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PLAYBILL

WE DON'T REMEMBER who it was described Philip Wylie as "God's Little Acher" but it was an apt soubriquet for this biter-and-moaner *sans peur et avec reproche*. In both fiction and non-fiction, the wily Mr. Wylie has been lighting firecrackers under the fanny of complacency for some time now: *Generation of Vipers*, with its famous mauling of "mom," was a major social fact of its day; his doom-doting novels, like *Tomorrow!*, have been used in Civil Defense drives; his tirades against the educational system have stirred up PTA and school boards. Just back from a round-the-world junket which allowed him to rest, think and build up a head of steam, Wylie honors this issue with a blistering blast against American women, American men, American advertisers and all points west in *The Abdicating Male*. It's exhilarating, exterminating stuff: *must* reading for all males—be they pro, con or indifferent to abdication.

Richard Matheson—the guy who traced dirty jokes to their origin in *The Splendid Source* (PLAYBOY, May, 1956)—leads off the issue with *A Flourish of Strumpets*, a story of the day after tomorrow, when the oldest of professions adopts the newest of sales techniques. A far cry from this tale of super-commercialized sex is Adrian Conan Doyle's *The Lover of the Coral Glades*, a love story with a difference. PLAYBOY's editors are not unlike those colorful candies you crunch during the holiday season: like them, we have a hard, brittle exterior of sophistication and a soft, sweet center of sentimentality. That adamant exterior was pleasantly pierced when we read the Doyle piece. It's an outrageously romantic, unashamedly sentimental tale of True Love, Self-Sacrifice, Divine Intervention and suchlike corny stuff, but it left our grouchy fiction editor with moist eyes. On the suspicion that PLAYBOY's readers are similarly constructed of both hard and soft candy, we have included the story in this November issue. The author, of course, is a famous son of a famous father, and, in addition to his other writing, has been occupied with carrying on Sir Arthur's adventures of the redoubtable Sherlock.

The makers of popular music get fiction and fact treatment in this issue. Charles Einstein proffers a bittersweet saga of the songwriting set in *The Flip*



DOYLE



MATHESON



WYLIE



WODEHOUSE

Side; Bernard Asbell sat in on a Nat Cole recording date, kept his eyes and ears open, and captured, in crackling prose, the fascinating atmosphere of the session for your delight.

To Jonathan Rhoades and Mike Shea fell the gruelling chore of camping in the swank Gaslight Club for several evenings in succession, drinking old Scotch and eyeing young waitresses, taking time out only to jot down and photograph impressions for their feature, *The Lock on the Barroom Door*, an ever-so-slightly sozzled study of key clubs.

We were reckless enough to invite P. G. Wodehouse to act as guest sports editor this month, and he came up with an article on falconry. He thinks it's for the birds. And his piece is highly enjoyable nonsense.

"O!" rhapsodized the Greek writer, Lucian, "that I could resemble Herodotus, if only in some measure! By no means in all his gifts, but only in some single point, some one of those thousand beauties which are the despair of the imitator." Cicero described Herodotus' style as "copious and polished"; Quintilian called it "sweet, pure and flowing." "Of his trustworthiness as a historian," an anonymous encyclopaedist of our own day says of him, "varying opinions have been entertained. But of his merits as a writer there can be no dispute." Herodotus' merits as a writer sent our Ribald Classics editor into the famous multivolumed *History* for the witty, worldly account of *The Braggart King*, which

you'll find herein, decked out in a brand new—but no less copious, polished, sweet, pure or flowing—translation. And, of course, Jed Kiley is back with another installment in his rollicking pastiche, *Hemingway*. We've received a lot of favorable response to this satirical series, but there has also been a dissenting voice or two—and one of them belongs to Mr. Hemingway. That's understandable, we suppose: Jed's view of Hemingway is a rather irreverent one, told with bold embellishment and more than a bit of blarney. If we may be permitted to quote ourselves (September issue): Ernest Hemingway "may be the greatest writer in the world"; and the Jed Kiley series is meant to be exactly what Dudley H. Cloud of *The Atlantic Monthly* called it in a letter to us: "A tribute to Hemingway in the form of a monstrous spoof and an amiable parody of Hemingway's style." We must agree with Mr. Cloud's further comment, too: "I enjoyed it very much."

PLAYBOY wishes one and all a merry election, a happy Thanksgiving and a not-too-foresore siege of Christmas shopping. To help with the latter, both this issue and our next will be found to be chock full of shopping ideas in the form of a glittering, two-issue gift gallery that will suggest *what* to give—and a gift preview section that will tell you *how* and *where* to go about it. And Thomas Mario, in this November PLAYBOY, provides all the details for a succulent, substantial holiday dinner that can be enjoyed on any of the jolly days ahead.



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DEATH OF PAINTING

The Evelyn Waugh article, *The Death of Painting*, in your August issue, was very interesting. But it missed so many of the obvious matters involved that I question whether it was written by Evelyn Waugh, the eminent British novelist, or Evelyn Waugh, a physical education sophomore at Southern Thule State Teacher's College.

Mr. Waugh — or Miss Waugh, as the case may be — seems to feel that the camera has inspired the trend away from strict representation; that modern art developed because painters could not compete with particles of silver nitrate. This is a nice little theory. All that conflicts with it — as Mr. Waugh should know, though Miss Waugh may not — is the history of painting and the intellectual history of Western Europe.

Distortion in painting cannot be dated from the invention of the camera. Date it from Cro Magnon cave paintings, if you like, or from Egyptian frescoes, or from El Greco's elongated figures or Rembrandt. Date it from Goya's "Caprichios," or even from Manet. But don't date it from the invention of so feeble a thing as the daguerreotype.

Certainly, the old masters considered representation important. But can Mr. Waugh show that they considered unity, balance and rhythm unimportant? Obviously not. The difference between the balance of Fra Angelico and the balance of Mondrian, the distortion of Rembrandt and the distortion of Klee (or even a PLAYBOY illustration) is one of degree, not of kind. Just where would Mr. Waugh choose to draw his line?

Mr. Waugh, if it is Mr. Waugh, has also forgotten that the forms of expression used in an age or period stem from the philosophical and aesthetic attitudes of that age. He blames the camera for the revolt which produced Klee, but he forgets or ignores the fact that that revolt was only part of a larger revolt which also produced Franz Kafka and Bela Bartok. We live in a brilliant, sophisticated, but frustrated age and the

men who express this age use brilliance, sophistication and tension. The invention of the camera is no more responsible for Picasso than it is for James Joyce or Schönberg or even T. S. Eliot.

The inescapable corollary of Mr. Waugh's advice to modern painters to use the techniques of the Renaissance or the 18th Century is that he also advises modern composers to score their works for lute and harp, and modern writers to use blank verse or (and this is more likely from his tone) heroic couplets.

Mr. Waugh: Go write a picaresque novel.

David A. Thomas
Albuquerque, N. M.

What in hell is an article such as Mr. Evelyn Waugh's doing in PLAYBOY? I'm shocked by his old-fashioned stand on modern art. Having read several of his books, I had previously considered him an author with whom I was in almost complete rapport.

PLAYBOY is a modern magazine and requires a contemporary point of view in order to enjoy it — so with modern art. Mr. Waugh's article in PLAYBOY is all the more ludicrous and reactionary in relation to its surroundings — like old lace curtains would be in a modern man's apartment. I find myself thinking, "Mr. Waugh must be kidding."

George Wesley Williams
New York, New York

Three cheers for Evelyn Waugh's article on art! It was great and now I've got something to show these eggheads around here that think artists have been twisting lines around to suit themselves as long as there's been art. It figures that these modern artists are afraid to compete with a camera.

I wonder if you could publish another article in the near future, sort of extending the ideas in this article and showing that nobody ever thought of all this lousy modern music of guys like Prokofiev until the phonograph got invented and the composers started trying to think up things they couldn't record.

PLAYBOY, November, 1956, Vol. 3, No. 11, Playboy is published monthly by HMH Publishing Co., Inc., 11 E. Superior St., Chicago 11, Illinois. In the U.S., its possessions and Canada, subscriptions are \$13 for three years; \$10 for two years; \$6 for one year; elsewhere, add \$3 per year to cover foreign postage. Please allow three weeks for entering new subscriptions, renewals and for change of address. Entered as second class matter August 5, 1955, at the post office at Chicago, Illinois, under the act of March 3, 1879. Printed in U.S.A. Contents copyrighted 1956 by HMH Publishing Co., Inc.

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and that this crappy stream of consciousness writing got started because somebody invented the typewriter and the writers let their fingers run away with them.

I think we ought to get rid of all this modern stuff. Let's make the composers learn to play the lute before they can get their licenses and have all the writers do their stuff in heroic couplets like this:

Photographs ain't art, but artists must
Paint snapshots. Where the hell does
this leave us?

and other great poetry like that.

Down with all this modern junk that takes thinking to understand. Viva Mr. Waugh! Hooray for Norman Rockwell!

Dee Lochenkopf
Albuquerque, N. M.

CONVENTION CARTOON

Yesterday I listened to the Democratic National Convention choose our next vice president. Ohio was regularly unable to get all their delegates there to vote. That seemed mighty familiar. Then I remembered and flipped to the cartoon on page 27 of the August issue. Sure enough, it was Ohio.

Are your cartoonists clairvoyant? If they can predict events this well, they should spend their time playing the stock market and the horses.

Or did you frame it to work out that way? I'm sure that any one of your Playmates could have accomplished that very easily.

Robert S. Shrape
Sacramento, California

THE EKBERG BRONZE

It gave me a real pleasure to see in PLAYBOY the beautifully reproduced pictures of the statue of Anita Ekberg by Joseph Dobronyi. The statue was exhibited in my gallery for a good length of time and thousands of people came to see and admire it.

Stephen Silagy
Gallery of Modern Art
Beverly Hills, California

Re Sepy Dobronyi's bronze of Ekberg:
WOW!

Victor N. Murray, Jr.
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

When a first is forthcoming, PLAYBOY will come forth first.

The pictures for the Anita Ekberg statue have caused a major art renaissance here at the University of Florida.

Bert Grandoff
University of Florida
Gainesville, Florida

For a man to make such an ugly representation of such a beautiful woman as Sepy Dobronyi did of Anita Ekberg is an insult to art and to the lovely actress. Perhaps that is the best he can

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do. If so, he should stick to the grotesque school of distorted modern art where arty descriptions and emotional interpretations can make up for poor craftsmanship.

J. W. Neidhart (Sculptor)
Monroeville, Pennsylvania

Sepy Dobronyi's Ekberg bronze is an absurdity; Anita should sue him for damages. Mr. Dobronyi would do well to contemplate the perfection of Michelangelo's David and try again.

Harold R. McKee
Plymouth, Indiana

As a staff announcer and DJ at the NBC station here in Trenton, I should like to nominate Mr. Sepy Dobronyi as the "Honorary Chief of *Monitor* Weekend Announcers." Any guy who has the diction, ad-libbing dexterity and glibness which he must have displayed in swaying Miss Ekberg to pose for him is—*but definitely*—NBC material!

Truly, *PLAYBOY* is the "hippest" and I dig it the "mostest." I'm looking forward to the *PLAYBOY* Jazz Poll.

Dave Edwards
Station WTTM
Trenton, New Jersey

All right, all right. So we had Anita Ekberg in the nude. Why not Anthony Steel in a G-string for the distaff side? We've seen what Anita has—now I'd like to find out about Tony!

(Miss) Carol B. Montgomery
New York, New York

Couldn't help but compare Mr. Evelyn Waugh's fine article in your August issue with the pictorial feature on figure studies vs. the finished sculpture of Anita Ekberg.

Mr. Waugh states, "That invention (the camera) certainly failed in the claims originally made for it. It has been an humble assistant to the arts." A comparison of the standing figure study of Miss Ekberg with the sculpture it evidently inspired leads us to cry, "Viva la assistant."

Jack F. Reed, Jr.
El Paso, Texas

ART ISSUE

I am a sculptor and photographs of my work in various media have appeared in a modest variety of domestic and foreign magazines, but never in so stimulating a photo as that of Miss August, Jonnie Nicely. A minor work in iron rod, it appears—slightly cropped—on the coffee table in the picture where Jonnie is reading *Variety*. It is called *Pregnant Woman* (the "pregnant" part is that bulge on the left).

This was quite an issue for art, in a way, what with Waugh on painting and Ekberg in bronze. May I predict the Ekberg nudes might become as popular

as the Monroe calendar?

Silverstein is great! Let's have more!

Your covers continue distinctive, but on the whole, rather uninteresting and not up to the high level of the interior of the magazine. The back cover this time was one of your best, I thought, and your food and drink photography continues excellent.

William Rotsler
Camarillo, California

DISGRUNTLED VIRGINS DEPT.

I just came across an old issue of your magazine—August, 1955 to be exact—and I'm so mad I could scream. No wonder some of the *few decent* girls left have trouble. With the stuff you put in the minds of men, we can't blame them.

Where does that slob Jules Archer, who calls himself a writer, get the nerve to write an article like *Don't Hate Yourself in the Morning*, and then you idiots print it.

A Virgin
New York City, New York

ON WOMEN AND WYLIE

John MacCagman (*Dear Playboy*, August) states he has never read any letters to the editor of women's magazines written by men. He's right, because men don't read the drivel and nonsense directed at the American woman. With the exception of the fashion mags, women's literature is geared to a 12-year-old mentality (even then, much escapes the average reader). *PLAYBOY*, a magazine directed at the cosmopolitan adult, really shocks them. If these women really want their eyes to burn, they should read some of Phillip Wylie. Why don't you print an article by this ardent woman-hater? He writes with much more truth than fiction.

Don't blow up yet, girls—I have a right to talk; I'm one of you.

Billie O'Doherty
Detroit, Michigan

Wylie obliges in this issue, but we doubt that he hates women—just some of the things they do.

MAD

I was very pleased to see the cartoon by Jack Davis in the September issue. I think he is one of the funniest artists in the business. I hope you will continue to use his work in your magazine. Have you looked over any of the work of other *Mad* artists, like Wally Wood and Bill Elder? They are all very excellent cartoonists and I think they could add a lot to *PLAYBOY*.

Henry Fineberg
Youngstown, Ohio

Jack Davis, Wally Wood and Bill Elder are all busy helping us put together a new humor magazine titled Trump.



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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



dining drinking

No matter what you may have heard to the contrary, Australia has two sexes just like most other countries. It also has wombats, wallabies, koala bears, Tasmanian devils, laughing jackasses, kookaburra birds and Scotch over-the-bar at the Australian equivalent of 21¢ a slug. At current currency conversion rates a bottle of 12-year-old costs \$3.20; brandy, local but lovable, dents your money clip to the pleasant tune of two bucks a fifth, as do gin and rum. We learned these things in the spirit of Dedicated Men gathering information on Melbourne and environs — site of the XVI Olympiad that runs, or sprints, from November 22 through December 8.

Sportsmen to the ruddy core, anxious to get on with the Games, we nevertheless wondered what sort of dining and drinking goes on between javelin throws in the land down under. Well, first off, Melbourne is not a village: last census pegged it at 1,600,000 souls, no-fair counting platypuses. Hottest spot in town seems to be Claridge's (out on Toorak Road, South Yarra) where roughly \$3.50 nets you a dozen chubby oysters, a two-pound T-bone, salad, cheeses, coffee and dinner dancing. A big bottle of claret, local and so-so, runs a dollar when brought to your table; native champagne abounds at two bucks a bottle. Don't be bashful about ordering some of the at-home Aussie specialties: River Murray cod or wild duck, North Queensland mud crab, passionfruit (it's a berry, dad) and mangoes. The Hotel Oxford, one of the better restaurants, features kangaroo tail soup, rabbit Australian, all sorts of seafood air-freighted in from the Great Barrier Reef and a delicious this-

year treat: Prawns Olympic.

If you don't flip over the native dishes, try Mario's, where guests attack both French and Italian fare, and sometimes each other. The Imperial, the Ritz and the Venezia all lean heavily toward the garlic touch, but also sport kissing-sweet Continental and English-American tidbits on their menus. Joliette's pushes Dutch and Indonesian vittles, while Weng Sheng naturally favors the Chinese. Mirka's is strictly French and even boasts an art gallery.

The best hotels in town (Menzie's, Federal, Australia, Oriental, London *et al.*) will stick you about seven dollars a day for a decent room, but this includes a whopping breakfast that runs to fruit, broiled chops, any form of eggs, deviled kidneys, fish, sausages, cereal, tea or coffee, and glass of bicarb. Room service whisks it all up to your bedside or you can take it like a man in coat and tie in the dining room. (When getting ready for the trip downstairs, don't plug your electric razor in a wall socket unless you want to electrocute yourself. The Aussies work on 240 current, so you'll need a transformer or some such.)

The pubs, you'll be shocked to hear, close up tight at 6:00 P.M., although booch is served with meals at restaurants and hotel dining rooms until 11:00. Thing to do is buy a tired-looking sandwich with your first drink and return it (with compliments to the chef) when you've guzzled your fill. Hotel room service ordinarily quits at midnight sharp, but the rumor is that all-night bell-hopping will be available during the Olympic festivities.

One of Boston's newer beaneries is the Polynesian Village in the Somerset Hotel (Commonwealth and Charlesgate East), a joint that sports an Easter Island idol doubling as doorman. The dimly-lit dining room is cut up into honest-to-john

South Sea huts complete with wicker chairs just like Queen Liliuokalani's, tables hand-hewn from monkeypod wood, head-hunter's heads, sword-dancer's swords—everything, in short, to make you feel you've stumbled onto the Sandwich Islands. Delectable Hawaiian and Cantonese grub is served up in cannibal-sized portions and we suggest you sharpen your fangs on the Mushroom chow yuk. For the real epicure, of course, the meal would be meaningless without lichee nut salad with kumquats. As you might have guessed, the rum flows like wine, and if you ever get her up to take a gander at the etchings, try slipping the maiden a Fog Cutter, made like so: 1½ oz. light rum, 1 oz. pineapple juice, 1 oz. lemon juice, 1 oz. lime juice, 1 oz. Hawaiian punch, ⅔ cup crushed ice; fill with seltzer and stir well. The bar opens at 4:00 P.M., the dining room at 5:00; both bolt the doors at 2:00 next morning.

Diplomacy, Intrigue and The Underground might make socko titles for TV melodramas, but to Washington's smart set they represent the ultimate in dining. All of them form a part of L'Espionage, a recent addition to D.C.'s top eateries located in sedate Georgetown (2900 M Street N.W.), hub of the capital's old-line social coterie. Seven days a week (between 5:00 P.M. and 2:00 A.M.), L'Espionage caters to the nation's top brass in the Diplomacy Room (red velvet walls), the Underground (rooftops-of-Paris mural) and the Intrigue (black velvet chairs, white drapes, crystal chandelier). For cocktails, there's the Attic (chalk-white walls crawling with Charles Addams cartoons) where the Martinis and Manhattans come in individual cocktail shakers. Although the rooms seat 120 patrons, it's always best to call for a reservation ahead of time, especially if you want to get into the cubby hole of your choice. Menus are the same in all three.



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films

Giulietta Masina has very little to say in *La Strada* and even then speaks mostly with her incredibly expressive eyes. As a pathetic simpleton, sold by her mother to touring strong man Anthony Quinn who rapes yet reveres her, she alternately whinnies and whimpers, is idiotically happy and tragically sad in a poignant portrayal of innocence abroad. Starkly photographed on location, among the sleazy circuses and tawdry fairs of Italy, the film is deliberately awkward, intentionally simple, a Chaplinesque excursion into the human heart that offers a stage for the sensitive Giulietta Masina to transform the tiny imbecile into a giant of character.

As a play, *Tea and Sympathy* suffered from muddy thinking: purportedly a drama about the plights and rights of the non-conformist (in this case, a boy suspected of homosexuality), it was invalidated by the fact that he turned out to like girls after all. One got the feeling that the playwright, Robert Anderson, would have considered the persecution of the boy perfectly kosher if he really had been a homosexual. The movie muddies the waters still further by fastidiously stepping around the homosexual business in the most nimble bit of choreography we've seen in many a day. Some years ago, Hollywood filmed Lillian Hellman's play about Lesbianism, *The Children's Hour*, but substituted a completely new conflict. We're not sure but that we prefer this kind of major surgery over the tippy-toe compromising in *Tea and Sympathy*. The Broadway principals recreate their original roles: Deborah Kerr (pronounced Karr) does her standard Dignified-But-Warm-Hearted-Lady act and John Kerr (pronounced Kerr) trades on his talent for portraying the Petulant Little Brat With A Tummy-Ache.

A Briton in a bowler hat, wearing a mustache and carrying an umbrella: this is a classic staple of farce. And if the Briton happens to be that accomplished farceur, David Niven, you are reasonably certain of a gay time. In *A Silken Affair*, Niven portrays a C.P.A. who neglects his figures in favor of one figure, that of newcomer Genevieve Page. In a burst of clerkly independence, he tinkers with his ledgers, causing a wealthy company to decline and a broken-down one to prosper, thus twitting the ordered world of finance and demonstrating that the umbrella is mightier than the abacus, or something. Wisecracks vie with pratfalls in this sometimes sophisticated, sometimes slapstick romp.

Take a heroic scene of human activity. Let a great artist paint it with the genius of human understanding and immense skill in his medium. Now, recreate the scene physically, with costumed actors, and have a crack commercial photographer take a picture of it. The painting and the photograph will be recognizably of the same subject and each in its own way will be visually "true," but one will be just a photo and the other will be a work of art. Assume (if you're still with us) that the scene in question is the vast panorama of the Napoleonic wars, that the artist is Count Leo Tolstoy and the photographer the personification of Paramount Pictures with six million bucks to spend on the project and a pocketful of film stars to give it box office. The result: something gorgeous to look at but virtually empty of meaning, i.e., the 208-minute VistaVision version of that jumbo historical, *War and Peace*. Henry Fonda, Audrey Hepburn, Anita Ekberg and God knows how many others pitch in and do their best for director King Vidor and the entire production unit can be proud of the film's quality as spectacular spectacle. But where's Tolstoy?



books

If the photograph on the back of *Eddie Condon's Treasury of Jazz* (Dial, \$5) may be believed, co-editor Richard Gelman did all the work (using a Cutty Sark case as a desk), while Eddie sat around and drank, of all things, milk. Jazz fact and jazz fiction by some mighty impressive people are offered here, and the prize piece, we think, is Charles Beaumont's *Black Country*, the evocative story that first introduced Beaumont to PLAYBOY readers in September of 1954 and subsequently appeared in *The Best from Playboy*. Another PLAYBOY story — *The King*, by James Jones — has also been selected for this treasury. Among the other contributors: George Frazier, Leonard Feather, John Crosby, Benny Goodman, Artie Shaw and others, as they say, too numerous to mention.

"The love of money," said Paul, "is the root of all evil." "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle," declared Matthew, "than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God." "Who steals my purse steals trash," wrote Shakespeare. And then there was Karl Marx, who described capital as "dripping from head to foot, from every pore, with blood and dirt." Despite this bad press from ax-grinding critics, money has always been extremely popular with the public. The reasons, and some pro-



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vocative probing into those reasons, make up Robert L. Heilbroner's book, *The Quest for Wealth* (Simon & Schuster, \$5). The subtitle is *A Study of Acquisitive Man*, and it's must reading for all fellows answering the description.

Tight-lipped businessmen seem to go all limp and talkative whenever an editor of *Fortune* comes into view. Capitalizing on this talent for inducing introspective and nostalgic jabber in high places, the lads have done themselves proud in compiling a study of *The Executive Life* (Doubleday, \$3.50). In chapters reassuringly titled *How to Become an Executive* or *How to Treat Vice Presidents*, the writers reflect the modern executive's rosy estimate of himself as a sort of managerial monk who has renounced worldly pleasures to seek commercial "salvation" (i.e., success). The non-executive reader may gloat over such chapters as *How to Fire an Executive* and *How Executives Crack Up*. Henry Ford brought real artistry to the former chore: he piled the unwanted exec's furniture outside his office with a neatly-lettered sign: "You're fired!"

"Love, pizza, a bottle of vino and the view of the Bay of Naples—what else was there in life?" *Les Girls* by Constance Tomkinson (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$3.95) espouses this healthy hedonism until you begin to wonder—what else, indeed? The non-fiction account of "Tommie's" rise in the years just before World War II from minor-league British show girl to a job with the fabulous Folies is a hoover's dream. As *une girl*, the next and highest step on the ladder is with the touring Basil Beauties: Tommie joins the troupe and sees the world. "Everywhere there were men, men, men." Gustav in Sweden, Karl in Germany, Johannus in Holland, Neville in England, and "... Marios, Ferdinandos, Riccardos, Renatos, Vittorios, and Giorgios" in Italy. The only ones the girls didn't have to guard against were the guys in the male chorus ("... more interested in each other than they were in us.") *Très gai*, fairly witty, not very spicy. Exit smiling. MGM, by the way, is filming a Cole Porter version with Charisse, Caron and Gene Kelly.

Virginia Rowans' *The Loving Couple* (Crowell, \$3.50) is a double-ended hatchet job on the commuting upper-crust near New York City—as if that battered breed hadn't been clobbered and ridiculed and dissected enough already. Double-ended, we say, because you can read it from either end, one half giving you his side of the story and the other hers. Their story concerns a day that starts with a fierce marital quarrel and ends with a romantic reconciliation. In the time between they are separately ex-



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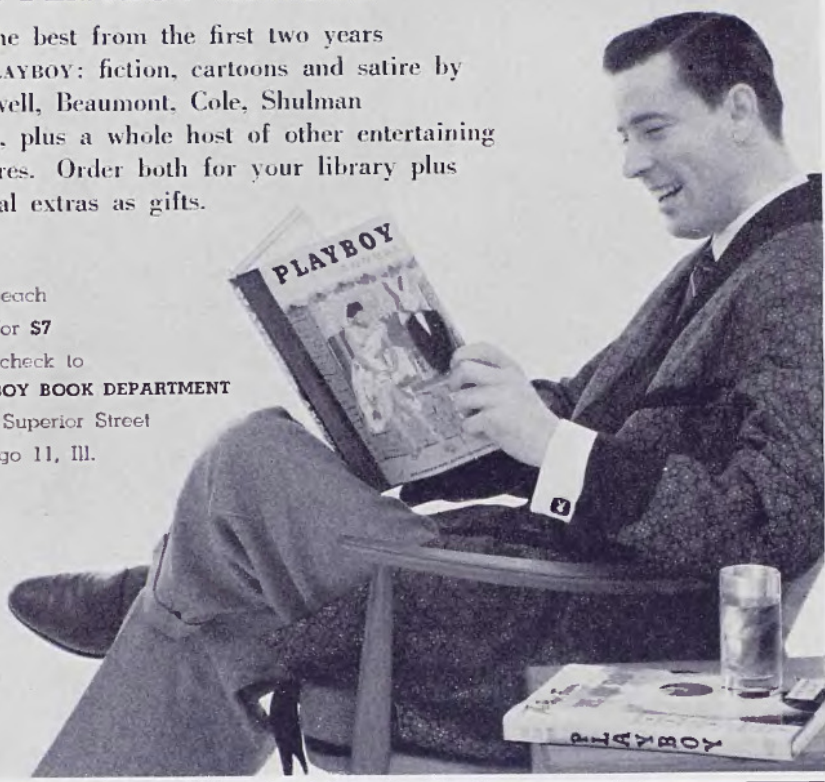
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posed to a frantic zoo of phonies, luses, sex fiends, perverts, slobs, goons, crooks and creeps — climbers and connivers all — in and about New York, and it's small wonder they seem adorable to each other by comparison. Virginia Rowans (alias Patrick Dennis — which is also a pseudonym) works hard for laughs all the way and nets a good many, but the book is derisive rather than delightful and it's not quite as funny as it's meant to be — perhaps it has become a literary cliché to lampoon suburbia's cliché lives.

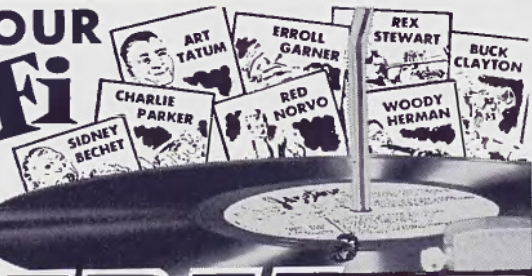
Dispensing entirely with any criticism of *Write Me A Poem, Baby* (Little, Brown, \$2.95), we will simply inform you that H. Allen Smith, the sometime humorist, has collected a swath of kiddie writings that come pretty close to being genuine bellybusters. Sample: (recollections of a city lad on his first trip to a farm) "There was this big pig in a field and all these little pigs, and the little pigs threw the big pig down and began chewing the buttons off his vest." Another: (a youthful Britisher's essay on a barnyard beast) "The cow is a mammal. It has six sides — right, left, upper and below . . . Under the cow hangs the milk. It is arranged for milking. When people milk, the milk comes and there is never an end to the supply. How the cow does it I have not yet realized, but it makes more and more. The cow has a fine sense of smell; one can smell it far away. This is the reason for the fresh air in the country." Fresh illustrations by John Morris are included.

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records

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about *Love* (Dolphin 270), and produces a provocative bit of listening. The background is good, too, with batoneer Phil Moore using such top-drawer tooters as Urbie Green and Don Elliott to cool off some of the Wilson-generated heat. Standouts include *Sugar*, *Don't Ever Leave Me* and a special ditty, *Pagliacci Has Nothing on Me*, with which, when thinking of Julie, we can only agree.

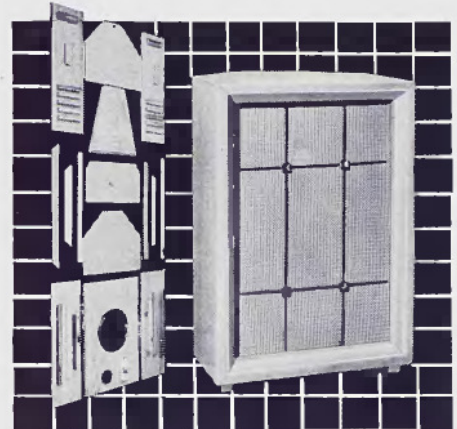
In *Concert by the Sea* (Columbia CL 883), that great musician who's an old master at the age of 33, none other than Erroll Garner, turns in a superior performance even for him. It was waxed at a concert at Carmel, California, recently, and Garner was apparently so responsive to the audience's enthusiasm that he really gave them the works. By us, it's a privilege to be able to attend vicariously via this disc. Here is the original, inventive, tuneful Garner being modern without being gaudy.

We're suckers for hummable little symphonic melodies, and especially a pan full of Russian corn fritters on a super-fi platter (Vanguard VRS-484): Tchaikovsky's *Capriccio Italien* and *1812 Overture* backed by Rimsky-Korsakov's *Capriccio Espagnol* and *Easter Overture*. The *1812* is, of course, a real stunner, in the composer's own words "a very showy and noisy" piece that emulates everything from booming church bells to blasting cannon. The *Italien*, one of the most popular ditties in the modern orchestral repertoire, is cut from the same sweeping, lyrical mold: jolting, exotic, then reedy and rolling. The credit? Well, even the composer admitted that "it will be effective because of the wonderful melodies I happened to pick up, partly from collections and partly out of the streets with my own ears." (The opening fanfare was heisted from the bugler of a cavalry unit billeted next to Tchaikovsky's hotel.) Korsakov, who takes a back seat to no melody master, turns the peasant dancers loose on a mountainside in the lovely *Espagnol* as well as the wild *Easter Overture*, full of pagan merry-making, trumpet shrieks and gong-banging. In all, an exciting and thoroughly enjoyable LP, with nothing more forbidding than a seventh chord to irk the ears of the musically naïve. Mario Rossi and the Vienna State Opera bunch kick up their heels just fine.

It's our guess that the name of Phineas Newborn Jr. — isn't that a pip of a monicker? — is going to take its place if not with, at least near, the names of Garner, Tatum and Peterson. Certainly, in *Here is Phineas* (Atlantic 1235), the 23-year-old pianist from Memphis, Tennessee, demonstrates amazing technical virtuosity, combined with a truly original talent. Phineas is still young, and is

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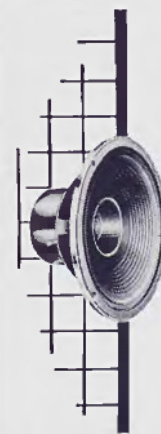
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sometimes restricted in tempo and feeling, but he is not only a man to watch, he's also one you can get a lot of pleasure from hearing right here and now. Oscar Pettiford on bass and Kenny Clark on drums, plus Phineas' own brother Calvin on guitar, back him up plenty and solid.

"People who do not like the blues," says Whitney Balliett, a member of the nominating board in the PLAYBOY Jazz Poll and *Saturday Review* record critic, "are, like Cassius, lean dogs." No lean dogs we, here's a whoop and a holler for *The Boss of the Blues* (Atlantic 1234)—big Joe Turner out of Kansas City wailing the miseries at you 'round the clock. "Now you can take me, pretty mama," cries Joe on *Cherry Red*, "jump me in your Hollywood bed—eagle-rock me, baby, till my face turns cherry red." On tap too, are such classic woe tunes as *Roll 'Em Pete*, *Wee Baby Blues*, *How Long Blues* and *Piney Brown Blues*, with Turner shouting to high heaven and guys like Joe Newman (trumpet), Pete Johnson (piano) and Lawrence Brown (trombone) adding to the general state of unruffled agony.

"Everybody likes Hampton Hawes" it says here on the liner, and *Volume Three, The Trio* (Contemporary 3523) makes a yesman out of us. We like him fine; we like him superfine here where he works with Red Mitchell on bass and Chuck Thompson on drums. Mostly, they play familiar standards, which give us the opportunity to pay close attention to what they do with them, and the closer you attend the happier you feel. *Coolin' the Blues* and *The Sermon* are our favorites among the less-well-known numbers; both are Hawes originals.

Sports car zealots who weren't able to get down to the last Grand Prix race at Sebring, Florida, should get a mighty wallop out of *Sounds of Sebring* (Riverside 5001), one of those tape-recorded-on-the-spot affairs in which you hear everything from a 3½ litre Ferrari goosing its engine to the high-pitched voice of top banana driver Juan Fangio just before he copped the Prix. In between, you hear several of the other speed merchants (including Porfirio Rubirosa, sounding desperately hung-over) gassing about other drivers, other cars, other courses. Finally, there's a chilling verbal blast at the only Yank entry (Corvette) to challenge the flashy Jags, Aston Martins, Porsche Spyderys, etc., plus the hourly reports on the 12-hour grind and whose car is busting a cam on what hairpin curve. In all, it's pretty damned hair-raising and quite a bit different than listening to a ball game or tennis match.



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Before we jump into it, however, it occurs to us that *giving* is only half the deal—and half the fun. You may be wondering who's going to play Santa to you, what kind of a crop you're going to rake in. Don't leave it to chance. Take this issue of PLAYBOY, open it to the appropriate page, circle the coveted items in heavy black pencil and leave the issue flopped open (casually) on chair, table, couch—PLAYBOY does the rest.

The first thing that grabs your eye in the treasure trove from Santa's sack (p. 59) is, of course, the mammoth Japanese temple bowl made of hand-hammered brass. For those who repose in living quarters as elegant as the Penthouse Apartment (PLAYBOY, Sept. and Oct., 1956), the bowl can be purchased in three sizes: 36" (shown), 26" or 18" to suit every need or taste. And speaking of apartments, or any spot where civilized souls gather for guzzling, we've found the answer to "the ice has melted" problem: a handsome "roll out the barrel" insulated ice caddy finished in antiqued walnut and trimmed in polished brass or steel. It comes in two sizes, 7½ gallon or 15 gallon, ideal for dispensing hundreds of ice cubes.

For scooting around town, you can find nothing more Continental and debonair than the Lambretta motor scooter: one gallon of gas zips you well over 100 miles at a speed of 50 m.p.h.; it's a cozy ride for two and as simple to operate as a bicycle. If you're a skier—sitzmark specialist or expert—you may have heard some fancy tales about Head skis (no, they don't clamp on your bean) and we're ready to verify each one. They turn easier, bite better on ice, are a whiz in deep powder and

give a fine sense of security on difficult snow. If fishing's your forte, Evinrude has come up with a new outboard called the Lightwin, a three h.p., 32-lb. wee one equipped with a special fisherman's drive: a wedge-shaped skeg under the propeller which allows the motor to navigate through gooey marsh grass and weeds, over rocks and similar obstacles. For mile-a-minute water skiing or tooling across the bay in a fast runabout, Mercury has unleashed the world's most powerful production outboard, a 40 h.p., four-cylinder-in-line job dubbed the Mark 55, electric starter available.

We predict a return of the raccoon coat, that snazzy, jazzy flapper-favorite of the Twenties, not only on campus but around town as well. If you're a fashion-hound and/or in need of new winter warmth, try raccoon.

A suitcase may not sound unique to you, but we've found one over which any lass would flip. It's called the Pinwheel because of the design of its fittings which are a series of velvet-lined, zippered compartments for stowing shoes, plus an extra cubby-hole for stockings or jewels. It's rawhide (the most luxurious) and smoke gray (the newest in luggage colors, for men and women).

Those who take pride in collecting conversation pieces will drool over the old-type bell model telephone that functions not as a phone, but as a radio. Lift the receiver and let it dangle: you'll hear your favorite program loud and clear.

If you have a couple of 20-20,000 cycle-per-second bugs on tap, there's much that's new in the height of fi. Check those two Ampex amplifier-speaker combinations on the bottom of p. 60. Coupled with the Ampex Stereophonic Tape Phonograph (not shown), it's a three-D sound system that reaches the pinnacle of fidelity; plays the new stereophonic tapes as well as the standard full-track and half-track tapes. The funny-looking curved thingamajig next to the Ampex is a new Pickering Isophase speaker that reproduces the middle and higher frequencies with startling brilliance. The Janszen tweeter in the center works on the same principle (single big diaphragm is driven by an electrostatic field). A word of caution when giving any hi-fi equipment: make sure it will match the system it's meant to enhance; if you're not sure, play it safe and check with the owner of the rig, or pick up a couple of



LIGHTER

\$20 Postpaid

We're waving the flag. Colonial Americana asserts itself in today's living. An authentic reproduction of the tinder lighter with the superb construction of contemporary lighter engineering. Press the trigger and you have a light... works smoothly every time. Send check or m.o. to THE DOMINO, 1450 E. 57th St., Chicago. Handsomely gift boxed. Enclose your own gift card if you wish. It's for every den or living room that has a man in it.

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Catalog on Request *Holiday House*

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new hi-fi discs or tapes as an alternative gift. And don't forget to look into the possibility of a packaged rig for those who aren't nuts about tinkering with components: Columbia, Pilot, RCA, Grundig-Majestic, Magnavox, etc., build some beauts that perform well for non-super-sensitive ears.

Swinging to the top of p. 61: here's a whole boodle of bounty for the male animal. Any man-on-the-move is sure to go for the Norelco shaver that operates on dry-cell batteries (included in a mirrored box) or plugs into the cigarette lighter of his car. That scarf twisted around the horse's neck (can be worn by humans too) does double duty: one side's a warm, soft cashmere while the other is rich, colorful silk. PLAYBOY last month predicted the triumphant return of corduroy (*King's Cord*, Oct., 56) so you won't be too surprised to see the good-looking leather-trimmed cord suit with matching small-peaked cap. The outfit is real george for campus or city sporting wear.

Ski-slope heroes or plain old roaring-fire, brandy-swilling aficionados will dig the toggle-buttoned, bright scarlet "suburban" coat, a Buck Skein Brand Yodeler by name, double-breasted, 100% all wool fleece with a drag nap. It's lined in satin and interlined with Estron fiber (*veddy new, veddy light, veddy warm*), comes equipped with a "Tuckaway" collar that converts into a hood.

We noticed, and approved, the recent trend toward sharp-imaged, portable TVs that serve as a second (or even third) set. The totable Tom Thumbs are just the thing these days, and the RCA model on p. 61 comes in red as well as other colors to match your mood or decor.

You'll spot a husky selection of bottled goodies scattered throughout our Christmas Gallery of Gifts, and for good reason. It's not that we're confirmed boozehounds (sez here), but we do know that ferments and distillates, of which there's a staggering variety, make can't-miss gifts. A stimulating sampling strides across the bottom of p. 61, and this year bottling and packaging are ingenious and festive. You'll see just a wee part of the wide range available resting on the bar, a Shaver-Howard design of walnut slats and wrought iron legs, complete with foot rest, white micarta top and matching bar stools.

There is no such thing as a camera fiend who "has everything," and if you dig his (or her) bent you can always supplement already-owned gear. Those who go in for color transparencies, two- or three-D, will get a whomp out of the Revere automatic slide projector that throws a full load of slides on the screen without the proud pappa moving a muscle. Or try a battery-lighted three-D Viewmaster viewer which shows readily-

Say Merry Christmas

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FREE GIFT CATALOG SENT ON REQUEST

GIVE PLAYBOY FOR
Christmas
SEE PAGE 88

Gentleman's Jewelry Case

CUSTOM-MADE IN FINE LEATHER



A complete organizer. Designed like the cases jewelers use for their rarest gems, it is lined over foam rubber padding. Holds up to 24 pair cuff-links, rings, studs, watches, etc. Moisture-lined snug-fit cover with brass hinges. 9 1/2" x 7" x 1 1/2". Turf, maroon, green or black. Gold-toned.

\$15 ppd.

Here's How Co. Dept. P-11, 27 E. 22nd St., N.Y. 10, N.Y.

Nothing makes a woman
feel more feminine



Nothing makes a man
feel more masculine



3.50
to
60.00
plus tax

L'AIMANT
PERFUME BY
COTY

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available reels on literally hundreds of subjects. Other fine gifts are the portable strobe flash attachment, the tiny but potent Minox camera, the super-fast Polaroid Land Camera for 60-second prints, and a whole array of movie equipment. Far to the right, with its two blue eyes staring at you, is the Viewmaster three-D camera, as simple to operate as a Brownie, but capable of snapping amazingly beautiful depth shots for mounting in reels. At picture's center is the ultimate in shutter art: a fitted, lined case housing two Diax cameras (load one for color, the other black-and-white), a batch of lenses, filters, and enough other paraphernalia to keep the shutterbug happy at least until Whitsuntide.

Traditionally, the most direct route to a man's heart is through his gullet, but it doesn't follow that the corner supermarket can provide all the necessary edibles. In this area, the wisest choice would be to dig out one of those off-beat, luxury food shops that specialize in gourmet delicacies. Note page 62: a good companion for a chafing dish is canned crepes suzette together with the necessary bottled fare: Grand Marnier or Curaçao and brandy. Accompanying an espresso machine should be several pounds of Medallio d'Oro or some other specially blended coffee. For the barren (or uninspired) pantry shelf: a basket of canned grasshoppers, quail eggs, truffles, snails, midget corn, champagne jelly, artichoke bottoms and imported French white asparagus spears. Try giving an outsized salt shaker and pepper mill of richly-grained walnut with brass or silver trim; an Osterizer for blending everything under the sun; a portable electric refrig that weighs in at only 55 lbs.

There's nothing so immediately revealing of class and caste as luggage. On the bottom of p. 62 you'll note that natural leather colors are no longer considered the Most: the hip traveler will sport matched cases in grays and blacks; note the smoke-gray rawhide two-suiter with colorful tattersall lining. Inside, there's extra room for the black calf toilet case, oilskin lined for wet washcloth or razor. Additional gear (shoes, sweaters, etc.) can be crammed into the gray suede duffel bag, that hoary reprobate from service days, but here done up with smart black calf trim. And if you travel with valuables (strong waters or strong documents) take along a Yale traveling lock: clamps your drawer or closet shut against maid or marauder.

Unfortunately, many a gent who's a round-o in every other department proves a dismal square when choosing his lady's gift. Glim the selection on p. 63 for some stuff to make the dreamboat dream sweet dreams of her dream man. If she's a

sweater girl, there're a couple of jeweled and embroidered evening cashmeres for her to don with velvet fireside pants. Or try the thick-knit white coat dress that can be worn belted as a dress, or thrown over a skirt and blouse as a lightweight coat. If she fancies the unusual, we suggest that crazy beaver beret in a pinwheel pattern of pastel dyed skins, or perhaps I. Miller's cannily-designed changeable-heel pump (with a flick, her heel changes fashion as well as function, becomes a charming accessory to her costume). If she's the career type, the popular attaché case for men has been re-designed for her, smaller, slimmer, in red calf or black patent leather. If she's a party girl, offer the Li'l Red Riding Hood red beaver cape, lined with gold-embroidered sari silk—luxurious and lovely for evening wear. Or, if she has a closetful of furs, the elbow length white kid gloves or the rhinestone-studded wrist-length ones might prove the missing link for her gala holiday affairs. If she goes for frills and fancies, a pretty negligee or pastel petticoat should turn the trick.

Elegant accessories to perk up her wardrobe are gathered at the bottom of p. 63, and we've stationed Leo in their midst to stand guard and grace her boudoir. If you'd rather do the job yourself, it's hard to miss with a fabulous flagon of perfume. Whatever her favorite scent (and you should know what it is), its maker will have a gaily wrapped Christmas package waiting. An added feature this year, available with Lanvin's Arpège, among others, is an atomizer that fits onto the bottle itself. For the lass who may be country-bound, we think she'll flip over Capezio's new corduroy boot: it's great with slacks or shorts and is guaranteed to be the sensation of the ski lodge this season. But if you really aim to dazzle her, load her up with gen-u-wine jools. Almost as dear, and bound to endear: the elegant ermine muff or the golden sari stole.

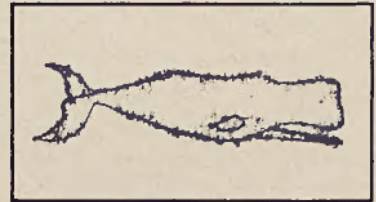
Merchandise in the Gallery of Gifts is shown through the courtesy of these stores: Abercrombie & Fitch; Aiston; Anderson Marine Sports; Bonwit Teller; Bordelons; Bramson's; Steven Brody; Brooks Brothers; Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co.; I. Miller; Iwan Ries & Co.; Main Street Book Store; Marshall Field & Co.; Charles Mosel; MusiCraft; Olivetti; N. H. Rosenthal Furs; Standard Photo Supply; Solomon Liquors; Stop & Shop; Robbins Sporting Goods; Frank Ryan; Trabert & Hoeffler; Voice & Vision; Von Lengerke & Antoine; Wilt Leather Goods.

For further information on where to purchase any of the merchandise shown, write Playboy Reader Service, 11 E. Superior St., Chicago 11, Illinois.





Gaslight P. 25



Lover P. 32



Gifts P. 59

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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, drawings and photographs submitted if they are to be returned and no responsibility can be assumed for unsolicited materials. Entered as second class matter August 5, 1955, at the post office at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Printed in U. S. A. Contents copyrighted 1956 by HMH Publishing Co., Inc. Nothing may be reprinted in whole or in part without written permission from the publisher. Any similarity between the people and places mentioned in the fiction and semi-fiction 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; elsewhere, add \$3 per year for foreign postage. Please allow approximately three weeks for entering new subscriptions and renewals. Change of address: Send both old and new addresses and allow approximately three weeks for change to become effective. **Advertising:** Main advertising office, 11 E. Superior St., Chicago 11, Illinois, Michigan 2-1000; Eastern advertising office, 270 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y., PLaza 9-3076; Los Angeles representative: F. E. Crawford, 638 S. Van Ness Avenue, Los Angeles 5, California, DUckirk 4-7352; San Francisco representative: A. S. Babcock, 605 Market Street, San Francisco 5, California, YUkon 2-3954; Miami representative: Hale Printup, Langford Building, Miami 32, Florida, MIami 9-2668. **Credits:** Cover designed by Norman Harris, collage by B. Paul, photo by Dick Boyer; P. 43-47 photos by Hal Adams; P. 52 photos from Commander Gatti Expeditions; P. 53 photos from Commander Gatti Expeditions, George Rodger of Magnum and Robert Halmi of FPG; P. 73 engraving courtesy The Bettman Archive.

PLAYBOY

A FLOURISH OF strumpets



it was an inevitable goddam cultural phenomenon

ONE EVENING in 1959 the doorbell rang.

Frank and Sylvia Gussett had just settled down to watch television. Frank put his gin-and-tonic on the table and stood. He walked into the hall and opened the door.

It was a woman.

"Good evening," she said. "I represent the Exchange."

"The Exchange?" Frank smiled politely.

"Yes," said the woman. "We're beginning an experimental program in this neighborhood. As to our service—"

Their service was a venerable one. Frank gaped.

"Are you *serious*?" he asked.

"Perfectly," the woman said.

"But . . . good Lord, you can't come to our very houses and—and—that's against the law! I can have you arrested!"

"Oh, you wouldn't want to do *that*," said the woman. She absorbed blouse-enhancing air.

"Oh, wouldn't I?" said Frank and closed the door in her face.

He stood there breathing hard. Outside, he heard the sound of the woman's spike heels clacking down the porch steps and fading off.

Frank stumbled into the living room.

"It's unbelievable," he said.

Sylvia looked up from the television set. "What is?" she asked.

He told her.

"*What!*" She rose from her chair, aghast.

They stood looking at each other a moment. Then Sylvia strode to the phone and picked up the receiver. She spun the dial and told the operator, "*I want the police.*"

"Strange business," said the policeman who arrived a few minutes later.

"Strange indeed," mused Frank.

"Well, what are you going to *do* about it?" challenged Sylvia.

"Not much we *can* do right off, ma'am," explained the policeman. "Nothing to go on."

"But my description—" said Frank.

"We can't go around arresting every woman we see in spike heels and a white blouse," said the policeman. "If she comes back, you let us know. Probably just a sorority prank, though."

"Perhaps he's right," said Frank when the patrol car had driven off.

Sylvia replied, "He'd better be."

. . .

"Strangest thing happened last night,"

said Frank to Maxwell as they drove to work.

Maxwell snickered. "Yeah, she came to our house too," he said.

"She did?" Frank glanced over, startled, at his grinning neighbor.

"Yeah," said Maxwell. "Just my luck the old lady had to answer the door."

Frank stiffened. "*We* called the police," he said.

"What for?" asked Maxwell. "Why fight it?"

Frank's brow furrowed. "You mean you—don't think it was a sorority girl prank?" he asked.

"Hell, no, man," said Maxwell, "it's for real." He began to sing:

*I'm just a poor little
door-to-door whore;
A want-to-be-good*

But misunderstood . . .

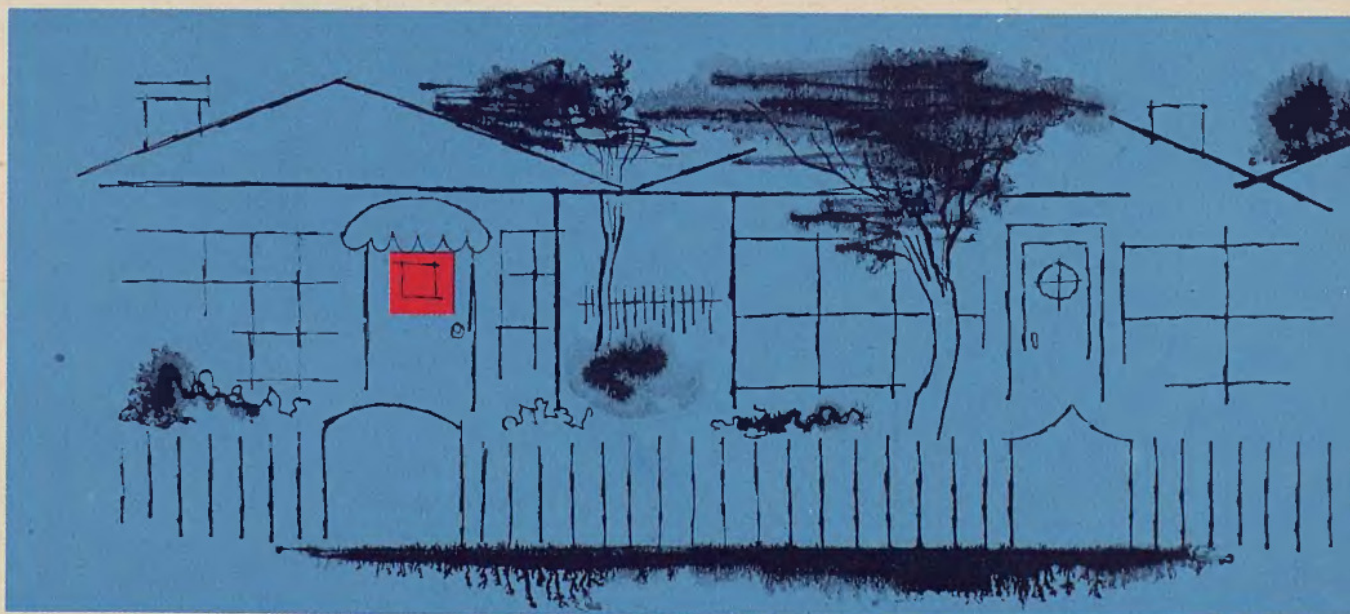
"What on earth?" asked Frank.

"Heard it at a stag party," said Maxwell. "Guess this isn't the first town they've hit."

"*Good Lord*," muttered Frank, blanching.

"Why not?" asked Maxwell. "It was just a matter of time. Why should they let all that home trade go to waste?"

(continued on page 42)



fiction BY RICHARD MATHESON



"Well, yes, it's inexpensive — but I don't think I'd go so far as to say you can't go wrong on it."

THE ABDICATING MALE

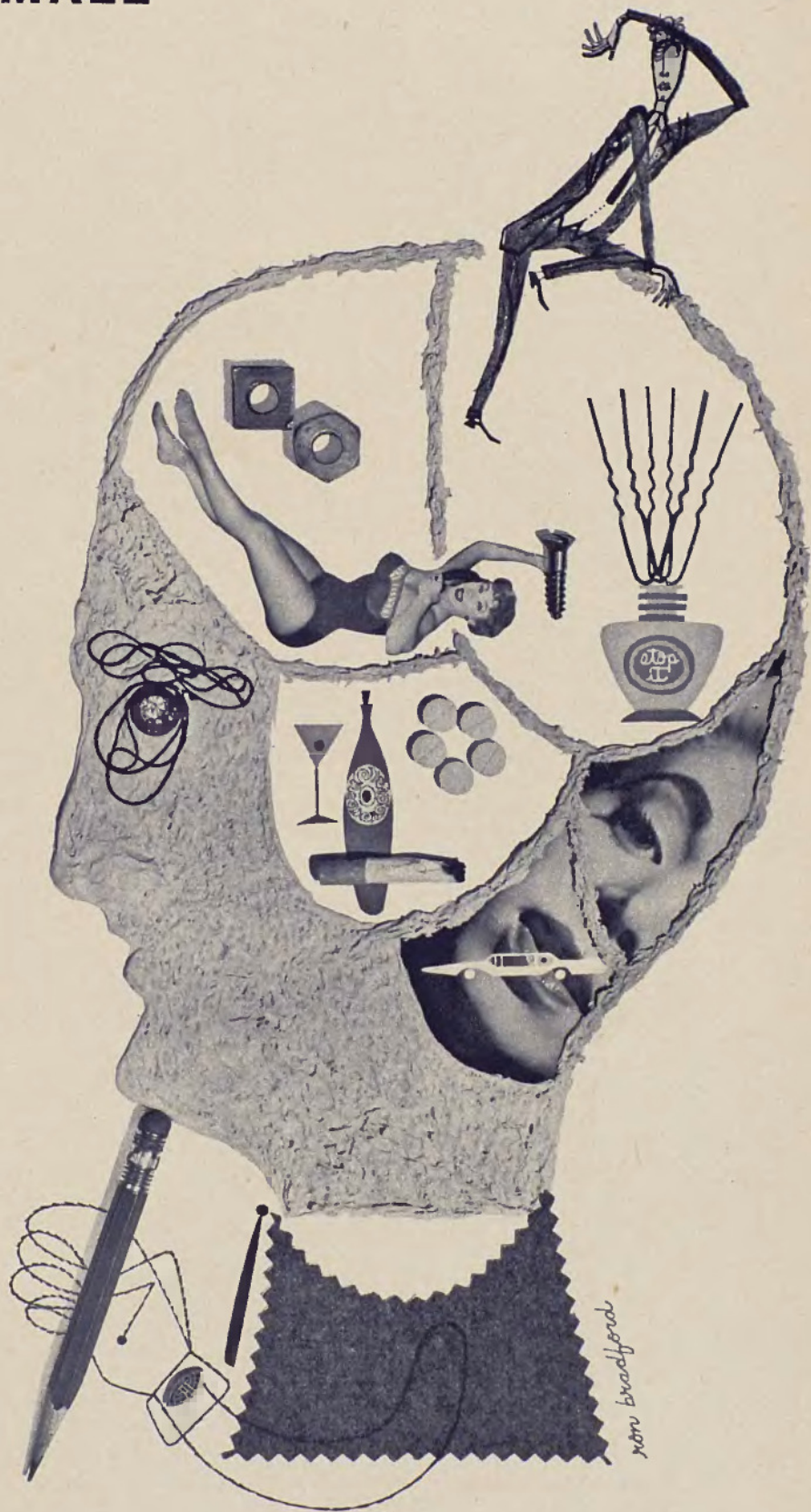
*and how the gray flannel mind
exploits him through his women*

REGARD THE MAN in the gray flannel suit: habitat, Madison Avenue. His self-effacing flannel habit is presumed to mean he is conservative, clever-but-cagey — even cautious. Before he OKs a campaign he will consult every authoritative source from polls to encyclopaedias and every sachem from psychiatrists to big shots close to the White House.

Yet it is an insufficiently-explored fact that this gentlemen's pitch (whatever the product) is usually emotional: a variation on a one-note theme: sex. Indeed, under the flannel jacket, beneath the button-down white collar, Countess Mara tie and monogrammed Brooks Brothers shirt something is going on that may be clever but is certainly not conservative or cagey. His tailor-made uniform blends innocently with a thousand others and his expression is usually deadpan (the sort that implies he died happy); but his heart is wrung with yearning and pumps his blood at the temperature of lava. For he is one of that breed of Americans who can hardly think of anything — even the market for roller-bearings — without conjuring up that aspect of humanity which Freud called libido and said was normal, but grandma called lust and counted among the deadly sins.

You doubt that? Think back to the national advertising campaign for a brand of just such bearings — extremely useful to reduce the friction in wheels. You will recall a full-color picture of a freight car that was being pulled by three lissome lasses — lovely locks were carefully arranged, blouses making it plain that they were, indeed, lasses, and in shorts, too — so nobody could mistake their femininity or its appeal.

Few girls, if any, in sports clothes (and in an apparently come-hither, or sporty mood) have pulled freight cars with a rope — even cars equipped with particularly fine roller bearings. But reality did not prevent the Madison Avenue boys from perceiving that, if you want to draw the attention of roller-bearing-buyers (men, mostly) a picture of a trio of handsome ladies will serve far better than that of the steel cylinder which is



new broadford

the product being sold.

In the case of whetting a beer appetite, not three, but six Miss Rheingolds annually give America's men and boys a taunting opportunity to study each doll at their leisure and wonder (don't you?) which one would make the best date, bed mate, weekend pal, tavern companion — or even wife.

Since the Madison Avenue magicians have discovered they can sell products as disparate as roller bearings and beer by stimulating a quantum of lust — I mean libido — amongst males, it's only natural they should employ the same means as an attention-compeller for anything. So be prepared to see the manufacturer who has spent years showing his belt-conveyers carrying coal, rock or partially assembled machinery over hill and dale, change his motif (at the suggestion of Madison Avenue) and reveal to us in what gorgeous postures, alluring clothes and enticing semi-clothes those same belts can carry loveliness — even wantonness — from the factory to your libidinous (I mean, normal) doorstep.

Sex, the gray flannel fellowship has long since discovered, has a colossal advantage over other lure-means (such as health, prestige, fear of dying without insurance, and the like): sex works both ways. You can seize the rapt attention of the female as well as the male by a deft sales pitch that has sex connotations. For (to paraphrase Byron) love (a subjective state definitely related to sex) may be the most important item in a man's life; but it is woman's whole existence. Thus, in pitching to the female, a Madison Avenue huckster can go all out.

But with a difference, a vast and important difference which has horrible implications for both sexes, with some pretty horrible effects already showing. For, in pitching to men, he simply employs the old-time, live pitchman's standard ploy — attract attention by some obvious means, then switch that attention, at the psychological moment, to something else. To sell a typewriter, show a man the picture of a gorgeous girl in a \$300 dress (that will stop his eye) and then, when you've got him looking her over from the top down he'll see she's using your brand of writing engine. (He may even feel, through some self-hypnotizing projection, that if he has your typewriter he'll have this girl for a secretary and that if he's good enough for that, he's good enough to have her, too.) But in pitching to a woman, the opposite technique is employed: you don't try to con her into thinking she's really a hell of a fine female. What you do is tell her she's a hopeless mess — and deserves to be, unless she uses your product.

If you read ads addressed to the American woman you'll soon realize that, in

the aggregate, they indicate that any product, if purchased and used by her, will attract platoons of romantic men complete with eye-patches, commander-type beards, wooden legs and other seductive stigmata.

The flannel-clad magicians of what used to be called it and is now fashionably called id, keep telling (and showing) America's belledames that The Product (be it silverware or paper tissue) is just what the non-magnetic lass must buy to rise to the envied come-hither class. That is, to play pitchman to pretty people, you assert, imply or reveal in the art-work, that every standard lass is doomed to be mural foliage, a probable spinster, and even if she somehow marries, an unsatisfactory wife unless she roars out forthwith and buys an assortment of what? A dozen soaps, four or five hair rinses, sundry hair-conditioners (for dry, oily, excelsior-type, streaked, brittle and other hair) along with a certain bathing suit, a particular bobby pin, about eight under-arm deodorant sprays, salves and poultices, six shampoos, four or five bad-breath-eliminating mouth washes and toothpastes, as many hand lotions, countless antiseptics, and the like.

To be noticed at all (let alone be dragged to the country club shrubbery or the altar) she will have to smoke this or that cigarette, drink gin of a certain brand and also drink wine, beer, applejack, cognac, cherry brandy, champagne, whiskey, and vodka — for sure. Her success further will depend upon reducing and enhancing garments of various sorts and giving male prospects a present of a particular razor blade. If she is fresh out of a certain brand of breakfast food (according to an ad I saw a while back) girls with better-stocked pantries will go around asking, "Did you lose a cave man?" She needs one particular under-arm deodorant to "land a Marine" even though, till these sweat-inhibitors came from the labs, the Marines did their own landing.

That's nothing. How our sales-staggered lass makes out will also depend on the kind of stuff she uses to wash windows, on the brand of chemical she uses to unclog the toilet, on the kind of mustard she serves her man, on her eyewash, shoe polish, laxative, clay pack, soda pop — and even more on the pain-killer she uses during those "trying times." Indeed, were I an innocent girl faced with the confusion of trying to decide in the man-hunt whether to spray my armpits, grease them, bug-bomb them, or put chemically-impregnated pads under them, I might develop an anxiety neurosis — or decide to abandon this hard world and take the veil.

Whether or not a lady uses natural gas is vital, the gas people say. What she puts on her corns is crucial. The right brand of flour may nail him down, the

wrong kind alienate him. Her furniture's design is almost as much a determinant in love as her body-design. If she fries in butter or lard when she ought to use Greaso, her hopeful will run for the nearest tavern; even her basal metabolism is something he will evaluate along with her kisses. And if she gives him the wrong sort of cuff links or pipe tobacco, she's done for. He's going to notice how she cares for her nylon hose: exactly as he should watch his motor oil. She gets scratched out of his little black book for having the wrong brand of deep freeze, and (the flannel-boys more than hint) a split-level ranch house and Cadillac are not mere aphrodisiacs but the first links in the chain with that ball on the other end of it.

You think that's all?

Have you forgotten the advertisements for milady's garments — outer, inner, sports, nocturnal, *et al.*, *ad inf.*? Have you overlooked the matter of perfume?

Perfume, alone, is a top ploy in Manmanship. A girl wearing "Who Cares?" or "You, Too" is out in front of one modestly moistened with "Ask First." "Right Now" is preferable to "Soon" and I believe (since the olfactory American male is a sucker for wolf baits) Madison Avenue is only months — maybe days — from announcing the ultimate perfume for junior miss or hack-shaped dowager: "Rape Me."

Our advertising is approaching the candor of popular songs in which anything and everything people dream, try, do, want to do (and maybe shouldn't) is described in lucid, not to say slaverling detail. And bear in mind — and let me repeat — this suggestive ad copy is addressed to the allegedly gentler, more moral, or virtuous sex.

Why?

The principal reason, of course, is that the ladies have the lucre. Economists and statisticians have figured out that American Womanhood controls about 80% of the capital wealth of the nation and does more than 80% of America's buying.

Right here something of a digression is necessary before we go on to my next point; permit me a capsule discourse on the culpable role in all this of today's American male, whose sporadic and impotent objections to the advertistic goings on are so puling as to constitute tacit acceptance.

I am among the thin red line of male die-hards who go to their tailors and haberdashers alone. Most other American men have so far regressed as to boast they have no taste whatsoever. In fact, at the risk of being thought a sissy by the sissy majority I will add that I am one of that skimpy band of survivors of a lustier, nobler era who like to contemplate and buy women's clothes and who

(continued on page 50)



THE LOCK ON THE BARROOM DOOR

chicago's gaslight sets the key in key clubs

LATE ON A RECENT evening a slightly crooked citizen stood in bemused wonderment on Chicago's glittering Rush Street. One by one and in groups, on foot and in Cadillacs, Mark IIs and T-birds, elegant folk were converging on a carved wooden door near where the lush was standing. Each newcomer produced a key from his pocket and used it to gain entry, and each time the door swung open a bedlam of gay noise and the flare

of gaslight flowed out into the stilly night. "Sounds like fun," said the drunk, to no one in particular and wove his way to the door. He tried it, but it didn't budge. Back at the curb again, he scanned the building from which the enticing din issued, saw only a plain wooden facade with no sign in neon, paint, or lights which would indicate that this was a bar or nightclub. "Musht be a private party," the man said. "Think

I'll crash it." Again he assailed the door.

A doorman appeared beside him. "Can't get in without a key," he said.

"Ah?" said the citizen — and with the peculiar logic of the inebriated, "Guess we'll have to use *your* key, then. Lesh go in."

"But I haven't got a key, either," said the doorman.

"You work here, don't you?"

"I do that," the doorman said, "but I

article BY JONATHAN RHOADES

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MIKE SHEA



The Gaslight Club captures the mood of the Gay Nineties in each of its handsome rooms, decorated with authentic turn-of-the-century furnishings. Membership is by invitation only and there is always a long waiting list for the keys that will open the Gaslight's locked door.

can't get in. You see, I'm not a member."

"Member of what," asked the drunk, "the royal family?"

"No," said the doorman and then, with some pride, "This is the Gaslight!"

Like many another such den of joy and gladness operated nowadays by a canny avant garde amongst saloon keepers, the Gaslight is dedicated to the proposition that the surest way to lure a free-spending crowd of imbibers is to go through the motions of locking them out. This may be an odd way to do business, but key clubs from San Diego to Boston are busy proving that outsiders looking in will move heaven and earth to become insiders looking out, and pay

heavily for the privilege.

Technically, key clubs are private clubs. Only members are privileged to convoy guests inside to sup of the contemporary mixture of Scotch-and-Social Status. And how do you become a member? The best way is to be somebody. Or you can know somebody. Lacking these qualifications, you couldn't afford the prices anyway, and your frolic is the corner bar.

The current renaissance of key clubs (also known as bottle clubs, after-hours clubs or just plain clubs) seems to date from about four years ago, at a time when the liquid staff of life was being nationally neglected. In bars across the

land, the only jingle came from ice-against-ice in the drinks of bored bartenders. It was on one of those bleak nights that a boniface, seated in the shadow of a silent cash register, said to his joint's lone customer, "If business doesn't pick up, I'm going to have to put a lock on the door."

The customer, a thoughtful type, mulled this over, then brightened and said, "That might be a good idea."

Several months and a few adventures later, this perspicacious customer brought a grand new vista to the joys of alcoholism. He opened a saloon of his own, just off Chicago's advertising district on the gaudy Near North Side,

The waitresses at the Gaslight are as beautiful as show-girls and earn more money: tips bring them up to \$15,000 a year. The pats and the propositions came often, but the girls know how to handle both. The costumes are abbreviated, but not nearly so much as those worn at a private club called the Chesterfield in Kansas City some years ago where, according to popular legend, the waitresses wore nothing whatever but pert little hats and shoes.



A Gaslight guest selects slices of cheese, ham and turkey for one of the mammoth sandwiches sold for 5¢ each; shrimps and crabmeat are also available. Only the finest liquors are served: 12-year-old Scotches and 7-year-old bourbons; there is no gin in the house but House of Lords. Shots are a brimming 1½ ounces and all drinks, from beer to champagne, are \$1.25 each. The bartenders are phenomenal at remembering the favorite drinks of members.

called it the Gaslight Club and furnished it in the mode of the high-button shoes and bustle era. But this was just window dressing. The Gaslight's gimmick was the lock on the door. Its owner had locked up for business, first taking pains to slip several hundred two-pronged keys into the hands of the town's noted free-spenders. When word got out that there was a private club on Rush Street and an influential citizen might just barely have a chance of wangling a key of his very own, the Gaslight was off and running. Now, three years and 3,800 members later, the club is in the pleasant position of being able to turn down

more customers than it accepts.

The first-timer at the Gaslight comes upon a scene of raucous delight in the mode of the Gibson Girl era. His smile may become a retrospective leer when he spots the statue of Theodora, the original life-size marble bathing girl from Chicago's old Everleigh Club, the most gilded house of wickedness in the city's history. A Gaslight Club brochure asks members to esteem Theodora: "Possibly your grandfather, too, patted her for luck on his way upstairs."

Virtually all of the Gaslight's accoutrements, like Theodora, pre-date the turn of the century: the thick carpeting, the

mauve-and-gold ceiling frieze; the gas-styled chandeliers; the marble-topped tables; the painting of a classic redhead, reclining nude and beguiling as she did 75 years ago in the bar in the bonanza town of Leadville, Colorado.

The new member is apt to find the scantily dressed waitresses just as palatable as the fine booze served at the Gaslight, for they look as though they had been interrupted very early in a dressing session at a Champs Élysées salon. The waitresses are used to fanny-patting, bust-staring, leg pinching — all are taken in stride until a certain point, at which the key holder becomes an ex-key holder.



The ultimate social error at the Gaslight is the pat or pinch aimed at the waitress carrying a loaded tray and thus unable to protect herself. This is automatic grounds for expulsion.

Such occupational hazards are counter-balanced by occasional \$10 and \$20 tips. Bigger tips are welcomed, except when they come with an implicit message. Nor are all the messages implicit. One hippy blonde once was slipped a \$100 bill by a conventioneer. Later she discovered a note rolled up in it — his hotel and room number. The highest unsealed bid to date was a blunt verbal offer of \$500, but easily the most complicated was a prop-



Above, Burton Browne flanked by his two managers, Wolter Kellin (right) and Arthur Brown.

osition from an even half dozen investors. They offered their favorite tray-slinging nymph \$300 a week to park her black-mesh stockings in a nearby cooperative apartment. "Can you imagine?" she demands, indignant. "Six of them! They know I only work five nights a week."

Another heavy cross to be borne by the waitresses is the synthetic spirit of camaraderie foisted upon them by some members, who seek to accomplish over the long pull what the more blatant wolves seek to gain instanter with their folding money. Says one waitress: "They figure they're members of a private club and we're all jolly good fellows together



Above, Goslighters gather 'round the piano to sing the club's song, "Work is the Curse of the Drinking Closures"; below, nationally syndicated columnist Irv Kupcinet enjoys an evening out with daughter Cookie Kupcinet. Key clubs like the Gaslight are popular with celebrities, a good place to gather column items.



At left, waitress Anno Kirstein slips into her costume in the Goslight dressing room, then joins the other Goslight girls, who look more like members of a swank nightclub chorus than waitresses. Anno and the others wait on tables, work in checkroom and at "26" table, a legal Chicago dice game that permits customers to gamble for the price of drinks. Anno is studying voice and piano; her evening hours (4:00 P.M. to 2:00 A.M.) permit plenty of time for daytime sports (swimming, bowling, skiing and skating) which she enjoys.

and why don't we get acquainted and tell dirty jokes and take it from there."

She remembers the night a trio of members-come-lately introduced her to a silent little man with a bland expressionless face. "Charley here is the man who did the research on Dr. Kinsey's book," said one of the neophytes. "I bet Charley knows more about sex than anybody in the world."

"Yes," said a second member of the group. "Say something sexy, Charley."

"OK," drawled Charley. "Chapter 11." To the accompaniment of a quartet of laughter, Charley reached out and whacked the waitress across the derriere. A few minutes later, the club had three less members.

Complications like these have not kept the Gaslight from maintaining a long waiting list of applicants for jobs as waitresses. High standards have produced a rare type of waitress—in addition to having gently curving legs and the bustlines of Madame Pompadour, the Gaslight's ten girls have, among them, a master's degree in chemistry, a music degree from Juilliard School, and assorted other intellectual and artistic qualifications. They also have incomes ranging from \$150 to \$300 a week, depending on whether the internal revenue agent is within earshot. The flow of gold is in tips; the salary is only \$1 a week.

Mastermind of the Gaslight, who parlayed the glum boniface's complaint—"I'm going to have to put a lock on the door"—into a \$300,000 annual business, is Burton Browne, an advertising agency head by trade. He has little to contemplate today except the counting of money, so he reminisces about his grand design.

Shortly after he'd heard the bar owner's complaint, Browne had faced the tired old problem of how to entertain a visiting client. A picture had formed in his mind of a luxurious and lusty saloon specifically tailored for entertaining men. Browne opened the place—in his own office. But it was hardly luxurious: "In fact," says Browne, between sips of 25-year-old Scotch, "it was just 10 feet wide and 15 feet long." Browne called his private dive the Sundown Room, and distributed book matches advertising "The largest *free* Martini in the city." Soon his cubicle was overrun with his clients and their clients. It occurred to Browne that a lot of people needed a Sundown Room, but a big Sundown Room.

In the spring of 1953, he called together 15 friends and business associates, including two other advertising men, the publishers of two technical magazines, a manufacturer's representative, two lawyers and a 22-year-old one-time movie actress-turned-account-executive who had

started adult life as a nun. The investors constituted themselves "the secret 16" and began to compile lists of their moneyed friends. To each, they sent a key and a note: "Here is your key to the most exclusive bar in the world. You cannot enter without your key! . . ." The letter included a skilled soft-sell (written by the advertising brains of the syndicate) extolling the club's decor and the quality of its alcohol. On October 27, 1953, the club's birth date, the door was keyed open with a frequency that foretold success. Just six months later, on April 27, a flag was hoisted outside depicting a birthday cake while a loud party roared inside. "Anybody can celebrate a regular birthday," Browne explained. "We celebrate ours in the middle of the year." And spurred to new flights of fancy by the success of the premature birthday, the Gaslight now celebrates Christmas and New Year's in August (at which time giant candy canes grace its plain front). Since that early birthday, too, more flags have been added to the club's collection: the French tricolor honors the Gaslight's French vermouth; the British flag pays homage to its House of Lords gin; a white cocktail glass superimposed on a field of blue honors that merriest of drinks, the Martini. And on days bearing no special significance, the Jolly Roger is flown before the club: "It stands for the piracy of the owners," says an embittered, keyless Gaslight competitor. "It's always flying, on the flagpole or in their hearts."

Titillated by such lighthearted pageantry, impressed by the idea of owning a special key, prospective members have ganged up on Browne and his cohorts over the brief years since opening day, quickly shooting the membership up to the present 3,800. New members still are admitted, Browne explains coyly, "but only to maintain the delicate balance between the conviviality of a big crowd and the comfort of a small one." Nominations must be made by members and passed upon by "the secret 16." Highly influential applicants find themselves in possession of the two-pronged key as fast as the mails will carry it; lowly influential applicants may wait weeks, months, or forever.

Browne and his fellow desk-jockeys-turned-barkeeps are quick to admit that the idea of a key club is not completely original, although they do claim that they have heightened interest in this comparatively old art form and refined it here and there. One key club, known for some inexplicable reason as The Key Club preceded the Gaslight in Chicago, and some 15 others have followed. Among the more elegant are The Walton Walk, The Hucksters, The Nocturne, The Barclay, The Club Boyar, The Radio-TV Club. On a single recent

weekend, three new key clubs locked up for business in Chicago. One of them, a successful restaurant, changed nothing except its door and its lock.

To New York City usually goes the credit for originating the basic idea, but there it was for a very practical purpose. So-called "bottle clubs" opened during the early days of the war to get around the city's 4:00 A.M. closing law. A "member" paid for his own bottle of liquor which supposedly was stored in a private locker. Early this year, Mayor Wagner's new police commissioner, a killjoy named Kennedy, raided the Golden Key on West 55th Street, bringing to an unhappy end the happy day of one of Gotham's best-known bottle clubs.

In Los Angeles, Swally's, behind a locked door in Boyle Heights, is a watering spot for brokers, lawyers and the City Hall crowd. Aldo's and the Barclay Kitchen in Hollywood turn away nobodies, as does a spring called The Key on The Pier at Santa Monica's Ocean Park. In the purer parts of local-option states like Oklahoma and Texas, key clubs have sprouted like cactus flowers wherever the demand from thirsty citizens existed. Even in soaking-wet cities like New Orleans, where the flow of liquor never ceases, there are key clubs for those who shun the masses in favor of private little spots where one's secretary and one's wife are not apt to be placed in unexpected juxtaposition.

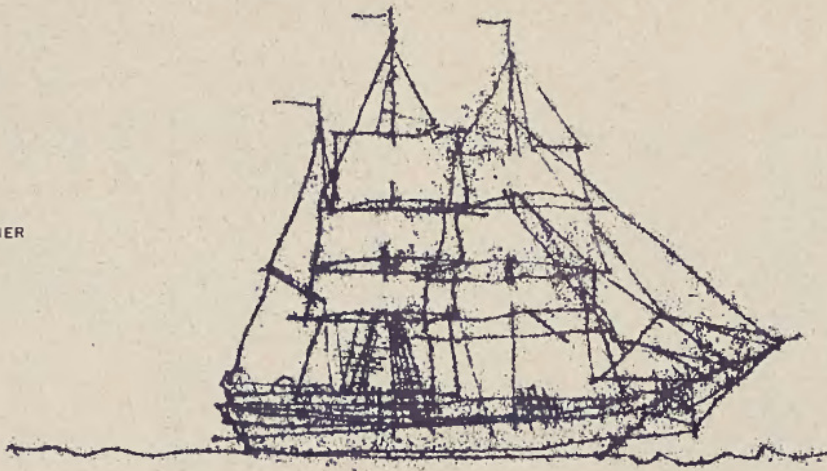
Trend-exploiters as well as trend-starters, Browne and his band of beaming buccaneers are not unaware of this national demand for quasi-exclusiveness. Last month they opened a New York City version of the Gaslight on E. 56th Street. To avoid the long puritanical arm of Commissioner Kennedy, the New York Gaslight closes on the legal deadline, seeks to attract the selective drinker rather than the late one. The New York operation on its remunerative way, Browne has turned his gaze toward Paris. "What Paris needs," he explains, "is a real American joint." He is also casting covetous glances toward Milwaukee, Dallas, Houston, even Honolulu, where advertising clubs have asked him to set up Gaslights. Why do they come to fellow adman Browne? To Browne it's obvious: "They distrust professional saloon keepers. They understand the way an advertising man thinks and talks. In this business of keeping customers out you have to *mean* it. It's hard for the professionals to *mean* it."

Original thinker Browne, apparently en route to becoming history's first chain-store barkeep, means it. As a long-time advertising man, he knows a seller's market, and a solid gimmick, when he sees them.





"I'll be home Friday, dear. Yes . . . Sally gave me her love to convey to you..."



HE WAS TWO HUNDRED years old and lately he had begun to feel his age. There'd been twinges, if you know what I mean.

Shushu, they called him in the Solomon Islands, probably from the sound he made when diving, for they knew him well by sight. There was no mistaking that stump which was once a very fine tail fin.

Ah, well, if the God who made the Great Waters was about to take him, there was nothing unworthy of a sperm whale in yielding to the One Being mightier than himself. Besides, what had he to fear? In his heart, he'd always been God-fearing despite his manifest immoralities.

And it was always at this point that he

took a big mouthful of plankton and spat it out again. Cow-whales, indeed! He knew their tricks, for he'd had enough of the little beauties down there in the pale blue glades where the lovers went, even left 'em one or two calves just to remember him by.

But it had never been the real thing, never. There wasn't one of them for whom he'd have charged a school of Grampii or risked the red weeds in the Sargasso.

There lay the single shadow in looking back down the long, long years, and it didn't make it any better to feel that somewhere out there — maybe among the coral grottoes, maybe up in the frozen waters — at this very moment she,

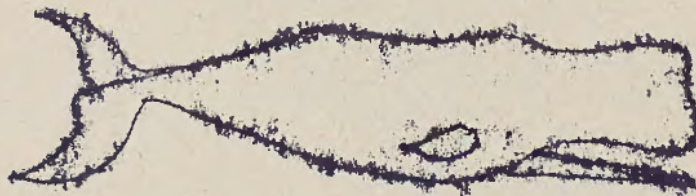
too, might be swimming and blowing and dreaming about her ideal bull. But if twinges meant anything, it was already too late to do much more about it, so he'd just go up and bask a bit in the sun.

Though the sea was like glass, it was just as well he had that honorable growth of sea-weed and barnacles round his tiny bright eyes, otherwise he might have been seriously inconvenienced by the irresponsibility of the flying-fish who would persist in landing on his head. He could remember the days when flying-fish showed better judgment in their leaps, more respect for others even if there was an albacore or two snapping at their tails.

Yes, he'd certainly seen enough — in

at long last, the old philanderer became—

THE LOVER OF THE CORAL GLADES



fiction BY ADRIAN CONAN DOYLE



fact, everything that was to be seen in the big seas, even in the far, far away where the lands came floating tall and white and silent across the midnight waters under a sun hanging sullen red in a midnight sky.

It had been a mistake, that journey, for it was up there he'd lost half his tail to a pack of killer-whales and been seriously annoyed by a narwhal, but, after all, youth must learn and experience is always expensive in the sea.

Well, he'd seen it all, so what if God was preparing to call him? He was a don't-care whale and to show it he'd take just a little jump and incidentally shake off some of those pertinacious crab-lice.

So Shushu jumped his little jump, straight up from the warm Pacific waters and straight down again, and the boom of it made the albatrosses take to the air for five miles in a circle around that maelstrom of bursting spray.

And it was while he was sinking, a monstrous shadow in the clear blue, that he saw — Her.

She was coming up to blow, no doubt about that, and never did a cow-whale come up more prettily from the depth of the sea. And her color! A pearl gray. He was round now to have a closer look. What a back, smooth as rock! Her tail — he hardly dared to glance, it was too good to last. But look he must and did. Never in two hundred years had he seen such a tail! Not even a blue shark could exceed the grace, the curving grace, of that wonderful waving thing shaped like a sea-fan.

She had slowed, the hussy, and as he caught her eye and they looked upon each other, it was then that Shushu knew that the search was ended, that at long last the philanderer of the ocean was become the lover of the coral glades. He had found his dream.

He took her down with him, not very deep, to his favorite place where the silver sands lay in a sifting violet light and the stag-horn corals formed grottoes and glades all shimmering with the bridal jewels of the sea. And there they mated, there linked their hearts, strong unto death, with the love that is forged a hundred fathoms deep.

Shushu's twinges had fled to the limbo of forgotten things. Once again, the spirit of his youth which he had imagined gone forever coursed so gaily through his fins that, at the slightest provocation, he leapt like a herring in the glad light of the sun or, rising from the deep like a stealthy mountain, he would blow his steam jet between a couple of peacefully sleeping dugongs just for the devilry of it.

Then there were the days, the wonderful blue days, spent drifting in search of squids for miles and miles over the endless plains of the middle deep in

which the only movements were the passing of their own shadows across the azure sand and occasionally a thin smoke-like swirl from the ocean bed where a polyp fled in vain before the rush of their twenty-foot jaws.

But Shushu liked it best of all in the coral glades where he could lie at his ease, scratching his belly deliciously on the stag-horns while his young bride worked off her surplus energy by standing on her head so that the parrot fish could obligingly nibble off all unwanted boarders or gliding in and out of the columns and pinnacles where the sea-fans, waving like rose-pink feathers, seemed to sway in harmony to the beat of their own graceful tail.

Months passed.

Side by side they ploughed the open seas after the schools of skipjack and Spanish mackerel heading northward in one of those migrations that are the mystic heart-pulses of Nature; then, off the Kapangamarangi islands, the schools broke with the monsoon and, in a matter of hours, the ocean was as empty as the desert.

The coral areas — those teeming larders of fish — had been left far to the South, a strong swim of many days. Below, a thousand fathoms below, lay the larva peaks bristling up from the blackness of unplumbed depths. The place of the Terror, the place of the Demon, where none of all living creatures save only the sperm whale — if he be strong and great of heart — could hope to enter and return.

Food they must have before they began the Long Swim, but how was it to be obtained? She was heavy with calf, which was the reason they'd followed the massed schools where feeding was easy, but now in the desolate wastes where the fish were few and fast it was a matter of agility or death by starvation. Down there, in the caverns of the submerged peaks, food was to be found — but, as he knew instinctively, in her condition she could sustain neither the depth nor the fearsome struggle that must await them.

In following the migration, Shushu had made his second mistake in two hundred years, and that was one too many in the Gentleman's Agreement that exists between God and sperm whales.

So he eyed her with his bright little eye and nuzzled her a little so that she understood, and then, clearing his lungs with a last blow, he went down into the deep to get her the food which would start them on their journey back to the coral groves.

Down and down. Vertically down.

The light had gone from the water — the green from the blue — the blue from the purple — the purple from the deep gray.

Down.

Now everything was blackness and, beneath its thick coating of muscles and blubber, Shushu's blood ran cold with a more deadly chill than he had known even in the Arctic waters.

And still he glided down.

Blobs and plumes of light, vivid as little green flames, streaked through the darkness on every side, but he heeded them not, intent on greater prey that would require all his vigor, all his strength, to master if he was to reach the surface again.

A deeper blackness loomed before him, his flukes touched rock and he glided on into the gorges of the larva peaks. Here lived the Terror, the thing he sought.

Nothing moved. The giant pinnacles, the beetling lips of precipices falling away into the bottom of the world, rose around him in awful stillness. His blood seemed to cease pumping as though frozen into ice and the pressure of the midnight waters lay upon him with the silence of death.

And then from a cavern there shot forth a long white arm.

It gripped him round the body and, after it, came another and another, each as thick as a barrel, writhing round his flukes — groping over his back — tearing at his head with gigantic suckers that sank into his flesh with a tiger's claws. Through the darkness two luminous eyes, cold as moonlight, floated stealthily towards him as yard by yard, from out of the depth of the cavern, there slipped a monstrous body, long and bulky as his own, but gleaming with a filmy palor against the blackness of the abyss.

Exerting every ounce of his strength, the sperm whale rolled in the grip of the great tentacles and, propelling himself backwards with his flukes, the two titans of the deep floated locked in a struggling mass above the precipice.

The body of the giant squid covered Shushu's head, the horny beak rending and gouging at his flesh until the surrounding water grew darker still under a cloud of blood while the claws of the huge discs that were clamped to his body raked greedily into his veins.

With a single snap, he bit through one of the tentacles and then, plunging forward, worked his jaws into the gelatinous mass enveloping him. Too late a black fog of sepia veiled the awful eyes as the squid strove to shoot backwards into its lair, but Shushu hung on twisting and turning as though caught in a whirlpool until little by little the foam of the final death throes melted into the abyss. His teeth had met through the Terror's brain.

There was not a moment to be lost. Brute instinct told him that the air in his lungs was so perilously near to ex-

(concluded on page 81)



KING COLE CUTS A BISCUIT

THE MAN with the graying crew cut and mustache closed his eyes solemnly. He imagined the music. In his mind, he regulated its flow. First a little faster, then slower and then he set it right there. Just right. With a mental knob, he lifted its volume and brought in the velvet intimacy of the voice of Nat "King" Cole.

There, that's just right. That was just the way he wanted it.

"OK, let's go," the man shouted, opening his eyes. "This is costing money."

Lee Gillette, artists-and-repertoire director of Capitol Records, had just switched personalities, a maneuver he must perform frequently. A moment ago, he had been the sensitive, aesthetic creator, mentally translating a series of ink blobs into sound; now he was the whip-cracking organizer with the tough

task of making a bunch of men, wires and hardware turn these head-sounds into romantic, tranquil, *audible* music.

OBJECTIVE: 180 seconds of intimate rapport between Nat "King" Cole and one nameless record fan. (No, not millions. You never aim a record at millions. Just at one.)

PLACE: Universal Recording Studios on Ontario Street off Michigan Avenue in

three dozen men grind out a session of song

"King" Cole glides up to a soulful high note during a late-hour recording session while orchestra leader Nelson Riddle commands the band with outstretched arms and gets control room instructions over his earphones. Right: one of Riddle's studio musicians blows tender trombone through his special concept of a perforated derby. Below: Capitol Records' director of artists and repertoire, Lee Gillette, gives the come-on for more volume from the brasses as sound engineer Bill Putnam fiddles with a maze of dials. Center: Cole and Putnam, pooped at session's end, listen to a play-back of the take that will eventually appear at record shops everywhere as an intimate rendezvous between "King" Cole and one listener.



Chicago, where more hit records are put to wax in a year than anywhere else in the country.

TIME: 5:00 P.M., early in the day for a recording session, but the only sensible time for an artist playing a night club schedule at the Chez Paree. (Now, a theatre schedule, that's different. The session might take place at 11:00 P.M. after the last show and run until, say, 3:00 in the morning.)

"Let's go," Gillette commanded again and close to three dozen men responded, each caught up in the anxiety crackling through the atomosphere, in the cause of producing those 180 seconds of gentle romance. Gillette, in a darkened control room, looked through the double glass window which ran the length of it, down into a gleaming studio where 28 of these three dozen men formed an orchestra. It was a most peculiar arrangement. Unlike the formal display of an orchestra on the sequined stage of a ballroom, they sat in a disarray of postures on folding chairs. They wore, instead of the silken repetitiveness of dance band uniforms, a jarring mixture of sport shirts and sleeveless sweaters. The deployment of men around the room, while strange, was systematic, heedful that this was not a ballroom but a recording studio where sound is god and sight is put out of mind.

Just below the control room window, right under Gillette's nose, sat the blasting power of the band — the brasses and reeds — clustered in a U-shape which opened on the center of the room. To his left sat the strings, in three rows. The second and third rows were raised off the floor and a structure resembling a small-size bandshell fanned behind them. It was designed to bounce sound forward where thin-skinned mikes leaned in to gather up the fragile offerings. A harp presided over the rear left corner of the

room, plinked by a spectacled man with a hard-working face. The rhythm section was disposed opposite the control room. A forbidding folding screen not only blocked its view of the strings and harp but effectively separated their sounds, the better to be manipulated and balanced by the dials of the sound engineer. A tympanist, a drummer, then a bassist were backed against the rear wall, facing a guitarist whose back was to the control room. Then, over to the right, the massive grand piano.

In the middle of the floor, commanding this apparent chaos, was a wavy-haired, round-faced young man, Nelson Riddle, who had flown out from Hollywood early the day before. The sides of his head were pressed together by a pair of earphones, which brought to him in an ordered relationship all the disconnected sounds from the various sections strewn around the room. And over these instrumental sounds, his headset superimposed another — the voice of the man to whom he paid least attention of all. The owner of the voice occupied a little bandshell of his own, to the right of the control room. He swayed a paper cup of coffee perilously while his pained face emoted into an overhead mike. This was Nat "King" Cole.

He was trim and mobile like an athlete, taller and darker than his pictures suggest. A short-sleeved sport shirt emphasized the boyish zest with which he handled the song.

"OK, let's tape what we got," Gillette called through his mike in the control room. "Take it straight through from the top. We're going to roll this one."

Riddle, in the middle of the floor, kept instructing the guitar man how a certain musical doo-dad in the introduction should sound. Then he raised his hands and repeated, "OK, from the top. They're going to roll it."

Gillette pressed his mike button and announced, "Number 13990, Take One."

Riddle surveyed the sections, then looked down at his score. His hands came down, graceful but definite. From the left side of the control room, up near the ceiling, music gushed out, so close-up it seemed you could hear it breathe; so amplified, as to bring out all its minute details for examination.

It sounded terrible. The tempo dragged. A cluster of horns barged in, the gangling sounds in harmony but somehow unparallel. The harp plinked, too loud to be angelic. The bass



sounds, rockbed foundation of the beat, were soft and squashy. The bass man and pianist, sure enough, were plodding rhythmically at their instruments, but Gillette's ears searched for their sound and it was hardly there. Over this bedlam came the suede-surface sounds of a familiar recording voice. Cole, master of the intimate song, was still developing his intimacy with this one — a procedure it never pays to rush. He sounded pre-occupied with its details, as with a business problem.

Gillette, unshaken, kept eyeing the clusters of musicians sprawled before

him. He tossed cryptic observations at a chubby man with thick blonde hair seated beside him who ceaselessly fingered a panel of knobs and watched dial needles respond to the sounds. This was Bill Putnam, owner of Universal Studios and sound engineer on about one-fifth of all the nation's hit records. That's a remarkable statistic to ascribe to a man so removed from the entertainment centers of New York and Hollywood. But his geographical location really helps explain his success. In each of the coastal capitals, the major record companies have their own studios, so re-

ording is sliced up into little portions among them. Putnam, on the other hand, waxes almost all the output of Mercury, a major firm quartered in Chicago; of Dot, a soaring plattery in Tennessee and numerous small companies which irregularly and unpredictably break out with hits. On top of this robust trade, he adds sessions for Capitol (this session for Cole was one) and for Decca, when their artists must meet recording commitments while they're playing the Midwest where these companies have no studios. And it's the same for Coral, Cadence, M-G-M and most of the other substantial-sized labels, adding up to a whopping hunk of music. (Last year, Putnam escaped the pressure of the music business for a few days in Florida. Stopping at a roadside hash house there, he checked a juke box to see what was happening in the trade. Of 40 records, he had recorded 28.)

The moment the orchestra stopped, Gillette and Putnam were out of their chairs, heading for the studio. Gillette huddled with Riddle. Meanwhile, Putnam nudged the wind instruments' mike slightly closer to the clarinets. At the rhythm section he moved this mike three inches that way and that mike about a foot this way. Then Gillette called, "Let's try it again." Putnam followed Gillette back into the control room and squatted before the dials.

Gillette announced, "Number 13990, Take Two." Their ears became alerted for sound again. What they heard was Riddle's muffled, off-mike voice: "Listen trombones, four bars before H, change A-flat to G." Then Nat's voice, close and boomy: "Nelse, can we try that end again?" Riddle: "OK, two bars before H."

Then Gillette reminded them: "We're
(continued on page 75)



THE HOLIDAY DINNER

By **Thomas Mario** *playboy's food & drink editor*

a sumptuous spread for the merry months



PHOTOGRAPH BY RALPH COWAN

DURING THE COMING HOLIDAY season, any polished young man surrounded by his sisters and his cousins and his aunts will still dutifully raise the old ivory-handled carving knife over the traditional turkey and ask who wants the drumstick. But when the same guy wants to companionize with a particular girl, when he feels that the time has come for certain views to be intimately welded together, he knows there must be a change in menu. He can hardly hope to raise his stock over the carcass of a big gob-

bler swimming in the same old giblet gravy the wench ate when she was five years old.

If he takes our advice, he'll introduce his lass to *PLAYBOY's* Holiday Dinner, featuring, as its main course, that new and altogether charming indulgence, the Rock Cornish Game Hen.

This infant member of the feathered kingdom first appeared seven years ago on a Connecticut farm owned by a Russian exile, Jacques Makowsky. In 1949 Mr. and Mrs. Makowsky set about creat-

ing a new kind of poultry by crossing the Cornish Game Hen, a descendant of a Malayan fighting cock, with a strain of Plymouth Rock chickens. The heavenly hybrid first sold to a select clientele, soon caught on in a popular way. Chefs, hostesses and pleasure partisans everywhere bought and ate Rock Cornish Game Hens. This year Jacques Makowsky's Idle Wild Farm in Pomfret Center, Connecticut, will produce two million of the small succulent birds. They will be eaten during the coming holiday fête not only

on American Thanksgiving and Christmas tables but in restaurants on the Champs Élysées, in officers' mess halls in Japan and at isolated trading posts in Africa.

When you sit down to a Rock Cornish Game Hen, you can look forward to revelling in what PLAYBOY considers one of the most ecstatic and heartfelt of all holiday pleasures — namely, eating around a bone. Unlike the plate of soft sliced turkey, each portion of Rock Cornish Game Hen comes to you as the carcass of a whole bird. When you face a small bird of this type you must remember the one and only valid principle of etiquette: do what everybody else does. Eat with your fingers.

If you're sitting across the table with your playmate, you'll both discover first of all that the Rock Cornish Game Hen isn't gamey; that is, it doesn't have the high flavor one encounters in pheasant, grouse or quail. Old time sportsmen and hunters will miss this strong flavor and the delicate fragrance of incipient mold. Others will be delighted by the rich, "chickeny" taste of the bird. Although its flavor is somewhat like chicken, it has an added richness perhaps closer to guinea hen than to anything else. It doesn't have the occasional dryness or stringiness one may find in guinea hen. There's a special kind of tenderness in the Rock Cornish Game Hens, too. The meat doesn't slide off the bone like a piece of over-boiled fowl. As your teeth attack the bird from the wing tip to the aft, you'll notice a certain cordial firmness in the flesh that causes everybody in the bone cult to be captivated with pleasure. It's like kissing a girl. You want her lips to yield but not turn to jello.

We feel that a holiday dinner should be both new and traditional. The dinner should be relatively easy to cook, to serve and to eat. It can't be too much of a snap, however, or it simply won't show any creative effort. The truffle sauce, for instance, in the menu coming up, requires a certain effort and patience. If you want to avoid this effort, you can substitute a French wine sauce put up in frozen form. But the product you buy will automatically deprive you of that strange luxurious bliss which every fellow enjoys when he passes the sauce boat and says, "It's my own."

PLAYBOY'S Holiday Dinner is obviously not an inexpensive menu. Nor should it be one. For people of normal incomes it won't stretch the purse strings to the breaking point. But Christmas is coming, and all hands including the cook will not begrudge this once-a-year elegance. Here's the lineup:

PLAYBOY'S 1956 HOLIDAY DINNER

Manhattans-on-the-Rocks
Caviar Oyster Canapes

Iced Spanish Melon with Lime

Roast Rock Cornish Game Hen,
Truffle Sauce

Quince Jelly
Buttered Asparagus
Chestnut Puree
Red Burgundy

Plum Pudding, Rum Sauce

Black French Roast Coffee
Salted Macadamia Nuts
Assorted Liqueurs

And here are the tasty details:

THE COCKTAIL

Manhattans-on-the-rocks are made in the usual way — with two parts rye, one part Italian vermouth and a dash of biters. They should be twirled, not shaken, with ice. While the classicist will insist on rye, a fine Manhattan can also be made with bourbon. Old Grandad or Old Taylor make a magnificent holiday Manhattan. Pour them over ice cubes in Old Fashioned glasses. Place a stem cherry in each glass.

Caviar oyster canapes are merely black caviar spread on small squares of buttered toast or cocktail crackers, topped with a small oyster of the Bluepoint size. Some very tiny wedges of lemon and sprigs of parsley are scattered between the canapes. For this appetizer it isn't necessary to use fresh Beluga caviar at \$32 a pound. It is important, however, to buy a good grade of *lightly* salted black caviar. Don't buy the cheapest, smallest, saltiest grain. Don't use the red salmon caviar. The canapes must be biting cold when served. Be sure the toast is trimmed of all crust and each piece is cut into four equal squares. Spread the toast generously with butter. Spread it with caviar, covering the toast completely to the edge. Make a small hollow in the center of each canape for resting the oyster. If you can't open the oysters yourself, or if you do not have a mechanical oyster opener, ask the man at the fish store to open the oysters and put them in a container with their own liquor. Drain each oyster well before placing it on the canape. Allow about three canapes per person. Smoked oysters may be substituted for the fresh if desired.

THE MELON

During the holiday season it's impossible to predict just when a particular melon will be on the market. Sometimes the Christmas or Santa Claus melons arrive the first week in December, sometimes later. Sometimes the Spanish melons, a particularly luscious fruit, arrive firm and ripe for the Christmas board. There have been years when honeydew melons, carried in storage from the previous summer, were still on sale at the year's end. Consult your fruit

dealer for available melons. Be sure they are ripe and ready to eat, not merely "on the turn." Serve the melon cut into long wedges with a small piece of lime on the side. If there are no melons available in your neighborhood, then serve a half grapefruit or grapefruit segments. Drizzle the grapefruit with honey or Drambuie just before serving.

ROAST ROCK CORNISH GAME HENS

Idle Wild Rock Cornish Game Hens are each packed in an individual carton with cooking instructions on the plastic bag covering each bird. They may be ordered direct from the Idle Wild Farm in Pomfret Center, Connecticut, or may be bought in swank food stores throughout the country. Some Cornish Game Hens other than the Idle Wild brand do not carry cooking instructions. All Cornish Game Hens are sold frozen and must be thawed before cooking.

The Idle Wild birds are sold in single portion size, each about as big as a fair size squab, and a larger version enough for two servings. Each size may also be bought either (a) stuffed with wild rice, (b) boned or (c) boned and stuffed. The boned versions are obviously designed for lorgnette ladies in the social register or toothless members of the Brownstone Front.

To roast a small size unstuffed bird, brush the thawed bird generously with softened or melted butter. Sprinkle it lightly with salt and pepper. Place it in an uncovered shallow roasting pan in an oven preheated at 450 degrees. Roast it at 450 degrees for 15 minutes or until light golden brown. Reduce heat to 350 degrees. Add about ¼ cup chicken broth or water to the pan for gravy drippings. Continue to roast at 350 degrees for about 20 to 25 minutes longer. Baste frequently and turn the bird when necessary to brown evenly on all sides. The larger size birds are roasted in the same manner, with a somewhat longer cooking time. Place the large birds in a 450 degree oven for about a half hour. Reduce the heat to 350 degrees and continue to roast as above for 40 to 50 minutes longer or until tender and well-browned.

NOTE WELL: If you use a deep roasting pan with high sides, the birds will not brown as well as they will in a shallow pan. A bird that is ice cold will take a longer cooking time than a bird at room temperature. The frozen neck as well as the liver and heart of the bird should be removed from the cavity of the bird before roasting. The neck and heart may be used to give flavor to the sauce. The liver may be sautéed or cooked in the roasting pan for a few minutes before the bird is removed from the oven. If your oven thermostat is not
(concluded on page 87)



"Oh, I couldn't, Colonel Harwick — it might ruin my amateur standing."

strumpets (continued from page 21)

"That's execrable," declared Frank.

"Hell it is," said Maxwell. "It's progress."

. . .

The second one came that night; a black-root blonde, slit-skirted and sweated to within an inch of her breathing life.

"Hel-lo, honey," she said when Frank opened the door. "The name's Janie. Interested?"

Frank stood rigid to the heels. "I—" he said.

"Twenty-three and fancy free," said Janie.

Frank shut the door, quivering.

"Again?" asked Sylvia as he tottered back.

"Yes," he mumbled.

"Did you get her address and phone number so we can tell the police?"

"I forgot," he said.

"Oh!" Sylvia stamped her mule. "You said you were going to."

"I know." Frank swallowed. "Her name was — Janie."

"That's a big help," Sylvia said. She shivered. "Now what are we going to do?"

Frank shook his head.

"Oh, this is monstrous," she said. "That we should be exposed to such . . ." She trembled with fury.

Frank embraced her. "Courage," he whispered.

"I'll get a dog," she said. "A vicious one."

"No, no," he said, "we'll call the police again. They'll simply have to station someone out here."

Sylvia began to cry. "It's monstrous," she sobbed, "that's all."

"Monstrous," he agreed.

. . .

"What's that you're humming?" she asked at breakfast.

He almost spewed out whole wheat toast.

"Nothing," he said, choking. "Just a song I heard."

She patted him on the back. "Oh." He left the house, mildly shaken. It is monstrous, he thought.

That morning, Sylvia bought a sign at a hardware store and hammered it into the front lawn. It read no SOLICITING. She underlined the SOLICITING. Later she went out again and underlined the underline.

"Came right to your door you say?" asked the FBI man Frank phoned from the office.

"Right to the door," repeated Frank, "bold as you please."

"My, my," said the FBI man. He clucked.

"Notwithstanding," said Frank sternly, "the police have refused to station

a man in our neighborhood."

"I see," said the FBI man.

"Something has got to be done," declared Frank. "This is a gross invasion of privacy."

"It certainly is," said the FBI man, "and we will look into the matter, never fear."

After Frank had hung up, the FBI man returned to his bacon sandwich and thermos of buttermilk.

"I'm just a poor little—" he had sung before catching himself. Shocked, he totted figures the remainder of his lunch hour.

. . .

The next night it was a perky brunette with a blouse front slashed to forever.

"No!" said Frank in a ringing voice.

She wiggled sumptuously. "Why?" she asked.

"I do not have to explain myself to you!" he said and shut the door, heart pistoning against his chest.

Then he snapped his fingers and opened the door again. The brunette turned, smiling.

"Changed your mind, honey?" she asked.

"No. I mean yes," said Frank, eyes narrowing. "What's your address?"

The brunette looked mildly accusing.

"Now, honey," she said. "You wouldn't be trying to get me in trouble, would you?"

"She wouldn't tell me," he said dismally when he returned to the living room.

Sylvia looked despairing. "I phoned the police again," she said.

"And—?"

"And nothing. There's the smell of corruption in this."

Frank nodded gravely. "You'd better get that dog," he said. He thought of the brunette. "A big one," he added.

. . .

"Wowee, that Janie," said Maxwell.

Frank down shifted vigorously and yawed around a corner on squealing tires. His face was adamantine.

Maxwell clapped him on the shoulder.

"Aw, come off it, Frankie-boy," he said, "you're not fooling me any. You're no different from the rest of us."

"I'll have no part in it," declared Frank, "and that's all there is to it."

"So keep telling that to the Mrs.," said Maxwell. "But get in a few kicks on the side like the rest of us. Right?"

"Wrong," said Frank. "All wrong. No wonder the police can't do anything. I'm probably the only willing witness in town."

Maxwell guffawed.

It was a raven-haired, limp-lidded

vamp that night. On her outfit spangles moved and glittered at strategic points.

"Hel-lo, honey lamb," she said. "My name's—"

"What have you done with our dog?" challenged Frank.

"Why, nothing, honey, nothing," she said. "He's just off getting acquainted with my poodle Winifred. Now about us . . ."

Frank shut the door without a word and waited until the twitching had eased before returning to Sylvia and television.

Semper, by God oh God, he thought as he put on his pajamas later, *fidelis*.

. . .

The next two nights they sat in the darkened living room and, as soon as the women rang the doorbell, Sylvia phoned the police.

"Yes," she whispered, furiously, they're right out there now. Will you please send a patrol car *this instant*?"

Both nights the patrol car arrived after the women had gone.

"Complicity," muttered Sylvia as she daubed on cold cream. "Plain out-and-out complicity."

Frank ran cold water over his wrists.

. . .

That day Frank phoned city and state officials who promised to look into the matter.

That night it was a redhead sheathed in a green knit dress that hugged all that was voluminous and there was much of that.

"Now see here—" Frank began.

"Girls who were here before me," said the redhead, "tell me you're not interested. Well, I always say, where there's a disinterested husband there's a listening wife."

"Now you see here—" said Frank.

He stopped as the redhead handed him a card. He looked at it automatically.

39-26-36

MARGIE
(specialties)

By appointment only

"If you don't want to set it up here, honey," said Margie, "you just meet me in the Cyprian Room of the Hotel Fillmore."

"I beg your pardon," said Frank and flung the card away.

"Any evening between six and seven," Margie chirped.

Frank leaned against the shut door and birds with heated wings buffeted at his face.

"Monstrous," he said with a gulp. "Oh, m-monstrous."

"Again?" asked Sylvia.

"But with a difference," he said venge-
(continued on page 80)



BUXOM BOSS

betty blue is a business woman



MISS NOVEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





THE ETYMOLOGIST in our Research Department insists the word "buxom" is descended from a Middle English grunt meaning "pliable and obedient." It would be nice to think that Miss November, pretty Betty Blue, is both, and furthermore that she is "readily incited; prone; of speech, mild and courteous" — definitions of "buxom" Noah Webster lists as obsolete. But businesslike Betty (she's currently working as an office manager in Los Angeles) is far from obsolete, and the abundant buxomness you see on this page and those on the left can only be interpreted in the modern sense (Noah, you're on again): "Having health, vigor and comeliness; plump and rosy; jolly."



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

An attractive, but not too bright, girl of our acquaintance nearly ruined herself before discovering that what the doctor ordered was not, as she misunderstood, "three hearty males a day."



One of the members of the smart cabana club asked the lifeguard how he might teach a young lady of his acquaintance to swim.

"It takes considerable time and technique," the lifeguard said. "First you must take her into the water. Then place one arm about her waist, hold her tightly, then take her right arm and raise it slowly . . ."

"This certainly will be helpful," said the member, "and I know my sister will appreciate it."

"Your sister?" said the lifeguard. "In that case, just push her off the end of the pier."

"Darling," he breathed, "after making love I doubt if I'll ever be able to get over you—so would you mind answering the phone?"



They hadn't seen their friend in nearly five years—not since he received a movie contract and went to Hollywood. Now he was back visiting in the midwestern town where he had lived as a boy.

His friends were pleased to see him and anxious to learn if all the wild stories they had heard about life in Hollywood were really true.

"Nonsense," said the film celebrity. "Hollywood is no different than any other American city. Life out there is normal and well ordered: a movie actress isn't very different from a working housewife in Minneapolis or Milwaukee; a

movie director is no more eccentric than the office manager of one of the businesses right here.

"Take my own case: I'm up early every morning, at the studio by 8:15; I work a full, hard day and I'm home every evening by 6:00; dinner, afterwards the evening paper, and I'm into bed before 10:00.

"Why just the other day, I was saying to my wife: 'George, . . .'"

A young bride's mother was helping unpack after the honeymoon and was shocked to find her daughter's trousseau badly torn.

"Darling," she gasped, "didn't your husband like your trousseau?"

"Oh, yes," the blushing bride replied, "he liked my trousseau, mother. It's just that he liked my torso more than my trousseau—that's why my trousseau is tore so."



The husband came strolling in the front door to discover his wife in the passionate embrace of his best friend.

"I love him, John," she said to her surprised spouse.

"See here," said the friend, "we're all too sophisticated to let a situation like this get out of hand. Tell you what let's do—we're both sportsmen—I'll play you a game of gin rummy for her."

The husband thought about that for a moment.

"All right," he said, "but let's play for a penny-a-point on the side, just to keep it interesting."

"Darling," she whispered, "will you still love me after we are married?"

He considered this for a moment and then replied, "I think so. I've always been especially fond of married women."

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.



"If you don't start feeling those drinks pretty soon, Miss Talmadge, I'm afraid I'll have to ask for separate checks."

ABDICATING MALE *(continued from page 24)*

have taste, imagination, daring, along with savvy for the deed. Show me a man at a fashion show who is (a) interested and capable, but (b) no pansy, and I'll show you one of the few of the bloody but uncowed true men left from the days when most males appreciated women and even knew a little about them.

Joe Doakes, and even Josephus Eldridge Doakes III, have given up the franchise, however. Culture is not for such American quasi-males. The ladies buy the house and its contents, their clothes, those of their stifled husbands (gray-flannel genus included) and they pick out the color of the new car to boot. Where a man would hesitate to select a single necktie, his spouse will (and does) gladly re-do the whole upstairs while he's away in Miami at a convention. Not asking him, of course. Woman-slanted advertising did that to her — and him. Since circa 1925, even factories have looked like powder rooms — the woman's touch, her cestus touch, in man's last refuge.

It is logical, therefore, that the gray flannel pitchmen aim at the ladies. Minimally, they decide where we men will lay it on the line — and for what. In America, men are merely earners, not spenders. Many husbands who have provided their women with three cars, a split-personality ranch house, mink, European trips and such, are obliged to steal from the petty cash fund in their own offices for weeks or months to accumulate the price of a trout rod. Hence it is my assertion that, since it's harder to earn than to spend, and since American males die on the average many years before their spouses, the current theory of the biological superiority of females is founded on an intellectual blunder. If the women had to run the railroads, fly the jets, mine the coal — and as statesmen, outdrink the Russians — it is obvious they'd flop first.

The bulk of American women who do venture into the world-of-affairs do so to promulgate an *affaire* that will lead to their early retirement, as wives. Their mates soon die. The insurance is made out to the gals and the real estate is in their names. They own America by mere parasitism, so they are the logical target of all who would sell anything. End of digression, end of discourse — and now for the previously promised point. Let's phrase it as a question:

Why have American men built a civilization for women, then sweated themselves into early graves to sell it to women, and finally willed their earnings to women? What is the method of this calamity?

It is horrendous: the flannel-draped mahouts-of-merchandise appeal to the ladies by implying an idea to which I drew attention some years back. In ef-

fect, these advertisers ask, "*Madam, are you a good lay?*"

Their stress is on sex but their constant indication is that milady will miss the boat, boyfriend, bridal bower or whatever her goal may be unless she is physically all set with every product that has a trade mark and warrants an advertising budget. That is what gets her out in the stores, spending. But it leaves a great deal unsaid anent the product and it raises hell with us all.

Consider this example. Suppose it was decided by some enterprising business man to sell our forty or fifty million semi-sane, semi-adult American dames on the idea that what they need most in the ranch house, duplex, or log cabin is a revolving door. Kinsey might have been abashed at the accepted approach — but not your ad-man with the new account: "Spin him if you want to throw him" might be the slogan, or "Install a Revo-portal at home and take your pick of husbands, lovers, playfellows, wage-earners — or take 'em all." Suitable copy would make the domestic revolving door a fad and millions of them would replace the straight-opening, hinged door — and to hell with replacing the lettuce in the paying male's straight-opening, hinged wallet.

And now we're ready to state our major thesis and to suggest what to do about it, to wit: the revolving door pitch — *and every single one like it* — does nothing whatever to get revolving doors installed where they are needed, practical, useful, appropriate; any more than other ads of that ilk perform these functions for their products and their users. Thanks to the success of the "Are-you-a-good-lay?" routine employed by every other billboard, display advertisement and TV and radio commercial, American women would wear coal scuttles for bustles, galoshes for hats and ashes in their handbags if they thought it would aid their laymanship or even the theoretical or hypothetical bedskill of untested virgins. Such advertising, to restate the case in another way, has nothing to do with value, goods, services, prosperity, reality or sanity. It merely keeps wheels turning by exploiting female sex ego and sex illusion. For some time, now, thousands of advertisers have shied from telling the American people that what they are selling is useful, durable, practical, economical and the like. Instead, advertisements in the main have become bills of seduction; their seducee is woman; and they seduce by creating fear, misgiving, self-doubt, even panic. And these are far graver consequences than the already-noted gulling of our women and impoverishment of our men.

For when you ask a woman (however indirectly or discreetly) if she is in hair-

trigger readiness for sex-service, *i.e.*, if she has on hand several thousands of dollars worth of products described as essential for what most of us always did do and do do, when able — you are actually saying that she is not ready (which, praise be, is frequently not the case).

But, if they are shy, vague or innocent about their physical functions in love and marriage, they embark on their honeymoons (ruder investigators than I tell me) in a state of anxiety, perplexity, doubt and fear. If they are truly aggressive females (*i.e.*, if they have caught onto the current American ideal for women) they will have either (a) tested themselves on Tom, Dick and Harry under circumstances unlikely (in this culture) to bring out the best in them, sexually-speaking, or (b) sent away for a married-love manual, a tome which gives the impression that the sex act that provides mutual satisfaction is about as acrobatic and nerve-wracking as crossing Niagara Falls on a tightrope while turning somersaults and playing the tuba. Which seems odd, since human beings have carried out apparently satisfactory sex acts for about two billion years, with no handbooks whatever. Apparently, American "marriage counselors" and "sex experts" have decided, almost to a man and woman, that what used to be natural and easy, today is one hell of an ordeal — with divorce, insanity, suicide and the like, as the sure prices of failure.

I suggest that the sex slant in advertising, with its covert insistence that nature unadorned can't win, is responsible for much of this — in two respects. First, it has created the sexual anxieties which make our women sitting ducks for exploitation. Second, the sexperts, seeing the fertile field of female patsies, has figured that what's good enough for advertisers is good enough for them.

When I first asserted in a book — lo, these many years ago — that advertisers were moving wares by asserting they would help milady in her dilemma about bedwomanship (while at the same time they reinforced her fear that she was an amateur, a doomed bungler and in need of help) nobody denied my claim except a few demurring high school and college girls. These reminded me that the question, "Madam, are you a good lay?" (and its panicky connotation) was addressed to mademoiselle as much as madame — demurring girls they were, but possibly not demure. No manufacturer denied it and Madison Avenue actually profited by my exposé: several emirs in the racket have said that previously they'd put sex in ads in a random, haphazard fashion; that is, they had often casually brought up the importance of sex and thereafter implied that without Bunkum's Built-In Bedside Soup Heater and TV set, a bride was

(concluded on page 79)

*all's fair in love, war
and tin pan alley*

fiction BY CHARLES EINSTEIN



THE FLIP SIDE

JUST TO LOOK at Ginny Lane, you would be bound to say that she was intended for better things than singing a song called *Scrambled Eggs*. But what those better things might be, nobody in the music world was likely to tell you, for on a recent Thursday Ginny's record of *Scrambled Eggs* sold its one millionth copy. This meant that to date the American public had shelled out \$890,000, exclusive of what vanished into the maw of juke boxes, to hear Ginny sing:

*I love coffee, I love tea,
English muffins too.*

*But I could live on whole wheat toast
And scrambled eggs with you.*

There were five other choruses and two bridges, which need not be reproduced here. Suffice it to say that Ginny Lane's recording of *Scrambled Eggs* meant many things to many men. In Ohio, it was chosen as a campaign song by a gentleman running for Congress in opposition to the powdered egg lobby. In the British Parliament, it was held up as belated proof that George III might have had something there when
(continued on page 66)

BY PATRICK CHASE *playboy's travel editor*



SAFARI SO GOOD



for a far-out vacation, try the beloved country

WHEN IT COMES to hunting, we usually prefer to do ours under antlered heads on the walls of a quiet bar in Greenwich Village. We'll listen to the other guy's hunting yarns (if they're brief and he'll keep our glass filled) — even the gibberish about .416 Magnums ("For champagne?" we asked), and the time the wounded buffalo holed up in a thicket of wait-a-bit thorn. But when it comes to sitting out a damp, dismal dawn in a duck blind or crawling around an African anthill on knees and elbows — uh-uh. You don't catch us trying any such foolishness, not with so many pleasanter ways at hand to prove one's virility.

So when three friends suggested we

join their African hunt last winter, we were understandably emphatic: the answer was no, not even on a bet. That was that. Several months later we found ourselves in Nairobi getting outfitted in khaki drill at Rowland Ward's (no relation to Montgomery) and thoroughly committed to dodging rhino around clumps of acacia, kicking snakes out of the portable bath tub and listening to hyenas jeer at us through the night.

Nairobi itself, we discovered, looks like any small midwestern city, give or take a few pith helmets and palm trees, but it was at Ward's that we first met the Africa of throbbing jungle and baking plain — at the souvenir counter.

There, we spotted such "bush country" items as wine coolers and umbrella stands hollowed from the legs and feet of rhino, engagement books bound in lion skin and rings woven from the tail hair of elephant. Ward's even stocks amateur-type big game movies that could quite easily pass as our own back home. Here indeed, we decided, was a delightfully civilized short cut to the whole problem of safari in Africa. We purchased a wide selection of gee-gaws and headed straight for the airport with the satisfied feeling of men who have completed a good hunt. No luck. Our gun-toting friends cut us off and dragged us back to Nairobi, then calmed us



down somewhat in the quietly British bar at Torr's and the noisier saloon of the New Stanley Hotel.

Later that evening at Chez Dave's, a night club, we met our professional hunter. He was an extraordinary fellow, unmarried, as most of them are, and willing to trade his jungle know-how for less money than the average postal clerk draws back home. It's not surprising that there are fewer than 50 good pro hunters in all Africa and that the really top ones (like Harry Selby and Don Ker and Philip Percival before he retired) are booked up as far as six years in advance. It's not simply a matter of being able to repair the Land Rover when it breaks down 800 miles from the nearest garage or of getting you back to camp after a day of blasting at beasts over featureless plain. Mostly, these fellows provide—at considerable risk to themselves—a comforting answer to the question "What if I miss?" as three tons of rhino charge down on you at 30 m.p.h. or a squealing, wounded cheetah hits 70 coming your way.

We were talking about the coming junket over a double brandy and we discovered that the word "safari" comes from Swahili and means simply "a trip." But the safaris of today are a far cry from the hikes Stanley and Livingstone took in this part of the world not too long ago. Then, 40 porters were needed to lug the gear of one white man, and it wasn't uncommon for the entire party to number over 600. Today, with everything from refrigerators to hot baths available in portable packages, you can do it easily with a tiny fraction of that number, and turn it into a damned comfortable trip at that. Gone are the old days of crawling into bed to find a venomous *mamba* coiled between the sheets. That's no longer likely because your personal boy turns the bed down for you each evening. For four white men on our safari, we took about 14 bearers, skimmers, trackers, valets, cooks and what-have-you.

If trophies are all you care about, you can bag plenty on a 15-day safari. Three guys with two professional hunters we know knocked over three elephants, three rhino, five buffalo, two lions and a whole boodle of zebras, wart hogs, ostriches, impala, wildebeest, hartebeest, water bucks, dik-diks and elands during that time. But you'd be better off to allow at least three weeks to a month if you possibly can.

And there's certainly no reason to kiss civilization farewell, as we soon found out after leaving Nairobi. The first evening we were sitting on camp chairs by a great baobab tree, sipping a gin-and-bitters and munching fried termites, which, like salted peanuts, are difficult

to resist. They taste like Fritos. The tinkle of wine bottles in their coolers, the rich aroma of dinner drifting across the dry grass, the fresh feeling from our shower and the thought of crisp beds in each tent, sheets carefully turned down, pajamas laid out—all this managed to induce a fine, close feeling of comfort and good living.

The first day's trek out of Nairobi runs through a game preserve: the Serengeti Plain. This is just as well, since it looks exactly like the movies and reassures the cash customers that they are indeed in certified 24-karat Africa. It's open country, dotted with clumps of thorn and euphorbia trees, swarming with zebras by the hundreds, wildebeest by the thousands.

The Serengeti is also the place where people first meet lions. You can't shoot them here (the lions, that is, except maybe to get your arm out of their jaws) and they won't attack a car—or so it's said. Still, lions look awfully damned menacing without a batch of bars in front of them.

Beyond the Serengeti, we were grinding away with our camera when we spotted our first rhino. The lone bull with a good sized horn was 300 yards off and grazing—rather like a gray rock against the yellowish grass—when we dropped from the hunting car and the boy drove off. (We learned regretfully that it's not sporting to shoot from cars; and, more to the point, it's illegal. Still, we can't help feeling remarkably small when we're left on foot in the same square mile of territory with the game.)

One of the members of our party moved ahead watching the rhino's tick birds. Rhinos are testily near-sighted in an elderly, human way. Not so the tick birds that live on their backs and off their bugs. And when the tick birds are alarmed, so's the rhino. That day, the birds started worrying when we were about 50 yards off—a bit far for the best results against the rhino's armored hide. Nevertheless, our guy sat down in the grass for a steady shot and the rhino lifted his head, ears up, tail high.

The beast snorted and came toward us at an inquisitive trot, turning his head to get his horn out of his line of sight. Our guy waited—then squeezed off a shot. The rhino snorted and broke into a gallop. (The ground *does* literally shake.) He shot again, but the brute kept right on coming. We'd been told that with head lowered at the end of a charge a rhino is virtually blind, that we could step a foot or two out of the line of his charge and be perfectly safe, that he'd just go barreling on. Small consolation.

Then our professional hunter's gun cracked; the rhino swerved and went

crashing into a tangle of dwarf thorn.

"He's OK," said our hunter (meaning dead). The first shot had gone through his cheek, the second had seared his side. The hunter's bullet had mashed bone and nerves at the shoulder, shocking the beast to death.

We learned two things from that encounter: that we'd better practice up on our shooting and how delicious is the taste of rhino ham.

Our own shooting began with a *gaffe* that will probably get chuckles at the Explorers' Club. We'd gone along on the hunt primarily for photographs, but in Nairobi our hunter had persuaded us to take out a shooting permit and had spent a good part of the trip since then urging us to use it. Well, we drew first lion, and we found ourselves crawling clumsily toward one thick-maned old fellow who was having himself a feast on a zebra we'd dropped earlier as bait.

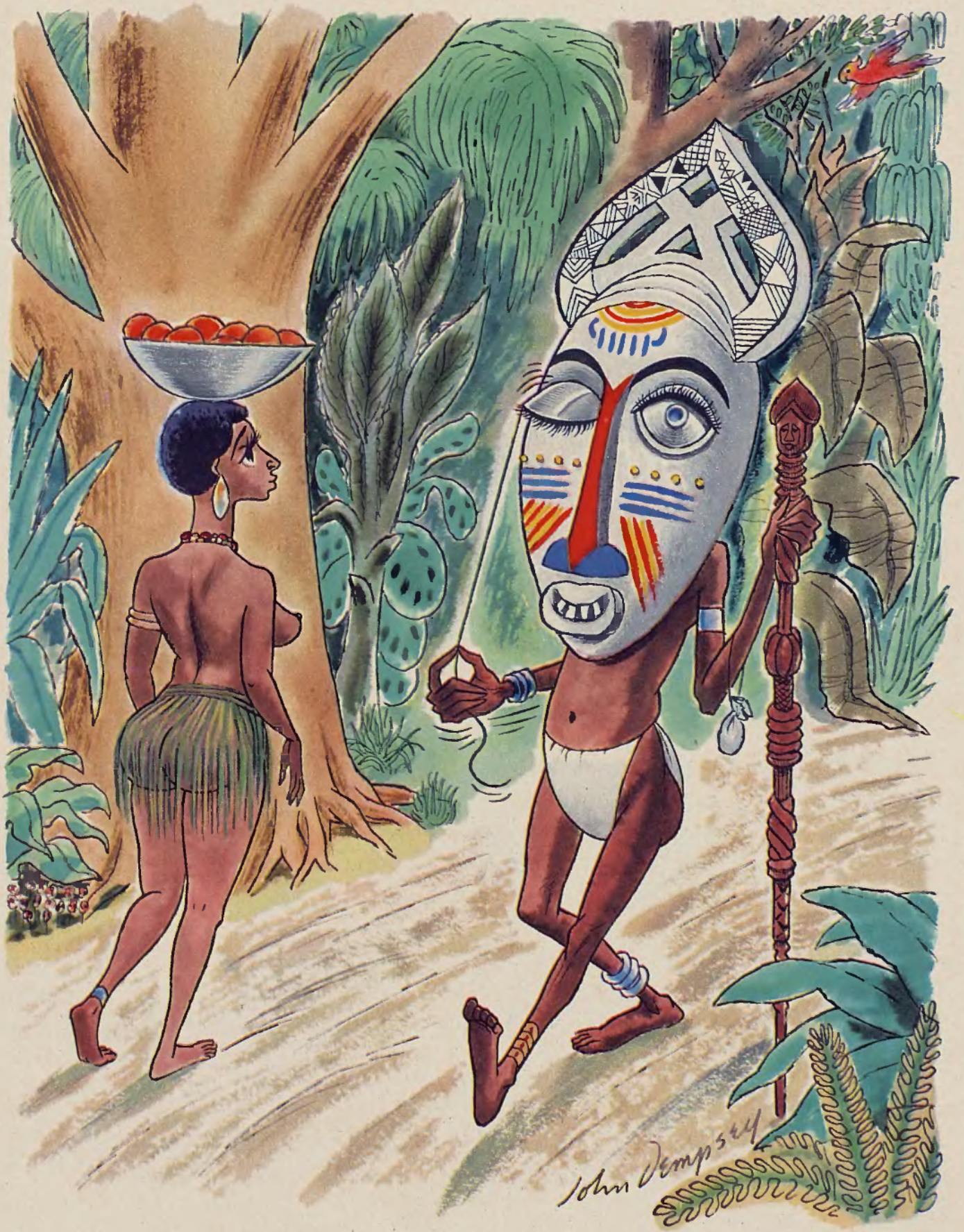
We stopped about 30 yards away and sighted carefully. The hunter was a little back of us and to one side. Then, to our shock, we found the lion had moved closer. We saw his head poking up out of the short grass only 30 feet away. We aimed fast and squeezed the trigger, heard the bullet thunk home.

"Hole in one," we thought, rather pleased with ourselves, and a bit irked at the pro hunter's silence as we walked forward together. As a novice, we thought we rather deserved congratulations. Silently we approached the kill, gun ready just in case. Then we saw it. We'd shot a fine big hyena! The lion had slunk off.

The roughest part of safari life (for us) is the early start on hunting days. It's still dark and cold when the boy brings in the tea and begins to fold down the mosquito netting. But it's worth hurrying some to get outside for the dawn, which comes quickly in Africa. One moment, the sky is blue-black, the stars glittering in thick brilliance. The next, the stars are dim against a spreading strip of pink. Then, in moments, the color glows into a vivid red, laced by the black tracery of thorn trees, then pales and grows white as light floods the land.

African evenings are lavish too. The talk is quiet around camp, broken by silence to watch the distant mountain hazing from purple to black. After dinner, with the fire banking down into glowing ash, we would spot the glint of hyena eyes 20 yards off in the dark and hear the night sounds of Africa: the cough of a hunting leopard, the momentary muttering of baboons disturbed in their sleep and the yip of a small animal as it becomes a meal. Occasionally, we'd wake during the night—perhaps to the snuffling of scavenger

(concluded on page 58)



quiz By Harlan Draper



if you don't think so, try to figure the answers to these disquieting tales of high passion.

T**HIS IS BUSINESS?**

It came to pass, upon a time, that three chaps on business bound and far from home, shared a hotel suite in a certain city. They were good, alert, bushy-tailed fellows who knew that the best way to be in trim for the morrow's labors was not to go out and get loaded and smoke a lot, but to relax and get some rest. For relaxation, they phoned a girl one of them had relaxed with once before, and this docile doxie came to their rooms, helped them relax, and took \$10 from each, or a total of \$30.

Now, when the lass got back down to the lobby, conscience smote her. "Anything purchased in quantity should be cheaper than by the piece," she reasoned (ignoring the pun), "so I should really give those chaps a refund, and make them a flat rate of 25 clams." She called the bellboy, gave him five singles, and told him to return this money to her three recent companions as a token of esteem. Then, her conscience clear and her reservoir of good deeds for the day at the flood, she wended her way thither in search of a sociologist in whom she might confide her exemplary behavior. But that, as they say, is another story. Meanwhile, back at the hotel, the bellboy was overcome by avarice and pocketed two of the five dollars. Then he gave each man one dollar.

Thus, the three men, instead of paying \$10 a head (or tail), paid nine. Three times nine is 27. The bellboy kept two dollars. That makes 29. What happened to the other dollar?

Y**EN FOR A CONCUBINE**

In the far away and long ago, *i.e.*, China in the P'ing (or is it P'ong?) Dynasty, a not-so-noble lord, fallen on hard times as a result of injudicious betting on the bangtails of the period, decided to recoup his diminished resources until next tax time — when he would be rich again — by leasing his most beautiful concubine to a house of joy for the necessary number of months. The price was three million yen and a bargain, since she would bring five on the open market.

Anyway, the man took the money and the receipt without a backward glance, the cold-blooded louse. He then sold the receipt to another sport of his acquaintance for three million yen, so he now had six million. The new owner of the receipt promptly redeemed the girl, had his way with her, and the next day sold her on the market to still another sport, who yenned for her to the extent of the aforementioned open-market price of five million yen. Thus everyone was happy, what with having tasted certain immemorial joys which are popular to this day, and having acquired a tidy hunk of booty to boot. Except maybe the lady in the case — but in those days that wasn't deemed vital.

Confucius heard about this and did some quick figuring. The first man was six million to the good, the second was two million yen to the good, and that, even in old China, makes eight million. But the girl only cost the last man five.

"How come?" Confucius say. "Whence the other three million?"

D**OLLARS AND CENTIMENTS**

Jack was all excitement as he dressed for his first date with Anette, the most gorgeous girl on the campus and sought after by every man within her rather extended range. He knew it would be expensive to show her, as the saying has it, a good time, but what the hell — he had almost a hundred dollars on him.

On the way to call for her, he stopped at a florist and bought an orchid corsage for \$3.00. He took a frugal bus at a cost of 15¢ but when he left her house with her he gallantly took her to a cocktail lounge in a cab, \$2.30. The cock-tails (two for him and one for her) came to \$3.06 with tip and tax.

Dinner for two, soft lights and music, and Jack had to shell out half his balance. But he was out for a big time and, nothing daunted, suggested a night club for dancing, and there went another \$16.50. It was raining when they left the club and Jack, no mean man with a dollar, gave half of one to the doorman that hailed a cab. The cab to Anette's house cost an even three bucks.

Next morning, Jack noticed an odd thing. Out of his original stake, he had left exactly as many dollars as he had had cents the night before, and exactly as many cents as he had had dollars the night before. How much did he start with?*

**There's another implicit question which might be asked by prudes who have no romance in their natures: How much did it cost Jack to get home that night? If they must believe he went home after all that spade work, let them assume he walked.*

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES ON PAGE 87.

SAFARI SO GOOD (continued from page 54)

hyenas in the camp or to the strangely quiet padding of elephants moving nearby.

We went after our first elephant in the Ituri Forest after crossing into the Belgian Congo. The vegetation is so thick there it's usually impossible to see much more than 20 yards ahead. The humidity is oppressive, the jungle floor sodden.

Fortunately, the trail we were following warmed up fast. Before long, we came upon broken branches on which the sap was still wet, then to droppings that were still warm.

Now, several of our men were moving ahead with the tracker. Soon we heard the belly rumble of the grazing bulls — an extraordinary sound like distant thunder — and the crashing of small trees and branches, broken as the animals moved. We followed quietly. Then the elephants stopped and we saw them in a small clearing speckled with shafts of light.

The scene was the epitome of all African romance. In the half light of the matted jungle, the animals towered over us like houses. The larger bull, tusks glimmering, was facing our way, huge ears flapping gently back and forth. A smaller animal was in front of him, turned sideways to us, quietly darting his trunk up and around. The jungle was quiet, but not hushed. There was a constant level of small, busy noises.

We waited for the big fellow to turn. No one tries to shoot an elephant head on; it can be done, but the 30 inches of hide and bone he presents is enough to deflect even a 520-grain bullet packing muzzle punch of over two tons. We waited 15 minutes without moving, until the larger bull turned just enough. Two guns crashed almost together and, incredibly, both elephants toppled.

An extraordinary sight followed: natives poured out of the jungle. Pygmies had been watching the hunt, watching us so silently that we never suspected there were any other humans within miles.

They were hoping to cadge some free meat but there's another reason for sudden appearances of friendly natives. Whenever anybody shoots a fairly respectable game animal, the camp boys and hangers-on from nearby villages go into a special fuss, prancing around and shoulder-lifting the successful hunter, mumbling chants made up on the spot, usually to the effect that the *bwana* is a mighty hunter, feared by the animals and admired by the local populace and that a silver shilling or so would make that admiration boundless. Of course, if the mighty hunters are American the

chanting locals are more likely to set two or three shillings as the price of Full Admiration.

Leopards, we found, are very unpleasant beasts. Since they like their meat prime, we hung a small deer in a tree one day as bait, then came back a day or two later and settled in a blind of bushes. Then we waited.

In time, the signal came: utter silence. It was as if a cloud of cotton had dropped over everything. Even the ants stopped moving. Before we knew it, we had a gun in our hand. Our bearer knew what was up. He was counting on *bwana* to clobber the cat.

We'd been watching the carcass on the branch. We blinked once, looked back up to the branch and saw a carcass and a leopard. He stood intensely immobile; then slowly, that magnificent stretch of gold and black muscle looked around.

We brought our gun ever so gently upward, sighting just forward of the shoulder. Then we squeezed the trigger. All hell broke loose. Screaming, the cat leaped toward us and the hunter's gun crashed close by. The leopard was stretched on the ground. The hunter's safeguarding shot hadn't been necessary; ours broke the cat's neck. His leap had been convulsive.

If you think that hunting of that sort holds any excitement — you're right.

Figure on \$1,400 each for three hunters and \$800 for one non-hunting companion for a three-week safari in most of Africa. (Cut that tab in half for hunting in French Gabon.) Price includes everything up to wine for dinner but not whiskey, guns, ammunition, licenses (\$150 or so for a general license, plus up to \$200 for special permits for protected game such as elephants) and mounting trophies. Good safari organizations in the U.S. are Fugazy Travel Bureau, 351 Avenue of the Americas, New York 14; Continental-American Travel, 465 Park Avenue, New York 22; and Continental Arms Corp., 697 Fifth Avenue, New York 22.

Getting to Africa will run you anything from \$600 for the round trip by sea (Farrell Lines, 26 Beaver Street, New York 4) to \$1,600 for the first-class round trip by air to Nairobi (Trans World Airlines, 380 Madison Avenue, or British Overseas Airways Corporation, 342 Madison Avenue, both in New York). For more details, check with your travel agent or with East Africa Tourist Travel Assn., 295 Madison Avenue, Belgian Official Tourist Bureau, 589 Fifth Avenue, French Government Tourist Office, 610 Fifth Avenue, and Casa de

Portugal, 447 Madison Ave., all in New York.

PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

Ski-happy souls *can* ski at home, but it's more fun abroad. At new, reduced round-trip air fares from New York, \$700 or so will net you the works for eight snowy days at St. Anton in the Austrian Tyrol plus four more at Gstaad in the Swiss Alps, where the world's leisured foregather at slope and hearth. You'll especially want to hit St. Anton during January for the Arlberg-Kandahar ski races (General Tours, 595 Madison Ave., New York). While you're in Austria, stow the hickories for a few days and dig into Vienna's Fasching (pre-Lenten) festivities that run riot through January and half of February (Austrian State Tourist Department, 48 East 48th St., New York).

Snow bunnies and schuss-boomers who want to stick closer to home will find magnificent powdery trails on Quebec's Mont Tremblant. Try the Gray Rocks Inn, St. Jovite, P.Q., Canada where \$126 delivers up a fun-packed week for two, including everything (except a girl, so bring your own). Round-trip air fare from New York is \$50 (Trans-Canada Air Lines, 16 East 58th St., New York).

Bright Caribbean isles most travellers have missed are now accessible by mail boat and plane. Combined air-sea cruise from Miami whisks you to 11 of the lush-est Carib islands in 15 days for a scant \$462. Timed right, you'll hit Trinidad for the month-long carnival that kicks off in mid-January (Lansair Travel Service, 1026 17th St., Washington, D. C.). If you've got both time and loot, there's no plusher junket than a round-the-world voyage, and no better starting time (for peak weather all the way) than January. The sleek Caronia sails January 19 from New York through the Caribbean to South America, then across to Africa, India, the Far East, over the Pacific to the West Coast and back via Central America and the Panama Canal. Count on spending 108 days and at least \$3000 (Cunard Steamship Co., 25 Broadway, New York).

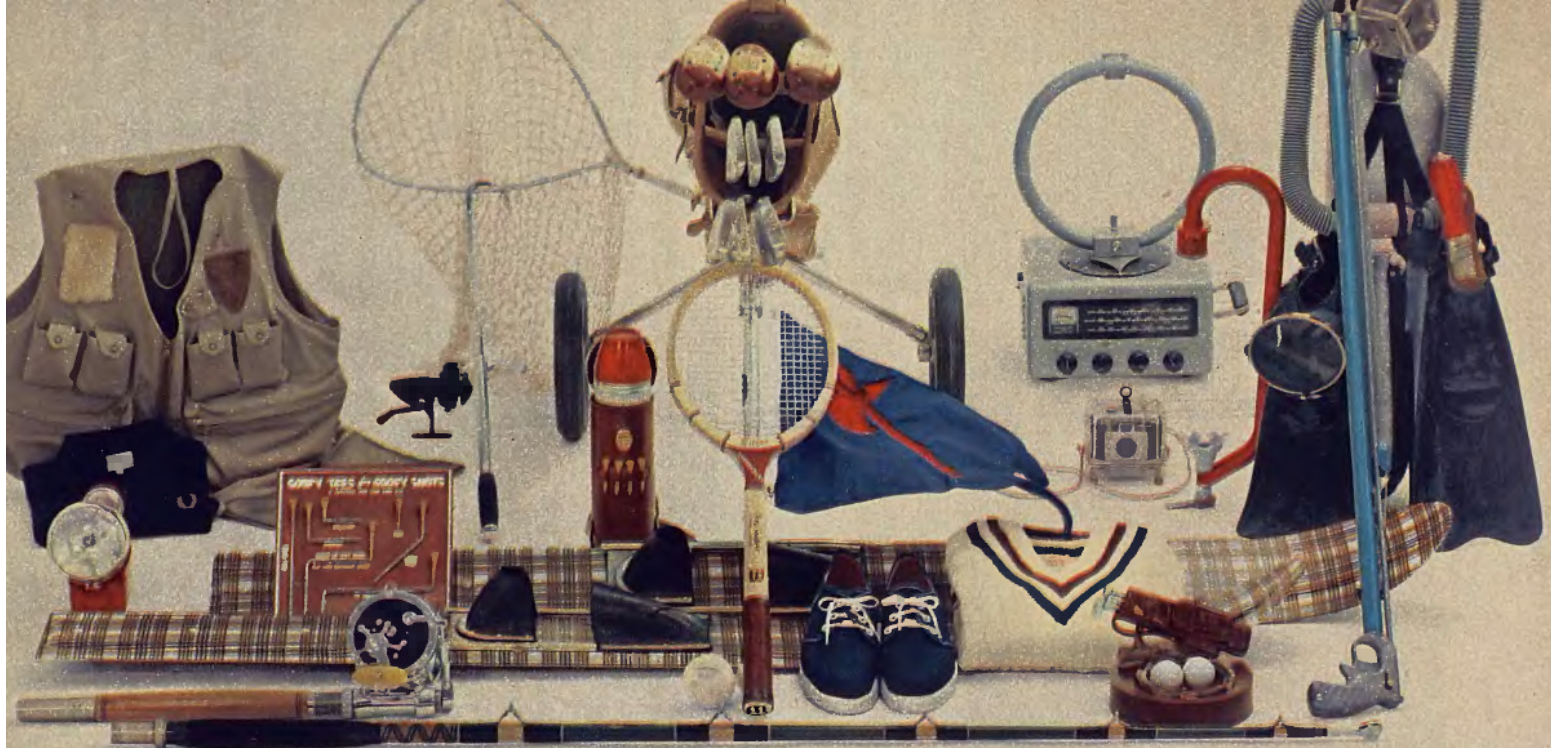
You've never seen stars and night skies till you've watched from a desert camp fire. Overnight trail rides are just part of the fine, frolicsome fare offered by dude ranches in the Southwest, which also includes swimming, sunning and golf. You'll especially want to partake of the late-January Gold Rush Days; panning your own glittery stuff, growing your own beard, climaxing it all at the gala Bonanza Ball. Rates start around \$20 a day at spots like Rancho de los Caballeros, Remuda and Monte Vista, all in Wickenburg, Arizona.

PLAYBOY'S Christmas GALLERY OF GIFTS

for him, for her



A TREASURE TROVE FROM SANTA'S SACK — clockwise at 7:00: walnut 24-pipe rack \$17.50; washable lambskin poodle \$13.95; "Big Voice" battery-powered megaphone \$39.95; steer-head carving board \$60; Mexican machete carving knife \$40; button-down shirt \$12.95; Japanese temple bowl \$160; antiqued leather umbrella stand \$30; whangee-handled umbrella \$15; ash-handled umbrella \$20; Head skis \$85; fencing mask \$7; French foils @\$6; 40 h.p. Mercury for skiing, cruising, \$605; raccoon coat \$800; Evinrude 3 h.p. for trolling \$148.25; Zenith transoceanic portable \$167.70; smoke gray rawhide traveling case \$115; Bollinger champagne \$34.60; mink-cuffed velvet gauntlets \$95; walnut bowling ball humidor \$20; Voigtlander Vitessa 35mm camera \$159.50; Gerber stainless carving set \$25; wheel-around patio ice bucket \$54.95; Country Belle phone-shaped radio \$59.95; Lambretta motor scooter \$432.50; Old Spice shower soap \$1; flask set \$14.50; Meerschaum pipe \$125; 24-bottle wine rack \$12.50; "Giant Voice" battery-powered megaphone \$159.50.



WARM CLIMES, WARM TIMES— above, clockwise at 9:00: fishing jacket \$21.50; Orvis spinning reel \$28.50; Aberdeen gaff \$21.50; landing net \$6.60; golf cart \$25; leather bag \$125; Spaulding woods @\$15; Spaulding irons @\$10; radio direction finder \$158; underwater Kodak \$17.95; snorkel \$1.95; swim fins \$9.95; mask \$4.95; spear gun \$19.95; Divair lung tank \$119.50; underwater knife \$6.95; water skis \$49.95; golfer's ashtray \$15; Jaeger tennis sweater \$16.50; Topsider sneakers \$8.95; Wife Aboard (Battle Axe) flag \$5; Wilson tennis racket \$10.50; thermos caddy \$10; deep sea rod \$125; Penn reel \$45; Goofy tees \$2; Big Beam lantern \$9.95; Fred Perry tennis shirt \$6.50. **THE HEIGHT OF FI**— below, left column, top to bottom: McIntosh 30-watt amp \$143.50; Ampex stereo amp \$169.50; Fidelitone dual-tipped diamond needle \$31; Fairchild diamond cartridge \$37.50; Jensen 3-way speaker system \$129.75; Transtel interphone music system with 4 remotes \$89; Miller AM crystal tuner \$19.50; Viking binaural tape recorder \$143; middle column: Isophase speaker \$210; McIntosh pre-amp in cabinet \$96.50; Grommes 12-watt amp \$59.50; Harmon-Kardon AM-FM tuner-amp \$129.50; Bogen AM-FM tuner \$119.50; Bogen 35-watt amp \$115; Janszen electrostatic tweeter \$184; Acoustical Research speaker system \$185; Rek-O-Kut turntable \$129.50, with orthosonic tone arm \$44.95; right column: James Lansing bass reflex speaker system \$132; Redcap portable public address system \$199.50.



TRADITIONAL IN TASTE — bottom row, l to r: Norelco battery shaver \$29.95; Hickok link and tie-bar set \$5; goatskin slippers \$6.95; Dunhill after shave \$2; Hickok manicure set \$4.95; Moustache eau de cologne \$5; regimental tie \$3; tartan robe \$32; broadcloth PJs \$16.50; silk-cashmere reversible scarf \$12.50; Old Spice electric shave, after shave and talc \$3; Paris cowhide belt \$5; tawled hide belt \$3.50; leather-trimmed corduroy suit \$53.50; button-down shirt \$9; corduroy cap \$3.95; Winthrop loafers \$15.95; shoe horn \$7.95; top row: silk rep tie \$2.50; Swiss striped shirt \$8.95; Bernhard Altmann cashmere shirt \$32.50; 17th Century Oriental bronze horseman \$1250; cowhide scuffs \$7.50; Eversharp razor \$5; His after shave and cologne \$5; Mr. John's Playboy after shave \$3.50; Shields cuff links \$5; Parker 51 pen \$13.50; envelope wallet \$16.50.



A WINTER'S TALE — Jaeger woolen scarf \$7.50, and matching tam \$3.50; deerskin waistcoat \$15; Buck Skein toggle coat \$39.95; 19th Century Moorish rifle \$70; Saranac shooting mitts \$5.50; Pipe Maker aluminum shaft with 4 bowls \$5; Jaeger scarf \$7.50; Scotch ski sweater \$28.50; Swedish ski poles \$15; Henke ski boots \$49.50; Allen-A long-handled woolies \$13; gallon of Hennessy cognac \$36.87; hockey tubes \$38.50.

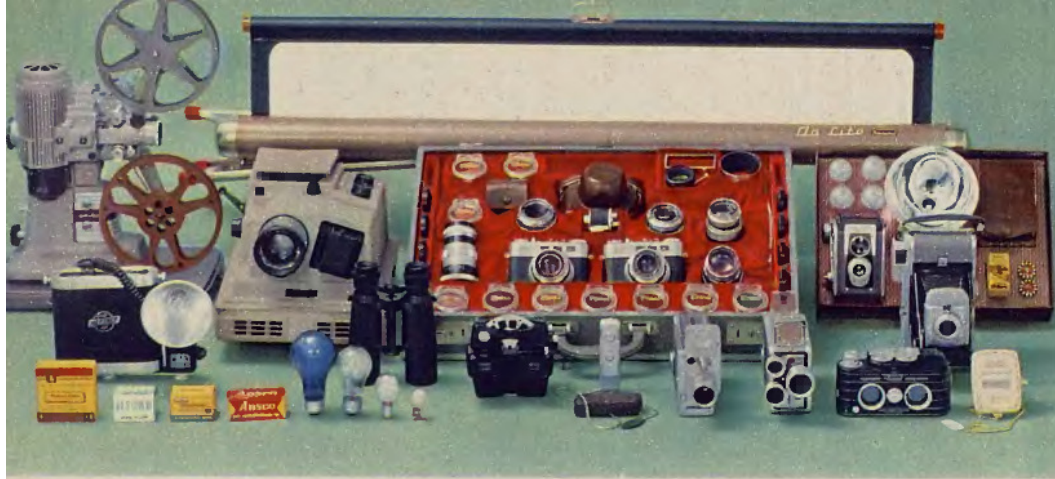


DOINGS FOR THE DEN—real pheasant head book ends \$30; *Encyclopedia of Jazz* by Leonard Feather \$10; *American Science and Invention* by Mitchell Wilson \$10; Rand McNally's *Cosmopolitan World Atlas* \$13.95; unabridged leather-bound Webster *New International Dictionary* \$49.50; Dunhill long-stem bamboo pipe \$20; pewter humidor \$15; 12" globe and atlas combination \$36.50; leatherette game chest, including roulette, backgammon, chess, checkers, poker dice and horse racing \$45; English fire-bucket waste basket \$30; white leather-covered imported Parker pipe of Algerian briar \$7.50; electric match cigarette and pipe table lighter \$15; red channel-marker lamp and shade \$75; RCA Victor portable TV \$125.



BAR HOUNDS' BONANZA — on the micarta-top bar \$59; Polli Antipasto \$6.95; fifth of George Fontaine champagne 1947 \$4.98; Copex corkscrew \$3.50; Red Devil stuffed olives \$1.25; 11" Swedish crystal Martini pitcher \$8.50; matched bark-trimmed cocktail tumbler \$2, stemmed cocktail glass \$1.75, Martini pitcher \$10, double jigger \$10.75, mixing spoon \$5.50, bottle opener \$8; Japanese ash trays and cigarette urn \$4.50; a selection of wines, whiskies and liqueurs ranging from Nuits-St.-George 1952 \$3.95 to Glen Grant 15-year-old Scotch whisky \$9.80.





SHUTTERBUG'S SHOWCASE — front row, l to r: Hershey electronic flash \$44.50; Hensoldt 8 x 32 binoculars \$134.20; Viewmaster stereo viewer \$9.75; Minox camera \$139.50; Bell & Howell 16mm auto load movie camera \$244.95; Kodak Brownie 8mm turret camera \$79.50; Viewmaster stereo camera \$89.50; Polaroid Highlander 60-second camera \$69.95; BWDI exposure meter \$29.50; back row: B&H 16mm projector \$199.95; Revere automatic slide projector \$144.50; Da-Lite Screen \$27.50; Dixia interchangeable lens camera chest \$820; Kodak Duaflex IV camera assortment \$32.25.



MAKE YOUR PRESENTS FELT — despite the bad pun, there's no finer gift for a guy than a hat. Head size hard to find? No trouble at all: give a gift certificate that comes in a wee hat box with miniature topper included, then he goes out and picks up the lid of his own choice, in the color and style he wants. Gala gift certificates are available from such hat manufacturers as Dobbs, Stetson, Knox, Mallory, Champ, Lee, Portis, Resistol, Adam, Cavanagh, etc., in prices ranging from \$10 all the way up to \$100. Your name is included on the certificate as donor. Shown are several miniature hat boxes and certificates as well as a good-looking Tyrolean fur-felt \$20, one of the many styles available.



FOOD FOR THOUGHT — exciting packaged foodstuffs and bottled goodies including Reese canned quail eggs 40¢ and truffles \$1.25; Romanoff caviar \$4.75; Au Gourmet canned crepes suzette \$2.49; John Lindsay kangaroo tail soup \$1.35; Louis Henry terrine of Foie Gras \$3.25; Italian Bel Paese cheese \$1.49; Fournier preserved kumquats 59¢; Todd Old Virginia ham \$15.95; Gamewood Rock Cornish hens \$1.39. Back row includes electric Italian espresso coffee maker for two \$27.50; French copper skillet \$16; Osterizer \$44.95; Freez-In portable electric refrigerator \$159.95; copper and brass chafing dish with crepe suzette pan \$55; outsize pepper mill with matching salt shaker \$33.

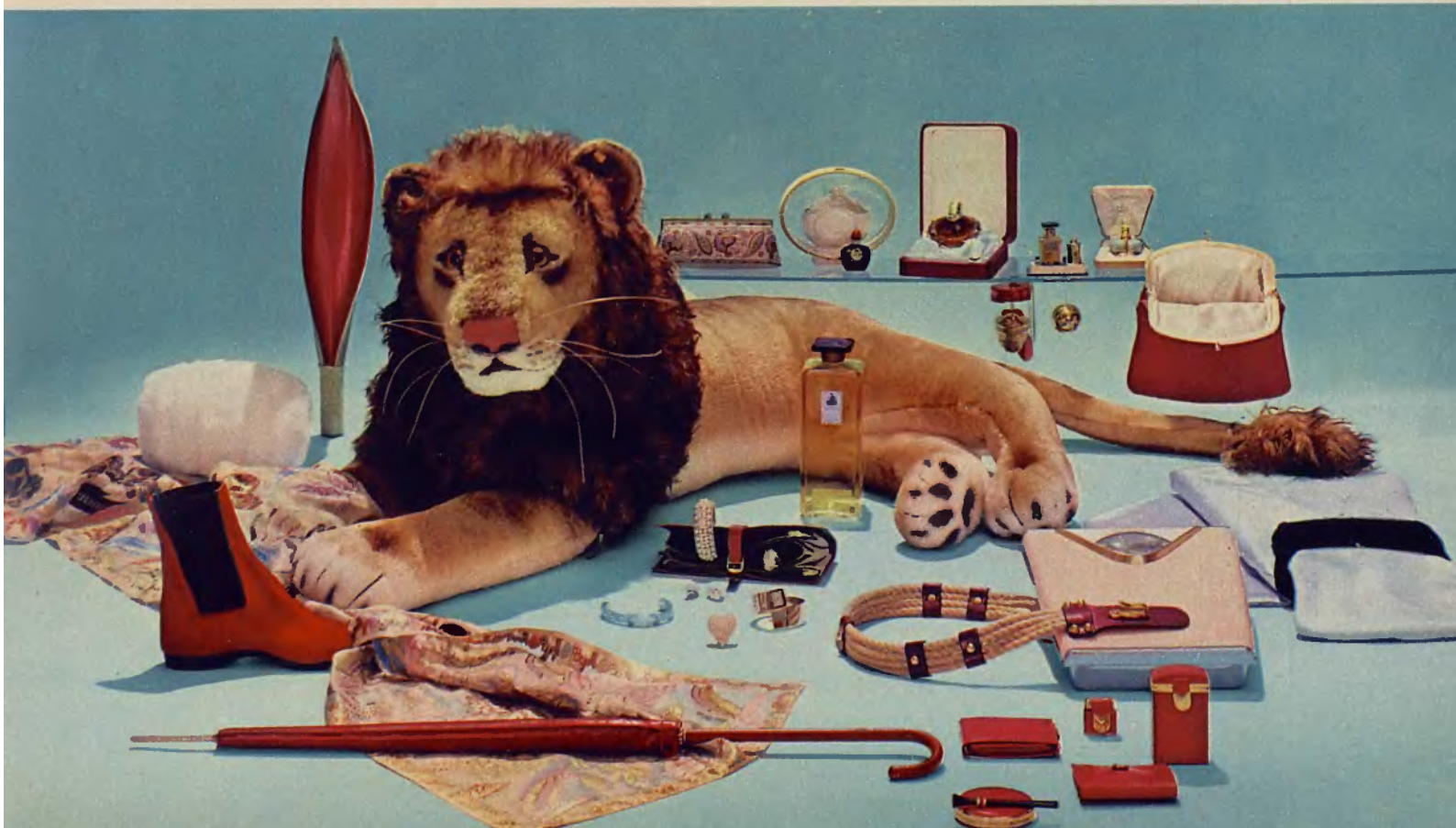


TRAVELERS' TRAPPINGS—l to r, bottom row: plaid flask \$5.50; Olivetti Lettera 22 portable typewriter \$88; Zenith transistor portable radio \$77.80; calfskin slippers \$10.50; Thorens wind-up shaver \$17.50; Shields jewelry case \$2.95; Yale travel lock \$5.50; top row: suede duffle bag \$21.50; English nylon umbrella \$15; rawhide two-suiter with tattersall lining \$110; Shetland sport jacket \$78; Hathaway button-down shirt \$5.95; silk foulard tie \$5; calfskin passport case \$13.50; camera gadget bag \$11.95; travel bar and coffee set \$45; black calf toilet case \$15.



FOR MILADY'S CHEER— above, bottom row, 1 to r: knitted coat dress \$39.95; belt with eagle buckle \$7.95; striped pullover \$15; career case \$17.50; attaché case \$35; sari scarf \$3; hunting boots \$115; jumping cap \$31.50; crop \$9.95; pastel petticoats @ \$10.95; kid gloves \$9.95; hat box \$14.50; leopard belt \$10.98; purse \$13.95; powder box \$2.50; cigarette holder \$5; cultured pearl ring, bracelet, perfume bottle, purse mirror @ \$2; Bogoff's alexandrite bracelet \$20; pearl bib \$10.95; velveteen slacks \$14.95; Mme. Gabrielle cashmere cardigan \$79.95; top row, 1 to r: cashmere skirt \$29.95; beaver beret \$125; changeable heel pump \$50; cashmere cardigan \$79.95; bouffant petticoat \$10.95; beaver cape with silk lining \$1495; antique carousel horse \$375; rhinestoned gloves \$10.95; mink collar \$130; negligee \$35; breakfast coat \$17.95; calf belts @ \$8.95; pigskin belt \$6.95.

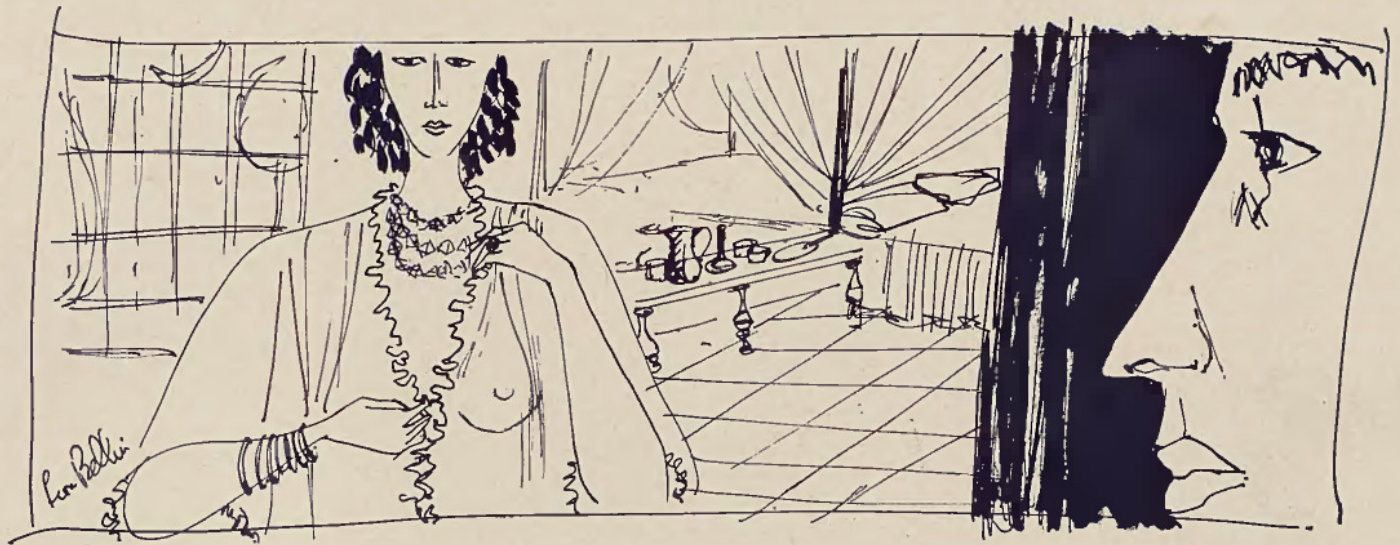
TO MAKE HER PURR— below, clockwise, 6:00: sheath umbrella \$22.50; sari cloth stole \$69.95; Capezio boots \$14.95; ermine muff \$250; palm frond server \$4.50; stuffed lion \$125; brocade evening bag \$29.50; Caron Voeu de Noel 3 oz \$85; Patou Joy ¼ oz \$13.50; Lancome Tresor 2 oz \$50; Schiaparelli Parfum-Aire sachet \$2; Lancome Sphère Magique ½ oz \$10; Lanvin Arpège with atomizer 1 oz \$25; Matchabelli Beloved ½ oz \$10; satin evening bag \$5; satin-lined lingerie case \$13.50; Borg scale \$15; matched cigarette case \$6.50, lighter \$5.95, change purse \$6.95, compact \$5.95, wallet \$10; cigarette holder \$3.95; rope belt \$6.95; gold bracelet watch \$550; heart brooch \$260; diamond bracelet \$7800; platinum, diamond and pearl earclips \$400; pearl and diamond ring \$400; jewel case \$11.50; platinum, pearl and diamond bracelet \$2000; Arpège cologne 32 oz \$32.50.





"It's safe — Disneyland is on tonight!"

A new version of an ironic episode from the *History* of Herodotus



The Queen's beauties were revealed one by one.

CANDAULES, KING OF LYDIA, was a man of many faults, but supreme among them was this: he loved to brag.

He bragged of his riches, he bragged of his power, he bragged of his palace, he bragged of his horses and, worst of all, he bragged openly and continually, to everyone he met, sparing no details, of the beauty, fidelity, passion and prowess of his Queen.

Candaules had another fault, a fault not uncommon among kings: he distrusted people and imagined he was being laughed at, his boasts ridiculed and disbelieved. One day, in his typical style, he said to Gyges, the captain of his guard: "The Queen — she is a handsome woman, Gyges, is she not? But let me tell you, her real beauties you have never seen. The beauty of her belly, which is smooth and cool as an alabaster vase, the beauty of her breasts—"

"Indeed, sire," said Gyges, "these perfections you have been kind enough to catalogue for me before."

"And did you believe me?"

"Why—"

"Ah, I can see it in your face, dissembler! You believed not a word!"

"My lord—"

"Enough! I will *prove* to you that my Queen is all I say, and then in future when I speak of her beauties and am met with incredulity, I will have only to turn to you and say, 'My good Gyges here can certify all my claims.'"

"But how—"

"Men's eyes believe what their ears do not. This night will you stand behind the door in the Queen's chamber. You will watch her disrobe, down to her silken skin, as she prepares herself for my couch. You will note the excellence of her charms; of *all* her charms, Gyges; of her belly, which is—"

"But sire," cried Gyges, "that would be most unseemly! It is not fitting, nor is it even lawful, for me to look upon the naked flesh of another man's wife. And when that man is my *King*, it becomes an offense most high, a wicked thing, a crime tantamount to sacrilege!"

"What is seemly," said Candaules, "what is fitting, lawful, offensive, wicked, criminal or sacrilegious in this kingdom — *I* decide. Therefore tonight, doubting Gyges, you will see for yourself that Candaules has for wife the fairest woman in all Lydia."

That night Gyges hid in the Queen's chamber and, as she unveiled herself for bed, her beauties were revealed to the young captain, one by one. His sovereign, boastful though he was, had not spoken falsely. All went as Candaules had planned, with one regrettable exception: the Queen saw Gyges behind the door. Her first impulse — to cry out — she stifled, for knowing the integrity of the captain, she divined that he was there by her foolish husband's wishes. Therefore, she said nothing.

In the morning, however, she sent

for Gyges. Sensing something was afoot, he went to her uneasily. When he arrived, she came to the point at once:

"Captain," she said severely, "you are a man of honor, and yet you hid in my chamber last night and watched me undress. I can only assume you did so at the King's command. Is this correct?"

Gyges was, indeed, a man of honor: he could not bring himself to lie. "It is correct, my lady," he replied.

"So." The Queen's beautiful eyes narrowed to slits. The full sensuality of her lips straightened to a hard, determined line of scarlet. "Captain Gyges," she said at last, "this was an onerous and unlawful thing you did last night."

"It was, madam," he agreed.

"A punishable thing."

"Yes, madam."

"Who, however, is to be punished? The master or the man? He who gave the order, or he who obeyed it? Who, handsome Gyges? Who must die?"

"Die, madam?"

"It was my word, Gyges. As a man of honor, a man of more honor than my braggart King, I will leave the decision to you. What is your answer?"

In the annals of Lydian history, the despotism of King Candaules is more than balanced by the just, wise, long and clement reign of King Gyges and his lovely Queen.

FLIP SIDE (continued from page 51)

he said the colonists made no sense at all. And along Tin Pan Alley, it was regarded as conclusive evidence that Harry Smollett, vice president of Magna Records, Inc., could fall into a vat of sheep dip and come up clutching a rose.

Until the moment when he decided that *Scrambled Eggs* would be a good number for Ginny Lane, Harry Smollett had been Magna's vice president in charge of recording. Now he was vice president in charge of Ginny Lane, an advancement which forced no complaint from his lips. It was now his exclusive task to study the novelty songs that crossed his desk, distinguishing between those that might be likely hits for Ginny and those which obviously had been composed in quieter surroundings, with padding on the walls. The difference between these two broad categories was not always discernible to the naked eye.

On Harry Smollett's desk today, for example, was a number entitled *Down by the A E I O U*, composed by the same Herbert Gideon who had authored *Scrambled Eggs*. It would be moot, from a cursory inspection of the new number, to say that Herbert Gideon was slipping. Harry Smollett, who at the age of 46, had outlasted two wives and three analysts, was keenly aware of his new position in life, and he had to be careful. Every song henceforth had to be a hit. Already, he was more famous than Herbert Gideon and almost as famous as Ginny Lane. The columnists now called him "The Song Demon," pointing out that *Scrambled Eggs* had been turned down by 19 reputable publishers and seven disreputable publishers before Smollett espied its potentialities as a smash success.

What complicated matters, in what for Smollett was an exceedingly delightful direction, was the fact that the newspapers now linked him romantically to Ginny Lane. A week or so ago, Smollett told representatives of the press that he had decided *Scrambled Eggs* would be a hit while visiting Miss Lane one evening at her apartment. He did not mention the fact that he had not visited her alone; that, in truth, he had barged in while Ginny Lane was entertaining her dear mother and two maiden aunts. But the newspapermen did not inquire further. Instead, they took Harry Smollett's testimony at face value, and what was published, as a result, was highly diverting. INSPIRED BY TRYST, one of the headlines said.

It ought to be said at this juncture that Harry Smollett and Ginny Lane were not precisely a pigeon pair. Smollett was gray and lean, his features sharply drawn, like something a fourth-grade scholar might perpetrate with a jigsaw in Shop Class. Ginny Lane, on the other hand, was 24 years

old, slender except where it was needful not to be slender, red of mouth, black of hair, bright of eye—intended, in short, for something better than Harry Smollett. But here again, no one in the trade had the slightest idea what that something might be.

Neither did Ginny Lane. At 11 o'clock of this certain morning, she entered Harry Smollett's office.

"Hello, Harry," she said, and regarded her benefactor hopelessly.

"Darling," Harry Smollett said, and came around his desk to kiss her.

"Harry," Ginny said, and avoided him. "I hear you have a new song."

"Yes," he said, resignedly. "It's called *Down by the A E I O U*. Herbert Gideon wrote it."

"Oh," Ginny said. "Before or after his breakdown?"

"Betimes," Harry Smollett said. "Shall I get Archie in here to play it for you?"

"Archie had a breakdown too," Ginny said. "His wife phoned in today."

"Well," Smollett said, "there must be somebody else around here who can play the piano. Hold the phone." He got up and came around the desk again, tried a kiss in passing and in vain, and went out the door.

Ginny Lane, left alone, wandered unhappily about the room. After a time, she sat down at the piano and examined the copy of *Down by the A E I O U* that was on the music stand. The perusal brought to her something akin to physical pain.

*Down by the A E I O U
Sweetheart, you and I,
We were so oo ah ee
Waiting for the bye and bye.
I said kubaba
And said it with a sigh—
Down by the A E I O U
Baby, you and I!*

"I won't do it," Ginny said aloud. "I will not do it. I don't care if it costs me a million dollars. I will not be caught dead saying we were so oo ah ee. That's all there is to it. I have never said kubaba in my life. I simply and absolutely decline to . . ."

Then she realized she was no longer alone.

A voice behind her said, "I beg your pardon. I didn't mean to interrupt anything." Ginny looked up and saw a tall, rather doleful-looking young man. "My name," he said, "is Sad Sam Weaver. Mr. Smollett asked me if I would play the piano for you."

"Oh," Ginny said, and thought about it for a moment. "Sad Sam? Why?"

"Because," Weaver said, "my name is Sam and I'm sad."

"What about?"

"Many things. May I sit down here beside you?" Sad Sam Weaver sat down.

"One of the things is that you recorded a song of mine, entitled *Always Only You*. You sang it beautifully."

"*Always Only You*," Ginny said. "I remember it."

"You're the only one who does," Weaver said. "It wound up on the other side of *Scrambled Eggs*."

"I see," Ginny said. "Well, you can call me Ginny, and I'll call you Sam. Does that make you any happier?"

"Yes," Sad Sam Weaver said. "What is that song you have there?"

"*Down by the A E I O U*," Ginny said. "Herbert Gideon wrote it."

"Herbert's outside in the hall with Mr. Smollett," Weaver said. "He was very excited about something."

"Well," Ginny said, "do you want to run through this while we're waiting?"

"No," Weaver said.

"Neither do I," Ginny said.

The tall young man reached into the inside pocket of his suit coat and drew forth a folded piece of music manuscript. He straightened it tenderly, held it with care, and placed it against the music stand.

"Just a little something," he said.

"Yours?" Ginny said.

He nodded. "Ballad."

"Love?"

Weaver nodded again. "Very difficult to get this type of song published nowadays. Did you know Irving Berlin went more than eighteen months between records?"

"*Not a Star*," Ginny said, reading the title of the song. "That's a pretty name for a song."

"It's a pretty song for a song," Weaver said. "If I do say so myself, and I'm afraid I do."

He began to play, and Ginny, reading over his shoulder, sang,

*Not a star, my love you're not a star,
A star is much too far for me.
Not the sky, my love you're not the sky,
The sky is much too high for me.
I'm an earthling bound by land and
ocean,
I'm a simple soul among the crowds.
If my heart's surrounded by emotion,
Still my head is not above the clouds.
Here you are, my love, you're not a
star,
I don't know what a star is worth.
You are not the heavens up above,
But you're heaven on earth.*

"I love it," Ginny said.

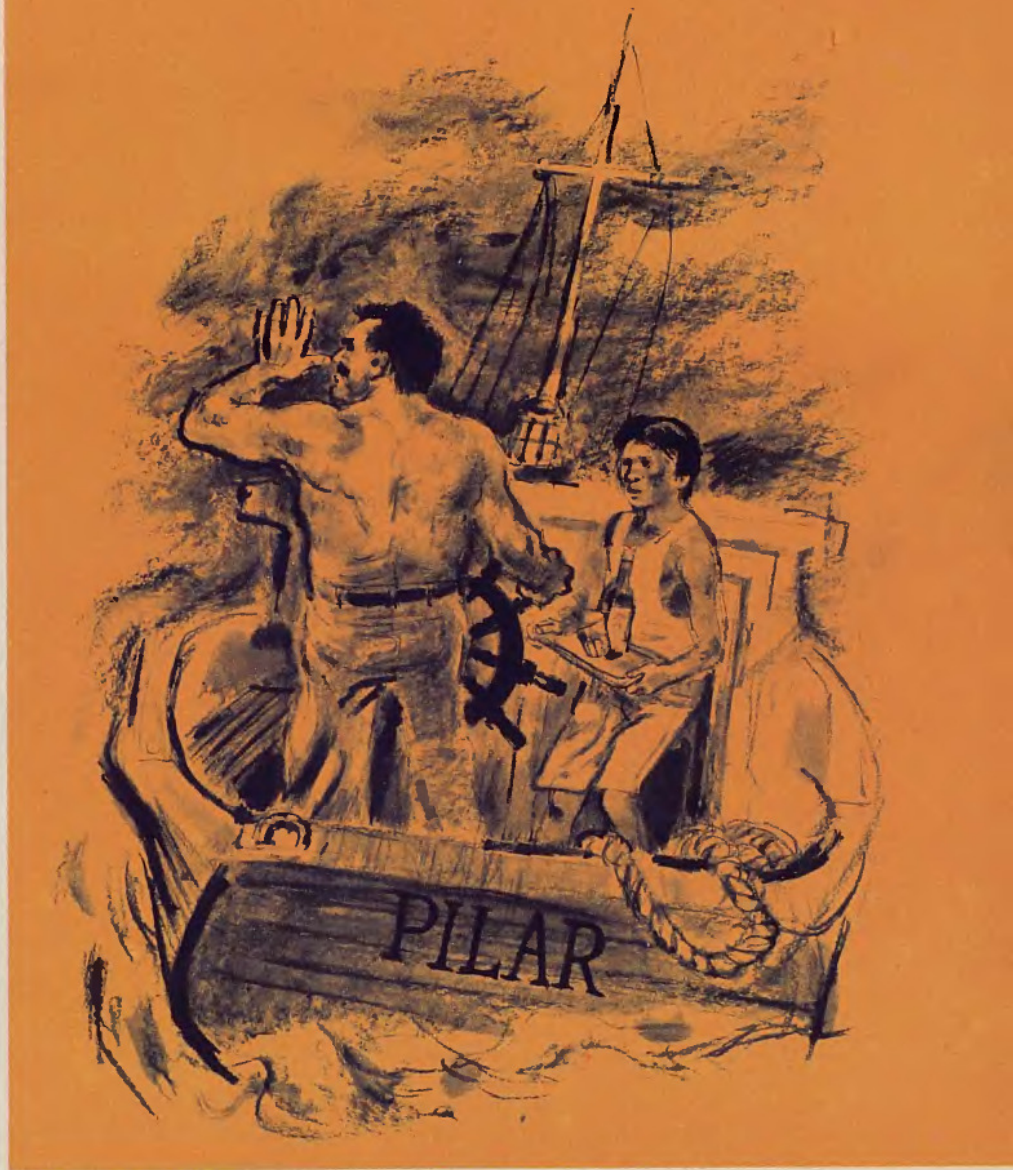
"'Bound' and 'surrounded' make a nice interior rhyme," Weaver said. "Not quite up to Ira Gershwin, who once rhymed 'seraphic' with 'traffic', with a happy touch, nonetheless. This I do confess. I hope I don't sound boastful. Somebody has to say something nice about my songs."

"That somebody," Ginny said firmly.
(continued on page 82)

HEMINGWAY

pastiche BY JED KILEY

a title bout in ten rounds



He thumbed his nose and headed straight into the storm.

ROUND 4: "WINNER TAKE NOTHING"
FLOYD GIBBONS AND I were down in Florida in the spring of '36. Gib was another former Chicago reporter who had made the big time. He was dragging down three grand a week for talking fast on the radio. He had a swell motor yacht called The Adventurer. One day we cruised down from Miami to Key West.

The Overseas Highway that connects up the Florida Keys had not yet been built. Key West was still an island. You had to go there by water. So Ernest had his island home and his boat just like he had said he was going to have ten

years before in Paris. Some fortune teller. I was anxious to see his boat. Bet it's a honey, now that he has the dough, I thought.

We tied up at the fishing docks on the Gulf and the old Adventurer stood out like the Queen Mary; all brass and gleaming white, among the local fishing craft. And the first thing we did was to ask where we could find Hemingway.

"God only knows," the dockmaster said. "We got a lot of bars in this town. His boat's Pilar, but he's not aboard."

So we went up to the La Concha Hotel. They've got a good bar there.

(continued on page 70)

SELECTING YOUR SECOND WIFE

satire BY SHEPHERD MEAD

more secrets of being successful with women without really trying

MEN ASK, "Should I replace my wife?" This is a callous attitude and one with which we have little sympathy.

A wife is not like an automobile, traded in yearly as later models appear. True, with cars a new bit of grillwork or a change in fender line can drive you quickly to the showrooms lest you become a laughing stock in the neighborhood. But luckily the models in women are rarely improved. The changes in so-called "fender lines" are slight, the chassis design remains almost constant, and mechanical improvements are conspicuous by their absence. With reasonable care a wife should last for years and years.

Some say, though, that a time comes when you have outgrown a wife, even though she may still be serviceable. She may be, they argue, unable to keep pace with you mentally, or be unsuited to the new and perhaps more fashionable group to which you have risen. Should you then replace her?

No — never!

WEAR OUT YOUR WIFE

Replacing wives is wasteful and should

not be encouraged under any conditions. Do not cast off a wife — *wear her out.*

To our pioneer forefathers, divorce and desertion were almost unheard of. In those days men simply wore out their wives, and it was rare indeed to find a man who had not worn out two or three of them. These were the days of busy, happy homes — and they *can* return.

A word of caution: it is best to wear out a wife *evenly*. Keep her busy in a great variety of ways and she will develop a nice patina, so becoming to so many women. The woman worn out piecemeal takes on a spotty and irregular appearance, one of which you may not be proud.

Question the Wall Paper.

Once you begin to grasp the basic logic behind this strategy, you will develop techniques of your own. But for students who want one more example — and one that is especially recommended for even wear on the wife — we suggest questioning the wall paper.

"Uh, Phoeb, I just happened to notice the wall paper in the hall."

"Oh? What about it, Davie?"

"I don't want to say anything

about it. After all, *you* picked it out. Just look carefully at it in *broad daylight.*"

(Do not make a specific criticism, which would only cause an argument, one which you would have small chance of winning.)

Don't refer to the subject again. After a week or so you can be sure things will happen.

"Davie, I've been thinking about that wall paper."

"Oh? What wall paper, pet?"

(Pretend at this point that you have forgotten all about it.)

"In the hall. You said you didn't like it."

"Did I? Looks fine to me."

"It's the color, I'm sure. I thought it was maroon, but in the bright daylight it's almost a brown."

"Well, let's not worry about it, pet."

(The mechanism has started. You need only apply the brakes occasionally.)

"Davie, don't you care anything about your *home*? If it's really a brown, that throws *everything* off,



the whole color scheme."

"Well, just pick up a couple of rolls of paper, pet."

This will go on for several weeks.

"Davie, I was just wondering about the wall paper."

"Oh, bought it already?"

"I've been to dozens of stores, and I had some picked out, but I got to thinking—instead of the *new* paper, maybe we could keep the *old* paper and change the carpeting —"

"Fine, pet, just keep looking around — but I'd go easy on *buying* anything."

Carpeting will lead her to slip covers, slip covers to drapes. She will be busy and happy. The really skillful husband can manage it, too, so that very little actual money is spent.

"I think I've got it worked out, Davie."

"I don't think you're planning *big* enough, pet. Why put any more money into this old house? I think we've outgrown it. Why don't you start exploring around?"

The whole process should last for many months, and will keep her busy

and contented.

WHAT TO LOOK FOR IN THE SECOND WIFE

By now we will assume you have worn out the first wife and are ready to select another. What should you look for?

The qualities that make up the ideal first wife are seldom needed in the second. The first wife, as we have seen, must be well-muscled and vigorous, since she will be in a sense a maid of all work.

The second wife can be chosen differently. We can assume that by the time you are ready for her you will be older and more fastidious, and, of course, far wealthier. You should be able to afford a staff of people to do the rough work.

Briefly, the second wife is to the first wife as a Jaguar roadster is to a Ford station wagon. She will be a sports model. (It would be wise to point out at this juncture that you may be middle-aged when you select the second wife. You will not be too keen for the outdoor life. Choose a girl who is good at *indoor* sports.) She should have all the fun-loving qualities of the good fiancée. No need, however, for the bursts of strength

or the ability to do without sleep. She will have ample time to rest.

She must be at least eighteen years old — may indeed be as old as twenty-five or twenty-six — and should have breath-taking beauty, both of face and figure.

No need to test for firmness. You are not seeking womanpower, only luxury and comfort. Find, if you can, a girl who has the consistency of an expensive foam rubber sofa.

She should be physically lethargic. If not, her youth may lead her to great activity. This may take her far from the fireside, and from you.

Finally, she must be good-natured, understanding, and tolerant, for as you advance in years you will become grumpier and less manageable.

If she has all these qualities, you have found a pearl indeed. Treat her well. If properly cared for she will never wear out.

Keep her happy and she will repay you well.

NEXT MONTH:
"CONCEIVING CAN BE FUN"



HEMINGWAY *(continued from page 67)*

But the bartender seemed nervous. He looked around carefully and lowered his voice. "Mr. Hemingway never comes in here," he said.

That's funny, I thought. Looks like the nicest place in town.

"Where can we find him?" Gib asked.

"I don't know where you can find him," the barkeep said, "but any taxi can take you to his house."

So we grabbed a cab and sure enough the driver knew just where it was. He kept looking at us in the mirror as we circled through the narrow streets. We finally stopped in front of an eight-foot stone wall with forbidding looking iron gates. The place looked like a medieval fortress. The only thing missing was the moat. The grounds covered a square block in the most thickly populated part of the town and the walls were on all four sides with broken bottles on top to keep you from climbing over. I knew who had furnished the bottles all right.

Looking through the iron gate all you could see were palm trees set close together with a glimpse of an ancient mansion in the middle. It was a bright sunny day outside but inside those walls it was black as night and the few pieces of ground you could see between the dense trees looked damp and mysterious. Bet there's a lot of pirate bones buried there, I thought.

When Gib pulled the bell cord by the gate a mournful dirge could be heard in the distance. It sounded like that lone church bell they ring in Spain for the dead. We waited a bit but not a sound came from the house. We rang it again and again. But nobody came to the door. That is, nobody in *that* house came to the door. But across the street every door in the block opened to pour out women and kids. They all stood silently watching us. The houses were mostly small unpainted shacks tied down with wires against the hurricanes. The scene reminded you of the old chateaux you see in Europe with the huts of the peasants grouped around the Monseigneur's castle for protection. The neighbors themselves looked like they had just stepped out of old paintings. The kids were mostly naked and the women wore brightly colored shawls over their heads like you see in small towns in Southern Spain today or maybe Cuba. Gib cupped his hands over his mouth and gave them that fast radio line of his.

"Hello everybody," he said. "Is Mr. Hemingway in town?"

Nobody answered. Nobody even moved. They just stared. The driver called out in Spanish and a couple of them nodded. But nobody said anything. The Lord of the Manor has them well trained, I thought. He's probably

peeking out of some hidden window in his bastion right now. Dodging us the way he dodged me that day in his town house by the cemetery. Some isolationist.

Still running true to form, I thought. He lives in a cemetery in Paris and in a tomb in Key West. The driver told us the place was all modern inside and a show place of the town. But try and get in. We rang the death knell again but got only a dismal echo.

Anyway we knew he was in town. So we told the driver to take us any place he might be. That was a bigger order than we thought. We must have hit twenty bars in an hour. We started at the Ocean end of Duval street. That's the Broadway of Key West. It runs from the Ocean to the Gulf and is only about a mile long. But in that miracle mile there are more bars than you will find in two miles on Broadway. Every other store is one. We didn't go into them all; just the ones with sawdust on the floor. I asked the driver why and he explained.

He said, "The Señor Hemingway is very democratic. He does not wear the shoes when he visit the bar. Perhaps he like the feel of the sawdust on the bare feet. Who knows?"

Barefooted, I thought. What next? You'd think that it would have made it easier to find him. But it didn't. The Conks, that's what they call the natives on the Keys, go barefooted too. Anyway in every spot we visited it was the same story. We would ask for Señor Hemingway and everybody would clam up. You could tell they all knew him. But they just weren't talking.

"They think you the police," our driver said.

"What's the trouble?" Gib said.

"*Quien sabe?*" the driver said. But he looked like he did know.

We finally hit the last joint on the street. The driver refused to go in with us this time. You couldn't blame him, I thought. It sure looked plenty tough. Had a kind of stockade all around it with a lot of gaudy posters of Cuban belly dancers all over the unpainted front. It backed right up on the Gulf and Gib said that's how they got rid of the bodies. Just tossed them over the fence to the sharks. It was strictly a night joint, you could see. And you know how awful those joints look in the daytime. It had a Spanish name but we called it The Bucket of Blood.

We started in the door but a large dusky gentleman with a handle-bar mustache and a dirty apron suddenly barred the way. His huge body filled the doorway. "No open. Come tonight," he said. But when we asked the usual question about Hemingway a strange thing happened. Instead of clamming like the

rest of them he stood aside and bowed us in.

And you should have seen the interior of the joint. It looked like a hurricane had hit it. Broken glass and broken chairs littered the floor. A couple of tough looking Conks were cleaning it up. Our host, with amazing agility for such a big man, vaulted over the bar and came up with a bottle of good Scotch. The best we had had in Key West. I noticed the bar mirror over his head was broken in two places. There were no customers and, in an unbroken spot on the mirror, I could see the two Conks leaning on their brooms and staring at us. The big man, you could see, was the boss. He smiled ingratiatingly and announced that the drinks were on the house.

"Is it that the Señor Hemingway is a fran' to you?" he said.

Oh, oh, I thought. There's something screwy about this. I didn't like the way he was playing up to us. Better say we don't even know Ernest. Maybe our barefoot boy has been playing rough in the joint. I was going to warn Gib but he admitted that the Señor was our good friend before I could tip him off. Our host's next remark nearly flooded us. He was a very, very tough looking hombre.

"Please, please," he said, with his hands together as though he were praying. "Please tell your good fran' to come no more to my place. Look what happen las' night. I am afraid."

Better take the ball away from Gib, I thought. After all I had had a place of my own and knew how to talk to the guy.

"Don't worry about Señor Hemingway," I said. "He can take care of himself."

"I am not afraid for him," he answered. "I am afraid of him. *I am afraid he will hurt somebody in my place.*"

Get a load of that, I thought. The tough owner of the toughest joint in town was afraid Ernest might hurt one of his customers? Some barefoot boy!

I ordered another drink. This we gotta hear, I thought.

"Was he hurt?" I said.

"No, no," he said, "the Señor never get hurt."

"Start it?"

"No, no," he said, "he no start trouble. He just finish it. He win."

Winner take nothing, I thought. That's the title of one of his books. But the story I heard that day in The Bucket of Blood was a lot better than the book, in my opinion. We got it straight from the horse's mouth too; from the owner of the joint. And night club owners don't lie.

It seems that the Señor H. had dropped in alone to the establishment about four A.M. He had just wrapped up a book

(continued on page 84)



"I don't know about you, Horace, but I say to hell with the Olympics!"



"But I'd like to meet your wife."

Humor By P. G. Wodehouse

FALCONRY: WHO NEEDS IT?

a noble sport is due for revival over this chronicler's dead body



READING A BOOK not long ago about popular sports of the past, I was interested to note how few of them have succeeded in keeping their grip on the public taste. They had their day and vanished never to be heard of again. I suppose about the only one that has survived into our modern age is haberdashery. You still find dashing the haber going on. But what of knurr and spell? Or boxing the compass? Or mocking the turtle? (A cruel sport, this last. The players stood in front of their turtles and made wisecracks about their faces, and the competitor who was the first to get his turtle good and sore won the chukker.)

It is the same with hawking, or, as it was sometimes called, falconry. I don't know how well up you are on falconry, but it was all the rage in Shakespeare's time. You find numerous references to it throughout the plays, and there seems no doubt that everybody was doing it, though where the fun came in it is not easy to see. All it consisted of was going around with a falcon (or hawk) attached to your wrist and unleashing it when another bird, as it might be a heron, came along. The hawk (or falcon) then flew after this other bird and clobbered it. Then you whistled it back and started all over again. Monotonous is the word that springs to the lips, but, as I say, in Shakespeare's time they were crazy about it.

Today all that is changed. The motto of the modern sporting crowd is, "Golf and the world golfs with you, Hawk and you hawk alone." And I would not advise you to do that. A man going about Long Island or Bucks County with a large bird on his wrist would provoke laughter, and not very nice laughter, either.

One feels, reading about these old sports, that some of them might well have retained their appeal today, but one can readily appreciate why falconry passed out. Some say that the enclosure

of waste lands and agricultural improvements did it, but I cannot agree with this theory. A hawker does not hawk less eagerly just because he has bought the latest thing in self-propelling plows. Nor would a really enthusiastic falconer stop falcing because someone had enclosed the waste lands. He would simply hop over the fence and carry on regardless.

The school of thought which says that the decay of falconry was due to the introduction of fire arms into the sporting field is on firmer ground. Obviously, once guns had come in, it was merely a question of time before falcons were handed their hats and hawks thrown on relief. There was and always had been a flaw in falconry, a serious drawback to the sport, and every thinking man saw it in a flash. It was that the hawk got all the fun and applause, while the human being who had put it through college and was paying its board and lodging was merely an extra, supporting the star. To all intents and purposes he might just as well have been painted on the backdrop. Naturally, when guns were invented and a man could go out and shoot two or more of his friends in the leg before lunch, people were not going to be content with just standing there watching a bird take bows. Tired of playing second fiddle, they grabbed for their guns, and from that moment falconry was doomed.

Another reason why the sport waned in favor was that it was essentially undemocratic. It did not cater to the man of small means who is the backbone of every national game. "Falcons and hawks," says one writer, "were allotted to degrees and orders of men according to rank and station—for instance, to the Emperor the eagle or vulture, to royalty the jerrfalcon, to an Earl the peregrine, to a yeoman the goshawk, to a priest the

sparrow-hawk, and to a knave or servant the useless kestrel."

Anyone could have told them that that sort of thing would not do in a progressive age. One can readily imagine the chagrin of the unfortunate knave who had to stand by and listen while the Earl bragged about how Percy, his peregrine, had gone round that morning in two over par, getting a three (three herons) on the long seventh, conscious the while that the handicap of Kenneth, his own kestrel, still stuck immovably in the late twenties, its game, in spite of tutoring from the local pro, showing absolutely no signs of improvement.

All this, of course, was in Europe. America from the very start left the thing severely alone, preferring more sensible pastimes like bowling and pitching horseshoes. But even in Europe falconry on anything like its former scale would be impossible today. For one thing, modern civilization has grown too complex. There are too many people doing too many different jobs. How would the committee looking after the thing satisfy everybody in these times? There would not be enough different kinds of bird to go around.

True, the clergyman could still be allotted his sparrow-hawk and Grace Kelly's young man his jerrfalcon, but what sort of a bird would you assign, for instance, to the treasurer of the bricklayers union, to a manufacturer of poppet valves, to a trainer of performing seals, to the floor-walker in the hosiery department at Bloomingdale's, to the jet pilot who has made the first non-stop flight round Jackie Gleason or, for the matter of that, to a man who writes essays on the decay of falconry?

It is no use kidding ourselves. There would be a lot of talk and discussion... a few indignation-meetings in Union

Square . . . possibly a couple of paragraphs in Winchell's column . . . but when all the smoke had cleared away, you, gentle reader, would find yourself stuck with a futile sap of a kestrel that did nothing but eat and sleep, and so should I. They would lump us all together under the heading of "Knaves," and not a thing to be done about it.

And even if you had it good and drew a goshawk, what would you do with it? Where would you keep it? In your apartment? I don't see how. Certainly not in the kitchen, for the cook would be complaining that she had her hands full looking after her own kestrel. Scarcely in the living room or bedroom, with wives as fussy as they are. The bathroom would seem the only place, and to that there are the gravest objections. Anybody who has dragged himself wearily into the bathroom after having been up late the previous night at a college reunion and found a goshawk sitting on the edge of the tub will testify that there are some things which can be faced with a stiff upper lip and some that cannot.

But we still assume that the bird has consented, howbeit with an ill grace, to allow itself to be bedded out in the closet where you keep your umbrellas. What then? The question of its training

now arises, and this is no part-time job. For do not run away with the idea that falconry was simply a matter of inciting a hawk to maltreat birds of other species and just loafing around while it did it. The thing went far deeper than that. In order to prepare the party of the first part for its assaults on the parties of the second part a careful system of education was required. The moment the bird entered the home, you were up on your toes with scarcely enough spare time to read the evening paper.

"The following," says one authority, "is an outline of the process of training hawks," and he then proceeds to fill a dozen closely printed pages, a perusal of which gives the reader the impression that the only thing you did not have to do was to teach the bird Sanskrit and the use of the trap drums. Everything else was provided for. After a good grounding in childhood with a governess, followed by Groton or Lawrenceville, the hawk would be in a condition where four years at one of the Ivy League colleges would probably leave it equipped with a fair education. Though in some cases, where the bird, though painstaking, was a little slow at retaining, a private tutor during vacations might be considered advisable.

You can see the trouble this would

cause in the home. Endless worry and anxiety. "No, you *can't* buy that mink stole," the father of the family says to his weeping wife. "I'm not making a million a year, and you would insist on sending the goshawk to Harvard. And what happens? He flunks the romance languages exam."

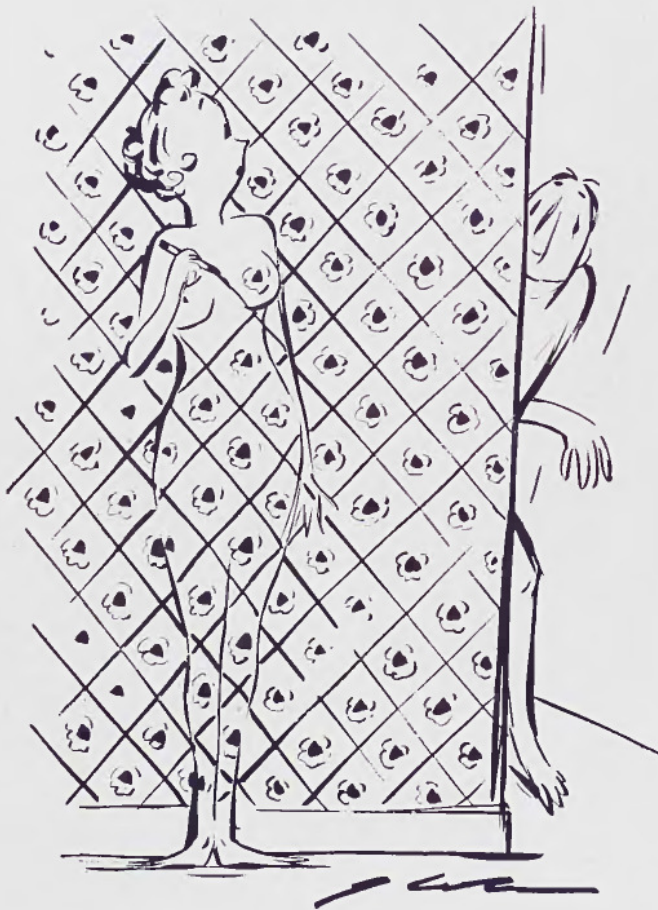
And on top of all that there was the matter of feeding. "The hawk," says our author, "will often be induced to feed if a beef steak is drawn over its feet." To my mind, this is asking too much of a man. If ever I am allotted a kestrel, I shall take a strong line. "Yes," I shall say, "I am perfectly willing to bring this obscene bird its beef steak on a plate with a little watercress and an order of French fried potatoes on the side, and I am even prepared to take it to The Colony or 21 on its birthday. But having done this, I submit that I have done my part. I may be foolishly proud and independent, but I will not brush its feet with raw meat. We Wodehouses have our self-respect. If the fatheaded fowl can't distinguish between an informal dinner and a pedicure, let it eat cake."

But, as I say, it is most unlikely that I shall ever be called upon to perform this degrading task. There is little chance in these enlightened days of goshawks and myself meeting on a social footing. They, so to speak, will take the high road and I'll take the low road. For falconry has had it, and will not come back. Apart from all the other causes of its desuetude, if desuetude is the word I want, the very vocabulary of the sport would have been bound to destroy it sooner or later. Your enthusiast can put up with a certain amount of slang in connection with his favorite game, but there are limits. A pastime inextricably mixed up with words like cere, brail, creance, frounce, jonk, imping, mew, pannel, ramage, seeling, tiercel, varvels and yarak could never hope to live.

The result of this compulsory double-talk was that the sports writers rebelled. They refused to report the big meetings. Those were the days when the haughty nobles were not only haughty but extremely quick on the draw, and they took offence readily. When the news reached Bleek's Coffee House that Redde Smithe, a well-known journalist of the day, had been divided into two Redde Smithes with a battle-axe for saying that the Earl of Piccadilly's peregrine had mantled (when actually it had raked out), the other reporters notified their editors that the job was not worth the risk.

So, lacking the support of the press, falconry drooped and died. And I would like to say that I am bearing up all right, and so, I think, should you. Let's forget about the whole thing.

FEMALES BY COLE: 29



Elusive

KING COLE

(continued from page 37)

still rolling for Take Two. Want me to cut it?"

"Never mind, then, let's go from the top," said Nat. Riddle continued dictating changes in the score. Gillette asked Riddle if he could tone down the clarinets before the release. Riddle looked at the score and instructed: "OK, kill that clarinet figure three bars before E. It's unnecessary."

By this time, Putnam was down in the studio again. He unscrewed the mike crouching next to the tympani and switched it with the one hovering over the harp. Even a mike has a personality of its own. Sometimes a particular model contributes materially to the reputation of a star. For example, when Eddy Howard is cutting, Putnam always sets up a Western Electric 369 mike in the vocalist's spot. It has what Putnam calls a "rise of sound." It gives body to a singer like Howard who "has a lot of breath but not much sound."

Then Gillette and Putnam moved to their stations again in the control room. The speaker kept putting out the subdued bubbling and babbling of activity in the studio. Suddenly the control room fairly shook with a violent *clink! clong! cloink! clong!* All the plumbing in the building, it seemed, had exploded in their ears. Cole roared with laughter watching the violent start of the men in the control booth. There he stood, hands cupped, jiggling a pair of coins so close to his extra-hot mike they sounded like bouncing boilers. Gillette swore but smiled. Then he announced: "Number 13990, Take Three."

Riddle's eyebrows went up with his arms, as his face took on a look of sleepy calm and the strings and reeds began the opening bar.

Gillette quickly looked at Putnam, who nodded.

"Cut," Gillette called. The attack was bad.

"Number 13990, Take Four." The strings began with confidence and sway, together this time. The intro built and Cole moved into the mike to begin his first words when again Gillette called: "Cut."

"Man, you didn't pick up that click, did you?" Cole asked.

"Yeah, what was it?" Gillette inquired.

"My chewing gum. Sorry, man."

"I'm picking up a squeak. Anybody hear it out there?"

"My voice is changing," retorted Cole. The musicians laughed. Everybody looked at his instrument and around the floor rather aimlessly, as though an unidentified squeak might be near. The last row of the string section, which included three members of the cele-



"Irwin...!"

brated Fine Arts String Quartet, burst into a jeering laugh. The squeak was coming from the chair of Irving Ilmer, the quartet's violist. Ilmer sheepishly got up and moved his chair to the corner of the room where he picked up a substitute.

"Number 13990, Take Five."

As the music rolled out, Gillette watched the score closely but maintained an all-around awareness, like a pilot coming in for a landing. Every few notes his pointing finger plunged toward a corner of the studio and he pronounced the name of the instrument picking up a cue. "Trombones." "Piano." "Fiddles."

With each command, Putnam gave a dial a clockwise twist, to open a mike a little wider for the solo sound. His hands shifted gracefully, as in a dance, among six dials. With the springy bounce of a motorcyclist, he leaned forward in his seat and rocked. His face had the calm of one in full command, but perspiration oozed out over his eyes. Riddle, conducting the musicians, switched his eye from the score to the control room every measure to pick up messages on the face of Lee Gillette.

Cole was becoming more intent, too, in dealing with his lyric and he sang:

"When the sun above is p-shining . . ." and at the fluff, his face squeezed up and he squealed "Ay! Ay!"

Gillette motioned to Cole and Riddle to keep going. He was timing the song.

Cole's feeling for the lyric began to slip away and he plodded through the rest of it mechanically.

At the end, Gillette announced, "Time is 3:06. That's pretty good. Let's hold the tempo about there. Did you feel good with that tempo, Nelson?" Riddle nodded. Nat asked for a playback of the beginning to hear the balance. He bounded off the stage and into the control room.

As though by a signal, the orchestra disbanded. A few pulled out sandwiches. A union representative distributed withholding tax forms which the musicians began to fill out. "Let's take five," a trumpeter wisecracked, "so Frankie can count up his dependents." The musician named Frankie muttered something in retort, but no one heard it.

In the control room, the voice of Nat "King" Cole poured out of the big speaker while its owner gazed deeply into the floor, listening. The performance still was ragged. At a tricky change of key, Cole's face tensed expectantly and his brow subtly lifted. When his voice hit the note clean, his face relaxed again.

When the playback ended, the men were in their chairs. Gillette was at his mike. "Drums, listen. Don't rub the brushes across the drums. It comes over like record scratch." The drummer nodded.

"All right," Gillette called out. Then

to show that this time he was really out to make a record: "Stand by." After a pause: "Number 13990, Take Six."

As the music started, Gillette and Putnam glanced at each other doubtfully, but they let it go. Again, Gillette commanded tensely to Putnam, "Trombones." "Fiddles." But it was clear from both men that this was another run-through, not the serious making of a record. Meanwhile, Cole was becoming more sure of the lyric. He was starting to mean the words.

When it was over Gillette asked Putnam, "Did we lose the band when Nat came in?" Putnam agreed they had.

"Let's try one more," Gillette announced. "Let's watch the tempo, Nelson; we're starting to slow down to 3:15 now. Trumpets, under 'You will walk with me some day' don't worry about getting too much blast. Give it a good shot. Nelson, after the word 'childhood' on the reeds give me a 'bop' instead of a 'doit'. OK, let's get right into it. Number 13990, Take Seven."

The band played the intro and Nat began to sing, to one person now. He was starting to whisper and the orchestra was beginning to flow. Now Gillette was starting to perspire. In his commands to Putnam, his hands no longer pointed but his eyes did. His ears seemed to be growing larger on his head. Billows of music filled the room. Jay Trompeter and Bill O'Connor, local disc jockeys, had slipped into the control room quietly. Every few minutes, one of them leaned forward to get a better view of the extreme right of the studio and Nat Cole, who now was swaying a fresh paper cup of coffee as he started to live his lyric.

The feeling of a hit song was taking shape.

As the music swayed into the final eight bars, Cole rested his coffee cup on his music stand, gesticulated his lyric with a sweep of his hand, then reached down to raise the music stand slightly, all within the flowing beat. With a hollow clatter, the music stand collapsed in his hands. Again, Gillette circled with his finger to indicate "Keep going." He was still checking the timing.

"OK, no playback," Gillette announced. He felt a momentum building up, as essential to a successful record as the song itself. He surveyed the studio quickly. "Are all the wrong notes fixed?" he asked. The musicians were looking less relaxed. Riddle nodded.

"Get it right this time and I'll buy everybody a drink," Gillette volunteered.

"That's on the tape, Lee," chortled Nat and everybody laughed out loud.

"OK," said Gillette, "let's make a record one time. Number 13990, Take Eight."

The music began and the voice began
(concluded overleaf)



"Well, what did you expect from artificial insemination?"



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to sing and everybody could tell this was the take that the world would hear on a Nat "King" Cole record. It glided and flowed, had the sincerity and bite, the spontaneity of a song that came off without any work at all. This was the aim of the expensive hour, of the anxiety and the perspiration from three dozen men: a song that seemed to take no work at all, a relaxed and private rendezvous between Nat "King" Cole and one listener—not millions, but one. Lee Gillette knew it was there as the waves of sound from the big wall speaker filled the room and he floated with them.

"Hold your places," Gillette called, the moment the last bar died away. "Let's get another one while we got it. Number 13990, Take Nine."

Nat fluffed a word on his opening. Gillette just nodded and waved to Riddle to throw it away. The music stopped and Gillette said, "Number 13990, Take Ten." Now the men had become expert at making it come off easy and again Nat "King" Cole was singing alone in an intimate and darkened room.

When it was over, Cole, enthusiastic and boyish now, darted into the control room, lit a cigarette in his long thin holder, placed a foot on a chair and hunched forward to listen. When Take Ten was over, he said, "Let's hear the other one." Putnam threw a switch which back-wound the tape at startling speed. In seconds he was back to the beginning of Take Eight and played that.

"The intro is cleaner on Ten," Gillette said, "and the fiddles come off better. Nat's got more presence in Eight though."

"Nat popped a 'p' in one spot on Eight, I think near the end."

"Yeah, I caught that," said Gillette. "I can work those tapes together," Putnam said. On a worksheet before him, under EDITING INSTRUCTIONS, he wrote: *Take 10, intro and instru chorus. Take 8, Nat, but watch for p-pop. Pick up from 10.*

"Why'n't we make one more in a hurry?" Nat asked.

"We have what we want now," Gillette explained, "and we still have three more tunes to cut." Then smiling, he added, "You want to sing for your own excitement at these prices?"

Nat's eye roved the studio. Twenty-eight men at \$41.25 each for a three-hour session, the cost of the studio, technicians and who knows what else. The singer pays these, on the theory that he's hired to produce the musical product. That is, the record company advances the money, then reimburses itself before paying the singer any royalties. Sometimes recording expenses pile up to more than the royalties a singer earns. If this unhappy state continues until the end of the artist's contract period, so that the singer is actually

in debt to his employer, the company usually tears up the ledger sheet, absorbing the loss itself.

"Yeah," Nat laughed and agreed. "Let's go to the next."

A few minutes later the orchestra was running through the introductory verse of a song. Nat sang it through. Just as it reached the point of resolving into a chorus, the music stopped. Gillette called for another run-through and the same portion was replayed.

"That sounds pretty good," Gillette said. "Let's try one." Jay Trompeter, the disc jockey, who thought Gillette was kidding asked, "But where's the song?"

"That comes tomorrow," Gillette answered.

Trompeter looked at him blankly. "This intro," Gillette explained, "has a lot of strings, but the chorus is all brass. Tomorrow Nat's cutting an album with a lot of brass. So we do the intro today while we have strings and do the rest tomorrow. Then we'll splice the tapes together. Never know the difference. Do it all the time. OK, everybody, number 13991, Take One . . ."

.

NAT COLE LP DISCOGRAPHY

- In the Beginning* 12" Decca 8260
- King Cole Trio, Vol. I* 10" Cap. H-220
- King Cole Trio, Vol. II* 10" Cap. H-59
- King Cole Trio, Vol. III* 10" Cap. H-177
- Harvest of Hits* 10" Cap. L-213
- Vocal Classics* 12" Cap. T-591
- Instrumental Classics* 12" Cap. T-592
- At the Piano* 10" Cap. L-156
- Tenth Anniversary* 10" Cap. H-514
- Tenth Anniversary* 12" Cap. W-514
- Two in Love* 10" Cap. H-420
- Two in Love* 12" Cap. T-420
- Unforgettable* 10" Cap. H-357
- Unforgettable* 12" Cap. T-357
- Top Pops* 10" Cap. H-9110
- Top Pops* 12" Cap. T-9110
- Penthouse Serenades* 10" Cap. H-332
- Penthouse Serenades* 12" Cap. T-332
- Ballads of the Day* 12" Cap. T-680
- Piano Style* 12" Cap. W-689



ABDICATING MALE

(continued from page 50)

headed for Reno and a fair lass engaged in an affair would soon be dropped. But after I told them what they were doing, this previously unconscious hit-or-miss gambit became a science. Today, many agencies apply what they call in all seriousness the "Wylie Test" to all initial copy. If it does not somehow ask madam about her Pollyadlerian proficiency, and imply she is wanting unless she buys the product, that layout goes back for revision. Sometimes, when I contemplate the outcome, I feel as Frankenstein must have felt when he beheld the monster he had loosed on the world.

Frankenstein, to continue the analogy, sought to make amends by destroying his creation. As for me, I'd like to do the same—not to advertising as such, but to the Wylie Test and the fruits of its application. If any admen are listening, I beg you: *go straight*. Tell us what the product is, does and costs and how long it will last. And stop trying to kid Miss and Mrs. America into the fear that their sex appeal depends on gadgets.

Then, perhaps, our women (and we men) will again become aware of two vital and elementary truths:

1. A girl can put on enough make-up and put on (or take off) enough clothes to seem—briefly—the living, lust-provoking image of Cleopatra. But unless her aim is merely to provoke one man for one night, no product will help her. The man who weds her may admire her exterior, even with the shellac; but he will live with the insides of the girl—sans makeup.

2. The true test of physical sex appeal in a woman is the literal and figurative rain-barrel. Dunk her till she's clean, till all the products wash off, till the pads, perfumes, mink coats, clothes, underwear, automobiles, divans and the like are flooded away, till the hair-conditioners and permanents are done for, till the pills wear off and the hygienic capsules dissolve out. Then dry her in the sun. What remains is what you'll get if you marry her or even go steady with her for a bit. On that simple basis, an amazing proportion of females stand about even—even: equally desirable, that is, and attractive. On that basis, the product-gals are horribly exposed.

A few paragraphs back, I referred to the graver consequences of the Wylie-tested ads. These, sadly, require further analysis. When it comes to sex, love, married love and all that, the girl or woman who depends on products is the eternal loser. Products—the very best ones—merely get in the way of love and provide obstacles to loving. What the sex-and-marriage manuals imply resembles the implication of the ads and

all of it is false; for milady has no cause to fear she is a wretched you-know-what. All she must know—all Helen of Troy knew, and Fanny Hill, also—can be readily picked up by a girl of average intelligence and coordination in an idle afternoon.

What she needs—what she must have—isn't a battery of laboratory triumphs and a huge installation of gadgets. Any girl with the price can get those. But a lover, boy-friend, husband—the boss of a late-staying secretary on a rainy Thursday—is not primarily concerned with a girl's acquisitions. He requires the opposite: giving.

For "making love," the complete expression of sex love, is the first source of all human creativeness and nobility. The wanting man requires the wanting girl—and what both must want is to give themselves to one another. That act does not and cannot involve the checking of a list of advertised additives. A woman is not a trunk-full of trained goodies, no matter what Madison Avenue believes. She is a person. And a man who truly desires to express love physically has little interest in first going through his mate's impedimenta, like a customs inspector—unless he's so jaded it titillates him.

Were I given the power to speak directly to, and be heard and believed by, the yearning girl who symbolizes America's wanting, seeking, unattached women, I would say, "If, darling, you cannot give—and give all of lovely you as you are—don't offer. If you cannot relax in the inner sense of the word—don't bother to unbend at all: it won't work. If you think you can feign and fake, you may deceive a man or two. But can you fool yourself? Of course not! So you, at least, know you are a phony—and where's the love in that? To love for a diamond bracelet—or to think you're loving because you have air conditioning and percale sheets—is to assert in so plain a way no man capable of love can miss the point, that you aren't a good woman, wife, lay—anything.

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strumpets

(continued from page 42)

fully. "I have traced them to their lair and tomorrow I shall lead the police there."

"Oh, Frank!" said Sylvia, embracing him. "You're wonderful."

"Th-thank you," said Frank.

When he came out of the house the next morning he found the card on one of the porch steps. He picked it up and slid it into his wallet.

Sylvia mustn't see it, he thought.

It would hurt her.

Besides, he had to keep the porch neat.

Besides, it was important evidence.

That evening he sat in a shadowy Cyprian Room booth revolving a glass of sherry between two fingers. Juke box music softly thrummed; there was the mumble of post-work conversation in the air.

Now, thought Frank. *When Margie arrives, I'll duck into the phone booth and call the police, then keep her occupied in conversation until they come. That's what I'll do. When Margie—*

Margie arrived.

Frank sat like a Medusa victim. Only his mouth moved. It opened slowly. His gaze rooted on the jutting opulence of Margie as she waggled along the aisle, then came to gelatinous rest on a leather-topped bar stool.

Five minutes later he cringed out a side door.

"Wasn't there?" asked Sylvia for the third time.

"I told you," snapped Frank, concentrating on his breaded cutlet.

Sylvia was still a moment. Then her fork clinked down.

"We'll have to move, then," she said. "Obviously, the authorities have no intention of doing anything."

"What difference does it make where we live?" he mumbled.

She didn't reply.

"I mean," he said, trying to break the painful silence, "well, who knows, maybe it's an inevitable cultural phenomenon. Maybe—"

"Frank Gussett!" she cried. "Are you defending that awful Exchange?"

"No, no, of course not," he blurted. "It's execrable. Really! But—well, maybe it's Greece all over again. Maybe it's Rome. Maybe it's—"

"I don't care what it is!" she cried. "It's awful!"

He put his hand on hers. "There, there," he said.

39-26-36, he thought.

That night, in the frantic dark, there was a desperate reaffirmation of their love.

"It was nice, wasn't it?" asked Sylvia,

plaintively.

"Of course," he said. 39-26-36.

"That's right!" said Maxwell as they drove to work the next morning, "a cultural phenomenon. You hit it on the head, Frankie-boy. An inevitable god-dam cultural phenomenon. First the houses. Then the lady cab drivers, the girls on street corners, the clubs, the teen-age pick-ups roaming the drive-in movies. Sooner or later they had to branch out more; put it on a door-to-door basis. And, naturally, the syndicates are going to run it, pay off complainers. Inevitable. You're so right, Frankie-boy; so right."

Frank drove on, nodding grimly.

Over lunch he found himself humming, "*Margie. I'm always thinkin' of you—*"

He stopped, shaken. He couldn't finish the meal. He prowled the streets until one, marble-eyed. The mass mind, he thought, that evil old mass mind.

Before he went into his office he tore the little card to confetti and snowed it into a disposal can.

In the figures he wrote that afternoon the number 39 cropped up with dismay-ing regularity.

Once with an exclamation point.

"I almost think you are defending this—this thing," accused Sylvia. "You and your cultural phenomenons!"

Frank sat in the living room listening to her bang dishes in the kitchen sink. Cranky old thing, he thought.

MARGIE
(specialties)

Will you stop! he whispered furiously to his mind.

That night while he was brushing his teeth, he started to sing, "*I'm just a poor little—*"

"Damn!" he muttered to his wild-eyed reflection.

That night there were dreams. Un-usual ones.

The next day he and Sylvia argued.

The next day Maxwell told him his system.

The next day Frank muttered to himself more than once, "I'm so tired of it all."

The next night the women stopped coming.

"Is it possible?" said Sylvia. "Are they actually going to leave us alone?"

Frank held her close. "Looks like it," he said faintly. *Oh, I'm despicable*, he thought.

A week went by. No women came. Frank woke daily at six A.M. and did a little dusting and vacuuming before he left for work.

"I like to help you," he said when Sylvia asked. She looked at him strange-

ly. When he brought home bouquets three nights in a row she put them in water with a quizzical look on her face.

It was the following Wednesday night. The doorbell rang. Frank stiffened. They'd *promised* to stop coming!

"I'll get it," he said.

"Do," she said.

He clumped to the door and opened it.

"Evening, sir."

Frank stared at the handsome, mustached young man in the jaunty sports clothes.

"I'm from the Exchange," the man said. "Wife home?"



CORAL GLADES

(continued from page 34)

haustion that he must commence the ascent at once if he would see again the sunlight of the upper world. Tearing a lump, perhaps three-tons weight, from the body of the Giant Squid, he drove upwards trailing it in his mighty jaws.

Blackness changed to gray — then purple — purple into indigo blue — and now, at last, the scintillating emerald green of the final hundred feet. His body shook and trembled with the desperate beat of his fins, his lungs were near the bursting point, but never for a moment did his teeth relax from the burden that weighed him down — the food he had won for her.

And then, even through his own agony, he smelled it. Blood. There was blood in the waters above.

Amid a crash of opening seas he broke surface, lolling there inert while the last of the air shot in a hissing jet of steam from the blowhole.

Slowly he turned, slowly his little eye searched the sea and then, in an instant, the lover of the coral glades had become the most terrible of all God's creations, the berserk sperm whale.

Forgotten the tons of squid now sinking back into the deep; forgotten his exhaustion; unnoticed the shape creeping over the waters behind him. He saw only that she needed him and, even as he commenced his charge, knew that he came too late.

She was dying.

In a sea whipped to foam rolled that lovely pearl-gray body seared with gaping wounds and, high above the spray, there leaped a lean black form curving in the air to fall again with a crash of its scythe-like tail across her back. Down she went and from the depth below flashed a streak of burnished light, burying its sword in her belly. She turned over, her fins beating helplessly as the thresher shark sprang again into the

air to flail her with its fearsome tail, to drive her down once more to the swordfish lurking below.

Up he sailed — all grace and evil against that blue Pacific sky — and up from the sea leapt a pair of gaping jaws to meet him.

There was a clash like a steel gate and the two halves of the shark, spouting crimson fountains, smote the water twenty yards apart. Round whirled Shushu, plunging headlong where the swordfish, fastest of all swimmers, had already turned to flee. In a swirl of foam charged the bull sperm and swifter still the swordfish. But not quite swift enough. Though the whale missed that sleek body, his teeth sheered through its tail. Propelled by its own momentum, on sped the swordfish down into the depth and — one — two — three — like wolves after a bleeding stag flitted a trio of shapes upon its trail.

The tiger sharks would feed well where the purple meets the blue.

Then Shushu came back to Her where she lay at peace and nuzzled a little and lay beside her as she sank lower in the water so that the wavelets lapped her graceful back with their silver lace. And she looked upon him, with the same look that had made him the lover of the coral glades, and with that look died. Shushu lay very still, for sperm whales whose hearts are far, far older than two hundred years suffer much from twinges.

From behind, furtive as a shadow, crept the whaler.

...

"The cow's sunk," growled the mate, pointing over the bows, "and the bull must have been sore wounded in the fight so quiet does he lie. Get home with the harpoon before he sinks too."

The old harpooner wiped the sweat from his eyes.

"'Tis wrong," he muttered. "After such a sight as we have seen, seems somehow bitter wrong to take his life."

"Wrong, ye fool! Look there and reckon the weight of him in sperm oil, fats and even those ivory teeth. Are dollars ever wrong? Get set to fire."

"Aye, aye," grunted the old man, stooping over his sights. "But, damn my eyes, I'll do it clean. This, for his noble heart."

And he pressed the trigger.

"A hit, a hit!" yelled the mate. "Out boats there! What's that? Impossible. The rope . . . bust! Hell's death on the hands that wove it!"

"Nay," said the harpooner, "for it was the hand of God that broke it. But I killed him clean. He sinks! Look, he sinks! Well, that sees the last of him. Fare ye well, old warrior. Lie at peace with thy lass down there in the sea."



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FLIP SIDE (continued from page 66)

"is going to be me. Let's try it again."
Sad Sam Weaver, looking as though he did not quite believe any of this, launched soulfully into another vamp intro. Ginny began to sing. The door opened, and Harry Smollett came in. He was accompanied by Herbert Gideon, a little man who looked like an otter with eyeglasses.
"What," Gideon said to Ginny Lane, "are you singing?"
"Not a Star," Ginny said. "Mr. Weaver here wrote it. It's beautiful."
"Thank you," Weaver said to her. "You can call me Sam."
"It didn't sound beautiful to me," Harry Smollett said. "What is it?"
"A love song," Ginny said to him.
"Ah," Smollett said. "A love song." He turned to Herbert Gideon. "Do you have an extra one of those pills?"
"They aren't very good pills," Gideon said, reaching into his pocket.
"They're tranquilizers, aren't they?" Smollett said to him.
"Supposedly," Gideon said. He sighed. "They don't tranquilize me."
"A love song," Smollett said heavily. "What do you think this is? Vienna or someplace?"
"There's always room for a love song," Ginny Lane said.
"Let me tell you something," Harry Smollett said to her. "I address you as your future husband." He looked challengingly around the room. "Popular songs go in cycles. We are now in the rock-and-roll cycle, footwear sub-cycle—motorcycle boots, blue suede shoes, and so forth. You do not tell somebody in a hit song nowadays that you are in love. You tell them instead what kind of shoes you are wearing and please don't step on them. Or you tell them..."
"I beg your pardon," Herbert Gideon said to him. "Down by the A E I O U is a love song."
Smollett said, "It is?"
"Certainly," Gideon said. "See how the words go—'Sweetheart, you and I.'"
"We were so oo ah ee," Ginny Lane said.
"Exactly," Gideon said.
"Well," Harry Smollett said, "all I can say is, there are love songs and then there are love songs. This thing you were singing when we came in, Ginny, my pet. It'll have to go."
"Him too," Herbert Gideon said, eyeing Sad Sam Weaver.
"No," Ginny said quickly. "Sam has to stay. He's the piano player."
"All right," Smollett said, in business-like tone of voice. "Let's get going on the thing. Recording's at three this afternoon."
Herbert Gideon said, "What are you going to do on the flip side?"

Sad Sam Weaver said, "Were you talking to me?"
"He means the other side of the record," Ginny said to him. She smiled sweetly at Herbert Gideon. "Perhaps you have another tune? Down by the X L M H F, or some such?"
"Never put two hits on the same record," Gideon said slyly.
"That's right," Harry Smollett said. "Look for the worst tune you can find, is my motto, and stick it on the other side. Some song nobody will..." He stopped, gazing thoughtfully at Sam Weaver. "Would you care to play that number of yours again?"
"Delighted," Weaver said, and played *Not a Star*.
Ginny Lane said, "It makes me want to cry."
"What do you think, Herb?" Smollett said to Gideon.
"It's all right," Gideon said. "A nice, quiet, wretched number. Nobody'll notice it."
"My boy," Smollett said to Weaver, and held out his hand. "Congratulations. Your song goes on the flip side of *Down by the A E I O U*. You'll be famous."
"I'm already famous," Weaver said. "I'm on the flip side of *Scrambled Eggs*."
Distribution of Ginny Lane's newest recording, *Down by the A E I O U*, began one week thereafter. Therefore distribution of *Not a Star* commenced at the same time. The week itself was distinguished by the fact that Ginny Lane and Sad Sam Weaver had five dates—though none of them was destined to attract the attention of the columnists, who still regarded Ginny and Harry Smollett as the same old item. Sam Weaver took Ginny one night to Palisades Amusement Park, where they rode a roller coaster named the Cyclone; another night they spent at the Polo Grounds, watching the Reds dismember the Giants; another time they went to a Fernandel movie. So forth.
"The first time I laid eyes on you," Ginny sighed. "It was so..." She searched for the proper expression.
"So oo ah ee," Sad Sam Weaver said. "I felt the same way. I said kubaba."
"Only when they said your song could be on the other side," Ginny said. "Only then was I willing to sing that other song with the vowels in it."
"Bless you," Sam said to her.
"We'll be married," Ginny said happily. "Think of what a musical family we'll have."
A cloud crossed Weaver's brow. "No," he said. "I am one of those horrible old-style miscreants who believes the husband should support the wife. My royalty picture won't permit."
"Don't be ridiculous," Ginny said, and kissed him. "You're too old-fashioned. I suppose you think the girl you marry

will have to come live with you in Fall River, just because it's a nice, sleepy, old-fashioned town."

"It's New Bedford," Sam said. "And it's not so sleepy."

Ginny began to cry. "I think your songs are beautiful. It's not my fault they don't make money."

"I know," Sad Sam Weaver said. "It's the times. This thing is bigger than both of us."

On that note, they parted: Ginny to go to the nationwide television program *Show Time*, on which she was the featured singer this week, and Sam, in utter misery, to go watch the Giants again.

Harry Smollett was waiting for Ginny when she reached the television studio. "Baby," he said to her, "where you been all week? The newspaper boys been asking."

"For one week," Ginny responded, "I have been happier and unhappier than any million-dollar girl singer of crazy songs has a right to be. Do you understand?"

"No," Smollett said. "No, I don't. But I have a table reserved at the Stork, for after the show. The show'll be a snap for you. One rehearsal, inside in there now. You do *Scrambled Eggs*, and then for your encore you introduce the new one. Big sendoff. Forty million people watching. *Down by the X Y Z*, or whatever it is. You'll sell a quarter of a million records off this appearance alone. Don't forget to plug the label."

"I won't," Ginny said, and went inside to rehearse and make sure the orchestra had the sheet music it needed. Harry Smollett rejoined her after rehearsal, and they had a cup of coffee. "How'd it go?" he asked. "Easy?"

"Yes," Ginny said, and started to cry. "Those lyrics must be very moving," Harry Smollett said. "I never thought of them in quite that way. Oo ah ee. Kubaba. Yup." He nodded. "Charged with emotion. No two ways about it."

The show itself, a typical big-time variety hour, went swimmingly. Ginny Lane won a vivid hand when she appeared, and she sang *Scrambled Eggs* as only Ginny could sing *Scrambled Eggs*.

"Well, Ginny," the master of ceremonies said to her, when the applause had died down, "I hear you've got a new record."

Ginny nodded. There were tears in her eyes.

"Understand it'll sell a million copies, just like *Scrambled Eggs* did," the m.c. said.

"I hope so," Ginny said; this being the only thing to say under the circumstances. She cast a glance askance, and from the wings, Harry Smollett nodded encouragement.

"Is it like *Scrambled Eggs*?" the m.c. wanted to know.

"Nothing could be quite like *Scrambled Eggs*," Ginny Lane said.

The m.c. guffawed. "Well. Tell us a little about it."

"It's an old-fashioned song," Ginny said. "A love ballad."

"You don't say? What's it called?"

"*Not a Star*."

"Well," the m.c. said. "Been quite some time since we've heard a good old-fashioned love song. What do you think, audience? Want to hear Ginny sing it?"

There was a startling crescendo of applause.

Ginny nodded to the band leader, who at her urging during rehearsal had sent out a hurry call for score sheets of *Not a Star*. The conductor raised his baton, and Ginny sang Sam's love song.

The roaring applause from the audience was still going full blast when the show cut out to a commercial break.

Ginny found Harry Smollett waiting in the wings. "All right," she said to him. "You don't have to say it."

He looked at her. "Say what?"

"I did the wrong side of the record." She looked at him defiantly. "And I'm glad."

"Lady," Smollett said to her, with feeling, "so am I. The way the audience went for that number. I've been saying it for a week. Love songs have got to make a comeback. You'll sell more than a million records. I'm so happy I'm delirious. That silly piano player, he'll make himself a pot of money and I'm even happy for him. Come on. The Stork Club. We'll celebrate."

"No," Ginny said.

"What do you mean, no?"

"I mean no."

"Why not?"

"I have someplace else to go."

"Where?"

"The bleachers at the Polo Grounds,"

Ginny said, "if you must know."

"Did you say the bleachers at the Polo Grounds?"

"Yes."

"May one inquire why?"

"To find somebody."

"Isn't that sort of a crowded place to look?"

"Not the way the Giants have been going," Ginny said. "Good bye, Harry."

He stood there, watching her go out the door. Shortly, the door opened again, and Herbert Gideon came in.

"Harry," he said to Smollett, "I have just composed my greatest number."

Smollett looked at him. "Is it a love song?"

"In a way."

"What way?"

"It's called *The Diner's Lament*," Herbert Gideon said. "Subtitle: *There's a Rock in My Roll*. Is that great? Is it wonderful?"

"Give me one of those pills you carry,"

Harry Smollett said to him.

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HEMINGWAY

(continued from page 70)

and, as usual on those festive occasions, was wearing his bare feet and what he calls his "drinking shorts." That's all he had on. He enjoys hobnobbing with the key-hopping waterfront Conks who consider shirts and shoes an affectation. They know him and they like him.

But, it appears, there were three (3) largish rum-runners out of Nassau who did *not* know him and who did *not* like his looks. They had been imbibing some of their own poison and resented the Señor's bare feet and unshaven features. The Señor only grinned at their verbal insults.

But it seems that La Belle Conchita, who does the star strip-tease according to the posters, precipitated matters innocently by tossing the Señor a rose. The gesture was resented by the rum-runners. One of them playfully broke his glass on the edge of the bar and, while retaining the jagged stem as a weapon of sorts, he had laughingly tossed the small pieces of glass under the Señor's bare feet.

That's when the trouble started. When the Señor stepped on one of them. "And," our host said, "you never see a big man move so fast in all your life. Bottles, chairs and tables fly around him like the rain. The furniture miss him. His punches, they do not miss."

It had all ended as quickly as it had begun, we learned, with the three rum-runners going by air through the front door, which, by the looks of it, must have been closed at the time. The Señor won by three KOs. But he paid for everything. Winner take nothing.

No wonder we couldn't find him around town. He was waiting for the heat to cool down. Afraid somebody might want to congratulate him or something. That's why he wasn't home either. Better get out of here ourselves, I thought.

We got out of there fast. You could tell the driver was relieved to see us on our feet. He knew about it all right. Just wasn't talking. Gib thought we ought to take a little run in the yacht to get the morning-after smell of the joint out of our lungs. So we headed for the dock.

...

The Adventurer sure looked clean and inviting. Wonder if we will ever see Ernest, I thought. I knew he hadn't gone to bed. All that excitement would keep anybody up. Besides, sleep wasn't very important to him. Working or playing he liked to stay awake for days. I was sorry we had missed him. So was Gib.

We got on board and were all set to pull out when the Coast Guard started

running up small craft warnings. That's the way it is down there. One minute the sun is shining brightly and the next minute they are telling you to stay off the ocean. Bad weather hits fast on the Keys and a storm on the Caribbean is no joke.

We were helping the captain tie things down on deck and running out extra lines for the coming blow when a passing boat caught our eye. It was just one of those ordinary motor fishing boats you see all over the Keys but instead of running to shelter it was headed straight out to sea. There was a big man at the wheel and a Cuban boy standing beside him with a tray. The big man had a glass in his hand which the boy was filling from a bottle. The boat moving slowly on its motor was only a few feet from our bow. We looked at the man.

ROUND 5: "THE THREE DAY BLOW"

He was an Old Man and he had not taken a fish in many days. That was because he had not been fishing. He had been playing. When he fished he took a fish. When he played he took a drink. You could see that he had not taken a shave or a sleep in many hours. The Boy looked at him admiringly.

Everything was young about the Old Man except his eyes which were the color of seaweed which has been up too long. But they were cheerful and undefeated. The hand which held the glass had the deep creased scars which came from handling schooners across the bars. Some of them were as old as erosions on a fishless desert. Others at his knuckles were fresh; as though he had barked them recently on the rough thwarts of a sea-going chin. There was another fresh scar on his cheekbone; as if it had been brushed lightly by a passing fist or a flying chair. His bare toes gripped the deck the way his strong fingers gripped the glass; as though somebody were going to take it away from him. When he saw us his raucous laugh broke the spell. He shut down his noisy motor and drifted alongside. It was The Pilar.

"Blow me down," he said, "if it ain't the adventurers. What you doing? Tying her down? You sissies afraid of getting your feet wet?"

Just like that, I thought. You don't see the guy for years and he talks like he had just seen you yesterday. Maybe he had, I thought. Through one of those hidden peekholes in the castle of his.

"Tie up and come aboard," Gib said. "Big blow coming."

"No can do," Ernest said. "Got a date in Bimini. Come on over when the naughty storm dies down and go fishing. It's only a one-bottle cruise. I'll be there by noon tomorrow."

"You'll be in Davy Jones' Locker by noon," I said.

He looked at the sky and sniffed the air. The wind was rising and it was getting darker every minute. He said

something in Spanish and the boy turned the motor over. He pushed off and waved. "See you sissies when you get there. So long," he said. And he headed that tub of his straight for the Atlantic.

Well, I thought, he's still the same anyway. Still looking for trouble. And the big dough doesn't seem to have changed him. He looks worse than he did when he was broke. And you couldn't call that boat of his a yacht by any means. Guess he can take it all right, I thought.

"The man's crazy," the captain said. "You can say that again," I said.

The sea around the Florida Keys is a graveyard for ships. In the old days the Key Westers made their living out of wrecks. The wind piled the ships up on the saw-toothed reefs and the breakers did the rest. They say the natives used to put out the lighthouses when business was bad. The bones of thousands of ships lie buried in the shallow waters. The sudden storms, the shallow water and the reefs still make them the most dangerous waters in the world.

And this was no small squall. It was the real thing. The Conk fishermen were all streaking for port before the wind. Even the birds were ganging up and heading inland the way they do when a hurricane is coming.

The island of Bimini, the captain told us, is just a speck in the Caribbean and hitting it in a spell of bad weather is like finding a needle in a haystack. Our friend, he said, would come limping back to Key West in a few days or we would never hear of him again. "You don't know these waters," he said. You don't know Hemingway, I thought.

As his boat went by the Coast Guard Station a siren let loose that sounded like an air-raid signal. His was the only boat headed out to sea so it must have been for him. That ought to bring him back, I thought. But it didn't. He just stood up and waved with one hand and thumbed his nose at the Station with the other. The last we saw of him was his little boat, heading straight into the weather. Then it faded out suddenly in the dark like a Hollywood cut.

The storm was a bad one. It hit us a minute later. You couldn't see your drink before your face. We grabbed a taxi and just made the La Concha. The palm trees were bowing low to us as we tore through the wind-swept streets. The cab itself felt like it was going to turn over any minute. The rain was hitting it like a fire hose. It wasn't the hurricane season but it felt like one to me.

"God help the sailors on a night like this," Gib said.

"Amen," I said.

And it went on that way for three days and nights. We stayed holed up in the bar and watched it through the windows. All you could see on Duval Street was a Yank sailor now and then bucking

the wind and rain in snug oil-skins. Bet they were glad to be in port, I thought.

We pulled out for Bimini early in the morning of the fourth day. The wind and rain had stopped but there was a big ground swell. We asked about Ernest at the dock but he had not come back. We were worried. So I phoned the Coast Guard. When I mentioned his name a roar of laughter came back over the phone. "That guy knows those waters better than we do," a voice answered. The Dock Master did not share our fears either. "If that bird is ever lost at sea," he said, "it will be because they hanged him from a yard-arm."

We glimpsed Bimini at sunset. And what a sight. It looked like a little tropical tiara set in emeralds. The natives say that Columbus landed there on his first voyage. Named it San Salvador, they say. I wouldn't know about that but I'll bet Chris wasn't any happier to sight land than we were.

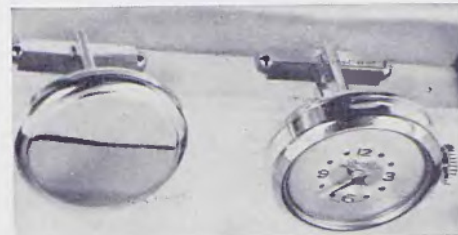
Bimini is the smallest of the British Bahamas group in the West Indies. It's really two islands but one is uninhabited. It lies about a hundred miles due east of Miami and, except for a small hotel, looked then pretty much as it did in Columbus' day. Has a population of about two hundred natives and they live and look pretty much the same as they did in the 15th Century except they listen to the fights and baseball on the radio. It's like one of those tropical islands you see in the movies; all coconut palms and white beach. The World Atlas gives it only a fly-speck and one line. "Bimini; a small island in the Bahamas, W.I. where Ponce de Leon is said to have discovered The Fountain of Youth."

I borrowed the captain's glasses and took a look. I picked up the dock, a long narrow jetty, but I couldn't see any signs of Hemingway's boat. There were about fifty natives standing on the jetty but not a white face in the lot. Must have come and gone, I thought. Hoped so anyway.

But he had not come and gone. We found that out while the natives were helping us tie up. The first thing they asked us was whether or not we had seen him. When we told them we had seen him start out for here four days ago they were all smiles. I couldn't see what was so funny about a man being out for days in a storm. But they did.

"No storm too bad for Papa," one of them said. "Storm over. He come sure now."

We hoped they were right but had our doubts. We spotted a little native bar at the foot of the jetty and headed for there. The going had been plenty tough all day and we were about ready for bed. A couple of the boys helped us walk and took us right to the bar without our telling them. Papa has them well trained, I thought. We made the bar and flopped



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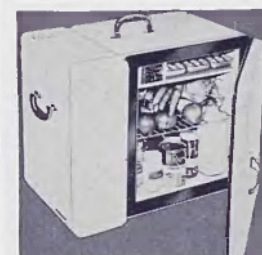
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down on a couple of bar stools. And after a few of those good Scotches you get on British islands we started to feel better.

But we were still worried about Ernest. Gib wanted to call up Key West and report him missing. They had a radio phone on Bimini and we might have done it but if we did and he turned up safe I knew he would be sore. He always hated any publicity about his private life. Sounds funny but it's true. Ask any newspaper man who knows him. Won't even talk about his own books let alone talk about himself. You got to give the devil his due. Look what he did when I gave him a write-up in *The Boulevardier*.

So we rolled up to the hotel and went to bed instead.

Came the dawn and we got some good news. The boy who brought our coffee was all smiles. Papa's boat had been seen limping into port, he announced. He would make the jetty in an hour or so and the whole island would be there to meet him. You'd think it was Christopher Columbus coming back again, I thought.

But Gib and I were right there with the rest when The Pilar chugged up to dock. The boat you could see had taken a bad beating. Some storm. But Ernest looked all right from where we stood. We weren't on the jetty. There wasn't room. We waited up in front of the bar. We knew where he would head for first. And you should have seen and heard the welcome the guy got. They even had a three piece band on hand. You'd think it was Lindbergh riding down Fifth Avenue except for the tune the band was playing. It was *God Save the King*. And they were treating him like a king, too. All laughing and smiling and yelling and as glad to see him as we were.

We were right about where he would head for first. He came on a beeline for the bar grinning and pushing his way through the half naked bodies like a conquering hero. He was half naked too and so wind-burned he looked like one of them. He walked in his bare feet over the nail and splinter infested jetty as though it were a thick carpet. Some feet. The soles must have been like leather. He looked pretty tired though, I thought. Still had his sea-legs and staggered from side to side. But he had plenty of friends to help him along. Seemed happy as a kid to see them. The Cuban boy who was his mate wasn't with him. He was already in his bunk, asleep. No wonder, after that day-and-night pounding. But it did not seem to have hurt Ernest much, I thought.

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ROUND 6: "AFTER THE STORM"



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HOLIDAY DINNER

(continued from page 40)

working properly, you may use your own judgment to lengthen or shorten the cooking times suggested here. The bird is done when the drumstick is tender and when the breast shows no pink liquid when pierced with a fork. If, after cooking, the bird is tender but not brown, turn the oven heat up high for a few minutes or place the bird under a broiler flame and turn it until evenly browned. The skin must be a deep brown or the flavor is not at its best.

TRUFFLE SAUCE

The smallest can of truffles, imported from France, will cost about a dollar. Usually truffles are only obtainable in the fancy food shops in large cities. The firm black tuber has little flavor of its own, but it is incomparable for highlighting and accenting the flavors of other blended foods.

In a saucepan melt 3 tablespoons butter. Add 1 sliced medium size onion, 1 sliced piece of celery, 3 sprigs of parsley and a pinch of sage. Sauté slowly until the onion is deep yellow. Add 2 tablespoons flour and stir well. Cook for a few minutes over a low flame, stirring frequently, until the flour turns a very light brown. Be careful not to burn it. Gradually add 1½ cups hot chicken broth—the canned will do. Add ¼ cup tomato juice. Stir well while adding the liquids. Bring to a boil. Skim well. Add 1 jigger brandy and 1 wineglass of dry red wine. Simmer very slowly until liquid is reduced to one cup. This slow reduction is extremely important for a proper blend of flavors. Add gravy color slowly, stirring until the sauce has a rich brown color. Pour the sauce into the pan in which the Rock Cornish Game Hens were roasted. Scrape the pan bottom. Stir well. Strain the sauce back into the saucepan. Skim the fat if necessary. Add 3 tablespoons coarsely chopped truffles. Simmer 2 or 3 minutes longer. Add salt and pepper to taste. Pour some of the hot sauce over the Rock Cornish Game Hens on the serving platter. Pass more sauce at the table.

If you can't get your hands on the truffles, you can make this sauce without them and still have a distinctive gravy.

QUINCE JELLY

Be sure the jelly is ice cold. Run a knife along the edge of the jar, and unmould the jelly whole onto a serving dish. If quince jelly is not available, then any other tart clear jelly, such as apple, crabapple or raspberry, will do.

CHESTNUT PUREE

For two persons, buy a one-pound can of chestnuts in water. (Do not buy marons or Chinese water chestnuts.) Mash

the chestnuts by forcing them through a colander, food mill or puree machine. Place the mashed chestnuts in a heavy saucepan with ¼ cup heavy cream, ¼ cup milk. 1 tablespoon butter and a heavy sprinkling each of nutmeg, cinnamon and sugar. Mix very well. Season to taste with salt. Cook over a slow flame, stirring frequently, until heated through. Correct seasoning if necessary. If the puree is too thick, thin it with additional milk. The puree should have the consistency of mashed potatoes. Imported pureed chestnuts, ready for the saucepan except for seasonings, may be bought in one-pound tins.

RED BURGUNDY

Although Rock Cornish Game Hen is a white meat bird, the flavor is rich enough to warrant a deep red wine. Any fine domestic or French Burgundy will provide a magnificent counterpoint to this sort of dinner. If a white wine is preferred, then the Alsatian Sylvaner, slightly chilled, is recommended without reservation.

PLUM PUDDING

A one-pound prepared plum pudding will serve six people easily since the dessert is quite intense in flavor. Plum pudding may be bought in either a tin or a crock. The pudding in the tin will usually be more moist than the pudding in the crock. Heat the pudding, before serving, in its own container in warm water. Cover each portion with prepared rum sauce also slightly heated. The Charlotte Charles brand or the Martha Ann brand of rum sauce are both very pleasant.

AFTER DINNER

Serve the black coffee in demi-tasse cups with small lumps of sugar. Use the dark French roast coffee or Italian espresso coffee if available. The slightly sweet, slightly salty flavor of the Hawaiian Macadamia nuts goes perfectly with after-dinner drinking. Any liqueur from cointreau to kirsch will help to keep the glow of your guests as steady and bright as the holiday candles.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES ON PAGE 57

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