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PLAYBILL OK, WE'LL WAIT while you flip to page 19 and check the eagerly-awaited winners of the first annual PLAYBOY JAZZ POLL. But as soon as you've cheered raucously for the winners and shed a manly tear or two for the losers, report back here pronto for a foretaste of all the other good things in this issue . . .

Budd Schulberg, with one novel, rose to eminence in American letters. It was *What Makes Sammy Run?*, a story about Hollywood, and Schulberg was well-equipped to write on that subject: his own father had been a big studio mogul and the young Budd had been raised in the milieu of movie-making. Since *Sammy*, Schulberg has written of other things—the fight game (*The Harder They Fall*), labor unions (*Waterfront*)—but for his latest work he has returned to home ground and written about the son of a big studio mogul. *A Second Father*, the new Schulberg novelette which PLAYBOY is pleased-as-punch to present in this February issue, delves into the torments of a young boy with a rich and preoccupied father—it's a tale touchingly told by a guy who's been

there. We think you'll like it.

Jayne Mansfield appears in these pages for the third February in a row, but this time it's a Mansfield with a difference; she was never a plain-Jayne, but wait until you get a load of the new improved version! Sally Todd is another young lady who will pique your interest, we feel—you may remember her as the girl who took the Champagne Flight to Las Vegas last June. This time she's our Playmate and you have a date with her.

Speaking of young ladies, Pamela Moore is a very young lady indeed. Late last year, at the tender age of 18, she brought out a tart novel about sex-wise teen-agers, titled *Chocolates for Breakfast*—one of those her-body-was-suddenly-alive-with-an-awareness-she-had-not-known-it-was-capable-of sort of things—and thereby shocked a lot of people who thought young ladies' bodies should not come suddenly alive until voting age, if ever. For PLAYBOY, Pam has written a controversial indictment of the American male, called *Love in the Dark*.

Valentine's Day is observed by droll Jack Cole, in collaboration with Shel Silverstein: these two peerless pranksters have suggested a slew of gifts rather different from those usually thought of in connection with St. Valentine's festival. February is the month in which we officially remember the father of our country, too, so Thomas Mario has given us *George Washington Ate Here*—the lowdown on Colonial cookery.

Fiction, the Schulberg novelette aside, takes a zany turn this month, with witty weirdie Robert Bloch telling the traveling salesman story to end all traveling salesman stories and Herbert Gold chronicling the adventures of the DJ to end all DJs. We've ribbed Gold, from time to time, about the eccentric verbosity of his titles (*A Steady, High-Type Fellow*, *All Married Women Are Bad*,

Yes?, *The Man Who Was Not With It*, etc.). Never one to take a rib without ribbing back, he handed in a story for this issue with a title that stretched a full seven inches across the typewritten page. We enjoyed the story greatly, but told him we'd have to boil the title down to a mere two inches or print the issue on larger paper. Retorted Herb: "My long title is good, funny, unforgettable, flamboyant, outrageous and appropriate!" Well, since Gold is a steady, high-type fellow, as well as the author of three novels, winner of PLAYBOY's 1956 \$1000 Fiction Bonus (for *The Right Kind of Pride*, October issue) and harvester of more writing prizes, awards and fellowships than you can shake a stick of type at, we decided to give him his way with his blankety-blank title. Therefore, you'll find *The 44-Year-Old Boy Disc Jockey and the Sincere-Type Songstress* in this issue, title intact: it's Herb's sixth story for PLAYBOY. And because we were so nice about *T. 44 Y.O.B.D.J.A. T.S.T.S.*, he's promised us another yarn, with a title only four words long. Or did he say four letters? Knowing Herb, we wouldn't be at all surprised.

GOLD



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DEAR PLAYBOY

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HOLIDAY DINNER

Would you do me a big favor and go out of business? It's bad enough that my husband and two sons read the darned thing and fight over it, but now they don't want the regular turkey dinner this year. It has to be The Holiday Dinner printed in PLAYBOY (November). Do you blame me for being steamed up?

Ethel Glazer
New York, New York

JAZZ POLL

The very best of luck with the big jazz poll.

Stan Kenton
Hollywood, California

Thanks, Stan, and congratulations.
See page 19.

GASLIGHT BALLAD

While perusing the November PLAYBOY, we were pleased beyond measure to discover that our basic philosophy of life has been put to music as the theme song of the Gaslight Club. For esthetic reasons, we would certainly appreciate the words and music to *Work is the Curse of the Drinking Classes*.

Bob Moorman and roommates
Vanderbilt University
Nashville, Tennessee

The words and music to the song Here's to the Good Old Days, or Work is the Curse of the Drinking Classes is being sent you with the compliments of the Gaslight Club.

MOST PUZZLING PUZZLE

Re: That little quiz, *Dollars and Centiments*, in the November issue, your boy Jack may not have been a mean man with a buck, but he sure knew how to get the most out of it. Any guy who can start out with \$92.43, spend \$70.47, and still have \$43.92 left is doing pretty good for himself. Every time I figure it up, all he has left is \$21.96. Are you sure he didn't dip into Anette's stocking to the tune of another \$21.96?

Ed Ver Hoef
Champaign, Illinois

Did I miss the entire point of the puzzle, *Dollars and Centiments*, or did Anette slip Jack \$21.96 in stud fees along

the way? If, as you say, Jack began with \$92.43, spent \$8.51 before dinner, his balance was \$83.92, half of which he spent for food to strengthen this quail for conquest. Jack now has \$41.96, and since he obviously doesn't believe in working on a full stomach, he blows another \$20.00 before getting down to the business for which this special session was called. This figures to \$21.96 in my book, which means that Jack will be playing in a different league for the rest of this week. If I'm wrong, forget I ever mentioned it—if I'm right, and Anette is paying these rates, let me know where she can be reached.

J. B. Helsel
Allentown, Pa.

Though our eyes are bloodshot from lack of sleep, our minds dulled to the point of insensitivity, and our digestive systems wracked with pain from overdoses of black coffee, we can still muster sufficient energy to cry out: "Oh, fie on you!"

The problem of Jack and his finances (*Dollars and Centiments*, November) is the cause of our agony. We, singly and collectively, have labored long over this gem and have concluded that Jack did not walk home because:

1. He was unable to recover from the experience to accurately determine the state of his financial condition the following morning. As a financial expert, Jack will amount to nothing; as a playboy, he is sure of success.

2. Anette must be terrific, because PLAYBOY's solution was also impossible. As for us, we shall never be the same.

Please, no more unsolvable financial problems in PLAYBOY—we have enough of these already.

O. A. Wunderlich, F. Emerson Ivey, Jr.

Earl K. Seybert, Fred H. Macke
John B. Jones, Baltimore, Maryland

We apologize and we admit it, and we apologize to the several hundred readers who apparently stayed up into the early hours pondering an impossible puzzle.

Let's assume, for a better ending to the story all around, that on the way up to his girl's apartment, he bet the

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doorman (a friend) all the money still in his pocket that he would not be shown out that night. The next morning, having collected his bet, he noticed that he had exactly as many dollars as he had had cents the night before, and as many cents as dollars.

JANET ON THE AIR

JANET PILGRIM WAS SMOOTHEST NEWS-CASTER DARTMOUTH HEARD IN YEARS. HOWEVER DARTMOUTH RADIO STATION CALL LETTERS ARE NOT WGBS BUT WDBS. DARTMOUTH BROADCASTING SYSTEM CONGRATULATIONS ON FINE ARTICLE, FINE MAGAZINE.

FRANK SAUTER, STATION MGR.
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OLDEST COLLEGE NEWSPAPER

In your October 1956 issue a picture caption in *Janet's Date at Dartmouth* reads, "Janet . . . in the offices of *The Dartmouth*, the oldest college newspaper in America . . ." I do not wish to question the veracity of PLAYBOY, of Dartmouth College, their administration or publication. However, I enclose a clipping from another newspaper (*The Miami Student*) that makes a similar claim. Obviously, one is wrong.

Henry Grunder
Miami University
Oxford, Ohio

Though we're not Ivy League, we at Miami have much rich lore and tradition. Among these is the *Miami Student*, which we claim to be the oldest college newspaper in the United States—established in 1826. As you can see, this does not agree with Dartmouth's claim that their newspaper, *The Dartmouth*, is the oldest. We would like to have this issue settled once and for all. Dartmouth! Publish your starting date or relinquish your claim!

Dave Walker, Bob Cieszynski
Lambda Chi Alpha
Miami University
Oxford, Ohio

This controversy has apparently been going on for some time. The Dartmouth claims, on their front page, the title: "The Oldest College Newspaper in America"; The Miami Student states, on their front page: "The Oldest College Newspaper in the United States." The facts seem to be these:

The Miami Student was founded as the Literary Focus in 1826; changed its name to The Miami Student shortly thereafter.

The Dartmouth Gazette was founded in 1799; in 1820 it became The Dartmouth Herald; in 1839 this title was shortened to simply The Dartmouth.

BETTY BLUE

It may interest you to know that PLAYBOY has a very definite role in the practice of law at our office. We find

that nothing soothes the savage client quite so well as a few scattered issues of your magazine around the office. As for your November Playmate, Miss Blue—she has already destroyed the ancient conception of *corpus humanum non recipit aestimationem* ("the human body does not admit of valuation"—debunked by Blue) and is the strongest argument for the doctrine of *res communes* (descriptive of such things as are open to the equal and common enjoyment of all persons and not to be reduced to private ownership) that I have ever encountered. For our office she wouldn't have to take shorthand or bruise a delicate finger on a typewriter. In fact I would enjoy Blue Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday . . . I'd even throw in Sunday.

May I thank you for a successful year with PLAYBOY and to show you that I'm not kidding, enclosed is my check for next year's gift subscriptions to my favorite clients. May we have more of Miss Blue in the future? *P-l-e-a-s-e!*

S. Myron Klarfeld,
Klarfeld & Klarfeld,
Counsellors at Law
Boston, Massachusetts

I'm getting married next month because I thought I'd been around and seen 'em all, but your buxom Betty Blue really does . . . I mean, she's . . . ah, you know what I mean.

Ki Punches
Sylvania, Ohio

LOVER

I must tell you how much I enjoyed *The Lover of the Coral Glades* by Adrian Conan Doyle in the November issue. I have never read anything quite so charming before in my life. It is sentimental without being maudlin, simple yet not childish. I've always enjoyed the other fiction you've included in the magazine, but this really makes me want to say congratulations to Mr. Doyle. It is truly a fine short story.

Lillian Forchheimer
Flushing, New York

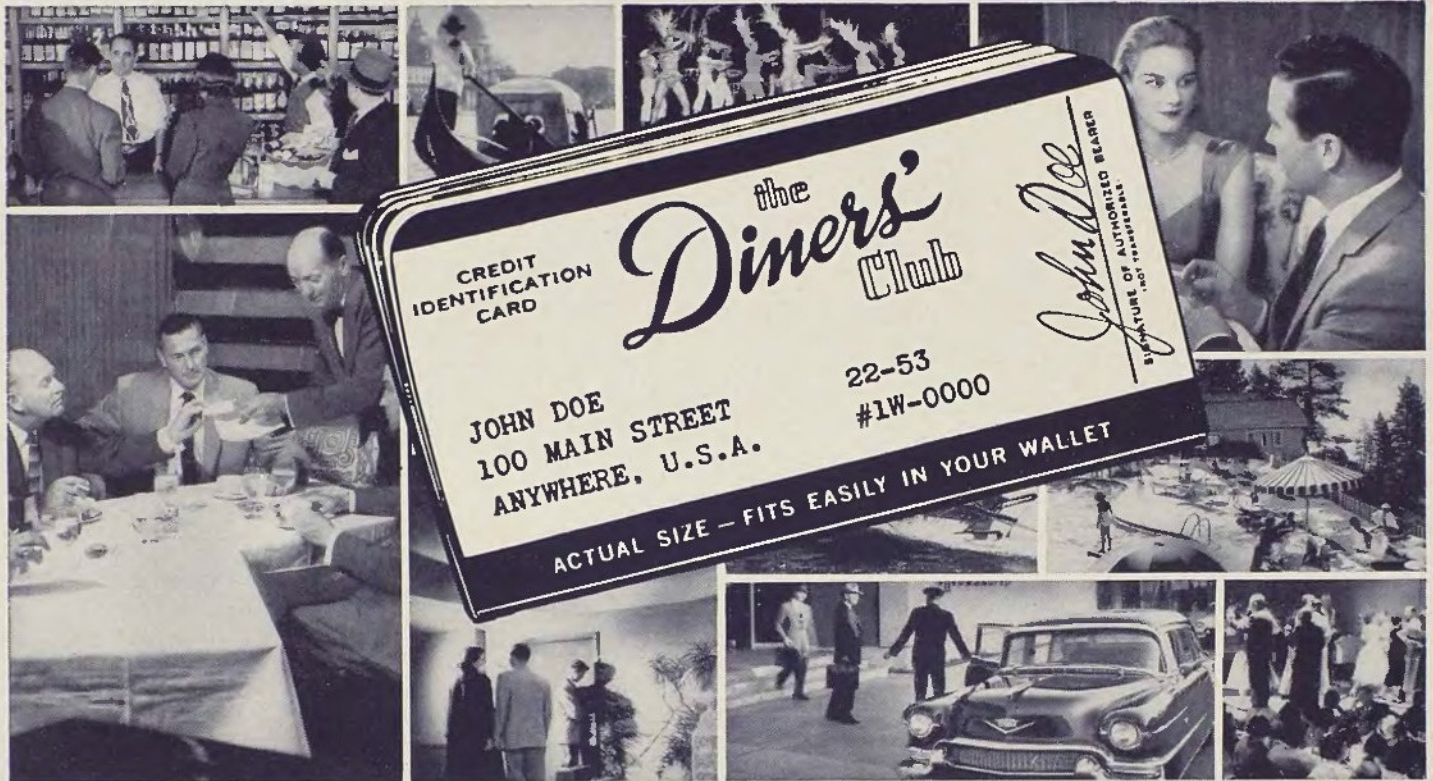
It's a damned rare occasion when a story is good enough to jog this type-writer to a letter of praise; it's rarer still that an illustration is. So cheers all the way up the line: (1) To Zeke Ziner for the really superb illustration for *Lover of the Coral Glades*. (Few people do such fine work.); (2) Louder cheers for art director Arthur Paul. (If few people do such fine work, there are even fewer who have the good sense to buy it, even when they see it.); (3) And lastly, to you, who had the judgment to hire Paul, who had the taste to buy from Ziner, who had . . .

Don Berry
Portland, Oregon



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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



books

A passle of men have come along with a passle of books concerning the arts of the gullet, and the season of cold days and long nights seems a good time to report on them. Accordingly, we spent a couple of jolly weekends cooking, eating and drinking—all in the line of work, of course—and can report that the following merit your attention:

Frank Schoonmaker, international authority on the vintner's art, combines his expertise on this heady subject with his past experience as a travel writer to give us, in layman's lingo, a thorough exegesis of *The Wines of Germany* (Hastings House, \$3.50), a book which can turn the veriest Coke drinker into a connoisseur, if he will but dally with it long enough. More importantly, the wine drinker who wants to know the origins, properties, quality and lore of the Teutonic nectars will find this guided tour valuably instructive, particularly the section on how to buy and store these wines. . . . Patrick Gavin Duffy's bibbers' bible, *The Official Mixer's Manual* (Garden City, \$2.50) has been revised and enlarged by James A. Beard, and a handsome, handy Baedeker of barmanship it is. Twelve hundred potions, potations and decoctions are authoritatively anatomized, and the up-to-dateness and fearlessness of this tippler's Hoyle is attested by the recipe for Martini-on-the-rocks, which calls for only a couple of dashes of Vermouth to go with the ice and gin. There's a new section on wines, too, and a vintage chart by Frank Schoonmaker.

Some years ago, Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings delighted her readers with *Cross Creek Cookery*, a celebration of

her Florida stamping ground, her garden, her cuisine and her friends, with regional recipes sprinkled throughout. Now Edward Harris Heth, previously known to most of us as a novelist, does much the same thing (and quite as felicitously) for his native Wisconsin's good earth, good neighbors and good eating. His title, *The Wonderful World of Cooking* (Simon & Schuster, \$3.95) doesn't do this delightful chronicle of four seasons of bucolic gustation and healthy sensuality justice, but it does correctly suggest that there are solid ranks of ambrosial recipes to be sampled, quite a few to be found nowhere else. . . . Peter Gray's *The Mistress Cook* (Oxford, \$6.50) is, we suppose, a cook book by definition, but it bears about as much relationship to those useful tomes as epic poetry does to nursery rhymes. For this is a book to read for pleasure and edification, as well as straightforward instruction. Gray, besides being a distinguished scientist, is a gourmet's gourmet and a hell of a delightful writer to boot. His dissertations on menu planning in terms of flavor contrasts (pungent, smooth, dry, aromatic), his disquisitions on herbs and spices, his layman's guide to menu French, are not only delightful reading but provide basic information we've never seen expounded elsewhere. The recipes themselves are gourmet-purist masterpieces.

It is entirely possible to be a pretty good reporter and a pretty bad writer, but the reverse of this is impossible: a writer is primarily a reporter; and he is other things—poet, wit, philosopher—only secondarily. And so we have Truman Capote—delicate delineator of murky, omnisexual mysticism—reporting clearly yet comically the adventures of a *Porgy and Bess* troupe in the U.S.S.R. in a book that takes its title from the words of a Soviet Ministry of

Culture official: "When the cannons are heard, the muses are silent; when the cannons are silent, *The Muses Are Heard*" (Random House, \$3). We see, through Capote's eyes, a young Russian reach hungrily for an offered stack of U.S. paperbacks, only to break away, mumbling, "I have not the time"; a cast member boning up on Russian from an old Army handbook ("*Aw-ga-nih-ra ra-neen v-pa-laviih-ye*: I have been wounded in the privates"); Soviet *haute cuisine* (yogurt and raspberry soda); a slang-slinging Russky named Josef "Call Me Joe" Adamov ("Gimme a buzz you come to Moscow, you wanta meet some cute kids") and much more—including Capote's fellow reporters, Leonard (*New York Post*) Lyons and Ira (*Reader's Digest*) Wolfert, who, by dint of Mr. C's merciless reporting of their words and deeds, come across like a pair of prize jackasses. It's a fascinating book.

The Day the Money Stopped (Doubleday, \$3.75) by Brendan Gill is the kind of plotless novel in which discerning characterizations and brittle, incisive, sophisticated dialogue constitute reader appeal in lieu of a story. A rattling of skeletons is heard as family members gather for a reading of their wealthy father's will. The wastrel son who has been cut off without a cent slugs it out with his pompous stuffed-shirt brother and in the process much of the dirty family linen is washed. There is also a pretty secretary who works for the stuffed shirt and is intrigued by the black sheep. Every sentence is polished to a high gloss, phrases are twisted and turned with admirable skill, and the mordant irony that makes stuffed-shirt righteousness seem laughable and wasteful licentiousness seem admirable is extremely amusing. The detergent effect of the dialogue makes the dirty linen sparkle indeed.

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Since its publication in 1955, *The Encyclopedia of Jazz* (Horizon, \$10) by PLAYBOY's Jazz Editor Leonard Feather has attained the status of Scripture among those with a bent toward the jazzological arts. Cannily, Feather and publishers have decided to issue an annual *Encyclopedia Yearbook of Jazz* (Horizon, \$3.95) to take up the yearly slack and add some new features as well. The '56 *Yearbook* is brimming with fresh facts and figures: 150 biographies of come-lately jazzmen (the original *Encyclopedia* gave 1065 bios of the standard cats), a knowledgeable take-out on what's happening in jazz, a musician's musician poll (that tabs closely with the results of PLAYBOY's own readers' poll, see page 19 of this issue), a listing of the best LPs of the year, and much, much more absorbing, swinging information. You'll be hearing from this hip, versatile musicologist in the upcoming pages of PLAYBOY.



theatre

It would sound a little silly to say that a new star is born with *Bells Are Ringing*. Judy Holliday was a star when she left Broadway for Hollywood seven years ago, following a triumphant three-year run in *Born Yesterday*. She is still one of the most delightful comediennes of stage or screen, but for her return to Broadway she has added a little something that Tinseltown never saw. The prodigal dumb-dora hoofs a bit, now; and she can put over a song — sentimental or saucy — with the best of them.

Betty Comden and Adolph Green have fashioned her a libretto that fits like a leopard. Judy is the pretty girl with the heart of gold who presides over the switchboard of a telephone answering service. All of Judy's customers seem to have troubles of one kind or another, and her off-hours are spent in an anonymous attempt to set them right. Her prime project is Sydney Chaplin (Charlie's kid), who makes an enviable Broadway debut as the sort of playwright who has more confidence in a bottle than he has in his typewriter. Unhappily, the plot gets involved with bookies and race track hoodlums from time to time, and it may strike you as the same old jazz. But there is always Judy Holliday. Wait until you hear her put the audience in her pocket with a burlesque blues number called *I'm Going Back*. At the Shubert, 225 W. 44th.

The measure of Ethel Merman's popularity is the record-breaking \$1,500,000 advance sale that preceded *Happy Hunting* into the Majestic Theatre, 245 W. 44th. The measure of her talent is that without its star, her new show would be

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a minor catastrophe. Collaborators Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse started off with the happy idea of casting Ethel Merman as a wealthy Philadelphia widow who goes to Monaco to see one of the home-town Kelly girls marry a Prince. By some oversight she is snubbed, and the widow plots a glorious revenge. She will rival the Rainier affair by marrying *her* daughter (Virginia Gibbons) to the nearest available nobility: the impecunious but handsome Duke of Granada (Fernando Lamas). At this point parody goes by the boards and Abe Burrows finds himself directing a pretty pedestrian piece. However, Ethel is omnipresent to pump oxygen when the plot threatens to asphyxiate us all.



dining
drinking

Candlelight gleaming on paneled walls, pewter mugs, ancient maps — and on the table a *dish of escallop'd York River Oysters*: you're back somewhere in the hushed graciousness of the 18th Century (complete with huge napkin tied around your neck by costumed waiter) at the dexterously reconstructed King's Arms Tavern in Williamsburg, Va. President Washington dined here, of course, and if you intend to follow his example, we suggest you reserve a table ahead of time — for lunch between 12:30 and 2:30, or dinner between 6:00 and 8:00. The original Brunswick Stew served is a culinary pearl, and makes a memorable at-home dinner for eight jaded palates: start with six pounds of fresh chicken cut in pieces, cook slowly (remember: a stew boiled is a stew spoiled) for 2½ hours in a gallon of distilled water; bone and dice the pieces and drop them back in the broth, along with 2 cups of lima beans, 4 cups of chopped and peeled tomatoes, 2 sliced onions, 2 cups of chopped okra, 4 diced medium potatoes; season with 2 teaspoons salt, ½ teaspoon fresh-ground pepper and 1 tablespoon sugar; simmer about an hour, and stir from time to time; toward the end, dump in four cups of fresh corn-off-the-cob. Serve with several frosty bottles of champagne or an intelligent Chablis.



records

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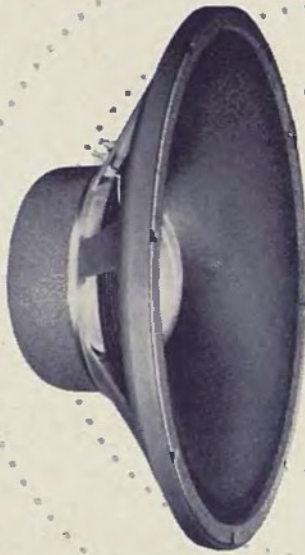
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that cigar without striking a light," sings stringy-voiced Oscar Brand on one of 17 rowdy *American Drinking Songs* (Riverside 12-630); while erstwhile gospel singer Ed McCurdy is given to Elizabethan exhortations like "Let her face be fair, let her breasts be bare, And a voice let her have that can warble; Let her belly be soft, but to mount me aloft. Let her bounding buttocks be marble" on a disc called *When Dalliance Was in Flower and Maidens Lost Their Heads* (Elektra 110), a collection of transparently-veiled phallic ballads, grown respectable and recordable by virtue of their antiquity. A better disc, however, from the standpoints of liveliness, tunefulness and variety, is *A Young Man and a Maid* (Elektra 109), on which cosmopolitan stage-and-screen actor Theodore Bikel joins up with Cynthia Gooding to sing songs of love in English, French, Mexican, Yiddish, Slavic and Russian: old favorites like *Greensleeves* and *Auprès de Ma Blonde* are here, as well as a lot of less familiar ditties which we thought top-drawer listening. A disquieting, though minor, feature of both Elektra liners are drawings by one W. S. Harvey which are, in part, out-and-out swipes from Steele Savage's *Decameron* illustrations.

Got your math books handy? OK, men, here's a problem in arithmetic. Some years ago a group of Aussies got together and founded the Australian Jazz Quartet. Recently, they added a new member (Jimmy Gannon, bass) and became the Quintet. Now we add a new record to our collection called *At the Varsity Drag* (Bethlehem 6012) which, it sez, is played by the Australian Jazz Quintet—but now they've got a sixth guy (Frankie Capp, drums) to relieve Jack Brokensha, who played drums with the original Quartet, so now he can play vibes in the new (or six-man) Quintet. First man with the right answer gets a kangaroo-on-rye. As for the record, it's an excellent sampling of the kind of modern-orchestrated cool swinging that warms you through and through, exemplary examples being two ditties called *Koala* and *New South Wail*.

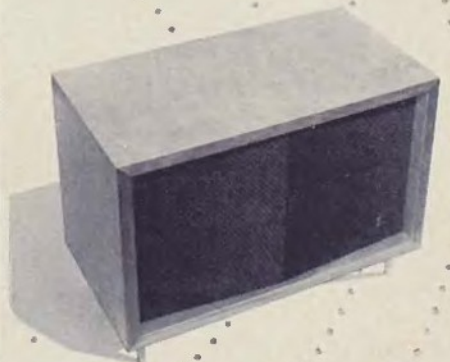
"Relentless logic" are words commentator Edward Jablonski uses in describing Bartók's *Music for Strings, Percussion and Celesta* (Decca DL 9747), and we'd have a tough time bettering that, for assuredly the musical ideas of the late Hungarian move like juggernauts through this piece, giving no quarter, asking none, eschewing ornament, having no truck with sidepaths, hewing cleanly and clearly to their austere purpose. Flip the biscuit and there's more Bartók—less relentless but no less bracing—in the shape of a six-movement *Dance Suite* that has a lot more



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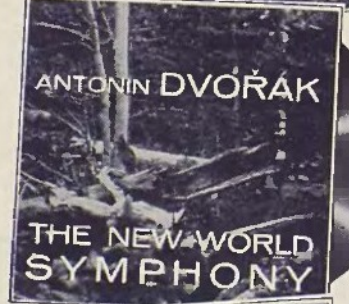
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guts and sinew than its wan title might connote. Both pieces—modern, astringent, unsentimental, but *music*—are played feverishly (that's good) by the RIAS Symphony Orchestra of Berlin under Ferenc Fricsay.

We hadn't heard a Peggy Lee LP in several fortnights, and had nearly forgotten what persuasive pipes she has. On *Black Coffee* (Decca DL 8358) Peg dissolves deliciously in sad, sad laments like *When the World Was Young* and *I've Got You Under My Skin* delivered with a catchy, crinkling twist not unlike Billie at her best. On the up-tempo tunes Peggy swings like no one but Peggy with the aid of an intelligent quartet in the background and *Coffee* is first-rate listening any time you feel the need . . . Capitol is dishing out Frank Sinatra discs with a speed that befits the No. 1 male vocalist in the country. Frank's latest is *This is Sinatra* (T768), a cluster of fairly recent jukebox and movie ditties like *Learnin' the Blues*, *Love is the Tender Trap* and *I've Got the World on a String*. Conclusion: a thoroughly commercial offering of unmemorable melodies done to a turn by a high-flying Frank . . . Chris Connor, who doesn't sing a lyric as much as ponder it, gets gloomy as all get-out on *He Loves Me, He Loves Me Not* (Atlantic 1240). The tunes are all concerned with amour that hasn't the slightest chance of being requited; Chris knows it and wails her heart out in her fashionably flat and throaty fashion which is sure to gas the faithful, among whom we unashamedly count ourselves.



films

"I'm neither a wife nor a mother," wails Judy Holliday to husband Richard Conte who is responsible for the circumstantial limbo of her eight-month pregnancy. This is *Full of Life*, a full-of-laugh domestic comedy which finally gives a real vitality to that anemic category of films which is usually filled with limp, wearisome husband-wife spats and the scatterbrained nonsense now associated with *I Love Lucy*. It has a genuinely tender, literate script by John Fante overflowing with warm good humor about the problems of childbearing, particularly how to prepare the home (and the husband) for the advent of the little stranger. Biggest surprise: Judy, who has dominated every film and play she's been in (see Theatre), gives Met opera star Salvatore Baccaloni tacit permission to upstage her at every opportunity. As her Italian father-in-law, a huge, burly stonemason, Baccaloni is a

roguish, scene-stealing riot, roaring disapproval in a foundation-shaking basso profundo at his son's disinterest in impending paternity, going off on a wine toot, wrecking the couple's stucco house so that he can build them a stone fireplace, and affectionately admonishing Judy for not planning to give her future child a religious upbringing. Baccaloni's outspoken, likeable lug nets him acting honors second only to Judy's.

In *Woman of Rome*, Gina Lollobrigida as an appetizing whore d'oeuvre takes sex-potluck with a chauffeur, a Fascist official, a murderer and a young reactionary all from Alberto Moravia's best-selling novel about the world's oldest profession in the slums of the Eternal City, 1935. Gina's genius, displayed occasionally in stylish undress and always in a completely believable performance of a wronged girl not bothering to right herself, rescues the Italian import from being a cliché-rife homily on the wages of sin.

Elia Kazan. Karl Malden. Eli Wallach. Attach these nimble stagecraftsmen to an original screenplay by Tennessee Williams (essentially a reworking of two one-act plays, *Twenty Wagons Full of Cotton*, 1945, and *An Unsatisfactory Supper*, 1955); toss in a title-role performance by a sharp young newcomer (Carroll Baker) capable of treading the tenuous line between a girl's naïveté and a woman's animal charm; and you have the wherewithal for a dramatic smash. *Baby Doll* is just that. It is the painfully personal story of a fast-aging, middle-class Mississippian (played by bulbous-beaked Malden) faced with two hopeless, cotton-pickin' tasks: to make a going business out of his dilapidated cotton gin and to make his child bride (Miss Baker) agree to sample the Simmons with him. Under a ban from her dead pappy, the girl vows to remain a virgin until she "feels ready for marriage" in the physical sense, and cunningly uses this come-on to gather material comforts from the practically resourceless old duffer. Driven to violence by her increasing demands, he burns down a competing gin supervised by a tempestuous Sicilian (Wallach) in a last-ditch effort to bolster his own sagging economy. Wallach, hell-bent on establishing the arsonist's identity, first puts Malden out of business and later gives him suspicions that he has succeeded with the virgin kewpie in one afternoon where Malden has flopped in a year of frustration. Malden's nemesis—and this is the essence of the tragedy—is his own oafish ineptitude, which prompts him to go berserk in a pitiful but fascinating conclusion.



A SECOND FATHER

he was everything a boy idolizes, but idols sometimes have feet of clay



Mrs. SAMUELS was interviewing a new chauffeur when Chris came in from school.

"Hello, Mommy." He kissed her, dutifully, on the cheek and she cuddled him a moment, asking him the automatic question, How was school today? Then she told him to run along and play, she was very busy now.

"Is Daddy going to take me to the ball game tonight?"

His mother smiled politely at the applicant chauffeur to forgive the interruption.

To Chris she said: "I'm sure Daddy will do his best, dear."

"Well he promised . . ."

"Yes, I know, but—" Chris' father was the head of a film studio, a job that seemed to consist of an endless series of "conferences" running on into the night. He was always promising Chris things that had to be called off at the last minute because he was "tied up." Mrs. Samuels did her best to explain this to Chris but it was difficult for Chris to understand. Why couldn't his Dad simply say, "Look, people, I have to end this conference in 10 minutes. I have a date to take my son to Gilmore Stadium." Why couldn't it be as simple as that?

"But he did promise," Chris said again.

"Chris, I'm busy now."

"You like ball games, sonny?" asked the man talking to his mother.

Chris turned and looked at him. He was a square-jawed, ruddy complexioned, well-built fellow with black curly hair. He was smiling at Chris an unusually warm and winning smile that immediately communicated something important to Chris. The man likes me, he thought. Grown-ups from the picture studio were always telling Chris what a wonderful man his father was and how they hoped Chris would grow up to be just like him. Usually they said this with a little, fond pat on Chris' shoulder, but the 10-year-old boy was never completely sure they liked him.

"Chris loves to go with his father to fights and ball games," his mother answered for him. "Of course his father is terribly busy, so—"

"When I was a kid I used to watch 'em play almost every day," said this stranger who liked Chris. "Of course I never had money for a ticket. I got awfully good at climbing those telephone poles."

He laughed easily, the skin crinkling around his eyes in straight lines like the sunrays in Chris' drawings. Chris always felt like laughing when other people laughed. Chris' mother smiled indulgently, something in her manner saying, And now let us get back to business.

"You say you have no references here in Los Angeles?"

"No, ma'm. I've been with a family in Westchester, New York, for the past three years, ma'm. I did all their driving and filled in as a butler for their parties. I even used to give Mr. Hawthorne a rubdown on Saturdays. I've been a physical education instructor." Then he turned toward Chris and said for his benefit, "I even did a little professional boxing when I was a kid."

Chris noticed that the man's nose was slightly dented about two-thirds down the bridge. Chris liked the way it looked. It made the man look tough and formidable and yet he was handsome and had a gay smile.

"What's your name?" Chris asked the man suddenly.

"James," the man said, "James H. Campbell. H for Hercules. I weighed 14-and-a-half pounds when I was born."

"Are you going to be our new chauffeur?"

James smiled. "That's up to your mother, young man."

"I hope so," Chris said.

The chauffeur grinned. "Thank you." He turned to Mrs. Samuels. "I like kids. We always get along fine."

Chris went over to his mother. "You are going to make him our new chauffeur, aren't you, Mommy?"

Mrs. Samuels' expression was one of gracious embarrassment.

"Now, Chris, will you please go out and play and let me finish this interview."

That evening, as Chris had feared, his father called from the studio just before dinner to say how sorry he was that the Catherine the Great script had hit a snag and it looked as if he was going to be tied up with the writers for hours. They were blocking out an entirely new final sequence. He hated to disappoint Chris about the ball game but he would take him to the next L.A.-Hollywood game a week from Saturday. That was a

a new novelette BY BUDD SCHULBERG



"Jeez, get a load of the little prince," sneered Iggy.

promise.

Chris went up to his room and slammed the door. It wasn't fair. He went back to the door, opened it and slammed it again. When he heard his mother coming he threw himself on his bed and started to cry loudly. His mother was not sure whether to scold him for slamming the door or sympathize with him in his disappointment.

"Chrissy, you mustn't give in to your temper like that. Daddy works very hard for you. He can't help it if he has to work so hard."

Chris gulped back his sobs.

"Is James coming back, Mommy?"

"James?"

"The new chauffeur you were talking to."

"Oh, the chauffeur. Well, I don't know. I also talked to a Japanese boy."

"Please, Mommy. I want James."

Mrs. Samuels looked at her only son, a tow-haired, rather frail child who, in the opinion of his father, needed to be toughened up. One trouble was that Sol Samuels was much too busy to do anything about it and Alma Samuels liked his being "poetic" and soulful. She was always saying how sensitive he was.

"Chris, if James doesn't work out, well, I don't like to see you disappointed."

"Oh, Mom, I know he will, he's so nice."

Sol really should make a little more of an effort when he promises him these baseball games, Mrs. Samuels was thinking. "All right," she said. "We'll try him. Just try him, you understand." She fondled the back of Chris' head. "Wait 'til I tell your father that you're hiring the chauffeurs now."

James moved into the chauffeur's room above the garage that Sunday evening. Next morning Chris was up especially early so he'd have a chance to talk to James before school. One trouble with his father was that he never got up until after Chris had gone to school. That way days, even whole weeks, would go by without their seeing each other. Mr. Samuels was always explaining how sorry he felt about this and Chris was always saying that he understood. "He does understand," his mother would say proudly. "He's more understanding than a lot of grown-ups I know." Such praise made Chris uncomfortable and he didn't know why.

On Monday morning Chris bolted his breakfast so recklessly that Winnie, the mulatto maid, warned him against indigestion. Chris gulped down his milk ("so you'll have nice strong bones") and hurried out to the garage. James was already at work, stripped to his undershirt, washing the town car.

"Hi, Chris," James said, as he hosed down the glossy maroon hood of the

long special-body Lincoln.

Chris liked the way the new chauffeur called him Chris right away. Not *sonny* or *lad* or *buster* or any of those drippy names the others had used. Chris stood as close as he could to James without getting wet, and watched in fascination the way the colored pictures on the chauffeur's arms rippled into life as he worked his muscles. On his left arm was a picture of a woman without any clothes on, identified in purple letters as Jo-Ann. On his right arm was an American flag and curving around it was a M-O-T-H-E-R. Chris had never seen anything like that before. Everything about this new chauffeur was big and strong and different and fascinating.

"You've got pictures on your arm," Chris said.

James raised his hand modestly to shield the figure of Jo-Ann.

"That's right. I've had 'em on so long I forgot all about 'em."

"Don't they come off when you take a bath?"

James explained the principle of tattooing to Chris.

"Little needles? Don't they hurt a lot?"

"Sure they do. But we just grit our teeth and take it like a man. I'll bet you don't cry when you get hurt, do you, Chris?"

Chris had a tendency to cry more than he should at going-on-11. ("I don't know why he should be such a nervous child," his mother would say.) But now he said, "I hardly ever cry."

"That's a boy," said James. "Here, hold this hose a minute. I'll go put my shirt on."

No one had ever asked Chris to help wash the cars before. It is hard to explain how important you can feel when you aren't quite 11 and are trusted to hold a hose in your hand. If you stand too close to the car the water bounces back and splatters you. If you hold the hose too high the stream of water misses the car entirely and soaks the roadster and the tools in the garage. You have to do it just right.

In a few moments James was back with his uniform jacket on. It buttoned tight at the neck line like a dress marine uniform and James wore it very well. "Thanks, Chris," he said, taking the hose, "you did a nice job. Now you can turn the water off."

Chris hastened to obey. James winked at him. "I can see you're going to be a big help to me."

"I'll help you wash the cars every day," Chris said proudly.

One of the big problems in Chris' life was having to be driven to school in the town car. Sol Samuels, in a burst of democratic expression, had insisted that Chris go to the large public school bridging the exclusive Windsor Square section

and the plebeian neighborhoods toward Western Avenue. The school reflected southern California's cultural overlapping, for there were Mexicans, Japanese and Negroes as well as white children whose fathers were not heads or even assistant heads of movie studios. "I don't want Chris to get any false ideas about people," Mr. Samuels would lecture. "After all we came from New York's lower East Side. Our parents were driven out of Europe. And I try to make pictures for average people, that everybody can enjoy. I never want Chris to grow up a snob, and the best way to check that is to keep him in touch with the people."

A noble speech, but, as in many of us, there were inconsistencies in Sol Samuels. On the wave of a magnificent bonus from the company, following a particularly profitable series of pictures, he had brought home the most remarkable automobile Chris had ever seen. Instead of having a long, sleek body like any ordinary expensive limousine, this one had a body like an old-fashioned royal coach crisscrossed in gold petit point. It was an authentic 18th Century coach down to the smallest detail, with elaborate coach lights in gold, and gold-plated door handles. The chauffeur sat out in front under a canopy like a coachman. There was no worse torture, in Chris' mind, than being driven to school in that outlandish car. The only way he could manage it at all was to flatten himself on the floor so no one could see him through the small oval side-windows. Then he would insist on stopping down the block and across the street from the school entrance. There he would crawl out onto the sidewalk on his hands and knees, like a soldier in enemy country, then jump up suddenly and quickly walk away from the motorized monstrosity, as if he and it were total strangers.

James didn't understand what Chris was doing that first morning when he saw him pressing himself against the floor of the coach. He laughed when Chris tried to explain it to him. "If I had a buggy like this I'd be proud of it," he said. "Your old man made all this money because he had brains. Why should you be ashamed of that?"

It had something to do with not wanting to be special, Chris knew, but he couldn't explain it very well. On the way home James got him to come up and join him on the driver's seat, once they were far enough away from school for Chris to feel relatively safe. Chris told James how he had been teased about the car. A Mexican boy who was the best fighter in the class had called him "Meester Reech Beech." Had Chris told him to shut up and mind his own beeswax? James wanted to know. The

(continued on page 26)

readers dig hot and cool, progressive and bop, in playboy's first jazz poll

THE 1957 PLAYBOY ALL-STARS

jazz



BENNY GOODMAN, clarinet

SHELLY MANNE, drums



ALL THE CATS JOINED IN to make the first annual PLAYBOY JAZZ POLL the biggest, most successful popularity poll ever conducted in the field of jazz music. The last of the more than 20,000 ballots are in and the more than 430,000 individual votes have been counted. The winners, selected by readers for the 1957 PLAYBOY ALL-STAR JAZZ BAND, are a real Who's Who of jazzdom.

Stan Kenton, who has done as much to popularize jazz as any other man in America, is the readers' overwhelming choice for leader, and a number of

musicians identified with early Kenton bands place high in the voting.

The readers' choices for the **PLAYBOY ALL-STAR** trumpet section represent a real cross-section of the jazz scene: the first chair goes to Louis "Satchmo" Armstrong, born in New Orleans at the turn of the century along with the music itself, and more popular than ever in his 57th year; in the sharpest possible contrast, the second seat goes to boyish Chet Baker, just turned 27, and a leading exponent of the cool school; the third chair belongs to Dizzy Gillespie, he of the upswept horn, and the recognized baron of bop; the fourth seat goes to



CHET BAKER, second trumpet



DIZZY GILLESPIE, third trumpet

STAN KENTON, leader



J. J. JOHNSON, first trombone



SHORTY ROGERS, fourth trumpet



JACK TEAGARDEN, third trombone





BOB BROOKMEYER,
fourth trombone



KAI WINDING,
second trombone

LOUIS ARMSTRONG, first trumpet



GERRY MULLIGAN, baritone sax



LIONEL HAMPTON, vibes



PAUL DESMOND, first alto sax



RAY BROWN, bass

DAVE BRUBECK QUARTET, instrumental combo



DAVE BRUBECK, piano

CHARLIE VENTURA, second tenor sax

BUD SHANK, second alto sax





FRANK SINATRA, male vocalist

FOUR FRESHMEN, vocal group



ELIA FITZGERALD, female vocalist



BARNEY KESSEL, guitar



STAN GETZ, first tenor sax

Shorty Rogers, who in addition to his swinging trumpet style was responsible for many of the best arrangements for the Herman and Kenton bands in the late Forties and early Fifties.

The four winners in the trombone section bring trammes J. J. Johnson and Kai Winding back together, with old-style dixielander Jack "Big T" Teagarden and young Bob Brookmeyer (like Baker, just 27 this past December) filling in the third and fourth chairs.

The sax section has Paul Desmond, of the Dave Brubeck Quartet, and Bud Shank, associated with Kenton and with Howard Rumsey's Lighthouse All Stars, on alto; Stan Getz, described by *PLAYBOY* Jazz Editor Leonard Feather in his *Encyclopedia of Jazz* as "a sound style-setter in the post-bop 'cool' era," captures the first tenor spot, with Charlie Ventura taking the second; Gerry Mulligan, whose cool combos have included poll winners Chet Baker and Bob Brookmeyer, takes the baritone sax spot with the largest number of votes given any nominee.

Benny Goodman, the king of swing, has retained his popularity through all

the phases of jazz that have followed since the big band Thirties, and walks off with clarinet honors.

Dave Brubeck is sitting in at the piano with the 1957 PLAYBOY ALL-STAR BAND; Barney Kessel, with the Oscar Peterson Trio in '52-'3, wins the guitar spot by a good margin; Ray Brown, with Peterson since '51, slides into first bass just a bit ahead of Oscar Pettiford. Shelly Manne beats out Gene Krupa as the band's drummer, and Lionel Hampton and his vibes take the miscellaneous instrument category in an up-tempo breeze.

A band requires vocalists and the 1957 PLAYBOY ALL-STARS have the best: Frank Sinatra and Ella Fitzgerald. Frank, top pop vocalist for more than a decade, has never sounded better or been more popular and he receives almost as many votes as all other male singers combined; Ella, for many years the favorite canary of a majority of jazz musicians, ran into unexpectedly stiff competition from ex-Kenton chirper June Christy, but finishes first. Backing Frank and Ella in the vocal department are the Four Freshmen, a Kenton discovery, and the readers' favorite jazz vocal group. In addition to placing Dave Brubeck and Paul Desmond on the ALL-STAR band, PLAYBOY's readers pick the Dave Brubeck Quartet as their favorite instrumental combo, to perform with the larger group.

Two jazz immortals, Art Tatum and Tommy Dorsey, died during the poll, but their votes are included in the listing. In accordance with the rules of the first annual PLAYBOY JAZZ POLL, only votes entered on the official jazz poll ballot in the October issue and postmarked before midnight, November 15th, were counted. In an unprecedented move to assure the authenticity of the poll's results, all ballot envelopes were turned over, unopened, to representatives of Arthur Pos & Co., certified public accountants, who supervised the tabulating and verified the final count. Votes were entered on punch cards and then tabulated electronically by IBM. The final results follow, with the top 15 listed in each category.

Norman Weiser, ex-publisher of *Down Beat*, and in charge of Special Projects for PLAYBOY, has supervised this first annual jazz poll and is now meeting with jazz impresario Norman Granz, famous for his *Jazz at the Philharmonic* series, who will produce a PLAYBOY ALL-STAR concert and LP. The possibility of a TV spectacular is also under discussion.

LEADER

Stan Kenton	5,485
Count Basie	2,147
Louis Armstrong	1,981
Duke Ellington	1,554
Benny Goodman	1,445
Dave Brubeck	1,183
Shorty Rogers	883

Woody Herman	549
Tommy Dorsey—Jimmy Dorsey...	503
Gerry Mulligan	480
Leonard Bernstein	395
Dizzy Gillespie	347
John Lewis	267
J. J. Johnson—Kai Winding.....	243
Chico Hamilton	197

TRUMPET

Louis Armstrong	8,722
Chet Baker	7,861
Dizzy Gillespie	7,810
Shorty Rogers	6,843
Bobby Hackett	6,666
Maynard Ferguson	5,285
Roy Eldridge	4,823
Miles Davis	4,181
Buck Clayton	2,782
Charlie Shavers	2,322
Ruby Braff	1,016
Joe Newman	1,013
Don Elliott	1,012
Bob Scobey	935
Thad Jones	698

TROMBONE

J. J. Johnson	8,048
Kai Winding	6,330
Jack Teagarden	5,069
Bob Brookmeyer	4,236
Frank Rosolino	3,153
Milt Bernhart	2,843
Trummy Young	2,812
Turk Murphy	2,429
Bill Harris	2,403
Bennie Green	1,732
Carl Fontana	1,484
Urbie Green	1,471
Jimmy Cleveland	1,053
Wilbur DeParis	922
Benny Powell	822

ALTO SAX

Paul Desmond	7,361
Bud Shank	4,780
Johnny Hodges	4,530
Lee Konitz	4,000
Benny Carter	2,211
Sonny Stitt	2,040
Julian "Cannonball" Adderley...	1,849
Lennie Niehaus	1,056
Herb Geller	874
Boyce Brown	682
Earl Warren	514
Phil Woods	512
Gigi Gryce	427
Frank Morgan	414
John LaPorta	369

TENOR SAX

Stan Getz	8,820
Charlie Ventura	3,007
Lester Young	2,951
Coleman Hawkins	2,440
Georgie Auld	2,279
Zoot Sims	1,816
Flip Phillips	1,787
Illinois Jacquet	1,721
Bud Freeman	1,266
Al Cohn	1,052
Bill Perkins	881
Sonny Stitt	627

Buddy Tate	620
Buddy Arnold	594
Richie Kamuca	574

BARITONE SAX

Gerry Mulligan	10,621
Harry Carney	1,171
Bud Shank	1,104
Al Cohn	1,053
Jimmy Giuffre	841
Serge Chaloff	627
Pepper Adams	497
Ernie Caceres	455
Cecil Payne	296
Jack Washington	291
Joe Rushton	274
Charlie Fowlkes	250
Marty Flax	245
George Barrow	238
Sahib Shibab	177

CLARINET

Benny Goodman	7,755
Buddy DeFranco	4,744
Jimmy Giuffre	1,492
Tony Scott	947
Matty Matlock	799
Buddy Collette	796
Pee Wee Russell	567
Edmond Hall	515
Jimmy Hamilton	292
Tony Parenti	179
Peanuts Hucko	172
John LaPorta	161
Omer Simeon	123
Ové Lind	66
Rolf Kuhn	61

PIANO

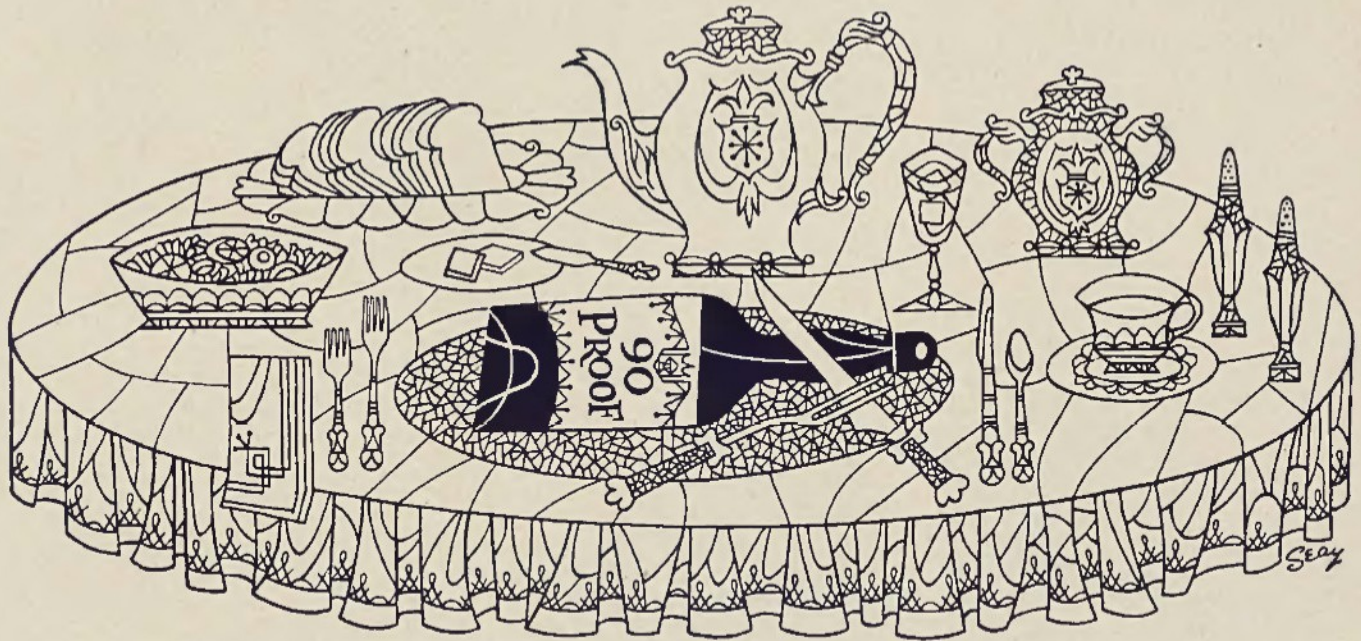
Dave Brubeck	4,195
Erroll Garner	2,209
George Shearing	1,978
Count Basie	1,819
Oscar Peterson	1,799
Art Tatum	1,018
Teddy Wilson	955
Hampton Hawes	503
Bud Powell	442
Billy Taylor	322
Russ Freeman	321
John Lewis	301
Earl Hines	297
Thelonious Monk	274
Barbara Carroll	269

GUITAR

Barney Kessel	4,104
Sal Salvador	2,323
Bo Diddly	1,537
Herb Ellis	1,372
Laurindo Almeida	1,334
Tal Farlow	1,073
Freddie Green	966
Johnny Smith	899
George Barnes	558
Mundell Lowe	477
Skeeter Best	449
Chuck Wayne	422
Dick Garcia	363
Jimmy Raney	332
Jim Hall	277

(continued on page 69)

MAKE MINE MULLIGATAWNY!



when soup is on the rocks, can filet of vodka be far behind?

WITH ALL DUE RESPECT to the discovery of fire, bottle enthusiasts everywhere agree that civilization didn't really get started until the first batch of mash began to ferment in the first prehistoric crock. "How else could poor, puny Man ever have survived the dinosaurs?" they ask. "What other cultural influence can account for such developments as marriage, the Leaning Tower of Pisa and non-objective art?"

Without attempting a reply, I merely wish to point out to fellow fluid fanciers that civilization as we know it is being threatened today as never before. Scarcely more than a year ago, a cloud no bigger than a copywriter's hand began to appear in the form of an advertisement for — of all things — "soup on the rocks!"

When I first read about soup-on-the-rocks, I felt pretty much as you do — as though it couldn't possibly happen to me and my loved ones. But it did.

Imagine coming home after a thirsty day at the office, to find your wife pouring cold cream-of-asparagus soup into ice-choked, double-Old Fashioned glasses.

"Here's yours," she says, handing you a glass of gooeey green liquid. "Drink it, it's delicious."

What would you do in such a case? Would you drink it, or would you de-

mur? Or would you demur and then drink it, as I did? Without wishing to appear unduly alarmist about the whole thing, I strongly suggest that you ponder these questions now, while you still have time, and decide beforehand what your attitude will be, so you won't be caught off guard, as I was.

Once you've settled the on-the-rocks issue, ask yourself if you're prepared to contribute your bit to the consumer acceptance of, say . . . mock-turtle highballs? Shrimp juleps? Chowder and tonic? Cock a leekie Cuba Libres? Borscht nogs? Chicken-noodle flips?

If your psyche responds with a resounding *No*, you'll be as depressed as I am to hear that my favorite bitters manufacturers have been plugging the use of their product to put an added zing into soup-on-the-rocks. It seems a mighty sneaky way to go about peddling bitters, but perhaps the company has its ear closer to the ground than we have. Maybe the booze *apéritif* is on the way out, and we may all live to see and savor bonded bouillabaisse and beef stew on draft.

Appalling as the idea may sound, it nevertheless stimulated me to do a little thinking. Why not switch things around a bit, and devote the cocktail hour solely

to the consumption of groceries? With two or three soups under his belt, and sirloin and vegetables to replace the nuts and tidbits, it's a cinch that no man is going to feel like arguing politics or fluoridation very long. Neither will he speak rudely to his wife, nor try to drum up a pinching acquaintance with the blonde on the hassock. It could be the saving of the American home.

"Boy, am I *nourished!*" you chuckle, as you make your way to the dinner table without any outside help. And what a dinner it turns out to be! With the food problem out of the way, you can now sit down to a banquet of beverages, that might include such gourmet delights as — Bourbon in a bowl! Purée of rye! Supreme of Scotch! Filet of vodka! Gin surprise! Rum ragout! Applejack pando-dowdy! Benedictine stuffed with brandy! And to top it all off, individual pots of strong Irish coffee!

Made your mouth water, have it? Well, there may be more to this soup-on-the-rocks thing than meets the eye. It could be the key to a brighter tomorrow. "Wait and see," is my motto. Meantime, I think I'll moscy out to the kitchen and fix myself a little snack . . .



SECOND FATHER *(continued from page 18)*

possibility of such defiance was scary to Chris. Iggy Gonzalez was the human embodiment of danger and fierceness. He was a dark, wiry boy a year or so older than the other fifth graders. And his brother Chu-Chu was the amateur featherweight champion of greater Los Angeles. Chris could think of no eventuality more destructive than being forced into physical combat with Iggy Gonzalez.

James looked Chris over carefully. Chris had thin, long arms and legs. "Growing out of himself," he had heard his mother describe it.

"Ever have any boxing lessons?" James asked.

No, Chris had gone to the Legion fights with his father, but he had never tried it himself.

"I fought a couple of semi-windups in the Legion seven, eight years ago," James said. "I was runner-up to the champ of the Pacific Fleet when I was in the Navy, where I picked up the tattoos. How about you and me putting on the gloves? I'll show you a few things that'll knock Gonzalez' head off. Then you can sit up here in front with me right up to the school door. And if anyone kids you, you tell 'em to shut up or else. Isn't that better than hiding on the floor?"

The way James said it suddenly made it sound possible. Driving home under the canopy with this formidable James at his side, Chris let his mind explore heroic possibilities. His new, powerful self was flailing away at Iggy Gonzalez until the bigger boy slumped down at Chris' feet. "You ween—I have meet my master," his former tormenter sobbed. With faultless magnanimity, Chris knelt beside his fallen foe to administer first aid. "Come on, I'll drive you home in the car. You'll be OK, after you rest up. You're a good man, Iggy, as brave as I ever fought."

The town car was pulling to the curb on Larchmont. "I'm going to stop in here right now and get you some boxing gloves," James was saying. "We'll start the first lesson this afternoon."

They squared off on the back lawn near the garage, James with a pair of huge, greasy, worn gloves and Chris with a little pair in shiny red leather. Chris was stiff with fear at the strangeness of it and James did his best to show him how to relax and how to place his feet so he'd be in balance and able to move back and forth like a dancer. He told Chris to hit him in the belly as hard as he could and Chris enjoyed hitting with all his might. James told him to turn his left toe in a little and to pivot on the right foot—"now with your body behind it"—smack!—"that's better!" Chris was enjoying the sensation of sweat oiling his body. If he kept this up he was going to have a big chest and a hard,

tight stomach like James. Wham-bang, wham-bang. "Hey, that's pretty good! I could really feel that one."

In his almost 11 years, Chris could not remember hearing anything that made him feel so effectively alive. He listened devoutly, desperately anxious to please, as James drew him into a new world where belligerence was fascinatingly linked to skill. Chris found, under James' tutelage, that he could pull his head back a few inches to avoid a punch, or deflect it with his glove. "The first thing to learn is how not to get hit." James dramatized his lesson with stirring accounts of his Navy bouts: like the time he forgot to duck and the Navy middleweight champ Jocko Kennedy knocked him cold with a haymaking right. "I was out for 10 minutes. They thought I was dead. They say you hear birdies but it's a funny thing—I heard telephone wires. You know how you hear them buzzing sometimes in the country?"

James had just told him he had had enough for a while and Chris was stretched out on the grass, listening. He had never heard anyone tell such wonderful stories. He was looking up into James' face as the chauffeur told him of his determination to fight Kennedy again. James' shipmates had lost their month's pay on him and he felt he owed it to them to turn the tables on Kennedy. On shipboard, all the way from San Diego to the Philippines, James practiced how to duck under that haymaker right, and then to bob up quickly with a left hook of his own. Day after day in the hot sun of the oriental seas James fought his imaginary battle with the fearsome Jocko Kennedy. It was like fighting Iggy Gonzalez, Chris was thinking. Was there anything more exciting in the whole world than to choose the one person you are most afraid of and then to devote yourself to a long-range careful plan for licking him? Chris lived through the days when James was preparing himself for his ordeal. The plan was to challenge Jocko formally to a rematch when the Pacific Fleet assembled in Manila Bay.

Chris was sitting up now with his arms clasped around his bony knees. His gentle face was set in an unusually serious and manly expression, as if his vicarious sharing of the chauffeur's experiences already had cut him off from his sheltered child's world.

"We better not get too cooled off," James interrupted himself. "Let's go one more round and I'll finish the story."

"Oh please, please finish it," Chris begged. He was sailing into Manila Bay, ready for Jocko Kennedy. On Sundays his father had read him Dickens and James Fenimore Cooper and it had been rather pleasant. But this wasn't listening to a story, it was being inside

a story. He and James on one side and Jocko and Iggy on the other. Chris was in training to duck Gonzalez' fiercest blows. Oh he had to beat him, he had to, in this grudge match in Manila Bay!

"James, please, finish about you and Jocko." Wham-bang—inexplicably Chris pistoned his small fists into the air. His new-found feeling of power made him laugh wildly.

"Well, the night we hit Manila we all got shore leave. And you know how the sailors are, a lot of young punks who don't know any better, they hit the bars pretty hard. Around one o'clock in the morning I was in some dive called the Yellow Dragon feeling pretty good. There was an argument in the other corner, some loud-mouth getting fresh with one of the Filipino barmaids and I look over and see my old friend Jocko Kennedy. I say 'Pipe down, Jocko, ye're rockin' the boat,' something like that. This Jocko, he bellows like a bull. Twenty shore police can't hold him when he's boozed up. I see him coming at me with a bottle. My shipmates, they say to me let's powder out of here, Jimmy, that Jocko's the toughest rough-and-tumble fighter in the Navy. All those months I been practicing to meet him in the ring where I c'n use my footwork and science, not in a dim-lit bar with a bottle. But I tell my pals, 'You clear out if you want to, I ain't afraid of no man, bottle or no bottle.' The boys back away to give me fighting room. Jocko comes at me swinging the bottle at my head. I do just what I been practicing on shipboard. I duck and then bob up quick and put everything I have into a left hook to the jaw. I follow it up with a right cross as he's going down. Jocko Kennedy is through for the night. His jaw is broken and he's still in sick bay when his ship pulls out."

There was a long, delicious silence as Chris saw himself in the smoky haze of the Yellow Dragon looking on in nonchalant curiosity as Iggy Gonzalez was being carried out with a slack and bloody jaw.

"OK, now let's work one more round," James said and Chris jumped up and assumed the stance his mentor had taught him. "That's it, now tuck your chin in a little more, now move around and jab, snap it out, snap, snap!" Chris was feeling light on his feet and formidable. Someday he would have colored pictures on his arms and know how to do as many things as James.

Mrs. Samuels came out to find the new chauffeur and was surprised to find him sparring with her little boy. "Why, Chris, where did you get the gloves?"

Chris stopped, panting and sweating proudly. "Jimmy got them for me, Mom."

"Who?"

"Jimmy." He nodded toward his

(continued on page 30)

A Valentine Gift for Her

by Shel Silverstein and Jack Cole

While some women demand expensive gifts . . .



. . . Others are just as happy
with gifts that cost nothing.

Generally it is the *thought* that counts . . .





... In any case, always try to choose something she wouldn't go out and buy for herself.



Sometimes it is best just to give her the cash ...



Others will insist on something more personal from you.

Remember, women appreciate luxuries
rather than necessities.
Give her something she doesn't really need.



They also appreciate
personal sacrifice on
your part . . .



. . . But there are times
when an appropriate card
is sufficient.



Gene Goble

SECOND FATHER *(continued from page 26)*

friend.

"Oh, James?" Mrs. Samuels looked at the chauffeur. "I'll have Mr. Samuels reimburse you for that."

"It's my pleasure," James said, "Mrs. Samuels. It's my present to him."

"But—you hardly know him," Mrs. Samuels said.

"I wouldn't say that. We're pretty good pals already, aren't we, Chris?"

"He used to be a real fighter, Mom. He's been teaching me a lot of keen stuff. Look—watch me, watch me, Mom!"

Chris began swarming all over James, fearlessly, as James let the small punches through his guard.

"You've got a wonderful little boy here, Mrs. Samuels."

"Yes. Thank you," Mrs. Samuels said. She didn't know why the sight of them sporting like this should disturb her even mildly. Was it because it pointed up some failure on Sol's part? Or because there was a certain roughneck quality in James, under the careful chauffeur manners, that could coarsen Chris if their relationship grew too close?

"James, I'd like you to have the car out in front in 15 minutes," Mrs. Samuels said.

"Very good, madam," James said.

"Chris, you look terribly overheated. Don't you think you should go in and take a nice cool shower?"

His mother was forever telling him things in the form of questions.

"I want to stay out here with James," Chris said.

His mother stared at him. She had never heard her son speak so positively, almost rudely before.

As Mrs. Samuels returned to the house, James looked over at Chris and winked. Chris grinned. Their wink, he felt, was the beginning of an entirely new experience, of an intimacy outside of and even opposed to his mother and father.

All through his school days Chris looked forward to his boxing lesson with James. In two weeks it had become a ritual, the sparring punctuated by talks on the grass between rounds, the valorous accounts of James' fistic jousts that had begun to crowd out of Chris' mind the gallant battles of Sir Lancelot and Sir Galahad. And then there were the glorious stories of the sea, when James had hung on to the wheel of a sinking destroyer, or had to dive into the shark-infested waters of the South Pacific to save an exhausted shipmate.

When Chris' father did break away from the studio ("I'll try to break way in time," was the phrase he always used) his description of the more harrowing events of the day was frequently interrupted now by Chris' boastful reference to some singular deed of James'. "James

was the best fighter in the whole Pacific Fleet, Dad," Chris would say suddenly, interrupting his parents familiar conversation to speak his mind on a subject that seemed to him of far greater importance than all this talk-talk about making pictures.

One evening after dinner Chris' father apologized for his delinquencies as a parent and offered to make atonement by taking up Melville's *Typee* where they had left off nearly four weeks before. To his surprise, Chris said he had promised to meet "Jimmy" after dinner—Jimmy had something in his room he had promised to show Chris. Chris hurried off from the dinner table as soon as he was excused.

"What is this Jimmy business?" Sol Samuels wanted to know.

"Chris is simply wild about James," Mrs. Samuels explained. "I don't remember ever seeing him like this before."

Mr. Samuels frowned. "I wonder if it's a good idea, letting him get this chummy with that fellow. After all, we don't know very much about him."

"I wouldn't worry too much," Mrs. Samuels said. "He seems to adore Chris. And he's all the things a boy would idolize—a sailor and a fighter and—" She saw a suggestion of regret or jealousy come into her husband's eyes for a moment and she quickly added, "I'm afraid he's at an age when being an ex-fighter or even having a spectacular tattoo seems a little more important than merely being the head of a movie studio."

Sol Samuels nodded, absently, and then he sighed with an exaggerated intake of breath. "God I had a helluva day. That Gloria may bring in millions at the box office but she takes every dollar of it out of my hide."

"Those stupid, temperamental girls," Mrs. Samuels sympathized, shaking her head at a whole generation of glamorous ladies who fought each other tooth and nail for larger dressing rooms, more close-ups and better billing.

The chauffeur's room above the garage was rather small and unprepossessing but Chris entered it with a sense of wonder. It supposed a new sense of intimacy with his big friend, of entering into an almost forbidden world of adults and their strange, secret ways. Over the chauffeur's bed were three pictures of young women, two of them in bathing suits and one of them almost naked.

"That middle one is my sweetie," James said. "She works in the movies once in a while. She's an extra-girl. Maybe one of these days your old man will give her a screen test."

"I hate girls," Chris said.

"Just wait about five more years," James said.

"Oh boy, a gun," Chris said, seeing a rifle set on pegs above the door.

"That's my deer hunting rifle," James said. "One of these days I'll take you up in the Sierras and we'll get ourselves a 12-point buck."

"Can I hold it, Jimmy, please?" Chris begged.

"I don't know if your mother 'n father 'd like it."

"I won't tell them if you won't."

James grinned and roughed up Chris' curly yellow-brown hair.

"You're a rascal. OK. It'll be our secret."

He took the rifle down from the wall, checking it to make sure it was safe, and handed it to Chris. Chris held it up and made the expert ricochet sound that has replaced in young vocabularies the old fashioned bang-bang. Then James set it back on its pegs again. Chris' mother and father hated guns and wouldn't have one in the house.

"When I'm big will you teach me how to shoot it, Jimmy?"

"Sure, Chris, you just stick with me and I'll teach you everything I know. And one of these days when you're a big famous movie producer like your father I'll be your assistant, how about that?"

Chris frowned slightly because everybody from the studio was always telling him he'd be a famous producer like his father one of these days. The people who told him that were his father's friends and not his friends and it worried him that Jimmy, his own private grown-up friend, should mention the studio like the others.

"I don't want to be a producer. I want to be an explorer and an archeologist."

"An archeologist? Hey, what's that?"

"You dig up old cities that are all covered over with grass and trees. Pyramids and stuff like that."

"Like digging for buried treasure, huh? Well, you're going to make a bundle, whatever you do. You're a smart kid."

"Have you got any more guns?"

James laughed at him and jabbed him lightly, playfully, on the jaw.

"What are you, the house dick around here? Come on, now, don't be so nosy."

"Chri-is, oh Chris-sy-boy," his mother's voice, plaintive but persistent, spanned the fascinating gulf between the main house and the chauffeur's quarters.

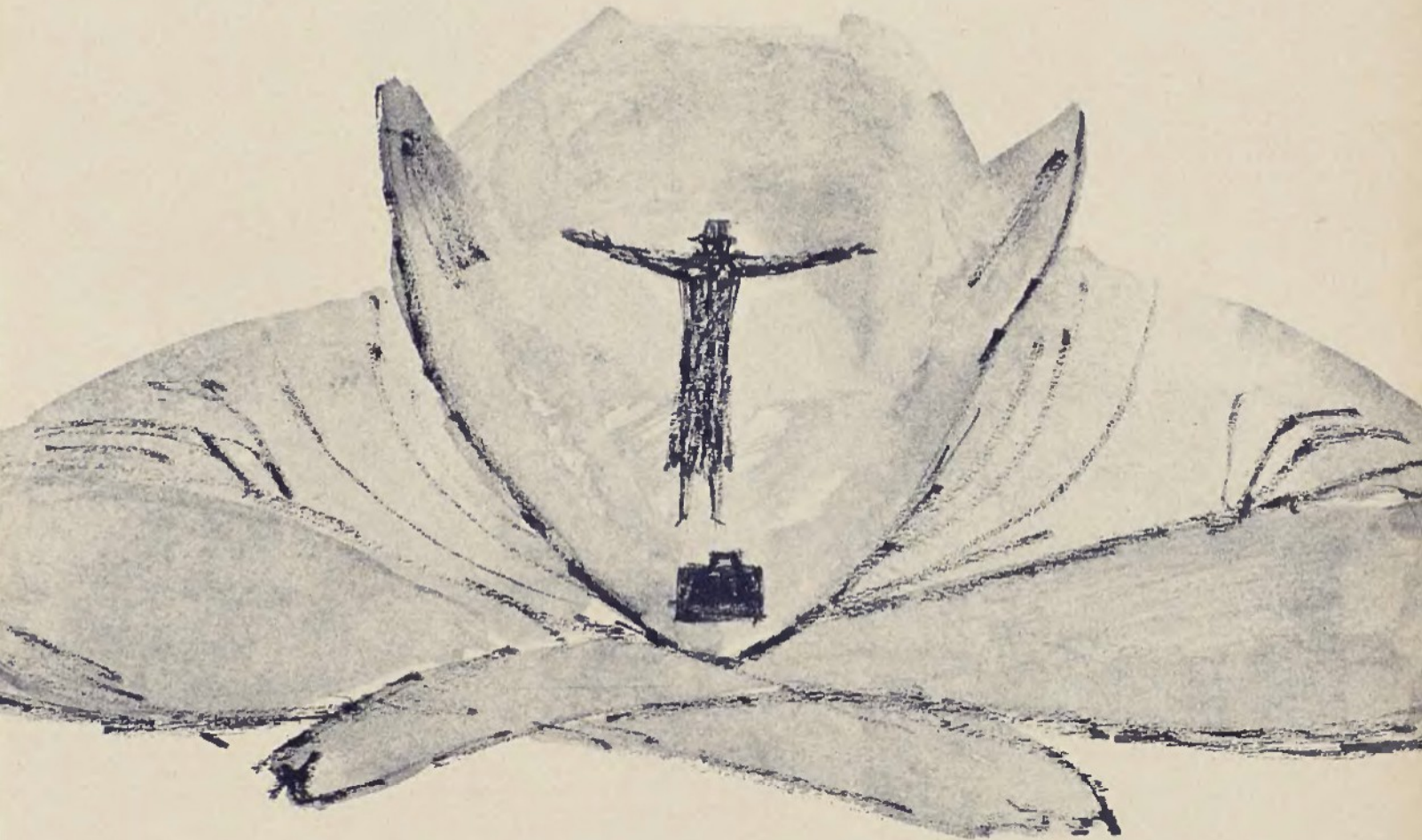
"Now remember, fella," James said, "don't tell your old lady I let you handle a gun." He winked toward the bathing suit pictures over his bed. "And I wouldn't mention the cheesecake to her either. I don't want her to think I'm leading you astray."

Chris did not entirely understand the chauffeur's meaning but he did appreciate the fact that they now shared certain

(continued on page 36)

when the dogs howl and the seven geese keen mournfully, then comes—

THE TRAVELING SALESMAN



fiction BY ROBERT BLOCH

BLACK ART is throwing a party, see? His real name is Arthur Schloggenheimer, but we call him Black Art on account of him being a wizard. Sort of a gag, see, because he is really very serious and raises the dead and all that kind of stuff.

But every once in a while Black Art knocks off from that old black magic and throws a big party. He is a good joe, even though screwy, and he has a lot of liquor so we always come to his brawls.

Well, this time we are sitting around in the big French parlor he calls the Louis 0 Room. Black Art won't allow any mirrors or glassware in his pad, because if he sees his reflection then old

John Q. Satan will foreclose his mortgage on him. There is Subconscious Sigmund, the headshrinker, and Floyd Scrilch and a lot of other big wheels, and we are all drinking Pernod out of paper cups and talking about Gilles de Retz and the Marquis de Sade and Howard Hughes and the other characters Black Art knows in the good old days.

I notice Black Art is nervous tonight, and when he gets nervous something always happens. I can always tell. To begin with, his beard usually stands up—like there was a wind blowing on it from across the stars, he says.

Well, tonight his beard is standing up so straight it damn near hits him in the

nose. He gets up and walks over to the window, and I can see he is shaking all over. So I sneak across the room and see he is looking out at the moon.

Something flies across the moon. I can make out seven little specks.

"The seven geese!"

I hear him whisper it, and then there is an awful squawk as the birds fly past and the moon goes behind a big, black horned cloud.

"He is coming!" Black Art whispers. "I see the omens!"

Sure enough, a minute later there is a paradiddle on the front door. Everybody looks while Black Art goes and opens it.

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

attire By BLAKE RUTHERFORD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD LITWIN; CLOTHES BY BUDDINGDALES, NEW YORK; PANELING BY TIMBERTONE



First-rate assemblage of soft, sensible textures: cuffed, slant-pocket Shetland sports jacket is priced at \$65; Shetland slim-line slacks boast flapped hip pockets, cost \$22.50.



Hathaway plaid gingham button-down at \$10.95.

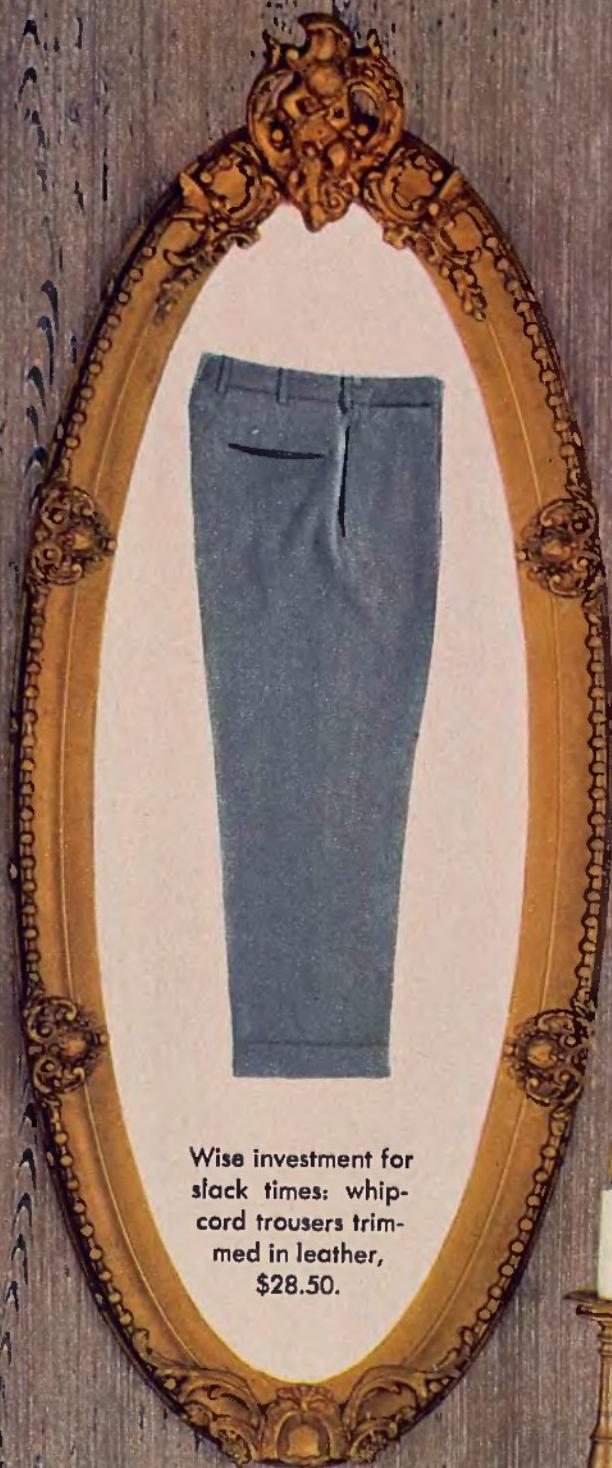


Sociologists have recently unearthed the not-so-startling fact that men are naturally polygamous. We like to collect things, they say. We like to amass a plurality of everything from books to blondes, Rolls Royces to redheads. Take (and please do) the case of one wildly original eccentric who stashed away the most complete and colorful collection of "Think" signs on the entire eastern seaboard.

As a somewhat more practical suggestion, we offer jackets and slacks for the man with a mania. These apparel items not only adorn the body handsomely, but possess great sensory
(concluded on page 78)



Rare find: bold plaid Shetland jacket in quiet colors — tops for country wear or easy days in town, at \$65.



Wise investment for slack times: whipcord trousers trimmed in leather, \$28.50.



SECOND FATHER *(continued from page 30)*

rather delicious secrets together.

"I won't tell, Jimmy," he said solemnly, "I swear I won't tell."

"Attaboy. Hit the sack now. You got to get lots of sleep if you want to grow big and strong like your Uncle Jimmy."

"I'm going to be in the Navy and have pictures all over my arm," Chris said happily, as he ran to obey his mother's now slightly more impatient call.

The next afternoon when James picked Chris up in front of the school in the hateful gold petit point town car, the nemesis Iggy Gonzalez was watching disdainfully. James was resplendent in his dark maroon uniform.

"Jeez, get a load of the little prince," Iggy said. He was a tough, young American with only the faintest echo of a Mexican accent.

Chris was hating the car and Iggy Gonzalez and all the motion picture money that was putting him to this shame.

"Hey, stuck-up, what you got that guy in uniform for? So you don't get your block knocked off?"

A few of Iggy's admirers laughed. Iggy had wiry brown arms and a cocky way of walking, as if he was already a winning prize fighter like his big brother Chu-Chu. Iggy came closer, charging the atmosphere with his schoolboy snarls. Chris was ready to duck into the safety of the coach when James said, "Go ahead. Stand up to him. Left hand in his face like I showed you."

Chris was terribly afraid of Iggy Gonzalez but he was even more afraid to be a coward in the eyes of his benefactor Jimmy. Visibly trembling and embarrassingly close to tears, he did as the chauffeur told him. The two boys circled each other with intense concentration. Chris moving jerkily in his fear, Iggy feeling his man out coolly as befitted a veteran of these school-yard bouts. Then he rushed at Chris, but Chris, to his own surprise, put into practice the cleverness James had been teaching him. He drew back quickly and stepped neatly to one side and Iggy went rushing foolishly by him like a little bull. Iggy cursed and came charging in again. Chris put out his left hand and Iggy ran into it. His nose began to bleed. Iggy's rooters called out, "Come on, Ig, he can't fight, knockum down 'n make him bawl." They were vicious cries and made Chris panicky. But he kept pushing his left in the dark sweaty face coming at him, as James had tutored him. Iggy was breathing hard like a little bull through his soggy nose. He knocked Chris' surprising left hand away and swung on him with his hard wild right. Chris cringed and ducked, both automatically and in fear, and they fell into each

other, the clinch deteriorating into a stand-up wrestle. They teetered and fell to the ground, grabbing frantically at each other, Chris on the verge of hysterical sobbing and fighting with the hysterical strength of some small cornered animal. Iggy was working his hard, bony knees into Chris' neck when James decided this was the strategic moment to extricate his charge with honor.

"OK, kids, good fight, let's call it a draw," he said and he pulled them apart. Iggy had not expected any resistance from Chris. He stared at him with sullen respect. Chris was still trembling inside and giddy with relief at having the ordeal behind him, this thing he had dreaded from the time he was eight.

"Come on," James said to Iggy. "Hop in. I'll blow both you champs to a soda."

It was a master stroke. Secretly, for a long time, Iggy Gonzalez had been wishing for a ride in the gold petit point coach, and once he accepted he could hardly heckle Chris about it again.

Chris felt even closer to James after that. He'd be in James' room almost every evening after dinner, and occasionally James would even be invited to Chris' room, to examine the rock collection or to talk over some secret plans that Chris enjoyed being mysterious about in front of his parents.

Sol Samuels still had doubts about the wisdom of allowing so close a relationship but Mrs. Samuels said she had to admit that Chris was a good deal more manly than he had been before James came into his life. "Really, James has done wonders for him, Sol. I wouldn't say he's the best chauffeur we ever had, but he's almost like a second father to Chris."

A few weeks after school let out for the summer there was a company convention in St. Louis and the Samuels planned to be away for five or six days. They were going to take Chris along, and Winnie to care for him. But when Chris heard about it he said Gee Whiz what fun would that be, he'd rather stay home with James. "We thought this would be a good time to give James his week's vacation," Mrs. Samuels said. This conversation was held in the yard and James happened to overhear it. After lunch he came in and asked Mrs. Samuels if he could talk to her.

"Mrs. Samuels, I've been thinking what to do with my week. I thought I'd pack into the Sierras with a gun and some fishing tackle and sleep out of doors."

"That sounds very nice," Mrs. Samuels said stiffly.

"What I was thinkin' was maybe you'd

let me take Chris along with me."

"Well, I really don't know what to say. I'd have to talk to his father. Are you sure you'd like a little boy along on your vacation?"

"He's real good company, you'd be surprised," James said, unaware of all that he was saying.

Late that night, after Sol Samuels had had a particularly prolonged wrangle with a doll-faced star who was tough as snake-hide, he and Mrs. Samuels discussed James' invitation.

"But, Alma, darling, I tell you we don't know the fella. After all we simply brought him in off the streets."

"He had beautiful references from Westchester."

"Those people never answered, Alma. Maybe they don't even exist."

"Any man who loves children so much," Mrs. Samuels said vaguely.

Sol Samuels still had his doubts. Alma answered him with the old argument that he spoke out of jealousy and guilt for not spending more time with his only son. It was a slightly unfair if rather unanswerable kind of reasoning and finally Sol threw up his hands. "All right, dear, all right. Now I've got to work on my speech for the convention."

The trip into the mountains with James was Chris' version of going to heaven. There was a bigness, an importance about the way he felt that was more than his word *keen* could ever suggest. It was dry and hot under the summer sun. They climbed and suffered manfully. Then they would come upon a stream, with a natural pool three or four feet deep and they would stretch out alongside it and lower their mouths to the surface of the cool water. Chris saw beguiling shadows under a trickling waterfall and cried out, "Look, Jimmy, look!" James laughed as the sub-limit trout darted out of sight. "Next time whisper," he said. "We'll drop a fly on their noses and see if they're hungry."

Later in the day they found a real trout pool and they rolled up their pants and stood in the melted-snow water up to their knees. Chris got his line badly tangled in the underbrush and had no luck but James finally brought one to the net, about 10 inches long and so lively that it kept flopping in the basket that Chris was allowed to hold. It made his heart pound with joy and excitement and some sort of fatalistic sorrow as he heard the flip-flopping get stronger and stronger, and then begin to slow down and weaken. There was a long silence, perhaps two minutes, and Chris raised the lid and peeked in to see if the fish was dead. It jumped toward the light and Chris slammed the lid down just in time. James managed to net another one about the same size, just as the sun

(continued overleaf)



"But C.B., she's got class, she's got dignity . . ."

SECOND FATHER *(continued from page 36)*

was ducking down behind the folding range. Then came the best fun of all, starting the fire and frying the fish.

Chris would never eat fish for his mother or Winnie, but James' fish were different. He ate his whole portion, with fried potatoes that he had sliced himself and that James had taught him how to cook. Then he threw the remains into the fire and watched the paper plate flame up and twist into ashes. They sat around the fire talking, James with a pipe in his mouth exhaling little clouds of smoke into the still night air. Chris liked the smell of it. So much sweeter than his father's stinky old cigars. Chris asked James to tell him all over again about his fight with Jocko Kennedy in the Yellow Dragon in Manila. Later they talked about the woods and Chris thought it would be fun to live up here the rest of his life, being a mountain ranger and putting out forest fires and catching bandits and things like that. James laughed and said that was only because Chris was still very young. The day would come when he would be happy to take over his father's studio and have some oomphy red-headed star for his girlfriend. And James would come to the studio gate and Mr. Bigshot Chris Samuels wouldn't even let him in.

Oh, no, no, that would never happen, Chris cried, and he wished inside of him that James would forget about the studio and how rich or important his father was, or that he was going to be. He didn't want his father and the studio along on this trip. This was to be just Jimmy and Chris camping out in the mountains. Maybe they could find gold together and set up a mine and be partners for life. How much more fun that would be than any old studio.

After a while Chris got very sleepy from looking into the fire and James told him it was time to crawl into their pup tent. While Chris was lying in there thinking about the day, suddenly it began to thunder. The sound of it seemed to roll along the mountain slope and fall away into the valley below. Then lightning struck as if it were hop-skipping from scrub-pine to pine around the tent. Chris would have been very scared if James hadn't been there. But James was there. He had moved into the tent and was squatting by the entrance-flap looking out at the summer storm. Chris was sure James would know what to do in any emergency. Muscle-weary, but pleasantly so, he drifted off into visions of heroic comradeship: prospecting in Arizona where a bad man jumps them to steal their claim but he and Jimmy fight back like wildcats *You thought we didn't know how to box, huh? this'll teach you flying together in a Navy PBV forced down in enemy waters and*

sailing their little rubber life boat into a desert island cove where fish were jumping all around them *Good boy Chris pull 'im in this'll keep us going 'til the search plane spots us . . .* How long Chris had been sleeping he had no idea but suddenly he was awake again and for a funny moment he thought he was home in his own familiar bed. Winnie must be running a bath for him. He stretched out his hand and felt the dark canvas of the tent. Oh, the sound of running water was the brook outside. But what was this dark form kneeling over him? Half awake he cried out his fear of it. "James?"

"Yeah."

He felt better. But what was Jimmy doing so close to him, and looking down into his face while he slept? And what did he have in his hand? Chris could feel it as he lifted his own hands instinctively. A rope. "James?" Chris said again, in a quavering voice and after a moment or two he was reassured as the chauffeur's voice sounded more like him again. "It's OK, kid. It's me, kid."

"What are you doing with that rope?" James cleared his throat and said, "It was getting kinda windy. I thought I'd go out and see if I can batten down the flaps."

Before Chris could answer, James was gone. It was spooky quiet and dark inside the tent. It shouldn't take Jimmy very long, Chris was thinking. Minutes passed. Chris huddled uneasily in the darkness. Why was it taking so long? Chris felt his way to the entrance flap and called "Jimmy, Jimmy!" There was no answer. "James. Jaaaaaa-ms . . ." No answer. Chris crawled back under his covers and tried to think what to do. But the thinking got all jangled up in his head: too frightened to think. There was a cold clammy panic filling him up inside. He yelled JAMES so loud it strained his throat. Then he started to cry. He couldn't stop crying. It became a harsh hysterical rasping. Lost in the mountains, deserted and left to starve, like a scene from an old movie of his father's. Oh James, James, Jimmy, come back, come back, his mind begged the rainy out of doors. He lay still for a while, burrowing into his fear and then he heard the footsteps coming toward the tent and James was back.

"Hi, fella," he said, "afraid I wasn't coming back?"

Chris threw himself into the chauffeur's arms and tried, as James had taught him, not to cry.

"I walked back to the car to get a tarpaulin to throw over the tent," James explained. They had driven up the mountain as far as the dirt road would take them and then had walked in to find the camp site.

"Oh," Chris said. "That's OK, Jimmy."

He did wonder why James hadn't told him he was going but he didn't want to mention it for fear that James would say something that would make him ashamed.

The next morning was fine again because the sun was shining and Chris found some salamanders in the stream. At first he called them little alligators but James, who seemed to know everything, explained to Chris that this was their full size, a kind of water lizard, and that you could pick them up without their biting you. Chris thought they were beautiful, with their shiny dark green bodies decorated with bright yellow spots. He was anxious to take some home with him. He got a milk bottle to carry them in. It was such fun to look at them through the glass. Watching their silent dark green struggle in the bottle, he had almost forgotten the scare of the night before. He spent the whole morning chasing salamanders—"water dogs," James called them—and would have been happy to catch and play with them all day but when the sun was overhead James thought they ought to be getting on back to town. Chris had expected them to stay another night but James said he didn't want to keep Chris up here too long. And anyway he had someone he had to stop in and see on their way home.

Chris was sorry to be driving down the winding mountain road. Except for the scary part in the night, it was the keenest time he had ever had. He was ashamed of himself for letting James frighten him even for a minute. He held his two salamanders in the bottle on his lap and he asked James if they could come up again that summer and stay even longer. James said, Sure, sure they'd have lots of good times together, but he didn't seem quite as easy to talk to as he had been driving up, or fishing the pools, or around the fire. There seemed to be something on James' mind. They drove a long time in silence, with Chris trying to touch the water dogs through the mouth of the bottle.

When they got down into the valley and on into the neat little white bungalow section of north Hollywood, James said that the person he wanted to stop off and see was his sister. James honked the horn and she came out, a flashy, good-looking girl with orangey hair.

"Hello you," she said to James and she made a little kissing sound with her mouth.

"We've been up in the mountains camping out," James said.

"How gay for you," the girl said.

Chris saw that the hand of the girl played with James' hand and that she seemed to arch and stretch against him

(continued on page 46)



DATE with a PLAYMATE

our vegas girl turns up as miss february

LAST SUMMER, June to be exact, we ran a picture story about a girl on a date in Las Vegas. The girl, Sally Todd, was an exceptionally fetching citizen and she kept returning to our editorial mind long after the issue had passed into the sturdy cordoba binder on our desk (with magazine's name and emblem stamped in gold leaf, \$3). Sally was so very charming on that date, thought we, how still more charming it might have been if we had arrived for that date a few minutes earlier. It was such an interesting idea that we decided to do just that on a different date night and lo, a fetching Miss February.





SALESMAN (continued from preceding page)

A strange cat comes in.

Now there is nothing really wrong with this guy and the way he dresses. He is tall and thin, and he has big sad eyes—but lots of finks look that way. He wears a set of black threads, plenty dusty, like a burlap bag with lapels. He carries a big bulging suitcase which is also dusty. There is something about the way he wheels in that makes you feel he is real dragged.

Everybody digs it. Here is somebody who travels a long, long way for a long, long time. A little cold wind runs around the room as Black Art closes the door. He looks at the dust on the guy's shoes and at the dust in his eyes.

"I expected you," he says. "I saw the signs."

The stranger sighs like somebody letting air out of his tires.

"Then you know who I am?"

Black Art goes into his educated bit. "When the dogs howl and the seven geese keen mournfully from afar, I know. A man would be stupid indeed not to recognize you for what you are."

"Yes." The cat looks at all of us. "I am the Traveling Salesman."

He sets the suitcase down with a thump and dust flies all over the room. Floyd Scritch comes up to him.

"What you mean, *the* Traveling Salesman?" he asks. "There's lots of those characters around."

The stranger smiles his tired smile. "Yes. But there's only one Traveling Salesman known all over the world—the Traveling Salesman of the dirty jokes. And that's who I am."

He sits down on the sofa very carefully, like part of him is made of expensive glass which he is afraid of breaking. Black Art hands him a drink and we all stand around.

"Thanks," he says. "It's cool to take

five like this. Haven't been in the city for years, you know. Just one damned rural route after another. I go from farm to farm, year in and year out. What an awful life I lead!"

"Yeah?" I say. "What about all those farmers' daughters?"

"Nyaaaa!" yells the Traveling Salesman, real loud. He jumps up like he is being gnawed by mice. "That's all they ask me. What about all those farmers' daughters? I'll tell you what!

"I'm sick of farmers' daughters! I'm sick of farmers. I'm sick of their wives, their rickety farmhouses, their squeaky beds, their outdoor plumbing!"

I shrug. "Then why travel?" I ask him.

"Why?" snarls the Salesman. "Because I'm cursed, that's why. Like the Flying Dutchman and the Wandering Jew."

"Cursed?"

"By men. Men like you. Men who tell stories about the Traveling Salesman. You created me—you and your mass thought through the ages. After millions of men, their minds inflamed through telling bawdy tales, had thought about me in groups for hundreds of years—I just *materialized*. All those mass thoughts created a physical being. Me—the Traveling Salesman! And so I am cursed to wander.

"To wander, every night visiting a new farmhouse. Never a change of routine. A greasy supper. A fight over where to sleep. Then to bed. And there's always some damn daughter . . .

"Those daughters! Dumb ones, fat ones, ugly ones—but they all have insomnia. Or cold feet. Or they snore."

The Traveling Salesman begins to groan. We get closer.

"It's my fate to live through the details of every one of those thousands of stories men have invented around my

legend. I must engage in a hundred foolish acts, a million excesses. In barns, in haylofts, in horse-stalls, even in cow-pastures. I have been accused, abused, subjected to every indignity by the demands of those lousy jokes. Nyaaaa!"

Everybody looks sympathetic and drinks while he shudders.

"We understand, dad," says Black Art, patting his shoulder. "Why not stay here and rest up for a few days? I'll lend you a pad."

The Salesman gets to his feet. "Thanks," he mumbles, trying to smile. "Mighty nice of you to ask me, but I really can't do it." He sighs. "Some party in Omaha just figured out a new story for me. Something involving a double bed, three daughters and a horse, yet. I have an appointment tomorrow to try it out. So I must grab a train."

He reaches down for his suitcase. Black Art lifts it for him.

"Hey!" he comments. "This is a real heavy drag! What's in this grip?"

The Traveling Salesman blushes. Then he looks sick.

"Bricks," he whispers.

"Bricks?"

The Salesman opens the door and turns around.

"Yes," he snarls. "Bricks! That's the real tragedy of it all. Here I am, one of the best salesmen on the road, and it means nothing. Nothing at all. I might as well carry bricks as anything else.

"Because," he says, and then he begins to scream, "because in all the gawd-awful stories about the Traveling Salesman, nobody ever mentions that I *sell* anything!"

Weeping foolishly, the Traveling Salesman closes the door behind him and falls down the stairs.





"It's cute, Benson, but will the kiddies go for it?"







MISS FEBRUARY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



On the town: Sally bends an elegant elbow with her doting date, Bill Whitehall.



On the phone: a hot bath defers to evening planning.



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Two inebriated gentlemen stood at the bar near closing time.

"I've an idea," said one, "Iesh have one more drink and then go find us shum girls."

"Naw," replied the other. "I've got more than I can handle at home."

"Great," replied the idea man, "then Iesh have one more drink and go up to your place."



A husband returning from a trip was informed by his wife that a burglar had entered their apartment while he was gone.

"Did he get anything?" the husband anxiously inquired.

"I'll say he did," replied the wife. "In the dark, I thought he was you."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines an efficient nurse as one who can make a patient without disturbing the bed.

The mother got on the train with her six children and when the conductor came by for her tickets, she explained, "Those two are 12 and have to pay full fare, but these two are eight and the other two six-and-a-half, so they only pay half rate."

The conductor scratched his head and as he punched her tickets, he said: "Excuse me for asking, madam, but do you get two every time?"

"Oh, no," she said. "Sometimes we don't get any at all."



A friend of ours sat down next to another passenger on a train recently and couldn't help overhearing his conversation out the window with a man standing on the station platform.

"Thanks for putting me up while I was here, Sam," said the passenger.

"Glad to do it," said the other man.

"Thanks for the food and the drinks — everything was wonderful."

"It was a pleasure," said the man.

"And thank your wife, Sam — she was great," said the passenger, as the train began pulling out. "I really enjoyed sleeping with her."

Our friend was rather taken aback by

this exchange and he turned to his fellow passenger and said: "Pardon me sir, but I couldn't help overhearing your conversation. Did I understand you to say that you enjoyed sleeping with your friend's wife?"

"Well," said the fellow passenger, "I didn't really enjoy it. But Sam is a hell of a nice guy."

"You want to know why I've come home half loaded?" said the soused spouse. "Because I ran out of money, that's why."

"All right lady," said the bill collector, "How about the next installment on that couch?"

The lady shrugged. "Better than having to give you money, I guess."



The wife of a friend of ours purchased a rather large grandfather clock at an auction and then sent her unhappy husband to pay for it and carry the damn thing home. To make matters worse, the husband had been to a formal dinner earlier in the evening and was still wearing his full dress suit. He was having some difficulty with the unwieldy mechanism even before he met the drunk staggering in the opposite direction. They collided and the husband fell backward to the sidewalk, the clock on top of him.

"Why in blazes don't you watch where you're going?!" the angry husband demanded.

The drunk shook his head dazedly, looked at the man in the full dress suit and at the grandfather clock that lay across him.

"Why don't you wear a wish watch like everybody elsh?" he inquired.

Heard any good ones lately? Send your favorites to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 232 E. Ohio 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.



"Virgin Islands? Doesn't sound like a place with any men."

SECOND FATHER *(continued from page 38)*

like a cat he had once. And where had Chris seen her face before! Oh, now he remembered, on the wall over James' bed, the one looking over her shoulder with practically no clothes on. James hadn't said anything about her being his sister then.

"Here's a kid your father ought to put in pictures," James said. "She was Miss Spokane two years ago. Isn't she a dead ringer for Ann Sheridan?"

Chris wished they hadn't hurried to come down from the mountain.

"He's cute," the girl said, tossing her orange hair toward Chris. Then she looked at James in a funny way. "You must have had fun up there."

"I caught a lot of salamanders," Chris said. "Look, I've got two of them here!"

"You should have been along," James said. "Did you ever sleep in a pup tent?"

"Christ, I've slept everywhere else," the girl said. She and James looked at each other and laughed. Chris wished they would get this over with. It had been so nice up there, just the two of them, standing in the cold clear water looking for trout.

"You get back in the car now, I'll be right with you," James said to Chris, noticing how he was staring. "I've got something private I want to tell my sister."

"Come back again, honey," the girl said, and then she looked at James in that same way again. "When you're a little bigger."

Chris didn't like them laughing together. This wasn't like James at all, his pal Jimmy who invited him to his room over the garage and taught him boxing and fishing and how to slice spuds. Chris watched critically as James walked the girl back to her door. He put his arm on her shoulder and she brushed up against him again. Chris saw James whisper something in her ear and she flung her head back in mock anger and slapped him hard but fondly on the bottom of his pants. Chris wished James would cut all this stuff out and come back to him.

On the drive through Hollywood to the Samuels' home James said. "Say, Chris, when your parents get home, we don't have to mention this little visit to see my sister. OK?"

Chris did not exactly understand.

"It'll just be our little secret, like letting you hold the gun. OK?"

That was OK with Chris. He was sure his mother and father had secrets they never told him. He looked at his salamanders through the milk bottle glass.

"I'll fix you up a tank for them," James said.

"And when we go back to the mountains we can catch some more," Chris

said, feeling better again.

"Sure, we'll go again. We're gonna have lots of fun. Just remember now, you forget all about that little visit to see my girl—my sister."

Chris had half forgotten it in his reverie of salamanders. He wished James wouldn't keep bringing it up. He didn't want it to be so much on James' mind. "Tell me a story about how you were in the Navy and a big storm came up and the captain got washed overboard and you had to save the ship," Chris said.

James laughed. "You already know it by heart. You just about told it right now."

"Please, Jimmy."

The rest of the way home James kept Chris entertained with this wild tale of the sea. Chris listened with his eyes staring wide, living it through again. By the time they turned up the Samuels' driveway he seemed to have forgotten everything but the fun parts of the trip and he was anxious to ask his mother and father how soon they could go camping together again.

James sat with Chris as the boy slowly talked himself on into sleep that night, talking of all the new things they had seen on the trip and all the things there were to look forward to on their next adventure. Chris was very tired and sleepy from their energetic two days and couldn't keep his eyes open to talk to James as long as he wanted to.

James turned out the light and tip-toed out.

"He's dead tired, he wore himself out up there," James said to Winnie, the mulatto maid, as he passed through the kitchen.

"I'm glad he's back safe. Goodnight," Winnie said. She had been with the Samuels a long time and did not like to see the new chauffeur going so familiarly through the house.

In the morning when Chris woke up the first thing he did was to see how his salamanders were, in the bottle. One of them was floating on the surface. He was dead. His color had sort of paled out and he wasn't nearly so dark and shiny as he had been. Chris thought of them scampering alive in the mountain stream. It made him sad to see his little water dog floating lifeless in the bottle. He wondered if it had suffered very much. And whether the one still alive felt very lonely without his friend.

When Chris came down for breakfast that morning he was surprised to hear from Winnie that his parents had come home during the night. They had not been expected until that afternoon. He hurried up to see his mother, who was having breakfast in bed. His father was in the bathroom shaving. His mother kissed him and hugged him and said he

looked tired and then before Chris could tell her about the camping and the storm that came up and the salamanders and everything, she asked him in a cross, serious way if he knew where James had gone last night. With a child's innocent intuition Chris thought of the lively orange-haired girl who had slapped James in such an intimate way. But he kept silent while his mother told him why they were so angry with James. They had wired James to meet them at the station. Apparently he did not get the wire because he had left the house at nine o'clock, without permission, and had stayed out all night. They had called him from the station around one A.M. and there had been no answer. To make matters worse, when they got home by taxi they found that James had taken the town car with him. Daddy was furious. He had a special phobia about chauffeurs who used the cars at night for their own private pleasures. Sol wanted to discharge James immediately.

"Oh please, please, please don't let him go," Chris begged. Who else was there to sleep with him in a tent and help him catch salamanders and build a tank for them to live in?

Chris' father came out of the bathroom half dressed, half shaved and very angry. James would simply have to go, that was all there was to it. He was taking advantage of his friendship with Chris. Sol was sorry Chris had formed this attachment but he could no longer allow a child's temporary sentiments to protect an employee who was obviously irresponsible.

Chris knew his father when he got stubborn mad instead of the easygoing way he usually was. It made the boy panicky. His life before James now seemed terribly pale and dull. The things James had taught him. The things James had showed him he could do. These past few months for the first time he had things to talk about with other boys.

James was called in to the breakfast room while Mr. Samuels was having his coffee. James was extremely polite and subdued. Yes, sir. No, sir. If you'll let me try to explain, sir. He explained that while the Samuels were away he had spent so much time with Chris that he had needed an evening off for his personal wants, a haircut, some shopping and the rest. It was wrong of him to keep the car out all night, he admitted, but he had been visiting some relatives and when he suddenly realized how late it was he had thought it would be more practical to sleep over and return early in the morning. He would never, never take the car without permission again. He was devoted to the family, adored young Chris and would never risk losing the job again. James

(continued on page 54)



fiction **BY HERBERT GOLD**

FROM THE MOMENT Tad peeled back his lids and popped the contact lenses down onto his eyeballs, I knew that something deep and strange was happening within him. He used his black plastic spectacles, plus the toupee and a fresh General Electric suntan, for the usual vocalist visiting his Saturday afternoon disc show. The kids in the studio audience liked his fresh, unlined, 44-year-old juvenile face, even in the glasses, which made it look maybe 28 instead of his usual 23. "Glad you could fall up to my pad, Dad," he would chant to a high school electric guitarist. "Why so sad?"

Tad's unkind friends, song pluggers, rival jocks, ex-wives, used to claim that his youth was preserved by alcohol. Now, however, he was on the wagon and tended by Dr. Drennick, who had been analyzed by a man who had been trained by a man who had studied with the Master, instead of keeping himself happy with booze, benny, and icebags. Tad's youthfulness was a quality of spirit, not spirits: the honest old boyish hope and longing, preserved into middle age as it often is with drinkers and other mana-bereaved types.

"Deep, man," he said to me, the tears streaming down his cheeks. "Look at that chick. Sincere. She's on the wall."

I made a brushing gesture of my hand against my shoulder. "Orleen will flake you off," I said. "Don't you know female artists yet? She doesn't want love, she wants a hit tune. She doesn't want sex, she wants promotion. She doesn't want to know the meaning of life, she wants to have her record dates scheduled six months in advance. Listen, Tad, she has love and affection for nothing but Orleen Phipps, but *nothing*."

"Orleen," he breathed. "Oh, they do itch." This was true love again. He was a 44-year-old bald kid, and he was probably the biggest jock in town, if not the whole midwest territory, with so many



**THE 44
YEAR OLD
BOY DISC
JOCKEY
AND THE
SINCERE
TYPE SONG
STRESS**

commercials he sometimes forgot to spin records, and he was now crazy for this pretty little openmouthed creature. We were looking at a publicity photo: in shorts and striped sweater, Orleen was sitting on a high stool, Orleen's head half-turned to us, Orleen's one eye winking and the other languoring, Orleen's shoulders thrown back, her pair of rascals standing up to salute. It was Tad's eyes that itched from the contact lenses.

"No," I stated positively, "this sweet little beastie is not for you."

"What?"

"For the reasons I already told you, man."

"Orleen," he sighed, "Orleen Phipps."

There was one little detail I had left out in my analysis of her cool, absent, difficult charms. I cleared my throat to interrupt his dreaming. "La Phipps has a steady boyfriend," I said. "Sometimes he even travels with her, and when he's a very nice boy, she lets him hang up her nighties. Weighs two hundred and twenty pounds, the boy does, with his cleats. Former Georgia Tech left guard, now in pro football and insurance. His coach told him to beware of the facts of life, but he's knocked a couple guys out for peeking when his girlfriend-baby bent over in a cocktail gown. Are you listening? Very stubborn, devoted type. Clean-cut cauliflower ears. Three folds on the back of his neck."

"Yes, yes, I want to know all about her, her hopes, her dreams. I bet she's unhappy. I bet her potential for love needs to be unlocked, just like me —"

"Tad, haven't you heard me yet? I been telling you for years how some people don't need to be happy. They don't want loving. They don't want heart-to-heart chats and long dreamy decorator-color evenings before a fireplace. They want to figure out how to make themselves into a capital gain, that's what they want — am I talking to you or me? Personally, I already know my sad story."

"Play on, boy."

But I saw that he was far away in a restaurant with red-checked tablecloth and champagne and probably a gypsy violinist, ladling out his childhood in great soupy puddles to a well-stacked girl who would want only to Understand and Be Together. *Orleen, Orleen*, he was thinking over noodles, just as he had so often thought before: *Nancy, Nancy; Peggy, Peggy; Sharon, Sharon*; and so on back to the first greedy doll who had let him put his hand on her knee back in high school. "No use," I said. "Did you remember the drops in your eyes?"

When Orleen happened, he was in the middle of his commercial for Non-Skid Chockies, *The Chocolate That Melts in Your Mouth But Not In Your Hand*. I should mention here that I'm

Tad's engineer — sound control, handle the records, take over the mike when he used to be too drunk to talk, listen to his lovelife; that's the part they never told me about in Signal Corps school. Well, so it was Chockie time: "Now, kids, it's all right to have those delicious chocolate vitamins and minerals, sure, but you don't want your fresh clean hands to be soiled, now do you? Well, the friendly Non-Skid Chockie people, they got to wondering how it is that celery doesn't smear up the clothes or skin. Well, they figured it was some special secret ingredient, and so they got their white-coated research scientists to work on the problem. Well, sure enough, to make a long story short — they only bought two minutes of air time, heh-heh — this here combination of the best qualities of fine milk chocolate and brain-building celery —"

Orleen entered the studio sideways, the way she liked to enter. Tad saw her, made a vacant sucking noise, abandoned Non-Skid Chockies, sat hung up by emotion — he was Tad from Gawkville. Orleen stood there pointingly waiting for us to greet her. Tad's Adam's apple jumped like a fish. I spun a record.

Orleen had full possession of Orleen. She also had that knack of looking naked under her clothes, licentious under her inhibitions, gay and kind under her ambition and cruelty — of looking, that is, like all the pneumatic young things of whom poor Tad dreamed. She looked breasty, too, and that she really was: I have learned to tell the difference between the flimsy lurch of foam rubber or air-in-the-bra and the sincere jiggle of honest flesh. Much as I am troubled about the thousands of gimmicked-up females who make the Tads of this earth grind their teeth, I have to admit that Orleen has something special which you don't see in the publicity photographs. "I'm Orleen," she says throatily, but that isn't it. They all say that, only they use their own names. She loves, honors and obeys herself.

"And I'm Tad Comet," Tad choked and croaked, mawked and gawked, his eyes streaming.

Orleen's skin — perfect, pink and rosy, thin and delicate — is the sort that makes faint wrinkles around the eyes when she smiles and gives that nice effect of amorous effort and fatigue. Even personally, I would like to wake up with my own tousled head on the pillow next to a girl's whose skin crinkles like that.

"Why are you crying, Tadkins?" she asked. First names come easy in the business.

"Emotion, deep feeling, the world situation," I answered for him.

"Contact lenses," said Tad.

Orleen put her hand lightly on his shoulder and looked into his clear plastic.

"You do?" she purred. "What honestyl! What frankness! You're no flake, Tad-die. I can wear mine for 12 hours with no trouble at all, me, except for a little blinding headache." She grabbed her eyes, pulled them off, and put them in her purse. "Like us girls call it migraine, we."

Tad too. He meant to put his eyes in his own pocket, but blindly groped for her purse. This was confusion raw and sublime.

They gazed profoundly into each other. I felt their myopia bearing down hard on me and got out of their way. Naturally they could see nothing, and this, I believe, is called true love.

• • •

I decided that this girl must be really deep, strange and sincere about Tad. They seemed to mean it about each other. They were seen everywhere together, at Nick's, Fred's and Tommy's, at the station and at the theatre, at the beach and at the Club. They even did the Chicken at a high school prom where Tad had to put in a hand-wave and a big sincere hello to the kids. She prolonged her engagement at the Skybar. Their love had lasted so long already that it was practically historical — going on seven days, if you count the afternoon they met.

But toward the end of the week Tad began to look his usual unhappy, misunderstood, mussed, poetic, sophomore self. The hair in his toupee came unstitched. He kept touching his belly and groaning between commercials.

"Now tell me I suppose this deep romance is giving you a bellyache," I said. "Love is supposed to cure all. I heard it on one of Orleen's songs. Did you try a Bromo?"

"Oh, I don't know, it's my hernia."

"That first fine careless rupture?"

"You went to college, Ferd, you can do better. But listen, I didn't wear my supporter when we did the Chicken. I was afraid it might disillusion her before she gets to understand me down deep. But she doesn't really know me yet."

"You mean," I interpreted, speaking his gauzy deep-feeling, are-you-happy lingo, once again astonished by Tad, "you mean you don't know her yet for real, for true, for scoring?"

"No," he said miserably. "We talk, we confide, we take long drives in the country. We are really close, man, we are deep and sincere to each other, we really mean a lot —"

"But?"

"We sit in my MG and look out over the skyline of the city and we talk about how wonderful and strange it all is that we met —"

"Her strange and wonderful agent set it up."

He sighed and dropped another slab

(continued on page 64)



"Oh, it's nothing important, dear. I'm just trying to find the wallet Roger Wilson lost this afternoon."



GEORGE WASHINGTON, we fear, did not always practice what he preached. And he was forever preaching. He formulated some rules of etiquette that included such tidbits as: "Sleep not when others speak" and "Let your countenance be pleasant, but in serious matters somewhat grave." And, for all we know, George may have practiced these preachments diligently. One preachment he obviously did *not* follow, however, was this: "Make no show of taking great delight in your victuals." All the evidence points to the contrary — the good general not only took great delight in his victuals, but didn't care who knew it.

He was indeed a playfellow of cosmopolitan tastes, a classicist in the pleasures of the table, the tavern, the cellar and the ballroom. His ledger shows almost constant Dutch treating with the boys, called "clubbing" in those days. "By a club in arrack at Mr. Gordan's, 2/6." "Club of a bottle of Rhenish at Mitchell's, 1/3." "To part of the club at Port Royal, 1 shilling." Drinking arrack and Rhine wine were only small details in his busy life of fun. He loved dances and house parties, and even during the Revolution once danced with the wife of another general for three hours without sitting down. He frequently played billiards (at which he lost small sums) and cards (at which he lost much more munificent sums). The races at Williamsburg always excited him, and at times he raced his own horses there. He loved fox hunting, shooting and riding, especially to nearby taverns where he could sit down to a plate of plump oysters on the half shell and a glass of ale. He relished turtle and terrapin dinners, clambakes and barbecues. He particularly enjoyed pic-

GEORGE WASHINGTON ATE HERE



concerning colonial capers and revolutionary recipes

nics. While still a young surveyor he described the pleasure of roasting "wild turkey on a split stick and eating with the aide of a pocket knife." He had a particular fondness for fish, perhaps because of his proximity to Chesapeake Bay. He could never get enough salt codfish, a main course at Sunday dinners. He kept his own seine in the Potomac from which the kitchen at Mt. Vernon was supplied with shad, sturgeon and bass. He was bewitched by the taste of honey. Normally for breakfast he would eat a few hoe cakes, honey and tea. But when he took a 10-mile ride around the family estate before breakfast he would then sit down to warm corn bread spread with honey, fresh butter, grilled fish, eggs, country ham or bacon and coffee. Among other foods that he found delectable were hazel nuts and hickory nuts which he bought by the barrel. The visiting Prince de Broglie described Washington's consumption of enormous quantities of nuts for dessert and how, even after the meal was over, he kept at it, piling up the empty shells as he drank innumerable toasts of Madeira to his guests.

Toward all the pleasures of life Washington showed a certain mellow tolerance, an identification which is often found in men of genius. For instance, in writing the contract for his gardener, Philip Bater, he specified in the most matter-of-fact way that four dollars would be due Bater during the holidays "with which he may be drunk for four days and four nights." To his constituents who voted for him when he ran for the Virginia House of Burgesses, he gladly furnished a hogshead and a barrel of punch, 35 gallons of wine and 43 gallons of hard cider. He imported his own rum by the barrel from the West Indies. At Mt. Vernon he brewed ale and hard cider and wrote many recipes for both drinks.

While he loved his indulgences, he was no cranky gourmet who became unhappy if a clove or an herb were missing. On a trip to Barbados he quite willingly ate dolphin and moldy bread. He once realistically warned his adopted grandson who was leaving home for school, "If you meet with collegiate fare, it will be unmanly to complain." During the war itself he didn't hesitate to eat from a pewter mess kit when necessary. And John Adams commended him for the fine example he set for wartime drinkers. "He has banished wine from his table and entertains his friends with rum and water."

If Washington was not fiercely in love with the plump widow he married — the richest woman in Virginia — he surely was deeply content with her. The "great cakes" calling for 40 eggs, 4 pounds of butter, 4 pounds of sugar and "frensh" brandy, the massive roasts, the hams pre-

pared in the special smokehouse at Mt. Vernon, the game and the beefsteak "pyes" were all scrutinized every day by Martha.

Even after his retirement from public life, Washington never stopped entertaining crowds for dinners and house parties. At one time he described his house as a "well resorted tavern." He vigorously reprimanded grafting stewards and wrote long directions telling them how to avoid waste of food in the kitchen. In the twilight of his life he was designing his own oil and vinegar cruets. He invented a large silver wine coaster for passing four bottles of wine at the table. Valley Forge was a far-off memory when Washington stood beside his big Lowestoft punch bowl, while white foamy egg-nogs of brandy and rum were ladled out. And on rainy days the father of his country could be seen patiently counting the number of dried peas in a pint. "Those from Mrs. Dangerfield's 1375." "Large and early black eye pease 1186." From such computations he could tell his farmers how many peas were needed to plant a hill and an acre.

All this methodical attention to husbandry and hosting was, like virtue, its own reward. This was a mode of life he had prayed for at the end of the war when he denounced the instruments for destroying mankind and wrote of the "sons and daughters of this world employed in more pleasing and innocent amusements."

To this end PLAYBOY now offers some choice Colonial recipes. In the museum of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania one can still read Martha Washington's family cookbook. The antiquated procedures used in her recipes are hardly practical today, but here are some of the dishes that Washington favored, adapted for modern cooking methods. All recipes are for four portions.

SHORT RIBS OF BEEF, BURGUNDY

Among the five meat courses that were often put on the dinner table at one time, short ribs were especially popular. They have a magnificent beef flavor. They are somewhat fatty, but this is balanced by the very dry red wine sauce in which they are potted. The gravy should be skimmed of every globule of fat before the short ribs are served. Short ribs should be escorted to the table with fluffy egg noodles, French cut green string beans and a bottle of fine Pommard.

- 3 lbs. short ribs of beef
- 1 large onion, sliced
- 1 clove garlic, chopped fine
- 4 sprigs parsley
- 2 pieces celery, sliced
- 1 carrot, sliced
- 1 small bay leaf
- 1 pinch thyme

- 3 tablespoons butter
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 1 cup dry red wine
- 1 cup water
- 1 bouillon cube
- ¼ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
- ¼ teaspoon brown gravy color
- Salt, pepper

Place the short ribs in a shallow roasting pan in a hot oven preheated to 450 degrees. Keep the meat in the oven until brown, about 30 to 40 minutes, turning once during the browning. In a heavy Dutch oven or stewing pot fitted with lid, melt but do not brown the butter. Add the onion, garlic, parsley, celery, carrot, bay leaf and thyme. Sauté slowly until the onion turns deep yellow. Stir in the flour, mixing well. Add the wine, the water and the bouillon cube, mixing well. Bring the liquid to a boil, stirring frequently. Reduce flame so that liquid merely simmers. Transfer the short ribs from the roasting pan to the stewing pot. Cover the pot. Simmer slowly until the meat is very tender, about 2 hours. Remove pieces of meat from pot. Skim all fat from the surface of the gravy. Strain the gravy through a fine wire strainer. Add the Worcestershire sauce and gravy color. Add salt and pepper to taste. If short ribs are not to be eaten immediately, return the meat to the gravy and reheat when ready to dine. If short ribs are to be eaten at once, pour the strained gravy over the meat on the serving dishes or platter.

PURÉE OF PEA SOUP WITH MUSHROOMS

Winter appetites at Mt. Vernon were often gratified with this renowned Old World soup. This is the kind of thick soup which is always enhanced by the addition of a ham bone. If you happen to have one left over from a baked ham, or if you can inveigle your butcher into letting loose of one, by all means use it. Diced mushrooms and small ham croutons make this soup a meal in itself. Serve it from a big tureen. Pass crisp hard rolls and butter. Follow it with warm mince pie and coffee.

- 1 onion, minced
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- 1 carrot, minced
- 1 small bay leaf
- ⅛ teaspoon sage
- 1 cup quick-cooking dried split peas
- 1½ quarts soup stock
- 1 ham bone
- ½ teaspoon sugar
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 2 tablespoons bacon fat or vegetable fat
- ¼ lb. fresh mushrooms
- 2 ounces sliced cooked ham
- 2 dashes Tabasco sauce
- Salt, pepper

(concluded on page 70)



*"By George, you're right — that nightie has shrunk!
How about shrinking the others?"*

SECOND FATHER *(continued from page 46)*

said all this very well, with a certain glibness, although with a pained expression on his face that seemed to reflect a rather intense suffering for the sins he had committed. In fact, his tone was not unlike that of a repentant sinner at confessional.

Sol Samuels was a stern grand inquisitor, Mrs. Samuels was as usual softening and Chris remained silent and begged his father with his eyes.

In the end, because Mr. Samuels' defenses always crumbled before the combined efforts of his wife and son, James was allowed to remain on probation. "The slightest little act of disobedience and that is the finish, final," Mr. Samuels intoned, gathering up the crumbs of his authority. "I am only tolerating you now because you seem to have made such a hit with Christopher."

"He is a wonderful boy, sir," James said soothingly.

Later that morning Chris helped James wash the car and then James said he was ready to fix up the tank for the surviving salamander. He seemed a good deal more quiet than usual. Evidently Mr. Samuels' lecture had brought him down considerably. He didn't play and tell stories as he had before. But Chris imagined it would take him a day or two to get over the scolding. Chris was the same way.

That afternoon Mrs. Samuels took Chris to a Disney picture. James dropped them off and was told to pick them up outside the theatre at five o'clock. He wasn't there when they got out and they waited patiently for 15 minutes or so as the streets were often jammed up at that hour. At 5:30 Mrs. Samuels called home. Why, James had left shortly after four, Winnie said. He had been working on Chris' salamander tank most of the afternoon. At a quarter to six Mrs. Samuels and Chris went home by cab. A number of police cars were in front of the house. In the maid's room Winnie was thrashing on her bed having hysterics. After Mrs. Samuels' call she had gone up to Chris' room to be sure James wasn't there. It was then she noticed that Chris' little cash register bank was gone. It was always on the night table by his bed. Then something had made Winnie go to the drawer where Mrs. Samuels kept her jewels. They were gone. Then Winnie looked through Mr. Samuels' bureau. His diamond watch was missing, and his gold cufflinks and a sapphire ring and a lot of other expensive accessories. Winnie called Mr. Samuels and he said, "The skunk. Even takes the kid's nickels and dimes and that's the fellow who's so nuts about Chris I can't even fire him." He told Winnie to look for his wallet in the back of the little drawer where

he kept his links and handkerchiefs. The wallet was supposedly hidden. There was \$750 in cash. Winnie ran up and looked. No, Mr. Samuels, that's gone too! And your silk monogrammed shirts and your silk robe and oh he just took everything, everything . . . Mr. Samuels told her he was calling the police immediately and how in the hell could he take all that stuff with you in the house watching him, Winnie? Winnie sobbed and stammered as if it was she who had been caught doing this terrible deed. He—he was in and out of Chris' room all afternoon fixing up that tank. He kept going in and out to the garage to get tools and things. I never dreamed, I didn't think—Oh, Mr. Samuels I feel as if I am going to faint . . .

"Don't faint. Wait for the police. Tell them exactly what happened. And be sure and tell them what James looked like. That son of a bitch. I'll be home as soon as possible."

Chris went up to his room without saying anything. James had not finished fixing up the tank for the salamander as he had promised. Now the poor salamander would probably die. He knew it would die. He wished he could go back to the mountains and put this shiny green water lizard back in its home stream. It made him feel nervous having to take care of the salamander without James. It didn't seem possible that he was never going to see him again. The change hadn't quite happened for him yet. James was still his friend and chum going to take him camping.

He knew what an ordeal it would be when his father came home. "Goddamn it, now will you believe me? He was nothing but a bum, a cheap crook. I hope this will teach you not to be so goddamn trusting of everybody."

Chris didn't come down for dinner that night. He couldn't bear to hear all that from his father. He wished James had finished the salamander tank for him. It would have helped him get over it to watch the salamander swimming around the salamander tank. The salamander wasn't moving around as fast as he was before. In the morning, he bet anything, the salamander would be a paler green and floating belly up in the bottle. He hadn't even had a chance to name him and now he didn't want to name him if he was going to die. He wondered where James was this minute. He wondered how James could stand to be away from him. James had liked him so much. It was that darned girl, that crummy orange-headed sister of his. Or whatever she was.

Impulsively Chris went over to James' room and looked around. Yep, her picture was still there, over his bed. Winnie always told him he'd catch cold if he

stood around after a bath without putting his pajamas on. He wondered how it happened that someone had taken her picture before she had a chance to put all her clothes on. Chris thought about the first time he had come up to James' room. It was something to have a big friend of his own. It was something. Oh James James Jimmy how could you, how could you take my eight dollars and 75 cents. I was saving up. I wanted to take it down to the bank that keeps people's money and get a regular bank book like my father. Chris felt like crying. His nose felt all itchy as if he was going to cry. Who would help him get grownup now? Who would teach him how to handle the Iggy Gonzalezes? He felt like crying but he didn't cry because his friend James had taught him things. Taught him to keep his left hand out and not to cry. It didn't matter how many dollars James had taken. James had taught him things he would always remember.

Next afternoon there were big black headlines in the evening papers about the capture of James. He and his gunmoll, it said, a prostitute and part-time extra girl by the name of Tommie King, had been apprehended in Calexico, near the Mexican border. They had ditched the gold petit point town car and had stolen a Ford sedan. In the paper James talked a lot about the robbery, almost as if it was one of his sea stories. "It was the easiest job I ever pulled. I decided the first day to use the kid. Rich kids are dumb. They're lonely, most of them, and that makes 'em dumb. Suckers for the big-brother pitch. This Samuels kid was as square as they come."

And then Chris read something that scared him so he felt his heart might choke up and stop beating. "I took the kid up in the mountains and started to tie him up and was going down and call his old man in St. Louis and tell him I wanted 50 Gs to bring the kid back in one piece. But a storm was blowing up and I figured I'd have a hell of a time getting to a phone and back again. So I gave it up. When I heard I might get fired any minute, for taking off with the car for a night, I figured I better get mine quick while I still had a foot in the door. I pulled a gag about building a fish tank for the kid to . . ."

It was a neat plan. James had boasted, and only a lousy turn of luck kept them from getting deep into Mexico and living off the fat. A hick cop, running him down for speeding, spotted his puss from an old post office picture wanting him for some job way back. James had posed as a butler-chauffeur and driven off like this in quite a few different states.

That night Chris had a terrible dream. He was tied to a tree in the

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are american men ashamed of sex?

article **BY PAMELA MOORE**

Along toward the end of '56, the author of the following article, teen-ager Pamela Moore, created a sensation with her book Chocolates for Breakfast, a candid and revelatory portrait of upper crust sex jinks among today's gilded youth. Being younger — and in some respects bolder — than Miss Françoise (Bonjour Tristesse, A Certain Smile) Sagan, Miss Moore, undaunted by some shocked reviews, still rushes in where her older sisters fear to tread. Here she sounds off against what she considers the terror with which most American men regard sex, and the harm that ensues for one and all. Some of us will forgive her blanket denunciation of all of us; others will find their hackles rising. And there will be those (we suspect a good many PLAYBOY readers among them) who will suspect her of having what must be a limited acquaintance with Homo Americanus in his more relaxed and carefree manifestations. In any case, we think this candid tongue-lashing by a forthwriting miss deserves an airing among her scattergun targets, who may find it as impudent as it is revealing.

WHILE TRAVELING IN EUROPE this summer, I had a conversation with a young professor of Latin who taught in a southern Italian university. We were sharing a compartment on a train from Venice to Milan, and since he spoke very little English, we soon found ourselves conversing entirely in French. Perhaps that was why he had the courage to question me, without fear of shocking me, on the sexual practices of Americans.

"Is it true, as we hear, that Americans make love in the dark?"

At first I was too startled by the directness of his question to be shocked, and then too interested to be startled.

"Yes," I told him. "Incredible as it seems, it is, nevertheless, true."

"Is it also true," he persisted, with the wonderment of a civilized man questioning an anthropologist about the practices of some remote, barbarian tribe, "that American men actually close their eyes when they kiss?"

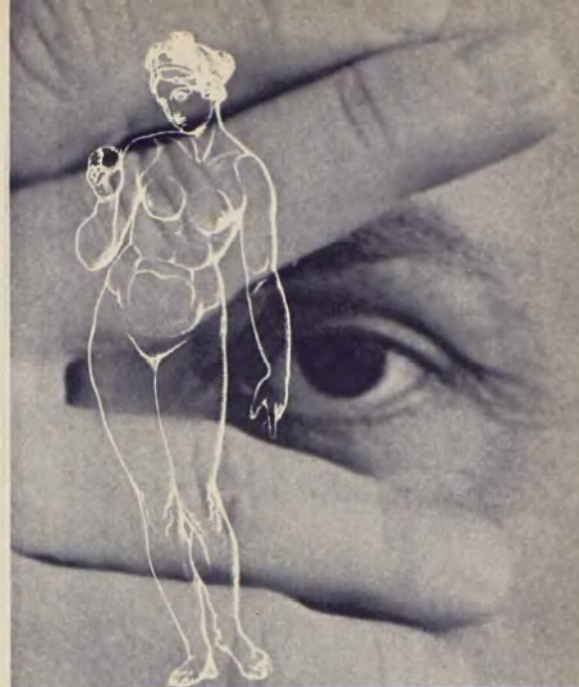
Again I had to say, "Yes, that, too, is true."

My neighbor sat back in his seat — deflated, defeated. He had heard these preposterous rumors and now, to his utter incredulity, an American had confirmed them.

"But why?" he demanded. "Why should two people who are in love with one another — who may even be," he conceded generously, "married — why should they make love in the dark, as though they were secretly ashamed of what they were doing?"

"Because," I found myself saying while the hot color rose slowly but steadily to my hairline, "America is — well — a pretty puritanical country . . ."

"Ah-ha," he said triumphantly, "then you *are* ashamed of it. How extraordinary," he mused, as our train fled through the black night, crossing invisible physical boundaries just as I, sitting there, found myself crossing invisible emotional boundaries. "How absolutely amazing, really. To make love — anonymously — when the whole meaning of love and loving lies in the fact that this is a person you love, whose eyes you watch, whose body you cherish, whose mouth has meaning because it expresses love — for you. Yet, you close your eyes, you say. You isolate yourself. You do not dare to say, 'It is you, and it is I, and we are here, together, making love.' Instead, you say, 'I am an island of blackness, receiving anonymous sensations.' You are as personally involved as a ra-



love
in
the dark

dar set."

At that point, I wished heartily that the conversation had never begun. I thought wistfully and nostalgically of America where, when strangers meet on a train, the talk — if there is any — is usually confined to the weather, the inefficiency of all railroads and a polite inquiry into the existence of one another's families.

Yet, when I did return to America, four months later, there were many reasons for reflecting on that conversation, held at midnight on an Italian train with a charming stranger. Three things hit me in quick succession that made me think, not without some bitterness, "That young man was right — and it's awful and more honestly shocking than many an act of immorality — Americans, American men, especially, are ashamed of sex. Why?"

The first of these incidents was a news story that told of the arrest, in White Plains, New York, of a 12-year-old girl and a 30-year-old married woman, both charged with the crime of appearing on the streets in shorts that were several inches shorter than some presiding judge or magistrate had deemed "decent and proper." Their arrest implied that the

average American male, witnessing such a display of feminine anatomy, would go instantly berserk, and that rape was uppermost in men's minds, controlled only by the presence of a vigilant police force and a "moral" insistence that women of all ages, including children, display only that part and that amount of their anatomy as will not drive men to these desperate and violent acts.

It sounds ridiculous, I know, but no more ridiculous, surely, than the arrest of a 12-year-old child. As a 19-year-old girl (barely 19) I am close enough to my childhood to know, vividly, the shock, the terror, the shame which that girl must have felt upon being hauled into court by grown and presumably mature men and charged with what actually amounted to "indecent exposure of person."

The girl's father, a practicing psychiatrist, was justifiably and understandably outraged. He has probably, at one time or another, treated a great many patients who were driven to his couch by parents or people in authority who made them feel ashamed of their bodies and the functions of their bodies. The presiding judge, however, seemed to feel quite proud of the fact that "half-naked women" were not going to be tolerated on the streets of White Plains. Since there was no public demonstration or outcry to the contrary, it is safe to assume that other fathers felt equally virtuous. According to their reasoning, one way to stamp out juvenile delinquency and sex crimes was to stamp the minds of the young with shame about their bodies.

All of those men would have been angrily indignant at the suggestion that what they were really stamping out, or trying to stamp out, was any open reminder of sex. Because the one sphere in which the American male flounders, the one sphere in which he is a dismal failure both as a father responsible for the emotional well-being of his children and as a husband responsible for the emotional well-being of his wife, is the sphere in which he must express his maleness. Unsure of himself here, even ashamed of himself, the American man tries to hide and repress every manifestation of sex. He is shocked the first time he sees his teen-age daughter in a low-cut gown; furious if his wife appears in a too-tight dress — and as shocked as the young husband of a friend of mine was recently when any female member of his family tries to break down the barrier between the sexes, tries to know the first man in her life — her father — without the strange mixture of shame, guilt and desire that most daughters feel toward their fathers, especially when the daughter is very young.

For some reason (perhaps because, al-

though I was younger than the young husband in question by almost 10 years, I had written what is referred to as a "sexy, sensational" novel) he felt he could talk more freely to me than he could to his wife. In fact, he still has not been able to talk to his wife about what I consider to be a heartbreaking and potentially tragic incident.

This young couple has two children — the girl, who is 11 years old, and a little boy of five. The boy has always been the favorite, the apple of his father's eye. Reading between the lines as Hal told his story over cocktails at The Barberry Room one evening, I thought I could piece together a fairly familiar story of the complete lack of communication between the sexes — the agonizing awareness of man and woman — or, rather, man versus woman, even in as tender a relationship as that of father and daughter. Again and again, apparently, the child's attempts to focus her father's attention on her as a girl, as a woman, had been rebuffed by a young father who felt that "there was something wrong" about his daughter's warm, impulsive embraces, her lingering goodnight kiss.

"I don't know why," he told me that evening, "but I just feel funny about it. It doesn't seem normal. It embarrasses me. She knows how I feel, and why, and it's making her miserable, so she takes it out on me by talking back and not doing anything she's told. I suppose," he ended up, "I'll have to consult a psychiatrist. I've got to find out what's wrong with her that would make her do such a thing."

It didn't occur to him that there was anything wrong with him or with his attitude. It didn't occur to him that he simply could not see his daughter's spontaneous act as anything but immoral, and by his reaction of shock and indignation, he had given his daughter the same attitude. The chances are that she will grow up much as he had grown up — "moral" according to her father's definition of the word, but with a morality that stems not from conviction but from repression. Sufficiently repressed, all her normal instincts would turn to feelings of guilt, exactly as her father's had.

And whether or not her father ever saw a psychiatrist, the chances, I thought, were pretty good that the daughter would see a psychiatrist. She would be another figure in the statistics of broken marriages; another young woman who would associate love-making with evil; the feminine half of another young couple who would make love in the dark — as though they were secretly ashamed of what they were doing.

So that was the second event that jolted me into an awareness of the fact that American men were ashamed of sex. The third was coming home to find my-

self, as I said, billed as the author of "a sexy, sensational" novel.

When, at 18, I wrote *Chocolates for Breakfast*, it did not occur to me that I was writing anything that might even remotely come under the heading of a "sexy" novel. I was writing about people I knew, about young people with whom I'd gone to school, with whom I grew up. I was writing about places I knew, like Hollywood, and the Stork Club, and "21" and the people who think that as long as they're moving, as long as they're in motion, they're necessarily going someplace.

But my first interview, when I got back to America, made me aware all over again of this incredible, perverted, puritanical attitude toward sex. My interviewer—young, and male—asked, "What about your father? Did he know you were writing a book like that? And if so, didn't he want you to write it under a pseudonym?"

"Why," I said, astonished, "of course not. The book is fiction — not autobiography. Besides, why would he want me to hide behind the anonymity of a pseudonym? He's proud of me."

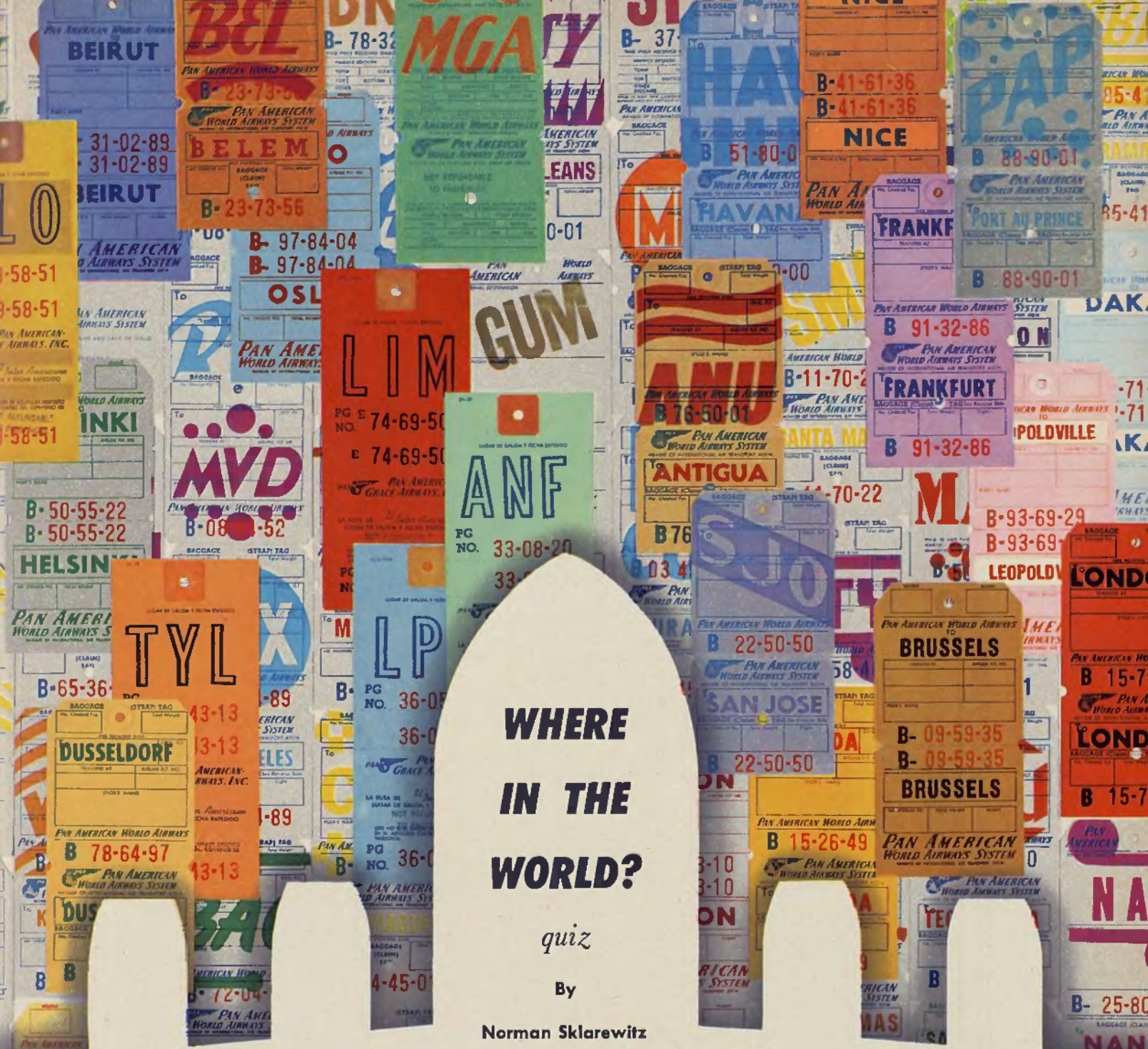
The young man shook his head, puzzled and disbelieving. "Brother," he said, "if my old man ever thought I did things like that or knew people who did them well enough to write a book about them, he'd throw me out of the house."

And yet, his father had read the book. He'd read the book, and promptly called the boy's younger sister into the library to read the riot act to her. "I know what your friends are like," he thundered at the honestly bewildered girl who didn't know what he was talking about, but who told me about it months later, when we met socially. "I know what you do at those fraternity parties. Don't think you fool your mother and me, because you don't — not for a minute."

But, of course, she did. I have heard a dozen parents say of their sons and daughters, "We're so close. She — or he — tells me everything."

It is sad but true that there is little communication between the generations in this vital area of human behavior — but the saddest part of it is that it is so difficult, usually impossible, for fathers to communicate with their daughters. The first man in a girl's life — the first love of her life, according to the psychiatrists — is a forbidding stranger, shocked by any unusual display of emotion on her part. I can remember my own father, when I was no more than four or five years old, unwrapping my arms from about his neck and saying chidingly, "You mustn't hug me so tightly, Pamela —" I never knew why. I still don't. I only know that I felt he didn't love me,

(continued overleaf)



WHERE IN THE WORLD?

quiz

By

Norman Sklarewitz

Sharp men-on-the-move have long ago latched on to the abbreviated word as a succinct aid in getting their points across. Such hoary linguistic short cuts as VIP, PDQ, SOP, SRO, FYI and BMOC have done yeoman service for many years and today, the MAW, or Man Around the World, employs more than ever the trimmed-down title as a right-to-the-

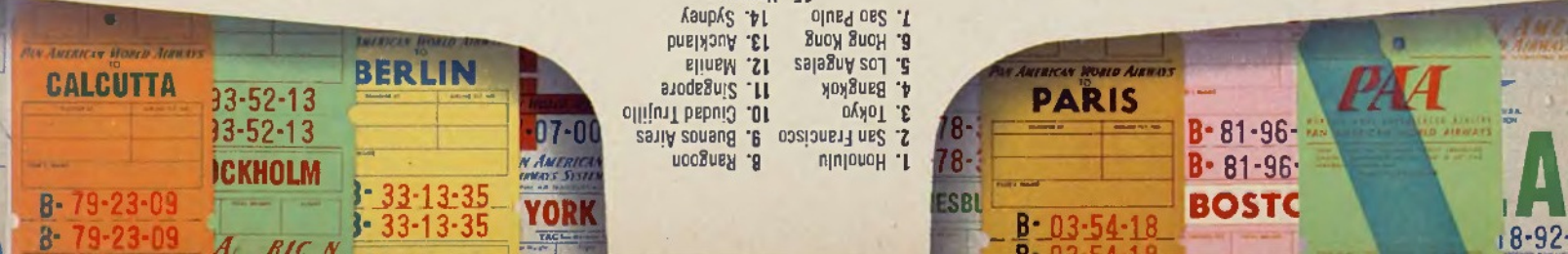
point, time-saving expedient. And so it is with international air lines: witness the colorful baggage tags affixed at airport check-in counters. These bear a three-letter code abbreviation for the destination city. Adopted by the Air Transport Association for international use, the tags permit speedy, simple handling of luggage at any terminal in the

world. Most hip travelers will recognize in a trice that PAR is Paris and MIA is Miami, but not all code names are such a breeze. To test your savvy of these official place names, ponder the 15 abbreviations below. A score of 12 or better rates you as a full-fledged international gadabout; anything under 10 indicates you're a SAH, or stay-at-home.

1. HNL.....2. SFO.....3. TYO.....4. BKK.....5. LAX.....6. HKG.....7. SAO.....8. RGN.....
9. BUE.....10. CTJ.....11. SIN.....12. MNL.....13. AKL.....14. SYD.....15. NAS.....

ANSWERS

15. Nassau
1. Honolulu
2. San Francisco
3. Tokyo
4. Bangkok
5. Los Angeles
6. Hong Kong
7. Sao Paulo
8. Rangoon
9. Buenos Aires
10. Ciudad Trujillo
11. Singapore
12. Manila
13. Auckland
14. Sydney
15. Nassau



love in the dark (continued from page 56)

which, of course, wasn't so.

But for men, perhaps one of the most significant things about this generation, my generation, is that women are more frank, more outspoken about sex than ever before — and much more so than men. We are exploding all kinds of myths behind which men have hidden for generations. We will no longer accept their moralizing or their weak apologies for their own failure to understand their wives and their children.

One of these myths concerns the old wives' tale that men do not like a woman who is the pursuer rather than the pursued. This is somehow tied up with another myth — that man is the hunter, and enjoys the role. Actually, as far as I have been able to observe among my contemporaries, this is yet another attempt on the part of men to cover up their shame — and their innate fear — of sex. The woman who lets a man know that she loves him and desires him sexually is apt to scare the daylight out of him. His immediate reaction is, "Perhaps I'm not such a man after all, and what will she think of me when she finds out?"

So he retreats. He retreats by running away — not seeing her again, or he retreats as did the husband of a famous young movie star we knew when we lived in Hollywood. At 13, I was too young to understand what the star's agent meant when she said, with a shrug, "Of course she's divorcing him. They were married six weeks and he never sobered up once. With a wife like that, I can't really blame him. He knew that she was all woman, and he was afraid he wouldn't be man enough."

Years and years of repression, of being taught that sex is evil, that it is something carried on in the dark, can, and often does, lead to impotence. Yet, young fathers, such as my friend, continue to pass on this hypocritical attitude from generation to generation.

I remember, for instance, something that happened when I was about eight years old. The idea of progressive education and sex education for the young was still comparatively new. I was visiting the son of friends of my parents — a little boy about my own age. The thing that happened made no impression on me at the time. It was only years later, looking back, that I realized the importance and the meaning of the small family by-play I had witnessed.

Robert and I had both been raised by these progressive methods that taught children that they were born as a result of the father "planting a seed" in the mother from which a lovely baby was born. We were enchanted by the whole idea, and the thought of married people

sharing a room and a bed was accepted as perfectly natural. Then one Sunday, Robert and I were left to play alone in the living room while his mother excused herself to "take a nap." Robert's father had been reading the Sunday papers. In a few minutes, he, too, excused himself and went upstairs. Robert's glance followed them thoughtfully. When they reappeared, the little boy asked his father bluntly:

"What were you and Mommy doing upstairs — were you having sexual intercourse, and will you have another baby?"

His mother looked as though she would faint dead away and his father looked as though he would pick his son up and take him to the modern equivalent of the woodshed. Instead, he brought his temper under control enough to say, merely, "Son, don't ever let me hear you say anything like that again. If you ever speak of such a thing again, I shall give you a spanking you won't soon forget. And now," his father said coldly, "I think you'd better say good night to Pamela and go to bed."

Twelve years later, Robert was the boy none of the "nice" girls was allowed to go out with. "What the hell," he said to me when we met again at a debutante party in New York, "I'm having a ball while I'm young. One of these days, I'll marry and settle down, and when I do, I'll marry a virgin — if I can find one. Meanwhile, I want to have all the fun I can, because nobody can sell me on the idea that married love is fun. My parents always acted as though they were committing a sin when they went to bed together. And," he added, "I guess most girls feel the same way about it that my mother did."

Again, it didn't occur to his man's ego that most women felt about it as the men in their lives — men of whom his father was representative — taught them to feel.

Another thing about American men that has always fascinated me is the way they collect pin-ups of movie stars and naked women; the way they whistle at a pretty pair of legs. I had accepted all this as part of "what men are like" until my trip abroad. One day, when the sun was brilliant on the canal, I left Venice and the boat I was on headed toward the Adriatic. As soon as I arrived at the beach, I ran across the fine sand into the water, which was cool and welcoming. Since I am a strong swimmer, I swam beyond the area of bathers. There was no one anywhere near me. I swam underwater, and took off my bathing suit, watching it drop lazily to the bottom. Naked under the Italian sun, I dived and returned to the surface. I somersaulted through the water, I swam, luxuriating in the warmth of the sun, the blue of the

sky, the joy of being 18 on a beautiful summer's day. Then I dived again into the water, picked up my bathing suit from the bottom, and dressed again at the surface. As I swam toward the beach, I came up to two Italians who had watched me when I thought myself unobserved. Their tanned faces were wreathed in smiles. Not the smiles of Peeping Toms, but the smiles of men warmed, esthetically pleased, at the beauty of an exultant young body in the sparkling waters. The joy which I had felt had been transmitted to them, and they were anxious to tell me they understood the motive behind my unseemly — to American eyes — behavior.

"Felicitatione, Signorina! Brava! Bravissima!"

I smiled and thanked them, and swam on to the beach. There were no leers, no whistles. When they returned to the beach they did not seek me out, but rejoined their families, who were lying in the sun. Later, lying half-asleep, half-awake under the Venetian sun, I felt a unity with the world about me, with the young men playing soccer, with the children splashing merrily at the water's edge. I related to this world of sun and water and the world was warm and kind, like the smiles of the two young Italians. I felt no leers. I heard no wolf whistles. No policeman approached to arrest me for "indecent exposure." All about me were people busy with their lives, of which sex was an important, a proud, a necessary, an integral part.

Why, then, can't American men feel this way? Why can't American men, successful in every other sphere of their male life, feel equally at ease in this sphere? Why must they remark, of almost any man who is outstandingly attractive to women, "He's just a damned gigolo." Why do parents, advising their daughters against marrying such men, warn, "It's just a physical attraction, dear — you'll outgrow it." Like a case of measles or a susceptibility to poison ivy! And why *should* one outgrow it? I remember a Westchester matron saying to my mother, about the man her daughter was soon to marry, "My dear, he has everything — as I've told Kathleen, here's a man who's a good earner, who plays a good game of bridge, and who has always taken wonderful care of his mother — what else can a girl want?"

All my life, as a child growing up in the prosperous community of Westchester County, in New York, I have watched people who were married and supposedly in love carry on bold and blatant flirtations with other men and women. I have asked myself, as a child, and I ask myself again now, as a woman, "Why do people marry if they don't love each other — and if they love each other,

(concluded on page 76)

pictorial

FOR THE THIRD consecutive February, this magazine takes pleasure in reporting the progress of its favorite valentine, Jayne Mansfield. We rather like to feel we've had a bit to do with the to-do over Jayne these past two years. In February of 1955 a then-unknown Miss Mansfield was featured in *PLAYBOY* as Playmate of the Month. That same February, the Brothers Warner signed her up and she appeared in a number of minor movie parts in stuff like *Illegal*, *Pete Kelly's Blues* and suchlike, whereupon she came to the attention of eagle-eyed Julie Styne. Styne was producing a comedy called *Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?* and the script required the services of a big, bounteous blonde. We're going to let you guess just which big, bounteous blonde got the part, but the show opened in October 1955 to what they called "mixed" notices, while audiences and critics alike were notably unmixed in their enthusiasm for Miss Mansfield (her costume in the show was a bath towel).

We assigned that Broadway Boswell, Earl Wilson, to interview Jayne for our February 1956 issue and asked the rhetorical question, *Will Success Spoil Jayne Mansfield?* The answer was an unequivocal *No*, of course, and we illustrated the interview with the most provocative photographs ever published of the girl (until now).

Jayne's success with *Rock Hunter* made her even more attractive to Hollywood and rumor has it that 20th Century-Fox tried to buy out her run-of-the-show contract, failed, and so bought the entire production in order



THE NEW JAYNE MANSFIELD

an annual report on a revamped vamp





the new jayne, though sweeter, is no less seductive . . .



to liberate Jayne for film assignments. Be that as it may, Jayne was liberated and returned to the wonderful land of celluloid make-believe a full-fledged star.

The new Jayne Mansfield is a very different girl than the one who appeared as PLAYBOY's Playmate two years ago. She's a good deal wiser, she is one husband lighter (shed immediately upon her return to Hollywood) and she even looks different; the West Coast wizards have done magical things to her hair style and make-up and produced a Mansfield fresher and more lovely than any seen before. Along the way, Jayne has also developed more of an acting talent than might be expected from one of her proportions (10-21-32). The talent can be viewed in *The Girl Can't Help It*, the first of seven starring vehicles already scheduled by 20th Century-Fox; the proportions can be viewed on these pages.



A TALENTED AS WELL
AS BEAUTIFUL ACTRESS, JAYNE
PORTRAYS A SCENE OF
SENSUAL EMOTION IN THESE
PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN
ESPECIALLY FOR PLAYBOY BY
WILLIAM READ WOODFIELD



*... and her love of
life is as lusty as ever*



DISC JOCKEY (continued from page 48)

without doing the Chockie commercial. "She's a beautiful, sweet, honest girl down under it all, she's very deep, man, she's sincere—"

"So?"

"She won't put out, Ferd."

My ears nearly shook off the headset. "No! Say it isn't so!"

"I used to think it was like there wasn't enough room in the MG. Shyness, gearshift, engineering problems — you know. But remember that night I borrowed your Chevy?" He wagged his head morosely. "With all that seat room going to waste, we just talked about the meaning of life. Like she thinks dancing cheek-to-cheek is swell."

I had to agree that this was serious.

"And now," he went on, "her regular boyfriend is flying into town for the second week of her run. What should I do?"

"Do Safeway Stores." The studio clock advised me that Tad had just 18 minutes left in which to crowd five commercials. "Be self-sacrificing and generous," I told him. "Give her up with a smile and a jaunty wave of the hand. Be Maurice Chevalier. Be Joe DiMaggio. Into each man's life a little tragedy must fall. Then do Paris Laundry, please, boy."

Water was seeping around the edges of his contact lenses. If he had noticed the tears, he would have begun to cry. He went into Paris Laundry, all the dirty linen you can stuff into a bag, and then said: "Maybe you're right, Ferd. Suffering. After all, I'm kind of like an artist myself. It makes a man think."

"Or," I added, "you could get her stinking tonight and see if that helps."

Tad protested with hurt feelings at my crudeness. "Oh no," he said, "that would be dishonest, insincere, that would be like a cad. I've already tried it."

"What's the trouble?"

"The kid doesn't drink. Enlarges the pores."

"I could be more sympathetic, Tad, but I can't find that Gold Bell Gift Stamp spot."

"There it is on the other turntable. I'm miserable. I wish I were back home in high school again. Do you think maybe I should read poetry to her, or just try putting a 100 dollar bill in her hankie? What would you do if this were the great love of your life, dads?"

• • •

The sad part of the story I condense mostly from Tad's ether about it. You could sell it for a ballad — hot, bothered and classic. He tried right up until the arrival of Orleen's Georgia Tech veteran, an upright square in beige cashmere coat, nose with three bumps, and

a pretty good record in pro football. The lad had very little hair on his head, a thick red mat on his chest, and chewed gum most of the time. During the off season he sold insurance.

No dividends for Tad. "I don't see what poetry she finds in him," he said. "He can't even wear a wig over that bald spot. I consider women's feelings. Paid a hundred and a half for each one." He had three toupees, which he rotated, one crewcut, one grown in, and one needing a trim. "Course," Tad admitted, "that boy's got 20-20 vision, I'll say that for him. Maybe stomach muscles, too, but I'm sure he has no soul. I'm practically positive."

"You're on," I said, pointing my finger at the disc. "Go, man. Pour on the soul."

"Folks," Tad chanted to the mike as I switched him in, "folks, I suppose you've all been wondering how Daedalus Non-Scheduled Airlines can give you such rapid, economical service to New York, Chicago, Miami and Los Angeles. Well, the Daedalus people use propellers, pilots, wings, just like any other airline, but they ask you to buy your chiclets before going aloft, and with the money they save, well, they pass those savings on to you, the loyal American passenger. Also, since they don't publish their schedules, you just go out to the airport and wait until there happens to be a plane going your way. You can see how much money that saves, friends, and many folks like to spend a quiet vacation in our handsome, air-conditioned lounges. We give you magazines to read, just like other airlines, only of course they're second-hand. We got beautiful charming stewardesses, a little tired, that's all. We got—"

If those weren't the exact words, that was the melody. We were both thinking about Orleen and how to make Tad a happy disc jockey once again. If you're not happy, your voice doesn't vibrate with those deep sincere tones that sell cake-mix, laundry service, TVs, non-skid chocolate and non-skid air travel.

One day went by. Two days. It looked like the end of Tad Comet, All-American 44-Year-Old Boy Disc Jockey. He was miserable. He was dead. He was wearing his glasses again. He even forgot his appointment for the massage and sun lamp treatment.

Then, on the third day, I found Tad's eyes red and weak once more, tortured by his contact lenses. A sure sign of bliss. Hail to thee, blithe spirit, bird thou never wert, that from Heaven, or near it, hearest from his skirt, et cetera, as that top lyricist Shelley has it. They're trying to get Nat Cole to do the side. Well, anyway, Tad's legs were loose and lim-

ber and he was on the wall. "Ferd, Ferd, she wants to see me tonight at her hotel! She asked me up! Promise not to tell!"

"Nobody," I swore, putting my hand on the mike, "not even the Alumni News of Georgia Tech." I furrowed my forehead like Edward R. Murrow. "This is a strange and complex turn of events, Tad. What's the sentiment across the nation?"

He was pinching his cheeks to make them healthy. "She's just a kid," he said, "she needed to make up her mind. I should have known. Like you can't rush a girl like her. She must have been all confused, poor kid, but then she sees that gridiron jerk and compares him to me..."

He went on in that lyrical vein for the length of an Eddie Fisher, a lanolin spot and a station break. How can a cashmere coat stand up against Scotch tweed with a fur collar? How can a Thunderbird compete with a souped-up MG? How can conventional cross-blocking in the T-formation compare with the passionate life-force of a young chap whose vibrato is devoted to selling wholesome products for the American way of life and conversing about true, unsponsored meanings?

What can Stan offer her? Nothing but a seat on the 50-yard line.

But Tad can plug her records and help to make her a big star.

In other words, Orleen had telephoned him, cheeping in her little-girl voice, the little-girl-putting-out voice, "I want you to see my little place at the Statler, Tadpole. Like it's so homey. Whyncha fall up here tonight after my show?"

"It's the first time she's called me Tadpole," Tad explained with a catch in his throat, the same catch he uses for plugging books by Norman Vincent Peale or Mrs. Roy Rogers. He was on his way and far gone.

• • •

He rose through the elevator shaft to her room overlooking the flats of Cleveland. From the way he told me the story, I believe that he did not need the elevator; he floated upward, curled like a babe's spirit, filled with hot air, clutching a fistful of roses.

"Oh, gee," she said, taking the flowers, "thankee, Tads, but I prefer candy. You know, like mints, things like that. Crunchy. Oh well."

"You look ravishing, Orleen."

"Do you really care for me in my pink silk negligee with a touch of that perfume you gave me and I'm so sorry I didn't have time, I just got out of the shower, like that's why I'm not wearing anything underneath? You do? And do you promise not to get fresh until I tell you? And do you just love me with my

(continued overleaf)

Ribald Classic

THE DOCTOR'S DECEPTION

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



"Come, my friend," I said, "it will soon be over."

THE DOCTOR and his pretty young patient were talking by the side of the fire. There was nothing really the matter with her, except that she had one of those little feminine ailments from which pretty women frequently suffer—slight anemia, nervous attack and a suspicion of fatigue, probably of that fatigue from which newly married people often suffer at the end of the first month of their married life.

She was lying on the couch and talking. "No, Doctor," she said, "I shall never be able to understand a woman deceiving her husband. Even allowing that she does not love him, that she pays no heed to her vows and promises, how can she give herself to another man? How can she conceal the intrigue from other people's eyes? How can it be possible to love amid guilt and deception?"

The doctor smiled and replied: "It is perfectly easy, and I can assure you that a woman does not think of all those little subtle details when she has made up her mind to go astray. I even feel certain that no woman is ripe for true love until she has passed through all the promiscuousness and all the irksomeness of

married life. After all, what is marriage? Nothing but an exchange of ill-tempered words by day and perfunctory caresses at night.

"As for deception, all women have plenty of it on hand on such occasions. The simplest of them are wonderful tacticians and extricate themselves from the greatest dilemmas in an extraordinary way."

The young woman, however, seemed incredulous. "No, Doctor," she said, "one never thinks until after it has happened of what one ought to have done in a dangerous affair, and women are certainly more liable than men to lose their heads on such occasions."

The doctor raised his hands. "After it has happened, you say! Now I will tell you something that happened to one of my female patients whom I always considered above reproach . . .

"It happened in a provincial town. One night when I was sleeping profoundly, in that deep, first sleep from which it is so difficult to rouse one's self, it seemed to me in my dreams as if the bells in the town were sounding a fire alarm, and I woke up with a start. It was

my own bell which was ringing wildly, and as Jean, my footman, did not seem to be answering the door, I in turn pulled the bell at the head of my bed. Soon I heard banging and steps in the silent house, and then my footman came into my room and handed me a letter which said: 'Madame Lelièvre begs Doctor Siméon to come to her immediately.'

"I thought for a few moments, and then I said to myself: 'A nervous attack, vapors, nonsense; I am too tired.' And so I replied: 'As Doctor Siméon is not at all well, he must beg Madame Lelièvre to be kind enough to call in his colleague, Monsieur Bonnet.'

"I put the note into an envelope and went to sleep again, but about half an hour later the street bell rang again, and Jean came to me and said: 'There is somebody downstairs who wishes to speak to you immediately. She says it is a matter of life and death for two people.' Whereupon I sat up in bed and told him to show the person in.

"A kind of black phantom appeared who raised her veil as soon as Jean had left the room. It was Madame Bertha
(continued on page 71)

DISC JOCKEY (continued from page 64)

bare feet in those furry little, cute little mules?" She kicked up her toes in a two-step, showing a pink, recently bathed leg as the folds of gauze briefly parted. "Orleen, you're so beautiful."

Thoughtfully she held a finger to a nostril. "Shush. I better put out that lamp. It's so bright you can probably see right through my clothes." She went to stand for a full five minutes by the bulb before she found the switch. She stretched and yawned there, too. "Stop fidgeting," she cried. "You got the athlete's foot?"

"Orleen," he cried, swimming across the room toward her.

"Unh-unh," she said, "no, no. I just want to ask you something, Tadpoles." She moved close to him, looking up into his face with her eyelashes signaling and her fine pink-and-pale skin finely wrinkled in the smiling lineaments of gratified desire. "For now," she murmured. "Do you want some mood music first? You're a far out character. Mantovani, anybody?"

"Wh-what," — bending — "do you," — Tad bending and bending — "want to ask me, Orleen?" — kiss-kissing tenderly. And he peeked at her, eyes itching furiously behind his contact lenses. He took the act of love piously, as if it were the price one had to pay for romance.

"Well," she began briskly, moving about the room for rapid conversation, straightening ash trays, explaining, "like I have this here great little song I want to sing just for you, kind of like a novelty-type love ballad, musicwise, see."

And she sang. It was about how they met at the bowling alley, and they didn't drive into the rough, and they crossed the plate for a home run, kicking a field goal as they went. It was a deep, sweet, sincere, upbeat number, with plenty of heartwarming mixed metaphors and only one difficulty: the tune was banal, tunewise. The words were silly, wordwise. It stank, odorwise.

Listening with solemn professionalism, Tad judged it with his customary insight and his moral stethoscope to the nation's heartbeat. "That little number is gonna be a great big hit," he announced. "You got top 10 there, nationwide, or my name isn't Tad Comet." (It happened to be Theodore P. Roosevelt — he was afraid it might be confused with someone else in public life.) "Who wrote it, Orleen?"

She blushed. You could almost read the punctuation marks under her wrappings. "My boyfriend, Rambling Ray from Georgia Tech, the Detroit Lions, and the Hartford and New Haven Fire & Life," she confessed. "I bet you didn't know he had like a little talent for mu-

sic. He's nuzzely, too."

Tad was crumbling.

"We thought maybe with me singing and you saying like you'll plug it big, well, we could get Columbia or Decca or one of the other real top labels to record—"

Tad was perishing.

"That way, like if we make 60 or 70 grand on it, Rambling Ray can set up like his own little agency and I won't have to sing on the road and be nice to those jerky disc jockeys, see, and . . . Oh, Tad, why so green? Do you get carsick from looking out of high windows?"

She led him gently to the couch and laid him down. She untied his shoes. With the tender concern of the more feminine of the sexes, she loosened his shirt and began to stroke his chest. She undid his cufflinks and reached up his arm. With the ancestral wisdom of a former band soloist, she kissed him rat-at-tat all over his cheeks and neck. With the profound innocence of a sweet young girl who wants one of the foremost disc jockeys in the country to plug her boyfriend's song, she let him unbutton her buttons and tug at her zipper. He needed poetry in his life. She wanted to bring him a little genuine sentiment, a swatch of eternal beauty and truth, saying, "Here, Tadpoles honey, old daddy-o, just let me help you with that fastener. What's the matter, like you don't know how to work a girl's belt? They go backwards from a man's."

"Orleen, I love you. I need you desperately. I've adored you ever since you opened at the Skybar way back there on the fifth of the month."

"No, it was the third. Me too," she sighed. "Hey, don't get so grabby so fast. And let's keep it quiet. You got to give a girl a chance."

"Orleen!"

"Shush, please."

"Orleen!"

"Do you suppose we could get Eddie Fisher to do it with me? Like don't yell so loud, will you, honey?"

"Orleen, let's discuss it later, OK?" He tasted the tender folds at her throat. "Darling!"

"OK," she said, hiding her gum on the underside of the couch where she would remember to pick it up later, "but I just thought I'd mention it. Let me know your answer when you got the time. You know, I and Rambling Ray could really like use your help in like getting the little number recorded, plug-wise, like."

He fumbled and mumbled, hot as a boy's summer afternoon fantasy, proclaiming to the wide world, "Orleen, you're really something."

And then, at the very moment, the

bathroom door burst open and in rushed the wide world in the shape of Rambling Ray from Hartford Insurance (this was the off season). Ray looked at them, somewhat puzzled, scratching his head and shaking his shoulders. "Say, what's going on here?" he asked. And Tad made noises like a broken needle on a broken record. And Orleen tried to be a ventriloquist, soothing two sick dummies at once:

To Ray: Don't you see I was just like trying to help your song along? Our song, Ray honey.

To Tad: I told you to keep it quiet. He was sleeping in the adjoining room, through the bathroom. How did I know you'd roar like that and wake him up?

To Ray: Get lost, square. Don't spoil things now. We're going to have a hit.

To Tad: Oh dear, I hope he don't like hit you. You're so young, so frail. I only wanted to take care of you.

To Ray and Tad both: I'm afraid you two swell boys are going to misunderstand me. It's so hard for an unspoiled young song stylist in this commercial world. Agents, bookers, club owners, band leaders, jocks, football players — they're all men. Most of the time.

She pouted and waited.

Ray looked at Tad and Tad looked at Ray. Ray began to pant and swell, his jowls turning purple, as if he'd been slugged in a pile-up. Tad's eyes itched and scratched. Orleen contemplated them thoughtfully and tried once again. "Rambling Ray," she said, "meet Tad Comet. I'm sure you two kids got a lot in common."

"I'll murder him," Ray said.

"I'll sue you if you spoil my face for television," Tad threatened him right back, edging away slowly. They circled the couch, studying each other, wary. Tad wished someone would open the door — the census taker, a girl selling Girl Scout cookies, anyone.

Orleen shook her pert little head distractedly. Such crazy, mixed-up cats! She had never known that true love and the music business would be like this. She wished her agent were here to tell her what to do next. She'd have given him 10 per cent of Ray's song, plus half an hour alone with her. She was that worried, and worry is no good for the voice.

Tad's eyes rolled toward the window. Maybe it would be simplest just to jump out. Of course, it was 26 floors down, not counting the mezzanine, but there might be an awning to catch him, or a nice soft relaxing top of a convertible. He put a lamp between Rambling Ray and him. He had an idea. While his eyes burned, he remembered his childhood. Ray and he were both all-American-type boys. Masterful and triumphant.

(concluded overleaf)



"Ethel, why are you always wandering away from the boat crowd?"

DISC JOCKEY

(continued from page 66)

phant, he reached into his pocket. It was there. He took out the case. He put on his thick black plastic spectacles over the contact lenses. Things were blurred, but what the hell. This was an emergency.

"Say listen, Ray," he said, "jeez, you can't hit a fella with glasses, can you? You're not that type fella, are you?"

Rambling Ray, that immortal left guard, who made the AP All-American his last six years in college, that distinguished insurance salesman, that sporting, well-mannered pro, that chap who brushed his teeth twice a day and rinsed his mouth after eating, that boy who wore the new low look in shoes and the new high-fashion look in weskits, that gifted composer and tail block expert, that Rambling Ray, he first burst into tears to see his moral code fall; then he gave Tad a sock in the snoot that sent him reeling.

Tad leaned. Tad sank. Tad fell, rubber-kneed, frowning. He put his hand to his nose and it came away red. The nose was still there, however.

"Rambling Ray, you just get out of here this minute!" Orleen cried, stamping her little foot. It made a nice clicking noise, because she had put on her high heels while the two fellas were circling each other. And she had been thinking,

"That wasn't very nice of you, Rambling Ray," she said. She had come to a new realization of how (a) Tad could be of permanent inspiration to her career, and (b) even if not, he made a nice living anyway. "Cut out of here, Rambling Ray," she commanded, "for I never want to see you ever, not me. I perceive like the type of john you are. Square. Don't darken my hotel door again."

"Aw, Orleen," said Ray, a broken man.

"Out!" she cried. "I don't care how talented you may be musically, you're just a brute when a girl gets to know you."

"Orleen," Tad sobbed, "you care for me, you really do!" He snuffled and coughed. "Do you have a piece of Kleenex by any chance?"

She knelt by his side to comfort him. Poor Ray watched a moment, thinking that even a champion has to learn to be a good loser. Girls! They interfere with the calisthenics and clean-type living. Gallantly he strode out in his boxed-type shoulders beige cashmere coat. He didn't pay his bill, room, telephone calls, a couple of breakfasts, not much laundry, but Orleen and Tad could afford it.

They are still happy together, as much as I can judge, going on seven weeks now. Tad doesn't look a day over 22½. And if finally it doesn't come true for eternal bliss and heart-warming discus-

sions with Orleen, well, there is always this other little thing coming to Lindsay's next month, Hennerie Ford, the rock and roll artist, a deep, strange and sincere girl who might really understand the hungry soul of the greatest disc jockey in town.



SECOND FATHER

(continued from page 54)

mountains and it was raining, pouring salamanders and James and that orange-haired sister or gun-moll or whatever she was were on the front seat of the gold petit point town car coach driving straight at him. They were looking at each other and laughing and Chris let out a scream, a long, shrill, terrible scream.

Mr. Samuels came running in. He sat on the edge of Chris' bed. "Oh Daddy, Daddy," the child cried out. Mr. Samuels hugged him. He had not held his boy to him like this in a long time. Perhaps years. He had been too busy at the studio. Chris was surprised to find himself in the arms of his father. He had avoided his father because he was so afraid of being scolded about the way he had loved and trusted James. It was too much for him, too much, and he sobbed and bawled like a baby.

Sol Samuels felt guilty. Alma had just given him a good talking to about his neglect of Chris and how this blow to the boy never would have happened if Chris hadn't been so terribly in need of a father-image.

"Chris," Mr. Samuels said, "tomorrow I'm going to take the whole day off from the studio. In the afternoon we'll go to Gilmore's and see the ball game."

Chris coughed and said all right. But he still couldn't get out of his head how nice James had been to him. The nicest anyone had ever been. If only they hadn't so many things that James wanted, Chris tried to figure it out, maybe everything would have worked out all right. He just couldn't believe everything James said in the papers. Any more than he believed every single bit of the rescue in shark-infested waters or the triumph over Jocko Kennedy in the Yellow Dragon.

He peered in at the milk bottle standing on the deep window sill where the tank was supposed to be. The salamander was beginning to float toward the top and wasn't working its arms and legs very much. Jimmy must have liked him a little bit. To do all these things with him. Chris squeezed hard to keep his eyes dry. Jimmy just must have liked him a little bit.



FEMALES BY COLE: 32



Changeable

ALL-STARS

(continued from page 24)

BASS

Ray Brown	2,541
Oscar Pettiford	2,519
Eddie Safranski	2,295
Percy Heath	1,578
Bob Haggart	1,552
Milt Hinton	1,467
Red Mitchell	1,019
Charlie Mingus	930
Walter Page	488
Leroy Vinnegar	399
Eddie Jones	396
Paul Chambers	372
Red Callender	371
Al McKibbin	310
Wendell Marshall	262

DRUMS

Shelly Manne	4,680
Gene Krupa	4,441
Buddy Rich	2,495
Louis Bellson	1,484
Max Roach	1,363
Chico Hamilton	903
Jo Jones	901
Art Blakey	459
Nick Fatool	297
Ray McKinley	224
Kenny Clarke	180
Ed Shaughnessy	159
Chuck Flores	153
Osie Johnson	152
Joe Morello	152

MISC. INSTRUMENT

Lionel Hampton, vibes	6,597
Milt Jackson, <i>vibes</i>	1,615
Don Elliott, <i>vibes, mellophone</i>	1,170
Art Van Damme, <i>accordion</i>	1,127
Terry Gibbs, <i>vibes</i>	1,005
Cal Tjader, <i>vibes</i>	965
Bud Shank, <i>flute</i>	870
Sidney Bechet, <i>soprano sax</i>	857
Herbie Mann, <i>flute</i>	846
John Graas, <i>French horn</i>	653
Red Norvo, <i>vibes</i>	488
Cy Touff, <i>bass trumpet</i>	314
Buddy Collette, <i>flute</i>	287
Tito Puente, <i>timbales</i>	250
Frank Wess, <i>flute</i>	212

MALE VOCALIST

Frank Sinatra	8,261
Nat "King" Cole	2,652
Sammy Davis, Jr.	1,828
Louis Armstrong	1,039
Mel Tormé	923
Perry Como	741
Joe Williams	600
Chet Baker	480
Bing Crosby	456
Bobby Troupe	285
Joe Turner	281
Jack Teagarden	184
Clancy Hayes	167
Jackie Paris	149
Buddy Greco	143

FEMALE VOCALIST

Ella Fitzgerald	4,893
June Christy	4,661
Chris Connor	1,769
Sarah Vaughan	1,523
Peggy Lee	1,357
Lee Wiley	839
Carmen McRae	761
Jeri Southern	749
Anita O'Day	614
Billie Holiday	499
Dinah Washington	482
Julie London	230
Helen Merrill	142
Teddi King	119
Jackie Cain	116

INSTRUMENTAL COMBO

Dave Brubeck	4,974
Modern Jazz Quartet	2,262
Gerry Mulligan	1,222
J. J. Johnson - Kai Winding	1,188
Lionel Hampton	1,088
Erroll Garner	975
Shorty Rogers	966
Australian Jazz Quartet	796

Oscar Peterson	692
Chico Hamilton	601
Teddy Wilson	526
Dave Pell	387
Bob Scobey	362
Cal Tjader	273
Don Elliott	246

VOCAL GROUP

Four Freshmen	8,577
Hi-Lo's	2,759
Mills Brothers	1,939
McGuire Sisters	1,121
Jackie Cain - Roy Kral	928
Blue Stars	712
Cadillacs	700
Mary Kaye Trio	656
Honey Dreamers	339
Platters	152
Spellbinders	75
Four Lads	50
Four Aces	42
Crew-Cuts	24
Ames Bros.	22



"Sure, I want to find a nice girl and settle down. What I don't want to do is get married."

WASHINGTON (continued from page 52)

Put the bacon fat, onion, garlic, carrot, bay leaf and sage in a soup pot. Place over a moderate flame and sauté until the onion turns yellow—not brown. Add the peas and soup stock. (If no soup stock like chicken broth or beef broth is available, use 1½ quarts of boiling water and 6 bouillon cubes instead.) Add the ham bone. Bring soup to a boil. Reduce flame and simmer slowly until the peas are very soft, from 1½ to 2 hours. While the soup is simmering, wash the mushrooms and cut them into ¼-inch cubes. Put the mushrooms and butter in a separate saucepan or pot. Cook, covered, stirring frequently, until the mushrooms are tender. Set aside. When the peas are tender, remove the ham bone from the soup. Force the soup through a strainer or food mill. Cut the ham into ¼-inch squares. Combine the strained soup, mushrooms and ham. Simmer 5 minutes. Add the sugar and Tabasco sauce. Add salt and pepper to taste.

SHERRIED OYSTERS

If you've ever eaten the wonderful oysters from Chincoteague, Maryland, you'll understand Washington's passion for this seafood. Sherried oysters are served in a delicate sauce that doesn't mask the provocative flavor of the bivalves. Serve sherried oysters on crisp hot toast or on a mound of white rice together with buttered fresh green peas.

- 3 dozen freshly opened medium size oysters
- 3 tablespoons butter
- 3 tablespoons flour
- ¼ teaspoon paprika
- Oyster liquor
- Milk
- 4 scallions
- ¼ cup dry sherry
- Salt, pepper

Drain the oyster liquor from the oysters. Measure ¼ cup of the oyster liquor. Add enough milk to make 1½ cups liquid. Heat over a slow flame, but do not boil. In another saucepan melt the butter. Add the oysters and sauté

only until the edges of the oysters begin to curl. Remove the oysters from the pan using a slotted spoon. Don't overcook oysters or they will become tough. Stir the flour into the pan, blending well. Add the paprika. Gradually add the 1½ cups liquid. Bring to a boil. Reduce flame and simmer 5 minutes. Add the sherry. Chop the scallions, using the white part and about 1 inch of the green. Add the scallions and oysters to the pan.

SHAD ROE WITH ALMONDS

Shad won't be in season until spring, but since shad and shad roe were great Washingtonian favorites, we'll go into the subject here. In a pinch, you can always get it in a can. Shad itself is a luscious fish but quite bony. In large city markets you can buy it boned. Shad roe are the eggs of the female shad. Shad roe are always sold in pairs, which should be separated before cooking. Serve shad roe with crisp shoestring potatoes, grilled tomatoes and a watercress salad.

- ½ cup shelled almonds
- 2 tablespoons salad oil
- 2 pair fresh shad roe
- ¼ cup melted butter
- 1 lemon
- 4 sprigs parsley
- Salt, celery salt, pepper

Pour boiling water over the almonds. Let the water remain on the almonds 5 minutes. Drain almonds. Remove skin from almonds. Place the almonds on a small shallow pan or pie plate. Sprinkle with the salad oil. Place in a preheated moderate oven at 350 degrees for about 10 minutes, stirring frequently. Keep a sharp eye on the almonds for they burn quickly. Remove almonds as soon as they are toasted brown. Sprinkle with salt.

Preheat the broiler to 450 degrees. Separate each pair of shad roe into two portions. Wash well, taking care not to break the membrane. Place the roe on a shallow pan or metal pie plate. Brush with melted butter. Sprinkle with salt,

celery salt and pepper. Place under the broiler flame. Broil about 5 or 6 minutes on each side or until brown. Beware of sputtering fat. Transfer the roe to a platter. Again brush with melted butter. Sprinkle with the juice of a half lemon. Cut the remaining half lemon into wedges. Garnish the roe with lemon wedges and parsley. Sprinkle the browned almonds over the roe.

BLACK CHERRY FRITTERS

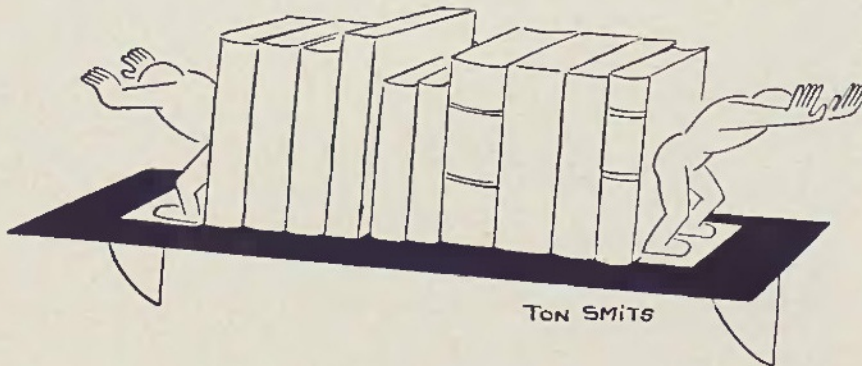
Most Americans now know that the story of Washington and the cherry tree was a whopping fable invented by Parson Weems. Although Washington didn't chop down a cherry tree, he did plant and graft hundreds of cherry trees on his estate, and, of course, he loved the fruit in all forms. Black cherry fritters dusted with confectioners' sugar should be served at a late hour on a frosty night. Or serve them for luncheon as a main course with grilled bacon and hot maple syrup. In preparing this recipe don't use the sour pitted cherries. Use the dark sweet cherries put up in heavy syrup. If there are pits, remove them.

- 1½ cups all-purpose flour
- 1½ teaspoons baking powder
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ¾ cup cold water
- 2 tablespoons salad oil
- 2 eggs
- 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
- 1 cup drained, canned pitted black cherries

Sift together the flour, baking powder and salt. Separate the whites and yolks of the eggs. Beat the yolks well and combine with the cold water, salad oil and lemon rind. Add the liquid egg mixture and the cherries to the dry ingredients. Stir only until the ingredients are blended, that is, until there is no pool of liquid in the mixing bowl and no dry flour is visible. Don't stir like a dervish or the fritters will be tough. In a separate bowl beat the egg whites until stiff. Fold the egg whites into the batter, that is, add the whites using a down-over-up stroke with the mixing spoon.

Heat a kettle of deep fat—no more than half-full—until the fat reaches 380 degrees. At this temperature the fat will show the first wisp of smoke. For best results use a thermostatically controlled deep fryer. Drop the batter by tablespoons into the hot fat. Don't make the fritters too big or they will be underdone in the center. (The fritters may also be fried in a shallow pan in a quarter-inch of hot vegetable fat.)

Remove the fritters from the frying kettle. Drain on absorbent paper. Sprinkle generously with confectioners' sugar just before serving. Take great delight in your victuals.



TON SMITS

DOCTOR'S DECEPTION *(continued from page 65)*

Lelièvre, quite a young woman, who had been married for three years to a wealthy shopkeeper in the town and was said to have been the prettiest girl in the neighborhood.

"She was terribly pale; her face was contracted like the faces of mad people are occasionally, and her hands trembled violently. Twice she tried to speak without being able to utter a sound, but at last she stammered out:

"Come—quick—quick, Doctor. Come—my—my—lover has just died in my bedroom.' She stopped, half suffocated with emotion, and then went on: 'My husband will—be coming home from his club very soon.'

"I jumped out of bed without even considering that I was only in my night-shirt, and dressed myself in a few moments. Then I said: 'Did you come a short time ago?'

"No," she said, standing like a statue petrified with horror. 'It was my maid—she knows.' And then after a short silence she went on: 'I was there—by his side.' And she uttered a sort of cry of horror, and after a fit of choking, which made her gasp, she wept violently, shaking with spasmodic sobs for a minute or two. Then her tears suddenly ceased, as if dried by an internal fire, and with an air of tragic calmness she said: 'Let us make haste.'

"I was ready, but I exclaimed: 'I quite forgot to order my carriage.'

"I have one," she said: 'it is his, which was waiting for him!' She wrapped herself up so as to completely conceal her face, and we started.

"When she was by my side in the darkness of the carriage she suddenly seized my hand and, crushing it in her delicate fingers, she said with a shaking voice that proceeded from a distracted heart: 'Oh! If you only knew, if you only knew what I am suffering! I loved him; I have loved him distractedly, like a madwoman, for the last six months.'

"Is anyone up in your house?" I asked.

"No, nobody except my maid, who knows everything.'

"We stopped at the door. Evidently everybody was asleep. She let us in with her key and we walked upstairs on tip-toe. The frightened maid was sitting on the top of the stairs with a lighted candle by her side, as she was afraid to stop by the dead man. I went into the room, which was turned upside down, as if there had been a struggle in it. The bed, which was tumbled and open, seemed to be waiting for somebody: one of the sheets was thrown onto the floor, and wet napkins with which they had bathed the young man's temples were lying by the side of a basin.

"The dead man's body was lying at full length in the middle of the room, and I went up to it, looked at it and

touched it. I opened the eyes and felt the hands, and then, turning to the two women who were shaking as if they were frozen, I said to them: 'Help me to lift him onto the bed.' When we had laid him gently onto it I listened to his heart, put a looking glass to his lips and then said: 'It is all over; let us make haste and dress him.' It was a horrible sight!

"I took his limbs one by one, as if they had belonged to some enormous doll, and held them out to the clothes which the women brought, and they put on his socks, drawers, trousers, waistcoat and lastly the coat, but it was a difficult matter to get the arms into the sleeves.

"When it came to buttoning his boots the two women knelt down, while I held the light. As his feet were rather swollen it was very difficult, and as they could not find a buttonhook they had to use their hairpins. When the terrible business was over I looked at our work and said: 'You ought to arrange his hair a little.' The maid went and brought her mistress's large-toothed comb and brush, but as she was trembling and pulling out his long, tangled hair in doing it, Mme. Lelièvre took the comb out of her hand and arranged his hair as if she were

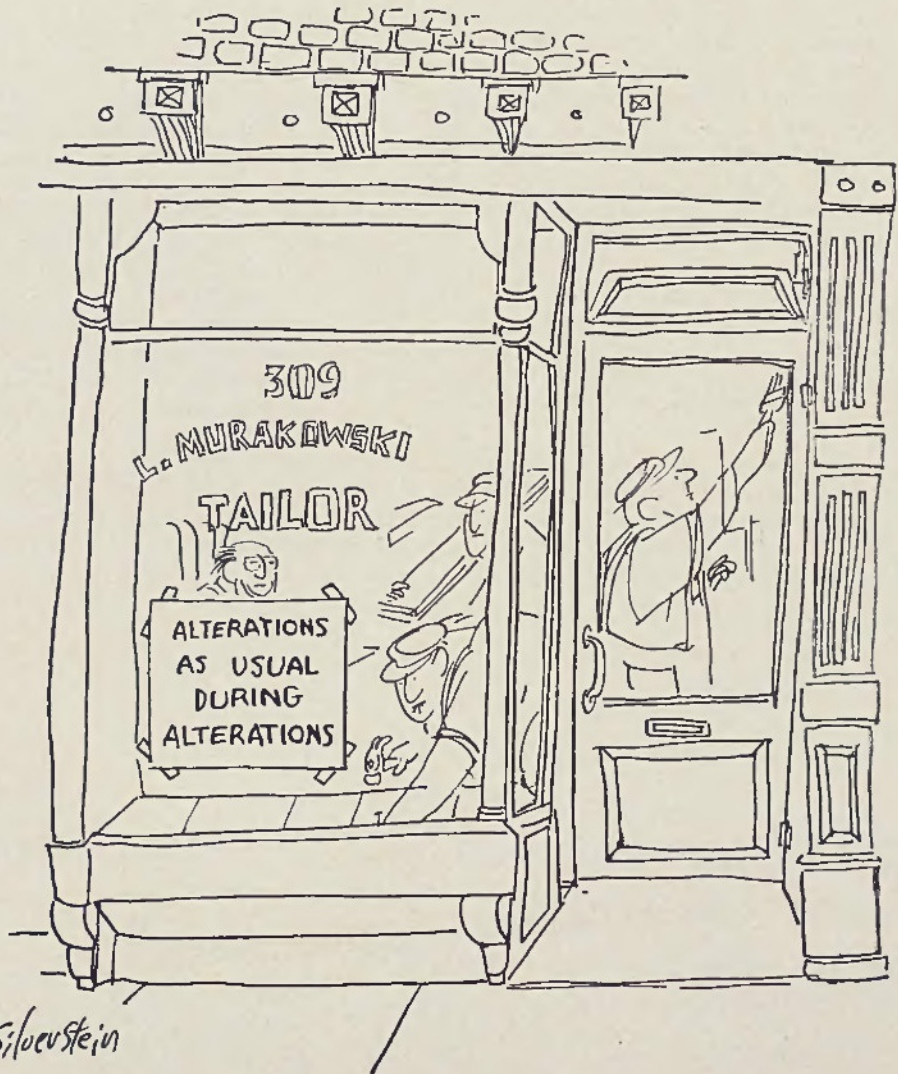
caressing him. She parted it, brushed his beard, rolled his mustaches gently round her fingers, as she had no doubt been in the habit of doing in the familiarities of their intrigue.

"Suddenly, however, letting go of his hair, she took her dead lover's inert head in her hands and looked for a long time in despair at the dead face, which no longer could smile at her. Then, throwing herself onto him, she took him into her arms and kissed him ardently. Her kisses fell like blows onto his closed mouth and eyes, onto his forehead and temples, and then, putting her lips to his ear, as if he could still hear her and as if she were about to whisper something to him to make their embraces still more ardent, she said several times in a heart-rending voice: 'Adieu, my darling!'

"Just then the clock struck twelve, and I started up. 'Twelve o'clock!' I exclaimed. 'That is the time when the club closes. Come, madame, we have not a moment to lose!'

"She started up, and I said: 'We must carry him into the drawing room.' When we had done this I placed him on a sofa and lit the chandeliers, and just then the front door was opened and shut noisily. The husband had come back, and I said

(concluded on page 74)





My Valentine —
a man with a
Microsheen shine!

Class always tells. And shoes polished the modern *deluxe* MICROSHEEN way tell your heart-throb you're always at your sparkling best. Yes, GRIFFIN MICROSHEEN has real class. Contains costly waxes, expertly blended to give you a rich, lustrous shine that stands out in any crowd. Get hep to MICROSHEEN and step out with the best!



**GRIFFIN
MICROSHEEN
STAIN
BOOT POLISH**

Black • Brown • Tan
Oxblood • Cordovan
Mahogany • Blue
Red • Neutral



PLAYBOY'S VALENTINE BAZAAR

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



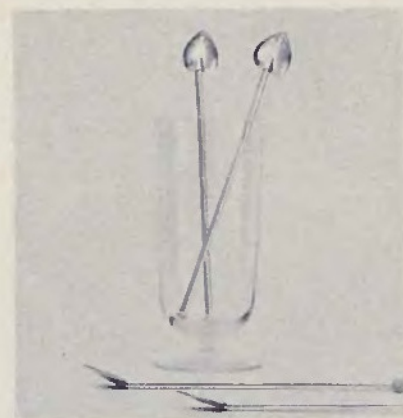
TO MAKE HER FLIP

Pièce de résistance to shatter hers—hundreds of 14K gold and pavé diamond tickers suspended on flexible mesh chains make up an irresistible Paris-designed necklace with matching earrings. Her heart will be won with your heartbroken \$3500 for the necklace and additional \$1500 for the earrings. *Trabert & Hoeffler*, 940 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.



FLORA BY PHONE

A rose is a rose is a rose, but when the long-stems arrive on Valentine's Day, something goes all soft and mushy inside the silly girl. Whether she lives in Maybee, Michigan, or Bent Stem, Idaho, posies are your last minute best-bet. Why? Any petal-pusher who belongs to the Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association will see that the thorn in your side gets her foliage within hours. Pick up the phone and order, for example, an arrangement of roses and eucalyptus leaves. It will cost you but ten clams, including the vase.



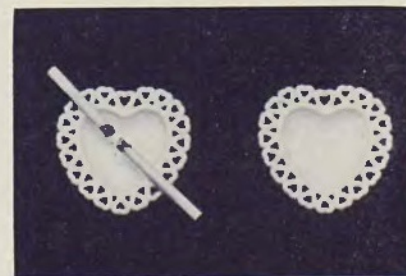
HEARTS FOR STIR-UP CUPS

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DOCTOR'S DECEPTION

(continued from page 71)

to the maid: 'Bring me the basin and the towels and make the room look tidy. Make haste, for heaven's sake! Monsieur Lelièvre is coming in.'

"I heard his steps on the stairs and then his hands feeling along the walls. 'Come here, my dear fellow,' I said. 'We have had an accident.'

"And the astonished husband appeared in the door with a cigar in his mouth and said: 'What is the matter? What is the meaning of this?'

" 'My dear friend,' I said, going up to him, 'you find us in great embarrassment. I had remained late, chatting with your wife and our friend, who had brought me in his carriage, when he suddenly fainted, and in spite of all we have done he has remained unconscious for two hours. I did not like to call in strangers, and if you will now help me downstairs with him I shall be able to attend to him better at his own house.'

"The husband, who was surprised but quite unsuspecting, took off his hat. Then he took his rival, who would be quite inoffensive for the future, under the arms. I got between his two legs as if I had been a horse between the shafts, and we went downstairs while his wife lighted us. When we got outside I held the body up so as to deceive the coachman and said: 'Come my friend; it is nothing; you feel better already, I expect. Pluck up your courage and make an attempt. It will soon be over.' But as I felt that he was slipping out of my hands I gave him a slap on the shoulder which sent him forward and made him fall into the carriage; then I got in after him.

"Monsieur Lelièvre, who was rather alarmed, said to me: 'Do you think it is anything serious?' To which I replied, 'No,' with a smile, as I looked at his wife, who had put her arm into that of her legitimate husband and was trying to see into the carriage.

"I shook hands with them and told my coachman to start, and during the whole drive the dead man kept falling against me. When we got to his house I said that he had become unconscious on the way home and helped to carry him upstairs, where I certified that he was dead and did some more play-acting for his distracted family. At last I got home and back to bed, not without swearing at lovers."

The doctor ceased, though he was still smiling, and the young woman, who was in a very nervous state, said: "Why have you told me this terrible story?"

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love in the dark
(continued from page 58)

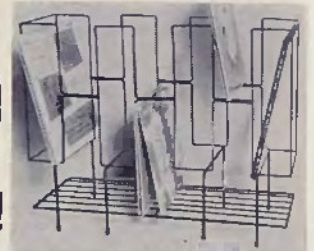
why would they want to kiss someone else's husband or wife?"

The older I get the closer I believe I come to the answer. The root of the problem seems to me to be the deep-rooted shame which American men feel in the presence of sex—except, of course, in the form of the off-color story, which is a peculiar and peculiarly American institution. It's also another version of the Peeping Tom impulse, what psychiatrists call voyeurism. In my novel, there is a girl named Janet who is the perfect example of what such a father can expect of his daughter. Janet's parents had ceased to have any sexual relations with each other long before Janet was aware of what their bitter quarrels and her father's retreat to the bottle were all about. Her mother escaped in a "nervous breakdown." Her father escaped first in the drive to become a millionaire and then, with that accomplished, into the semi-oblivion of alcoholism. He never had the courage to face the fact that he and not his wife was the cause of the sexual failure of their marriage. Meanwhile, as his daughter grew to maturity, he hated her for finding the fun, the love, that he had missed. He questioned her about her dates with men for the same reason the emotionally frustrated woman questions her daughter about a party she's been to, wanting to know every detail. And no matter how innocent Janet's dates might have been, her father was able to make them seem evil—until finally they *were* evil—and then something that wanted to make her as guilty, as bitterly unhappy as he was himself was finally satisfied. He had destroyed himself and the one thing in life he loved and, for them, the story was over.

But for the little girl whose father can't bear to touch her any more because he's so ashamed of the clumsy way she chose to break down the barrier between them, it's far from over. For young Robert, whose vision of married love is two people stealing upstairs in the afternoon and then looking shamed and guilty afterward, it is also far from over. For all the confused young people who want to be not only aware of their sex, but proud of it, it is also far from over.

Because to all the people who make love in the dark, and who kiss with their eyes closed, someone ought to say, not only "What are you ashamed of?" but also "What are you afraid of?" The guilt-ridden, convention-ridden American male will be a better father when he's no longer ashamed to be his wife's lover.

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COLLECTOR'S

(continued from page 35)

appeal sightwise and touchwise, and it is impossible to own too many. While more esoteric hobbies are often deeply soul-satisfying, we have yet to hear a symmetrical young tomato whisper to her companion, "Who's that fascinating devil with the 12th Century brass rubbings?" Admitting that many a thundering passion has developed over stranger common interests, we nevertheless submit that a wardrobe of good tweeds and well-cut slacks will propel the average male further along the path to urbanity than the most exciting collection of Walter Pater first editions ever displayed.

The serious, sensible collector naturally begins with the classics, whether his specialty is incunabula, brunettes, Americana or casual togs. And one of the best examples of a classic jacket cloth is Shetland, that loose, rugged wool handwoven by the crofters of the Scottish islands and from the sheep of the same name. Because of its native talent of taking to soft, hazy colorings, Shetland wool is especially good-looking; because of its light weight, it is especially comfortable in most all climates. Even rather bold plaids and checks lose their brashness; crazy color mixtures that a gentleman would never tolerate somehow blend themselves into sane and subtle solids. Another great gift of this jacket paragon is that it never looks brand new, a stigma that would cause even the rankest jacket collector to flay his chest and howl like a whipped dog.

Flannel, too, gets into the top jacket ranks with stripes creating a stir, but again, it's all done very quietly. Several values of gray or brown give the coat a just-right look that blends six parts tradition with two parts individuality.

Sick and tired of just sitting around, slacks have taken great strides in asserting themselves. While the good gray grays are still seen about the best men's clubs and remain in unquestionable taste, the whipcords, basket weaves, stripes and small checks are making themselves felt. Natural beiges, gray browns and foggy greens make frequent and not unwelcome appearances. The buckle strap in the back is disappearing for the simple reason that it is more ornamental than functional. The cut of slacks remains pipe-stem slim and pleats are scarce. Real revolutions are taking place in the pockets: thin strips of leather outline many of them and a number of hip pockets are flapped and lined in figured cotton. A ridiculous extreme is one that eliminates the hip pocket entirely, posing the knotty problem of where to rest the handkerchief, wallet or flask.



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Any doll will mellow like mad if you suggest Eastertime in New York City: the parade of fashions on Fifth Avenue, dinner to a discreet piano at the Penthouse Club, a Broadway show, then a quiet nightcap. But hustle her out of town before the stores open Monday, perhaps for five days at posh Montauk Manor on Long Island, which packages all its glittering facilities (golf, swimming pool, deep-sea fishing, etc.) in a special all-in-one rate of \$60 Monday through Friday. And that, son, will give you the weekend to re-gird your loins for the morrow.

If you can't resist the siren song of the cherry blossoms, one of the most charming tours we know is a hitting of highlights in Japan, with such added dividends as ceremonial tea in a private Nipponese home and stuff like that. This takes only 17 days by air from the West Coast (ours, that is) and costs a paltry \$1278.

An April highlight for shutterbugs is a tour of the fabulous wildflower meadows in the Great Smokies. You can do it a truly memorable way—on horseback—from Cataloochee Ranch, at a scant \$200 for 10 days. And don't forget the April-through-November sight-seeing at, among other places, magnificent Colonial Williamsburg, Va., or go see the stockaded Tudor village and high-pooled sailing ships which will be the year's biggest attractions at reconstructed Jamestown, this year celebrating its 350th anniversary as the first permanent English settlement in America.

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