

PLAYBOY

SEPTEMBER 50 cents

Prominent Bon Vivant Visits City



Familiar playboy, sports gourmet, raconteur smiles at newsmen, reveals play town "very bright"

SEPTEMBER (AP)—Stem off the Super Chief morning, a well-known about-town greeter jovially and attentions to scribed as "a Waiting to hotel w Adelaide Jaguar

Visits "Miss W the famo friends, no if he intende friends during m

sured, "As many as poss He told newsmen that he planned an extensive course of theatre-going, motor-boating, country-clubbing, night-clubbing, moonlight swimming with old friends, and the usual round of cocktail and dinner parties

Takes Cash

Waxing philosophical, he said, "After all, life is short. Time is fleeting. As the poet says, 'Ah, take the cash and let the ch...'"

Season Opens With Flourish

GAY ROUND OF PARTIES MARKS SOCIAL SCENE

By Cholly Knockerknicker

What celebrated, long-eared gadabout was seen recently leaving a party in the company (and the limousine) of Lady Pamela Forbes-Randolph?

Madcap Lady Pam, England's prettiest expatriate, attended the Gaylord Montclair-ingtonville's mansion-warming looking for all the world like Marilyn Monroe. This gay old town has come to expect the unexpected from Lady Pam, and it's seldom disappointed.



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PLAYBILL

A COUPLE OF MONTHS AGO, we made a big thing out of the fact that a pretty Playmate works right here among us in the shape (no pun intended) of subscription supervisor Janet Pilgrim. Actually, now that we come to think of it, Janet was not the first of our circle to appear as a model in our pages. On several occasions, we saw no reason to look farther afield than the PLAYBOY Building for suitably photogenic people.

In our very first issue, advertising manager Eldon Sellers posed as an unhappy victim of alimony to illustrate the article "Miss Gold-Digger of 1953" and this past July it became apparent he'd learned nothing from his first appearance, since his left hand, decorated with four wedding rings, appeared with the article, "A Vote For Polygamy." Another hand—the patrician mitt of Patricia Pappas, editorial assistant—added a touch of elegance to the John Collier story "In The Cards" and Pat's face, reflected in a spatula, graced a Thomas Mario article on hamburgers. Getting back to Janet Pilgrim, our office Playmate in the July issue, we don't suppose you noticed the guy in evening dress leaning against a door-frame in the

background. But just for the record, his name is Hugh M. Hefner, PLAYBOY's editor and publisher, from whom all blessings flow.

Blessings flow freely in this September issue. If you've already flipped through it, you'll have noticed that it's a bigger, more colorful cornucopia, packed to capacity with more good things than ever before. What's the occasion? There is none—it's just the first of a long line of heftier, handsomer issues to come. This month, besides devoting seventeen hundred words to the feminine chest, we help you stack up a collection of jazz sides and mix you an amusing photographic Martini so potent that you'll see not only the proverbial pink elephants, but a bevy of beauties with purple hair. Stories? They're here in abundance: a spy story a trifle different than any spy story you've ever read; a bit of blarney about a colleen on the make; and a couple of worldly tales by a couple of worldly gentlemen, W. Somerset Maugham and Casanova. The song insists the days grow short when you reach September, but the September issue of PLAYBOY is longer, and more entertaining too, we trust.

PAPPAS



PAPPAS

IN THE CARDS



DEAR PLAYBOY



ADDRESS PLAYBOY MAGAZINE

11 E. SUPERIOR ST., CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS

ALL-TIME ALL-STARS

Next to Mr. Meyer's luscious if imprudent photographs of his well-stacked wife, I really did like Jack Tracy's article ("PLAYBOY's All-Time All-Star Jazz Band") in the June issue the best.

Just wanted you to know and to commend Tracy on his courage in sticking his neck out in so controversial an area. I'm looking forward to the "Dear Playboy" mail in subsequent issues to see just how much of a furor you cause.

Personally, I thought Tracy's selections were admirable and I'd have made only one addition. In giving honorable mentions to some of the current and up-and-coming instrumentalists, I'd have added Urbie Green, who, I feel, is in the Harris tradition. But I'd not split hairs on the point. (Can't spare them, really). Anyway, it was a fine piece and I hope you do more on jazz in subsequent issues of PLAYBOY.

Lynn C. Wimmer, Vice Pres.
Burton Browne Advertising
Chicago, Illinois

Jack Tracy's All-Time All-Star Band is great, but how about Lou Bellson on drums? Duke Ellington said he's the best and I agree.

Bill Lohmeier
WHBF-AM-FM-TV
Rock Island, Illinois

I agree with most of Tracy's All-Time All-Stars, but would suggest Benny Carter as a better choice for alto than "Yardbird" and Brubeck on piano as more creative than technical Tatum.

Bud Finch
Station WELI
New Haven, Conn.

Many years ago jazz musicians used to say, "If you can't play it, fake like you can." In reading Jack Tracy's article on his all-time jazz band, I think that's what he did. Any average jazz fan could have done better than Tracy, and he is the editor of a top music magazine. It is OK to have personal preferences, but don't try to be a press agent. In his article, Tracy sluffed off the greatest names in jazz. Putting Satchmo at the top of his trumpet section makes sense, but anytime that Bix or King Oliver couldn't blow better than Roy Eldridge or Dizzy Gillespie, I'd turn in my jazz record collection.

Tracy put too much emphasis on modern musicians. J. J. Johnson certainly isn't better than T. Dorsey was in his prime. And the idea that Getz is better than Bud Freeman, Charlie Ventura, Ben Webster and the greatest

tenor next to Hawkins, Chu Berry, is ridiculous. Getz could never match the deep feeling that Berry had with a sax.

But the biggest mistake was to entirely ignore a guy who made drums talk back in the late thirties, Gene Krupa. He influenced more drummers than any other drummer in history. It was Krupa who had such a pronounced effect on Jo Jones. Krupa's big band of the forties showed him to be a really great musician and an influence that will be felt for many years to come. The next time you want an article on jazz, get someone who isn't so prejudiced. Or better yet, ask me. I think I could even compose a better group than Mr. Tracy has.

Johnny Stranger
San Francisco, Calif.

Just finished reading Jack Tracy's pick of "PLAYBOY's All-Time All-Star Jazz Band" in the June issue. It's one great group all right, but there's one thing that puzzles me. When I read Mr. Tracy's choice for drummer I was disappointed—I thought for sure Krupa would be number one man. His name wasn't even mentioned. Surely he deserves to be rated along with Rich, Roach and the others mentioned. What about it?

J. D. McPherson
San Francisco, Calif.

I agree with Tracy's choices all down the line. PLAYBOY is currently the best man's magazine on the market.

Stefan George
Program Director
Station WGPA
Bethlehem, Pa.

To round out the trumpet section, for flash drop Gillespie for Maynard Ferguson. Parker, like Gillespie, is too much of a fad. Replace him with Johnny Bothwell. Give the bass to Eddie Safranski.

Bill Balch, Program Director
Station KFEQ
St. Joseph, Missouri

Take Armstrong out. He is, at best, still primitive. Replace him with Charlie Shavers. Take Goodman out and put in the late Stan Hasselgard.

Jim Seaney
Station WDDZ
Decatur, Illinois

On piano, give me Dave Brubeck. Call me a modern, call me a "West Coast Jazz Man" (even though I hear there is no Coast Jazz, as such), call me what you

may, but Brubeck is the man for me on any jazz band!

Bob Holmes
Station KSJO
San Jose, Calif.

I agree with most of Tracy's all-star selections, but how about Krupa on drums and Powell on piano? I'd pick Sarah Vaughan for female vocalist.

Dick Lewis
Station WJLK
Asbury Park, N. J.

I wish to debate a few points with Mr. Jack Tracy, editor of *Down Beat*, who picked the members of the All-Time All-Star Jazz Band in your June issue. It appears to me that Mr. Tracy, in his selections, has placed too little emphasis on the jazz many now apparently consider archaic: New Orleans Jazz. I cannot see how the birthplace of all jazz can be so easily slighted.

For example, in his selection of trumpets, such men as Bunk Johnson and Oscar Celestin could have at least received an honorable mention. And to place Mr. Beiderbecke below that horn-rimmed wonder so aptly named Diz, in my book is unthinkable.

With due respect to Mr. Goodman, whose complex techniques could well be applied to the classical idiom, I believe that a certain Johnny Dodds, with his liquid, mellow, and oh-so-blue clarinet, far outshines any other in the field of jazz, "archaic" or otherwise.

In the selection of pianists, not even one small word was given to the father of all jazz pianists, Jelly-Roll Morton. Fatha' Hines could have, at least, been lightly touched upon, as well as Joe Sullivan.

As far as drummers are concerned, though I consider Mr. Krupa rather on the noisy side at present, in the days of *Sing Sing Sing*, he had no equal. He received no recognition whatever. This was also true of Baby Doods and Zutty Singleton, who both overshadow most of the drummers on Mr. Tracy's list.

Back to the brass section and my main gripe. How can any all-star band exclude the greatest trombone player of his time and one who can still hold his own with them all. I am referring, of course, to Mr. Edward Ory, better known by the name of "Kid." No man, living or dead, can groan out the blues with more feeling and emotion than the Kid. With his sometimes sweet, sometimes dirty, and sometimes damned filthy technique, he can blow the saddest and the happiest music I've ever heard.

I don't want to become involved in

a battle between the "hot" and the "cool" schools of jazz, but I would like to express my feeling to a couple of letter writers in the June issue. Jazz, and I mean the real jazz, is "emotion that is blown through a horn," to quote one reader. I cannot comprehend how "progressive jazz" with all of its complex techniques and polished arrangements and "flatted fifths" can even be classified with the real jazz. To me jazz is emotional music: sometimes sad, sometimes happy, and most of the time pretty sexy too. It is something you tap your foot with, and smile or cry with. Excuse me for saying so, but I can't tap my foot, smile, or cry with the fugues and such that today's fans call jazz. It takes too much work just to listen to it.

Jim Schaefer
University of Illinois
Champaign, Illinois

PREPARING SMALL GAME

I am a small-game hunter and so am given to inflicting amateurishly prepared game dinners upon my near and dear. It would be a boon to me and others of this persuasion if Mr. Mario would, sometime, discourse upon the preparation of a game dinner (small birds: quail, dove, duck, etc.), including suggestions for the accompanying vegetables, salad, wines and dessert.

John Hinton, Jr.
Flushing, L.I., N.Y.

COLE



You have come out with quite a few good cartoons, but the best one that I have ever seen in my entire life was the one appearing on page 31 in your May issue. It has sent both sexes, old and young, into hysterics down this way.

Larry Cafer
Brownsville, Texas

JUNE ISSUE

I am an avid reader and admirer of your magazine and look forward each month to its appearance on the local newsstand. I have read only five or six issues of it (from cover to cover, backward and forward) and I realize that

PLAYBOY is treading a thin line between vulgarity and a sophisticated approach to sex. The Party Jokes are good, the cartoons are humorous and have artistic merit, the stories and articles are fresh and creative, and the photography displays a good deal of creative and artistic endeavor. In general the entire magazine is in very good taste.

However, the June issue, in my opinion, sank below the thin line at many points. The layout was good as usual, but the picture-stories disappointed me. All your previous pictorials on well developed females have been fresh and creative, but Russ Meyer's photographs of Eve brought out sex and nothing else. And the article on the *Illustrator's Show* leaves me with a bad taste in my mouth. It's a burlesque show the way you portray it. The pictures are OK, but some of the dialogue you include in the article is passable but a bit low for PLAYBOY.

I'm not trying to set myself up as the last word in artistic criticism nor am I trying to impose my standards on your magazine. Nevertheless, these are my feelings for whatever they are worth.

To date I've never had any gripes with PLAYBOY for I feel it is one of the better magazines published today. The entire magazine is on a pretty high plane and I hope it stays there. So keep up the excellent work, men. Hold your banner high—never falter.

Dave Phail
Washington, D.C.

Hey, what's happening to your magazine? I've been buying PLAYBOY since it first started, but it certainly isn't the magazine it used to be. You put out a couple of good issues in the beginning, but now PLAYBOY is beginning to look like the *Ladies Home Journal*. The most obvious change is in the Playmate of the Month. Although the weather has been getting warmer each month, your Playmates keep putting on more and more clothes. (Or is it getting colder in Chicago?) I've been putting the Playmates on my bedroom wall and at this rate they'll be wearing snowsuits and long winter undies by the time October rolls around.

Who is the guy that selects the jokes for your Party Joke section? My grandmother could pick funnier gags without even reading them. How about getting some good material and not printing just any piece of nonsense that comes along. If you're really that hard up for jokes, I'll send you some of mine. (They're bad, but not that bad.) I liked your June issue a lot more than any other this year, but maybe it was an accident. You guys had better get on the ball or start calling your magazine PLAY-GIRL.

Kip Pollock
Bronx, New York

Mr. Pollock, meet Mr. Phail.

ART HONOR

Your entry #296 (LeRoy Neiman's illustration for "A Change of Air" in the February issue), chosen to be exhibited in our 34th Annual Exhibition (of outstanding editorial and advertising art), has been selected by one of the U. S. Government agencies for our European Traveling Show.

As we mentioned in our printed literature, this Traveling Exhibition will be sent to leading European cities during the next year. The first showing will be in Milan.

We know you will be pleased with this news, and we shall try to report on its progress through the *Art Director and Studio News* as soon as we learn the rest of its itinerary.

Rufus Bastian
Art Directors Club
New York, New York

SUCCESSFUL LOVE

I just have to let you know how much I enjoyed Delmore Schwartz' "Successful Love" in the June issue. It was a great piece of fiction. If Mr. Schwartz has written anything else *half* as good, it deserves to be printed in one of your future issues.

Ronald D. Barrett
McLoud, Oklahoma

Your June issue of PLAYBOY was the very best yet. The story, "Successful Love," was great! What's more, Miss June is the best Playmate to date and the "Illustrator's Show" one of the most entertaining picture-stories. The guys at Central State College can hardly wait from one month to the next to get the new issue.

Carl Brown
Central State College
Edmond, Oklahoma

PLAYMATE NOMINATIONS

I just received the first issue of my subscription to PLAYBOY and I don't know why I didn't before. I very nearly became a charter subscriber, but didn't believe the quality would last as I've seen some pretty fair magazines come along for a few issues and then lose all their steam. I have all the back issues but January '55 and if you could dig up one of those I would pay \$2 for it.

As for your, or rather "our" Playmate here are some future suggestions: Terry Moore, Abbe Lane, Mara Corday, Linda Lombard, Rita Moreno, Susan Hayward, Vera Miles, Simone Silva, Gloria Pall, Sophia Loren, Martha Hyer—woops, almost ran out of subscription. At any rate, I haven't any complaints on past Playmates. Miss May was super.

Ernest M. Bishop
Grand Rapids, Michigan
P.S. Remember \$2 is waiting for the first January '55 issue I can get my mitts on.





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PLAYBOY

THE CLOSED SHOP

when the madams of a nation get together, let the president beware!

NOTHING WOULD INDUCE ME to tell the name of the happy country in which the incidents occurred that I am constrained to relate; but I see no harm in admitting that it is a free and independent state on the continent of America. This is vague enough in all conscience and can give rise to no diplomatic incident.

Now the president of this free and independent state had an eye to a pretty woman and there came to his capital (a wide and sunny town with a plaza, a cathedral that was not without dignity and a few old Spanish houses), a young person from Michigan of such a pleasing aspect that his heart went out to her. He lost no time in declaring his passion and was gratified to learn that it was returned, but he was mortified to discover that the young person regarded his possession of a wife and her possession of a husband as a bar to their union. She had a feminine weakness for marriage. Though it seemed unreasonable to the president, he was not the man to refuse a pretty woman the gratification of her whim and promised to make such arrangements as would enable him to offer her wedlock.

He called his attorneys together and put the matter before them. He had long thought, he said, that for a progressive country their marriage laws were

remarkably out of date and he proposed therefore radically to amend them. The attorneys retired and after a brief interval devised a divorce law that was satisfactory to the president. But the state of which I write was always careful to do things in a constitutional way, for it was a highly civilized, democratic and reputable country. A president who respects himself and his oath of office cannot promulgate a law, even if it is to his interest, without adhering to certain forms, and these things take time; the president had barely signed the decree that made the new divorce law valid when a revolution broke out and he was very unfortunately hanged on a lamp-post in the plaza in front of the cathedral that was not without dignity. The young person of pleasing aspect left town in a hurry, but the law remained. Its terms were simple. On the payment of one hundred dollars gold and after a residence of thirty days a man could divorce his wife, or a wife her husband, without even apprising the other party of the intended step. Your wife might tell you that she was going to spend a month with her aged mother and one morning at breakfast when you looked through your mail you might receive a letter from her informing you that she had divorced you and was already married to another.

Now it was not long before the happy news spread here and there that at a reasonable distance from New York was a country, the capital of which had an equable climate and tolerable accommodation, where a woman could release herself, expeditiously and with economy, from the irksome bonds of matrimony. The fact that the operation could be performed without the husband's knowledge saved her from those preliminary and acrimonious discussions that are so wearing to the nerves. Every woman knows that however much a man may argue about a proposition he will generally accept a fact with resignation. Tell him you want a Rolls-Royce and he will say he can't afford it, but buy it and he will sign his check like a lamb. So in a very short time beautiful women in considerable numbers began to come down to the pleasant, sunny town; tired business women and women of fashion, women of pleasure and women of leisure; they came from New York, Chicago and San Francisco, they came from Georgia and they came from Dakota, they came from all the states in the Union. The passenger accommodation on the ships of the United Fruit Line was only just adequate to the demand, and if you wanted a stateroom to yourself you had to engage it six months in

BY W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM



fiction

WOODCUT ESPECIALLY FOR PLAYBOY BY RICHARD TYLER

advance. Prosperity descended upon the capital of this enterprising state and in a very little while there was not a lawyer in it who did not own more than one car. Don Agosto, proprietor of the Grand Hotel, went to the expense of building several bathrooms, but he did not grudge it; he was making a fortune, and he never passed the lamp-post on which the outgoing president had been hanged without giving it a jaunty wave of his hand.

"He was a great man," he said. "One day they will erect a statue to him."

I have spoken as though it were only women who availed themselves of this convenient and reasonable law, and this might indicate that in the United States it is they rather than men who desire release from the impediment of Holy Matrimony. I have no reason to believe this is so. Though it was women in great majority who travelled to this country to get a divorce, I ascribe this to the fact that it is always easy for them to get away for six weeks (a week there, a week back and thirty days to establish a domicile) but it is difficult for men to leave their affairs so long. It is true that they could go there during their summer holidays, but then the heat is somewhat oppressive, and besides, there are no golf links; it is reasonable enough to suppose that many a man will hesitate to divorce his wife when he can only do it at the cost of a month's golf. There were of course two or three males spending their thirty days at the Grand Hotel, but they were generally, for a reason that is obscure, commercial travellers. I can but imagine that by the nature of their avocations they were able at one and the same time to pursue freedom and profit.

Be this as it may, the fact remains that the inmates of the Grand Hotel were for the most part women, and very gay it was in the patio at luncheon and at dinner when they sat at little square tables under the arches discussing their matrimonial troubles and drinking champagne. Don Agosto did a roaring trade with the generals and colonels (there were more generals than colonels in the army of this state), the lawyers, bankers, merchants and the young sparks of the town who came to look at these beautiful creatures. But the perfect is seldom realized in this world. There is always something that is not quite right and women engaged in getting rid of their husbands are very properly in an agitated condition. It makes them at times hard to please. Now it must be confessed that this delightful little city, notwithstanding its manifold advantages, somewhat lacked places of amusement. There was but one cinema and this showed films that had been wandering too long from their happy home in Hollywood. In the daytime you could have consultations with your lawyer, polish your nails and do a little shopping, but the evenings were intolerable. There were many complaints that thirty days was a long time and more than one impatient young thing asked her lawyer why they didn't put a

little pep into their law and do the whole job in forty-eight hours. Don Agosto, however, was a man of resource and presently he had an inspiration: he engaged a troupe of wandering Guatemaltecos who played the marimba. There is no music in the world that sets the toes so irresistibly tingling and in a little while everyone in the patio began dancing. It is of course obvious that twenty-five beautiful women cannot dance with three commercial travellers, but there were all these generals and colonels and there were all the young sparks of the town. They danced divinely and they had great liquid black eyes. The hours flew, the days tripped one upon the heels of the other so quickly that the month passed before you realized it, and more than one of Don Agosto's guests when she bade him farewell confessed that she would willingly have stayed longer. Don Agosto was radiant. He liked to see people enjoy themselves. The marimba band was worth twice the money he paid for it, and it did his heart good to see his ladies dance with the gallant officers and the young men of the town. Since Don Agosto was thrifty he always turned off the electric light on the stairs and in the passages at ten o'clock at night and the gallant officers and the young men of the town improved their English wonderfully.

Everything went as merrily as a marriage bell, if I may use a phrase that, however hackneyed, in this connection is irresistible, till one day Madame Coralie came to the conclusion that she had had enough of it. For one man's meat is another man's poison. She dressed herself and went to call on her friend Carmencita. After she had in a few voluble words stated the purpose of her visit, Carmencita called a maid and told her to run and fetch La Gorda. They had a matter of importance which they wished to discuss with her. La Gorda, a woman of ample proportions with a heavy moustache, soon joined them and over a bottle of Malaga the three of them held a momentous conversation. The result of it was that they indited a letter to the president asking for an audience. The new president was a hefty young man in his early thirties who, a few years before, had been a stevedore in the employment of an American firm, and he had risen to his present exalted station by a natural eloquence and an effective use of his gun when he wanted to make a point or emphasize a statement. When one of his secretaries placed the letter before him he laughed.

"What do those three old faggots want with me?"

But he was a good-natured fellow and accessible. He did not forget that he had been elected by the people, as one of the people, to protect the people. He had also during his early youth been employed for some months by Madame Coralie to run errands. He told his secretary that he would see them at ten o'clock next morning. They went at the appointed hour to the palace and were led up a noble stairway to the audience chamber; the official who conducted

them knocked softly on the door; a barred judas was opened and a suspicious eye appeared. The president had no intention of suffering the fate of his predecessor if he could help it and no matter who his visitors were did not receive them without precaution. The official gave the three ladies' names, the door was opened, but not too wide, and they slipped in. It was a handsome room and various secretaries at little tables, in their shirt-sleeves and with a revolver on each hip, were busy typing. One or two other young men, heavily armed, were lying on sofas reading the papers and smoking cigarettes. The president, also in his shirt-sleeves, with a revolver in his belt, was standing with his thumbs in the sleeve-holes of his waistcoat. He was tall and stout, of a handsome and even dignified presence.

"*Qué tal?*" he cried, jovially, with a flash of his white teeth. "What brings you here, *señoras?*"

"How well you're looking, Don Manuel," said La Gorda. "You are a fine figure of a man."

He shook hands with them, and his staff, ceasing their strenuous activity, leaned back and cordially waved their hands to the three ladies. They were old friends and the greetings, if a trifle sardonic, were hearty. I must disclose the fact now (which I could without doubt do in a manner so discreet that I might be misunderstood; but if you have to say something you may just as well say it plainly as not) that these three ladies were the Madams of the three principal brothels in the capital of this free and independent state. La Gorda and Carmencita were of Spanish origin and were very decently dressed in black, with black silk shawls over their heads, but Madame Coralie was French and she wore a toque. They were all of mature age and modest demeanor.

The president made them sit down, and offered them madeira and cigarettes, but they refused.

"No, thank you, Don Manuel," said Madame Coralie. "It is on business that we have come to see you."

"Well, what can I do for you?"

La Gorda and Carmencita looked at Madame Coralie and Madame Coralie looked at La Gorda and Carmencita. They nodded and she saw that they expected her to be their spokeswoman.

"Well, Don Manuel, it is like this. We are three women who have worked hard for many years and not a breath of scandal has ever tarnished our good names. There are not in all the Americas three more distinguished houses than ours and they are a credit to this beautiful city. Why, only last year I spent five hundred dollars to supply my *sala principal* with plate-glass mirrors. We have always been respectable and we have paid our taxes with regularity. It is hard now that the fruits of our labors should be snatched away from us. I do not hesitate to say that after so many years of honest and conscientious attention to business it is unjust that we should have to submit to such treat-

(continued overleaf)

about discophiles,
their records,
and starting
a collection
of your own



article

BY JAMES H. LAVELY

COLLECTING JAZZ

THE JAZZ RECORD COLLECTOR is the craziest: he's happy to hock his last clean suit for a new hunk of wax and he's likely to go for broke over a dusty original featuring some early-day sideman like Dominick LaRocca. The wise collector buys his records when they are issued, of course—and this is usually a cinch when one is concerned with material in today's cooler idiom—but there are some of us who weren't around when Earl Hines was thumping the ivories for HRS and Armstrong's Hot Five was blowing Le Jazz for Okeh. To us befalls the task, albeit pleasant, of combing assorted junk shops, attics, antique stores and grandma's cobwebbed victrola cabinets, hoping to locate a cache, or else—and this is much more sensible and equally as satisfying—settling for reissues of the early classics, waxings readily obtainable at the corner music mart.

Collecting originals is slow, tedious, mostly unrewarding work. As a certain crew-cutted comic would say, you can't hardly get them kind no more. Once or twice a year somebody strikes it rich—Jack Stanley, a Twin Cities radio announcer, not too long ago stumbled onto 4000-odd waxings packed in orange crates and tucked away in the second floor of a neglected warehouse, the take including 200 mint copies of Red Nichols Brunswicks and Mole and Venuti Okehs; and Houstonian Claude Naye recently turned up half-a-dozen foreign-label jazz classics in a Dallas loan shop, the number one item of the haul being Fletcher Henderson's immortal *Fidgety Feet* on the French Brunswick label—but, in general, undiscovered jazz sides are as scarce as motion pictures in 3-D and the fan who persists in ferreting them out invariably winds up with eyes akin to two air pockets in a cloudbank.

The fact that record firms—particularly the majors like Victor, Columbia, Decca, Mercury, Capitol and Coral—regularly delete discs from their catalogues is argument enough that platters should be bought as they appear. In the early 1940s I had a friend who took great sport in needling me about collecting jazz. One evening he barged into my diggings, bowed low, and handed me a new copy of Bob Crosby's *Gin Mill Blues*, pasquinading, "Stow that in your wax stacks, man, so that 25 years from now you won't be burning rubber, canvassing all the shops for a beat-up copy." Today, the swinging Bobcats long disbanded, it is necessary to pay a fancy premium for this record—if you can find it!

W. Cecil Trotwein, St. Louis discophile who specializes in Ellington and Waller platters, housing the works in a six-by-eight-foot five-tiered cabinet, says, "There was a time when a 'moldy fig' (pre-1940 wax enthusiast) like myself haunted the junk parlors, frantically accumulating vintage items like Bluebirds by the Johnny Dodds Trio and Gennetts by King Oliver's Creole Jazz Band. Everything had to be on original labels to be any good, so unless a cat had a bundle of jingle in his jeans he didn't acquire many records. But today, man, the average collector can get all this good ol' stuff on reissues, form the backbone of his collection, and add the new material as it comes out."

Cecil, who got his jazz indoctrination via Fate Marable and other steamboatin' bands, explains, "There are two basic kinds of jazz record fans, those who buy music and those who buy labels. Most of us are interested mainly in the music so I don't care if I get my *Weary Blues* on a 1927 Vocalion or a spankin' new

Columbia LP. In fact, I prefer the LP because the reproduction is superior. The idea, man, is not to be a drag, like the cat who was a label collector. Only labels, that is. I don't know how he managed it, he either steamed off the labels or sawed them off from the grooved parts, but he had the best group of labels you've ever seen. No music, man, just those damn labels with holes in 'em."

Like the majority of today's collectors, Cecil concentrates on the more recent releases, paying special attention to groovings like the new Label X "Vault Originals." But aware that many jazz sides are yet to be reissued, he peruses the auction columns in the trade papers, too, grabbing up an oldie or three when the price is right.

"This is seldom the case," he laments. "The gems of the 1920s have all but disappeared from the lists—now you mostly see the earlier small-label stuff of Thelonius Monk, Gillespie and Don Byas offered—so when an Oliver or a Jones and Collins dandy does happen to show, the competition is tough and the bidding high. Like I bought a cutting of *East St. Louis Toodle-oo* by Duke and his Kentucky Club gang off a recent list. Fine record, fine price. But a buddy of mine, a cube who just doesn't dig really swingin' wax, says I should've used the loot for a down payment on a new Caddy. Myself, man, I tool a Plymouth, but do I have the records!"

Fritz Oest is a jazz purist who made a haul during the war when given a pile of ancient Muggsy Spanier Bluebirds by a Dutch farmer in whose home Fritz's Army Engineer squad had established a command post. Fritz concurs with Trotwein: "Most jazz fans," he says, "when they start a collection, are con-

cerned with the music on the record, not the color and printing of the label, and the music collectors get all the kicks. Either they collect jazz, period, or else they specialize in an instrument like, say, clarinet, or else an artist like maybe Sutton or Goodman or Parker, or often a particular sound like Dixieland or Chicago or progressive. Oh, they may have a few old originals—I do, but I'm lucky; I happened across a jazz-happy Dutchman with a private share-the-wealth plan—and, naturally, they get the new discs as they are released, but, all things considered, for a complete representative and historical collection, a new record fan must rely on reissues."

Reissues on LP constitute the groundsel of more than three-quarters of today's collections, and, says J. P. Kirkland, one of the West Coast's most avid discophiles, "Such items make it increasingly simple to put together a well-rounded collection." Kirkland has some 4000 discs, cross-indexed by file cards and numbers, and at least 10 per cent are long-play jobs. He prefers the long-play discs for many reasons: "They are easier to store, unbreakable, cheaper and easier to index; what's more, the tone quality is usually near-perfect."

Kirkland's suburban Los Angeles home is equipped with high-fidelity speakers in three rooms, a 100-record (mostly Bunk Johnson, Glenn Miller and Charlie Barnet sides) jukebox in the rathskeller, and a floor-to-ceiling

platter library in the den. "But you don't plunk down money for such a set-up until you're a confirmed jazz addict," he warns, "or until you strike oil and retire with a fixed income (which is exactly what Kirkland did!). My advice to the beginner is to concentrate on the newer discs, and to shop around for every kind of jazz record. Make up a representative library and don't specialize until you've examined all phases of jazz. And you may as well face facts: there are some discs you'll never get. Nick Rongetti's Spanier and Russell albums of a decade ago, for example. These became priceless right after pressing. Cut in an anteroom of Nick's Tavern—God, what a place when it was jumpin'; like the walls were going in and out!—those that were mailed out were so poorly packed that they were chipped or broken on arrival. If you have records like these, friend, you've an investment better than a diamond."

In gathering a collection, a neophyte will do well to employ one of the accepted discographies as a guide. Orin Blackstone's *Index to Jazz* is perhaps the most thorough, succinctly written in Orin's news-reporter style; Charles E. Smith's *Jazz Record Book*, which contains a 125-page jazz history, is likewise first-rate.

One of the most unusual jazz Baedekers is that published in Paris shortly before the liberation. This is the 1943 edition of the original *Hot Discography*,

compiled and edited by Charles Delaunay while a member of the French underground. As would be expected, the printing is not of the best caliber, but the Delaunay notes and arrangement of material are flawless. For the collector interested primarily in pre-war releases this is a Parisian delight rivaling the Folies Bergere.

"It's smart to use a discography for reference, but let your personal tastes dictate your collection," advises Dave DeLanc, one of southern Indiana's better known collectors. "Jazz is one helluva large category, spanning Dixie, boogie, blues, swing, bop, progressive and the newer, erudite modern sounds. To me, modern music is a fad, utilizing a harmonic structure that requires strict attention. It's jazz all right, but it's not basic and it'll pass. I like the older, happier music. It comes more from the heart than the head, and you can enjoy it without benefit of a college music appreciation course.

"In collecting, whether barrelhouse or modern, don't buy on hearsay evidence. You should hear the biscuit a few times, feel it. That's the thing with jazz, a man's got to feel it. Hoyte Kine, prominent Cleveland collector and record authority who had everything ever etched by Armstrong, once told me, 'Never live for your collection, live with it.' You can file your platters in cabinets or racks—my stuff's mostly LP, so I use wrought-iron racks, covering the records with a cloth hood to keep out dust—but don't bankrupt yourself with collecting expenditures. Collecting is most enjoyable as a hobby, a means of relaxing, not as a way of life."

Perhaps the best jazz collection in the country is owned by Dr. Hubert Pruett, ex-American League pitcher who holds the record for striking out Babe Ruth. "Doc" Pruett has close to 30,000 platters, all tabbed and indexed and set up in sections. He has about 12 feet of Vocalions, probably twice this amount of Columbias. Once or twice a week he hies himself downstairs and literally gets lost in his recordings. "Doc" loves music—"You have to love it to be a true collector," he says—and, like Dave DeLanc, his jazz library is his escape and method of relaxation.

Then there's Bill Culter, Columbus (Ohio) druggist, Eddie Condon-fancier, and proud possessor of a six-figure ranch-style home built around an Avery Fisher Custom Sixty high-fidelity set. Bill's music shop-on-the-hill contains thousands of platters, all tagged and cross-indexed by bands, vocalists and sidemen. Bill's partial to pianists Jess Stacy and Joe Sullivan (who penned *Little Rock Getaway* eons before it became a Les Paul-Mary Ford smash), blue-blower Red McKenzie, Benny Goodman and, of course, Condon. Bill credits Eddie with doing more for jazz than probably any other musician. "He lives his life and his music in a real humorous way; he just won't quit," avers Bill, whose admiration for the guitar player is reflected in a library leaning heavily towards Condon discs, among them the driving, basic LP

CLOSED SHOP (continued from page 8)

ment."

The president was astounded.

"But, Coralie, my dear, I do not know what you mean. Has anyone dared to claim money from you that the law does not sanction or that I know nothing about?"

He gave his secretaries a suspicious glance. They tried to look innocent, but though they were, only succeeded in looking uneasy.

"It is the law we complain of. Ruin stares us in the face."

"Ruin?"

"So long as this new divorce law is in existence we can do no business and we may just as well shut up our beautiful houses."

Then Madame Coralie explained in a manner so frank that I prefer to paraphrase her speech that owing to this invasion of the town by beautiful ladies from a foreign land the three elegant houses on which she and her two friends paid rates and taxes were utterly deserted. The young men of fashion preferred to spend their evenings at the Grand Hotel where they received for soft words entertainment which at the regular establishments they could only have got for hard cash.

"You cannot blame them," said the president.

"I don't," cried Madame Coralie. "I blame the women. They had no right to come and take the bread out of our mouths. Don Manuel, you are one of

the people, you are not one of these aristocrats; what will the country say if you allow us to be driven out of business by blacklegs? I ask you: is it just, is it honest?"

"But what can I do?" said the president. "I cannot lock them up in their rooms for thirty days. How am I to blame if these foreigners have no sense of decency?"

"It's different for a poor girl," said La Gorda. "She has her way to make. But that these women do that sort of thing when they're not obliged to, no, that I shall never understand."

"It is a bad and wicked law," said Carmencita.

The president sprang to his feet and threw his arms akimbo.

"You are not going to ask me to abrogate a law that has brought peace and plenty to this country. I am of the people and I was elected by the people, and the prosperity of my fatherland is very near my heart. Divorce is our staple industry and the law shall be repealed only over my dead body."

"Oh, *Maria Santissima*, that it should come to this," said Carmencita. "And me with two daughters in a convent in New Orleans. Ah, in this business one often has unpleasantness, but I always consoled myself by thinking that my daughters would marry well, and when the time came for me to retire they would inherit my business. Do you think

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(concluded overleaf)



"Damn Patou! Damn Dior! Damn Paris!"

"We Called it Music."

Once you've decided on the type of collection you want and have purchased and bartered and prayed your way into a pile of pleasant-sounding shellac, some serious thought should be given the problem of storage. For 78- and 45-rpm discs, the best bet is still the standard eight-, ten- or twelve-record blank album, available everywhere at nominal price. For 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ -rpm discs, there is no better protective covering than their original folders (but, remember, only one record to a folder). Dampness, dust and excessive heat are injurious to record surfaces and for this reason album storage in a sturdy, ventilated cabinet is recommended for further protection. You can build your own or purchase one ready-made, but insist on a cabinet with at least two shelves, one about 12 inches high for 78s and 45s, the other about 14 inches high for 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ s. Sectionalized cabinets are preferable because they make your periodic indexing chores a bit simpler.

Vertical filing is advised by those in the know. "All records should have up-and-down storage; if you've got them on the horizontal, they're likely to slide off and get trampled," says Harry Stone, St. Louis disc jockey-bandleader-collector. Harry procured many of his older waxings while working in a record emporium during his high school days. "No, I didn't steal 'em," he's quick to point out when one marvels at the size and scope of his collection. "I just took records in lieu of salary. It was a gasser, too. The man I worked for admonished me many times for taking home 'junk' by Krupa and Miller and BG and Shaw; said I should get the 'finer' stuff of the day by Kaye and Lombardo. Not that there's anything wrong with Lombardo; Armstrong likes what he does. But I pride myself on knowing something lasting when I hear it and those 1935-1940 numbers like *In the Mood* and *Summit Ridge Drive* are the staple items in my collection. I've made up my own albums, built around the bandleaders, and have them thoroughly indexed. I can pull out whatever you want to hear in less than a minute."

Harry's collection might be entitled "From Beiderbecke to Brubeck," as it includes all manner of jazz platters, and even some that aren't jazz. "Good music is my criterion," he says, "and I appreciate the well-scored and well-executed whether by James or Kenton or Victor Young."

Most confirmed platterbugs have invested in hi-fi equipment within the past year or two, and collectors' chatter is now spiced with frequent references to impedance, woofers and ohms. Crazy as it sounds, such lingo is fast becoming part and parcel of the record game (*Down Beat*, the jazzman's bible, recently added a complete hi-fi editorial section.) Hi-fi last year accounted for one-third of the sales in a \$750,000,000 combined record-instrument-sound industry. But there's no need to go financially overboard on hi-fi; if you're an

average-heeled record fan, you can buy, assemble, and install a hi-fi rig for less than \$200.

However, before you start shopping for high-fidelity apparatus, make absolutely sure you want it. Because maybe it won't do you any good. The American Hearing Aid Association estimates there are about 4,000,000 Americans who simply can't hear sounds in the higher frequencies. So, before you shell out a couple of weeks' pay to reproduce hi-fi sound in your quarters, it would be a good idea to make certain you can hear it. You might lend an ear to the Victor disc, *Adventures in High Fidelity*. The brainchild of George Marek, RCA Victor's A and R man, this waxing plays the same musical passage in varying stages of fidelity. If you can't dig the difference, buy yourself a good radio-phonograph combination and apply the money saved to increasing the size of your wax piles.

If you do go in for high-fidelity, don't get carried away. If there's a good sound engineer in your town, go to him, let him size up you, your residence and the thickness of your wallet, and then assemble a rig to fit. You see, there are no rigid standards for hi-fi. Any manufacturer can term a piece of junk hi-fi, and many of them do. By the same token, some manufacturers produce expensive, ornate equipment which emits sounds the human ear can't hear. For instance, several speakers now on the market will faithfully reproduce tones of 22,000 cycles per second—fine for your dogs but absolutely worthless to you. Of course, if you've a pup who digs blues 'n' bop, well . . .

For several technical reasons, the best hi-fi comes only in component parts, and they can be installed in a variety of ways. A good idea is to order matched sets of component parts, assembled and ready to install at discount prices, from sound specialists like Lafayette Radio in New York, Walter Ashe in St. Louis, Oberline, Inc. in Hollywood, or Voice and Vision in Chicago. Or, if you're the type that likes to lean on the reputation of an established name, RCA Victor has on sale coast-to-coast matched components in combinations from \$150 to \$1500.

A fine rig, reasonably priced, can be put together as follows: Bogen DB10-1 Amplifier (\$54.50), Webcor three-speed record changer (\$35), GE sapphire cartridge for 78s (\$5.75), GE diamond cartridge for LPs (\$19.95), and University 6201 speaker (\$44.25). A fine auxiliary speaker is the eight-inch Wharfedale (\$24.50).

The best way to house all this? There is no best way. Bookcases are excellent; so are desks, step-type end-tables and even liquor cabinets. Boxing-in the speaker is the big problem. A closet lined with sound-absorbing material is ideal. The speaker should be placed in a baffle, to reduce the sound thrown out the back end, and should be located on the far wall from where you sit, pointing directly at you.

"Hi-fi is a real fine adjunct for your

collection, and so is insurance—after all, you wouldn't play around with an uninsured automobile, would you?—but the main thing is the records," stresses Sammy Gardner, whose jumping Mound City Six can be heard on the Delmar label, "and a beginner can put together a good group of wax for less than \$100."

Listed here is a varied, fundamental collection, running the gamut from Bunk to Monk. By no means a complete discography, consensus opinion is that it's representative, chock full of happy sounds, and exemplary of what is currently available on 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ -rpm discs at moderate price:

Jam Session Coast-to-Coast: Eddie Condon's All-Stars, The Rampart St. Paraders—Columbia

Swinging at the Sugar Bowl: Bob Crosby and Band—Coral

Blue Prelude: Woody Herman and his Orchestra—Coral

Carnegie Hall Jazz Concert (1938): Benny Goodman—Columbia

We Called it Music: Eddie Condon and Wingy Manone—Label X "Vault Original"

Stan Getz at the Shrine: Stan Getz—Norgran

BG in Hi-Fi: Benny Goodman—Capitol

The Louis Armstrong Story (Volume II): Louis Armstrong and his Hot Seven—Columbia

Kansas City Jazz (Volume I): Bennie Moten—Label X "Vault Original"

Glenn Miller and His Orchestra (Limited Edition, Volume I)—RCA Victor

This is Duke Ellington—RCA Victor
Experiment in Jazz: Bill Russo—Universal

Papa's Golden Wedding: Oscar ("Papa") Celestin—Southland

You're Hearing Shearing: George Shearing—MGM

Jazz at Oberlin: Dave Brubeck Quartet—Fantasy

Horn A-Plenty: Bobby Hackett and his Orchestra—Commodore

The Bix Beiderbeck Story (Volumes II and III): Bix Beiderbeck—Columbia

The Rockin' Chair Lady: Mildred Bailey—Decca

Shades of Bix: Jimmy McPartland and his Band—Brunswick

Night in Manhattan: Lee Wiley, Joe Bushkin—Columbia

Gone-Garner-Gonest: Erroll Garner—Columbia

Four Saxophones in Twelve Tones: Lyle Murphy, Frank Morgan—Gene Norman Presents

Fats Waller Plays and Sings—RCA Victor

Wolverine Jazz: Bud Freeman and his Orchestra—Decca

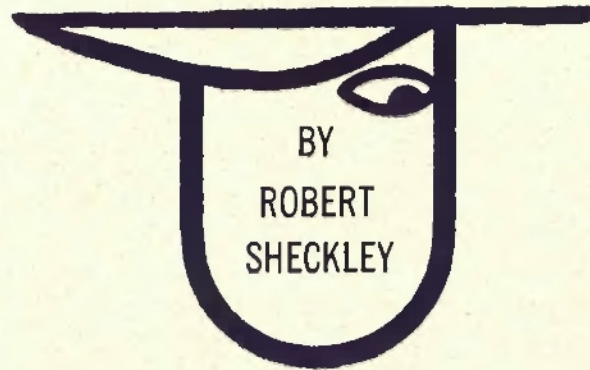
Piano Moods: Ralph Sutton—Columbia

Kid Ory's Creole Jazz Band—Good Time Jazz

Old Sounds from San Francisco: Dave Brubeck—Fantasy

Another Evening with Charlie Ventura and Mary Ann McCall—Norgran

SPY STORY



BY
ROBERT
SHECKLEY

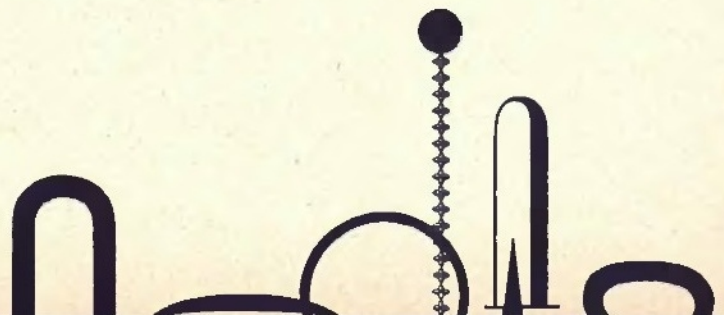
I'M REALLY IN TROUBLE now, more trouble than I ever thought possible. It's a little difficult to explain how I got into this mess, so maybe I'd better start at the beginning.

☛ Ever since I graduated trade school in 1991 I'd had a good job as sphinx valve assembler on the Starling Spaceship production line. I really loved those big ships, roaring to Cygnus and Alpha Centaurus and all the other places in the news. I was a young man with a future, I had friends, I even knew some girls. ☛ But it was no good. ☛ The job was fine, but I couldn't do my best work with those hidden cameras focused on my hands. Not that I minded the cameras themselves; it was the whirring noise they made. I couldn't concentrate. ☛ I complained to Internal Security. I told them, look, why can't I have new, quiet cameras, like everybody else? But they were too busy to do anything about it. ☛ Then lots of little things started to bother me. Like the tape recorder in my TV set. The F.B.I. never adjusted it right, and it hummed all night long. I complained a hundred times. I told them, look, nobody else's recorder hums that way. Why mine? But they always gave me that speech about winning the cold war, and how they couldn't please everybody. ☛ Things like that make a person feel inferior. I suspected my government wasn't interested in me. ☛ Take my Spy, for example. I was an 18-D Suspect—the same classification as the Vice-President—and this

entitled me to part-time surveillance. But my particular Spy must have thought he was a movie actor, because he always wore a stained trench coat and a slouch hat jammed over his eyes. He was a thin, nervous type, and he followed practically on my heels for fear of losing me. ☛ Well, he was trying his best. Spying is a competitive business, and I couldn't help but feel sorry, he was so bad at it. But it was embarrassing, just to be associated with him. My friends laughed themselves sick whenever I showed up with him breathing down the back of my neck. "Bill," they said, "is *that* the best you can do?" And my girl friends thought he was creepy. ☛ Naturally, I went to the Senate Investigations Committee, and

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fiction





AMONG US ARE SOME FEW who insist that the publishing business is going to the dogs—and taking most everyone right along with it, too. These public spirited folk have been busy, busy, busy “cleaning up” children’s comics and now they’re starting in on adult magazines and paperback books. The do-gooders have been trying (with a truly remarkable lack of success) to find some connection between books, magazines and juvenile delinquency. They’re particularly concerned with some of the lurid covers on today’s publications—the thinking being: junior skips to the corner confectionery for his daily supply of gumballs and there the sex and violence openly displayed on the magazine stand infects his little mind. That night, though his parents had always treated him kindly and indulged his every whim, the child sexually molests his baby sitter, garrotes the cat and burns down the family homestead.

“It’s a mighty good thing they didn’t have that kind of sensational stuff corrupting minds and morals when we were children,” we said to a friend recently, “or think where the present generation might be.”

“Horsefeathers,” said our friend.

“Horsefeathers?” we queried.

“Horsefeathers,” he repeated. “You’ve an extraordinarily poor memory. Magazines were considerably more sensational then than they are now.”

“More sensational?” we gasped in disbelief. “But how can that be? It’s a well known fact that the publishing business is going to the dogs and . . .”

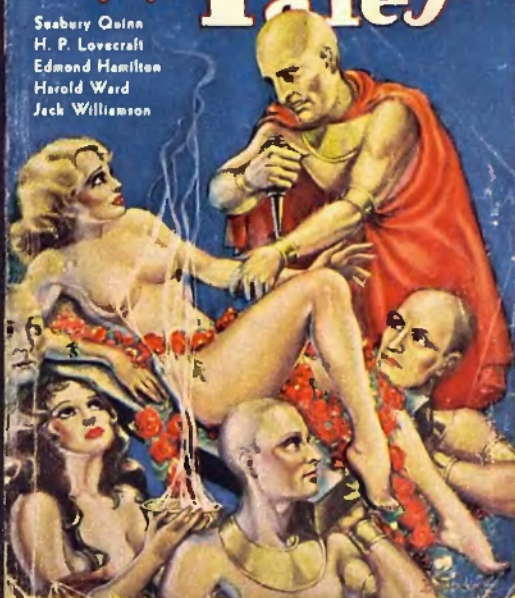
“Horsefeathers,” said our friend. So we checked. It did seem as though we’d read something a bit more exciting than *Tom Swift and his Electric Grandmother* when we were struggling through adolescence, but we were hardly prepared for what we found. Our friend was quite correct. Today’s pocket-sized books offer an occasional plunging neckline, but in the good old days they didn’t bother with necklines at all, just wisps of hair or smoke. And violence? *Wow!* Whips and axes—buzz saws and hypodermic needles!

We’ve collected a few of the choicer covers of twenty years ago to permit comparisons. Horsefeathers, say we. If the publishing business is on its merry way to the kennels, it’s taking a hell of a roundabout way of getting there.

Weird Tales

JULY—95c

Seabury Quinn
H. P. Lovecraft
Edmond Hamilton
Harold Ward
Jack Williamson



Weird Tales



Today, collector’s items like these sell for \$5 and \$10. During the Thin Thirties, used magozines came cheaper. The “exotic, peppy, exciting” issue below was stamped “2 for 15c” which referred, we think, to the publication.

EXOTIC • PEPPY • EXCITING

New Mystery 15c Adventures

December

Eye of
the Fiend



Canyon
of Doom

Blair

FAIR FORMS and FOUL FIENDS

the magazines of yester-
year out-mickied spillane
pictorial



Luckily for publishers, long hair was the style back in the Thirties; and, on magazine covers at least, it had a rare talent for always being in the right place at the right time. No foul fiend was complete without hypodermic, test tube or buzz saw.



SPY STORY (continued from page 13)

said, look, why can't you give me a trained Spy, like my friends have?

They said they'd see, but I knew I wasn't important enough to swing it.

All these little things put me on edge, and any psychologist will tell you it doesn't take something big to drive you bats. I was sick of being ignored, sick of being neglected.

That's when I started to think about Deep Space. There were billions of square miles of nothingness out there, dotted with too many stars to count. There were enough Earth-type planets for every man, woman and child. There had to be a spot for me.

I bought a Universe Light List, and a tattered Galactic Pilot. I read through the Gravity Tide Book, and the Interstellar Pilot Charts. Finally I figured I knew as much as I'd ever know.

All my savings went into an old Chrysler Star Clipper. This antique leaked oxygen along its seams. It had a touchy atomic pile, and spacewarp drives that might throw you practically anywhere. It was dangerous, but the only life I was risking was my own. At least, that's what I thought.

So I got my passport, blue clearance, red clearance, numbers certificate, space-sickness shots and deratification papers. At the job I collected my last day's pay and waved to the cameras. In the apartment, I packed my clothes and said good-bye to the recorders. On the street, I shook hands with my poor Spy and wished him luck.

I had burned my bridges behind me. All that was left was final clearance, so I hurried down to the Final Clearance Office. A clerk with white hands and a sun lamp tan looked at me dubiously. "Where did you wish to go?" he asked me.

"Space," I said.

"Of course. But where in space?"

"I don't know yet," I said. "Just space. Deep Space. Free Space."

The clerk sighed wearily. "You'll have to be more explicit than that, if you want a clearance. Are you going to settle on a planet in American Space? Or did you wish to emigrate to British Space? Or Dutch Space? Or French Space?"

"I didn't know *space* could be owned," I said.

"Then you don't keep up with the times," he told me, with a superior smirk. "The United States has claimed all space between coordinates 2XA and D2B, except for a small and relatively unimportant segment which is claimed by Mexico. The Soviet Union has coordinates 3DB to LO2—a very bleak region, I can assure you. And then there is the Belgian Grant, the Chinese Grant, the Ceylonese Grant, the Nigerian Grant—"

I stopped him. "Where is Free Space?" I asked.

"There is none."

"None at all? How far do the boundary lines extend?"

"To infinity," he told me proudly.

For a moment it fetched me up short.

Somehow I had never considered the possibility of every bit of infinite space being owned. But it was natural enough. After all, *somebody* had to own it.

"I want to go into American Space," I said. It didn't seem to matter at the time, although it turned out otherwise.

The clerk nodded sullenly. He checked my records back to the age of five—there was no sense in going back any further—and gave me the Final Clearance.

The spaceport had my ship all serviced, and I managed to get away without blowing a tube. It wasn't until Earth dwindled to a pinpoint and disappeared behind me that I realized that I was alone.

Fifty hours out I was making a routine inspection of my stores, when I observed that one of my vegetable sacks had a shape unlike the other sacks. Upon opening it I found a girl, where a hundred pounds of potatoes should have been.

A stowaway. I stared at her, open-mouthed.

"Well," she said, "are you going to help me out? Or would you prefer to close the sack and forget the whole thing?"

I helped her out. She said, "Your potatoes are lumpy."

I could have said the same of her, with considerable approval. She was a slender girl, for the most part, with hair the reddish blonde color of a flaring jet, a pert, dirt-smudged face and brooding blue eyes. On Earth, I would gladly have walked ten miles to meet her. In space, I wasn't so sure.

"Could you give me something to eat?" she asked. "All I've had since we left is raw carrots."

I fixed her a sandwich. While she ate, I asked, "What are you doing here?"

"You wouldn't understand," she said, between mouthfuls.

"Sure I would."

She walked to a porthole and looked out at the spectacle of stars—American stars, most of them—burning in the void of American space.

"I wanted to be free," she said.

"Huh?"

She sank wearily on my cot. "I suppose you'd call me a romantic," she said quietly. "I'm the sort of fool who recites poetry to herself in the black night, and cries in front of some absurd little statuette. Yellow autumn leaves make me tremble, and dew on a green lawn seems like the tears of all Earth. My psychiatrist tells me I'm a misfit."

She closed her eyes with a weariness I could appreciate. Standing in a potato sack for fifty hours can be pretty exhausting.

"Earth was getting me down," she said. "I couldn't stand it—the regimentation, the discipline, the privation, the cold war, the hot war, everything. I wanted to laugh in free air, run through green fields, walk unmolested through gloomy forests, sing—"

"But why did you pick on me?"

"You were bound for freedom," she said. "I'll leave, if you insist."

That was a pretty silly idea, out in the depths of space. And I couldn't afford the fuel to turn back.

"You can stay," I said.

"Thank you," she said very softly. "You *do* understand."

"Sure, sure," I said. "But we'll have to get a few things straight. First of all —" But she had fallen asleep on my cot, with a trusting smile on her lips.

Immediately I searched her handbag. I found five lipsticks, a compact, a phial of Venus V perfume, a paper-bound book of poetry, and a badge that read: *Special Investigator, FBI*.

I had suspected it, of course. Girls don't talk that way, but Spies always do.

It was nice to know my government was still looking out for me. It made space seem less lonely.

The ship moved into the depths of American Space. By working fifteen hours out of twenty-four, I managed to keep my spacewarp drive in one piece, my atomic piles reasonably cool, and my hull seams tight. Mavis O'Day (as my Spy was named) made all meals, took care of the light housekeeping, and hid a number of small cameras around the ship. They buzzed abominably, but I pretended not to notice.

Under the circumstances, however, my relations with Miss O'Day were quite proper.

The trip was proceeding normally—even happily—until something happened.

I was dozing at the controls. Suddenly an intense light flared on my starboard bow. I leaped backward, knocking over Mavis as she was inserting a new reel of film into her number three camera.

"Excuse me," I said.

"Oh, trample me anytime," she said.

I helped her to her feet. Her supple nearness was dangerously pleasant, and the tantalizing scent of Venus V tickled my nostrils.

"You can let me go now," she said.

"I know," I said, and continued to hold her. My mind inflamed by her nearness, I heard myself saying, "Mavis—I haven't known you very long, but—"

"Yes, Bill?" she asked.

In the madness of the moment I had forgotten our relationship of Suspect and Spy. I don't know what I might have said. But just then a second light blazed outside the ship.

I released Mavis and hurried to the controls. With difficulty I throttled the old Star Clipper to an idle, and looked around.

Outside, in the vast vacuum of space, was a single fragment of rock. Perched upon it was a child in a spacesuit, holding a box of flares in one hand and a tiny spacesuited dog in the other.

Quickly we got him inside and unbuttoned his spacesuit.

"My dog—" he said.

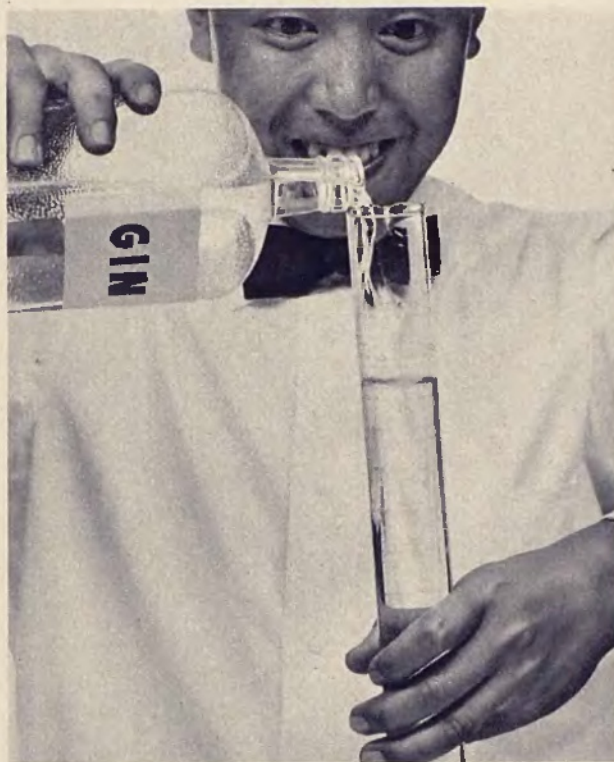
"He's all right, son," I told him.

(continued on page 24)

the secret of success is precision



1. Ingredients: Gin, dry vermouth, crystal clear ice cubes, olives, lemon, calipers, knife, toothpicks, cocktail glasses, mixing glass, spoon, strainer, two graduates and one very precise Japanese bartender.



2. Pour gin freely . . .



3. But accurately. 250 cubic centimeters should do as a starter.

(continued)

pictorial BY STAN CEPLIUS

MIXING the PERFECT MARTINI

THERE IS NOTHING quite so civilized as a dry Martini. Its mixing is a precise science that only a special few ever truly master. So much misinformation has been made available on the subject that PLAYBOY feels obliged to set the matter straight once and for all and presents here the exact formula and method required for correctly concocting this incredible cocktail.

4. The gin is poured into a mixing glass that is thoroughly chilled and filled to the top with crystal clear ice cubes. The gin is poured in first because most expert Martini men agree that the vermouth would be badly bruised if it were poured on the bare ice cubes. There is no place in a good Martini for liniment for vermouth bruises.



6. But not freely. 2 cc. should suffice.



5. Pour vermouth accurately . . .



7. Stir concoction no less than 25 revolutions. Wrist action is very important here; keep head well back to avoid inhaling intoxicating fumes as a clear mind is essential until preparation is completed.



8. Wiping lemon peel gently around the edge of the chilled cocktail glass adds to the flavor of the cocktail and cleanliness of the glass.



(continued)



9. The size of the olive is very important as one that is too large will displace too much gin. Vernier or similar caliper will give accurate measurement and a diameter of 20 mm. is suggested.



11. Twist the lemon peel over the glass. This has no effect on the cocktail, but impresses onlookers.



10. Pour carefully into glass. Try to avoid spilling mixture on table cloth as linen fibers disintegrate under the influence of certain elements.



12. The perfect Martini can only be followed by another, another, and . . .



13 . . . *WOW!*



"Just what are you leading up to, Mr. Fairbanks?"

an eminent medico says "down with bosoms."
we say "down with necklines." en garde, doc!

article BY JAY SMITH

THE BIG BOSOM BATTLE

FIRST IT WAS DIOR and now it's the doctors: they're trying to do away with bosoms.

A bevy of gynecologists (the boys who know women inside out) got together in Oregon recently and one of their number, Dr. Goodrich Schouffler of the University of Oregon, gave them several varieties of free-wheeling hell on the subject of breasts. Many American women are developing "a highly-dangerous bosom complex," he complained. Over-emphasis on what the good doctor refers to as "a semi-respectable sex appendage" is, he insists, making neurotics out of girls whose frontal developments are still in the experimental stage. "The array of bosoms now available to the naked eye is simply appalling," the medic moaned. So, he concluded, down with bosoms and up with necklines.

We'll admit our Freud is a bit rusty (it's been a long time since we took that Rohrschach) but it seems to us that the doc is letting his id run away with his libido. And, far from being only "semi-respectable," we think the female front is as impeccably correct as Anthony Eden and much more appealing. It is one of the better things in this vale of tears.

The doctor says that the present interest in breasts adds up to a complex. Well, we guess it's a complex if he says so. He's the doctor. But what's bad about it? The headshrinkers define a complex as a tendency to think a great deal about a certain subject, and what's so bad about a tendency to think about bosoms? It beats meditating on Krushchev, income taxes, the Abominable Snowman, and the Kansas City Athletics. As for this complex bothering unendowed girls, let's (as the politicians say) look at the record. Five hundred years ago women didn't wash their faces (it says so in *Forever Amber*), and when some smart dame figured out that a clean face might appeal to a man more than a dirty one and began to wash, the doctors probably started hollering about "face complexes." But we think clean faces added an undefinable something to that illusory quality called feminine allure, even though some of the faces looked better when you couldn't see

them too clearly. Same thing with this bosom business. The have-nots are always complaining, whether it's faces, bosoms, or other natural resources.

As a matter of fact, the small-bosomed babe never had it so good. Two of the most popular stars in Hollywood today are Grace Kelly and Audrey Hepburn; neither is a 36-D by any means, but both have interesting faces and attractive assets. (Jane Russell, it should be noted, has yet to win an Oscar.) And, thanks to the dressmakers and brassiere manufacturers, anatomical deficiencies go quite unnoticed. What nature has forgotten they stuff with cotton. If anybody is entitled to squawk it's not the underendowed girl but the poor guy who marries one of them and then discovers that he's been short changed. But it's his own fault for not taking inventory before the Big Sale.

Another place Dr. Schouffler errs is in thinking that this interest in bosoms is something new. He blames *modern* journalism and entertainment for it, and there's where he's out in left field somewhere. People have been interested in bosoms for a long, long time, even in the doc's state, Oregon. The earliest pictures we know anything about, the murals in the tombs of the Egyptian Pharaohs, feature the intriguing curves of the "weaker" sex. One called "Banquet Scene" dates from the reign of the 18th Dynasty pharaoh, the great Akhenaten, about 1350 B.C., and depicts a group of happy men being waited on by a clutch of babes as bare as any who ever served the blue-plate up to tired businessmen at the old Chesterfield Club in Kansas City (and you must ask us to tell you about *that* sometime).

Where, we ask, would culture be without bosoms? Has the good doctor ever taken time out from gynecologizing to visit a museum or an art gallery? Can he seriously imagine Goya's "Nude Maja," Titian's "Venus of Urbine," Carracci's "Galatea," or Rembrandt's "Danae" in brassieres? Take the Venus de Milo—put a bra on her and what have you got? Nothing but a slightly potbellied lady who bit her fingernails too much. We're sure the artists and sculp-



tors will go along with us when we say that the brassiere and art are natural enemies, like the mongoose and the cobra.

The truth is, the greatest ages in human history have been those in which breasts were joyously unconfined. In the Golden Age of Greece, the bosom was openly admired and appreciated. The lawyers of today lack the showmanship of the orator Hyperides, who won an acquittal for his beautiful client, Phryne, by having her dramatically bare her bosom to the jury.

Then you take maypole dancing. Modern maypole dancing isn't what it was. Maypole dancing hasn't been the same since the Puritans made the female dancers cover up. Back in the enlightened medieval age (in England, for instance), the maidens danced with bosoms bared around the May-pole in honor of the traditional "Maid Marian," the girl friend of a guy named Robin Hood. The dancers would then leave the Green hand in hand with the young men, to go "under the greenwood tree" and build little love-bowers. These temporary unions were blessed by the renegade Friar Tuck, and the resulting offspring were known as "merrybegots," a word expressive of good clean fun.

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SPY STORY *(continued from page 16)*

"Terribly sorry to break in on you this way," the lad said.

"Forget it," I said. "What were you doing out there?"

"Sir," he began, in treble tones. "I will have to start at the start. My father was a spaceship test pilot, and he died valiantly, trying to break the light barrier. Mother recently remarried. Her present husband is a large, black-haired man with narrow, shifty eyes and tightly compressed lips. Until recently he was employed as a ribbon clerk in a large department store.

"He resented my presence from the beginning. I suppose I reminded him of my dead father, with my blonde curls, large oval eyes and merry, outgoing ways. Our relationship smoldered fitfully. Then an uncle of his died (under suspicious circumstances) and he inherited holdings in British Space.

"Accordingly, we set out in our spaceship. As soon as we reached this deserted area, he said to mother, 'Rachel, he's old enough to fend for himself.' My mother said, 'Dirk, he's so young!' But soft-hearted, laughing mother was no match for the inflexible will of the man I would never call father. He thrust me into my spacesuit, handed me a box of flares, put Flicker into his own little suit, and said, 'A lad can do all right for himself in space these days.' 'Sir,' I said, 'there is no planet within two hundred light years.' 'You'll make out,' he grinned, and thrust me upon this spur of rock."

The boy paused for breath, and his dog Flicker looked up at me with moist oval eyes. I gave the dog a bowl of milk and bread, and watched the lad eat a peanut butter and jelly sandwich. Mavis carried the little chap into the bunk room and tenderly tucked him into bed.

I returned to the controls, started the ship again, and turned on the intercom.

"Wake up, you little idiot!" I heard Mavis say.

"Lemme sleep," the boy answered.

"Wake up! What did Congressional Investigation *mean* by sending you here? Don't they realize this is an FBI case?"

"He's been reclassified as a 10-F Suspect," the boy said. "That calls for full surveillance."

"Yes, but *I'm* here," Mavis cried.

"You didn't do so well on your last case," the boy said. "I'm sorry, ma'am, but Security comes first."

"So they send you," Mavis said, sobbing now. "A twelve-year-old child—"

"I'll be thirteen in seven months."

"A twelve-year-old child! And I've tried so hard! I've studied, read books, taken evening courses, listened to lectures—"

"It's a tough break," the boy said sympathetically. "Personally, I want to be a spaceship test pilot. At my age, this is the only way I can get in flying hours. Do you think he'll let me fly the ship?"

I snapped off the intercom. I should have felt wonderful. Two full-time Spies were watching me. It meant I was really

someone, someone to be watched.

But the truth was, my Spies were only a girl and a twelve-year-old boy. They must have been scraping bottom when they sent those two.

My government was still ignoring me, in its own fashion.

We managed well on the rest of the flight. Young Roy, as the lad was called, took over the piloting of the ship, and his dog sat alertly in the co-pilot's seat. Mavis continued to cook and keep house. I spent my time patching seams. We were as happy a group of Spies and Suspect as you could find.

We found an uninhabited Earth-type planet. Mavis liked it because it was small and rather cute, with the green fields and gloomy forests she had read about in her poetry books. Young Roy liked the clear lakes, and the mountains, which were just the right height for a boy to climb.

We landed, and began to settle.

Young Roy found an immediate interest in the animals I animated from the Freezer. He appointed himself guardian of cows and horses, protector of ducks and geese, defender of pigs and chickens. This kept him so busy that his reports to the Senate became fewer and fewer, and finally stopped altogether.

You really couldn't expect any more from a Spy of his age.

And after I had set up the domes and force-seeded a few acres, Mavis and I took long walks in the gloomy forest, and in the bright green and yellow fields that bordered it.

One day we packed a picnic lunch and ate on the edge of a little waterfall. Mavis' unbound hair spread lightly over her shoulders, and there was a distant enchanted look in her blue eyes. All in all, she seemed extremely un-Spylike, and I had to remind myself over and over of our respective roles.

"Bill," she said after a while.

"Yes?" I said.

"Nothing." She tugged at a blade of grass.

I couldn't figure that one out. But her hand strayed somewhere near mine. Our fingertips touched, and clung.

We were silent for a long time. Never had I been so happy.

"Bill?"

"Yes?"

"Bill dear, could you ever—"

What she was going to say, and what I might have answered, I will never know. At that moment our silence was shattered by the roar of jets. Down from the sky dropped a spaceship.

Ed Wallace, the pilot, was a white-haired old man in a slouch hat and a stained trench coat. He was a salesman for Clear-Flo, an outfit that cleansed water on a planetary basis. Since I had no need for his services, he thanked me, and left.

But he didn't get very far. His engines turned over once, and stopped with a frightening finality.

I looked over his drive mechanism, and found that a sphinx valve had blown. It would take me a month to make him a new one with hand tools.

"This is terribly awkward," he murmured. "I suppose I'll have to stay here."

"I suppose so," I said.

He looked at his ship regretfully. "Can't understand how it happened," he said.

"Maybe you weakened the valve when you cut it with a hacksaw," I said, and walked off. I had seen the telltale marks.

Mr. Wallace pretended not to hear me. That evening I overheard his report on the interstellar radio, which functioned perfectly. His home office, interestingly enough, was not Clear-Flo, but Central Intelligence.

Mr. Wallace made a good vegetable farmer, even though he spent most of his time sneaking around with camera and notebook. His presence spurred Young Roy to greater efforts. Mavis and I stopped walking in the gloomy forest, and there didn't seem time to return to the yellow and green fields, to finish some unfinished sentences.

But our little settlement prospered. We had other visitors. A man and his wife from Regional Intelligence dropped by, posing as itinerant fruit pickers. They were followed by two girl photographers, secret representatives of the Executive Information Bureau, and then there was a young newspaper man, who was actually from the Idaho Council of Spatial Morals.

Every single one of them blew a sphinx valve when it came time to leave.

I didn't know whether to feel proud or ashamed. A half-dozen agents were watching *me*—but every one of them was a second rater. And invariably, after a few weeks on my planet, they became involved in farmwork and their Spying efforts dwindled to nothing.

I had bitter moments. I pictured myself as a testing ground for novices, something to cut their teeth on. I was the Suspect they gave to Spies who were too old or too young, inefficient, scatter-brained, or just plain incompetent. I saw myself as a sort of half-pay retirement plan Suspect, a substitute for a pension.

But it didn't bother me too much. I did have a position, although it was a little difficult to define. I was happier than I had ever been on Earth, and my Spies were pleasant and cooperative people.

Our little colony was happy and secure.

I thought it could go on forever.

Then, one fateful night, there was unusual activity. Some important message seemed to be coming in, and all radios were on. I had to ask a few Spies to share sets, to keep from burning out my generator.

Finally all radios were turned off, and the Spies held conferences. I heard them whispering into the small hours. The next morning, they were all assembled

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MATING SEASON

By CHARLES LEE ROBINSON

*'twas a green book and a gold-haired girl
that brought the color to terry's face, and
him not a wicked boy at all, at all.*

FATHER CARRIGAN KNEW Terry Dinneen as a string of a boy nearly six feet tall for all he was only seventeen, dark Irish with a snub nose, a length to his upper lip that gave him an impudent look, and such lashes to his blue eyes that the girls glanced sly and with hope when they passed him on the street. In truth, though, the lad was neither impudent nor paying attention to the girls, but serious and overly fond of reading books.

It was the books that were causing the difficulty.

"'Tis not," said Terry's mother to Father Carrigan through the grill of the confessional, "that Terry shouldn't read, oh no, 'tis not against reading I am. His father, God rest his soul, was a great reader in his last days when the sickness was on him. But a very full-blooded man with color in his face Mr. Dinneen was, as you'll remember." She sighed a

breath of memory and hitched her shawl tighter.

"A strong man was Dinneen," agreed Father Carrigan, remembering well Michael Dinneen and his carryings on with the bottle and the barmaids, but also generous with the plate on Sundays.

"Terry's not like his father at all, at all," went on Mrs. Dinneen. "No more color in his face than a peeled potato, and mooning around the house day and night wearing out his eyes with the reading. He takes no exercise and he's eating poorly, very poorly. Is it time for supper and the very things he likes on the table and I'll call and call and there he is with his nose in a book. Oh, he's not a minute of trouble to me. A saintly boy if ever there was one, and good to me. But the reading . . ."

"It's a phase he's going through, and you shouldn't be worrying," said Father Carrigan clicking his beads impatiently.

Mrs. Dinneen was taking up too much time, with four more waiting to get into the confessional and his five o'clock tea getting cool in the parlor.

"A what?" she asked, anxiously.

"A phase," said the Father. "He'll get over it. There's worse things a boy of his age could be doing than reading. Of course he wouldn't be reading any of the books on the List now, would he?"

"Ah, no, sure he wouldn't, Father," she said quickly. "My Terry has not a wicked thought, let alone reading sinful. Reverence he has for the Holy Father, and he's never after the girls like that Cassidy boy who lives down the street. No, he'd not be reading anything on the List."

Father Carrigan moved restlessly and fiddled with the shutter, thinking idly that if he slid it quick across the grill he might cut off the tip of Mrs. Din-

(continued on page 39)

fiction





for fall and winter wear, a close-up of good taste

LeRoy Neiman



fashion BY JACK J. KESSIE *playboy's* apparel editor

THE BASIC WARDROBE

A GUY MUCH SMARTER than anyone in this office once said that the joy of discovery is surpassed only by the joy of being discovered.

We've just finished looking over the fall fashion forecasts and have been gratified to read such stirring syntax as: "Biggest single trend of '55 in men's clothing is the natural slim line from head to heel" and "The clean, straight cut completely replaces the rippling roominess of yesteryear's apparel—puts your full-cut clothes among the family antiques."

Hear, hear, say we. For some time now, we have subscribed to the theory that there are certain basic tenets of style and cut in men's clothing that are unchangeable. The stress—for us—has always been placed on natural and casual lines geared for constant comfort and ease in any situation. But it's pretty sad when certain clothing manufacturers and their



(continued from preceding page)

BASIC WARDROBE



advertising agencies can dictate—subject to periodical change—just what does and what does not constitute that elusive phantom known as high fashion. And if you're the guy who just laid out 75 bills for a balloon-shouldered worsted in a splash weave, then you have our sympathy—'cause, as the man said above, it belongs "among the family antiques."

(The women, of course, go through the same nonsense every season. Such pontifical *couturiers* as Balmain and Dior are anathema to any babe who can't afford a complete wardrobe turnover once a year. Few of them can—at least not on their own money.)

Accordingly, PLAYBOY forthwith attempts to outline the man's basic wardrobe—in good taste, we promise you, not just this season or next, but at least as long as the fabric shows any signs of life. Achieving it at reasonable cost is not difficult. If you're interested, look straight ahead.

SUITS

Whether you're still on campus or firmly ensconced in a downtown broker's office, we're sure that you've come to recognize the qualities of a good flannel. You'll want at least one single-breasted suit of this perennially tasteful fabric, in a choice of shades that includes medium, oxford or charcoal gray, or a rich dark brown. You shouldn't have to pay more than \$80 for the suit, and if you can add two—one gray, one brown—you have the nucleus of a sensible town-and-country, work-and-play wardrobe that should serve you well. Add as soon as possible at least one tweed suit, a rugged herringbone or diagonal in gray and white, brown and white, or black and brown, loomed of Shetland wool. Styling, of course, dictates a natural shoulder, three buttons, raised edges and seams, flap pockets and a deep center hook vent in the back of the jacket. Stay away from side vents simply because they seem faddish and are apt to disappear from the scene. Trousers lines should be clean-hanging and slim proportioned without pleats in the front. As an extra economy feature, the jacket alone of your tweed

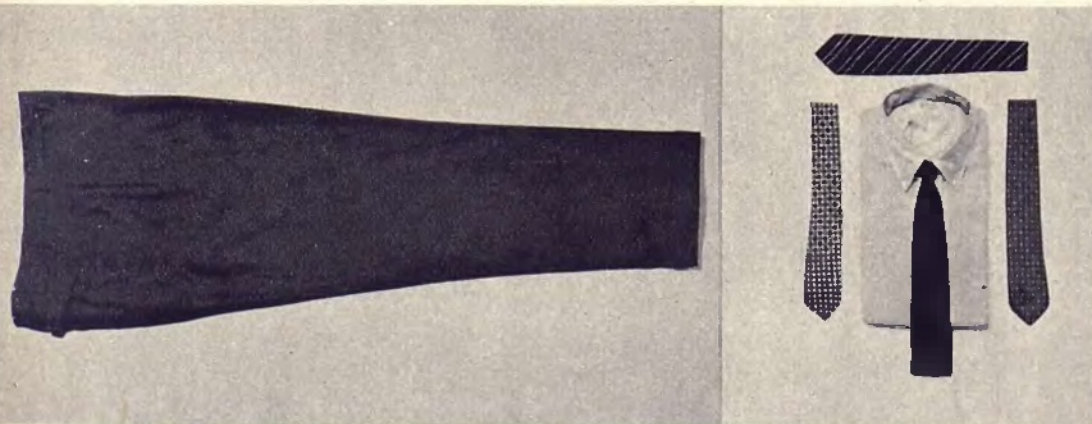
suit serves perfectly as a sports jacket with a pair of black flannel slacks.

SHIRTS AND TIES

Shirt fabrics that will fit well with your basic suit wardrobe include both cotton oxford cloth and cotton broadcloth, woven of either domestic materials or imported Egyptian fibers. If you prefer a lighter weight shirting, you might choose India Madras or Batiste, or possibly one of the newer blends of dacron and cotton that launders easily, dries rapidly and requires little pressing. Assuming that you wear a clean shirt every day, a practice we recommend, then a minimum of seven to ten shirts would be necessary. We know a guy who has thirty-seven of the damn things in his dresser drawers, and sends out his laundry once a month. Your supply should come somewhere in between. Monograms on shirt pockets are strongly recommended, and for those who get lost easily, possibly the address and phone number should be included as well.

Colors in men's shirts are reaching new heights of horror these days: witness such shades as mint green, fiesta yellow, fuzzy peach, and, if you're thirsty, there's something called cognac and rum—not to drink, but to put on your aching back. Well, we suggest that you stay with the tested four: white, blue, tan and gray, in solid shades or interesting, tasteful stripes. You can find plenty of variety in collar styles, too. There's the bat-wing monoplane roll, the spread-eagle push-pull, the Barrymore waterfall—and even the tableless tab, which faintly reminds us of the loveless love that Billie Holiday used to sing about so well. Anyway, they're all pretty jazzy, but you might do better if you made your selections from the button-down, the round, the English tab, or the short square point for dressier occasions. Cuffs should be barrel-shaped and buttonable but it certainly isn't a mortal sin if you prefer the French variety. When worn, cuff links should be reasonably small and neat. There is no reason to pay more than

(continued on page 34)





PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A women's wear manufacturer has announced a new brassiere called *Embargo*. Doesn't make much sense until you give it the old Scrutan twist and spell it backward.

Then there were the two honeymooners who wanted to fly United, but the stewardess wouldn't let them.



A technique perfected by a playboy friend of ours is so unique it deserves a telling.

Quite recently, he had been having difficulty persuading a lovely but stubborn young lady to part with her Victorian moral principles. He tried soft words and soft music; he tried the cave-man approach; he tried strong drink. She resisted all these devices. Finally, one Saturday afternoon, he escorted her to an extremely fashionable furrier where he asked to see a collection of their finest mink coats. From these he permitted the girl friend to choose one costing a cool ten grand.

"I assume you will accept my check," said our friend in a matter-of-fact manner.

The furrier explained that, being Saturday afternoon, the banks were closed and they would be unable to verify his credit until the following Monday. The playboy smiled. "I understand," he said.

"Suppose we leave the coat here—I'll drop by Monday and pick it up. Here is my check."

Monday morning when he returned to the store, the furrier said sternly, "I am sorry, sir, but I cannot let you have the mink coat you ordered Saturday. We have called your bank and find that your account will not cover a check of this size."

"Yes, I know that," our friend replied. "I just stopped by to thank you for a wonderful weekend."

A lovely southern belle we know is such a slow talker that by the time she got through assuring a friend of ours that she wasn't that kind of girl, she was.



After the age of forty-five, a man's get up and go is likely to have got up and gone.

Two shapely stenographers were standing on a crowded subway. One asked the other: "That man behind me—is he good looking?"

"Well," was the answer, "he's young." The first girl nodded. "That I know."

While vacationing last summer in the North Woods, a young fellow thought it might be a good idea to write to his girl. He had brought no stationery with him, however, so he had to walk into town for some. Entering the one and only general store, he discovered that the clerk was a young, full-blown farm girl with languorous eyes. "Do you keep stationery?" he asked.

"Well," she giggled, "I do until the last few seconds, and then I just go wild."



News item: Arthur Proctor, of this city, was today accused of signing a false name when applying for a marriage license. The new Mrs. Proctor came to his defense, saying, "Arthur didn't mean to do that—it's just that he's become so accustomed to hotel registers."

A certain small New England town has had exactly the same population figure for the last half-century. This amazing condition is attributed to the fact that every time a baby is born, a man leaves town.

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.



A is for ANNE

• • • And also for *amorous*, *amenable*, and *abundant*: all of which might aptly describe Anne Fleming, the stunning dance instructor who is our Playmate this month. But don't tarry here — flip the page and find your own adjectives.



PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

MISS SEPTEMBER





BASIC WARDROBE (continued from page 28)

\$5.50 for any shirt in your wardrobe, except the dacron and cotton jobs, which cost as much as \$12.50 but save considerable laundry expense in the long run.

Because we recommend conservative suits and shirts in the basic wardrobe, we feel it necessary that the well-attired man burst forth with colorful originality in his choice of neckwear. Attractive, unusual color blends form the backbone of his tie collection, which should number at least twenty-five for the simple reason that neckties get dirty if worn too often, and no one has ever evolved a satisfactory method of cleaning them. Bold and colorful rep stripes—in black, yellow, red, navy, green and brown—go well with almost anything, or you can choose a wide variety of rich silk foulards printed in small, neat patterns. The width of these should average about 2½ inches. An inexpensive yet good-looking tie is the hand-blocked English wool challis that sets you back only \$2.50. Popular knit ties in the darker shades are a perfect compliment to the sports-jacket-and-slacks combination. The variety of neckties available is almost endless: choose what appeals to you, keep the pattern neat and orderly and the cost under \$4.00 each.

SHOES AND SOCKS

The wrappings that go around your feet should be selected as diligently as your Scotch whiskey. For a number of years, business men clung closely to the staid old gartered hose, mainly, we suppose, because their legs got cold or else they were afraid to flash a calf in the client's office. Bah! We prefer socks that measure about eight inches up from the heel and hug the ankle with their own elasticity. As with shirts, you should plan on making a change every day in the week, so allowing for the laundry, you'd better have on hand at least ten pairs. Good-looking wool dress hose are available in the classic 6 x 3 rib in solid black, gray, navy, dark green, brown and maroon. If you wish, you can pick up several pairs of the more exclusive (i.e. expensive) Scottish Tattersall wool hose for sports wear, or full-fashioned English Argyles that look good in an Austin-Healey. If you prefer, cotton lisle or nylon offers a less expensive, non-shrinkable hose that goes well with your business suits. More exotic blends of cashmere and nylon, or lamb's wool and cotton, serve well at almost all occasions. Again, if you go for patterned hose, make sure that they are neat and conservative.

No man really needs more than five pairs of shoes on his wardrobe floor, and we've known people who have gotten away with no more than two. It's best, however, to figure on three pairs of dress shoes and maybe two pairs for casual country loafing. Of course, you should never wear the same shoes two days in a row. For office or after-six, a good pair of cordovan brown, plain-toe bluchers and a pair of Scotch-grain wing-tips give comfort and service in good proportions. For your gray suits,

you'll want something in black, either plain or wing-tip—makes no difference. You might make sure that your shoes have five—count 'em—five eyelets instead of the one-two-or-three-eyelet jobs currently being palmed off on us. Keep your shoes in a good state of polish and repair at all times. Since you'll probably have to pay in the vicinity of \$20 for each pair, we're sure you can see the long-range economy involved here. For active leisure, a pair of soft leather mocasin loafers (*without* the tassels), costing around \$12, and a pair of white buckskins, *circa* \$15, should round things out nicely.

SPORTS APPAREL

The well-dressed man should select his sports attire as carefully as his more formal duds. The field is crowded, the market active, making careful choices doubly important. Select sports jackets of distinctive, hand-loomed imported tweeds that can be found in such interesting patterns as herringbones, small houndstooth checks, plaids and diagonals. All borrow heavily from the traditional styling of your suit jackets—three buttons, narrow notch lapels, stitched ¼ inch edges and seams, soft natural shoulders, flap pockets and hook vent. Coupled with a pair of worsted dark gray flannel slacks with adjustable back strap and no pleats, these combinations add a smart variety to your basic wardrobe. You should pay no more than \$55 for the jacket, and you'd be wise to add several to the fold. The slacks run in the vicinity of \$20 and make sure they have that tapered, leggy look. Another good companion to your jackets or sweaters is washable poplin slacks in a natural shade of light tan, costing no more than \$14.

For easy living, a lot of men we know prefer the sport shirt over all others. If you agree, then you'll want several that are both comfortable and good-looking. Authentic Scottish Tartans of lightweight, washable flannel—available in Black Watch (navy-black-green), Campbell Dress (green-white-blue) or MacDonald (red-green)—are probably the most expensive of the bunch (\$17.50), but these same patterns can be had in gingham for only \$14.50. In the same price range are shirts of Swiss woven Lanella and Viyella, soft and washable, in solid colors or Tartan plaids. Houndstooth and Tattersall checks and Glen plaids, tailored the same as your dress shirts, contribute a distinctive touch to any man's wardrobe. We suggest you purchase several.

No man (big or small) on campus would think of being seen drinking the brown October ale in anything but a crested mug, slacks, dusty white bucks, sport shirt and a sweater. Your choice in the latter item of apparel runs to three neck styles and it might be a good thing to have one of each, just to play safe. V-necks are by far the most popular, but the crew necks and turtles are also worthy of attention. Neither requires a shirt underneath. A good soft

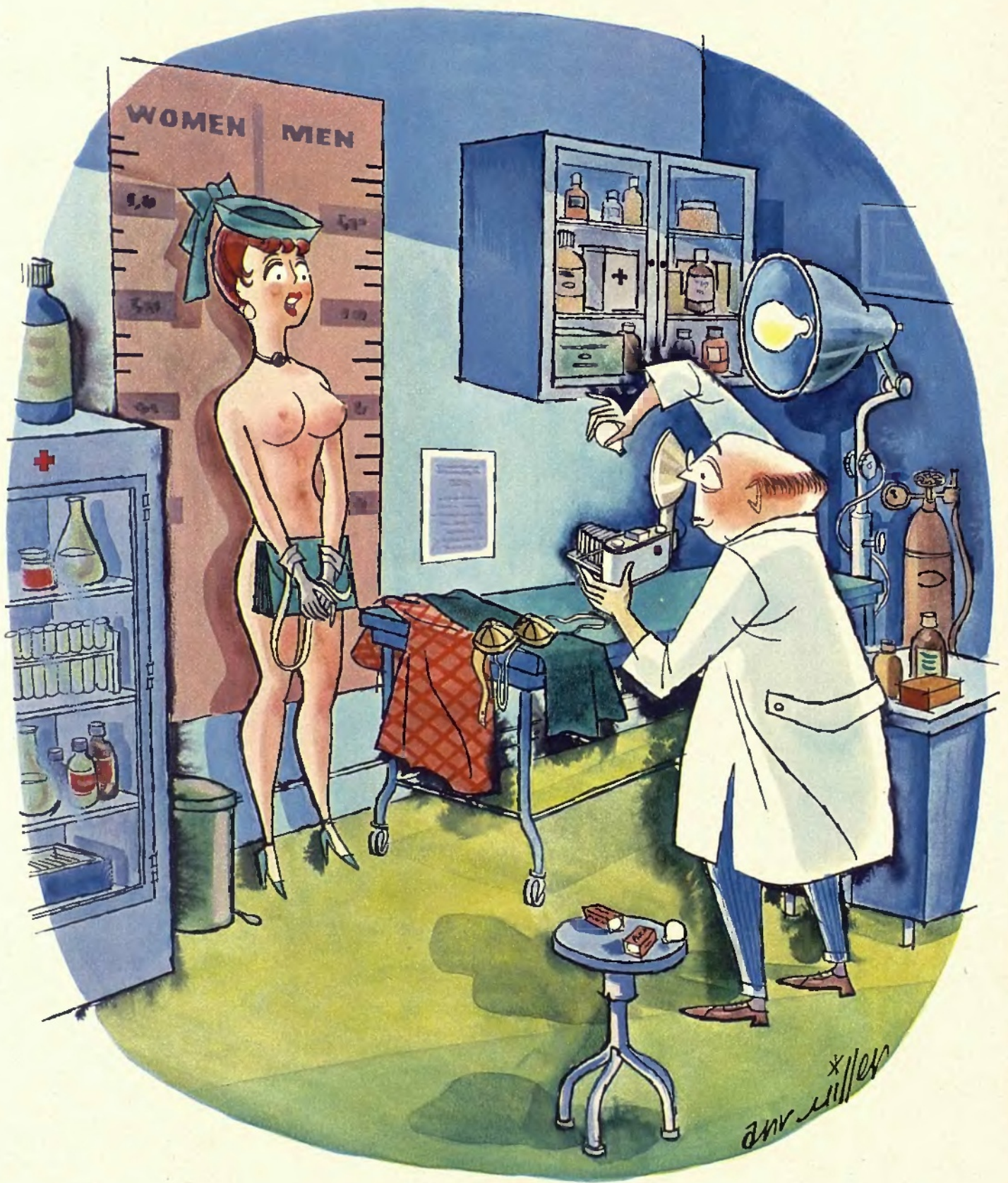
wool sweater in a dark, solid color should set you back no more than \$10, but if you really feel loaded, there's a fellow in Vienna, name of Bernhard Altmann, who turns out a cashmere job that runs as high as \$82.50. A good lightweight alpaca pullover with full sleeves and a crew neck costs just about as much, but again, you don't have to pay that kind of dough if you stay with Australian wool or even the American variety. Colors should be limited to beige, black, navy, gray, dark brown or maroon. Another favorite for campus sportswear is the cable-stitched tennis pullover with a V-neck, knitted of white lamb's wool, with red, blue and black stripe trim.

HATS AND COATS

Our feelings about the wearing of a headpiece have been stated before. In order to keep your head in some of the colder northern climes of these United States it cannot be denied that a hat—at least during the winter months—is as much a necessity as the outercoat, muffler and gloves. It gets goddamn cold without one. Truly the hat is a useful piece of felt that deserves the discriminating attention of any playboy, all the more today because the hat itself is going through an interesting stage of evolution that offers many noteworthy variations.

There are four basic styles: the standard fur felt fedora, the low-crown pork-pie, the Tyrolean and the small-brimmed Homburg. The basic wardrobe, however, demands no more than two of these. Favored by the smartly turned-out executive is the snap-brimmed standard felt, found these days with a tapered crown that runs from 5¾ to 5½ inches in height, and a brim, narrower and trimmer than before, that is only about 2¼ inches wide. Be sure that you crease the top of the hat but leave the front pinches out. Stay with the more intelligent shades of dark brown with black band, tan with dark brown or pearl gray with black; side bow preferred over the come-lately back bow. You should pay no more than \$10 or \$15. The pork-pie, age-old campus cut-up, is still cherished in the neighborhood of the Administration Building and Kissing Rock, and retains its remarkable popularity with tweeds and flannel combinations. The shaggy Tyrolean, with the high tapered crown, rope band and feathers, is a favorite of the sophisticated suburban set, those who take their commuting ease in the club car and week-ends on the golf course. The Austrians discovered it first, but we think it's sure to be a permanent part of the well-appointed American male's wardrobe. The small-shaped Homburg needs little introduction to those who have seen Ronald Colman or Jimmy (not Johnnie) Walker. Here is all the elegance and dash that any vice-president in charge of media could hope for, but remember that you should be over thirty-five before attempting to wear one—then make sure you carry it off with the proper

(concluded on page 42)



"I always thought X-ray cameras were much larger."

about the man who buys the magazine

THE PLAYBOY READER

WE'VE ALWAYS EDITED PLAYBOY for a particular guy: sophisticated, intelligent, urban—a young man-about-town, who enjoys good, gracious living. Potential advertisers are interested in a more specific picture of a magazine's audience, however. So we commissioned an independent market research organization, Gould, Gleiss and Benn, Inc., to conduct a survey of PLAYBOY's readership.

A questionnaire was bound into every 37th copy of the April issue and the results received and tabulated by GG&B. We thought you might be interested in what we found out about your fellow PLAYBOY readers.

AGE The average PLAYBOY reader is very much a young man-about-town. He is 29 years old—ten years younger than the average age of readers in a subscribers' survey conducted recently by the

other class men's magazine.

Under 18 years of age	0.0%
18 and 19 years of age	9.9%
20 through 24 years of age	32.2%
25 through 29 years of age	24.0%
30 through 34 years of age	13.3%
35 through 39 years of age	8.6%
40 through 44 years of age	4.0%
45 through 49 years of age	2.7%
50 through 54 years of age	2.3%
55 through 59 years of age	2.0%
60 years of age and over	1.0%
Average (mean) age	29 years

EDUCATION Over 70% of PLAYBOY's readers have attended college.

Less than high school diploma	4.7%
High school diploma	20.0%
College (less than 4 years)	42.1%*
College degree	29.8%
Other specialized schools beyond high school	3.4%

* Over half of the "College" group are students at the present time and a good percentage may be expected to join the "College degree" group later.

MARITAL STATUS Half of PLAYBOY's readers are free men; the other half are free only in spirit.

Single	49.8%
Married	50.2%

OCCUPATION The great majority of PLAYBOY's readers are business and professional men and the young men in college who will be in business and the professions in two or three years. PLAYBOY has a greater percentage of college men in its audience than any other national magazine.

Business officials, owners, managers, etc.	20.6%
Professionals (accountants, doctors, lawyers, engineers, etc.)	17.4%
Students	24.6%
Salesmen, advertising men, etc.	9.8%
Foremen, mechanics, craftsmen	6.6%
Clerical and kindred workers	4.1%
Armed services	8.7%
Retired, unemployed	.6%
Miscellaneous	7.6%

FAVORITE HOBBIES AND SPORTS
The PLAYBOY reader is a well-rounded



man, with a great many interests in addition to women. Percentages add up to more than 100% because some readers listed more than one favorite.

HOBBIES

Amateur radio	1.4%
Art	2.2%
Cards	4.1%
Cars	6.1%
Chess	2.4%
Coin collecting	2.7%
Cooking	.7%
Dancing	2.4%
Drawing	1.7%
Drinking	4.3%
Flying	1.7%
Guns	3.9%
Gardening	2.3%
Hi-Fi	2.5%
Music	7.6%
Model trains	3.0%
Model planes	1.9%
Photography	20.0%
Painting	4.0%
Reading	16.4%
Traveling	3.7%
Woodworking	4.0%
Working on engines	2.7%
Stamp collecting	3.3%
Other hobbies	67.1%
No favorite hobbies	9.7%

SPORTS

Auto racing	6.8%
Baseball	31.4%
Basketball	22.0%
Boating	4.4%
Bowling	10.5%
Boxing	6.9%
Fishing	19.5%
Football	41.8%
Golf	23.3%
Horseback riding	4.0%
Hunting	13.4%
Hockey	3.7%
Skiing	2.6%
Swimming	24.5%
Softball	.6%
Tennis	14.5%
Track	6.4%
Table tennis	2.7%
Water skiing	3.2%
Wrestling	3.5%
Other sports	35.6%
No favorite sports	1.3%

CAR OWNERSHIP 87.7% of PLAYBOY's readers own cars. Owners were also asked the approximate amount they paid for their last car.

Under \$1,000	15.9%
\$1,000 through \$1,900	16.1%
\$2,000 through \$2,900	29.8%
\$3,000 through \$3,900	24.7%
Over \$4,000	13.4%
Average (mean)	\$2,493.93

CLOTHING You can tell a good deal more about a man by learning what he pays for a suit or an automobile than what he earns each week. PLAYBOY'S

readers are *spenders*, paying considerably more than the national average in both departments. Readers were asked to give the approximate cost of their last suit.

\$ 50.00 and under	12.1%
\$ 55.00 to \$ 70.00	35.6%
\$ 75.00 to \$ 90.00	31.1%
\$ 95.00 to \$125.00	14.4%
\$130.00 to \$150.00	2.7%
Over \$150.00	4.0%
Average (mean)	\$80.66

VACATIONS PLAYBOY's readers are traveling men. Over half (55.7%) have vacationed outside the United States. Readers were asked to list mode of transportation most often used on vacations. Percentages add to more than 100% because some readers listed more than one method.

Private car	43.1%
Airplane	32.8%
Train	17.6%
Bus	4.7%
Boat	4.6%
Other modes of transportation	2.6%

SMOKING HABITS 81.3% of PLAYBOY's readers smoke. 82.7% of the smokers use cigarettes, 31.9% enjoy a pipe, 18.2% smoke cigars. Smokers were also asked to list their favorite brands. We were surprised by the showing some of the newer cigarette brands made.

CIGARETTES

Lucky Strikes	23.2%
Pall Mall	18.5%
Camels	14.5%
Winston	9.6%
Chesterfields	8.7%
Phillip Morris	6.8%
Viceroy	5.2%
L and M	4.6%
Old Gold	4.2%
Raleigh	2.3%
Parliament	2.6%
Other brands	6.9%

CIGARS

Dutch Masters	8.5%
Bering	6.7%
El Producto	6.7%
King Edward	6.7%
Roi Tan	3.5%
White Owls	3.5%
Other brands	44.1%

PIPE TOBACCO

#79 Mixture	24.8%
Holiday	7.6%
Bond Street	5.9%
Kentucky Club	4.8%
Edgeworth	3.8%
London Dock	3.8%
Special Made	3.7%
Prince Albert	2.0%
Rum and Maple	2.0%
Other brands	18.6%

DRINKING HABITS Readers were asked to list their favorite brands of liquor and beer purchased.

LIQUOR

Seagrams	12.4%
Canadian Club	9.8%
Johnnie Walker	5.2%
Old Grand Dad	3.9%
Smirnoffs Vodka	3.6%
Haig and Haig Scotch	3.2%
Jack Daniels	3.2%
Black and White Scotch	2.7%
Jim Beam	2.3%
White Horse Scotch	2.1%
Four Roses	2.0%
I.W. Harper	2.0%
Other brands	35.8%
No favorite brand	14.0%

BEER

Schlitz	17.4%
Millers	17.2%
Budweiser	12.3%
Hamms	7.2%
Pabst	2.9%
Coors	1.6%
Ballantine	1.4%
Olympia	1.2%
Goebel	.6%
Other brands	27.5%
No favorite brand	16.8%

MAGAZINES Advertisers are always interested in what *other* magazines a publication's readers buy regularly, so here is the list of titles read regularly by more than 5% of PLAYBOY's men.

Life	43.5%
Esquire	24.0%
Time	23.3%
Saturday Evening Post	22.8%
True	14.9%
Look	14.8%
Reader's Digest	12.4%
Collier's	9.8%
Newsweek	8.7%
Argosy	7.6%
New Yorker	6.7%
Sports Illustrated	5.6%
U.S. News & World Report	5.3%



MR. ADVERTISER: If you're interested in selling the young man-about-town and man-about-campus, write for additional information on PLAYBOY's reader survey, advertising rates, etc. Address Main Advertising Office, PLAYBOY, 11 E. Superior St., Chicago 11, Illinois. Or phone: In New York, PLaza 9-3076; in Chicago, MICHigan 2-4511; in Los Angeles, DUNkirk 4-7352; in San Francisco, EXbrook 2-0159; in Miami, MIami 9-2668.



"Hi, Mom! I got the job!"

MATING SEASON (continued from page 25)

neen's nose—an impious thought. "What is it he's reading now?" he asked.

"A nice green book, it is," said Mrs. Dinneen.

"What is the title?"

She clicked her tongue in apology. "That I can't remember now. 'Tis about bees."

"Bees," said Father Carrigan. "There's no harm in bees."

"There's harm in reading so much that the blood gets sluggish and with no color in the face at all. I wouldn't want him to go consumptive on me," she protested, plaintively.

"All right," said Father Carrigan, giving in. "Send the boy around to see me on Saturday early and I'll have a talk with him."

All of this was on a Thursday and that night Mrs. Dinneen said not a word until after supper and the dishes done. Terry had the shade tipped on the kitchen lamp and was hunched close over the table, elbows all spraddled, reading in the oval of yellow light.

"'Tis about bees, now, isn't it?" she asked.

"'Tis," said Terry, not taking his eyes from the page.

"You're sure it's not one of the books on the List?"

He looked up startled. "Ah," he said, his voice raw-edged with impatience. "How would it be on the List and me getting it from old Miss Lucey at the Public Library."

"I'm asking only for the good of your soul, Terrence," she said, apologetically.

There was silence in the kitchen again for a moment while Terry tried to pick up where he'd left off reading and his mother, sitting outside the circle of light with her hands in her lap, looking at him fondly and worrying that she'd offended him.

"Oh," she said. "I near forgot. You're to see Father Carrigan on Saturday early."

"And why should I be going to see Father Carrigan?" he asked in mild alarm, the while his mind ran quick over his small sins.

"He wants to see you about your phase."

"My what?"

"Your phase. It's a phase you're in, Terrence. But there'll be no more talk about it now. Be at the Father's door on Saturday, around nine is the best time to catch him, and mind you take the book with you for he wants a look at it."

Saturday morning Terry walked down the block with the book under his arm, heeding not the invitation of Kate O'Hara—the one with the green eyes and the gold hair and bold ways—to sit on the steps with her awhile. Nor paying mind to the thrill and screeches of the football match at Kings Crossroads.

He knocked timidly on Father Carrigan's door.

"Come in, come," said the Father, giving the boy a critical eye and seeing the tall good looks of him, even though there was no color in his face. "Sit down, sit down."

Terry sat on the edge of the chair in front of Father Carrigan's desk. He fixed his gaze luke-warm on the picture of Saint Sebastian stuck through with arrows and with eyes rolled to heaven—a sad sight.

"Your mother says you're eating poorly, and I agree from the looks of you," said the Father, coming right to the point. "She says it's reading, reading, all the day and night, with never a bit of football, fresh air, or sunshine."

Terry said nothing.

"Are you in any trouble?" asked Father Carrigan, kindly.

"I'm not," said Terry.

"Would it be a girl that's worrying you?" asked the Father in a man-to-man tone, trying a random shot but not so random considering the age of the boy. And in the back of his mind was that self-same Kate O'Hara, that very pretty girl who lived within a stone's throw of the Dinneens. Ah, there'd been a bit of talk about her saucy ways, but likely no more than jealous gossip which was a scald on all and a sin too.

"There's no special girl," said Terry, his voice as short as a bitten finger nail.

"Not even the O'Hara, the one with the bright hair?"

The Father was teasing now, joking a bit, for he could see the clear innocent look of the boy's eyes. No trouble there yet about girls, no trouble at all.

Terry's voice was cool. "Sometimes I see Kate at the Library," he said. "She's got the intelligence and likes reading. She puts me on to the books she fancies, and I put her on to the books I fancies. That's how it is, and nothing else at all, Father."

"Good, good." He put out his hand for the book still clutched under Terry's arm. "What's it you're reading now? Did she put you on to this one?"

"She did, Father."

"Ah," said the Father, his face all smiles when he saw the title. "'Tis Maeterlinck's *Life of the Bee*. Now, there's a grand book. I read it myself when a lad, and it sent me to catching insects, butterflies and moths, all put in a jar of preservatives and stuck through with a pin on the chart for my collection. That's grand play, for it teaches you nature. It's exercise in the sunshine to put color in your face, and you learn, too, for there's more to the ways of life than is to be found in books."

Terry's face showed interest. "Father," he said. "I'd like to catch a queen bee."

"You could, you could," said the Father, warming to the idea of it, and idly flipping the pages of the book looking for a familiar part to make conversation with. "Ah, here's a marvel now. The part that tells of the wedding flight of the queen bee. You remember that part?"

Terry nodded.

"That's nature, boy. That's the male and the female, and the wonder of God in the making."

Terry's eyes opened a bit and he took a quick gnaw at the corner of his lip.

(continued on page 44)

FEMALES BY COLE: 15



Persistent Paramour

"THE SAMMY DAVIS STORY"

his life would make a colossal hollywood musical

THERE IS NO DOUBT that the single, most spectacular personality to emerge on the show business scene this year is a little guy named Sammy Davis, Jr.

Sammy sings, and he does imitations, and he dances, he plays a number of musical instruments and he acts well enough to have a Broadway producer talking about building a play around him. In addition to these many talents, he's an especially likable guy, who possesses showmanship, wit, charm and a black eyepatch. The last item is important and we'll get to it later.

The story of Sammy Davis, Jr. would make a perfect super-colossal film musical. Though the man himself is a refreshingly original performer, his life reads like the script for a typical Hollywood heart-tugger, to be played in Supercolor and CinemaScope, with Stereophonic sound, of course.

The picture begins with his birth, backstage, in a dressing room of the old Hippodrome Theatre in New York. His father, Sam Davis, Sr., and his uncle, Will Mastin, are a well-known act on

the vaudeville circuits. For two whole years, little Sammy just loafs around and absorbs the show world atmosphere. But this soft life is not for him. At age two, he gets into the act, mimicking the adult performers in those little take-offs that showfolk call "impressions."

The paying customers are definitely impressed.

Perhaps the idea of a two-year-old toddler wowing the audience may bend your credulity a bit, but it's true nonetheless. And at four he auditioned for a role in an Ethel Waters movie. Nothing very remarkable about that. What's remarkable is, he got the part. And later on, when he began to show dancing ability, who offered to give him lessons?

How's this for a scene? Sam, Senior speaks: "Son, there's a man here wants to show you a few things about dancing." "Is he a dancer himself, Daddy?" "Yes, son, he's a mighty fine dancer." "What's his name?" "Robinson," says the man. "but you can call me Bill."

MONTAGE: *Robinson and Sammy. Robinson doing his famous trademarks and Sammy picking them up, bit by bit: the trigger-like turns of heel and toe, the lightning thrust of arms and legs, the rapid twist and turn of the body, the thrill-packed finale and the burst-of-glory ending.* INSERT SHOT: *A page of the New York Post. Earl Wilson's column. Sammy's photo. A phrase of Wilson's fills the screen: "... his feet remind one of liquid rhythm."* CUT.

Here's where *The Sammy Davis Story* really starts moving. He's a grown man now. Along the way his nose has been flattened, so he looks like a little bantam-weight fighter. We see him performing at various night clubs around the country (let's have some railroad-track footage in here). He's singing, say, *Because of You*. After a few bars in his own voice, the barrel-chested tones of Vaughn Monroe roll out of him. Then, in rapid succession, we hear deft facsimiles of the Frankie Laine hysteria, the Billy Eckstine lushness, the Tony Bennett desperation, the Nat Cole gentleness, the Mel Tormé fuzz. The audience applauds, but Sammy isn't finished yet. Now he's talking the lyrics in the style of a familiar actor: "Because of you, you dirty rat . . . my romance . . . my romance had its start, yes it did . . ." It's Cagney: the crowd roars. Then Sammy gives them Jimmy Stewart, Cary Grant, Lionel Barrymore, Edward G. Robinson, Jerry Lewis . . .

Someplace, we'll have to splice in shots of Sammy beating the drums, Sammy

slapping a bull fiddle, Sammy pounding out boogie-woogie on a Steinway . . .

And now we're ready for the tragedy. It's November, 1954, and Sammy's been signed to record the title tune for a film called *Six Bridges to Cross*. He climbs in his car and heads for Hollywood. It's a long, lonely drive on the road at night. Maybe Sammy switches on the radio to hear a little music. He smiles, starts to sing along with it. He's feeling great—sitting on top of the world. But the camera knows better: it sees the ominous headlights approaching at high speed from the opposite direction. There's a screech of brakes, a close-up of Sammy's startled face, and the radio song does a fast segue into dissonance.

We'll need a hospital sequence: doctors talking in low voices, loved ones in tears, snatches of phrases like ". . . may not pull through . . ." and ". . . even if he does, his left eye . . ."

And now it's time to film the sensational final scene. The set is built to resemble the floor of Ciro's, a very swank Hollywood night club. The place is packed. There's a charged-air feeling of expectancy among the crowd. And *what* a crowd! Celebrities all—famous stars of the entertainment world! The camera dollies over them and we spot beauties like Ava Gardner, Dorothy Dandridge, Betty Hutton, Gloria DeHaven. And a few others that seem familiar . . . why, isn't that Humphrey Bogart? And Judy Garland? There's Dick Powell and June Allyson . . . Jack Benny . . . Jeff Chandler . . . Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis . . . and look (lot of middle-aged women will see this film, we've got to please everybody), there's Liberace.

The m.c. is making an announcement, but we're too far away to catch the words. The band strikes up a fanfare and a little man strides out onto the floor. Even before the spot hits him, we know it's Sammy. He's alive. His left eye is gone and across his face is a black pirate patch, but all the rest of the self-assured, socko Sammy is there.

What a moment. All those people, all those stars and celebrities—what do they do? Why, they rise to their feet and give this little guy a *ten minute* ovation! We can't use all of it, of course—too long—so we cut to the performance. "I'd love to gain complete control of you, and handle even the heart and soul of you . . ." Sammy pours out the liquid lyrics of Cole Porter's *All of You*. It's one of his fastest selling records. Now he's singing *My Funny Valentine*. That's





in his album: it's over the hundred thousand mark. Now he's belting out a wonderful burlesque of Billy Daniel's *Black Magic* and Billy is in the audience, laughing and applauding with the rest. "Meanwhile, back at the ranch . . ."

Our camera leaves him here, in the spotlight where he belongs. We move up and back till the spot is just a bit of light in the center of the giant Supercolor, CinemaScope screen, and the Stereophonic sound swells to a finish.

End of movie. Intermission for purposes of popcorn and reflection.

The accident came just as Sammy was beginning to really catch on. It could have been a setback—perhaps a big one. Instead, it has helped boost him to a fame he never knew before. This little guy is a great entertainer, but it was the Sammy spunk that made a great many people notice him for the first time.

"So long now," says Sammy, adjusting his patch. "Have to go pose for a Hathaway ad."

You've got to like a guy like that.



degree of aplomb.

Making a strong comeback in country club and motoring circles is the cap, last seen—with peak backwards—atop the head of Barney Oldfield as he roared down the old dirt track. After Barney, several notable Chicago gangsters took a warm liking to its form-fitting snugness, probably because it presented the head as a smaller target. Thence, it went rapidly into disrepute and oblivion. Today, however, the concealed-visor caps point up the smart trend to smaller shapes in all headgear. If you want a cap, choose one that is made from Shetlands and tweeds in sports jacket patterns, with a very small front brim that gives a beret effect, and a back strap and buckle for head-size adjustments.

There's really no reason why the basic wardrobe should contain both topcoats and overcoats unless you live in a cold, cold climate. In our area, a collection of several good topcoats serve well in place of the more bulky, heavier overcoat. For town wear, we prefer a single-breasted natural shoulder model, with set-in sleeves, fly front, large flap pockets (including a breast pocket), one-half inch stitched edges and deep hook vent in back. The raglan sleeve topcoat with slash pockets and Balmacaan collar is even more versatile—perfectly suited to

urban or suburban living. Both are available in imported wool tweeds or chevots in a choice of handsome grays, blacks and browns. Neither of these coats should cost you more than \$85, but more expensive tastes will rightfully turn to a camel hair or cashmere outercoat, running between \$150 and \$200. For a perfect touch of Edwardian elegance, you might choose a Chesterfield with black velvet collar, of black and white herringbone tweed. No wardrobe should be without a weatherproof coat of Egyptian cotton poplin in a natural shade, with self-lining, military collar, fly front, raglan sleeves and slash pockets—costing but \$27.50.

If you're troubled with frequent monsoons where you live, you might want to get the world-famous trademark of the British colonel and the American private-eye—the trench coat. This should be a double-breasted affair with a weather tight collar, shoulder straps, ringed belt, full lining and protective shoulder interlining. A slouch hat should always be worn pulled down over the forehead. Learn to talk out of the side of your mouth. Muffler and glove according to taste.



No man was permitted to witness the creation of these drawings, but later when the girls came out and danced, men were allowed to enjoy the pictorial designs on the bosoms—the first moving pictures. Naturally in those days the most popular star was the maiden with the largest screen surface, a kind of cultural foreshadowing of CinemaScope, SuperScope, VistaVision, Cinerama and Todd-AO.

The entertainment industry as a whole could hardly hope to survive any widespread adherence to Dr. Schouffler's ideas. The first to go would be that art form that has been called America's only original contribution to culture, the strip-tease. Burlesque and the night club business couldn't hope to last without those wiggle-wagging honeys who, after all, are only doing for that larger jury, the American public, what the beautiful Phryne did for the Athenian tribunal in Greece's Golden Age. Even television would be hard hit if bosoms came under the interdict. What would those panel shows like "What's My Line" and "The Name's The Same" do for double entendres? Who would employ female weather forecasters? Who would introduce Jackie Gleason? And who, pray tell, would hire Faye Emerson?

No, we're afraid the doctor's ideas, if put into practice, would result in mass unemployment among entertainers, TV panelists, strip-teasers, brassiere and sweater industry workers, eyeglass-makers, advertising people, bathing suit designers, preachers and psychiatrists. To say nothing of the men and women in Dr. Schouffler's own line—gynecology. There'll be one hell of a drop in *that* business if we go around covering up bosoms. Joblessness will cover the field of obstetrics and gynecology like a blight; the maternity wards will close their doors, the pediatric clinics will stand dark and silent. The people who manufacture baby buggies, diapers, safety pins, rattles, blue and pink booties and marriage certificates will be jumping out of windows. Doctors and nurses will join the breadlines.

We just can't go along with this bosom deceleration. We agree that there's a lot of interest in the things, but we say there never can be too much; such interest is healthy and adds to the gaiety of nations. We throw in with the anthropologists, the historians, the artists, the classicists. We're with the ancient Greeks, the Polynesians, the English merrybegots, and the Ashanti. We take our stand with Minsky and the U. S. Supreme Court. The constitution protects our "pursuit of happiness" and we're never happier than when we're pursuing a fully-developed 100% 38-D American girl. It's a healthful hobby, keeping us indoors, out of the cold drafts of winter and the hot sun of summer. It beats bird-watching. Dr. Schouffler says it's bad, we say it's good. We also say:

Give up this nonsense, Doctor. You're not a well man.



BOSOM BATTLE (continued from page 23)

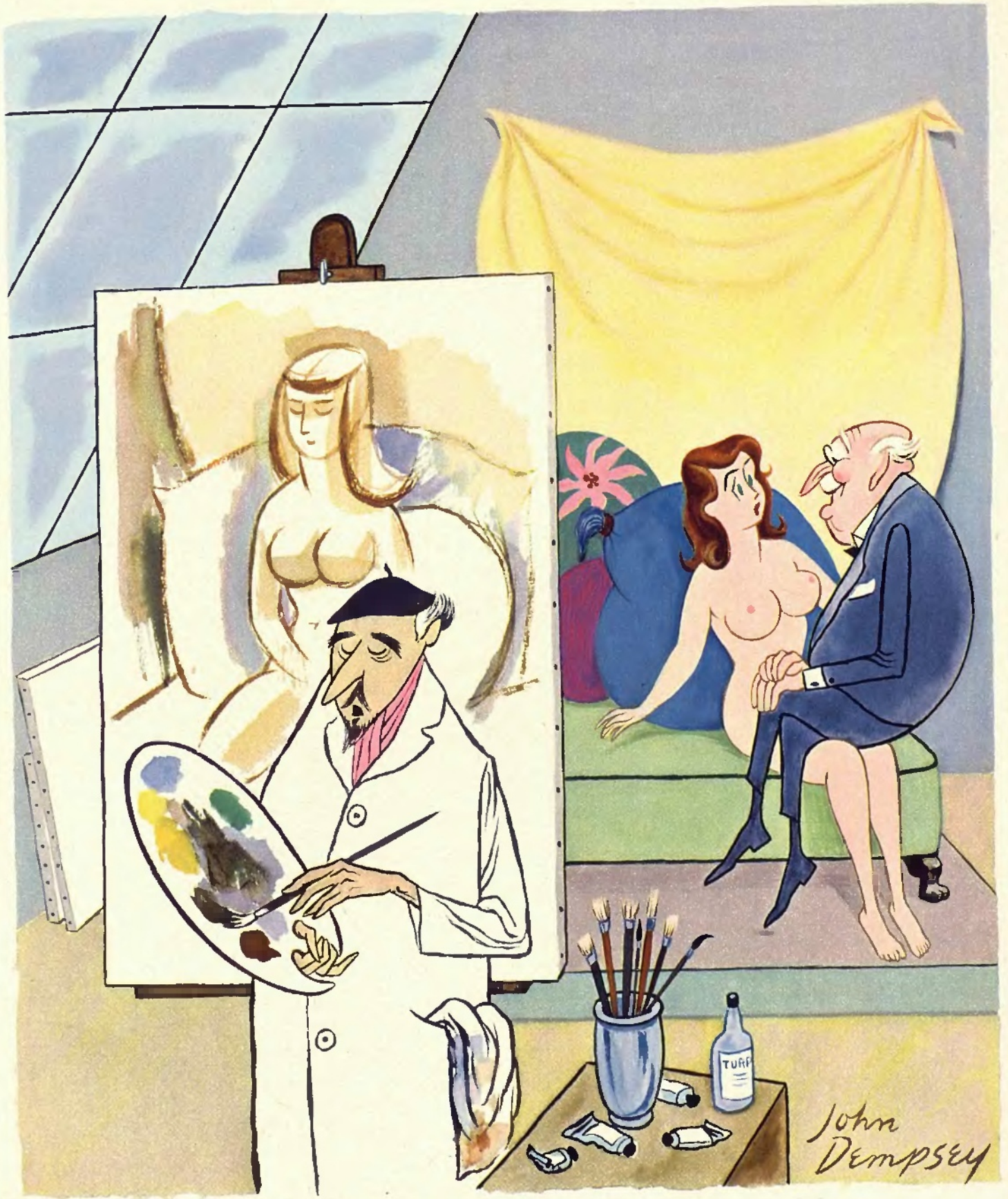
Why, we of the pro-bosom faction have just about everybody on our side, including Shakespeare and Pericles, and Dr. Schouffler has practically nobody but the Watch and Ward Society. The anthropologists (they're with us all the way) point out that there is no neurosis among the Polynesians, the Ashanti tribes, the Balinese, and other peoples whose females wallop about with no brassieres. They have no "complexes." Their women are not "frustrated," nor do they go around moaning "Foull!" just because their men give the eye to the girls with the best-proportioned busts. They know that's the way the ball bounces, and they accept it.

Not only are bosoms perfectly respectable among the Polynesians, they have more than one utilitarian use. Without them, the *moetotolo*, the male "sleep-crawler" who covers his body with coconut oil in order to facilitate escape, would be at a great disadvantage. It's kind of a game they play down there below the equator, and it's much jollier sport than scabble or pin-the-tail-on-the-donkey. The *moetotolo* slips into the hut of a girl who attracts him and lies beside her in the dark; often the only way he can be sure he has the right party is by a rapid but superficial manual examination. If the girl likes the boy—or the examination—she keeps quiet and he stays. If not, she shouts "*Moetotolo!*" and the whole family wakes up and chases the poor chap. If caught he is taunted for *tautala lai titi*—freely trans-

lated as "presuming beyond his years." This is all accounted good, clean fun among the happy, healthy, non-neurotic, long-lived inhabitants of Samoa and the Trobriands. Anthropologists like Dr. Margaret Mead find it praise-worthy; so do we.

Finally—and we say this in a whisper—this bosom de-emphasis movement the doc is trying to start is pretty subversive. We wouldn't be a bit surprised if his speech isn't being carefully studied right now by the FBI and maybe the Department of the Interior. For he has attacked something that is as American as apple pie or baseball. Not only that, but if this thing he is trying to start really gets rolling it will break up such foundations of our economy as the moving picture industry, advertising, dress-designing, burlesque and bathing suit making, to say nothing of such by-products of bosom interest as bifocal lenses, marriage, coeducation, beauty contests and psychoanalysis.

Speaking of moving pictures, they were *not*, as commonly supposed, invented by Thomas A. Edison. They were invented by the ancient tribes of England, the Picts, Britons and Dacians, and instead of a silver screen, they used the female breast. Once a year a great festival was celebrated in honor of the goddess Anu, the goddess of the dark blue night and blue sea. For this festival the maidens of the tribes tinted their breasts blue with woad-dye and covered them with esoteric drawings and tatoos.



"Sit down and make yourself comfortable, Maxwell, I'll be through here in a few minutes."

SPY STORY

(continued from page 24)

in the living room, and their faces were long and somber. Mavis stepped forward as spokeswoman.

"Something terrible has happened," she said to me. "But first, we have something to reveal to you. Bill, none of us are what we seemed. We are all Spies for the government."

"Huh?" I said, not wanting to hurt any feelings.

"It's true," she said. "We've been Spying on you, Bill."

"Huh?" I said again. "Even you?"

"Even me," Mavis said unhappily.

"And now it's all over," Young Roy blurted out.

That shook me. "Why?" I asked.

They looked at each other. Finally Mr. Wallace, bending the rim of his hat back and forth in his calloused hands, said, "Bill, a resurvey has just shown that this sector of space is not owned by the United States."

"What country does own it?" I asked.

"Be calm," Mavis said. "Try to understand. This entire sector was overlooked in the international survey, and now it can't be claimed by any country. As the first to settle here, this planet, and several million miles of space surrounding it, belong to you, Bill."

I was too stunned to speak.

"Under the circumstances," Mavis continued, "we have no authorization to be here. So we're leaving immediately."

"But you can't!" I cried. "I haven't repaired your sphinx valves!"

"All Spies carry spare sphinx valves and hacksaw blades," she said gently.

Watching them troop out to their ships I pictured the solitude ahead of me. I would have no government to watch over me. No longer would I hear footsteps in the night, turn, and see the dedicated face of a Spy behind me. No longer would the whirr of an old camera soothe me at work, nor the buzz of a defective recorder lull me to sleep.

And yet, I felt even sorer for them. Those poor, earnest, clumsy, hungeling Spies were returning to a fast, efficient, competitive world. Where would they find another Suspect like me, or another place like my planet?

"Goodbye Bill," Mavis said, offering me her hand.

I watched her walk to Mr. Wallace's ship. It was only then that I realized that she was no longer my Spy.

"Mavis!" I cried, running after her. She hurried toward the ship. I caught her by the arm. "Wait. There was something I started to say in the ship. I wanted to say it again on the picnic."

She tried to pull away from me. In most unromantic tones I croaked, "Mavis, I love you."

She was in my arms. We kissed, and I told her that her home was here, on this planet with its gloomy forests and yellow and green fields. Here with me.

She was too happy to speak.

With Mavis staying, Young Roy reconsidered. Mr. Wallace's vegetables

were just ripening, and he wanted to tend them. And everyone else had some chore or other that he couldn't drop.

So here I am—ruler, king, dictator, president, whatever I want to call myself. Spies are beginning to pour in now from every country—not only America.

To feed all my subjects, I'll soon have to import food. But the other rulers are beginning to refuse me aid. They think I've bribed their Spies to desert.

I haven't, I swear it. They just come.

I can't resign, because I own this place. And I haven't the heart to send them away. I'm at the end of my rope.

With my entire population consisting of former government Spies, you'd think I'd have an easy time forming a government of my own. But no, they're completely uncooperative. I'm the absolute ruler of a planet of farmers, dairymen, shepherds and cattle raisers, so I guess we won't starve after all. But that's not the point. The point is: how in hell am I supposed to rule?

Not a single one of these people will Spy for me.



MATING SEASON

(continued from page 39)

"'Tis the part I like the best," he said. "The queen comes out of the hive and the bees all after her, and she flies higher and higher . . ."

"There you have it!" cried Father Carrigan. "A marvel, a marvel! Far up in the air she flies, higher than the sight of the eye can follow, and there she marries with that one bee who has the strength and swiftness in him to reach her. A grand and wonderful thing, the way of nature." He closed the book and finished with reverence in his voice. "'Tis part of the Grand Plan of God, and this Macterlinck, for all he was neither Irish nor a man of the Church, got the very idea of the miracle of it."

"Father, do you think bees, being so little and all, have the intelligence?"

"Now," said the Father, puckering up his brow with thinking. "I judge they do, and then again they don't. They're part of nature and there's intelligence in nature. I have it that the Holy Father himself is the only one that can explain it right, but, man, you know he has little time for explanation with the whole of St. Peter's at Rome to keep straightened out. But nature is good, boy, and what's good is Godly."

"It's Kate O'Hara's favorite book, this one on the bees," said Terry. "And I'm thankful she put me on to it."

"Yes, yes," said the Father, the thought in his mind trying to get ahead of his words. "Here's my idea. This very afternoon I've a notion to walk down by Donovan's brook. To be honest, it's for cooling my feet I go and let the dear water run over my toes and they aching from my tramping the Parish over day after day. Now, from what your mother says, you're needing fresh air, and from what you tell me of yourself and Kate you've both an interest in the marvels

of nature, bees, butterflies, and the like. So, this afternoon about three o'clock the both of you meet me here and I'll take you down to Donovan's brook and the small meadow where the pretties are. I'll lend you and Kate my old butterfly net and you can catch what you fancy there. You'll ask Kate O'Hara to come with us, straight off?"

"I'll ask her," said Terry, getting up. "And I'm thankful to you, Father."

"'Tis nothing, nothing at all. Be here at three o'clock and we'll have a grand rare afternoon with nature."

• • •

They met at three o'clock and Kate O'Hara was there, a ribbon in her hair and a smile on her red lips, with her voice so quiet and polite that Father Carrigan said to himself, "There's no harm in the girl at all, and bad luck to the old women who gossip so."

It was a day clear as spring water and none prettier, with the wind full and light, and the grass and wild flowers dancing in the meadow.

Donovan's brook comes down through the glen and turns in a grand sweep at the foot of the high cliff overlooking the meadow. At the turning is a pool, shallow and quiet, with the bank low and a favorite place for cooling the feet.

When they reached the spot Father Carrigan sat down and took off his pinching shoes and his black socks and wiggled his toes in the air.

"Away now," he said over his shoulder to Terry and Kate. "See what pretty you can catch with the net while I rest myself here a while."

They left him, walking down the side of the brook and crossing over to the little meadow at the base of the cliff. He saw Terry make a lunge with the net and heard Kate laugh at the miss.

The Father held the skirt of his cassock up with both hands, feeling the round smoothness of the little pebbles on the bottom of his feet, with the prickly cold water nipping at his shins. "Ah," he muttered, shutting his eyes with the bliss of it. "Praise God."


There was a splatter of stones slipping and he turned his head and saw Kate, her hair shining yellow as brass, leaping up the path that went to the top of the cliff a hundred feet above.

It was clear that Kate was not for the meadow, but for the adventure of the cliff, and Terry wild after her with a shout. No matter. Let them play. A grand sight they made, her hair flying in the wind and the limber Terry, with the old butterfly net in one hand, all eager and swift to catch her.

"Youth it is," he said, smiling to himself. "A run like that will put the color in the boy's face. That's what he needs, a bit of run and tag in place of wearing out his eyes at home."

They were nearly at the top now, and the Father bent his head back looking at them as they climbed higher and higher in the sunshine, zig-zagging up, with Kate still leading and Terry close after, like frolicking goats or soaring

(concluded on page 62)



AUDACIOUS ITALIAN DISHES

IT'S NOT THE ART, it's the audacity that makes Italian cooking.

No subtle soufflés, no sensitive sauce, no humble herbs are tolerated at the Italian table. Instead you will meet sausages fiery as Vesuvius, cheese as hard as the Apennine Mountains, coffee blacker than a Neapolitan night and hotter than Venice at high noon.

Where but among the Italians will you find people celebrating the holidays by eating that modest delicacy, the octopus? Watch an Italian workman open his lunch box. You will detect no silly flir-
(continued on page 52)

*and we don't
mean mangano
or lollobrigida*

BY THOMAS MARIO

playboy's food & drink editor



PINK elephants

pictorial

new york press agents are painting the town

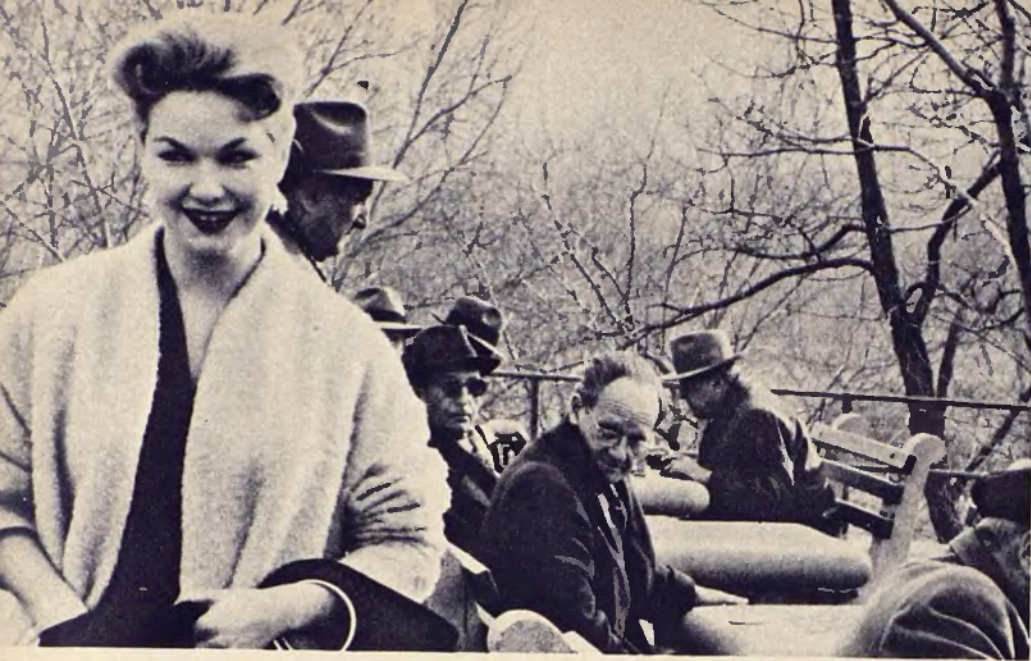
THAT LIVELIEST OF THE MODERN ARTS, the art of attracting attention, has produced some strange and sensational spectacles, but few have been stranger or more sensational than the pair of pink-and-purple brainstorms recently engendered by some inspired idea men.

To dress up a circus opening in Madison Square Garden (a pretty colorful affair in itself, one might think), Marilyn Monroe, a West Coast personality, was hired to sit atop an elephant. The elephant was painted pink. Miss Monroe was painted a rich shade of Max Factor #29.

But stranger still is the dye-job a New York hairdresser has given nine lovely showgirls. The girls form the chorus line of the famous Copacabana night club and their coiffures are a brilliant orchid. The effect is dazzling on the floor of the Copa and positively stunning on the streets and in the bars, beaneries, powder rooms and parks of Manhattan.

and PURPLE hair





A game is interrupted . . .



so is a sandwich.



new york does a double take



Purple hair is popular in bars . . .



but not in powder rooms.





orchids for the copa: back stage and on stage

ITALIAN DISHES (continued from page 45)

tations like peanut butter and jelly, no offenses like egg salad on white, but big unsliced chunks of the magnificent crusty bread called *pagnotta*, Genoa salami, wedges of high-powered cheese and crisp green scallions that snap and crunch as they are hungrily chewed.

You'll seldom see Italians drinking hard liquor because their earthy wines and their sensuous food give them the peace, the escape and the honest thrill that other people get out of their whiskeys and brandies. Even when liquor is combined with food, it takes a happy turn. Taste the *Zuppa Inglese*. It's a layer cake particularly liked in Rome. The light sponge cake is doused with rum, a luscious custard is spread between the layers and then the whole cake is finished with whipped cream spread on the top and sides. It's not gourmet's eating. And yet it has a heavenly richness, a harmony as delicious as a Donizetti duet.

Certainly as far as food is concerned Stendahl was accurate when he wrote that "the Italian must have his pleasures genuine or not at all."

Italians frankly acknowledge that French cooking is more complex, more consummate and more subtle than their own. But they don't forget that modern French cooking was born when Catherine de Medici took her Italian cooks to France after marrying the man who became Henry II. They know that it was the French apprentices who came to Rome, then the center of Renaissance culture, to learn the skills which have since developed into the French *haute cuisine*. Italians remember that while Britons were eating out of wooden wash basins called trenchers, using wooden spoons and their fingers, Italy gave to the world an invention as great as the wheel—namely, the fork.

For the young fellow exploring Italian cookery in the United States there is only one man-trap—a certain hackneyed type of Italian restaurant. It's the kind of eatery you'll hardly ever find in Italy. There is the damp backyard, the inevitable fountain with its gnats and mosquitoes and the roving fiddle player. Watch out for that fiddle player above everything else. As soon as he sees your party arriving, he'll draw his bow like a medieval burgher cutting the throat of an ox. As he approaches your table, he plays with such gusto that the rosin from his bow sprays all over your antipasto. If you make the mistake of smiling at him, he'll bow so deeply the scroll of his fiddle will dip right into the spaghetti sauce.

Get familiar with him and he'll drop the fiddle, clear his throat and begin to bleat a hunk of *Pagliacci*. You won't hear your voice nor the voice of your playmate across the table. Copper saucepans will tremble and even the dishwashing machine will be drowned out by his grandiose throating.

While you're facing the music, you'll be served the inevitable minestrone soup made once a week, overladen with maca-

roni and carrots and completely lacking in the genuine bean flavor that should dominate this wonderful soup. In this kind of cafe the sauce for the spaghetti, whether it be the marinara, the clam or the meat sauce, tastes as though it all came from the same pot with some clams or meat thrown in as an afterthought. The bread is rubbery, the broccoli overcooked and the Brie cheese is made in a suburb of Jersey City.

Certainly you won't find these conditions in such restaurants as Mercurio's or the Red Devil in New York. Here you will eat the light golden beef broth with chicory, the rich *risotto milanese*, succulent veal scallopine with marsala—classics that have no peer in any other national cookery.

From eating Italian specialties in the United States, one might think that no Italian recipe has been written that doesn't include tomatoes and garlic. The tomato-garlic combination is found all through southern Italy and Sicily. Most of the Italian immigrants to this country originally hailed from the southern provinces and, therefore, the tomato-garlic pattern does seem to carry a disproportionate weight in the kitchen. Travelers to Italy, however, soon discover that there are many northern sections of the country where rice and not spaghetti is the staple food and where garlic and tomatoes are only used as minor flavoring ingredients.

The tomato-garlic team is most renowned in the thick spaghetti sauces. Before attempting any of these sauces, the aspiring male cook would do well to familiarize himself with PLAYBOY's first year course in the basic principles of spaghetti cookery.

HOW TO COOK SPAGHETTI

First of all, you don't buy ordinary spaghetti but the thinner strands known as spaghettini or thin spaghetti. The best quality is made from hard semolina wheat, which means that when the spaghetti is cooked, it will keep its firm texture and will not be mushy. The top grades of spaghetti are hard and brittle, with a dull yellow rather than a creamy white color. Allow one pound of spaghetti for six to eight average size portions.

For each pound of spaghetti, use a gallon of boiling water to which one tablespoon salt has been added. The large amount of water is necessary to carry off the loose starch particles and help prevent stickiness.

After the water has been brought to a rapid boil, the spaghetti should be lowered into the water so slowly that the water does not stop boiling. The stiff strands will soon soften and coil at the bottom of the pot. As soon as all the spaghetti has been added, it should be well stirred to keep the strands from sticking together. Cook at a rapid boil for 7 to 9 minutes. Avoid overcooking. No sophisticated spaghetti bender will tolerate pasta that is overcooked and soft. It should be *al dente*, meaning

it must display resistance to the teeth. In other words, it must be chewable.

You then drain the spaghetti and serve it at once. Use a large colander or wire strainer for draining. At this point test the spaghetti to see if it is sticky. If it is, it should be rinsed well. Use scalding hot water from the tap—unless your hot water is rusty. In the latter case, rinse the spaghetti well in cold water and then reheat it by dipping it into boiling water. This step may mean a delay, but it's worth it to avoid the gummy glutinous mass that is so often served as spaghetti.

Always be sure that the spaghetti you are about to serve is completely free of excess water. If too much water adheres to the spaghetti, it will simply form a pool of liquid on the dinner plate and spoil the spaghetti sauce. Twirl the spaghetti around in the colander with a fork or toss it in the colander until it is dry.

If you are cooking for a large party and you want to avoid the last minute rush, boil the spaghetti before the mob arrives and then steep it in cold water until needed. Just before serving, dip it in boiling water and drain well.

MARINARA SAUCE (Serves four to five)

This is a thick unstrained tomato sauce, flavored with anchovies. For best results, use imported Italian tomatoes or Italian style plum tomatoes.

- 1 medium size onion
- 2 cloves of garlic
- 1 can (2½ size) tomatoes
- 6 oz. can of tomato paste
- 3 tablespoons butter or olive oil
- 1 bay leaf
- 1 teaspoon oregano
- 8 anchovy filets
- Salt—pepper—sugar
- 3 tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese

Chop the onion and garlic extremely fine. Force the tomatoes through a colander or chop them fine with a knife. Don't discard the tomato juice but use it along with the tomatoes for the sauce.

In a large saucepan put the butter or oil, the onion and garlic. Heat slowly, stirring frequently, until the onion turns yellow, not brown. Add the tomatoes, the tomato paste, the bay leaf and oregano. Simmer 30 minutes or until sauce is very thick. Chop the anchovies fine and add to the sauce. Simmer 5 minutes more. Add the cheese, mixing well. Add salt, pepper and sugar to taste. Avoid oversalting, since the anchovies are salty. Use enough sugar to bring out the natural sweetness of the tomatoes. Remove the bay leaf. Pour the hot marinara sauce over the spaghetti on the serving plates. Pass additional grated cheese at the table.

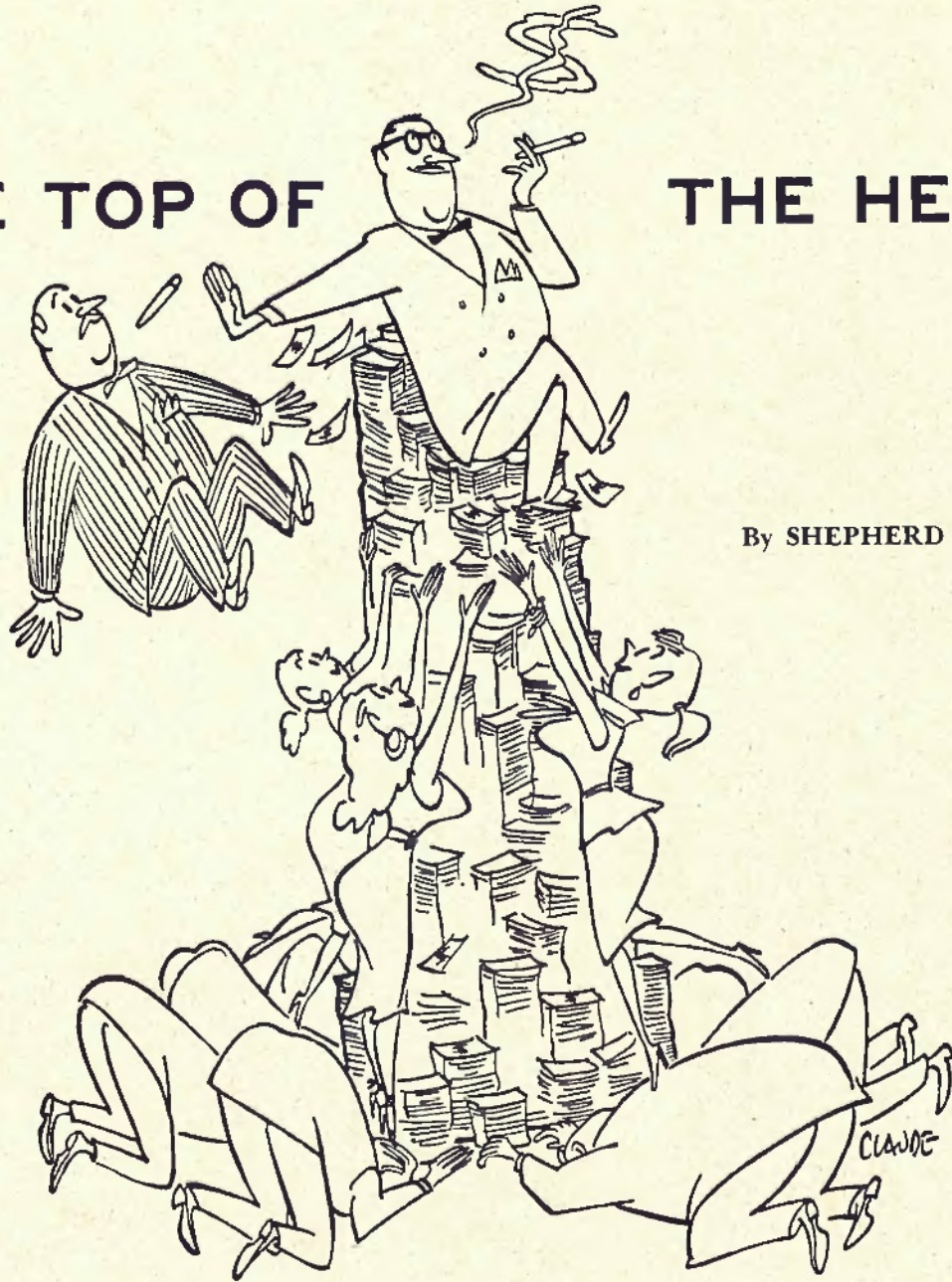
MEAT SAUCE (Serves six)

The most popular of all spaghetti sauces is made with all chopped beef or with ½ chopped beef, ¼ chopped veal and ¼ chopped pork. The combination of meats makes for a more subtle blend of flavors, although you can't always get

(concluded on page 54)

THE TOP OF

THE HEAP



satire

By SHEPHERD MEAD

THE LAST WORD ON HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING

IF YOU HAVE FAITHFULLY followed these articles as they have appeared in **PLAYBOY**, diligently studied and absorbed them, given them, in short, the best of yourself, then you are now ready for **The Last Word**.

You will have learned how to apply for a job, how to be a junior executive, and how to stop being a junior executive. The science of planning your day will have been mastered, and the rigorous discipline of delegating responsibility taken like a man. Business meetings will be child's play for you when you enter the world of affairs, the writing of memos second nature. You will assume the roles of **Idea Man** and **Fair-**

Haired Boy with equal ease, handle your ad agency with aplomb, make research work for you without expending your own valuable energy, and play company politics with the dash of the born diplomat. You will know how to create the impression of having attended the same school as your employer; you will be familiar with the **Drafty-Office** or **Frideful-Code-Id-The-Head** technique so useful in obtaining better working quarters; you will be well-versed in the **Worked-All-Night** or **Is-It-Morning-Already?** stratagem, as well as the occasional **Quality-Check-At-The-Plant** for that much-needed rest during the day. You will be aware of the wisdom of shar-

ing enthusiasm for your employer's hobby. Finally, you will have learned the subtle mysteries of sex in business, tactfully unveiled in our last issue.

And so, by applying these precious teachings, you will climb the ladder of success, rung by painful rung, until you have reached the top. Then you, too, will be called the **Old Man** or some other rough-and-ready term of endearment.

Continue to look ahead: There will always be new horizons.

But remember, too, that it is now your duty to look back, to lend a helping hand to those who are following

(continued on next page)

ITALIAN DISHES

(continued from page 52)

this combination in all butcher shops. Be sure the chopped meat is lean or the fat will simply melt during the cooking and rise to the top of the sauce. Following an old Italian tradition, PLAYBOY's editors like to add a very small amount of sweet cream to the sauce just before serving. The cream takes away the acrid tomato bite.

1 medium size onion
2 cloves of garlic
1/2 medium size green pepper
3 tablespoons butter or olive oil
1 lb. chopped meat
1 bay leaf
1/2 teaspoon powdered thyme
1 can (2 1/2 size) tomatoes
6 oz. can of tomato paste
1/4 cup sweet heavy cream
3 tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese
Salt—pepper—sugar

Chop the onion, green pepper and garlic extremely fine. Force the tomatoes through a colander or chop fine with a knife. In a large saucepan put the onion, green pepper, garlic and butter or oil. Heat slowly, stirring frequently, until onion turns yellow. Add the chopped meat. Stir frequently until the meat breaks up into small pieces. Cook until the meat loses its red color.

Add the tomatoes, the tomato paste, the bay leaf and thyme. Add 2 teaspoons salt, 1 teaspoon sugar and 1/4 teaspoon pepper. Simmer slowly until the sauce is very thick and the flavors are blended, about 1 hour. Do not use a high flame or sauce may burn. Stir frequently. Skim excess fat from surface. Remove sauce from flame. Extract the bay leaf. Add cheese and cream. Mix well. Add more salt or pepper if necessary.

WHITE CLAM SAUCE
(Serves four)

For seafood lovers who want a luscious spaghetti sauce minus tomatoes, white clam sauce is a culinary joy. Since overcooking will toughen clams, the clams are added to the sauce just before serving. The clams are steamed open in water. The water becomes clam broth when the clams open, and the clam broth forms the stock for the sauce.

2 doz. cherrystone clams in shell
1 medium size onion
1 small green pepper
4 cloves of garlic
1/2 cup finely chopped parsley
3 tablespoons dry white wine
1/2 cup butter
1/3 cup flour
2 bouillon cubes
Salt—pepper

Wash the clams under cold running water, using a vegetable brush if possible, to remove all sand. Put the clams in a large pot. Add 2 cups of cold water. Cover pot with a tight fitting lid. Bring water to a boil and cook until the clam shells open. Remove clams from pot. Drain and measure 2 cups of broth. If there is any sand in the broth, strain the broth through a cheesecloth.

Chop the onion, green pepper and

garlic very fine. In a saucepan melt the butter. Add the onion, green pepper and garlic. Cook slowly until onion turns yellow. Remove the pan from the flame. Stir in the flour, mixing well with a wire whip so that no lumps of flour remain in the pan. Slowly add the 2 cups of clam broth, stirring well. Add the bouillon cubes. Return to a moderate flame. Bring to a boil, stirring frequently, and simmer 5 minutes. While the sauce is simmering, cut the clams into small dice about 1/4 inch thick. Add the clams, parsley and wine. Add salt and pepper to taste. Pour sauce over hot spaghetti on dinner plates. This is the one spaghetti sauce that is not eaten with grated cheese.

VEAL CUTLETS PARMIGIANA
(Serves four)

A parade of flavor contrasts is the secret of this delightful dish. The mild veal is covered with a crisp brown breadcrumb coating. Creamy Mozzarella cheese forms a duet with sharp Parmesan cheese. Both the cutlets and the cheese are moistened with a tangy tomato sauce. Order Italian style veal cutlets from your butcher. These are thin slices from the leg of veal, weighing about 3 or 4 ounces each and pounded thin with the butcher's cleaver. The Mozzarella cheese is obtainable at most dairy stores or Italian grocery stores. Be sure the canned tomato sauce is a good brand with a lively flavor.

4 veal cutlets, Italian style
Salt—pepper—paprika
1/2 cup flour
2 eggs
1 cup bread crumbs
1/4 cup shortening
8 oz. can of tomato sauce
1/2 lb. Mozzarella cheese
1/4 cup grated Parmesan cheese
2 tablespoons olive oil

Beat the eggs until the whites are no longer visible. Sprinkle the cutlets with salt, pepper and paprika. Dip the cutlets in flour. Shake off excess flour. Dip cutlets in beaten eggs. Be sure the cutlets are completely covered with egg so that there are no bald spots. Dip the cutlets in bread crumbs, again coating thoroughly.

Melt the shortening in a large heavy frying pan. As soon as the shortening shows the first wisp of smoke, put the cutlets in the pan. Cook about 4 minutes on each side or until the cutlets are a light golden brown. Do the frying in two shifts if your pan is not large enough to hold all the cutlets.

Remove the cutlets from the pan. Place them in a large baking dish or in four individual baking dishes or casseroles. Slice the Mozzarella cheese as thin as possible. Cover the cutlets with the Mozzarella cheese. Pour the tomato sauce over the Mozzarella cheese. Sprinkle lightly with paprika. Sprinkle with olive oil. Bake in a moderate oven, 350 degrees, for about 20 to 25 minutes or long enough for the cheese to brown slightly.

TOP OF THE HEAP

(continued from page 53)

you along the road. It is your mission now to be a Big Brother.

SHARE YOUR EXPERIENCE

It should be easy for you, remembering the hard knocks you received, to smooth the path, to lighten the load for those younger and perhaps weaker ones who follow.

Talk to them, as many of them as you can get together at once, and preferably where they will have an opportunity to hear you all the way through without having to leave.

The company dinner is a fine spot for such a talk! Weigh your words carefully, they will be remembered.

"— and as I look upon your young, eager faces, I remember the day I started at Biggley and Finch, which was then, of course, just Biggley and Company. And I remember my watchword — Work — W-O-R-K — Work! Gentlemen, there is no short cut to success, no substitute for hard work, for courage, for loyalty, and, men, for GUTS!"

You should be able to go on in this vein for some time, happy in the knowledge that you are building character with every word.

SAVE THEM FROM THEMSELVES

Great as your inspiration may be, there will be some who will try to take the short cut, the easy way. It is your duty to save them from themselves, to set them upon the right path.

"It's young Bibber, Mr. Finch."

"Who?"

"Young Bibber, sir, that nice boy who says he's from Old Ivy."

"Throw the little rotter out, Miss Jones!"

"But Mr. —"

"And throw out that mangy flower, too!"

Let them realize that your personal friendship can never take the place of real honest sweat—or of clear, level thinking, either!

"Bibber, sir, Spruance Bibber! Just happened to hit on a promising idea. Bit daring, sir. How about putting more excelsior in the wicket shipments?"

"Your own idea, Bibber?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"Then let me remind you that we've been doing it ever since I wrote that memo on it in 1937!"

Be tireless in your efforts to point their young eager noses in the right direction.

"Just wondered how you rated my old office, Bibber."

"It's this code, Mr. Finch. Frideful draft in my ode place —"

"We'll find you a nice warm spot, son. There's a cozy corner in back of the old mimeograph machine."

Remember, as the twig is bent so the tree grows. Keep bending it!

(concluded on page 60)





"Greatly improved, Miss Wyman. Next week we'll try it allegro."

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A new translation of a true episode from the *Mémoires* of Casanova

THE RING AND THE GARTER

ON A DAY WHEN THE WEATHER WAS FINE, I rented a gondola and escorted the charming Mademoiselle C. to a certain private garden.

The caretaker knew me well. For a few coins, he would unlock the gate and leave the garden in my charge for an entire day, to use as I wished. It was a convenience for which I had often been grateful in the past.

Once alone with the girl, my problems began. For she was so young and so innocent that bold methods would only frighten her. As an example of her childlike simplicity, let me tell you that no sooner had we entered the garden than she began to run here and there among the trees, laughing like a little girl. Indeed, she even challenged me to a race!

"Very well," I said, eager to please her; and being likewise eager to please myself, I had the foresight to add: "But the loser must do anything the winner commands. Do you agree?"

In her naïveté, she replied, "I agree."

You are thinking, I know, that I planned to win the race and then demand payment in the form of love. Not so. This would have been too crude. Rather, I intended to let *her* win (continued on page 62)





“The loser,” I said, “must do anything the winner commands.”



"I haven't made up my mind about him. He's either a perfect gentleman or he's terribly run-down."



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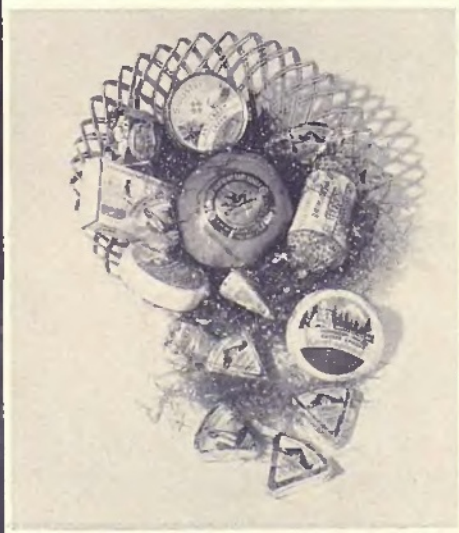


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CLOSED SHOP

(continued from page 10)

I can keep them in a convent in New Orleans for nothing?"

"And who is going to keep my son at Harvard if I have to close my house, Don Manuel?" asked La Gorda.

"As for myself," said Madame Coralie, "I do not care. I shall return to France. My dear mother is eighty-seven years of age and she cannot live very much longer. It will be a comfort to her if I spend her last remaining years by her side. But it is the injustice of it that hurts. You have spent many happy evenings in my house, Don Manuel, and I am wounded that you should let us be treated like this. Did you not tell me yourself that it was the proudest day of your life when you entered as an honored guest the house in which you had once been employed as errand boy?"

"I do not deny it. I stood champagne all round." Don Manuel walked up and down the large hall, shrugging his shoulders as he went, and now and then, deep in thought, he gesticulated. "I am of the people, elected by the people," he cried, "and the fact is, these women are blacklegs." He turned to his secretaries with a dramatic gesture. "It is a stain on my administration. It is against all my principles to allow unskilled foreign labor to take the bread out of the mouths of honest and industrious people. These ladies are quite right to come to me and appeal for my protection. I will not allow the scandal to continue."

It was of course a pointed and effective speech, but all who heard it knew that it left things exactly where they were. Madame Coralie powdered her nose and gave it, a commanding organ, a brief look in her pocket mirror.

"Of course I know what human nature is," she said, "and I can well understand that time hangs heavily on the hands of these creatures."

"We could build a golf course," hazarded one of the secretaries. "It is true that this would only occupy them by day."

"If they want men why can't they bring them with them?" said La Gorda.

"*Caramba!*" cried the president, and with that stood on a sudden quite still. "There is the solution."

He had not reached his exalted station without being a man of insight and resource. He beamed.

"We will amend the law. Men shall come in as before without let or hindrance, but women only accompanied by their husbands or with their written consent." He saw the look of consternation which his secretaries gave him, and he waved his hand. "But the immigration authorities shall receive instructions to interpret the word 'husband' with the widest latitude."

"*Maria Santissima!*" cried Madame Coralie. "If they come with a friend he will take care that no one else interferes with them and our customers will return to the houses where for so long they have been so hospitably entertained. Don Manuel, you are a great man and



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one of these days they will erect a statue to you."

It is often the simplest expedients that settle the most formidable difficulties. The law was briefly amended according to the terms of Don Manuel's suggestion and, whereas prosperity continued to pour its blessings on the wide and sunny capital of this free and independent state, Madame Coralie was enabled profitably to pursue her useful avocations, Carmencita's two daughters completed their expensive education in the convent at New Orleans, and La Gorda's son successfully graduated at Harvard.



TOP OF THE HEAP

(continued from page 54)

"Oh, working this morning, Bibber?"

"Gosh, is it morning already, Mr. Finch?"

"Yes, and it just started to rain. Better take your umbrella into the hall. It's dripping on the carpet."

You will have a happy glow indeed as you see the young twigs growing, the branches sprouting, and even the first fruit forming on the boughs. But you still cannot cease your encouragement, cannot withdraw your helping hand.

"Think I'll run out to the plant, Mr. Finch. Quality check."

"Good, Bibber, good. I'll phone you there."

"Well, uh, may be difficult to locate me, sir, I —"

"Don't worry, son, you leave the trouble to us. We'll find you!"

DEDICATE YOUR LEISURE HOURS

The true Big Brother sacrifices not only the working day, but his leisure hours as well. Time consuming as this may be, you will find that it often brings with it its own reward in opportunities for guidance and building of character. Surround yourself with members of your own Team, and fill your leisure hours to overflowing.

"You, too, Mr. Finch? Might have known to look at you that you were a compost-heap man!"

"Great Scott, Bibber, it's a small world!"

"Does something to me, sir. I can just stand there and watch it rot."

"Maybe you'd like to drop around over the week end and muck around with us."

"Well, I'd, uh, I sure would, sir." "You'll have to do most of the hard work, boy, but you won't mind if your heart's in it."

The exercise will do them a world of good, but don't feel obligated to push them ahead in the company. The pleasant hours in the healthful sun will be reward enough.

The eager young minds of these strip-lings will be quick to sense any cross-currents in the organization. You may use them as wind indicators, as barome-

ters. It will help you to realize that no man stands alone and that others may seek a place beside you.

"Good boy, that young Bibber, eh, Watson?"

"Capital, Finch, capital! Mighty keen man with a tuning fork!"

"Tuning fork?"

"Regular whiz! Been tightening my strings for a fortnight!"

Even after you have nursed and guided the youngsters to posts of real responsibility, you still cannot rest. Your job as a Big Brother is never done.

"Well, now that you have poor Watson's four windows, Bibber, you should be mighty happy!"

"Indeed I am, Ponty. As I was saying to dear old Biggley—before they took him away—what a grand place to work!"

"Well, uh, Spruance, we try to keep Finch and Company a Happy Ship."

"All I ask is to be in your crew, Ponty."

"I'm sure you do, uh, Spruance. It's just that sometimes I see you staring at me rather strangely."

"Admiration, old boy, admiration. After all, I've patterned my life on yours. Matter of fact, Ponty, I was just thinking up a few simple words to say to the stockholders at the next meeting. Thought I'd take my text, so to speak, from the ringing words you spoke to me when I was scarcely a boy. 'Bibber,' you said, 'always remember this—it isn't so much whether you win or lose—but how you play the game!'"

Brave words, indeed, for us all to cherish. It is well for us to remember, too, that kindness and consideration play an ever-increasing role in our business lives.

"You're looking a bit peaked today, Spruance. Think you're due for a nice rest!"

"Well, Ponty, maybe a few weeks in —"

"Nonsense, son! I mean a real rest! Happens we need a new manager at the old fibre chopping plant in Mississippi. Plenty of spare time to relax."

"Damned decent of you, Ponty—but am I really qualified? Gromble deserves that job—he's earned it!"

"How like you, Spruance! No, boy, it's yours. Two or three years down there in the warm sun and you'll be a new man!"

Think of others—and they will think of you.

A PARTING WORD

And now, as we close this series of articles, who among us will not feel a tingle of anticipation, an urge to follow the footprints that have been laid out so carefully—and stretching we all know where.

May all of us, profiting by this brave example, start out upon the highways and byways of business with new resolve, and with new courage.



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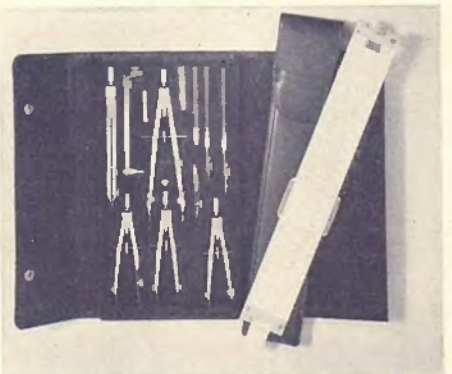
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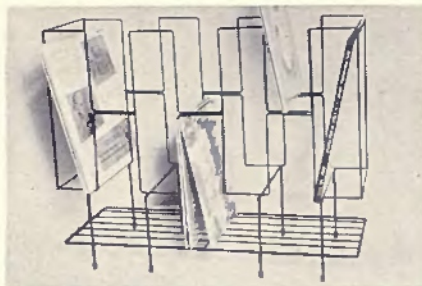
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RING AND THE GARTER

(continued from page 56)

and submit myself to whatever commands her fancy might dictate. As you will see, my strategy proved fruitful.

We set a goal not too far distant—a shady arbor of latticework and vines—and began to race. As we drew near our goal, I permitted her to gain on me and soon she threw herself upon the cool grass under the arbor. Panting and laughing at the same time, she cried, "I win! You must do as I bid you!"

Kneeling beside her, I said, "Command me."

She thought for a moment, her lips pouting quite prettily the while, and then she removed a ring from her finger. "Turn your back," she said. I obeyed, wondering what she had in mind. "Now turn around," she said soon, and again I obeyed. "I have hidden my ring," she told me, "and you must find it."

This childish sport was not to my liking, and I replied, perhaps somewhat irritably, "Where have you hidden it? In the grass?"

"No," she laughed. "On my person."

In any other woman, I would have interpreted this as an invitation to unbridled license, but I knew that this sweet child meant it in all innocence. Nevertheless, the opportunity now presented filled me with an immoderate, an overwhelming desire.

Does the reader condemn me for my designs on this blameless young virgin? To such censure I can only reply that her beauty, her form, her fragrance, her winsome charm would have been the undoing of the sternest conscience. And my conscience has ever been anything but stern.

I searched her pockets. I searched the folds of her jacket and skirt. I removed her shoes and looked inside them. I explored her stockings. By this time my desire was so great that I felt quite dizzy with it, but still I did no more than continue the delicious search. And, at length, I found the ring.

She had hidden it between two of the most tender guardians ever created, and as I withdrew the ring from its snug hiding place, my hand trembled.

"Why do you tremble?" she asked.

"I tremble with pleasure," I replied, quickly adding, "—at having found the ring. But come . . ." I rose to my feet. "You owe me a return match. I perceive another arbor at the opposite end of the garden. Shall that be our goal?"

She assented, and we raced again. This time I made certain I was the winner. Her delightful bosom rose and fell as she strived to catch her breath. "What is your will, o victor?" she smiled. "I shall obey you."

I had in my pocket a gift for her; an intimate gift I had purchased many days before but had not presented because I felt she would think me too forward. As the winner of the second race, I saw an opportunity to give it to her. "I command you," I said with mock solemnity, "to exchange garters with me."

She frowned—but it was not the frown

of offended modesty, for she saw nothing improper in my command. "Your garters are so plain," she said.

"Nevertheless, that is my command and you must obey."

Lifting her skirts, she removed her garters and handed them to me. At this, I produced her gift from my pocket: a pair of elegant garters, intricately embroidered. "Oh!" she exclaimed. "How pretty they are!"

"May I—put them on you?"

"Of course you may!"

Trembling anew, I slipped one of the garters over her leg, fighting down the flood of desire that was rising within me. Before I could put on the second one, however, she seized my hand. "Why, there are words on the garter!" she said. "You must read them to me."

It was true. Although I had not taken note of it before, the delicate embroidery was actually a verse. I read it aloud:

*Garter most fortunate,
Garter of love,
Blest be you always, for
Heaven's above!*

I laughed at this, but in her innocence she did not understand the double meaning of the last line. "It is a pleasant verse," she said. "but why do you laugh?"

This question, I realized with sudden intuition, was the perfect chance I had so long been awaiting. Gently, and with great patience, great tact and great tenderness, I explained to her the meaning of the verse—indeed, of life itself.

The joys of Heaven have not been exaggerated, I assure you.



MATING SEASON

(continued from page 41)

bees.

The shocking fear came to Father Carrigan so suddenly that he dropped the hem of his cassock into the water.

"Terry!" he yelled, cupping his hands to his mouth. "Terrence Dinneen! Come back at once. Come back, I tell you."

It was useless, for the wind was against him and blew his words away and across the meadow where they were lost among the wild flowers.

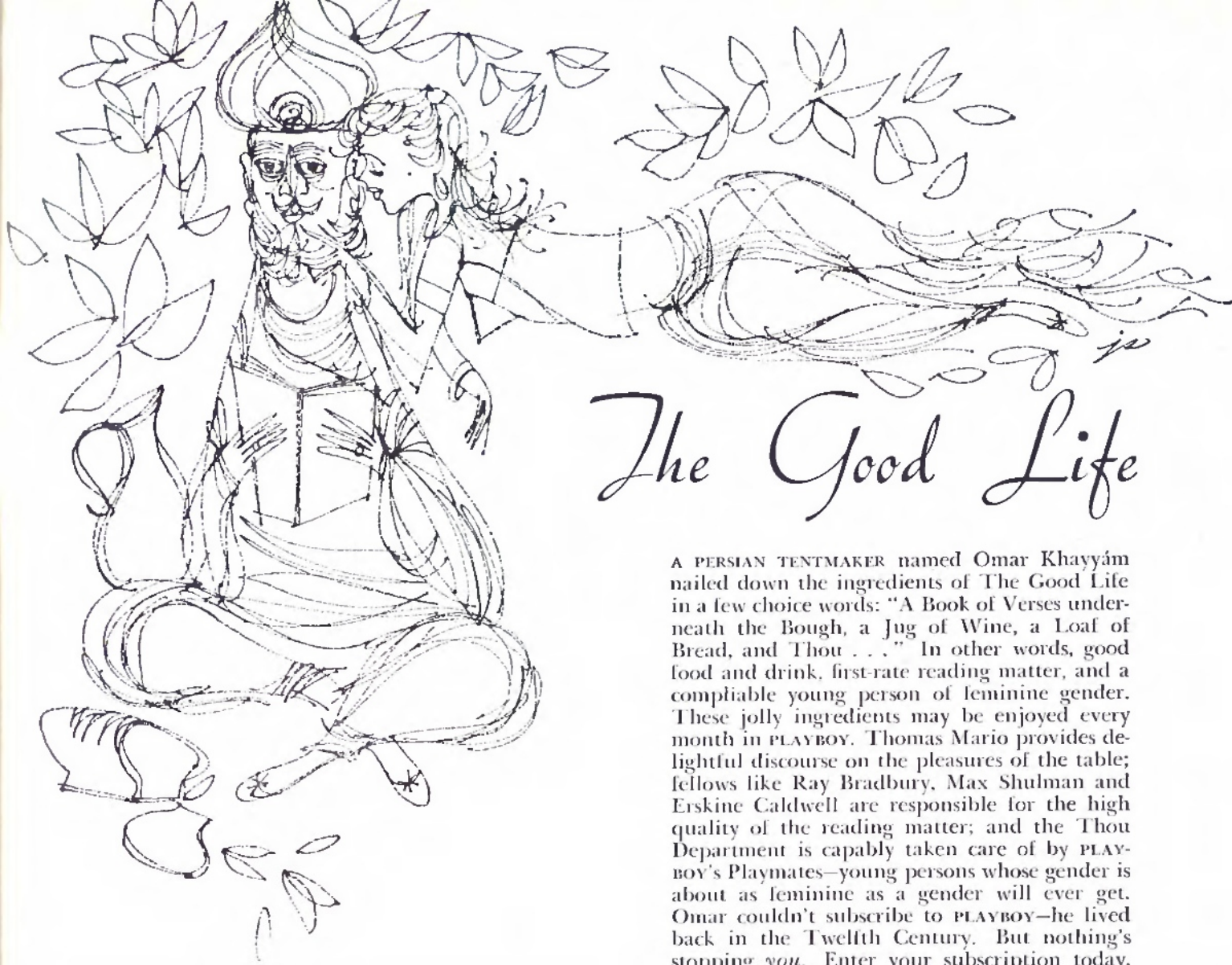
He saw Kate gain the flat summit of the cliff and he saw her glance back with that come-hither look the gossips talked about, and he saw Terry reaching for her. And he saw the triumph in Terry's face and the high color, no longer pale but full-blooded like his father Michael Dinneen before him.

He stood helpless, knowing full well what was going to happen up there so high in the deep bed of warm grass atop the cliff.

"The wedding flight of the queen bee," he moaned, wringing his hands with the bitter irony of it. "And me telling him it was not wrong, but natural, good and Godly. Ah, will the Almighty forgive me for what I've done now?"

A bee buzzed past him. He watched it hover over a flower and then enter it as if in answer.





The Good Life

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