

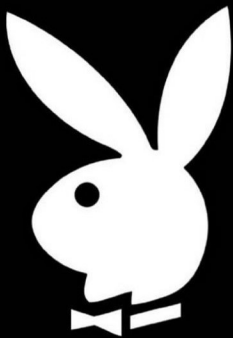
PLAYBOY

A woman with blonde hair and sunglasses is lying on her back on a blue and white striped beach towel. She is wearing a yellow bikini top. A large, heart-shaped tan is visible on her back. Various beach items are scattered around her, including a wooden ukulele, a pair of sandals, a blue beach ball, and a starfish on the sand in the bottom right corner.

ENTERTAINMENT
FOR MEN

JULY 50 cents

BEACH SKETCHES BY COLE



PLAYBOY

PLAYBILL

COLE



GOLD

JACK COLE LOOKS NORMAL enough, as you can see by the quiet, bespectacled photograph on this page. But appearances are notoriously deceiving. Like all the best cartoonists, he is, of course, mad. Not dangerously so—just enough to make life interesting for himself and for more mundane souls like us. Jack's a *PLAYBOY* regular whose full-page cartoons and inspired series of *Females* have won him an enthusiastic following. That following will have a field day with this issue, for Jack has taken his sketch pad to the beach and come up with five pages of devastating results.

Ray Russell, another mad one, is also back. Not content with having demolished Hollywood Roman extravaganzas and TV's Sherlock Holmes in previous issues, he has sharpened his poison pen, gone after historical novels, and drawn blood. Where this boy treads, no roses bloom thereafter.

Some highly entertaining fiction has been chosen for your pleasure, too:

ARLEN

Michael Arlen's urbane "Legend of the Crooked Coronet" and the amusing story "A Steady, High Type Fellow," by Herbert Gold, himself a steady, high-type fellow who teaches creative writing at Wayne University in Detroit. Herb's written two novels—*Birth of a Hero* and *The Prospect Before Us* (recently reissued by Signet) plus a quantity of shorter things for *The New Yorker*, *Collier's*, *The Atlantic*, *Discovery*, *New World Writing* and other steady, high-type publications. The story in this issue is his first for *PLAYBOY*, but by no means the last.

In this July issue we also investigate song-satirist Tom Lehrer, watch stripper Teupset Storm make a reasonable facsimile of herself, heed Jay Smith's encouraging opinions of polygamy, and politely intrude upon the daily routine of an especially lovely, surprisingly unique Playmate of the Month. As the song says, who could ask for anything more?

DEAR PLAYBOY



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

LOVE FOR A PLAYMATE

After poring over your December issue for the umpteenth-thousandth time, the magazine and I are both pretty much frazzled out. Model Terry Ryan is the most beautiful girl I have ever seen!

I'm not sleeping, eating or working at my job (technical illustrator) properly. Cams, gears and circuitry have lost their fascination. My hi-fi is resigned to Tchaikowsky. My friends are disgusted with me. My dog has left home. The book I was writing remains neglected, accusingly so.

I have not yet contracted scurvy, but I, a very moderate drinker, await the fast-approaching spectre: dipsomania. I shall probably expire with bursitis of the elbow.

There is no cure other than marriage to Miss Ryan. Please be so kind as to advise her of this sad state of affairs. In all my thirty-two years, I have never been so utterly captured.

David M. Hall
Baltimore, Md.

NEW READERS

Have just read your April issue after it was highly recommended by some friends. I laid to rest the point of your publication. Some of the jokes were of a caliber such as you would find in the cheapest of magazines. I think you have a distorted philosophy when you assume that the American man is heavily attracted by a cheap exposé of sex. Pleasure will ultimately break down the moral fiber which has made our country so great and you are speedily helping it along its way. No more PLAYBOY for me.

Keith Mielke
Enid, Oklahoma

I have just read the April issue of your magazine from cover to cover and I must frankly admit I was both surprised and delighted to say the very least.

I purchased PLAYBOY on the advice of a newsdealer who gave no "sales-talk" whatsoever. He merely told me to let PLAYBOY sell itself, which it did 100%.

At first glance I imagined your magazine to be an oversized joke and scandal book on quality paper. Now that my first issue is behind me, I am convinced that only the most eloquent linguist could give PLAYBOY satisfactory appraisal. I can only say, "Colossal!"

W. A. Leader
Reading, Penn.

APRIL ISSUE

To be brief and to the point, I have just purchased my April copy of PLAYBOY and my last. I thought the February issue was bad enough, but the April issue is the finish. I found only one page of PLAYBOY worth reading and that was the Party Jokes.

Number 1. Who the hell cares about Executive Flight or did you get paid by United Air Lines for printing that story? Number 2. George J. W. Goodman should write one more article and eat it—that would be better than making other people try to read it. Number 3. The less said about the P. G. Wodehouse story the better. The only good thing about it is, if you follow the page instructions (continued on page 51), you miss half the story, and that's a help. Number 4. If I want to buy a cook book and learn how to prepare crab meat, I don't have to pay a half a buck for it. To sum it up in a word, the February issue smelled bad, but the April issue stinks.

Ralph S. Reed
Uniondale, L.I., N.Y.

Just finished reading the April PLAYBOY. Superb!! We are anxiously awaiting the May issue. Everything in your magazine is the most to say the least. We aren't satisfied with just a picture of the Playmate each month, however. How about giving us names, addresses and phone numbers?

Bob Lingle, and The Boys of
The U.S. Atlantic Fleet
Amphibious Force Orchestra
U.S.S. Porono
c/o FPO, Norfolk, Virginia

The last six Playmates in order: Miss December, Terry Ryan; Miss January, Bettie Page; Miss February, Jayne Mansfield; Miss April, Marilyn Waltz; Miss May, Marguerite Ensey; Miss June, Eve Meyer. Sorry, Bob, we're keeping the addresses and phone numbers to ourselves.

TEXAS FASHIONS

It seems that Jack Kessie's article on "The Well Dressed Playboy" is receiving a great deal of interest and discussion from PLAYBOY readers. Being from the state of Texas, I feel it my duty to help out fellow Texan Lionel Samuelson by reminding the boys from the University of Illinois (May letters column) that every man, woman, child and ignoramus (to include everyone) has a right to

pick the kind of clothes he personally prefers.

William W. Baker
Western Michigan College
Kalamazoo, Michigan

Your May issue includes letters from students from Pennsylvania and Illinois criticizing the tailor from Texas. I want to correct the gentlemen by reminding them that Mr. Samuelson must, as a businessman, give the Texas playboy what he wants in styling or go out of business. As the student from Lehigh said, the "well dressed man" in three-button, flap-pocketed, vented jacket would be considered a Square down here. Texans have never allowed outsiders to dictate their tastes in clothes or anything else. As long as the fellows in Texas feel that clothing as described by Mr. Samuelson is stylish, serviceable and functional, you can be certain it will be worn in Texas, and any outsider from North, East or West who attempts to dictate to us what is stylish will be considered a square in the true sense of the word.

I want to compliment you on the way in which you manage each month to come up with cartoons, articles and fiction of the highest quality. I especially enjoy the "Females by Cole" series.

Billy Waldrop
West Texas State College
Canyon, Texas

Some of the letters written by certain northern university men have disturbed me deeply. You Yanks never seem to realize what Texas really is. In regard to some of the replies written in answer to Mr. Lionel Samuelson's Texas sized opinion about fashion, I say that you've forgotten that Texas has a little bit of everything.

Sure, we have radicals of every kind, including clothes radicals. We are not proud of them and we are just as quick to stare when one of Mr. S' customers comes clicking by in his green suede shoes as we are at some of you Yanks who come down and wear your cashmere sweaters and cordovans swimming in July.

There is only one way for you to understand Texas and that is to come see for yourself. It might take you a while to get out of your deep rooted uniform imagination of what style is but when you do, you will learn to live casually and comfortably and might de-

cide to stay with us as thousands of you have.

We have the taste and ability to manufacture and wear anything we want in the way of clothes. If we had the climate for it, we could make your English copied "Ivy League" clothes look sick.

We have what we want though and we don't need anyone's stuffy styles pushed off on us just because they are manufactured north of the Mason-Dixon line. We will always be the "Lone Star State."

Nick McCrocklin
University of Texas
Austin, Texas

Here at school we are associated with men from all parts of the country. As might be expected, *PLAYBOY* is extremely popular among the students and every copy is sold out the first day at the local newsstand. The students here also agree with Jack Davis and his comments on proper male attire in his letter in the April issue. The "Ivy League" look is the most popular male dress here in the East, where it originated, and out West, too. The majority of college men throughout the country prefer the "natural look," and since a large percentage of *PLAYBOY*'s readers are college students, we hope you plan on continuing your excellent fashion articles by Jack J. Kessie.

Roy C. Smith (Rhode Island)
Tim O'Reilly (California)
Severn School
Severna Park, Maryland

THE HUNGER

First, let me say that I have never written a fan letter to anyone about anything. This is my first, but I can assure you it won't be my last as far as *PLAYBOY* is concerned; in my opinion, you have the greatest men's magazine to hit the market in years. Let's have more and more fiction by Charles Beaumont. I think he is the finest author writing for magazines today. He does for short stories what Alfred Hitchcock does for movie thrillers.

R. M. Parks
San Francisco, Calif.

Just put down the April issue of your very excellent, sophisticated publication. Was impressed, especially, by the lead fiction piece, "The Hunger," by Charles Beaumont. Mr. Beaumont managed to capture the atmosphere of a small town and set it neatly to paper. Loved his "rippling red-brick sweets" (how well I remember them from my own youth!) and his beautiful portrayal of the old sisters. Fine fiction! I, for one, was out there in the darkness with Julia, tasting

the night wind, the shadowless fields around me, waiting for Oakes. And the story ended exactly where it should have ended. Congratulations and keep the Beaumonts coming.

Frank Edwards
Westchester, Calif.

A motion picture producer has taken an option on "The Hunger" and three other Beaumont stories to be filmed together as a feature length set. Next month PLAYBOY presents an original Charles Beaumont story so unusual another men's magazine actually bought it, but was afraid to print it.

FEMALES BY COLE

You have a fine magazine, indeed superior to the original sophisticated men's magazine of the thirties that has since deteriorated into a male *Vogue*. The "Ribald Classics" are great and the John Held, Jr. woodcuts wonderful. I particularly enjoy the "Females by Cole." This series is in a class of its own and one of the most entertaining features I've ever seen in a magazine.

I wish you could realize the pleasure that *PLAYBOY* spreads in my immediate circle. I buy it on a cooperative basis with an associate, our wives read each issue, then we bring it to work where it is anxiously awaited as the favorite "library" piece.

John Russell Owen
Hollywood, California

Will you ever publish Jack Cole's "Females" in book form or perhaps all in one issue? They're great. The single gripe I have with *PLAYBOY* is the low quality of its covers. The only thing I can say about them is they are distinctive.

William Rotsler
Camarillo, California

CONSIDER THE CRAB

We read with interest your fine article on crabmeat in the April edition of *PLAYBOY*.

As a token of our appreciation, we are sending you, express prepaid, some of our hermetically sealed fresh crabmeat. We want you to try this treat in some of your favorite Mario recipes and let us know how much you enjoy same.

John S. Catlin
Byrd's Inc.
Crisfield, Maryland

Thanks. It was delicious.

HEINRICH KLEY

I particularly enjoyed your feature on artist Heinrich Kley in February's issue. I have seen his work before, but never

been able to find a collection for sale, though I understand such a book does exist. I would be grateful if you could tell me where I might acquire such a collection.

L. S. Seltzer
Ann Arbor, Michigan

A hard-cover collection of Kley's drawings is published by the Borden Publishing Co., 3077 Wabash Ave., Los Angeles, California.

PLAYBOY AT SEA

Our ship is, beyond a doubt, 99 and 44/100th% pure *PLAYBOY* fans and I'll bet there are hundreds of other ships that can make the same statement.

Richard J. Nicholson, OmS
U.S.S. *Dionysus*
c/o FPO, New York, New York

PLAYBOY AT COLLEGE

We thought we at Penn. State were doing pretty well, going from 69 to 14,000 students in 100 years. Hell, if *PLAYBOY* can triple its "enrollment" in one year, it won't be long till it will be required reading at this university. We wouldn't mind, honestly.

J. B. Weller
Penn. State University
University Park, Penn.

What R. D. Boyle, Alpha Psi, over at the University of Indiana said in the April letters column goes double here at Illinois. They had a stack of *PLAYBOY* four feet high at the campus drug store this morning and I'll bet they'll be two-thirds gone by tomorrow.

While the discussion on men's fashions is so hot in your magazine, why not go into campus styles a little. Most of your readers either are in or have been in college so such an article should be of interest to everyone. Keep up the good work. *PLAYBOY* is the hottest thing on campus.

Bob Myers
Pi Kappa Phi
Univ. of Illinois
Urbana, Illinois

We are three college coeds, but we enjoy your magazine just as much as the men! We especially enjoy the cartoons and jokes. The stories are good, too, but some of the conclusions leave us standing on "the canyon's rim." Keep up the fine work!

Sandra Berry
Barbara Harper
Fern Sachs
Univ. of Florida
Gainesville, Florida



Arlen P. 6



Cole P. 17



Tempest P. 44

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PLAYBOY



"For each and every time," he said, "I shall charge you one hundred pounds."

*lady quorn had a taste for other women's men,
and the gentleman with the broken nose disapproved.*

THE LEGEND OF THE CROOKED CORONET

IT IS A DISAGREEABLE THING to say, and not one to say lightly, but on a day not long ago a lady was accosted by a man in St. James's Street.

It is true there was a slight haze, for it was a warm afternoon in late June, but on the whole the visibility was excellent. Therefore the man could not reasonably excuse himself on the ground that he had mistaken the lady for what used once to be pompously called a "fallen woman" but is now known, maybe too enthusiastically, as a "hot number." On the contrary, only the rudest and most insensitive sort of man could have mistaken the lady in question for other than a person of distinction.

Let us not speak of her dress, for anyone can buy the most exquisite frocks. Her figure was nice, too. But it was her face, carriage and manner that permitted the student of the illustrated journals on doubt whatsoever as to the lady's breeding. Even as she strolled up St. James's Street past Lock's hat shop he could, as it were, see at her heels a traditional retinue of dogs, horses and servants.

The student of the illustrated journals, would, in point of fact, have had no hesitation in recognizing the Countess of Quorn and Beaumanoir.

Now though Lady Quorn was not more than thirty-five years old, she had added to the advantages of birth, beauty

and one of the most distinguished marriages in England, the reputation of being the most irreproachable of gentlewomen, the most brilliant of platform speakers in the Conservative interest, and the most exclusive of hostesses. And she wore these superlatives with an air that was at once cool and charming.

So that when, as happened several times during the season, she and her husband stood at the head of the great staircase at Quorn House in Charles Street to receive their guests at a political or diplomatic reception, it was willingly conceded even by those the most critical of privilege that here at last, in a society of casual origins and careless manners, was a pillar of tradition in all but her fair beauty, a Roman matron in all but her youth—in short, a classical ornament of the Tory party and a lady in the grand manner.

Imagine therefore the audacity of the man who, without any introduction whatsoever, would thrust his vulgar presence upon this lady. Nor did he seem in the least ashamed of himself. On the contrary, he was as offhand as dammit. He neither took his hands out of his pockets, nor his hat off his head. He was, in a word, extremely rude.

"I want," said he, "to talk to you."

Lady Quorn, who was wondering whether it would be judicious to ask Terry Bruce down to Eves Park for the

BY MICHAEL ARLEN

week-end with or without his charming wife, who bored her to death, was at that moment abreast of Brigg's cane and umbrella shop. And as, even when plunged into the deepest abstraction, her steady blue eyes always looked directly in front of her, she could not fail to note at once that a tall, lean, hawk-like man had planted himself immediately in front of her. Therefore, since it was unthinkable that she should move aside, she stopped.

"What did you say?"

"I said," said the man, "that I wanted a few words with you. Now you say something."

Now Lady Quorn had a very steady eye with animals and Ambassadors. And behold, they quailed before her. But this person showed no signs whatsoever of quailing. She saw before her a man of maybe thirty years of age, a tall athletic figure in a shabby blue suit of a good cut and wearing the honorable tie of her husband's old school. His brown felt hat, which showed all the marks of continuous exposure to the elements over a period of years, was worn so that its turned-down brim obscured his left eyebrow. His face was long, narrow and tanned and his nose—which had originally been of the same generic order as her own patrician but decorative affair—had obviously been broken at some time, for it now showed a pronounced twist to one side. He looked, in fact, a reckless sort of fellow with some pretensions to gentility. And his trousers, she noted with distaste as he stood planted in front of her with his jacket open and his hands in his pockets, were held up by a belt, a transatlantic practice she strongly disapproved of in urban surroundings.

"I think," she said, "you must be mad." And her eyes flickering him to one side as she took a step forward to continue her walk, she was arrested again by a really astounding happening. For the man had actually dared to prod her arm sharply. With his thumb.

Her anger was such that for a moment she felt quite dizzy. But she did not want to make a scene in St. James's Street—in the very heart, as they say in

thrillers, of Clibland.

"Go," she said, "before I have to call a constable."

"Better hadn't, before you've heard what I have to say."

There was something so infuriating to one of her authority about his contemptuous assurance of manner that, almost forgetting her lifelong habit of restraint with her inferiors, she thought for an instant of slapping his face.

"Do you know," she said icily, "who I am?"

"I couldn't care less," said the hawklike man, "if you were Queen of the May. Now be a good girl, Lady Quorn, and try to be sensible for a change. I am not picking you up—"

"Picking me up?" gasped Lady Quorn. "Me?"

"You remind me of my aunt," said the man coldly. "I am not picking you up because I think you are a nice-looking piece but because I want to talk business with you. To make myself a little clearer I shall add two names: Harry and Diana."

We have to respect Lady Quorn. Any other woman might very well have looked frightened, but her eyes expressed only a profound distaste for the company in which she found herself. Thus gentlemen, they tell us, once went to the guillotine.

"To think," she said, "that a man who was at the same school as my husband could be such a cad."

"This is hardly the time," said the hawklike man, "in which to discuss the faults of the public school system. Would you rather I put my business to you here in St. James Street, Lady Quorn, or shall we take a taxi and have a jolly ride around the Park?"

We have to go on handing it to Lady Quorn. Never in her life had she been talked to in this way. There was something so utterly detestable about this lean and contemptuous stranger that she felt quite piddy with loathing. But there was something more than loathing, too. The man's manner made her—her—almost uncertain of herself. And, for perhaps the first time in her life, she felt a twinge of fear.

"Is this," she said, "blackmail?"

"Without gloves, Lady Quorn?"

She measured him with cold eyes.

"You say," she said, "call a taxi."

"Let me congratulate you," said the hawklike man. "You are a brave woman."

"I can see nothing brave," said Sheila Quorn, "in getting into a taxi with a worm."

In the taxi she sat very upright in her corner. Her heart was beating fast, but you never would have known it. The man, lounging in his corner with his arms crossed on his chest, had the audacity to put up his feet on one of the little seats. Twiddling the toe of one shoe thus prominently displayed—a fidgeting habit which reminded her of her husband in his most irritating moods—he said:

"You will be glad to hear, Lady

Quorn, that I have not really had much experience of blackmailing people, for I am by preference a burglar, as my father was before me and my brother is now."

"And was," she asked with distaste, "your charming father caught?"

"No, he went bankrupt, a fate to which all bankers are liable, and one which, I fear, my brother, who is a broker, will not escape for long. Now I daresty, Lady Quorn, you are eager to know why you are being blackmailied. I shall tell you. You are one of the greatest ladies in England. You are admired and respected. To a great name you have added a high reputation as an arbitress of society and a leader of fashion. You are a cherished ornament of the Tory party. You are the idol of the respectable in society and the envy of those who have been found out. Am I right, Lady Quorn?"

She shivered a little, though the afternoon was quite close.

"You are," she said, "the most horrible man I have ever met."

"On the contrary, madam, I am an idealist as you will see. In seeking to improve the structure of society, it is my mission in life to look behind the surface of things. I seek, probe and pierce. I penetrate. And then, Lady Quorn, I unveil."

"Now this process has led to some startling and unbecoming results in your case. For what did I see when I unveiled you? Lady Quorn, I was shocked."

"For I saw that you were Dame Jekyll and Mrs. Hyde. Marble without, you were clay within. Behind your unassailable reputation, you live another life. Upheld by your high position, Lady Quorn, my researches led me to the conclusion that on your real character you wore all the earmarks of a pretty hot number. Madam, we English are snobs, but we are also Puritans. We revere our traditions, we fawn upon our betters—but God help them, madam, if they wear their coronets crooked in public places."

"You permit men to fall in love with you. That is not a crime, of course. But you invariably pick out other women's men, and that is a dirty trick. Have I your attention? You are a very secret and a very discreet woman, Lady Quorn, so no one knows of your amorous adventures. Though no doubt some of your friends suspect something of the kind and admire you for getting away with it."

"Now it would be easy for me to share this admiration, for I am as partial as the next man to a beautiful woman, if you were not at heart cold, selfish, greedy and cruel. Correct me if I am wrong, Lady Quorn, as I may well be, for I am very sentimental. For you a man is an amusement for a few weeks, or a few months. To you it doesn't matter that these wretched young men have broken off with their fiancées or wives because you have become the great possession of their lives."

"Let us face the facts. You are beautiful. You are passionate. You are fa-

mous. Thus you obsess men, for they are snobs and idiots. And since each one thinks he is the first and only man for love of whom you have been unfaithful to your husband, each has kept your name secret from his wife or his sweetheart. Besides, your reputation stands so very high as a pillar of the conventions and a president of committees that a young man who spoke of you with any familiarity would be put down as a cad and a boaster."

"At a ball recently you took quite a fancy to a presentable young man called Harry Something. He is engaged to be married to a very pretty but not very wise young girl called Diana Something. Harry knows quite a bit about horses, so you asked him down to Eves Park to have a look at your hunters—not on a crowded week-end but on a weekday. He approved of your horses so thoroughly that he has not been able to give a thought to Diana since. In fact, I fancy he has already broken off the engagement."

"Now my expenses in making these momentous enquiries into your private life have been very considerable, Lady Quorn. But I am not a greedy man. So I am going to ask you to promise me to win my approval in the future by being a good girl."

"Let me give you a few pointers as to how to go about it. If in the future you have to have affairs at all, Lady Quorn, you will choose only unattached men whose passion for you will bring no unhappiness to anyone but themselves. But if you continue to have secret meetings with young men like Harry, if you continue to ask young Bruce down to Eves Park without his wife, if in short, you continue indulging in monkey business—it will cost you, Lady Quorn, one hundred pounds a crack."

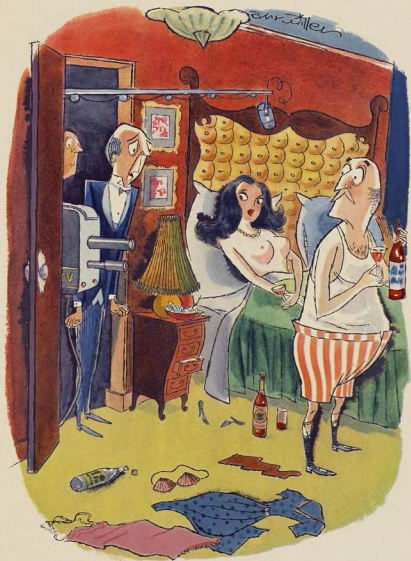
"Let me make myself clear. For each and every time that I suspect you on good grounds of having given away to your lower nature with a married or engaged man, I shall charge you the sum of one hundred pounds. It is on record, after all, that married men have paid much more than that for what is, I believe, known as 'fun' or a 'nice change'—so why, in these days of equality for women, shouldn't you pay too?"

"I need hardly say that if you don't I shall make it my business to see that the offended party, that is the wife or fiancée, is given a good hint or series of good hints as to the identity of the interverner."

"In short, Lady Quorn, you continue indulging in monkey business with other people's property and I shall consider it my duty to throw a monkey-wrench into your reputation."

The taxi was now on the bridge over the Serpentine for the second time. Glancing at Lady Quorn's cold, severe and very lovely profile, the hawklike man might have thought she had not heard a word he had said if he had not also noted—rudely leaning forward to do so—the steely brightness of her blue eyes.

She said: "Please stop the taxi."
He did so.



—Says his name's Murrow, sir. Something about 'Person To Person' tonight.

She said: "And get out."

He did so. It was as though she had no knowledge whatsoever of his existence. He stood with one foot on the curb and the other on the running board of the taxi, looking in at her. She never once glanced in his direction. And when she spoke, her lips scarcely moved.

"What is her name?"

"I am sometimes known as the Cavalier of the Streets." The man looked more than ever hawklike when he smiled. "And sometimes by much shorter names than that. I hope," he added, "that you will give the most careful consideration to what I have said."

She smiled very faintly, never glancing at him.

"I shall not forget you," said Lady Quorn.

The man who was sometimes called by much shorter names than the Cavalier of the Streets was not surprised that night to find himself tapped on the shoulder. He had dined in a small restaurant in Greek Street and was walking down Shaftesbury Avenue. He had not gone far when he realized that he was being followed by a beely-looking man in a bowler hat. He therefore stopped on the curb at Piccadilly Circus to let the beely man catch up with him. He stood as though bemused by the tender silhouette of Eros against the bright winking lights of the advertisements.

"I want," said the shoulder-tapper in his ear, "to talk to you, Wagstaffe."

"Mister Wagstaffe," said the hawklike man absently. "Look at that."

"Look at what?"

"The quiet and tender figure of Eros. He is the smallest and the quietest figure in sight, but he is more powerful than us all. Even the worst of us, from a plain-looking chap like me to a really handsome bloke like you, Inspector, have at one time or another been winged by him."

"That'll do," said the Inspector.

"Then you don't want me to tell you about my love life?"

"No, I don't. I want to talk to you."

"If you clear your throat," said the hawklike man, "and take a deep breath, there's no reason why you shouldn't."

"I've got a message for you, my lad," said the Inspector.

"So this isn't a nab?"

"Expecting one, are you?"

"When I begin expecting intelligence from a detective, Bulrose, I'll take to solving cross-words for a living."

"You'll be in prison first, my lad. Want me to spill my message here or shall we go to some quiet place?"

"I have never," said the Cavalier of the Streets, "refused a drink in my life."

They went into a big crowded place nearby where many artists and journalists sat around tables drinking steins of beer in between talking about themselves and thinking about each other. Detective-Inspector Bulrose took a deep draught from his glass before addressing his companion.

"Now look here, Wagstaffe, you're in trouble. And you look like being in

more trouble."

"Take a look at my figure, Bulrose."

"What's your figure got to do with it?"

"Only that it's trouble that keeps me thin. What about some more beer?"

"You just listen to me first," said Bulrose. "This is straight to you from Superintendent Crust. And he had it from someone higher up, maybe from the Commissioner himself, so you can see what trouble you are in. Superintendent says he's sick to death of you, and if he hears any more complaints about a bloke calling himself the Cavalier of the Streets, he's going to jug you. And he means it, Wagstaffe. If he can't pull you in for something you've done, he's going to frame you for something you haven't. So behave yourself. Superintendent told me to say that in spite of knowing you're an incorrigible crotch he's got quite a warm spot for you because of the help you've given us in some cases. But you've got to drop irritating and molesting people with this Cavalier of the Streets stuff. Why, only two weeks ago you had the cheek to black that chap Tyre-Temple's eye."

"Why not? I don't like him."

"And who stole Lady Fitola's ruby earrings from her bedroom while she was having a bath?"

"She will need more than an ordinary bath to wash away her sins."

"You'd better think of your own, Mister Wagstaffe. We've never caught you with the stuff yet, but you can't get away with it every time. Now you listen, my lad. Superintendent says that if you know what's good for you, you'll take a nice long rest at the seaside. I don't know what you've been up to today, but Superintendent said that the Commissioner was as mad as hell—"

The hawklike man grinned.

"I'll bet he was. I wonder what she told him."

"What's that?" said the Inspector eagerly. "Who's she?"

"You mind your own business, Bulrose. The Commissioner and I have got some of the same friends in the very highest society, and we naturally couldn't reveal social secrets to mere beer-drinkers like you."

"You'd talk the hind leg off a donkey," sighed the Inspector.

"Now you listen to me, Bulrose. Tell Superintendent Crust this from me and he can pass it on to the Commissioner if he wants to. I'll mind my own business, and they can mind theirs. Talking to me about ruby earrings as though I were a common thief!"

"We don't think you're a thief. We darn well know you're the only clever burglar in London."

"Is that so? Then if I'm foolish enough to do something you can jail me for, I'm ready for jail. But I don't like being ordered about, when all I'm doing is behaving like a decent citizen."

"Who?" gasped the Inspector. "You?"

"That's me," said the Cavalier of the Streets. "A decent citizen. A respectable subject of the King. Upright and incorruptible. An ally of the police. A friend of the poor. Which reminds me," he

said, getting up from the table and taking something out of his pocket, "that here's your pocket-book, which you'll need to pay for the beer. You must have dropped it on the floor. Good night to you, Bulrose. Give my love to the Commissioner, and tell him to keep an eye on his pretty daughter. The aunt she went to dine with last Thursday night wore a silk hat and socks."

Now it can be seen that in Lady Quorn and Beaumanoir, beauty and resource were mingled in excellent measure. It was not to the Commissioner that she had made a complaint about the Cavalier of the Streets but to one of her several friends in the Cabinet, who had telephoned to the Home Secretary, who had telephoned to the Commissioner, who had talked to the Assistant-Commissioner, who had said a few sharp words to Superintendent Crust, who had passed them on to Inspector Bulrose.

Lady Quorn had not, of course, brought herself into the matter in any way, but had said that an American friend of hers, a young lady for whom she had the highest respect, had recently been troubled a great deal by a rascal calling himself the Cavalier of the Streets.

She had added that this young American lady, who belonged to one of the first families of Philadelphia, was far too shy to make any charge against the wretch, but that really something ought to be done to prevent distinguished foreigners in London from being molested by gangsters. And Lady Quorn was of the opinion that, since so self-confident a rascal must in the past have frequently broken the law, the police should make every effort to protect the amenities of London by speedily proving him guilty of some past misdemeanor and putting him into a safe place where he could no longer annoy people like her charming American friend.

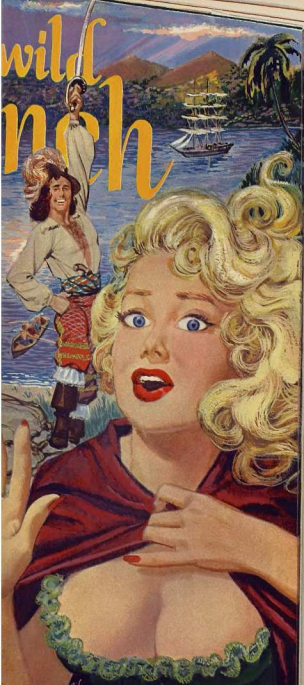
Her influential friend in the Cabinet whose thoughts about Lady Quorn would have shocked the Archbishop of Canterbury, was able to assure Lady Quorn that everything possible would be done and that the young lady from Philadelphia would no longer be molested.

But Superintendent Crust did not take the same comforting view. In the course of the next few days the poor man was afflicted with several headaches directly attributable to Mr. Wagstaffe, whom he called by names very much shorter than the Cavalier of the Streets.

But Crust knew his business, and he therefore assured the Commissioner who assured the Home Secretary, who assured the influential member of the Cabinet, who reassured Lady Quorn, who presumably reassured the young lady from Philadelphia, that there was nothing further to worry about.

So about a week later Lady Quorn was discreetly surprised when one afternoon her butler informed her that a gentleman had called to see her by appointment.

(continued on page 22)



*you, too, can write
a breast-seller*

THERE'S GOLD in them HIGH, PROUD HILLS

satire

By RAY RUSSELL

THE FACT THAT YOU have never before written a word for publication should not deter you from being the author of a fast-selling, money-making historical novel. It may, in fact, be an advantage.

In these times, when anybody can be a Real Oil Painter by simply filling in certain numbered areas, the literary muse has become a distinctly available girl. She'll hover around anyone—even you—if you know a few tricks of the trade. Here are those tricks.

A hero is your first requirement. His dominant quality should be *endorance*, because you have some grueling ordeals in store for him. This hero is a sexually voracious type and will require two women—a "good" one (flaxen-haired) and a "bad" one (black-haired). There need be no other difference between them. They are equally ravishing and equally ravished. Their clothes are periodically torn in the same places. Both are the owners of high, proud breasts of precisely the same measurements. (Note the phrase "high, proud breasts." Almost all historical breasts are high and proud. The only exceptions are the occasional "full, firm" or "soft, rounded" varieties, and even these are falling into disuse. Later, when you've mastered the fundamentals, you may want to experiment with such sensual swank as "Her young breasts were like newly ripened apples, swollen with rich juices, rosy with life and pearly with the fine glistening dew of love's awakening." This sort of thing is especially useful when you're being paid by the word. For the present, however, "high" and "proud"

will serve you in good stead.)

You would need a villain. He should be the cold, intellectual type. That this cold intellectual is capable of harboring a healthy hunger for the high, proud breasts of the "good" girl may seem like faulty characterization at first glance, but it is one of the little felicities of the historical novel, one of the charming conventions that readers have come to expect. It lends a certain *épice* to the genre.* It is important that your villain have no good qualities. Making him love dogs, for instance, is the kind of careless writing some incompetent novelists may defend as "rounding out the character," but it only confuses the readers. They may get him mixed up with your hero. No, your villain must be bad through and through. And establish this early in your story. Devise a scene in which he calmly munches grapes while his mother is being barbecued over a slow fire. This will get your point across admirably.

These, then, are your main characters. Subordinates, such as right-handed men, confidantes, faithful slaves, wives, husbands and other helots are purely utilitarian. Make up a batch and keep them on hand for those odd moments when your main characters need someone to talk to or to hold the ladder while they escape to the villain's lair. After use, they may easily be discarded, like Kleenex. A stray arrow or bullet will get them out of your way in one sentence.

The rich, high-flown language of the historical novel may seem unattainable to you, but this is nonsense. Write in any style you wish, but be sure to sprinkle it liberally with such accepted expressions as *Ods bodkins*, *Sounds, Hey nonny nonny, Nam de non*, and *By the beard of the Prophet*. You will find the more well-heeled of your characters dispensing money with a reckless hand. Denominations such as kopecks, crowns, drachmas, kroons, pieces of eight, etc., sound very good in these substance-squandering scenes. When in doubt, however, simply say "a purse of gold."

Eras, in historical novels, come and go on the tide of literary fashion. At one time, the French Revolution was all the rage. The Old South was another favorite. Both have had their day. For your first novel, it will be best to choose an era and locale about which little is known, such as Tenth Century Latvia. This will allow you that much-needed freedom of expression so necessary to your development. There will be few hard facts to obstruct your flights of fancy.

For the same reason, never use well-known figures of history as your main characters. Make them up out of whole cloth. But your novel will be readed much more authentic if you occasionally treat your readers to The Dum-de-Dum Dum Devisé. Here's how it works:

Your hero is a colonel in the French army. He is in the midst of the fray, cannon are booming, men are dying all around him. Suddenly, out of the mêlée appears a young sub-lieutenant bearing a dispatch for your hero. He reads it: it's good news. Turning to the panting, battlestained messenger, he says, "You must have run swiftly, *soldat*."

"Only five miles," puffs the sub-lieutenant. "In five minutes, *mon colonel*."

"Good lad!" beams your hero. "You'll go far. What is your name?"

"Bonaparté, sir."

The reader can almost hear the portentous *dum-de-dum-dum* of destiny.

Your title is very important. Give it plenty of thought. Remember, the film industry may pay you several thousand dollars for the rights to your novel, and then use nothing but the title. So it must be good. Try such titles as *How Deep Was My Cleavage*, *Rape the Wild West*, *West Blows the Wind for Passion*, *The Oleander Colpiece*, *The Bushy Doublet*, *The Doublet Bushin*. Nobody knows what a doublet or bushin is, but it sounds real historical.

We come now to The Plot. This is simplicity itself. Plots are everywhere. In libraries, for instance. Don't let bourgeois morality hinder you from making an artistic selection from all the best plots. After all, Shakespeare borrowed freely from other writers: why shouldn't you? Of course, there's a certain knack to appropriating the plots of others, and a beginner, by not disguising his borrowings deftly enough, may find himself face to face with the attorneys of Thomas Costain, Frank Yerby, Rosemond Marshall, et al. three. So it may be wiser to think up your own plots just at the start. And here we discover a very encouraging thing. Historical novels don't have plots. They're more like travelogues. They will open in, say, England where the hero falls in love with sweet, flaxen-haired Lady Cecily, thus incurring the wrath of her uncle, Lord Roderick Biggerstaffe. This rascal is secretly lustful after Cecily himself, so he has the hero exiled to the coasts of High Barbary on a trumped-up charge of poaching, whilst he (Lord Roderick) gleefully gets out the warming-pan and prepares his bed for the fair body of innocent Cecily. The hero (usually called Jeremy) is captured by pirates and sold to an Arab slave-trader, who in turn sells him to Fatima, heartless but beautiful daughter of the local Shah. Fatima is the "bad" girl of the novel and therefore has black hair—as well as sloe eyes, a velvety voice and an exposed navel.) In the course of the action, she exposes more than her navel, but Jeremy declares himself the property of Cecily and thus piques Fatima who has him hung by his toes over a vat of boiling oil, stark naked. This changes Jeremy's whole concept of fidelity. A chapter of unalashed lasciviousness ensues. (Meanwhile, in England, the unsuspecting Cecily is getting dangerously close to Roderick's trundle bed.)

When next we see Jeremy, he is wearing a turban and swearing allegiance to Islam. This is never adequately explained. Allegiance to Islam would seem to include drinking great quantities of date wine and making several sorts of whoopee with Fatima and also with a new development named Halvah. (One of the aforementioned subordinate characters. Halvah is a tasty slave girl who has been manufactured by the author to give Fatima a rest. Later, she's found out by Fatima and fed to the ants.)

Jeremy has undergone so thorough a brain-washing that he's jumping with joy over the prospect of leading the Islamic hordes against the English infidel dogs. (NOTE: the word "infidel" is never used except in conjunction with the word "dog." It is something like "damnyankee" in that respect.) At the end of Chapter Ninety-Seven, Jeremy is diligently sharpening his Saracen blade. (Back in Meric England, Cecily's bodice is already askew, baring her high, proud and also her fall, firm breasts to the eyes of Rod-erick.)

Wail! Shouting heathen oaths, Jeremy carves a bloody path through the Anglo-Saxon flesh of the valiant Crusaders. One of these is Benny, a subordinate character who used to be Jeremy's closest friend. As he is dying, Benny tells Jeremy of the impending invasion of Lady Cecily by Lord Roderick. This intelligence is like a dash of cold water to Jeremy's elastic allegiance. He turns on his Islamic comrades and carves a bloody path through them to the waterfront, shouting Christian oaths. There he stows away on a merchant ship bound for Gathay where he transfers to an Italian *bacca* sailing for Venice where he hitch-hikes a donkey ride to the coast of France, swims the channel, and arrives at Lord Roderick's castle to find that black-guard calmly munching grapes while sweet Cecily hamps by her toes over a vat of boiling oil, stark naked. (This serves a dual purpose: it gives Cecily and Jeremy something in common, besides getting rid of all her clothes for once.) Jeremy is about to run his sword through Lord Roderick when he is stopped in his tracks by Cecily. "Stay your hand!" she cries. "Would you slay your own father?"

This comes as a surprise to Jeremy. If Lord Roderick is his father, then Cecily is his sister. Or is she his niece? Or first cousin once removed? It's all too complicated for Jeremy (and the reader), so Cecily, still naked but no longer hanging by her toes, explains everything in a detailed genealogy that leaves us with the vague but comfortable feeling that, though she and Jeremy are rather closely related, they can share the same warming-pan with a clear conscience. This settled, Jeremy cheerfully kills his father and embraces Cecily. The rest is silence.

You see? There's nothing to it. With these basic precepts firmly grasped, all you need now is plenty of spare time, some paper, and a pencil. An eraser will not be necessary.

*A handy glossary of French terms may be obtained by sending one dollar to the author of this article.

YO HO HO

*and a
bottle of rum*



If prohibitionists Andrew Volstead and William Jennings Bryan were alive today, there's a distinct possibility they'd be toasting each other with daiquiris instead of pink lemonade.

Rum has become so fashionable, in fact respectable, that ordinary Bowery boozers don't go near it. Walk into any upholstered oasis these days and say Planter's Punch or Carrioca or Ronrico on the rocks. What happens? All toppers within ear's reach survey you from head to foot, realizing that a man of discernment and experience has arrived in their midst.

If there is a woman present, she too will bring her eyes into the best possible focus, breathe heavily and dream of gently swaying tropic breezes, of male magnificences on coral beaches, of cock-fights and coconut palms.

Any young man today who has learned to wet his lips with something other than water or weak tea knows that rum has

a peculiarly persuasive effect. Whiskey makes a girl stop arguing. Beer soothes her. Gin disarms her. But rum cajoles.

With the very first sip of Cuba Libre, benign daydreams seem to overtake her. Good things (such as yourself) begin to look even better. If your skin be slightly sallow from too much night-clubbing, there's nothing to fear. With the mellow rum in her tummy, it will suddenly acquire a rich coppery glow in her eyes. Your voice will seem richer, your features more classic, your wit more original.

No one has described the effect better than William James when he philosophized about alcohol: "It is in fact the great exciter of the Yes function in man. It brings its votary from the chill periphery of things to the radiant core."

In a word—and no other word—rum's romantic. But it wasn't always like this; nothing like it, in fact.

Demon Rum was once looked upon as the foulest kind of giddy water. Tem-

perance leaders loved to see line drawings of themselves, ax in one hand and a bottle of rum in the other. The very word rum was so derisive that it was used to describe any form of liquid evil. Drunks were called rum soaks, rum hounds or rum pots even though the sodden crew had to be content with limiment, needle beer and hair oil.

During prohibition, rum runners carried anything from cognac to curacao, and only infrequently were honored with a cargo of pure Bacardi on board. Most of the bootleggers who operated rum row couldn't tell the difference between a swig of Demarara rum and the bottom of a molasses barrel.

What has happened, then, to transform the amber distillation of cane sugar from belly wash to bottled-in-bond?

It all began in 1492 when Columbus discovered Puerto Rico, planted sugar cane and appointed Ponce de Leon as governor of the island. Not long after-

ward, someone revealed that the dark molasses which was a by-product of cane juice and the magnificent mountain water of Puerto Rico were the elements of a new fragrant brandy.

One can understand how the lonely Spanish governor, not knowing how many years were left and tasting for the first time the great bowl of bombo felt his blood tingle, his desire rise and, like any mature man, dream the most inevitable dream in the world, the dream of a fountain of youth.

Rum began to flow from all the islands in the West Indies growing sugar cane. In the 1600's, pirates like Sir Henry Morgan carried the liquid drop of sweetness to Europe where it was loved as a drink and became so valuable that it took the place of money. It became the currency in the rapidly growing slave trade between the new world and Africa. When the British tried to monopolize the rum and molasses trade by forcing Americans to buy only from British possessions and not from French or Spanish, the bitter resentment was a prime cause of the American revolution.

In colonial America, hardy settlers adopted rum as one of the mainstays of their life. Laws required that every town should have its tavern. New England manufactured rum and the mighty river grew until the average American in pre-revolutionary days drank four gallons of rum a year. Today his less hardy descendant drinks a mere one and a quarter gallons of hard liquor.

Englishmen called the drink "rum" from a Devonshire word meaning a great tumult. But ordinary colonists preferred to call it simply kill-devil.

To many frontiersmen it was both food and drink. Colonel William Byrd, writing from the Virginia boundary line in 1782, tells how "They fry'd half a dozen rashers of very fat bacon in a pint of rum, but which being disht up together serv'd the company at once for meat and drink."

Compared with modern day rum, the colonial roush juice was a vile beverage. But it was snake medicine for ills of both the spirit and the flesh. John Josselyn described the good remedial mixture, "For falling off of the hair occasioned by the coolness of the climate and to make it curly, take of the strong water called Rhum, and wash or bathe your head therewith. It is an admirable remedie."

George Washington, who loved sports and dancing and women, also understood the value of rum. He was never without a hoghead of rum, a hoghead of molasses, some limes, tamarinds and other staples of a well run private bar. In his public life, Washington was just as mindful of the value of rum. Running for the Virginia House of Burgesses, Washington was unable to campaign, but showed his magnanimity and salesmanship by dispensing seventy-five gallons of rum among the voters of his district just before election time.

Almost any young man who has passed freshman history knows that when Paul Revere set out on his ride he was not so determined to "speed the alarm

through every Middlesex village and farm" as the famous poem would have us believe. His real mission was to warn Hancock and Adams to get out before the British arrested them. In the course of his journey, however, he visited Isaac Hall, proprietor of a rum distillery. Hall gave Revere some healthy swigs of Medford rum. Only then did Revere's vocal cords become galvanized and did he dash through the countryside broadcasting his famous alarm.

During the Revolutionary War, American soldiers, like their cousins in the British navy, were given a daily allowance of rum. For a society that tolerated hazing, the daily swig of rum was the mildest kind of indulgence.

When Americans learned to make liquor from corn and rye, rum took a back seat. Although whiskey making was started as early as 1790 in Bourbon County, Kentucky, rum remained the king of the wild frontier for at least fifty years more. Eventually, wherever there was a settlement of thirty or forty families, a community still would be set up. Farmers merely brought their rye grain to the public still, and liquor was made for them. It was this practice which forced rum to take a back seat from which it is only now moving up.

After repeal, rum was presented in such rattle-belly concoctions as the Zombie and the Eye Opener, a weird medley of rum, egg yolks, absinthe and curacao. During World War II, whiskey shortage forced up rum sales, but the quality of the rum was spotty and un dependable.

Since the war, however, rum has joined the elite company of the finest brandies, Scotchies and American whiskeys. Three-fourths of the rum we drink today comes from Puerto Rico where an oligarchy of oldtime distillers take more pride in their rum formulas than a Kentucky colonel takes in his bed of mint leaves. Warehouses in which the rum is kept for aging are patrolled day and night by armed government guards. The lock to each warehouse contains two keyholes, one for the owner and one for the government guard, so that neither can tamper with the golden distillate.

A government pilot house, part of the University of Puerto Rico, carries on a research program to raise rum standards. Instead of merely rolling rum over the back of the tongue, white robed scientists use test tubes and spectroscopes to judge each minute stage in its distillation.

Not a drop of rum now leaves the island unless it is bottled and sealed under government supervision. Most Puerto Rican rums are aged an average of six years. A few years ago, any sophisticated bar fly could argue that Cuban rum was immeasurably better than the Puerto Rican variety. Today this is not the case at all.

All this self-imposed discipline of the Puerto Rican distillers has had a terrific effect on rum sales. Rum is not a cheap liquor when you consider that most of the rum enters the country duty free. But in the last eight years, rum drinking in the U. S. rose almost a million gallons annually, a gain of 48% com-

pared with a mere 4% gain in the consumption of all distilled spirits. The daiquiri is now the fourth most popular cocktail served at bars.

Because Puerto Rican sights have been set so high and because Puerto Rican rum enters the U. S. duty free, other famous distilleries have moved to the island. Bacardi, for instance, which was originally manufactured only in Cuba, now turns out a magnificent rum in Puerto Rico. Even Meyers, producers of the famous Jamaica rum and the owners of Government House Rum from the Virgin Islands, have moved into Puerto Rico.

There are three main types of rum. First there is the light dry rum, excellent as a straight drink or in cocktails. None of the sweetness of the sugar cane by-products remain in this rum, even though it has a fragrance from the cane. Then there is the golden type of rum, darker in color and somewhat heavier in body, well suited for tall drinks. Finally there is the dark heavy Jamaica rum used for Planter's Punch and for flavoring other rum drinks as well as food. Demarara, a dark rum of 150 proof, is used only by the spoonful to be mixed with dem-tasse or as a topping for the luscious drink known as the Zombie. Rum from Botavia, sold as Arrack, is practically unknown in this country.

Light dry rum can be used in almost any standard drink calling for whiskey. You can make a rum Manhattan or rum old fashioned or rum and soda by simply substituting light rum for the usual whiskey. Even rum and tonic has caught on as a delightful summer drink.

For the boys who are conscious of the fact that July is the seventh month of the year and normally bears a strong resemblance to Hades, PLAYBOY presents the following bar-tested cold summer rum drinks.

First we offer the Torridora cocktail designed especially for young ladies with a deeply tanned complexion, who don't wear stockings and who love to lounge at flagstone patios sipping a creamy coffee-colored potion.

TORRIDORA COCKTAIL

1½ oz. jigger light rum
½ oz. coffee liqueur
½ oz. sweet cream

Pour the rum, coffee liqueur and cream into a cocktail shaker with crushed ice. Shake very well. Pour into a chilled cocktail glass.

Recently, the United Kingdom Bartenders Guild conducted a cocktail contest among its members. First prize, \$10,000, went to the originator of a drink called Frosty Dawn. The drink requires Falerium, a rum liqueur with an almond flavor. Falerium is commonly used in the Caribbean, but is somewhat scarce in this country.

FROSTY DAWN COCKTAIL

1½ oz. light rum
½ oz. Falerium
¼ oz. maraschino liqueur
1 oz. orange juice

Shake all ingredients with crushed ice.
(concluded on page 45)



A VOTE FOR POLYGAMY

the one-wife system is for the birds

MEN, IF WE CAN just hang on a little longer!

Another hundred years, the demographers say. With the aid of the antibiotics and Cervid, some of us may make it.

The demographers (you fellows at M.I.T. know who they are) say that if present climatic, cultural, and population trends continue, mankind may be forced to abandon monogamy and return to an older and more practical form of social-sex organization—polygamy, or polygyny, to be demographically correct. And the psychiatrists are adding that it can't happen too soon as far as they are concerned—"Man is by nature polygamous," says Dr. Louis Berg, "and there's no point any longer in deluding ourselves that he's anything else."

Matter of fact, monogamy is nothing more than a rather recent experiment in sex relations, a kind of crazy idea dreamed up by some fanatical barbarians when they were getting ready to run over the rich, civilized, polygamous Roman Empire. They fastened their aberrations on Christianity and Judaism when they took over down South, but it didn't put down very deep roots in either of those faiths and has since been laughingly rejected by Mohammedans, Buddhists, and residents of Southern California. As recently as 1675 the English thought seriously of ditching it, a bill being introduced into Parliament in that year to repeal the Act of King James, which made it a felony to marry a second husband or wife if the first was still living. "One Horse, Bull, or Ram, having each of them many females, do promote increase," argued the advocates of Repeal. But after a year's debate Repeal was defeated, largely on the testimony of a quack doctor who spouted some nonsense about polygamy leading to a decrease in man's "genital liquor."

The end of the ignoble experiment in monogamy may be near, the demographers say, for the following reasons:

1. *There are too many women in the world, and their numerical advantage over men is increasing.*

There are two million more women of marriageable age in the United States today than there are men of similar age. Anybody who thinks these two million healthy, red-blooded young American women are going to keep on docilely accepting a system that imposes celibacy, childlessness, and sex solely *pour le sport* of some carefree bachelor or philandering married man as their inevitable and natural lot, ought to have his cranium checked with a Geiger counter.

It's bad in the United States, but it's worse elsewhere. In war-depleted Europe, the girls are advertising openly in the newspapers for men, any age or condition, for any kind of a relationship from a Sunday afternoon in the woods to a permanent shack-up with or without wedding bells. The pre-war population of Berlin was 4,538,756; today it's 3,199,938. London boasted 4,018,400 citizens in the city proper before the Blitz as over against 3,383,000 today. 89% of this decrease is male. In Rhodesia there are 10% more women than men. This can't go on, the girls say. You're damn right it can't. Let's be fair!

2. *World population has to be stabilized.*

It was Malthus who pointed out the relation of population to the available food supply, and modern demographers say that we are getting into a danger zone where the always delicate balance between population and available food may be seriously disturbed. They liken the "population explosion" today to that which took place almost two thousand years ago when the monogamous barbarians erupted from the "Northern

hive" to inundate the Roman empire. Oddly enough, the experts say, it is under monogamy that "population explosions" occur; polygamy (we'll use the vernacular) tends to diminish population growth. They point to Turkey and China as illustrations; for centuries the Turks were comfortably polygamous under the mandate of Mahomet that every man could have four wives (provided he had enough stamina to make a weekly visit to each), while the Chinese were limited by extreme poverty to monogamy. Under polygamy the population of Turkey remained stable, never outstripping the food supply. But the poverty-stricken, monogamous Chinese exploded to hell and gone, gobbling up the food and filling the carcasses with the bodies of unwanted babies.

It was the French essayist and demographer Montesquieu who first pointed out that polygamy works against population increase by placing the husband in the position of "un athlète destiné à combattre sans relâche," whose exertions keep his virility low. Moreover polygamy, employing numbers of eunuchs and female servants, withdraws a large percentage of society from procreational activities. And it is obvious that a husband making a single weekly visit to each of six wives is unlikely to achieve the procreational output of six husbands constantly on the job with an equal number of women.

3. *A moderating climate is diminishing the inhibitions of cold-weather Puritan morality.*

Good old Montesquieu also noticed the connection between climate and the social institutions of mankind. There is little Puritanism in the warm, lovely isles of the South Pacific; the Trobriand Islanders, for instance, are completely and joyously polygamous, and anthropologists say they are the happiest, best-

integrated people in the world, without a trace of the neuroses and anxiety states that afflict the inhabitants of colder and more monogamous climes. These natives even converted the frozen-faced missionaries to their idyllic way of life, transforming the first sober soul-savers to invade their stalls into relaxed, happy, drunken polygamists. Today the effect of climate on sexual customs can be observed in Southern California, where a system of pseudo-polygamy flourishes quite openly all the way from Twenty Nine Palms to Point Loma.

The ginnick here is that the climate of North America is definitely moderating. In Montreal, subzero temperatures have been only half as common in recent years as they were at the end of the Nineteenth Century. The mean temperature for March has risen nearly four degrees. The snowfall, which averaged 130 inches in the 1880's, now averages only 80 inches per year. Boston, Washington, and other East Coast cities report comparable changes in climate. Weather experts say that the process of amelioration will continue because the jet stream that undulates around the earth five to eight miles up has changed its course and is now pulling warm tropical air (and hurricanes) up the East Coast. In time Long Island should have about the same climate as Cuba. With a lot of America's surplus women living in the Northeast, that section of the country should be an Atlantic Bali in another hundred years, when the trade winds have thawed through the native cold and relaxed the Puritanical tensions.

The demographer H. Fielding cites Burma as a good illustration of the effect of climate on sex customs. In that dandy little country, he says, the women "have the hot love and daring of men," and are "impulsive and full of passion." They live for love, he says, and the women make the first advances. They're polygamous for the most part, and celibacy is unknown. Everybody in Burma is in love with love, and it keeps them cheerful and healthy, along with the cheroots they smoke and the betel nuts they chew. There is absolute equality between men and women, and if there is a weaker sex it must be the male, because Burma is the only country in the world where there are more monasteries than nunneries. Tibet is another nice little hunk of real estate, with both polygamy and polyandry being quite O. K. with the government and the church (Buddhist), but it's a little colder in Tibet. Tibet is more progressive, though, its government hiring mediums as advisors so that the ruling Lamas know what's going on in both this world and the next.

4. Church opposition to polygamy is lessening.

It never was as strong as some people make out, anyway. All of the Old Testament patriarchs were polygamous; Abraham had Sarah and two lesser wives, Jacob had two wives and two concubines, and Solomon had seven hundred wives and three hundred concubines (I. Kings 2:3). Havecock Ellis says that "in no part

of the world is polygamy so prevalent as in Christendom" (Vol. VI, *Marriage*), and the history of Christianity is full of examples of organized polygamy. The Anabaptists were officially polygamous; so were the Mormons until their rights under the First Amendment were outrageously violated by the United States Supreme Court. The church has winked at polygamy on some occasions and actually suggested it on others; Pope Gregory II, in 726 A.D., ruled that the husband of a wife physically unfit for conjugal intercourse could take a second wife if he wanted one; in 1455 Pope Nicholas V granted Henry IV of Castile a dispensation to marry a second wife on condition that if, within a fixed time, he had no issue by her, he should go back to his original mistake. Clement VII proposed the same solution to Henry VIII of England, but Henry lacked the guts to take him up on it. At the Tamboran Conference of African Churches in 1958, polygamy was one of the chief topics of discussion, some of the African converts pointing out that it was practiced by the kings and patriarchs of the Old Testament and not specifically forbidden; except for bishops and deacons in the New Testament—so why couldn't they have more than one wife? Islam, they said, had no such silly taboos, and was making a lot of headway in Africa. As a protest against monogamy, which they rightly refuse to view as scriptural, African Christians are split into more than eight hundred separate sects, the majority of them practicing polygamy. And the House of Lords took a long step towards the revival of polygamy in England by ruling (Dec. 17, 1947) "procreation is not the essential purpose of matrimony."

5. The male is by nature varietalistic.

The psychiatrists are facing up to this immutable fact of nature today and it's time everybody else did. Even the conservative *Encyclopedia of Religion and Ethics*, commenting on Chastity, observes that "at least 50% of the sexual intercourse in western nations is carried on outside the bounds of wedlock." Kinsey, of course, puts the percentage of non-marital sex much higher than that. *Balzac*, in his *Meditation V*, says that "each night should have its menu. There is a devouring monster that marriage should instantly combat; its name is habit." It's almost impossible to get the variety in *taesu* required by the average man from one woman, although certain females who have made a study of such matters do pretty well at it. Montaigne sums it up in his *Essays* (Book 2, ch. 15) when he says: "I was fain to turn out into the paddock an old stallion, as he was not to be governed when he smelt a mare; the facility presently sated him as to towards his own, but towards strange mares, and the first that passed by the pale of his pasture, he would again fall to his importunate neighing and his furious heats as before."

A prominent Reno attorney told Dr. Louis Berg that "of 1356 divorce cases I have handled, only 201 women were willing plaintiffs. The others were bullied, bribed, nagged, or coerced into

coming here from all over the country by husbands who wanted the freedom of cohabiting with other women."

But of course!

A by-product of the restoration of polygamy would be a diminution of professional prostitution and its accompanying evils. Under polygamy, with a man's natural varietism completely satisfied at home and for free, why should he spend time, energy and money on greedy harlots? Under polygamy, prostitution might cease to be a sordid racket and become again what it was in the great days of Babylon—a fertility rite of beauty and meaning. The Code of Hammurabi permitted polygamy and wives were bought in wholesale lots at public auction, with the buyers permitted close inspection of the merchandise before purchase, a system infinitely preferable to the present pig-in-a-poke method. The great historian Herodotus comments favorably on the sacred prostitution of women at the Temple of Mylitta, the Venus of the Babylonians. Once in her life every woman in Babylon was compelled to sit at the gates of the Temple of Mylitta until chosen by a man. The women sat in rows, and the men walked up and down, making their selections. When a man saw something that looked good to him he threw a coin in her lap and said "May the goddess be auspicious to thee." The couple then retired to the back room of the Temple. For some of the plainer women, Herodotus observes, it was a hell of a long wait, or words to that effect. They sat there for years.

6. Monogamy is a flop.

We've almost given up on monogamy in the United States: our divorce rate is about 40%. In California there are five marriages for every three divorces. In Texas, there are five divorces for every five marriages—a real horse race. Illegitimacy and immigration are all that keep the Lone Star State on an even keel. Our real system is crypto-polygamy, or under-the-counter sex varietism masquerading as easy divorce.

What do we get out of monogamy? Nerves, that's what we get. Anxiety states. Manic depression, schizophrenia, hypertension, premature impotence, venereal disease, and more than two million frigid, frustrated female shrews. Too many people and not enough food. Meanwhile the happy, healthy, well-adjusted inhabitants of the Trobriand Islands and the African jungles have lots of women, a nice climate, and plenty to eat. No television, of course, but with a half-dozen sloe-eyed, bare-bosomed, lithe-limbed, dusky sweethearts with gardenias in their hair and love on their minds rolling around the hut, who needs John Cameron Swayze?

With the demographers and the psychiatrists sounding the death-knell of monogamy, it won't be long until the polygamous utopia of which all men dream will be a reality. When that day comes, wars will cease and the earth will blossom like a rose.

We can hardly wait.

jack cole sketches some sandy samsons



MAN ABOUT THE BEACH

IN RECENT ISSUES, PLAYBOY has devoted entirely too many pages to pictures of pretty girls. A man enjoys viewing an occasional well-built male torso, too; witness the popularity of the profusely illustrated men's body building, health and strength magazines. So we sent artist Jack

Cole to the beach with instructions to bring back sketches of the most interesting masculine musculature he could find. It's just possible we sent the wrong man. At any rate, on the next four pages are the best of the drawings he made, along with some explanatory notes by the artist.



I FOUND THIS PERFECT SPECIMEN FLEXING HIS MUSCLES NEAR THE WATER —
 MORE BULGES THAN A CHRISTMAS STOCKING — MEGAWD, WHAT A CHEST!
 STATISTICS: 48" — 10" — 10½" (THE 48" IS PLENTY HAIRY). GENERAL
 COMMENT: PAINTING CONDITIONS POOR — BEACH VERY CROWDED — OTHER
 BATHERS KEPT GETTING IN THE WAY WHILE I WAS SKETCHING.



THIS IS A PRETTY GOOD LIKENESS OF THE BEACH LIFE GUARD. THE BEACH WAS TOO CROWDED FOR ME TO GET ANY CLOSER, SO I WASN'T ABLE TO INCLUDE THE TOWER HE WAS PERCHED ON.

THE FISHING IS VERY GOOD IN THIS AREA.



FOUND THIS FINE PHYSIQUE FISHING OFF THE DUNES. I COULDN'T CATCH ALL OF HIM, THOUGH—STUBBORN DAME REFUSED TO MOVE HER BIG FEET!



FOR THOSE WHO PREFER THE SHORT, SHY
TYPE, CAUGHT THIS WELL DEVELOPED
LITTLE CHAP CONTEMPLATING THE SEA.

FOUND HIM A BIT TOO SHY-
WOULDN'T EVEN PEEK AROUND!

EVERYONE AROUND HERE CALLS
THIS ADONIS "THE WEDGE"
HE HAS THE BROADEST
SHOULDERS ON THE BEACH.



STATISTICS: SHOULDERS
MEASURE FROM X TO Y.

COMMENT: PAINTING CONDITIONS EVEN WORSE AT THIS
END OF THE BEACH — TWICE AS CROWDED!

CROOKED CORONET (continued from page 10)

"I am," said her Ladyship, "not at home."

She was thinking very rapidly as the butler went towards the door. Then a curious smile flickered over the lovely features, and what was curious about this smile was that it was at the same time childish and very attractive.

"I have changed my mind, Jolly. The gentleman has a twisted nose, has he not? Show him into the morning-room."

Quite ten minutes passed before she went downstairs. She used the telephone. She used the looking glass. Now Lady Quorn was wearing a hat when Jolly announced the unwelcome visitor, but when she left her room she was not wearing a hat. Her gold burnished hair, which has been described in the illustrated papers as often as the Quorn pearls, of which her throat was never without a rope, need call for no comment here. We can but praise it in passing, and we do so.

The man who called himself the Cavalier of the Streets was standing by the window looking out into Berkeley Square. His head uncovered, his face looked leaner and more hawklike than ever. His black hair was quite decidedly grey at the temples. She was surprised to notice how little out of place he looked in her house in spite of his casual clothes. She stood very still just within the doorway, a tall, slender, gracious woman. They stared at one another across the room for several seconds, and then his mouth twisted into a smile.

"You seem to be a very dangerous woman, Lady Quorn."

"And aren't you," she asked, "a very reckless man to come here?"

"After you put Scotland Yard on to me?"

"Oh, I don't like being defenceless."

They were standing in front of the empty fireplace. Her wide eyes were bright with laughter. He studied her thoughtfully, and the laughter in her eyes wrenched at her mouth.

"With half an eye," he said pleasantly, "I can see that you are up to something, or you wouldn't be so amused."

"And can't you guess, Mr. Cavalier, what it is that is amusing me?"

"The only reason I can imagine for your added radiance—"

"Dear me, are you flattering me?"

"I am deploring you, Lady Quorn. The more desirable you appear, the more urgent I must be in preventing you from turning married men into giddy goats. Maybe what's amusing you is that you have a detective hidden somewhere in this room to catch me in the act of blackmailing you."

She laughed outright. And a dog outside in the hall, hearing her cool and pleasant laugh, barked frantically.

"And are you going to blackmail me?"

"Of course, Lady Quorn. And of course you know why."

She frowned. Fingering her pearls, she continued to frown.

"I don't seem to remember anything of quite that nature since I last saw you."

"Try to think," he suggested.

"Dear me," she said, "it would be so impulsive not to remember, wouldn't it?"

"What about," he asked, "the afternoon before last?"

"Oh," she said, "I remember! Terry?"

"Exactly."

"Dear me, of course. Yes, I had tea with him."

"Did you now?" said the Cavalier.

"Terry is such a nice boy, and he was all alone."

"Yes, I gathered that."

"I'm not sure," she said, "that I like the way you said that. He was lonely, you see, and he wanted to be cheered up."

"A cup of tea," he said, "can of course be very cheering."

"I have," she said severely, "the highest respect for Terry's wife."

"I am sure you have, Lady Quorn. It must be a great consolation for her."

"Now you are being sarcastic, and quite unjustifiably. If I can't," she said, "have an innocent cup of tea with a friend what can I have?"

"Of course," he said, "I can't be quite positive about my facts."

"Well, I should hope not."

"But there is such a thing, Lady Quorn, as circumstantial evidence. I am more or less in the same position as a divorce judge who has to decide whether a lovespotted man and an ardent woman alone together in surroundings that permit them a certain freedom of movement have taken advantage of those surroundings to do no more than have a cup of tea together."

"It is wrong," she said, "to think the worst of people."

"I am afraid, Lady Quorn, that it is no good appealing to the better instincts of a blackmailer."

"I wouldn't dream," she said seriously, "of appealing to your better instincts. It's only that I want fair play and how can it be fair for me to give you a hundred pounds when my conscience is quite clear?"

"Your conscience?" he said. "A most unreliable witness, Lady Quorn."

"Well, all I know is," she said, "that I am an innocent woman."

"You mean, since I last saw you a week ago?"

"Of course," she said gravely, "only for the last week."

He looked thoughtful. Then, with no effort to conceal his disappointment, he sighed.

"I suppose," he said, "you are quite sure?"

"Oh, quite. Of course, one forgets things sometimes. But about this last week I am quite sure."

"Still," he said, "you will agree that your actions were decidedly misleading."

She sighed. "You are a very suspicious man, aren't you?"

"A blackmailer has to be, Lady Quorn. And besides," he said severely, "it is written that the intention is as bad as the crime."

"That's exactly what I always tell my children. But," she said, "I'm bothered if I am going to pay a hundred pounds for nothing more than an intention. Dear me, if men had to do that, they'd be penniless in no time."

"Well," he said grudgingly, "I suppose that's only fair. Now will you tell me something, Lady Quorn, before I go?"

"But what in the world can I tell a man who already seems to know so much about me?"

"You were very far from amused the last time I saw you. But this time you seem to have had great difficulty in not breaking out into girlish giggles throughout our interview. I wonder why?"

Her level blue eyes were so limpid with laughter that he could not help but smile in return. He took a step back as the very faint perfume from her burnished hair just brushed his nostrils.

"It's quite easy," she said, "to explain. Do you know, I am thirty-five years old, and you are the only person I have ever met in my life who knows me as I am. That is odd, you must agree, and funny too. I never dreamt there would be any man or woman in this world who would ever know the worst of me. You are the only person before whom I do not have to act. You have seen behind the cool façade, but you have seen nothing at all cool there, have you? And so you are the only man in the world who knows that I enjoy the body of love, just as a man does, and not its gentle tender spirit, as nice women are supposed to. That is why this interview has amused me so much. Dear me, how shocked I was at first that anyone had discovered my secret weaknesses. But now all I feel is relieved that I do at last know one person with whom I shall never have to act."

"I can see," he said, "that we are going to be great friends."

"Yes! It's so nice to be natural sometimes. You must come and see me again, Mr. Cavalier."

"But," he said, "it is not easy to believe that you can be acting quite all the time. Would these men become so obsessed with the passion for having a cup of tea with you alone if acting was all you had to offer them?"

"Oh, you are being stupid. If I really let myself go as much as I should sometimes like—why, how shocked they would be! Didn't you know that an English lady must never enjoy herself too much—it wouldn't look nice. With foreigners, of course, who aren't really human, a little more latitude may be allowed. But, dear me, those boring Latin experts and their tricks! If I could write," she said, "I would write such a book about the conceit, stupidity, and sterling unattractiveness of men as would fill the convents of the world with girls and women clamoring to take the vow of chastity."

"Why, Lady Quorn, anyone would think you disliked men."

"It is the tragedy of women who love men, my friend, that they usually do dislike them. But how can one get around

(continued on page 31)

I AM A STEADY, high-type fellow with a nice face. Most people love me. It is my custom to avoid, whenever possible, leaving my shoes about the bed-room, writing bad checks, and being frivolous with my wife's feeling for me. At the approach of the summer season, however, when it's time to make the resorts where I even did clarinet as a high school brat, I often undergo an odd relapse into old habits. It's a bad habit to be so habitual.

For example, at the hotels on our route, I unpack my suitcase and throw my clothes everywhere, although the uniform is always the same: white ducks, purple flannel jacket, HAL'S SWEETBOYS embroidered above the fire-pointed hankie pocket. I carry more shoes than our troublesome Gwen, the Sweetboys' Canary—only to leave the shoes behind to let summertime radiators. You know me already. As to Gwen (Twist-and-twirly, she's not my girl), I'll get to her later.

Then last month I sent in the payment on our Pontiac. The check bounced. Makes a man mad at the irony of fate which consists in not putting enough hike in the bank.

Finally I am obliged to report that Lady Alice and I have been at it again, or rather, off it. I itched and wiggled and she slammed doors through the usual term of struggle; I put in the claim, like a good courteous husband, that this was only a scratch-for-fun quarrel; off she went to Mama. "I'm coming to see you soon, goodbye," I said.

"Goodbye, don't bother," she said. "Be polite at least. Listen, no insults, Lady. Long as we're separated, you don't have to treat me like a husband."

"Okay, but if you cut in on me like last time, just be sure to have a hotel reservation."

"I got friends to bunk me in Pittsburgh."

"They'll be glad to see you,"—as spiteful as my Lady could make it. She's such a pretty girl when she's mad that it reminds me of how pretty she is when she's not mad—tiny and determined all over, fierce hot eyes, that mouth that gets plump as a bruise when she bites her lips. That reminded me:

"Say, Lady, what'd you do with my extra mouthpiece?"

"In the cupboard next to the Wheaties. The reeds are back there too."

Goodbye, goodbye, we both said. I tried to kiss her; she said not to waste her time, but be sure to pay my parking ticket if I got out. As I waved the train out of the station, I was proud that I hadn't said, "Poor Mama." Somehow that always annoys her. She's sensitive on how her mama hates being the Res & Recuperation Camp.

Naturally, when the woman you love takes off with her behind wagging and

"She can't learn the lyrics," said Hal. "Wants to write them on her hands!"



ILLUSTRATION BY CHUCK MILLER

just goes to show it doesn't pay to be . . .

A STEADY, HIGH-TYPE FELLOW

fiction By HERBERT GOLD

not even a friendly so-long-siddio, it's a blow to the confidence. My self-respect was shot. I thought about what I needed and came to the same old decision: reassurance. I was right the first time. Our opening date was Vermilion-on-the-Lake, a heavenward resort with sand-flics and smell of kids and the usual early crop of Junebugs and other silver-winged creatures. You have to fan them off the music stand and they come buzzing back and you squash them when you sit. Well, you get the picture.

But the rolly-coaster curve up the back of a girl lying alone in the sun—and down the legs, of course—always makes me want to drive against the beat. That's part of the picture, too. Hal, our leader, who took a vacation from his jocking job to get back to THE PEEPL (the agency advised it) by leading the band again, said: "Jeez, makes you think, those are my faithful listening audience, and they don't even want what they're gonna get. You know, it's not heart-warming, man. It's rendering."

"Yep," I said soothingly, "the cockles are cold, not cool. It's really tough."

"And they tell me jocking makes you stale. I'd rather plug for some freezer plants then try to tickle one of those sunsoakers."

Good old Hal. Poor Hal. What a neat old friendship and understanding we had that day, because I, too, thought about those resort chicks: *Bad, bad*. They take their hands and pat the sand off their tan plumpers, when either nobody or somebody is looking, depending: they peckaboo-bzzy themselves when they sit up; they flop over in the sun and their legs come unlocked funnily for no fun at all. Then, after a day watching them, you come in and find out how they're put on organically on a black sheath for dancing and you're paid to blow the horn to wake them up from their sunstroke. It'd be no life at all, except that always one of those girls sleeping on the beach has had an eye open and calculating what her shape was doing for you. And she always wanted to know a real live musician. "You're better'n a Harry James record, Mister."

"That was the trumpet. This is a clarinet."

"Oh me oh my."

I would grin and help her out. "You must mean Benny Goodman. Benny's okay, too."

"Gosh—do you know Mr. Goodman personally?"—and so it goes. I always blow good horn, dance him anyway, when I'm feeling nasty like this, and I wanted to keep the Pontiac, so when Hal said, "How's about it?" I joined his Sweetboys again—suitcase full of shoes, as you already know. It doesn't need nastiness to blow horn, it takes another kind of mud, but the nastiness is good for resort fakery. Vermilion, Sandusky, Cedar Point. Down to Massillon for a polka party with a pick-up accordion. You know the route: we're the original first-of-Mayers. At breakfast I thought tenderly about Lady Alice, the prettiest little wife I know, and that made me mad: "Up hers!"—and I broke

a pipe-teaser in the mouthpiece. "Want your toast gray or brown?" the waitress asked. "You're one of them Hal's Sweetboys, ain't you? I love good music."

"Sit down, Miss, and let me tell you all about my desperate, carefree, glamorous life, but take care of your customer over there first. He wants a large o'jy."

I really needed that reassurance. Sometimes the reassurance came leaning by the bandstand when his boyfriend passed out. "Doing anything now?" I would ask at the break, while I drained the spit out of the mouthpiece.

"Okay," it might say. "Not just now, sis, but after the set." "Right now I'm so busy watching the music," it would answer. "Afterwards I haven't made up my mind yet. Look at that lamp over there on the couch. Out for the night."

"Which one?" I would inquire in a friendly and fatherly way. "The one with the pasty stupid face and a couple of hairs for a mustache, what he thinks? The square with the dirty pants? That one?"

"How did you know, was I pointing?" "Just telepathic. Meeting of the minds. As I was remarking, Miss—your-name-again? Anyway, it's depressing to have nothing to do for fun after a nice dance like this. I feel it in my bones, it's like a real crazy thing you need to do. At least if you have a feeling for music that's how it is."

Usually it was how she felt about it, too. Just loved a strong beat, and singable? Man, that's especially right. So away we stroll, hip-and-hip, for hamburger, coffee, confidences, more coffee —I like them jumping—and then maybe a little ride and by that time it's yes or no, very often yes. Afterwards I like them to sing to me. "Try sweet embraceable you."

She tries. "You ought to be with a band," I say, "there's such a shortage of fine high type vocalists." Then I turn over and try to get some sleep while she dreams that I'm really Guy Lombardo Junior looking for talent. Next stop: Erie, Peay.

Well, what should happen, but just three weeks out and we're suddenly switched to a Pittsburgh booking. Isn't that a jolt for you? A regular coincidence. Makes you think. And I had just happened to think of Lady Alice, that lovely lippy wife of mine. Some big name outfit had got mashed up in a bus crash and spoiled for the season, so there we were with this lucky break—a Kay Kysar type kick (remember?) and that's all we had to know. But poor Gwen, Hal's Sweetgirl, she had to learn some new songs, an effort which gave her various brains. She was the kind who could even forget what comes after:

Somewhere, over the rainbow,

Way up high,

Birds fly—

The answer, in case you're wondering, is: *Over the rainbow*. Gwen couldn't even win a hundred dollars off on a teevee. She was thinking and eating a

pencil and getting lead all over her lipstick and trying to learn the ballads and Hal turned the lock in the bathroom and sat down and said: "You don't get out till you know those lyrics. Not a movie, not a snooze on the bed, baby. You can have a glass of water, though." And he handed her the plastic cup in which nine different styles of toothpaste were caked.

Next room to them, I was doing my own hard figuring. A Pittsburgh date! It was the irony of fate that had caught up with me again, just like that rubber check with the Pontiac. What should I do about Lady Alice? The summer was only beginning, but it really seemed a shame not to kill two birds with one bus ticket, play Pittsburgh and say goodbye to by-gones. She'd probably come cuddly on my knees before she remembered all the sick about me she was pushing at Mama. What an eruption! Maybe she'd be proud of me in my purple flannel jacket at the Sigma Rho house in the Pittsburgh Coliseum Ballroom. Well, most likely not proud, but who knows? At least it would rock her to see me so soon, and straight like I was. "Patch things up, Lady?" I would say. "Don't mind if I do."

I wouldn't worry myself thinking about it. Interferes with swimming, packing, rubbing spots off the clothes with cleaning fluid. I took a seam between my two hands and frisked. In the meantime, there was trouble between Hal, our leader, the captain of the Sweetboys, and Cedar Point's Own Gwen. She had a pretty little face and winsome at the eyes and knew how to pose as if naked behind a prop sunbrero in the publicity glossies. But Hal said that if she didn't pick herself up some more IQ, she might as well look for another job. Even eating celery didn't seem to help her. She said that if he didn't stop tormenting her ("You're squarer than square"), she'd never be able to learn another song. "Hal, anyway, listen to me, they're all alike. Crazy-razy-daisy, bossa expect me to remember one from the next one!" She has no really basic love of music, that Gwen. She's an artist without any real genius, but she's strictly stacked and that's what is needed to stand and jiggle next to Hal's piano on the stand. And smile for the kids.

So in a motel the night before Pittsburgh, when I heard a splash next door, the music of fist sinking into face, I thought to myself: this offbeat world is a world without harmony. (Being without a wife after getting used to one obliges a man to become philosophical.) Hal and Gwen were having another discussion. I ran out to the corridor, put my mouth to the keyhole, and tried to yell loud enough to get to them over the sobbing and screaming and various disagreements: "Don't blacken her eye, Hal. We got to open tomorrow night. Keep her mouth clean, Hal. Hit below the belt where it doesn't show."

Suddenly, it was quiet inside. Quieter than a waltz palace in Harlem.

(continued on page 30)



"Did you have much trouble finding a roommate while I was away?"



PLAYBOY'S OFFICE PLAYMATE ▶

Miss July supervises subscriptions

We suppose, it's natural to think of the pulchritudinous Playmates as existing in a world apart. Actually, potential Playmates are all around you: the new secretary at your office, the doe-eyed beauty who sat opposite you at lunch yesterday, the girl who sells you shirts and ties at your favorite store. We found Miss July in our own circulation department, processing subscriptions, renewals and back copy orders. Her name is Janet Pilgrim and she's as efficient as she is good looking. Janet has never modeled professionally before, but we think she holds her own with the best of the Playmates of the past.



Subscription manager Janet Pilgrim discusses the magazine's rising circulation with PLAYBOY publisher Hugh M. Hefner.

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

MISS JULY







HIGH-TYPE FELLOW (continued from page 24)

Before I could congratulate myself there was a squish of calloused heel on the floor, the door came open, and Hal stood there with his face wanged up in the thickest, haddest mud I had seen since Lady Alice left me. He was in his pants, but no shoes or socks, and he was naked to the waist. And he was mad. The hairs on his chest and belly were squirming with his breath, really upset. "Shut the," he said. "Shut the-the-the door."

Gwen was also close to naked, only wearing a slip, and also angry. It would have been useless for me to offer her my jacket. "You shouldn't stutter," I said to Hal, "not if you're going back to jocking in the fall. The sponsors won't like it. Try saying Vitamin B-1, B-2, B-3, B-4, B-5, B-6, and Valuable Hormones, Too!—last, just to see if you can do it, Hal."

"Shut the door."

I shut the door.

"Go put something on," he said. I wanted to explain that I felt dressed up enough for the occasion, but realized that he was talking to Gwen. She slipped into his bathrobe and knotted the cord.

"He hit me," she complained, "real hard."

"I'd like to stop awhile for listening to your sad story," I told her, one eye on Hal's hard-muscled chest, "but you should do what Hal says. He's our leader, and a grand fellow, besides. We open tomorrow, Gwen. We all depend on you to look yourself, I mean lovely—"

"And," said Hal, "and to know the lyrics. Says she can't learn them. Wants to write them on her hands." He leaned spread-legged toward me. I could see that he was beginning to blame me, the way a big fellow does, and he had been

interrupted and needed somebody else to pound if it wouldn't be Gwen. The hairs on his chest squiggled with his breathing and his tongue lolled in his open mouth. His voice was hoarse. Hal and Gwen really disagreed about palm-reading the lyrics.

"Well, night eight, everybody," I said, and put my hand on the doorknob. I wanted to get back to my own lonely business in the next room, where there was nothing punchy but the mattress.

"I said he hit me, Danny. He doesn't really love me anymore, never will."

"That's the way I feel about it, too," I said.

"What?"

"Whatever you said, Gwendolyn. Be seeing you."

She threw herself toward me and looped around my neck like she was trying to reach for a parade over my head. "Don't leave me now, I need you, I want you to stay," she cried.

Hal was just watching and pinching himself until he got his breath again. He was wheezing with an asthma uglier than goldenrod—I had upset their disagreement. "Are you leaving, Danny boy," he asked me, "or do I have to leave you out?"

This was another of the many misunderstandings which that summer was accumulating for me. "Dads, I want to go, I'd just love it," I complained, "but you got to take this girl off my feet. She's stepping on my corns and dirtying my socks."

"I'll never leave you tonight," she said. "He scares me."

"Are you please going to get?" Hal asked.

My natural inclination was to prefer Hal's invitation, but Gwen was grab-grabbing, and it would have been impossible and silly besides to carry her out with me two-headed or piggy-back. "Danny, I want to stay with you until Harold apologizes. He hits too much. I don't care if it takes a month. I just don't like music, that's all. I decided I'll never leave you now, Danny, you're all I've got."

"What?"

"Unless he apologizes," she pouted. "I made up my mind."

I had never heard Gwen deliver such a long speech. If I understood her English—and I was the most educated of the Sweetboys—it seemed that I was in a difficult, perhaps desperate, perhaps even compromising situation. "You better apologize to the girl, Hal," I told him. "Say you're sorry. Nice Gwen, nice Gwen, don't be so upset. Take your knee out of my crotch, please."

Hal took a step toward me and said, "Get out, you. Are you getting?" He was stroking his fat bare arm like a club. "And get out fast."

"You see?" I interpreted for Gwen. "He means he's sorry he hurt your feelings and wants to make it up to you."

"Get the hell outa here!"

I could feel the fuzz of that bathrobe all over me and I was paralyzed. It was like having cops in the house. I mean I just didn't have the strength. I



"Her name is Ellen Rogers, folks . . . and where do you live, Miss Rogers?"

smiled down at her and sniffed her perfume (very tasty) and said, "Listen to him, Gwen, he's saddened but wiser by this experience. Hear his friendly words, please. He wants to start life over with you, all fresh and new."

Gwen let me go and stood by the door, watching us thoughtfully with her hands in Hal's bathrobe pockets. She was cute in that wraparound, a sweet little honey-haired creature, built high above and behind, nicely turned. She took a piece of Hal's wadded Kleenex out of the pocket, made a delicate face, and dropped it to the floor.

"Gai!" Hal said to me.

"He'll have to apologize nicer than that," Gwen remarked pensively. "I already decided to be strict." She held onto my arm. She had a nice light hand and she was striking the inside of my elbow, whatever you call it.

"If you don't start going," Hal told me, "or start to start going fast, I'll have to help you a help." His lungs were pumping, his glands were working, and he was grammatically confused, but I knew what he meant. Yes, his lips were curling over his teeth. He figured to spoil my mouth for clarinet.

Naturally I shook off Gwen's hand and went fast for the door. A cracked lip for the clarinet runs would be no good at all; I'd have to take up the kazoo. So I left, sideways and quick. Okay for the hall, okay for my own door. But before I could get it closed, Gwen wiggled in and said, "I'm staying with you, you protect me now." She turned the lock herself. "Danny," she sighed, "you're so wonderful to me."

"I didn't do it," I called to Hal through the door.

Gwen smiled at me (I mean the winsome bathroom smile) and rubbed the fuzz of Hal's bathrobe against whatever I was wearing and stood up and hit me on the shoulder, whispering, "Now you're all mine."

"Gwen, you shouldn't do that. Leggot it hurt."

"That's my mark," she said. "Ask Hal to show you sometimes. He's got it all over, m-a-m-m-m." She ran the pink tip of her tongue over her lips.

"Oh, I'll remember to ask him," I said. Hal was roaring outside. "Gwendolyn," I said sternly. This was serious and I pronounced her entire name. "Gwen-do-line Harris, you can't, you shouldn't."

"I did."

For a moment I couldn't figure what came next. She was logical, but unfair to Hal, the King of the Sweetboys. "Well, what about his bathrobe?"

She began to undo the cord. "I'll put the chain on the door and slip it out to him."

"No! No! Don't do that, please, Gwen. He'll make noise and spoil it for everybody. We got to be rested up for the Sigma Rho deal."

"He already gave me a rho deal," she said bitterly.

"Cynical, cynical. You'll never get to be Doris Day like that," I warned her.

"I don't wanna be Doris Day, I wanna

be Judy Garland. The world is such a sad bitter-sweet place."

"No."

"Yes, that's my secret desire, Danny. Now you know the truth about me."

There was a heave, there was a crash, and Hal came splintering through the door. He jumped me and began pounding and I went down in glorious defeat right away quick. Gwen kept her hands in the bathrobe pockets and said, "Don't hurt yourself, boys." I think I tried to get up once. I heard Gwen saying to Hal, "Oh Dads, you do love me if you fight for me like this, you do do do." Then I was alone in the motel room with my illusions and Hal's bathrobe. I lost my job, too.

The next day I went to see Lady Alice in Pittsburgh. I told her that I got bruised like that in an automobile accident, driving with my shoes off and my socks tore on the accelerator and

I couldn't switch to the brake in time. The car wasn't even hurt. "You got here so soon," she said.

"Let's start all over," I said. "I really care for you, Lady, but I don't want to be a Sweetboy anymore."

"Well, let the Union know you're here and they can probably find you a pickup job in Pittsburgh while you recuperate. You poor boy."

I kissed her, trying to favor the stiff places. "My mind wandered," I said, "I was thinking about you all the night long, and then that ungraded curve came up on me, whoosh."

"You're so sweet," she murmured. "But say, honey, how did a skid into a ditch ever put those little teeth marks on your shoulder?" Some girls I've met just have a mistrustful streak in them, and my wife is one of the worst.



FEMALES BY COLE: 13



Roughrider



"Goodness, Melvin — is that what you meant by skin diving?!"

entertainment

THE OLD DOPE PEDDLER

tom lehrer
is the master
of the
hollow laugh



BY

ROLF MALCOLM

"When the shades of night
are falling,

Comes a fellow everyone knows.

It's the old dope peddler,

Spreading joy wherever he goes."

Should you chance to hear this sugar-coated vitriol, rendered by a rather threadbare tenor voice with an equally threadbare piano accompaniment, you'll know that Tom Lehrer is loose again.

Be warned: this is a dangerous man, a shatterer of illusions, a mocker of traditions, a cruel deflater of our most jealously guarded shams and sentimentalities. This is, in short, that most feared of human fiends: a satirist.

Tom Lehrer writes songs. He writes the words and he writes the music. The music is conventional and undistinctive.

The words are distinctive and unconventional. They are also macabre, outrageous, irreverent and very funny.

Sample, for instance, his distorted view of the Boy Scouts' famous motto:

"If you're looking for adventure
of a new and different kind

And you come upon a Girl Scout

who is similarly inclined,

Don't be nervous, don't be flustered,

don't be scared:

Be prepared!"

Or the above-quoted ballad of *The Old Dope Peddler*, which Lehrer dedicated to "that member of the community who goes modestly and inconspicuously about his job of spreading happiness among his fellow citizens, but who has never been properly recognized in song."

Recognizing in song the more repellent aspects of our society is the one consuming passion of Lehrer's life. Biographical information about him is highly suspect. His own thumbnose sketch of himself is an inextricably woven tapestry of fact and fiction; according to that document, he was raised by a yak, has been deified by the natives of Madagascar, collects shrunken heads, rolls drunks (fact), is a Phi Beta Kappa, *wagna cum laude* M. A. from Harvard University and a research mathematician for industry and national defense (fiction).

Most of Lehrer's songs were written while he was serving time at Harvard as a student and later as a teacher. The university, in fact, provided the inspira-

tion for one of his best numbers, *Fight Fiercely, Harvard*. "Most football fight songs," says Lehrer, "have a tendency to be somewhat uncouth and violent. This one is rather dainty." And so it is ("How we shall celebrate our victory, We shall invite the whole team up for tea. How jolly!").

Gradually, the insidious charra of his songs began to spread, like a malignant fungus, from Harvard's cloistered halls to roost profane environs such as television studios and night clubs. For the tender sensibilities of the TV audience, Lehrer confined himself to amusing, but relatively innocent stuff, like his disgustingly *gemulich* bit of pseudo-Strauss, *The Wiener Schmitz Waltz* ("Your lips were like wine, if you'll pardon the simile; The music was lovely and quite Rudolf Frimly").

But night clubs like The Blue Angel offered him wider scope. There he could pull all the stops and no punches, bayoneting pet hates with a Deep-South-type song titled *I Wanna Go Back to Dixie* ("Old times there are not forgotten, Whuppin' slaves and sellin' cotton.") and kicking the props out from under such sacrosanct institutions as the old home town (his is peopled by prostitutes, perverts and guys who monogamize their wives with knives), Christmas ("Hark the Herald Tribune sings, Advertising woodrow things.") and, in one fell swoop, security restrictions, nuclear tests and the perennial cowboy ballad ("Mid the yuccas and the thistles, I'll watch the guided missiles. While the old F.B.I. watches me").

Before long an LP record of his songs was released, and soon after the words and music became available in the hard-bound *Tom Lehrer Song Book* (Crown Publishers, \$2.00). The advantage of Lehrer's book over his record, according to Al Capp in the book's introduction, "is that you are spared his voice." Capp is kidding (we think) but he has a point, for Lehrer the songwriter is admittedly a cut above Lehrer the singer. But this vocal deficiency is well balanced

by the fact that Lehrer obviously has a hell of a good time singing his own songs.

The Lehrer voice appeals, for example, to Irving Kolodin, the perceptive music editor of *The Saturday Review*. Kolodin calls Lehrer's songs "something of a legend" and defines Lehrer himself as "a wandering minstrel with no place to wander." It also appeals to the aforementioned Al Capp, who labels Lehrer "a disillusioned spirit" and adds, "let us all be grateful for that."

The appalling (as well as appealing) thing about Lehrer's humor is that its basic ingredient is nothing more than honesty. Most of us are more or less aware of Freudian death-wishes, social injustice, murder, atomic peril and such-like unpleasanties, and some of us even give them a little thought now and then. Few of us, however, want to hear about them in our songs. When the troubadour comes to cheer our leisure hour, we bid him sing of joy and youth and love that never dies. But Tom Lehrer is a troubadour of a different breed. He may sing "I hold your hand in mine, dear, I press it to my lips," but he soon discovers to our horror that the hand is dismembered. And when he warbles a candid ditty of romance like *When You Are Old And Gray*, we are first revolted and then grudgingly forced to admit its bitter truth:

"Your teeth will start to go, dear,

Your waist will start to spread,

In twenty years or so, dear,

I'll wish that you were dead."

More important than Lehrer's gruesome honesty is the ingenuity by which he makes us laugh while he rubs our noses in life's more unsavory messes. For though the laughter may at times be slightly hollow, its very existence is a thing for both rejoicing and wonder.

However, there may be a simple explanation for the Lehrer rucig. After all, he was raised by a yak. Therein may lie the answer.

CROOKED CORONET

(continued from page 22)

the *imposse!*"

"I am growing really quite sorry for you."

"Rightly, Mr. Cavalier. We must all be sorry for those who try to put a shape into dreams. We dream of lovers equal to the gaities and the ardors of love—and all we get is a man in search of a mother to protect him, a repentant fool, a jealous bully, or a pathetic child. I wish someone would tell me what flaw there is in men that makes them unworthy of straightforward gifts, of which love should be the first. But no, we cannot give them love and passion with both hands, frankly, we must corrupt our surrender with emissions and retreats, we must act or pretend to tease—else they will not cherish the gift. To think we have been lords of creation these millions of years and have evolved nothing more mature than man as an equal to a woman's love! The door opened, and she continued in a pleasantly sociable voice: "So you must come and see me again, won't you? I so enjoy your visits."

The butler said: "My lady, the Countess is waiting in the drawing room."

"I shall be there in one moment."

Alone again, she said, coolly smiling: "Well, there is my real life. Sitting or presiding on committees. The rest—all we've been talking about—is nonsense."

The leisured classes, they call us. Dear me, what fun life would be if we did not have to work harder at our pleasures than we do at our work." She had extended her hand. "Good-bye, Mr. Cavalier."

She was unsmiling, conventional.

"You have made it impossible for me," he said, "to blackmail you again—almost."

She regarded him so steadily that he blinked. But he did not look away.

"Almost?" she said. "And what does that mean?"

"It means," he said, taking her cold hand, "that it is only my concern for the structure of society, which women like you menace, that will compel me to keep an eye on you."

Her bright wide eyes were unfathomable. Withdrawing her hand, she walked towards the door. He stood watching her, a faint smile on his dark face.

"Good-bye, Lady Quorn."

"I know," she said from the door, "that you are a man of courage. But don't force me to send you to prison. The butler will show you out. Good-bye."

...

He had no sooner left the house than he was joined by Detective-Inspector Bulrose. That excellent man made no secret of the facts that he had been waiting for him and that he was in an exceedingly bad temper.

"You're a prize juggins, my lad," he said testily. "Now you come along with me."

The hawklike man, balancing himself on his heels, as though ready to waste time with the first person who offered



him amusement, stared thoughtfully at the Inspector.

"What for, Bulrose?"

"Little innocent, aren't you?" Then suddenly, with a vehemence that flushed his face with crimson, he bawled: "Taxi!"

"What on earth is all this about, Bulrose?"

A taxi-driver, who had evidently just finished putting on a spare wheel at the corner of Hill Street, jumped enthusiastically into his cab and drove up beside them. Bulrose testily flung open the door.

"This is a darned serious business, Mister Wagstaffe, so don't ask silly questions. Or ask the Superintendent. Jump in."

They were no farther than about eight yards from the door of Lady Quorn's house. Both men turned their backs to the taxi-driver as the door was flung open and the slim, elegant figure of a young lady came tripping down the stone steps.

"Now maybe," snapped Bulrose, "you'll know what we want you for."

"Will I indeed?" the other murmured, staring at the approaching figure.

"I suppose," snapped the Inspector, "you're going to say you've never seen her before?"

"But you must introduce me, Bulrose. She looks a nice piece."

"Where's your manners?" said the Inspector indignantly. "Calling a friend of Lady Quorn's a 'nice piece,' even though she is American."

The young lady, whose prettiness was of quite an uncommon order, as also was her slim elegance, came tripping towards them. She appeared, like many pretty young ladies, to be more interested in the contents of her vanity-bag, in which she was fumbling with her hand, than in her immediate surroundings. And she would no doubt have collided into the two men if, when she was still a yard or two away from them, Bulrose had not taken a step forward and said:

"Beg pardon, miss, is this the man?"

"Sure," said the pretty young lady, looking coldly into the Cavalier's face. Her voice, which was at once soft and racy, would have made the United States Ambassador homesick. "And if," she said, "you will examine his pockets, you'll certainly find the check I gave him a few minutes ago."

The Inspector looked with disgust at his prisoner.

"And to think," he said, "I once thought you were almost an intelligent crook. Taking a check! Hand it over."

The Cavalier, a bewildered expression on his face, slowly extracted from the right side pocket of his jacket a folded check.

"Hand it over," the Inspector repeated. "I suppose you're going to say you've never seen that before."

"Oh no," said the Cavalier. "But I'd like to look at it just once again."

Unfolding the check, he saw that it was made out to Michael Wagstaffe, Esq., for the sum of one hundred pounds and

was signed by Monica Gubbins. Then he handed it to the Inspector, who was about to put it in his pocket, when the pretty young lady cried:

"I'd certainly like it back."

"This is important evidence, miss. You'll get it back all right in due course."

The Cavalier was looking thoughtfully into the girl's face. He noticed she would not meet his eyes.

"You are quite sure, Miss Gubbins," he said, "that you gave me this check in Lady Quorn's house?"

"Why, of course!" said the pretty young lady. "What was I to do when you were blackmailing me? And besides, Lady Quorn told me it was the best way out."

"I see," said the Cavalier.

"Miss Gubbins," said the Inspector, "I'm afraid I'll have to trouble you to come along with us and fill in the charge against this man."

"But," said the young lady, "I don't think I'm going to make any charge against him."

Bulrose, pushing back his bowler hat, mopped his flushed brow.

"Ho!" he said bitterly.

The young lady's eyes now met the Cavalier's for the first time. Her lips, he fancied, were twitching faintly.

"Is the Inspector," she asked, "annoyed with me?"

"Oh, not annoyed," said the Cavalier. "Just give him time and he will bust nicely."

"Course I'm annoyed," said Bulrose indignantly. "I'm sitting down in my office to a cup of tea when along comes an urgent message from Lady Quorn that this crook here has had the impudence to call at her house to see an American lady visiting her ladyship and is no doubt going to try to blackmail her. And when I nab him with the check on him—she ain't going to make no charge."

"And what would happen to him," asked the pretty young lady, "if I did make it?"

"Two to three years," said Bulrose persuasively, "hard."

"Then," said Miss Gubbins, turning to the silent Cavalier, "you certainly have to thank Lady Quorn for being given another chance. I owe her so much for her kindness and hospitality that I just couldn't bring myself to refuse her anything at all. And when she asked me to let you off, as you were no doubt just a silly young man driven to crime from reading detective stories or seeing too many gangster pictures, I just had to say I would. Lady Quorn said maybe all you needed to come to your right senses again was a good square meal, and she gave me this ten-shilling note to give you, though of course you musn't spend it all on going to the movies. But mind, now, this must be a lesson to you never to try blackmailing people again. Do you think, Inspector, that he will go straight after this?"

Bulrose, who appeared to be having some difficulty in controlling his facial muscles, managed to do no more than nod. And the pretty young lady, pressing the ten-shilling note into the Cavalier's numbed hand, walked swiftly away.

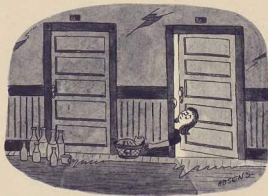
Then Detective-Inspector Bulrose really got down to business, so that butlers passing by in charge of lapdogs cowered him.

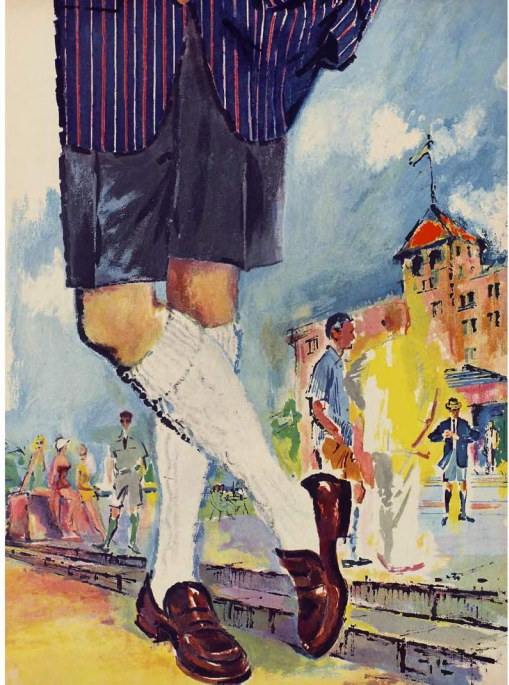
"Strike me pink!" he gasped.

Laughing with that profound relief which comes but too rarely in this vale of sorrow, he very nearly choked.

"I wouldn't have missed that," he gasped, "for all the beer in the world. Good as a play, to hear the Cavalier of the Streets being told off for being a bad boy from seeing too many gangster pictures. Which do you like best, Percy, the ones where the villain repents and goes straight for love of a nice pure girl?"

(concluded on page 52)







*"A most laudatory letter of recommendation, Miss Dewitt,
but just who, pray tell, is Polly Adler?"*

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The Related Sale was the subject of a pep talk given recently by the manager of a certain super drug store. "For instance, if a customer wants razor blades," he told employees, "ask him how he's fixed for shaving cream and after-shave lotion. That way you can turn a small sale into a bigger one and earn a larger commission."

The youngest clerk was very impressed by the talk and decided to try the technique on his very next customer. This turned out to be a rather embarrassed gentleman who shyly requested a box of Kotex for his wife. Ten minutes later, the manager of the store was amazed to see the customer staggering out loaded down with assorted fishing equipment, tackle, nets, boots and a one-man inflatable life-raft. "What happened?" the manager gasped, and the clerk modestly attributed his success to "The Related Sale."

"Related Sale!" exclaimed the manager. "But all he wanted was a box of —"

"I know. So I said, 'Look, mister, there isn't going to be much doing around your house this weekend. Why don't you take a fishing trip?'"

An old tout of our acquaintance recently pointed out that about the only thing you can look down on and approve of at the same time is a plunging neckline.



Our research department reports that these miraculous new hearing aids may be instrumental in lowering the birth rate. They bolster this fantastic assumption by the following case history:

John and Susan X had produced a bouncing baby every single year of their married life until quite recently when Susan, who is hard of hearing, acquired the aforementioned apparatus.

As Susan explains it: "Every night when we retire, John always turns to me and asks, 'Well, shall we go to sleep or what?' And before I got my hearing aid, I always answered, 'What?'"



A married man we know quite well relaxed on a recent business trip by enjoying a lively weekend with a lively blonde. Not long after returning to the home office, however, a rather shifty individual paid him a visit and said, with the nasty innuendo of a professional blackmailer, "Remember that trip you took? Remember that blonde?" The answer to both questions was "Yes."

"Well, mister," said the unsavory one, "it just so happens that I have photographs of everything what you and her did."

"Everything?" gulped our friend.

"Everything! See?" He spread a half dozen highly detailed snapshots on the desk and after giving them a chance to make the proper impression, asked, "What are you gonna do about it, mister?"

"Well," drawled our friend coolly, "I'll take one of these, two of those, and five of this one over here. Can I have them tinted?"

Three playboys—English, Arabian and American—were standing on a street corner in Casablanca when a spectacular Oriental beauty walked haughtily by them. "By Jove!" exclaimed the Englishman. "By Allah!" sighed the Arabian. "By tomorrow night," said the American.

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.





"My lord," said the girl, "I am here on official business!"

A new version of one of the choicest tales from Balzac's *Contes Drolatiques*

A SUIT FOR DAMAGES

THE JUDGE OF PORTILLON, though wise and learned, was a man of merry disposition. He kept, for example, a buxom servant girl named Jacqueline, and all the district knew the nature of the tasks she performed. But the people of Portillon were broad of mind: they were aware that the solemnity of official life weighed heavily upon the good man, and they did not begrudge him this pleasant relaxation.

Being, as we have said, a merry man, the judge was delighted to find in his judicial chambers one morning a young but exceedingly pretty and full-formed girl. Though Jacqueline had served him well the previous night, this did not hinder the judge's blood from running faster. "Good morning, my dear," he smiled, and, true to his merry nature, he took her in his arms.

"My lord!" cried the girl, leaping from his embrace. "I am here on official business—to complain, in very fact, of just such treatment."

"Such treatment?" bellowed the judge. "Such treatment is the stuff of life, a joy unto the heavens, a thing to cherish and encourage and be thankful for. And you wish to complain of it? You are, my girl, unworlly and unwise. Nevertheless, speak on. Who are you and who is the man and what was there in his action to complain of? Eh?"

"I am a laundress, sir; the man is the Sire du Fou; and his action—"

"The Sire du Fou? The king's chamberlain? Ungrateful girl! To complain of an action by the noble Sire du Fou!"

"My lord, he forced me," murmured the little laundress.

"Forced you! A likely story." But he added: "Tell me more."

The pretty laundress told the judge how the Sire du Fou had given her some linens to wash; how she had delivered them to his quarters; and how, when she had asked for her fee, the Sire du Fou had said he would give her the largest and most satisfactory fee she ever had received. It was a facetious statement, for the fee he spoke of was neither gold nor silver, and took at least thirty minutes in the paying.

The laundress related all this in lively language not permitted this chronicler, and the judge, who was ever willing to hear a tale of bawdry, listened with great interest. "Well," he said when she had finished, "this is a very pretty story and it has warmed my heart. But do you mean to say you derived no pleasure from the large and handsome fee that you were paid withal?"

"No pleasure, sir. And no profit. I therefore ask a thousand crowns in damages from the Sire."

"No pleasure!" mused the judge. "The Sire du Fou is a vigorous and experienced man, a man of merry disposition like myself, a man who knows more tricks and turns of love than Ovid. Full many a maid of Portillon would think herself well used to be paid in such a fashion by him. No pleasure, indeed! Incredible!"

"My lord," said the laundress, "ask your own little Jacqueline if a woman always feels pleasure by such payments."

"I will!" He tinkled the bell upon his desk and Jacqueline appeared. The judge repeated the laundress' question, and Jacqueline replied:

"Sir, although I dearly love such sports and am ill put to remember a time when they gave ought but pleasure to me, yet to be truthful I must admit that in my younger days there were occasions when they afforded me only sorrow. This girl, if she received no pleasure from the noble Sire, should have received payment—that is, if she were forced, as she maintains."

"Thank you, my dear," said the judge. "The question of force is one I shall now investigate. Bring me, I pray, a needle and a piece of thread."

When these were brought, the judge presented the thread to the pretty laundress and kept the needle himself. "Now then, my girl," he said, "you will please oblige me by threading this needle."

"But why, my lord?"

"I have my reasons. Do what I say; slip that thread into the eye of this needle I hold before you."

The laundress shrugged and carefully approached the needle with the thread.

But just when the thread drew close to the needle's eye, the judge moved his hand slightly. She tried again. And again the judge moved his hand. She tried a third time with the same result, and grew so vexed she cried out, "In faith, sir, if you keep not still, I will never get it in!"

The judge laughed in triumph. "True, girl! And had you done the same, the Sire du Fou would have been likewise unsuccessful. Forced, you say? Rubbish! I have no patience with talk of force in these matters. Your complaint is dismissed."

"Wait, my lord, you judge not wisely," said the girl. "Pray give me another chance. Even the best seamstress has trouble threading a needle when the thread is limp. I have heard them say so."

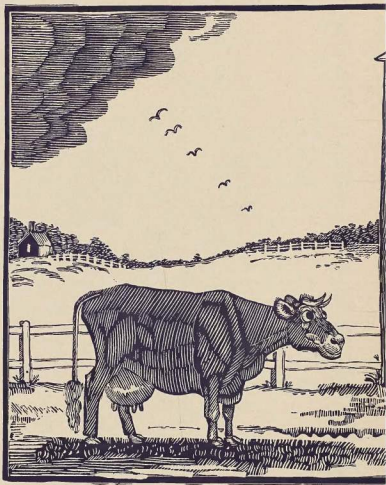
"Have you, indeed? And what else have you heard them say?"

"That by strengthening the thread with a bit of candlewax, thus, the task is made much simpler. Another chance, I pray, my lord."

The girl's quick wit amused the judge, so he presented the needle again. This time, she did not attempt to thread it at once, but began to talk to the needle in soft and melting tones: "Ah, what a sweet little needle. What a darling little needle. How slim, how straight. And such a lovely eye it has, so fresh, so impatient, so inviting! Come hither, pretty needle, I beseech you." The judge, who found her words enjoyable, brought the needle close. At once, the laundress seized his wrist, cried "Now I have you, my pretty one!" and thrust the stiffest thread through the needle's eye.

It may be seen, to this day, in the judicial records of Portillon, that damages in the amount of one hundred crowns were paid to a laundress by the Sire du Fou. This, it will be observed, was not the thousand crowns she asked for, but the remainder (though this is not stated in official record and we must here rely on rumor) was paid her by nine other lords, one hundred crowns at a time, for services rendered.

Another fine old engraving by that



→ **HER**

fine old engraver, John Held, Jr.



HERO 





TEMPEST IN A C-CUP

*miss storm perpetuates
her torso in plaster*



pictorial



The top layer is masking tape; second layer is jersey; under it all, Tempest.





A RICHLY ENDOWED young lady with the redundant monicker of Tempest Storm recently got plastered.

This is not to say that Miss Storm was pie-eyed, sozzled, gassed, stinko or otherwise incapacitated. A lady of temperate habits, she was merely being measured for a mannikin. Miss Storm is, in the words of her press agent, "a strip tease recitalist." Her body is her business, and business is very good. To make it even better, it was decided that a 3-D replica of her famous charms should be placed prominently outside the theatre where she was appearing.

The making of such a replica required yards of masking tape, much plaster, Miss Storm's ample presence, and the talents of a lucky mannikin maker named Jim Berry. Though not exactly essential to the proceedings, the PLAYBOY cameraman was also in on the deal, lending moral support and snapping the pictures you see on these pages.

Removing the shell, Berry wonders if he has quite enough plaster on hand to fill this buxom replica of The Storm Divine.





"It would be a much better act if she trusted him more."



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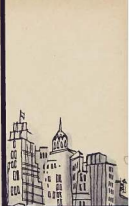
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all-aluminum, so we can't tell you why the company is called *Stewart Steel Products, Inc.*, Dept. RM, 1785 East New York Ave., Brooklyn, New York.



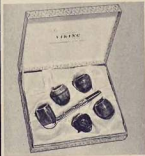
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CROOKED CORONET (continued from page 35)

Superintendent Crust may almost forgive Lady Quorn getting you off when he hears that the biggest crook in London was tipped ten bob to get himself a decent meal."

The hawklike man, staring down at the ten-shilling note in his hand with a queer smile, said not a word. The taxi which Bulrose had hailed, was still with them.

"Jerwantime?" said the taxi-driver.

"What's that?" said Bulrose, wiping away his tears.

"Jerwantime," said the taxi-driver, "or not?"

The Inspector gave him a shilling with a friendly wave of the hand, told the Cavalier to be a good boy in future and see as few gangster films as possible, and, grinning broadly, strode away towards Vine Street to tell his friend, Inspector Mussel, the joke.

The taxi-driver, who had been fumbling energetically with his gears while the Inspector was departing, now desisted and looked sympathetically at the silent figure on the curb.

"Poor old Waggers," he said. "But the main point is that we've got the stuff. It was pretty neat, the way you handed it to me just after I drove up."

The Cavalier, coming suddenly to life, twitched an eyebrow.

"And to think," he said, "I've lived to be called Percy by a flatfooted dick."

But there was a gleam in his dark eyes which might have given Inspector Bulrose food for thought rather than matter for laughter. Approaching so near the taxi-driver in his seat that there was no space between their arms, he whispered quickly:

"Hand it back, Pullman."

His obedient subordinate, doing his best to hide his curiosity by whistling, slipped a somewhat bulky handkerchief into the other's hand. The Cavalier, his back to the house behind him, slipped it into his breast pocket.

"Put the car away," he said, "and come to the flat about six. And for pity's sake get yourself a decent shave."

As the taxi-driver indignantly changed gears he saw, to his astonishment, his chief mounting the broad steps to Lady Quorn's house.

"I wondered," said Lady Quorn, "if you would come back."

"I can only hope you have missed me. I have," he said, "a bone to pick with you, Lady Quorn."

"Oh, what ingratitude! And after the trouble I went to persuading Miss Gubbins to make no charge against you for the horrible crime of blackmail."

"I don't know how," he said, "to thank you—or forgive you. For entirely owing to you, I have been called Percy by a policeman."

"If you wish," she said, "I will write to the Commissioner and complain on your behalf."

"Are you positive," he said, "that you haven't any complaints to make on your own? Better look in the mirror, Lady

Quorn."

Her level eyes rested on him for a long second before she turned to the looking-glass over the fireplace.

"I see," she murmured, her reflection in the mirror looking gravely at him.

He was thoughtfully fingering the rope of pearls he had extracted from the handkerchief the taxi-driver had returned to him. He held them out to her. She made no movement, her shoulder to him, still gazing at him in the mirror.

"So all that blackmail business," she said, "was just so much nonsense—an excuse to get into my house?"

"Let us call it a background. It was quite sincere. I disapproved of you, Lady Quorn, and I told you why. I only steal from people I disapprove of."

"And give the proceeds to charity?"

"Well, not quite. But I do, I fancy, give as much as any other Christian. You see how modest I am?"

"And why are you returning my pearls?"

"I told you," he said, "that I only stole from people I disapproved of."

"And you have ceased to disapprove?"

"Oh, no. But I disapprove of your husband even more for being, as he must be, such an unattractive, useless and silly man as not to be able to keep the affections of a woman like Sheila Quorn."

"I should like to think, then, that you are returning the pearls because you like me?"

"Yes. And also," he said, "because they are false."

"It was clever of you," he added, absently fingering the pearls, "to slip that check into the pocket of an accomplished thief. My vanity is quite concerned, Lady Quorn. How did you do it?"

"Dear me, Cavalier, at one moment you were so near to me that I feared you were about to kiss me."

"And then you would have slapped my face?"

"Oh, it is only frightened women who make small points."

He let the pearls drop with a small crash on to the table, and walked towards the door.

"Cavalier," she said, "would you have returned the pearls if they had been real?"

"I am afraid so," he said from the door. "It is necessary for me to tell you why? Good-bye, Lady Quorn. But should your husband ever miss his pearl studs, you will know that my disapproval of a complaisant husband has reached its limit."

His hand was on the door knob.

"My friend," she said, "I have just realized that I know so little about you. Are you, by any chance, engaged or married?"

As he turned from the door he saw she was pressing the bell.

"I am ringing," she said, "for tea."



1



2



3



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5



6

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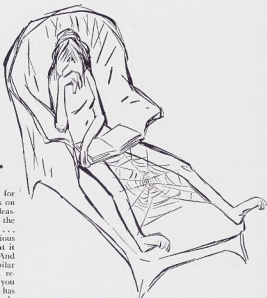
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