a famous man, the big New York real estate man and builder, William Zeckendorf.

Naked? Far from it!

Big Bill was in a western outfit with a phony sheriff's badge. He comes from Colorado, and had just arrived from a Frontier Days celebration at Cheyenne. A friend had induced him to come along as a guest to the nudist nuptials.

But since I usually see Mr. Zeckendorf in a dinner jacket at some New York banquet, I didn't recognize him at first.

He gazed around at this naked crowd and shook his head in wonderment.

"I'm like the little boy who saw a giraffe," he said. "The boy said, 'I see it, but I don't believe it.'"

The Rev. Homer was now peering through his specs at the marriage ritual. Bridesmaid Evelyn West saw the photographers getting ready to shoot the happy wedding scene, and lowered her corsage a bit for them. The flash bulbs popped crazily out there in the woods. The Rev. Homer plowed through the ritual . . . until he came to the part where the bridegroom was supposed to endow the bride with a ring.

The Rev. Homer looked at the bridegroom.

No ring!

Had he forgotten it . . . or misplaced it? Some bridegrooms might in their nervousness forget which pocket they put the ring in but this bridegroom

(concluded on page 61)



An embarrassed father is a poor companion

THE FIRST SAP OF MANHOOD AND HOW IT RISES

the second of a series of articles on how to succeed with women without really trying

satire BY SHEPHERD MEAD

HOW CAN I TELL WHEN I AM A MAN?

WHEN, INDEED, so many ask, does the powerful sap of manhood begin to surge through my body? What can I do to prepare myself for it?

First you will go through a period which may seem long, but which will actually last no more than ten or twelve years. During this time you will think you are a man. Your body will develop in every way and you will become possessed of powerful and, at first, unusual ideas.

Put these ideas entirely out of your head. Think no more about them and you will come through this period happily and without further worry.

Before you know it you will be twenty-five or twenty-six, through with school, have a good job, and be able to marry.

Now — not before — you can say, "I am a man!"

WORTH WAITING FOR

You will be able to look about you and discover all kinds of wondrous sights which we will assume you have

avoided noticing before.

You will find to your delight that you are surrounded by thousands and thousands of lovely girls, dressed to be their most appealing and exciting. And wherever you look, on billboards, in magazines, in the movies, on television — everywhere — you will find even more beautiful girls, often wearing costumes that leave little to the imagination.

You will wonder how you missed them the past ten or twelve years.

We should perhaps pause here for a momentary tribute to our young men and to their truly superhuman power of the will. They have helped to preserve the clean, bracing customs of our society without complaint, and without resentment. And even today they are going on, eyes resolutely forward, looking neither to the right nor to the left, their minds diverted, their hearts pure.

Never in all the march of civilization have so many had to wait for so long. But you will say, as others have before you, that it was surely worth it.

However, for those few to whom the ten or twelve year wait may be a bur-

den, we have scraped together a few words of advice.

YOUR PARENTS AND SEX

Early in this period during which the sap is rising, you may notice that your father is acting strangely. He will often appear to be approaching a subject, only to veer away in confusion.

He will be trying to bring up the subject of sex.

You will find that fathers, and occasionally mothers too, show needless embarrassment over this topic. Put them at their ease. An embarrassed father is a poor companion.

Once you identify the first gropings, seize the initiative. Be casual and matter of fact.

"By the way, Dad, thought you might be interested in this bit from Kraft-Ebing."

"Oh?" (He may look surprised, but go on.)

"I'll help you with the Latin if you like."

Any good text book on the subject
(continued on page 58)

NEXT IN LINE (continued from page 13)

was running and Marie's voice came out:

"What're you doing?"

He muttered, "—a picture." She asked again. He clicked the shutter, stood up, wound the spool inside, squinting, and said, "Took a picture of the town square. God, didn't those men shout last night? I didn't sleep until two thirty. We would have to arrive when the local Rotary's having its whinging."

"What're our plans for today?" she asked.

"We're going to see the mummies," he said.

"Oh," she said. There was a long silence.

He came in, set the camera down, and lit himself a cigarette.

"I'll go up and see them alone," he said. "If you'd rather."

"No," she said, not very loud. "I'll go along. But I wish we could forget the whole thing. It's such a lovely little town."

"Look here!" he cried, catching a movement from the corner of his eyes. He hurried to the balcony, stood there, his cigarette smoking and forgotten in his fingers. "Come quick, Marie!"

"I'm drying myself," she said.

"Please, hurry," he said, fascinated, looking down into the street.

He heard the movement behind him, and then the odor of soap and water-rinsed flesh, wet-towel, fresh cologne; Marie was at his elbow. "Stay right there," she cautioned him, "so I can look without exposing myself. I'm stark. What is it?"

"Look!" he cried.

A procession traveled along the street. One man led it, with a package on his head. Behind him came women in black robes, chewing away the peels of oranges and spitting them on the cobbles; little children at their elbows, men ahead of them. Some ate sugar cones, gnawing away at the outer bark until it split down and they pulled it off in great hunks to get at the succulent pulp, the juicy sinews on which to suck. In all, there were fifty people.

"Joe," said Marie behind him, holding his arm.

It was no ordinary package the first man in the procession carried on his head, balanced delicately as a chicken-plum. It was covered with silver satin and silver fringe and silver rosettes. And he held it gently with one brown hand, the other hand swinging free.

This was a funeral and the little package was a coffin.

He watched his wife from one side of his face.

She was the color of fine, fresh milk. The pink color of the bath was gone. Her heart had sucked it all down to some hidden vacuum in her. She held fast to the French doorways and watched the traveling people go, watched them eat fruit, heard them talk gently, laugh gently. She forgot she was naked.

He said, "Some little girl or boy gone to a happier place."

"Where are they taking — her?"

She did not think it unusual, her choice of the feminine pronoun. Already she had identified herself with that tiny fragment of decay parceled like an unripe variety of fruit. Now, in this moment, she was being carried up the hill within compressing dark, a stone in a peach, silent and terrified, the touch of the father against the coffin material outside; gentle and noiseless and firm inside.

"To the graveyard, naturally; that's where they're taking her," he said, the cigarette making a casual filter of smoke across his casual face.

"Not the graveyard?" she asked, looking at him earnestly.

"There's only one cemetery in these towns, you know that. They usually hurry it. That little girl has probably been dead only a few hours."

"A few hours —"

She turned away, quite ridiculous, quite naked, with only the towel supported by her limp, unringing hands. She walked toward the bed. "A few hours ago she was alive, and now —"

He went on. "Now they're hurrying her up the hill. The climate isn't kind to the dead here. It's hot and there's no embalming. They have to finish it quickly."

"But to that graveyard, that horrible place," she said, with a voice from a dream.

"Oh, the mummies," he said. "Don't let that bother you."

She sat on the bed, again and again stroking the towel laid across her lap. Her eyes were blind as the brown paps of her breasts. She did not see him or the room. She knew that if he snapped his fingers or coughed, she wouldn't even look up.

"They were eating fruit at her funeral, and laughing," she said.

"It's a long climb to the cemetery."

She shuddered. A convulsive moving, like a fish trying to free itself from a deep swallowed hook. She lay back and he looked at her as one examines a poor sculpture; all criticism, all quiet and easy and unaring. She wondered idly just how much his hands had had to do with the broadening and fattening and changeament of her body. Certainly this was not the body he'd started with. It was past saving now. Like clay which the sculptor has carelessly impregnated with water, it was impossible to shape again. In order to shape clay you warm it with your hands, evaporate the moisture with heat. But there was no more passion, no more friction of the enjoyable sort between them. There was no warmth to take away the aging moisture that collected and made pendant nose, her breasts and body. When the heat is gone, it is marvelous and unsettling to see how quickly a vessel stores self-destroying water in its fatty cells.

"I don't feel well," she said. She lay there, thinking it over. "I don't feel well," she said again, when he made no response. After another minute or two

she lifted herself. "Let's not stay here another night, Joe."

"But it's a wonderful town."

"Yes, but we've seen everything." She got up. She knew what came next. Gayness, false blitheness, false encouragement, everything quite false and hopeful. "We could go on to Patzcuaro. Make it in no time. You won't have to pack. I'll do it all myself, darling! We can get a room at the Don Posada there. They say it's a beautiful little town —"

"This," he remarked, "is a beautiful little town."

"Bougainvillea climbs all over the buildings —" she said.

"These —" he pointed out some flowers at the window "—are bougainvillea."

"—and we'd fish, you like fishing," she said in bright haste. "And I'd fish, too. I'd learn, yes I would. I've always wanted to learn! And they say the Tarascan Indians there are almost Mongoloid in feature, and don't speak much Spanish, and from there we could go to Patzcuaro, that's near Uruapan, and they have some of the finest liquor boxes there, oh, it'll be fun, Joe. I'll pack. You just take it easy, and —"

"Marie."

He stopped her with one word as she ran to the bath door.

"Yes?"

"I thought you didn't feel well?"

"I didn't. I don't. But, thinking of all those swivel places —"

"We haven't seen one tenth of this town," he explained logically. "There's that statue of Morcos on the hill. I want a shot of that, and some of that French architecture up the street. . . . We've traveled three hundred miles and we've been here one day and now you want to rush off somewhere else. I've already paid the rent for another night. . . ."

"You can get it back," she said.

"Why do you want to run away?" he said, looking at her with an attentive simplicity. "Don't you like the town?"

"I simply adore it," she said, her cheeks white, smiling. "It's so green and pretty."

"Well, then," he said. "Another day. You'll love it. That's settled."

She started to speak.

"Yes?" he asked.

"Nothing."

She closed the bathroom door. Behind it she rattled open a medicine box. Water rushed into a tumbler. She was taking some stuff for her stomach. He dropped his cigarette out the window.

He came to the bathroom door.

"Marie, the mummies don't bother you, do they?"

"Uh-uh," she said.

"Was it the funeral, then?"

"Uh."

"Because, if you were really afraid, I'd pass in a moment, you know that darling?"

He waited.

"No, I'm not afraid," she said.

"Good girl," he said.

The graveyard was enclosed by a thick
(continued overleaf)



RALPH COWAN

GOURMET GIFTS FOR CHRISTMAS

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

you'll have her eating out of your hand

EVER SINCE EMERSON SAID, "Thy only gift is a portion of thyself," certain young men have interpreted this literally at Christmas time, to the consternation of female gift-recipients.

Their consternation can be readily understood, if we will—for a brief moment—look at their side of it. Remember, this gift is available to them all year round. When the Yuletide season rears its snowy head, they expect this—and more. The more is usually preferred in the shape of a diamond necklace,

but there are a few other items that will be greeted with warm, purring sounds. Since this is the food department, we will confine ourselves to such Christmas gifts as may be munched, crunched, or otherwise consumed.

The only part of thyself that need go into a gift is some thoughtfulness. And this very thoughtfulness, the small intimation to a girl that someone cares for her likes and dislikes, will move irremovable objects. A heart of rock can be melted with a modest jar of, let us say,

Melba Sauce.

You must keep in mind that what is fine food to one girl may be foul to another. If the lass, for instance, hails from Georgia, she may be bored beyond endurance by the sight of the old pecan tree in her back yard planted before the Civil War. But if the mademoiselle was brought up in a small villa near the ramparts of Quebec, she will be completely thrilled by the gift box of sugared and spiced pecans mailed from the

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adobe wall, and at its four corners small stone grills tilted out on stony wings, their grimy heads capped with bird droppings, their hands gifted with amulets of the same substance, their faces unquestionably freckled.

In the warm smooth flow of sunlight which was like a depthless, tideless river, Joseph and Marie climbed up the hill, their shadows slanting blue behind them. Helping one another, they made the cemetery gate, swung back the Spanish blue iron grille and entered.

It was several mornings after the celebratory fiesta of *El Dia de Muerte*, the Day of the Dead, and ribbons and ravels of tissue and sparkle-tape still hung like insane hair to the raised stones, to the hand-carved, love-polished crucifixes, and to the above-ground tombs which resembled marble jewel cases. There were statues frozen in angelic postures over grave mounds, and intricately carved stones tall as men with angels spilling all down their rims, and tombs as big and ridiculous as beds put out to dry in the sun after some nocturnal accident. And within the four walls of the yard, inserted into square mouths and slots, were coffins, walled in, plated in by marble plates and plaster, upon which names were struck and upon which hung tin pictures, cheap peso portraits of the inserted dead. Thumb-tacked to the different pictures were trinkets they'd loved in life, silver charms, silver arms, legs, bodies, silver cups, silver dops, silver church medallions, bits of red crepe and blue ribbon. On some places were painted slats of tin showing the dead rising to heaven in oil-tinted angels' arms.

They stood, Marie and Joseph, in the warm silent yard, among the stones, between the walls. Far over in one corner a little man with high cheekbones, the milk color of the Spanish infiltration, thick glasses, a black coat, a grey hat and grey, unpressed pants and neatly laced shoes, moved about among the stones, supervising something or other that another man in overalls was doing to a grave with a shovel. The little man with glasses carried a thrice-folded newspaper under his left arm and had his hands in his pockets.

"*Buenos dias, senorita y senor*," he said, when he finally noticed Joseph and Marie and came to see them.

"Is this the place of *las momias*?" asked Joseph. "They do exist, do they not?"

"Si, the mummies," said the man. "They exist and are here. In the catacombs."

"*Por favor*," said Joseph. "*Yo quiero ver a las momias, si*"

"Si, senor."

"*Mi Espanol es mucho estúpido, es muy malo*," apologized Joseph.

"No, no, senor. You speak well! This way, please."

He led between the flowered stones to a tomb near the wall shadows. It was a large flat tomb, flush with the gravel, with a thin kindling door flat on it,

padlocked. It was unlocked and the wooden door swung back rattling to one side. Revealed was a round hole the circled interior of which contained steps which screwed into the earth.

Before Joseph could move, his wife had set her foot on the first step. "Here," he said. "Me first."

"No. That's all right," she said, and went down and around in a darkening spiral until the earth vanished her. She moved carefully, for the steps were hardly enough to contain a child's feet. It got dark and she heard the caretaker stepping after her, at her ears, and then it got light again. They stepped out into a long white-washed hall twenty feet under the earth, into which light was allowed by geometric interstices of religious design. The hall was fifty yards long, ending on the left in a double door in which were set tall crystal panes and a sign forbidding entrance. On the right end of the hall was a large stack of white rods and round white stones.

"Oh, skulls and leg-bones," said Marie, interested.

"The soldiers who fought for Father Morelos," said the caretaker.

They walked to the vast pile. They were neatly put in place, bone on bone, like firewood, and on top was a mound of a thousand dry skulls.

"I don't mind skulls and bones," said Marie. "They're not human at all. They're like something insectivorous. Like snoses or baseball bats or boulders. If a child was raised and didn't know he had a skeleton in him, he wouldn't think anything of bones, would he? That's how it is with me. Everything human has been scraped off *these*. There's nothing familiar left to be horrible. In order for a thing to be horrible it has to suffer a change you can recognize. This isn't changed. They're still skeletons, like they always were. The part that changed is gone, and so there's nothing to show for it. Isn't that interesting?"

He nodded.

She was quite brave now.

"Well," she said, "let's see the mummies."

"Here, senora," said the caretaker.

He took them far down the hall away from the stack of bones and when Joseph paid him a peso he unlocked the forbidden crystal doors and opened them wide and they looked into an even longer, dimly lighted hall in which stood the people.

They waited inside the door in a long line under the arch-roofed ceiling, fifty-five of them against one wall, on the left, fifty-five of them against the right wall, and five of them way down at the very end.

"Mister Interlocuter!" said Joseph, brisly.

They resembled nothing more than those preliminary erections of a sculptor, the wire frame, the first tenders of clay, the muscles, and a thin lacquer of

skin. They were unfinished, all one hundred and fifteen of them.

They were parchment colored and the skin was stretched as if to dry, from bone to bone. The bodies were intact, only the watery humors had evaporated from them.

"The climate," said the caretaker. "It preserves them. Very dry."

"How long have they been here?" asked Joseph.

"Some one year, some five, senor, some ten, some seventy."

There was an embarrassment of horror. You started with the first man on your right, hooked and wired upright against the wall, and he was not good to look upon, and you went on to the woman next to him who was unbelievable and then to a man who was horrendous and then to a woman who was very sorry she was dead and in such a place as this.

"What are they doing here?" said Joseph.

"They are but standing around, senor."

"Yes, but why?"

"Their relatives did not pay the rent upon the graves."

"Is there a rent?"

"Si, senor. Twenty pesos a year. Or, if they desire the permanent interment, one hundred seventy pesos. But our people, they are very poor, as you must know, and one hundred seventy pesos is as many as many of them make in two years. So they carry their dead here and place them into the earth for one year, and the twenty pesos are paid, with five intentions of paying each year and each year, but each year and each year after the first year they pay a burro to buy or a new mouth to feed, or maybe three new mouths, and the dead, after all, are not hungry, and the dead, after all, can pull no pesos, or there is a new wife or there is a roof in need of mending, and the dead, remember, can be in no beds with a man, and the dead, you understand, can keep no rain off one, and so it is that the dead are not paid up upon their rent."

"Then what happens? Are you listening, Marie?" said Joseph.

Marie counted the bodies. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight.

"What?" she said, quietly.

"Are you listening?"

"I think so. What? Oh, yes! I'm listening."

Eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen.

"Well, then," said the little man. "I call a *trabajado* and with his delicate shovel at the end of the first year he does dig and dig and dig down. How deep do you think we dig, senor?"

"Six feet. That's the usual depth."

"Ah, no, ah, no. There, senor, you would be wrong. Knowing that after the first year the rent is liable not to be paid, we bury the poorest two feet down. It is less work, you understand? Of course, we must judge by the family who own a body. Some of them we bury sometimes three, sometimes four feet

(continued on page 27)



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Upon applying for admission to one of the most exclusive country clubs in New England, the rather reserved, unimpressive looking young man was notified that he must play a round of golf with the club officers as a prerequisite to his acceptance.

On the appointed afternoon, he met them on the first tee equipped with a hockey stick, a croquet mallet and a



billiard cue. The officers looked him over incredulously, but nevertheless proceeded to tee off. To their dismay, the young man coolly drove 310 yards with the hockey stick, gracefully arched his second shot to the green with the croquet mallet, and sank a 20 foot putt with the billiard cue.

After soundly drubbing the baffled officers with a sub-par 08, the applicant retired with them to the club bar. There he ordered a Scotch and soda, and when it arrived, he mixed the drink himself by tossing the contents of the shot glass over his shoulder into the waiting soda behind him on the bar. This further display of the young man's incredible physical coordination was too much for the officers of the club.

"You're miraculous," they exclaimed. "What's the story behind these fantastic talents of yours?"

"All my life," the man explained, "physical activity of any sort has been child's play for me. To overcome the

boredom that has resulted from my monotonous mastery of everything, I try to do almost everything in the most difficult way possible. Thus, I play tennis with a ping pong paddle, ping pong with a tennis racket, and so on."

"Wait a minute," interrupted one of the club officers. "If it's true, as you say, that you do everything physical in the most difficult manner possible, I have one question . . ."

"I know," said the talented young man, smiling. "Everyone asks me the same thing and I don't mind telling you. Standing up . . . in a hammock."

"If I'm not in bed by ten o'clock," said one female bar-fly to the other, "I'm going home."



One evening at dinner the small boy asked how he had been brought into the world. His father, a rather straight-laced gentleman, tried to dismiss the question with a reference to the stork.

Unsatisfied, the youngster asked where the father had come from.

"The stork brought me, too, son," the father replied.

The boy sat quietly for a few moments. Then: "What about Grandfather?" he asked.

"Yes, the stork brought your Grandfather, too," father snapped, about to lose patience with his son for posing questions that were obviously none of a small boy's business.

"Gee, dad," the child exclaimed, "do



you mean this family has gone through three generations without any sexual intercourse?"

"Men seldom make passes
At girls who wear glasses,"
So Dorothy Parker has said.
She said it quite rightly,
They're very unsightly,
But no one wears glasses to bed.

The sweet young secretary was dissatisfied with her job and so walked into her boss' office one morning and announced that she had found a new position.

"Excellent," the boss exclaimed. "We must try it at once!"

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.



CENSORED

*expurgated
nursery rhymes
for adults*

WE ENJOY BROWSING in second-hand bookstores on off hours and we discovered a little volume the other afternoon that considerably brightened our day. It was a thirty-year-old book of Mother Goose rhymes and the only special thing about it was that several words in each verse had been deleted. The book was dedicated to *The Censors, who have taught us to read naughty meanings into harmless words, and we were very amused by the way these innocent rhymes from the nursery could be changed by simply eliminating words and phrases.*

Back at our desk, we tried "censoring" a few verses of our own, and think you may enjoy the results. None of the rhymes have been changed — words have simply been deleted. We suggest that in reading aloud, you pronounce the censored spaces as *u-m-m-h*.

The booklet was published in 1926, but its message makes as much sense now as then. It closed with a postscript observing that these rhymes have given pleasure to generations and that this version makes a new claim as amusing nonsense. But even more important than jingle or nonsense is the clear demonstration of the effect of censorship upon anything it touches.

JACK AND JILL

Jack and Jill went up the hill
To _____;
Jack fell down and broke his _____,
And Jill came tumbling after.

During Jack's convalescence, Jill may be reached at Hillside 4-2673.

OLD KING COLE

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
He _____ and _____,
And he _____ his fiddlers three.

The decadence of monarchy clearly illustrated.

GEORGIE PORGIE

Georgie Porgie, pudding and pie,
_____ the girls and made them cry.
When the boys came out to _____,
Georgie Porgie ran away.

*He who _____ and runs away
Lives to _____ another day.*

THERE WAS A LITTLE GIRL

There was a little girl who had a
little curl
Right in the middle of her _____;
And when she was good she was
very, very good,
But when she was bad she was
horrid.

We prefer a date ice can count on.





MOTHER GOOSE

THREE LITTLE KITTENS

Three little kittens, they lost their
 And they began to cry,
 "Oh, Mother, dear, we greatly fear,
 That we have lost our [redacted]."
 "What, lost your [redacted], you
 naughty kittens!
 Then you shall have no pie."
 Meow, meow, meow, meow,
 Then you shall have no pie.

Big deal, no pie!

WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL

When I was a little girl,
 I [redacted]
 Now that I'm a big girl,
 I roll in golden riches.

*Virtue may be its own reward, but sin
 pays better.*

LITTLE MISS MUFFET

Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet,
 Eating her curds and whey;
 Along came a spider, who [redacted] be-
 side her,
 And frightened Miss Muffet away.

Nasty arachnid!

SEE-SAW, MARGERY DAW

See-saw, Margery Daw,
 Jenny shall have a new master;
 She shall have but a penny a day,
 Because she can [redacted] no faster.

Speed isn't everything.

SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE

Sing a song of sixpence,
 A pocket full of rye;
 Four and twenty blackbirds
 Baked in a pie;
 When the pie was opened,
 The birds began to [redacted];
 Wasn't that a dainty dish
 To set before the king?

*If that was the desert, tell us about the
 main course.*

SOLOMON GRUNDY

Solomon Grundy,
 [redacted] on Monday,
 [redacted] on Tuesday,
 [redacted] on Wednesday,
 [redacted] on Thursday,
 [redacted] on Friday,
 Died on Saturday,
 Buried on Sunday,
 That was the end
 Of Solomon Grundy.

A short life, but a merry one.

GOOSEY, GOOSEY GANDER

Goosey, goosey, gander, where do
 I wander?
 Upstairs and downstairs, in my
 lady's chamber.
 There I met an old man who would
 [redacted];
 I took him by his [redacted] and
 threw him down the stairs.

Rough treatment, but certainly deserved. (concluded on next page)





CENSORED

MOTHER GOOSE (continued from preceding page)

MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow;
And everywhere that Mary went,
The lamb was sure to [redacted].

Pets should be better trained before taking them into public.

BOBBY SHAFTOE'S GONE TO SEA

Bobby Shaftoe's gone to sea,
Silver buckles on his knee;
He'll come back and [redacted] me,
Pretty Bobby Shaftoe!

Pretty is as pretty does.

LITTLE BO-PEEP

Little Bo-Peep has [redacted] her sheep,
And can't tell where to find them;
Leave them alone, and they'll come home,
Wagging their tails behind them.

Familiarity breeds contempt.

PETER, PETER PUMPKIN-EATER

Peter, Peter, pumpkin-eater,
Had a wife and couldn't [redacted] her;
Put her in a pumpkin shell,
And there he [redacted] her very well.

Halloween fun!

WEE WILLIE WINKIE

Wee Willie Winkie [redacted] through the town,
Upstairs and downstairs in his nightgown,
[redacted] at the window, crying through
the lock,
"Are the children all in bed, for it's eight
o'clock!"

This kid Winkie should be locked up!

A DILLER, A DOLLAR

A diller, a dollar, a ten o'clock
[redacted];
What makes you [redacted] so soon?
You used to [redacted] at ten o'clock,
And now you [redacted] at noon.

Clock watchers are one of our pet hates.

THREE BLIND MICE

Three blind mice, three blind mice,
See how they [redacted], see how they [redacted].
They all run after the farmer's wife;
She cut off their [redacted] with a carving knife.
Did ever you see such a sight in your life,
As three blind mice?

No, but we once had a cat and a dog that were unceremoniously affectionate.

[redacted] ON MONDAY

[redacted] on Monday, [redacted] for danger;
[redacted] on Tuesday, kiss a stranger;
[redacted] on Wednesday, get a letter;
[redacted] on Thursday, something better;
[redacted] on Friday, for sorrow;
[redacted] on Saturday, see your sweetheart
tomorrow.

Sweetheart or no sweetheart, we think this fellow had better rest on Sunday.

WHERE HAS MY LITTLE DOG GONE?

Oh, where, oh, where has my little dog gone?
Oh, where, oh, where can he be?
With his [redacted] cut short and his tail cut long,
Oh, where, oh, where is he?

Wherever he is, you can be sure he's behaving himself.

NEXT IN LINE (continued from page 22)

deep, sometimes five, sometimes six, depending on how well the family is in money, depending on what the chances are we won't have to dig him from out his place a year later. And, let me tell you, *senor*, when we bury a man the whole six feet deep we are very certain of his staying. We have never dug up a six foot buried one yet, that is the accuracy with which we know the money of the people."

Twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three. Marie's lips moved with a small whisper. "And the bodies which are dug up are down here placed against the wall, with the other *compañeros*."

"Do the relatives know the bodies are here?"

"Si." The small man pointed. "This one, *yo seo!* It is new. It has been here but one year. His *madre y padre* know him to be here. But have they money? Ah, no."

"Isn't that rather gruesome on his parents' part?"

"The little man was earnest. "They never think of it," he said.

"Did you hear that, Marie?"

"What?" Thirty, thirty-one, thirty-two, thirty-three, thirty-four. "Yes. They never think of it."

"What if the rent is paid again, after a lapse?" inquired Joseph.

"In that time," said the caretaker, "the bodies are reburied for as many years as are paid."

"Sounds like blackmail," said Joseph. The little man shrugged, hands in pockets. "We must live."

"You are certain no one can pay the hundred seventy pesos all at once," said Joseph. "So in this way you get them for twenty pesos a year, year after year, for maybe thirty years. If they don't pay you threaten to stand *rasomote* or little *nino* in the catacomb."

"We must live," said the little man. Fifty-one, fifty-two, fifty-three.

Marie stood in the center of the long corridor, the standing dead on all sides of her.

They were screaming.

They looked as if they had leaped, snapped upright in their graves, clutched hands over their shriveled bosoms and screamed, jaws wide, tongues out, nostrils flared.

And been frozen that way.

All of them had open mouths. Theirs was a perpetual screaming. They were dead and they knew it. In every raw fibre and evaporated organ they knew it. She stood listening to their scream.

They say dogs hear sounds humans never hear, sounds so many decibels higher than normal hearing that they seem nonexistent.

The corridor swarmed with screams. Screams poured from terror-jawed lips and dry tongues, screams you couldn't hear because they were so high.

Joseph walked up to one standing body.

"Say 'ah,'" said Joseph.

Sixty-five, sixty-six, sixty-seven, counted Marie, among the screams.

"Here is an interesting one," said the proprietor.

They saw a woman with arms flung to her head, mouth wide, teeth intact, whose hair was wildly flourished, long and shimmery on her head. Her eyes were small pale white-blue eggs in her skull.

"Some times, this happens. This woman, she is a cataleptic. One day she falls down upon the earth, but is really not dead, for, deep in her, the little drum of her heart beats and beats, so dim one cannot hear. So she was buried in the graveyard in a fine inexpensive box . . ."

"Didn't you know she was cataleptic?"

"Her sisters knew. But this time they thought her at last dead. And funerals are hasty things in this warm town."

"She was buried a few hours after her 'death'?"

"Si, the same. All of this, as you see her here, we would never have known, if a year later, her sisters, having other things to buy, refused the rent on her burial. So we dug very quietly down and loosed the box and took it up and opened the top of her box and laid it aside and looked in upon her—"

Marie stared.

This woman had wakened under the earth. She had torn, shrieked, clucked at the box-lid with fangs, died of suffocation, in this attitude, hands flung over her gaping face, horror-eyed, hair wild.

"Be pleased, *senor*, to find the difference between *her* hands and these other ones," said the caretaker. "Their peaceful fingers at their hips, quiet as little roses. Hers? Ah, hers are jumped up, very wildly, as if to pound the lid free!"

"Couldn't *rigor mortis* do that?"

"Believe me, *senor*, *rigor mortis* pounds upon no lids. *Rigor mortis* screams not like this, nor twists nor wrestles to rip free nails, *senor*, or pry boards loose in an airless hysteria, *senor*. All these others are open of mouth, si, because they were not injected with the fluids of embalming, but theirs is a simple screaming of muscles, *senor*. This *senorita*, here, hers is the *muerte* horrible."

Marie walked, scuffling her shoes, turning first this way, then that. Naked bodies. Long ago the clothes had whispered away. The fat women's breasts were lumps of yeasty dough left in the dust. The men's loins were indrawn, withered orchids.

"Mr. Grimace and Mr. Gape," said Joseph.

He pointed his camera at two men who seemed in conversation, mouths in mid-sentence, hands pectusant and stiffened over some long dissolved gossip.

Joseph clicked the shutter, rolled the film, focused the camera on another body, clicked the shutter, rolled the film, walked on to another.

"This woman died in child-birth!"

Like a little hungry doll, the prematurely born child was wired, dangling to her wrist.

"This was a soldier. His uniform still

half on him—"

Click, went the camera and Joseph rolled the film. Click went the camera and Joseph rolled the film.

"I'd like a color shot of each and his or her name and now he or she died," said Joseph. "It would be an amazing, an ironical book to publish. The more you think, the more it grows on you. Their life histories and then a picture of each of them standing here."

He tapped each chest, softly. They gave off hollow sounds, like someone rattling on a door.

Marie pushed her way through screams that hung netwise across her path. She walked evenly, in the corridor center, not slow, but not too fast, toward the spiral stair, not looking to either side. Click went the camera behind her.

"You have room down here for more?" said Joseph.

"Si, *senor*. Many more."

"Wouldn't want to be next in line, on your waiting list."

"Ah, no, *senor*, one would not wish to be next."

"How are chances of buying one of these?"

"Oh, no, no, *senor*. Oh, no, no, Oh, no, *senor*."

"I'll pay you fifty pesos."

"Oh, no, *senor*, no, no, *senor*."

• • • • •

In the market, the remainder of candy skulls from the Death Fiesta were sold from flimsy little tables. Women hung with black rebosas sat quietly, now and then speaking one word to each other, the sweet sugar skeletons, the saccharine corpses and white candy skulls at their elbows. Each skull had a name on top in gold candy curlicue; Jose or Carmen or Ramon or Tena or Guillermo or Rosa. They sold cheap. The Death Festival was gone. Joseph paid a peso and got two candy skulls.

Marie stood in the narrow street. She saw the candy skulls and Joseph and the dark ladies who put the skulls in a sack.

"Not really," said Marie.

"Why not?" said Joseph.

"Not after just now," she said.

"In the catacombs?"

She nodded.

He said, "But these are good."

"They look poisonous."

"Just because they're skull shaped?"

"No. The sugar itself looks raw, how do you know what kind of people made them, they might have the colic."

"My dear Marie, all people in Mexico have colic," he said.

"You can eat them both," she said.

"Ahs, poor Yorick," he said, peeking into the bag.

They walked along a street that was held between high buildings in which were yellow window frames and pink iron grilles and the smell of tamales came from them and the sound of lost fountains splashing on hidden tiles and the little birds clustering and peeping in bamboo cages and someone playing Chopin on a piano.

"Chopin, here," said Joseph. "How
(continued on page 31)



"I'm tired of sneaking around like this. Just what does your husband have against me anyway?!"

*playboy's office playmate
spends a quiet p. m.
in her apartment*



A HOLIDAY EVENING WITH JANET PILGRIM

JANET PILGRIM supervises subscription fulfillment for PLAYBOY and she is a girl who is very obviously capable of raising the circulation of more than a magazine. Miss Pilgrim runs her department efficiently, which may surprise some who expect beauties to try getting by on beauty alone. Right now, she and the five girls under her are working ten to twelve hours a day filling the thousands of PLAYBOY gift subscriptions pouring in. The weeks just before Christmas are the busiest of the year for a magazine subscription department and Janet's days are long and hectic, which got us to wondering what her holiday evenings are like. We thought our readers might be interested, too, so we sent a PLAYBOY cameraman home with her to find out.

Janet lives in a smartly decorated,





Miss Pilgrim wraps some Christmas gifts for female friends and relatives; the men on her list will be getting subscriptions to *Playboy*. The cards announcing *Playboy* gift subscriptions have her picture on them.



Relaxing, Janet puts recordings on her hi-fi and curls up with a book. She likes to wear men's pajama tops to bed and lounge around the apartment in them; she buys a pair and throws the bottoms away. Her musical taste runs to Sinatra, show tunes and light classics; she is presently reading *Wouk's Marjorie Morningstar*.







MISS DECEMBER PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





NEXT IN LINE (continued from page 27)

strange and swell." He looked up. "I like that bridge. Hold this." He handed her the candy sack while he clicked a picture of a red bridge spanning two white buildings with a man walking on it, a red sash on his shoulder. "Fine," said Joseph.

Marie walked looking at Joseph, looking away from him and then back at him, her lips moving but not speaking, her eyes fluttering, a little neck muscle under her chin like a wire, a little nerve in her brow ticking. She passed the candy bag from one hand to the other. She stepped up a curb, leaned back somehow, gestured, said something to restore balance, and dropped the sack.

"For Christ's sake!" Joseph snatched up the bag. "Look what you've done! Churney!"

"I should have broken my ankle," she said. "I suppose."

"These were the best skulls; both of them smashed. I wanted to save them for friends up home."

"I'm sorry," she said vaguely.

"For God's sake, oh, damn it to hell," he scowled into the bag. "I might not find any more good as these. Oh, I don't know, I give up!"

Joseph twisted the bag shut, stuck it furiously in his pocket.

They walked back to the two-thirty lunch at the hotel.

He sat at the table with Marie, sipping Almond-gas soup from his moving spoon, silently. Twice she commented cheerfully upon the wall murals and he looked at her steadily and sipped. The bag of cracked skulls lay on the table. . . .

"Senora . . ."
The soup plates were cleared away by a brown hand. A large plate of enchiladas was set down.

Marie looked at the plate.

There were sixteen enchiladas.

She put her fork and knife out to take one and stopped. She put her fork and knife down at each side of her plate. She glanced at the walls and then at her husband and then at the sixteen enchiladas.

Sixteen. One by one. A long row of them, crowded together.

She counted them.

One, two, three, four, five, six.

Joseph took one on his plate and ate it.

Six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven.

She put her hands on her lap.

Twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen. She finished counting.

"I'm not hungry," she said.

He placed another enchilada before himself. It had an interior clothed in a papyrus of corn tortilla. It was slender and it was one of many he cut and placed in his mouth and she chewed it for him in her maid's mouth, and squeezed her eyes tight.

"Eh?" he asked.

"Nothing," she said.

Thirteen enchiladas remained, like tiny bundles, like scrolls.

He ate five more.

"I don't feel well," she said.

"Feel better if you ate," he said.

"No."

He finished, then opened the sack and took out one of the half-demolished skulls.

"Not here?" she said.

"Why not?" And he put one sugar packet to his lips, chewing. "Not bad," he said, thinking the taste. He popped in another section of skull. "Not bad at all."

She looked at the name on the skull he was eating.

Marie, it said.

It was tremendous, the way she helped him pack. In those newsreels you see men leap off diving boards into pools, only a moment later when the reel is reversed, to jump back up in airy fantasy to alight once more safe on the diving board. Now, as Joseph watched, the suits and dresses flew into their boxes and cases, the hats were like birds darting, clapped into round, bright hatboxes, the shoes seemed to run across the floor like mice to leap into valises. The suitcases banged shut, the hasps clicked, the keys tumbled.

"There!" cried she. "All packed!"

"In record time," he said.

She started for the door.

"Here, let me help," he said.

"They're not heavy," she said.

"But you never carry suitcases. You never have. I'll call a boy."

"Nonsense," she said, breathless with the weight of the valises.

A boy seized the cases outside the door. "Senora, por favor?"

"Have we forgotten anything?" He looked under the two beds, he went out on the balcony and gazed at the plaza, came in, went to the bathroom, looked in the cabinet and on the washbowl. "Here," he said, coming out and handing her something. "You forgot your wrist-watch."

"Did I?" She put it on and went out the door.

"I don't know," he said. "It's damn late in the day to be moving out."

"It's only three-thirty," she said. "Only three-thirty."

"I don't know," he said, doubtfully.

He looked around the room, stepped out, closed the door, locked it, went downstairs, jingling the keys.

She was outside in the car already, settled in, her coat folded on her lap, her gloved hands folded on the coat. He came out, supervised the loading of what luggage remained into the trunk receptacle, came to the front door and tapped on the window. She unlocked it and let him in.

"Well, here we go!" she cried with a laugh, her face rosy, her eyes frantically bright. She was leaning forward as if by this movement she might set the car rolling merrily down the hill. "Thank you, darling, for letting me get the refund on the money you paid for our room tonight. I'm sure we'll like it much better in Guadalupe tonight, thank you!"

"Yeah," he said.

Inserting the ignition keys he stepped

on the starter.

Nothing happened.

He stepped on the starter again. Her mouth twitched.

"It needs warming," she said. "It was a cold night last night."

He tried it again. Nothing.

Marie's hands tumbled on her lap.

He tried it six more times. "Well," he said, lying back, ceasing.

"Try it again, next time it'll work," she said.

"It's no use," he said. "Something's wrong."

"Well, you've got to try it once more." He tried it once more.

"It'll work, I'm sure," she said. "Is the ignition on?"

"Is the ignition on," he said. "Yes, it's on."

"It doesn't look like it's on," she said.

"It's on." He showed her by twisting the key.

"Now, try it," she said.

"There," he said, when nothing happened. "I told you."

"You're not doing it right; it almost caught that time," she cried.

"I'll wear out the battery, and God knows where you can buy a battery here."

"Wear it out, then. I'm sure it'll start next time!"

"Well, if you're so good, you try it." He slipped from the car and beckoned her over behind the wheel. "Go ahead."

She bit her lips and settled behind the wheel. She did things with her hands that was like a little mystic ceremony, with moves of hands and body she was trying to overcome gravity, friction and every other natural law. She patted the starter with her toothless shoe. The car remained solemnly quiet. A little squeak came out of Marie's tightened lips. She rapped the starter home and there was a clear smell in the air as she fluttered the choke.

"You've flooded it," he said. "Fine! Get back over on your side, will you?"

He got three boys to push and they started the car downhill. He jumped in to steer. The car rolled swiftly, bumping and rattling, Marie's face glowed expectantly. "This'll start it!" she said.

Nothing started. They rolled quietly into the filling station at the bottom of the hill, bumping softly on the cobbles, and stopped by the tanks.

She sat there, saying nothing, except when the man came from the station her side was locked, the window up, and he had to come around on the husband's side to make his query.

The mechanic arose from the car engine, scowled at Joseph and they spoke together in Spanish, quietly.

She rolled the window down and listened.

"What's he say?" she demanded.

The two men talked on.

"What does he say?" she asked.

The dark mechanic waved at the engine, Joseph nodded and they conversed.

"What's wrong?" Marie wanted to know.

Joseph frowned over at her. "Wait a

moment, will you. I can't listen to both of you."

"What's wrong?"

"The motor —"

The mechanic took Joseph's elbow. They said many words.

"What's he saying now?" she asked.

"He says —" said Joseph, and was lost as the Mexican took him over to the engine and bent him down in earnest discovery.

"How much will it cost?" she cried, out the window, around at their bent backs.

The mechanic spoke to Joseph.

"Fifty-five pesos," said Joseph.

"How long will it take?" said Marie.

Joseph asked the mechanic. The man shrugged and they argued for five minutes.

"How long will it take?" cried his wife.

The discussion continued.

The sun went down the sky. She looked at the sun upon the trees that stood high by the cemetery yard. The shadows rose and rose until the valley was enclosed and only the sky was clear and untouched and blue.

"Two days, maybe three," said Joseph, turning to Marie.

"Two days! Can't he fix it so we can just go on to the next town and have the rest done there?"

Joseph asked the man. The man replied.

Joseph said to his wife, "No, he'll have to do the entire job."

"Why, that's silly, it's so silly, he doesn't either, he doesn't really have to do it all, you tell him that, Joe, tell him that, he can hurry and fix it —"

The two men ignored her. They were talking earnestly again.

This time it was all in very slow motion. The unpacking of the suitcases. He did his own, she left hers by the door.

"I don't need anything," she said, leaving it locked.

"You'll need your nightgown," he said.

"I'll sleep naked," she said.

"Well, it isn't my fault," he said.

"That damned car."

"You can go down and watch them work on it, later," she said. She sat on the edge of the bed. They were in a new room. She had refused to return to their old room. She said she couldn't stand it. She wanted a new room so it would seem they were in a new hotel in a new city. So this was a new room, with a view of the alley and the drum-box trees. "You go down and supervise the work, Joe. If you don't, you know they'll take weeks!" She looked at him. "You should be down there now, instead of standing around."

"I'll go down," he said.

"I'll go down with you. I want to buy some magazines."

"You won't find any American magazines in a town like this."

"I can look, can't I?"

"Besides, we haven't much money,"

he said. "I don't want to have to wire my bank. It takes a god awful time and it's not worth the bother."

"I can at least have my magazines," she said.

"Maybe one or two," he said.

"As many as I want," she said, feverishly, on the bed.

"For God's sake, you've got a million magazines in the car now. *Posts*, *Colliers*, *Mercuries*, *Atlantic Monthlies*, *Pogo*, *Superman*! You haven't read half of the articles."

"But they're not new," she said. "They're not new, I've looked at them and after you've looked at a thing, I don't know —"

"Try reading them instead of looking at them," he said.

As they came downstairs, night was in the plaza.

"Give me a few pesos," she said, and he gave her some. "Teach me to say about magazines in Spanish," she said.

"*Quiero una publicacion Americana*," he said, walking swiftly.

She repeated it, stammeringly, and laughed. "Thanks."

He went on ahead to the mechanic's shop, and she turned in at the nearest *Farmacia Botica*, and all the magazines racked before her there were alien colors and alien names. She read the titles with swift moves of her eyes and looked at the old man behind the counter. "Do you have American magazines?" she asked in English, embarrassed to use the Spanish words.

The old man stared at her.

"*Hebla Ingles!*" she asked.

"No, *señorita*."

(continued on next page)

FEMALES BY COLE: 18



Exhibitionist

She tried to think of the right words. "Quiero — no!" she stopped. She started again. "Americano — magg ah-zenas?"

"Oh, no, senorita!"

She whirled and fled. Shop following shop she found no magazines save those giving bluffs in blood on their covers or murdered people or lace-colfection priests. But at last three poor copies of the *Post* were bought with much display and loud laughing and she gave the vendor of this small shop a handsome tip.

She ran back to the hotel and slipped going upstairs.

She sat in the room. The magazines were piled on each side of her and in a circle at her feet. She had made a little castle with portullis of words and into this she was withdrawn. All about her were the magazines she had bought and bought and looked at and looked at on other days, and these were the outer barrier, and upon the inside of the barrier, upon her lap, as yet unopened, but her hands were trembling to open them and read and read and read again with hungry eyes, were the three battered *Post* magazines. She opened the first page. She would go through them page by page, line by line, she decided. Not a line would go unnoticed, a comma unread, every little ad and every color would be fixed by her. And — she snafled with discovery — in those other magazines at her feet — were still advertisements and cartoons she had neglected — there would be little morsels of stuff for her to reclaim and utilize later.

She put her hand up to the back of her neck.

Somewhere, a soft breeze was blowing. The hairs along the back of her neck slowly stood upright.

She touched them with one pale hand as one touches the nape of a dandelion.

Her hands began to tremble. She saw them tremble. Her body began to tremble. Under the bright bright print of the brightest, loudest skirts she could find to put on especially for tonight, in which she had whirled and cavorted feverishly before the coin-sized mirror, beneath the rayon skirt the body was all wire and tendon and excitation. Her teeth chattered and fused and chattered. Her lip-stick smeared, one lip crushing another.

Joseph knocked on the door.

They got ready for bed. He had returned with the news that something had been done to the car and it would take time, he'd go watch them tomorrow.

"But don't knock on the door," she said, standing before the mirror as she undressed.

"Leave it unknocked then," he said. "I want it locked. But don't rap. Call."

"What's wrong with rapping?"

"It sounds funny," she said.

"What do you mean, funny?"

She wouldn't say. She was looking at herself in the mirror and she was naked, with her hands at her sides, and there were her breasts and her hips and her entire body, and it moved, it felt the

floor under it and the walls and air around it, and the breasts could know hands if hands were put there, and the stomach would make no hollow echo if touched.

"For God's sake," he said. "Don't stand there admiring yourself." He was in bed. "What are you doing?" he said. "What're you putting your hands up that way for, over your face?"

He put the lights out.

She could not speak to him for she knew no words that he knew and he said nothing to her that she understood, and she walked to her bed and slipped in to it and he lay with his back to her.

And as she lay this way the long hours of midnight came. Oh, the night was very long. She consoled herself by thinking of the car starting tomorrow, the throttling sound and the power sound and the road moving under, and she smiled in the dark with pleasure. But then, suppose the car did not start! She withered in the dark, like a burning, withering paper. All the folds and corners of her clenched in about her and tick tick went the wrist watch, tick tick tick and another tick to wither on . . .

Morning. She looked at her husband lying straight and easy on his bed. She let her hand lax down at the cool space between the beds. All night her hand had hung in that cold empty interval between. Once she had put her hand out toward him, stretching, but the space was just a little too long, she couldn't reach him. She had snapped her hand back, hoping he hadn't heard the movement of her silent reaching.

"Joseph!" she suddenly screamed.

"Joseph!" she screamed again, failing up in terror.

Bong! Bong! Bong! went the bell thunder across the street from the great tiled cathedral!

Pigeons rose in a papery white whirl, like so many magazines fluttered past the window! The pigeons circled the plaza, spiraling up. Bong! went the bells! Honk went a taxi horn! Far away down an alley a music box played *Cielito Lindo*.

All these faded into the dripping of the faucet in the bath sink.

Joseph opened his eyes.

His wife sat on her bed, staring at him.

"I thought —" he said. He blinked.

"No." He shut his eyes and shook his head. "Just the bells." A sigh. "What time is it?"

"I don't know. Yes, I do. Eight o'clock."

"Good God," he murmured, turning over. "We can sleep three more hours."

"You've got to get up!" she cried.

"Nobody's up. They won't be to work at the garage until ten, you know that, you can't rush these people; keep quiet now."

"But you've got to get up," she said.

He half turned. Sunlight prickled black hairs into bronze on his upper lip. "Why? Why, in Christ's name, do I hate to get up?"

"You need a shave!" she almost

screamed.

He moaned. "So I have to get up and lather myself at eight in the morning because I need a shave."

"Well, you do need one."

"I'm not shaving again till we reach Texas."

"You can't go around looking like a tramp!"

"I can and will. I've shaved every morning for thirty goddam mornings and put on a tie and had a crease in my pants. From now on, no pants, no ties, no shaving, no nothing."

He yanked the covers over his ears so violently that he pulled the blankets off one of his naked legs.

The leg hung upon the rim of the bed, warm white in the sunlight, each little black hair — perfect.

Her eyes widened, focussed, stared upon it.

. . .

He went in and out of the hotel all day. He did not shave. He walked along the plaza tiles below. He walked so slowly she wanted to throw a lightning bolt out of the window and hit him. He paused and talked to the hotel manager below, under a drum-cut tree, shifting his shoes on the pale blue plaza tiles. He looked at birds on trees and saw how the State Theatre statues were dressed in fresh morning gait, and stood on the corner, watching the traffic carefully. There was no traffic! He was standing there on purpose, taking his time, not looking back at her. Why didn't he run, loping down the alley, down the hill to the garage, pound on the doors, threaten the mechanics, lift them by their pants, shove them into the car motor? He stood instead, watching the ridiculous traffic pass. A hobbled swine, a man on a bike, a 1927 Ford, and three half-suckle children. Go, go, go, she screamed silently, and almost smashed the window.

He sauntered across the street. He went around the corner. All the way down to the garage he'd stop at windows, read signs, look at pictures, handle pottery. Maybe he'd stop in for a beer. God, yes, a beer.

She walked in the plaza, took the sun, hunted for more magazines. She cleaned her fingernails, burnished them, took a bath, walked again in the plaza, ate very little, and returned to the room to feed upon her magazines.

She did not lie down. She was afraid to. Each time she did she fell into a half-dream, half-drowse in which all her childhood was revealed in a helpless melancholy. Old friends, children she hadn't seen or thought of in twenty years filled her mind. And she thought of things she wanted to do and had never done. She had meant to call Lila Holdridge for the past eight years since college, but somehow she never had. What friends they had been! Dear Lila! She thought, when lying down, of all the books, the fine new and old books, she had meant to buy and might never buy now and read. How she loved books and the smell of books. She thought of

(continued overleaf)



"Notice how your husband has stopped asking, 'When's that damn girl friend of yours going home?'"

NEXT IN LINE (continued from page 36)

a thousand odd sad things. She'd wanted to own the *Oz* books all her life, yet had never bought them. Why *not*? While yet there was life! The first thing she'd do would be to buy them when she got back to New York! And she'd call Lila immediately! And she'd see Bert and Jimmy and Helen and Louise, and go back to Illinois and walk around in her childhood place and see the things to be seen there. If she got back to the States, if. Her heart beat painfully in her, paused, held onto itself, and beat again. If she ever got back.

She sank onto the bed. What if her heart should stop again and not start? What would she think? What would there be to do? She'd die of fright, that's what. A joke; it was very humorous. Die of fright if you heard your heart stop. What a paradox. She would have to listen to it, keep it beating. She wanted to go home and see Lila and buy the books and dance again and walk in Central Park and listen—

Thud and a thud and a thud. Pause.

Joseph knocked on the door. Joseph knocked on the door and the car was not repaired and there would be another night, and the magazine shops were closed and there were no more magazines, and they ate supper, a little bit anyway for her, and he went out in the evening to walk in the town.

Deeply inside herself, she felt the first little cog slip. Another night, another night, another night, she thought. And this will be longer than the last . . .

Joseph was in the room, he had come in, but she didn't even hear him. He was in the room but it made no difference, he changed nothing with his coming. He was getting ready for bed and said nothing as he moved about and she said nothing but fell into bed while he moved around in a smoke-filled space beyond her and once he spoke but she didn't hear him.

She timed it. Every five minutes she looked at her watch and the watch shook and time shook and the five fingers were fifteen moving, reassembling into five. The shaking never stopped. She called for water. She turned and turned upon the bed. The wind blew outside, cocking the lights and spilling bursts of illumination that hit buildings glancing sidelong blows, causing windows to glitter like opened eyes and shut swiftly as the light tilted in yet another direction. Downstairs, all was quiet after the dinner, no sounds came up into their silent rooms. He handed her a water glass.

"I'm pale, Joseph," she said, lying deep in folds of cover.

"You're all right," he said.

"No, I'm not. I'm not well. I'm afraid."

"There's nothing to be afraid of."

"I want to get on the train for the United States."

"There's a train in Leon, but none here," he said, lighting a new cigarette.

"Let's drive there."

"In these taxis, with these drivers, and leave our car here?"

"Yes I want to go."

"You'll be all right in the morning."

"No, No, I won't be all right."

"You'll be all right."

"I know I won't be. I'm not well."

He said, "It would cost hundreds of dollars to have the car shipped home."

"I don't care. I have two hundred dollars in the bank at home. I'll pay for it. But, please, let's go home."

"When the sun shines tomorrow you'll feel better, it's just that the sun's gone now."

"Yes, the sun's gone and the wind's blowing," she whispered, closing her eyes, turning her head, listening. "Oh, what a lonely wind. Mexico's a strange land. All the jungles and deserts and lonely stretches, and here and there a little town, like this, with a few lights burning you could put out with a snap of your fingers . . ."

"It's a pretty big country," he said.

"Don't these people ever get lonely?"

"They're used to it this way."

"Don't they get afraid, then?"

"They have a religion for that."

"I wish I had a religion."

"The minute you get a religion you stop thinking," he said. "Believe in one thing too much and you have no room for new ideas."

"Tonight," she said, faintly. "I'd like nothing more than to have no more room for new ideas, to stop thinking, to believe in one thing so much it leaves me no time to be afraid."

"You're not afraid," he said.

"If I had a religion," she said, ignoring him, "I'd have a lever with which to lift myself. But I haven't a lever now and I don't know how to lift myself."

"Oh, for God's—" he mumbled to himself, sitting down.

"I need to have a religion," she said.

"Baptist."

"No, that was when I was twelve. I got over that. I mean—later."

"You never told me."

"You should have known," she said.

"What religion? Plaster saints in the sacristy? Any special saint you liked to tell your beads to?"

"Yes."

"And did he answer your prayers?"

"For a little while. Lately, no, never. Never any more. Not for years now. But I keep praying."

"Which saint is this?"

"Saint Joseph."

"Saint Joseph." He got up and poured himself a glass of water from the glass pitcher and it was a lonely trickling sound in the room. "My name."

"Coincidence," she said.

They looked at one another for a few moments.

He looked away. "Plaster saints," he said, drinking the water down.

After awhile she said, "Joseph?"

He said, "Yes?" and she said, "Come hold my hand, will you?" "Women," he sighed. He came and held her hand.

After a minute she drew her hand away,

hid it under the blanket, leaving his hand empty behind. With her eyes closed she trembled the words, "Never mind. It's really nice the way I can make you hold my hand in my mind." "Gods," he said, and went into the bathroom. She turned off the light. Only the small crack of light under the bathroom door showed. She listened to her heart. It beat one hundred and fifty times a minute, steadily, and the little whining tremor was still in her marrow, as if each bone of her body had a blue bottle of glycerin in it, hovering, buzzing, shaking, quivering deep deep deep. Her eyes reversed into herself, to watch the secret heart of herself pounding itself to pieces against the side of her chest.

Water ran in the bathroom. She heard him washing his teeth.

"Joseph!"

"Yes," he said, behind the shut door.

"Come here."

"What do you want?"

"I want you to promise me something, please, oh, please."

"What is it?"

"Open the door, first."

"What is it?" he demanded, behind the closed door.

"Promise me," she said, and stopped.

"Promise you, what?" he asked, after a long pause.

"Promise me," she said, and couldn't go on. She lay there. He said nothing. She heard the watch and her heart pounding together. A lantern creaked on the hotel exterior. "Promise me, if anything—happens," she heard herself say, muffled and paralyzed, as if she were on one of the surrounding hills talking at him from the distance, "—if anything happens to me, you won't let me be buried here in the graveyard over those terrible catacombs!"

"Don't be foolish," he said, behind the door.

"Promise me?" she said, eyes wide in the dark.

"Of all the foolish things to talk about."

"Promise, please promise?"

"You'll be all right in the morning," he said.

"Promise so I can sleep. I can sleep if only you'd say you wouldn't let me be put there. I don't want to be put there."

"Honestly," he said, out of patience.

"Please," she said.

"Why should I promise anything so ridiculous?" he said. "You'll be fine tomorrow. And besides, if you died, you'd look very pretty in the catacomb standing between Mr. Grinace and Mr. Gope, with a sprig of morningglory in your hair." And he laughed sincerely.

Silence. She lay there in the dark.

"Don't you think you'll look pretty there?" he asked, laughing, behind the door.

She said nothing in the dark room.

"Don't you?" he said.

Somebody walked down below in the plaza, faintly, fading away.

"Eh?" he asked her, brushing his teeth.

She lay there, staring up at the cell-

(concluded on page 36)

A Lady's Honor

humor BY RAY RUSSELL



*trust that noble
fellow geoffrey
to keep it
free from stain*

GWENDO TRAVIS was the kind of girl who would phone you at three in the morning to ask, "Darling, what's a salt lick? I've been reading *The Green Hills of Africa*." After assuring her it was nothing more sinister than a mineral deposit where jungle animals went on sodium chloride benders, she would say, "Thank you, dear—you've taken a frightful load off my mind," and hang up.

She was also the kind of girl who could earn five thousand a week and win an Oscar without possessing a shred of acting talent. But then Gwendolyn Travis didn't need acting talent. Her talent lay in other directions. She had the faculty of making otherwise self-contained men bubble at the mouth by simply looking at them and uttering a single word. What word? No matter; on Gwendo's lips, the most innocent words became witheringly suggestive. This was a talent for which several young actresses I knew would willingly have swapped the combined thespian abilities of Garbo, Bernhardt and Liberace.

I had always been extremely fond of

"Stop this shameful display at once!" he cried.

Gwendolyn. She was capable of taking anything in her stride. When, for example, Daphne Grey, a rival actress, brought a Hollywood rumor to a head by asking her point blank if she had, in less prosperous days, performed in one-reel films suited primarily for private showings at men's smokers, Gwendolyn replied, "I really couldn't say, darling. Some people—" (and here she regarded Daphne with unusual fixity) "—may be able to munch sandwiches, do intricate mathematical sums or paint their nails while in the throes of passion. I myself am not so jaded. I certainly would never notice an intruder with a camera."

Admiring Gwendolyn as I did, it was with pleasure that I anticipated the little party she was throwing to signalize the divorce from her fifth husband. He, the peerless tragedian Geoffrey Wilmont of the New York and London stages, had enjoyed connubial privileges with Gwendolyn for roughly six months before she consigned him to the ex heap. Poor Geoffrey: what a blow to his moonlitith ego. Oh well, it had been a six months man a red-blooded lad, myself included, could look upon with envy.

The evening of the party found me in an extravagant mood. I did gay, foolish things like putting a new blade in my razor and throwing Aqua Velva about with great abandon. When my toilette was completed, I hopped nimbly into my Volkswagen and, a song on my lips, made straightway for the modest thirty-room cottage that kept the rain off Gwendolyn's silken back.

I was greeted at the door by the girl herself. She was dressed (I use the word in its broad sense) in something of her own design. The front was one long, unlimited décolletage through which the green hills of Africa, salt lick and all, might be discerned.

"My dear Ramrod," she gushed (her nicknames were rather *avant-garde*). "I'm so glad you could come. Say something wanton to me."

"Thy navel," I said wantonly, "is like a round goblet which wanteth not liquor, thy belly is like an heap of wheat set about with lilies."

"How nice of you to notice," she said. Taking my hot and grubby hand, she led me into the midst of the gathering, forced my fingers around a drink and introduced me as Alec Guinness (her way of demolishing the Hollywood caste system which looks down upon such lowly writers as myself). This clever device afforded me a great deal of popularity for some time, and though I suffered the pangs of imminent exposure when one red-headed starlet told me I looked so different off the screen, I quickly assured her I never appeared before the cameras without first donning one of several large rubber masks.

The entire cadre of bebbly-sox bait was on hand: every Tom, Dick, Rock, Tab, Touch, Race, Shaft, Thrust and Harry. From time to time one of these would hang about Gwendolyn like a bird of prey, and she, partly out of pity, partly out of *joie de vivre*, and partly to clear the atmosphere of that uncomfortable tension he contributed, would

quietly ask him to meet her in the library. Upon their return a remarkably few minutes later, he would appear much more relaxed. Having been in the same position myself a time or two, it was not difficult for me to reconstruct the scenes in the library. With swelling heart I recalled how, on one occasion, just before we rejoined the other guests, she poured herself a shot of rye, tossed it down in one gulp, and said, "Sometime you can do me a favor. Lollipop."

As I was sipping my third run-on-the-rocks, the door was opened to admit Daphne Grey, who was wearing a diamond tiara on her head, bracelets on her wrists, rings on her fingers, bells on her toes, and Geoffrey Wilmont on her arm. This last ornament was rather a surprise, considering that the whole point of the night's festivities was to celebrate Gwendolyn's severance from some. Geoffrey was icily jovial toward her, but she took it in her usual stride, greeting them both effusively and screwing drinks into their fists.

"Isn't Geoffrey handsome?" she asked me later. "Nobody will ever know what an effort of will it required to give such a decorative piece of goods the air."

"Why did you, Gwendolyn?" I asked.

"Mind over matter," she replied. "My loins said keep him, my brains said kick him out. And just this once the loins lost. Geoffrey's sweet in his way, but Lord God of Hosts what a bore. He never seemed so stuffy in the old days; but lately—oh, darling, you have no idea. Imagine a man who would recite Shelley to a girl on his wedding night."

"Why, that seems very romantic. Touching, I call it."

"Touching, my tailbone."

"I'd love to."

"Later. Really, a few lines of Shelley I might have swallowed, but when it went on for forty-five minutes and me fairly gasping for that good old consummation-des-ouly-to-be-wished, oh no: that was too much for little Gwendolyn. I endured it for six months just for the sake of that Greek god carcass of his, then my gorge rose. I'd had it."

"Does sound rather trying," I admitted. "Still, not every girl can take the foremost tragedian of our time to bed every night."

"Darling, you can take all the foremost tragedians of our time and—" Here she grew too graphic for my pristine pen.

"Mr. Guinness," said the red-headed starlet, sidling up to me after Gwendolyn had wandered off, "you've acted with Yvonne de Carlo. Tell me: is it true what that exposé magazine said about her? Was she once a man?"

"Not that I could notice," I said. "But I have heard that Bob Mitchum was once a Buddhist priest."

Gwendolyn was unrolling a movie screen preparatory to giving us a preview of the day's rushes (a ritual at all of Gwendolyn's parties) and one of the cleft-chin boys was setting up a projector atop the grand piano. There was a violent skirmish for the available chairs, hassocks and laps; I, not being fleet enough, wound

up cross-legged on the floor next to the starlet. An excess of liquor had made her suddenly familiar: she called me "Alec" and stroked my thighs as soon as the lights went out.

From what I could fathom, Gwendolyn's current film was one of those stirring affairs that usually take place aboard a sinking ship or an airplane with one engine gone. This time it appeared to be a railroad train stranded in the snow. I can't be certain, but I think there was a shipment of uranium threatening to go off in the freight car. Among the many familiar characters was a steely-eyed, firm-jawed tycoon who disintegrated under the strain and ran amok, screaming and rolling his eyes until someone slapped his face and sent him cringing quipped into a corner (this kind of impromptu therapy, I've observed, is always extracurricular effective on the screen). Gwendolyn was playing a hitherto-haughty debutante, transformed by the parlous circumstances into a solicitous siren who kept asking everybody if they'd like some hot coffee. This gave her the opportunity to bend forward from the waist quite often and gave the camera the opportunity to crawl down her cleavage. The rushes were over in fifteen minutes and the lights went on just as the starlet was seeking new territory to stroke. I cursed softly.

Daphne Grey's voice was the first to be heard: "That was just lovely, Gwendolyn dear. Would you mind *awfully* if we ran off some of mine now?" Gwendolyn acquiesced with well-concealed annoyance and Daphne produced a can of film which was promptly threaded into the projector. The starlet resumed operations as the lights went out for the second time.

I was amazed at the primitive photography of Daphne's film. It appeared to have been shot in a barn and lit by magnesium torches. I was even more amazed when I saw that the actress who walked into camera range was not Daphne but Gwendolyn, looking at least fifteen years younger. When she proceeded to strip down to her pett, there was little doubt in my mind as to the nature of the film, and what doubt remained was dispelled upon the entrance of a heavily made-up young man who also began peeling.

The starlet squealed with delight, but a large form stepped in front of the projector, blocking out the screen. Disappointed groans filled the room. A resonant voice said, "Stop this shameful display at once!" The lights went on again and Geoffrey Wilmont was discovered solemnly removing the film from the projector and stuffing it back into the can.

"How small of you, Daphne," he said severely. "How ignoble." But Daphne, emitting a witch-like cackle, had sailed out the door.

Geoffrey tucked the reel of film under his arm and, with a gallant bow to Gwendolyn, murmured, "It will be my pleasure, madam, to consign this object to the fire it so richly deserves. Do I

(continued on page 60)

見屋娘本梅

BURLESQUE
3 TOKYO

WE MUST CONFESS that, up until recently, we always thought of Japanese theatre in terms of grim movies like *Rashomon* and *Gate of Hell*, the classic Kabuki dancers and the traditional, stylized Noh plays.

It would appear, however, that the Noh plays are no place in today's Japan, and that the most popular theatre is, rather, a kind of "Yes" play that seems to owe little to ancient Japanese drama and a great deal to American burlesque.

At the Nichigeki Music Hall in Tokyo, mobile Nipponese maids smile pleasantly, dance, and take part in one-act plays—all of which sounds remarkably dull until we remember that

madame butterfly has left her cocoon



Familiar pin-ups from American magazines decorate one theatrical marquee; U. S. N. costumes and Stateside floorshows set the pace.

BURLESQUE
3 TOKYO



A mermaid may be seductive and yet have disadvantages. In this sketch, titled *Seven Peeping Toms from Heaven*, an enterprising warrior solves the problem swiftly, simply and satisfactorily.



the ladies under discussion are, in response to popular request, naked — or nearly naked, anyhow. The nature of the one-act plays may be inferred by a typical title: *Touch Not My Throbbing Bra*.

If you're interested in tracing trends and influences, we might make passing mention of the way American customs have taken hold in hitherto tradition-steeped Japan.



A far cry from the kimono of yesteryear, costumes of the Nishigeki owe much to America's Minsky.



一湯齋
曲多同
金

BURLESQUE
3
TOKYO



If the caged beauty featured in this extravaganza to our left seems more reminiscent of the Folies Bergères than American burlesque, it's not too surprising. After mastering Yankee techniques, the Nichigeki staff visited Paris to complete its education.



U. S. slang and U. S. movies have gone over big there, and our national game, baseball, has been enthusiastically clasped to the collective Japanese bosom. Which brings us right back to the ladies of the Nichigeki, and about time. One paragraph of digression is about all we can reasonably expect you to put up with.

PLAYBOY'S Tokyo correspondent has sent us reams of rich, beautiful prose describing the social significance of this vital new art form, and we fully intend to read it some day. Right now, though, let's just look at all the pretty pictures he sent along to illustrate his points.



classic affair (continued from page 14)

some idiot comes in here and buys it. I'll kill him. So help me God, that's what I'll do."

I let him calm down, then I said, "Hank, listen. If you're so nuts about the car, if it means all this to you, why don't you buy the damn thing and get it over with? Why all this creeping around at night, why such a big deal?"

He laughed, the coldest laugh I think I've ever heard. "That's a real brain-storm," he said. "Now why didn't I think of that? Just go ahead and buy it..."

"Well, you want it, don't you?"
"Of course I want it. Unfortunately I don't have seven thousand, five hundred dollars, which is the price. I don't even have five hundred dollars."

We sat still for a while. The idea I'd been fighting off broke through finally, and when it did, I opened the door and got out of the car.

"You don't understand, do you?" he said.

I told him yes, I thought I did.
"Then you see why I haven't told Ruth. What could I tell her—that I'm in love with a car?"

"No, you couldn't do that."

"Besides," he said, "she's a woman."
I thought, yes, she is, she is that. A beautiful and desirable woman, and I'm in love with her. Not with a hunk of machinery...

I walked to the edge of the lot. Then, almost scared, I started back. I knew that if I thought much about it, I wouldn't do it. And it was the only real chance I'd seen.

"What's your plan?" I asked him.
"I don't have any," he said.
"Think it'll wear off?"

"Maybe. I don't know, I've never been through anything like this before. Do you think I ought to see a doctor?"

"No," I said. "You'd spend two hundred dollars just to learn that you've got a fixation on a car. I've got fixations, too. Who doesn't?" I took a deep breath. "Hank, how badly do you want this beat, anyway?"

"He didn't answer."
"I'm serious. Tell me exactly what it would mean to you."

"To own it?"
"That's right."

His hands gripped the steering wheel. You could see that he wasn't really considering the question. It was too much for him.

"What I mean is, to know that it was completely yours. Hank Osterman's own car. To know that you could keep it in the garage and work on it whenever you wanted to and shine it up every morning." I gave the knife a twist. "Or drive it whenever you got the urge. Maybe early in the morning..." I remembered how Hank liked five o'clock. "You know, take it out and really wind it up. Wait for one of the new bombs, idle him along, and then let him see what you have."

"Stop it."
"Or tool it downtown and park it, just to let everybody have a look."

"Dave, goddamn it, shut up. I want that more than anything else in the world. I told you, didn't I?"
"More than anything else?"
"Yes!"

"That's all I wanted to know," I said. I left him sitting in the car.

I had a rough time with the loan, but

there are ways. People like Hank don't know that. If I'd asked for five hundred they'd have tossed me out on my car; getting eight thousand was a different story.

Once I knew it was set up I called Ruth and told her to be patient, everything was going to be all right. When she told me that nothing had changed, I let her know she was wrong. Things would be changing very soon.

It was pretty close to perfect.

I'd buy the car while Hank was at work. Then I'd drive it over and catch him as he broke for lunch. Let him take the wheel for a few blocks—to get the feel of it. Sink the hook good and deep.

Then make him the deal.

"It's yours, Hank, old son. All yours. There's only one little thing I'd like in return—really not very much at all, considering. In exchange for the car—this one here, the one you said you'd give anything for—I'd like Ruth. Fair enough?"

Oh, yes. It would work, too: I knew that. It would work. Of course, he'd come to his senses eventually, but then it'd be too late. Ruth and I would be long ago and far away...

The money came from the bank last Monday, a week ago. I'd been giving Ruth a good stall and managed to keep her quiet, so I knew that conditions were ripe.

I was at Springfield's when they opened. The salesman, a short man with a mustache and an accent, just about fainted when he saw he had a live one. "The Duesenberg? Oh, yes, sir, a genuine classic, indeed. Tyrone Power has one quite a bit like it, you know, but not in anything like this condition. The engine's been completely overhauled, only five hundred miles on it, and those are all new tires. New paint—the original color, by the way..."

I offered him six grand, and he gobbled it up. Then he told me how to work the gears, and I had to listen to a story about the Duesenberg Owner's Club and what rare taste I had and all like that.

While he spied, I glanced over at the car. The paint glistened, because of the sun; it was a rich, dark blue. I hadn't actually seen the thing before, and you had to admit it was a handsome job. Every part of it seemed to be made of cast iron. There was a lot of chrome, but somehow it managed to look good, for once, not gaudy and useless.

I thought of Hank, suddenly, of his sneaking around at night, peeping at the car, worrying over it, scared that someone might hurt it. He really must love the old heap. Maybe I'm not kidding myself after all, I thought, maybe I am doing him a favor!

Finally I was permitted to get in and start it up. It caught right away. The engine began to pulse smoothly but with a power you could feel. The salesman was smiling. "Be very careful," he said, "You've got a thoroughbred under you."

I waved at him and put it in gear and touched the accelerator pedal.



Tom Tarantini

The car lurged forward like a mad thing. Low in the seat—you're like a midget in that cab, it's so big—I pressed the brake, fast.

"See what I mean?" the salesman said. I nodded, and took off more cautiously. I'd been driving for years, but now I was a beginner again, trying to keep the whole works from running away with me.

When I finally got it out on the highway, just for fun I fed it a little more gas. The engine took on a different pitch, there was a surge, and I saw by the speedometer that I was traveling almost seventy! It told you plainly that you had a long way to go before you strained this baby.

Poor old Hank, I thought; God, he's in love with it and he hasn't even driven it yet. Just wait'll he gets behind the wheel and sees what it will do.

Out toward the valley a couple of hot-rods got smart. Cut down Fords, I think they were. They tooted and roared past, dribbling exhaust. I floored the Ducsenberg, and, believe me, before I even started thinking about third those boys were out of sight behind me.

It was a hell of a feeling.

I'd planned, of course, to take the car over to Hank's office that afternoon. It was all rehearsed and ready to go.

But I was miles away, headed for open highway. The salesman had said something about suspension, and I wanted to try a few curves—nothing fancy or anything. And besides, that evening would do just as well. There wasn't any rush about it. Just a few curves and a straight run, to see how the old bus behaved.

That was a week ago. Since then I've taken the Duesie over the ridge route, along Highway One—you know what that is—and into Beverly Hills, for kicks. Parked it across from Romanoff's, where the boys in their new Detroit tubs could get a nice loog look. And then over to the Derby—and wasn't that fine, though, I mean, I'd spent a couple of hours getting it all shined up, and I felt like a damn king there, a regular damn king.

Hank's probably going crazy—I went back and told the salesman not to give out any information—but then, he'll have it for a long time to come, won't he?

Meanwhile, I figure why not enjoy it a little. It really is a work of art. You're always discovering strange new things about it, hidden compartments, extra switches and levers and buttons. God knows what they're all for. It's for sure they're for something, though. That's the kind of a car it is.

I'll probably turn it over to Hank some time next week, before he goes berserk, and then Ruth and I will take up where we left off.

But first I would like to see if the Duesie actually does an honest hundred and thirty mph.

I wouldn't be a bit surprised if it did.

I mean, it's a hell of a car.

MAGIC LADY (continued from page 11)

toward each other in the darkness. She might be breathing new life into a strangely forgotten song (*Looking at You*) or speaking eloquently of a new relationship (*We Have Nothing To Remember So Far, Maybe It's Just for a Day*). She may be spelling out the tragic end of a love affair (*Glad To Be Unhappy, Nobody's Heart*) but whatever she sings, she lets the song create the impact on the listener, and the impact is haunting, unforgettable.

Mabel is known as a "composer's singer." Her phrasing and the expressions mirrored on her face lend emphasis to the lyric—they never detract from it. She has the taste and the talent to pick for her repertoire only those tunes with honest merit; the literate, musically meaningful creations of Cole Porter, Rodgers and Hart, Jerome Kern, the Gershwins, Kurt Weill, Dietz and Schwartz. These she sings straight and simple in a tweed-and-tullea contralto, injecting no phony "personality" or gimmicks, for Mabel believes in *The Song* above all. It is no accident that *White We're Young, End of a Love Affair* and a host of other good things were written especially for Mabel, and dedicated to her with great affection. Alec Wilder fondly refers to her as "... the guardian of the tenuous dreams created by the writers of songs."

If you have never heard of Mabel Mercer, it is at least partly her own fault. She's successful in spite of herself. She delights in a static routine and steadfastly

refuses to "get around" to exploit her talent. Her engagement at the By-line Room was in its sixth remarkably unpublicized year when the place burned. Her previous New York appearance was in its seventh year when the club closed because the building was being torn down. It takes some great calmness like these to transfer Mercer to a new setting, but her devoted following would doubtless tag along to Tanganyika, or even Texas, just to hear Mabel's magnificent vocal artistry.

The single exception to her rule about staying in the same place gives some idea of the devotion of the cult that worships Mabel. This writer brought her to Chicago last year for a single evening appearance at the Blue Angel. She packed that night club with over eight hundred turned away at the door. This, mind you, in a city where she had never appeared before, on a Sunday, normally the deadliest night in the night club week, and with an admission charge of \$5.50. No funny-hat comics, no chorus line, no party gee-gaws. Just Mabel. She came as a favor to a friend and left a score of club owners weeping because she would consider nothing so commercial as an extended return engagement.

Mabel Mercer was born in Staffordshire, England, the product of a thoroughly theatrical family. After seasoning in English musical comedies, she took up residence in Paris and developed the intimate, interpretive style for which

(concluded on page 60)



GOURMET GIFTS (continued from page 21)

heart of Dixie. Does the girl of your dreams talk with longing of her trip last summer to Italy? You needn't send her Florentine jewelry. Give her a basket of Italian delicacies—red wine vinegar, olives confite, imported Bel Paese cheese—foods that don't cost a week's salary and that invariably go over like a million dollars.

For the young charmer living on a budget in a few small rooms, you must exercise the same common sense in planning a gift. Suppose she likes ham. You can go all out and send her a 16-pound genuine rackback ham, which, of course, is heavenly eating. But it's the kind of ham that requires 48 hours soaking and 8 hours simmering. The poor girl can hardly lift the ham, let alone scrub it and then find a pot large enough in which to soak it and cook it. You act more thoughtfully and send her a small or medium size tin of imported Danish ham. You might even garnish the gift with a small crock of French Dijon mustard. For the prof, on the other hand, who is guiding you through the tortuous path to a Ph.D., the large rackback ham might be a welcome donation.

In choosing gourmet foods for Christmas gifts, especial warning should be sounded against the influence of the worm school. They are an esoteric crowd who praise food for its mere difference and not for its different kind of goodness. They are called the worm school because among their greatest current delicacies are fried Mexican Agave worms in cans, a small delicacy with a nutty flavor and about as thrilling as potato chips. They like processed Arabian sheep's eyes. Twenty years ago, their masthead was rattlesnake meat in cans, an epicurean item still available as a cocktail appetizer and tasting for all the world like ordinary eel. It's easy to understand the worm school. The sight of a live garden snake or a handful of worms would make them shudder. When the *reptilis*, however, are safely encased in a can, buried in supreme sauce, they feel safe and even exotic.

Keep as far away from the worm school as possible.

Years ago, gourmet foods were only available in a few exclusive and expensive grocery establishments in large cities. In recent years, the number of local stores offering epicurean delicacies has increased tremendously. Mail order houses, too, have cropped up all over the country, offering anything from fresh oysters in the shell to alligator soup with sherry.

In spite of the fabulous assortment of rare viands, it's still hard to beat some of the traditional gifts like the fruit hamper, the bumper food basket or even the classic holiday fruit cake with brandy. Food baskets range anywhere from a few dollars to \$100, the latter one of the luxury baskets put up by H. Hicks & Son in New York City. Such baskets may be a dealer's assortment of fresh fruits, branched fruits in jars, candies and nuts. Or you might make your

own choice of stunning foods from the shelves of such stores as S. S. Pierce & Co. in Boston, Marshall Field in Chicago or the magnificent Bon Voyage Shop of Charles & Co. in New York City. For those who like fresh fruit without extraneous toasts top, shipped from their native habitat, Cobbs Fruit and Preserving Co., Little River, Fla., packs boxes of mixed oranges, grapefruit, tangerines, kumquats and limes as well as citrus jellies, conserves and marmalades. Boxes range in price from \$4.50 to about \$22.00. The magnificent Royal Riviera pears are packed by Harry & David, Bear Creek, Oregon, the firm which also sponsors the Fruit of the Month Club. Despite the obvious gags inspired by this title, the club is OK.

Continental cake fanciers will find a 14-ounce can of the Au Goutier small habas with rum, selling for about \$1.50. (Incidentally, all prices listed may change from place to place, depending on shipping charges, local costs, etc.) Several brands of crêpes suzette packed in 1-pound tins, and requiring only heating for serving, sell from \$2.50 to \$8.00. And let us not by-pass the delightful Martha Ann white or dark fruit cakes and the famous Gurnsey House fruit cake. In most stores, fruit cakes range from 1-pound boxes for about \$1.50 to 3-pound cakes for approximately \$10.00 for top quality. Vacuum packed cakes should be opened just before slicing. Along with your gift card, you might send a P. S. indicating that leftover fruit cake should be tightly wrapped in a piece of cheese cloth or other cloth soaked in brandy or in sherry. The unused portion should be returned to the tin and the tin tightly closed to prevent excessive drying.

Especially convenient at Christmas-time are the Cresca gift boxes, collections of connoisseurs' foods, ranging in price from \$1.10 for an assortment of jellies to \$18.25 for a gift box containing 15 imported delicacies. There is, for instance, a bartender's group of fresh lemon slices in syrup, fresh lime slices in syrup and maraschino cherries for \$2.50. The Toast is a cocktail party package retailing for \$5.00 and containing maraschino cherries, stuffed olives, red caviar, anchovies, parrot of shrimp, smoked oysters, pâté de foie, tuna spread and cocktail biscuits. Some of the Cresca Taster boxes are assembled on a national basis. Thus the Scandinavian Taster contains (among other things) Danish black currant and ginger preserves, Danish sliced cucumber salad, Norwegian crabmeat spread and salmon paste. The French Taster includes such items as pâté de foie gras, Dijon mustard, shallot vinegar, French olive oil and seven other Gallic gourmet morsels, selling for \$15.00.

For girls who like smoked meat, particularly the pretty epicures who appreciate smoked turkey, a delightful collection of viands is offered by Forst, Route 284, Kingston, New York. Their Pak-O-Six, selling for \$6.50, includes the fol-

lowing: sliced smoked turkey, cuts of smoked turkey, smoked pork pâté, finger size franks, smoked pork sausages, and smoked turkey sausages.

If you'd rather compile your own assortment of gift foods, there's a limitless field from which to choose. PLAYBOY, however, has a few principal rays to cite for this year's holiday season.

Among appetizers, the glass-packed French rolled anchovies are a delectable item. The Palli, Italian Gardinere, fancy design jar of hors d'oeuvres, weighing 35 ounces, sells for about \$8.25. Italian 6-ounce jars of antipasto, which are served directly from the jar, sell for around \$1.25. Caviar connoisseurs can have their pick of fish eggs, ranging from the 4-ounce jars of red salmon caviar at about 50 cents each to the fresh Beluga caviar, selling in the neighborhood of \$30 to \$35 a pound. For holiday giving, there is the Romanoff jewel box containing two 2-ounce jars of green seal caviar at \$7.50 and the same box containing two 2-ounce jars of Beluga private stock caviar for \$10.50. Bendiksen's smoked oysters from the west coast, packed in 3½-ounce jars, sell for about 75 cents. Smoked Holland mussels in a 6-ounce tin retail for about 70 cents.

If you like liver pâté and there is a good French restaurant in your city, PLAYBOY suggests that you consult the chef of such a restaurant and see if you can buy a jar of home-made pâté. Most French chefs are proud of their own pâté and are happy to make up a half pound or a pound as a gift. If necessary, buy your own small casserole or jar in which to put the pâté. Most of the home made pâtés are made of chicken liver or pork liver or a combination of both. They are called pâté de foie, and, unless hermetically sealed, must be kept under refrigeration and must be used within a limited time.

Imported pâté de foie gras is made of goose liver. The best comes from Strasbourg, and is put up in terrines with truffles. The terrines do not require refrigeration. Prices range from about \$3.00 for a 2-ounce cork to \$25.00 for a 22-ounce cork. Like fresh Beluga caviar, imported pâté de foie gras is the very top of gift-gold food giving.

For superlative Scandinavian eating, there is a tremendous array of storgavordh morsels, including cod roe spread, herring bits in dill, wine and mustard sauce, fillets of mackerel and sliced smoked salmon. If you make up such an assortment, find out if the food requires refrigeration. If it does, rush the package from the shop to your idol's kitchen.

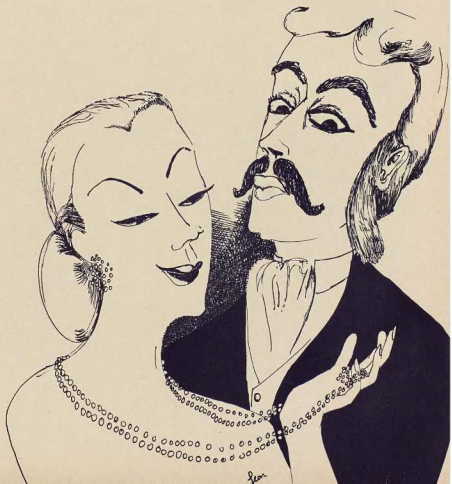
Sea food fanciers will find canned lobster outstandingly successful. The Cresca curried lobster and the Bon Vivant lobster à la Newburg are recommended. Both of these products can be enhanced by adding a small amount of sherry and sweet cream when they are heated for serving.

Among meats, the elect for Christmas giving seems to be ham. For good living, it's hard to imagine a better gift than (concluded on page 59)



"After I complain about being molested, this wise guy comes along and wants to re-enact the crime!"

Ribald Classic



THE SPICE OF LIFE

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

ILLUSTRATED BY LEON BELLIN

BEFORE MARRIAGE, Paul and Henrietta had loved each other chaste in the starlight.

At first there was a charming meeting on the shore of the ocean. He found her delicious, the rosy young girl who passed him with her bright umbrellas and fresh costumes on the marine background. He loved this blonde fragile creature in her setting of blue waves and immense skies. And he confused the tenderness which this innocent girl caused to be born in him with the emotion awakened by the lovely salt air and the vast seascape full of sun and waves.

She loved him because he paid her attention, because he was young and rich enough, genteel and delicate. She loved him because it is natural for young ladies to love young men who say tender words to them.

Then for three months they lived side by side, eye to eye and hand to hand. The greeting which they exchanged in the morning before the bath, in the freshness of the new day, and the adieu of the evening upon the sand under the stars, in the warmth of the calm night, murmured low and still lower, had al-

ready the taste of kisses, although their lips had never met.

They dreamed of each other as soon as they were asleep, thought of each other as soon as they awoke and, without yet saying so, called for and desired each other with their whole soul and body.

After marriage they adored each other above everything on earth. It was at first a kind of sensual, indefatigable rage, then an exalted tenderness made of caresses already refined and of inventions both genteel and ungentle. All their looks signified lasciviousness, and all their gestures recalled to them the ardent intimacy of the bed.

Now, without confessing it, without realizing it, perhaps, they commenced to weary of one another. They loved each other, it is true, but there was nothing more to reveal, nothing more to do that had not often been done, nothing more to learn from each other, not even a new word of love, an unforeseen motion or an intonation, which sometimes is more expressive than a known word too often repeated.

They forced themselves, however, to

rekindle the flame, enfeebled from the first embraces. They invented some new and tender artifice each day, some simple or complicated ruse, in the vain attempt to renew in their hearts the unappeasable ardor of the first days and in their veins the flame of the nuptial month.

From time to time, by working up their desire, they again found an hour of factitious excitement which was immediately followed by a disappointing lassitude.

They tried moonlight walks under the leaves in the sweetness of the night, the poetry of the cliffs bathed in mist, the excitement of public festivals.

Then one morning Henrietta said to Paul:

"Will you take me to dine at an inn?"

"Why, yes, if you wish."

"In a very well-known inn?"

"Certainly."

He looked at her, questioning with his eye, understanding well that she had something in mind which she had not spoken.

She continued: "You know, an inn
(continued on next page)

"I want everyone to think I am your mistress," she said.

—how shall I explain it?—in a sophisticated inn, where people make appointments to meet each other?"

He smiled. "Yes, I understand, a private room in a large café?"

"That is it. But in a large café where you are known, where you have already taken supper—no, dinner—that is—I mean—I want—no, I do not dare say it!"

"Speak out, *chérie*; between us what can it matter? We have no secrets from each other."

"No, I dare not."

"Oh! Come, now! Don't be coy. Say it."

"Well—I wish—I wish to be taken for your mistress—I wish the waiters, who do not know that you are married, may look upon me as your mistress, and you, too—on that for an hour you believe me your mistress in that very place where you have remembrances of—That's all! I myself will believe that I am your mistress. I want to commit a great sin—to deceive you—with yourself—there, I have said it! It is very bad, but that is what I want to do."

He laughed, very much amused, and responded:

"All right, we will go this evening to a very chic place where I am known."

It was almost seven o'clock when they ascended the staircase of a large café on the boulevard, he smiling, with the air of a conqueror, she timid, veiled, but delighted. When they were in a little room furnished with four armchairs and a large sofa covered with red velvet, the steward, in black clothes, entered and presented the bill of fare. Paul passed it to his wife.

"What do you wish to eat?" he said.

"I don't know; what do they have that is good here?"

"Allow me to order," he said; and turning to the waiter, he said:

"Serve this menu: Bisque soup, deviled chicken, sides of hare, duck, American style, vegetable salad and dessert. We will drink champagne—very dry."

The steward smiled and looked at the young lady. He took the card, murmuring: "Thank you, Monsieur Paul."

Henrietta was happy to find that this man knew her husband's name. They sat down side by side upon the sofa and began to eat.

Ten candles lighted the room, reflected in a great mirror, mutilated by the thousands of names traced on it with a diamond, making on the clear crystal a kind of huge cobweb.

Henrietta drank glass after glass to animate her, although she felt giddy from the first one. Paul, excited by certain memories, kissed his wife's hand repeatedly. Her eyes were brilliant.

She felt strangely moved by this suspicious situation; she was excited and happy, although she felt a little wickered. Two grave waiters, who never spoke, accustomed to seeing everything and forgetting all, entered only when it was necessary, going and coming quickly and softly.

Toward the middle of the dinner

Henrietta was drunk, charmingly drunk, and Paul, in his gaiety, pressed her knee with his hand. She prattled now, boldly, her cheeks red, her look lively and dainty.

"Oh, come, Paul," she said, "confess now, won't you? I want to know all."

"What do you mean, *chérie*?"

"I dare not say it."

"Nonsense!"

"Have you had mistresses—many of them—before me?"

He hesitated, a little perplexed, not knowing whether he ought to conceal his good fortunes or boast of them.

She continued: "Oh! I beg you to tell me; have you had many?"

"Why, some."

"How many?"

"I don't know. How can one know such things?"

"You did not count them?"

"Of course not!"

"Oh! Then you have had very many?"

"Yes."

"How many, do you suppose?—some—where near—"

"I don't know at all, my dear. Some years I had many, and some years only a few."

"How many a year, would you say?"

"Sometimes twenty or thirty, sometimes only four or five."

"Oh! That makes more than a hundred women in all."

"Yes, something like that."

"How disgusting!"

"Disgusting? Why?"

"Because it is disgusting—when one thinks of all those women—made—and always—always the same thing. Oh! It is truly disgusting—more than a hundred women!"

He was shocked that she thought it disgusting and responded with that superior air which men assume to make women understand that they have said something foolish:

"Well, that is curious! If it is disgusting to have a hundred women, it is equally disgusting to have one."

"Oh, no, not at all!"

"Why not?"

"Because with one woman there is intrigue, there is love; while with a hundred women there is only lewdness. I cannot understand how a man can meddle with all those girls who are so filthy."

"Filthy? They are immaculate."

"What! In a trade like that?"

"It is because of their trade that they are immaculate."

"Ridiculous! When one thinks of the nights they pass with others! It is ignoble!"

"It is no more ignoble than drinking from a glass from which I know not who drank this morning, and that has been—or—less thoroughly washed—I assure you."

"Oh, be still; you are revolting."

"But why ask me then if I have had mistresses?"

For a moment there was silence. Then Henrietta said:

"Tell me, were your mistresses all

young girls, all of them—the whole hundred?"

"Why, no—no. Some were actresses—some little working girls—and some were, that is to say, women of the world."

"How many of them were women of the world?"

"Six."

"Only six?"

"Yes."

"Were they pretty?"

"Yes, of course."

"Prettier than the young girls?"

"No."

"Which do you prefer, young girls or women of the world?"

"Women of the world."

"Oh, how depraved! Why?"

"Because I do not care much for amateur talent."

"Oh! You are abominable, do you know that? But tell me, is it very amusing to pass from one to another like that?"

"Yes, rather."

"Very?"

"Very."

"What is there amusing about it? Is it because they do not resemble each other?"

"I suppose."

"Ah! The women do not resemble each other?"

"Not at all."

"In nothing?"

"In nothing."

"That is strange! In what respect do they differ?"

"In every respect."

"In body?"

"Yes, in body."

"In the whole body?"

"Yes, in the whole body."

"And in what else?"

"Why, in the manner of—embracing, of speaking, of doing the least thing."

"Ah! And it is very amusing, this changing?"

"Yes."

A pensive glaze came over her eyes, and in a moment she said, with a voice that seemed to come from far away:

"And are men different too?"

"That I do not know."

"You do not know?"

"No."

"They must be different."

"Perhaps."

She remained pensive, her glass of champagne in her hand. It was full, and she drank it all at once without stopping for a breath. Her eyes were bright.

When the waiter again appeared, bringing in the fruits for the dessert, she was holding another glassful between her fingers. Looking to the bottom of the yellow, transparent liquid, as if to see there things unknown, she murmured with a thoughtful voice:

"Different . . . in every respect . . . over a hundred . . . yes, I think I understand perfectly now . . ."

Paul felt strangely uncomfortable to see the enigmatic smile upon her lips.



"Just a moment, Miss Gifford - I'd like to look at that chapter on employee relations again!"

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because these stunning twins come that way, gaily wrapped for holiday tipping. The superb vintage '49 double-bottle Piper-Heidsieck Champagne retails for about \$17, or \$13 for the non-vintage variety. Either is delicious with fresh strawberries for a different sort of Christmas breakfast. The Post Office takes a dim view of spirituous liquors, so to obtain this life-giving stuff, run, don't walk, to your nearest *drum* shop.



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NEXT IN LINE

(continued from page 38)

ing, her breast rising and falling faster, faster, the air going in and out, in and out her nostrils, a little trickle of blood coming from her clenched lips. Her eyes were very wide, her hands blindly constricted the bedclothes.

"Eh?" he said again behind the door. She said nothing.

"Sure," he talked to himself. "Pretty as hell," he murmured, under the flow of faucet water. He rinsed his mouth. "Sure," he said.

"Nothing from her in the bed. "Wooosen are funny," he said to himself in the mirror.

"She lay in the bed. "Sure," he said. He gargled with some antiseptic, spat it down the drain. "You'll be all right in the morning," he said.

"Not a word from her. "We'll get the car fixed."

She didn't say anything. "Be morning before you know it." He was screwing caps on things now, putting freshener on his face. "And the car fixed tomorrow, maybe, at the very latest the next day. You won't mind another night here, will you?"

She didn't answer. "Will you?" he asked. No reply.

The light blinked out under the bathroom door.

"Marie?" He opened the door.

She lay with eyes wide, breasts moving up and down.

"Asleep," he said. "Well, goodnight, lady."

He climbed into his bed. "Tired," he said.

No reply. "Tired," he said.

The wind tossed the lights outside; the room was oblong and black and he was in his bed dozing already.

She lay, eyes wide, the watch ticking on her wrist, breasts moving up and down.

It was a fine day coming through the Tropic of Cancer. The automobile pushed along the turning road leaving the jungle country behind, heading for the United States, roaring between the green hills, taking every turn, leaving behind a faint vanishing trail of exhaust smoke. And inside the shiny automobile sat Joseph with his pink, healthy face and his Panama hat, and a little camera cradled on his lap as he drove, a swathe of black silk pinned around the left upper arm of his tan coat. He watched the country slide by and absentmindedly made a gesture to the seat beside him, and stopped. He broke into a little sheepish smile and turned once more to the window of his car, humming a little tuneless tune, his right hand reaching over and touching the seat beside him . . .

Which was empty.



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MANHOOD

(continued from page 19)

will work just as well, providing it is taken as a trifle over your father's head.

Treat the whole thing as a matter of intellectual curiosity. Leers, nudges, and grimaces may be fun but they will not create a healthy attitude on the part of your parents.

You may discover, too, that a little clear information is helpful to parents. Though they possess a certain rough and ready competence, many parents show surprising ignorance of the subject.

KEEP YOUR STANDARDS HIGH

It may shock you to detect in your own parents a real lack of moral fiber. Though at first you may think that this will have small effect on you, you will be mistaken. Most parental interference is a result of their feeling that you are going to try to do the same things that they did.

Make it clear to them very early that your standards are far higher than theirs.

You will be surprised at the freedom this will allow you.

It is best as your first step to establish a general attitude.

"I just wasn't it, father, that in your day morals were, well, a bit on the sketchy side?"

"Well, now, Davie, I—"

"Oh, I don't blame you. You were all swept along on a tide of *joie de vivre*. It's very understandable historically. Pity though."

(Be sure at all times to adopt a tolerant attitude.)

Once you have established your position securely on a high moral plane, the rest will follow easily.

"Now, Davie, I want you to be in *egry*."

"I'm glad you brought that up, mother. Try to hint to Marlene that I have to get up early. Doesn't seem graceful, somehow, coming from me."

You may then stay out as late as you like. Be sure to speak firmly to your mother—before she speaks firmly to you.

"Mother, I don't think you made it very clear to Marlene. Not clear at all. Couldn't break away until three."

"I'm sorry, Davie, I tried to—"

"There, there! Just try to do better next time, won't you?"

Your parents may begin to worry a bit about you. This will be a healthy sign.

"Charles, I'm worried about Davie. He's such a *serious* boy. Don't you think he should have a little more fun?"

"Well, he hasn't been in before three all week."

"I know, but it isn't as though he really wanted to."

As long as your parents maintain this attitude you will be sure to have a normal, healthy boyhood.

Keep your standards high and you will not regret it.

BWARE OF GROWING GIRLS

Girls, you will discover, grow more rapidly than you. There is a period during which their little bodies expand and flower at a rate that far outstrips their mental growth.

It is your duty—and every young man's—to guide them through this period of little sense but much feeling.

At this stage particularly you will find that not all girls breathe the same basic moral atmosphere that you do. Your mission is to make it clear to them that your own rugged good looks and *bon vivant* manner are not signs of easy virtue nor invitations to loose living.

Yours should be the steady voice, the firm guiding hand.

"Davie, where are you taking me?"

"I'm afraid for you here, Peggy. This music, these pawing young men embracing in public to a primitive rhythm—"

"It's only a dance, Davie."

"Sometimes I fear for all of us. Here's a good spot. Sit down." (Comments should always be simple and direct.)

"But Davie—"

"Comfy? Now, we need to talk this out. Pity your mother isn't here, too."

SHOULD I GET?

Maintain control of yourself at all times. Don't be stampeded into unrestrained demonstrations of affection. You will regret it later. Keep everything on a high plane.

"Don't you think we've been out here long enough, Davie?"

"One more thing, darling. Take petting. Inexcusable. Let me demonstrate. A kiss should be offered simply, with humility, like this—"

"Ohhhhh, Davie!"

"Please, I'm only illustrating. Try to control yourself. Now it should not be forced, like this—"

"Davie! Nobody has ever—"

"I should hope not! Please tell me if they do! Now perhaps we should review that point."

Try to remember at all times that your purpose is instruction. You are not seeking to amuse, and certainly not to arouse primitive emotions that might fan quickly into a flame.

SHOULD I GO STRAIGHT?

Those who have studied the above paragraph scarcely need to be told that the answer to this question is a thumping "No!"

All around you young girls are growing, their youthful bodies far outstripping youthful minds. With passions all too often ripe, you are needed most, and often at widely scattered points.

It is only the selfish young man who fails to bring his torch, so to speak, into all the dark corners, lighting the way to finer, better lives.

Be generous with your time. You may be criticized by the very people you are trying to help, but steer your course forward, clearing up little misunder-

standings as they arise.

"But Davie, I saw you with her."

"Of course you did, Marian. And I'm glad. The three of us should get together for a long talk. Betty's sweet, but terribly confused. Can't seem to set her right by myself."

Or—

"Marian? I feel sorry for her, Betty!"

"Davie, I don't feel sorry for her! Maybe a straight-laced boy like you wouldn't notice, but if those are really hers, which I doubt—"

"Please, Betty!"

"And that new convertible which is practically her own personal property, and—"

"She's really very tragic underneath. A little girl who's been hurt. Perhaps one day the three of us—"

Be as truthful as you can, but a little white lie now and then may be necessary, for her sake. Remember that a jealous girl is not a happy girl, and happy girls make for happy boys.

BE BRAVE

Take advantage of these golden years that they will slip by all too soon. Then you will bid a sad farewell to carefree youth and enter into manhood.

Have courage. Others have gone before you. You have only to follow in their footsteps.

NEXT MONTH:

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GOURMET GIFTS

(continued from page 48)

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"Never mind," she yawned. "Come help me with this damned zipper and she'll be soon forgotten."
"Geoffrey was certainly magnificent," I commented as I did her bidding. "A regular knight in shining armor. After the way you dumped him, I would never have thought he'd defend your good name with so much chivalry and dispatch. He must deeply respect you."
"Oh darling, he loathes me!"
"Then why—"
"My dear boy. Didn't you recognize the male lead in that charming old film?"

"The male lead? Why, no..."
"Thank goodness. Geoffrey's secret is safe. As I remarked before, he was anything but stuffy in the old days. Too bad you didn't get to see our big scene..."

I agreed. But I must say, in all fairness to Gwendolyn, that her account of it more than made up for the film's abrupt curtainfall. Sure enough, the red-head was swiftly banished from my mind.



NUDIST WEDDING

(continued from page 18)

didn't have that trouble, for he had no pockets.

"I guess nudists don't even believe in wearing rings," whispered a photographer near me.

The Rev. Homer—sizing up the situation—skipped the ring part of the ceremony, and wound it up. The bridegroom grabbed the bride around the waist and kissed her firmly. Liking it, he kissed her two more times. Then John Garrison, the best man and owner of the carap, kissed her.

"Do we also get to kiss the bridesmaid?" asked one of the photographers, fixing a glad eye on Evelyn West.

"No!" squeaked Evelyn.

"Were you nervous?" I asked the bride... who, after the ceremony and the picture-taking, quickly put her housecoat back on and drew it tightly about her.

"N-o-o-o," she shivered, "b-but I was almost H-froze!"

In the darkness we rode back down to the house where we'd had our pre-wedding dinner. The newlyweds arrived, the bride peeked off her coat, and they sliced a wedding cake. The Rev. Homer sat for a long time at a table writing out the marriage certificate.

There was no champagne... just a light non-alcoholic punch, for nudists generally are very careful about prohibiting alcohol on their premises.

It'd been arranged for my wife and I to ride back to Denver with the Rev. Homer and his wife, so we all sang out a cheery goodbye to the newlyweds who were still eating wedding cake and who seemed extremely happy.

And now that the wedding was over, the story ended like so many before it: the guests put on their pants and went home.



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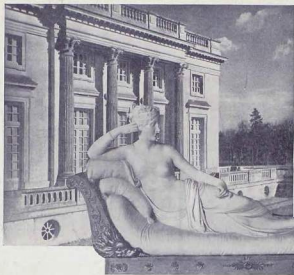
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