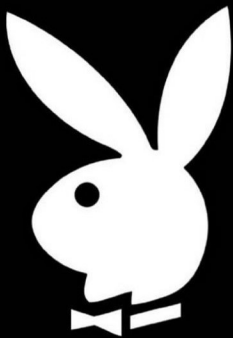


PLAYBOY

AUGUST 50 cents

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN





PLAYBOY

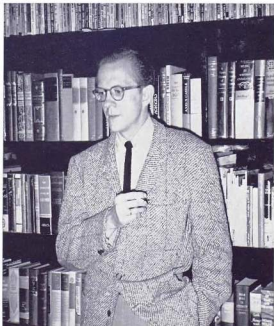
THE STORY BEHIND "THE CROOKED MAN" is almost as unusual as the story itself. We received a carbon of the original manuscript from Charles Beaumont last summer with a note attached. We'd just purchased "Black Country," so anything from Chuck rated special attention.

"The Crooked Man," he explained, had already been bought and paid for by another men's magazine a short time before *PLAYBOY* began publishing. They had praised it, called it "one of the great stories," and scheduled it for their May 1954 issue. It didn't run in May. It didn't run in June or July either and after some hedging, the editor admitted that higher-ups considered the story too controversial. Eventually the magazine applied their payment on another, milder Beaumont tale that they published early this year.

When we read the manuscript, we understood why it had thrown a scare into our usually fearless competition, for this was strong stuff: a nightmare of a story that haunted you long after you'd put it down. This was a tale most magazines wouldn't touch with a ten-foot pole, but when we began publishing, we'd promised our readers adult, off-beat fiction. We called a special editorial meeting and, though all agreed it was controversial, we decided our readers were mature enough to take the story for what it is: an imaginative forecast of a future world where vice wears a very different face. "The Crooked Man" is the first fiction in this August issue of *PLAYBOY*.

There's no controversy about the Pelham Grenville Wodehouse offering for August, however: it's a very British, very amusing story by the creator of the world famous Jeeves. In addition, there are entertaining articles on the new look in jazz by Dave Brubeck and the old look in nightie models by Earl Wilson. *PLAYBOY* favorite Joanne Arnold is here, too, taking a swim in the altogether. A good way to keep cool in August, we think. So come on in—the water's fine.

PLAYBILL





TOASTS

After hearing your publisher interviewed on Barry Gray's show, I promptly bought PLAYBOY. I enjoyed it very much, despite the fact that I'm a retired school teacher of seventy three whose sole claim to fame, to date, is that I taught Jimmy Cagney back in 1913 and that he told Tex and Jinx in a recent radio interview that I did an excellent job (he could be wrong).

Your May issue had some excellent toasts in "Here's How," but you failed to include one that I've always liked:

Here's to hell.
May the stay there
Be as gay
As the way there!

Charles L. Egan
New York, New York

TEXAS FASHIONS

I have just finished reading your May issue cover to cover. Your "Dear Playboy" column has really raised my Texas temper: those college men writing from Pennsylvania and Illinois must be stay-at-homes. Pink shirts and pleated ties may be the style for some people here in the Lone Star State, but I have never seen any decent, self-respecting University of Texas male dressed in such attire. I own one of those "new fangled" flap-pocketed suits and wear it regularly. Blue jeans are more comfortable during the summer months, but aren't they worn in other parts of the country, too? A casual visitor on the UT campus would have difficulty distinguishing it from any other U.S. university. Once a year (at Roundup) everyone on campus (including professors) wears western garb, but that is once a year. I challenge anyone to find a better dressed group of college students than us T-sippers.

PLAYBOY is a favorite here in our house—more power to you and your sophisticated brand of journalism. I have a suggestion though: why not accept a few ads in your magazine so that the price can be lowered a little? Just a thought. True and Argory are just 25c and it's tempting to buy them instead of PLAYBOY.

James F. McDowd
University of Texas
Austin, Texas

We plan on accepting "a few" ads, but not on reducing PLAYBOY's price. The additional revenue will be used to make PLAYBOY the best men's magazine in the nation.

MISS MAY

First, I want to compliment you on your very fine magazine. It is a must for me each month. It would take too many words to adequately describe just why PLAYBOY is the men's magazine—let's just keep it as it is, a good all-around man's companion, second only to women.

But to get to the reason for this letter: Marguerite Empey, your Playmate of the May, 1955 issue. If you can give me this girl's address, or have her contact me at this office, I may be able to help her in a career in the motion picture and TV field. This is the type of talent that the industry sorely needs. For the record, we are a talent agency representing a number of well known stars, many of whom got their starts through the guidance of this office. Thanks in advance for any information you can send and tell her not to sign with anyone until talking to me.

Bob Mahanian, TV Rep.
Wynn Rocamora Agency
Los Angeles, California

Your letter has been forwarded to Miss Empey, Bob. Don't call her, she'll call you. If she becomes famous, how about cutting us in for 5%? Incidentally, we've a brother-in-law who has a trained seal act that you might . . . Oh, never mind.

NAKED LADIES

Allow a humble servant of our nation to express his opinion regarding an excellent piece of fiction. "Naked Lady" was certainly entertaining reading; I'd enjoy reading more stories by Mindret Lord.

Undoubtedly you've eyed the very luscious piece of femininity known as Barbara Osterman, Peter Gowland's favorite model. Can we possibly expect to see her as a future Playmate? Here's hoping.

Joe Davidson
Port Hueneme, Calif.

Maybe. You'll find another favorite Gowland model in this issue.

MURROW, MILLER & ARNO

I enjoyed Arv Miller's Edward R. Murrow cartoon on page 9 of the July issue, but it seemed awfully familiar. A quick check verified that the same basic gag had appeared in *The New Yorker* (drawn by Peter Arno) a month before. I liked Miller's version better, but Arno

did have the idea first.

James J. Brophy III

Western Springs, Illinois
This is one of the reasons cartoonists (and editors, too) have more than their share of ulcers. The Arv Miller "Person to Person" cartoon was independently conceived and drawn several months before it appeared in the magazine. Ordinarily it would have been killed after the similar New Yorker cartoon appeared, but color work is prepared so



"Says his name's Murrow, eh. Something about 'Person to Person' tonight."



"Good Lord! I thought Mr. Murrow said next Friday!"

many weeks in advance of publication that plates had already been made and it had to be run. Cartoonist Miller is presently vacationing in South Africa and doesn't know about it yet.

IT'S PLAYBOY 2 TO 1

Recently I was glancing through some magazines and happened to turn to the page of Party Jokes in the May issue of PLAYBOY. I am not a religious fanatic nor a narrow minded person, but I was extremely shocked to see a magazine for sale with such disgusting filth. I don't know what censorship magazines have to go through, but evidently it's not much. I pray that your magazine does not reflect the thoughts of the majority of male readers in America today.

Freddie Streetman
Hendersonville, N. C.

Must say I get a chuckle from the way PLAYBOY gets a rise out of some of the narrower among us. Can't those who call PLAYBOY vulgar see that they are only airing their own minds—which, I might add, need it. Your magazine is earthy, realistic and witty. To call it smutty is preposterous. You call it a man's magazine, but I'm a woman, married, mother of two children. My husband buys your magazine and I read it when he's finished. My grandmother always said, "When things are buried, they get dirty—when they are in the open and treated gently, they bloom."

Barbara Mortimer
Hoboken, New Jersey

You had a smart granny, Barb.

PLAYBOY rates tips in our house, with both my wife and myself. I wish those who find the magazine objectionable would quit buying it, so the rest of us can get our copies regularly, instead of often finding it sold out at newsstands.

John C. Rothrock
Amber, Pennsylvania

PLAYBOY SURVEY

I am a serviceman who has really been around, seen a lot of things and read a lot of books, good and bad, but in all fairness I must say that PLAYBOY is one of the greatest (all 'round) magazines for men the world has ever known. I'm enclosing my questionnaire from the April issue. I'm sorry about the delay, but I was in Labrador when it was published and it took a little time to reach me. I hope you plan to publish the results—I'd be interested in seeing what sort of a man the typical PLAYBOY reader is.

William M. Davis
St. Louis, Missouri

Every thirty-seventh copy of the April issue included a questionnaire requesting information about the reader: his age, job, education, hobbies, etc. The survey was primarily designed for the

information of potential advertisers, but we think PLAYBOY's readers will be interested in the results, too, so we'll publish them in the next issue.

HANDSOME FEATHERWEIGHTS

Jack J. Kessie's "Featherweights For Spring" aroused my interest. Where, pray tell, does one find the suit described? I'd be interested in any store serving the metropolitan areas of New York City or New Jersey.

Melvin A. Benarde
Bayonne, New Jersey

P.S. Your magazine is arriving. The May issue was by far the best. At last, the Playmates are beginning to show signs of life. Cole's cartoon on page 31 is the most.

I would appreciate the name of the manufacturer of the cotton suit you so warmly recommend at \$28.50 in the May issue of PLAYBOY.

John McCauley
Brooklyn, N. Y.

In your apparel article in the May issue of PLAYBOY, you describe a \$26.50 washable cotton cord suit. If it is at all possible, I would appreciate your giving me the name of a store where this suit can be purchased, as it is just what I'm looking for. It would work out very well for me if the store is in Chicago or Evanston, as I'll be going through each of these places the end of next week.

John Gregory
Manitowoc, Wisconsin

In New York, the \$26.50 cotton cord suit is available at Brooks Brothers, 346 Madison Avenue or Chipp, 14 E. 44th Street; in Chicago, at Marshall Field's Store For Men ("Young Chicagoan" shop, 4th floor), the corner of State and Washington or at Brooks Brothers, 74 E. Madison. We think you will find it to be the perfect, inexpensive suit for hot weather wear.

PLAYMATES PASS INSPECTION

I enjoyed Captain Collins' remarks on how the Playmates brighten his inspections. I have the May Playmate on my wall locker inside the door and receive numerous comments on it. Since I am Flight Commander, not too many inspect it officially, but quite a few do unofficially. On my last inspection, I discovered my men had wiped out the PLAYBOY sock at the P.X. and most of the Playmates had found their way to the doors of lockers in my flight. Needless to say, it is distracting when I'm inspecting, but fun at the same time. You might say it adds color to the

everyday routine, so keep them coming.

F/C Lt. John T. Chandler
Goodfellow AFB
San Angelo, Texas

PLAYBOY FOR FATHER'S DAY

A subscription is enclosed for my father for Father's Day. Can't think of a better gift.

Pfc. W. R. Prunella
Fort Bragg, N. C.

BURGLER PLAYBOY

I've been getting your magazine every month since the very first issue and saving them in a permanent collection. Some rat broke into my house, took some of my clothes, a few other things and my most prized possession: all my copies of PLAYBOY. Is there some way I can get these back copies?

Joe M. Parkhill
Eureka Springs, Arkansas

All but the first three issues, Joe. Back copies are 50c each and are available from March '54 on.

EXPENSIVE PLAYBOY

I managed to get a copy of the very first issue of PLAYBOY before a bluesoned community snatched it off the stands. Since that time, I have been "booked" and it's costing me money. I have to single myself out on a cross-country each month to some more open-minded metropolis in order to get my copy, and X-C's cost loot . . . e.g., rooms at B.O.Q., \$1.00 . . . taxi fare into town, \$2.00 . . . copy of PLAYBOY, 50c . . . booze (at 70c each), \$10.00 (including tips) . . . taxi fare back to the base, \$2.00. All this adds up to about \$15.50, plus loss of weight (no food—might get stains on PLAYBOY), plus steadily failing eyesight (the lighting in bars is notoriously poor for reading anything, much less PLAYBOY which demands concentration), plus chronic bursitis of both shoulders (people leaning all over me helping me read PLAYBOY).

Oh, I know the obvious answer: fill out the subscription blank inside the back cover and send it forthwith. Buster, if you think I'm going to desecrate any one copy of PLAYBOY with a dirty old pair of scissors . . .

Please accept a reasonable facsimile of a subscription coupon, plus \$6.00, gratis with my everlasting thanks (I use yours gratis all the time).

Mel Porter
Mather AFB, California



**CONTENTS FOR
THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE**

| | | |
|--|-------------------|----|
| THE CROOKED MAN—fiction..... | CHARLES BEAUMONT | 6 |
| THE NEW JAZZ AUDIENCE—jazz..... | DAVE BRUBECK | 9 |
| MY DATE WITH A NIGHTIE MODEL—humor..... | EARL WILSON | 13 |
| UNCLE FRED FLITS BY—fiction..... | P. G. WODEHOUSE | 16 |
| KNOW YOUR ONIONS—food..... | THOMAS MARIO | 19 |
| DON'T HATE YOURSELF—article..... | JULES ARCHER | 21 |
| CAUGHT IN THE ACT—ribald classic..... | GUY DE MAUPASSANT | 22 |
| SEX IN BUSINESS—satire..... | SHEPHERD MEAD | 25 |
| PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor..... | | 27 |
| MISS AUGUST—playboy's playmate of the month..... | | 28 |
| CLUB COMIC—satire..... | FRANK BROOKHouser | 33 |
| CLINK!—quiz..... | JOSEPH C. STACEY | 37 |
| WOODCUTS OF A BYGONE DAY—pictorial..... | JOHN HEID, JR. | 38 |
| GOWLAND'S COOL POOL—pictorial..... | PETER GOWLAND | 41 |
| PLAYBOY'S BAZAAR—buying guide..... | | 51 |

HUGH M. HEFNER, editor and publisher
RAY RUSSELL, associate editor
ARTHUR PAUL, art director
JOSEPH PACZEK, assistant art director
JOHN MASTRO, production manager
ELDON SELLERS, advertising manager

Playboy is published monthly by the HMH Publishing Co., Inc., 11 E. Superior, Chicago 11, Illinois. Postage paid occasionally at newsstands and drawings submitted if they are to be returned and no responsibility can be assumed for unclassified material. Entry on second-class matter accepted for the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, April 27, 1955. Contents copyrighted 1955 by HMH Publishing Co., Inc. Nothing may be reprinted in whole or in part without written permission. Printed in U.S.A. Any similarity between the people and places mentioned in this magazine and any real people and places is purely coincidental.

Subscriptions: In the U.S., its possessions, and Canada, \$15 for three years, \$10 for two years, \$6 for one year, in advance. Elsewhere, \$12 a year, in advance. Please allow three weeks for entering a new subscription, renewal, and change of address.

Advertising: Main advertising office, E. Robinson-street, western manager, 11 E. Superior St., Chicago 11, Illinois, Michigan 2-4311; eastern manager, Stanley Blitt, 276 Park Avenue, New York 17, N.Y., Plaza 5-3275; Los Angeles representative, F. E. Crowfield, 638 S. Van Ness Ave., Los Angeles 5, Calif., DUnkirk 4-7352; San Francisco representative, A. Newkirk, 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco 4, Calif., EDmond 2-4155; Miami representative, Halse Petrus, Langford Building, Miami 35, Florida, MIami 6-2668.

Credits: Cover designed by Arthur Paul, rabbit collage by B. Paul, mirrored photo by Peter Gowland, art by E. Lorcher; P. 9 photo by Bob Willsoughby from Clubs; P. 13 reprinted by permission of White Kingsley, Wit, copyright 1945 by The Fawcett Press, Inc.; P. 17 "Uncle Fred Flits By" copyright 1955 by Pelham Greenville Woodhouse, reprinted with permission of the author and the Scott Meredith Literary Agency, Inc.; P. 20 from "Ding At Eve" with permission of Goodday, Inc.; P. 26's and Adams; P. 28's from "The Works of John, Heid, Jr." with permission of the author; P. 41-4 photos by Peter Gowland.



Beaumont P. 6



Wodehouse P. 16



Brubeck P. 9

PLAYBOY

a uniquely terrifying story by CHARLES BEAUMONT

THE CROOKED MAN

"Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools . . . who changed the truth of God into a lie . . . for even their women did change the natural use into that which is against nature; and likewise also the men, leaving the natural use of the woman, burned in their lust one toward another; men with men working that which is unseemly . . ."

(St. Paul: Romans, 1)

HE SLIPPED INTO A corner booth away from the dancing men, where it was quietest, where the odors of musk and frangipani hung less heavy on the air. A slender lamp glowed softly in the booth. He turned it down; down to where

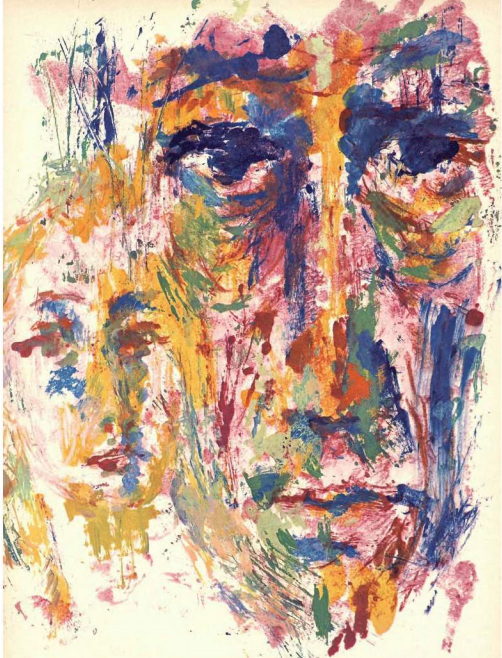
only the club's blue overheads filtered through the beaded curtain, diffusing, blurring the image thrown back by the mirrored walls of his light thin-boned handsomeness.

"Yes, sir?" The barboy stepped through the beads and stood smiling. Glad in gold-sequined trunks, his greased muscles seemed to roll in independent motion, like fat snakes beneath his naked skin.

"Whiskey," Jesse said. He caught the insouciant grin, the broad white-tooth crescent that formed on the young man's face. Jesse looked away, tried to control the flow of blood to his cheeks.

"Yes, sir," the barboy said, running his thick tanned fingers over his solar plexus, tapping the fingers, making them hop in a sinuous dance. He hesitated, still smiling, this time





questioningly, hopefully, a smile filled with admiration and desire. The Finger Dance, the accepted symbol since 2648, stopped: the pudgy brown digits curled into angry fists. "Right away, sir."

Jesse watched him turn; before the beads had tinkled together, he watched the handsome athlete make his way imperiously through the crowd, shaking off the tentative hands of single men at the tables, ignoring the many desire symbols directed toward him.

That shouldn't have happened, Jesse thought. Now the fellow's feelings were hurt. If hurt enough, he would start thinking, wondering—and that would ruin everything. No. It must be put right.

He thought of Mina, of the beautiful Mina. It was such a rotten chance: it had to go well!

"Your whiskey, sir," the young man said. His face was like a dog's face, large, sad; his lips were a pouting blot of line.

Jesse reached into his pocket for some change. He started to say something, something nice.

"It's been paid for," the barboy said. He scowled and laid a card on the table and left.

The card carried the name E. J. HOBART, embossed, in lavender ink. Jesse heard the curtains tinkle.

"Hello, there! I hope you don't mind my larking in like this, but—well, you didn't seem to be with anyone . . ."

The man was small, chubby, bald; his face had a dirty growth of beard and he looked out of tiny eyes encased in bulging contacts. He was bare to the waist. His white, hairless chest drooped and turned in folds at the stomach. Softly, more subtle than the barboy had done, he put his porky stubs of fingers into a suggestive rhythm.

Jesse smiled. "Thanks for the drink," he said. "But I really am expecting someone."

"Oh?" the man said. "Someone-special?"

"Pretty special," Jesse said smoothly, now that the words had become automatic. "He's my fiancé."

"I see." The man frowned momentarily and then brightened. "Well, I thought to myself, I said, 'E. J., you don't *actually* think a beauty like that would be unattached, do you?' But, it was certainly worth the old college try. Sorry."

"Perfectly all right," Jesse said. The predatory little eyes were rolling, the fingers dancing in one last ditch attempt. "Good evening, Mr. Hobart."

Jesse felt slightly amused this time: it was the other kind, the intent ones, the humorless ones like the barboy, who revolved him, turned him ill, made him want to take a knife and carve unpeppable ugliness into his own smooth, aesthetic face.

The man shrugged: "Good evening!" and waddled away, crabwise.

Now the club was becoming more crowded. It was getting later and heads full of liquor shook away the inhibitions of the earliest hours. Jesse tried not to watch, but he had long ago given up trying to rid himself of his fascination. So he watched the men together. The pair over in the far corner, pressed close together, dancing with their bodies, never moving their feet, swaying in slow, listless movements to the music. . . . The couple seated by the bar: one a Beast, the other a Hunter. The Beast old, his cheeks caked hard and cracking with powder and liniments, the perfume rising from his body like steam; the Hunter, young but unhandsome, the fury evident in his eyes, the hurt anger at having to make do with a paid companion, and such an ugly one. From time to time the Hunter would look around, wetting his lips in shame. . . . And those two just coming in, dressed in Mother's uniforms, tanned, mustached, proud of their station. . . .

Jesse held the beads apart. *Mina must come soon!* He wanted to run from this place, out into the air, into the darkness and silence.

No. He just wanted Mina. To see her, touch her, listen to the music of her voice. . . .

Two women came in, arm in arm, Beast and Hunter, drunk. They were stopped at the door. The manager swept by Jesse's booth, muttering about them, asking why they should want to come to the Phallus when they had their own sections, their own clubs. . . .

Jesse pulled his head back inside. He'd become used to the light by now; so he closed his eyes against his multiplied image. The disorganized sounds of love got louder, the strag-sung syrup of voices: high-pitched, throaty, baritone, falsetto. It was crowded now. The Orgies would begin before long and the couples would pair off for the orgies. He hated the place. But close to Orgie-time you didn't get noticed here; and where else was there to go? Outside, where every inch of pavement was patrolled electronically, every word of conversation, every movement recorded, catalogued, filed?

Damn Knudsen! Damn the little man! Thanks to him, to the Senator, Jesse was now a criminal. Before, it hadn't been so bad: not this bad, anyway. You were laughed at and shunned and fired from your job, and sometimes kids threw stones at you, but at least you weren't hunted. Now—it was a crime. It was a sickness.

He remembered when Knudsen had taken over. It had been one of the little man's first telecasts; in fact, it was the platform that had got him the majority vote:

" . . . Vice is on the upswing in our

great city. In the dark corners of every Unit perversion blossoms like an evil flower. Our children are exposed to its stink, and they wonder—*our children wonder*—why nothing is done to put a halt to this disgrace. We have ignored it long enough! The time has come for *action*, not mere words. The perverts who infect our land must be flushed out, eliminated *completely*, as a threat not only to public morals but to society at large. These sick people must be cured and made normal. The disease that throws men and women together in this dreadful abnormal relationship and leads to acts of retrogression—retrogression that will, unless it is stopped and stopped fast, lead us inevitably back to the status of animals—this is to be considered as any other disease. It must be *conquered* as heart trouble, cancer, polio, all other diseases have been conquered. . . ."

The Women's Senator had taken Knudsen's lead and issued a similar pronouncement and then the bill had become law and the law was carried out.

Jesse sipped at his whiskey, remembering the Hunts. How the frenzied mobs had gone through the city at first, chanting, yelling, bearing placards with slogans: "Wipe out the heteros!" "Kill the Queers!" "Make our city clean again!" And how they'd lost interest finally after the passion had worn down and the novelty had ended. But they had killed many and they had sent many more to the hospitals. . . .

He remembered the nights of running and hiding, choked dry breath cutting his throat, heart rattling loose. He had been lucky. He didn't look like a hetero. They said you could tell one just by watching him walk—but Jesse walked correctly. He fooled them. He was lucky.

And he was a criminal. He, Jesse Martin, no different from the rest, tubeborn and machine-nursed, raised in the Character Schools like everyone else—was terribly different from the rest.

It had been on his first formal date that he became aware of this difference, that it crystallized. The man had been a Rocketeer, the best high quality, and frighteningly handsome. "Mother" had arranged it, the way he arranged everything, carefully, proving and re-proving that he was worthy of the Mother's uniform. There was the dance. And then the ride in the space-sled. The big man had put an arm about Jesse and—Jesse knew. He knew for certain and it made him very angry and very sad.

He remembered the days that came after the knowledge: bad days, days fallen upon evil, black desires, deep-cured frustrations. He had tried to find a friend at the Crooked Clubs that flourished then, but it was no use. There was a sensationalism, a bravura to these people that he could not love. The sight of men and women together, too,

(continued overleaf)



THE NEW JAZZ AUDIENCE

BY DAVE BRUBECK

after 60 colleges in 60 days, brubeck talks about his music and the people who listen

AN EXCITING NEW KIND OF JAZZ is being played in America today. And it is creating a new kind of jazz audience.

Jazz is distinctively American music. It was born in the Deep South and spread from there throughout the rest of the country and then throughout the world. In the beginning, it was played in the honky tonks, brothels, and lowest sort of dives. There was a time when respectable people would have nothing to do with the music. But as jazz grew, so did its audience.

In the beginning, an important function of jazz was to express repressed emotions. A jazzman, who often couldn't read music, blew his feelings through a horn. As jazz grew, it became more complicated; the men who played jazz became more expert with their instruments. Big band jazz required putting the notes down on paper. In our own quartet the arranged material serves as a cohesive introduction and ending to form a skeletal framework, leaving the body of the piece free to develop. Its limitations are set only by the self-imposed limitations of the improvisers. Jazz has given us one of the greatest freedoms and challenges ever offered to any musical mind.

Modern jazz still has the important function of expressing emotions, but a great deal of the formal aspect of music has been added to it. Harmonically, melodically, structurally—contemporary jazz has advanced far. A few short years ago, people liked to dance to jazz and they liked to stamp and clap their hands to jazz. Today people like to do all of these, but realize jazz is as deserving of attentive listening as classical music. In fact, jazz is America's classical music.

I think courses in jazz should be

taught at all colleges. The movement has started. Our quartet with Paul Desmond on alto sax, Box Bates on bass, Joe Dodge on drums, and myself on piano, has just completed a series of sixty concerts at colleges all across the country. The reception was wonderful. These kids are becoming musically aware; they understand what it is we're trying to do.

We try to bring our audience into the music we play. They help us to actually create the sounds they are hearing. Our music is complicated and elusive. Our audience must use their imaginations to the same degree as the performer uses his imagination.

Audiences differ, of course. All audiences are mixed in their desire for style. Some are only interested in whether we swing or not. Some just want to hear the counterpoint; some don't care about the counterpoint—they just want to feel the drive of the emotion behind our playing. You have to reach all these people.

A few progressive jazzmen don't give a damn about their audiences, because the people don't understand everything being played. That's ridiculous. A musician needs people—he needs the spark only an audience can give him. People have to be conditioned to good music, just as they've been conditioned to the mediocre. That's part of what I hope to accomplish. If I can reach these people and make them understand what it is we are trying to do and say with our music, then I'll be a very happy guy. I've been giving a lot of thought to television, as a way of reaching large numbers of people at one time.

I believe that if you represent a cultural medium, you should represent all

(concluded on page 14)



CROOKED MAN (continued from page 8)

shooked the parts of him he could not check, and disgusted him. Then the vice-squads had come and closed up the clubs and the heteros were forced underground and he never sought them out again or saw them. He was alone.

The beads tinkled.

"Jesse."

He looked up, quickly, afraid. Then his fear vanished.

A figure stood outlined against the curtains, quietly. A small, soft, clean figure, a softness there, and a cleanliness, cutting and dissipating the dark asylum of his memories like sudden sunlight, with all the good warmth of sunlight, and all the brightness, Mina.

She wore a loose man's shirt, an odd hat that hid her golden hair: her face was shadowed by the turned up collar. Through the shirt the rise and fall of her breasts could be faintly detected. She smiled once, nervously.

Jesse looked out the curtain. Without speaking, he put his hands about her soft, thin shoulders and held her like this for a long minute.

"Mina—" She looked away. He pulled her chin forward and ran a finger along her lips. Then he pressed her body to his, tightly, touching her neck, her back, kissing her forehead, her eyes, kissing her mouth.

She pulled her head back and sat down, staring at the table. "Don't do that, please don't," she said.

Jesse opened his mouth, closed it abruptly as the curtains parted.

"Order, sir?"

"Beer," Jesse said, winking at the barboy, who tried to come closer, to see the one loved by this handsome stranger.

"Two beers. Yes, sir."

The barboy looked at Mina very hard, but she had turned and he could see only the back. Jesse held his breath. The barboy smiled contemptuously then, a smile that said: You're insane—I was hired for my beauty; I know that I am beautiful, hundreds would be proud to have me, and you turn me down for this bag of bones . . .

Jesse winked again, shrugged suggestively, and danced his fingers: *Tomorrow, my friend. I'm stuck tonight. Can't help it. Tomorrow.*

The barboy paused a moment, grinned briefly with understanding, and left. In a few minutes he returned with the beer. "On the house," he said, for Mina's benefit. She turned only when Jesse said, softly:

"It's all right. He's gone now."

He looked at her, at the pain in her face, and the fear; hard lines that lied about the love that was between them and had been for all these months. He reached over and took off the hat. Long tresses of blonde hair spilled out, splashing over the rough shirt.

She grabbed for the hat. "We musn't," she said. "Please. What if somebody came in?"

"No one will come in. I told you that."

"But what if someone does? That man at the door, he almost recognized me."

"But he didn't."

"Almost, though. And then what?"

"Forget it, Mina, for God's sake. Let's not quarrel."

She shook her head. "I'm sorry, Jesse. It's only that meeting you like this makes me feel . . ."

"What?"

"Dirty." She spoke the word defiantly, and lifted her eyes to his.

"You don't really believe that, do you?"

"No, I suppose not: I don't know, any more." She hesitated. "Maybe if we could be alone together, I—"

Jesse took out a cigarette and began to use the table lighter. Then he cursed and threw the phallic object under the chair and crushed the cigarette. "You know that's impossible," he said. The idea of separate Units for homes had disappeared, of course, to be replaced by giant dormitories. There were no more parks, no country lanes. There was no place to hide at all now, thanks to Senator Knudsen, to the little spearhead of these great new sociological reforms. "This is all we have." Jesse threw a sardonic look around the booth, with its carved symbols and framed pictures of entertainment stars—all naked and leering.

They were silent for a time, hands interlocked on the tabletop. Then the girl began to cry. "I—I can't go on like this," she said. "I can't, Jesse, listen; I came here tonight to tell you—"

"I know. I know how awful it is for you. But what else can we do? He tried to keep the hopelessness out of his voice."

"We could—" the girl started, and seemed to change her mind. "Maybe we should have gone underground with the rest, right at the first."

"And hide there, like rats?" Jesse said.

"We're hiding here, aren't we," Mina demanded, adding, "like rats!"

He sighed. He could not remember seeing her quite so unhappy. Things had never been exactly right, never perfect, because she had always seemed to fight her instincts. Even her affection for him, since that first time when he made her admit it, pried it loose from her. But he had thought this could be conquered. . . . No; don't think about it. Think about now, and how beautiful she is, how warm and vibrant and soft.

"It's necessary," he said. "Parner is getting ready to crack down. I know, Mina: I work at Centraldomne, after all.

In a little while there won't be any underground. He has a list of names a mile long already."

Then, suddenly, the girl said, "I love you," and leaned forward, parting her lips for a kiss. "Jesse, I do." She closed her eyes. "And I've tried to be strong, just like you told me to be. But they wouldn't leave us alone. They wouldn't stop, just because we're qu—"

"Mina! I've said it before—don't ever use that word!" His voice was harsh; he pushed her away. "It isn't true! We're not the quaters. You've got to believe that. Years ago it was normal for men and women to love each other; they married and had children together; that's the way it was. Don't you remember anything of what I've told you?"

The girl stared downward. "Of course I do, I do, really. But it was such a long time ago."

"Not so long! Where I work—listen to me—they have books. You know, I told you about books? I've read them, Mina. I learned what the words meant from other books. It's only been since the use of artificial insemination—not even five hundred years ago."

"Yes," the girl said, sighing. "I'm sure that's true."

"Mina, stop it! We are not the unnatural ones, no matter what they say. I don't know exactly how it happened—maybe as women gradually became equal to men in every way—or maybe solely because of the way we've been—I don't know. But the point is, darling, the whole world was like us, once. Even now," he said, desperately, "look at the animals."

"Jesse, don't you dare talk as though we're like those horrible little dogs and cats and things."

Jesse took a deep swallow of his drink. He had tried so often to tell her, show her, make her see. But he knew what she thought, really. She thought she was exactly what the authorities told her she was.

God, maybe that's how they all think, all the Crooked People, all the "unnatural ones" . . .

The girl's hands caressed his arms and the touch of them became strange to him. *I love you, Mr. Martin, even though you do have two heads . . .*

Forget it, he thought. Never mind. She's a woman, a very satisfying, desirable woman, and she may think you're both freaks, but you know different, indeed you do, you know she's wrong, just as they're all wrong . . .

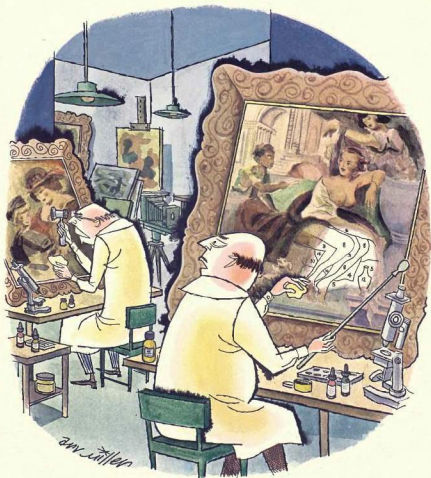
Or, he wondered, are you the insane person of old days who was insane because he was so sure he wasn't insane because—

"Disgusting!"

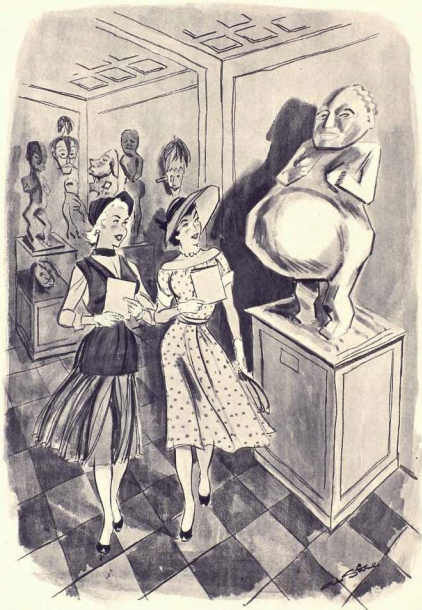
It was the fat man, the smiling masher, E. J. Hohart. But he wasn't smiling now.

Jesse got up quickly and stepped in

(concluded on page 14)



*"Uh, professor, I'd appreciate your opinion
on the underpainting on this Rubens."*



"Have you heard about Eloise?"

A PROMINENT, MIDDLE-AGED bachelor told me the other night, "I am surprised at the wolfishness of some of the Broadway broads. Frequently when I take a girl home I have to beg her to please be more discreet. Why, I've had to slap two or three of them when we were riding home in a cab. They are very, very hard to handle, because they are so strong nowadays. They have such street," he said. "Such street! They are party girls, lifting scootches and sodas all day and all night long, and they have such street, that their advances are very hard to resist. They are so strong that, well —"

The poor fellow blushed and couldn't go on.

This bachelor's observations about the female wolf crossed my mind a few days later when I had the pleasure of interviewing a lovely lingerie model. Not that this girl was actually a wolf—the thought just crossed my mind, that's all. She opened the conversation by quoting the famous author Arthur Henley who wrote cryptically upon one occasion, "Of all my relations, I like Sex the best."

This cute voluptuous bundle of American girl can be seen any day waddling through the first floor of a big department store wearing a flimsy negligee priced at 100 to 200 bucks. She covets around the store in this nightie, and sometimes she leans on the counter and looks through the doorway out into Fifth Avenue.

People passing on the street return the favor—they look through her. "I like to stand here and watch the people," she said, moodily.

"And the people no doubt like to watch you?" I said.

"Yes," she said. "Sometimes the cabs stop right there on Fifth Avenue and the men in the cabs gawk at me. Aren't

men terrible? We girls," she said, "waltz around the first floor here, drumming up customers for the lingerie department upstairs. I have a slip on under my nightie," she said. "Had you noticed?"

"Yes, I had, damn it," I said.

"Come on up to the lingerie department with me," she said.

"Sure," I protested.

It was very interesting to me when I got up there to notice how many men were shopping for lovely pink, white and cream-colored nightgowns. "Are they buying these for themselves?" I naively inquired. "Oh no," the model told me, "they are buying them for their wives whom they are cheating on while they are in town, or maybe for their girl friends. Or maybe they are just looking."

She remarked that two young executives had come into the lingerie department a couple of days before and sat down in the big easy chairs, and just sat there.

"They just sat and sat.

"Was there something you wanted?" a clerk asked.

"Oh no," said the execs. "we just came to watch the models walk around in their nighties. We hear it's quite pretty."

But this is the thing that shocked me. The model said to me, "Do you know, a lot of men who come in here with their wives, later on call us up afterward?"

"Not in New York City!" I said. "Not in New York City do such things happen!"

"Yes," she said, "they generally have sizable pocketbooks. One of them called me and I got to know him pretty well."

"What happened to him?"

"Oh," she said, casually, "he went back home to his wife."

"Didn't you feel conscience-stricken about taking a woman's husband?"

"No," she said, frowning prettily, and when a dame blouses in one of those 200-buck nighties it is a thing to see. "He gave me a few little presents. If I were his wife, I wouldn't let him come to New York alone in the first place. I'd expect that he'd fall in with some dame. She is just a damned fool. If I were his wife, I wouldn't let him get away from me."

You have to admit the dame has got something there.

This girl was what I would call the Young, Luscious Type, and I, for one, see no reason to talk about any other type, although of course there is the Old Bag Type which is always going around with handsome virile young gents who are paid highly for their services. But personally although I am handsome, virile and young, there is no amount of money that would purchase my body for the Old Bag Type.

I suppose by now you are saying, "This Wilson is kind of rambling and hasn't said anything so far; when is he going to get at it?" Gee whiz, this lingerie model told me that she is fondest of black, and powder blue nighties, to wear in the store, but that she is kind of mad at the store for making her wear a slip under them.

"What I would like to do is be a show-girl," she said. "I would like to undress even more!"

"What sort of nighties do you wear at home?"

"Me!" she laughed. "I get tired of all these nighties here. I go home and sleep in the raw."

"Do you—uh—live alone?" I asked.

"Of course not," she said indignantly. "My husband lives with me."

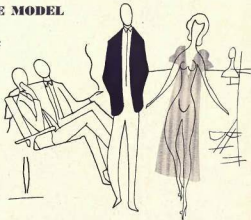
And if this remark disappoints you, just think how I felt.



MY DATE WITH A NIGHTIE MODEL

the broadway boswell meets a mannequin

article By EARL WILSON



NEW JAZZ (continued from page 9)

of it and not just a segment. I try to encompass all of the human emotions through the medium of jazz. I think that jazz is one of the strongest forces that exists in the world today. It's quite possible that it's the only truly American art form. At any rate, it certainly represents freedom, the right to be different, the right to be an individual.

One of the first things a totalitarian government does is ban jazz. You didn't find any jazz in Hitler's Germany. Try to hear jazz in Russia. A short time ago Germans from the Russian zone risked imprisonment to hear Louis Armstrong in Berlin. Who in the State Department can reach the people of Europe as Louis Armstrong did? His personality and his horn personify freedom—a political and artistic freedom unknown in a totalitarian state. People may not care to listen to a politician from another country talk about the "American Way," but they'll walk miles to hear a good American jazz band. The

history of the United States is all wrapped up in this crazy, wonderful music. It's blue, gay, happy, sad, but always free.

I guess that's the single biggest thing I'm trying to prove when I play. I can sit at the piano every night and the music I create is my own. No one can tell me that I've got to play it differently. No one can change a note. And people leave a club after hearing me play and they know they've seen a guy who can be himself, a completely happy, uninhibited man.

I believe many of our limitations are self-imposed. The world is full of talented people. The extent to which they realize self-expression depends on how much they refuse to compromise and conform: how they uphold their own integrity.

Jazz is alive in America today: alive and growing. I'm happy to be a part of that growth.

Y



"Hey, Charley, here comes that babe I've been raving about!"

CROOKED MAN

(continued from page 10)

front of Mina. "What do you want?" he said. "I thought I told you—"

The man pulled a metal identification disk from his trunks. "Vice-squad, my friend," he said. "Better sit down."

The man's arm went out through the curtain and two other men came in, equipped with weapons.

"I've been watching you quite a while, Mister," the man said. "Quite a while." "Look," Jesse said, "I don't know what you're talking about. I work at Centraldome and I'm seeing Miss Kirkpatrick here on some business."

"We know all about that kind of business," the man said.

"All right—I'll tell you the truth, I forced her to come here. She didn't want to, but I—"

"Mister, didn't you hear me? I said I've been watching you. Let's go."

One man took Mina's arm, roughly; the other two began to propel Jesse out through the club. Heads turned. Tangled bodies moved embarrassedly.

"It's all right," the fat man said, his white skin glistening with perspiration. "It's all right, folks. Go on back to whatever you were doing." He grinned and tightened his grip on Jesse's wrist.

Mina, Jesse noticed, did not struggle. He looked at her and felt something suddenly freeze into him. She had been trying to tell him something all evening, but he hadn't let her. Now he knew what he had feared. He knew what she had come to tell him: that even if they hadn't been caught, she would have submitted to the Cure voluntarily. No more worries then, no more guilt. No more tender moments, either, but wasn't that a small price to pay, when she could live the rest of her life without feeling shame and dirt? Yes. It was a small price, now that the midnight dives and brief meetings were all they had left.

She did not meet his look as they took her out into the street. He watched her and thought of the past when they had been close, and he wanted to scream.

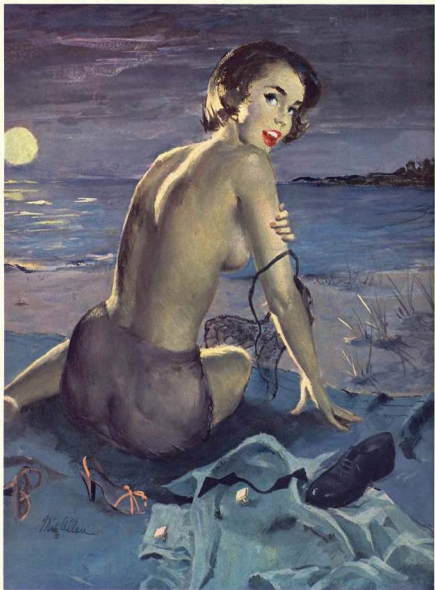
"You'll be okay," the fat man was saying. He opened the wagon's doors. "They've got it down pat now—couple days in the ward, one short session with the doctors; take out a few glands, make a few injections, attach a few wires to your head, turn on a machine; presto! You'll be surprised."

The fat officer leaned close. His sausage fingers danced wildly near Jesse's face.

"It'll make a new man of you," he said.

Then they closed the doors and locked them.

Y



"Why, Mr. Talbot, five minutes ago you were dying for a swim."

UNCLE FRED FLITS BY

and wreaks hilarious havoc in suburbia



"What gives you the impression that Laura and I are married?" asked Lord Ickenham.

IN ORDER THAT THEY MIGHT enjoy their after-luncheon coffee in peace, the Crumpet had taken the guest whom he was entertaining at the Drones Club to the smaller and less frequented of the two smoking-rooms. In the other, he explained, though the conversation always touched an exceptionally high level of brilliance, there was apt to be a good deal of sugar thrown about.

The guest said he understood. "Young blood, eh?"

"That's right. Young blood."

"And animal spirits."

"And animal, as you say, spirits," agreed the Crumpet. "We get a fairish amount of those here."

"The complaint, however, is not, I observe, universal."

"Eh?"

The other drew his host's attention to the doorway, where a young man in form-fitting tweeds had just appeared. The aspect of this young man was haggard. His eyes glared wildly and he sucked at an empty cigarette-holder. If he had a mind, there was something on it. When the Crumpet called to him to come and join the party, he merely shook his head in a distraught sort of way and disappeared, looking like a character out of a Greek tragedy pursued by the Fates.

The Crumpet sighed. "Poor old Pongo!"

"Pongo?"

"That was Pongo Twistleton. He's all broken up about his Uncle Fred."

"Dead?"

"No such luck. Coming up to London again tomorrow. Pongo had a wire this morning."

"And that upsets him?"

"Naturally. After what happened last time."

"What was that?"

"Ah!" said the Crumpet.

"What happened last time?"

"You may well ask."

"I do ask."

"Ah!" said the Crumpet.

Poor old Pongo (said the Crumpet) has often discussed his Uncle Fred with me, and if there weren't tears in his eyes when he did so, I don't know a tear in the eye when I see one. In round numbers the Earl of Ickenham, of Ickenham Hall, Ickenham, Hants, he lives in the country most of the year, but from time to time has a nasty way of slipping his collar and getting loose and descending upon Pongo at his flat in the Albany. And every time he does so, the unhappy young blighter is subjected to some soul-testing experience. Because the trouble with this uncle is that, though sixty if a day, he becomes on arriving in the

metropolis as young as he feels—which is, apparently, a youthful twenty-two. I don't know if you happen to know what the word "excesses" means, but those are what Pongo's Uncle Fred from the country, when in London, invariably commits.

It wouldn't so much matter, mind you, if he would confine his activities to the club premises. We're pretty broad-minded here, and if you stop short of smashing the piano, there isn't much that you can do at the Drones that will cause the raised eyebrow and the sharp intake of breath. The snag is that he will insist on lugging Pongo out in the open and there, right in the public eye, proceeding to step high, wide and plentiful.

So when, on the occasion to which I allude, he stood pink and genial on Pongo's hearth-rug, bulging with Pongo's lunch and wreathed in the smoke of one of Pongo's cigars, and said: "And now, my boy, for a pleasant and instructive afternoon," you will readily understand why the unfortunate young clam gazed at him as he would have gazed at two-penny-orth of dynamite, had he discovered it lighting up in his presence.

"A what?" he said, giving at the knees and paling beneath the tan a bit.

"A pleasant and instructive afternoon," repeated Lord Ickenham, rolling the words around his tongue. "I propose that you place yourself in my hands and leave the programme entirely to me."

Now, owing to Pongo's circumstances being such as to necessitate his getting into the aged relative's ribs at intervals and shaking him down for an occasional much-needed tenner or what not, he isn't in a position to use the iron hand with the old buster. But at these words he displayed a manly firmness.

"You aren't going to get me to the dog races again."

"No, no."

"You remember what happened last June?"

"Quite," said Lord Ickenham, "quite. Though I still think that a wiser magistrate would have been content with a mere reprimand."

"And I won't—"

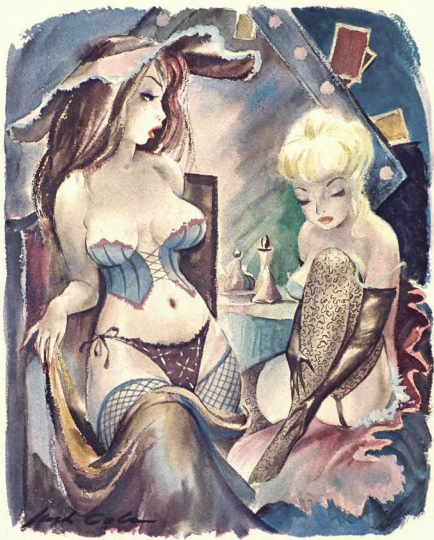
"Certainly not. Nothing of that kind at all. What I propose to do this afternoon is to take you to visit the home of your ancestors."

Pongo did not get this.

"I thought Ickenham was the home of my ancestors."

"It is one of the homes of your ancestors. They also resided rather nearer the heart of things, at a place called

(continued on page 30)



*"He wants to make an honest woman of me.
He asked me to return the mink coat."*

KNOW YOUR ONIONS



NOTHING SHOWS UP cowardice like an onion. Most people know the kind of two-fisted gent who's afraid of no man but who won't eat an onion unless he can go incommunicado for at least twenty-four hours. Nothing whatever disturbs this fire eater except a haunting suspicion that his breath doesn't always resemble a bouquet of hot-house carnations.

When he sits down in a restaurant, the mere words "onion soup" on the menu turn his calm gastric juices into a torrent. His eyes become misty with poignant hunger. Then he thinks of his fate later in the evening and he blushes to his roots with embarrassment. Instead of the onion soup he orders *crème vichyssoise* in which the same quantity of onions ordinarily used in onion soup are masked in a puree of potatoes, cream and chicken broth.

When the waitress isn't looking, he devours a dozen young green scallions violently sprayed with salt. He eats his kidney stew blithely ignorant of the minced onions which have been dissolved in the rich brown gravy. Later, his aplomb is shattered when he realizes that the divine fragrance hovering over the lettuce hearts is the powerful breath of bruised garlic.

Before he goes out on his date that night, he swabs his body with hexachlorophene, scours his teeth and gums, sprays himself with lavender toilet water, gargles, chews a fistful of whole cloves, swallows a bunch of dried parsley, drinks a pint of milk (all of which he is told eliminate an onion breath) and then eats a pound of mints.

Hours later when he finally moves close to his girl on the sofa he keeps the stiffest upper lip imaginable, heroically holding his breath three minutes before and three minutes after his lips have met hers.

He has what French psychologists recognize as the *complexe d'ignomis*. He is absolutely incurable as long as he seeks out the kind of cow-hearted female who encourages his unmanly fears.

His only chance of rehabilitation is

to meet one of those natural human beings who likes her steak surrounded with a mountain chain of crisp brown French fried onions and who will not eat grilled calf's liver unless it is lying under a large bed of smothered Spanish onions. Only the sort of lass who is not ashamed to cry when she grates juicy onions into a bowl of potato pancake batter can offer him some hope of salvation. The type of girl who likes to kiss and be kissed will soon convince him that life is not all vanilla and that he should accept the fact that, next to salt, onions are the most important seasoning agent in the world.

Botanically, onions belong to the lily family. The edible bulb has been in the news ever since Satan watched the blowup of a heavy date in a certain garden. An old legend tells how the Devil left the garden after the Fall and stepped outside. Where his right foot landed, onions began to grow. Where his left foot tread, garlic sprang up. For years the building of the pyramids in Egypt was looked upon as a baffling miracle of construction. The explanation is now a simple one. The workmen who labored on the pyramids lived on a diet of raw onions and bread. That classic maestro of stringed instruments, Emperor Nero, could never deny the adequacy of his nickname. They called him *Porrophagus* after the Roman word *porrum* meaning leeks, which the famous fleshpot ate so abundantly. Leeks are a dignified relative of the onion, magnificent for soups and stews. The French novelist Balzac who ate onions from morning till night correctly described them as the best kind of brain food, "rendering it subtle and putting to flight base notions and prejudice."

Even some of the old legends about the magical power of onions seem to have some basis in fact. An onion buried in the ground may not remove a wart, but an onion or garlic applied to a wound, scientists now believe, can have definite antiseptic value.

The power of the edible bulb to flavor

foods is almost incredible. A few drops of onion juice will liven anything from a pallid cream cheese spread to a curry of lobster. Soups, sauces, stews and stuffings would simply be impossible without onions. They can be used to flavor the most delicate morsel or they can be part of the filling for a huge hero sandwich. Onions can be eaten raw, half cooked or cooked; they can be steamed, boiled, sautéed, deep fried, grilled, broiled or baked. Minced onions can stand proudly alongside a bowl of fresh caviar at sixty dollars a pound, or a slab of raw onion can rest astride a two-bit hamburger. Onion can be used as a mere suspicion of flavor or it can rule the roost as in onion soup or Belgian onion pie.

The onion has no poor relatives. Some of the lilaceous clan are not widely known, but all of them are magnificent members of the chorus, from the urbane shallot to the peasantry garlic, from the robust Welsh leek to the delicate feminine chive.

A tearless onion would be a joke. For the very thing in the onion which makes you cry is the same thing that gives the magic bulb its strength and liveliness. When you cut an onion, a volatile oil rises in the air, awakening your nostrils and causing your tear ducts to flow in obedience. If the onion is one of the medium size varieties grown in Northern

(continued on page 19)



DON'T HATE YOURSELF IN THE MORNING

article BY JULES ARCHER



*you weren't
the only one
having fun*

MORE BACHELORS THAN YOU would suppose have a tender conscience about the seduction of females. Often they will put on the brakes if a woman looks at them wistfully and whispers, "Oh, please don't . . . please!" They also feel like heels if, after a roll in the hay, the woman weeps inconsolably or tragically views herself as damaged beyond repair.

The unvarnished truth in most such cases is that the lady is willing, but wants to go on record as protesting and regretting. She needs to assuage whatever shreds of conscience may still be irritating her. She also has more to gain by making the man feel a moral obligation, which he would not if he judges from her surrender that she is a round-heels.

Dr. Carney Landis, Columbia University psychologist, noted this phenomenon in his study of the sex lives of 295 women: "The subject (sometimes) offered as explanation the fact that she had been drinking, or that the boy was so insistent and she did not know how to prevent the incident. Such a report is suggestive of a tendency to shift responsibility to some other person, and consequently to avoid feeling guilty for her own part in the relationship."

Today's bachelor can enjoy much more peace of mind if he realizes that the girl he thinks he has persuaded to sleep with him has made up her mind to do same long before he throws her a pitch. This is particularly true of the bachelor girl who is out of her teens, and who is career-minded.

A 25-year-old advertising space salesman found himself in a lather over a 22-year-old blonde who was out to kill 'em via a start in TV commercials. A guy who liked to lay it on the line, he told her off the bat that he was probably falling in love with her, but not to let that put any bees in her bonnet because he wasn't the matrimonial type.

"You didn't have to say that," she reproached him. "I have no designs on your freedom, friend. Let's just keep it fun, shall we?" Her attitude puzzled him, because he sensed that she meant it. The more he thought about her, the more he decided he'd been a jerk. She was beautiful, intelligent and haunting. What more could a guy ask for in a wife? The very next night he proposed.

"I wouldn't play you a dirty trick like marrying you, Johnny," she replied gently. "You're too nice a guy. But I'll tell you what I will do. I'll sleep with you until you get me out of your system."

That rocked him. No fool, he gladly accepted her generous offer. It became quickly obvious that she was a girl who had packed a lot of living into her 22 years. It gradually became clear to him also that she intended to pack in lots more in the next 22 years. He breathed silent thanks for his narrow escape from cuckoldry.

Dr. Lotte A. Fink, discussing 100 average cases of girls who came to her for counseling, found that the smarter the girl the less respect she seems to have for moral taboos:

"Girls trained through their studies—especially university students—choose sexual freedom as well as freedom to think out their own choice of profession or life style. The same applies to girls who work as teachers, journalists, singers, dancers, painters or actresses. Up to 22 or 23, they may abstain from any sexual life, but after that they generally have sex."

Dr. Kinsey pointed out that about half the women in America are non-virgin by the time they marry. It should be made clear at this point that this article is principally concerned with the 50 per cent who do or will, not with the 50 per cent who want to but won't. It would

(continued on page 32)

Ribald CLASSIC

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

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

THE LITTLE MARQUISE de Renneçon came rushing in like a ball through the window. She began to laugh before she spoke, to laugh till she cried, like she had done a month previously, when she had told her friend that she had betrayed the marquis in order to have her revenge, but only once, just because he was really too stupid and too jealous.

The Baroness de Grangerie had thrown the book which she was reading onto the sofa and looked at Annette curiously. She was already laughing herself, and at last she asked:

"What have you been doing now?"

"Oh, my dear!—my dear! It is too funny—too funny. Just fancy—I am saved!—saved!—saved!"

"How do you mean, saved?"

"Yes, saved!"

"From what?"

"From my husband, my dear, saved! Delivered! free! free! free!"

"How free? In what way?"

"In what way? Divorced! Yes, a di-

vorced!"

"You are divorced?"

"No, not yet; how silly you are! One does not get divorced in three hours! But I have proof that he has deceived me. I have caught him in the act—imagine!—in the very act!"

"Oh, do tell me about it, darling!" said the baroness. "How on earth did you manage it?"

"How did I manage it? Oh, you will be proud of me—I have been very clever! As you know, for the past three months he has been odious, absolutely odious; brutal, coarse, tyrannical—in a word, vile. So I said to myself: This cannot last, I must have a divorce. But how? A divorce is not easy for a woman to obtain. I tried everything. I tried to make him beat me, but he would not. He vexed me from morning till night, made me go out when I did not wish to and to remain at home when I wanted to dine out; he made my life unbearable for me from one week's end to the other,

but he never struck me.

"Then I tried to find out whether he had a mistress. Yes, he had one, but he took a thousand precautions in going to see her, and they could never be caught together. Guess what I did then?"

"I cannot guess."

"You could never guess. I asked my brother Jacques to get me a photograph of the creature."

"Of your husband's mistress?"

"Yes. It cost him only the price of a very pleasant evening (which he would have spent on some other creature at any rate), and he obtained the photograph in the bargain."

"It appears to me that he might have obtained it anyhow by means of some artifice and without being obliged to take the original at the same time."

"But she is really quite pretty, and Jacques did not mind in the least. And then I wanted some details about her, physical details about her figure, her breast, her complexion, a thousand



Lynn

It was quite evident what he was doing.

things in fact, and how could he tell me these things unless—"

"Why did you want to know all this?"

"You shall see. When I had learned all that I wanted to know I went to a—how shall I put it?—to a man of business—you know—one of those men who transact business of all sorts—agents of—of publicity and complicity—of those men—well, you understand what I mean."

"Pretty nearly, I think. And what did you say to him?"

"I said to him, showing the photograph of Clarise (her name is Clarise): 'Monsieur, I want a lady's maid who resembles this photograph. I require one who is pretty, elegant, neat and sharp. I will pay her whatever is necessary, and if it costs me ten thousand francs, so much the worse. I shall not require her for more than three months.'

"The man looked extremely astonished and said: 'Do you require a maid of an irreproachable character, madame?' I blushed and stammered: 'Yes, of course, for honesty.' He continued: 'And then—as regards morals?' I did not venture to reply, so I only made a sign with my head which signified No. Then suddenly I comprehended that he had a horrible suspicion and, losing my presence of mind, I exclaimed: 'Oh! monsieur—it is for my husband, in order that I may surprise him.'

"Then the man began to laugh, and from his looks I gathered that I had regained his esteem. He even thought I was brave, and I would willingly have made a bet that at that moment he was longing to shake hands with me. However, he said to me: 'In a week, madame, I shall have what you require; I will answer for my success, and you shall not pay me until I have succeeded. So this is a photograph of your husband's mistress?'

"Yes, monsieur."

"A handsome woman, and not too stout. And what perfume?"

"I did not understand and repeated: 'What perfume?'

"He smiled: 'Yes, madame, perfume is essential in tempting a man, for it unromantically brings to his mind certain reminiscences which dispose him to action; the perfume creates an obscure confusion in his mind and disturbs and energises him by recalling his pleasures to him. You must also try to find out what your husband is in the habit of eating when he dines with the lady, and you might give him the same dishes the day you catch him. Oh, we have got him, madame, we have got him.'

"I went away delighted, for here I had lighted on a very intelligent man."

"Three days later I saw a tall dark girl arrive at my house; she was very handsome, and her looks were modest and bold at the same time, the peculiar look of a female rake. She behaved very

properly toward me, and as I did not exactly know what she I called her mademoiselle, but she said immediately: 'Oh, pray, madame, just call me Rose.' And we began to talk.

"Well, Rose, you know why you have come here?"

"I can guess it, madame."

"Very good, my girl—and that will not be too much bother for you?"

"Oh, madame, this will be the eighth divorce that I shall have caused; I am used to it."

"Why, that is capital. Will it take you long to succeed?"

"Oh, madame, that depends entirely on Monsieur's temperament. When I have seen Monsieur for five minutes alone I shall be able to tell you exactly."

"You will see him soon, my child, but I must tell you that he is not handsome."

"That does not matter to me, madame. I have already separated some very ugly ones. But I must ask you, madame, whether you have discovered his favorite perfume?"

"Yes, Rose—verberna."

"So much the better, madame, for I am also very fond of that scent! Can you also tell me, madame, whether Monsieur's mistress wears silk underclothing and nightdresses?"

"No, my child, cambric and lace."

"Oh! Then she is altogether of superior station, for silk underclothing is becoming quite common."

"What you say is true."

"Well, madame, I will enter your service! And so as a matter of fact she did immediately, and as if she had done nothing else all her life."

"An hour later my husband came home. Rose did not even raise her eyes to him, but he raised his eyes to her. She already smelled strongly of verberna. In five minutes she left the room, and he immediately asked me: 'Who is that girl?'

"Why—my new lady's maid."

"Where did you pick her up?"

"Boreness de Grangerie got her for me with the best references."

"Ah! She is rather pretty?"

"Do you think so?"

"Why, yes—for a lady's maid."

"I was delighted, for I felt that he was already being, and that same evening Rose said to me: 'I can now promise you that it will not take more than a fortnight. Monsieur is very easily caught!'

"You have tried already?"

"No, madame, he only asked what my name was, so that he might hear what my voice was like."

"Very well, my dear Rose. Get on as quick as you can."

"Do not be alarmed, madame; I shall only resist long enough to—to fan the flame, as it were."

"At the end of a week my husband scarcely ever went out; I saw him roam-

ing about the house the whole afternoon, and what was most significant in the matter was that he no longer prevented me from going out. And I, I was out of doors nearly the whole day long—in order—in order to leave him at liberty."

"On the ninth day, while Rose was undressing me, she said to me with a timid air: 'It happened this morning, madame.'

"I was rather surprised, overcome even, not at the knowledge itself but at the way in which she told me, and I stammered out: 'And—and—it went off well?'

"Oh yes, very well, madame. For the last three days he has been pressing me, but I did not wish matters to proceed too quickly. You will tell me when you want us to be caught, madame."

"Yes, certainly. Shall we say Thursday?"

"Very well, madame. I shall grant nothing more till then, so as to keep Monsieur on the alert, so to say."

"You are sure not to fail?"

"Oh, quite sure, madame. I will excite him with precision, so as to make it happen at the very moment which you may appoint."

"Let us say five o'clock then."

"Very well, madame, and where?"

"Well—in my bedroom."

"Very good, madame, in your bedroom."

"You will understand what I did then, my dear. I went and fetched Mamma and Papa first of all and then my uncle d'Orville, the president, and Monsieur Raplet, the judge, my husband's friend."

I had not told them what I was going to show them, but I made them all go on tiptoe as far as the door of my room. I waited till five o'clock exactly, and oh, how my heart beat! I had made the porter come upstairs as well, so as to have an additional witness! And then—and then at the moment when the clock began to strike I opened the door wide. Ha, ha, ha! There he was, evidently—it was quite evident what he was doing, my dear. Oh, what a sight! If you had only seen him! And he turned round, the idiot! Oh! how funny he looked—I laughed, I laughed, and Papa was angry and wanted to give my husband a beating. And the porter, a good servant, helped him to dress himself before us—before us, my dear. He buttoned his suspenders for him—what a joke it was! As for Rose, she was perfect, absolutely perfect. She cried—oh! she cried very well. She is an invaluable girl. If you ever want her, don't forget!

"And here I am. I came immediately to tell you of the affair directly. I am free. Long live divorce!"

And she began to dance in the middle of the drawing room, while the baroness, who was obviously put out, said:

"I am so angry with you! Why did you not invite me to see it?"



SEX IN BUSINESS, ITS USES AND ABUSES

By SHEPHERD MEAD

another article on succeeding in business without really trying

THERE ARE MANY who may argue that sex has no place in a series of articles on business. This is a narrow point of view and one that will get little sympathy from the author.

To the businessman, his job and his company must be everything, and to them he must be prepared to dedicate himself without reservation. The man who holds back, who, for selfish reasons, fails to give all of himself, will soon be unmasked.

This duty you owe not only with your brain, but in many cases with your body as well.

BE A RAY OF SUNSHINE

More often than not you will find that the Old Man has for a secretary an aging maiden who has been with him for thirty years. She will be battered, moist, harassed, and often called Jonesy.

It is safe to assume that if the Old Man ever had a romantic interest in her

it has long since passed. He keeps her now because she is efficient and always remembers when it is time for his pills.

It will be your duty to bring sunshine into her life.

In fact, no sacrifice you can make for her is too great, though happily the Supreme Sacrifice is seldom necessary. It will usually be enough to buy a slightly wilted and almost pitiful handful of flowers from a street vendor. Take them to her with a boyish smile.

"Uh, Jonesy, I know these aren't much, but—"

"How nice, Pierrepont!"

"They just seemed to match your eyes, and well, they just cried out, 'These are for Jonesy!'"

You will have brought sunshine into a drab life, and though you may not have intended to, you may have opened new doors to the Old Man.

"Oh, Mr. Biggley, young Finch has been waiting so long to see you."

"Finch, who's he?"

"He's that sweet boy from Old Ivy—the one that works so hard. He's a great admirer of yours, Mr. Biggley."

Others may try this approach, too. It is well to be on your guard.

"If it weren't for you and Jimmy Watson, Pierrepont, I'd just go for boys without flowers."

"Nice fellow, Watson. Just can't figure his taste in women. What does he see in that redheaded kid in General Files—the one in the white sweaters?"

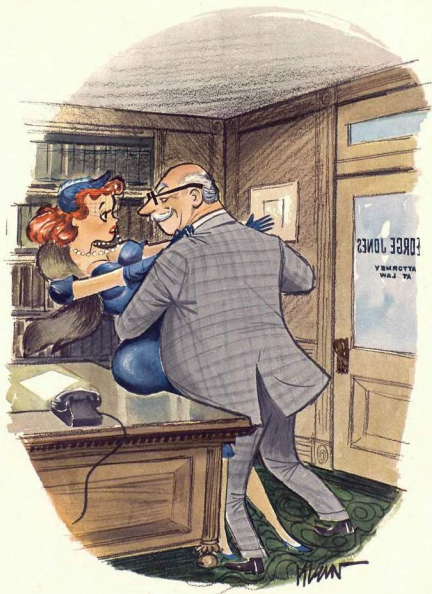
Your rival may have a nasty surprise the next time he wants an audience!

"Anyone else to see me, Jonesy?"

"The Watson boy was waiting awhile."

"Watson, Watson?"

"He's that rather brash boy with the smirk. Somehow I don't think
(concluded on page 57)



"But, Mr. Jones, it's my uncle's will you're supposed to break!"

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

After a particularly tiring performance, a beautiful New York showgirl returned to her apartment and found a half-dozen handsome admirers waiting there, with naught on their minds but amour. "How sweet of you boys to surprise me like this," she cooed, "but, really, I've had an awfully tough show tonight and I'm simply exhausted. I'm afraid one or two of you will have to go home."



While visiting our country, a lovely French maiden found herself out of money just as her visa expired. Unable to pay her passage back to France, she was in despair until an enterprising sailor made her a sporting proposition. "My ship is sailing tonight," he said. "I'll smuggle you aboard, hide you down in the hold and provide you with a mattress, blankets and food. All it will cost you is a little love."

The girl consented and late that night the sailor snuck her on board his vessel. Twice each day, thereafter, the sailor smuggled a large tray of food below decks, took his pleasure with the little French stowaway, and departed. The days turned into weeks and the weeks might have turned into months, if the captain hadn't noticed the sailor carrying food below one evening and followed him. After witnessing this unique bit of barter, he waited until the sailor had departed and then confronted the girl, demanding an explanation. She

told him the whole story. "Hm," mused the captain. "A clever arrangement, and I must say I admire that young seaman's ingenuity. However, miss, I feel it is only fair to tell you that this is the Staten Island Ferry."

A recently deposed Eastern potentate (who shall remain unnamed) was known for his prowess in the harem—often entertaining no less than a dozen wives per night. Shorn of his crown and possessions, he was seeking employment and was overjoyed when an American theatrical agent signed him up to perform these same feats at certain choice and private showings. The contract was signed, bookings were scheduled, and twelve delectable beauties hired for the premiere. The box-office was sold out. The audience waited eagerly, for they



had paid ten dollars per ticket to see the fabulous potentate. A symphony orchestra struck up an overture, the lights dimmed, the curtains parted, and the dozen lovelyes were revealed, reclining on couches. The potentate stepped briskly out from the wings, bowed to



the audience, then proceeded. Naturally, after such a build-up, the audience was disappointed when the great man fell flat on his face after taking pleasure with only four of the beauties. They howled for their money back, and the theatrical agent regretfully had to comply. Later, he went backstage and wailed to the potentate, "I'm ruined! How could you do this to me? What happened?"

The potentate shook his head sadly. "I don't understand it," he said. "Everything went smoothly this afternoon at dress rehearsal."



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *Toll House Cookie* as "a cute prostitute."

An old favorite which might bear one more telling is the one about the lady who visited a furniture store and asked to see a "sexual couch."

The salesman, masking his amusement, politely asked, "Don't you perhaps mean a sectional couch, madam?"

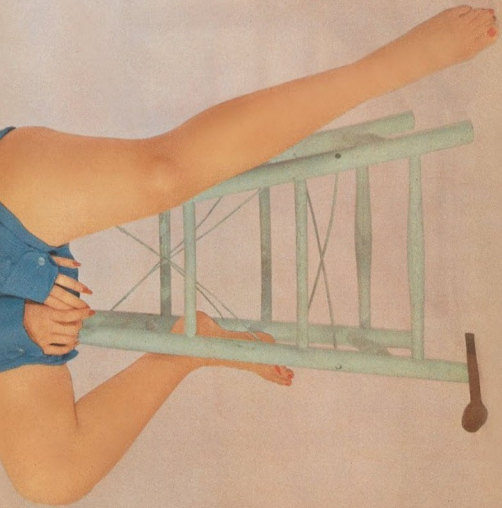
"No, no," she replied emphatically. "I'm sure my interior decorator told me I should have a sexual couch for an occasional piece in the living room."

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.

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

MISS AUGUST





UNCLE FRED (continued from page 17)

Mitching Hill?"

"Down in the suburbs, do you mean?"
"The neighborhood is now suburban, true. It is many years since the meadows where I sported as a child were sold and cut up into building lots. But when I was a boy Mitching Hill was open country. It was a vast, rolling estate belonging to your great-uncle, Marmaduke, a man with whiskers of a nature which you with your pure mind would scarcely credit, and I have long felt a sentimental urge to see what the hell the old place looks like now. Perfectly fossil, I expect. Still, I think we should make the pious pilgrimage."

Pongo absolutely ed heardly. He was all for the scheme. A great weight seemed to have rolled off his mind. The way he looked at it was that even an uncle within a short jump of the looney bin couldn't very well get into much trouble in a suburb. I mean, you know what suburbs are. They don't, as it were, offer the scope. One follows his reasoning, of course.

"Fine!" he said. "Splendid! Topping!"
"Then put on your hat and rompers, my boy," said Lord Ickenham, "and let us be off. I fancy one gets there by omnibuses and things."

Well, Pongo hadn't expected much in the way of mental uplift from the sight of Mitching Hill, and he didn't get it. Alighting from the bus, he tells me, you found yourself in the middle of rows and rows of semi-detached villas, all looking exactly alike, and you went on and you came to more semi-detached villas, and these all looked exactly alike, too. Nevertheless, he did not repine. It was one of those early spring days which suddenly change to mid-winter and he had come out without his overcoat, and it looked like rain and he hadn't an umbrella, but despite this his mood was one of sober ecstacy. The hours were passing and his uncle had not yet made a goat of himself. At the Dog Races the other had been in the hands of the constabulary in the first ten minutes.

It began to seem to Pongo that with any luck he might be able to keep the old blisser pottering harmlessly about here till nightfall, when he could shoot a bit of dinner into him and put him to bed. And as Lord Ickenham had specifically stated that his wife, Pongo's Aunt Jane, had expressed her intention of scalping him with a blunt knife if he wasn't back at the Hall by lunch time on the morrow, it really looked as if he might get through this visit without perpetrating a single major outrage on the public weel. It is rather interesting to note that as he thought this Pongo smiled, because it was the last time he smiled that day.

All this while, I should mention, Lord Ickenham had been stopping at inter-

vals like a pointing dog and saying that it must have been just about here that he plugged the gardener in the trousers seat with his bow and arrow and that over there he had been sick after his first cigar, and he now passed in front of a villa which for some unknown reason called itself The Cedars. His face was tender and wistful.

"On this very spot, if I am not mistaken," he said, heaving a bit of a sigh, "on this very spot, fifty years ago came Lammas Eve, I . . . Oh, blast it!"

The concluding remark had been caused by the fact that the rain, which had held off until now, suddenly began to huzz down like a shower-bath. With no further words, they leaped into the porch of the villa and there took shelter, exchanging glances with a grey parrot which hung in a cage in the window.

Not that you could really call it shelter. They were protected from above all right, but the moisture was now falling with a sort of swivel action, whipping in through the sides of the porch and tickling them up properly. And it was just after Pongo had turned up his collar and was huddling against the door that the door gave way. From the fact that a female of general-servant aspect was standing there he gathered that his uncle must have rung the bell.

This female wore a long mackintosh, and Lord Ickenham beamed upon her with a fardish spot of suavity.

"Good afternoon," he said.

The female said good afternoon.

"The Cedars?"

The female said yes, it was The Cedars.

"Are the old folks at home?"

The female said there was nobody at home.

"Ah! Well, never mind. I have come," said Lord Ickenham, edging in, "to clip the parrot's claws. My assistant, Mr. Walkinshaw, who applies the anesthetic," he added, indicating Pongo with a gesture.

"Are you from the bird shop?"

"A very happy guess."

"Nobody told me you were coming," "They keep things from you, do they?" said Lord Ickenham, sympathetically. "Too bad."

Continuing to edge, he had got into the parlor by now. Pongo following in a sort of dream and the female following Pongo.

"Well, I suppose it's all right," she said. "I was just going out. It's my afternoon."

"Go out," said Lord Ickenham cordially. "By all means go out. We will leave everything in order."

And presently the female, though still a bit on the dubious side, pushed off, and Lord Ickenham lit the gasfire and drew a chair up.

"So here we are, my boy," he said. "A little tact, a little address, and here we are, snug and cosy and not catching our deaths of cold. You'll never go far wrong if you leave things to me."

"But, dash it, we can't stop here," said Pongo.

Lord Ickenham raised his eyebrows. "Not stop here? Are you suggesting that we go out into that rain? My dear lad, you are not aware of the grave issues involved. This is morning, as I was leaving home, I had a rather painful disagreement with your aunt. She said the weather was treacherous and wished me to take my woolly muffler. I replied that the weather was not treacherous and that I would be dashed if I took my woolly muffler. Eventually by the exercise of an iron will, I had my way, and I ask you, my dear boy, to envisage what will happen if I return with a cold in the head. I shall sink to the level of a fifth-class power. Next time I came to London, it would be with a liver pad and a respirator. No! I shall remain here, toasting my toes at this really excellent fire. I had no idea that a gas-fire radiated such warmth. I feel all in a glow."

So did Pongo. His brow was wet with honest sweat. He is reading for the Bar, and while he would be the first to admit that he hasn't yet got a complete toehold on the Law of Great Britain he had a sort of notion that oiling into a perfect stranger's semi-detached villa on the pretext of pruning the parrot was a tort or a misdemeanor, if not actually barratry or soggage in fiel or something like that. And apart from the legal aspect of the matter there was the embarrassment of the thing. Nobody is more of a whale on correctness and not doing what's not done than Pongo, and the situation in which he now found himself caused him to chew the lower lip and, as I say, perspire a goodish deal.

"But suppose the lighter who owns this ghastly house comes back?" he asked. "Talking of envisaging things, try that one over on your pianola."

And, sure enough, as he spoke, the front door bell rang.

"There!" said Pongo.

"Don't say 'There!' my boy," said Lord Ickenham reprovingly. "It's the sort of thing your Aunt says. I see no reason for alarm. Obviously this is some casual caller. A ratepayer would have used his latchkey. Glance cautiously out of the window and see if you can see anybody."

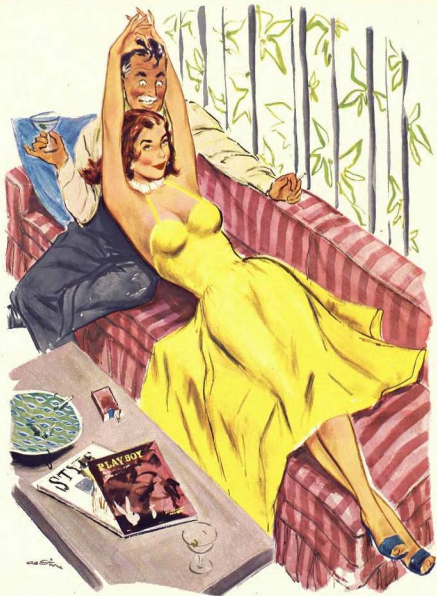
"It's a pink chap," said Pongo, having done so.

"How pink?"

"Pretty pink."

"Well, there you are, then. I told you so. It can't be the big chief. The sort of fellows who own houses like this are pale and sallow, owing to working in offices all day. Go and see what he

(continued on page 16)



"To me marriage is a 50-50 deal — 50% of my time with my wife and 50% of my time with you."

DON'T HATE YOURSELF (continued from page 21)

save a lot of time and energy if there were a geiger counter available to indicate when you've got a hot sample. But since the electronic age hasn't gotten around to that yet, you'll have to work each claim the old-fashioned way to see whether you strike pay dirt.

There are fellows (we're not among

them) who can't bring themselves to believe that women relish under-sheet sport by choice. They were brought up to think of the American girl on a pedestal. They're convinced that girls who do go in for sex are just a low-grade inferiority. Deep down, they're shocked by

FEMALES BY COLE: 14



Aloof

the notion that most of the fair sex gets the same pleasure from amatory acrobatics that they do.

But there is evidence on every hand that large numbers of women anticipate seduction with unabashed pleasure. Havelock Ellis, for example, reports, "Many estimable women look through the keyholes of men's bedrooms, though they would not like to acknowledge this." Dr. T. Bauer, a sex authority, declares, "Women are always on the lookout for a man who will gratify their sexual desires."

We find history filled with examples of such inquisitive and desirous women, from the highest to the lowest stations of life. There were such lecherous queens, for example, as the first Elizabeth and Catherine the Great. At the opposite end of the scale there were the women of Tahiti who knocked down and stripped the incredulous cook of the bark *Bougenville*.

In less inhibited parts of the world today, women are the sexual aggressors. In New Guinea, for example, there are tribes where the women slip into men's beds and demand service, threatening to shout rape if they are refused. In New Ireland women woo and seduce one man after the other. Among the Goajiro of Colombia, women trip men at a ceremonial dance, obligating those men to sleep with them.

In their book, *Patterns of Sexual Behavior*, sociologists Clellan S. Ford and Frank A. Beach write, "In most of the societies with which this book deals, girls and women do actively seek sexual liaison with men, even though they may not be supposed to do so." Assuming this is a world-wide trait, we shouldn't be too startled that underneath the American veneer of pretense, our own females are also predatory.

One sociologist, Dr. Herbert D. Larson of Boston University, made a study to determine the nature and extent of she-wolves in our nation. He made these revealing observations:

"In the past men have underestimated the sex desires of women . . . It is obvious by now that girls want to be loved as well as men. They want intimacy and all the feelings that go with it . . . There seem to be plenty of business girls who have their own apartments and who are willing to pay for an evening out with sex at the end. These girls probably have a large number of men who occasionally come to the city and call them up . . . Sometimes these girls will propose intimacy when the man does not feel like it."

Dr. Larson cited typical cases of she-wolves reported by his male students. One girl chased her man around a trans-Atlantic liner until he yielded.

Another girl insisted upon posing with her dates and using the old I'm-Not
(concluded on page 48)

a portrait in yoks



CLUB COMIC

By FRANK BROOKHOUSER

THE COMIC AT THE CLUB was Lifty (real name Nat) Denning (real name Cohen). He made \$400 a week.

He would never make more. That's bad!

Lifty Denning's life in the entertainment business was a paradox.

He would never make more than \$400 because he didn't have any material of his own, and he never got any new material because he figured it cost too much.

He was mighty fast with other people's lines.

And he was just as quick at recovering from a silent reception.

*Lough it up,
These are the
jokes!*

If a Milton Berle gag didn't connect, he could come back with a funny Danny Thomas story.

He stole from none but the best.

Lifty Denning was a little fellow who thought he should be bigger.

He lived on—or off—this thought, feeling, belief, opinion and viewpoint.

It sustained him.

It was his daily bread.

It meant more to him than ham and eggs.

Chances are that Thomas Wolfe never made \$400 a week in his life.

So what?

Lifty Denning had never even heard of him.

Wolfe? Wolfe? Legit theater?

No, a writer.

A writer!

Yeah.

What paper? Say, this Earl Wilson... Read what he wrote about Zsa Zsa and Rubirosa the other day?

A comic's literary world is bounded by Walter Winchell, Earl Wilson, Ed Sullivan, Leonard Lyons, Danton Walker, and maybe Dorothy Kilgallen if you want to toss in a dame.

Lifty Denning could never understand why guys like Thomas and Berle and Joe E. Lewis and Jack E. Leonard and Jackie Miles and Phil Foster and Jerry Lester and Harvey Stone and some of the others got so much more per week than he did.

*I don't have to
do this for a
living, but I'm
too nervous to
sten!*

He complained about this, earnestly, to anybody who would listen or anybody he could corner.

Nightclub owners, on the other hand—and never the twin shall meet—always wondered why they had to pay him \$400.

But you gotta have a comic.

Gotta have laughs.

People want laughs.

You can get the best dancers (top, ballroom, ballet, or acrobatic—or even strip), the best tumblers, the best magicians, the best acrobats, the best singers (except for the jukebox kings and queens, valuable only when sporting a hit record of the moment), for a couple of hundred.

But you die without a comic.

Even the worst in the world.

It is not true, however, that lousy comics are apart from the human race.

*My mother and
father never
had any children!*

They are not born of baboons.

They go to school as children.

Some become fathers.

And they have hearts.

They use the hearts in songs about show biz (*There's no business like show business*), tunes which they milk in lieu of cows.

And they can be hurt.

For \$400 a week, that's bad!

* * *

Lifty Denning had told two jokes.

They had died.

He now walked over to a small girl, about ten, who was seated with her braming parents at a ringside table.

"How old is the little girl?" he asked them.

"Isn't she a cute little thing?" he asked the crowd.

"Just ten," the parents said.

"And do you have a boyfriend?" he asked the girl.

She shook her head no and turned beaming at the other diners, breathing in her moment in the limelight.

"No boyfriend?"

She shook her head more emphatically, hamming it up now.

Lifty shook his head in disbelief.

"You crazy mixed-up kid!" he said.

And the crowd laughed for the first time.

When the crowd laughed, Lifty moved

into the spotlight alone—"Spot on me," he cracked. "I'm the show"—and repeated his smash phrase. "There's a crazy mixed-up kid for you," he said. "Ten years old and no boyfriend!"

The crowd laughed again. Lifty ate it up. It was better than ham and eggs. Crazy mixed-up was a popular phrase of the day.

It was almost as common as atom bomb, H-bomb, Russia, Red atrocities, spy ring, the Dodgers, Dior's Flat Look, spy scare, Fifth Amendment, dirty birds, spies (in government, schools, plants, Army installations, and your own backyard), high cost of living, and Marilyn Menroe.

Everybody was supposed to be crazy and mixed-up. Nobody ever explained why it was funny.

Certainly not Lifty.

After the show,
I park cars!

Lifty came on fast for the second show.

He always came on fast, darting from behind the drapes, sliding halfway across the stage, coming to a stop quickly, waving one arm in a circle, as though it were a brake.

A dynamo of energy. Lifty.

Fake energy.

"There you are, all you people . . ."

Yeah.

"All you lucky people! Lucky, lucky, lucky!"

Lifty had a motto, a credo:

Hit 'em over the head right off the bat.

I may not be good looking, but as a comedian I'm not to be laughed at!

For every one that squirms, maybe two are full of suspense.

They paid for the show, and they're ready and willing to enjoy it.

In his last comic turn . . .

The word comic is a misnomer. It means, merely, that your objective is laughter.

In his last turn, Lifty always did his impressions.

He had a batch of them.

If he had ever put them in a bag, he would have made Santa Claus look like a piker.

And they were the best part of his act. He had been doing them for years and they always—well, almost always—got a good hand.

With the impressions, they didn't necessarily have to applaud Lifty.

They could applaud all of their favorites, dead and buried, alive and kicking.

They could applaud Jimmy Stewart,
nice guy, nice bashful
American type

They could applaud Al Jolson.

great entertainer, great
job for the servicemen
They could applaud Edward G. Rob-

inson.
*what a tough guy he was
in all those gangster
movies*

They could applaud Jimmy Cagney.
*no guy to mess with, this
Cagney "My father thanks
you, my mother thanks you . . ."*

They could applaud all of them. Stewart, Jolson, Edward G. Cagney, Eddie Cantor, Frankie Laine, Lionel Barrymore, Billy Daniels, Bette Davis, Johnnie Ray, Barry Fitzgerald, Cary Grant, Peter Lorre, Frank Sinatra, Arthur Godfrey, Wallace Beery, Hugh Herbert, Harry Richman . . .

Young and old, here and gone. And if they didn't particularly like Cantor or didn't remember Richman very well, they could applaud anyway.

The names meant something. The people in the audience were pleased with themselves for having recognized the subject of parody.

It gave them self-esteem. Self-esteem is a feeling sought avidly and found rarely by people all over the world.

How could impressions miss? They were a sure thing. A guy couldn't go wrong with them. When isn't Cagney going to get a hand?

Or Edward G.?

And Lifty did a mess of them. Quick, one after the other, pausing only to get a helpful prop occasionally, never giving the people a chance to recover and rest their analytic minds.

"Sure, that's Richman,
Harry Richman . . ."

Some of Lifty's subjects had been dead for a considerable time now. But they remained a part of his impressions.

He still did Jolson.

He still did Hugh Herbert.

Sometimes, straining hard, he still did Joe Pinner.

"Wanna buy a duck?"

And sometimes, for an audience that ate him up, he even did Sir Harry Lauder—after a proper introduction, of course, for the younger elements.

Thus, of Lifty, it could be said that he was versatile.

And it could be said, further, that he gave even the dead a certain night-after-night, after-dark, immortality.

He brought back the ghosts of the great, did Lifty.

And who was he to spurn a laugh over a dead body?

No sir. Al Jolson or Hugh Herbert would never be completely dead as long as Lifty Denning remained on the entertainment scene, in the world of show business.

It was a tough audience this night.

Cantor left 'em cold.

Banjo eyes and all.
Edward G. Robinson didn't really send 'em.

Cigar notwithstanding,
Billy Daniels didn't make 'em sigh.
More Blue Magic needed.
These people from Hunger?

Jeet!

Try Peter Lorre.

Goggle eyes, whiny voice.

Not even Lorre?

Jeet!

Get Barry Fitzgerald in. Quick.
Must be a lot of Irish in the crowd.
Shoot them some religious stuff from
Going My Way.

That does it.

Great!

Barry saved the day.

Good applause.

Cagney won it.

Load applause.

Lifty bowed graciously.

He hated to go off.

The applause was a caress upon his ears. It was more beautiful than music by Beethoven.

It was a Queen kissing his hand.

It was a loaf of bread, a jug of wine, and thou—and you can have the Rubaiyat.

He couldn't go off.

He told some jokes.

First two fairly clean.

Flops.

He tried the surefire one.

*I just flew in
from California
and my arms are
tired!*

Flop.

Next two very dirty.

Hits.

*I'll tell you how
unlucky I am. If
they saved a woman
in hell, I'd get the
half that eats!*

Laughter.

"Ah, so it's a high class audience. Why didn't you tell me you wanted the high class material?"

More laughter.

And more jokes.

Lifty rarely timed his exits well. He liked the crowds too much to leave them when they wanted more. He usually wore his welcomes thin before taking his leave. Usually, but not this time.

This time something saved him. Something made him blow, make his getaway, leave 'em laughin'. This time his timing was perfect. He bowed once more to his audience and backed out of the spotlight.

Like everyone else from time to time, Lifty had to take a leak.

*I'd like to stay on
longer, but the
lights fade my suit!*



UNCLE FRED (continued from page 30)

wants."

"You go and see what he wants."

"Well both go and see what he wants," said Lord Ickenham.

So they went and opened the front door, and there, as Pongo had said, was a pink chap. A small young pink chap, a bit moist about the shoulder-blades.

"Pardon me," said this pink chap, "is Mr. Roddis in?"

"No," said Pongo.

"Yes," said Lord Ickenham. "Don't be silly, Douglas—of course I'm in. I am Mr. Roddis," he said to the pink chap. "This, such as he is, is my son Douglas. And you?"

"Name of Robinson."

"What about it?"

"My name's Robinson."

"Oh, your name's Robinson. Now we've got it straight. Delighted to see you, Mr. Robinson. Come right in and take your boots off."

They all trickled back to the parlor, Lord Ickenham pointing out objects of interest by the wayside to the chap, Pongo gulping for air a bit and trying to get himself abreast of this new twist in the scenario. His heart was becoming more and more bowed down with weight of woe. He hadn't liked being Mr. Walkinshaw, the anaesthetist, and he didn't like it any better being Roddis Junior. In brief, he feared the worst. It was only too plain to him by now that his uncle had got it thoroughly up his nose and had settled down to one of his big afternoons, and he was asking himself, as he had so often asked himself before, what would the harvest be?

Arrived in the parlor, the pink chap proceeded to stand on one leg and look coy.

"Is Julia here?" he asked, simpering a bit, Pongo says.

"Is she?" said Lord Ickenham to Pongo.

"No," said Pongo.

"No," said Lord Ickenham.

"She wired me she was coming here to-day."

"Ah, then we shall have a bridge footer."

The pink chap stood on the other leg.

"I don't suppose you've ever met Julia. Bit of trouble in the family, she gave me to understand."

"It is often the way."

"The Julia I mean is your niece Julia Parker. Or, rather, your wife's niece Julia Parker."

"Any niece of my wife is a niece of mine," said Lord Ickenham heartily. "We share and share alike."

"Julia and I want to get married."

"Well, go ahead."

"But they won't let us."

"Who won't?"

"Her mother and father. And Uncle Charlie Parker and Uncle Henry Parker and the rest of them. They don't think

I'm good enough."

"The morality of the modern young man is notoriously lax."

"Class enough, I mean. They're a haughty lot."

"What makes them haughty? Are they earls?"

"No, they aren't earls."

"Then why the devil," said Lord Ickenham warmly, "are they haughty? Only earls have a right to be haughty. Earls are hot stuff. When you get an earl, you've got something."

"Besides, we've had words. Me and her father. One thing led to another, and in the end I called him a perishing old—Cool!" said the pink chap, breaking off suddenly.

He had been standing by the window, and he now leaped limously into the middle of the room, causing Pongo, whose nervous system was by this time definitely down among the wines and spirits and who hadn't been expensing this adagio stuff, to bite his tongue with some severity.

"They're on the doorstep! Julia and her mother and father. I didn't know they were all coming."

"You do not wish to meet them?"

"No, I don't!"

"Then duck behind the settee, Mr. Robinson," said Lord Ickenham, and the pink chap, weighing the advice and finding it good, did so. And as he disappeared the door bell rang.

Once more, Lord Ickenham led Pongo out into the hall.

"I say!" said Pongo, and a close observer might have noted that he was quivering like an aspen.

"Say on, my dear boy."

"I mean to say, what?"

"What?"

"You aren't going to let these bounders in, are you?"

"Certainly," said Lord Ickenham. "We Roddises keep open house. And as they are presumably aware that Mr. Roddis has no son, I think we had better return to the old layout. You are the local vet, my boy, come to minister to my parrot. When I return, I should like to find you by the cage, staring at the bird in a scientific manner. Tap your teeth from time to time with a pencil and try to smell of iodiform. It will help to add conviction."

So Pongo shifted back to the parrot's cage and stared so earnestly that it was only when a voice said "Well!" that he became aware that there was anybody in the room. Turning, he perceived that Hampshire's leading curse had come back, bringing the gang.

It consisted of a stern, thin, middle-aged woman, a middle-aged man and a girl.

You can generally accept Pongo's estimate of girls, and when he says that this

one was a pippin one knows that he uses the term in its most exact sense. She was about nineteen, he thinks. Her eyes were large and lustrous and her face like a dewy rosebud at daybreak on a June morning. So Pongo took me. Not that I suppose he has ever seen a rosebud at daybreak on a June morning, because it's generally as much as you can do to lug him out of bed in time for nine-thirty breakfast. Still, one gets the idea.

"Well," said the woman, "you don't know who I am, I'll be bound. I'm Laura's sister Connie. This is Claude, my husband. And this is my daughter Julia. Is Laura in?"

"I regret to say no," said Lord Ickenham.

The woman was looking at him as if he didn't come up to her specifications.

"I thought you were younger," she said.

"Younger than what?" said Lord Ickenham.

"Younger than you are."

"You can't be younger than you are, worse luck," said Lord Ickenham. "Still, one does one's best, and I am bound to say that of recent years I have made a pretty good go of it."

The woman caught sight of Pongo, and he didn't seem to please her, either. "Who's that?"

"The local vet, clustering round my parrot."

"I can't talk in front of him."

"It is quite all right," Lord Ickenham assured her. "The poor fellow is stone dead."

And with an imperious gesture at Pongo, as much as to bid him stare less at girls and more at parrots, he got the company seated.

"Now, then," he said.

There was silence for a moment, then a sort of muffled sob, which Pongo thinks proceeded from the girl. He couldn't see, of course, because his back was turned and he was looking at the parrot, which looked back at him—most offensively, he says, as parrots will, using one eye only for the purpose. It also asked him to have a nut.

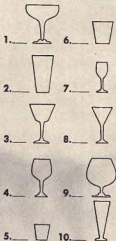
The woman came into action again. "Although," she said, "Laura never did me the honor to invite me to her wedding, for which reason I have not communicated with her for five years, necessity compels me to cross her threshold to-day. There comes a time when differences must be forgotten and relatives must stand shoulder to shoulder."

"I see what you mean," said Lord Ickenham. "Like the boys of the old brigade."

"What I say is, let bygones be bygones. I would not have intruded on you, but needs must. I disregard the past and

(continued on page 40)

CLINK!



THE MAN WHO DRINKS SPIRITUOUS liquors merely to get swacked will guzzle the stuff indiscriminately from shaving mugs or flower pots. But the man of taste, the man who appreciates the better brews and blends — this man recognizes a drink for what it is: a symbol of gracious living. Such a man is aware of the importance of sipping the right drink from the right glass. He knows the hazards of drinking champagne from an open-toed slipper, and he knows a good deal more besides. He would, with minimum pondering, match the glasses on this page with their proper drinks, making the top score of 10. Can you? 8 is also an excellent score, and 6 is not too bad. But any lower than that and we'll send you back to the shaving mugs and flower pots.

a—OLD FASHIONED

b—SHERRY

c—PILSENER

d—CHAMPAGNE

e—BRANDY

f—COCKTAIL

g—WHISKEY

h—HIGHBALL

i—CORDIAL or LIQUEUR

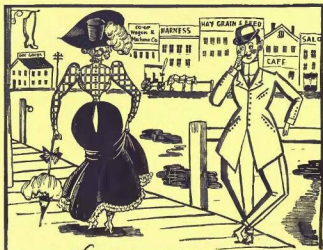
j—WINE

ANSWERS

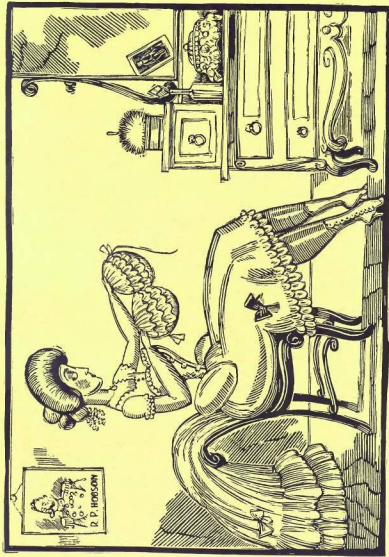
1-d 2-a 3-b 4-e 5-c
6-f 7-g 8-h 9-i 10-j



WHEN FASHION WAS FRAUGHT WITH ROMANCE
The **HOBBLE SKIRT**
ENG. BY JOHN HELD JR. A SCAMP IF THERE EVER WAS ONE.



The **OPEN PLACKET**
from the Memoirs of John Held Jr. the Engraver



SECRETS OF MILADY'S BOUDOIR
The **STRATEGIC RUFFLES**
ENGRAVED BY JOHN HEID JR. THE OLD SPANISH CAVALIER.

UNCLE FRED (continued from page 36)

appeal to your sense of pity."

The thing began to look to Pongo like a touch, and he is convinced that the parrot thought so, too, for it winked and cleared its throat. But they were both wrong. The woman went on. "I want you and Laura to take Julia into your home for a week or so, until I can make other arrangements for her. Julia is studying the piano, and she sits for her examination in two weeks' time, so until then she must remain in London. The trouble is, she has fallen in love. Or thinks she has."

"I know I have," said Julia.

Her voice was so attractive that Pongo was compelled to slow round and take another look at her. Her eyes, he says, were shining like twin stars and there was a sort of Soul's Awakening expression on her face, and what the dickens there was in a pink chap like the pink chap, who even as pink chaps go wasn't much of a pink chap, to make her look like that, was frankly, Pongo says, more than he could understand. The thing baffled him. He sought in vain for a solution.

"Yesterday, Claude and I arrived in London from our Roshill home to give Julia a pleasant surprise. We stayed, naturally, in the boardinghouse where she has been living for the past six weeks. And what do you think we discovered?"

"Insects."

"Not insects. A letter. From a young man. I found in my horror that a young man of whom I knew nothing was arranging to marry my daughter. I sent for him immediately, and found him to be quite impossible. He jellies eels!"

"Does what?"

"He is an assistant at a jellied eel shop."

"But surely," said Lord Ickenham, "that speaks well for him. The capacity to jelly an eel seems to me to argue intelligence of a high order. It isn't everybody who can do it, by any means. I know if some one came to me and said 'Jelly this eel!' I should be nonplussed. And so, or I am very much mistaken, would Anthony Eden and Winston Churchill."

The woman did not seem to see eye to eye.

"Tchah!" she said. "What do you suppose my husband's brother Charlie Parker would say if I allowed his niece to marry a man who jellies eels?"

"Ah!" said Claude, who, before we go any further, was a tall, drooping bird with a red soap-strainer mustache.

"Or my husband's brother, Henry Parker."

"Ah!" said Claude. "Or Cousin Alf Robbins, for that matter."

"Exactly. Cousin Alfred would die of shame."

The girl Julia hiccupped passionately, so much so that Pongo says it was all he could do to stop himself nipping across and taking her hand in his and patting it.

"I've told you a hundred times, mother, that Willberforce is only jellifying eels till he finds something better."

"What is better than an eel?" asked Lord Ickenham, who had been following this discussion with the close attention it deserved. "For jellifying purposes, I mean."

"He is ambitious. It won't be long," said the girl, "before Willberforce suddenly rises in the world."

She never spoke a truer word. At this very moment, up he came from behind the settee like a leaping salmon.

"Julia!" he cried.

"Wilby!" yipped the girl.

And Pongo says he never saw anything more sickening in his life than the way she flung herself into the blighter's arms and cling there like the ivy on the old garden wall. It wasn't that he had anything specific against the pink chap, but this girl had made a deep impression on him and he resented her glacing herself to another in this manner.

Julia's mother, after just that brief moment which a woman needs in which to recover from her natural surprise at seeing eel-jellifiers pop up from behind sofas, got moving and plucked her away like a referee breaking a couple of welterweights.

"Julia Parker," she said. "I am ashamed of you!"

"So am I," said Claude.

"I blush for you."

"Me, too," said Claude. "Hugging and kissing a man who called your father a pershing old bottle-nosed Gawd-help-us."

"I think," said Lord Ickenham, shoving his or in, "that before proceeding any further we ought to go into that point. If he called you a pershing old bottle-nosed Gawd-help-us, it seems to me that the first thing to do is to decide whether he was right, and frankly, in my opinion . . ."

"Willberforce will apologise."

"Certainly I'll apologise. It isn't fair to hold a remark passed in the heat of the moment against a chap . . ."

"Mr. Robinson," said the woman.

"You know perfectly well that whatever remarks you may have seen fit to pass don't matter one way or the other. If you were listening to what I was saying you will understand . . ."

"Oh, I know, I know, Uncle Charlie Parker and Uncle Henry Parker and Cousin Alf Robbins and all that. Pack of snobs!"

"What?"

"Haughty, stuck-up snobs. Then and

their class distinctions. Think themselves everybody just because they've got money. I'd like to know how they got it."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Never mind what I mean."

"If you are insinuating—"

"Well, of course, you know, Connie," said Lord Ickenham mildly, "he's quite right. You can't get away from that."

I don't know if you have ever seen a bull-terrier embarking on a scrop with an Airedale and just as it was getting down nicely to its work suddenly having an unexpected Kerry Blue sneak up behind it and bite it in the rear quarters. When this happens, it lets go of the Airedale and swirls round and fixes the butting animal with a pretty nasty eye. It was exactly the same with the woman Connie when Lord Ickenham spoke these words.

"What?"

"I was only wondering if you had forgotten how Charlie Parker made his pile."

"What are you talking about?"

"I know it is painful," said Lord Ickenham, "and one doesn't mention it as a rule, but, as we are on the subject, you must admit that lending money at two hundred and fifty per cent interest is not done in the best circles. The judge, if you remember, said so at the trial."

"I never knew that!" cried the girl Julia.

"Ah," said Lord Ickenham. "You kept it from the child? Quite right, quite right."

"It's a lie!"

"And when Henry Parker had all that fuss with the bank it was touch and go they didn't send him to prison. Between ourselves, Connie, has a bank official, even a brother of your husband, any right to sneak fifty pounds from the till in order to put it on a hundred to one shot for the Grand National? Not quite playing the game, Connie. Not the straight bat, Henry, I grant you, won five thousand of the best and never looked back afterwards, but, though we applaud his judgment of form, we must surely look askance at his financial methods. As for Cousin Alf Robbins . . ."

The woman was making ramsey stuttering sounds. Pongo tells me he once had an automobile which used to express itself in much the same way if you tried to get it to take a hill on high. A sort of mixture of gurgles and explosions.

"There is not a word of truth in this," she gasped at length, having managed to get the vocal cords disentangled. "Not a single word. I think you must have gone mad."

Lord Ickenham shrugged his shoulders.

"Have it your own way, Connie. I was only going to say that, while the

(continued on page 15)

GOWLAND'S COOL POOL

A Photographer Finds A Fine Place To Spend Sizzling Summer Afternoons



MOST EVERYONE'S LOOKING for ways to beat the heat in August. Some must be satisfied with frequent trips to the office water cooler, others hide out in an air-conditioned movie or sip Tom Collinses all afternoon in their favorite oasis. But photographer Peter Gowland has come up with a near perfect solution. He gets himself a model and an underwater camera and goes swimming. Pete wears skin diving equipment; the model gets by with just skin. And for such a refreshing afternoon, Pete gets paid most handsomely.

This guy Gowland is choosy, of course. He picks for swimming partners such aquatic cyclists as Joanne Arnold and Joanne has always been one of our very special favorites. Steady **PLAYBOY** readers will recall that last year she helped sell **Hartog** shirts in the March issue and posed as a Playmate of the Month in May.



















jury was probably compelled on the evidence submitted to it to give Cousin Alf Robinson the benefit of the doubt when charged with smuggling dope, everybody knew that he had been doing it for years. I am not blaming his mind you. If a man can smuggle cocaine and get away with it, good luck to him, say I. The only point I am trying to make is that we are hardly a family that can afford to put on dog and sneer at honest suitors for our daughters' hands. Speaking for myself, I consider that we are very lucky to have the chance of marrying even into jellying circles."

"So do I," said Julia firmly.
 "You don't believe what this man is saying?"

"I believe every word."
 "So do I," said the pink chap.
 The woman snorted. She seemed overwrought. "Well," she said, "goodness knows I have never liked Laura, but I would never have wished her a husband like you!"

"Husband?" said Lord Ickenham, puzzled. "What gives you the impression that Laura and I are married?"

"There was a weighty silence, during which the parrot threot out a general invitation to the company to join it in a nut. Then the girl Julia spoke.

"You'll have to let me marry Wilberforce now," she said. "He knows too much about us."

"I was rather thinking that myself," said Lord Ickenham. "Steal his lips, I say."

"You wouldn't mind marrying into a low family, would you, darling?" asked the girl, with a touch of anxiety.

"No family could be too low for me, dearest, if it was yours," said the pink chap.

"After all, we needn't see them."
 "That's right."
 "It isn't one's relations that matters: it's ourselves."

"That's right, too."
 "Wilby!"
 "Julia!"

They repeated the odd ivy on the garden wall act. Pongo says he didn't like it any better than the first time, but his distaste wasn't in it with the woman Connie's.

"And what, may I ask," she said, "do you propose to marry on?"

This seemed to cast a damper. They came apart. They looked at each other. The girl looked at the pink chap, and the pink chap looked at the girl. You could see that a jarring note had been struck.

"Wilberforce is going to be a very rich man some day."

"Some day!"

"If I had a hundred pounds," said the pink chap, "I could buy a half-share in one of the best milk walks in South London tomorrow."

"It!" said the woman.
 "Ah!" said Claude.
 "Where are you going to get it?"
 "Ah!" said Claude.

"Where," repeated the woman, plainly pleased with the snappy crack and loath to let it ride without an encore, "are you going to get it?"

"That," said Claude, "is the point. Where are you going to get a hundred pounds?"

"Why, bless my soul," said Lord Ickenham jovially, "from me, of course. Where else?"

And before Pongo's bulging eyes he fished out from the recesses of his costume a crackling bundle of notes and handed it over. And the agony of realizing that the old bouncer had had all that stuff on him all this time and that he hadn't touched him for so much as a title of it was so keen, Pongo says, that before he knew what he was doing he had let out a sharp, whinnying cry which rang through the room like the yowl of a stepped-on puppy.

"Ah," said Lord Ickenham. "The vet wishes to speak to me. Yes, vet?"

This seemed to puzzle the erie bloke a bit.

"I thought you said this chap was your son."

"If I had a son," said Lord Ickenham, a little hurt, "he would be a good deal better-looking than that. No, this is the local veterinary surgeon. I may have said I looked on him as a son. Perhaps that was what confused you."

He shifted across to Pongo and twiddled his hands enquiringly. Pongo gaped at him, and it was not until one of the hands caught him smartly in the lower ribs that he remembered he was deaf and started to twiddle back. Considering that he wasn't supposed to be dumb, I can't see why he should have twiddled, but no doubt there are mo-

ments when twiddling is about all a fellow feels himself equal to. For what seemed to him at least ten hours Pongo had been undergoing great mental stress, and one can't blame him for not being chatty. Anyway, be that as it may, he twiddled.

"I cannot quite understand what he says," announced Lord Ickenham at length, "because he sprained a finger this morning and that makes him stammer. But I gather that he wishes to have a word with me in private. Possibly my parrot has got something the matter with it which he is reluctant to mention even in sign language in front of a young unmarried girl. You know what parrots are. We will step outside."

"We will step outside," said Wilberforce.

"Yes," said the girl Julia. "I feel like a walk."

"And you?" said Lord Ickenham to the woman Connie, who was looking like a female Napoleon at Moscow. "Do you join the hikers?"

"I shall remain and make myself a cup of tea. You will not grudge us a cup of tea, I hope?"

"Far from it," said Lord Ickenham cordially. "This is Liberty Hall. Stick around and mop it up till your eyes bubble."

Outside, the girl, looking more like a dewy rosebud than ever, fawned on the old buster pretty considerably.

"I don't know how to thank you!" she said. And the pink chap said he didn't either.

"Not at all, my dear, not at all," said Lord Ickenham.

"I think you're simply wonderful!"

"No, no."
 "You are. Perfectly marvellous."
 "Tut, tut," said Lord Ickenham.



"Don't give the matter another thought."

He kissed her on both cheeks, the chin, the forehead, the right eyebrow, and the tip of the nose. Pongo looking on the while in a baffled and disconcerted manner. Everybody seemed to be kissing this girl except him.

Eventually the degrading spectacle ceased and the girl and the pink chap showed off, and Pongo was enabled to take up the matter of that hundred quid.

"Where," he asked, "did you get all that money?"

"Now, where did I?" mused Lord Ickenham. "I know your aunt gave it to me for some purpose. But what? To pay some bill or other. I rather fancy."

This cheered Pongo up slightly.

"She'll give you the devil when you get back," he said, with not a little relish. "I wouldn't be in your shoes for something. When you tell Aunt Jane," he said, with confidence, for he knew his Aunt Jane's emotional nature, "that you slipped her entire roll to a girl, and explain, as you will have to explain, that she was an extraordinarily pretty girl—a girl, in fine, who looked like something out of a beauty chorus of the better set. I should think she would pluck down one of the ancestral battle axes from the wall and jolly well strike you on the mazzard."

"Have no anxiety, my dear boy," said Lord Ickenham. "It is like your kind heart to be so concerned, but have no anxiety. I shall tell her that I was compelled to give the money to you to enable you to buy back some compromising letters from a Spanish *desolée* *madame*. She will scarcely be able to blame

me for rescuing a fondly-loved nephew from the clutches of an adventures. It may be that she will feel a little vexed with you for a while, and that you may have to allow a certain time to elapse before you visit Ickenham again, but then I shan't be wanting you at Ickenham till the rattling season starts, so all is well."

At this moment, there came toddling up to the gate of The Cedars a large red-faced man. He was just going in when Lord Ickenham hailed him.

"Mr. Roddis?"

"Hey?"

"Am I addressing Mr. Roddis?"

"That's me."

"I am Mr. J. G. Bulstrode from down the road," said Lord Ickenham. "This is my sister's husband's brother, Percy Frensham, in the lard and imported-butter business."

The red faced bird said he was pleased to meet them. He asked Pongo if things were brisk in the lard and imported-butter business, and Pongo said they were all right and the red-faced bird said he was glad to hear it.

"We have never met, Mr. Roddis," said Lord Ickenham, "but I think it would be only neighborly to inform you that a short while ago I observed two suspicious-looking persons in your house."

"In my house? How on earth did they get there?"

"No doubt through a window at the back. They looked to me like cat burglars. If you creep up, you may be able to see them."

The red-faced bird crept, and came

back not exactly foaming at the mouth but with the air of a man who for two pias would so foam.

"You're perfectly right. They're sitting in my parlor as cool as dammit, swagging my tea and battered toast."

"I thought as much."

"And they've opened a pot of my raspberry jam."

"Ah, then you will be able to catch them red-handed. I should fetch a policeman."

"I will. Thank you, Mr. Bulstrode."

"Only too glad to have been able to render you this little service, Mr. Roddis," said Lord Ickenham. "Well, I must be moving along. I have an appointment. Pleasant after the rain, is it not? Come, Percy."

He hugged Pongo off.

"So that," he said, with satisfaction, "is that. On these visits of mine to the metropolis, my boy, I always make it my aim, if possible, to spread sweetness and light. I look about me, even in a foul hole like Mitching Hill, and I ask myself—How can I leave this foul hole a better and happier foul hole than I found it? And if I see a chance, I grab it. Here is our omnibus. Spring aboard, my boy, and on our way home we will be sketching our rough plans for the evening. If the old Leicester Grill is still in existence, we might look in there. It must be fully thirty-five years since I was last thrown out of the Leicester Grill. I wonder who is the bouncer there now."

Such (concluded the Crumpet) is Pongo Twistleton's Uncle Fred from the country, and you will have gathered by now a rough notion of why it is that when a telegram comes announcing his impending arrival in the great city Pongo blanches to the core and calls for a couple of quick ones.

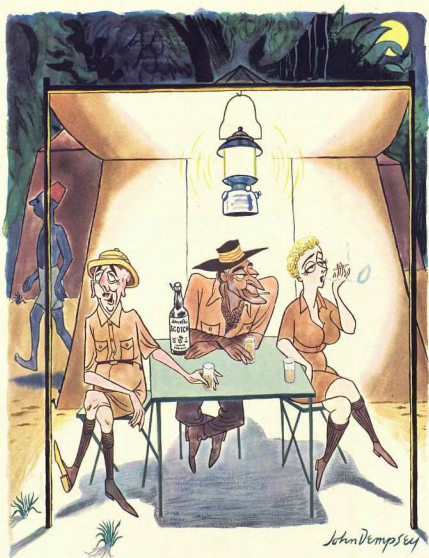
The whole situation, Pongo says, is very complex. Looking at it from one angle, it is fine that the man lives in the country most of the year. If he didn't, he would have him in his midst all the time. On the other hand, by living in the country he generates, as it were, a store of loquacious which expends itself with frightful violence on his rare visits to the center of things.

What it boils down to is this—Is it better to have a loopy uncle whose loquacious is perpetually on tap but spread out thin, so to speak, or one who lies low in distant Hanis for three hundred and sixty days in the year and does himself proud in London for the other five? Dashed moot, of course, and Pongo has never been able to make up his mind on the point.

Naturally, the ideal thing would be if someone would chain the old bound up permanently and keep him from Jan. One to Dec. Thirty-one where he wouldn't do any harm—viz. among the spels and tenantry. But this, Pongo admits, is a Utopian dream. Nobody could work harder to that end than his Aunt Jane, and she has never been able to manage it.



"Mama, look what was in Henry's head . . ."



"I just have a feeling we're going to get some lovely trophies on this safari."

DON'T HATE YOURSELF (continued from page 32)

Comfortable-Are-You? routine to get them in a prone position.

A third girl had a convertible in which she gave lifts to male hitch-hikers, for which she demanded that they reward her by taking her into any woods they passed. Another girl, a successful model, provided drinks, food and hotel rooms in exchange for some high-tension loving. An engaged girl, waiting for the day of her marriage, lived it up behind her future husband's back by taking on as many men as she could seduce.

Summing up his study, Dr. Lamson drew these deductions: "Some girls seem to be in a constant state of erotic excitement . . . Many will go to extreme lengths to achieve their goal . . . Some of these girls seem wild for sex. They will not take no for an answer."

Outright nymphomaniacs are far fewer, of course, than women who just have a normal yen for high voltage embraces at reasonable intervals, and under circumstances where their "resistance" can be agreeably melted or overcome. Many women are beginning to adopt the sexual attitude of bachelors, in that they want physical pleasure—or relief, if you prefer—without having to pay for it by signing up for a lifetime.

"Today more and more women are finding out that they can have sexual satisfaction without being in love with their partner," declares Dr. Lena Levine, noted counselor. "A woman who recognized that as a young adult she had sex urges came to see me. She was freed from the taboos and superstitions that formerly repressed such desires and had many sex experiences with many men. These experiences were enjoyed, but she didn't want to marry any of these men."

Despite such evidence that a huge number of women are actually sex aggressors, even when they pretend to be bowled over, many bachelors feel twinges of guilt at having "taken advantage" of such females. It would probably amaze them to realize that in most cases their "victims" are happy about their "downfall," and look back upon it with considerable pleasure.

When Dr. Kinsey questioned the women in his study about how they felt regarding the sex episodes in their past, fully 69 per cent insisted they did not regret them in the least. Another 15 per cent had only some minor regret. In other words, *over four out of five* had no real qualms about having the kind of experience which once was considered to have "ruined" a girl.

If that isn't enough to put four drops of healthy cynicism into your jigger of phoney ideals, consider Kinsey's further revelations that in all probability you had plenty of company in lowering the moral standards of at least half the women you've slept with. Some 34 per cent of the girls who told Kinsey the torrid truth admitted that they had slept with between two and five men, while 15 per cent more had climbed under the sheets with from six to twenty men or more. For many females, sex comes

wholesale!

Some bachelors have no qualms about turning out the lights with women they're sure have been in the dark, horizontally, before, but draw the line at virgins. Or if they can't control their hormones with a virgin, they make unpleasant faces at themselves while shaving the next morning. Bachelors are frequently sentimental about virginity, because they consider this the trademark of the "nice girl." They don't want to feel responsible for setting her bare little feet on the prizeless path.

But according to Dr. Fritz Wittels, psychoanalyst with the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Columbia University, this is pure hogwash. He declares: "Women who are impure after their first intercourse were probably impure before, and those who had purity of soul . . . cannot be deprived of it by the ever more vanishing symbolic and taboosic meaning of an institution."

To spell that out more succinctly, Dr. Wittels adds: "Whether a girl is still a virgin or not is a matter of unimportance to a feminine adult. Many a girl may have thrown herself away, may have made mistakes of many kinds of which she may not be proud, but the fate of her hymen does not rank among those mistakes."

All of which adds up to the fact that if a lady you've given pleasure to tries to make you feel obligated on that account to repeat your performance with her every night for the rest of your life, you ought to have no qualms about reaching for your hat. It's been fun for her, too, no matter how she tries to make you think that you were the one who had all the strawberries.

Even if a bachelor's hide is tough enough to deflect such female slings and arrows hurled at his conscience, he's often vulnerable to her most dread weapon—the news that he will soon be a father. Many men turn and bolt, but an amazingly big percentage do the "honorable thing," even though it means a marriage which they know will be intolerable.

What most men don't realize is that psychiatrists have found that unwed pregnancy is no accident. It is a deliberate act of choice on the part of most girls who become unmarried mothers. Dr. Kinsey discloses that of all the single women in his study who had become pregnant, 83 per cent had little or no regrets about the sex sessions which were responsible. Not only that, but 15 per cent got themselves pregnant *more than once!*

There are many complex reasons why a girl enjoys the notion of having a baby without benefit of clergy. In many cases it is an act of defiance toward one or both of her parents, either for being too strict or indifferent or failing to love her enough. It is also a way of forcing herself on their attention. Again, if she feels unworthy or sinful, it is her way of punishing herself and thereby feeling she's paid her moral debt.

Professor Leontine Young, Ohio State University sociologist, made a searching study of unwed mothers. She found that they rarely even know or care about the last names of the babies' fathers. They are secretly pleased by their pregnancy, as shown by the refusal of most to even consider abortion, unlike a great many married women who are "caught." That they enjoy their pregnancy is indicated by the fact that most don't even have "morning sickness," which afflicts many pregnant wives.

And, of course, we always have with us those girls who regard pregnancy as a convenient lasso with which to drag men to the altar. In this connection, let us hear from another authority, Mrs. Sara B. Edlin, Director of the Lakeside Home for Girls in Staten Island, N. Y. She says: "It has been our observation that in the cases where the unimentional father has married the girl out of a sense of guilt or obligation, the result has been completely unsuccessful."

The man with a marshmallow conscience about seducing young females should also find balm for his scruples in Dr. Kinsey's finding that the girl who is "ruined" a little bit before marriage makes a better adjustment when she marries than the girl who goes to the altar without any breaking-in. So, in effect, he may be said to render a service to society.

Finally, no man should ever hesitate to proposition a lady for fear of offending her. If he knows anything at all about women, he should realize that his failure to make a pitch will be construed by her as an indication that she is about as desirable as a garbage truck. If you don't want to humiliate your female companion, be sure that she realizes she has a standing—or rather, lying—invitation, whenever she feels in a mood to run barefoot through the hair on your chest.

For removing the knocks of conscience in your engine, then, here are eight helpful lubricants to apply:

1. Remember that women get a bang out of sex, too.
2. In most cases when you think that you're seducing her, she's probably seducing you.
3. You usually aren't her first, and you almost certainly won't be her last.
4. She doesn't regret it in the least—so what are you hitting yourself over the head with a hammer for?
5. You may have made a non-virgin out of a virgin, but that alone can't make a bum out of an intrinsically nice girl.
6. She owes you thanks for getting things in working order, so that she'll perform a lot better when she marries.
7. If she becomes pregnant, she secretly wanted to in the first place.
8. It's poor grammar to end a sentence with a preposition, but it's poor manners not to end a date with a proposition.

If you *still* hate yourself in the morning, after all this reassurance, then you're just not cut out for the life.

And that, friend, is what turns bachelors into husbands.



ONIONS *(continued from page 19)*

soil, its fragrance is caustic and sharp. If the onion is one of the larger Spanish or Bermuda types grown in a warm climate, it will be juicier, milder and sweeter.

No other creature in the vegetable kingdom reacts as sensitively to fire as an onion. When you put sliced onions in the frying pan with some butter and turn on the fire, they will show no sign of embarrassment. In a few minutes, however, the bold onion rings that caused you to weep will become humble and lose their swaggering shape. If you taste them at this point, they are neither raw nor cooked but limp and expectant like the onions clinging to the sides of a big shed placed in the oven for baking.

As the onions continue to fry they become translucent, losing their hard white color and turning the palest white gold. They are like the onions you would eat in a dimly lit Chinese restaurant on Grant Street, San Francisco.

The heat goes on. You stir the onions and soon they are a deeper gold, like the onions in a casserole of hot onion soup in a restaurant tucked away in the Montmartre. In a few minutes the edges of the onions turn a modest brown. They are fairly begging for the companionship of a steak or hamburger.

Continue to panfy the onions and they become a deep Latin bronze. The savory onion flavor and aroma has now crept through the whole apartment. It reminds a man of old fashioned roasts in a New England inn, of fried onions in an isolated cabin in Maine and someone hungry and waiting nearby.

All of these stages take place every time onions go into the frying pan, and they are a miracle of culinary transformation.

When you buy onions, look for a dry crackly outer skin. If the onion neck feels wet, the onion is becoming septic. It will soon rot. Good onions are free from sprouts, as smooth as an eighteen-year-old cheek, firm to the touch. Onions range anywhere in size from the tiny white "picklers" to huge Spanish onions fifteen inches in diameter. Onions may be red, purple, white or yellow. The red and purple skin onions are wonderful for Italian dishes and for gumbo. The white silver onions are used for creamed whole onions. For all other purposes yellow skinned onions are the best.

To peel onions easily drop them into scalding hot water for about a half minute. The stubborn skins will then become docile. When peeling an onion, don't cut too deeply into the root end. This is the shaggy dark end of the bulb, the core from which the onion is built up in concentric circles. Onions and union are both derived from the same word. If you cut too deeply into the root end when peeling the onion, the "union" will break apart when you cut the onion later.

If you're peeling onions for a large party and you find yourself going into a cloudburst of tears, there is only one

thing you can do. Walk away. Then when you return, hold the whole onions under cold running water before cutting them and you'll prevent some of the sobbing. Old superstitions about holding your jaws wide open or putting a crust of bread in your mouth won't keep you from weeping, since the onion's volatile oil continues to rise in the air and causes your tear ducts to pull their Niagara act. There is an onion chopper on the market, a glass enclosed affair which will keep you from sobbing. It's good for chopping onions but a nuisance to clean, and it can't be used for peeling onions, slicing them, dicing them or making onion rings.

It has become fashionable these days to list Onion Soup on restaurant menus as French Onion Soup. The French do love the soup and have loved it for centuries, but it is equally well enjoyed by the Italians and Spaniards. As a matter of fact, Italian chefs are greater purists than the French as far as onion soup is concerned. It's the simplest soup in the world, consisting of browned onions and stock. Many French cooks, however, are guilty of adding flour to the onions after the onions are panfried. The soup then turns a cloudy dark brown like the color of a chestnut. Italian chefs of the better sort do not add flour, and the soup remains transparent gold.

Most Italian chefs also want their onion soup not only to be boiling hot when it is brought to the table but spike it liberally with crushed whole

pepper. They know that a good onion soup should almost shock you with its distinctive flavor. The soup should not be offensively strong, but it must be peppery, alive and brimming with energetic goodness.

On top the soup there should be cheese croutons. These are thin slices of French or Italian bread (the very narrow long loaves, sometimes called flutes) browned and sprinkled with grated cheese, paprika and oil.

When you—that is, both of you—are hungry and tired after the long weekend in the country and are wearied of long formal dinners, serve hot onion soup with these cheese croutons:

ONION SOUP FOR TWO

Peel and cut two Spanish onions into rings or long thin strips. Chop one clove of garlic extremely fine. Put the onions and garlic in a soup pot with two tablespoons butter. Place over a moderate flame and saute until the onions are a deep yellow—not brown. Stir frequently to keep the onions from browning.

Add 3 cups chicken broth or 3 cups of boiling water and 3 bouillon cubes. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon crushed whole peppercorns and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce. Simmer slowly 20 minutes.

While the soup is simmering, toast 4 thin slices of French or Italian bread, using the broiler flame as a toaster. Sprinkle the untoasted side generously with grated Parmesan or Romano cheese. Sprinkle lightly with salad oil. Dust lightly with paprika. Place the cheese side of the bread under the broiler flame *(concluded on page 57)*







PLAYBOY'S BAZAAR



SUDS ON THE RUN

These aren't vitamin capsules—but they'll occupy just as little room in your valise when you travel. Each capsule contains enough suds for a basin full of washing. Great for sudsless emergencies in hotel rooms, on Pullmans, or boat staterooms. 40 capsules in plastic box, \$1.00 ppd. Write to: *Geyford Wood*, Dept. JS, Fort Lauderdale, Florida.



COLONIAL BAR STOOL

And if you don't think the early Colonials were vigorous elbow-benders, then you didn't read *Tina Marie's* article last month. This hardy birch tavern stool with hand-woven seat of fibre rush

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

comes unfinished for \$6.95; in natural finish, \$7.95; choice of maple, mahogany, walnut, cherry or pine finishes, \$9.95. Express charges collect. *Jeff Elliot*, Dept. PB, Statesville, North Carolina.



BASKET WEAVE TUMBLERS

Here's a vacuum-action tumbler with a good-looking rattan weave that keeps hot drinks hot and cold drinks cold. Coasters become unnecessary because these tumblers don't sweat. You'll find them popular, therefore, with your friends and your furniture. Set of 4, \$5.00 ppd. *Pakner Studios*, Dept. F, 47 W. 44 St., New York 36, New York.



GET IT ON TAPE

Did she say "Yes" yesterday, "No" today? Play back those willing words and hold her to her promise. This *pocket* tape recorder catches a full hour's talk, weighs only $3\frac{1}{4}$ pounds. \$229.50. *Mohawk Business Machines*, Dept. FJ, 944 Halsey Street, Brooklyn 88, N. Y.



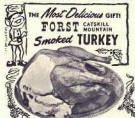
FEATHER FROM FRANCE

Bygone elegance and modern convenience merge in this ball bearing pen that is disguised in the gracious garb of yesteryear. This tasteful item comes complete with ink pot of hand-painted Limoges china, \$9.75. *Flying Gift*, Dept. PB, 14 Rue Duplôt, Paris, France.



WROUGHT IRON RECORD RACK

Holds 60 10" or 12" recordings vertically. Heavy metal, rubber tips to prevent your favorites from slipping. 21 1/2" high, 20" deep, 9 1/2" diam. Sturdy construction. Ten separate sections for ideal record storage for studio, company, school or hotel. Please write with address: **Suburban Station, Dept. of Home Furnishings, 1540 East 17th Street, Chicago, Ill. \$9.95**
John Leslie, Jr., 7118 Rockwell St., Dept. 925 PHO. 41, 35



Here indeed is a delicious gift for a king's own feasting, a magnificent Forst Catskill Mountain Smoked Turkey. A never-to-be-forgotten treat to the palate—the smoke-sweet flavor of each turkey is indescribably delicious. We start with extra-plump birds, cure them in rare spicy and aromatic herbs, then slowly smoke them over fragrant applewood embers, according to a secret Forst family recipe. Whole smoked turkeys range from 8 to 30 lbs. (not smoked weight). All ready to slice and serve. Price of \$1.70 per lb. includes delivery charges, beautiful, festive gift wrapping. Order today, solve both your summer entertaining and your "thank you" gift problems the easy, delightful Forst way!

Years FREE! The magnificent new Forst catalog... bursting with entertaining tips and roster of Forst delicacies. Send for your copy today.

All Forst Products are Government Inspected

THE FORSTS

Route 204
Kingston, N. Y.



GAGS FOR WAGS!

So Funny For Less Money!

Send only \$1 for over 500 new original laughs.
* COMICS * ENTERTAINERS * SPEAKERS * ETC., etc. We have a

group of top show business gagmen on our staff. To introduce our unique service (written about in newspapers and magazines nationally) we offer the latest gags, plus 10 monologs, plus 30 dialogues, plus 10 parodies, plus 2 skits, etc., all hilariously funny, original and only \$5.

LAUGHS UNLIMITED

104 W. 45th St. New York 36, N. Y.
EDITION: We are out the World Famous One Edition by America's Favorite Cartoonists.

BACHELORS

and those who wish they were



Bachelor's degree—from the College of Single Bachelors—serious-authentic-looking certificate for bachelor or bachelorette. Suitable for framing—hang this beautifully printed parchment Bond diploma in den, bar or bedroom. Wonderful gag, great novelty gift. \$3 ea.; 4 for \$5; 8 for \$5, we pay postage. No C.O.D.'s please. Money back if not pleased.

SMALE 1350C N. Stone St., Chicago 10, Ill.

PLAYBOY BINDER

In response to numerous requests from readers wishing to keep permanent PLAYBOY collections, we've prepared an unusually handsome cordoba simulated-leather binder for the magazine. It holds twelve issues and the magazine's name and emblem are stamped in gold leaf on the cover. The binder will be an attractive addition to any library shelf. Order direct from PLAYBOY, 11 E. Superior Street, Chicago 11, Illinois at \$2.50, plus 25¢ to cover postage and handling.



\$2.75

Playboy Book Dept.
11 E. Superior Street
Chicago 11, Illinois

Please send me a PLAYBOY binder.

\$2.75 in check or money order is enclosed.

Name

Address

City Zone State

(continued from page 49)

and broil until the cheese browns lightly. Season the soup to taste. The cheese croûtons may be passed with the soup at the table together with additional grated cheese. The soup may also be poured into an earthen casserole and five or six croûtons floated on top, the whole placed in the oven and baked to form a complete crust over the bubbling pool of onions. Pass additional cheese at the table. As a postscript to the onion soup, eat a fresh apple or blueberry tart with iced coffee or demi tasse.

FRENCH FRIED ONIONS FOR FOUR

When a huge sirloin steak charred on the outside and rare inside is brought triumphantly to the table, it's naturally the center of attention. There are few side dishes that fellows will notice—except one: a platter of light huge crisp French fried onion rings.

French fried onions, unlike French fried potatoes, cannot merely be dropped into deep fat and cooked. They must first be coated with a thin layer of flour. To make the flour stick and to give the onions their proper flavor of mild sweetness, dip the onion rings in milk before coating them with flour.

Peel 2 large Spanish or Bermuda onions. Holding the onion firmly in the left hand cut crosswise slices about 1/4 inch thick. Separate sections of the slices to make onion rings. Put a cup of milk in a large bowl. Dip the onion rings in the milk. Drain the onions.

In a large paper bag put 1/2 cup flour, 1 teaspoon salt and 1 teaspoon paprika. Put the onions in the bag. Close the bag and shake vigorously to coat all the onion rings. Remove the onion rings from the bag and shake off excess flour. Fry a small amount at a time in a kettle of deep fat until the onions turn golden brown.

To keep the onion rings from being greasy, fry them in fat of the right temperature, 390 degrees F. If you own one of the new electric, thermostatically controlled deep fryers, you will have no problem in controlling the fat temperature. Otherwise you can clip a fat thermometer to the side of the kettle to indicate the temperature. Lacking the thermometer, you should heat the fat until the first wisp of smoke appears—at that time it will be the proper cooking temperature. Don't fill the frying kettle more than one-third full with fat. Don't overload the frying basket. Lower the frying basket with the onions slowly into the fat. Be prepared to withdraw it if the bubbles rise too high. When the onions are finished, drain them on absorbent paper and spray them generously with salt.

Serve French fried onions with anything from hamburger to filet mignon. Serve them in big man-sized rounds. Send them coasting down with Pilsner glasses frothing with the coldest beer in your refrigerator.

Sex in Business (continued from page 25)

he respects you, Mr. Biggley. I told him you were very busy."

KEEP POSTED

Your next personal sacrifice will come shortly later in your career. At this time you will have your own secretary and presumably your most dangerous rival will have one, too. It is your rival's secretary working as she does in the gloomy shadow of an unpleasant man, who gives a comforting and a cheering word. Need it to her. She will appreciate it.

"Oh, Mr. Finch, you do the *cutest* things!"

"You're a pretty cute thing yourself! What was that you started to say about Watson's memo to Mr. Biggley?"

"It wasn't anything really, only one paragraph about you. I'll get you a carbon of it *unimorrow* meaning at the office."

BE GENEROUS

Soon you will have reached a position where you can adopt a completely selfless attitude. It will then be your duty to go about doing the best you can in your modest way to raise morale, to gain understanding of the employees' problems, and to make it clear that the management has a personal and deep-seated interest in the lowliest typist or file clerk.

Some men even go farther, seeing to it that suitable girls are brought in, ones

that will profit best by a helping hand and a friendly word.

In scores of progressive companies this personal and intimate approach is showing good results, and in many cases has taken the place of the old Suggestion Box.

REMEMBER THE WOMAN'S ANGLE

The forward-looking businessman must also be aware that women are playing an ever-increasing role in our economy. Few products are not bought primarily by women, and the executive who does not understand her point of view is courting disaster.

It is for this reason that many of today's business leaders range far afield, even beyond their own employees, into the myriad homes of America.

Their harvest is a rich one indeed. How often will their true purposes be forgotten!

For none of these personal sacrifices can the businessman expect public recognition or open reward. Day by day, night by night, he must go on, anonymous, selfless, unsmiling.

It would be well if all of us would doff our hats for a moment in tribute to those who have made their mute sacrifices. The annals of modern business would be full indeed if only their stories could be told.

Y



"Another good story I heard that year was the one about . . ."



THE BEST

FROM PLAYBOY

\$3 75

Playboy Book Dept.
11 E. Superior Street
Chicago 11, Illinois

Please send me _____ copies of

THE BEST FROM PLAYBOY \$_____ enclosed

If you enjoy the magazine, you'll love the book. Here are all your favorite features from the first year of PLAYBOY—the best cartoons, stories, humor, articles, and jokes—*together in one handsome, hard-cover volume as a permanent source of sophisticated, masculine entertainment. 160 pages—16 of them in color. You'll want a copy for your own library, and several for your friends.*

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

ZONE _____ STATE _____



BEGINNING NEXT MONTH,

you'll enjoy a bigger, brighter PLAYBOY. There'll be more pages, more color, more stories, more pictures—more of all those choice, unique, distinctive elements that have made PLAYBOY the country's most refreshing entertainment magazine for men.



3 years \$13

(You save \$5.00 from the regular single-copy price.)

2 years \$10

(You save \$2.00 from the regular single-copy price.)

1 year \$6

Please enter my subscription to PLAYBOY for

\$ _____ enclosed

- 3 years \$13
 2 years \$10
 1 year \$6

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

ZONE _____ STATE _____

ENTER ADDITIONAL SUBSCRIPTIONS ON A SEPARATE SHEET OF PAPER. SEND TO PLAYBOY, 11 E. SUPERIOR, CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS

IN THIS ISSUE

A SENSATIONAL STORY BY CHARLES BEAUMONT

AN ARTICLE ON JAZZ BY DAVE BRUBECK

AN INTERVIEW WITH A NIGHTIE MODEL BY EARL WILSON

