

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JANUARY 50 cents



HOLIDAY ISSUE

NINE PAGES OF PLAYMATE PHOTOGRAPHS

BLOCH



GOLD



CALDWELL



PLAYBILL

FOUR-AND-TWENTY PLAYMATES, even if not exactly baked in a pie, make a dainty dish to set before king and commoner alike. In this Holiday Issue, you'll find nine delicious pages devoted to PLAYBOY's popular pin-up, with pictures of every monthly Miss who has appeared in the magazine during the first two years of publication.

Some talented gentlemen have gathered around PLAYBOY's holiday punch bowl, too. Erskine Caldwell is here offering *Advice About Women* in a brand new story by that name. Fantasy fans will certainly recognize Robert Bloch standing over there in the corner slipping a strange potion into his drink; he has a fascinating tale to tell. Jules Archer, who raised such a storm with his article, *Don't Hate Yourself in the Morning*, a few issues back, has returned for more of the same with a unique quiz designed to tell you, *Will She or Won't She?* Then there's a charming love story by Herbert Gold and an unusual last will and testament by Rex Fabian.

Cartoonist Jack Cole has some forecasts for the new year that are certain to delight you. Cole's curvaceous cartoon cuties are becoming so popular even the private eyes of fiction are focusing on

them. An acquaintance pointed out this bit of terse description in Richard S. Prather's latest whodunit, *Strip for Murder*: "She wasn't a little girl, she wasn't little anywhere, and she wore grown-up clothes, but they hadn't grown up quite as much as she had. She looked like one of Cole's sensual women in PLAYBOY magazine — blonde, with big brown eyes and those other big things you hear about but don't often see. At least don't often see so well. Not often enough, anyway."

After you've finished the stories and cartoons and spent a suitable length of time with all those Playmates, there are the Party Jokes — a welcome addition to any festive occasion. And later, we can gather 'round the piano for a song or two: there's an illustrated ballad, complete with music, in this issue. Shepherd Mead is here with further suggestions on how to succeed with women without really trying, Jack J. Kessie has some tips on proper dress for your formal affairs and Thomas Mario is offering some sage advice we'll all appreciate after the partying is over. So come fill your cup and prepare to be pleasantly entertained in this first issue of PLAYBOY, 1956.

COLE



DEAR PLAYBOY



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

NO REASONABLE FACSIMILES

As an enthusiastic reader from the first issue, may I wish you a happy second anniversary and thank you for two great years of truly smart, sophisticated, masculine entertainment. A number of magazines have appeared on newsstands this past fall attempting to capture PLAYBOY's flavor, but there is no reasonable facsimile of my favorite magazine. PLAYBOY stands alone in its field: a handsome handbook for the modern, urban male.

John Burrows
New York, N. Y.

VIP LOVES COLE

Congratulations on your wonderful success. The book deserves it. Cartoonist Jack Cole is without equal. If I were you, I'd sign him up to a contract—someone might lure him away if you don't watch out.

Virgil F. Partch
Balboa Island, Calif.

PRAISE FROM THE PRESS

The compliments in this week's *Newsweek* and Bennett Cerf's simultaneous accolade in *The Saturday Review* makes it evident that PLAYBOY has really arrived. Chief among PLAYBOY's claims to distinction is the fact, stated in *Newsweek*, that yours is obviously a labor of love.

Donald F. Julbert
Barneveld, New York

AUDACIOUS ITALIAN DISHES

Three cheers to Tom Mario for his enlightening bit on Italian cooking in your September issue. It's a pleasure to read an article on the subject by someone who really knows the fine points and the vast differences in the cooking of north and south Italy. It's about time somebody exploded the myth that all Italian cooking is basically garlic and spice. Most northern Italians have never heard of pizza.

Leo Rotelli
Chicago, Illinois

POLYGAMY

My husband discovered a copy of your magazine at the base one afternoon and when he got home, he sent in his subscription, ordered back copies and the annual. I found myself glancing through the issues and finally reading

them enthusiastically, but I must take exception to your article, *A Vote For Polygamy*, in the July issue, which suggests that men should have two or more wives. Better the other way around, I think. The average man can hardly handle a single woman if she's the hearty type.

Mrs. C. Morse
Chicopee Falls, Mass.

The article wasn't directed to "average men," Mrs. M. All of PLAYBOY's readers are capable of handling three, four or more women at a time without taxing themselves. A special vigor they get from the pages of America's freshest, most robust magazine, we suppose.

HECTOR

I just finished your College Issue and my stomach still hurts from laughing at *Hector* and his adventures. Everybody at Texas Tech and surrounding territory are wild about PLAYBOY. I took one of the local girls on a little spree last night and damned if she didn't swipe my August issue. Shows she has good taste, though.

Charlie Patterson
Texas Tech
Abernathy, Texas

You can't please all of the people with all of your stuff, but for what it is worth, my taste runs away screaming from things like *The Adventures of Hector*. In spite of Thorne Smith's good name, this is strictly for der schmutzige Vogels—and you gave it twelve full precious PLAYBOY pages. On the other hand, give us more of Smokey Mount. *The Taming of the Rake* was very enjoyable. On still another hand, you must know what you are doing as your fine mag, I see this month, has no less than three imitations on the newsstands.

Dave Hug
Fort Madison, Iowa

My husband and I were introduced to PLAYBOY last June. We loved it and haven't missed an issue since. *The Adventures of Hector* was stupendous—laughed so hard we cried. You've the best magazine published today. Keep up the good work and don't think women don't enjoy it just as much as the men!

Mrs. William Tierney
Los Angeles, California

JAZZ

I've just finished reading the September *Dear Playboy* section and was amazed at some of the letters on PLAYBOY's All-Time All-Star Jazz Band. I am a Progressive jazz fan, but I don't try to put down New Orleans jazz or Dixieland. How can Bill Balch call Charlie Parker a fad when he was one of the greatest contributors to jazz music? And as for Jim Schaefer, Progressive jazz shows as much emotion as Dixieland. Stan Getz, Clifford Brown and many others make it very easy for you to tap your foot; they swing. Some of the more experimental groups like Stan Kenton and the Teddy Charles Quartet may be harder for some to understand, but they can't be put down for that. I'd make only one change in Jack Tracy's All-Stars—on drums I'd put Max Roach above Jo Jones.

Peter Friedman
Detroit, Michigan

I am writing this in response to three letters in your September issue from Messrs. Stranger, Balch and Schaeffer. Mr. Stranger's idea of substituting Coleman Hawkins for Stan Getz isn't preposterous at all—it's beyond that! To compare the blithe, elusive and extremely subtle sound and technique of Stan Getz to the guttural, extroverted honkings of Mr. C is almost sacrilege. You say, Mr. Stranger, that Satchmo, Bix or King Oliver cuts "Diz" or "Little Jazz." They may well have—twenty-five years ago, when the latter were mere lads and your taste in music wasn't considered passé.

I was almost knocked insensible at reading Mr. Balch's statement that Parker and Diz are a fad. "Bird," along with Diz, has done more for modern American music and laid more groundwork than anyone else I can think of. Gentlemen, where is your appreciation?

And now to the main point of this letter: the layman theories and novice ideas expressed in Mr. Schaeffer's letter. This guy is obviously no musician and not much of a listener either, to so carelessly employ the term "flatted fifth" in describing modern jazz. I doubt that Mr. Schaeffer would recognize a flatted fifth if it was played for him and probably thinks terms like fifth, tonic and bar have something to do with drinking. Is it necessary to stamp your foot, smile or cry in order to ap-

preciate fine jazz music? So I say to Messrs. Stranger, Balch and Schaeffer, open your ears to what is being accomplished in modern music today—then discard the fetus—the *child* has arrived!

Fred Leeds
Philadelphia, Pa.

In picking PLAYBOY's All-Time All-Star Jazz Band, Down Beat Editor Jack Tracy found seats for both Coleman Hawkins and Stan Getz.

The arbitrary choosing of various musicians to fill out the sections of an All-Time All-Great Band will usually turn it into an All *Un-Swinging* Band. There is a curious thing about sessions where jazz is performed. There must be a certain rapport between the musicians as to style and mood. This usually occurs only amongst musicians who know and understand each other.

Jazz must be judged (if judged it must be) in its own element. Dixie, Chicago, etc., were styles that gave birth to and nurtured the later Bop and Progressive styles. Anyone who has a fair ear will detect in all styles a basic, underlying mood and feeling that is common to all jazz.

The *Mona Lisa* is a masterpiece, but so is an abstract by Picasso; the Parthenon is a remarkable part of architecture, but so is the United Nations Building in New York. And so to get up on a soapbox and loudly proclaim that jazz never got beyond New Orleans is a geographic delusion and a prejudicial feeling that could set the world back to immature doodlings on cave walls and primitive poundings on old rotten logs.

Jack Smalley
Page Cavanaugh Trio
Hollywood, California

P.S. Have absolutely no gripes with PLAYBOY magazine. In the vernacular, man, I think it's the last! It's so nice to find a magazine published on the assumption people are not, after all, idiots. Thanks for many hours of happy reading.

RAH! RAH! RAH!

Hear ye! Hear ye! I wish it known to all men that the magazine known as PLAYBOY is the greatest. It has been voted the outstanding publication of the Twentieth Century by the students at the University of Virginia.

George E. Spielman
University of Virginia
Charlottesville, Virginia

A big Texas cheer to you for your College Issue! Just about every red-blooded Longhorn on the campus has read it and we think it's great. The Playmate(s) were very nice, and Anita Ekberg even more so. Anson Mount's story of one playboy's lamentable fate

was one of the cleverest yet—all in all, a very enjoyable issue. The University of Texas salutes you, sirs!

David Goss
University of Texas
Austin, Texas

All of us here at Ohio State really dig your mag the most. Enjoyed your fashion article, *Sunma Cum Style*, in the October issue. Since this campus is finally going "Ivy" (thank God), we'd like more such articles.

Dick Pollack
Ohio State University
Columbus, Ohio

We of Sigma Alpha Epsilon at Occidental College have one violent and profound complaint. It concerns the archaic method used in the binding of your magazine. We feel that just because PLAYBOY is read and re-read by fifty brothers is no reason for its coming apart. We would appreciate your giving this matter your immediate attention.

Gordon C. Kearn
Sigma Alpha Epsilon
Occidental College
Los Angeles, California

Just read the October issue of PLAYBOY. Best yet! But why give all the attention to the Sigma Chi's? Just to keep me and my fraternity brothers here at the University of Utah on your mailing list, please mention Sigma Pi in your next issue. I also want you to know how much I liked your college cover. Your art director, Arthur Paul, is a very talented guy.

Pierre Carlson
Sigma Pi
University of Utah
Salt Lake City, Utah

DON'T HATE YOURSELF

Open letter to Jules Archer:

In the August issue of PLAYBOY magazine you wrote an article with which I very much disagree. The title of this unfit to be published article was *Don't Hate Yourself in the Morning*. You have stated that all women "like to be seduced." I do not agree with you at all and you sound to me like one of two kinds of a man.

Perhaps you are a bachelor who has associated in your so called "under the sheet game" with nothing but the lowest women in character and morals. You've tried your game on one girl who refuted the statements in your article and to soothe your hurt ego you have written a piece tearing down all women.

Or perhaps you are a man who has married a woman of such low character, leading you to believe that all women are of such character and morals.

I am a happily married man, twenty-four years of age. I courted my wife for

five years before marrying her, without any advances. She has read your article also and states she never felt like a "garbage truck" because of no advances from me. I feel that other young women I have dated, before meeting my wife, would agree with her whole heartedly.

I enjoy reading PLAYBOY magazine, but coming upon an article like yours tempts me to buy other publications in which no articles of this nature occur. I would like to suggest to you, sir, that you make a more complete study of women before passing your opinion on to the many readers of PLAYBOY. Maybe someday, somewhere, some woman will make you change your opinion of the fair sex.

W. Ray Dennis, Jr.
San Diego, California

We thought we'd better give Jules Archer a chance to answer a letter as personal as this one and he obliged:

"Dear Mr. Dennis:

"I am, alas, even worse than you suspected. I have the same fine wife I started out with thirteen years ago, three stalwart sons, and an ex-president's pin from the P.T.A. But despite this pure family background, I can't help it if the authorities in social work and psychiatry I quoted in my article found that there are a great many seduction-prone females at large.

"Your indignation at their findings suggests that you have led a remarkably sheltered existence for a young man of twenty-four. Or perhaps the trouble is that the authorities don't have your deep insight and years of experience. Why not write to Dr. Carney Landis, Dr. Lotte A. Finke, Dr. Alfred Kinsey, Dr. T. Bauer, Dr. Clellan S. Ford, Dr. Frank A. Beach, Dr. Herbert D. Lamson, Dr. Lena Levine, Dr. Fritz Wittels, Professor Leontine Young and Director Sara B. Edlin and explain why they are ridiculous to disagree with you?"

"By the way, Mr. Dennis, do you realize that for about half of what you pay for a frank, sophisticated magazine like PLAYBOY, you could have a full year's subscription to Polly Pigtailed?"

"Jules Archer
Pine Plains, N.Y."

BACK COPIES

I've just discovered PLAYBOY and was under the impression it was a newcomer to the magazine field till I looked inside and found it is two years old. I enjoyed this one issue so much, I am entering a subscription. I wonder if it is possible to order back copies?

Richard M. Johnson, Jr.
East Orange, New Jersey

The following back copies of PLAYBOY are available and may be ordered at 50¢ each: 1951—May, June, Aug., Sept., Nov.; 1955—Feb., April, May, June, July, Aug., Sept., Oct., Nov., Dec.





films

Two tough guys muscled their way into town recently to publicize their respective motion pictures. One of them was Jack Palance who, on the screen, behaves like a well-bred panther. Off the screen — as we discovered when we met him in a nearby bistro — he behaves exactly the same. He shakes your hand, smiles pleasantly, speaks in well-modulated tones; he sips a drink and handles a wedge of pizza with enviable grace. It's all very civilized. But there seems to be an undercurrent of jungle below the surface. We got the uneasy feeling that if we said one false word, he'd clutch us by the Adam's apple and fling us to the opposite end of the bar. But maybe our imagination was working overtime. The other tough customer was Marlon Brando. We were visiting an old friend at Chicago's swank Ambassador East Hotel 9:30 of a bleak winter morning when, unshaven and tired from a long train trip, Brando shuffled into the lobby, the collar of his dark overcoat turned up as a defense against the raw blast that swept off Lake Michigan. Jean Simmons leaned on him for support, or maybe it was the other way around. We followed them into the elevator. During the ride, we noted that Brando, like Palance, behaved pretty much as he does on the screen. He pouted very well, sighed with expression, and blinked the well-known Brando blink. He said nothing. His hands remained sunken into his overcoat pockets. We thought of starting a conversation with some bright *not* like "Hiya, champ," but he did not appear in the mood for repartee. So, recalling how he

messed up Lee J. Cobb in *On the Waterfront*, we kept a civil tongue in our heads (we have several) and blinked back. Miss Simmons, obviously bushed, buried her tousled head in his lapel, and he uttered low, consoling noises. Then the doors opened and the two of them stepped off to start a gruelling day of selling *Guys and Dolls*.

If you must see *Guys and Dolls*, we recommend you take along a box lunch, a soft cushion and a change of underwear. It's a large (CinemaScope), long (2¾ hours) film. The original Broadway show, we recall, was a fast, funny fable. It wasn't easy to turn this into a grim fairy tale, but Samuel Goldwyn, by golly, has succeeded. He had help, of course: from a director who left gaps between cues big enough to drive a truck through, from a designer who couldn't make up his mind whether to be realistic or stylized, from a brace of musical arrangers (one named Alexander Courage, which we don't believe for a minute) who not only schmaltzed up but also slowed down the songs, and from a well-meaning cast who obviously had too little rehearsal. There was more wasted on this ponderous production than a mere six million bucks — the colorful role of Nathan Detroit (impresario of The Oldest Established Permanent Floating Crap Game in New York) was wasted on Frank Sinatra, who brought to it little enthusiasm, less invention, and no wit; and the rare gifts of Marlon Brando were wasted on a shallow role that demanded only a fraction of his talent. The picture is worth seeing (providing your seat muscles are sturdy) if only for the excellence of its basic Runyon-Burrows-Loesser material, and to hear Brando sing. Not much of a voice, but so much warmth and style that he makes the not-up-to-snuff Sinatra of this film look

like he's still competing on Major Bowes' Amateur Hour. Vivian Blaine accurately re-creates her original role of Adelaide, and Jean Simmons reveals a pleasantly clear and true soprano in her assignment as "a mission doll." If you're worried that Goldwyn might not get back his six million, rest easy: we understand he's taking 90c out of every box office dollar — which is bigger than any cut Nathan Detroit ever took out of The Oldest Established.

The picture Palance was plugging was *The Big Knife*, a drama which we advise you to see. It's a riot. Scripter Clifford Odets hasn't got a subtle bone in his body, and he's still the wild-haired rebel he was in the Thirties, but he does have a wonderful flair for unconscious comedy. In this incredible fiasco, there is only one character who does not, at one point or another, break into hysterical weeping. The story relates the downfall of Chuck Castle, screen star, whose talents have been systematically exploited by the Hollywood leeches he has attracted in his rise to fame. There is a constant parade of characters through the single set (Castle's apartment) until one begins to feel that if the front door had been locked, there'd have been no picture. Palance, as Castle, is good, though mannered, and, like a real trouper, manages to spit out some treacherously actor-buster lines. Rod Steiger walks away with most of the acting laurels, though: at the screening we caught, the audience actually cheered his speeches. This independently-produced film is such a vicious indictment of Hollywood that West Coast moguls are supposedly trying to suppress it. Distribution may, therefore, be somewhat limited, so you better grab the first chance you get to dig this crazy
(continued overleaf)



THE BEST

FROM PLAYBOY

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

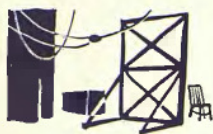
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flick. We might add, by way of preparation, that it was filmed in 18 days.



theatre

Physical therapists are flocking to *Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?* to contemplate the breathtaking lineaments of Jayne Mansfield (last February's Playmate) without benefit of underwear (or so her spoken lines claim; we never really find out). Jayne, who seems to be constantly inhaling, is on stage through most of the gambit, soothing the eye and disturbing the libido. Soothing the ear is suave Martin Gabel, a writer's agent who is literally a devil in the flesh. Milquetoast Orson Bean, a starving hack for a movie fan mag whose only interview has been with the mythical star "Rock Hunter" (who never appears in the play), falls prey to the silk-tongued Gabel. As agents will, Gabel charges 10 percent of Bean's quaking soul for each whopping service rendered (depositing a million dollars in his checking account, securing the unbridled love of filmix Mansfield). The 10s add up and soon Bean is close to 100 percent jeopardy and eternal perdition. The yoks are seldom from the diaphragm in this umteenth telling of the Faust story, but they're frequent. Hollywood comes in for its baiting during a writer's conference at which Bean must deliver a scenario about a prostitute and a psychiatrist. The problem is how to get them to "meet cute." In exchange for his usual percentage, the agent plops this devilishly clever solution into Bean's mouth, as the second act curtain drops: "Well, it seems they both send out their couches to be re-covered and there's a mix-up." (At the Belasco, 44th St., NYC.)

Mislabeled a comedy, *Tiger at the Gates* (playing at the Helen Hayes Theatre, 46th St., NYC) is more like a tragedy of manners. The tiger in the title is War, and the gates are those of Troy. Having just fought and won a war-to-end-all-wars, Generalissimo Hector (Michael Redgrave) yearns for a little status quo, but a loin-clothed lounge lizard name of Paris has pulled the tiger's tail by abducting a wet and naked item called Helen (played by stunning Diane Cilento), who just happens to be the wife of the Greek king. The honor of Greece is, naturally, at stake, as is the honor of Troy—and Hector is the pickle in the middle, an isolated segment of common sense to whom neither friends, Greeks nor countrymen will lend an ear. This production is smartly directed and played by an expert English cast, but a lot of the

credit must go to the script itself, briskly translated from the French of Giraudoux by Christopher Fry. It gets down to cases with the very first line and hews to a straight, clean, dialectical pitch right up to the final curtain. Sardonic humor is supplied by Cassandra (Leueen MacGrath), a wry prophetess who needles Greeks and Trojans alike, gets off nifties like this (in response to someone's observation that all the lecherous old men of the city are standing around, looking down at Helen): "Not all. There are certain crafty ones looking up at her." The summary scene of the play is the meeting between Trojan Hector and Greek Ulysses, ostensibly to avert a war. Ulysses is the universal cynic, who observes that such a meeting can only be a reconciliation before the scrap, a pleasant but empty gesture, a luxury reserved for the great. While the audience wonders if it was like this at Munich in '39, Ulysses declares that the war must be fought for no better reason than—it must be fought. The only thing lacking in this show is Giraudoux's original title. We miss its fine, if obvious, irony: *The Trojan War Will Not Take Place*.



books

Since much of the success of *Tiger at the Gates* is due to its brilliant, fast-moving script, we recommend a reading of it (Oxford, \$2.75), whether you get around to seeing the show or not.

There's only one music hall on earth that has nurtured such personalities as Fernandel, Yvonne Printemps, Charlie Chaplin, Josephine Baker, Charles Trenet, Mistinguett, Maurice Chevalier, Yvette Guilbert, Raimu and Yvonne Ménard. Now, the full, rosy, ribald story of *Folies Bergère* (Dutton, \$3.95) has been put down on paper by Paul Derval, owner-manager of this fabulous skin palace for nearly forty years, and entertaining reading it is. M. Derval sometimes gives the impression that staging a new review at the Folies is a terribly impersonal thing, not unlike stacking sides of beef in a meat market, but one suspects he enjoys his labors a good deal more than most, and well he should. A portion of the book is dedicated to defending the reputations of his ladies on the stairway: he even tells of one undraped lovely who brought her baby to the theatre each evening, then dashed breathlessly to the wings between numbers in order to nourish the child in a natural way. The rest of this gay tome conducts the reader backstage, into the dressing rooms, out front with the audience and even around to the stage door

half-an-hour after final curtain where, Derval ruefully admits, some of his girls have the habit of being attended nightly, not always by the same gentleman. This is a deliciously candid account of the whole glittering Folies world, artfully decorated with photos of its biggest attraction: bosoms.

Gabrielle-Sidonie Colette, once a dancing girl at the self-same Folies Bergère, as well as the Moulin Rouge and Ba-Ta-Clan, zipped through three husbands with charming dispatch. She also found time in a long lifetime to write unconventional novelettes abounding in predatory females, most of whom represented the author herself during one stage or another of her wilder days. She was the first woman ever elected to the exclusive literary circle, the Académie Goncourt, later becoming its president, and it is said that she died, peacefully, at the age of 81 after downing a small slug of champagne. The best of her novelettes can be found in *Seven by Colette* (Farrar, Straus and Cudahy, \$6.50), including such warm and witty tales as *Gigi*, *Chéri* and *The Vagabond*.

Most travel guides, we admit, are about as dry as the second act of *Parsifal*, but *The Men's Guide to Europe* (David McKay, \$4.50) lays bare everything from booming *boîtes* to native sports in 21 countries on the far side of the Atlantic. Editor Eugene Fodor and staff dwell waggishly on continental divertissements—both sensual and spiritual—so carry the Guide along for a pleasant shipboard briefing. *The High Fidelity Reader* (Hanover House, \$3.50) is another orchard of information that prunes 26 spritely articles from the shiny pages of *High Fidelity* magazine, the audiophile's Koran. In it, you'll discover how to judge, buy, assemble, adjust and even build your own hi-fi components for maximum brilliance and bounce. If you're not up on the specialized lingo splattered among the paragraphs, there's a breezy lexicon in back ("Microhenry—A unit of inductance equivalent to one millionth of a henry").

Poker-faced playboys will want a copy of *Dealer's Choice* (Barnes, \$3.95) for their libraries. It's a full house of entertaining fiction and humor involving poker games, written by such stellar addicts as Benchley, Maugham, Hemingway, Thurber, Runyan, Ruark, et al. Jerry D. Lewis is the dealer and his choice is excellent.

H. Allen Smith's *The Age of the Tail* (Little, Brown, \$3) is a rather leaden satire about a future time when humans sprout bushy extremities, but there are a few amusing spots, such as this hit parade of 1997: *My Tail Belongs to Daddy*, *In Dreams I Kiss Your Tail*, *Madame, You Go to My Tail*, etc. The

possibilities are endless and we got to thinking of tunes we might pen ourselves in that future time: *I'm in the Mood for Tail, I Can't Give You Anything but Tail, A Good Tail is Hard to Find, Tails from the Vienna Woods.*

Ambitious young businessmen will be glad to learn that Shepherd Mead's *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying* (which appeared in PLAYBOY, you'll recall) is now available in a handy pocket edition for on-the-spot emergency reference (Ballantine, 35c). Girls who are no better than they should be are the subject of tales by Saroyan, Schnitzler, Huysmans and other top writers in *Stories of Scarlet Women* (Avon, 35c). And, being released to tie in with the movie is a paperback of *Picnic* (Bantam, 25c), the sexy drama William Inges composed with considerable "help" from Joshua Logan.



records

The musical wares of June Hutton, husband Axel Stordahl and a blend of male voices called The Boys Next Door are displayed in *Asterglow* (Capitol T643), a frankly reminiscent biscuit that takes us back to the lush vocal groups of a decade ago (The Pied Pipers, The Modernaires). In choosing tunes, Stordahl wisely stood pat (or June) on such tested favorites as *I Should Care, I Hadn't Anyone Till You, Day by Day, Never in a Million Years*, and so on, until you're practically mired in a mush of memories. Poignant listening, though, for you and The Girls Next Door. Sarah Vaughan does to a dreamy ballad what Chateau Yquem does to a bunch of grapes. Fluid and flowing, The Divine Sarah is heard at her most majestic in *After Hours* (Columbia CL 660), a satin serenade that strongly suggests early morning hours in a quiet, deserted city. You can never really be sure which way Sarah is going to turn her tunes, how she is going to phrase the next line, but you always feel that she has carried it off perfectly. Some of her most distinctive offerings are on this LP, *My Reverie, Street of Dreams, Thinking of You and Deep Purple*.

Helena Rubinstein (she makes cosmetics) and Columbia (they make records) have merged resources on a new promotional jaunt titled *Jazz: Red Hot and Cool*. Helena's project is a perky shade of lipstick; Columbia's pride is a new Dave Brubeck offering (Columbia CL 699) that catches the quartet in several of its most metaphysical weavings to date. Dig especially the group's interpretation of *Lover*, an overworked chestnut that nevertheless gets a stimulating steam bath in both 3/4 and 4/4 time—simultaneously! Only Brubeck's bunch could carry it off, and turn it into

provocative, swinging jazz to boot. The disc—which also includes such frolics as *Sometimes I'm Happy* and *Love Walked In*—should be added to your collection immediately, and you might want to purchase several tubes of lipstick for the girl friend's emergency repairs.

David Stuart, Contemporary Records exec, enclosed an enthusiastic letter with a review copy of his new LP, *The Hampton Hawes Trio* (Contemporary 3505). "This gent Hamp," Dave wrote, "for sheer excitement and swinging creativity, belongs with that rare and lonely group at the top of the mountain of modern jazzmen." Since we had never heard Mr. Hawes perform at the keyboard, we gave the disc a careful listening. Swing he does, amid a blistering barrage of chords that struck our ears as both tasty and original. The guys with him—Red Mitchell, bass, and Chuck Thompson, drums—seem to anticipate perfectly Hamp's next invention, and the whole group boils up a remarkable, jazz-filled atmosphere that's contagious as hell.

A trio of new LPs, *You're Hearing George Shearing* (M-G-M E3216), *A Shearing Caravan* (M-G-M E3175) and *The Shearing Spell* (Capitol T648) shows off mightily the prince of pretty notes and his specially blended quintet. For unhip souls who have yet to fall under the Shearing brand of voodoo, there's plenty here to get you in the mood. What kind of mood? All kinds, but mostly the relaxed, romantic and restful variety. Listen closely to the way Jean "Toots" Thielemans blows harmonica on *The Man I Love* in the Capitol offering.

Big band jazz roars ahead on two new LPs by Woody Herman's Third Herd, titled *Road Band* (Capitol T658) and Stan Kenton's Fourth Plateau, tagged *Contemporary Concepts* (Capitol T666). The Kenton disc stays mostly with standard tunes such as *Yesterdays* and *Stompin' at the Savoy*, charged, rarefied and brilliantly disguised by the lean piano player and his nimble plebes. Herman's hipsters set the fuse to a keg of Ralph Burns originals, *Cool Cat on a Hot Tin Roof, Pimlico, Gina* and *I Remember Duke*, as well as such moody melodies as *Where or When* and *Sentimental Journey*. Big bands come and go, side-men change sides frequently, arrangers dream and die, but, as Woody puts it on the dust jacket, "The most exciting thing in jazz is when a big band can make it." These two do.

Several young ladies we know—sensible, sober souls—are attacked by a quivering set of goose bumps the moment Sammy Davis, Jr. delivers a ballad. It happened again while listening to his latest LP, *Just for Lovers* (Decca DL 8170), and the reason is easy to understand. Sammy is spectacular in everything he does—comedy, dancing, imitations, but especially singing. With just

a touch of Sinatra phrasing now and then, he melts a great tune down to its basic warmth, then distills it with quiet authority. For this record, Sammy has chosen some of the unforgettable, *Body and Soul, These Foolish Things, When Your Lover Has Gone*. If you like him as much as we do, you'll certainly want his earlier LP as well, *Starring Sammy Davis, Jr.* (Decca DL 8118).



dining drinking

The Interlude (8568 Sunset) in Los Angeles has always been one of our favorite watering-holes for evenings when we felt like a glittering, romantic view of the city lights. We heard rumors of dramatic changes underfoot, so decided to investigate. Gone are the roomy, plush hideaway booths—now replaced by naked tables meant for two, but seating four. The biggest (and best) change is in entertainment: replacing the tinkling piano of yesterday are the foot-stompin' stylings of Frances Faye, backed by bass, guitar and bongos. The beat is a product of the never-let-up school, the fastest-paced music this side of Birdland. These happy sounds almost make you forget another change: bar prices have been boosted to an average of \$1.25 per slug, but there's always a crowd of Faye *aficionados* waiting to get in. Reservations are taken by a tawny blonde who answers to the name of Dottie.

One of Philadelphia's newest dining-drinking dens is The Capri (1523 Locust), billeted in an old brownstone house that's one room deep and three rooms high. There's a convenient fueling bar at street level for your one-flight journey to the Capri Room, where *more* petrol for still loftier excursions can be obtained while taking in some lusty piano-and-songs by Hilde Simmons. From there, it's no trouble to float up the remaining carpeted steps to the small but elegant dining room complete with tall mirrors, low lights, high ceiling, rich drapes, superb menu and a positively inspired wine list. Italian dishes are featured, of course, but there's a Chinese kitchen too. You'll melt over the roast pheasant, although chef Otis Pruitt will be happy to apply his witchcraft to the more economical and absolutely delicious Chicken Cacciatore: take broiled half chicken, cut up and saute in olive oil; season with salt, pepper and oregano; cook 20 minutes; add tomato sauce, peeled white grapes, a generous jolt of Malaga wine; let simmer 12 minutes; serve piping hot. Dinner is offered from 4:30 P.M. to closing, usually 2 A.M., and it's prudent to phone for a reservation.





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

Subscriptions: In the U.S., its possessions, and Canada, \$13 for three years, \$10 for two years, \$6 for one year, in advance. Elsewhere, \$12 a year, in advance. Please allow three weeks for entering a new subscription, renewals, and changes of address.

Advertising: Main advertising office, R. Bolander-olson, western manager, 11 E. Superior St., Chicago 11, Illinois, Michigan 2-4511; eastern advertising office, 270 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y., PLaza 9-3076; Los Angeles representative: F. E. Crawford, 638 S. Van Ness Ave., Los Angeles 5, Calif., DUrkirk 4-7352; San Francisco representative: A. Tewksbury, 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco 4, Calif., EXbrook 2-0159; Miami representative: Hale Printup, Langford Building, Miami 32, Florida, MIami 9-2668.

Credits: Cover design by Arthur Paul, collage by B. Paul, photo by Hal Adams; P. 36-7 Peter Gowland; P. 51 Hal Adams, Tom Kelley; P. 52 Andre de Dienes; P. 53 Baumgarth Calendar Co., Peter Gowland, Peter Gowland; P. 54 Hal Adams; P. 55 Arthur James, Hal Adams, Bernard of Hollywood, Hal Adams; P. 56 Jack Howard, Norwin Bigelow, UP; P. 57 Andre de Dienes; Lee Friedlander; P. 58 Russ Meyer, Hal Adams; Bunny Yeager; P. 59 Carlyle Blackwell, Jr., Arthur-James.

PLAYBOY

indulge her every whim: that's what the man said

Advice

ABOUT WOMEN

ILLUSTRATED BY CHUCK MILLER

RONNIE HODGE had been married to Clarise for about three months and, because he and Clarise were getting along together so well night and day, he was convinced that Harry Banning was a man of superior wisdom when it came to knowing about women.

When Ronnie had first thought about marrying Clarise, he was afraid that she was too young and carefree to settle down to plain housekeeping and staying home at night, but the more he thought about it, the more confident he became that it would be wise to ask her to marry him, and use persuasion afterward to get her to change her ways, before somebody else came along and married her.

Clarise was a lively, fun-loving, dark-haired girl of twenty-one who liked to go out on late dates and not get home until three or four o'clock in the morning. She had been a recording clerk at the courthouse for the past year, but she promptly resigned from her job as soon as Ronnie asked her to marry him. Her parents lived on a farm in the country and she had lived with her grand-

mother in Berryville since graduating from high school.

It was Harry Banning who had convinced Ronnie that he should cast all doubts out of mind and go ahead and marry Clarise. Harry, who was in his late forties, and superintendent of the city water system, was several years older than Ronnie. He had been married to Annie for nearly ten years, and during that time he and Annie had lived together in a small four-room house near the water works with scarcely a harsh word passing between them. Annie was a jolly, broad-hipped, blonde-haired woman of thirty-five who spent most of her time making strawberry jam in summer and canning blackeyed peas in winter. When she was resting, she liked to stretch out flat on her back in bed, loosen her clothes, and laugh at the jokes Harry had heard down-town during the day.

A week before Ronnie and Clarise were married, Harry Banning had stopped Ronnie in front of the Berryville post office.

"Ronnie, I hear that you and Clarise

are thinking about getting married," Harry had said. "Is there any truth to that?"

"I've been giving it a lot of thought and consideration, Harry, and I've just about made up my mind that I ought to go ahead and take the step."

"Then take my advice and go ahead and marry her, Ronnie. You wouldn't find a better looking girl around town if you waited ten years."

"Clarise is a good-looking girl, isn't she, Harry?" Ronnie had said proudly.

"Good looking!" Harry had exclaimed. "I'll say she is! For the past two years I've watched her walk up and down the street in that bouncy way of hers, and it seems to me that she's better looking from head to toe every time I see her. And I'll tell you something else, too. If it wasn't that I'm already married to Annie —"

They had stood in front of the post office talking about Clarise for half an hour, and after that they walked down the street together.

"I want to give you some sound ad-

vice, Ronnie," Harry had said confidentially. "There's a right way and a wrong way to do everything in this world, and I'd like to see you and Clarise keep from getting into spats and quarrels the way most married folks do. There's not a bit of need for spats and quarrels."

"How can it be helped?" Ronnie had asked.

"I'll tell you how it can be helped. Let Clarise have her whims, Ronnie. Let her have them a dozen times a day — every day in the week — if she wants them. When a woman gets a notion in her head, no matter how silly a man thinks it is, give in to her. Let her go ahead every time and do what she wants to. That's the finest, and cheapest, insurance in the world to keep peace under the roof, and peace is what a man wants around the clock when he's married. Don't ever forget that, Ronnie. If you act up and throw your weight

around, and tell Clarise she can't do whatever it is she's set her heart on doing, the time will come when you'll regret it so much you'll wish you'd never been born. That's why I say let her have her whims, Ronnie. Let her have her whims."

"Yes, but suppose Clarise wants —"

"Ronnie, don't make the mistake of looking for exceptions and loopholes," Harry had warned him. "That's the worst thing you could do."

"But suppose —"

"Stop supposing, Ronnie. Let her have her whims, like I told you."

Ronnie and Clarise had been married early in March, and about three months later, when the first warm week-end of summer arrived, Ronnie shut down his lumber-planing mill at noon on Friday. Ronnie, like Harry Banning and a number of other business men in Berryville, owned a small summer cottage on the Gulf at Seahorse Beach, which was about an hour's drive away, and Clarise had said she wanted to spend the week-end there. It was not a good time to shut down the planing-mill on Friday noon instead of Saturday noon, because there was a large order of pine siding to plane and ship, but Clarise had said she wanted to go to the cottage at Seahorse Beach for the week-end, and so the mill was shut down.

After leaving home, and while they were driving down the main street in front of the post office, Clarise said she wanted a new bathing suit for the season, and so Ronnie stopped the car and gave her some money and waited while she went into one of the stores and tried on dozens of bathing suits until she found one she liked.

It was mid-afternoon when they reached the Gulf and drove up to the beach cottage. After Ronnie had unlocked the front door and carried in their two suitcases and a box of groceries, Clarise said she wanted to go swimming right away. She quickly undressed and put on the new bathing suit and then spent another half-hour admiring herself in the mirror. Ronnie had hoped to be able to do some fishing before the afternoon was over, but Clarise said she wanted him to go swimming, and so he undressed and put on the faded cotton swim shorts that had hung on a nail in the bathroom all winter.

It was nearly five o'clock and there
(continued on page 14)



"You going outside like that?" asked Ronnie.



*"Most men your age would be satisfied
with a little peace of mind."*

WILL SHE OR WON'T SHE?

a new way to answer the age-old question

YOU CAN WASTE a lot of time, cash and energy on a girl before you discover she's not what you're looking for. If you don't know the ropes, it isn't exactly a snap figuring out what makes her tick and whether she ticks fast or slow. Rule One in the Girl's League is to keep a guy guessing.

But the true playboy has a few tricks of his own. He knows that only a sucker will place a bet without first knowing the odds.

When a fellow first meets a girl, a lot of questions run through his mind, among them, can she be had? And, if so, with how much — or how little — promotion? Being an efficient sort of guy, you don't want to waste a lot of promotion on a pushover.

One little trick that can be most helpful is a seemingly innocent parlor-game called Suppose. On the surface, it looks as old-fashioned and respectable as Twenty Questions or Charades, but used with purpose at a cocktail party or on a double date, it can tell you if a girl is a prospective playmate or a professional virgin.

Passing the thing off as a "personality test" or some such malarkey, you casually ask each of the girls in the party ten simple (but loaded) questions. Don't worry about them not snapping at the bait: they may have a few small qualms at first, but their own feminine curiosity will undo them. And their answers will provide an amazingly accurate barometer of their emotional climates.

The questions? Here they are:

1. "Suppose you had a choice to start life over again as a man or woman — which would you choose?"

This is a deceptively mild one as a starter. Her answer will tip you off as to her essential femininity. The girl who is proud of her sex and its unique advantages will obviously make the better

playmate. The girl who would rather have been born masculine, however, tends to resist the female role, so that an affair with her may mean also a struggle for dominance.

2. "Suppose you were a man. Which of the following traits do you think would impress you most in a girl? (a) shapely figure; (b) lives in a nice neighborhood; (c) virginity; (d) good head for figures."

If she doesn't pick out virginity, in contrast to the other trivia, it's obvious she doesn't consider it of much importance. If that's the case, you can draw your own deductions about her past — and future.

3. "Which of the following would you be most likely to do in public? (a) a handstand; (b) telling a strange man his face is smudged; (c) dancing a few steps on a busy street; (d) thanking a male for his wolf whistle."

This can cue you on how fast you can go. A girl who would act on her impulse, defying convention — or even if she only thinks she would — is not likely to frown upon impulsive love-making. If she admits she would do any of the above things, the chances are that you won't rate a deep chill if you act on your impulses.

4. "Suppose you were a man and found out your girl had two-timed you. Would you (a) break off with her at once; (b) forgive her; (c) give her a stern talking-to; (d) punish her physically?"

This is a trick question designed to reveal how she herself would like to be treated by men. If she's in favor of breaking off the romance, it shows she sets a lot of store by fidelity and isn't apt to play with more than one man (at a time). If she votes for physical punishment, the chances are that she is

(concluded on page 64)

article BY JULES ARCHER



ADVICE ABOUT WOMEN (continued from page 11)

were about two hours of sunlight left when they locked the cottage door and walked over the sand dunes toward the water. Seahorse Beach was long and curving and broad, and they could see numerous other weekenders in front of the scattered beach cottages. Some of the weekenders were swimming in the placid blue water, some were sunning on the sand, and five or six men and boys were fishing off-shore in small boats. It was a warm, early-summer afternoon, and the Gulf breeze was languid and mild. Now that he was at the beach, Ronnie was glad Clarise had said she wanted to come for the week-end.

"Let's hurry and get in the water and do some splashing, Clarise," Ronnie said enthusiastically. "It's been eight or nine months since the last time I went swimming down here. Let's go!"

Clarise, shaking her head decidedly, dropped to her hands and knees and stretched out on the sand.

"What's the matter, Clarise?" he asked her.

"I don't want to get my new suit wet, Ronnie," she told him. "It'd be a shame to get it wet so soon."

"But I thought that's what we came down here for, Clarise," he said unhappily. "Didn't we?"

He waited hopefully, thinking she might change her mind. While he stood there looking down at her, he remembered very clearly what Harry Banning had said about letting Clarise have her whims, thereby avoiding spats and quarrels, and he decided it would be best if he did not say another word about going swimming. He sat down on the sand beside her.

"Clarise," he said presently, "I think I'll get my tackle and do a little fishing before dark."

He could see Clarise promptly shake her dark hair with a vigorous toss of her head.

"Stay here, Ronnie," she said firmly. "I don't want you to go off fishing and leave me here all alone."

"But I won't stay very long, Clarise," he pleaded. "That's a promise. I'll be back in an hour, at the most. It'll be all right for you to stay here by yourself that long. I won't be out of sight, anyway. And if you want me to, I'll fish off that old pier piling out there, and not even take the boat out. Won't that be all right, Clarise?"

Clarise turned over on her back and shook her head again.

"I don't want you to go fishing, Ronnie," she said flatly.

Ronnie gazed at her wonderingly for several moments. She had closed her eyes as though there was nothing more to be said on the subject.

"Look here, Clarise," he said presently, speaking out more boldly than usual. "Is that a whim of yours?"

"A what?" she asked lazily.

"A whim!"

"You can call it anything you want to, Ronnie," she told him. "I just don't want you to go off fishing, that's all."

With a deep sigh, Ronnie stretched out on the sand beside Clarise. He lay there in the lulling warmth of the sun and sand with his eyes closed and thought about Harry Banning's advice and wondered if it were something he wanted to live by for the rest of his life. After a while Clarise moved closer and put her arm over his chest, and soon he had stopped thinking about Harry's advice. Turning to Clarise, he put his arms tightly around her and hugged her affectionately, and in a little while they both were asleep.

It was after sunset when Ronnie and Clarise woke up. The Gulf breeze was damp and the sand was no longer warm. Both of them were thoroughly chilled.

"Let's hurry to the cottage and get warm, Clarise," he urged, pulling her to her feet.

Shivering, she asked, "What happened, Ronnie?"

"Nothing happened—except the sun went down while we were asleep."

They raced up the path between the dunes, and as soon as they went into the cottage they wrapped blankets around themselves. After that, Clarise lighted the kitchen stove and Ronnie made coffee, and it was not long until they sat down at the oilcloth-covered table and began eating the meal she had prepared.

It was dark when they finished washing the dishes and went to the front porch. Clarise sat on his lap and softly sang fragments of songs to herself while they watched the moon beaming on the Gulf. From time to time, Clarise kissed him excitedly, and he was glad he had had sense enough to listen to Harry Banning's advice.

Presently, after excitedly kissing him once more, Clarise got up and took off her new bathing suit and went to the porch steps. As she stood there in a rigid pose, her body gleamed like a statue in the moonlight.

"What are you going to do, Clarise?" Ronnie asked.

"I'm going to the beach for a while," she said.

"Like that?" he asked. "With nothing on?"

"Of course," she answered unhesitatingly.

"But suppose somebody—" he began.

"Oh, stop behaving like a scaredy-cat, Ronnie," she said with annoyance. "I'm just going to run up and down the beach in the moonlight for a while. It's a wonderful night to be naked on the beach in the moonlight."

Ronnie got up and went to the porch steps.

"Then I'd better go with you," he said.

"No," she said, turning and pushing him backward. "You stay here."

"But I don't think you ought to—" he protested.

"But I want to, Ronnie," she told him firmly. "I want to!"

He said nothing more to Clarise, but wondered if Harry Banning really knew what he was talking about, and

she ran down the path between the high white dunes to the beach. He could see her running lightly and carefree over the sand at the edge of the water, and after a while he sat down in a chair to wait for her to come back to the cottage.

After half an hour of anxious waiting, Ronnie got up and went to the front steps and looked up and down the beach. He could not see Clarise anywhere. Calling her as he went, he made his way through the deep sand to the beach.

Still not seeing her, he ran along the edge of the water calling her as loudly as he could. After going about half a mile, he turned around and ran back toward the pier at the other end of the beach. At first he had thought she might have gone into the water and had accidentally drowned, but later he decided it was unlikely that she would have gone into the water at all. After searching for more than an hour, and still calling her, he went back to the cottage.

He had hoped that Clarise would be there waiting for him, even laughing at his concern for her, but he could find no indication that she had been there. Her clothing was strewn carelessly on the bed as she had left it when she put on her new bathing suit, and the suit itself was still on the chair where she had placed it.

At midnight Clarise still had not returned, and Ronnie went to the beach again. The moon had gone down by that time and it was too dark to see anything in the night. He stood there listening to the gentle lapping of the waves on the sand for a while, and then, after calling desperately several times and hearing no response, he walked desolately back to the cottage and lay down on the bed.

It was dawn when Ronnie opened his eyes. Immediately, he sat upright in bed, but Clarise was not there beside him.

Hurriedly dressing, he left the cottage and ran down the beach to Harry Banning's cottage a quarter of a mile away. Harry's car was parked beside his cottage, a certain indication that Harry and Annie had come to the beach for the week-end, and Ronnie ran up the front steps and knocked loudly on the door.

There was no answer for a long time, but finally Annie, clutching her nightgown at her throat, and staring sleepily at him in the pale light, appeared at one of the bedroom windows.

"Annie, where's Harry?" Ronnie asked excitedly.

"He's not here, Ronnie," she answered, yawning and brushing her tousled blonde hair back from her face.

"Where is he?"

"I don't know." Annie rubbed her eyes with the tips of her fingers. "Harry hasn't been here all night."

"Where did he go?"

"I suppose he went night-fishing. He said something about it after supper last night. I know he put his tackle in the

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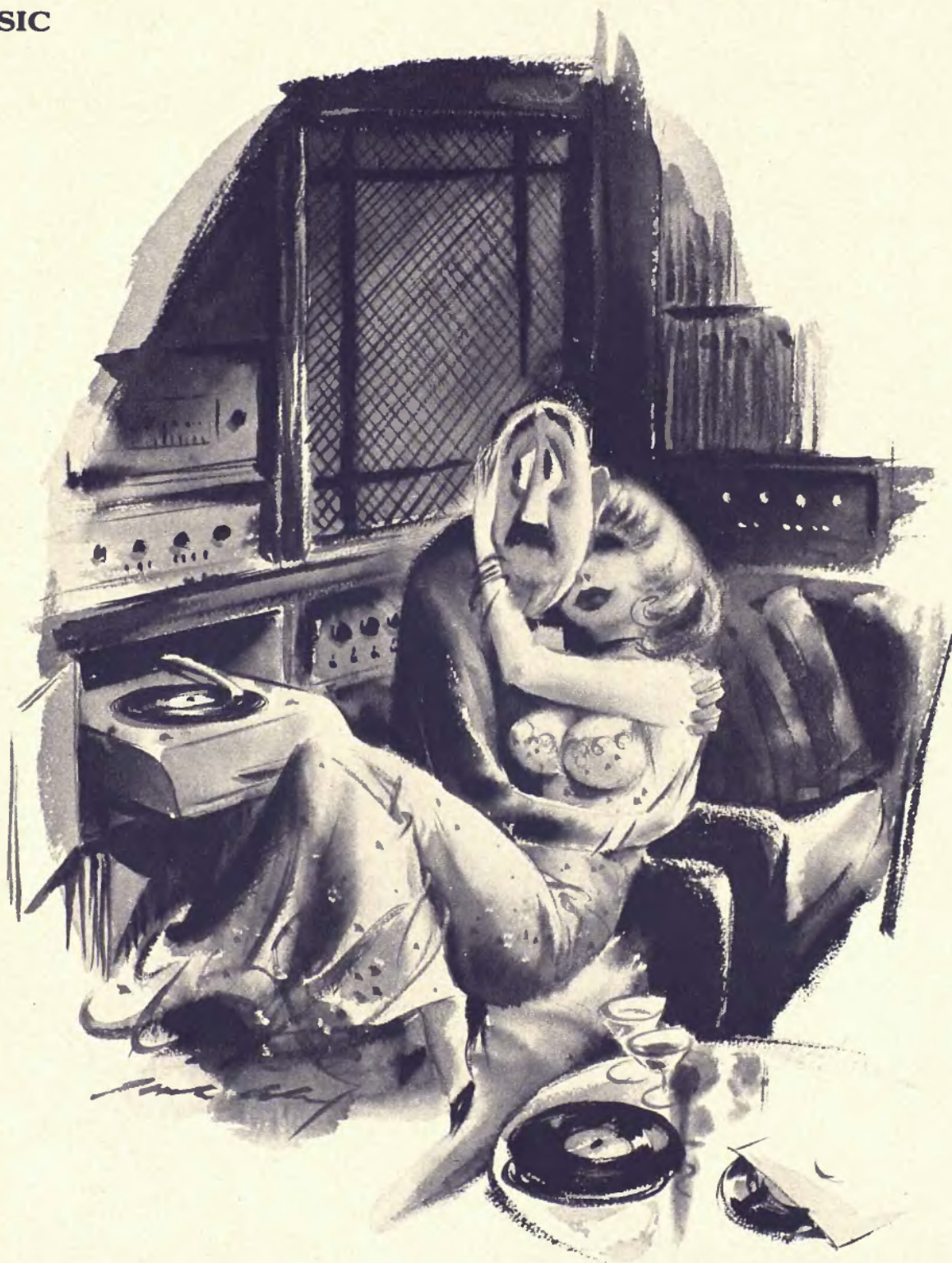
COLE'S FORECAST FOR 1956



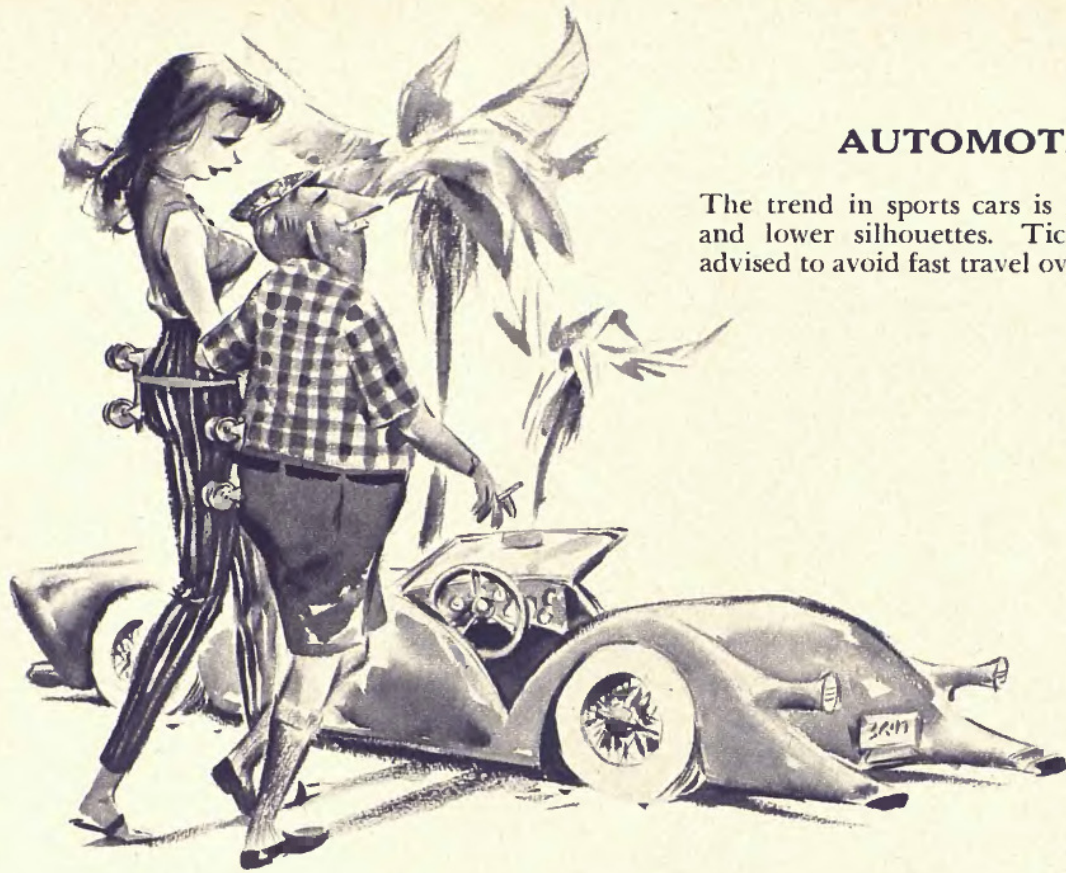
BUSINESS

The economic outlook is most promising. As our special chart illustrates, from a sloppy low in 1930, stocks have enjoyed a steady rise to well past the fibula in 1945, and will reach a real peak late this year, just prior to Thanksgiving.

MUSIC



After thorough research into the reasons for a recent dip in the sales of record-players, we've found a great many married playboys become conscience-stricken when their *infidelities* are played to the tune of *high fidelity*; they prefer to do their leman-squeezing sans this eternal etudic reprimand. We predict a boom in both music sales and philandering when this hypocritical misnomer, hi-fi, is renamed a stimulating "high frequency."



AUTOMOTIVE

The trend in sports cars is to higher speeds and lower silhouettes. Ticklish riders are advised to avoid fast travel over grassy byways.

LABOR

Automation will make further inroads into business and industry. However, certain highly specialized fields will remain relatively free from encroachment by I.B.M.



FASHION



SHE: Paris, having milked the utmost from décolletage, will take an experimental plunge into "derrierrage." Thus the double cleavage gown certain to be a hit at coming out parties and other society functions this season.

HE: Male attire will continue in the conservative vein. No padding, except in the wallet pocket for that expensive look. Lower waistlines will lend the heavy money-belt effect so irresistible to genus female. Ties? Thin. In fact, a short nose bleed will do the trick.




SPORTS

The 1956 Olympic Games will again see the American playboy walking (or crawling) off with top honors in the *indoor* sports division. We predict a bettering of the shot-put record of '52, when our own D. T. Liverstrain put 22 straight bourbon shots, 15 double Scotch and 37 beer chasers in thirty-four minutes flat, rest his dear, departed soul. The U.S. is expected to pile up points in the breast-stroke and in broad-jumping, winning both the marathon and re-relays, with a special PLAYBOY award going to the winner of the sprints. The only serious threat to American supremacy comes from Persia's Pasha of Pandor, who has been in strenuous training with his harem all winter.

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

fiction BY REX FABIAN



EVENTS HAVING TAKEN an unexpected and intolerable turn, I, the undersigned, sound of mind and body, having this day resolved to die by my own hand, do acknowledge the following articles as my final words and solemn legacy:

To my lovely and loving wife, were she alive, I should have left that which is now without value to me, my worldly goods. Esteeming, as she did, material things above all else, she would have been welcome to all of my estates and possessions. I do not expect to meet her spirit in the other world: she was so much of the flesh that I am certain she ceased to be the moment I killed her.

To my advisors, I leave the guidance and comfort of their own advice.

To the shades of my mother, my half-brother, and my first wife, I send my greetings before me and my heartfelt apologies for having murdered their fleshly counterparts. Also these messages:

To my first wife: my dear, I look forward to your company. In this life, I never appreciated you. Your gentle wit, your graciousness, your nobility and charm of person were wasted upon me. In the fever of my youth, I preferred the hot limbs of your successor to the cool wisdom of your conversation. Forgive me, my dear. My erring flesh I leave behind me. Welcome my flawless spirit, I entreat you.

Brother, I know you were angry with me after I fed you that poison. I felt your spirit haunting me for months. Gradually, you stopped, so I assume that you have forgiven me and have reflected that, after all, one of us had to go. If you had thought of it first, I would have been the haunting spirit. See how time brings equality to everything. Soon I, too, will be a spirit and there will be no jealousy between us. I look forward to meeting you again.

Mother, between us there need be no apologies. In this life you became an obstruction. In the realm of the spirit you will be a constant joy. Let me assure you that I have never felt shame about our intimacy, that the criticism levelled at us by moralists has neither brought a blush to my face nor regret to my heart. Man is born out of Woman. What could be more fitting, more poetic, than that she should introduce him to the mysteries of Aphrodite? I have always considered *King Oedipus* an exciting, but silly, play.

It is well known that I am gifted with a poetic turn-of-mind. Perhaps, then, I may be forgiven for lapsing into verse for a brief space here. It is not, perhaps, my best, but be charitable — it is my

last. To the common man, I leave these lines:

I stand apart from the ugly folk.

*The ugly folk with unbeautiful voices
Choke the streets and arbors that I
love,*

*Obstructing beauty, filtering it
Through literal minds and tiny souls
And unenthusiastic appetites.*

*I stand apart. I may not be
A lovely thing to hear nor yet to see;
My soul is maybe puny, and my mind
Is often narrower than humankind;
My lusts, off-hand sometimes, and
lacking heart.*

No matter. I am I. I stand apart.

To my venerable tutors, both living and dead: to all philosophers and logicians in general, I leave this little jingle:

*A traitor serpent sleeps below
Who rises at a glance, a play
Of light upon a curve, a sway
Of flesh, deliberate and slow.*

*Come off it, then. Cast off your load
Of logic, for it's all a whim
That can be swept away by him
Each time he hankers to explode.*

Enough of that. My muse is satisfied.

To Posterity; to the bloodhounds and scavengers of history; to that breed of men who presume to judge other men; to the shaking heads and clucking tongues and the hands thrown high in horror, I send greetings and some wisdom garnered during a relatively short but immeasurably full life:

Turn your eyes inward. Examine mercilessly your weaknesses, your prejudices, your passions. Peer deep, deep down into the dark and airless labyrinth of unvoiced, unsated, sometimes unheard-of, almost unthought-of desires. Bring out each black lust and vengeful feeling; root out all selfish thoughts; line them up and scrutinize them in the clear unwavering light of Total Honesty. Reflect how opportunity combined with authority might have made Acts out of those hideous Caprices cowering there in the light. And then — then only — in the words of that renegade Jew of Nazareth, "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone."

These articles I do most earnestly pledge to be my legacy, to which I affix my signature below, calling as witness the spirit of my foster father, Claudius, now enthroned among the gods in timeless glory.—*Nero, Emperor of Rome.*



article BY ADDISON NORTH



DEARTH OF A SALESMAN

his workaday world can be mighty uncanny

SCRATCH A SALESMAN and you'll get the blood of a worried man. And maybe what you get won't be blood, either.

A salesman worries about many things besides the farmer's daughter. He often has to plan an elastic work day, keep himself out of baseball games and movies, smile at sons-of-bitches, put up with indifferent food, and wield a faster throat cutter than his competition. But whether he travels on the road or works in one town and goes home every night, he *always* has one constant concern — what to do with the coffee he drinks all day long.

It's easy enough for him to pull up to a gas station that advertises "Clean Rest Rooms." But not if he doesn't need gas. Any salesman worth his salt operates on the principle that no benefits are accepted without equal benefits being given. This business policy is so ingrained that he finds it almost impossible to separate that business theory from his personal viewpoint. He knows that any place of business that maintains such facilities does so for their customers. And if he's not a customer, he'll be goddamned if he'll use them.

Towards the end of a long day, the floating-back-teeth problem confronts almost every "man on the street." For the average man, it's quite difficult to convince a prospect that his proposition is better than those of the other eight guys who have been in during the day with almost identical deals — while alter-

nately standing on one foot. Steps must be taken. And in the right direction.

The house-to-house salesman can't ring a door bell and say, "Lady, I gotta go. Can I use your john?" Nor can the man waiting in the reception room of an office go up to the receptionist with a brusque, "Hey, sister — where is it?" The man calling on retailers is just as bad off, as prowling around in the back of a store is not conducive to pleasant business relationships. These boys are all admittedly in bad shape, and some are probably even a little bent over. And it's their own fault: a little foresight can prevent such tragedies.

All conscientious sales manuals should incorporate a special set of instructions under the classification of "Planning the Day" . . . subhead, "Special Routing." A modest set of file cards, with notations and remarks added daily, is standard equipment. Five minutes study thereof gives the average man more confidence at the start of the day than a trip through the Koehler factory.

The lunch hour is important to a salesman. He likes to eat well, but even more important, he likes to find a place that can take care of his kidneys as well as his stomach. These places are all too rare. Too many times, he has to grab a sandwich in a hamburger joint or a drug store, and for all practical purposes pertinent to this discussion, he might as well be walking a tight rope at the circus on ladies day. The man

who works in one town for any length of time quickly builds up a route of favored restaurants. Any restaurant considerate enough to provide such conveniences will be found to have a brief case or sample case next to almost every seat in the place. Yes, maybe even that one, too.

A man covering a new territory, of course, is out of luck, and has to take his chances. He knows that if he doesn't click at noon, he's going to be in trouble later in the day. It is a solemn fact that the most jealously guarded of travelling salesman's little black address books are those listing lunch stops.

Any salesman with his wits about him will see to it that his late afternoon plans include proximity to a railroad station, public building, department store, or other establishment with general public patronage of its more basic plumbing facilities. Hospitals are good, too. Office buildings are sometimes OK, but they usually entail too much furtive peering into broom closets, as the doors are usually not marked. The building management cannot always be trusted in office buildings, either, as they sometimes put locks on the doors and then pass out keys to the tenants. Hotels have fallen upon evil days, as most of them have built barber shops around, in front of, and even in their washrooms, and free-lance patrons are not encouraged.

Salesmen seldom, if ever, buy a full tank of gas for the car. They leave the

(continued on page 24)

FORMAL WEAR

to pomp and circumstance, add comfort

attire **BY JACK J. KESSIE**

PAINTING ON PAPER COLLAGE PREPARED ESPECIALLY FOR PLAYBOY BY LEROY NEIMAN



MEN WHO LIVE WELL have always enjoyed a formal occasion. They've welcomed the opportunity to dress in the classic, almost severe, attire demanded by society for formal functions. While rustic souls have voiced objections to "monkey suits" and "fancy get-ups," the urban man has relished their rightness, their place in the scheme of things. The tuxedo, like the engraved invitation, has long been

a symbol of gracious living.

Even the nattiest fashion plates among us, however, will probably admit that formal finery, while long on style, has often been short on comfort. Happily, this is no longer true. Your tuxedo, or dinner suit, is no longer a world apart from the ease of your favorite hacking jacket or tweed suit; in fact, a guy who keeps two cars in his garage is quite

likely to keep two tuxes in his wardrobe, and we can't think of a better turn of events since the addition of vodka to Martinis.

Today, your tuxedo is cut very much the same as your business suit, except, of course, in the vicinity of the collar and lapels. Here, you have a choice between the slim, traditional shawl collar done up in satin or the newer, floor-level



peaked lapel, both of which are in high favor among men who know how to dress. An even newer style features a high notched lapel with rounded points.

Your dinner suit should be single-breasted, of course, in midnight blue or black, with the conservative, natural shoulder, center back vent, flap pockets and plain front, pipe stem trousers with braid at the side seams. Although the average weight of these easy-fitting dinner suits runs between 8 and 11 ounces, we prefer a 10 ounce tropical, which seems just right for comfort whether you're in a steam-heated drawing room up North or on a casual Caribbean cruise.

The latest fabrics for formal wear feature the wrinkle-, stain-, and rip-resistant qualities that men are screaming for in their regular suitings: dacron blends, orlon blends, mohair blends, rayon blends, silk blends, pure worsteds, impure worsteds, downright smutty worsteds—the variety is limitless. We do suggest, however, that you choose a fabric that offers lots of bounce so you can avoid that saggy, baggy, dead-fish look at midnight. This look, you understand, has plenty

to do with the number of Martinis consumed before dinner; but it also depends on the type of suit fabric you're wearing.

Formal accessories, too, have become both comfortable and convenient, the man-killing wing collar is breathing its last and the concrete-bosom shirt is as dead as the Iron Maiden. Replacing them is the sensible, soft, pleated-front dress shirt with collar attached, in a fine Pim broadcloth or newer man-made fibers, with French cuffs. With your dinner suits, bow ties should be black or midnight blue (depending on your suit color), with either square or pointed ends. We've also seen them done up to match your cummerbund, studs and cuff links but these seem a little too cunning for us. Colorful cummerbunds are in the best of taste, so you can keep several on hand in solid shades, checks, stripes, small figures or Scottish tartans. We like studs and cuff links in conservative shadings of gray pearl, but your choice here approaches the infinite. When you wear a hat, we suggest a black suede felt with a snap brim (keep the front pinches out), or, for more ele-

gance, a jet black or dark gray Homburg. Your shoes must be patent leather oxfords or highly polished calfskins, worn with black silk or nylon hose. Your outercoat should be a dark, solid shade, single or double breasted, accompanied by gray snap-on gloves and a white silk muffler.

If you should ever find occasion to deck yourself out in that kingpin of formal finery, the swallowtail coat, allow us here to drop just one pearl of advice: don't crawl into a pair of tails unless you're taller than 5'11". Somehow, tails compress the smaller man and, unless you're the local undertaker, you leave yourself open to an embarrassing series of guffaws as you pass to the punch bowl. We can think of few affairs, no matter how gala, at which tails and white tie are absolutely mandatory, but if you insist on dressing to the nines, you'll want your tailcoat and trousers in black, with silk or satin facings on the lapels. Underneath, you'll have to wear a deep V-front white piqué waistcoat; under that, a white piqué starched-front shirt with bold wing collar; a white piqué bow tie is also necessary, as are black patent leather evening shoes. Atop the dome, you'll want a high silk hat and, what the hell, around your shoulders, an opera cape. A natty walking stick completes the sartorially splendid fellow that you are.

(Those of you who don't take nourishment at El Morocco or attend the opening of the Met too often will be happy to know that it's possible to rent a complete, correct dinner suit or tailcoat, with all the accoutrements, from the Chicago firm of Gingiss Brothers. Don't fret if you live in Twitty, Texas, for the frères Gingiss will ship your stuff by mail. All you need do is have your clothier or tailor take your measurements and submit them, along with the type of formal attire wanted, to Gingiss Brothers, 30 W. Lake St., Chicago. Grotesque sizes are no problem.)

Less than a year ago, those headstrong haberdashers, Brooks Brothers, shocked the industry with a new type of casual clothes for evening—to be worn while quaffing cocktails with friends at home, when business suits seem too informal and dinner jackets too dressy. Specifically, the get-up consists of an odd jacket with shawl collar that's cut along standard dinner jacket lines, not in somber black or midnight blue, but brilliant hunt colors of red, green or yellow, woven of lightweight Lanella flannel. Odd trousers are available in 13 different patterns and colors, enabling the man to dress as wildly or as quietly as he chooses. Accessories for the dressed-up casual clothes include a button-down shirt with knit tie and patent leather moccasins. Brooks has also unveiled a velvet dinner jacket with shawl collar and velvet trim around the cuffs, in shades of grape, green or navy with darker lapels.

DEARTH OF A SALESMAN

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tank at least half empty at all times. This is known as the "Emergency Measure" (no, no, gentle reader . . . they leave the room in the tank for *gasoline*). If all else fails, they do pull into a gas station and have the attendant put in a couple dollars' worth of gas as an excuse for stopping. Where salesmen have a run of "good luck" (calling on somebody next door to a bus depot one afternoon, across the street from a museum the next afternoon, etc.), they run completely out of gas quite frequently.

If near the outskirts of town, some salesmen head for deserted roads to take advantage of the quaint custom commonly practiced out in the country. In the winter time, names and even brand names spelled out in the snow are to be observed often.

Even in the city some unfortunates, usually house-to-house salesmen stranded in a residential neighborhood, get so desperate that they go into an alley or a park with a lot of bushes, although none of them would ever admit it. However, this is not only considered indelicate, it can be downright dangerous, besides. Every once in awhile, some little old lady will walk by at the wrong time, and like as not call the cops and have the poor guy clapped in durance vile for indecent exposure.

House-to-house salesmen are known as the camels of the industry, only in reverse. One of their conventions in Chicago last fall was almost a complete flop because they had not one, but four washrooms serving the convention hall. The salesmen were so enthralled with the commodious plumbing they spent half their time in the can admiring the fixtures.

All salesmen are notorious for sluff-

ing off work. Selling, writing, doing artwork, running a business, or anything else demanding self discipline is difficult for most people, and impossible for many. Salesmen have the worst reputation of any of them, however, and the jokesmiths work overtime (*they work in teams*) making the most of their gold-bricking. But salesmen have a *reason* for knocking off work . . . yep, you guessed it. When a salesman is found at a ballgame, in the movies, or in a saloon when he should be working, the chances are excellent that an important factor in his decision is the plumbing provided therein.

Once having paid his way into anywhere, there is no sense in wasting the money. Metropolitan salesmen who pay their way into subway stations to go to the john quite often take a ride someplace subsequently, just for the hell of it. This healthful and invigorating respite from the work day may seem like a waste of time, but it gives the internal organs a chance to resume their normal size and shape once again.

"Becoming a customer" is admittedly the coward's way out. But picture a man in a strange neighborhood. He's been working hard since early morning. He had lunch at a drug store. There are no museums, hospitals, or bus depots in sight. The public library is at the other end of town, and his gas tank is full (too). He's even miles from the open country, and with all those little old ladies peering down alleys (some with field glasses), he is desperate. He is surrounded by hundreds or thousands of homes all bulging with plumbing fixtures, and the sensation is similar to that of the man dying of thirst on an open

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Ribald Classic

A NARROW ESCAPE

an amusing episode from voltaire's salty satire, candide.



The monkeys were chasing two completely naked girls.

ESCAPING FROM THE TOILS of his enemies, after having regretfully killed a missionary in self-defense, the naïf young scholar Candide and his worldly-wise valet Cacambo rode their horses into an unknown country where they found no road. Candide was disguised in the costume of his recent victim.

At last, a beautiful plain traversed by streams met their eyes. Coming to a halt and dismounting, they began to eat of the provisions they had taken with them. Suddenly, the two wanderers heard faint cries which seemed to be uttered by women. They could not tell whether these were cries of pain or of joy; but they rose hastily with that alarm and uneasiness caused by everything in an unknown country.

These cries came from two completely naked girls who were running gently along the edge of the plain, while two monkeys pursued them and bit their

buttocks. Candide was moved to pity; he had learned to shoot among the Bulgarians and could have brought down a nut from a tree without touching the leaves. He raised his double-barreled Spanish gun, fired, and killed the two monkeys.

"God be praised, my dear Cacambo, I have delivered these two poor ladies from a great danger; if I committed a sin by killing a missionary, I have atoned for it by saving the lives of these two girls. Perhaps, even though naked, they are young ladies of quality and this adventure may be of great advantage to us in this country."

He was going on, but his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth when he saw the two girls tenderly kissing the two monkeys, shedding tears on their bodies and filling the air with the most piteous cries.

"I did not expect so much human



Ribald Classic *(continued from preceding page)*

kindliness," he said at last to Cacambo, who replied:

"You have performed a wonderful masterpiece; you have killed the two lovers of these young ladies."

"Their lovers! Can it be possible? You are jesting at me, Cacambo; how can I believe you?"

"My dear Master," replied Cacambo, "you are always surprised by everything; why should you think it so strange that in some countries there should be monkeys who obtain ladies' favors? They are partly men, as I am partly Spaniard."

"Alas!" replied Candide, "I remember having heard my tutor say that similar accidents occurred in ancient times and that these mixtures produced centaurs, fauns, satyrs, and suchlike hybrids; that several eminent persons of antiquity have seen them; but I thought they were fables."

"You ought now to be convinced that

it is true," said Cacambo, "and you see how people behave when they have not received a proper education; the only thing I fear is that these ladies may get us into difficulty."

These wise reflections persuaded Candide to leave the plain and to plunge into the woods. He ate supper there with Cacambo; and the two men, after having cursed their luck, went to sleep on the moss. When they woke up they found they could not move; the reason was that during the night the Oreillons, the savage inhabitants of the country, to whom they had been denounced by the two ladies, had bound them with ropes made of bark. They were surrounded by fifty naked Oreillons of both sexes, armed with arrows, clubs and stone hatchets. Some were boiling water in a cauldron, others were preparing spits and they were all shouting:

"Here's a missionary, here's a mission-

ary! We shall be revenged for those long sermons we have suffered in the past and have a good dinner; let us eat the missionary, let us eat the missionary!"

"I told you so, my dear Master," said Cacambo sadly. "I knew those two girls would play us a dirty trick."

Candide perceived the cauldron and the spits and exclaimed:

"We are certainly going to be roasted or boiled. Ah! It is very cruel to be spitted by the Oreillons!"

Cacambo never lost his head.

"Do not despair," he said to the wretched Candide. "I understand a little of their dialect and I will speak to them."

"Do not fail," said Candide, "to point out to them the dreadful inhumanity of cooking men and how very unchristian it is." *(concluded on page 63)*



"My God—that blonde is my wife. If she sees me here, she'll kill me!"

for one night, alfie moore was a great goalie

A MOMENT OF GENIUS



sports

BY EUGENE PAWLEY

PROFESSIONAL HOCKEY grants no favors. There's more money for the winners, and the way to win is to learn your opponent's weaknesses and play to them. The players that do just that scale the pinnacle of greatness, while others fall by the wayside and the hours of their servitude to the game leave their personalities bare as they walk alone with their dreams.

Alfie Moore was a hockey player who had come a long way on such a lonely road. But he scaled the heights one night — he invaded the sanctum of the holiest of the holies in one of the greatest games on earth — then he dropped back into the abyss of obscurity.

He was sitting in a Toronto pub that night, soaking up ale like a sponge. It was six p.m. when they found him and they told him: "Come along, drink up. You have to play tonight."

He looked at them through swimming eyes and muttered: "But they said they didn't need me . . ." and they replied: "That was this afternoon. You're going
(concluded on page 63)

sincere sympathy and sound suggestions

THE NORMAL YOUNG MAN awakens on the first day of January with all the steady sparkling effervescence of an old tire pump. His eyes are two huge cranberries. His brain bears a remarkable resemblance to a broken light bulb. He attempts to rise, and his limbs move like an India rubber man. For weeks the bright young fellow has had various high-minded hopes for the new year. But the congested mass of verbiage that now issues from his throat can produce only two clear words: never again.

He is in that common state of anesthesia known as the hangover—a physiological effect of New Year's Eve parties which *PLAYBOY* has been studying on quite intimate terms for some time now.

Frequently, the hangover patient feels that since he is about to die, the most practical thing is to go right ahead and order his coffin. This is nonsense, of course. A hangover can't kill you—although you sometimes wish it could. Most medical authorities now say that an ordinary hangover doesn't damage your organs. It unbalances them temporarily and causes them to malfunction. You won't get cirrhosis of the liver because of the nine Martinis you drank the night before.

Getting a hangover can be looked upon as a simple matter of timing. When you drink alcohol, it quickly passes through the stomach walls into the blood stream. The blood stream carries it throughout the body where it is oxidized or eliminated. Now if you could oxidize it as fast as you could

drink it, you'd have no after-effects and, for that matter, no effects at all—which would make the whole thing rather pointless. For instance, a highball made with an ounce and a half of 100 proof whiskey takes about two hours to burn up as fuel in the average man's body. If you could gaze into your highball while slowly sipping it over a two hour period, you'd suffer no after-effects, good or bad, except possibly a paralyzed siter.

If you played fifteen holes of golf, you'd expend enough energy to oxidize the alcohol in your bottle of beer. But since you do not drink at this snail's pace, and since you cannot play ninety holes of golf to counteract the effects of the six beers you drank, the alcohol rapidly accumulates in your body. And this accumulation of unspent alcohol causes the common disturbances of the hangover.

The average man, unable to spend all his spare time at the Yale Center of Alcohol Studies, is concerned with two very practical questions: (1) How do you prevent a hangover? (2) If that's asking too much, how do you cure it?

In the past, playboys have taken these problems to such authoritative consultants as witch doctors, attendants in men's washrooms, bell-hops, charwomen and Bowery bums. Now and then an experienced barman has been able to offer a few words of horse sense. But, for the most part, hangover nostrums have originated in the field of necromancy, or black magic.

Thus the ancient Egyptians thought that boiled cabbage would prevent a big head after an all night drinking session. A ground swallow's beak blended with myrrh was recommended by the Assyrians. In South America the Warau Indian women take care of their male blottos by deftly tying them like mummies in hammocks until their hangovers have passed. Primitive Cuna women like-



wise bundle the young men suffering from the screaming meemies. Then very slowly for hours at a time they pour water over the drunken bodies to cool them and restore them to sobriety. Hangover remedies in the uncharted suburbia of the United States have included anything from wormwood to buttermilk and from elixir of vitriol to

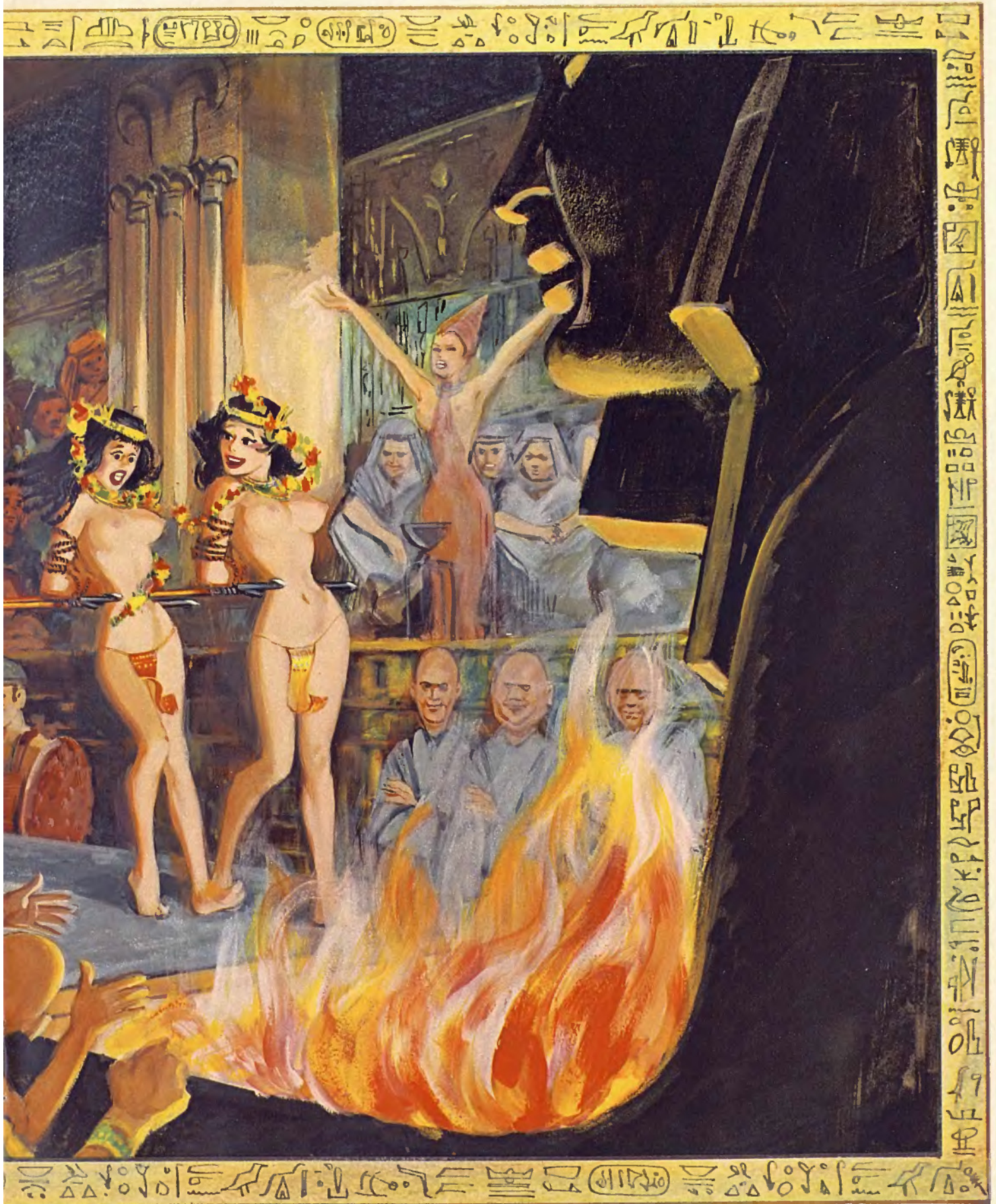
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BY THOMAS MARIO

playboy's food & drink editor

THE MOANING AFTER





"The joke's on them—I'm no maiden."

MOANING AFTER (continued from page 29)

honey.

Many men have learned to avoid a hangover by the simple expedient of limiting their drinks to their known capacity or else timing their drinks at proper intervals. Thus, if a man can take two Old Fashioneds without ill effect, he may stretch it to three and still keep a comfortable tolerance. If he eats food with his drinks, the food will slow down the rate of absorption of alcohol into his system — although food will not eliminate hangovers if enough alcohol is poured into his body. If a fellow likes to drink red wine, he may consume as much as a quart a day, just as many Europeans do, and suffer no ill effects as long as the consumption is spread over the day. But let him guzzle a quart of *vino* in ten minutes, and the rapid accumulation will guarantee a melon-type head the following dawn.

If you're mathematically-minded, you can consider your capacity in this manner: Suppose you drink a tumblerful of whiskey at a midnight party. If you're not a confirmed alcoholic, you'll probably be snorting and wobbling until noon the next day, since it takes about twelve hours to oxidize a tumblerful of whiskey. This doesn't mean your hangover will automatically disappear at twelve noon the following day. No such luck. But the cause of the crime will have spent itself by that time.

Naturally, all such calculations must vary according to your own individual capacity and to your reaction to certain drinks. There are some men who can drink horse liniment without noticeable distress, while others begin to reel with a glass of root beer. We aren't personally acquainted with any of the latter, we hasten to add.

It was once the habit among scientists to pooh-pooh the idea that one kind of liquor was less toxic than another. Drink enough alcohol, they said, no matter if it's in ale or arrack, and you'll suffer. Last spring, however, Dr. Charles A. Brusch of Boston, after concluding a nineteen month study of a hundred drinkers, said the results showed that there were real differences in the after-effects caused by different liquors. He went on to point out that the differences were due to the congeners, the by-products such as fusel oil, acetic acid and others that are formed during the fermenting and distillation processes.

Many distilled liquors contain over a hundred such by-products. It's pretty safe to assume that some people may be allergic to these by-products and may suffer accordingly. Then there's the psychological effect of certain liquors, which may tend to assuage or intensify a hangover. For instance, the alcoholic content of a half pint of *crème de menthe* may be the same as a quarter pint of bourbon. But most people drinking this quantity of *crème de menthe* will find themselves out for the long count the following morning.

If you're the sort of person, therefore,

who becomes tanglefooted every time you drink a Stinger, try changing from a Stinger to a Screwdriver. If Scotch gives you gastritis, try switching to Irish, Canadian or American whiskey. If you have bad effects from drinking the stuff neat, try some of the better mixtures. Straight whiskey, by irritating the lining of the stomach, can cause gastritis. Diluting your drinks helps. Sparkling water mixed with a drink will cause the alcohol to pass through the lining of the stomach faster than when the alcohol is undiluted, thus diminishing the acid secretions that sometimes upset your stomach. The American Medical Association has pointed out that milk taken with alcohol is one of the best ways for inhibiting intoxication. Perhaps this explains the popularity on New Year's day of such old standbys as milk punch and brandy egg nog.

The theory that merely mixing different kinds of liquor will automatically cause a hangover is now pretty well discarded. Anyone who has ever consumed a Manhattan knows that there are no disastrous effects from mixing whiskey with wine and bitters. Whiskey with a beer chaser, a respected bar partnership, does not automatically give a man the D.T.'s. Certain liquor combinations, however, can offend your taste buds and cause bad after-effects of a different kind. Certainly a man taking a swig of Forbidden Fruit followed with a glass of porter is going to offend himself just as readily as if he poured strawberry sauce over a steak. The offense may be all psychological, all above the ears, but that's often the worse variety.

Many hangover sufferers can get relief by profiting from previous hangover bouts. Take the headache victim, for instance. A hangover headache is caused by a poorly functioning liver or by allergic reactions to alcohol or by psychological reactions to drunkenness. If a simple anodyne like aspirin or a combination of aspirin, mono-calcium phosphate, citric acid, bicarb and bubbles has worked in the past, then the hangover patient should try to muster enough will power to take this simple remedy again. When you stagger home fried, with your stomach burning, you should try to exercise enough perseverance to stop at the medicine chest and reach for those noisy tablets. Knowing that rest and oxygen are certain cures of a hangover, it's wise to sleep on a conventional mattress with the windows open rather than on a stuffy corner of the lobby floor. Many men who occasionally dip too deep into the bottle find that a simple catharsis taken before going to bed often helps and in some cases prevents the usual hangover.

One of the peculiarities of the liquor-soaked victim is the fact that he is often so crocked that he can't act. Simple aids like a couple of aspirin tablets seem to be beyond his reach and to require the kind of superhuman effort that he just can't summon. Old time boulevardiers who used to place a glass of water, calo-

mel, bicarb and Seidlitz powders alongside their bed before going out on a binge showed good foresight. Even an ordinary stimulant like a cup of hot coffee, which has a real value in mild hangover cases, seems unattainable at times.

Certainly the most talked about of all hangover cures is the conventional "hair of the dog." The very thing that caused you to see double may be the shot in the arm that will cause you to see straight. For generations, experienced barmen, especially in men's clubs, where hangover victims can be observed and treated at close range, have vouched for the "hair of the dog" therapy. Naturally, the danger of taking a swig of liquor the morning after is that the stimulus and relief it brings may provide just enough narcosis to set you right back on the rocky road to ruin.

Nevertheless, the effect of a small amount of liquor, especially if combined with citrus juice or tomato juice, seems in many cases to have an extremely salutary effect. It masks the symptoms of the headache, stimulates the digestive tract and revives the patient's mental outlook just enough to keep him from ending it all.

For 1956, PLAYBOY is happy to present the following from its repertory of classic and modern pick-me-ups.

PRAIRIE OYSTER

This is the oldest and most stunning of all morning after drinks. It should be swallowed in one determined gulp without stopping. Mix it in an Old Fashioned glass.

- 1 jigger cognac
- 2 teaspoons vinegar
- 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce
- 1 teaspoon catsup
- ½ teaspoon Angostura bitters
- 1 egg yolk
- Dash of cayenne pepper

Into the Old Fashioned glass put the cognac, vinegar, Worcestershire sauce, catsup and bitters. Stir very well. Add two ice cubes and again stir very well. Put a yolk of egg on top the drink without breaking yolk. Sprinkle yolk lightly with cayenne pepper. Swallow. Grit your teeth. Open your eyes very slowly.

BLOODY MARY

Requiring much less raw courage than the Prairie Oyster is this popular drink of vodka and tomato juice. It must be served biting cold.

- 1 jigger vodka
- Dash of tabasco sauce
- ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
- Juice of ⅛ lemon
- 6-ounce glass of tomato juice

Shake all ingredients in a cocktail shaker with ice. Pour with ice into a large highball glass.

WHISKEY SOUR

It may look just like orange juice to you, but when taken the morning after, it will steady every body cell from the
(concluded on page 69)

I LIKE BLONDES.

of course, it's all a matter of taste, nothing more. It's a weakness with me, I suppose. My friends have their own opinions: some are partial to brunettes or redheads, and I suppose that's all right. I certainly don't criticize them in the least.

But blondes are my favorites. Tall ones, short ones, fat ones, thin ones, brilliant ones, dumb ones — all sorts, sizes, shapes and nationalities. Oh, I've heard all the objections: their skin ages faster, they have peculiar personalities, they're giddy and mercenary and conceited. None of which bothers me a bit, even if it's true. I like blondes for their special qualities and I'm not alone in my weakness. I notice Marilyn Monroe hasn't done too badly in general favor. Nor Grace Kelly.

Enough of this; after all, I'm not apologizing. What I do is my own business. And if I wanted to stand on the corner of Reed and Temple at 8 o'clock at night and pick up a blonde, I owed no apologies to anyone.

Perhaps I was a bit obvious and over-dressed for the occasion. Perhaps I shouldn't have winked, either. But that's a matter of opinion, too, isn't it?

I have mine. Other people have theirs. And if the tall girl with the page-boy cut chose to give me a dirty look and murmur, "Disgusting old man," that was her affair. I'm used to such reactions, and it didn't bother me a bit.

A couple of cute young things in blue-jeans came sauntering along. Both of them had hair like Minnesota wheat, and I judged they were sisters. Not for me, though. Too young. You get into trouble that way, and I didn't want trouble.

It was a nice, warm late spring evening. Lots of couples out walking. I noticed one blonde in particular — she was with a sailor, I recall — and I remember thinking to myself that she had the most luscious calves I've ever seen. But she was with a sailor. And there was one with a child and one with a party of stenographers out on the town for a night, and one I almost spoke to, until her boyfriend came up suddenly after parking the car.

Oh, it was exasperating, I can tell you! It was beginning to seem as though everybody had his blonde but me. Sometimes it's like that for weeks, *(continued on page 38)*





"I knew someday it would come to this."



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

An old-fashioned gentleman took a modern miss for a ride in his car and after finding a suitable spot to park, kissed her several times lightly on the cheek and then announced, "This is called *spooning*."

"Okay," she said, "but I think I'd rather *shovel*."



"Doctor," said the man on the phone, "my son has scarlet fever."

"Yes, I know," replied the doctor. "I came by your house and treated him yesterday. Just keep him away from the others in the house and . . ."

"But you don't understand," said the distraught parent. "He's kissed the maid!"

"Well, that's unfortunate. Now we'll probably have to quarantine her . . ."

"And, doctor, I'm afraid I've kissed the girl myself."

"This is getting complicated. That means you may have contracted the disease."

"Yes, and I've kissed my wife since then."

"Damn it," exclaimed the doctor, "now I'll catch it too!"

A true music lover has been defined as a man who puts his ear to the keyhole when he hears a girl singing in the tub.

One of our favorite bartenders told us about a very proper Englishman who came into his place a couple of weeks ago. The fellow sat down at the bar, but didn't order. The bartender, an unusually friendly guy, asked him if he couldn't fix him a drink, on the house.

The Englishman shook his head. "Tried liquor once," he said. "Didn't like it."

The bartender then offered the Englishman a cigarette.

"No thank you," he said. "Tried tobacco once. Didn't like it."

Still trying to be friendly, the bartender asked the Englishman if he would like to join a couple of friends seated at the bar in a few hands of poker.

The Englishman shook his head. "Tried gambling once. Didn't like it."



I wouldn't be sitting in this place at all, but I promised my son I would meet him here."

"I see," said the bartender. "Your only child, I assume."

The dean of women at an exclusive girls' college was lecturing her students on sexual morality.

"In moments of temptation," said the speaker to the class, "ask yourself just one question: Is an hour of pleasure worth a lifetime of shame?"

A sweet young thing in the back of the room rose to ask a question of her own: "How do you make it last an hour?"



The farm had been mortgaged, and gladly, to give daughter a college education. Now, driving home from the station after meeting her at the train, farmer Johnson was greatly disturbed when his daughter whispered confidentially, "I have a confession to make, Paw—I ain't a virgin no more."

The old man shook his head sadly. "After all the sacrifices your Maw and I made to give you a good education, you still say 'ain't!'"

A street-walking acquaintance of ours has a new slogan that's certain to revolutionize her trade: "It's a business to do pleasure with you."

Heard any good ones lately? Send your favorites to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 11 E. Superior St., Chicago 11, Ill., and earn an easy five dollars for each joke used. In case of duplicates, payment goes to first received. Jokes cannot be returned.



MISS JANUARY PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

I LIKE BLONDES (continued from page 33)

but I'm philosophical about such things. I glanced up at the clock, around nine, and concluded that I'd best be on my way. I might be a "disgusting old man" but I know a trick or two. Blondes are where you find them.

Right now, I knew, the best place to find them would be over at Dreamway. Sure, it's a dime-a-dance hall. But there's no law against that.

There was no law against my walking in and standing there at the back before I bought tickets. There was no law to prevent me from looking, from sorting out and selecting.

Ordinarily, I didn't much care for these public dance halls. The so-called "music" hurts my ears, and my sensibilities are apt to be offended by the spectacle of dancing itself. There is a vulgar sexual connotation which dismays me, but I suppose it's all a part of the game.

Dreamway was crowded tonight. The "operators" were out in force; filling-station attendants with long sideburns, middle-aged dandies incongruous in youthfully-styled "sharp" suits, wistful little Filipinos and lonesome servicemen on leave. And mixing and mingling with them, the girls.

Those girls, those hostesses! Where did they get their dresses — the crimson daygown gowns, the orange and cerise abominations, the lowcut black atrocities, the fuchsia horrors? And who did their hair — poodle-cuts and pony-cuts and tight ringlets and loose Maenad swirls? The garish, slashing red-and-white makeup, the dangling, banging cheap jewelry gave the effect of pink ribbons tied to the horns of a prize heifer.

And yet, there were some prize heifers here. I don't mean to be crude in the least; merely honest. Here in the reeking cheap-perfume-deodorant-cigarette-smoke-talcum scented mist of music and minglement, strange beauty blossomed.

Poor poetry? Rich truth! I saw a tall girl with the body of a queen, whose eyes held true to a faroff dream. She was only a brunette, of course, but I'm not one to adhere to blind prejudice. There was a redhead whose dancing was stiff and stately; she held her body like a white candle surmounted by a scarlet flame. And there was a blonde —

Yes, *there* was a blonde! Quite young, a bit too babyishly plump, and obviously a prey to fatigue, but she had what I was looking for. The true, fairhaired type, bred blondely to the bone. If there's one thing I can't stand, it's a fake blonde. Dyed hair, or the partial blonde who becomes a "brunette" in her late twenties. I've been fooled by them before, and I know.

But this was a real blonde, a harvest goddess. I watched her as she swept, in unutterable boredom, around the floor. Her dancing-partner was a clod; visiting rancher, I'd guess. Expensively dressed, but with that telltale red neck rising out of the white collar of his shirt. Yes — and unless my eyes deceived me, he was

chewing on a toothpick as he danced!

I made my decision. This was it. I went up and bought myself three dollars' worth of tickets. Then I waited for the number to end.

They play short numbers at Dreamway, of course. In about a minute the clamor ceased. My blonde was standing on the edge of the floor. The rancher broke away, apparently determined to buy more tickets.

I walked over to her, displayed my handful. "Dance?" I asked. She nodded, scarcely looking at me. She *was* tired. She wore an emerald green gown, low-cut and sleeveless. There were freckles on her plump arms and — intriguingly enough — on her shoulders and down the neckline to the V. Her eyes seemed green, but that was probably the dress. No doubt they were actually gray.

The music started. Now I may have given the impression that, since I dislike dance halls and dancing, I am not particularly adept at the ballet of the ballroom. In all modesty, this is far from the case. I have made it my business to become an expert dancer. I find it inevitably to be of help to me in establishing contacts.

Tonight was no exception.

We weren't out on the floor thirty seconds before she glanced up and looked at me — really looked at me, for the first time.

"Gee, you're a good dancer!"

That "Gee" was all I needed. Together with her rather naive tone of voice, it gave me an immediate insight into her character and background. Small-town girl, probably, who quit school and came to the city. Perhaps she came with some man. If not, she met one shortly after her arrival. It ended badly, of course. Maybe she took a job in a restaurant or a store. And then she met another man, and the dance-hall seemed easier. So here she was.

Quite a lot to adduce from a single exclamation? Yes, but then I've met so many blondes in similar situations, and the story is always the same; that is, if they're the "Gee!" type. And I'm not deprecatory in the least. I happen to like the "Gee!" type best of all.

She could tell that I liked her, of course, from the way I danced. I almost anticipated her next remark. "There's life in the old boy yet."

I smiled, not at all resentful. "I'm younger than I look." I winked. "You know, I could dance with you all night — and something tells me that's not a bad idea."

"You flatter me." But she looked worried. That was the whole idea. She believed me.

I gave her just under a minute for the thought to take hold. Then I pulled the switch. "I wouldn't fool you," I told her. "I'm like all the other men you meet — just lonely. I'm not going to ask if we couldn't go somewhere and talk, because I know the answer. You're paid to dance. But I happen to know that if I buy, say, ten dollars' more

worth of tickets, you can get off. And we can sneak off for a few drinks." I winked again. "Sitting down."

"Well, I don't know —"

"Of course you don't. But I do. Look, if you have any worries about me pulling a fast one, I'm old enough to be your grandfather."

It was obvious, and she considered it. She also considered the delightful prospect of sitting down. "I guess it's OK," she murmured. "Shall we go, Mr. —?"

"Beers," I said.

"What?" She checked a giggle. "Not really."

"Really. Beers is the name. Not the drink. You can drink anything you like, Miss —"

"Shirley Collins." Now the giggle came out. "Sort of a coincidence, don't you think? Beers and Collins."

"Come on, what are we waiting for?" I steered her over to the edge of the floor, went to buy my tickets and made the necessary arrangements with the manager while she got her coat. It cost me an extra five for his tip, but I didn't begrudge him the money. We all have to eat, you know.

She didn't look bad at all, once she had some of that mascara washed off. Her eyes *were* gray, I discovered. And her arms were soft and rounded. I escorted her quite gallantly to the bar down the street and hung up her coat when we found a nice, quiet back booth.

The waitress was one of those scrawny, sallow-faced brunettes. She wore slacks and chewed gum: I'd never consider her for a moment. But she served her purpose — drinks, rather. I ordered rye on the rocks and she brought the two glasses.

I paid her, not forgetting to tip, because I'd be wanting prompt service. She snapped her gum in friendly acknowledgement and left us alone. I pushed my drink over to Shirley.

"What's the matter?" she said.

"Nothing. It's just that I don't indulge."

"Now, wait a minute, Mr. Beers. You aren't trying to get a girl loaded, are you?"

"My dear young lady — please!" I sounded for all the world like an elderly college professor admonishing his class. "You don't have to drink if you don't want to."

"Oh, that's OK. Only you know, a girl has to be careful." The way she downed the first rye belied her words. She toyed with the second glass. "Say, this can't be much fun for you, sitting and watching me drink."

"If you only knew," I said. "Didn't I tell you I was lonely? And wanted someone to talk to?"

"A girl hears some funny lines, but I guess you're on the level. What'll we talk about?"

That was an easy one. "You." From now on I didn't even need to think about what I was saying. Everything proceeded automatically. My mind was free to consider her blondeness, her ripe and ample richness. Why should anyone insist on the presence of a brain in

(continued overleaf)



"It's a shame, Miss Thornton — your grandmother didn't leave you anything . . ."

I LIKE BLONDES (continued from page 38)

a body like that?

I certainly didn't. I was content to let her ramble on, ordering drinks for her whenever the glass was empty. "And honest, you have no idea what that grind does to your feet —"

"Excuse me a moment," I said. "I must say hello to an old friend."

I walked down to the other end of the bar. He had just come in and was standing there with a lovely Negro girl. Ordinarily I wouldn't have known him, but something about the way he kept staring at her tipped me off.

"Hello," I said, softly. "See you're up to your old tricks."

"Look here!" He tried to appear arrogant, but he couldn't hide the fright. "I don't know you."

"Yes you do," I told him. "Yes you do." I pulled him away and put my mouth to his ear. When he heard what I had to say he laughed.

"Dirty trick, trying to scare me, but I forgive you. It's just that I didn't expect to see you here. Where you located?"

"Something called the Shane Apartments. And you?"

"Oh, I'm way outside town. How do you like her?" He nudged me and indicated his girl.

"Nice. But you know my weakness."

We both laughed.

"Well," I concluded, "I won't disturb you any longer. I just wondered if you were making out all right."

"Perfectly. No trouble at all."

"Good," I said. "We've got to be extra careful these days, with all that cheap publicity going around."

"I know." He waved me along. "Best of luck."

"Same to you," I said, and walked back to the booth. I felt fine.

Shirley Collins felt fine, too. She'd ordered another drink during my absence. I paid and tipped the waitress.

"My, my!" the blonde gushed. "You certainly do throw your dough around."

"Money means nothing to me," I said. I fanned five twenties from the roll. "Here — have some."

"Why, Mr. Beers! I couldn't, really."

She was positively drooling. "Go ahead," I urged. "Plenty more where that came from. I like to see you happy."

So she took the money. They always do. And, if they're as high as Shirley was, their reactions are always the same.

"Gee, you're a nice old guy." She reached for my hand. "I've never met anyone quite like you. You know, kind and generous. And no passes, either."

"That's right." I drew my hand away. "No passes."

This really puzzled her. "I dunno, I can't figure you out, Mr. Beers. Say, by the way, where'd you get all this money?"

"Picked it up," I told her. "It's easy if you know how."

"Now you're kidding me. No fooling, what do you do for a living?"

"You'd be surprised." I smiled. "Actually, you might say I'm retired. I

devote all my time to my hobbies."

"You mean, like books or paintings or something? Are you a collector?"

"That's right. Come to think of it, maybe you'd like to get acquainted with my collection."

She giggled. "Are you inviting me up to see your etchings?"

I went right along with the gag. "Certainly. You aren't going to pretend that you won't come, are you?"

"No. I'll be glad to come."

She put the five twenty-dollar bills in her purse and rose. "Let's go, Pappy."

I didn't care for that "Pappy" stuff at all — but she was such a luscious blonde. Even now, slightly tipsy, she was wholly delectable. What the young folks call "a real dish."

A half-dozen stares knifed my back as we walked past the bar on our way outside. I knew what they were thinking. "Old dried-up fossil like that with a young girl. What's the world coming to nowadays?"

Then, of course, they turned back to their drinks, because they really didn't want to know what the world was coming to nowadays. Bombs can drop, saucers can fly, and still people will sit at bars and pass judgements between drinks. All of which suits me perfectly.

Shirley Collins suited me perfectly, too, at the moment. I had no difficulty finding a cab, or bundling her inside. "Shane Apartments," I told the driver. Shirley snuggled up close to me.

I pulled away.

"What's the matter, Pappy — don't you like me?"

"Of course I do."

"Then don't act as if I was gonna bite you."

"It's not that. But I meant it when I said I had no — er — intentions along such lines."

"Sure, I know." She relaxed, perfectly content. "So I'll settle for your etchings."

We pulled up and I recognized the building. I gave the driver a ten-dollar bill and told him to keep the change.

"I can't figure you out, Mr. Beers," Shirley said — and meant it. "Way you toss that moola around."

"Call it one last fling. I'm leaving town shortly." I took her arm and we stepped into the lobby. The self-service elevator was empty. I pressed the button for the top floor. We rose slowly.

On the way up, Shirley sobered suddenly. She faced me and put her arms on my shoulders. "Look here, Mr. Beers. I just got to thinking. I saw a movie once and — say, what I mean is, way you hand out dough and talking about leaving town and all — you aren't sick, are you? I mean, you haven't just come from the doctor and heard you're gonna die from some disease?"

Her solicitude was touching, and I didn't laugh. "Really," I said, "I can assure you that your fears are groundless. I'm very much alive and expect to stay that way for a long time to come."

"Good. Now I feel better. I like you, Mr. Beers."

"I like you, too, Shirley." I stepped back just in time to avoid a hug. The elevator halted and we got out. I led her down the hallway to the stairs.

"Oh, you have the penthouse!" she squealed. Now she was really excited.

"You go first," I murmured.

She went first. At the top of the stairs she halted, puzzled. "But there's a door here — it's the roof or something."

"Keep going," I directed.

She stepped out on the rooftop and I followed. The door closed behind us, and everything was still.

Everything was still, with a midnight stillness. Everything was beautiful, with a midnight beauty. The dark body of the city stretched below us, wearing its neon necklaces, its bracelets and rings of incandescence. I've seen it many times from the air, many times from rooftops, and it's always a thrilling spectacle to me. Where I come from things are different. Not that I'd ever care to trade — the city's a nice place to visit but I wouldn't want to live there.

I stared, and the blonde stared. But she wasn't staring at the streets below.

I followed her gaze to the shadow of the building abutment, to the deep shadows where something shimmered roundly and iridescently in the darkness. It was completely out of sight from the surrounding buildings, and it couldn't be seen at first glance from the doorway here on the roof. But she saw it now, and she said, "Gee!"

She said, "Gee! Mr. Beers — look at that!"

I looked.

"What is it, a plane? Or — could it be one of those saucer things?"

I looked.

"Mr. Beers, what's the matter, you aren't even surprised."

I looked.

"You — you knew about this?"

"Yes. It's mine."

"Yours? A saucer? But it can't be, you're a man and —"

I shook my head slowly. "Not exactly, Shirley. I don't really look like this, you know. Not where I came from." I gestured down toward the tired flesh. "I borrowed this from Ril."

"Ril?"

"Yes. He's one of my friends. He collects, too. We all collect, you know. It's our hobby. We come to Earth and collect."

I couldn't read her face, because as I came close she drew away.

"Ril has a rather curious hobby, in a way. He collects nothing but B's. You should see his trophy room! He has a Bronson, three Bakers and a Beers — that's the body I'm using now. Its name was Ambrose Beers, I believe; he picked it up in Mexico a long time ago."

"You're crazy!" Shirley whispered, but she listened as I went on. Listened, and drew away.

"My friend Kor has a collection of people of all nations. Mar you saw in the tavern a while ago — Melanesian types are his hobby. Many of us come here quite often, you know, and in spite of the recent publicity and the danger,

(concluded on page 69)

LOVE, THE HEALER

*wherein a rather drastic cure is found for
the afflictions of the male animal*

fiction BY HERBERT GOLD

A FUNNY THING HAPPENED to me on the night I probably decided to get married to the girl I wanted to get married to. Her name was Sylvia. I forgot about her later, but that night I think I wanted to marry her.

She was going home alone by airplane in a time when this fact alone made love

inevitable. I took my father's car and brought her to the airport and got out and locked her baggage in the back seat. Conniving, we had allowed ourselves an hour of the fading July evening to go for a walk along the runways and watch the takeoffs and make philosophy about
(continued on page 50)



"It's nothing," I said.

from the ballad collection of JAMES F. LEISY illustrated by ZUSI

A CANNIBAL MAID and her HOTTENTOT BLADE



(G7) (C)

A can - ni - bal maid and her Hot - ten - tot

(F) (C)

blade, They met in a rock - y de - file_____ A

(G7) (C)

gay eag - le plume was his on - ly cos - tume, and

(G7) (C)

she was dressed in a smile_____.



**A cannibal maid and her Hottentot blade,
They met in a rocky defile.
A gay eagle plume was his only costume,
And she was dressed in a smile.**



**Together they strolled as his passions he told
In thrilling and tremulous mien,
She had murmured the word, when a war whoop was heard,
And a rival burst out on the scene.**

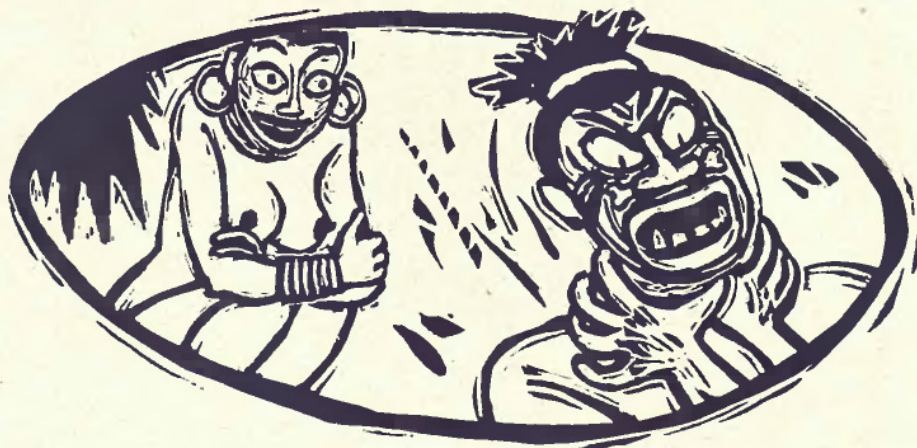
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'Twas a savage Zulu to the trysting place drew
Demanding his cannibal bride,
But the Hottentot said, with a toss of his head,
"I'll have thy degenerate hide!"



So the Hottentot flew at the savage Zulu
And the Zulu he flew at the blade;
Together they vied with their strength and their pride
As they fought for the cannibal maid.



She perched on a stone with her shapely shin bone
Clasped in her long twining arms,
And watched the blood fly with a love laden eye
As the warriors fought for her charms.



Oh, the purple blood flows from the Hottentot's nose,
And the Zulu is struck by the blade,
As together they vied with their strength and their pride,
And they died for the cannibal maid.



She made a fine stew of the savage Zulu
And she scrambled the Hottentot's brains;
'Twas a dainty menu when the cooking was through
And she dined from her lovers' remains.



Oh, the savage Zulu and the Hottentot, too,
Are asleep in a cannibal tomb;
The three were made one—my story is done,
And the maiden walked off in the gloom.





You will be showered with care and attention.

third in a new series of articles on how to succeed with women without really trying

BEWARE OF HASTY MARRIAGE

satire BY SHEPHERD MEAD

WHEN YOU STEP OVER the threshold into man's estate, you will at last be free of home and parents, free to set your own course. From now on you are your own master, making your own rules. Make them well. On your decisions will rest the happiness of so many.

We may assume that, as a student of our earlier series, *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying*, money will be no real problem to you. You should have money to spare. You are, therefore, an eligible bachelor, able to marry on a moment's notice.

SHOULD I MARRY?

Yes, by all means. Marriage is a fine thing and should certainly be tried, at least, by all males.

The wise young man, however, does not rush into marriage. Temptations will be on all sides. As soon as you are eligible, girls will know it. When asked how, scientists throw up their hands. How does the salmon know to swim upstream to spawn, or the robin to build its nest? It is a deep-seated instinct, part of the wonderland of nature.

The bachelor who is hasty is sure to regret it. Not only for his own sake, but for the sake of his future wife, it is important to pick and choose carefully.

You can have only one wife at a time, but the bachelor can be surrounded by girls of all kinds.

Surround yourself.

GIRLS CAN BE STIMULATING
The period of selection should not be

dreaded — indeed many look forward to it. Bound only by moral responsibilities you will be free to flit from blossom to blossom.

You will be showered with care and attention, which is stimulating and encouraging. It acts as a tonic, heightening the muscular tone, improving metabolism, sharpening the appetite, clearing the eye, improving the digestion, and generally adding to morale and sense of well-being.

Little though you may suspect it, you will be building up a glowing mental and physical health that will see you through scores of trying years.

HOW TO SELECT THE RIGHT FIANCÉES

The fellow who picks his fiancées

ILLUSTRATED BY CLAUDE



"C'est la vie—"

hit-or-miss will deserve what he gets. Selecting the right fiancées is just as important as selecting the right wife, though of course you will select them for entirely different reasons.

The perfect fiancée seldom makes a good wife, and vice versa.

WHAT TO LOOK FOR

1. *Fun-loving Qualities.*

Being engaged should be a mad round of pleasure, and fiancées should be picked with this in mind. A merry and even somewhat irresponsible attitude on the part of the fiancée should be encouraged—though, as we will discover later, it is the last trait one seeks in the first wife.

Find a girl who is good at gay parties.

The two of you will be asked everywhere. But find a girl who can bring real fun to a quiet evening at home, too.

2. *Skill at Games.*

Choose a girl who is skillful at all the many things a boy and girl can do together. Anyone can buy expensive entertainment, but the couple who can amuse themselves with little or no costly equipment will while away many happy hours.

3. *A Talent for Dancing.*

By all means find a good dancer. Dancing with a skillful girl should be like driving a car with automatic transmission. The man should be in control at all times, and *should always steer*. The man who allows himself to be led soon loses the respect of his partner.

You need only a sturdy, all-purpose two-step, a sense of direction (even when whirled rapidly) and your glittering collection of *bon mots*. Like a good fluid drive, the girl transposes these impulses into motion. Almost without knowing it you will be doing mambos, sambas, rhumbas, tangoes, waltzes, fox trots, and mazurkas—and having a mighty good time, too.

Always remember, though, that yours is the guiding hand, and yours the ready wit that shapes mere motion into joy and gladness.

4. *Bursts of Strength.*

Though the first wife, as we will see, must have endurance and must be good over the long haul, the fiancée is called

(continued on next page)

upon only for short but often violent bursts of effort.

For example, you will find that the bachelor apartment needs little regular care. Dusting is a waste of time since dust always settles again. The making of beds, too, is short-sighted, since you only muss them up every time you use them.

However, when mold begins to form, you will be glad you have chosen a sturdy girl.

"Really, David, this is a regular pig pen!"

"Oh, hadn't noticed it, Annie."

"You need somebody to take care of you."

She will come over in her old clothes. While she patters about, it is your duty to keep her amused. A bright story, a snatch of song, and an occasional pat on the head as she scrubs will lighten her task.

If you have chosen her carefully, these little bursts of effort will do her good, trim down her figure, and raise her morale. The solid feeling of accomplishment that you both will have will be heartwarming.

It is well to re-emphasize here our cardinal principle:

A woman loves you not for the things you do for her, but for the things she does for you.

If in all your study you carry away this thought alone, you will be repaid for your effort.

5. Ability to Do Without Sleep.

During this period you will be planning your career and you will need rest. Choose a fiancée who requires little sleep, especially if she lives far away.

"Good night, David."

"Good night, Fran. Be careful driving home."

"Yes, David. I'll pick you up in the morning."

"Not too early. In time for the game."

The drive, say, to Connecticut and back may be tiring, but if you have picked a firm, healthy girl you need have little worry.

6. Capital Goods.

Though stocks and bonds are worth considering in the future wife, you need make no such inventory of the fiancée. Just make sure she has good physical equipment—say, the use of a convertible, beach house, tennis court, club membership or the like. Are they paid for? This is not your concern. They need only be in good working order.

7. Business Connections?

Unlike the father-in-law, the fiancée's father should not be a man powerful in an industry closely related to yours.

Many fathers have forgotten the care-free days of their youth and have little sympathy for the young man who may move on to greener fields. All too often tempers can become frayed and business relationships harmed.

HER FAMILY CAN HELP

Many young men feel that the fiancée's mother is a danger spot, to be

avoided if possible. This is immature and foolish. Her mother, if properly handled, can be your most valuable ally. Get her on your side.

"Do you mind if I call you

"Mother," Mrs. Simpkins?"

"Why, no, David, not at all!"

(She will never mind.)

Once you have established yourself as a lovable boy, let her know you are made of solid stuff. Mothers think ahead, into the future. Think with her.

"She's such a child, Mother Simpkins. The laughter of today is enough. Wish you'd help me bring her down to earth. Face realities. Home, little ones—and, one day—a place by the fire for Granny."

Once again, a general attack on the whole moral structure will be helpful.

"You've done everything humanly possible, Mother Simpkins. But these days, with Real Values slipping, one can scarcely go through a day without, somehow, a sense of moral outrage."

"Shouldn't people have some fun, David?"

"At whose expense?"

After a bit of this you will be on firm ground.

"Mother, can't I stay out just a little later?"

"No. I told you before that—"

"But I'm going with David, mother."

"Oh, well then. I'm sure you'll be all right with David."

Affection and respect from the older generation is a rich treasure indeed, and one that we all should cherish.

HOW TO BREAK ENGAGEMENTS

There can be real magic in an engagement as long as it is kept on a vague and timeless basis. Once a wedding date is mentioned and active preparations are under way, the magic flies. You may develop unpleasant nervous disorders.

Avoid a date. Your object will be to create a feeling of vague enthusiasm.

When talk becomes specific or when, for any other reason, the laughter begins to go out of your romance, it is time to break the engagement. No law, of course, prevents your having two, three, or even a dozen fiancées at a time, but the decent fellow does not do it. Consider the woman, and you can take no other course.

Try, whenever possible, to spare her feelings. It is best to make it seem that she is tiring of you, even though this is not the case.

1. The Transfer of Title.

Try to make a home for her in another's heart. If you handle it properly you can make it seem that you are the one who is being abandoned. Choose a reliable fellow, one that you feel would make her happy.

"How do you get muscles like that, Joe?"

(If, for example, he is the outdoor type.)

"Well, uh, Dave, you gotta keep

trainin'."

"Maybe I ought to go in for that. Every time I come near Fran she says, 'If only you had beautiful muscles like Joel!'"

Speak to her, too.

"Thought you'd be safe with Joe at the club dance, Fran. Now I'm beginning to wonder."

"Oh?"

"He hasn't talked of a thing since. Watch your step now! After all, a guy with all Joe's money is always a temptation."

"Has Joe got money?"

(Money always piques female interest, and can be mentioned freely, regardless of facts. Checking takes time, and young hearts melt quickly.)

"Thought you knew about his grandmother. Fabulous."

You will find there is nothing like mutual admiration to bring a boy and girl together.

2. The Nameless Horror.

This is an easy, effective method, and one that will leave behind you a bitter-sweet memory, a brave smile through a moistened eye.

"Dread seeing my doctor, Janie."

"Oh? Why, Davie?"

"No good discussing it. Curse of the Strong, you know."

And then, shortly after:

"One last drink, my girl!"

"It isn't true, Davie!"

"Too true. *C'est la vie*, and all that. Well, to you, and your healthy children!"

Swear her to secrecy, but if the story should leak out and embarrass you later, face it boldly.

"Is it really so, David?"

"It was, Phyllis. Sound as a dollar now, though. Thank God for penicillin!"

3. The Consuming Passion.

This is most effective when your real complaint is a lack of fire.

"I'm afraid of us, Ethel."

"Of us, Davie?"

"Of our passions. Burn us both to ashes."

Give her one last flaming kiss, stifle a sob, and walk away. Do not turn back.

4. "It's Bigger than Both of Us."

This is effective only if you never reveal what it is that is bigger than both of you.

5. The Sudden Break.

Breaking an engagement is like removing adhesive plaster. Do it quickly and decisively and you will spare not only her feelings but your own as well.

6. The Display of Emotion.

Since the woman's weapon is naked emotion, with its outlet too often a display of tears, foot-stamping, and hand-wringing, the fore-sighted male will try to beat her to the punch.

If you say, as so many do, that tears are not for you, think again! Masculine tears, all the more powerful because of their rarity, can be the strongest of weapons, and the male tantrum, if

(concluded on page 65)



"In the beginning, I created the heaven and the earth . . ."

LOVE, THE HEALER (continued from page 41)

the lights of the city.

We necked and we necked and we necked.

Nothing more to do about it now with the close schedule of getting back to summer school. However, she was perspiring in a way nice girls didn't, and when there was a Capitol flight lumbering down the field I felt the propeller's wash like an icy wind on my own wet face.

"Oh, Daniel," she said.

"Your one eye is larger than the other, did anyone tell you? Left one. Your skin is so thin the blue comes through. What makes hair like yours change color in the sunset? Your tongue is longer and more slender than other tongues. Tawinness! Cat's grace! I dreamed you existed and didn't believe in you, so it couldn't be, but," — and so on, and so on. I didn't say all these things at once, but they were the sort of thing I had been saying to girls ever since I found out how clever it is to be poetic.

There was a silence. Then she said, "Oh, Daniel."

"What?"

"We're going to be late. They just announced my flight."

We ran. She clattered along on loose sandals, a fine-haired, slender-waisted, teasing specimen of suburban girliness, valedictorian and doomed to Phi Beta Kappa. All that but no glasses pleased me. Whoever thought that a pretty girl would run and giggle with me?

At the automobile, parked among thousands, we saw her luggage on the back seat. We also saw the keys in the ignition. The doors were locked, locked. I was a dope.

It is very hard to be a dope before a girl with whom one has been necking and pronouncing poetry for a whole weekend. I could at least be a desperate, poetic, heroic dope. I would force the wind vent at the driver's seat.

"No, you'll hurt yourself," she said.

"Hurt myself! Hurt myself!" I was Humphrey Bogart and didn't care. I began to press with my fingers. The ventilator window, secured by a thin clip, bent promisingly.

"You'll hurt yourself?" she asked, not really worrying about me anymore, because really it would be silly of her to miss the airplane now. She had already gone past the end of her visit.

It bent.

It suddenly cracked in my hands.

I was holding the broken glass in my pressed fingers, together with a mess of ripped skin from which the blood swelled, purple in the evening twilight.

"Daniell Nol Oh!" She was bawling. She was worried. She cared.

"It's nothing," I said. (It was nothing — superficial cuts and abrasions.)

"Oh Daniel you hurt yourself for me just for me!"

"It's not very much," I said.

Tied with a handkerchief, dragging her suitcases, I forgot to make jokes

about all the clothes she had brought for the days in Cleveland. She had mostly worn a swimsuit which folded up into a pocket, anyway. We got to the airplane just before they rolled the stairway off.

"Take care of it. Iodine. Alcohol. Write to me. You write first." Between these words she was kissing with her mouth open. All this mothering and all this overheated sex were enough to keep the gash open for the rest of my life.

She wrote to me cutely about the drop of blood on her stocking.

• • •

What a relief! I didn't ask her to marry me. It would have been a four-year engagement anyway. She went off to her college and I went off to mine, and except for writing to her every day I forgot her.

I was a freshman at Columbia College, where I learned about life. A Cuban, who studied by running naked down the dormitory halls reciting the Contemporary Civilizations outline, tried to seduce me. He didn't succeed. A girl who wanted to give me a Rorschach test tried to seduce me and succeeded. She put her footprints on the wall of her room and wrote my name on the big toe. The same success that she had was had by a Broadway dancer who studied philosophy in the University extension. My contempt for Will Durant so titillated her that she taught me something which she had learned in an effort to keep from divorcing her last husband. It did not save their marriage, but it made him so grateful and tucked out that he agreed to all her demands for alimony. The same success that she had was also had by a girl who liked me because I was not a dentist. (Her last husband was.) The Cuban chap went out for track and left me alone.

And so I graduated from college, interrupted only by three years in the Army and a season as publicity writer for a hack politician. When next we meet me I am older, wiser, with my pimples all healed and hardened ambitions.

Here I am again. I am now in the 1949 equivalent of the jobless, dreary, lazy, Marxist, coffee-drinking, chain-smoking, family-hating, post-college generation of the Thirties. That is, I have a fine job in an advertising agency, a car, my own apartment, books and music and bottles of the best drinkables; I am politically clever and anesthetic, speak with a fondness of the old folks in Cleveland, and am thinking about opening a margin account at Merrill Lynch. Of course, I had long ago stopped writing to Sylvia, for whose baggage I had cut my hand. It was okay for a freshman and for keeping up the morale of the homefront while I was in the Army, but after that I'm only human. Last I had heard she was in California.

• • •

Now one of those things that just

happen, like rain: a party. Who is engaged to some nice fellow? Sylvia, of course. She has become prettier and a little less girlish in California. She is as pretty as ever, but she is content with this and pleased by men, so that she looks still better and also dangerous. I was shy. Let's say she had a furry head now, like one of those Italian movie stars, but light in complexion and intention.

"Well, well, you," I said.

"Been breaking the window to any lady's luggage lately?" she asked.

"You remember."

"Of course, Dan. You're unique in my life. Let me see your hand."

Standing three feet away, I extended my hand over which she ran her fingers. "It stopped bleeding years ago," I said. "I rubbed salt into it, but there's not much of a scar."

She obviously didn't enjoy the conversation. "I'd like you to meet," she began. I didn't enjoy the conversation either, but I liked to have her touch my hand. "I'd like you to meet my fiancé, Doctor Wheelock."

"A dentist?" I asked hopefully.

"No, resident in obstetrics," he said. "Just call me Fred."

It was easy enough to get rid of him at a big party, but more difficult to make it permanent. I whispered to her in a corner. "Didn't you get all my letters? I've been writing every day, and it's been five years since you replied. Maybe I used the wrong address."

She gave me that laughter which I remembered. "Maybe the wrong name, too."

"I love you love you love you, Sylvia."

She touched my arm. "You used to be so poetic, Dan," she said. "You'd never say anything like that unless you meant it."

"I'll cry if you don't stop that," I said.

She finally consented to sneak out of the party and have spaghetti with me. I told her it was the only thing that could prevent me from weeping with nostalgia and causing a scandal. She probably imagined some romantic Village restaurant, red-checked tablecloths and Italian opera on the jukebox, but I took her to Bickford's on the next block. This was only because love for her made me lose my appetite for food and I knew it would have the same effect on her, so why waste money on fancy cooking?

We told each other our life stories since that night at the airport. Mine seemed sad in the telling, which surprised me, because I hadn't thought of it as so bad while it was happening. A sweet-lipped listener can do that to a life story.

"Do you like spaghetti?" she asked.

"Do I? Do I! And I like you, too."

She sat up straight and touched my hand across the table. It's odd how a girl changes between eighteen and twenty-five. She becomes so much prettier in America, where the breasts and the rest remain firm and high, but the eyes soften — the rich play of laugh-lines

(continued on page 66)



JEAN MOOREHEAD: *a very sophisticated college playmate*

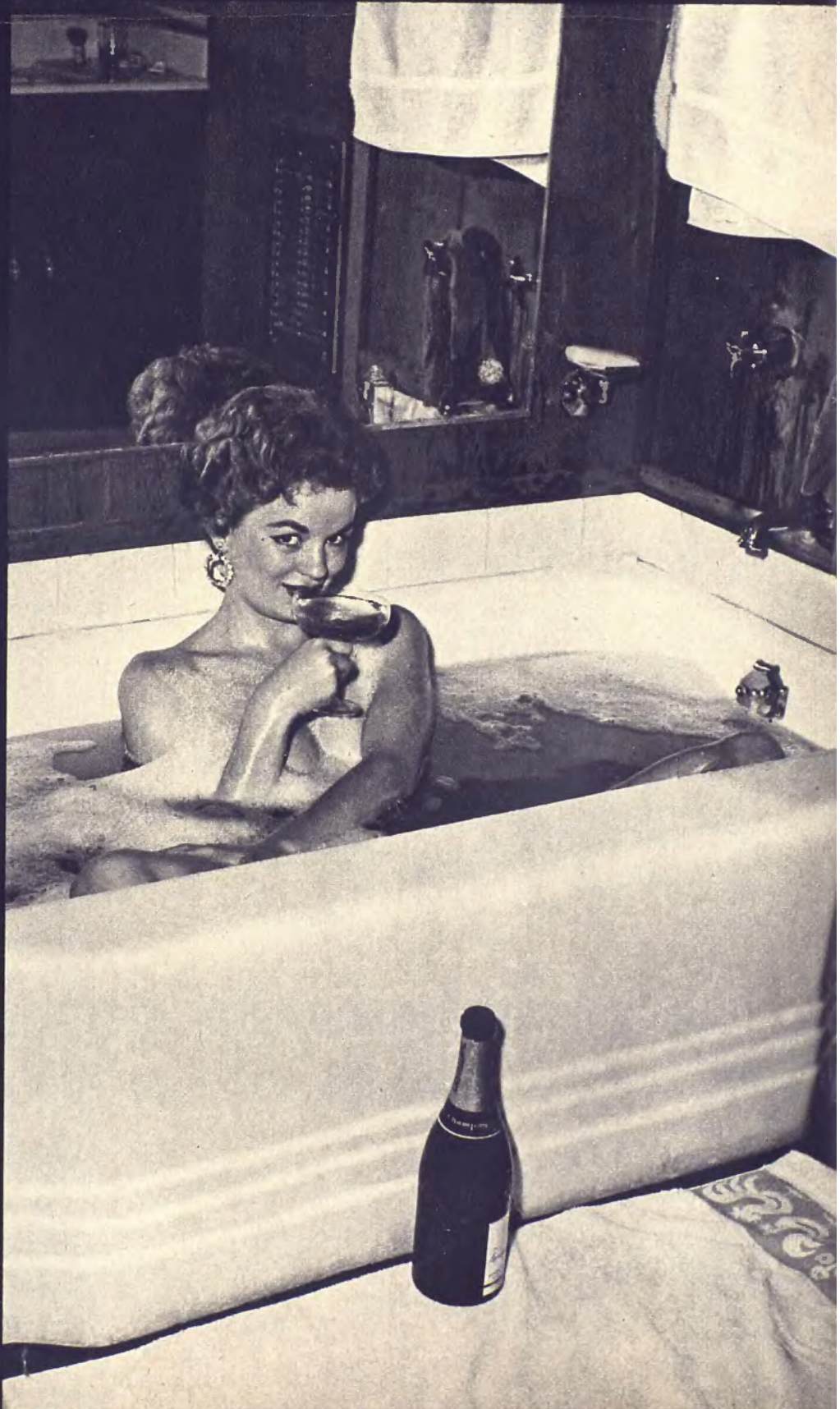
THE FIRST TWO DOZEN PLAYMATES

playboy brings the girls back for a bow

MARGARET SCOTT: *miss february was a favorite*



ARLINE HUNTER:
she made like monroe





NEVA GILBERT: *she posed on a tiger*



JAYNE MANSFIELD: *now she's a star on Broadway*



MADELINE CASTLE:
a tv exec approved

IN ITS FIRST TWO YEARS of publication, **PLAYBOY** has filled its pages with a rich variety of sophisticated, masculine entertainment. There have been offbeat stories by some of the world's finest writers; smart, full-color cartoons; regular articles on food and drink, fashion and jazz; unusual picture features; Ribald Classics, Party Jokes, limericks, drinking songs, toasts, humorous verse, and a host of other special material; but the favorite feature, issue after issue, has been the mischievous miss in the center of the magazine: **PLAYBOY**'s provocative Playmate of the Month.

PLAYBOY's Playmates have become, these past two years, the most popular pin-up with our armed forces here and abroad; Playmates hang with college

pennants on the walls of fraternity houses across the country; they lie in the desk drawers of the junior clerks and top executives of the nation's biggest businesses; they are sandwiched between "Top Secret" papers in the files of the Pentagon. The Air Force is considering the use of Playmates with their slide lectures to hold the pilots' interest; **PLAYBOY**'s Playmates have become so popular with the men on board the USS New Jersey that the executive officer wrote suggesting that a Miss New Jersey should probably be made a part of the ship's 1955 cruise book; Walter Winchell tipped his Stetson to the Playmate in his nationally syndicated column this past summer; the head of one of the largest midwest network radio-TV stations was

so taken with one monthly miss that the station's talent director flew to Hollywood and tried (unsuccessfully) to talk the model into returning with him for a surprise party, to pose on the executive's desk exactly as she had appeared in the magazine.

The Playmate pin-up has been with **PLAYBOY** from the very beginning, though she wasn't named "Playmate of the Month" till the second issue and didn't become a double-page spread till the third. In the early issues, she wasn't very different from any other pin-up picture, but as the months passed she began to develop a personality distinctively her own; she became more sophisticated; she left a little more to the reader's imagination; and though some



MARGUERITE EMPEY: *a beautiful ballerina*

JANET PILGRIM:

*playboy's own
office playmate*



PAT LAWLER:

readers asked her to remove the shirt



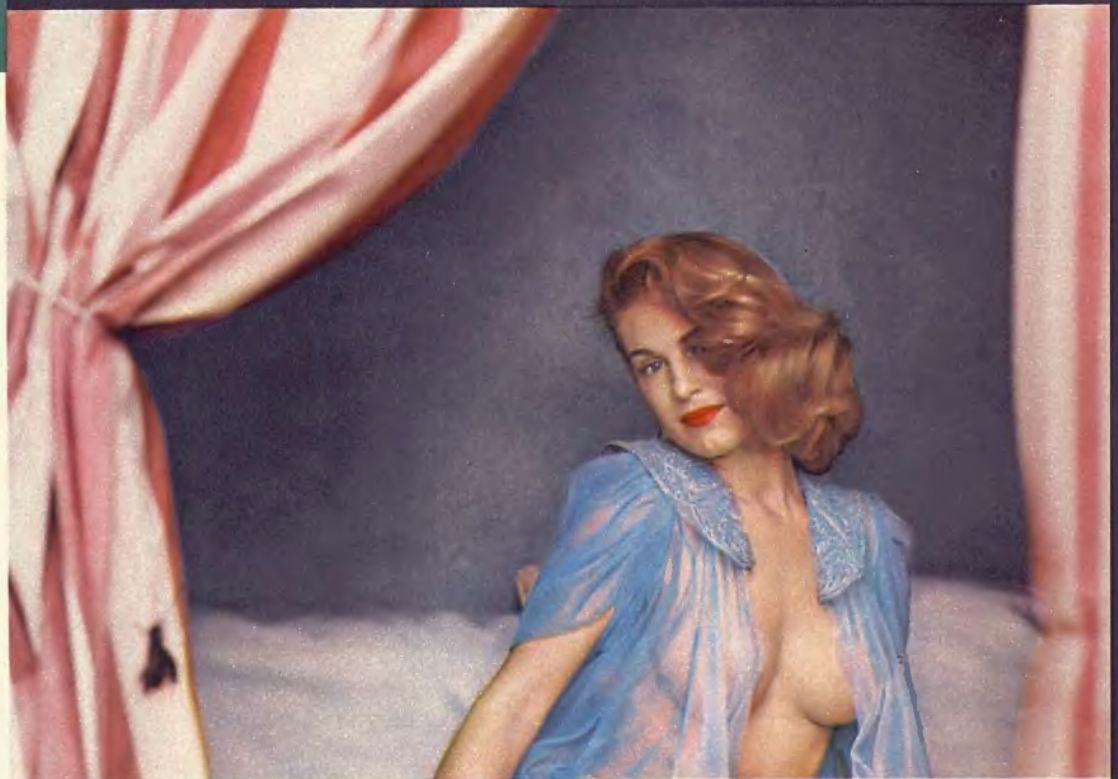
DIANE HUNTER:

she relaxed in a canvas chair

kidded her about a new-found bashfulness, they loved her more than ever before.

Some of PLAYBOY's Playmates have been famous, some have been totally unknown; some have been professional models, and some have never modelled before in their lives. Miss December, 1953, was Marilyn Monroe; Miss December, 1955, was Janet Pilgrim, PLAYBOY's subscription manager. There have been an even two dozen Playmates from Marilyn to Janet: one for every month, except March, 1954 (that issue was dated *April* in order to advance the magazine's on-sale date).

Three models have appeared as Playmates more than once: Margie Harrison (January and June, 1954), Marilyn Waltz (April, 1954 and 1955) and Janet (concluded on page 59)



MARILYN WALTZ: *miss april two years in a row*



MARGIE HARRISON:

twice in one year



MARILYN MONROE:

the very first playmate

TERRY RYAN:

a national newsstand sale of 96.5%



DOLORES DEL MONTE: *a honey on a hassock*



JOANNE ARNOLD: *she also swam in a cool pool*

THE FIRST TWO DOZEN

- MISS DECEMBER, 1953—*marilyn monroe*
- MISS JANUARY, 1954—*margie harrison*
- MISS FEBRUARY, 1954—*margaret scott*
- MISS MARCH, 1954—*dolores del monte*
- MISS APRIL, 1954—*marilyn waltz*
- MISS MAY, 1954—*joanne arnold*
- MISS JUNE, 1954—*margie harrison*
- MISS JULY, 1954—*neva gilbert*
- MISS AUGUST, 1954—*arline hunter*
- MISS SEPTEMBER, 1954—*jackie rainbow*
- MISS OCTOBER, 1954—*madeline castle*
- MISS NOVEMBER, 1954—*diane hunter*
- MISS DECEMBER, 1954—*terry ryan*
- MISS JANUARY, 1955—*bettie page*
- MISS FEBRUARY, 1955—*jayne mansfield*
- MISS APRIL, 1955—*marilyn waltz*
- MISS MAY, 1955—*marguerite empey*
- MISS JUNE, 1955—*eve meyer*
- MISS JULY, 1955—*janet pilgrim*
- MISS AUGUST, 1955—*pat lawler*
- MISS SEPTEMBER, 1955—*anne fleming*
- MISS OCTOBER, 1955—*jean moorehead*
- MISS NOVEMBER, 1955—*barbara cameron*
- MISS DECEMBER, 1955—*janet pilgrim*





EVE MEYER: *walter winchell liked her*



BETTIE PAGE: *she made a very sexy santa*

ANNE FLEMING:
she teaches ballroom dancing



JACKIE RAINBOW:

very sweet by candle-light

Pilgrim (July and December, 1955). It would be impossible for us to try and pick the most popular Playmate of the twenty-four, but during the first year, Miss February (Margaret Scott), Miss October (Madeline Castle) and Miss December (Terry Ryan) produced the most letters from readers. In PLAYBOY's First Anniversary Issue (December, 1954), model Terry Ryan prefaced her Playmate pose with a six-page picture-story on *Photographing the Playmate* and the issue had an unprecedented national newsstand sale of 96.5%. In 1955, readers reacted most favorably to Bettie Page (January), Eve Meyer (June), Anne Fleming (September), Barbara Cameron (November) and our own office Playmate, Janet Pilgrim (July and December). Hal Adams, Bernard of Hollywood, Arthur-James, Tom Kelley, Peter Gowland, Jack Howard, Bunny Yeager and Russ Meyer are just a few of the top photographers who have shot Playmates for the magazine; Bunny Yeager, an attractive female photographer, took Bettie Page as last year's Miss January, and now she would like to pose as a Playmate herself.

So many readers have written requesting additional pictures and particulars on the lovely ladies that we decided a curtain call was in order. So here they are, all the girls who have pleased as Playmates in the first two dozen issues of PLAYBOY.



BARBARA CAMERON:

we met her in a hi-fi shop





"I'm certain we can work out a satisfactory group hospitalization plan for your fraternity, but I'm afraid we won't be able to include maternity benefits."

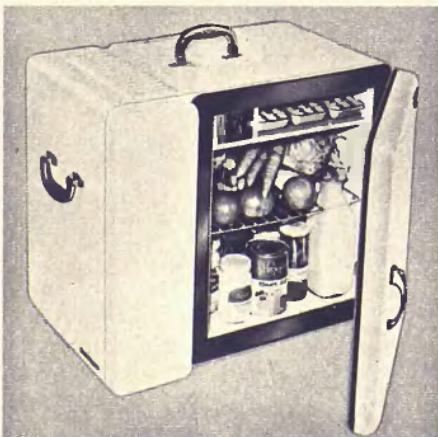


PLAYBOY'S BAZAAR



LIGHT OF LIFE

Foxy idea here: a combination lighter and flashlight that functions brilliantly on a compact battery rather than old fashioned flints. The battery, as we understand it, heats a filament which in turn ignites cigars, cigarettes or unpaid bills; the flashlight is fine for finding difficult key holes. Chrome plated, the complete job sells for \$9.95, ppd. *John Surrey, Ltd.*, Dept. JL, 100 East 42nd St., New York 17, New York.

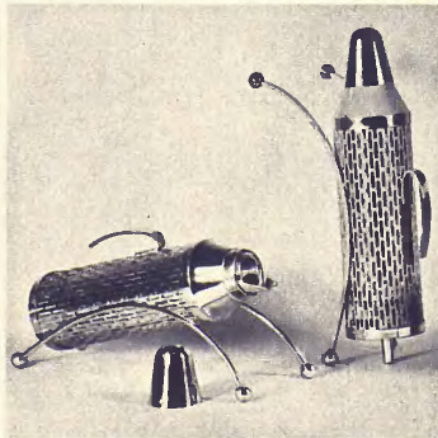


THE ICEBOX COMETH

This crazy electric refrigerator is com-

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

pletely portable and really puts a quick chill to things. Some cold facts: 23" wide, 19" high, 15½" deep; holds six ice cube trays; costs only 2c a day to operate; has three handles for easy carrying; available in white, blue-gray or golden brown; made of aluminum with spun glass insulation; weighs 55 lbs.; has ⅓ H.P. freezing unit; costs \$149.95, F.O.B. Detroit. A deposit of \$30 is required on C.O.D. shipments. *Son Enterprises*, Dept. RM, 315 Gratiot, Detroit 26, Mich.



FIRE AND ICE

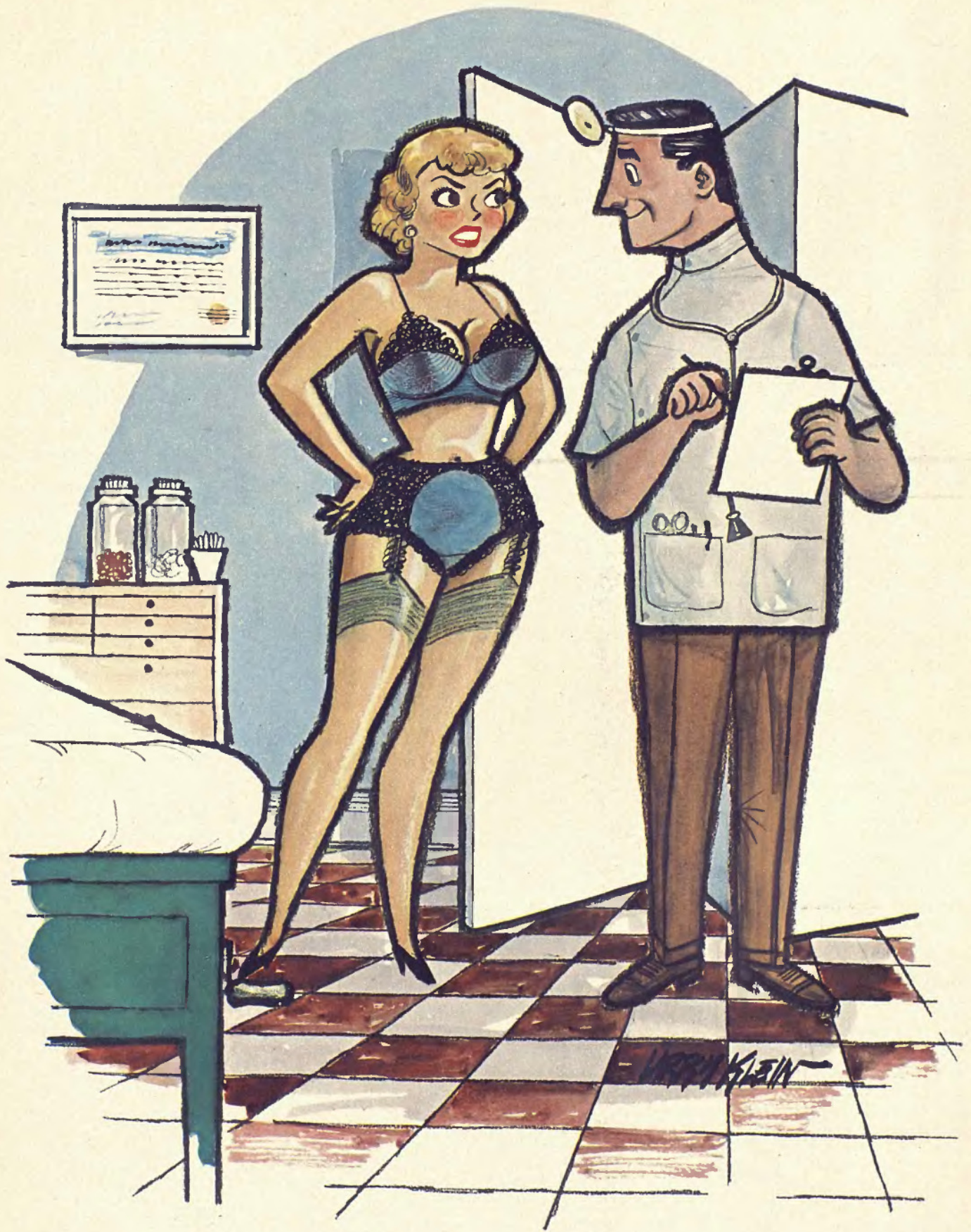
Hot Manhattans and cold coffee are banished forever thanks to this joyful

little jug that keeps any drink at the right temperature — not for just an hour, but damn near all night long. The Stratotherm stands majestically on end for easy filling, then sits quietly on its haunches while you get the next record on the turntable. Available in wrought-iron, brass, copper, antique copper, brushed silver or coral in quarts, \$19.95, pints, \$18.45, or the deluxe Model Rex, \$25.95. Order from *Universal Research Foundation*, Dept. KR, 6 Huntleigh Downs, St. Louis 22, Missouri.



RUSHING THE SEASON

So OK. There's four feet of snow on the ground, but we like the girl's smile. Come spring we're sure that you'll want one of these light weight lounge chairs that folds neatly into a carrying case. The frame (on the chair) is rust-proof, polished aluminum; the seat (on the chair) is water-repellent duck in red or green; the carrying case is reinforced plastic; the complete package is only \$10.95, but you pay the postage. *Leisure Industries*, Dept. A461, 96-09 Metropolitan Ave., Forest Hills 75, New York.



"That leaves my pulse — don't you want to feel that too?"

MOMENT OF GENIUS

(continued from page 28)

to play tonight — for us — for the *other* team.”

The day, April 5, 1938, hadn't promised any such ending. Though he had planned to be present when the Chicago Black Hawks and the Toronto Maple Leafs opened play at the Maple Leaf Gardens for the Stanley Cup, the symbol of the world hockey championship, Alfie Moore wasn't going to be on the ice. He was a minor-league goalie with Toronto's Pittsburgh farm team, and if he wanted to see the play-off he had to get himself a ticket. He strolled toward the box office that afternoon, and as he walked, Fate crooked an invisible finger in his direction.

Mike Karakas, Chicago goalie, had suffered a broken big toe on his right foot the night before, and the Black Hawk physician couldn't patch it up. He tried aluminum splints and slit shoes, but Mike still couldn't put any weight on the foot. General Manager Bill Tobin and Coach Bill Stewart tried to contact their spare goalie, Paul Goodman, but his season had ended a month earlier and he wasn't to be found. They were stuck, and forced to go into conference with Connie Smythe, the volatile owner of the Toronto club.

Dave Kerr, the regular New York Ranger goalie, was in town, and willing. Could Chicago use him in this emergency? In a burst of good sportsmanship, Smythe agreed, but just as the sun set he changed his mind.

Tobin and Stewart rushed to Smythe's office for a showdown. They appealed to the president of the National Hockey League, who upheld the Toronto boss. Smythe, with a smile, suggested Moore, his own minor-leaguer. There was no time to protest further, as Smythe knew — but where was Moore?

"I saw him earlier at the Gardens," said Stewart. But he was neither there nor at home now.

"You better find him," said Smythe. They found him. They had to. Stewart, now a National League baseball umpire, remembers it clearly, as do Johnny Gottselig and Paul Thompson, twin stars of the Black Hawks in those days. They checked his friends and his haunts, and finally dug him up and hustled him into a cab.

In the Black Hawk dressing room, Tobin and Stewart eased Alfie under a cold shower, forced him to drink hot, black coffee. The other players dressed slowly, almost painfully. They had sneaked into the play-offs through the back door — had won only fourteen games all season — had wound up in the Cup fight smelling of arnica and flinching from tape, but determined to go all out. Now they had to play the finals with a minor-league goalie in the nets — a minor-leaguer who was — to put it mildly — out of condition.

The Black Hawks clumped up the stairs to face a crowd of 13,737 Maple Leaf fans. When the crowd caught sight of Moore, it let out a roar of laughter.

Word had gotten around that Smythe had knifed Chicago in the back. At the moment, "English Alfie" (Arf-and-Arf, they called him) couldn't even turn back Chicago practice shots.

Then the whistle blew, the referee dropped the puck in center ice. There was a clash of sticks between centers, and the game was on.

Apps, Drillon and Bob Davidson, Toronto's ace forward line, swirled into action. Once, twice, three times they swung against Chicago defense, their white-jerseyed, blue-trunked bodies caroming off the boards as Art Wiebe and Earl Seibert, Hawk defense men, broke up the drives at their own blue line. Then the Maple Leaf trio came in again, and this time there was no stopping it. Drillon sped to his right, cut in behind Wiebe and took a perfect pass from Davidson. His stick flashed. The puck went hurtling past Moore and Toronto led, 1-0.

The first shot on the Chicago net, in one minute and fifty-three seconds of play, was good. The Toronto bench beat a rataplán of applause, and the crowd sat back to cheer an easy conquest. Unhappy Alfie looked flushed and foolish.

But he brushed the cobwebs away and bent his back once more, and Moore the patsy became Moore the cornered fox. A new Toronto line came onto the ice, charged the Chicago goal and went home without a score. They rushed in again, and again Alfie Moore turned them back. He kicked away shots at either corner, picked the puck out of the air above his head, flung it off his chest and knee pads. He did the splits with the abandon of a ballet dancer. He sprawled on his back and on his belly, smothering every attempt to beat him, until, up in the press box, a reporter said: "You can't tell me he sees all those . . ."

Maybe he didn't. But at the end of the first period Toronto still had one goal, and the Black Hawks had tied the score.

Through twenty minutes of the second period, Alfie Moore kept the gates closed, and Chicago took a 2-1 lead. Black Hawk forwards kept back-checking the Maple Leaf wings to ease the pressure on little Alfie, who shuttled the width of his cage, his body soaked with sweat. Only a few hours before he had been relaxing in a tap over a friendly ale; now he was a great goalie in a great game.

Toronto never scored again. The Maple Leafs drilled 45 shots at Alfie and 45 times he stopped the puck, until the final whistle blew, and the green light flashed, and the Hawks had won, 3-1, and were swarming over little "Arf-and-Arf." But he fought them off, broke away, and skated to the Toronto railing, and flung his face before the angry features of Connie Smythe. ". . . And if I'd had one more beer," he jeered happily, "you wouldn't have got that goal!"

In the dressing room, players said things to him that made his eyes smart and then General Manager Tobin spoke:

"We didn't make any deal, Moore. You got money coming. How much?"

Alfie thought \$150 would be about right. Tobin handed him \$300. He was taken to Chicago with the team, given a great welcome in the Stadium, and a watch as a souvenir.

But Alfie didn't play again. Smythe wouldn't let him. With Goodman and Karakas in the nets, the Black Hawks rode roughshod over Toronto, three games to one, for the world championship. A year later Moore tried to come back in the big time with the New York Americans. He got licked twice, 4-0 and 2-0.

He never won another major-league game after his once-in-a-lifetime stand.



NARROW ESCAPE

(continued from page 26)

"Gentlemen," said Cacambo, "you mean to eat a missionary today? 'Tis a good deed; nothing could be more just than to treat one's enemies in this fashion. Indeed, the law of nature teaches us to kill our neighbor and this is how people behave all over the world. If we foreigners do not exert the right of actually *eating* our neighbor, it is because we have other means of making good cheer; but you have not the same resources as we, and it is certainly better to eat one's enemies than to abandon the fruits of victory to ravens and crows. But, gentlemen, you should not wish to eat your *friends*. You believe you are about to place a missionary on the spit, but 'tis your defender, the enemy of your enemies, you are about to roast. I was born in your country; the gentleman you see here is my master and, far from being a missionary, he has just killed a missionary and is wearing his clothes; which is the cause of your mistake. To verify what I say, take his gown, carry it to the first barrier of the kingdom of Los Padres and inquire whether my master has not killed a missionary. It will not take you long and you will have plenty of time to eat us if you find I have lied. But if I have told the truth, you are too well acquainted with the principles of public law, good morals and discipline not to pardon us."

The Oreillons thought this a very reasonable speech; they deputed two of their notables to go with all diligence and find out the truth. The two deputies acquitted themselves of their task like intelligent men and soon returned with the good news.

The Oreillons unbound the two prisoners, overwhelmed them with civilities, gave them refreshment, and turned over to them the two naked girls who had been the cause of their previous misfortune. "Do with them what you will!" said the Oreillons. Candide and Cacambo did so, and the two girls, after some time had passed, admitted that they no longer regretted the loss of their monkeys.



WILL SHE OR WON'T SHE? (continued from page 13)

masochistic, and secretly favors caveman tactics. If she votes for the stern speech, it suggests that she wants to be dominated, not necessarily by force. The choice of forgiveness is a hint that she prefers the kid gloves approach. (Either that or her own guilty conscience won't let her condemn an erring girl!)

Around about Question Five, the party begins to get a wee bit rough and you really get down to cases.

5. "Suppose your sister had premarital sex relations with a boy. Name two circumstances under which you would consider her conduct morally excusable."

This is an indirect way of discovering whether she herself might yield under certain conditions. She probably would, if she names any voluntary type of circumstance like "if she's in love" or "if she didn't mean to go so far." On the other hand, your thrust has been nimbly foiled if she lists as excusable only circumstances like "rape" or any condition

for which a girl could not be held responsible. In this case, you spring the following question.

6. "Suppose you're the mother of a teen-age girl who is having an affair. What would you tell her to induce her to stop?"

The key to this question is the way in which it's answered. If the reply is hesitating or confused, it suggests that the girl has an occasional affair herself, and would therefore be in conflict about telling a daughter to cease and desist. If her reply indicates that she would not condemn her daughter, you likewise have a clue that she is not an unassailable fortress.

7. "Do you believe Kinsey's statistical assertion that almost half of all American women have sex before marriage?"

A simple "yes" or "no" answer on this one will tell you a great deal about the lady in question, because her "belief" is really only what she *wants* to believe. And if she wants to believe in pre-mari-

tal intercourse, you may have some good times ahead.

8. "Suppose you are married. Under which of the following circumstances would you be unwilling to have sex with your husband: (a) you have just had a serious quarrel with him and have not made up; (b) he has just refused to buy you a new coat; (c) it is late; (d) you had sexual relations with him only the night before."

This is primarily a test of her sincerity and integrity. If she replies that she would not submit to her husband after an angry quarrel which has not yet been settled, it suggests that she is not a hypocrite (though you don't want to discount the possibility that she may be so passionate that she cannot control herself—a very nice possibility, indeed). If she would not submit simply because her husband would not buy her a new coat, she obviously regards even married sex as a sort of prostitution in which her husband is actually purchasing her love and affection. If she offers either of the last two excuses as legitimate reasons for refusing a husband then she is probably indifferent or actually hostile towards sex.

9. "Suppose you were offered the following inducements to spend the night with a man. Which might persuade you? (a) \$100,000 in cash; (b) a movie career leading to eventual stardom; (c) an assurance of world peace for a generation; (d) it would make a blind man happy."

If she admits to any of these possibilities, the question is not whether she can be had, but only under what circumstances, or for what price. If the cash or the movie stardom would soften her up, she has a weakness for worldly goods and might prove to be a pretty expensive lady to have on your hands. If she says she would make herself available in return for world peace, she's either a starry-eyed idealist or a pretentious phony. If she says she'd go the route to make a blind man happy, she has a wide streak of sticky sentimentality, and not too many brains to go with it. But who cares?

The last question will give a little further information on her general sex attitude and is also so far fetched it will evoke some chuckles and end the game on a relaxed and friendly note.

10. "Suppose you were cast away on a desert island—no hope of rescue—with a man you knew to be a murderer, a white slaver, a dealer in dope and, generally speaking, not too nice a fellow. However, though his character left almost everything to be desired, he wasn't a bad looking guy. Would you have sexual relations with him?"

If she answers negatively, it suggests that she doesn't appreciate the importance of sex; a positive response, of course, indicates that she's a girl who needs her loving and recognizes the fact. What's more, she isn't afraid to admit it. And that's where you come in, of course.

Let us know how you make out.



"Good afternoon, sir. I represent the Universal Life Insurance Company . . . uh . . . oh, never mind."

HASTY MARRIAGE

(continued from page 48)

thrown with well-bred dignity and a tweedy restraint, is both impressive and effective.

MANY OTHER WAYS

There are many other methods of breaking engagements. Study your fiancées. Find ways that will suit their personalities. Remember that every woman is a new opportunity and a new challenge.

Bring sunshine into their lives, and when the sunshine is gone, go with it, gracefully and considerately.

Leave behind you the tear of pity, never the angry word.

COMMON MISTAKES TO AVOID IN BREAKING ENGAGEMENTS

1. "I'm Not Good Enough for You."

Both this and the "You're too good for me" approach always end in disaster.

Every woman looks upon every prospective male as a sorry mess, a blob of all but hopeless raw material. She is already sure you are not half good enough for her, but she has a whole set of plans for complete remodeling, redecorating and general rehabilitation.

After she gets through with you, she feels, you will be good enough for her.

2. "Let's be Civilized and Talk this Over."

This approach will be painful to you, coming at a time when your emotions are already raw and tender.

Even worse, it is totally ineffective. Women, you will discover, cannot talk about anything in a reasonable or logical manner. Your fiancée will either (a) get off the subject entirely, (b) use naked emotion and all that goes with it, or (c) use feminine wiles to confuse and confound you.

Follow these rules and you will surely avoid being forced into a premature marriage.

Some men have avoided it for years and in certain cases have found that when it was finally thrust upon them they were ready.

Prepare yourself. Spend the carefree years in equipping yourself for the strenuous times that will follow.

NEXT MONTH:

"DRESSING THE PART"



ADVICE ABOUT WOMEN

(continued from page 44)

car when we left Berryville yesterday afternoon."

Annie hugged her breasts tightly in the chill morning air.

"Clarise is gone, too!" Ronnie told her. "She didn't come home at all last night!"

"She didn't?" Annie said vaguely.

"No! She didn't!"

"Well, I'll declare!" Annie said, yawning again. "I wonder why not?"

"And she was naked, too. She didn't

have any clothes on—not even her bathing suit."

Annie looked at him in silence for a long time.

"Did you understand what I said, Annie?" Ronnie spoke out impatiently, raising his voice. "Clarise didn't come home last night, either!"

Annie suddenly left the bedroom window, and then in a few moments she opened the screened door and came to the porch. The morning sky was tinged with glowing red splotches of the rising sun and squawking sea gulls glided over the sand dunes in front of the cottage.

"Annie—what am I going to do?" Ronnie begged anxiously. "Clarise didn't come home all night long! She stayed out just like she used to do before we got married!"

Annie did not answer him, but he could see that she was gazing over the dunes toward the Gulf. As she continued to stare in that direction, Ronnie turned around to see what she was looking at so intently.

In the glow of the rising sun, he saw Harry Banning trudging laboriously through the deep white sand of the dunes. Harry looked tired and sleepless and thoroughly exhausted. If he had been night-fishing, he had forgotten his tackle and left it somewhere on the beach.

Harry had almost reached the porch

steps when Clarise, wrapped in a blanket, suddenly appeared at the side of one of the dunes. Pausing indecisively, she waited several moments before coming any closer to the cottage. Not a word was said while Harry was coming up the steps, and he was soon followed by Clarise. She smiled faintly at Ronnie as she clutched the blanket more tightly around her.

Fully awake by that time, Annie stared at Harry for moment after moment as if absorbed in deep meditation, and then suddenly, with a fling of her arm, she pointed at the cottage door. Harry, saying not a word and looking straight ahead, meekly crossed the porch and went inside. After he disappeared from sight, Annie went into the doorway, slamming the screened door shut and latching it securely.

"Ronnie," Annie said in an even tone of voice, speaking slowly and precisely, "Ronnie, did you listen to some advice from Harry Banning?"

"Well, yes, I did," he admitted.

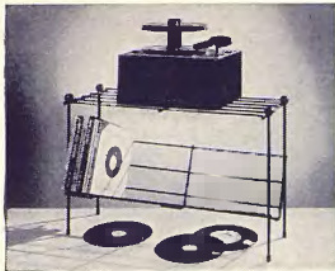
"Advice about women's whims, or some such thing?"

Ronnie nodded slowly.

"Well, take my advice and find somebody else to get your advice from after this," Annie told him.



"Care to glance in the mirror?"



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LOVE, THE HEALER

(continued from page 50)

fraying them — and the mouth begins to have some wit to it — just as kissable, however — and the assurance of the body speaks for pride in its loveliness and its caring. In a pretty girl like Sylvia, anyway. In a smart girl like Sylvia. "I will cook you a spaghetti dinner at my place," she announced.

"You have an apartment by yourself?" She blushed. "I have a good job, you know. They like me where I work."

"And your fiancé, as you call him?" There's a small amount of brutality in me. Just enough to get ahead in the world.

"You're an old friend, Dan. You're the only man who ripped up his hand for me."

"I was a mere boy."

"Was!"

"Park him, the resident in obstetrics," I said. "He's not for you."

She smiled, and those laughter lines flashed into the soft flesh at her eyes.

...
What a meal! It began with Martinis, dry enough to condense a man to his basic elements — grit, itch, appeal. They hardly reduced me in size, but they made me even more alert to Sylvia's presence as she moved about her studio on Central Park West. There was evidence that she had recently had a roommate, an ashtray she didn't like, books with another girl's name written in them, and so on. She told me, besides, I was flattered. Maybe it was only because she had a raise in pay that she lived alone now, or maybe she didn't like the girl, or maybe because of me. Deep considerations of this sort went with the Martinis.

"Let me see your hand in the light." I gave it. She looked.

"What's my fortune?"

"No, about the scars from my luggage." She found two little white lines which were all that was left. "I'm so glad you didn't get hurt in the war."

I catalogued my war injuries. "Poison ivy on maneuvers in North Carolina. Bloody nose from a fight with a parachutist. He thought I was somebody else. Seasickness. Overeating. Loneliness. The Army was like a home to me, Syl."

"Shall we sit down?"

"Aren't we sitting?"

"At the table."

We sat. It was a real, genuine, Italian-type, checked-tablecloth meal. Antipasto rich and oily with small-eyed fish. Chianti from a Chianti bottle. Candlesticks and napkins for dabbing. The spaghetti was to be eaten. It was especially pungent, with a bitterness hidden someplace within the soul of the sauce, but so churning within was I with love of Sylvia that I hardly noticed and ate it greedily. She went more slowly. I was devouring her across the table with my eyes, in which I must have put a rather successful devouring expression, because she looked softer and softer and softer until I couldn't see her anymore.

"What's the matter?" she cried.



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The reason that I couldn't see her was that I had fallen off the chair onto the floor.

"I must have gotten up to go someplace. I think I went away," I said.

"Dan, you look awful—"

"Oh Sylvia, I can't help it, I'm sick."

The pain in my belly was terrible. She helped me up and I writhed on the couch. She wanted to call a doctor, but I wouldn't let her. I just told her to cover all the mirrors in the house to keep my soul from getting out. It was a deep churning green sickness in the left side of my belly. She told me that I looked green and other colors and that she would call a doctor. I told her that green and other colors are the colors of all growing things in the springtime and just hold my hand. She also held my hand to the bathroom once or twice, and there she also held my forehead. We were really getting to know each other now.

I fell asleep and then woke up and felt better. She was sitting on the couch with tears running down her face — passion and sorrow deepen a woman's character — and watching me while I slept.

"What's the matter, Syl? I didn't die."

"Boo-hoo, boo-hoo," she said.

"Now, now. Is it that you're disillusioned in me? My character is good even though my stomach was unbalanced."

"No, Dan, but but . . ." And she could hardly be consoled. The tears ran so thick that I could not see my reflection in her eyes. I felt somewhat peaked, but I tried to console her. First I took a shower, then I tried seriously to console her. She was still crying when I came out of the bathroom.

"What hurts you?" I said, both peevish and peaked now, having hoped that the image of me all dripping and hairy and naked and a man in her shower would stop the tears.

"My conscience, Dan. I looked in the spaghetti sauce and it was all my fault. I left the bay leaves in. You must have eaten one."

"You didn't have to tell me."

"I wanted this to be a wonderful evening!"

For that she didn't have to complain. I took her in my arms with that wonderful conscience of the man who is absolutely clean, without even having dressed after a shower. I must have looked silly in her dressing gown, but only for a few minutes, because then the lights were off and we were on.

. . .

Later I discovered that this attack of indigestion had ruptured my appendix and I should have died, but the infection had become encapsulated and produced merely a sort of fibrous tumor. The first doctor to whom I complained about the continued pain in my belly took a bloodtest and other tests and then told me to forget about it. When I went back because the pain continued, he asked me psychologically, "Are you the type who has a lot of trouble?"

"Maybe less than you do, Doctor."

"Hmm. I've had a hard life, son." He

bit his lips. "I don't mean to say you're a hypochondriac," he added, "but a change of job, change of scene, some new friends, a new outlook — that'll fix you up."

When I told Sylvia about this conversation, she offered to kill him for me.

"No," I said, "just make him a spaghetti dinner."

When I finally took a burning fever again and was rushed to the hospital for the emergency operation, I felt relieved. Even if I died, I died not a hypochondriac. I lived, and Sylvia visited me every day. She got skinny from creeping up the back stairways after visiting hours. We were very close.

As soon as I recovered, we resumed

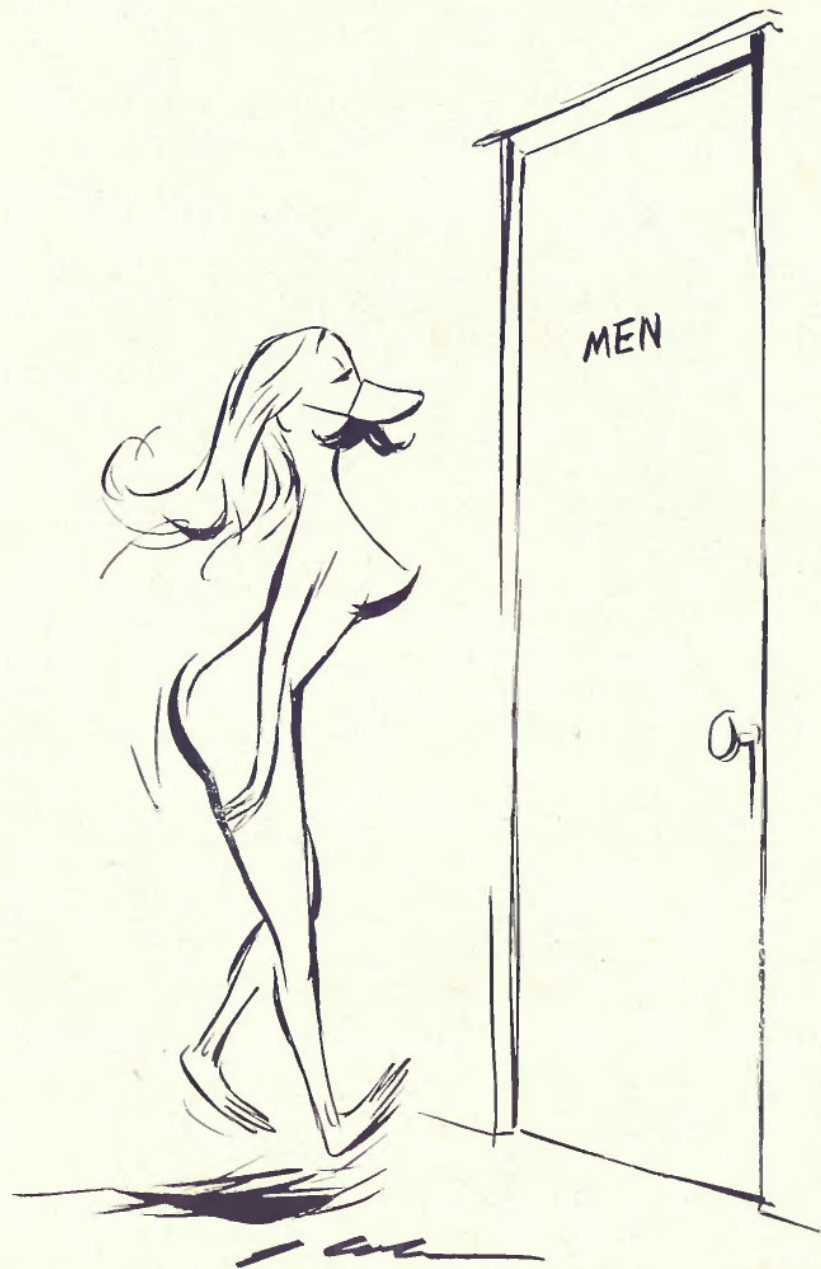
our friendship on the old level, but without the bay leaves. As an excellent ice skater, I decided to teach her this gentle sport on the pool at Rockefeller Center. She has a natural grace and learned almost at once. Demonstrating a burst of speed, I caught my skate on a bit of wet ice, turned a somersault while leaving my ankle behind, and was in a cast for six weeks.

Hurrying to meet her on the day they took the plaster off my foot, I cut myself shaving and bled all over my tie. I had only one thing to say when I saw her: "Marry me before I'm a basket case."

"What?" she asked. "Haven't I nursed you back to health?"

(concluded overleaf)

FEMALES BY COLE: 19



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LOVE, THE HEALER

(continued from page 67)

"I'll live for you," I explained.

She would for me, too. We took out a license for us both and an insurance policy for me. We got married very carefully.

The funny thing about all this, several years and two children later, is that I haven't had a sick day or an injury since our marriage. We're very happy together. My wife is still more beautiful than she was, but it doesn't seem to hurt me.



MOANING AFTER

(continued from page 32)

teeth to the toes.

Juice of 1/2 lemon
1 tablespoon orange juice
1 jigger rye whiskey
1 teaspoon sugar

Shake all above ingredients with ice. Strain into a Delmonico glass. Drink it neat without benefit of added fruit such as orange slice or maraschino cherry.

MORNING FIZZ

For those who like something light and bubbly to clear a dark brown mouth, the Morning Fizz is recommended.

1 jigger rye whiskey
1 egg white
Juice of 1/2 lemon
1 teaspoon sugar
2 dashes Pernod

Place all ingredients in a cocktail shaker with ice. Shake very well. Strain into an eight-ounce glass. Add siphon water, stirring until glass is filled.

CLAM JUICE COCKTAIL

For men who want a non-alcoholic pick-me-up, a snappy clam juice cocktail, prepared in a cocktail shaker with ice, is a wonderful bracer. Bottled clam juice may be used.

4 ounces of clam juice (wine glass full)
2 teaspoons catsup
Dash each of salt, celery salt and pepper
Juice of 1/4 lemon
Dash of Worcestershire sauce

Put all ingredients in a cocktail shaker with ice. Shake very well. Strain into a six- or seven-ounce glass.



I LIKE BLONDES

(continued from page 40)

it's an exhilarating pastime." I was quite close to her now, and she didn't step back any further. She couldn't — she stood on the edge of the roof.

"Now, take Vis," I said. "Vis collects redheads, nothing but redheads. He has a magnificent grouping, all of them stuffed. Ril doesn't stuff his specimens at all — that's why we can use them for

our trips. Oh, it's a fascinating business, I can tell you! Ril keeps them in preservative tanks and Vis stuffs them — his redheads, I mean. Now as for me, I collect blondes."

Her eyes were wide, and she could scarcely get the words out for panting. "You're — going to — stuff me?"

I had to chuckle. "Not at all, dear. Set your mind at rest. I neither stuff nor preserve. I collect for different reasons entirely." She edged sideways, toward the iridescent bubble. There was nowhere else to go, and I followed closely, closely.

"You're — fooling me —" she gasped.

"No. Oh, my friends think I have peculiar ideas, but I enjoy it this way. There's nothing like a blonde, as far as I'm concerned. And I ought to know. I've collected over a hundred, so far, since I started. You are number one hundred and three."

I didn't have to do anything. She fainted, and I caught her, and that made things just perfect — no need to make a mess on the roof. I merely carried her right into the ship and we were off in a moment.

Of course people would remember the old man who picked up Shirley Collins in the dance hall, and I'd left a trail of money all over town. There'd be an investigation and all that. There almost always was an investigation.

But that didn't bother me. Ril has many bodies for use besides old Beers, whoever he might have been. Next time I'd try a younger man. Variety is the spice of life.

Yes, it was a very pleasant evening. I sang to myself almost all the way back. It had been good sport, and the best was yet to come.

But then, I like blondes. They can laugh at me all they please — I'll take a blonde any time. As I say, it's a matter of taste.

And blondes are simply delicious.



SALESMAN

(continued from page 24)

raft out at sea.

There's only one thing to do — throw in the sponge (now *there's* an idea for an auto accessory). When quitting work is the only solution to the problem, quit.

With a saloon across the street, what would you do? And once you get beer on your breath, there's no point in trying to work any more *that* day. Besides, once a salesman admits defeat, he can't sell anything more anyhow . . . he's better off waiting until tomorrow. He can most profitably spend his time over the beer planning for that tomorrow, with a tile-lined lunch stop, a call near the city hall, and an empty tank of gas.

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IN THIS ISSUE



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A CARTOON FORECAST OF '56 BY JACK COLE**