

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

FEBRUARY 50 cents

PLAYBOY





RUSSO



CASANOVA

PLAYBILL

POET, PREACHER, POLITICAL satirist, diplomat and spy; hob-nobber with Catherine of Russia, Frederick the Great, Voltaire, Cagliostro, Madame de Pompadour, Richelieu, Jean Jacques Rousseau; recipient of the Order of the Golden Spur from Pope Benedict XIV; ejected from a seminary while still in his teens; imprisoned for espionage; expelled from both Florence and Madrid; forced to flee from Warsaw; exiled by the Inquisition; in such a crowded life, it would not be strange if little time could be found for affairs of the heart—and yet it is as an accomplished and prolific lover that the world remembers Giovanni Jacopo Casanova, Chevalier de Seingalt.

Born an Italian in 1725, his quest for adventures amorous and otherwise took him to Turkey, The Netherlands, Germany, Switzerland, Russia, Poland, France, Spain and, finally, Bohemia, where he died, at the age of 73, a much-lived citizen of the world. His very name, as James Stuart Montgomery points out, "has become a *word* in many languages." In the opinion of Emil Ludwig, "He has put the kings and poets of his age in the shade. He is the most popular man of his century, next to Napoleon."

Casanova's last years were spent in the writing of his now-famous *Mémoires*—twelve volumes that sparkle with cynical cleverness, abound with so much fantastic incident that some killjoys have accused them of being fictional. Remy de Gourmont had a ready riposte for such critics: "What if the *Mémoires* be by chance a novel? Very well, then Casanova becomes the greatest novelist of all time. That, however, is impossible. One does not invent so vastly varied a catalog of events." Wrote Havelock Ellis, "He has provided one of the great autobiographical revelations which the ages have left us." And Stefan Zweig exclaimed: "What a story! No romancer and no thinker has invented a more romantic tale." To such praise, *PLAYBOY* can add little save hearty agreement. As proof of our enthusiasm, a freshly translated anecdote from Casanova's *Mémoires* appeared in

our September 1955 issue, and another amusing episode has been chosen as the Ribald Classic for this February *PLAYBOY*.

Casanova would have appreciated blonde and buxom Jayne Mansfield, of the Broadway success, *Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?* When Jayne suddenly skyrocketed to national fame on the legit stage, we immediately got in touch with columnist Earl Wilson and assigned him the pleasant task of interviewing this nubile nova. "You bet!" he argued, and the results of the rendezvous will be found in these pages, "profusely illustrated" (as the book clubs say) with color photographs by Hal Adams.

Also to be found without too much effort are stories both tender and tense by John Collier and Don Marquis, an article about a lawyer's battles with prudery, *PLAYBOY*'s boxing preview for 1956, some nifty napkins, and a five-page text-and-photo spread on Stan Kenton, with pictures by Herman Leonard and verbiage by Bill Russo. Bill was with Kenton for five years, playing trombone and writing the biggest percentage of the group's exciting, aggressive arrangements during the 1952-54 period—fine things that can be heard on Capitol records titled, *New Concepts of Artistry in Rhythm, Sketches of Standards, Portraits of Standards* and *Stan Kenton Showcases the Music of Bill Russo*. We're certain you'll enjoy Bill's article and the evocative photographs of the Kenton orchestra on a road tour.

Rounding out this February issue, our incorrigible executive editor, Ray Russell, brings off a literary *tou-de-force* by beaming two birds with one satirical stone. The birds in question are the eminent writers Tennessee Williams and D. H. Lawrence, and the stone is called (for no good reason) *Playwright on a Hot Tin Roof*.

Sir W. S. Gilbert once observed that "for such a beastly month as February, 28 days, as a rule, are plenty." This issue, we hope, will help make even a 29-day February seem a good deal less than beastly.



RUSSELL

DEAR PLAYBOY



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

TV PRAISE

A word of thanks for the best magazine for men published. It's a good thing the magazine has a durable cover as it is passed from one to another through our staff. In our business there is a great deal of tension and the best way to "ease" down after a strenuous day or evening in front of a camera is to sit down with the current issue of PLAYBOY and relax. Our entire staff, men and women, enjoy it thoroughly.

Chris Alexander
KOTV Inc.
Tulsa, Oklahoma

P.S. Enclosed is a little gem I think anyone who has toyed with an expense account will enjoy:

Misc. Expenses for January

1-1 Ad for female steno	\$ 1.50
1-2 Violets for new steno	1.50
1-6 Week's salary for steno	45.00
1-9 Roses for steno	5.00
1-11 Candy for wife	.90
1-12 Lunch for steno	5.00
1-13 Week's salary for steno	60.00
1-15 Movie with wife	1.50
1-17 Theatre with steno	15.00
1-18 Ice cream soda for wife	.30
1-19 Cocktails with steno	9.50
1-20 Virginia's salary	75.00
1-23 Dinner with Ginny	32.40
1-26 Doctor	375.00
1-27 Fur coat for wife	1278.00
1-28 Ad for male steno	1.50
	<hr/>
	\$1947.10

SUCCESS WITH WOMEN

Better check on Shepherd Mead's statement relative to women being "more stable" than men. Any standard psychology text will generally tell you there is no appreciable difference between the sexes insofar as mental illnesses are concerned. The inside dope is that female patients are easier to hide from society. They can simply be kept at home and cared for by relatives. Us men, pore cusses, are usually committed when we develop mental aberrations. Incidentally, your publication is great, combining good taste in sex with a tongue-in-cheek humor that punctures the phony pretenses of a society which takes itself entirely too seriously.

Charles Lee Alcorn
Graduate Ass't. in Psychology
Mac Murray College
Jacksonville, Illinois

COOKING WITH BEER

Playboy Cooks with Beer and so does

Mrs. Moser, but never so successfully as now after your superbulous article in the November issue. Beer steaks and beer gravy for shrimp have become well established at our house and the soup is in the pot right now.

Pat Moser
Atlanta, Georgia

PLAYBOY PARTIES

I wonder if you're aware of something new that has come upon the American scene in the past few months known as the PLAYBOY Party? Take any ordinary gathering: the usual small talk, sipping of drinks, etc. Then let the host or one of the guests produce three or four recent issues of that remarkable publication known as PLAYBOY. The results are wonderful to behold: people laughing over Party Jokes, showing one another the best cartoons, arguing over the merits of the different Playmates. I've been to two parties in the past month where PLAYBOY put in an unexpected appearance and both times it made the evening.

Charles Rogers
New York, New York

No use praising your magazine any more than it has already been praised. Here at the Squires Club our Fall House-party dance was just about broken up when one of the fellows showed up with the new issue of PLAYBOY under his arm.

Don Spector
Hamilton College
Clinton, New York

Yes, it's another request from your Iceland subscriber, but that's what you get for publishing such an enjoyable magazine. On second thought, your magazine has got to go! Why? I'll tell you:

Situation: music appreciation party in my apartment (old jazz records, some of which were recorded in Denmark by an Icelandic friend). *Attendance:* assorted males, females and nationalities. *Potation:* French "75s."

Mix these ingredients well and one should expect carousal—but wait—"contretemps"—(my back copies of PLAYBOY had arrived)—and all that could be heard amid the thunder of the French "75s" and the fine jazz records was: (1) The "slishing" sound of turning pages. (2) Snickers as the cartoons and joke sections were perused. (3) Low-drawn-out "Oh's" and "Ah's" by the males and remarks like "She's not so much" or

"I'll bet it's touched up" by the females when the Playmates came in view.

Anyway—my party deteriorated—everyone insisted on reading PLAYBOY instead of "partying!" Imagine, playing second fiddle to an issue of a magazine. This is the end!

But on to the request: Please send another copy of the September issue. Some %#!\$@* perused the Playmate, the joke section and, well, the whole damn middle right out of it! While I'm in the requesting business, another PLAYBOY binder is needed. I'm enclosing a money order to cover expenses. And to PLAYBOY: *Au plaisir de vous revoir*,
Ayth M. Johnson, Jr.
Director of Civilian Personnel
Iceland Air Defense Force
c/o APO, New York, New York

COMPLAINTS

Your magazine is too expensive, it is filled with a lot of useless (to me) departments, its art and layout are not as good as you like to think, its so-called satire is rather poorly handled, it over-emphasizes sex and its importance (stupidly operating under the assumption that "adult" and "sex" are roughly synonymous), and it has a decadent, self-centered out-look or philosophy, if you will. On these and almost all other counts I condemn your magazine.

But unfortunately I keep buying and reading it.

Ronald Penon
New York, New York

The obscene filth printed by you in your magazine gives false ideas of the true beauties of sex. Your publication undermines and corrupts and makes a parody of the virtues and morals upheld by a majority of the people. All too frequently literature of this type is the motivation for sex crimes.

In conclusion I would like to state that I think you have the most thoroughly entertaining publication on the market. I enjoy it greatly: keep up the good work!

Benjamin Fox
Philadelphia, Pa.

DON'T HATE YOURSELF

We are two coeds at the University of Tennessee who have just started reading PLAYBOY and we really love it. Have a terrible time finding it on the newsstands around here a day or two after it goes on sale, but fortunately we have male friends who lend us their copies

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when they've finished with them. We've just one complaint and that's on the article *Don't Hate Yourself in the Morning* in the August issue. Thank goodness the guys around here are nice and tame (the ones we know anyway) and heaven help those we meet who aren't! It's hard enough getting away from some guys, so why should we try to seduce them?

Mary Pool
"Butchie" Burnhaw
University of Tenn.
Knoxville, Tennessee

After reading the controversy over the article *Don't Hate Yourself in the Morning*, I believe you should hear from a female who agrees with you. I was a very moral young lady who met a very persuasive fellow, but once convinced, I shed no tears and neither of us hated ourselves in the morning. I am now happily married to above fellow and we both enjoy your magazine very much. But I am still my husband's favorite Playmate.

Mrs. R. S.
Brooklyn, New York

P.S. I hope you don't mind my using my initials. Although I know that anyone who isn't ashamed to admit things shouldn't be ashamed to sign them, my mother-in-law reads PLAYBOY too, and she might not understand.

BENEDICTINE DISAGREEMENT

We've had some discussion about Benedictine and we're wondering if Thomas Mario can set us straight. We certainly would appreciate it.

I say it is made by the Benedictine monks of Normandy, France, made of herbs (?) and accented with orange blossom. My husband has it in mind that it is made by the monks of Tibet or has been at one time or another. If he is in error, is there a liquor made by the Tibetan (Lamaist) monks?

We both enjoy your food and drink articles—keep up the good work.

Mrs. V. M. Crook
St. Petersburg, Fla.

Mario says you're right, Mrs. C. He tells us Benedictine was first made at the Benedictine Abbey of Fecamp, France, in 1510. Although the secret recipe was created by the monk Dom Bernardo Vincelli, the liqueur is now made by the Benedictine Society, a family owned corporation set up in 1863. The exact recipe for the most renowned of all liqueurs is not known by outsiders and has never been successfully imitated. It does, however, include herbs, fruit peels, plants and other ingredients blended with a Cognac brandy base. The initials D. O. M., which appear on every bottle, stand for Deo Optimo Maximo, "To God, the best, the greatest."

Lamaist monks in Tibet are required to take an oath renouncing the use of both liquor and tobacco. While this practice is outwardly obeyed, travellers to Tibet have reported finding Lamaist abbots in odd places, reeling drunk at times. Tibet produces a colorless liquor

made from maize and barley of heady strength. There is no record, however, indicating that it is sold commercially in other countries.

THE DEVIL YOU SAY

Enjoyed Mack Reynolds' story *Burnt Toast* in the November issue, but it seems to me your illustrator took an unfair swipe at the prince of darkness. Certainly not even the devil would be miserable enough to serve Martinis with stuffed olives.

Dean Hunter
WMGM
New York, New York

We just finished reading Mack Reynolds' *Burnt Toast* and enjoyed it immensely. But despite the cleverness exhibited by the devil in his handling of Sheriff, he was not infallible. For he incorrectly gave Faust's first name as Johann, whereas it actually is Henry. (See the last line of the first part of Johann Wolfgang von Goethe's *Faust*.) Or is author Reynolds feeling the effects of some of the demon's cocktails?

Marion and Bob Schroeder
Hellam, Pennsylvania

We discussed the matter with Lucifer over cocktails (!) the other evening and he explained that Goethe was a Johann-come-lately who got the story second-hand and confused some of the facts. One of the earliest sources of the Faust legend (1587) was titled *Historia von D. Johann Fausten, dem weitbeschreyten Zauberer und Schwartzkünsler* (History of Dr. Johann Faust, the widely-noised conjurer and master of the Black Arts) and Christopher Marlowe, in his *Dr. Faustus (1604)*, called him John. Goethe's Faust was completed more than two centuries later (1833) and his use of "Henry" was probably due to sloppy research.

NOVEMBER ISSUE

I bought your November issue and now I'm sorry. It was strictly nothing! Come on you guys, get off your gluteus maximus and put out issues like you used to. The truth hurts, eh?

Bernard Zimble
Hillside, New Jersey

I have just finished reading my November issue and want you to know I think it is one of your best to date. I'm still laughing over the Party Jokes and the Limericks are some of the best I've heard. I especially enjoyed *Playboy Cooks with Beer* and plan on trying some of the recipes Mario suggests. I believe the article has made the beer I drink a little more enjoyable too.

Charles J. Cipriano
Salina, Kansas

Just finished reading the November issue and until I'd finished it, I couldn't put it down. I think your new feature *Playboy After Hours* is great and especially enjoyed the beginning of Shepherd Mead's new series.

Bob Hillison
North Hollywood, Calif.





PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



theatre

The theatre, though many playwrights and directors fail to realize it, is not a subtle medium, and misguided souls who speak caressingly of subtlety as an element to be desired on the stage have holes in their long-haired heads. The theatre is a medium of flash and sizzle and color; of abrupt contrasts and loud noises; of bigness; most important, of *directness*. Ergo: with a few notable exceptions (principally from Arthur Miller and Tennessee Williams), the best, the most stimulating, the most *theatrical* theatre in America is musical comedy. We said musical *comedy*: this excludes the pompous, "sincere" brand of b.s. promulgated by Messrs. Rodgers & Hammerstein and their emulators—those semi-operatic problem plays filled with facile half- and quarter-truths about the Dignity of Man, the Goodness of Woman, the Greatness of God and the Okayness of Oklahoma. It is unfortunate that a sizable segment of the American audience has been bullied and snob-appealed into considering the likes of *Carousel* superior to fresh, peppy, honest shows like *Guys and Dolls* (stage version), *Can-Can*, *Kismet* and *The Pajama Game*—but as long as High Mindedness and Noble Intentions are more fashionable than Fun, that's the way things are going to be. Meanwhile, theatre-goers unashamed of having a good time can find enough real musicals and even a few of those rare exceptions which are not musicals but which somehow manage to be excellent theatre anyway.

One of these exceptions is currently raising the roof of the Royale (W. 45th, NYC): it's Thornton Wilder's stage-craftily rewritten version of his 1938 flop, *The Merchant of Yonkers*. This

time it's called *The Matchmaker*, and it's better. It's also Wilder, much Wilder. Subtlety? Schmutlety! Ruth Gordon plays a turn-of-the-century marriage-broker who sets her own cap for one of her clients, a springboard of plot that hurdles her and her cohorts into a spree of stylized madcappery that has people hiding under beds, waiters getting caught in folding screens, and similar scintillating corn. There are frankly unrealistic moments when a merry widow steps downstage to tell the audience why she plans to remarry and a drunk discourses on the practical wisdom of indulging your vices one at a time. All this is done with sly urbanity and takes place on four satirically Victorian sets, rich and funny with anti-macassars and curtained bird-cages, designed by Tanya Moiseiwitsch. Traffic is directed by Tyrone Guthrie, who feeds the vigor and joy of the script to the audience in one big spoonful after another. Ruth Gordon is an outrageously wonderful *farceuse*, and our only regret is that *The Matchmaker* will probably run so long that it will be several seasons before we see her in anything else.

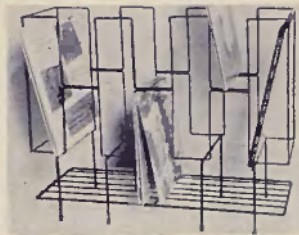


records

Armed with five standards and three originals, *Wilbur de Paris and His "New" New Orleans Jazz* (Atlantic 1219) explains some of the cracked plaster and low-down rumblings you're liable to hear most any night inside Jimmy Ryan's, that moss-covered patio in the Bayou country around West 52nd Street. De Paris' jambalaya, compounded of many good things, comes out with a fine, easy swing, and if the musical idioms are somewhat mixed, we're sure he meant it that way. Joe Gumin's

All Star Dixieland Band beats its collective brains out on *Dixieland Jazzbake* (Decca DL 5535), a two-beat kicker that's strictly jump-for-joy. Joe, we understand, hails from the deep south (Palermo, Sicily), and that certainly helps him interpret such fine old battle cries as *Carolina in the Morning* and *Shim-Me-Sha-Wabble*.

Ted Straeter's New York (Atlantic 1218) offers a rather specialized view of the city, the kind seen from inside the Plaza's blue-draped Persian Room. Civilized, urbane, and a bit breathless, Ted provides a danceable, listenable blend of memory bedded with desire: *From This Moment On*, *Autumn in New York*, *You're the Top*. Lady Day's new LP, *Music for Torching* (Clef MG C-669), leaves us with mixed feelings. Maybe it's because Billie gets a little too close to her subjects (sad, sad songs like *I Don't Want to Cry Anymore*) or maybe it's because she's forgotten how to turn her wonderful phrasing into the lilting, whimsical tone poems of the past. Anyway, this isn't the best of all possible Billies, but it's still several cuts above most other vocal views you hear expressed today. Vintage Frank Sinatra can be sipped on *The Voice* (Columbia CL 743), a re-issue of some of his swoon-and-quake ballad renditions that stand nicely the test of time. Still stupefying the girls (ours, at least) are such inspired Sinatra mating calls as *These Foolish Things*, *Spring Is Here* and *That Old Black Magic*. Stubby George Wein, who dreamed up and brought off the Newport Jazz Festival, renders some jazzy vocals and good Eastern-type party piano on *Wein, Women and Song* (Atlantic 1221). *Meet Robert Clary* (Epic LN 3171) is an exhilarating LP introduction to the pocket-sized Frenchman you first met in *New Faces*. Leetle Ro-bair, as he is called by several tall, adoring show girls, is certainly a welcome relief from the usual tragic or



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slouch hat school of French balladry. Sophisticated in a merry way, M. Clary offers such diverse bon-bons as *Have You Met Miss Jones?*, *If I Only Had A Brain* and a bit of Gallic sport called *Un rien me fait chanter*. There's gentle, unobtrusive music for the late evening hours on *Tonight at Midnight* (Coral CRL 57015) — moody melodies nestled in a bed of violins by Steve Allen, who adds some of his own mournful ministrations on the piano. Everybody whispers here, and it's nice music to relax with. *Felicia Sanders at the Blue Angel* (Columbia CL 654) features cafe society's mint-voiced plaything in a fine memory book complete with night club audience. Included in the dog-eared pages are *My Funny Valentine*, *If I Love Again* and a sassy sparkler named *Speaking of Love*.

The Biblical warning "Put not thy trust in princes" went unheeded by Johann Sebastian Bach when, in 1721, he dedicated and sent a series of six instrumental pieces to the young Prussian prince, Christian Ludwig, Margraf of Brandenburg. The Margraf put the hefty package of sheet music on a shelf, and there it sat, unplayed, until his death, when an unappreciative executor had the six pieces sold at auction along with a lot of other "worthless" material. They brought about a dime apiece. Considering their ignoble beginning, Bach's Brandenburg Concerti have come a long way in the world, for few small-orchestra works can match their vigor, inventiveness and bubbling merriment. All six make lively listening in a new recording featuring the Basle Chamber Orchestra conducted by Paul Sacher (Epic SC 6008).

As the first four in its LP series of Distinguished Authors, Columbia has captured an urbane Maugham (ML 4752), a methodical John Collier (ML 4754), an informal Saroyan (ML 4758) and a rough-and-ready Steinbeck (ML 4756), all reading with obvious relish from their own works. The discs constitute a pleasantly different brand of entertainment which might well be sloganized "a sound for sore eyes." Another sort of sound is that caught by a hidden tape recorder at Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn at Las Vegas: applause, laughter, orchestra, piano and the headcold vocalizing of Noel Coward in a complete song recital which includes *Mad Dogs and Englishmen* and Cole Porter's *Let's Do It* with timely new words. Example: "Each tiny clam you consume does it; Even Liberate, we assume, does it; Let's do it, let's fall in love." (Columbia ML 5063.)

The *Jazz at the Philharmonic* troupe, as if you didn't know, is a big traveling bash that turns on the musical lights in darkened villages from Bangor to Brownsville. JATP's latest volume (Clef MG Vol. 17) contains three 12" LPs recorded in Hartford, Connecticut, and dedicated to the proposition that 12 variegated cats can deliver a lot of jazz. They can, but first let us say that Oscar Peterson, the young Canadian pianist

lured to our side of the border, could probably do it all by himself. Comfort, support, and possibly fresh linens, however, are contributed by such senior birdmen as Diz, Roy, Flip, Lionel and the Buddies Rich and DeFranco, decimating, then rendering whole, the likes of *Air Mail Special*, *Love for Sale*, *It's Only A Paper Moon* and *Flying Home*. You get another chance to hear the exciting Oscar Peterson on *Piano Interpretations* (Norgran MG N-1036), this time pitted against three other topless towers: Art Tatum, Teddy Wilson and Bud Powell. Everybody wins, hands down, but not quite so even is the outcome of *Tenor Saxes* (Norgran MG N-1034), a high-pitched battle in which Lester Young and Stan Getz (not meaning to, we're sure) carve up the opposition. Death cries, consisting of peeps, honks, groans and squeaks, are emitted by the vanquished: Coleman Hawkins, Illinois Jacquet, Ben Webster, Charlie Ventura.



books

Architect for the literary housing development known as Gibbville, Pa. (*Appointment in Samarra*, *A Rage to Live*), John O'Hara has added another tri-level mansion at *Ten North Frederick* (Random House, \$3.95). In this one, he pokes around the well-appointed boudoirs of the Chapin clan, three generations' worth, and reports their after sundown gymnastics just about the way Jack Webb might handle it: "She was under the covers and they kissed and embraced. He put his knee between her legs. She made a sound like a moan." O'Hara does, however, manage to deliver the facts, ma'am — dull as they sometimes are — about small town gentry and how ridiculously easy it is for a man to be destroyed by an avaricious female or two, in or out of the sack.

A readable rundown of the last Broadway season is *The Best Plays of 1954-1955* (Dodd, Mead, \$5). This is the newest addition to the fine series of annual volumes started 38 years ago by Burns Mantle. The series fell upon evil days when, for a ghastly interim after Mantle's demise, it was edited by New York's least qualified drama critic (who shall be nameless); but now it is under the wing of sharp-minded Louis Kronenberger. Condensed versions of *Bus Stop*, *The Desperate Hours*, *Inherit the Wind*, *The Boy Friend*, *Witness for the Prosecution* and five other successes form the nucleus of the book; and if a few of them make something less than effervescent reading, there are plenty of photographs, Hirschfeld caricatures and fascinating statistics to help weather the doldrums.

Max Shulman's Guided Tour of Campus Humor (Hanover House, \$2.95) is a big barrel of boffola siphoned from



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college humor magazines during the last half century. The curriculum includes courses in history as it couldn't possibly have happened, lacerated languages, songs that mother wouldn't dare teach, parodies on science and the arts, dandy jokes and sundry other works that defy classification. You'll also get a chance to chuckle at some of the undergraduate recollections of Thurber, Leacock, Heywood Broun and Shulman himself.

Frank Brookhouser's *Now I Lay Me Down* (Alan Swallow, \$2.75) is described on the cover as a "novel," but actually it's more like a scrapbook of character sketches, fragments of dialog, old jokes and other oddments—all of which add up to an interesting but chaotic picture of the dives and denizens of the Bop Age. As a writer, Brookhouser is sensitive, experimental, sexually aware; and if he is possibly a little self-conscious in the bargain, even this is a nice change from the lacklustre reportage which often passes for prose among many of today's gray-flanneled novelists. Sections of this book originally appeared in PLAYBOY.



dining drinking

Looking like an opium dream out of Baudelaire, the Crystal Palace in St. Louis (3516 Olive) exudes an eerie sort of charm that makes it a snug gathering place for sophisticates, including the Best People and the theatrical crowd. Just drinks here, but strong, as the bartenders (usually anthropologists, novelists or poets on the side) don't believe in doing things by halves. The long narrow room, with rough brick walls painted blue-black, is dimly, discreetly lighted by four mammoth crystal chandeliers. The most magnificent one has 36 arms, 5000 glistening pendants and 500 lights (we counted them), and came from an 1880 Paris salon. Cozy booths in front of the long bar are fashioned from old, elaborately wrought brass elevator doors; the tables are marble-topped antiques with ice-cream parlor chairs. A huge painting of Sarah Bernhardt (blown up from a Sweet Caporal cigarette coupon and painted over) dominates the marble fireplace, where a roaring log fire is flanked by deep-cushioned lounges. Entertainment is on the smart side: currently Will Holt delivers some crystal-pure ballad singing; Paula Drake's comedy is on the subtle side; and Tommy Wolf charges the rococo atmosphere with cool, creative piano. Open till 1:30 A.M.

For Washingtonians and tourists to the nation's capital more concerned with cool sounds than hot politics, we suggest a few restful hours at Olivia Davis' Patio Lounge (711 Thirteenth St., N.W.).

Here, in the company of foreign correspondents, the embassy set, and a covey of just plain jazzophiles, you are merrily exposed to the musical gyrations of Oscar Peterson, Stan Getz, Gerry Mulligan, Chet Baker and the rest of that ilk, each with his respective sidekicks. The bill changes every week so you never really know which platoon is appearing when, unless you check by phone. The Lounge is open till 2 A. M. Monday through Friday, but because of local blue laws is forced to close at midnight on Saturday; to compensate, there's a special matinee on that day from 3 till 6 P. M. Cocktails and dinner are served nightly, and the after-theatre gang can count on a late supper served at tables just big enough for two thin leprechauns.



films

Peppery kootch girls and sugary songs seem to be the main condiments used in the latest reheat of Edward Knoblock's old curry dish, *Kismet*. Nothing much happens, though, in this Baghdad epic until the appearance of Dolores Gray, a monumentally-constructed charmer who manages to sell a song and send the customer away without bothering to count his change. Dolores is certainly no bagh, dad, and her efforts as a bored, adventuresome harem wife step up both the pace and flair of the film. Howard Keel (the West Coast's idea of Alfred Drake) works hard as Hajj the rhyme-seller; Ann Blyth and Vic Damone nuzzle each other naughtily for the scraps of a sub-plot. Imaginatively staged dance sequences are credited to Jack Cole (no relation to PLAYBOY cartoonist) abetted by a swath of semi-attired ladies who cavort with pleasant abandon. Color, too, has been brightly handled, and this entire turban-tableau provides a comfortable hot water bottle for cold winter months. Oh yes, the soaring melodies were penned by a tune-smith named Alex Borodin (1834-1887).

One of the most gifted film makers in the world is Orson Welles, and it's good to bear that in mind these days when Poking Fun At Orson is such a popular parlor game. His latest film, *Othello*, is bound to be given the haw-haw as "a bag of tricks," scolded for scrambling Shakespeare's lines, and shrugged off as an eccentric caprice. Nonetheless, it comes close to being a great film, and when it fails, it fails because of an excess of imagination, not a lack of it. Comparisons between the film and the Shakespearean original are pointless (a modern movie and an Elizabethan tragedy have little in common): what is important is whether or not this film, as a film, is good to see. It is. Photographed in Venice and Morocco, it would be exciting on the visual level alone, for the camera creates

as rich a poetry for the eye as Shakespeare did for the ear: a grainy splendor; a feast of jagged parapets and coastlines, misty twilights and blinding noons; a riot of light and shadow and contrasting textures: the screen is flooded with images—too many, perhaps, and possibly too reminiscent of Eisenstein and Cocteau—but always dramatic, never meaningless, sometimes lush but seldom "slick." And yet this *Othello* is no mere picture gallery. It is a story, told vividly and with movement—a tender and turbulent, savage and sensitive story of love and rage and jealousy and remorse that rushes to its climax with the inevitability and crash of a tidal wave. The music—scored, it would seem, for trumpets, drums and electronically-amplified harpsichord—has bite and barbarity. In such a film, acting performances are of secondary importance, but this cast has been perfectly chosen: Suzanne Cloutier is the sweetest, most sensible Desdemona we have ever seen; Michael MacLiammoir's Iago is not a demon but an evil man and therefore more monstrous; Welles, in the title role, uses his kettle-drum voice like a virtuoso and has the good sense to bite off no more than he, as an actor, can chew: in his subtler readings, he allows the camera to dwell on the changes that flicker across his expressive face, but his big emotional moments he does from half-a-block away, with his back to the camera. The film is not flawless, but its flaws are those of a mercurial genius who loves his art as Othello loved Desdemona, "not wisely, but too well."

Some brilliant Frenchman got the bright idea to make a film in which taffy-faced Fernandel could play a half-dozen roles, and the result was *The Sheep Has Five Legs*. The thin, but serviceable, thread of plot can be stated briefly: a crusty rustic who, in his youth, sired male quintuplets when all he wanted was one daughter, is, at film's opening, being urged to cooperate in a gala official reunion of the five brothers. With or without the old codger's consent, an emissary is dispatched to round up the boys, and then we're off. Fernandel, first seen as the papa, now romps through a gay Gallic gallery of types: a ruffle-shirted proprietor of a beauty salon, a lazy window washer who sells his body to an undertaker, a bearded Dorothy Dix, a grimy captain of a grimmer ship, and a priest plagued by his crushing resemblance to the male star of a film called *Don Camillo*. For acting support, which Fernandel doesn't much need, he is provided with a cage of white mice, a remarkably talented housefly, an apoplectic character called Robinson of Love, and the nakedest native girl we've seen on the screen since *Belles of Bali*, or whatever the hell it was called. At the end of the film, a voice on the soundtrack shouts "Vive la France!" and we enthusiastically agree.



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HUGH M. HEFNER *editor and publisher*

RAY RUSSELL *executive editor*

ARTHUR PAUL *art director*

JACK J. KESSIE *associate editor*

JOSEPH PACZEK *assistant art director*

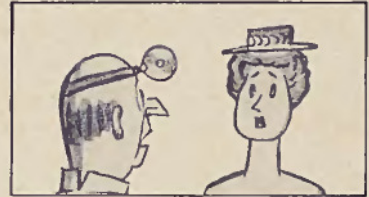
ELDON SELLERS *advertising manager*

JOHN MASTRO *production manager*

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PLAYBOY

"NO," SAID MASON BRIDGES, "I don't play poker." There was something about the manner in which he said it that made his friend Tom Ackley look sharply at him. They had been in college together, had been friends for more than fifteen years, and this was the first time Ackley had ever heard just that note in Bridges' voice. He had never thought of Bridges as fanatically puritanical—indeed, now that he remembered it, hadn't Bridges been one of the very eagerest of the devotees of chance, in their college days?

"Just a little fifty-cent-limit game, Mason," said Ackley. And the other men in the group regarded Bridges and his frowning face with curiosity. They were in the cardroom of the club, and everyone had, temporarily at least, grown tired of bridge. They needed Mason to make a good seven-handed game.

"I wouldn't play if it were a twenty-five-cent-limit game or a ten-cent-limit game," said Bridges. And after a moment's pause he added: "No; nor a one-cent-limit game." And with that he got up and left the room. His companions, all good friends of his, gazed after him wonderingly. One of them turned a face full of inquiry to Ackley, who was Bridges' oldest and best friend.

"Don't ask me," said Ackley, in answer to the unspoken question. "I've never seen Mason like that before." With a facetious remark or two they settled down to the cards.

It was a week later that Ackley asked him outright about his aversion to poker and Bridges, after some urging, told him the story.

You think of me (said Mason Bridges) as an honest man; and so does everybody else. And I am an honest man. I have always been an honest man except—

Except once. Once, for a few hours, I was a crook; and knew myself for a crook; felt myself a crook. And what I suffered in the way of strain and anguish during those two or three hours . . . well, Tom, I don't want to go through with it again. It is by the mercy of a printed symbol upon a piece of pasteboard that my life was not ruined permanently. No; that's not exactly

right either, for the printed symbol wasn't even—

But I'm getting ahead of my story. Ten years ago I was a partner in a promising little business in Clifford Hills, which is, as you know, one of the most exclusive suburbs within a thirty-five-minute ride of the central district of New York City. There were four of us, all active, hustling, ambitious young men, all felt to be assets to the community, if you know what I mean, and all with a taste for sports and social shindigs, when we had the time—which did not hurt us at all in our business. We dealt in real estate—sold and leased property and collected rents—and we dealt in insurance, both life and fire; we also placed a good many bonds with cautious local investors, and acted in an advisory character in a good many ways. One member of the firm was a lawyer, also.

There was but one bank in the village, and the people who ran it were asleep where their opportunities were concerned; and we gradually and unofficially took over some of its functions. That is to say, although we did not have much capital of our own, we made financial connections which enabled us to lend money on mortgages, and all that sort of thing. The bank closed at three o'clock in the afternoon; we discovered that there were a dozen of the local tradesmen who occasionally needed to have money changed after that hour, and just as an accommodation, and to increase our popularity in the community, we made a point of keeping currency on hand in our big safe. What with currency, bonds, securities of various sorts, there was always a rather considerable amount of money in our large steel-and-concrete structure, some of it the assets of the firm, and some of it entrusted to us. I was the inside man, the office manager, with one very efficient woman assistant, and no other help. All of the partners had a loose and easy way of taking from the safe, upon occasion, anywhere from fifty to a couple of hundred dollars, and putting in its place a personal IOU, or a memorandum of some sort, which was always made good to the firm within a day or

two. We all trusted each other—why not?

You know why not, without my telling you, Tom. Poker. I was a poker fiend in college. And in Clifford Hills there was a game; the same bunch met twice a week. When I started in with them it was a mild dollar-limit affair, which hurt nobody. Three years later it had grown to a most prodigious game, considering how gradual the growth was, and how mildly it had started. There were about ten of us implicated; but commonly not more than six or seven got together for any one session. Of that number, I suppose four or five could really afford to lose ten or twelve hundred dollars in one week without being greatly hurt by it—and the game had grown to those proportions. I couldn't afford it; but for a time I was lucky, and, like a fool, I stuck. None of my partners strung along with the poker-playing crowd.

One man particularly annoyed me in the game—Sam Clinker, his name was; and he was a politician with some vague connections with "the Street." From the moment he entered the game he began to "bull" it, brutally. The old pretense of neighborly friendliness went out of it. As you know, a man with a large bankroll has a terrific advantage over players who have to be careful. The very weight of his money wins for him. And the more money I lost to Sam Clinker, the more I resented his existence, his presence in Clifford Hills; I told myself he didn't "belong" with our crowd anyhow. Within six months after Clinker's advent it was a no-limit game, usually stud poker; with sometimes as much as five to six hundred dollars bet on a single card; and an opportunity to drop several thousand in the course of an hour. I couldn't afford anything like it. The queer vanity of the poker player kept me telling myself I would "get" Clinker in spite of his bankroll; like a fool I stuck.

There came a night, one that I will never forget, when I realized that I was more than \$4,000 in debt to the firm. It was a very great deal more than any of us partners had ever permitted ourselves to leave paper and memoranda for, and

THE CRACK OF DOOM

fiction BY DON MARQUIS

it was the last hand of poker mason ever played

ILLUSTRATED BY LEROY NEIMAN



it was all the result of my two last poker games. My position as office manager made it easy enough for me to carry even this comparatively large sum along unnoticed for four or five days; and I was not in the slightest worried about my ability to make it good. My wife and I had \$9,000 worth of negotiable securities in a safe deposit box in the bank across the street, from which I could make good what I had borrowed at a moment's notice. But that very evening there was to be a game in Sam Clinker's apartment at the inn and I wanted to get into it.

"If I win a couple of thousand back tonight," I told myself, "I'll quit this damned foolishness." Poker players, you know, Tom, tell themselves that again and again.

But I had no assets with which to enter the game that night. My account at the bank — such had been my losses recently — was down practically to nothing. We usually started nowadays, since Sam Clinker had "bulled the game," by purchasing a thousand dollars' worth of chips when we sat down. It was a cash game . . . we took checks, but they were supposed to be as good as cash, and up to this time they always had been. I felt that premonition of winning which comes to every confirmed poker player . . . and which so often treacherously deserts him . . . but how was I to get into this game tonight?

"This last time will put me somewhere near even," I said to myself, "and then I *am* through."

I was sitting alone in the office, where I had come after dinner, to wait for the time when the clan would be quietly gathering at Clinker's rooms. Suddenly I remembered that Clinker had been in that afternoon, and had left with us \$10,000 in U.S. four per cent bonds, of an issue then listed at par. He was to have made the closing payment on a parcel of land and to have taken title, but the seller had failed to meet him, phoning that he had been unavoidably detained.

The appointment had been postponed until ten o'clock the next morning, at our office, and Clinker, the bank being closed, had asked us to keep the bonds in our safe overnight. They were unregistered — they were, in effect, ten one-thousand-dollar bills. Clinker hadn't even had their numbers, I remembered, for when my office assistant had asked him, and had started to copy the numbers down for him, he had said, indifferently: "Oh, what's the use? It's \$10,000 cash."

I put two of the bonds in my inside coat pocket, left a careful note of the transaction, and went over to Clinker's apartment, where I found the game beginning. I was idiot enough to feel amused at the idea of getting back some of my own from Clinker by using his own bonds. I didn't feel the slightest sense of dishonesty — for there was the \$9,000 worth of my own bonds in the safe deposit box across the street, to make everything good with, if the game went wrong. But I felt an imbecile con-

fidence that it wouldn't.

It did. I rose from the table at eleven o'clock trying to absorb as quietly as I could the first great jolt of that night — and there were other jolts to come. Clinker, who was banking the game, had his \$2,000 worth of bonds; he had in addition my check for \$2,500 — and on top of that I already owed my firm \$4,000. The check wasn't worth the paper it was written on, and wouldn't be until I got my own \$9,000 worth of bonds from the safe deposit box as soon as the bank opened in the morning, cashed them, and made everything good. But I *would* be there when the bank was opened and make everything good.

Thank heaven for that \$9,000 worth of bonds in the safe deposit box! — I said that to myself a dozen times in the walk of a dozen blocks to my home. Thank heaven for those bonds. They were all that kept me from being a defaulter! There was the \$4,000 which I owed the firm; there was the \$2,500 check to make good, there was the \$2,000 worth of bonds which I had taken from Clinker's deposit, of the same series as my own bonds — but I wasn't dishonest. My own bonds kept me from being dishonest — I would make all good at one minute past nine o'clock in the morning!

I was a fool, an utter fool, a vain idiot; I had lost in less than two weeks between eight and nine thousand dollars, practically all my liquid assets. An idiot, but honest, I kept telling myself. And oh, what a lesson I had had! Off of it, off of it forever!

Thank heaven for those bonds in the safe deposit box! Still saying this, I went into my wife's room to wake her up. A pretty hard thing was before me — I had to tell her that I needed those bonds the first thing in the morning. The safe deposit box was a joint affair; each of us had a key to it — and I remembered with a pang that about \$2,200 of the money that had gone into the bonds had been her own: They were lying there, on agreement between us, waiting for an opportunity for some very attractive investment. And they were all we had in the way of capital, irrespective of my business; we had both been rather extravagant. But Jessie, I told myself, would be a sport about it — she was always that, a loyal little sport. Debating in my mind as to how much of my situation to tell her at once, I waked her.

She sat up in bed.

"Jessie," I said, "I'm going to need those government bonds of ours the first thing in the morning — as soon as the bank opens."

She murmured something inarticulate. I thought she had not understood. I repeated my statement.

She slowly turned in the bed, and put her feet out, and sat on the edge of it. Then she turned on the pink-shaded reading lamp at the head of it. One of her hands clutched at the jacket of her sleeping suit over her breast — but it was not really the jacket she was clutching at; it was the sudden fearful leap of her

heart that she was trying to still with a shaking hand, as I realized a moment later.

She tried to speak, and could only gulp. I noticed then that her face, ordinarily high in color, had gone gray — it was gray even under the added color of the night lamp.

"What's the matter?" I said, alarmed at her appearance — alarmed for her as well as for myself.

"They're . . . they're . . . gone!" she gasped.

"Gone?" I felt as an ox must feel when he is struck on the head by a butcher's mallet.

She flung herself upon me in a passion of weeping. "Oh, Mason," she sobbed, "I don't . . . I don't know how to tell you . . . Oh, don't be hard on me . . . don't . . . don't . . . I've been trying to tell you for two weeks . . . Oh, what I've gone through . . . what I've gone through!"

I held her closely to me, while the story sobbed and shook itself out of her; held her in a growing, numb despair. I suffered with her and for her; and with an added suffering that she could not comprehend — for her story was, in its essence, my own. She had lost twelve or fourteen hundred dollars at bridge; she had been ashamed to tell me. She had tried to recoup by taking a flyer on the stock market — and had lost. And had tried to make back her losings, and had lost again. They were gone, all gone, the whole \$9,000 of them — and the poor girl had been feeling like a criminal for two weeks.

"Oh, Mason, don't be hard on me!" she kept saying. I thank heaven that I wasn't — and I wished that there was someone to whom I could make a similar plea. I tried to comfort her; but I couldn't say much. I couldn't find any comfort in my own situation. She felt my despair, for suddenly she writhed free from me, and held me at arm's length, and studied my face for a moment in the dim light with a fresh access of alarm.

"Is it something . . . something terrible . . . something I don't know about yet?" she cried. "Is it some terrible emergency you need them for?"

Whatever might be going to happen to me the next day, I couldn't let her have the full force of it now, on top of what she had already gone through.

"It's pretty serious," I said woodenly.

"Oh, Mason, forgive me, forgive me!" she wailed.

If she only knew how much she had to forgive me! But I couldn't tell her, right then.

"Have I ruined us?" she asked.

"Listen, dear," I said, "whatever happens, *you* haven't ruined us. If I'm ruined, it's my own doing, not yours. You took securities that you had as much right to as I did, and invested the money hoping for a profit for both of us — and whatever happens you're to blame for nothing. Now go to bed and get to sleep."

"But it *is* my fault," she said. "The gambling — the gambling that led up to

(continued on page 14)

playboy's third annual ring preview **BOXING 1956**

JUST A YEAR AGO, the determined, thirty-eight year old light-heavyweight champion of the world was waging a one-man publicity campaign for the very doubtful privilege of climbing into the ring with the brutally powerful Brockton Blockbuster, Rocky Marciano.

Prodded by a dream of nineteen years, Archie Moore publicly challenged heavyweight champion Marciano to a title showdown. When Marciano's managers seemed less than anxious, Moore pleaded his case with the papers, wrote letters to sports editors, appeared in radio and TV interviews, took ads, even offered to fight without pay. He personally polled sports editors on whether they favored the match and who they thought would win; the editors were unanimously for the fight, but 85% of them picked Marciano.

To prove the rightness of the bout, Moore beat Rocky's top contender, heavyweight Nino Valdes, then KO'd middleweight champion Bobo Olson in the latter's try for the light-heavyweight crown. Meanwhile, Marciano put away pudgy British champion Don Cockell.

When the "showdown" came, it was Marciano all the way, but Moore's promotion helped turn it into a million-dollar match, counting gate receipts, plus profits from radio and television rights. However, with Moore disposed of, who remains to challenge the mighty Marciano? Who, indeed.

HEAVYWEIGHTS

Heavyweight champion Rocky Marciano is the only ranking fighter in any division who has never been beaten in his professional career and not one of the present heavyweight contenders is going to spoil that record. When Nino Valdes knocked out Don Cockell in two rounds, it was hoped he might prove a worthy adversary. But when he was matched against high ranking Bob Baker to select the next opponent for The Rock, both boxers made such a poor showing (Baker won while the crowd booted) it became obvious neither man would be any sort of match for Marciano or be any kind of a draw at the box office.

These are the most prominent heavyweights and their records:

CHAMPION: ROCKY MARCIANO of



HY PESKIN

Brockton, Mass.; age 31; 49 bouts; 49 wins; 0 losses; 0 draws; 43 knockouts.

1. **ARCHIE MOORE** of San Diego, Calif.; age 39; 144 bouts; 119 wins; 20 losses; 5 draws; 19 knockouts.

2. **BOB BAKER** of Pittsburgh, Pa.; age 29; 50 bouts; 44 wins; 5 losses; 1 draw; 19 knockouts.

3. **NINO VALDES** of Cuba; age 31; 47 bouts; 34 wins; 11 losses; 2 draws; 25 knockouts.

4. **TOMMY "HURRICANE" JACKSON** of Far Rockaway, N. Y.; age 22; 30 bouts; 25 wins; 4 losses; 1 draw; 12 knockouts.

5. **JIMMY SLADE** of New York, N. Y.; age 29; 43 bouts; 25 wins; 14 losses; 4 draws; 6 knockouts.

Moore still ranks as the number one contender because of his showing in the bout against Marciano, but there is little likelihood of another Marciano-Moore match; Baker or Valdes might be brought into a title bout because of the lack of a more logical contender, but based upon their showing against one another, neither would be any real challenge to Rocky. Tommy "Hurricane" Jackson has an impressive string of victories to his credit, including two recent wins over ex-champ Ezzard Charles, but he is a mauling slugger without any real style or ring savvy; in the ring against a man as powerful as Marciano, he would

be chopped to pieces. Jimmy Slade rates fifth place among the contenders chiefly because of two upset wins over Jackson, but his record doesn't warrant any serious title consideration.

Two years ago, in our first PLAYBOY boxing preview, we picked the man who will beat heavyweight champion Rocky Marciano. A nineteen year old youngster, he had just turned professional after copping the 1952 middleweight Olympics championship, and was campaigning as a light-heavy. Now, at twenty-one, Floyd Patterson is the top light-heavyweight contender, but if he continues to grow he should challenge and beat Marciano in 1957. Because of the lack of serious heavyweight competition, considerable pressure may be brought to bear on the youthful Patterson, trying to force an over-weight title match this year. It would be a serious mistake for Patterson to risk a heavyweight championship try now, when a year's additional weight and experience will virtually assure him the title. Once he has won the crown, he should wear it for a long time.

LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHTS

Rugged Archie Moore rules this roost, but no light-heavyweight champion

(continued on page 31)

CRACK OF DOOM (continued from page 12)

it — that's the *wrong* part of it, the gambling and not telling when I lost, is what led up to it!"

"Yes," I said — and as I spoke I felt a kind of grimace twist through my whole being — "yes, gambling isn't always so good!"

I couldn't say anything more, and I started out of the room. But she caught me, and clung to me, wanting to know . . . everything. I couldn't tell her, then. She was thoroughly frightened by my manner, especially as I wouldn't tell her why I must have the money the first thing in the morning. She was afraid I was going to kill myself. I got away at last, with a promise to do nothing so idiotic — told her I *must* go.

I had to be alone to think. And almost the first thing I thought, when I sat down in my office — for my feet had taken me there almost without my volition — was that I might as well kill myself. That was nonsense, of course . . . but what way out was there?

I had gone into my wife's room knowing myself to be a fool, but feeling an honest fool. I had come out of it feeling a thief. Maybe you are enough of a moralist, Tom, to put your finger on the line of demarcation; I'm not. Was it dishonest to use money not mine when I knew I could return it at nine o'clock in the morning? Not strictly business-like, of course — but we all left memoranda for the small sums we took, and made good at our early convenience; and if the principle of the thing was not wrong, not dishonest, where a small sum was concerned, how was it wrong just because a larger sum was concerned? And the larger sum had been at my command.

"No," I said to myself, "I wasn't crooked when I had the \$9,000 in bonds to make good with; I wasn't crooked when I *thought* I had that \$9,000, even though I didn't have it. But now that I haven't got it, I am a crook!" That's the trouble with gambling, Tom — it lends itself to a kind of moral confusion; it creates a fog in which the nicer points of honor become imperceptible.

You may be astonished at the intensity of my despair over a matter of \$8,500. Well, we're both fairly well to do now, and \$8,500 wouldn't make us or break us. But in those days it was a considerable sum. I made a good income, for my age and the time and place, but I lived up to it. All of us in the firm were rather popular young fellows, hustlers, active; but careless spenders. And while it wouldn't ruin the firm, it would ruin me personally. Even if I didn't go to jail — as I well might — I was finished as far as that community was concerned. And these things follow a young man from place to place. I was an idiot — an idiot whom unforeseen circumstances had turned into a thief — and I was finished.

My partners might rally to my support, in spite of my — I hated to say it, but I had to — in spite of my stealing from them. But Sam Clinker and I de-

tested each other, and if he could jail me, he would do it; and he would gloat over it as he did it. He had my bad check; but he had worse than that against me — he had the actual abstraction of two bonds which were his personal property, and their use. He had the political influence to have me railroaded. And if I estimated the man correctly, and his feelings toward me, he'd lose no time about it. We loathed each other with one of those intense personal animosities that grow out of poker games. I had finished myself.

An unbusinesslike habit, pardonable so long as its consequences could be easily met, had been turned into a felony the instant its consequences could no longer be met! And that's the fruit of gambling, Tom. Forgive me if I seem to labor the point — but as I tell you of it there comes back to me something of what I suffered that night.

None of us four young fellows in the firm was a heavy drinker; but there was generally a quart or two around the office at that. It wasn't a bad thing, now and then, in a business way, to be able to give the right customer or prospect a nip of good stuff. I suddenly wanted a drink — I told myself, desperately, that it would help me think. What I really wanted it for, I guess, was to help me *not* to think for a few minutes. I took out a bottle of Scotch. I sat there in the gloom for some time thinking about what Sam Clinker was going to do to me next day, and every few minutes I took a nip from the bottle.

I suppose a man who is born a crook, or who has been at it a long time, doesn't mind being one. But I did. It was new to me. It had come on me suddenly. A few hours ago I wasn't one. Now, those bonds were gone, and I was one! I sat there and thought of Jessie at home, and thought of jail, and what my life might have been, and what it would probably be now, and took a drink, and another drink, and another one. The drink didn't appear to me to intoxicate me; it seemed to contribute to the coldness of my despair. The longer I sat there, the more I hated Sam Clinker — not only for what he had done, but for what he would surely do to me tomorrow. I hated him almost as much as I hated myself, and that was as much as anyone can be hated and live.

Suddenly, either out of my despair, or out of the Scotch, or both together, an idea came to me. I put it from me at first. But it came again and again. And finally I extended it a welcome, which had in it a kind of grim humor.

I took from the safe \$5,000 more of Sam Clinker's bonds, and went back to the poker game. It was between one and two o'clock in the morning, but they were still going strong, and Clinker was, as usual, the big winner.

"Give me nine of the yellows, and ten of the reds," I said to Sam Clinker, who was banking, and tossed \$5,000 of his own bonds at him. Clinker had succeeded in getting the game up to the

place where the yellow chips were worth \$500 each, the blues \$100 each, the reds \$50 and the whites \$10 — and this, Tom, is in itself a great commentary on poker! This was the game that had started three years before as a friendly game at a dollar limit!

Clinker glanced at the bonds, and handed over the chips.

"Those bonds were listed at exactly par in the afternoon paper quotations," I said to him.

He stared at me, as if he found the phrase reminiscent. Indeed, he might well have. He had used almost exactly the same words when he handed those same bonds over to one of my partners to put in the safe nine or ten hours previously. But he had no way of knowing — or, at least, of proving — that they were the same bonds.

On the inside, I was all fever and chills and wild, illogical hope, and wilder despair. And mixed with this, and perhaps due to the Scotch I had drunk, a kind of queer, jeering humor — a humor that jeered at myself, sneering at me: "Well, fool, if you're going to jail for using \$2,000 worth of Sam Clinker's bonds, you might as well take a chance on \$5,000 more of them; if you lose, it won't get you any longer prison sentence, probably."

I had only been a crook an hour or two; but you see, Tom, I was already thinking like a crook! Gambling! I don't want to talk to you like a tract, Tom — but there it is; the confirmed gambler does not gamble merely with money; he eventually gambles with the very essence of honor and life.

On the inside of me was this queer jumble and turmoil of emotion; but the outside must have been cool and quiet enough. Nevertheless, the other men in the game seemed to catch something of the inner feeling, for they looked at me strangely and with a certain gravity. It was only now and then that a few of the yellow chips got into the game, in spite of Sam Clinker's forcing methods — and I had come in and bought \$4,500 worth of them. They all knew that I couldn't afford it, or anything like it. It was an announcement, in itself, that I intended to "bull" the game. And I had sense enough left to realize that if I were to be ruined I was already alienating the sympathy of several very influential citizens by my present attitude.

I could see in the faces of three or four of them — there were eight of us all told at the table, and the game was now exclusively stud — that they didn't want to win my money, but I was the big loser, and they were more prosperous men than myself, and they felt in honor bound to stick on and play to give me the chance to get something back. That wasn't Sam Clinker's idea. There was a deep and deadly animosity between him and myself; he would delight in my utter ruin. I had never told him what I thought of him; but he knew it; he knew it as deep as the marrow in his bones, and returned the sentiment with interest. *(continued overleaf)*



CRACK OF DOOM *(continued from page 14)*

I won. I lost. I won. I lost. I bulled the game. I drank Sam Clinker's Scotch. I got as low as \$200 worth of chips. I got as high as \$4,000 again. I bulled the game. I drank more highballs. I was not myself. Outwardly I must still have been deadly quiet. Inwardly I was burning flame. My vision was blurred. I played rotten poker. Then I would make myself settle down and play good poker and hold myself to it.

The disconcerting thing was that when I took the wildest and most idiotic chances with the cards I was as apt to have good luck as when I played sensibly. I can't tell you the details of the last hour of that game, because I don't remember them; they were a whirl, a blur, to me, a shifting madness, an unreality, an insanity, a whirl and blur of colored cards and chips.

But I can tell you the details of the very last hand — the last hand of poker I ever played, or ever will play.

Clinker and I faced each other across a board piled high with stacks of blue and red chips — with a few of the yellow ones worth \$500 each mixed in with them — and he had three tens and a king showing.

And I had three queens and a king showing.

He had got his third ten to show, and I my third queen, on the last card.

Three other men, who had had possibly winning hands, had gone along with us until the last cards to fall had destroyed their chances, and then had dropped out. But there was at least \$5,000 in the pot in front of us.

He looked steadily at me, and all the partially hidden animosity he had long been feeling flared into his eyes. And this permanent animosity was intensified by the fact that twice before I had bluffed him out of pots with \$2,000 bets, and then had let him know it afterwards.

"Five hundred dollars," he said; and tossed a yellow chip upon the table.

I read him for four tens, the three showing and one in the hole — and oh, how I hoped that I read him correctly! For I was betting on four queens. That is the essential brutality of stud poker; you know, at times, when you have an antagonist at your mercy.

"I'll raise you five hundred," I replied, and tossed in two yellow chips.

He did not hesitate an instant — and I realized with an accession of fever that must have shown in my bloodshot eyes, although my face was quiet, that he thought I was trying to repeat my former bluffs and get away with another pot without the goods.

"Five hundred more," he said, without hesitation; and then I was certain that I had read him correctly — read not only his hidden card, but his thoughts about myself.

Inwardly I gloated. I had him! I would play him for all it was worth. I raised him \$2,000 in one bet, and it took the last chip in front of me.

According to the way in which we had

been playing, all he could do was to call — a man who had to put in his last chip was entitled to a "sight" for what he had bet, and no one could buy more chips from the bank during the actual playing of a hand. But he was as sure that he had me out on a limb with a foolish attempt to steal the pot — to repeat my previous successful raids — as I was that I had him where I wanted him. My whole maneuver arose, to his thinking, from the desperation which he could not have helped but notice in me. And Sam Clinker was the man to take advantage of it. I saw in his face the desire to ruin me.

"Don't you," he said provocatively, as I announced my \$2,000 bet, "want to buy some more chips?"

Without waiting for me to answer, he raised my bet to the tune of \$1,000. This, as I have said, was irregular, by the rules of the game we had been playing. But he was so sure he had me hooked! There was no reason why I should not take advantage of the irregularity which he had started, as we were the only two players in the pot. I was so sure I had him hooked!

"Yes," I said. I hastily scribbled a check — with not a penny in the bank to meet it! I tossed it to him. "Five thousand dollars' worth of yellows," I said.

My voice broke with sheer inward hysteria. There was a cackle of laughter in it that must have sounded like utter imbecility. It confirmed Sam Clinker in his estimate that he had to do with a sucker gone mad. He took my check and passed me over the \$5,000 worth of chips.

I shoved the entire pile into the pot. "I raise you \$4,000," I said.

There was a murmur from the other men around the table; they shifted uneasily in their chairs; they were not enjoying this, nor my manner, nor Sam Clinker's. I felt their unspoken sentiment that this ought to be stopped. I felt their unspoken conviction that I had departed utterly from my senses; they were estimating my desperation, my hysteria, my vain idiocy, just as Sam Clinker was.

Sam looked at me frowningly. He was sure I had gone temporarily mad. I saw it in him. And he was the man to take advantage of it.

He shoved into the pot the \$7,000 worth of bonds which he had brought to our office in the afternoon, and on top of them he laid the check for \$2,500 which I had given him earlier in the evening, and on top of that he laid the check for \$5,000 which I had just given him — \$14,500 in all.

"I raise," he breathed. And the whisper was as malignant as the hiss of a snake. He thought he had me!

It amounted to a raise of \$10,500. I began to wonder if he really had his four tens, or was trying to steal the pot from me by this prodigious bet — or if he rated me at four queens, and was still trying to beat me down. Never

mind which! I had him! I wrote a worthless check for \$20,000 and tossed it on the heap that lay between us.

"I raise," I said — and how I hoped he would call me! For I had him; with my four queens I had him.

There was a period of intense silence in the room, except for the hard breathing of the others who were now but astonished onlookers.

Clinker bent up the corner of his hole card and looked at it. He looked at me. He looked at my three queens showing. I had him stopped — and I was sorry for it; I wanted him to go on.

"Of course you know, Bridges," he murmured, "that I've got four tens."

"I don't know anything of the kind," I said provocatively. "I think you're trying to steal this pot with three tens and a big bankroll — the way you've been stealing good pots for six months!" I was trying to goad him into another bet; at least into calling me. I was as sure that he had four tens as that I had four queens.

"It begins to look to me," said Clinker, "as if you really have four queens."

"It will cost you another ninety-five hundred dollars to find out for sure," I taunted him.

And still gloating mentally I turned up the corner of my hole card.

It was not a queen. It was a jack — the jack of spades. The queen of hearts, the queen of diamonds, the queen of clubs, lay exposed before me, and I —

My bloodshot eyes, and my eager and fevered brain, had misread the hole card on my first blurred and hasty glance. I had been playing it for a queen — and it was a jack!

The man had me. My enemy had me. My life was over. It was ruin. Disgrace. Prison. For me. What for my wife? God knows! I did not dare to think of Jessie. I turned cold, in an immobile, dumb agony. I stared at the J on the corner of that jack that should have been a queen. My folly. My idiocy. My — yes, my crookedness! They had brought me to this.

I think my breath stopped. I lost all count of time. How I sat upright I do not know. My mind was in a black whirl. No thought, but only jumbled fragments of thoughts, swung round and round in the dark eddy . . . a thankfulness that my father and mother were dead, and I had no child nor relative . . . a flash of Jessie bringing me a book and handing it to me through iron bars . . . a flash of myself standing before a judge. I was through.

I lifted my face, and it must have been blank with my utter suspension of life to the cruel eyes of Sam Clinker, as if he were the judge I stood before . . . as indeed he was! I held up the dead head on my dead spine and waited sentence. Was it seconds? Or minutes? Or hours? I don't know. Time was gone. It meant nothing. Do you wonder that since that night I have never touched a card, Tom? I wouldn't bet a soiled lump of sugar against a burnt match. I

(concluded on page 64)

a very obscure satire of a very obscure drama

BY RAY RUSSELL (*a very obscure satirist*)

PLAYWRIGHT ON A HOT TIN ROOF

ALTHOUGH TENNESSEE WILLIAMS' latest Broadway play, *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, is a popular success, and his *Rose Tattoo* has now been filmed for the delectation of the masses, there was a time when Mr. Williams wrote for only a select few. His one-act play about the last hours of D. H. Lawrence, *I Rise in Flame Cried the Phoenix*, first appeared in a limited edition—limited, that is, to people who had fifteen dollars to spend on a single slender book.

The public's response to this elite edition may be inferred by the fact that the play was subsequently reprinted in a 50c paperback volume also containing thirty-three other pieces of contemporary writing. It was in this bargain-basement form that it came to my attention, promptly inspiring me to write a play of my own. Any resemblance to Mr. Williams' play is, of course, unintentional, coincidental, and entirely malicious. If you'll be good enough to stop rustling that program, we'll give the signal for the house lights to dim and the rich velour curtain to rise . . .

The scene is a veranda in Venice. Languishing intensely in a wheel-chair is a person strongly resembling the famous Gay F. Swish, author of After Coitus—What?, Other Weskits Other Bangs, and a host of even more controversial volumes. A characteristic flutter of the transparent eyelids, a phlegmy sigh and the ghost of a petulant sneer confirm our suspicions: it is, indeed, Gay F. Swish. We recognize now the well-publicized sunken cheeks, the flashing eyes of the color of wet cigar-ash, the inch-
(continued on page 24)







PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

On a windy street corner, a shapely miss held tightly to her hat with both hands while her skirt billowed higher and higher about her legs. In response to the amused glances of two masculine



passersby, she explained with refreshing candor: "What you are looking at is twenty-three years old, gentlemen; what I'm hanging on to is brand new."

The police were investigating the mysterious death of a prominent businessman who had jumped from a window of his eleventh-story office. His voluptuous private secretary could offer no explanation for the action, but said that her boss had been acting peculiarly ever since she started working for him a month ago.

"After my very first week on the job," she said, "I received a twenty dollar raise. At the end of the second week, he called me into his private office, gave me a lovely black nightie, five pairs of nylon stockings, and said, 'These are for a beautiful, efficient secretary.'"

"At the end of the third week, he gave me a gorgeous mink stole. Then, this afternoon he called me into his private office again, presented me with this fabulous diamond bracelet, and asked

me if I would consider making love to him and what it would cost.

"I told him I would and because he had been so nice to me, he could have it for five dollars, although I was charging all the other boys in the office ten. That's when he jumped out the window."

A middle-aged woman stood watching a little boy on the curb, smoking a cigarette and drinking from a bottle of Scotch. Finally, unable to bear it any longer, she stalked up to the lad and demanded, "Why aren't you in school at this time of day?"

"Hell, lady," said the boy, gulping again from the bottle, "I'm only four years old."



You might say that a girl has reached the awkward age when she is too old to count on her fingers and too young to count on her legs.

Canned and frozen juices are becoming more and more popular, but most men still prefer to squeeze their own tomatoes.

Recent statistics indicate that 70% of the women with breast cancer attribute it to men who smoke.

Three decrepit, gray-haired gentlemen were seated together in the park discussing their personal philosophies for achieving a ripe old age.

"I'm eighty-six," said the first, "and



I wouldn't be here today if I hadn't scorned tobacco and alcohol in every form, avoided late hours and the sinful enticements of the opposite sex."

"I owe my ninety-three years to a strict diet of blackstrap molasses, wheat germ bread and mother's milk," said the second old man.

"When I was eighteen," the third man said, "my father told me that if I wanted to enjoy life as much as he had, I should smoke black cigars, drink nothing but hard liquor, and carouse with a different woman every night. And that's exactly what I've done."

"Incredible," said the first old man.

"Amazing," said the second, for their friend was obviously the grayest, most elderly appearing of the three. "Just how old are you?"

"Twenty-two."

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.

STEAK FOR TWO

the manly art of sizzling steer

BY THOMAS MARIO *playboy's food & drink editor*



"YOU ARE WHAT YOU EAT" has long been a contention among some students of gastronomy.

Romans believed that one who favored rabbit stew would become timid. A man, on the other hand, who chewed tough lion meat bought from the butcher shop outside the amphitheatre would develop a stiff upper colon and be brave. In Sparta during the Fourth Century, if you were male and over twenty years of age, you were required by law to eat two pounds of meat a day. It was supposed to make you brave. Meat eating Tartars were known for their warlike activities while vegetable eating Brahmans were peaceable. As late as the Nineteenth Century some scientists were developing the hypothesis that if you ate fish, you'd be brainy because fish contained phosphorus and phosphorus was present in the human brain.

The argument has see-sawed back and forth for centuries with some sociologists arguing that food habits set our cultural pattern and shape our emotions while nutritionists argue that there is no laboratory basis for the claim. The sociologists present an intriguing theory which PLAYBOY hates to kill, but it can be demolished by one word: steak.

Certainly it's true that you'll always find hefty bruisers bolting steak in such eateries as Gallagher's and Toots Shor's, and that leathery old cowhands out west demand steak for breakfast, dinner and supper. But beefsteak is also eaten in incredible quantities by sweet young Susies and nagging old squaws, by young male squirts and elderly Lotharios, by frog-eating Frenchmen and kraut-chewing Germans, by brats, broods and bachelors alike. Everybody loves and devours the *pièce de résistance* from the thick side of a steer. Everybody gourmandizes on the charcoal-burned-outside, blushing-red-inside masterpiece of American cookery. Even Charles Dickens who vilified American manners and customs couldn't help but express his passionate enjoyment of American porterhouse steak.

A steak eater can find no actual words to describe his animal delight. When a man eats fried chicken, he can stop between the second joint and the thigh to exclaim, "Superb!" When he sits down to a platter of corned beef, there is an interlude while the cabbage is still protruding from his front teeth during which he can utter, "Delicious!" But a beefsteak eater is a silent man. A steak is no more conducive to conversation than the act of love. A man carves the oozing broiled club steak; with his fork he plays with it for a second in the drippings on the platter; he lifts the thick crimson slice to his lips.

He may be able to utter, "Mmmmm!" or perhaps such variants as "Hmmmmm!" or "Ummmm!" but he can't talk.

While both sexes eat T-bone constantly, the cooking of steak, it seems, has always been primarily a male art. A woman may make the best patty of chicken in the world, but it takes a man to place a thick shell steak over a bed of live ashen white charcoal. Something in a man's genes makes it easy for him to learn just when to turn the steak, how to season it, how to brush it with butter and how to carve it. For men who would like to develop the aggressive art of steak cookery, PLAYBOY is happy to offer a few instructive details.

The first thing to learn about steaks is that there's no such thing as a thin steak. The word steak means a thick cut of food, and it can include anything from an eggplant steak to a salmon steak. But beefsteak must be cut at least an inch thick if it's to be broiled over or under the flames. If it is thinner than this, the heat of the broiler penetrates the inside of the meat before the outside is browned. The inside then becomes well-done, the rivulets of juice seep out, and the flavor is flat and steamy. Even a first rate minute steak which is quickly seared in a frying pan should be no less than a half inch thick, or it will be overdone, gray inside and insipid in flavor. As a matter of fact, the best broiled beefsteaks are anywhere from two inches to six inches in thickness. Big steaks of the latter size, served at banquets or beefsteak parties, are quickly seared on the outside under a fierce broiler flame and then transferred to the oven for twenty or thirty minutes where the heat completes the interior cooking.

The well-done steak, too, has always aroused PLAYBOY's masculine protest. A well-done steak is like an apple pie without the apples or an orange with all the juice squeezed out of it. The genuine intrinsic beefsteak flavor, the red rivulets of goodness as well as the nutrients have flown out of the steak when it is cooked to the well-done stage. A beefsteak must be rare or medium rare. Any other steak is a perversion. If you like beef well-done, you should order boiled beef with horse-radish or sauerbraten or pot roast. But you shouldn't darken the door of a respectable steak house asking for a well-done steak.

A fresh beefsteak is a blunder. When you buy fish or seafood or vegetables, you want them as fresh as possible. The best steaks, however, are cut from loins of beef that have been aged. This simply means that after a steer has been slaughtered, the loins are placed in coolers with temperatures somewhat higher

than normal refrigeration. Aging of meat is one of the fine arts. You can't do it in your home refrigerator. To age beef properly, air circulation must be maintained constantly and humidity must be controlled. Aging is continued anywhere from two to eight weeks. During this time the enzymes in the beef act on the meat tissue to tenderize it as well as develop its flavor. Beef shrinks somewhat during aging. This causes the price per pound to rise above that of fresh beef.

Because of the expense of aging, it's not easy to buy thoroughly aged beef at the corner butcher shop. But the hotels, clubs and fine steak houses have always insisted upon buying aged beef for steaks. In large cities, sometimes, it's possible to find a retail butcher who handles blue ribbon meat which has been aged. Certainly when you buy steak for a special bull session or for a mixed *al fresco* party, it's worth while to pay the added cost of aged prime beef.

How does a man know if a raw steak is good? The easiest way is to go to a reputable meat house—some of them, like Wertheimer's in New York, have specialized in steaks for years—and ask for their best cuts. Another guide is the stamp of the U.S. Department of Agriculture indicating the grade of beef. The best is stamped "Prime," the next best "Choice" and the third quality is called "Good." Other grades such as "Commercial" or "Utility" do not belong in a civilized kitchen. Not all meat, however, is graded by the federal government. Some of the big packers like Swift and Armour have their own grade terms comparable to the federal classifications indicating the best, next best, etc.

Professional beef buyers are guided by the following clues. The best beef is well fed and, therefore, has a thick layer of fat. The fat is creamy white and brittle. The meat itself has good conformation; that is, it is rounded, plumpish and fully developed rather than shrunken and wasty looking. The color of the beef may vary according to the kind of animal that was slaughtered. Generally, however, the best beef is cherry red rather than dark brick red in color. The bone should be pinkish and porous, indicating that the animal was young and tender. When you rub your fingers over the raw meat, it should have a smooth, silky feeling rather than a loose, coarse grain. Finally, the best steaks are well marbled; that is, the lean part of the meat contains many tiny small specks of white indicating top quality. Most of the beef in the United States is raised on Western grasslands.

(concluded on page 28)

CHUCKLES with your COCKTAILS

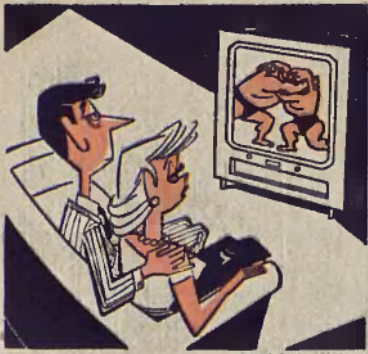
napkins have developed a sense of humor

pictorial

BY TED M. LEVINE

ONCE RELEGATED to such mundane tasks as keeping whiskey rings off the spinet and canape crumbs off the kisser, today's yokked-up cocktail napkins are often the life of the party. Their tremendous popularity began about five years ago, we're told, when a Philadelphia manufacturer got the idea of reproducing the cartoons from R. Taylor's *Fractured French* as novelty napkins (sample: "Tête-à-tête—a tight brassiere"). Since then, a half dozen manufacturers have sold more than fifteen million assorted sets with such provocative titles as *Liberated Latin*, *Yankee Yiddish*, *Breezy Billboards*, Roger Price's *Doodles*, *Shakespeare Howls* (illustrated quotations from William's plays), *Grand Up-roar* (on opera), *Bridge-isms* (on cards), *Perennial Bloomers* (on flowers), *Barhounds* (on drinks and drinkers) and *Sexual Misbehavior of the Human Male and Female*.





(NOW SEE INSIDE)



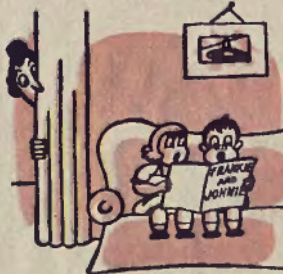
Bill Egan



"Have you tried an occultist?"



COLLEGE BOY-- "Say when!"
COLLEGE GIRL-- "Right after this drink!"



Vice versa
(BAWDY JINGLES)



Nature in you stands on the very verge of her confine
KING LEAR, ACT 2 SCENE 2

BY THE
DAWN'S
UGLY LIGHT



WITH LUCK I'LL BE DEAD BEFORE MOON--
HANGOVER #2

SHOULD THIS POOR GIRL
CARRY HARRY
OR
HARI-KARI?



I WAS
SH LATE
WITH A
G.I.

Read



AND THEN THERE WAS THE CONSERVATIVE TOM CAT
WHO LIKED TO PUT SOMETHING IN THE WHISKY EVERY DAY!

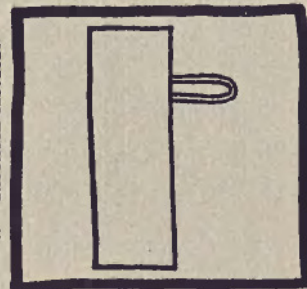


"MIND IF I PLAY THROUGH?.....I'M
GETTING MARRIED THIS AFTERNOON"



A Gantter K'nocker
(Mrs. Gantz is a big woman)

MIDGET PLAYING TROMBONE IN TELEPHONE BOOTH



DECEASED TROMBONE PLAYER

MAN PLAYING TROMBONE IN TELEPHONE BOOTH

HOT TIN ROOF (continued from page 17)

long lipless mouth, the notorious mauve locks and beige beard which caused a continent to whisper "Are they dyed?" When we first see him, he is speaking. Since there is nobody else on stage, we might well wonder if G. F. has mislaid his marbles, but the more discerning souls among us will readily realize that he is indulging in a pastime proper to a poet — speaking to the sun.

SWISH: Don't try to hide
Behind that flimsy negligee
Of a cloud, you shameless wanton.
I see you.

I know what you're trying to do.
Old Health-Giver, eh?
Old Vitamin-Enriched!
You may fool them, you sizzling bitch,
But not old Gay!
Oh, no!

(His voice rises to a soprano shriek as he shakes his bony fist at the sky.)

I know your tricks!
You envy me, who bared my soul
To Life's enriching rays
And blossomed 'til I fairly burst
With juice!

A human grape — that's what I am —
Swollen with potential wine!
And you — oh, damn your jealous heat —
Why do you scorch me thus?
I know!

You want to make of me
A raisin!

(Enter WILHELMINA, his mistress, carrying a small phial of amber fluid.)

WILHELMINA: Sprechen Sie deutsch?
SWISH: No, thank you.

I'm not hungry.
And — if it's not asking too much —
Let's speak in English, shall we?
WILHELMINA: Who were you talking to?

SWISH: Nobody.

WILHELMINA: But I heard you.

SWISH: Oh, very well, you old hausfrau:

If you must know,
I was talking to my ancient enemy,
My nemesis,
That arch-fiend . . .

WILHELMINA: Your bladder?

SWISH: No, you insensitive Guernsey!
The sun!

WILHELMINA: You mean —

SWISH: Yes.

WILHELMINA: But that's —

SWISH: I know.

WILHELMINA: It's not . . .

SWISH: It is.

WILHELMINA: I see.

SWISH: Willy!

WILHELMINA: Yes?

SWISH: Never mind;

You wouldn't understand.

How could you?

You, mundanity incarnate!

The essence of the everyday!

But why should I single out you

For this censure?

You're no different than all the others.

You're all alike, you women,

With your bovine eyes,

Your bird brains,

Your same old double-breasted comfort:

Lord! For a different woman!

A woman with three breasts!

WILHELMINA: You're crazy, Gay.

SWISH (to the sun): Quiet, you bitch!

WILHELMINA: That was me speaking.

SWISH: Oh. Quiet, you cow!

What's that you have in your hand?

WILHELMINA: It's —

SWISH: Give it here!

Trying to sneak away with it, eh?

It's for me! I know it's for me!

A gift!

An offering from some timid vestal

Placed tremblingly at the altar

Of her god:

The almighty Swish! —

Swish, the lover and beloved,

The seeker and the sought,

The conqueror, the conquered,

The inscrutable, the scrutable,

The day, the night,

The black, the white,

The male, the female!

Give it to me, damn your eyes!

(He seizes the phial and holds it to the sun.)

Ah! How unspeakably lovely!

What can it be,

This golden-amber presence,

This prisoned bit of sunlight liquefied?

I know!

This is the month of August put in a bottle!

WILHELMINA: Don't be silly. That's your urine specimen. I'm taking it to the doctor this afternoon.

(He dashes it to the floor.)

SWISH: Cursed!

That's what I am!

Cursed with commonness!

(One perfect tear glistens on his cheek.)

Don't ever leave me, you heifer.

Remain with me always

And comfort me with

Your sublime stolidity,

Your density,

Your all-enveloping envelope.

WILHELMINA: Now, don't get fresh.

SWISH: Fresh . . .

How ironic. If only one could

Get fresh. Unsullied. Innocent again.

But no. One just accumulates

The ordure of the years . . .

The veins become sewers,

The mind, a cesspool of nastiness.

And so we terminate our lives

As offal. Our tombstones should be

Chamber pots. And that reminds me:

Where in hell is Ermatrude?

WILHELMINA: She's here.

SWISH (leaping from his chair like a young gazelle, executing two perfect entre-chats, and draping himself like a withered rose over a lectern which supports a bound volume of Marie Stopes' collected works):

Here? How long has she been here?

WILHELMINA: She just arrived. She's

spending a quarter-hour in meditation

before entering your presence.

SWISH: How fitting.

Send the darling in!

(The door bursts open and a dowdy English matron throws herself at his feet.)

ERMATRUDE: Oh, Gay!

I was trembling by the door,

Waiting for you to admit me!

SWISH: Arise, old faithful.

And tell me — how did it go?

What did London say about

My poems?

ERMATRUDE (in a still, small voice):

Nothing.

SWISH (summoning a modicum of puny thunder): Nothing!?

ERMATRUDE (almost inaudible): Nothing.

SWISH (his brow ashen): You mean —

ERMATRUDE: Yes.

SWISH: But that's —

WILHELMINA: Oh, let's —

Not go through that again!

ERMATRUDE: How grieved I am to tell you this,

Instead of tidings of success.

SWISH: Success?!

You know I hate it.

No!

I longed for scorn,

For indignation,

For epithets of philistine and rival

Hurled like pebbles

At the stout Gibraltar of my flaming

Genius.

WILHELMINA: There you go! Mixing your metaphors again!

SWISH: Oh, woman!

Surely you know

My opinion of such pedantry.

Pure metaphors, indeed!

Bourgeois nonsense!

How can they compare

With the kaleidoscopic imagery

Of my perfectly blended,

Richly selective,

Artfully mixed variety?

(turning suddenly to ERMATRUDE)

But tell me —

Were they not puzzled

By my poem, Fovea?

(Eyes closed, the back of one hand to his forehead, the other oratorically outstretched, he recites:)

"Why, then, does the heart stumble

And the myriad knuckles of the spine flake

One by one into a rosary of icy stares

When through the mottled scrim of respect

A sheen returns of acrid light

Clinking off the tan of muscled terror?

Chuckles,

Grim and sensual, tight and tawny,

Curve in cobalt echo from the

Slim

Flat

Surge

And rippling glint of naso-labial gash. Seek musty refuge here of course as always."

(Opening his eyes):

Did they not marvel at that?

Eh?

ERMATRUDE: They only . . .

SWISH: Yes, yes?

ERMATRUDE: . . . Shrugged.

SWISH: Oh gods. But what about

The puritans? The censors?

Were they not offended by

Onan's Soliloquy?

(Striking the same attitude as before, he again recites:)

"Rather than this stud-horse office,

(concluded on page 65)



"I'm afraid there's been a mistake, Mr. Crumley. I just want to learn the waltz and mambo."

attire BY JACK J. KESSIE



ON THE CUFF

jewelry joins the tailored trend

HERE TO STAY: the reed-slim silhouette for men. Companion to the narrow look: jewelry of smaller shape, with less ornate design, a touch of European mood. Colors, too, have returned to a state of nature: sterling silver, cultured pearls, bronze and leather. As a mark of their special forte, racing fans, automobile bugs, television or radio execs can choose clever novelty links. This season, accessory designers are stressing trim, tailored lines that complement the town suit perfectly.

TOP ROW (l. to r.): sterling silver bamboo weave, \$8; sterling silver

button shape, \$8; bronze polygon with alligator, \$8.50; sterling silver antiqued intaglio, \$8; natural marble bar set in sterling, \$12.50.

SECOND ROW: sterling pari-mutuel ticket, \$8; mother-of-pearl cameo, \$3.50; tiger obsidian set in sterling, \$15; sterling microphone, \$8; sterling oval shape hand engraved, \$10.

THIRD ROW: ceramic fleur-de-lis set in copper, \$6; three cultured pearls in spiral gold washed sterling silver, \$15; spark plug set in sterling silver, \$8; gold washed sterling rampant horse set in ebony, \$8; sterling

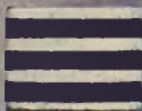
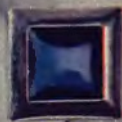
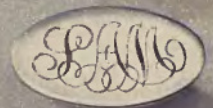
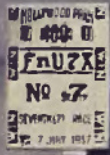
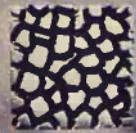
silver four-engine air liner, \$8.

FOURTH ROW: Swiss-movement pocket watch set in British coin case, \$36; sterling kitchen sink (for those who own everything but), \$8; blue stone set in jeweler's metal, \$2.50; sterling oyster shell with cultured pearl, \$15; gold washed sterling TV camera, \$8.

BOTTOM ROW: ebony and sterling stripes, \$8; cultured pearl set in damascene, \$25; sterling Venus de Milo, \$8; black ceramic square with classic profile in white, \$4.



CUFF LINKS COURTESY OF STEVEN BRODY, INC., AND CHARLES MOSEL, CHICAGO



STEAK FOR TWO (continued from page 21)

Before the animals are sent to the slaughterhouses, they are kept in finishing pens and fed on a corn protein diet. This develops the fine flavor indicated by extensive marbling.

Many chefs and hotel butchers still use an extremely simple method of telling the tenderness of steak. They hold a piece of steak in their hands with the thumb on one side and forefinger on the other. Then they press the fingers together. If the fingertips meet easily, that is if the meat in its raw state is soft enough to be broken, it will be just as amendable to the knife and fork after it is cooked. (You cannot test veal or lamb in the same manner.) Naturally, a retail butcher will not permit you to manhandle steak in this manner in his butcher shop. But the test is still a valid one, and in the privacy of your own kitchen you may test beefsteak in this way.

What are the various cuts of beefsteak called? The jargon of the meat shop is enough to stump any sane man when he hears butchers and chefs talking about their loins, short loins and top sirloins, their short hips, ribs and shells, their chucks, sides and hind-quarters. One single kind of steak, for instance, is called filet mignon, tenderloin and chateaubriand. Each is taken from the same cut of beef. PLAYBOY doesn't wish to add to the choctaw, so we'll just give you a quick rundown of the steak nomenclature commonly used in butcher shops and restaurants throughout the United States:

First of all, there is the *porterhouse steak*. It was named after old American inns where porter rather than ale was the specialty of the house. At the top of the porterhouse steak there is a small coarse grained piece called the flank or tail. It should be ground for hamburger rather than used for broiling. The porterhouse is divided by a bone into two main sections. The smaller section is called the *tenderloin* or *filet mignon* and is the tenderest cut of the entire beef carcass. More flavorful than the filet mignon and more firm in texture is the larger section of the porterhouse. The larger section when served without the filet is called a *boneless loin steak*, *shell steak* or *strip steak*. It is the specialty of most of the famous U.S. steak houses. A small porterhouse steak is called a *T-Bone steak*. As it becomes still smaller at the end of the loin and there is practically no filet left, it is called a *club steak*. A *rib steak* is similar to the club steak in appearance since it is cut from the rib section of beef right alongside the club steaks. The rib steak, while flavorful, tends to be loose in texture. *Sirloin steaks* are less tender than porterhouse but just as flavorful. From the smaller section of the sirloin comes the *pin-bone sirloin*, while a steak from the larger section is identified as *wedge-bone*.

When buying steaks, you should allow about eight ounces per person for a filet mignon. Any other steak should be from

twelve ounces to one pound for a man-size portion. This weight allowance includes fat and bone.

The cooking time for steaks will vary, depending on the intensity of the flame, the distance the meat is placed from the flame, as well as the thickness and quality of the meat. If the meat is extremely cold when placed on the broiler rack or over the charcoal, it will naturally take a longer time to cook than if the meat is at room temperature. Experienced steak veterans always use a strong flame and a high temperature rather than a moderate flame. The strong heat quickly sears the meat and gives it its magnificent crisp brown crust. If you are using a gas broiler and you can set the thermostat, you should broil the steaks at 550 degrees. Preheat the broiler at least 10 minutes before putting the steaks under the fire. If you are cooking the steaks over an outdoor charcoal fire, there should be a uniform thick live bed of charcoals with white ash showing, and the steaks should be about five inches above the flame.

For broiling rare 1-inch steaks which are at room temperature, such as rib, club, sirloin, T-bone and porterhouse, allow about four to five minutes cooking time for each side. To make the 1-inch steaks medium rare, allow about one minute more on each side. To broil 1½-inch steaks rare, allow six to seven minutes cooking time for each side and seven to eight minutes on each side for medium rare. A 2-inch steak will take eight to nine minutes on each side for cooking rare and ten to eleven minutes for cooking medium rare.

A 1-inch filet mignon will take three minutes on each side for cooking rare; a 1½-inch filet mignon will require four to five minutes on each side and a 2-inch filet mignon will take six minutes on each side for rare broiling.

There are two ways of telling whether a steak is cooked sufficiently. A rare steak, when pressed quickly with the fingers or the back of a spoon, will feel somewhat resilient. It will yield to the pressure and bounce back. A medium rare steak will have less resiliency, while a well-done steak will feel firm to the touch. Since this touch method requires considerable experience, amateur chefs slit the meat in the very center with a small sharp knife. The place where the steak is slit will naturally produce a spurt of juice and lose some flavor. But if the cut is small, not too much goodness will be lost.

The following hints are important in the fine art of steak cookery. To keep the steak from curling as it broils, ask the butcher to slash the side of the meat in three or four places. To help sear the meat quickly brush it with salad oil or melted butter just before broiling. Sprinkle the steak rather liberally with salt and pepper just before broiling. To give the crust a deep brown color, sprinkle the meat lightly with paprika before broiling. When using a gas broiler flame, keep the broiler door open to check the browning of the steak. If one

part of the steak turns brown faster than another, move the steak for uniform broiling. Use a pair of tongs rather than a meat fork for turning the steak. Don't cut a steak the instant it is removed from the broiler. Let it set for four or five minutes so that the flowing juices will be absorbed into the meat tissue. Use sharp steak knives, serrated or with straight edge, rather than ordinary table knives for cutting steak.

Most conservative beefeaters insist that beefsteak must be *au naturel* if its incredibly wonderful beef flavor is to be preserved. For the most part, this is true. Any man who splashes catsup or chili sauce or barbecue sauce over a fine broiled steak is dead to the finer things. But simple steak butters—largely derived from the French culinary art—when combined with the juices of the meat on the platter, can make several heavenly varieties of natural gravy. Such butters are brushed or spread over the steaks after the cooking is completed. Some of them call for shallots—a small yellow-skinned bulb of the onion family, not to be confused with spring onions. Shallots are available in fancy fruit and vegetable stores. Mild onion may be substituted for shallots if necessary.

MAITRE D'HOTEL BUTTER

This is the best known of the steak butters. Let ½ cup of sweet or slightly salted butter stand at room temperature until soft but not melting. Add the juice of a half lemon and one tablespoon finely chopped parsley. Brush or spoon the butter over the steak on serving plates.

RED WINE STEAK BUTTER

On French menus this is listed as *Marchand de Vin*. Smack three medium size shallots with the flat side of a knife blade. This will loosen the skin. Remove the skin and chop the shallots as fine as possible. Place the shallots in a small saucepan with two tablespoons butter. Simmer until shallots are tender but not brown. Add ½ cup dry red wine. Continue cooking until the wine is reduced to ¼ cup. Allow the shallots and wine to stand in the refrigerator until cold. Combine the shallots and wine with ¼ cup softened butter. Mix well. Spoon or brush over steaks on serving plates.

MARROW BUTTER

When you buy your steaks, ask the butcher to give you a small piece of beef marrow removed from the shin bone. Peel six shallots and chop very fine. Put the shallots and two tablespoons butter in a small saucepan. Cook slowly until the shallots are tender but not brown. Cut ¼ cup of the marrow into small slices about ½-inch thick. Add the marrow to the saucepan and cook slowly until marrow melts. Remove from the flame. Add 1 tablespoon very finely chopped parsley, the juice of ¼ lemon and ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce. Spoon over steaks on serving plates.



THERE WAS IN THOSE DAYS—I hope it is there still—a village called Ufferleigh, lying all among the hills and downs of North Hampshire. In every cottage garden there was a giant apple tree, and when these trees were hung red with fruit, and the newly lifted potatoes lay gleaming between bean-row and cabbage-patch, a young man walked into the village who had never been there before.

He stopped in the lane just under Mrs. Hedges' gate, and looked up into her garden. Rosie, who was picking the beans, heard his tentative cough, and turned and leaned over the hedge to hear what he wanted. "I was wondering," said he, "if there was anybody in the village who had a lodging to let."

He looked at Rosie, whose cheeks were redder than the apples, and whose hair was the softest yellow imaginable. "I was wondering," said he in amendment—
(continued on page 38)

MARY

fiction

BY JOHN COLLIER

fred was very bold and

knowing in some ways, but

incredibly simple in others

"Can't you sleep here?" asked Rosie.





"I'm sure I have that rent money here some place."

BOXING 1956 (continued from page 13)

pushing forty can expect to reign too long. Floyd Patterson and Harold Johnson are top ranking challengers, but Patterson's managers are looking towards that heavyweight title and will probably avoid matching their man against Moore this year. Patterson is already campaigning against heavies, scoring a seventh round knockout over Jimmy Slade in December.

Harold Johnson holds wins over Bob Satterfield, Nino Valdes, Ezzard Charles, Jimmy Slade and Archie Moore. But champion Moore beat Johnson in a title try last year. Johnson has only been knocked out once—that was by Jersey Joe Walcott, and there's an anecdote connected to the KO: it happened in 1950, and fourteen years earlier, the ageless Jersey Joe had also knocked out Johnson's father.

Bob Satterfield continues as a contender, but a glass jaw makes his position among top fighters uncertain; last August he upset and thoroughly beat Nino Valdes. We rank the light-heavyweights like this:

CHAMPION: ARCHIE MOORE of San Diego, Calif.; age 39; 144 bouts; 119 wins; 20 losses; 5 draws; 19 KO's.

1. **FLOYD PATTERSON** of Brooklyn, N. Y.; age 21; 29 bouts; 28 wins; 1 loss; 0 draws; 19 knockouts.

2. **HAROLD JOHNSON** of Philadelphia, Pa.; age 27; 55 bouts; 48 wins; 7 losses; 0 draws; 22 knockouts.

3. **BOB SATTERFIELD** of Chicago, Ill.; age 32; 100 bouts; 60 wins; 39 losses; 1 draw; 30 knockouts.

4. **WILLIE PASTRANO** of New Orleans, La.; age 20; 52 bouts; 44 wins; 4 losses; 4 draws; 8 knockouts.

5. **CHUCK SPIESER** of Lansing, Mich.; age 26; 25 bouts; 22 wins; 3 losses; 0 draws; 14 knockouts.

The most promising newcomer to the light-heavyweight ranks is Willie Pastrano. The square-rigged, big-boned southerner was almost unknown until

he outclassed Al Andrews in his big-time debut. Then he whipped Joey Maxim. Paddy Young and Chuck Spieser to move quickly into contention. Because Johnson and Satterfield have both been previously beaten by Moore, and Patterson will be avoiding an immediate light-heavyweight showdown, Pastrano might be pushed into a title fight prematurely. Despite his impressive record, Willie is only twenty years old and his mother has to sign the papers before each bout.

Chuck Spieser is, like Patterson, a former Olympic champion. His career was sidetracked by a hitch in the army and he just returned to ring combat in the summer of 1955. He was stopped by Willie Pastrano and then won impressively over Willie Troy and Paddy Young.

MIDDLEWEIGHTS

Turning back the clock, Sugar Ray Robinson scored the most sensational comeback victory of the year, and probably the decade, by dramatically knocking senseless middleweight champion Bobo Olson after 2 minutes and 51 seconds of the second round in their December 9th title fight. Sugar Ray's remarkable return to the ring came after a thirty-one month layoff and makes him the first fighter to ever win the middleweight title three times.

Sugar originally won the 160 pound crown from Jake LaMotta in February, 1951, brutally beating LaMotta for thirteen rounds before the bout was stopped. As the new middleweight champion. Robinson relinquished the welterweight title. Then on a European tour, with "too much Paris in his legs," Robinson was beaten by Randy Turpin in London in July. Turpin and Robinson were rematched in the Polo Grounds in September and Sugar Ray regained his title by knocking out the dusky Englishman in the tenth round.

Then in June of 1952, Robinson tried

to capture the light-heavyweight title. He was beating champion Joey Maxim handily, when he collapsed from heat exhaustion in the fourteenth round (the 110 degree temperature had KO'd the referee in the fourth) and Maxim was awarded an automatic TKO. Sugar retired in December of 1952 and went into show business.

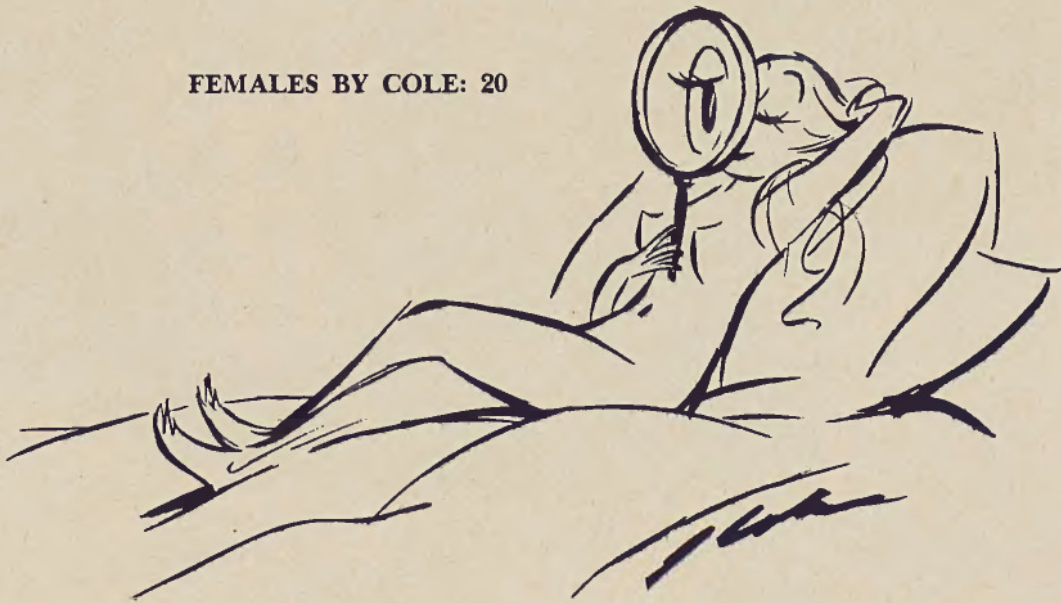
Following Ray's retirement, Bobo Olson defeated Paddy Young for the American version of the vacated middleweight title and then beat England's Randy Turpin for the World's Championship in October, 1953. Olson successfully defended his title against Kid Gavilan, Rocky Castellani and Pierre Langlois, then tried unsuccessfully to win the light-heavyweight crown from Archie Moore.

Sugar Ray missed the cheers of the crowd and the title, "Champ," however, and so in the face of boxing's bromide that "they never come back," Robinson returned to the ring early in 1955. His comeback started badly with a loss to Ralph "Tiger" Jones and when Olson subsequently beat Jones in a non-title fight, it seemed doubtful that Sugar would ever make it back to the top. But in his next bout, Robinson won a close decision over top contender Rocky Castellani and though his timing was off and he tired in the late rounds, there were signs of the old Sugar in his style and manner.

The title fight lasted less than two rounds, but in that brief space Robinson did everything right. His footwork, his timing, his punching and counter-punching—all were perfect. Against him, Olson seemed slow and sluggish. With seconds left in the second round, Sugar scored with a right, then landed a solid left, and Carl "Bobo" Olson fell over backwards. Sugar Ray Robinson had won the middleweight championship of the world for the third time.

This most unexpected upset promises to make the middleweight division one
(concluded on page 63)

FEMALES BY COLE: 20





"No, no — not yet, not yet!"

the line forms to the right

HOW TO GET STONED ON FIFTY CENTS

travel BY MACK REYNOLDS

IN AN AGE when it's impossible to pick up a magazine or newspaper without being told *how to do* something, I can't imagine how as practical a subject as this has been missed: some real down-to-earth information for imbibers who are weary and worn with ponying up from four to six bits for a snort of the liquid they love.

Because, boys, it's possible to quaff brew at six cents a pint, wassail away at the wine bowl at fourteen cents a quart, or put down two-ounce shots of the strong stuff at less than three cents the shot.

What's more, if you like your liquoring under pleasant and atmospheric conditions, you can line up at a pub in what was once a Roman emperor's palace, or sit at a sidewalk cafe looking out over palm trees, sandy beach and rocky coves which would make the Southern California Chamber of Commerce turn absinthe green.

I don't want to give you the wrong idea here, it's going to cost you some initial investment to get to the place. If you're in a hurry, you can take the airlines for about three hundred and fifty bucks one way, but if you're in this to save a dollar you can make it by bus, rail and ship for one hundred and seventy-nine dollars and twenty-five cents. You take a Greek Line ship from New York to Southampton, from there an Orange Luxury coach to London where you pick up third-class tickets on the Tauren Orient Express.

You're heading for Split, on the Dalmatian coast of Yugoslavia, so you'd better bring a passport and remember that the land of Marshal Tito is the only country in Europe in which Americans are allowed to travel that requires a visa.

Of course, any Yugoslavian town would do as well as far as the prices are concerned but you might as well pick one of the world's beauty spots for your tipping. Split was first appreciated by the Emperor Diocletian who built himself one whale of a palace there in the year 300 A.D. He built it so well that it remains one of the best examples of Roman architecture now surviving and at the present date more than 4,000 persons still live within its walls. The town is located right on the Adriatic Sea and some tourists waste their time at swimming and fishing and excursions to nearby islands.

The fifty cents is in the way of an exaggeration. If you can hold fifty cents worth of liquor at the prices prevailing on the Dalmatian coast, you're really a toper. An averagely hard drinking man can find himself staring up at the bottom of a table top at two bits American, less if he takes advantage of the country's phony money.

On the legal exchange the Yugoslavian dinar comes 300 to the dollar but at any of the New York money exchange houses they'll give you at least 550 and on the free market in Yugoslavia an American buck will bring up to 800

dinars. Of course, if you're importing dinars into Yugoslavia you'd better stash them away in your tobacco pouch, or some such, as you cross the border since the cops there take a dim view of the practice. Not that I've ever heard of them searching an American tourist, they're currently making a big play to get them into the country.

Let's get to the elbow-bending.

If you're the sort of playboy who appreciates wine, you've got it made. Possibly Yugoslavia doesn't hit the levels of France, Germany and Spain in quality wines, although some will give you an argument on that, but her ordinary wines are tops. What Yugoslavians drink every day at the cost of 110 dinars a liter begins to call for a vintage date in other wine-producing countries. At the legal rate of exchange that comes to thirty-seven cents for slightly more than a quart. If you're using free market dinars, you get your wine for roughly fifteen cents a liter.

Besides their white and red ordinary wines they have excellent sweet wine called Prosek which will set you back twice the price of the other and which is worth it. It's made by allowing the grapes to stay on the vines and sweeten until they have a large sugar content. Even varieties of Prosek you'll find in any wine shop begin to show greatness.

If you're a beer man—they call it *pivo* in these parts—you'll find the stuff running a little higher in price
(concluded on page 65)



PREPARING TO BE A PLAYMATE

Everyone expects the final pose to be a pretty and provocative one, but when the model is as attractive as Marguerite Empey even the preparations are a pleasure to behold. This is Marguerite's second Playmate appearance; the photographer is Russ Meyer, who previously filled these pages with pictures of his wife Eve.







MISS FEBRUARY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

MARY (continued from page 29)

ment, "if you had."

Rosie looked back at him. He wore a blue jersey such as seafaring men wear, but he seemed hardly like a seafaring man. His face was brown and plain and pleasant, and his hair was black. He was shabby and he was shy, but there was something about him that made it very certain he was not a tramp. "I'll ask," said Rosie.

With that she ran for her mother, and Mrs. Hedges came out to interview the young man. "I've got to be near Andover for a week," said he, "but somehow I didn't fancy staying right in the town."

"There's a bed," said Mrs. Hedges. "If you don't mind having your meals with us—"

"Why, surely, ma'am," said he. "There's nothing I'd like better."

Everything was speedily arranged; Rosie picked another handful of beans, and in an hour he was seated with them at supper. He told them his name was Fred Baker, but, apart from that, he was so polite that he could hardly speak, and in the end Mrs. Hedges had to ask him outright what his business was. "Why, ma'am," said he, looking her straight in the face, "I've done one thing and another ever since I was so high, but I heard an old proverb once, how to get on in the world. 'Feed 'em or amuse 'em' it said. So that's what I do, ma'am. I travel with a pig."

Mrs. Hedges said she had never heard of such a thing.

"You surprise me," said he. "Why, there are some in London, they tell me, making fortunes on the halls. Spell, count, add up, answer questions, anything. But let them wait," said he, smiling, "till they see Mary."

"Is that the name of your pig?" asked Rosie.

"Well," said Fred, shyly, "it's what I call her just between ourselves like. To her public, she's Zola. Sort of Frenchified, I thought. Spicy, if you'll excuse the mention of it. But in the caravan I call her Mary."

"You live in a caravan?" cried Rosie, delighted by the doll's-house idea.

"We do," said he. "She has her bunk, and I have mine."

"I don't think I should like that," said Mrs. Hedges. "Not a pig. No."

"She's as clean," said he, "as a new-born babe. And as for company, well, you'd say she's human. All the same, it's a bit of a wandering life for her—up hill and down dale, as the saying goes. Between you and me I shan't be satisfied till I get her into one of these big London theatres. You can see us in the West End!"

"I should like the caravan best," said Rosie, who seemed to have a great deal to say for herself, all of a sudden.

"It's pretty," said Fred. "Curtains, you know. Pot of flowers. Little stove. Somehow I'm used to it. Can't hardly think of myself staying at one of them big hotels. Still, Mary's got her career to think of. I can't stand in the way of her talent, so that's that."

"Is she big?" asked Rosie.

"It's not her size," said he. "No more than Shirley Temple. It's her brains and personality. Clever as a wagon-load of monkeys! You'd like her. She'd like you, I reckon. Yes, I reckon she would. Sometimes I'm afraid I'm a bit slow by way of company for her, never having had much to do with the ladies."

"Don't tell me," said Mrs. Hedges archly, as convention required.

"'Tis so, ma'am," said he. "Always on the move, you see, ever since I was a nipper. Baskets and brooms, pots and pans, then some acrobat stuff, then Mary. Never two days in the same place. It don't give you the time to get acquainted."

"You're going to be here a whole week, though," said Rosie artlessly, but at once her red cheeks blushed a hundred times redder than before, for Mrs. Hedges gave her a sharp look, which made her see that her words might have been taken the wrong way.

Fred, however, had noticed nothing. "Yes," said he, "I shall be here a week. And why? Mary ran a nail in her foot in the market-place, Andover. Finished her act—and collapsed. Now she's at the vet's, poor creature."

"Oh, poor thing!" cried Rosie.

"I was half afraid," said he, "it was going wrong on her. But it seems she'll pull around all right, and I took the opportunity to have the van repaired a bit, and soon we'll be on the road again. I shall go in and see her tomorrow. Maybe I can find some blackberries, to take her by way of a relish, so to speak."

"Gorsley Bottom," said Rosie. "That's the place where they grow big and juicy."

"Ah! If I knew where it was—" said Fred tentatively.

"Perhaps, in the morning, if she's got time, she'll show you," said Mrs. Hedges, who began to feel very kindly disposed toward the young man.

In the morning, surely enough, Rosie did have time, and she showed Fred the place, and helped him pick the berries. Returning from Andover, later in the day, Fred reported that Mary had tucked into them a fair treat, and he had little doubt that, if she could have spoken, she would have sent her special thanks. Nothing is more affecting than the gratitude of a dumb animal, and Rosie was impelled to go every morning with Fred to pick a few more berries for the invalid pig.

On these excursions Fred told her a great deal more about Mary, a bit about the caravan, and a little about himself. She saw that he was very bold and knowing in some ways, but incredibly simple and shy in others. This, she felt, showed he had a good heart.

The end of the week seemed to come very soon, and all at once they were coming back from Gorsley Bottom for the last time. Fred said he would never forget Ufferleigh, nor the nice time he had there.

"You ought to send us a postcard

when you're on your travels," said Rosie.

"Yes," he said. "That's an idea. I will."

"Yes, do," said Rosie.

"Yes," said he again. "I will. Do you know, I was altogether downhearted at going away, but now I'm half wishing I was on the road again already. So I could be sending that card right away," he said.

"At that rate," said Rosie, looking the other way, "you might as well make it a letter."

"Ah!" said he. "And do you know what I should feel like putting at the bottom of that letter? If you was my young lady, that is. Which, of course, you're not. Me never having had one."

"What?" said Rosie.

"A young lady," said he.

"But what would you put?" said she.

"Ah!" said he. "What I'd put. Do you know what I'd put? If—if, mind you—if you was my young lady?"

"No," said she, "what?"

"I don't hardly like to tell you," said he.

"Go on," she said. "You don't want to be afraid."

"All right," said he. "Only mind you, it's *if*." And with his stick he traced three crosses in the dust.

"If I was anybody's young lady," said Rosie, "I shouldn't see anything wrong in that. After all, you've got to move with the times."

Neither of them said another word, for two of the best reasons in the world. First, they were unable to; second, it was not necessary. They walked on with their faces as red as fire, in an agony of happiness.

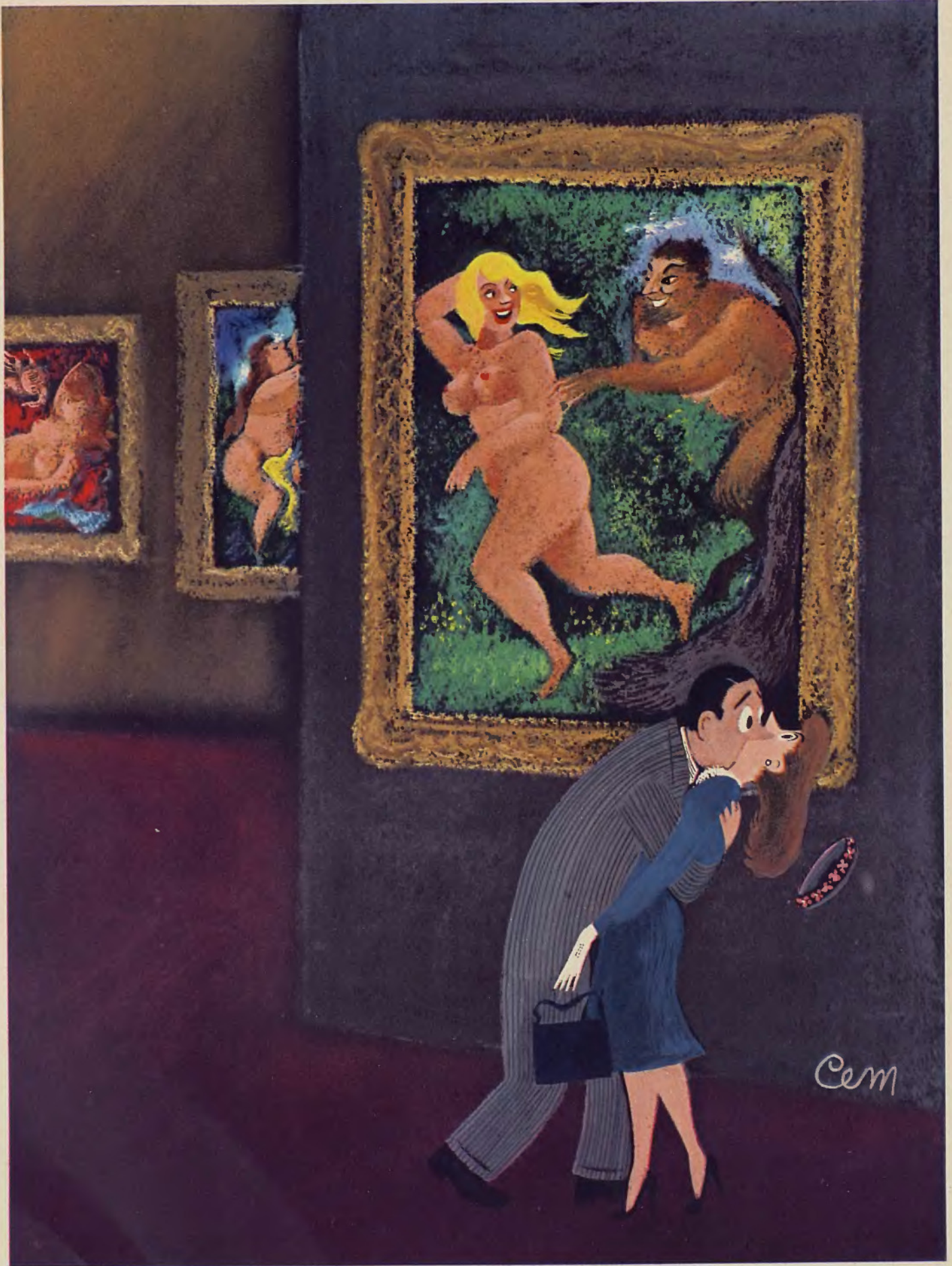
Fred had a word with Mrs. Hedges, who had taken a fancy to him from the start. Not that she had not always looked down upon caravan people, and could have been knocked over with a feather, had anyone suggested, at any earlier date, that she would allow a daughter of hers to marry into such a company. But right was right; this Fred Baker was different, as anyone with half an eye could see. He had kept himself to himself, almost to a fault, for his conversation showed that he was as innocent as a new-born babe. Moreover, several knowledgeable people in the village had agreed that his ambitions for Mary, his pig, were in no way unjustified. Everyone had heard of such talented creatures, reclining on snow-white sheets in the best hotels of the metropolis, drinking champagne like milk, and earning for their fortunate owners ten pounds, or even twenty pounds, a week.

So Mrs. Hedges smilingly gave her consent, and Rosie became Fred's real, genuine, proper young lady. He was to save all he could during the winter, and she to stitch and sing. In the spring, he would come back and they were to get married.

"At Easter," said he.

"No," said Mrs. Hedges, counting on her fingers. "In May. Then tongues can't wag, caravan or no caravan."

Fred had not the faintest idea what
(continued overleaf)



Cem

MARY *(continued from page 38)*

she was driving at, for he had lived so much alone that no one had told him certain things that every young man should know. However, he well realized that this was an unusually short engagement for Ufferleigh, and represented a great concession to the speed and dash of the entertainment industry, so he respectfully agreed, and set off on his travels.

My Darling Rosie,

Well here we are in Painswick having had a good night Saturday at Evesham. Mary cleverer than ever that goes without saying now spells four new words thirty-six in all and when I say now Mary how do you like Painswick or Evesham or wherever it is she picks FINE it goes down very well. She is in the best of health and I hope you are the same. Seems to understand every word I say more like a human being every day. Well I suppose I must be getting our bit of supper ready she always sets up her cry for that specially when I am writing to you.

With true love

Fred XXX

In May the apple trees were all in bloom, so it was an apple-blossom wedding, which in those parts is held to be an assurance of flowery days. Afterwards they took the bus to the market town, to pick up the caravan, which stood in a stable yard. On the way Fred asked Rosie to wait a moment, and dived into a confectioner's shop. He came out with a huge box of chocolates. Rosie smiled all over her face with joy. "For me?" she said.

"Yes," said he. "To give to her as soon as she claps eyes on you. They're her weakness. I want you two to be real pals."

"All right," said Rosie, who was the best-hearted girl in the world.

The next moment they turned into the yard: there was the caravan. "Oh, it's lovely!" cried Rosie.

"Now you'll see her," said Fred.

At the sound of his voice a falsetto squeal rose from within.

"Here we are, old lady," said Fred, opening the door. "Here's a friend of mine come to help look after you. Look, she's brought you something you'll fancy."

Rosie saw a middle-sized pig, flesh-colored, neat, and with a smart collar. It had a small and rather calculating eye. Rosie offered the chocolates; they were accepted without any very effusive acknowledgment.

Fred put the old horse in, and soon they were off, jogging up the long hills to the west. Rosie sat beside Fred on the driving seat; Mary took her afternoon nap. Soon the sky began to redden where the road divided the woods on the far hill-top. Fred turned into a green lane, and they made their camp.

He lit the stove, and Rosie put on the potatoes. They took a lot of peeling, for it seemed that Mary ate with gusto. Rosie put a gigantic rice pudding into

the oven, and soon had the rest of the meal prepared.

Fred set the table. He laid three places.

"I say," said Rosie.

"What?" said Fred.

"Does she eat along with us?" said Rosie. "A pig?"

Fred turned quite pale. He beckoned her outside the caravan. "Don't say a thing like that. Didn't you see her give you a look?"

"Yes, I did," said Rosie. "All the same — Well, never mind, Fred. I don't care, really. I just thought I did."

"You wait," said Fred. "You're thinking of ordinary pigs. Mary's different."

Certainly Mary seemed a comparatively tidy eater. All the same, she gave Rosie one or two very odd glances from under her silky, straw-colored lashes. She seemed to hock her rice pudding about a bit with the end of her nose.

"What's up, old girl?" said Fred. "Didn't she put enough sugar in the pudden? Never mind — can't get everything right first time."

Mary, with a rather cross hiccup, settled herself on her bunk. "Let's go out," said Rosie, "and have a look at the moon."

"I suppose we might," said Fred. "Shan't be long, Mary. Just going about as far as that gate down the lane." Mary grunted morosely and turned her face to the wall.

Rosie and Fred went out and leaned over the gate. The moon, at least, was all that it should be.

"Seems funny, being married and all," said Rosie softly.

"Seems all right to me," said Fred.

"Remember them crosses you drew in the dirt in the road that day?" said Rosie.

"That I do," said Fred.

"And all them you put in the letters?" said Rosie.

"All of 'em," said Fred. "I remember every one."

"Kisses, that's what they're supposed to stand for," said Rosie.

"So they say," said Fred.

"You haven't given me one, not since we was married," said Rosie. "Don't you like it?"

"That I do," said Fred. "Only, I don't know —"

"What?" said Rosie.

"It makes me feel all queer," said Fred, "when I kiss you. As if I wanted —"

"What?" said Rosie.

"I dunno," said Fred. "I don't know if it's I want to eat you all up, or what."

"Try and find out, they say," said Rosie.

A delicious moment followed. In the very middle of it a piercing squeal rose from the caravan. Fred jumped as if he were shot.

"Oh, dear!" he cried. "She's wondering what's up. Here I come, old girl! Here I come! It's her bed-time, you see. Here I come to tuck you in!"

Mary, with an air of some petulance,

permitted this process. Rosie stood by. "I suppose we'd better make it lights out," said Fred. "She likes a lot of sleep, you see, being a brain worker."

"Where do we sleep?" said Rosie.

"I made the bunk all nice for you this morning," said Fred. "Me, I'm going to sleep below. A sack full of straw, I've got."

"But —" said Rosie. "But —"

"But what?" said he.

"Nothing," said she. "Nothing."

They turned in. Rosie lay for an hour or two, thinking what thoughts I don't know. Perhaps she thought how charming it was that Fred should have lived so simple and shy and secluded all these years, and yet be so knowing about so many things, and yet be so innocent, and never have been mixed up in bad company — It is impossible to say what she thought.

In the end she dozed off, only to be awakened by a sound like the bagpipes of the devil himself. She sat up, terrified. It was Mary.

"What's up? What's up?" Fred's voice came like the ghost's in *Hamlet* from under the floor. "Give her some milk," he said.

Rosie poured out a bowl of milk. Mary ceased her fiendish racket while she drank, but the moment Rosie had blown out the light, and got into bed again, she began a hundred times worse than before.

There were rumblings under the caravan. Fred appeared in the doorway, half dressed and with a straw in his hair.

"She will have me," he said, in great distress.

"Can't you — Can't you lie down here?" said Rosie.

"What? And you sleep below?" said Fred, astounded.

"Yes," said Rosie, after a rather long pause. "And me sleep below."

Fred was overwhelmed with gratitude and remorse. Rosie couldn't help feeling sorry for him. She even managed to give him a smile before she went down to get what rest she could on the sack of straw.

In the morning, she woke feeling rather dejected. There was a mighty breakfast to be prepared for Mary; afterwards Fred drew her aside.

"Look here," he said. "This won't do. I can't have you sleeping on the ground, worse than a gypsy. I'll tell you what I'm going to do. I'm going to get up my acrobat stuff again, I used to make a lot that way, and I like it fine. Hand springs, double somersaults, bit of conjuring; it went down well. Only I didn't have time to keep in practice with Mary to look after. But if you'd do the looking after her, we'd make it a double turn, and soon we'd have a good bit of cash. And then —"

"Yes?" said Rosie.

"Then," said Fred, "I could buy you a trailer."

"All right," said Rosie, and turned away. Suddenly she turned back with her face flaming. "You may know a lot about pigs," she said bitterly. "And about somersaults, and conjuring, and

(continued on page 52)



DRESSING THE PART

further tips on succeeding with women without really trying

IN YOUR DEALINGS with women, clothes can be more important than any of us imagines.

Remember above all that your clothes must be *you*. Your personality must shine through them as though they were the filmiest of gauze. This can be done without ostentation, with never a breach of modesty, and without revealing a single unseemly contour of the body.

THE TWEEDY LOOK

Tweeds are always good, whether worn as an ensemble, or simply as a sport coat with flannel trousers.

Choose a tweed that is rough and manly, though not so rough that twigs or bits of underbrush are woven into the fabric.

A good test of a tweed is to brush the arm gently over a bare female shoulder, if one is available to you. If there are audible scraping noises or rumpled feelings, choose a softer weave.

"SHOULD I WEAR SHORTS?"

It is not enough to ask yourself, "Are my knees good?" because in most cases

we are too close to our knees to judge them impartially.

The wise gentleman regards his knees as though they belonged to *someone else*. Thus he often comes to the conclusion that he should wear long trousers, or at least pedal pushers.

If, on the other hand, you can show a really "good leg" it is safe to wear shorts and also riding breeches, which are almost equally revealing.

HOW TO HANDLE CHEST SLIDE

To every man, however trim, comes a time when his massive chest seems to expand downward. This is not caused, as some believe, by overindulgence, but is a result of faulty design of the human body.

Originally engineered as a four-footed creature, man was never intended to walk in his current semi-erect position. The inevitable result is chest-slide, or paunch.

This is often combined with our powerful hip, or sitting muscles, developed by brain workers everywhere. It is these

muscles that enable us to sit for hours without tiring.

Together, these form a pear-shaped silhouette which is both attractive and aerodynamically sound and that, if it were not for the critical attitude of women, would be universally admired.

True, some men have tried to make a virtue of it, and others have developed ingenious ways of coping with the situation, including a skillful and attractive method of side-saddle dancing.

"Davie, is that you around there, too?"

"Yes, pet. Everything all right?"

"I don't know. Seems to me we've developed a list to starboard."

"Must be this new step, pet."

Some, indeed, are even faced with a dwindling of feminine admirers. The faint-hearted abandon hope and seek companionship among their cronies. This is not necessary.

There are several methods of combating chest-slide.

1. *Don't admit it.*

Retain the same trouser size, sucking



DRESSING (continued from preceding page)

In your dealings with women, clothes can be more important than any of us imagines.

in the powerful abdominal muscles until the belt is fastened. This is effective, but can lead to broken seams, jammed zippers, and occasionally a strangled expression.

2. Let science help.

Luckily science has come to the rescue with a number of fine commercial devices. These are emphatically *not* girdles and should never be referred to as such. They do not perform the same function as the female girdle, which also helps to hold up the stockings. Few, if any, of the male devices have garter belt attachments for supporting the socks.

Nevertheless they are often referred to as "supporters" and often consist of a loin cloth arrangement combined with a wide band of elastic. They are designed only to help your own steel spring muscles give you a trim athletic appearance.

Choose a good tight one. It will be slimming, bracing, and will feel wonderful when removed at night.

HOW TO DEAL WITH SHOULDERS

All of us human males, hard workers that we are, are forced day after day to "keep our shoulders to the wheel."

Literally, though, it is not our shoulders that we use, but our minds, which means that it is an entirely different part of us that is held to the "wheel," or actually the chair.

In spite of skillful use of the remedies described above, a certain bulbous appearance may persist, and though this does not actually reduce the size of the shoulders, it seems to.

Women stubbornly refuse to recognize this as a badge of honor and are often caught gazing at fellows with second-rate minds and seemingly broad shoulders.

Do not be discouraged. A good tailor can supply shoulders of whatever width you desire, and at little extra cost. There is bound to be a shock when you first remove your coat, but we must assume that by this time your woman companion will admire you for your mind and your strength of character.

GARTERS?

So often men ask, "Should I wear garters?"

The answer is not a simple yes or no. In fact, all males fall roughly into two classifications: those who should and those who should not wear garters.

If your appeal is to the motherly woman, and if you are clearly the lopsided-smile type, then forego garters — and go farther, too. Spurn anklets and semi-self-supporting socks and choose long drooping hose. There is nothing like a bunch of knitwear sagging pitifully over the shoe-tops to bring out the motherly instinct.

If on the other hand you are the glossy-finished male, given to sleek hairdos, Sulka ties, French cuffs, and a superior expression, by all means wear garters. The taut argyle does wonders for the well-turned ankle, and may win you admiring glances.

LET THE BAREHEADED BEWARE

How often do we hear today that the hat is unnecessary? True, the modern felt hat performs no *useful* service. In cold weather it leaves uncovered the neck and ears, the only parts that need covering. In rain it soon becomes soggy, and in hot weather it is hotter than no hat at all.

Is it for looks then that we should wear hats? No, only the bald look better hatted.

Why, then, wear a hat? It is the chivalrous thing to do. A hat is worn not to keep on, but to take off. Remember the twinge of envy you felt when you last saw a homburged colleague doff his cover to a pretty friend? Have you not felt the tacit sneer of the hatcheck girl as you passed her, tipless?

Wear a hat if you would tickle a woman's fancy. It is easy to see that they prefer the fellow with the rising and falling fedora.

A hat will be a good investment.

THE NECKTIE

A necktie is *not* a license for self-expression, an excuse to play the peacock. Choose a simple dark knit tie, or a mud-colored print with small floral design. These combine restraint, self-effacement, and serviceability.

If in doubt about patterns, make this easy test. Let a drop of any standard meat gravy fall at random. Give it time to dry. If it blends well with the pattern, if you cannot find it, or if the overall effect seems to be improved, place the tie well forward on your rack.

Begin early to discourage gift ties from your feminine admirers. *They will expect you to wear them.* The best method is to swear that you make your own. You cannot wear ordinary ready-mades.

"Doesn't take a minute, really, once I get my kit around me."

"But why, Davie?"

"The old tubes, you know. Sprig of asafetida in the lining works wonders. Antispasmodic."

SUSPENDERS?

Suspenders are often necessary for men with such powerful waist muscles (concluded on page 66)

KENTON

about the man and his music



jazz **BY BILL RUSSO**

STAN KENTON, leader of one of the most successful jazz bands of our generation, is neither a great musician nor a great composer. But through the force of a personality dynamic enough to have made him successful in almost any field of endeavor, he has formed impressive orchestras that have produced great and important music, has presented a number of remarkably talented jazz musicians

KENTON on the road

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HERMAN LEONARD



A jam session on a bus heading for New Orleans. Kenton's band spends much of the time on the road playing one-nighters. These photographs are of his forty-two piece Innovations orchestra; trombonist Russo is third from the left.



Jazzmen catch some shut-eye between towns; each concert is in a different city, sometimes in a different state. Trumpeter Buddy Childers dozes in foreground; vocalist June Christy is asleep two seats behind him. The big band required two busses: the "Balling Bus" carried the brass section and livelier musicians; the "School Bus" carried the string section and Shelly Manne.



At left: the bus stops to allow the men a "tire check," and above: band members check into a hotel, resulting in what Bill Russo refers to as "mob violence." After getting settled, the band spends the afternoon in rehearsal. Concerts are usually held around 8:30 p.m., then it's back to the busses and off to another town.

to an unusually wide audience, and has led them to new jazz horizons never glimpsed before.

He is a compelling and fascinating man, and I consider the five years I spent in close association with him among the most educational and exciting of my lifetime.

It was eight years ago that I first met Stan. His then chief arranger, Pete Rugolo, had heard about the Experiment in Jazz orchestra I was leading in Chicago and came to hear us. He invited me to a concert they were playing that night and there he introduced me to Stan. I was just twenty years old, Kenton was the biggest jazz name in the country, and I am sure I was quite overcome by hero worship that night. I had no idea that a couple of years later he would be calling on me to join him as a trombonist and arranger for the band.

Stan Kenton organized his first band in 1940 and cut some test records for audition purposes. Stan was strongly drawn towards jazz and felt that even with a small band (this first one had thirteen sidemen), within the confines of the popular song, he could create a new kind of depth and mood never achieved before. Early in 1941 the band auditioned for an engagement at the Rendezvous Ballroom in Balboa, California. The ballroom manager had a choice between Kenton's organization and the band of John Costello. The emphasis on original material and jazz was a little too radical for the manager and he picked Costello, but circumstances forced a cancellation and on Memorial Day, 1941, Stan opened at the Balboa.

His brand of music was well received by the



At afternoon rehearsal, Shorty Rogers leads the band through one of his new pieces. Art Pepper blows solo and Stan studies the score; he will take over as soon as the orchestra has become acquainted with the music.



Stan Kenton leads the full orchestra through a rehearsal of Bill Russo's *Halls of Brass* and (below) famous drummer Shelly Manne thumps out an exciting beat. Kenton's progressive jazz orchestras have toured throughout the United States and most of Europe; these pictures were taken at a rehearsal in New Orleans where, three short generations ago, jazz was born in the streets of Storyville.



high school and college crowd that colonized the little resort town on weekends, Red Dorris on tenor sax and Howard Rumsey on bass became special favorites, and the band was an immediate success.

The popularity of the organization grew during the early Forties, but the hectic war years required numerous personnel changes. Anita O'Day, well known for her work with Gene Krupa, joined Stan along with male vocalist Gene Howard, and a young man named Stan Getz was sitting in the sax section.

By the middle Forties, Kenton's Artistry in Rhythm orchestra was winning both the *Down Beat* and *Metronome* magazine polls as the most popular band in the country, Pete Rugolo was doing the arranging, and a number of the sidemen (Eddie Safranski, Vido Musso, Buddy Childers, Boots Mussulli, Ray Wetzel, Kai Winding, Shelly Manne) had become famous in their own right. Anita O'Day had left the band and in

(continued on page 56)



After dinner, jazz musicians kill time on the street before the concert, talk about work and women, look over the town and some of its more interesting inhabitants.



Above, left: trammists Bart Varsalona and Harry Betts show off some brightly patterned shorts while changing into band uniforms backstage just before the concert, and at right: the orchestra ready to go on receives a few last minute instructions from Kenton.



The musicians are in their places, the house lights dim, the concert curtain parts. The weary hours of travel and rehearsal are behind them now and they are ready to perform: to play music that for many of them is almost the only reason for existing. Kenton steps forward, raises his arms, and another night of modern jazz begins.



"Well — what shall we do again today?"



quiz

By JOSEPH C. STACEY

THE CURRENT VOGUE for vodka, rum, and similar alcoholic upstarts notwithstanding, the fact remains that the staple ingredient for much of the world's grandest guzzling is either (a) gin, or (b) whiskey. Conceding this point (and please do, so we can get on with it), it follows that truly discriminating drinkers should be able to tell at a glance which of the mixtures listed on this page are concocted of juniper juice and which are dependent upon the amber-hued elixir. A score of 8 is mildly intoxicating; 12 proclaims you a limber-elbowed gent; and if you get all 17 right—ah, friend, you're feeling no pain whatsoever.

(a) GIN (b) WHISKEY

- _____ 1 MARTINI
- _____ 2 MANHATTAN
- _____ 3 FRENCH "75"
- _____ 4 OLD FASHIONED
- _____ 5 BRONX COCKTAIL
- _____ 6 ORANGE BLOSSOM
- _____ 7 MINT JULEP
- _____ 8 PINK LADY
- _____ 9 TOM COLLINS
- _____ 10 SINGAPORE SLING
- _____ 11 WARD EIGHT
- _____ 12 HOT TODDY
- _____ 13 SAZARAC
- _____ 14 CLOVER CLUB
- _____ 15 GIMLET
- _____ 16 ALEXANDER
- _____ 17 DELMONICO

ANSWERS

GIN: 1, 3, 5, 6, 8, 9, 10, 14, 15, 16, 17.
WHISKEY: 2, 4, 7, 11, 12, 13.

WILL SUCCESS SPOIL JAYNE MANSFIELD?

a chat with one of playboy's more prominent playmates

SOME WRITERS spend their time doing biographies of people like George Bernard Shaw, Herbert Hoover and Groucho Marx, but since I'm known as the Boswell of Bosoms and am an ex-farm boy, I've chosen as my subject Miss Jayne Mansfield, a gal who has an east forty, and also a west forty.

Some observers observe that both her east and her west expand to a 41 or even a 42 when she takes a deep breath, but regardless of measurements, the story of the year's new sexation can be told in just two words: (1) Uncovered. (2) Discovered.

And now that she's been discovered because she was uncovered (as PLAYBOY's Playmate of February, 1955—one short year ago), she's got to be repeatedly uncovered again . . . but the pleasing part of it for the gentlemen involved is that Jayne enjoys being an uncover girl.

Perhaps, due to blindness, deafness or something, you've not become aware of this bustaceous phenomenon who in a few months has made many men forget Marilyn Monroe.

I'll never forget my first meeting with

Jayne because she was terribly worried about what she was going to wear in her first Broadway show, *Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?* Jayne was afraid that what she was going to wear was too big, and so was I.

"What was she going to wear?" you doubtless wonder.

A towel, men!

"Don't you think it's much too big a towel for me?" she inquired poutingly at the Belasco Theater off Times Square.

I'm no expert on towel sizes, but the more I stared at the Mansfield assets—none of which were frozen—the more convinced I was that they were covering up too much of her. Julie Styne, the show's producer, loathed having anybody think Miss Mansfield was "cheese-cakey." He wished that the towel be made to cover Miss Mansfield's prized possessions completely. If some of her outlying territories, such as her bare knees and bare shoulders, came into view, he could tolerate this, but he didn't want the towel to be shortened, except maybe three or four inches.

Jayne, however, was somewhat less

inclined to conceal facts—bare and otherwise.

For Jayne, after all, is a smart girl. Her mother, the former Vera Jeffrey, a school teacher, has said Jayne was a child prodigy. At 22, Jayne not only knows all the answers—she even knows the questions.

"I've done a little semi-nude modeling," she confessed to me the first day of our meeting. "I used to model for the art class at Southern Methodist down in Dallas to make a few extra pennies. I only did it nude once or twice but mostly I was in a leotard with nothing under it. I didn't earn as much when I wore the leotard, but I wasn't so embarrassed. Besides, with the leotard, they could see the lines of my body almost as well as if I was nude."

Personally, I'd have made her take those extra pennies and said, "Never mind the leotard," but anyway, Jayne was probably the only nude model in history who brought a baby to her job. Little Jayne Marie Mansfield was then a few months old, having been born

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY HAL ADAMS

personality BY EARL WILSON



MARY (continued from page 40)

baskets, and brooms and I don't know what-all. But there's *one* thing you *don't* know." And with that she went off and cried behind a hedge.

After a while she got the upper hand of it, and came back to the caravan. Fred showed her how to give Mary her morning bath, then the depilatory — that was very hard on the hands — then the rubbing with Cleopatra Face Cream — and not on her face merely — then the powdering, then the manicuring and polishing of her trotters.

Rosie, resolved to make the best of it, conquered her repugnance, and soon mastered these handmaidenly duties. She was relieved at first that the spoiled pig accepted her ministrations without protest. Then she noticed the gloating look in its eye.

However, there was no time to brood about that. No sooner was the toilet finished than it was time to prepare the enormous lunch. After lunch Mary had her little walk, except on Saturdays when there was an afternoon show, and after the walk she took her rest. Fred explained that during this period she liked to be talked to, and to have her back scratched a bit. Mary had quite clearly decided that in the future she was going to have it scratched a lot. Then she had her massage. Then tea, then another little walk, or the evening show, according to where they were, and then it was time to prepare dinner. At the end of the day Rosie was thankful to curl up on her poor sack of straw.

When she thought of the bunk above, and Fred, and his simplicity, her heart was fit to break. The only thing was, she loved him dearly, and she felt that if they could soon snatch an hour alone together, they might kiss a little more, and a ray of light might dispel the darkness of excessive innocence.

Each new day she watched for that hour, but it didn't come. Mary saw to that. Once or twice Rosie suggested a little stroll, but at once the hateful pig grumbled some demand or other that kept her hard at work till it was too late. Fred, on his side, was busy enough with his practicing. He meant it so well, and worked so hard — but what did it lead to? A trailer!

As the days went by, she found herself more and more the slave of this arrogant grunter. Her back ached, her hands got chapped and red, she never had a moment to make herself look nice, and never a moment alone with her beloved. Her dress was spotted and spoiled, her smile was gone, her temper was going. Her pretty hair fell in elf locks and tangles, and she had neither time nor heart to comb it.

She tried to come to an explanation with Fred, but it was nothing but cross purposes and then cross words. He tried in a score of little ways to show that he loved her, but these seemed to her a mere mockery, and she gave him short answers. Then he stopped, and she thought he loved her no longer. Even worse, she felt she no longer loved him.

So the whole summer went by, and

things got worse and worse, and you would have taken her for a gypsy indeed.

The blackberries were ripe again; she found a whole brake of them. When she tasted one, all sorts of memories flooded into her heart. She went and found Fred. "Fred," she said, "the blackberries are ripe again. I've brought you one or two." She held out some in her grubby hand. Fred took them and tasted them; she watched to see what the result would be.

"Yes," said he, "they're ripe. They won't gripe her. Take her and pick her some this afternoon."

Rosie turned away without a word, and in the afternoon she took Mary across the stubbles to where the ripe berries grew. Mary, when she saw them, dispensed for once with dainty service, and began to help herself very liberally. Rosie, finding she had nothing more urgent to attend to, sat down on a bank and sobbed bitterly.

In the middle of it all she heard a voice asking what was the matter. She looked up, and there was a fat, shrewd, jolly-looking farmer. "What is it, my girl?" said he. "Are you hungry?"

"No," said she, "I'm fed up."

"What with?" said he.

"A pig!" said she, with a gulp.

"You've got no call to bawl and cry," said he. "There's nothing like a bit of pork. I'd have the indigestion for that, any day."

"It's not pork," she said. "It's a pig. A live pig."

"Have you lost it?" said he.

"I wish I had," said she. "I'm that miserable I don't know what to do."

"Tell me your troubles," said he. "There's no harm in a bit of sympathy."

So Rosie told him about Fred, and about Mary, and what hopes she'd had and what they'd all come to, and how she was the slave of this insolent, spoiled, jealous pig, and in fact she told him everything except one little matter which she could hardly bring herself to repeat, even to the most sympathetic of fat farmers.

The farmer, pushing his hat over his eyes, scratched his head very thoughtfully. "Really," said he. "I can't hardly believe it."

"It's true," said Rosie, "every word."

"I mean," said the farmer. "A young man — a young gal — the young gal sleeping down on a sack of straw — a pretty young gal like you. Properly married and all. Not to put too fine a point on it, young missus, aren't the bunks wide enough, or what?"

"He doesn't know," sobbed Rosie. "He just doesn't know no more'n a baby. And she won't let us ever be alone a minute. So he never gets a chance to find out."

The farmer scratched his head more furiously than ever. Looking at her tear-stained face, he found it hard to doubt her. On the other hand it seemed impossible that a pig should know so much and a young man should know so lit-

tle. But at that moment Mary came trotting through the bushes, with an egotistical look on her face, which was well besmeared with the juice of the ripe berries.

"Is this your pig?" said the farmer.

"Well," said Rosie, "I'm just taking her for a walk."

The shrewd farmer was quick to notice the look that Rosie got from the haughty grunter when it heard the expression "your pig." This, and Rosie's hurried, nervous disclaimer, convinced the worthy man that the story he had heard was well founded.

"You're taking her for a walk?" said he musingly. "Well! Well! Well! I'll tell you what. If you'd ha' been here this time tomorrow you'd have met *me* taking a walk, with a number of very dear young friends of mine, all very much like her. She might have come along. Two young sows, beautiful creatures, though maybe not so beautiful as that one. Three young boars, in the prime of their health and handsomeness. Though I say it as shouldn't, him that's unattached — he's a prince. Oh, what a beautiful young boar that young boar really is!"

"You don't say?" said Rosie.

"For looks and pedigree both," said the farmer, "he's a prince. The fact is, it's their birthday, and I'm taking 'em over to the village for a little bit of a celebration. I suppose this young lady has some other engagement tomorrow."

"She has to have her sleep just about this time," said Rosie, ignoring Mary's angry grunt.

"Pity!" said the farmer. "She'd have just made up the party. Such fun they'll have! Such refreshments! Sweet apples, cakes, biscuits, a whole bucket full of ice-cream. Everything most refined, of course, but plenty; you know what I mean — plenty. And that young boar — you know what I mean. If she *should* be walking by —"

"I'm afraid not, said Rosie.

"Pity!" said the farmer. "Ah, well. I must be moving along."

With that, he bade them good afternoon, raising his hat very politely to Mary, who looked after him for a long time, and then walked sulkily home, gobbling to herself all the way.

The next afternoon Mary seemed eager to stretch out on her bunk, and, for once, instead of requiring the usual number of little attentions from Rosie, she closed her eyes in sleep. Rosie took the opportunity to pick up a pail and go off to buy the evening ration of fresh milk. When she got back Fred was still at his practice by the wayside, and Rosie went round to the back of the caravan, and the door was swinging open, and the bunk was empty.

She called Fred. They sought high and low. They went along the roads, fearing she might have been knocked over by a motor car. They went calling through the woods, hoping she had fallen asleep under a tree. They looked in ponds and ditches, behind haystacks, under bridges, everywhere. Rosie thought

(concluded on page 67)



"So you'll print an apology in tomorrow's paper — just what am I supposed to do with the 300 men waiting outside my studio now?"

Ribald Classic



THE IMPROMPTU PHYSICIAN

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

MY GOOD FRIEND Righelini, the physician, secured pleasant lodgings for me in the house of a widow whose daughter he was treating. Accompanying him there one morning, I saw a girl so beautiful, and so marble-pale, that at first I thought she was a statue.

I said as much. The "statue" smiled, and perhaps would have blushed at my compliment but she seemed not able to summon enough blood to her white cheeks.

After seeing that my lodgings were in good order, Righelini took me aside and said, "That is the young lady I am treating, Casanova. Her pallor, which you thought so beautiful, is the result of no less than one hundred and four bleedings I have been obliged to give her."

"Alas!" I said. "What can be her complaint, that such stringent measures must be taken?"

"A rare and serious complaint: her monthly courses do not function properly, and it is only by opening her veins and thus allowing her blood to flow from other avenues that I am able to temporarily restore the equilibrium of nature and save her from an early death."

I was shocked and saddened to hear this, for the girl was indeed lovely, and

so very young. "This, you say, is only a temporary cure, Righelini?" I asked. "Is there, then, no permanent cure for this infirmity; nothing that will assure her a long and normal life?"

"I cannot be sure," he mused, "but I am of the opinion that one thing *can* cure her . . ."

"Well, then?"

He shrugged. "I dare not suggest it, for her mother — the widow — is a lady of strict and rather old-fashioned principles."

"What is the cure? Out with it, man!"

Righelini spoke in a low tone: "The girl, I am convinced, requires the services of a vigorous lover."

I laughed out loud at this, but Righelini frowned and continued:

"Her mother would never hear of such a thing."

I said, "Then, old chap, why may you not be her dispenser as well as her physician? You're vigorous enough, surely? And the old crone need never be the wiser."

"Oh, no," said Righelini. "Not I. It would be a violation of the Hippocratic Oath." He quoted a passage for my edification: "Whatever house I enter, there will I go for the benefit of the sick, refraining from all wrong-doing or corruption, and especially from *any act*



"What you are doing will kill me," she said.

of seduction." He emphasized the last words.

"Ah, yes. I see the difficulty."

"Now, you —" began Righelini, but I interrupted him:

"If a guest? Seduce the daughter of my hostess? Friend, what do you take me for?" And we said no more about it.

The next day I slept late and was awakened by the sound of a violin playing a stately air. I dressed, breakfasted, and went down to the music room where I saw my charming statue in the midst of a dancing lesson. She smiled; I returned the salutation. Soon I grew impatient with her precise but dispassionate mode of dancing and I requested the dancing-master to play a livelier tune.

"But, sir," he protested, "that will tire the lady."

"Nonsense," she said, in a sweet but peremptory tone. "Do what the gentleman asks."

A spritely air was played. I took her arm and we danced. It was bold of me, I admit, but I held her close, rather than at arm's length, under the pretense of supporting her. I was delighted to feel two firm, mature mounds of flesh pressed against my chest. She was no child. I am a bit ashamed to confess I made use of an obvious ruse (that of

placing my hand under her armpit) in order to investigate further her delightful charms. By the time the tune was over, my blood was up, but I stifled my natural urges, for I was determined not to break the rules of hospitality by making sport with my hostess' daughter.

That night, I was awakened from a troubled sleep by sounds of unrest in the household. Throwing a dressing gown around my nakedness, I stepped out of my bedroom to ascertain the cause. A servant woman walked, weeping, by me. "What is amiss?" I asked.

"Oh, sir," she sobbed, "the young lady, I fear, is dying."

I rushed to her room. The night was hot, and my poor statue was lying on her bed, covered only by a thin sheet. She was paler than ever I had seen her before. Her mother and several servants were crowded around her bed, blocking off the air. "Where is Doctor Righelini?" I inquired.

"He has been sent for," her mother told me through her tears, "but he lives so far away that I fear he will not arrive in time . . ."

I said, "Then we must take emergency measures. All of you, clear away from the bed. The girl must have air." I succeeded in getting them all out of the room, after lying a bit and saying that

Righelini had taught me a few things about medicine. As a matter of fact, it was not really a lie — he had, indeed, told me exactly what had to be done to cure the girl, had he not?

I approached the bed; took her cold, white hand; then sat beside her. Gently, I lowered the sheet and saw for the first time the unadorned loveliness of her bosom. My hand was hot; I laid it upon her cool flesh. I heard her breathe more quickly. She said something, although it took all her strength to utter the single word — a word familiar to me, but one which I never take for an answer. "No," she murmured.

"It is a stifling night," I said. "You do not need this sheet." I dropped it to the floor. Soon it was followed by my dressing gown.

She spoke again: "But I am not strong enough, signor. This what you are doing will kill me."

"My darling," I said. "My darling statue. It will cure you."

By the time Righelini arrived, it was already dawn. She was sleeping soundly. He looked at his patient. "Amazing," he whispered. "Her color. She's as pink as a rose."

From that day on, I could never call her a statue again.



KENTON (continued from page 47)

Chicago a school girl named Shirley Luster auditioned for the female vocalist spot. Stan signed her and changed her name to June Christy.

Late in 1946, on a bandstand in Tuscaloosa, playing a University of Alabama dance, Stan decided to quit.

Financially the Kenton organization couldn't have been doing better. But the band had been traveling almost continually for two years, the men were physically worn, and Stan himself was near collapse. After the dance, Stan announced he was disbanding, the men were given three weeks' salary and fares home.

Stan took a long needed rest, vacationed in South America, and came back with an idea for a nineteen piece concert band and a new name, "Progressive Jazz." The instrumentation was substantially the same as it had been with the Artistry band, except for the addition of Jack Costanzo on bongos, but playing jazz concerts across the nation instead of dance dates was an innovation. Sixteen concerts were booked at such established halls as the Academy of Music in Philadelphia, the Civic Opera House in Chicago, Symphony Hall in Boston and Carnegie Hall in New York.

Variety headlined: "Kenton's Carnegie Hall Concert a Killer Both Artistically and at B.O." and wrote: "Kenton's success is based on his constant striving for new paths in music, his band's excellent understanding of it . . . His music, filled with dissonant and atonal chords, barrels of percussion and blaring, but tremendously precise, brass, could probably be compared in the jazz field to the music of Stravinsky and Shostakovitch."

Stan played Progressive Jazz concerts through the end of 1948 and once again, with his orchestra the biggest box office draw in the nation, disbanded.

I joined Stan in 1950, when he formed his first Innovations in Modern Music orchestra. This group was different: it included 10 violins, 3 violas, 3 cellos, bass, piano, 5 saxes, 5 trumpets, 5 trombones, 2 horns, tuba, guitar, drums, conga drums, and at times 4 bongos. During that bruising tour with an aggregation that numbered 42 men and a girl and which fought its way across the country in two buses in the dead of winter, I got to know Stan very well.

As the leader of a band, he has that rare ability to extract from and utilize the most valuable talents in each musician. He shapes and pats and kneads an orchestra until it is playing at the top level of its ability. And though the band is composed of many individual parts, his magnetism and personality makes that band a mirror of himself.

Some have criticized the Kenton orchestra for its blasting brassiness and sometimes overpowering effect, but this is Stan. He gets a thrill from conducting a virile, swinging powerhouse, and from hearing huge sounds, and that elation is successfully communicated to his audiences.

When he directs, Stan "plays" the band like one gigantic instrument, creating the sounds and dynamics he wants. Whenever possible, he hires musicians who reflect his thinking and his band thus becomes a projection of himself, even though his writing and playing are not dominant in it.

Stan is well aware of the dramatic appeal his appearance and the music of his orchestra have, and he exploits them to the fullest. The outstretched arms and the crashing chords have an almost hypnotic effect on audiences.

As a leader of men he is easygoing but firm, and can immediately assume command in the most trying circumstances. He seldom uses anger to control a situation, it takes a good deal to provoke signs of open displeasure in him, and when he does boil over he chooses the right moment for the right effect.

He is always careful about each man's sense of importance in the band and never hesitates to extend compliments and recognition for something done particularly well. He is generous with both his money and his time. A number of former Kenton sidemen owe him a good deal of money because he advanced them more against their future salaries than he should have, but I don't think he'd dream of asking them for it. And he will give as much time to a bandboy with a problem as he will the most valuable sideman. For example, when the dance band traveled in five cars, Stan's Lincoln quickly became known as the command car or The Flagship, and there was always a seat in it that was not assigned to anyone. That spot became a mobile psychiatrist's couch. Anybody who had troubles of almost any sort—women, music, women, money, or women—would ride with Stan in The Flagship and talk them out with him.

Offstage, Kenton is pretty much the same person he appears to be to the audience. Unlike some leaders who change personalities like Jekyll and Hyde with the removal of their makeup, Stan's relationships with people outside his organization are the same as with those within. He somehow manages to make time for everyone, even the most boring hangers-on. The demands on his time are so great, however, that he makes the fewest possible definite appointments. Usually he allows necessity to determine his schedule, and an average day careens along pretty much under its own power.

Very down-to-earth and almost tireless, Stan is well suited to the life of a musician on the road, which continually alternates between the tension, excitement and glamor of the performances, and the tedium, boredom and terrible living conditions between: cramped into a crowded bus, eating in terrible restaurants, looking like a bum when you check in at the hotel, only to emerge a short time later, ready to go on the bandstand, a suave debonair jazzman. I have seen Stan the morning after a job looking tired, hung-over, thoroughly whipped, and faced with the prospect of driving 400 miles to

the next town. But that night he would walk onto the bandstand, smiling, apparently fresh, confident and full of boundless energy.

He's at his best when he's tired. In the most discouraging situations, after the hardest grinds, he is keen and alive, and it is this quality that has buoyed up an entire band at times when it might otherwise have given a lethargic performance.

I think Stan probably found our European tour the most rewarding experience of his career. Preparations for the trip took a tremendous amount of time and effort, yet we continued to play jobs every night up to the day our plane took off. European promoters were eager to have him tour the continent, but he had some reservations because he'd read an account of a Paris concert at which a French orchestra played Kenton music exclusively. The audience had reacted by throwing mixed fruit at the musicians.

Stan was mobbed the minute he hit Europe—the fans were everywhere, they just wouldn't let him go.

Then, just before the very first concert, he got a telegram telling him that his father had died. Stan was shaken, but he carried off the concert beautifully. After it was over, he went out and got loaded and then re-doubled his efforts on our entire, hectic tour of the continent.

It was an exciting and an amazing tour, but a brutal one. Accommodations were sometimes miserable, the buses were bad, and we were tired, always tired, sometimes playing two concerts in a given day, and once in different countries. And it was doubly difficult for Kenton, who not only traveled with us and shared our woes, but also had to attend to money matters, placate promoters, meet newspapermen, give radio interviews, worry about keeping 18 musicians in line, and act as goodwill ambassador while we were catching some sleep.

He never made better use of his seemingly magical knack of showing up just before curtain time than the afternoon we played Fribourg, Switzerland. A minute before we were scheduled to go on-stage, no one could find Stan, and the promoter was tearing his hair. In desperation he came to me and said, "Today, you are Stan Kenton!" and shoved me towards the stage. The curtain was going up and I was trying to figure out how I could convince all those hundreds of people of that preposterous lie, when in walked Stan, threw a grin over his shoulder at the audience, and gave us the downbeat.

In Paris, Zoot Sims received a standing, shouting ovation for his number. Zoot. At the *Sportpalast*, Berlin, a hall in which Herr Goebbels had denounced American jazz ten years before, 15,000 young Germans—many of them from East Germany—turned out for the Kenton concert.

In Stockholm, Milan, Copenhagen, Munich, and every city on the itinerary, the band played to packed halls of
(continued on page 66)

IT IS CHARACTERISTIC of big American cities that after the still small Puritan voices inside them have sounded long enough they rise up in righteousness and plump overwhelmingly for reform. When that happens, criminal lawyers become very, very busy.

Such a reform movement hit San Francisco in the mid-forties. In quick succession, Jake Ehrlich, the brilliant criminal lawyer, was asked to represent: a jolly, balding bigamist laughingly dubbed the "Ding-dong Daddy of the D Car Line"; a motion picture in which Jane Russell cuddled Billy the Kid in a strawstack; and a lady named Sally Rand.

None of these matters might have got more than passing notice if the principals had let well enough alone. For instance, Jane Russell's movie, *The Outlaw*, came to San Francisco first in 1943 without creating much excitement. Then *The Outlaw* went elsewhere looking for patronage and found censors. Howard Hughes took it out of circulation for three years while the squawks of indignation against it built into howls. The

picture basically was no tornado.

Neither was Francis Van Wie who, at forty-eight, became a delayed-action Casanova. A jolly chap five feet two inches tall, built like a billiard ball and almost as bald as one, Francis, tired of pounding a gong on the municipal railway settled his silver-rimmed spectacles on his nose and went looking for women to marry. He acquired twelve wives and was courting number thirteen in Los Angeles when the law caught up with him.

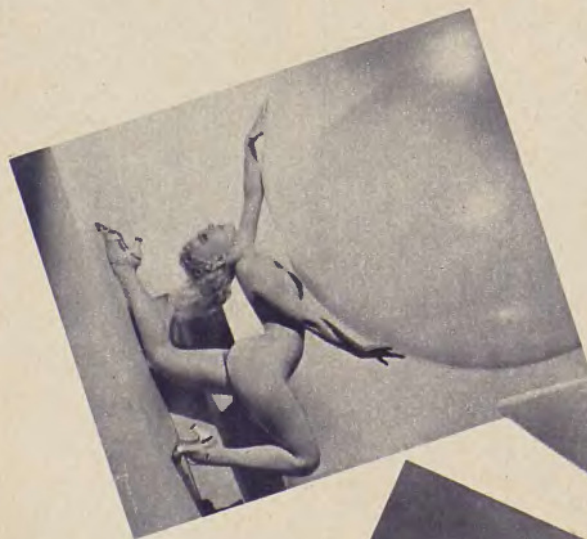
Van Wie was such an improbable Romeo that Stanton Delaplane, a whimsical *Chronicle* columnist, labeled him the Ding-dong Daddy and hit the public on the funnybone. Delaplane had won a Pulitzer Prize for his coverage of a Chamber of Commerce publicity stunt in which it was suggested that several Southern Oregon and Northern California communities break their existing ties and form the forty-ninth state of Jefferson. Tongue in cheek, he set out to make Van Wie a lovable, Santa Clausy
(continued on page 67)

*mouthpiece jake ehrlich
cops a plea for a
movie star, a stripper
and a bigamist*

THE LONG BLUE NOSE OF THE LAW

article

By JOHN WESLEY NOBLE and BERNARD AVERBUCH





Betty Neiman

at ease

lounge wear for the man of leisure

"INCREASED LEISURE IS ONE of the greatest civilizers of man!" roared Benjamin Disraeli, the Earl of Beaconsfield, before a dozing House of Commons. It is reported that 72 members of that august body thereupon loosed an ear-busting cheer, and took off for the comfort of home, hearth, port and parlor wench to down a deeper draught of this Great Civilizer: leisure.

The *soigné* gentleman taking his ease in the armchair to our left has just slugged his way through tangled traffic after ten hours at the office. Product research reports, sales charts and an unwritten welcome speech to be delivered next week at the stockholders' meeting have accompanied him throughout the day, and it wasn't until 6:30 in the evening that the good Earl's gracious guide to living popped into his head... right after his fourth Anacin-on-the-rocks.

Forsaking the bar at the University Club, the gentleman chooses to do nothing more taxing tonight than elevate a double Scotch, read a bit, and listen to a complete performance of *Don Giovanni* on FM—all in the gentle opulence of his own apartment. Naturally, he is the kind of a man who demands both good looks and comfort in his indoor leisure attire, so he chooses to lounge in a handwoven cotton madras dressing gown imported from India. A product of primitive handicraft and stunningly colored with native vegetable dyes, this robe acquires after several washings a mellow, inimitable blend of colors that makes it more prized than the new, unwashed model. Iridescent

tones of green-blue, weathered-brick red and soft yellow produce an effect that is both rich and distinctive, yet the price is kept down to the sensible vicinity of \$25.

In the same price range, we've seen exceptionally good-looking gingham robes available with striking overplaids of blue, green, yellow or red coupled with gray and white on a black background. If you prefer solid shades, you would choose an all-wool flannel or gabardine in navy, camel, charcoal, green or black, with contrasting piping around the collar, cuffs and pockets.

The popular trend to lightweight, leisurely indoor living is further reflected in dressing gowns of featherlight, warm-yet-washable Lanella flannel that come in a thundering highland regiment of authentic tartans: MacDonald, Campbell Dress, MacPherson, Royal Stewart, Cameron, Black Watch and Victoria. These retail in the \$32 class. Lanella, it might interest you to know, comes into being much like a United Nations peace commission: it's composed of 50% Australian wool and 50% Egyptian cotton, woven in Switzerland for American consumption.

Still further up the scale of luxury are the wonderfully warm and weightless robes of wool jersey, available in solid shades of navy, gray or brown heather. Especially designed for the man who travels, these robes shed wrinkles in a wink, displace no more space in your suitcase than a copy of the *PLAYBOY ANNUAL*, cost in the fashionable neighborhood of \$35. Still lighter weight are

robes made of the perennially popular seersucker and wrinkle-shy oxford cloth—long time favorite fabric of the hutton-down shirt addicts.

For the formally informal evening of relaxation or light entertainment, we suggest a Chesterfield robe in a houndstooth check with velvet collar and pocket trim. Following through with the prominent collar interest this season is another robe with black shawl collar (like your dinner suits), black tie sash and cuffs; the rest of the robe is colored in violent blazer stripes of black, gray and gold, thereby lending a sporting air to take-it-easy hours. Stripes in men's lounging wear are sure to be popular, and we've already seen them in all sorts of imaginative combinations. Add to this the distinctive slash pockets in men's robes and you have the newest in leisure fare.

From the inscrutable East, the oriental influence comes to our shores via the silk pongee robe equipped with shawl collar. A dressing gown of pure silk or the finest pure cashmere lends the wearer an aura of unmatched elegance, but we deem it only fair to pass on the warning of price: \$100 and up. Those clever Polynesians too have come up with their own version of the *Hale Mu* (house robe)—a one-size job that can be worn effectively by either man or woman (not, of course, at the same time), providing each is of fairly standard dimensions. The robe comes in three variations: with terry cloth lining, in solid terry cloth (both fine for a blotter-
(concluded on page 70)

JAYNE MANSFIELD (continued from page 51)

when Jayne Senior was still in Highland Park High in Dallas, and only 16.

"Oh, this was a very big deal in high school," is the way Jayne tells it. "Paul Mansfield was 20 and the handsomest boy in our crowd. He was a terrific party boy and had the most beautiful eyes. I think I married him for those eyes.

"So 9½ months later I had a little baby girl."

Maybe some of you fellows are disappointed, just as I was, to learn that Jayne is a married woman. If so, let me lift your spirits by pointing out that all this happened some time ago and that Jayne now lives in a state of single blessedness. But I'm getting ahead of my story. Back to Dallas:

"We weren't living very high on the hog and couldn't afford a baby-sitter so I took the baby to school with me, right into class. I'd stick a bottle in her mouth and just as long as she didn't make any noise, everything was all right. Every so often I'd have to change diapers."

Probably nobody in the art class at Southern Methodist who saw a nude, semi-nude or leotarded Jayne Mansfield pause to change her baby's diaper ever suspected that this babe with the baby would in a few years be one of the most photographed bodies in America and a girl romanced by every major movie company hoping to get her lines on the dotted line.

Jayne, who is a very cooperative girl, kept on talking about how her husband and his beautiful eyes got drafted, and how she whiled away the time during his stay in service by cutting up frogs in a biology class, studying drama, working as a receptionist for a veterinarian, selling photograph albums, and stuff like that. When Beautiful Eyes returned to the bosom of the family, Jayne decided it was about time she tried to crash the movies. So, packing husband, baby and Bikini, she took off for the West Coast.

Always a do-it-yourself, direct-action girl, Jayne didn't wait for anybody to discover her when she went to Hollywood—she phoned up Paramount and announced, "I want to be an actress. I've modeled and won beauty contests. What do I do?"

"Talk to our talent department," they told her.

So far, so good. Milton Lewis of the talent department heard her story and said, "Won't you come in in about two days?"

She did but nothing much happened. Then as she was leaving the studio, a man stopped her . . . not an unusual experience for Jayne.

"Do you work here?" he asked her.

"No, I don't," Jayne said, tossing her nose and her torso a little haughtily and starting to wiggle-waggle away.

"Well, drop by my studio in two weeks," the man said . . . and he walked away.

Jayne held her breath—a very pretty sight, I've noticed—and then squealed

to a passerby, "Who is that man?"

"Him?" replied the passerby. "Oh, that's Sam Goldwyn."

(But she never saw him again—until just last fall when he walked up to her at a party in New York and told her he'd seen her in *Rock Hunter* and thought she was talented and beautiful. Jayne didn't tell him of their previous meeting.)

She had become so busy immediately in California that she didn't go to see Goldwyn—besides, her agent thought she wasn't ready to talk to him. Jayne made a test at Warner Bros., but Jack Warner was in Italy and he probably never knew anything about her being there.

"He didn't even see the chest—I mean the test," she relates. (She was right the first time.)

But she did get a TV role, on Lux Video Theater, in October of 1954, a small part in *The Angel Went AWOL*, her first professional appearance. Then she got into a movie, *Hangover*, with Laurence Tierney and John Carradine, in which she played the female lead. She often wonders whether that picture will ever be released.

"I was floundering around, getting nowhere, when someone advised me to fly to Florida and join a junket that was down there publicizing *Underwater*, the Jane Russell movie.

"I bought a red bathing suit and went down there. The bathing suit was skintight. Not much cleavage, but no one seemed to mind.

"It was quite a bathing suit." Her hands moved to her bosom to emphasize the kind of a bathing suit it was.

"What ever happened to it?"

"I washed it and it shrank."

The rest is history. The photographers had a field day. When Jayne got back to Hollywood, offers from five studios were awaiting her.

"By the way," I interrupted, thinking that as the Boswell of Bosoms I should get some statistics about her figure, "are you still growing?"

"Still growing where?" Jayne asked.

"Where else?" I countered.

This snappy comeback amused her something awful.

"I stopped growing when I was 17," she said.

"At 40 inches?" I cried, somewhat incredulous.

"That's right, Earl. At 40 inches. I started developing when I was ten, in Dallas. I was terribly sensitive about it. Especially when I was 13. I wouldn't wear a bra, because I thought that going without one would de-emphasize my bosom. It didn't.

"I soon got over being sensitive, though.

"Now it's bread-and-butter, of course," she said, "but before it worried me because everybody stared at my bust. Even now I'd rather they stared at my face."

I told her I was having a hard time deciding where to stare—everything was so nice.

She smiled modestly and said, "People

say to me sometimes, 'You know, I just noticed your face for the first time, and it's pretty.' I wish more people would look at my face. After all, every girl has a bust."

"Well . . ." I drawled doubtfully, then changed the subject. "Some glamor-girls exercise daily to keep well-rounded. Do you?"

"Sure," she said.

"How?" I leered.

"You put your hands back of your head and sort of tighten your chest muscles," she explained. "Like this."

"Very interesting," I mumbled.

"When I'm 40, I want to be as firm as I am now," she said.

One night at the opening of the new plush Maxfield ice cream parlor in New York, I saw Jayne speak up to a photographer who was in the act of putting his hand on her bosom—just jokingly, of course. Jayne had on a high-necked blue dress. One photographer was working on some pictures of another photographer at work, and, as Jayne understands it, "He needed a shot of a photographer fixing a girl's thing. Everybody in the shop was looking at me, and pretty soon the photographer who was doing the posing had his hand on my chest. I said, 'Oh, no, you're not going to do that!' Well, they all apologized, and I'm sure nobody meant anything wrong."

I'm sure, too. How could any clean-cut photographer have naughty intentions toward a sweet girl with a 40-inch bosom, a 22-inch waist, 35½-inch hips, very good legs, a face uncommonly beautiful as well as warm and pleasant, and a thick crown of hair made champagne-blonde by Hollywood (the only part of Jayne not made in heaven)? The idea is ridiculous.

I asked Jayne what kind of a schedule she maintains and she gave me a quick run-down. It's usually about 7 A.M. when she pulls her naked body out of bed. She owns no nightgowns or pajamas although there are always people willing to lend her some.

She slips quietly into some peddle-pushers and a sweater, dons a pair of sunglasses and, skipping breakfast, is out into the morning, exercising Lord Byron, her coal-black Great Dane who is named not for the Byron you're thinking of, but Jim Byron, a Hollywood press agent.

Occasionally when Jayne so nudely arises, photographers are already waiting downstairs, ready to whisk her to some proper site for publicity pictures for newspapers and magazines. It might be Central Park for pictures of The Real Jayne.

"You know, the contrast between the voluptuous movie queen I play in the show and the candid, just-plain me."

"Oh, yes," I said, dutifully, although I was wondering how she managed to be a plain-Jayne.

In the early afternoon she might dash over to the Waldorf to accept three white orchids and be crowned National Flower Queen. A trip to a radio studio

(continued on page 65)



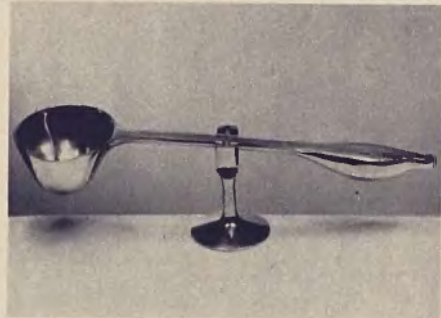
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John Dempsey

"You really hate the guy, don't you?"

BOXING 1956 (continued from page 31)

of the most interesting in 1956 and speculation most difficult. Here is how we rank the division now:

CHAMPION: SUGAR RAY ROBINSON of New York, N. Y.; age 35; 143 bouts; 137 wins; 4 losses; 2 draws; 89 KO's.

1. **CARL "BOBO" OLSON** of Honolulu, T. H.; age 25; 73 bouts; 65 wins; 8 losses; 0 draws; 30 knockouts.

2. **CHARLEY HUMEZ** of France; age 28; 81 bouts; 76 wins; 4 losses; 1 draw; 40 knockouts.

3. **ROCKY CASTELLANI** of Cleveland, Ohio; age 29; 70 bouts; 60 wins; 8 losses; 2 draws; 15 knockouts.

4. **EDUARDO LAUSSE** of Argentina; age 28; 71 bouts; 64 wins; 5 losses; 2 draws; 51 knockouts.

5. **RALPH "TIGER" JONES** of Yonkers, N. Y.; age 27; 52 bouts; 35 wins; 14 losses; 3 draws; 10 knockouts.

The Robinson-Olson rematch isn't an easy fight to pick. Robinson tired visibly in his previous ten-round scrap with Castellani and if he had been unable to put Bobo away early, the December title bout might easily have ended differently. On the other hand, in his matches against both Moore and Robinson, Olson has demonstrated a jaw made of something other than concrete. The fight crowd was surprised when Olson went down in the second round of his championship contest with Sugar Ray, but they were literally stunned when Bobo didn't get up. He was still flat on his back when the referee reached ten. In his column two days later, Red Smith speculated on the possible presence of glass in the ex-champ's seemingly sturdy chin bone.

Whatever the outcome, the rematch is certain to be a honey. If Sugar Ray loses, he will almost certainly retire. If he wins, his managers will probably avoid a bout with Eduardo Lausse, the hard hitting South American, with a record of fifty-one knockouts in seventy-one fights, and match him with men like Humez and Jones, against whom he'll have more chance. If Olson wins back his title, he can look for trouble from Lausse, too; this rugged Argentinian outslugged Gene Fulmer in a gruelling ten-rounder the end of the year to continue an impressive winning streak.

WELTERWEIGHTS

There are more ex-champs in the 147 pound division than you can shake a glove at. The welterweight title has changed hands three times in the past year-and-a-half. First Johnny Saxton won the crown from Kid Gavilan in a hotly disputed decision. Then, in his first title defense, Saxton lost to Tony DeMarco. And in DeMarco's first defense of the championship he, in turn, lost to Carmen Basilio. In the rematch, Basilio almost continued the trend. In a bruising battle, DeMarco landed a hard left in the seventh that made Basilio's legs go rubbery. "My corner men wanted me to go down and rest," Basilio said later, "but I didn't want to begin any bad habits." He stayed up, and in the tenth round, DeMarco ran

out of gas. It took two more to finish him and Carmen Basilio retained his championship with a twelfth round knockout, exactly as he had won it five months before. The scrappy welterweights shape up like this:

CHAMPION: CARMEN BASILIO of Syracuse, N. Y.; age 28; 66 bouts; 48 wins; 11 losses; 7 draws; 22 knockouts.

1. **TONY DE MARCO** of Boston, Mass.; age 23; 49 bouts; 42 wins; 6 losses; 1 draw; 27 knockouts.

2. **JOHNNY SAXTON** of Brooklyn, N. Y.; age 25; 54 bouts; 48 wins, 4 losses; 2 draws; 20 knockouts.

3. **VINCE MARTINEZ** of Patterson, N. J.; age 26; 50 bouts; 47 wins; 3 losses; 0 draws; 29 knockouts.

4. **RAMON FUENTES** of Los Angeles, Calif.; age 30; 41 bouts; 34 wins; 6 losses; 1 draw; 11 knockouts.

5. **ISAAC LOGART** of Cuba; age 22; 50 bouts; 40 wins; 5 losses; 5 draws; 18 knockouts.

Johnny Saxton scored a surprising and impressive win over Ralph "Tiger" Jones and is the next logical contender. If he shows as well against Basilio as he did against Jones, he may begin the round-robin all over again. To make matters still more complicated, Vince Martinez is back in the picture after several months of inactivity and Isaac Logart has entered the top ranks by defeating Gil Turner and Virgil Akins. Logart is a fighter to watch in the coming months.

LIGHTWEIGHTS

Wallace "Bud" Smith's successful defense of his title against ex-champ Jimmy Carter will save boxing further embarrassment from a champion who won and lost the title three times, curiously winning when he was the underdog and losing when he was the favorite. The fights for which Carter is most criticized were against Orlando Zulueta, when he was a 3 to 1 favorite and lost; against Eddie Chavez, when he was favored 11 to 5 and lost; against Armond Savoie, favored 4 to 1, and lost; and Johnny Cunningham, losing as a 10 to 1 favorite. Generally a rematch followed and Carter would win handily. Now, at 32, Carter is past his peak and will be used as a buffer to test new men coming up. Here's how they rate:

CHAMPION: WALLACE "BUD" SMITH of Cincinnati, Ohio; age 25; 49 bouts; 32 wins; 11 losses; 6 draws; 18 KO's.

1. **JIMMY CARTER** of New York, N. Y.; age 32; 100 bouts; 71 wins; 20 losses; 9 draws; 27 knockouts.

2. **DUILO LOI** of Italy; age 26; 59 bouts; 56 wins; 1 loss; 2 draws; 12 knockouts.

3. **RALPH DUPAS** of New Orleans, La.; age 20; 68 bouts; 56 wins; 7 losses; 5 draws; 10 knockouts.

4. **FRANKIE RYFF** of New York, N. Y.; age 23; 21 bouts; 20 wins; 1 loss; 0 draws; 3 knockouts.

5. **JOHNNY GONSALVES** of Oakland, Calif.; age 25; 51 bouts; 39 wins; 9 losses; 3 draws; 8 knockouts.

Only two fighters, Ralph Dupas and

Duilo Loi, have any real chance of upsetting the champion. Although Dupas was not too impressive last year, he's young, experienced and will improve. Loi, on the other hand, has won seven straight and holds the Italian and European lightweight championships. One of the two will get the nod in Smith's next title defense.

FEATHERWEIGHTS

Sandy Saddler's record of 142 wins establishes him as one of the winningest champions since Freddie Miller (champion 1933-36) who scored an incredible 201 victories to 25 defeats. Former champion Willie Pep, who is still fighting at 33, has copped 196 wins and may surpass Miller's record before he finally retires. Saddler is strong at 29 and should continue to rule the featherweights for a few more years.

Saddler's most promising antagonist is Carmelo Costa. The twenty-one year old belter has twice defeated Joey Lopes, who upset Saddler last year in a non-title bout. Saddler's managers have demanded a \$25,000 guarantee for a championship bout and Costa's handlers are busily raising the money. A Costa-Saddler title match may be in the offing as this issue goes to press.

CHAMPION: SANDY SADDLER of New York, N. Y.; age 29; 159 bouts; 142 wins; 15 losses; 2 draws; 97 knockouts.

1. **CIRO MORASEN** of Cuba; age 29; 91 bouts; 74 wins; 9 losses; 8 draws; 22 knockouts.

2. **RAY FAMECHON** of France; age 31; 81 bouts; 62 wins; 7 losses; 2 draws; 33 knockouts.

3. **CARMELO COSTA** of Brooklyn, N. Y.; age 21; 34 bouts; 28 wins; 2 losses; 4 draws; 3 knockouts.

4. **TEDDY DAVIS** of Hartford, Conn.; age 32; 112 bouts; 60 wins; 50 losses; 2 draws; 21 knockouts.

5. **FLASH ELORDE** of the Philippines; age 23; 38 bouts; 28 wins; 8 losses; 2 draws; 10 knockouts.

Ciro Morasen, as champion of Cuba, Ray Famechon, as champion of France, and Flash Elorde, as champion of the Phillipines, must be rated purely out of respect for their titles and records, even though they may never face Saddler in a world's championship bout. Travel and training expenses will not permit them to make a trip to the U.S. All three foreign champions hold out high hopes that Saddler will someday start a world tour.

BANTAM AND FLYWEIGHTS

The bantamweights and flyweights should be tagged as foreign divisions. Both divisions draw bigger crowds in Europe than the bigger men do in the U.S. Only veteran Billy Peacock of California carries the U.S. banner as a ranking bantamweight. Robert Cohen, a twenty-five year old Frenchman, with a record of 36 wins, 1 defeat and 2 draws, rules the bantams, and Pascual Perez, an undefeated twenty-nine year old Argentinian, rules the flyweights. Both Cohen and Perez are expected to retain their titles during 1956.



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CRACK OF DOOM

(continued from page 16)

know what agony is.

Time, I say, was through. I lay on one of the grids which eternity has waiting for idiots and crooks. I waited for the shattering blast of the last trump, for the crack of doom, for Sam Clinker's voice. Finally it came.

"I guess you got 'em, kid," he said. He flung his hand into the discard, and pushed the pile of chips, checks, and bonds toward me.

I did not move. I could not. I had stood upon the trap of the gallows. And a reprieve had come. Heart, lungs, brain, nerves, were not functioning yet. Slowly I came back to life; I drew a breath. I felt the blood begin to move in me. Then I let out one wild yelp of insane laughter—the utter irony of it! I would not have had the nerve to try to bluff Sam Clinker again, to make such a large bet, unless I had known that I had four queens—and I had won the pot, and I didn't have them! My own mistake had saved me from a disgrace that I deserved. My career, my fortunes, my future, my good name, the stuff of my honor itself, the sweetness of my life, had come back to me because my blurred eyes had misread one face-card for another.

The hideous unreality of gambling came home to me in that instant more poignantly because I had won, through that idiotic mistake, than if I had lost and paid the penalty for my folly. Never again would I put myself at the mercy of a symbol on a slip of paper.

I rose, and tore up the checks I had made out. I stuffed the \$7,000 worth of bonds into the inside pocket of my coat. I shoved the pile of yellow and red and blue chips to Sam Clinker.

"Cash these; I'm through," I said.

He counted them and wrote me a check, silently. I put it into my vest pocket. Then I tossed my hand into the discard. One of the men made a sudden snatch for the hand, and turned all the cards over.

"Cripes!" he said.

"Mason stole that pot!" breathed another, with incredulous admiration in his voice.

It is impossible to describe the look on Sam Clinker's face. It was mottled. His jaw dropped. And then, with a sudden flash of complete comprehension, he glanced at the pocket into which I had placed the bonds and said, with conviction in his voice:

"Yes; and I'll bet you it's not the first thing Bridges has stolen tonight."

"You'll never know, Clinker," I said, and left the room and went home to tell Jessie not to worry about bridge losses or stock markets. And that, Tom, is why I'm such a stickler for complete business regularity today—and why I would not even join you in a game of penny ante.

STONED

(continued from page 33)

than wine and stronger and darker than American brews. It'll set you back fifty or sixty dinars a bottle in a buffet, which is Yugoslavian for bar. The bottles hold at least a pint as compared to our twelve ounces.

It's those who take their drinking seriously that really win out. And now I'm talking about hard liquor, gentlemen.

The national spirit is Slivovica, which is made from plums and which will break the arches of your feet if you slug it down the way you might bourbon. Slivovica sells in the bars for ten dinars an ounce, or a king size drink running two to three ounces for 20 dinars. That's about two and a half cents, American dough. You can buy it by the bottle if you want for about thirty cents a liter. Slivovica is on the liquid dynamite style in the tradition of vodka and tequila.

Their Rakija Travarica, also a national drink, runs the same price and has a slight taste of bitters. At first, it might offend a Martini palate but it grows on you if you give it time. Usually, you don't have the time. After half a dozen king-size Rakijas you're apt to be found staggering down to the local city hall volunteering to join up with the Yugoslavian police.

Then they turn out quite a bit of rum which they label Jamaican and which isn't. It's inclined to be sweetish and seems less alcoholic than the rum we're used to. However, if you're a rum drinker, just remember that it's costing three cents for a two and a half ounce jolt and at that rate you can make up the proof by quantity. No coke, though. No Coca Cola, Pepsi Cola, Royal Crown, Double Cola or Cola Cola. Yugoslavians take their liquor seriously, no mixers. The roadsides look nude without the ads.

It's with their cherry brandy and kirsh that they hit the stuff which becomes exportable on a large scale and you can find Yugoslavian brands in any really well-stocked American liquor store. In Split, kirsh sells for about fifty-five cents a fifth, free market money, and is a strong, colorless liquor that is almost tasteless as well. Not quite, though. Way down you have a provocative, faint flavor of the wild cherries from which it was distilled. Yugoslavian kirsh makes for mighty fine guzzling of the two-fisted type.

The cherry brandy is similar to Denmark's Cherry Herring although a bit stronger and possibly not quite so delicate. It's not the sort of potable to hang one on with, but it makes a terrific cordial.

Cordials — they call them *likeri* — run about thirty dinars to the drink and are mildish albeit pleasant. Their Likeri Kruckovac, a pear cordial, goes mighty well but can't be much stronger than our fortified wines of the sherry, port type.

It's not as though you really have to

shell out any money at all. Split is the free-loader's paradise. Americans are ultra-popular in Tito-land right now. The wheat crop failed in 1954 and was made up with a gift from Uncle Sam to the tune of some 800,000 tons from our surpluses. On top of that, it seems that practically everybody in Yugoslavia has one or more relatives in America, most of whom make a practice of sending bundles of clothes and other hard-to-get manufactured items to the folks in the old country.

This adds up to it being a hazard to walk the streets if you're an American. Before you know it, you've been drug into home or buffet and the liquids start flowing. Trouble is, these people drink the stuff from childhood, figuring water is something for which nobody has thus far figured out a reasonable use — obviously it's a flop as a beverage. After a couple of quarts of Prosek, or a couple of tumblers of Rakija, when you've got to the point of feeling little pain and care not whether school keeps, in fact are somewhat inclined to song, they look at you strangely, wondering what the excitement is about.

To sum it up, boys, the fare is one hundred and seventy-nine dollars and twenty-five cents and the line forms to the right at the travel agency.

Tell 'em Mack sent you. They'll remember me — the one with the lampshade on his head.



JAYNE MANSFIELD

(continued from page 60)

to record an interview or a television chit-chat might round out the afternoon.

"That takes me up to cocktail time, which is usually reserved for columnists. Dinner I usually grab on the run. I can't remember the last time I went someplace just to have dinner. I eat plenty of steaks and gobs of orange juice to keep up my stamina. I just adore steak. Oh, and my vitamin pills!"

She reached into her handbag and pulled out a bottle of the pills and gulped one down. Then she ran down the list of deficiencies and necessities this little pill embraces. Very impressive.

"You're at the theater at 8," I said, getting back to business. "And after the show you're out on the town living it up?"

"I have been 'out on the town living it up' exactly *three times* since the opening," she said, firmly.

"You're not a party girl?"

"Sure! With the right guy."

"What do you consider 'right?'" (Jayne and Paul Mansfield were recently divorced, I should add.)

"Well, I'm a big girl, and I feel I need a big guy. I like him well-muscled. At parties, I want him suave. On the beach, I want him wholesome. I like graying black hair, kind of charcoal."

Her public voicing of these qualifications once before caused a small stam-pede. "It's miraculous," Jayne said, "how many big, well-muscled, suave,

(concluded on next page)

HOT TIN ROOF

(continued from page 24)

Out! thou ophic traitor!
Bend
Thy fevered corded straining
To that
Earth whence Adam first
Congealed.
Oh lurch
Ye glabrous mace
Yea! blast away
Again again again!
And thou
O splotch
Lie glimmering and viscous
Growing algid in
The powdery dust
Whilst upward writhing
Weaves thy pungent factor
To meet
My nostrils' proud triumphant
Sneer."

Well? Didn't the police find that ob-scene?

ERMATRUDE: No, Gay.

SWISH: *Why not?* The fools!

ERMATRUDE: It seems they just

Didn't know what it was

All about.

(*He collapses into his wheel-chair.*)

SWISH (*weakly*): It's just as well.

That's what I truly yearned for

In the secret places of my heart:

Obscurity.

Blessed cool and evergreen

Obscurity!

Success is vulgar; failure, vile:

One is for shams, the other for fools.

There is but one appropriate destiny

For the superartist —

Obscurity!

Thank Heaven for it.

(*He smiles blandly at ERMATRUDE*)

Did you bring them?

ERMATRUDE: Bring what?

SWISH: You know what!

ERMATRUDE (*aghast*): Oh! Gay — I forgot!

SWISH (*slowly rising*): You forgot?!

ERMATRUDE: Yes! Oh, forgive me, Gay!

SWISH: Forgive you? Never!

How can I go on without them?

Perfidy, thy name is Woman!

WILHELMINA: What's wrong, Gay?

What did she forget?

SWISH: The dyes!

The dyes for my hair and beard!

Oh, get out! Both of you —

Get out!

Let me not suffer

From the presence of women

These last remaining days!

Leave me alone with

My first,

My last,

My only,

My eternal . . . Love!

(*He embraces a large mirror, up center, as —*)

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wholesome men with charcoal hair are kicking around."

"You wouldn't," I said coyly, "consider anything less?"

"There's an exception to every rule," she answered encouragingly.

Now that all you playboys have had the good news about Jayne, I must deliver the bad news:

She's in love (as this issue goes to press, anyhow).

"My baby" is the expression she reserves for American Airlines pilot Robby Robertson, 38, tall, wide-shouldered, romantic, adventurous, and the possessor of the required "charcoal-gray hair."

They met on a plane last April when she was returning from a personal appearance tour in Texas, and she's been flying ever since.

"All the other men including some pilots on the plane were making these huge pitches, but when he walked through the plane—he was flying it—I thought 'I've got to have this!' He's the only person in my whole life I ever gave my phone number to the first time he asked for it."

Jayne will really rhapsodize about Her Guy.

"Oh, I've been infatuated with quite a few, but there aren't any others who are so perfectly made for me and who I'm so perfectly made for. He's so very handsome and he's got that wonderful hair, and he's willing to go along with my career. He wants me to be the biggest thing since Jean Harlow. This is just a beautiful thing and when I go out with anybody else, I say, 'Why am I doing this?'"

"He's 16 years older than me . . . which I think is just about right."

I know this stuff about Robertson and his charcoal hair must be quite a blow to all you blonde, brown- and black-haired guys who have been counting on making a play for Jayne next time you hit New York, but it's not hopeless. Something that happened just near the end of our interview gave me an idea which I'll pass on to you. Jayne was so busy that she said the only chance we'd get to wind up the interview would be for me to sneak into Larry Matthews' hairdressing establishment while he was gilding the lily. It was, she figured, the most likely place we could be alone for a couple of hours.

She was on the phone. It was Jack Toohey, the show's press agent, the guy overseeing Jayne's schedule.

"But Jack," Jayne was protesting, "a person's got to sleep. I haven't been doing much of that lately . . . I know this is important, but so's my sleep if I'm supposed to be beautiful at 8 A.M. tomorrow . . . Okay, I'll see him after the show . . . I've got a date at midnight. A man who owns a chain of fan magazines. Promised he'd buy me a steak . . ."

There, said I to myself, is this girl's weakness — her tummy! So remember that, men—Jayne Mansfield softens at the sight of charcoal-gray hair, yes, but a charcoal-broiled steak might turn the trick, too.

DRESSING THE PART

(continued from page 42)

that the body below the belt line slopes inward. Try to explain this to women!

All women have an unreasoning prejudice against suspenders, in spite of new models in bright attractive colors and interesting flowered designs.

If you can, wear a belt. If you cannot, be patient. Scientists are working on the problem now and experimental models are in production. If the strapless bra is already a reality, can the braceless pant be far behind?

THE BASIC YOU

And yet, after all is said and done, it is not the clothes, but *the man underneath* that really matters.

Do your best to dress well, try and try again to please your women friends with all the gay little deceptions that make modern haberdashery such an art.

But when the chips are down, it is you, the basic you, that counts. Think of ornamentation, yes, but remember to build a firm foundation and you will have a structure that *lasts*.

NEXT MONTH:

"BE WELL ROUNDED"



KENTON

(continued from page 56)

enthusiastic listeners. A Sunday matinee and evening concert were the only performances for English speaking audiences: American-British union restrictions did not permit the Kenton band to play in England. But when the curtain rose, more than half the audience of 7,000 which packed the *Theatre Royal* had come over from England. Twelve charter planes had been added to the regular London-Dublin flight. The service across the Irish Sea included a special Kenton excursion.

Stan Kenton plays piano well, but he will never be remembered as a great jazz musician. He writes arrangements for the band, but the works of the Kenton orchestra that have won the most critical acclaim were not his. It is his leadership and the ability to extract the most from each individual who works with him that will assure Stan Kenton an important place in the history of American jazz. He has assembled several bands that were excellent, integrated units, and they all bore the unmistakable stamp of his personality. A Kenton band is almost instantly recognizable because of its distinctive sound and personality and flair for the unusual.

And though no one has made much mention of the fact, Stan deserves considerable credit for the "West Coast School" of jazz that has received so much attention of late. Many of its leaders—Shorty Rogers, Stan Getz, Shelly Manne, Bud Shank, Bob Cooper, Maynard Ferguson, Howard Rumsey, Milt Bern-



hart, Frank Rosolino, Conte Candoli, John Graas — are not only Kenton alumni, but many of them located and "colonized" in Los Angeles, because that was Stan's headquarters when they worked for him. And he has not only encouraged them in their efforts, but has, in his *Kenton Presents* series for Capitol, recorded many of them.

Stan's devotion to music is a consuming one and though I am certain he could have made considerably more money had he turned his intensity and personal magnetism to law, or politics, or some other business venture, he has stayed with and fought for jazz since his band first began to be heard some fifteen years ago.

When the final note in jazz is played somewhere, far off, in another time, Stan Kenton will be remembered as one of those most responsible for the evolution of the music from its simple, primitive beginnings to a highly respected, serious art form.



MARY

(continued from page 52)

of the farmer's joking talk, but she hardly liked to say anything to Fred.

They called and called all night, scarcely stopping to rest. They sought all the next day. It grew dark, and Fred gave up hope. They plodded silently back to the caravan.

He sat on a bunk, with his head in his hand.

"I shall never see her again," he said. "Been pinched, that's what she's been."

"When I think," he said, "of all the hopes I had for that pig —"

"When I think," he said, "of all you've done for her! And what it's meant to you —"

"I know she had some faults in her nature," he said. "But that was artistic. Temperament, it was. When you got a talent like that —"

"And now she's gone!" he said. With that he burst into tears.

"Oh, Fred!" cried Rosie. "Don't!" Suddenly she found she loved him just as much as ever, more than ever. She sat down beside him and put her arms around his neck. "Darling Fred, don't cry!" she said again.

"It's been rough on you, I know," said Fred. "I didn't ever mean it to be."

"There! There!" said Rosie. She gave him a kiss. Then she gave him another. It was a long time since they had been as close as this. There was nothing but the two of them and the caravan; the tiny lamp, and darkness all round; their kisses, and grief all round. "Don't let go," said Fred. "It makes it better."

"I'm not letting go," she said.

"Rosie," said Fred. "I feel — Do you know how I feel?"

"I know," she said. "Don't talk."

"Rosie," said Fred, but this was some time later. "Who'd have thought it?"

"Ah! Who would, indeed?" said Rosie.

"Why didn't you tell me?" said Fred.

"How could I tell you?" said she.

"You know," said he. "We might never have found out — never! — if she hadn't been pinched."

"Don't talk about her," said Rosie.

"I can't help it," said Fred. "Wicked or not, I can't help it — I'm glad she's gone. It's worth it. I'll make enough on the acrobat stuff. I'll make brooms as well. Pots and pans, too."

"Yes," said Rosie. "But look! It's morning already. I reckon you're tired, Fred — running up hill and down dale all day yesterday. You lie abed now, and I'll go down to the village and get you something good for breakfast."

"All right," said Fred. "And tomorrow I'll get yours."

So Rosie went down to the village, and bought the milk and the bread and so forth. As she passed the butcher's shop she saw some new-made pork sausages of a singularly fresh, plump, and appetizing appearance. So she bought some, and very good they smelled while they were cooking.

"That's another thing we couldn't have while she was here," said Fred, as he finished his plateful. "Never no pork sausages, on account of her feelings. I never thought to see the day I'd be glad she was pinched. I only hope she's gone to someone who appreciates her."

"I'm sure she has," said Rosie. "Have some more."

"I will," said he. "I don't know if it's the novelty, or the way you cooked 'em, or what. I never ate a better sausage in my life. If we'd gone up to London with her, best hotels and all, I doubt if ever we'd have had as sweet a sausage as these here."



LONG BLUE NOSE

(continued from page 57)

little rover and he succeeded.

Bigamy of course was a felony in California and twelve wives was hardly a laughable number. But overnight, in the public fancy, Van Wie became a new-found Rip Van Winkle with goat glands.

Van Wie's case came up for discussion among the Who's Who gathered around Louis Lurie's famous luncheon table at Jack's: Ben Swig, owner of the Fairmont Hotel and other high-class real estate; Bill Kyne, operator of Bay Meadows race track; George Lewis, a trader in pedigree diamonds; Edward Cahill, city utilities manager; James B. Howell, mayor of manored Atherton; and Joseph Blumenfeld, owner of a theatre chain. A blade like Van Wie, they decided, deserved the finest money could buy. They made up a purse.

Lurie summoned Ehrlich. The millionaire had one of Delaplane's columns before him and was chuckling. "Any man brave enough to marry twelve women deserves help, Jake," he said. "Will you take the case?"

"He needs a defense all right," said Ehrlich.

The next morning, Sunday, he and Delaplane motored to San Jose to meet

the train returning Van Wie. "We've got to see your jolly little man before the crowd gets him at the station," Ehrlich explained.

The *Examiner* had added to the merriment by bringing wives seven and nine to board the train. Both lit into the jugsized Romeo with tooth and tongue. Inspector Jerry Desmond had to spirit his prisoner to a compartment where Ehrlich found additional counsel in the person of James M. Toner, newly retired chief assistant public defender. Someone else had engaged Toner for the defense.

"I'm ready to face the music," Van Wie stated to both lawyers. He said he did not believe in divorce and had never got one.

At the police station he was ordered to empty his pockets on the desk for checking. He laid out a key chain, \$49 in cash, lucky dice and a toothbrush. "For my false teeth," he explained. A little white box held "headache pills." "You'll need 'em," the sergeant predicted. A press agent elbowed in to hand Van Wie thirteen passes to a local movie in which Judy Garland was singing *The Trolley Song*. It was all very gay.

"I couldn't help it," Van Wie told the reporters between poses straight ahead and to the left and right for the mugging camera. "My head was split open by an axe when I was a child." He touched a scar on the smooth bald skin. "I was kicked by a mule once when I worked in a mine. Another time I fell off a two-story building I was roofing. Yes, and I fell sixty-five feet from a smokestack I was painting. I couldn't help it, any of it. I even got beat up in an argument over the fare, when I was a conductor." Somehow it sounded funny the way he said it.

"There's one way to handle this," Ehrlich told Toner. "Go into court the first thing Monday morning, waive preliminary examination, plead him guilty and get it through the Superior Court in a hurry. That way, we might get him off with a county jail term while everyone's so happy."

Toner took it up with Van Wie. "The county jail!" he cried. "But I couldn't help this!" He refused to consider a guilty plea.

Ehrlich thereupon withdrew as counsel and went back to report to Lurie and his friends. "I saw it this way," Jake said. "On Monday morning everyone is still laughing heartily. They are all agreed this is a funny predicament the little man has gotten into. No one would be vengeful — yet. But when he starts to fight and it begins to drag, we would come again to Saturday. On that day every rabbi would go into his pulpit in the synagogue and demand: 'Why are people laughing at the sacred vows of matrimony?' And on Sunday every priest and minister would cry from his pulpit: 'What's suddenly so humorous about marriage?' By the following Monday, when Van Wie faces a court or a jury, there would be nothing funny about it. They would throw the book

(continued on next page)

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at him."

That is precisely what they did. Superior Judge Herbert Kaufman sternly declared: "The Ding-dong Daddy of the D Car Line has reached the end of his line." He sentenced him to San Quentin Prison, from which Van Wie wrote Jake plaintively: "I should have taken your advice. I didn't know people lost their sense of humor so fast." When he got out he continued his marrying ways and reached wife number sixteen before the law caught up again. By then the war was over.

It ended for San Francisco in a V-J Day Bacchanalia that just about knocked the city off its pilings, starting prematurely at 11:00 P.M. on August 13, when Tokyo Radio revealed that the Japs were quitting. A blonde climbed a statue at Mason and Market, performed a striptease and remained there for hours, completely nude. A sailor and girl scaled a fire escape seven stories up on the face of a store building and set up house-keeping on the illuminated sign. Crowds swarmed over streetcars, fire engines and taxis. Bars closed abruptly by agreement with police; the mobs smashed liquor store windows and helped themselves. They started fires in garbage cans, turned over flower stands. All available police officers were called on duty, all leaves canceled. The frenzied celebration roared on.

President Truman's official announcement came at 4:00 P.M. on August 14, but only a handful actually heard it. Chinatown, by then, was sold out of fire-crackers. Railroad flares flashed along Market Street. A young lady ran naked into a pool at Civic Center. From 4:00 P.M. to 4:00 A.M., an all-time record 185 fire alarms and 1,250 police calls were rung in. Three hundred revelers were treated at hospitals. The commandant of the 12th Naval District broadcast a cancellation of all shore leaves. When the orgy finally burned itself out damage claims against the city totaled \$166,262. Six women had been raped. Licentiousness had had its day.

Into this atmosphere galloped *The Outlaw*, clanking noisily in its little reel cans. Particularly Reel Seven. This is the point in the film where the sheriff has shot Billy the Kid in the thigh and he has taken refuge in a barn. Miss Jane Russell finds him there and sets out to nestle him back to health. She is dressed lightly but snugly for the occasion.

Ehrlich had watched the scene at the 1943 premiere without observing any great palpitation on the part of the audience. As a matter of fact, the picture did only a respectable box-office business on that first go-round, and Howard Hughes, who had \$2,000,000 invested in it, called on Russell Birdwell, the Hollywood press agent and long-time Ehrlich friend. "Stir up some interest," he commanded.

Birdwell did, concentrating on Reel Seven. He plastered walls, billboards and magazine pages with the lush likeness of Jane Russell in her low-necked frock. It wasn't long before the power-

ful Legion of Decency issued its seal of disapproval. "The film presents glorification of crime and immoral actions," trumpeted the Legion. "Throughout a very considerable portion of its length it is indecent in costuming."

Other censors joined the chorus, demanding that Reel Seven be cut. Hughes replied: "I am going to fight this battle to the finish and make sure the public sees my picture as I made it." He withdrew it from public showing for three years while Birdwell continued with his promotional duties.

Perhaps the most important of them was to excite public curiosity about Miss Russell, a sulky-looking unknown who until recently had been a receptionist in a doctor's office. By the time Birdwell completed his work there was not a hamlet in America which had not gawked at her Junoesque proportions in still life. Birdwell reported to Hughes that the public would be eager to see her movie.

Early in April, 1946, Ehrlich got a call from his one-time associate, the equally prominent lawyer Jerry Giesler, saying that *The Outlaw* would make its reappearance in San Francisco as a test showing for the entire country. If it got by there, other censors probably would pass it; but Giesler had information that the San Francisco police were going to close the movie as soon as it opened. Their objection: Reel Seven, which was uncut and unchanged. If the police cracked down on it, Ehrlich told Giesler, it would be the first time San Francisco had ever closed what was technically a first-run movie. He promised to watch and be ready to go into court. Then he strolled down to the Hall of Justice where he learned that the police indeed had been receiving "a flood of advance protests from church and school leaders."

Ehrlich suspected the fine promotional hand of Birdwell but he advised Chief Cullea: "Let the picture alone. If you don't raise a fuss, it will run a week maybe, gross \$10,000, and be gone. If you fight it, it will win in court and play to full houses. It's not indecent, Charlie," he insisted. "I saw it the first time. It's the identical film that ran here in 1943, and you didn't touch it then."

The picture opened on the morning of the twenty-third at the United Artists downtown. Two juvenile detail officers sat in and, during the last show of the day, arrested the theatre manager for violation of Section 471 of the Police Code, exhibiting a motion picture "offensive to decency and the moral senses." Ehrlich was ready. When the trial opened on May 15, 1946, he pleaded *The Outlaw* innocent.

The trial opened to the sniffing of blue-nosed puritanism, as everyone knew it would. Judge Twain Michelsen, presiding judge of the municipal court, assigned the case to himself. He was a tough little man with sharp features which resembled the sculpturing of his cousin Gutzon Borglum on the granite hills of North Dakota. He hewed strictly to the form of the law. Once he had

issued contempt citations for an entire twenty-man committee of the Chamber of Commerce for criticizing his handling of traffic violations. Ehrlich was delighted to have him as judge. Jake wanted a strict legalist on the trial, since the decision would have national importance as the movie opened in other cities.

He asked for a jury trial so that the decision, when it came, would be the verdict of twelve respectable American jurors, but he didn't intend to have lay opinion kill a \$2,000,000 investment. Most of the panel probably would have read the outspoken charges against *The Outlaw*, some would have had a word of admonishment from preacher or priest. Ehrlich intended to slant the case over the jurors' heads to the legal mind of Judge Michelsen.

The first jurors in the box were women. Ehrlich questioned them in his most ministerial manner, the starched cuffs and pocket handkerchief testifying to his personal purity, hands clasped clerically to display the cuff links (gold tablets carrying the Ten Commandments in platinum Aramaic symbols).

"If," he asked the first elderly woman, "you came out of the theatre the same pure woman who went in, you would find the defendant not guilty, wouldn't you?" She answered with an emphatic "Yes!" and stayed in the box, as did eleven others who admitted that they could not be corrupted by a mere movie.

The prosecution was depending on the film itself, especially Reel Seven, to convince the jury that *The Outlaw* was "offensive to decency and the moral senses." They made a great to-do in the courtroom about the female anatomy shown by the low-cut blouse. Ehrlich had expected that. He brought in one exhibit—an enlarged photo, six feet square, of the da Vinci "Madonna and Child," displaying the same approximate anatomy to which the police had objected.

"Does this work of art, which hangs in the Vatican in Rome, offend your decency and moral senses?" he demanded. "Does it—an inanimate painting of a part of the female body—make you lust? Certainly not!" He knew from the jury's smiles that he had scored.

On the final morning of the trial the entire court assembled on Golden Gate Avenue, where movie distributors' offices are located. There, in a private projection room, Ehrlich ran through the full film of *The Outlaw*.

Prosecutors wanted to emphasize parts, to give a slow motion repeat of Reel Seven, but Ehrlich argued that that was not the way an audience viewed it. The judge sustained him. The jury looked and went thoughtfully back to court. With the showing of the film, both prosecution and defense rested and Jake took up his argument and the burden of his case.

The movie, he argued, was educational, depicting people and customs of pioneer days. He spoke of public morals generally and American intelligence spe-

cifically. He cited the law's tolerance regarding such stage presentations as *Frankie and Johnnie*, *Mrs. Warren's Profession*, *Lysistrata* and *Rain*, and court rulings on the books *Ulysses* and *God's Little Acre*, all of which had been designated as decent.

"Decency," Ehrlich argued, "is a matter of time, place and conditions. Speaking as a family man, I can find no fault with the screen fare in *The Outlaw*, except that it didn't kill enough Indians." The jurors laughed.

"If this is a matter of the nature and form of the star Jane Russell," he continued, "then let my good friends in the police department go down to the opera when it opens here and arrest 95 per cent of the women present, for they will all be wearing low-cut gowns." The jurors laughed again and Jake paused, staring at his enlargement of the da Vinci painting.

"In order to find this defendant guilty, and this movie objectionable, you must be sensually, sensuously and even sexually excited by it," he said. "You must determine whether this picture causes you to become a bad woman or a bad man, instead of the good, moral, upright woman or upright man you are now."

Jake skimmed over the controversial scene in Reel Seven. "The man was lying there in a cold chill with a bullet in his thigh. You would have to stretch your imagination a good deal to see anything immoral in that. I leave it to the tastes of the jurors, tastes that I am sure will find *The Outlaw* and Billy the Kid as clean as the driven sands of the New Mexico desert."

Then he turned directly to Judge Michelsen and asked for a directed verdict of acquittal. The judge took the motion under advisement until the next day.

He began his instructions to the jury the following morning without mention of the motion. Instead, he gave an extensive commentary on the law, with quotations covering a score of similar cases. Finally, though, he veered to a criticism of blue-nose attitudes. He called the new star Jane Russell "a comely and attractive specimen of American womanhood."

"There are some fanatical persons," Judge Michelsen said, "who would object to seeing Miss Russell in a low-necked dress, but we must consider that the plot of this show was laid in the desert, which is hardly a place for woollens, high necks and long sleeves. I must embrace the principle that life is sordid and obscene only for those who find it so." The judge concluded that the case did not correctly fall under Section 471 of the Police Code as charged, and directed the jurors to bring in a verdict of not guilty, which they did.

In thanking them, Judge Michelsen did one final thing to delight Ehrlich's press-agent pal: he urged everyone in the courtroom to see *The Outlaw*. The publicity attending the trial accomplished what a million-dollar campaign and a world premiere had failed to do.

The Outlaw reopened at the United Artists and two other San Francisco theatres simultaneously. It averaged \$70,000 a week at each theatre in its paid admissions, and went on about the country to make another fortune for Hughes. Everywhere it went, it had the testimonial of Ehrlich's homespun jury: not guilty of anything but entertainment.

San Francisco, thereupon, settled back until June, when Sally Rand came to town with her familiar attractions and the papers recalled her classic homily: "I haven't been out of work since the day I took off my pants." Six policemen were on hand to witness her first performance, done as usual in a "costume" consisting of one coat of talcum powder, one strategically located patch which the officers swore afterward they couldn't see, one war surplus balloon, a smile and the beam from a spotlight described technically as number thirty-seven or midnight blue.

The blue light dimmed appreciably before Sally came out from behind the balloon, but the officers shouldered into the dusk and handed her a citation for violation of Section 311 of the Police Code of the City and County of San Francisco—for indecent exposure, corrupting the morals of those viewing the act, and conducting an obscene show.

Sally protested that the folks had only seen what by now was as familiar as the Venus de Milo, but the paddy wagon was waiting, news cameras were flashing, and she obviously didn't have any pockets to put the citation in. She dressed and came along, after a call to her old friend and counselor, Jake Ehrlich.

This, after all, was not exactly a new experience for the ex-Kansas farm girl who had been born Helen Gould Beck. She had started as a milliner's model, had been a chorus girl and a cigarette girl in a cabaret where she first noticed how men looked at her; had then danced in a Gus Edwards revue, become a Hollywood Wampus Baby Star (in 1927), and had even been called "an elegant picture actress" by Cecil B. DeMille. One day Sally had caught a full-length glimpse of herself after her bath, had grabbed a stage name from a Rand-McNally map, had taken off her clothes and gone to work.

In the depression year of 1933 Sally got her big break. Chicago had poured \$38,000,000 into "A Century of Progress" to stimulate business. It stimulated nothing of the sort; people didn't cotton to modern architecture, dioramas illustrating the growth of industry or scale models of old Fort Dearborn.

They did perk up, though, when they hit the Midway and saw the "City of Paris" with Sally Rand. Some authorities say Sally's skin saved the neck of the Chicago Fair. Overnight she was a celebrity addressing such learned groups as the Junior Chamber of Commerce and even classes at Harvard.

"My technique," she explained, with a candor Ehrlich loved, "is to manipu-

(concluded on next page)

late the fans so the audience will think they are seeing things they are not."

In 1939 she had come to San Francisco to install a "Nude Ranch" on Treasure Island and brighten the Golden Gate International Exposition. Then she had made a triumphant return to Hollywood to collect \$20,000 for her fan dance in *Bolero*. She was needing an attorney more frequently and Jake was her man.

When he got the call on her arrest at Club Savoy, he looked over his notes from *The Outlaw*, sighed, and went before Judge Daniel Shoemaker, a fine-looking young jurist, to plead her not guilty. Sally was almost smothered in a bouquet of roses provided by a group of naval officers. This encouraged Jake to speak out.

"How times have changed in San Francisco," he said. "What has happened to the Paris of the West? Let's either stop being hypocrites or else hang out a sign at the city limits saying, 'Don't come to San Francisco!'"

The blonde Miss Rand, smartly tailored under her roses, was beaming at the judge and he at her, so Jake continued: "Nudity is not new. The great Greek sculptor Praxiteles made use of it for his heroic figures. Rodin's masterpieces are exhibited before the public the world over. I can take any person here and show him more nudity among the classics than he ever saw before."

The judge didn't interrupt.

"Sally Rand's dance is a rhythmic composition. It is done to Beethoven's *Moonlight Sonata* and a Brahms waltz. Her dance is a version of ballet."

The prosecution broke in to suggest that Sally Rand's performance had been lewd enough to shock six policemen. Captain Joseph Walsh of Central Station said: "The boys told me all about it. She comes out fully clothed and gyrates around with a bubble. In the course of this her dress slips and one — er — the left — er — is exposed. Then she hikes the dress back up and starts to climb thirteen steps to a raised stage. As she climbs, the dress starts slipping again. By the time she gets to the top it's all the way down and she hasn't got a stitch on except a small, flesh-colored whaddayacallit — patch. And she hid that so we couldn't use it as evidence!" Jake stormed back to reply: "A person may be undressed, even nude, and not be lewd. It took six big policemen to arrest this lady. Look at her, Your Honor! She doesn't look vicious to me. I say Sally Rand is not indecent. Her dance is immoral only in the minds of a lot of stuffed shirts who ought to go to the laundry."

"Sally has done her dance at theatres and clubs here and at world's fairs all over the country. In all the years I've known this little girl she never has done or said a thing obscene. I think it's an outrage! The police have no excuse except a willful and deliberate attempt to blackmail San Francisco in the eyes

of the United States! Why I could throw a handful of buckshot out that window and hit twenty-five fan dancers. I think policemen have a lot to do besides this!"

The judge roused himself to announce that he could best determine the nature of Miss Rand's show after he had seen it himself.

"Tomorrow morning?" Ehrlich suggested.

Judge Shoemaker said he would attend.

Ehrlich warned: "She's going to do the same dance tonight and if the police arrest her she and I will probably be back here tomorrow." He asked for and obtained a court order which would release Sally "forthwith" should the police arrest her.

Officers were scattered through the audience a few hours later. They watched grimly as Sally swayed behind her balloon and switched to the fans. Suddenly the blue beam turned to glaring white, and there stood Sally in a breath-catching finale — one white, knee-length French chemise over an 1880 whalebone corset with a placard that read: CENSORED! S.F.P.D. They arrested her anyway but released her when she produced her "forthwith" order from the judge.

Morning brought a scene never to be duplicated in the history of San Francisco courts. At 9:30 A.M. the court convened in a night club. Bailiffs and clerks were there, as were the prosecution, sundry attendants and the complaining officers. Down the street came Attorney Ehrlich and Judge Shoemaker, blinking in the sunshine. They were met at the door by enough newspaper personnel to cover a coronation. This was Sally's famous command performance.

Into the dim night club marched the party, groping for tables in the darkness. Ehrlich, the judge and Assistant District Attorney Frank Brown, brother of the district attorney, were ushered to the best ringside table. Court attachés and press filled all the other tables. The full orchestra took its place and the master of ceremonies opened the regular show. In due time Sally danced, using the same fans, war surplus balloon, talcum and midnight blue spotlight she always used. The applause at the end was deafening.

Back to the courtroom went the assemblage, waiting only for Sally to get into something uncomfortable. The judge took his bench and announced that he was striking out one charge altogether. "Anyone who could find anything lewd in the dance as she puts it on," he exclaimed, "must have a perverted idea of morals!" He pronounced her not guilty on the other charges.

Like *The Outlaw*, Sally continued to play nightly to such crowds that Ehrlich could only wonder at the strain protesting San Franciscans were putting on their delicate morals. For himself, he went home to a good book: Lin Yutang's *Importance of Living*.

at ease (continued from page 59)

like effect after showers), or without terry cloth lining, in a violent Polynesian print, cardigan collar and modified kimono sleeves.

If you are expecting house guests, but still dread the thought of donning a dressy jacket, you might choose what is called a Host Coat, done up in a miniature tartan plaid with velvet peaked lapels. The regal smoking jacket is always in good taste for these occasions too, and we've tried them in a warm and friendly navy flannel, with light blue and white overplaid, plus shawl collar. Also new this season is a coordinated combination known as the Lounge Suit, in Viyella flannel; dark red predominates in the tartan jacket, while the slacks are navy blue. There is a subtle difference between Viyella and Lanella. Viyella is composed of 50% Australian wool and 50% Egyptian cotton, woven in England, not Switzerland, for American consumption.

To match the comfort and ease of your dressing gown or smoking jacket, you'll want to paddle around painlessly in a pair of classic calfskin opera slippers with leather soles (or soft padded soles for more stealth). They are available in solid shades of navy or deep maroon in the \$10-15 price range. For crackling-crisp evenings by the February fire, nothing could be more comfortable than a pair of shearling-lined moccasins in a supple, soft chestnut-brown leather, cost-

ing just \$12.

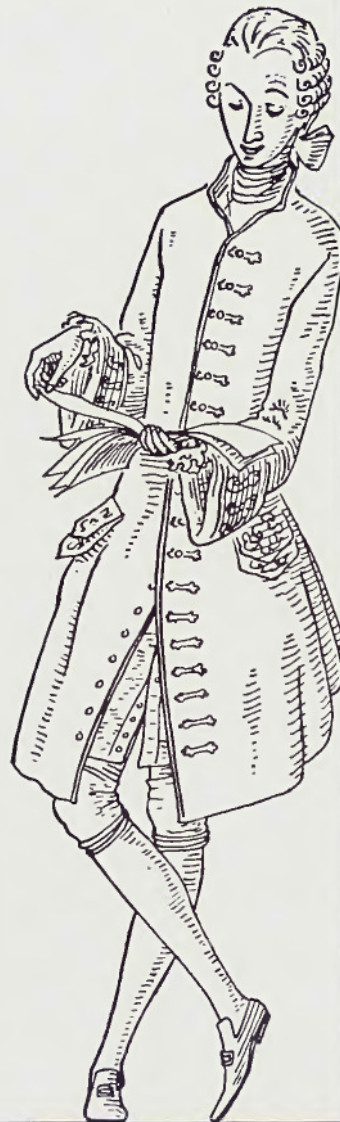
Not long ago, PLAYBOY's Party Joke Editor neatly defined pajamas as "an item of clothing usually placed next to the bed in case of fire." A fine rule for tropical evenings, we say, but most frostier northern nights demand the use of some sort of functional sleeping gear. Now, to make sack time more exciting, the Continental influence has burst upon the relatively stable field of pajamas, leaving buttons, draw strings and placket closures rearranged as never before.

Since the basic design of PJs can't be changed too radically (we think the two piece model is still most practical; bottoms for you, top for a deserving friend), the fashion architects have concentrated on collar styles and lively patterns, and come up with some perky, eye-catching creations. Newer than next Tuesday are the multi-colored striped jobs (with stripes running horizontally, not vertically) coupled with the famous high-arch Italian collar. From what we've seen, the tops of these can practically be worn as sport shirts around town, and we're sure that many of our more *avant* compatriots have already taken that step. Lifted straight from the sport shirt is the horizontal button-opening front design now incorporated in the latest in sleep wear; the bottoms feature an elasticized back, with side tabs for a snug fit.



MAKHAZIN for men

ACCORDING TO OUR Research Department, the first magazine ever published was a magazine for men. The dateline was 1731. Called the *Gentleman's Magazine*, it was the brainchild of an enterprising publisher who wanted to cash in on the popularity of that snappy word that had come into the English language by way of the Arabic *makhazin* (meaning a storage place). In the introduction to his first issue, the publisher called his creation "A Monthly Collection to treasure up, as in a Magazine, the most remarkable Pieces." From then on, all periodical publications became known as "magazines." Gentleman's magazines have come and gone since 1731, but one of them seems here to stay. We refer, of course, to **PLAYBOY**; and we refer *you* to the order blank below as the simplest means of obtaining this modern *makhazin* of sophisticated entertainment. Like its great-granddaddy, **PLAYBOY** is a treasure trove of "the most remarkable Pieces" of fiction, as well as the cleverest cartoons, articles, humor and photo-features for the urban male. We urge you to subscribe today.



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IN THIS ISSUE



BOXING PREVIEW FOR 1956



"THE LONG BLUE NOSE OF THE LAW"



A NEW SATIRE BY RAY RUSSELL



EARL WILSON INTERVIEWS JAYNE MANSFIELD