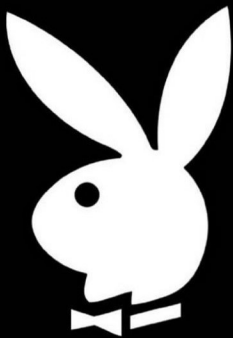


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PLAYBILL

"SPROG COLLINS blew his brains out, all right—right on out through the top of his head. But I don't mean with a gun. I mean with a horn." Early in PLAYBOY's first year, these opening words of a manuscript by an unknown writer riveted our attention. We dropped what we were doing, picked up the story, read the first page, read the second page . . . then we loosened our necktie, put our feet up on the desk, and read the 10,000-word yarn all the way through to the end. We loved it—and our readers loved it, too. After we published it, the letters of praise for *Black Country*—this white-hot story of jazz and jazzmen—poured in from everywhere. From Mexico to Japan; and the "trade" opinion was equally enthusiastic: Ray Bradbury said, "All the way down the line, it's a better story than *Young Man With a Horn* ever could hope to be. I'm sure it will be remembered for many years." Robert Bloch wrote in to call it "a superb job!" The Managing Editor of *Writer's Digest* "felt the story's power." And when it was selected for *Eddie Condon's Treasury of Jazz*, the editor of the book said that it seemed "to have been written while a phonograph played some old Louis Armstrong records." Since September 1954 when PLAYBOY gave *Black Country* its first publication, the story's author, Charles Beaumont, has come a long way. As a PLAYBOY-regular, he has written controversial stories like *The Crooked Man*, stories of psychological insight like *The Hunger*, fantasies like *The Dark Music*, lighter stories like *A Classic Affair* . . . all kinds of stories, many of which will soon appear in his first hard-bound collection. But—except for a nonfiction takeout on Sachmo (*Red Beans & Rice*), PLAYBOY, February 1955)—he has not returned to the jazz theme . . . until now. Leading off this March issue, PLAYBOY is proud to publish *Night Ride*—Charles Beaumont's first jazz story since *Black Country*.

Jazz enthusiasts will also be interested in the weekly sessions now being held on NBC-TV's *Tonight* with the winners of the first annual PLAYBOY JAZZ ROLL, building to a late-spring television spectacular with the full 1957 PLAYBOY ALL-

STAR JAZZ BAND. At that time, an LP will be cut under the personal supervision of Norman Grauz.

Those of you who have dreamed of checking the rat-race and retiring to the bliss of a tropic isle will find soul-satisfaction in Avery Atwood's how-to article on *The Gray Flannel Beach-combers*; and those of you who may have wondered what it's like in the sky (answer: it's great in the sky, just like everywhere else) will enjoy *Cockpit Capers*, a bit of astonishing fact by a young corporation pilot writing under the protective nom de plume of Roger Wilco. If you're wondering what to expect from the squared circle in 1957, you'll want to read PLAYBOY's fourth annual ring preview, conducted by fist-cuff buff John Lardner.

As part of our tribute to The Vargas Girl this month, we are pleased to present—for the first time anywhere—full-color nudes from the bountiful brush of that High Priest of Va-Va-Voom, Alberto Vargas.

Dion Henderson, a burly newspaperman who has authored two novels (*Algonquin* and *The Last One*), has turned in a tasty little tale called *The Decent Thing to Do*—all about a boy, a babe and a bet. Science-fictioneer Fredric Brown wasn't content to turn in one story—he's given us three, and, proving Polonius' adage about brevity being the soul of wit, all three may be found *complete* on pages 94 and 35.

We got to talking with Ray Russell recently, and we asked him if we were exactly correct in calling his pieces satires, as we've been doing. He hooked thumbs around suspenders and said, "Satires, parodies, pasquinades, pastiches, lampoons, caricatures, burlesques, take-offs . . . the only term I know that comes close to accurately describing my stuff is a tongue-tangling Polish word, *glupstwo*. This, as near as I can make out, has connotations of irreverence, irrelevancy and a demented disregard for reality." All of which, we think, sizes up Ray's work pretty well. In this March issue, you'll find his latest bit of *glupstwo*—*Paddy*, based on the playwright of the same name.

Forward—March!



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HENDERSON



RUSSELL



LARDNER



VARGAS



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DEAR PLAYBOY

ADDRESS PLAYBOY MAGAZINE • 232 E. OHIO ST., CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS

HEMINGWAY AND KILEY

Permit me to make a few comments — even objections — to the weird article by Jed Kiley in your September number.

To begin with, Kiley was merely one of several writers who assisted in the office of *The Bonnevilles* from time to time. Erskine Gwynne was the publisher and I was the editor. The incidents concerning Ernest Hemingway's contribution are completely distorted from start to finish. It was I and not Kiley who persuaded Hemingway, who had long been a good friend of mine, to do the piece in question. The only subsequent difficulty with Ernest arose because I removed a few four-letter words from the story. I managed to explain satisfactorily to Henny why it was necessary to make such deletions. Kiley was not even in the office at the time. Actually, what chiefly annoyed Hemingway was that we paid so little for any contribution. But he got over that and we remained friends.

Oh, well! At this late date, there isn't much use in belaboring all the points. Hence, I can best sum it up by saying that, as a reporter, Kiley displays a great predilection for fiction as against fact. With all best wishes for the continued success of your entertaining magazine,

Arthur Moss
Alpes Maritime
France

THAT OLD DARK MUSIC

Congratulations on PLAYBOY's third anniversary — no finer tribute could be paid you than the one you paid yourself with your December issue: the best yet. Stories, cartoons, photos, jokes—all were of the best. My special commendation for the December Playmate (the most beautiful you've ever had), and for Charles Beaumont's *The Dark Music* (the best fiction in a long time). Beaumont has an almost unearthly knack for getting inside his characters and bringing them to life. His work is, in my estimation, one of the finest things your

magazine has brought to the reading public, and I freely predict great success for him.

Grantland Williams
Altadena, California

Congratulations to you and Charles Beaumont for the masterful piece entitled *The Dark Music*. As a writer, I am fully aware of the genius possessed by this skillful artist. As a medical man, I have a case that fits this word picture to perfection.

Dr. Edwin W. Hirsch
Chicago, Illinois

Charles Beaumont could be soubler while taking laughing gas, which in itself is swell. We need a couple of soubler guys around. If everybody pointed with pride, who would view with alarm? But Beaumont isn't brooding about anything, he's just brooding. If you're going to view with alarm, you've got to view something with alarm. You can't just sit there, staring fuzzily into space, saying, "Ain't it a hell of a mess?" without ever defining "it." Then, to confuse the issue, Beaumont gets his semantics all loused up and pops to the surface convinced that *making* love is the same as *giving* love, which is pretty damn foolish, as any girl who's ever been zaped can tell you. *The Hunger* and *The Dark Music* are two sides of the same coin all right, as you pointed out, but the coin's a slug.

Donald E. Westlake
Brooklyn, N. Y.

HOME TOWN BOY

Sind omgäende pr flygpost eder tidning PLAYBOY med Anita Ekberg naken.

Olof Gutenberg
Malmö, Sweden

Sind omgäende pr flygpost 506, Olof.

SILVERSTEIN, PRO & CON

Shel Silverstein is one of the freshest humorists to appear in a long while! I would appreciate your relaying my mes-



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sage of thanks to him—for his work, for the warm-hearted cynicism he directs toward all of us, for the future laughter I wait for him to bring us.

Phyllis Yampolsky
New York, N. Y.

I would like to congratulate Silverstein on his humorous versions of *Eldritch Restored* and if possible would like very much to see more of them in your magazine.

John Edwards
Philadelphia, Pa.

PLAYBOY's satire, which reached the pinnacles of greatness with Russell's *Monster* piece and Nolan's *Dorndinger* story about the girl with the huge falsies, is ebbing—as witness Silverstein's *Batton Man* bit in your December issue. Buttons! My aching back!

John Heide
Rapid City, S. D.

TIDINGS OF DISCOMFORT . . .

Drunkness and lust! Is that what Christmas means to you people? Ray Russell's verses for your so-called "Christmas Cards" were positively disgusting—full of references to sozzled wenches, leching, testosterone, obscene "gifts" consisting of "a portion of thyself" and the suggestion that a young lady should drop dead simply because she doesn't swap her virtue for a Christmas gift! Russell should be in jail where he can do no harm, and that goes for the whole bunch of you.

D. R. Shaw
St. Louis, Mo.

. . . AND JOY

Enclosed please find coin of the realm for one December '56 issue of PLAYBOY. I need it for my complete file because my subscription copy got mutilated. How come? Well, you must have stolen my datebook to get ideas for your Xmas greetings, because each of your messages matched my sentiments (and the characteristics of the characters I know) to perfection. Don't get me wrong—I didn't tear up those pages in rage. I neatly snipped out the cards and mailed them to the people in question.

Dudley Heath
Annapolis, Md.

TONGUES OUT

Please, you sadists, ease up. I don't mind drooling over Playmates because I'm used to it by now and anyway I know a few who can and will ease my fevered brow in approved fashion. But as a seldom traveler, and as a man who has too few of the world's goods as yet, your *International Datebook* and *Gift Gallery* had me in a lather to spend my meager roll at once and borrow ahead to boot.

Paul Sornfeld
Cambridge, Mass.

ZIEGFELD FOLLY

As one of the backers of the recent ill-fated *Ziegfeld Follies*, I viewed your article about it with mixed emotions. I was pleased to see your stunning shots of the show, but they proved even more emphatically that its closing was one of the most tragic theatrical occurrences of recent years, not to say one of the most expensive.

Alan Solomon
Highland Park, Illinois

CAN'T BE DEPT.

Recently KFDX-TV, Channel 3 began promoting our new slogan, "Everybody Watches Channel 3" as our regular station break. Our artist was then instructed to draw up unusual situations to characterize this slogan. The basic



idea was to have viewers watching Channel 3 under almost impossible circumstances. Naturally, since PLAYBOY is probably the most captivating magazine on the market today, what would be more ideal than a viewer watching Channel 3 even with a copy of PLAYBOY in his hand? However, we do hope PLAYBOY is not offended. We all read it—that is, except when Channel 3 is on.

Darold A. Cannon, Jr.
Vice President, KFDX-TV
Wichita Falls, Texas

VODKA

Thomas Mario's treatise on vodka was like a cleansing breeze. The smarties who pretend to crave this form of alcohol can get it in purer and safer form from any drugstore, for less money, by just asking for 90 proof ethyl alcohol.

Colin MacRae Hodkins
Manila, Philippines

Your recipe for a "Moscow Mule," a drink we created, is not correct. For a real "Moscow Mule" you should use lime and not lemon, although the drink is fair with lemon.

Frank C. Marshall,
Advertising Manager
Henslein, Inc.
Hartford, Conn.

JACQUOT GRIS

A very good friend of mine has left town and I can't seem to find out where

he has gone. He was doing a piece for your magazine and I contributed some of the information he was going to use. He is a very wonderful person and his name is Jacquot Gris. May I have his new address as I want to see him again. I'm not mad at him for forgetting to tell me he was going. He is a very busy man. But when you hear from him or see him would you please! please!! tell me I wrote or send me his new address.

Martita Rodriguez
San Antonio, Texas

I enjoy reading your magazine very much even though I am a woman. I am anxiously awaiting the forthcoming article by Mr. Gris. He was doing some research on it the last time I was with him. I helped (blushingly).

If it is not too much trouble, Mr. Gris (Jacquot Gris) has moved and he left no forwarding address. As I would like to keep in touch with him, could you please send me his new address?

He certainly is a clever little man. I never knew anyone so short could be so nice. Thank you in advance for your help.

Miss Talley Tomison
San Antonio, Texas

Can you publish the latest address of Jacquot Gris whom is an author for you? I don't want you writing me straight because my husband opens all my mail. I would certainly be thanking you if you would put the address somewhere in your next month's PLAYBOY.

A Playboy's Girl
San Antonio, Texas

It is mandatory that you send me Mr. Jacquot Gris' new address. He was doing some investigating for your magazine the last time I saw him. He moved and forgot to tell me where or when. This is very urgent and I would appreciate your help in finding him.

Miss Billie Jane Larson
San Antonio, Texas

I would like to get in touch with Mr. Jacquot Gris. If you have his address would you please send it to me.

Peggy Ganottle
Potter, Texas

My boyfriend has gone and I can't find him. He wrote a story for you. I would like you to find him for me, because I love him. His name it is Jacquot Gris. Can you help me? I thank you, kind sir.

Elsie Snabel
San Antonio, Texas

We've never heard of this guy, Jacquot Gris, and we never commissioned him to do an article for us. It doesn't sound as though he has had much time for writing.



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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



We had brunch a couple of weeks ago with Arthur C. Clarke, author (seven novels, one coming up), astronomer, physicist, skindiver and generally a good sort. Reason we mention this is because Clarke unfolded to us a tale concerning the Ultimate Machine invented by a friend of his at M.I.T. The gadget is about the size and shape of a cigar box and almost as plain; on its side is a simple toggle switch, nothing more. One pulls the switch to the on position and the box emits an annoying buzz. Slowly, the lid rises, a miniature hand issues forth, reaches around to the side, turns the switch to off, and retires inside as the lid falls. And that is all.

If you're one of the fortunate fellows who has flown around the world, Qantas Airlines offers a sporty lapel badge reading "I Did It." In all candor, we must report that they'll send the badge to anyone who asks for it, and one young lady of our acquaintance recently mailed away on behalf of her roommate, to commemorate that girl's loss of virginity. As we were saying, if you've circumnavigated the globe, airborne, or can think of some other appropriate use for an "I Did It" badge, dispatch a winged letter to Qantas Airlines, c/o Brisacher, Wheeler & Staff, 1658 Bush St., San Francisco 9, California.

You'll recall that, a while back, Marlene Dietrich's Columbia LP, *Café de Paris*, came to your record dealer bathed in the fragrance of heady perfume—Miss Dietrich's favorite scent. Not to be outdone, British comedienne Hermione Gingold demanded similar treatment for an LP of hits (on the Dolphin label, an aromatic collection of satirical ditties). Accordingly, a review copy of the disc arrived at the PLAYBOY offices accompanied by Miss Gingold's favorite scent

—a real, ripe clove of garlic at the height of its powers.

Plagiarism of an entire book is a rare thing in publishing circles, but recently the firm of Bourgey & Carl was faced with just such a case. A mystery novel, titled *The Golden Ballast* and purportedly penned by a lad called Anthony Hodgson, turned out to be a virtual word-for-word steal of 1951's *Tender to Danger*, by Eliot Reed, a copyright pseudonym of two writers, Eric Ambler and Charles Rodda. Prophetically, the Bourgey & Carl editor who first read the *Ballast* manuscript included a note along with his recommendation to publish: "This is the best thing I've read since Eric Ambler." Who discovered the heist? Anthony Boucher: mystery reviewer for the *New York Times Book Review*, editor of *Fantasy and Science Fiction* and contributor to PLAYBOY.

FILMS

The Rainmaker. N. Richard Nash's adaptation of his own play, is a prairie story about a husband hunting spinster (Katherine Hepburn) whose thirst for love is matched only by the surrounding real estate's thirst for rain. The end of both droughts is brought about by the sudden appearance of a flamboyant charlatan (Burt Lancaster) with a rainmaking device, a gift of grandiloquent gab and a rain-barrel full of charms. The two stars give appealing performances, as do the adept members of the supporting cast—Cameron Prud'homme, Lloyd Bridges, Earl Holliman—who, as members of Kate's family, are over eager to see her wedded and bedded (though not necessarily in that order).

"Nobody says anything bad about anybody in an obit." So states one of the

brass of the Amalgamated Broadcasting Company, which is planning a coast-to-coast memorial program about their ace entertainer who has just expired in an automobile crack-up. The chore of splicing together "a portrait in sound of a great man" falls to one of the network's reporter-commentators (Jose Ferrer) who, in subsequent interviews with the great man's agent, wife, girlfriends, bosses and hangers-on, uncovers the fact that the salesman-humorist-humanitarian was one of the entertainment world's prize bastards. As it happens, Ferrer can ferret out nothing good to say about him. This is *The Great Man*, Al Moogyan's screen adaptation of his own bestseller, a book that swatted mosquitoes all over the Madison Avenue broadcasting jungle. On film, with Ferrer's slick direction, it becomes a masterful machete job. In the process of chronicling posthumously the dead man's dual personality, Ferrer hanters Qs and As with Keenan Wynn, a slyster agent; Dean Jagger, the network boss; Jim Backus, a fily-livered P.R. man; Julie London, a thrush turned lusc; and Ed Wynn, a hick-town radio station owner. Tsk, tsk, so much venom, so much chicamery, so much fun.

In Serrière is a Franco-Swedish import (with English titles) about a French construction engineer's love affair in rural Scandinavia with a woodland witch (Marina Vlady). Macabre? Not really. This witch is about 18 and full of fun and games. Trust the French to pour her into a near-to-bursting dress (thus providing much of the picture's suspense) and trust the Swedes to have her finally shed it for a dip in one of those ever-lovin' Scandinavian lakes. She finally sheds her boyfriend, too, for fear of bearing a son-of-a-witch. An insubstantial bit of Bull, this—Thorne Smith with a foreign accent—but the aforementioned lakes are good to look at and,

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come to think of it, so is Vlady.

In 1927, Fred Astaire appeared in a Broadway musical called *Fanny Feet*, with tunes by George Gershwin. Now, 90 years later, a just-as-nimble Astaire is appearing in a film version of the same show. Audrey Hepburn is aboard, too, hooding and warbling, as is chillingly sophisticated Kay Thompson, making her screen debut. But, although the Gershwin music has aged gracefully, the flimsy filmfare of the plot has not: this contrived mess about an inhibited, spinsterish bookworm (Hepburn) catapulted into the super-chic world of fashion (represented by Astaire as a fashion photographer) can't hold up under even cursory inspection. If you're in a generous mood, however, you'll certainly enjoy the hummable music, a pleasing performance by big-eyed Audrey, a charming one by the indestructible Astaire, a frightening one by club-star Thompson and some highly engaging color work.

Worth viewing for assorted reasons: *Fernando*, a funny French flick starring Fernandel as the libertine, Don Juan . . . *Edge of the City*, a tough, tense, low-budget nail-biter cut from the *On the Waterfront* mold . . . *The Girl Can't Help It* and *Zerk*, which display the full-fledged funologies of Jayne Mansfield and Anita Ekberg, respectively.

DINING-DRINKING

Beneath the sidewalks of New York, the oldest-beat things happen, especially at Julius Monk's Downstairs (51st St. and 6th Ave.). Jovins the spelunkers who lower themselves into this old-Broadway bin to catch merry songs and witty sayings rendered by the likes of Cecil Cabot, June Erisson, Bud McCreevy, Gerry Matthews, et al. It's a place to go after the theatre, especially if you've seen *bad* theatre and need 22—count 'em—22 hilarious acts to feel good all' over again. *Guava Who Was There?* is a perfect spoof of the jaded international set, notably "Elsa and Noel, Tallulah and Cole"; another skit is a reminiscence of Rome's golden era when maidens were "Appian Way-laid"; still another turns out to be a remotely Tibetan contribution to the forward march of juvenile delinquency: *You Did Me Wrong at the Puberty Rite*, and on and on and on. Guzzlers are encouraged to drink up the reasonable \$3.50 minimum (\$4 weekends), and to accommodate your glasses, ex-Ruban Bleu producer Monk has dispersed half-dollar sized tables throughout what might grinningly be called the "length and breadth" of this subterranean strong-box. The fun is halted only

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on Sundays, and the acts and performers change from time to time.

BOOKS

A pile of powerful writing and pleasurable reading is collected between the covers of *Prize Stories 1957* (Doubleday, \$3.95). Culled from the pages of American magazines, the stories are authored by William Faulkner, Jean Stafford, Irwin Shaw, PLAYBOY-regulars Herbert Gold and Willard Marsh, and many more. Of the 29 writers represented, Gold (he topped PLAYBOY's '56 Fiction Bonus, you'll recall) is among a group of three honored by the special O. Henry Awards. Editor Paul Engle, in the introduction, commends him for his "shrewd but sympathetic insight into the troubled human race."

Originally presented as a radio feature, *The Art of Being Happily Married* (Harper, \$2.95) provided so successful a platform for Andre Maurois' comments that the author was persuaded to broaden them into this book. It is a rather skittish, fact-and-fiction treatment of how not to behave when married, and the author strings out his little necklace of self-evident truths in a sort of lighthearted Kinsey Report. Perched on a pedestal of experience, M. Maurois observes the antics of Marise and Philippe from the moment the astute young lady seduces her boyfriend into wedlock. Then the blunders pile up: instead of idealizing the dreary background of her honeymoon, the wretched bride dissolves into tears; she is disconcertingly honest with hubby's boss and thereby loses Philippe a pay boost; she openly envies the affluent of their friends; hubby's infidelity sends her into an hysterical pout while she herself almost (but not quite) succumbs to the professional blandishments of a polished seducer. As you will have gathered, the book won't add to M. Maurois' literary stature, but he does emerge as a continental Dorothy Dix.

A quartet of titillating cartoon compendiums passed our desk recently (they were traveling at a slow, lookable pace) and brought bountiful joy to a dark and otherwise gloomy day. They are, in order of ascending price and descending lunacy, *Kovarsky's World* (Knopf, \$2.95), *Alan Dunn's Should It Gargle?* (Simon & Schuster, \$3.95), *Peter Arno's Hell of a Way to Run a Railroad* (Simon & Schuster, \$3.95) and *The Hokinson Festival* (Dutton, \$5), the most recent and final collection of the late Miss Hokinson's dimpled, dumpy dowagers at play. Mr. Kovarsky is a zany nut whose imagination was completely unshackled in this, his first collection. Mr. Dunn, on whom the



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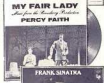


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(Bethlehem 6011). Swinging with 20 musicians is as easy as doing the 100-yard dash in your topcoat, but Pete and Johnny bring it off neatly, thanks to their free-wheeling solos.

Deems Taylor likes to tell of attending a concert of Chinese music and being under the impression that, for the first number, a performer named Pi-Pa was playing *Ko-Hu-Yin* upon an instrument known as the han chuan-hua, "until an anguished glance at the printed glossary exposed the fact that it was Miss Han Chuan-Hua playing the pi-pa." For a few moments, we experienced something of this kind whilst lending an ear to *The Japanese Koto* (Cook 1132), but we soon got clued in to the fact that Shimichiro Yuize (that's a guy) was playing *Hu Ne Tsuki* (that's a musical piece) on the koto (that's a six-foot tube with 13 pure silk strings). *Hu Ne Tsuki*, or *Shuttlecock*, is just one movement from Yuize's *Dance Suite* which, in turn, is only one of many compositions this nimble-fingered gent gives out with on the record. One side is devoted to traditional airs going back to the 16th Century, and to our occidental ears these were a mite monotonous and might have pleased us more had Machiko Kyo been on the premises to dance. Yuize's own modern Japanese music on the other side, though, is inventive, peppery, passionate and fun to hear.

Julie London—Calendar Girl (Liberty SL 9002) has a foldover cover with a dozen portraits showing Julie in costumes and/or settings to suit each month. Open it up and you find the biggest, lushest Titian pose dedicated to *The Thirteenth Month*. The music? Oh, yes. Pull out the disc and you find a caressing, jazz-inflected voice that has no business belonging to anyone who could get by so easily without it. Even Pete King's arrangements and Richard Breen's witty program notes are a double bonus. The tunes include standards like *I'll Remember April*, *September in the Rain*, and several bright originals, two of them by Julie's longtime inamorato, Bobby Troup. If you are male and bristling, don't miss this one. . . . Julie isn't the only witch who shook us up this month: add *Beverly Kenney* (Rost 2596), a 25-year-old, pure-voiced pixie who offers here a thoroughly charming debut LP. Beverly's enunciation is a joy to hear—clear, froxy, crisp and superbly un-gimmicked. . . . And don't overlook Jean Ash expostulating about *Imagination* (MGM E3459), another mellifluous maiden who can purr as prettily as they come. . . . Strictly for fun, we suggest a platter called *Required Singing* (Epic LN 5282), a merry mixture of eternally popular carols that pop up whenever

good fellows and girls begin swilling suds: on it there're such undergraduate classics as *Zulu King*, *That's Where My Money Goes*, *Schnittzbank*, etc.—all done with infectious, ear-busting enthusiasm.

Our own Leonard Feather presents, in *West Coast vs. East Coast* (MGM E 3390) another battle of jazz, and if this is war who wants peace? On eight hands, the two groups, 3000 miles apart, take turns playing four numbers and all goes together beautifully. The last band, *Lovers Come Back to Me*, combines both groups, still 3000 miles apart—but you can perform that kind of musical hocus-poets with tape. The West Coast combo includes such regulars as Don Fagundes, Bob Enevoldsen and Buddy Galanter. Plus André Previn playing not only piano, but vibes, too. This is tricky: André uses a gismo called "vibronics," a piano keyboard hooked up to vibes, which makes it possible to play up to 16 notes simultaneously. Sounds *magique*. The East Coasters are all from the Basie band and include Thad Jones, a trumpeter to keep an ear on. Three of the arrangements are by Feather himself, two being of the same tune (*Beverly Hills*) with the Eastern version slower, more relaxed and lower-keyed than the Western. What's the battle prove? Nothing: it's fine listening.

THEATRE

Everything is not unadulterated Kikkapoo Joy Juice in the musical version of Al Capp's comic strip. *Lil Abner* (at the St. James, 138 W. 48th). There are times when the Norman Panama-Melvin Frank book needs a nip of body-building Yokumerry tonic. The Johnny Mercer-Gene de Paul score is fair enough, but it fails to ring out with a socks low ballad. The important thing, however, is that this yokel-type valentine from Dogpatch is deservedly the song-and-dance champ of this season.

Edith Adams is a beautifully stacked Daisy Mae; Peter Palmer is an affable tower of reluctant manhood as Lil Abner; and Stubby Kaye, as Marryin' Sam, stops the show at will with some of Mercer's choicest comedy lyrics. All of Dogpatch's likeable zanies—including live-stock—are on hand, much as Capp created them for posterity and over 700 newspapers. But aside from the cartoonist's satirical savvy, the outstanding feature of the show is the jet-propelled imagination with which Michael Kidd staged the dance numbers—as winged and wacky as anything you've seen since the first Keystone Comedically chaste.



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PLAYBOY

fiction BY CHARLES BEAUMONT



NIGHT RIDE

*this band was the greatest of them all—
but behind its greatness
was a dark and terrible secret*

HE WAS A SCRAWNY KID with junkie eyes and no place for his hands, but he had the look. The way he ankled past the tables, all alone by himself; the way he yanked the stool out, then, and sat there doing nothing; you could tell. He wasn't going to the music. The music had to come to him. And he could wait.

Max said, "High?"

I shook my head. You get that way off a fresh needle, but then you're on the nod; everything's upbeat. "Goofers, maybe," I said, but I didn't think so.

"Put a nickel in him, Deek." Max said softly. "Turn him on."

I didn't have to. The kid's hands crawled up and settled on the keys. They started to walk, slow and easy, taking their time. No intro. No chords. Just, all of a sudden, music. It was there all the while, Poppa-san, how come you didn't notice?

I couldn't hear much through all the noise in that trap, but a little was plenty. It was real sound, sure enough, and no accident. The Deacon had been dead right. Blues, first off: the tune put down and then brushed and a lot of improvising on every note; then, finally, all of them pulled into the melody again, and all fitting. It was gut-stuff, but the boy had brains and he wasn't ashamed of them.

Max didn't say anything. He kept his eyes closed and his ears open, and I knew he was hooked. I only hoped it wouldn't be the same old noise again. We'd gone through half a dozen box men in a year.

Not like this one, though.

The kid swung into some chestnuts, like *St. James Infirmary* and *Bill Bailey*, but what he did to them was vicious. *St. James* came out a place full of spiders and snakes and screaming broads, and *Bailey* was a dirty bastard who left his woman when she needed him most. He played *Stardust* like a boy scout helping a cripple across the street. And you want to know something about Sweet Georgia Brown? Just another seedy hustler too tired to turn a trick, that's all.

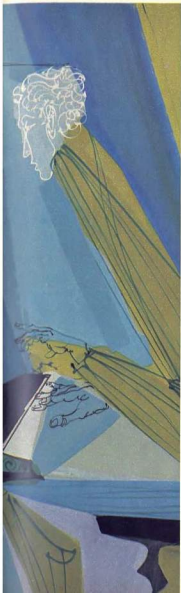
Of course, nobody knew what he was doing. To the customers, those snarcs and slides and minor notes were only mistakes; or maybe they didn't even notice.

"What's his name?" Max said.

"David Green."

"Ask him to come over when he's through."

I sliced my way past the crowd, tapped the kid's shoulder, told him



who I was. His eyes got a little life in them. Not much.

"Max Dailey's here," I said. "He wants some words."

"OK," the kid said.

I went back. He dropped the knife for a while and played *Who* straight, or pretty straight. The way I'd heard it the night before, anyway, when it was too hot to sleep and I'd gone out for that walk. Funny thing about a box: a juillion guys can hammer it, they can play fast and hit all the notes and transpose from here to Wednesday. But out of that million, you'll find maybe one who gets it across. And like as not he can't play fast and won't budge out of C. Davey Green wasn't what you'd call a virtuoso, exactly. He didn't hit all the notes. Only the right ones.

After a while he came over and sat down.

Max grabbed his pass. "Mr. Green," he said, "you are a mess of fingers."

The kid nodded; it *could* have been "Thanks."

"You don't do a whole lot, but it's mostly good. The Deacon likes it. I like it." He took off his sun glasses and folded them real slow. "I'm a tight man with a complimenter, Mr. Green," he said.

A chick in a green sarong popped out of the snake. She had a little here and a little there. "Gents?"

Max ordered for two. My cue: I got up and killed the rest of my Martini. "Gotta make a phone call, boss," I said. "Meet you outside."

"Good enough."

I told the kid maybe we'd see him around and he said, sure, maybe, and I left.

Outside it was hot and wet, the way it gets in N.O. I wandered up one side of Bourbon, down the other, hunting some music. Tried a joint with a sign that said, "Dixieland at its Best," but the booze was watered and the dancer didn't know: a pint-sized chick with a nervous tic. The band came on like gangbusters — hooting and hollering and putting on the big grin — and I blew.

Jazz might have been born in New Orleans, but it left home a long time ago.

Max was waiting in front of the Gorché Club; he wasn't smiling, he wasn't frowning. We walked some blocks. Then, in that whispery-soft voice of his, he said: "Deek, I think maybe we can start playing some now. I think maybe we have us a box."

I felt proud, oh yes; that's how I felt. "Got to be handled right, though. The kid has troubles. Great big troubles."

He grinned. It was the kind of a grin a hangman might flash at a caught killer, but I didn't know that. I didn't

even know there'd been a crime. All I thought was, the Band of Angels has got 10 new fingers.

We broke at the hotel, but the train didn't leave till eight the next night, so I had a party by myself. It didn't help. I dreamed all night about that little girl, and I kept hitting her with the car and backing up and hitting her and watching her bleed.

Funny part was, once it wasn't me in the car, it was Max, and the little girl was David Green . . .

The kid hooked up with us in Memphis. No suitcase, same clothes, same eyes. We were doing a five-nighter at the Peacock Room, going pretty good but nothing to write home about. Davey listened to a set and tapped Max's bass. "So I'm here," he said. "Want me to sit in?"

Max said no. "You listen. After the bit, then we'll talk."

Kid shrugged. Either he didn't give a damn or he was elsewhere. "Hello, Mr. Jones," he said to me, and slumped into a chair. He stuck his head on his arms and that was it.

Nobody was hot, so we played some standard dance tunes and faked a jam session and sort of piddled around until two. Then we packed up and headed for the place.

"This is the Band of Angels," Max said, but he didn't say it before we were at attention, all present and accounted for. "Deacon Jones you already know. He is a trumpeter, also a cornet and sometimes when we're in California, a flute. I'm bass; you know that, too. The tall, ugly fellow over there is Bud Parker, guitar. Kollo Vigon and Parnelli Moss, sax and valve trombone. Hughie Wilson, clarinet. Sig Shulman, our drummer, the quiet, thoughtful guy to my right. All together, the very best in the world — when they want to be. Gentlemen, our new piano: David Green."

The kid looked scared. He passed a limp hand around, as if he wished he was in Peoria; and he almost jumped when Max put the usual to him. Who wouldn't?

"We're a jazz band, Green. Do you know what jazz is?"

Davey threw me a glance and ran his hand over his hair. "You tell me."

"I can't. No one can. It was a stupid question." Max was pleased: if the kid had tried an answer, that would've been bad.

Sig began to tap out some rhythm on a table, impatiently.

"I'll tell you one thing, though. If you want to make it with the Angels, you've got to forget about categories. Some hands play Storyville, some play Lighthouse; head music and gut music — always one or the other. We don't work that way. Jazz is jazz. Sometimes

we'll spend a week on the traditional, flip over and take up where Chico Hamilton leaves off. Whichever says what we have to say best. You dig?"

Davey said he dug. When Max got the fever like this and started the sermon, you didn't argue. Because he meant it; and he knew what he was talking about.

Davey didn't understand how important it was for him to say the right thing, but he managed fine. For a few minutes he'd laid his troubles down.

"Take it in, Green. Think hard about it. What you've been doing is high up, but one way. I believe you can be all ways. I believe it because I have faith in you."

Max stuck his hand on Davey's shoulder, almost the same way he'd done with each of us over the years, and I could see that it hit the kid hard.

"I'll try, Mr. Dailey," he said.

"Make it Max. Doesn't take as long."

Then it was all over. Max closed the Bible and broke out some Catto's Scotch, which is a drink he does not generally like to share; then he got the kid into a corner.

I should have felt great, and in a way I did, but something was spoiling it. I went over to the window for some air: the sidewalks had been hosed down and they put up a nice clean smell, next best to summer rain.

"Nice kid," I looked over; it was Parnelli Moss. He still had the shakes, but not so bad as sometimes. Hard to see how a man could hit the bottle the way Parnelli did and still finger a horn. Hard to see how he could stay alive.

He was wound up. And I wasn't in any mood for it. "Yeah."

"Nice fine kid." He held the ice-water near his forehead. Cold turkey, on and off. "Max humamin' up a new crutch?"

I ignored it; maybe it'd go away.

It didn't. "Is he any good?" Parnelli asked.

"He's good."

"Poor Mr. Green. Deek, you listen — he'll stay good, but he won't stay nice. Not with Big M."

"Parnelli," I said, "just as cool as I could, you're a fair horn but that's all I can say for you."

"That's what I mean," he said, and grinned. I suddenly wanted to pitch him out the window, or jump myself. I couldn't tell which.

He rolled the glass across his forehead. "Give us this day," he said, singing, "our Dailey bread —"

"Shut up." I kept it in whispers, so no one else would hear. Moss was loaded; he had to be. "Parnelli, listen, you want a knife in Max — that's OK.

(continued overleaf)



"Darling, there's something I should have told you . . .



. . . before we were married.



I'm afraid you're going to be disappointed . . .



. . . and I only hope you won't feel cheated . . .



. . . or hate me for deceiving you.



Darling, my hair is bleached!"

that's fine by me. Stick it in and wiggle it. But keep it away from me—I don't want to hear about it."

"What's the matter, Deek—afraid?"
"No. See, the way I look at it. Max picked you up when your own mother wouldn't have touched you with rubber gloves. You were nothing, Parnelli. Zero. Now you're eating. You ought to be on your goddamn knees to him!"

"Father," Parnelli said, with a real amazed look. "I am. I am!"

"Guy's been a nurse to you," I said. "Nobody else would have bothered."

"For a fact, Deek."

"They'd have let you kick off in Bellevue."

"For a fact."

I wanted to slug him then, but I couldn't. I knew he hated Max Dailey. For the life of me, I couldn't figure out why. It was like hating your best friend.

"You like the kid, Deek? Green, I mean?"

"Yeah," I said. It was true. I felt—maybe that was it—responsible.

"Tell him to cut out, then. For the love of Christ, tell him that."

"Go to hell!" I swung across to the other room: it was like busting out of a snake house. Davey Green was there, all to himself, sitting. Only he was different. Those hard, bitter-type lines were gone. Now he just looked—sad.

"How you makin' it?"

"The kid looked up. "The hard way," he said. "I've been talking to Mr. Dailey. He's—quite a guy."

I pulled up a chair. My back was sweating. Cold sweat. "How you mean?"

"I don't know, exactly. I never met anyone like him before. The way he has of, well, of knowing what's wrong and how it's wrong, and pulling it out of you—"

"You got troubles, kid?" The sweat was getting colder.

He smiled. He was damned young, maybe only 23; handsome, in a Krupa kind of way. "Tell the Deacon."

"No troubles," he said. "Just a dead wife."

I sat there, getting scared and sick and wondering why. "How far back?"

"A year," he said, like he still didn't believe it. "Funny thing, too. I never used to be able to talk about it. But Mr. Dailey seemed to understand. I told him everything. How Sal and I met, when we got married and went to live in the development, and —" He shoved his face against the wall quick.

"If you talk about it, kid, you get rid of it," I said.

"That's what Mr. Dailey told me."

"Yeah," I knew. It was exactly what Mr. Dailey had told me, six years ago, after the accident.

Except, I was still dreaming about that little girl, as if it had happened

yesterday . . .

"You think I'll fit in, Deek?" the kid asked.

I looked at him and remembered what Parnelli had said: and I remembered Max, his voice low, always low; and it got too much.

"Cinch," I said, and blew back to my room on the second floor.

I don't bug easy, never did, but I had a crawly kind of a thing inside me and it wouldn't move.

"Tell him to cut out . . . For the love of Christ, tell him that . . ."

Next night the kid showed up on time in one of Rollo's extra suits. He looked very hip but also very tired, and I could see that he hadn't had much sleep.

Max gave him a little introduction to the crowd and he sat down at the box.

Things were pretty tense.

We did *Night Ride*, our trade mark; and the kid did everything he was supposed to. Very fine backing, but nothing spectacular, which was good. Then we broke and he got the nod from Max and started in some sad little dancing on *Jeds*. It isn't easy to make that tune sad. He did it.

And the crowd loved it.

He mimored *Lady Be Good*, and then threw a whole lot of sparks over "*A Train*;" and the Peacock Room began to jam. I mean, we were always able to get them to listen, and all that foot-stomping routine, but this was finally it.

Davey Green wasn't good. He was great. He Brubecked the hell out of *Sentimental Lady*—keeping to Max's arrangement enough so we could tag along, but putting in five minutes more—and it was real reflective, indeed. Then, with everything cool and brazen, he turned right around and there was Jelly Roll, up from the dead, doing *Whispering* the way it hadn't ever been done.

And all the hearing aids were turned to "loud" when he rode out a solo marked Personal. Almighty sad stuff; bluesy; you knew—I knew—what he was thinking about. Him and his wife in bed on a hot morning, with the sun screaming in, them half-awake, and the air bright and everything new. Red ice. Warm blues.

Max lisenced with his eyes tight shut. He was saying: Don't touch a thing, boys; don't make a move. You might break it. Leave the kid alone.

Davey stopped, suddenly. Ten-beat pause. And we thought it was over, but it wasn't. He was remembering something else now, and I knew that that first was just the beginning.

He stated a melody, no life in it, no feeling; just the notes. If You Were the Only Girl in the World—then he smeared his fist down the keys and be-

gan to improvise. It was wicked. It was brilliant. And the cats all swallowed their ties.

*There's a girl in a box,
Deacon Jones, Deacon Jones,
And that girl in a box
Is nothin' but bones . . .*

Which girl you talking about—yours or mine? I wondered. But there wasn't any time to figure it out, because he was all done. The Peacock Room was exploding and Davey Green was sitting there, sitting there, looking at his hands.

"A one. A two," softly from Max. We all took off on *St. Louis Blues*, every one of us throwing in something of his own, and I blew my horn and it was break time.

Max put on his blinkers and went over to the kid. I could barely hear him. "Very clean, Mr. Green." The kid was still with it, though; he didn't seem to be listening. Max whispered a few things and came on down off the stand. He was 10 feet tall.

"We've got it, Deek," he said. There was a light in back of his forehead. "It's ours now."

I knocked the spit out of my trumpet and tried a grin.

Max put a hand on my shoulder. "Deek," he said, "that was a good solo you blew, but I'm worried. You've been thinking about the accident. Am I right?"

"No."
"I don't blame you a lot. But we're swinging now, you dig, and we're going to swing high. So forget about the goddamn thing—or talk it over with me after the show. I'm available." He smiled. "You know that, don't you, Deek?"

I'd been praying to God he wouldn't say it. Now it was said. "Sure, Max," I told him. "Thanks."

"Nothing," he said, and went over to Bud Parker. Bud was hooked and Max kept him supplied. It always seemed OK because otherwise he'd be out stealing, maybe killing, for the stuff.

Now I wasn't so sure. Parnelli leaned over and blew a sour note out of his valve bone. "Nice kid," he said. "I think Max'll want to keep him."

So right. With 10 hot fingers, we started doing business in a great big way. I don't know why. It just happens.

We lammed out of the corn belt fast, got booked into the Haig in L.A. and outpulled everything since Mulligan. Quartets and trios were all the bit then, and that made us a ricky-tick Big Band, but nobody cared. In a month the word got around and they were coming down from "Frisco to give a listen.

I didn't have much to do with either Max or Davey; they were buddy-buddy

(continued overleaf)

BOXING 1957



playboy's fourth annual ring preview

sports by John Lardner

BOXING'S CHILD OF DESTINY required only a fraction of the scheduled 15 rounds to prove his right to the heavyweight championship of the world. In the fifth, Floyd Patterson cut down the old master, Archie Moore, and became (at 21) the youngest fighter ever to win the Big Title.

Just as Patterson is the youngest heavyweight champ, he may also prove to be one of the very best. Like Joe Louis (who was 23), he has class—he is swift, and steady, and smart beyond his age—and he strikes with the cold fury of a precocious snake.

PLAYBOY picked Floyd Patterson as a coming champion three years ago, in its first ring preview, at a time when he had just turned pro and was limited by his age to fighting six-round bouts. A year ago, PLAYBOY's ring preview predicted that Patterson would "challenge and beat Marciano in 1957." As it turned out, Rocky retired in 1956, leaving his title dangling for grabs by the two men with the best claims: the Olympic Kid from Brooklyn and the crafty, seasoned Moore, who had dumped Marciano himself on the seat of his pants not long before. It's good that Floyd licked a man

of Moore's stature for the championship. They asked him the hardest available question, and he answered it right, in the shortest, cleanest way. Today, he seems to stand alone—except for the lingering shadow of the last champion, the Rock of Brockton, Mass. There is still a chance, in fact, that Patterson may "beat Marciano in 1957." But now it is Rocky who must do the challenging.

Since the Patterson-Moore fight, Marciano has told us—as he has told others—that he positively will never fight again. But the snuff of a \$2,000,000 gate

(continued on page 74)

NIGHT RIDE (continued from page 20)

now. Max almost never let him out of sight—not that he neglected us. Every couple of P.M.s he'd show, just like always, ready with the talk. He was available. "Got to take care of my boys . . ." But Davey was the star of the show, and he didn't circulate much. It was enough just to see him, anyway. His piano was getting better, but he was getting worse. Every night he told the story about him and Sally, how happy they were, how much he loved her, and how she caught a germ and died. Every mood they might have had, he pulled it out of the box. And always ended up in Weep City. Used to be he'd get mad as hell at God for taking her breath out of her body and putting her underground; now he was mostly just sad, lonely, brought down.

And the Band of Angels couldn't do anything wrong. Before, we were a bunch of smart musicians; we could give you Dixieland or we could give you Modern; hot or cold; and nothing you could call a style. With Davey's fingers, we had a style. We were just as smart, could play all the different jazz, but we were blues men. We played mostly for the dame at the end of the bar, all alone, with too much paint or too much fat. Or for the little guy who won't dance because he's scared of what might happen when he's up that close. We played for little chicks with thick glasses, losers, never-hads, for stags and hags.

Blues men.
One of those worthy critics said it: "The Max Dailey band plays that piece of everybody that got hurt and won't heal up."

Blues men.
The Haig would have kept us six months more, forever maybe, but we had to spread Max's gospel. What was wrong with Birdland?

Not a thing. Max had been sniffing around New York for years, but who were we then?

Day we hit, he tiptoed in church-style. He spoke even lower, to Davey.

"Kid, this layout is all for Yardbird Parker."

Common knowledge.
"Big troubles that boy had, yes, indeed," he said. "Big talent."

We crept out; later on we came back and ripped that church apart at the seams. Davey was going like never before, but you couldn't get at him. Once after a show I asked him did he want to go out and have a beer with the Deacon, and he allowed that was all right, but Max came along and I wasn't about to break through.

And that's the way it went. *Down Beat* tagged us as "the most individual group in action today" and we cut

a flock of albums—*Blue Mondays*; *Moonin' Low*; *Deep Shores*—and it was gravy and champagne for breakfast.

Then, I can't remember what night it was, Max came up to my place.

He didn't look gleeful. First time I'd seen him alone since Rollo got in trouble with that army fag. He made it real casual.

"Deck, you seen Davey around?"
Something jumped up my throat.

"Not for quite a while," I said.
He did a shrug.

"You worried?" I asked.
"Why should I be worried? He's of age."

He left.
Then, the next night, it went and blew itself to pieces. I'd finished my bit with the horn—Saturday P.M.—when Parnelli tapped me and said, "Look out there." I saw people. "Look out there again," he said.

I saw a chick. She was eyeballing Davey.
"Max going to love that," Parnelli said. "He's just going to eat that all up, oh yes."

When it was over, the kid walked down and gave the doll a smile. She gave it back. And they went over to a dark corner and sat down.

"Oo-wee. Mr. Green has got himself a something, I do declare. And won't you kindly lamp Big M?"

Max was looking at them, all right. You couldn't tell exactly what he was thinking, because none of it showed in his face. He turned the knobs on his bass, slow, and looked. That's all.

After a while Davey and the girl got up and headed for the stand.

"Max, I'd like you to meet Miss Schmidt, Lorraine."

Hughie Wilson's eyes fell out, Bud Parker said "Yeah" and even Rollo picked up—and Rollo doesn't go the girl route. Because this chick was holerin': little-girl style, pink dress and apple cheeks and a build that said, I'm all here, don't fret about that, just take my word for it.

"She's been coming to hear us every night," Davey said.

"I know," Max said. "I've seen you around, Miss Schmidt."

She smiled some pure sunshine. "You have a fine band, Mr. Dailey."

"That's right."
"I particularly loved *Deep Shores* tonight. It was—"

"Great, Miss Schmidt. One of Davey's originals. I guess you knew that."

She turned to the kid. "No, I didn't. Davey—Mr. Green didn't tell me."

Our little boy man grinned: first I'd seen him do it for real. You wouldn't have recognized him.

And that's all she wrote. It was plain

and simple: Davey was going upstairs with this baby and she was liking it.

She showed up on the dot every P.M., always solo. Listen out the sets and afterwards she and the kid would cut out. He looked plenty beat of a morning, but the change was there for all to see. No question: David Green was beginning to pick up some of the marbles he had lost.

And Max never said a word about it, either. Pretended he didn't give a hoot one way or the other; nice as hell to both of them. But Parnelli wouldn't wipe that look off his face.

"Playing out the line," he'd say. "Max is a smart fella. Deck, anybody else, he'd put it on the table. Say: 'We're taking a European tour, or something like that. Not our bossman. Smart piece of goods . . .'"

It got thicker between Davey and his doll, and pretty soon, if you listened hard, you could hear bells. You could hear something else, though. The hand—it wasn't top stuff any more. I didn't know why, you couldn't finger the difference; but it was there, OK. We were playing music. Like a lot of guys play music. But we'd lost something.

But Max wasn't upset—and he was a walking tuning fork—so I figured it must be me. The dreams again, maybe. They were coming all the time, no matter how much I talked about them . . .

It wasn't me, though. We were beginning to sound lousy and it kept up that way, night after night, and I was afraid I knew why, finally.

Three days after Davey had announced his engagement to Lorraine, the sham cracked. Like:

We'd all gathered on the stand and Max had one-two'd for *Tiger Rag* and we'd started to play. And suddenly it was all fine again. The sound was there, only a lot richer than it had ever been. Davey's piano was throttled up and spitting out sadness again, throwing that iron frame around all of us. Keeping its level.

Parnelli tapped me and I went cold. I looked at Davey—he was gone; out of it—and I looked into the audience, and the chick was gone too. I mean she wasn't there. And Max was picking those strings, eyes squinched, happy as a pig in September.

We swung into *Deep Shores* and I think—I'm not sure, but I think—that's when it all got clear for me. After six years.

I played it out, though. Then I started for Davey, but Max stopped me.

"Better leave the kid alone," he whispered. "He's had a rough one."

"What do you mean?"
"The chick was n.g., Deck."

"I don't believe it."
"She was n.g. I knew it right along."

(continued on page 76)

THE DECENT THING TO DO

*in which virtue
is discussed, defined and
deliciously demolished*

fiction By Dion Henderson

DID YOU EVER WONDER how Tanya, the housemother at the Alumni Club—poor old Tanya, with her one eye blue and the other brown, and all the dents in her head where the Bolsheviks walked on her—got the new Jaguar Mark VII? Don't tell me you never wondered about that, son, it's the most obvious insoluble mystery since the Gordian Knot.

Well, there was a gentleman at the bottom of it, despite what you might think after looking at Tanya. And as fine and modest and honorable a gentleman as ever came out of Texas with hundred dollar bills stuffed in his boot tops.

That there gentleman, son, was Dallas Smith, a gambling man from the world go; was it for money, chalk or worsen, you say "go" and he went. Maybe you remember him from the Tech game when we were sophomores. He won that one with a 105-yard kickoff return

"Look, Dallas," she said, "the sabre is cherry-red."



and he'd have been a great halfback all through college except the Tech line-backer Welch and told the officials when old Dallas came around after the game and tried to collect that sawback he'd bet the line-backer on that kick after touchdown.

Well, you remember Dallas Smith now, son. But to get back to Tanya. One night Dallas stopped in at the Alumni Club and the place was pretty well deserted, except for old Tanya at the bar. Dallas saw right away that Tanya was having herself an attack of homesickness, the way she did every once in a while. She was mixing herself toddies, a third vodka and a third Cointreau and a third yellow chartreuse, and after she tossed one off she'd put her chin in her hands and heave those big Russian sob's into the earrings with the arms of the Ninitschloy's and the Romanov's rattled on the bar. She was real sad.

Now Dallas, being a man who couldn't stand to see a woman in tears when he hadn't had anything to do with it, high-heeled his way across the bar and asked her all about her trouble.

Tanya waved a piece of paper at him. "This is all I have to show for 27 years' tips from these cheap bums," Tanya said, waving the paper. "I will never have enough to buy a Jaguar Mark VII with red wheels."

The piece of paper was a thousand dollar bill.

Well, this conversation touched old Dallas Smith in two tender points. First place, he was right grieved to learn that a woman with all of Tanya's refinement and background considered the members of the Alumni Club a bunch of cheap bums. Second place, that thousand dollar bill roused his gambling spirit. So he said, as courteously as only a Texas man can get:

"Honey, tell you what. I'll just lay you —"

He stopped then, the way Tanya perked up, and rephrased his remarks. "Honey," he said, "I'll bet you that grand you got there in your pore spavined old alabaster hand, that I can run it into a new Jaguar sedan for your next birthday."

"You're on, Texas," Tanya said. "And my next birthday is only four months away."

"It's a bet, then," Dallas Smith said. He reached over and took the thousand dollar bill out of her fingers and high-heeled his way out of the place. He was probably the only inmate of our university, past or present, who could have taken that thousand and walked away with it. But even Tanya knew old Dallas, that he lived by a mighty strict code.

Nothing more was said about the bet for quite a while. Matter of fact, Dallas

Smith didn't show up much around the Alumni Club, except sometimes for a quick 10 or 12 hours of five-card stud in the middle of the week.

But then one night he threw a little sug' dinner for five of his friends, and when Tanya took them into the private dining room — after she'd bawled hell out of the waiter in Russian and French besh for not having the champagne just right in the buckets, and having the ice too fine under the blue points — she brushed past old Dallas and said, "Tomorrow is my birthday, Texas."

"I know it, honey," Dallas said with that long slow grin. "I sure do know it."

And that's all that was said between them. The dinner went along fine. There were just five guests, all fellows who had been in school together and still were one another's best friends even though Dallas was the only one who still was a bachelor. The others — there was Steve Farber, whom you might remember from the track team, he got a bronze at Helsinki; and Les and John and Rod and Albert; the old gang — all had married well and were doing right well in the business world, too. Dallas not only hadn't married, he wasn't much involved in business either. He always said that the money kept gushing up out of the ground in Texas so fast he couldn't clear it away and get down to work for a long time.

Anyway, the dinner was down to the *caf e au lait* stage — that was a local vice in our undergraduate days — when Dallas leaned back and blew away some of the orange-flavored smoke from Armin's suzettes and said:

"Friends, there's a little matter that I don't rightly know whether I should bring up. But it's a gambling matter, and I'd purely appreciate a mite of advice from you-all."

Well, that sure flattered the company. Dallas Smith asking for advice on a gambling matter.

"It's kind of a delicate matter," Dallas said, "since it involves the opposite sex and a middling indelicate wager that was undertaken, however," he explained, "purely in the interests of science, philosophy and gambler."

"Put your problem right in our hands," Steve Farber said.

"Yes indeed," Les said, taking his pipe out of his mouth to make room for his big smile.

"We're at our best deciding indelicate wagers," said John.

"Especially those undertaken in the interests of science, philosophy and gambling," Albert said. "Really we are."

Rod just nodded, sniffed the *caf e au lait* steam from the desitasse.

So Dallas put it out there for their consideration. No names, of course, he said. After all, a right dear friend of his was involved. So there wouldn't be any

identification. But he'd fill in details that were pertinent, he said, so's they could make a fair judgment.

It seemed, Dallas said, that a few weeks ago he and this good old friend of his had been sitting in the friend's apartment, sipping Amarillo lightning and discoursing right freely on the state of the world (as they usually did) and on the state of womankind (as they frequently did) and presently upon the feminine qualities that are bleakly termed "chaste" and as bleakly "virtuous" (which they rarely did).

A discussion like that, with the tapes of an old Bessie Smith collection of dirty blues in the background, led them pretty promptly into a debate considerably warmer and more specific than the same subject would have generated at an executive luncheon. This friend of old Dallas put up as his premise that among the beautiful and the beloved, virtue existed as an abstract quality. But old Dallas, who wasn't what you might call a fervent Platonist even back in old man Gootlieb's Philosophy 210, said he figured that virtue was about as abstract, say, as money. Either one, he allowed, could provide a fit and proper subject for a little abstract contemplation, but you could demonstrate right quick the existence of either one.

"Why, son," Dallas said, "I'll take the position that virtue in our charmin' companions on this l'il old earth is such a damn practical thing that a man with a honed-down sense of timin' and opportunity can hull it into a dove in right smart order."

"Nonsense," his friend said.

"Son," said Dallas, being a gambling man from the word go, "I'd sure like to set up a little wager on this, for the sake of defendin' my philosophical principles."

"You mean," his friend said, "you're willing to bet that you can prove virtue among the fair doesn't exist as an abstract quality, by assailing and overcoming it in the flesh?"

"The Lord take pity on me," Dallas said piously, "but that's just exactly it."

And his friend, with a sudden scheming glint in his eye, leaned forward and said, "Dallas old man, you name the stakes and I'll name the subject."

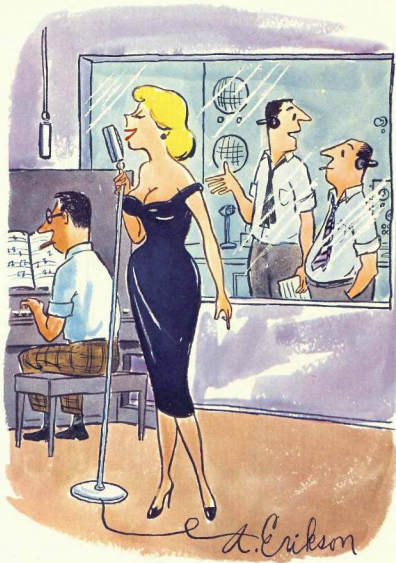
"That ain't a fair offer," Dallas said, seeing all sides of it at once. "But I opened my mouth, son, and I'll stand by it. For, say, a thousand dollars."

"Right," his old friend said. "You're on for a thousand."

"All right, son," Dallas Smith said. "But you haven't named the subject."

"Just a minute," his friend said, because the doorbell was ringing. He got up and it was his wife, coming home from a bridge party or something. With

(continued on page 38)



"Let's face it, what she's got high fidelity can't capture."



*"I agree you own ten percent of me, but
not that ten percent!"*

a lower-middle-class tv drama,
adaptable to the movies on a moment's notice



PADDY

satire BY RAY RUSSELL

Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that, in this form, this play is addressed solely to the reading public and may only be performed by theatrical, film or television companies. I should live so long, upon payment of royalty and a promise to live Ernest Borgnine for the title role.

—The Author

FADE-IN: the family homestead of Paddy Pastafajal and his sisters and his cousins and his aunts, a typical average lower-middle-class American family of Irish-Italian origins who live in an old stage-set of Clifford Odets' *Awake and Sing* which they got cheap from the Group Theatre when it disbanded. Extension cords crisscross the living room, resembling the work of a mammoth spider. Paddy's mama, known as MAMA, wrapped in a ratty old chenille bathrobe, is looking out the window at film clips of the New York blizzard of 1947 and one of the better Florida hurricanes.

MAMA

Isn't the weather awful. (It is not a question.)

PADDY

Wha'?

MAMA

Isn't the weather awful.

PADDY

Mama, by you is always awful, the weather.

MAMA

Lay off the Yiddish dialect, you Irish-Italian bum. Who do you think you are,

Rod Striger?

PADDY

Che dice? Eh! Che cosa dice, Mama!

MAMA

So from *The Rose Tattoo* he gives me. Have a piece of fruit.

PADDY

Mama, leave me alone, willya? Willya leave me alone, Mama? That's all I hear from you, day and night, seven days a week . . .

MAMA

(pleading)

And why shouldn't you hear it from me? Paddy, you're not so young anymore. You're gonna be THIRTY-FIVE YEARS OLD come next Epiphany. THIRTY-FIVE YEARS OLD you're gonna be come next Epiphany, Paddy. That's not so young. A fellow like you, a nice clean fellow like you with spaces between his teeth shouldn't be sitting around folding ravioli for his mama in the evenings when all the other fellows are not folding ravioli in the evenings for their *matnas*. Paddy, Paddy me boy (MAMA represents the Irish side of the family), it's of your own happiness I'm thinkin', entirely. In your old age, when you're sitting by yourself in a prop rocker and having trouble with your digestion, you'll wish you had kept your alimentary canal open when you had the chance and soaked up all them precious vitamins and minerals so necessary for strong bones and sparkling teeth. Paddy, I beg of you: *have a piece of fruit!*

PADDY

I don't wanna hear no more! I suffered

enough. Don't you think I got feelings? I don't wanna be hurt no more. Peaches I had, and swallowed the pits; apples I had, and got a stomachache becuz they wuz green; raspberries I had, and got the seeds between my teeth so I looked like a jerk when I smiled. So leave me alone, Mama, willya?

MAMA

Ah, ye ungrateful spalpeen, ye! Your own Uncle Giulio who dandled you on his good knee when you wuz a wee slip of a boy, and paid for the very braces on your teeth . . .

PADDY

Some braces! I didn't have gaps between my teeth before the braces!

MAMA

. . . Uncle Giulio, who practically cornered the fruit market all by himself and who deserves a little consideration . . . (she loses the syntax) . . . Paddy, attention, ATTENTION must finally be paid to Uncle Giulio!

PADDY

Lay off the Arthur Miller dialect, Mama. Who do you think you are, Mildred Dunsock?

MAMA

I'll listen to no disrespect toward your Aunt Mildred. Her what dandled you —

PADDY

Awright-awright, Mama! Anything to keep peace in the family! (He gnaws on a pineapple.)

The phone rings. You think it's a nice modern *cradle-phone* like every other lower-middle-class family had? Not a chance! It's one of those old tall jobs

with the receiver hanging on a hook at the side. UNCLE GIULIO waddles in to answer it. He is wearing trousers only, the suspenders outlined in bold relief against his bare chest. He has five o'clock shadow all the way down to the waist.

UNCLE GIULIO

(on phone)

Pronto. Giulio qui. Bene, bene. Come stai? (Stops abruptly, hands phone to PADDY in disgust.) Iva for you.

MAMA

A phone call for Paddy! A real phone call for my Paddy! Giulio, put on a shirt.

UNCLE GIULIO

Shudda you face.

PADDY

(on phone)

Yeh. Yeh. Yeh. Yeh. OK. OK. Sure, Stinky. You bet. I'll be there.

FADE-OUT.

FADE-IN: Walfgreen's. STINKY is seated at the fountain, sipping a Green River and reading a copy of Midriff Comics. Enter PADDY.

PADDY

So how's everything?

STINKY

Gez, look here: the Queen of the planet Kreplach—

PADDY

Which one is her?

STINKY

The one with the glass eye in her belly-button.

PADDY

Oh. So what about her?

STINKY

(indignant)

So she's got a glass eye in her belly-button! What more d'ya want?

PADDY

(scoffs wordlessly)

STINKY

(after a moment's silent exasperation) How many breads you know got glass eyes in their belly-buttons?

PADDY

(starts to talk, is interrupted)

STINKY

Name one! Just one! Go ahead!

PADDY

Uh—

STINKY

I double-dare ya!

PADDY

Knock it off, Stinky. I come here for a good time. I don't come here lookin' for a hard time. (Long pause.) I come here lookin' for a good time and you give me a hard time.

STINKY

You come here lookin' for a good time and I give you a hard time? Listen, I don't give nobody no hard time. (Longer pause.) I'm lookin' for a good time. You give me a hard time.

PADDY

I give you a —

SODA JERK

(wrapped in a rotty old chenille bathrobe)

I CAN'T STAND IT!! Order already, Paddy, yeah?

STINKY

Yeah, order, Paddy, already. Have a Green River.

PADDY

Naw.

STINKY

Have a root beer.

PADDY

Naw.

STINKY

Have a cuppa coffee.

PADDY

Naw.

SODA JERK

Have a piece of fruit.

PADDY

(throatling SODA JERK)

Stinky, listen. Are ya listenin', Stinky?

Listen, I'm in trouble.

STINKY

Gez, Paddy, I'm sorry to hear that.

PADDY

Maybe you could advise me, like.

STINKY

Sure. Open a vein.

PADDY

You ain't even heard me yet!

STINKY

Talk.

PADDY

It's like this-ere: my mother. She's always after me to get married. That's all I hear from her until I think I'll go off my rocker. Get married, Paddy. Go by the church and get married. Have a catered affair. All your brothers are married, so why ain't you? You oughta be ashamed of yourself. Paddy, she says, marry that poor girl and make an honest woman of her, willya?

STINKY

If I had a old lady like that, I'd clobber her.

PADDY

You got a old lady like that.

STINKY

I clobber her! So go on: what's your problem?

PADDY

What's my problem? My problem is my old lady she don't understand good. I tell her: Mama, I tell her, Gruba and me are happy just the way we are. We don't want no catered affair. All we want is an affair. But this don't cut no ice with Mama. I might as well be talkin' to the garbage can. Sometimes I find myself talkin' to the garbage can, she's drivin' me so nutty. Stinky, what am I gonna do?

STINKY

Open a vein.

PADDY

Mama's

STINKY

(hedging)

Uh...

PADDY

(hopelessly)

Well, thanks anyway, Stinky. I guess I'll just have to work it out somehow. (But STINKY has returned to his comic book. PADDY leaves, his knuckles scraping the floor.)

FADE-OUT.

FADE-IN: the Pastafazul flat again. PADDY, wrapped in Mama's rotty old chenille bathrobe, is sitting in the best armchair in the house, opening beer cans with his teeth and lapping up the brew with relish. GRUBA GATKI, an opulent item with much to recommend her, is seated on his lap, chewing bubble gum and reading a copy of Groin Comics, also with relish. The relish is in a little bottle on the end-table.

GRUBA

Paddy, how come the Queen of the planet Crisco is got a cocktail onion in her belly-button?

PADDY

(making a funny)

Maybe she's—a Gibson Girl! Har-har-har! Say, pardon me, honey, I gotta make a phone call. Just sit right here and don't go 'way. (On phone) Hello, Stinky? Howza boy? Say, I just thought you'd like to know my troubles are over. Mama won't give me no hard time no more. Huh? Well, you know all these-ere extension cords we got hangin' around the place? Well, when I got home, I found Mama swingin' from one of 'em. Accident. Walked right into it throst first, I guess. It was bound to happen sooner or later. Yeah. Well, just thought you'd like to know. So long, Stinky, see y'around.

He hangs up and turns his attention to GRUBA. Conscious of his scrutiny, she shivers with expectation, her left and right breasts rising and falling alternately. At this point, and while we still have time for the closing commercial, we leave PADDY and GRUBA to enjoy their simple pleasures, much like any other average lower-middle-class couple who are living in sin. They forget, of course, that UNCLE GIULIO is yet to be reckoned with, but we won't remind them. Since this is a high-type one-shot drama, not a cheap, sleazy serial, don't tune in next week to find out what happens. Another play will be on then. There's this average lower-middle-class daughter, see, who would be almost as pretty as Debbie Reynolds if she were make-up but who doesn't wear make-up because then she might be mistaken for an upper-middle-class daughter, see, and all she wants is a very simple wedding, but her mother... . Luckily, they have extension cords, too.



Graduate engineer Coconut Willy contemplates one of his dizzier chapeau creations, the profits from which enable him to while away leisure hours in a more romantic manner.

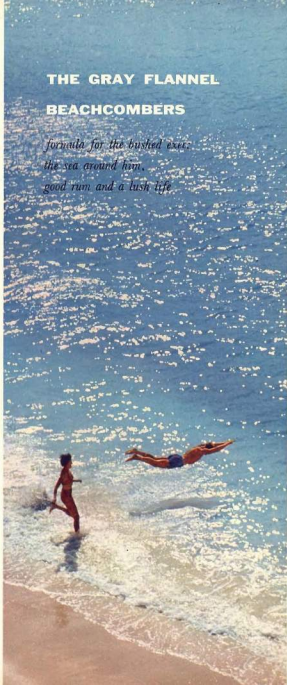


ROBERT CALDWELL, 27, college graduate, Navy veteran (nickname: Bullseye), well-paid junior account executive at a large Madison Avenue advertising agency, had an hallucination while returning to New York on a train. He was pooped. He had seen five accounts in four days on a tight schedule. Two nights he had drunk too much. His throat was sore, both from smoking and from the beginnings, he thought, of his second cold of the winter. He was looking dully out of the train window at the industrial slums of New Jersey when he suddenly spotted a sea of tropic green, a dazzling white beach, palm trees and a man in white duck pants, bronzed and barefoot. The man was himself.

In Pennsylvania Station, he left the

THE GRAY FLANNEL BEACHCOMBERS

*formula for the bushed exec:
the sea around him,
good rum and a lush life*



Surfboard-whiz Bobby Krewson teaches the dry-land prellims of his sport; Woody Brown does a brisk biz hauling coeds in a cotomono.



Below, ex-Madison Avenue nabob Bullseye Caldwell strolls the 400 yards betwixt his new home and place of business. Above, the solitary beachcomber may at any time stumble across unusual love formations on the beach.

overheated train, fought through the crowd to the taxi ramp, and, after a 15-minute battle, beat out a middle-aged woman for a cab. His feet were wet; there was a dismal, driving rain.

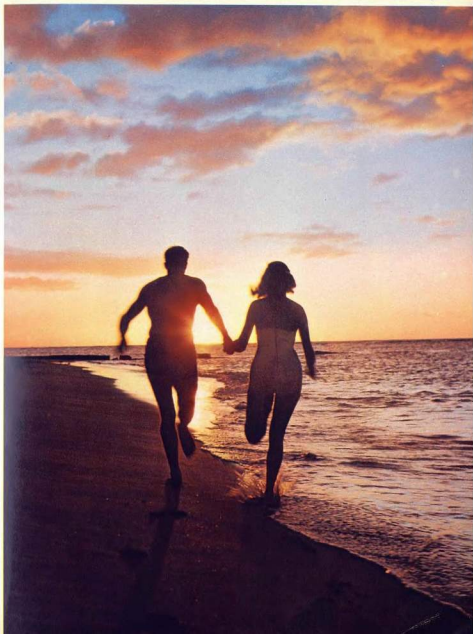
When he got up the next morning, he had a sharp pain in his stomach. He had the vague feeling that it was the beginning of an ulcer. At the agency, his boss rejected an entire planned campaign with three words ("It doesn't *smell*"). He went back to his desk and doodled a palm tree on a memo pad. Again he saw himself on the white beach beside the green sea. He tried to remember the feel of strong sun, something he had missed for several years. Then he got up, and with the well-chosen, acid

phrases he had formulated in times of annoyance, he quit his job.

Three months later Robert Caldwell, known now simply as Bullseye, was one of the accepted beachcombers of Oahu, along with Steamboat Joe, Panama, the Duke and Coconut Willy. For white ducks, he used his Navy whites. He was bronzed and in terrific shape from surfing and swimming. During the day, he helped a friend build surfboards on the beach. Two evenings a week he followed an extension course for which the GI Bill gave him some extra change. Occasionally he went out with friends and drank out of pineapples whose insides had been partially replaced with rum. No slouch with the fair sex in New



Day's end finds a sportive beachcomber and friend out for a sundown dip.



York, he found an almost bewildering success on the beach: a wide variety of women at little expense, with none of the "city-type, built-in resistance. Girls who come out get into the spirit of the Islands pretty quickly. It's the soft air."

Far from being fiction, Caldwell's retreat is a case study. The procedure may sound familiar, but his style of beachcombing is something relatively new. In days recorded by Conrad and Maugham, the beachcomber was disreputable: a rum-sodden, debt-ridden outcast who dodged the arrival of ships. Today's beachcomber welcomes ships and planes because he lives, not off the beach, but off the people on the beach. He is eminently respectable; his white duds are cleaned and pressed; his presence at a party is welcomed. Chances are that he is an ex-executive who got tired of winter winds, a complex existence, tight schedules and an irascible boss.

Take Coconut Willy. A graduate engineer, Willy weaves hats near the Royal Hawaiian Hotel in Waikiki. They are handsome, complicated hats, with birds and houses and sometimes little people on them. A simple coconut hat costs two dollars. The complicated ones cost up to 20. Willy was an assistant engineer at Hickam Air Force Base when he picked up hat-making as a hobby. It wasn't long before he saw a way of life that permitted him to be on the beach all day—as a manufacturer and retailer of coconut hats.

Coconut hats were invented by a beachcomber about 50 years ago. The idea of decorating them with birds came from China or the Philippines. Willy has been making them since 1947, has sold hats to all sorts of people on the beach, from movie stars (Van Johnson, June Allyson) to generals (Omar Bradley). Red Skelton paid him \$17.50 for a complex creation. Trader Vic's in San Francisco and the Flamingo, in Las Vegas, are good customers, but he has turned down offers from Bermuda and the Bahamas because "international trade is too complicated for a carefree beachcomber." It takes Willy about 20 minutes to manufacture one of his products. One day a single customer bought 11 hats for \$10 apiece, but usually Willy doesn't do that well. His most appreciative customer: Lily Daéché.

Talmadge Wilson was an English instructor before he took to the beach. Now, as an ice cream vendor, he carries a basket of atomic bars and popsicles along the beach, together with odd volumes of his favorite reading (Dylan Thomas, John Bunyan, William Blake). He's been in the sun for about two years, was attracted to it originally because he loves to surf. When the waves are really up, he lets the ice cream go and takes his board out. This year he was in the finals at the world surfing

championship at Makaha, on the other side of Oahu. His beach status even led him to his wife. He met her when he sold her a fudge bar at Waikiki.

The most reputable-looking beachcomber anywhere is Windthrop Deane, who manages to look grave and responsible even in the swimming suit in which he now lives. For this there's good reason: Deane spent almost a decade looking grave and responsible as a Montgomery Street (in San Francisco) and later a Wall Street investment banker. He went to work in the San Francisco financial district after his release from the Navy (lieutenant commander, South Pacific) and moved to what he calls a "Wall Street bucket shop" in 1947. About a year and a half ago he gave it up and made a run for the sun, but it was no *Moon and Sixpence* flight: he took his wife and small daughters along. He now has a small house on the island of Maui which was formerly someone's weekend home, and a sloop in which he sails practically every day. His living is not a complete break from his former life, nor is it directly connected with the people on the beach, like Bulls-eye's and Coconut Willy's. In a way, he is closer to the original ideals of beachcombing, for he picks things up along the beach and sells them. Only the things that he picks up are not mere flotsam, they are local products that can be expanded into a wide market, like the small guava fruit company he helped to capitalize for expansion.

"I'm certainly a refugee, you can say that. I suppose I'm even a beachcomber, if that's a refugee selling occasional and haphazard goods and services.

"About a year and a half ago I don't suppose you'd have been able to pick me out from the mob on the 7:45 that reads the paper on the way in, then takes the subway from Grand Central to Wall. I had a house in upper Westchester. I was married and had two small daughters, Janet and Nancy, just starting school. Four or five times a year my wife and I would go sailing on the Sound. Some of the people in the office had boats, and we'd crew for them.

"Then I was sent out here to write up a small airline that was seeking some additional capital and wanted us to underwrite an issue for them. I spent a couple of days on the beach when I was through, and then a few more on Maui visiting some of the new friends I'd made. On the plane back I started thinking: what the hell am I working for? I spend over eight hours a day in the office and three nights out of four I take work home. You have to, to keep up with the next man. All right. Of those eight hours, I was working almost three to pay off Uncle Sam. I was working another day a month for the New

York Central—a train I spent over two hours a day on, five days a week. From portal to portal—car to the station, train to New York, subway to the office—it took over an hour and a half, almost four hours a day. I saw my daughters only on weekends. I was making a good salary, but with the present cost of living I had to keep running faster and faster just to stand still. Even on a respectable income, we were wringing; in that league, it was hard not to. When I got home, I told my wife, 'We're selling the house and moving to Maui. We're getting out of the rat-race.'

"So we came out here. There's an easygoing crowd of people, and some small businesses that are expanding, or trying to put new products on the market. The demand is not only in the States but through the whole Pacific; air travel means a growing economic life. I should think the same thing would apply to the Caribbean, especially with the terrific tax set-up in Puerto Rico. A young fellow with initiative can do pretty well. He may not make quite so much money, but he's not working part time for the government so much, and he lives damned well—especially the beachers.

"Anyway, I met a *hazmatina* [old-time resident] who wanted to start marketing guava juice, and I helped him to get his capital. One or two of these things come along every couple of months, and I put in a few weeks' work and a trip to the mainland coast, where I pity the pale people I see on the streets. The rest of the time I sail and watch my barefoot daughters dive into the blue Pacific after school. The other day we asked Nancy what she wanted to be when she was older. She said she wanted to be a seal. I told my wife it was a lot cheaper to bring up a seal than a debutante."

Deane is probably the most established of the beachcombers, but his move indicates a willingness to face a few uncertainties that is characteristic of all beachcombers.

Not all beachcombers, of course, are come-lately refugees. Some, like Bobby Krewson, have a different story to tell:

"I'm 24 and I been on the beach all my life, except the time I was in the Coast Guard. I got 28 surf boards—most I made myself—and I rent 'em by the hour, day or week. Takes about four days to make a board. If I'm selling it, I usually get about \$85. Don't print that—you'll have competition runnin' over here. I live pretty good. I teach 'em to use the boards, too. That can be especially interesting because out by the reef, when they're first learning, girls are always losing the tops to their suits. I always insist that they wear bathing suits with straps—if they're over 50. The

(concluded on page 66)



"I'm sorry, handsome, but I'm afraid you can't charge it to the Diners' Club here."

BY FREDRIC
BROWN



CHARLEY DALTON, spaceman once of Earth, had within an hour of his landing on the second planet of the star Antares committed a most serious offense. He had killed an Antarian. On most planets murder is a misdemeanor; on some it is a praiseworthy act. But on Antares II it is a capital crime.

"I sentence you to death," said the solemn Antarian judge. "Death by blast-er fire at dawn tomorrow. No appeal from the sentence was allowed.

Charley was led to the Suite of the Condemned.

The suite turned out to have 18 palatial rooms, each well stocked with a wide variety of food and drink, couches and everything else he could possibly wish for, including a beautiful woman on each of the couches.

"I'll be damned," said Charley.

The Antarian guard bowed low. He said, "It is the custom of our planet. On the last night of a man condemned to die at dawn these arrangements are made. He is given everything he can possibly wish for."

"Almost worth it," Charley said. "Say, I'd just landed when I got into that scrap and I didn't check my planet guide. How long is a night here? How many hours does it take this planet to revolve?"

"Hours?" said the guard. "That must be an Earth terra. I will phone the Astronomer Royal for a time comparison between your planet and ours."

He phoned, asked the question, listened. He told Charley Dalton, "Your planet Earth makes 93 revolutions around your sun Sol during one period

of darkness on Antares II."

In other words, thought Charley, one Antares night is equal to 93 Earth years. He whistled softly to himself and wondered if he'd make it. The Antarian guard, whose life span was a bit over 20,000 years, bowed with grave sympathy for the condemned man and withdrew.

Charley Dalton started the long night's grief of eating, drinking, et cetera, although not in precisely that order; the women were very beautiful and he'd been in space a long time.



DR. MICHAELSON was showing his wife, whose name was Mrs. Michaelson, around his combination laboratory and greenhouse. It was the first time she had been there in several months and quite a bit of new equipment had been added.

"You were really serious then, John," she asked him finally, "when you told me you were experimenting in communication with flowers? I thought you were joking."

"Not at all," said Dr. Michaelson. "Contrary to popular belief, flowers do have at least a degree of intelligence."

"But surely they can't talk!"

"Not as we talk. But, contrary to popular belief, they *do* communicate. Telepathically, as it were, and in thought pictures rather than in words."

"Among themselves, perhaps, but —"

"Contrary to popular belief, my dear, even human floral communication is pos-

Triplicate Twisteroo

three miniature masterworks of sexy, sardonic science-fiction

sible, although thus far I have been able to establish only one-way communication. That is, I can catch their thoughts but not send messages from my mind to theirs."

"But — how does it work, John?"

"Contrary to popular belief," said her husband, "thoughts, both human and floral, are electromagnetic waves that can be — Wait, it will be easier to show you, my dear."

He called to his assistant who was working at the far end of the room. "Miss Wilson, will you please bring the communicator?"

Miss Wilson brought the communicator. It had a headband with a complex of wires that led to a slender rod with an insulated handle. Dr. Michaelson put the headband on his wife's head and the rod in her hand.

"Quite simple to use," he told her. "Hold the rod near a flower and it acts as an antenna to pick up the thoughts. And you will find out that, contrary to popular belief —"

But Mrs. Michaelson was not listening to her husband. She was holding the rod near a pot of daisies on the window sill. After a moment she put down the rod and took a small pistol from her purse. She shot first her husband and then his assistant, Miss Wilson.

Contrary to popular belief, sometimes daisies *do* tell.

previous failures had taught him. Experts with the previous Venusian expeditions had also failed.

Not that Venusians were hard to find but apparently they simply didn't give a damn for Earthmen or have the slightest inclination to be friendly. It seemed more than ordinarily strange that they weren't sociable, since they spoke our language; some telepathic ability let them understand what was said to them in any terrestrial language and to reply in kind — but unkindly.

One was coming, carrying a shovel.

"Greetings, Venusian," said Hendrix cheerfully.

"Good-bye, Earthman," said the Venusian, walking on past.

Feeling both foolish and annoyed, Hendrix hurried along after him, having to run to keep pace with the Venusian's long strides. "Hey," he said, "why don't you talk to us?"

"I am talking to you," said the Venusian. "Little as I enjoy it. Please go away."

He stopped and began to dig for kornil's eggs, paying no further attention.

Hendrix glared at him in frustration. Always the same pattern, no matter what Venusian they tried. Every approach in the textbooks of alien psychology had failed.

And the sand was burning hot under his feet and the air, although breathable, had a tinge of formaldehyde that hurt his lungs. He gave up, and lost his temper.

"Aw go — yourself!" he shouted. A biological impossibility, of course, for an Earthman.

But Venusians are bisexual. The Venusian turned in delighted wonder; for the first time an Earthman had given him the only greeting that is considered truly cordial on Venus.

He returned the compliment with a wide blue smile, dropped his shovel and sat down to talk. It was the beginning of a beautiful friendship and of understanding between Earth and Venus.

POLITENESS

RANCE HENDRIX, alien psychology specialist with the third Venusian expedition, trudged wearily across the hot sands to find a Venusian and, for the fifth time, to try to make friends with one. A discouraging task, four



NIGHT RIDE (continued from page 22)

but I didn't want to say anything. But — listen, I've been around. She would have counted the kid out."

"What'd you do?" I asked.

"I proved it," he said. His voice was dripping with sympathy. "Chicks are all the same, Deck. Hard lesson to learn." He shrugged his shoulders. "So leave the kid alone. He'll tell you all about it — with his hands. You've just been bothered with those dreams of yours. Why don't you drop by tonight and —"

"What'd you do, Max?"

"I hid her, Deck. And it was easy."

I jerked my shoulder away and started up the stairs, but the box was empty. Davey was gone.

"Where does the doll hang out?" I said.

Max gave with the hands. "Forget it, will you? It's all over now. The kid is grateful to me!"

"Forty-five Kew Gardens Road," a voice said. "Apartment five." It was Parnelli.

"You want some, too, Deck?" Max asked. He laughed; it was the nastiest sound I'd ever heard.

"Coo," Parnelli said. "The cold touch of the master."

I studied the man I'd followed for six years. He said, "She doesn't deny it," and I thought, This is the ax between the eyes for Davey. He'll never get up now. Never.

I grabbed Max's arm. He smiled. "I know how you like the kid," he said, "and believe me, I do, too. But it's better he found out now than later, isn't it? Don't you see — I had to do it, for his sake."

Some of the crowd was inching up to get a hear. I didn't care. "Dailey," I said, "listen good. I got an idea in me. If it turns out right, if it turns out that idea is right, I'm going to come here and kill you. Dig?"

He was big, but I had wings. I shoved him out of the way, hard, ran outside and grabbed a taxi.

I sat in the back, praying to God she was home, wishing I had a horn to blow — something!

I skipped the elevator, took the stairs by threes.

I knocked on apartment five. No answer, I felt the ice on my hide and pounded again.

Lorraine opened up. Her eyes were red. "Hello, Deacon."

I kicked the door shut and stood there, trying to find the words. Everything seemed urgent. Everything was right now. "I want the truth," I said. "I'm talking about the truth. If you lie, I'll know it." I took a breath. "Did you sleep with Max Dailey?"

She nodded yes. I grabbed her, swung

her around. "The truth, goddamn it!" My voice surprised me: it was a man talking. I dug my fingers hard into her skin. "Think about Davey. Put him in your mind. Then tell me that you and Max slept together, tell me that you took off all your clothes and let Dailey lay you! Tell me that!"

She tried to get away; then she started to cry. "I didn't," she said, and I let go. "I didn't . . ."

"You love the kid?"

"Yes."

"Want to marry him?"

"Yes. But you don't understand. Mr. Dailey —"

"I'll understand in a hurry. There isn't any time now."

I let the years bubble up good and hot.

"Come on."

She hesitated a beat, but there wasn't any fudging around and she knew it. She got a coat on and we got back into the taxi.

Neither of us said a word the whole trip to Birdland.

By now it was closing time; the joint was empty, dark. Some slow blues were rolling out from the stand.

First guy I saw was Parnelli. He was blowing his trombone. The rest of the boys — all but two — were there, jamming.

Parnelli quit and came over. He was shaking good now.

"Where's Davey?" I asked.

He looked at me, then at Lorraine. "Where is he?"

"You're too late," Parnelli said. "It looks like the Big M pushed a mite too far. Just a mite."

Lorraine started to tremble. I could feel her arm; and somebody was slicing into my guts. The blues were still rolling. *Deep Shores*. The kid's tune.

Parnelli shook his head. "I went out after him the minute you left," he said. "But I was too late, too."

"Where's Davey?" Lorraine said, like she was about to scream.

"In his room. Or maybe they've gotten him out by now —" Parnelli stared at me with those eyes. "He didn't have a gun so he used a razor. Good clean job. Fine job. Doubt if I'll be able to do any better myself . . ."

Lorraine didn't say a word. She took it in, then she turned around slow and walked out. Her heels hit the dance floor like daggers.

"You figured it out now?" Parnelli said.

I nodded. I was hollow for a second, but it was all getting filled up with hate now. "Where is he?"

"In his room, I guess."

"You want to come along?"

"I might just do that," he said. He

blew a sour note and the session stopped. Bud Parker came down, so did Hughie and Rollo and Sig.

"They know?" I asked.

"Uh-huh. But, Deck, knowin' isn't enough sometimes. We've been waiting for you."

"Let's go then."

We went upstairs. Max's door was open. He was sitting in a chair, his collar loose, a bottle in his hand.

"Et tu, Deck?"

I grabbed a handful of shirt. "Davey's dead," I said.

He said, "I've been told." He lifted the bottle and I slapped the left side of his face, praying to God he'd want to fight. He didn't.

"You did it," I said.

"Yes."

I wanted to put my hands around his neck and squeeze until his eyes ran down his face. I wanted to give him back the pain. But all of a sudden I couldn't. "Why?" I said.

Max tilted the bottle and let a lot of the stuff run down his throat. Then, very slowly, and in that soft voice, he said: "I wanted to make music. I wanted to make the best music that ever was."

"That's why you lied to Davey about the girl?"

"That's why," Max said.

Parnelli took away the bottle and killed it. He was shaking, scared. "See, Deck, you thought you were in a band," he said. "But you weren't. You were in a traveling morgue."

"Tell me more, Parnelli. Tell me how in the name of the sweet Lord this has anything to do with Davey and Lorraine."

"It has everything to do with it. Dailey went over to the chick's place and gave her a first-class snow job. Got her to go along with the lie and stay away from Green."

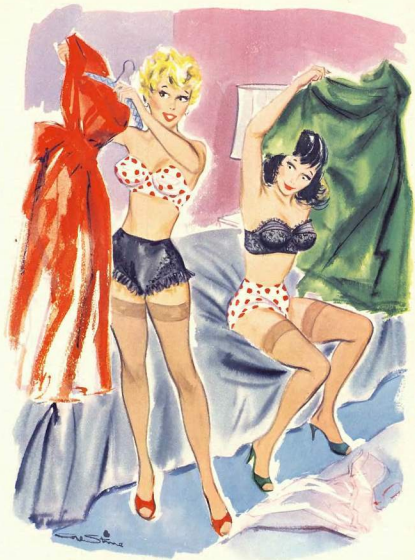
I tried to grab some light; it wouldn't come. My head was pounding. "How?"

"Simple. For Max Dailey, that is: for anybody else, impossible. But he's smart. He took it by degrees. First — now correct me if I'm wrong, Uncle Max — he tried for a real make. That would have been perfect. She wouldn't go it, though; so he switched to another tack, a cooler one. He knew how she was crazy about music, so he tipped her on how crudely the band was beginning to sound, how crudely Davey was beginning to sound. Very cool, you see. Then he took her out and told her that if she married Davey Green, she'd be taking a genius from the world. Oh, worse: taking it even before it had a chance to be a genius. How'm I doing, boss?"

Max was quiet.

"He really opened up then," Parnelli

(concluded on page 70)



"That certainly was a wild party tonight, Babs. What happened to you after the lights went out?"

DECENT THING TO DO *(continued from page 24)*

her there, Dallas figured they might not ever get back to the bet. He didn't much care, seeing as how he was on the short end of it.

Anyway, they sat around together for a while, the three of them listening to the Bessie Smith tapes. This friend's wife was a very pleasant girl, one of those tall willowy girls who seem born to be the wives of young executives, cool but friendly, with a good appreciation for a story and a drink, the kind we all marry or would like to.

After a little while, though, she excused herself and as soon as she was out of the room this friend of old Dallas leaned forward and the scheming glint lighted up a great big crafty smile.

"There's the subject for our bet," he said. "My wife."

Well, old Dallas was pretty nearly stumped.

"You must be fumm'n' me, son," he said. "That ain't nowise a fit and proper subject for serious gamblin'."

"The heck it isn't," his friend said, chortling. "You brought this up and you set the stakes. If you can't make your theory stick in one case, you can't make it stick at all."

"Nossir," Dallas said. "That ain't right at all."

"Don't try to back out of this wager, old man."

Dallas went a mite quiet. It wasn't meant to be fighting talk. Matter of fact, it really looked as though old Dallas was trying to wiggle loose.

"All right, son," he said. "It's a bet. But if I win, I don't want nowise to take your money. That wouldn't be right. If I win, I'll just pay my thousand to—oh, how about poor old Tanya down there at the Alumni Club?"

"It's all right with me," his friend said. "And since this is only a practical settling of an abstract theory anyhow, I don't want your money, in case I win, as I'm sure going to. So I'll agree to pay off to old Tanya too."

So that's how it came about. This friend of Dallas had a business trip coming up that weekend, so before Dallas left he called his wife and told her that good old Dal had suggested taking her out to dinner on Saturday night and she said, "You're so thoughtful, dear," and kissed him on the cheek. Her husband, that is, not Dallas. Old Dallas might as well have been a faithful old sheep dog standing there.

The rest of the week, Dallas sort of studied the whole thing. Since it seemed he was about to spend a thousand dollars for nothing but proving someone else's theory, he figured he might as well spend both the evening and the thousand as pleasantly as possible.

So he laid himself out a series of events, sort of an interlocking schedule that if you managed to complete one phase successfully you were borne over into the next one. That way, with any kind of a start at all, you could arrange quite an entertaining evening even though you knew you were going to wind up nowhere.

Anyway, when he swung his gold Cadillac around to pick her up he felt something like a man about to take his grandmother out for a hell of a time. When she came out, though, in one of those mysterious snaky dresses that looks something like a tennis cup with the edges curling and a good deal of gorgeous woman standing up all smooth, honey-colored in the center, he revised what he was thinking. More like a sister than a grandmother, he thought.

For dinner they went to a quiet, plush little place where the *maitre* knew what hand-tooled Texas boots meant showing under a tuxedo cuff, and knew what was stuffed in the tops of them, and that's what it took in this place to get past the plush ropes.

Dallas scated this girl who was going to cost him so much money at a table that was just right for being in the shade, and she said in that cool tinkly voice, "This is so good of you, Dal darling."

He spent a lot of time ordering dinner, after she said that. A man had to pleasure himself in something. He asked the *maitre* about the oysters and a waiter went to get a sample and Dallas was beginning to relax a little when the girl said, "Are we going to have bourbon with them, Dal?"

"Ma'm," Dallas said. "I'm about to show you that a Texas man is a right smart well-turned gentleman."

And he did. He never mentioned bourbon all the time he was ordering. He wanted a *Berokasteler Doktor Moselle* with the oysters, and *Amontillado* with the soup. They had to send a man down to the sub-basement for a white *Côtes-du-Rhône Hermitage* to go with the perch, and a *Château Haute-Briou Rouge* for the filet to keep in harmony with the white Bordeaux. And with the dessert, when the *maitre* and the waiter and the girl all expected him to ask for a cooled *Château Yquem*, he wanted instead a *Château Rieussec* at cellar temperature.

"That's lovely," the girl said and the *maitre* beamed. "So few people really know the Rieussec."

"It's right nice," Dallas said. "I learned about that from my daddy, settin' in his lace around the chuckwagon fire when we were bringin' in our first wildcat

field."

After that things went much better. They spent a long time with the champagne *fine* and the coffee, getting up to dance, although there was very little room to dance and they had to stand very close together, even not dancing. Once he nibbled tentatively at her ear and she laughed throatily, moving against him.

"You'll have to hold me a little while after the music stops," she whispered, "or they'll arrest you for carrying concealed weapons."

That was when he stopped thinking about sisters, as well as grandmothers. Later, outside, he let down the top of the gold Eldorado, and turned it out on the beach road instead of toward her apartment. She leaned back in the seat close to him, letting the wind tumble her hair.

They drove slowly, watching the moonlight on the water and seeing occasionally the cars of lovers on the wide beach. Once they passed a motel and Dallas saw immediately that she noticed it, in the way women have of noticing something without noticing it.

But old Dallas didn't say a word. He just let the Caddy hum along until finally he swung it into a smaller road and then into a private drive that led through the woods and came out suddenly beside a cantilevered beach house hanging out over the blazing sea of moonlight.

"Oh it's magnificent, Dal," she said breathlessly.

"There's a right nice view," said Dallas, "from inside."

The fire was all laid in the grate: the people who took care of the place for old Dallas always did that before they left. They laid the fire and swept up the potato chips and radish tops from the bear rug in front of the fireplace, and they put all the *Beahms* quarters on the changer so that all a man had to do for several hours of soft, restful music was hit the starter button on the hi-fi.

Dallas did. That was the first thing he did, on his way to the fireplace. One match, and the fire was warming up the inside of the room, mellow on the big throat of the fireplace, and the first strains of the violin sounded from the speakers around the room.

She sat on the couch in front of the fire, not noticing the bearskin rug in the way that women have, and so on, while old Dallas poured lemon juice and brown sugar and cloves and a fifth of *Silver Dagger* from *Barbados* into the silver pitcher on the hearth. Then he put the old Confederate cavalry salve into the fire to heat.

"I'll float a mite of butter on the

(concluded on page 46)

INVITATION TO THE DANCE

a budding ballerina does a turn as a playmate











MISS MARCH PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





MISS MARCH PLATON'S FAVORITE OF THE MONTH





THE ROMAN ORATOR, Cicero, once declared that nobody in his senses would think twice of dancing, and his fellow Roman, Terence, said dancers "seem to have more brains in their feet than in their heads." As a result of this lumpy logic, look what happened to Rome. We thumb our unRoman nose at those two and side with Havelock Ellis. Quoth he: "Dancing is the loftiest, the most moving, the most beautiful of the arts . . . it is life itself." And we think Sandra Edwards, our Miss March, would go along with that, too. Though a scant 18 years of age, she has studied art and modern dancing and is currently a starling ballet pupil. Sandra dotes on non-fiction and has a deep-down, locked-in appreciation for just about all sorts of music. Sandra's ambition is to be tapped for membership in — and eventually to become prima ballerina of — a crack ballet group like Sadler's Wells. Margot Fonteyn is her model and her idol. A well-rounded miss, say we with absolutely no double meaning in our mind: a young lady who, disproving testy old Terence and sour old Cicero, is indeed in her senses and eminently endowed at both ends of her charming anatomy.



Above: Sandra gets some tips on terpsichore as she works with her instructor, Nicco Charisse. A ballerina must dance several hours each day. Below: she makes up for an important audition.



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

An attractive young lady was having difficulty keeping her skirt down about her shapely legs while awaiting a bus on a windy street corner. She was aware of a man watching her discomfort with considerable interest and she addressed him in an irritated voice: "It is obvious, sir, that you are no gentleman."

With appreciation in his voice, the man replied, "It's obvious that you're not either."



Anna sat on an ant hill at a picnic with most unfortunate results. She asked her sister to send a telegram to their mother and tell her what had happened. The sister, faced with the problem of telling the tale in a way acceptable to Western Union and having only enough money for a six word wire, came up with this message: "ANACIN HOSPITAL ADAMANT BETTER ASININE PLACES."

A rather inebriated fellow on a bus was tearing up a newspaper into tiny pieces and throwing them out the window.

"Excuse me," said the woman sitting next to him, "but would you mind explaining why you're tearing up that paper and throwing the pieces out the window?"

"It scares away the elephants," said the drunk.

"I don't see any elephants," said the woman, smiling.

"Effective isn't it?" said the drunk.



The new inmate at the mental hospital announced in a loud voice that he was the famous British naval hero, Lord Nelson. This was particularly interesting, because the institution already had a "Lord Nelson." The head psychiatrist, after due consideration, decided to put the two men in the same room, feeling that the similarity of their delusions might prompt an adjustment in each that would help in curing them. It was a calculated risk, of course, for the men might react violently to one another, but they were introduced and then left alone and no disturbance was heard from the room that night.

The next morning, the doctor had a

talk with his new patient and was more than pleasantly surprised when he was told: "Doctor, I've been suffering from a delusion. I know now that I am not Lord Nelson."

"That's wonderful," said the doctor.

"Yes," said the patient, smiling demurely, "I'm Lady Nelson."

An old man, walking down the street, saw a small boy sitting on the curb crying. He stopped and asked, "Little boy, why are you crying?"

The little boy said, "I'm crying because I can't do what the big boys do." So the old man sat down alongside of him and cried, too.

Lord Chesterfield made this rather wry commentary on la grande passion: (1.) The enjoyment is quite temporary. (2.) The cost is quite exorbitant. (3.) And the position is simply ridiculous.



You've undoubtedly heard about the number of magazines required to fill a baby carriage: a PLAYBOY, a Mademoiselle, a few Liberties and Time.

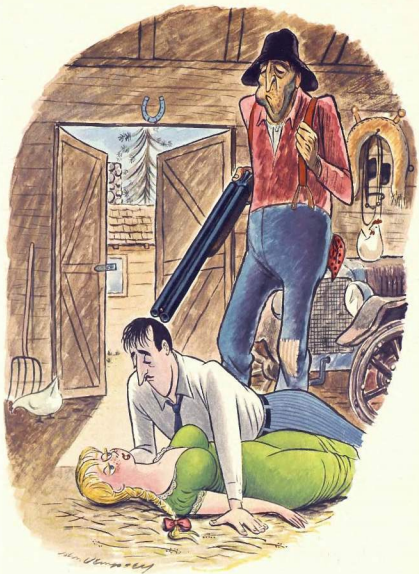
Two young men seated in a restaurant were watching a customer busily disposing of a plate of oysters on the half-shell. One of the young men remarked to his friend: "Did you ever hear that business about raw oysters being good for a man's virility?"

"Yes, why?" the friend replied.

"Well, take it from me, that's a lot of foolishness. I ate a dozen of them the other night and only nine worked."

A world traveling friend who has just returned from Tibet, informs us that a "coolie" is a quickie in the snow.

Heard any good ones lately? Send your favorites to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 212 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.



When y'all git up, mister, be keerful y'all don't hump yo' haid."

DECENT THING TO DO (continued from page 38)

top," he said.

"What in the world is it, darling?" "Beats me," Dallas said. "But it's a mighty warming potion. My old daddy used to stir up a mess of this every Sunday noon when we were picnicking down by the oil derricks."

They sat quietly, drenched with fire-light and Brahms, watching the sabre heat up. Through the window, the moonlight burned whitely on the placid water. In front of the fire it was very warm.

Looking through the window, old Dallas said, "Looks right invitin', doesn't it?"

She sat up suddenly. To some men this would have been a blow, but old Dallas planned things this way. A Texas man wants to get some place in a hurry, he buys himself an airplane. Otherwise he takes it slow, and pleasures himself in the traveling.

"Dad darling," she said. "Could we go in for a dip?"

"Why honey," Dallas said as though the thought never occurred to him before. "I reckon we could, providing that old moon there wouldn't offend your modesty."

"Modesty hell," she said sweetly. "Where can I undress?"

One thing about old Dallas, he was a proper host. He got a couple of big towels and draped himself in one and handed another in to her, then he went out on the sun deck and dived cleanly into the water. It was about eight degrees above freezing, but you have to hand it to a Texas man.

"Come on in, honey," he shouted. "The water's fine."

Some 25 seconds later, they were back in front of the fire, getting the circulation restored where they'd started to turn blue. The fire was roaring now, and the Brahms was going beautifully and the beards tickled their bare feet and suddenly she said, "Look, Dal, the sabre's chryered."

"Just right," old Dallas said. He hung onto his towel and took the red hot sabre out of the fire and plunged it into the silver urn. There was an explosive hissing and a burst of blue alcohol flame that puffed up over them and made the girl shriek, but it died instantly in the steam.

"Some folks put hot water in this stuff," Dallas said. "It tastes right nice that way, too, but it sure knocks hell out of the proof."

"Let me taste," she said, and reached for one of the silver cups. They sat there, warming inside and out, and the fire turned from a roar to a murmur and the Brahms was very full and rich

in the room. She was sitting there holding her towel casually and old Dallas reached over and lightly tugged the corner. The whole thing came along easily and the girl came with it, but she was not after the towel, no sir.

Some time after that, they were still in front of the fire only now the girl was lying like a big graceful honey-colored cat and old Dallas was sitting up making shadowgraph animals with the firelight for illumination. They had a lot of fun with some of the animals, especially the elephant and the giraffe.

"Oh darling," she said happily. "I'm so glad I didn't say anything about stopping at the Sleepy Lagoon."

"Sleepy Lagoon?" old Dallas was baffled. "What's that?"

"The motel we passed," she said, winding sinuously around on the bear rug. "That's where I usually go when my husband's out of town..."

"And there you have it," Dallas Smith said, spreading his hands wide on the table at the Alumni Club. His five friends sat hushed, thinking it over.

Finally Steve Farber cleared his throat. "Well now, Dal, what's your problem? It seems to me that you won this wager, fairly and squarely."

"Not according to my lights," Dallas Smith said. "No sir, I don't believe so. I think I done lost my bet, and I proved my friend's point. A woman's virtue ain't got a thing to do with what you can demonstrate."

There was a chorus of objections from the philosophers.

"No," Dallas said. "I thank you all. But I got to live according to my lights. And the way I see it, I pay the bet, with the winnings going to poor old Tanya."

He stood up and said, "You fellers can discuss it. Anyhow, I thank you all for listenin'."

After Dallas left, there was another small silence around the table. Then Steve Farber said in a controlled voice,

"Remarkable fellow, old Dallas. Quite an iron code, you know. Insists on doing things precisely according to the rules."

"Yes indeed," said Les, taking his pipe from his mouth and thoughtfully blowing smoke rings at the bit. "Although I can't say that I'd be as strict as he, under the circumstances, I don't really think he lost the bet."

"Neither do I," said John, and Rod nodded agreement.

"I definitely think Old Dal was the winner," Albert said. "I really do."

"You know," Steve Farber said. "He's a very subtle fellow. He may have told us that story just so we'd discuss it here, after he was gone."

He let that sink in.

"We're his best friends, you know,"

Steve Farber said very carefully. "He could scarcely bring it up with only one of us, if—well..."

"You mean," Albert said, gesturing, "the chap he bet with might well be one of us right here. That might be old Dal's way of straightening things up."

"Of course," Steve Farber said, "if one of us here were the chap, he'd drop poor old Tanya a bit of an envelope with his stakes in it, wouldn't he?"

"Yes indeed," Albert said. "It would be the decent thing to do," said John, and Rod nodded agreement.

"Then let's arrange it," Steve Farber said. "I mean, let's give the chap a chance, in case he's one of us."

"How?" asked Les, leaning forward and squinting through the pipe smoke.

"Let's each of us prepare an envelope, privately of course," Steve Farber said. "And each of us will hand an envelope to poor Tanya on the way out."

"Excellent," said Albert. "Really, I think that's very good. All the envelopes will have a bit of paper in, but in one of them the paper will be a check."

"In the event," said John, "that he's really one of us."

"Right," said Rod. "It's a splendid way to settle the whole thing."

And of course it worked out beautifully. Each of them retired to the lounge to prepare his envelope, then going out in a body each dropped his envelope into Tanya's withered alabaster hand.

The next day Dallas stopped back in at the Alumni Club and Tanya was waiting for him, her eyes giving off sparks of genuine old 100 proof brown and blue admiration.

"I give it to you back, Texas," she said, holding out that thousand dollar bill which had started the whole thing. Dallas had it from the time he bet Tanya he could run it up into a Jaguar for her, and he'd given it back to her the night before when he was paying off the bet with the friend he'd been talking about.

"Thank you, ma'am," old Dallas said, tucking the bill in his boot top. "I take it we're ready to go shopping for that three automobile."

"Do," Tanya said, both of her accents coming back at once, "ever red wheels. Even though last night it seems impossible, until I open the envelopes. Then I have the five lovely checks, each one for \$1000."

"Yes sir," old Dallas said. "But I'm right glad you didn't have your heart set on a Rolls Royce, honey. Settin' up bets with that many of my rich, married and gambler friends in time for your birthday might have interfered considerable with my social life."

THE MARKS OF THE WELL-DRESSED MAN

a top-to-bottom take-out

on the fine points of fashion

A LOT OF POPULAR blather to the contrary, clothes do not make the man. A legion of clods and insufferable melon-brains have for centuries misquoted and misinterpreted the Bard, who had the good wisdom to pen for one of those Olivier flicks: "Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy, but not expres'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy, for the apparel oft proclaims the man." And most guys today could use a bit of proclamation.

After all, the average urbanite gets few chances to exhibit his penetrating philosophy of life or reveal his blinding pyrotechnics of wit. But if he is well turned out ("rich, not gaudy") and the cut of his jib is trim ("but not expres'd in fancy"), he is immediately proclaimed a lad who knows his way around. The duds he wears do much to conceal or reveal the kind of a gink he is.

As you should know by this time, had you been following these columns zealously, being well-appointed is not a hit-or-miss proposition. It is a carefully-planned strategem involving a broad view and a close watch on details. But once mastered, it is a process that becomes as effortless (and rewarding) as sampling 20-year-old Armagnac from a snifter.

Herewith, then, a top-to-bottom take-out on the distinguishing marks of a well-attired fellow, and what makes him that way.

Starting topside, most knowing men choose a snap-brimmed hat for city wear, with narrow brim and tapered crown, of course. It really doesn't make too much difference whether the bow sits on the back of the hat or the side. Tyrolean shapes or small-brimmed English sports

(continued on page 69)



elegant eating for the peasant heart, the aristocratic head



GOD MAYE SENDE a man good meate, but the Deyvill maye sende an eyvill coke to dystroie it: so ran a medieval adage that must surely have been written by a sage with a stomachful of bad stew.

For stew—known variously as slumgullion, dumb funk, Black Mike and sometimes slop—too often is Deyvillish indeed: a turgid, mongrel mixture covering a multitude of culinary sins. Certainly the heavy bowl of mediocre mutton that masquerades as lamb stew in many a roadside restaurant is an excel-

lent example of dystroied meate, and army men of every nation can recall a variety of horrors called stew ladled into their mess kits by eyvill cokes called mess sergeants.

Never mind—one taste of real stew will dispel the nightmarish memories of a hundred vile ones. From the French *navarin de mouton* to the Hungarian *gulyás*; from the Irish *scouse* to the South American *puchero*, the fragrance of a fine stew slowly simmering on the kitchen range will set aquiver the nostrils of the most rabid anti-stew man.

When professional chefs take the day off and retire to the quiet precincts of their own kitchens at home, they eat stew. It may be a delicate veal stew with mushrooms or a heady venison in red wine, but it's the kind of homey dish that satisfies the chef's peasant heart as well as his aristocratic head.

One of the criticisms that foreign chefs often level at American cooking is the dryness of so many of the American specialties. The American fried chicken, the ham, the breaded pork chops and even the hamburgers are

LET'S STEW IT



wrong — in the eyes of foreigners — because these foods are relatively dry even when they're good. A stew, on the other hand, with its rivulets of glossy gravy, its bright scattering of vegetables and tender chunks of moist meat are a deep mealtime oasis, the kind of liquid pleasure you can sink your teeth into.

Culinarians have always suspected that the chief trouble with stews is the fact that they're so easy. The big wide pot known as the Dutch oven is an open invitation to laziness. You can mix pork with veal, forget the herbs,

add too much fat, throw in old turnips, leave the gravy unskimmed, and still come up with a distant relative of a stew. You can't do that — and get away with it — when you make a fine roast, a pie or a lobster. This doesn't mean that you should never change stew recipes or never invent your own recipe for stew. But you can't diddle-daddle around, throwing in anything from all-spice to zucchini, unless you know what you're doing.

A stew is one of those creations in which the liquid part, the gravy, is

fully as important as the meat itself. As a matter of fact, you can test a good stew by merely sipping the gravy alone. If it's a beef stew Stroganoff, for instance, a few drops of gravy on the tip of your tongue should convey a luscious blend of beef, onions, mushrooms and caraway seed. If any of these flavors singly hits you in the eye, it's wrong. The stew is still virginal and must stay on the slow fire until all the flavors are welded into a subtle composite blend.

This leads to the heart of the stew man's skill. He must have a kind of

godlike patience. Only the languorous, barely visible lapping of the gravy around the meat must be allowed. Electronic cooking methods, pressure cookers and all other hurry-up gadgets or schemes will fail to produce a masterly stew.

To any man who aspires to be a power behind the stew pot, we're happy to proffer the following eight-part advice direct from the inside wire of PLAYBOY's test kitchen:

1. When you go to the butcher shop, never lay your money on so-called "stewing meat" assembled in the display case. This is normally a conglomeration of meat from every portion of the carcass, cut into cubes and marked at a very low price. Instead, order meat from a particular cut specified in the recipe. Tell the butcher, for instance, that you want chuck of lamb or rump of veal or top round of beef or whatever specific cut is indicated as best for the stew you're making.

2. Don't buy meat that's excessively fatty. A moderate amount of fat, such as one finds in some parts of beef chuck, helps to make a superb stew. If there's too much fat, however, it will merely melt as the stew cooks, and rise to the top of the gravy from which it must be skimmed. Every last particle of fat from the top of the stew should be removed before the stew is served. If the stew is kept in the refrigerator overnight, removal of the fat is very easy. As the fat becomes cold, it solidifies, and can be easily lifted or scraped from the top of the stew. While the stew is still warm, remove the fat by tipping the pot slightly and skimming the fat from one end, using a gravy baster, a ladle or a large kitchen spoon.

3. For uniform cooking, stewing meat should be cut into uniform pieces about an inch or an inch-and-a-half square. Don't let the butcher deal out an assortment of huge and teeny chunks.

4. Meat with bones, such as chuck of lamb, should be examined carefully before cooking to remove any small bone splinters.

5. Remember that the sheer weight of the meat, like a gridiron juggernaut, may cause the stew to stick to the bottom of the pot. To avoid scorching, stir the stew frequently but not constantly, scraping the bottom and corner of the pot. Use a heavy metal pot of the Dutch oven type with a tight fitting lid. Use a low, easygoing flame.

6. When piercing the meat to see if the stew is done, try three or four pieces of meat. One piece may require longer cooking than another even though both are from the same cut of meat.

7. The idea that a stew tastes better the second day than the first is often substantially true. The long standing of the stew's ingredients, like the "rip-

ening" of a punch, makes for a more mellow marrying of flavors. Of course, if the stew contains potatoes, the potatoes will lose their freshness the second day even though the meat and gravy flavors have perked up.

8. Finally, if the meat is quite tough (all stewing meat, for reasons of flavor, is not very tender), the pot, in rare instances, may have to remain on the fire so long that the gravy becomes too intense or concentrated in flavor. In this case, the gravy should be diluted with stock or water.

So much for pointers. Here now, are a half-dozen PLAYBOY-tested recipes for stews. (Each dish is designed for four servings.)

BEef STEW WITH VEGETABLES

This is the great all-American favorite. Buy the meat cut into 1-inch cubes. For color, sprinkle freshly cooked green peas over the stew on the serving plates. Bring on the main course with a giant tossed green salad. For the epilogue, serve ripe Camembert cheese and coffee.

2 lbs. chuck of beef, cut for stewing
3 tablespoons vegetable fat
1 medium sized onion, minced
1 leek, white part only, minced
¼ cup flour
1 bay leaf
¼ teaspoon thyme
3 cups boiling water
3 bouillon cubes
10-oz. can tomatoes, minced
4 carrots, ½-inch slices
4 medium size potatoes, quartered
12 small silver onions, peeled
2 dashes Tabasco sauce
Salt, pepper

Sauté the meat in the fat until the meat turns light brown. Sprinkle the onion and leek over the meat. Mix well. Sauté 5 minutes more. Sprinkle the bay leaf, thyme, boiling water, bouillon cubes and tomatoes, stirring well. Add 1 teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Bring to a boil. Skim. Reduce flame and simmer slowly for 2 hours. Add the silver onions (whole), the carrots and potatoes. Simmer until meat and vegetables are tender. Skim fat. Add brown gravy color if desired. Add Tabasco sauce. Season to taste with salt and pepper.

BEef STEW STROGANOFF

The beef for this stew should be cut into 1-inch squares, ¼ inch thick. It should be lean beef from the top sirloin or top round. At the very end of the cooking, sour cream is added. Care should be taken at this point not to boil the gravy but merely bring it up to the boiling point, or the cream may curdle. Along with the Stroganoff, you'll want buttered egg noodles and glazed young carrots. For dessert, a piece of genuine apple strudel and coffee.

2 lbs. lean stewing beef
¼ cup vegetable fat
½ pound fresh mushrooms
¼ cup minced onion
1 clove of garlic, minced
½ teaspoon dried chervil
3 tablespoons flour
4 cups boiling water
3 bouillon cubes
2 tablespoons caraway seeds
2 tablespoons minced parsley
2 tablespoons tomato paste
1 cup sour cream
Salt, pepper

Melt the fat. Add the beef. Sauté slowly, stirring frequently, until the meat turns brown. Detach the mushroom caps from the stems. Wash well. Cut the caps and stems into slices ¼ inch thick. Add the mushrooms, onions, garlic and chervil to the pot. Sauté 5 minutes more. Stir in the flour, mixing well. Add 3 cups boiling water and the bouillon cubes. Stir well. In a separate small saucepan, combine 1 cup boiling water and the caraway seeds. Simmer 15 minutes. Strain the caraway broth and add it to the stew pot. Discard the caraway seeds. Add the parsley. Simmer slowly until the meat is very tender, about 2 to 2½ hours. Skim the fat from the surface. Stir in the tomato paste. Turn off the flame and slowly stir in the sour cream. When ready to serve, reheat, bringing the gravy up to the boiling point. Add salt and pepper to taste.

LAMB STEW WITH BEANS

The extremely luscious combination of lamb and white pea beans is one which French chefs have had fun with for years. The dried beans are soaked overnight. Half of the beans are then cooked in the stew. The balance are cooked in a separate saucepan. When the stew is done, the beans which were cooked separately are mashed into the stew. This is one of the stews which definitely improves on the second or third day. With the lamb stew and beans, you'll do the right thing by offering buttered fresh broccoli, a bottle of fine rose wine and, for the conclusion, a *babu au rhum*.

1 cup dried white pea beans
2 cups cold water
2 lbs. chuck of lamb, cut for stewing
3 tablespoons fat
¼ cup minced onion
¼ cup minced green pepper
1 clove garlic, minced
1 bay leaf
10-oz. can tomatoes, minced
2 cups boiling water
2 bouillon cubes
Salt, pepper

Soak the beans overnight in the 2 cups cold water. Remove half of the
(concluded on page 71)

HEMINGWAY

pastiche BY JED KILEY

a title bout in ten rounds

ROUND 7: "MEN WITHOUT WOMEN"
ONE MORNING, just as the sun also rose, Ernest was pounding on our door. Floyd Gibbons and I wanted to sleep. But try and do it. If you didn't let him in he would break the door down. Never saw a man with such energy in all my life. It was May and we were in the tropics where everybody takes it easy. But that's not the Hemingway of life. He wants action wherever he is. And he gets it. So we got up and went fishing.

We took Gib's boat, Ernest's tackle. There were five of us men without women; the captain, the three of us and a native bait-cutter. Ernest tried to get his Cuban mate to come along but the boy had more sense. He was tired after that storm session and you can't blame him. Said he wanted to see that the rudder was repaired and stayed in bed.

As you head out to sea from the Bimini jetty you pass the partly submerged wreck of a big steel freighter. Gib thought it would be a pretty good spot to fish and so did I. But Ernest had other ideas.

"Where do you think you are?" he said. "In Lake Michigan? We are going

after tuna, not perch."

The only way Gib and I had ever gone after tuna was in a tin can. So we went after tuna the hard way. From the time it took to get to the spot, I thought we must be going to Miami for a tuna sandwich. We were almost a full bottle out of Bimini before we slowed down. But it was a beautiful ride just the same. The sea had calmed down over night and the sun coming up between the palm trees on the island made it look like those colored postal cards they sell you in Miami.

Then Ernest started strapping the harness on me. It's a sort of strait-jacket affair that goes around your waist and over your shoulders and has a socket to hold the end of the fishing pole like the color sergeants in the army use to carry the flags in a parade. And you should have seen the fishing pole. It was as big around as a clothes pole and had a reel as big as a hand organ. Weighed a ton. The line wrapped around it looked more like telephone cable than fish line. There must have been miles of it from the size of the spool. And when I got a look at the bait I thought I had caught

That gentleman-fishing was too much for Ernest.



a fish already. It was the biggest one I had ever had on a line. Must have weighed over three or four pounds and it was all trussed up on a three-pronged hook that reminded you of the hooks in a meat market. Big as your fist. I thought they were kidding me. Fish hooks are little bits of things, like bent pins, with a barb on them that always gets caught in your pants. I'd hate to have that thing get caught on my pants. I thought.

I said aloud, "What are we after, elephants?"

"This is no joking matter," Hemingway said. "That tackle set me back 500 bucks. If you lose it you go right overboard after it."

Then he tossed the bait over the side, and went up on the flying bridge to get a bird's eye view of the fish. Gib was sitting alongside of me to help out with a little expert advice of his own. He knew about as much about deep sea fishing as I did, so we were even.

"I'll tell you when they are coming," Ernest said.

Can you imagine that? I thought. He's going to tell me when the fish are coming. What's he got? A diver's helmet? Or does he think this is a glass-bottomed boat? Or maybe he's got an X-ray machine up there to see a fish away down in that dark green water. Must have been a mile deep where we were. Then he tells me that when I feel something tickle the bait a little I should slip the release and not jerk the pole but let the line run out until I count 10. "Wait until he swallows it," he says.

How the hell am I going to know when he swallows it, I thought. You'd think I was the fish's doctor out there in the water telling him to say "Ah." Just then I saw something white about 50 feet off the stern. I didn't feel anything but saw something splash. Gib saw it too. "You got him, reel in," he yelled. I jerked the pole back so hard it beamed me on the forehead. But I had the fish all right. Saw him jump right out of the water. I started reeling.

"That's your bait," Ernest said. "We're trolling on the surface."

He was right, that time anyway. I let the line out again and could see the bait following us like he was alive. I took a good look at him so I'd know him the next time. A drink or two later Ernest yelled again. "Look out. Couple of big ones are flirting with it." Better do it his way this time, I thought. Then I felt something. Just a slight tug on the line. That can't be a big fish, I thought. Feels like a perch nibbling. It came again. So I released the catch, let the line run out and counted 10. Hope I'm counting that fish out the way I did Disraeli. I thought. I gave him the long count too. At 12 I snapped the catch back and

jerked that pole as hard as I could.

And then it happened. Somebody jerked back so hard the tackle and I nearly went overboard together. And you should have seen that line run out. Straight down it went toward China. In two seconds flat Ernest was beside me yelling in my ear. "Hold on. You got a quarter of a ton of fish on there. Let him sound."

I couldn't hear any sound from the fish but I held on for dear life just the same and that line kept on going out so fast it started to smoke. Ernest grabbed the pitcher of ice water and poured it on the reel. "If it slackens a little, pump and reel," he said.

It did slacken a little after what seemed hours. The fish must have hit the bottom. I thought. Three quarters of the line, I could see from the reel, was straight down in the ocean and the reel held 400 yards of line. That meant the water was about as deep as the Empire State Building is tall. All I had to do now was to pull that fish up again. And if you ask me, I'd rather climb the steps of the Empire State Building, step by step, any time.

The reeling wasn't so hard. It was geared down a lot. But pumping with the left was murder. I stood it as long as I could and then threw in the sponge. They say it was 25 minutes. My arm hurt so I could hardly get out of the harness. While I was wriggling out and groaning Hemingway took the pole and with those big feet of his gripping the deck, played that whale, or whatever it was, like a brook fisherman playing a trout. I watched him for half an hour. Then it seemed to get easier. He was pumping and reeling like a steam engine. What a left.

"Sharks are after him," he said.

There he goes again with that fortune telling stuff, I thought. The fish is still a hundred feet down in the ocean and he tells us the sharks are biting him. Better go after him while his hands are busy, I thought. Gib must have been thinking the same thing.

"How do you know?" he said.

I said aloud, "Why, it's very simple. Gib, Mr. Hemingway and Mr. Fish have a sort of Morse code between them. The fish taps out on SOS over that telegraph line in his mouth and Mr. H. receives it over the line in his hands."

"That's right," Ernest said.

And he went on pumping and reeling like a madman. You could see it was a lot easier than when I had the pole. The line was coming in now almost as fast as it went out. I started pouring ice water on it as a gag and got a kick in the shins for my trouble. Imagine kicking anybody with your bare toes. I wouldn't kick a pillow with that ingrown toe-nail of mine. The guy has concrete toes like a statue, I thought.

Hurt me more than it did him.

Then things really started to happen. He had the fish so close to the surface you could see him. It was a tuna all right and what a tuna. Looked like a whale and he wasn't alone. There were three or four other guys as big as he was with him only they were charging and snapping at him like a hungry man snapping at a tuna sandwich.

Sharks and what sharks! That marine telegraph wasn't so far off after all, I thought. The captain and our bait-cutter grabbed long wicked-looking gaffs and went into action. Gib and I went into hiding.

Sharks, they say, are no match for a big tuna unless he's hurt or hooked but once they get him helpless on a line it's different. The only friend the tuna had was Hemingway and the way he jerked that big fish away from those sharks was something to see. Said he was afraid the sharks would cut the line. Their skin is like rough sandpaper made of powdered glass. If one just brushes against you, you start bleeding.

You could see the poor tuna was all in when they finally got him on the winch. Somebody had taken a 50-pound bite out of him. That must have been when he sent the wire to Hemingway, I thought. Even as they pulled him on the big winch one of the sharks jumped five feet out of the water and took a bite out of him as though he were cheese. You could hear the shark's teeth snap like a steel trap. Some teeth. Some tuna too. He was 10 feet long and must have weighed 500 pounds even with the two bites out of him.

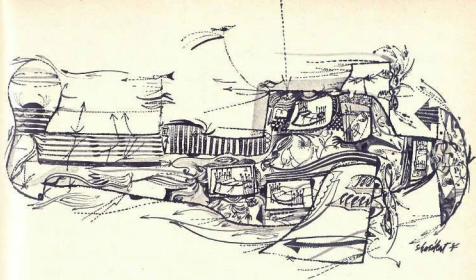
I felt pretty good about my catch. After all I had hooked him first. The bait-cutter brought us a round of drinks to celebrate. But Hemingway was sore. He took his drink but said he hated shark's teeth. The bait-cutter hated them too. Kept shaking his fist at the water. Who doesn't hate sharks, I thought. You could see them hanging around the boat watching us to see if we were going to throw out another line. It gave you cold shivers just to look at them. But Papa Hemingway fooled them.

"No use fishing around here any more," he said. "I'll show you landlubbers some real he-man sport. We will go back and get the tools. We've got 500 pounds of bait and from now on we're after sharks."

Well, I thought, you would certainly need a pretty big hook to carry that tuna as bait and a telegraph pole to fish with, not to mention a two-inch hawser for a line. But I didn't say anything. When you are fishing with Hemingway you don't say much. He doesn't either.

But on the way back he told us his father had given him a fishing pole for

(continued on page 60)



a corporation fly-boy bares all: it's strictly monkey business aloft

COCKPIT CAPERS

article BY ROGER WILCO

Roger Wilco, as if you didn't know, is a pen name. Because the young corporation pilot who wrote this factual article is still very actively flying, etc., he prefers his real identity to be kept a secret. As he told us, "The story you are about to read is true. Only the names have been changed, to protect-me." Over and out.

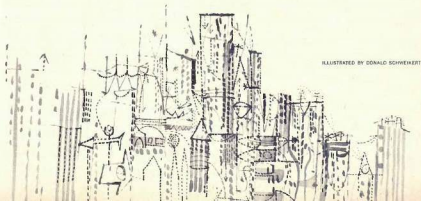
ALL AFTERNOON THE PROFESSOR had put me through a series of psychological tests. I had walked blindfolded a prescribed route which crisscrossed the room; had

stuck pencils in vertical rows of circles; tried to put round pegs in square circles; and had attempted to place an odd-sized lid on a small box. All to find out whether I was capable of flying a transport plane for one of the nation's largest steel corporations. But the professor—experienced head-shrinker that he was—fouled up. He should have had a nude babe walking back and forth in the room while I took the tests. It would've helped later.

After I started flying for the steel corporation it didn't take me long to dis-

cover that the professor and I both had a few facts to learn about the executive flying industry. There was one phase of this type of flying that all the psychological tests in the book didn't touch—the "cockpit playmate" kick as practiced by the feminine passengers who are turning the wild blue yonder into an aerial Casbah.

It came as a complete surprise to me. After four years as a pilot in the Air Force, flying everything from liaison puddle-jumpers to heavy bombers and jets, I thought I had experienced most



ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD SCHWEIKERT

types of in-flight emergencies. My concern was to adjust myself to the proper relationship between executive pilot and the top management personnel I'd be carrying. I kept reminding myself that I'd have to be very careful how I acted with my passengers. I'll admit the thought of meeting some lovely heiresses had crossed my mind, but I wasn't exactly starving to death for feminine companionship and I planned to keep my manner impersonal enough to insure that I'd keep my job. No horseplay or over-familiarity. How wrong can a man be?

After a week of refresher training in a converted C-46 and a thorough study of the corporation's "Flying Policy Manual," the chief pilot assigned me to the single-engine Bonanza used for short trips. He smiled as he handed me the flight form for the Bonanza. "You flew jets in the Tactical Air Command, eh?" he remarked. "The outfit that stays fast and loose."

I nodded.

"Well you sure have to be fast and loose on this job, too."

I didn't understand his meaning but I wasn't long in finding out that all "warm fronts" aren't restricted to weather conditions. The young, supple daughters and daughters-in-law of the top executives, the gals who specialize in full length love affairs within the confines of a cockpit just slightly larger than an oversized hat box, can make the temperature inside a plane cabin zoom like a stratosphere-bound jet. I discovered this fact on my very first executive flight.

I prepared for this flight in the Bonanza with all the care of a Pan American captain heading for South America. I checked the weather, made a detailed pre-flight inspection of the plane, had my clearance ready and was standing at the aircraft waiting when the corporation's Cadillac pulled up. I knew in advance that I was to take a passenger to Washington, D. C., and I assumed that one of the top brass was going to the capital on business. Instead, a blonde as sleek and streamlined as a rocket ship stepped out of the car. She was living proof that they hadn't thrown away the Monroe-Mansfield mold. I didn't visibly drool but I definitely felt those primal stirrings. And I had to remind myself that this was business, business business and not monkey business or wolf business.

Giving me a curt nod, she asked, "Is the plane ready?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Then let's go. I must be in Washington by four P.M."

The chief mechanic helped her onto the wing and into the plane. I settled myself in the left seat, checked Blondie's safety belt as impersonally as I could manage, fastened my own, and started the engine. The tower cleared us to

runway 28 and a couple of minutes later we rolled out for take-off. I let the Bonanza run up to 55 mph on its own, lightened the nosewheel a little and we flew off smoothly. Easing the manifold pressure back to 25 inches and setting the RPM to 2200, I started a climb to enroute altitude.

Everything was normal for the first 15 minutes. Blondie smoked a cigarette and watched the scenery while I checked the needles on the panel. The proximity of my beauteous cargo and the aroma of perfume and expensive clothes had my heart beating a little fast, but I was under control. Assured that I was making a good impression on my first passenger, I tried to relax. At 7000 feet I leveled off, closed the cowl flaps and readjusted the trim tabs. The checkpoints passed rapidly and right on the nose. Everything was S.O.P. We were just passing over Johnstown, Pennsylvania, when this aerial wench got down to business.

"Snap on the Lear," she said.

That was the first indication I had that she was familiar with the plane. Not only did she know we had an automatic pilot, she knew who made it.

"Don't you like the way I'm flying the plane?" I asked.

"Don't be silly. Why waste your time playing with a control column?"

I didn't get it—not even then. I was a dope, and not the kind you put on the wing fabric, either. Reaching over to the panel, I set up "George" and snapped the switch. The next instant Blondie shed her safety belt.

"You better leave that belt fastened," I said. "It might get rough." I know my heartbeat was getting a little rough.

By this time she was easing out of her seat and moving towards me. "It might at that," she remarked.

She wasn't fooling. Before I could reply her mouth was pressed against mine, her tongue caressing my lips, her teeth delicately nipping me in a kiss that threatened to light the fire warning bulb.

"How was that, Honey?" she asked as she unzipped her skirt.

I tried to think what the manual said about this type of emergency but the flight instruments and engine controls lost importance as I gazed at her bare thighs.

I made one last effort in the interests of C.A.B. and my job. "Ter-ah had better watch the plane," I muttered.

"You do that," she said softly, twining her arms around my neck and pressing her lovely, luscious body hard against mine.

So from Johnstown until we were a few minutes out of Washington, D. C., the Bonanza took a beating. I learned some positions that I never knew were possible for a human body. By the time I contacted the tower at the National

Airport I barely had strength enough left to land the plane. As I taxied to the ramp Blondie used her compact. When she stepped out of the plane she looked as fresh and innocent as a country girl on her first trip away from the farm. She nodded and disappeared into the waiting limousine. She didn't even say thank you—for my excellent piloting, I mean.

The day after the Washington flight, I was promoted to the corporation's DC-3. Evidently Blondie must have told her mother about the abilities of the new pilot because a guy usually spends a year or so in the single-engine planes before he moves up to the twin-engine category. The DC-3, among other features, had two full-length divans and I soon discovered they got as much wear and tear as the twin Pratt & Whitney engines out on the wings. Luxury was the keynote for this plane. Besides the divans there were a desk, a small bar and several swivel chairs for sightseeing. Luxurious living was evident, too, in the wives of corporation officials who used this aircraft. They liked the comfort of the divans and the unhurried pace of the larger transport which gave them more time to accomplish what Blondie did. Besides, there are two pilots on the DC-3, giving these aerial love-bugs more variety.

"The comfort of the passengers is considered of first importance," the Director of Flight Operations told me emphatically as he briefed me on the transport. "You, as captain of the plane, are responsible to see that everything within reason is done to keep them happy."

I did.

The first two flights were uneventful. I took the president and his staff to Chicago, then flew the sales manager and his top men to El Paso, Texas, for a convention. But it didn't take long to find out that the DC-3 not only could dive, it could also turn into one.

It happened on my third flight as captain of the transport, a jaunt to Miami Beach. I filed my clearance under contact flight rules—I don't know whether the C.A.A. had in mind body contact or not when it named this type of clearance but on this flight it certainly was appropriate. Two executives and their wives boarded the plane.

"This will be a snap," I muttered to my new copilot, a young fresh lad still not initiated into the realm of playboy flying.

After making certain the passengers were comfortable I went into the pilot's compartment. I relaxed into the left seat and checked the more than 60 items on the check list as the copilot called them off. After we ran up the engines at the end of the runway and the tower cleared us into position, I motioned to the copilot to take the controls. "You

(concluded on page 73)

for forty years peruvian alberto vargas has glorified the american female

THE VARGAS GIRL

pictorial

BY JON CAMPBELL



Alberto Vargas sketching The Vargas Girl.

MORE COMMERCIAL ARTISTS than you can shake a No. 6 brush at have set themselves the task of lauding the American female at the drawing board — to the everlasting delight of the American male. Men's tastes change, however — in architecture, theatre, the gin-to-vermouth ratio of a Martini, and especially in women. The be-busled serenity of Charles Dana Gibson's Gibson Girl, everybody's sweetheart during

pre-World War I days, bowed to John Held, Jr.'s baby-faced, dynamite-hipped, rouge-kneed flapper, so popular during the Jazz Age that live young ladies patterned themselves after Held's drawings in both looks and demeanor. In the Thirties, George Petty bequeathed to U. S. art lovers his pert-busted, long-stemmed Petty Girl and (we understand) invented the telephone. The Forties belong to Alberto Vargas and his



Vargas Girl — and we'll concede him the Fifties, too, if pressed. Actually, however, artist Alberto Vargas has been dedicated to the delineation of American beauty for two generations.

The Vargas Girl has not always looked the same, and herein lies her secret of longevity. When she first appeared a full 40 years ago, she had some of the pristine elegance of the Gibson Girl; in the Roaring Twenties, she bared her breasts (fashionably small: 32B) with all the roguishness, if not the wit, of one of Held's angels; in the Thirties and Forties, she took on some of the airbrushed slickness popularized by Petty. But in her final form — seen for the first time in the original, full-color figure studies on these five pages — the Vargas Girl pos-



During the Roaring Twenties, Vargas painted this portrait of Nita Naldi, sultry vamp of the silent screen. He is currently back in Hollywood applying a brush to a fresh crop of budding stars.

esses something more than the sum of her perky parts: she is Anatomical Perfection, put together in a way certain to set the most unfeeling amongst us squiver and ambling in our Martins.

The creator of all this pleasing pudricitude is a mustached Latin who, though he is past 60 today, looks much the same as the 20-year-old who arrived in New York City in 1916, fresh from school in Switzerland. Alberto was on his way back to his native Peru to work in his father's photographic business and was only supposed to be stopping over in the U.S. between boats. But as he walked through Manhattan at noon-time, the streets filled with the girls of the city — office workers, clerks, secretaries — all hurrying somewhere for





hunch. "Girls, girls, girls," Vargas still remembers happily. "I had never seen so many beautiful girls." Alberto, for some reason, never quite managed to make that boat to Peru.

Instead, he set himself to sketching the beautiful girls of New York. He had always liked to draw and the editors of the city's papers liked what he drew and purchased some of his work. Thereupon, Alberto Vargas declared himself a full-fledged artist and to prove it, hired himself a full-fledged agent. One of the agent's other customers was the Corona Typewriter Building on 42nd Street, and it was the agent's solemn duty to arrange fascinating window displays to rivet the attention of passers-by. Why not a mock artist's garret in the window? For that purpose the agent ransacked

Vargas' small studio, filling the Corona window with easel, brushes, paints and canvases. Something more was needed, however; the artist and his model. Vargas' first assignment from his new agent was to put on the traditional heret and knee-length artist's smock, and paint—right in the window—a girl attired leithingly in a Spanish shawl. Traffic came to a standstill outside the Corona Building and among the passers-by that afternoon was showman Florenz Ziegfeld, who became intrigued by the idea of an artist stopping traffic mid-day in Manhattan. He left his card with a note asking Vargas to come and see him.

Ziegfeld commissioned Vargas to paint a series of posters of his fabulous show-girls and the artist learned a great deal about real feminine beauty from the fa-



A bare-bosomed lobby poster Vargas did for Ziegfeld was a sign of the times during heyday of the Follies.

The Vargas Girl, circa 1918, was a far cry from The Vargas Girl of today. This early pen-and-ink drawing, titled *The Indiscreet Leaves*, was considered pretty daring four decades ago.



mous producer. "One afternoon not long after I started working for him, Ziegfeld had over 500 girls standing in the wings of the theatre," Vargas recalls, "each one wearing a number. They paraded before him, five or six at a time, and he just sat there, nodding once in a while to his secretary to, 'Take that one's

number.' When he was all through, he'd chosen no more than five or six and I couldn't understand it, because as far as I was concerned, many of the girls he had passed by were more attractive than those he'd picked."

Vargas asked Ziegfeld about that and was told: "The girls I have chosen here

this afternoon have an *inner spark*—a beauty that comes from beneath the surface. I can change the rest—with makeup and hair styling and costumes, but the inner beauty—this the girl must have herself." The words made a considerable impression on the young artist and Vargas determined to try and cap-

ture the same *inner spark* in his painting.

He worked with Ziegfeld until the showman's death in 1932, then accepted an offer from Hollywood to paint portraits of the stars for the old Fox Studio. Vargas followed Petty into the pages of *Equire* in the early Forties. The granddaddy of the men's magazines dropped the *s* from the Vargas signature and put his work on giant gate-folds, calendars and cards. Work for other magazines followed, advertising illustrations and then a return to Hollywood and more movie work.

The Peruvian prefers to capture his American beauties in the wholly nude and add clothing later, as required. He insists this is the only way of getting the anatomy just right. Despite this pleasant approach to his work, the Vargas Girl has never been allowed to appear in public in the altogether until



Vargas looks ahead; aware of man's changing tastes in woman, the personable Peruvian has painted the pinnacles of pulchritude past and present, offers herewith a peek at the Girl of the Future.

now — a tight fitting evening gown, a brief bathing suit or a gossamer negligee always having been added after the fact. These are the first, full-color nudes by Vargas ever published and they are among a number of figure studies being prepared by the artist for a forthcoming book on art and the Vargas Girl.

Alberto Vargas has painted beautiful women for the past 40 years and he has specific ideas about the Girl of the Future, too. On his drawing board, the Eve of tomorrow is dressed in a golden vine; she holds an apple of temptation for some future Adam, and a lariat for roping him in. At a time when many a prophet is predicting a grim Orwellian future for the human race, we find the Vargas forecast both cheerful and cheering.



HEMINGWAY *(continued from page 52)*

his birthday when he was only two years old and a double-barreled shotgun when he was 10.

The trip back was relaxing. Except for the blood all over the deck you'd have thought we were just sitting around in some quiet bar. And you should have seen Papa that day. Naked, except for a pair of old blood-stained shorts, with a stubble on his chin just long enough to look untidy. A tuna is a red-blooded fish and he had so much blood on him he might have been a tuna himself. You'd certainly never take him for a writer. I never did anyway, I thought.

I said aloud, "What's this I hear about your telling *Who's Who* that your favorite sports were fishing, hunting and drinking?"

"That's right," he said, "but they changed it to 'Fishing, Hunting and Reading.'"

"Hear you got 100 grand for the rights to *Farewell to Arms*," I said.

"That's all," he said. "Should have asked 200."

"That's all, I thought. Where does he get that stuff? You'd think 100 grand was peanuts. That was too much for Gib. He went below to take a nap. I was plenty tired too. The sea and the sun and the excitement get you tired when you are out with Ernest. But he was full of pep. Started cleaning his tackle while we chatted. You could see he loved it. And he breathed in that sea air like an old tar.

"How did you like the picture?" I said aloud.

"What picture?" he said.

"*Farewell*," I said.

"Didn't see it," he said.

"What?" I said. "You didn't see your own picture?"

"That's right," he said.

"Why?" I said.

He said, "If you see it you might not like it. Then you might not want to write another."

How does he know all this dope? I thought. Makes sense but where does he get it? Seems to know Hollywood and everything else inside out. I thought.

"Did you go out to Hollywood?" I said.

"No," he said.

"Why not?" I said.

"Why should I?" he said. "If you go out there they get you writing as though you were looking through a camera lens. All you think about is pictures when you ought to be thinking about people. You've got to live the life of your characters to write about them."

There's the guy's secret, I thought; living the life of his characters. That's why he was running around with the count-

ess in Paris that time. He didn't care anything about her. He just stuck a pin in her like those butterfly collectors do. Wanted to see what made her tick. The guy, I realized for the first time, is a perfectionist. That's what he is. Whether or not you like his style of writing doesn't mean a thing. The point is he knows what he is writing about and you know it. He's not a fiction writer. He's a reporter of emotions. And he never writes about any emotion he has not experienced himself.

Take this *Farewell to Arms*. It's about the Italian Army. Well, he ought to know something about that. He got himself shot up in the Italian Army, didn't he? They say his stuff is full of tragedy. So what? He lived across from the cemetery long enough to know about death. And how about that tumble house he has in Key West. Maybe that's why he lives there. And he has been courting death himself enough to know just how it feels when your number is up. Going out in that storm in that little boat of his showed the guy's curiosity about danger. And look at him going up against those three rum-runners in the Bucket of Blood. Bet he felt like running out of the joint when the fight started. But he didn't run because the desire to learn how it feels to be on the spot was the stronger urge. Wanted to feel it so he could write about it some day. Living the life of his characters is the guy's trade. *To Have and Have Not*, they tell me, was a book about a tough guy just like the one who broke the glass off in that very fight. He just used the guy as a guinea pig.

Look at *Death in the Afternoon*. You look at it. I don't want to. But let me tell you something. That's the one about Spanish bullfighters and they tell me the guy lived with a bullfighter to learn about bullfighting from him. Not only that, he learned to fight the bull himself. He actually got out there in the arena and fought a bull. They say he got gored pretty badly too. And what did he do it for? I'll tell you. He got himself kicked in the pants by that bull so he could find out first hand just how those matadors, or whatever they call them, feel about it themselves. He is a guy who wants to learn about it right from the bull's mouth.

Take *Across the River and Into the Trees*. And you can take that one too if you want to. I wouldn't stand in your way. As a matter of fact, I thought it was the Civil War story about Stonewall Jackson when he got shot. But they tell me it has a lot of Hemingway's own character in it. Sort of a psychoanalysis of himself between the lines. Mirror writing I guess they call it. I can't read

that stuff to save my life. But it just goes to show you.

Take one of his early short stories. Take 'em all if you want to. The one I mean is *The Snows of Kilimanjaro*. Get a load of that title. You'd think it was about winter sports, wouldn't you? I did. You know, ski-jumping in the Swiss Alps or something. Well, get out your fan. It's about Africa. No kidding. And who the hell ever heard of snow in Africa? I didn't notice Bogart wearing cat muffs and mittens in *The African Queen*. Did you? I thought he had on a sun helmet and shorts. Must be my eyes. Ever see a safari on snowshoes in a Martin Johnson film? Or Frank Buck skating after a polar bear in the Sahara? It just goes to show you, I say.

Let's look into the significance of that screwy wood kill-a-man-jaro. Why, it's nothing but the old cemetery influence, working again and again and again. Death never takes a holiday with that guy. Always killing somebody. You know, some people think because they kill a lot of guys they are great writers—like Shakespeare or Jack Webb. But I don't see those two letting their characters die in bed the way he does in *The Killers* and *The Snows*. Hamlet and his friend Macbeth didn't take it lying down. They were in there in the last round slugging it out with knives and poison. What's new about a guy dying in bed? If you ask me, the author should have stood in bed. I say, let this bird jaro, or whatever his name is, die with his boots on. But try and tell him that!

Let's skip quickly over *The Green Hills of Africa*. Ever read it? I didn't. It's an odd one of his. First it's green hills and then it's white snow; in *Africa*. It's the title that crabbled it. Look at those Foreign Legion pictures in *Technicolor*. Those green hills of his are yellow sand dunes. Must have written that one with a green fountain pen.

So much for literary criticism. Better soft-soap him now, I thought.

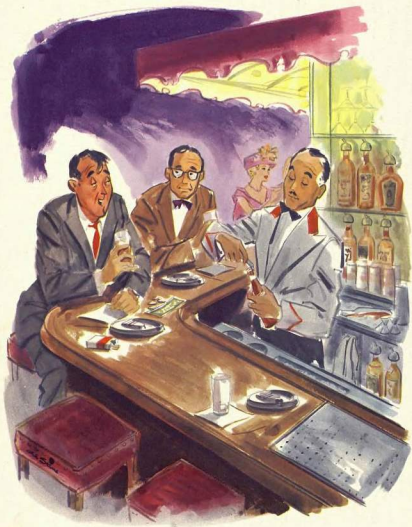
I said aloud, "Nice piece of reporting you did in *Death in the Afternoon*."

Something told me I should not have said it. The fellow is funny about compliments. Doesn't like them. Thinks you are yessing him.


"Forget it," he said. "That's not you talking. It's Hollywood. The minute you heard I got 100 G's for *Farewell* you began to think I could write. I'm no better now than I was when I lived over the cemetery. Just getting more dough. That's all."

Maybe it is like that, I thought. When you know somebody well you don't think they can be so hot. Because you know them. Then when they make good you begin to think they *must* be good. Well, I still didn't think much of *The Killers*.

(concluded on page 66)



"I love my wife and we have three wonderful children. I've a fine job, money in the bank and I own my own home. I just drink because I like the stuff."



O-O-OH Santa—
I just love that
Microsheen shine!

Miss Microsheen, and every other slick chick, recognize quality when they see it. They know at a glance that a MICROSHEEN shine "stands out"—tells the world you're really going places. So for the holidays—and before every date all year 'round—be sure your shoes have that well-groomed "million dollar" MICROSHEEN look. Buy a can today. And ask Santa to slip a can in your stocking.

GRIFFIN MICROSHEEN STAIN BOOT POLISH

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



specifications call for the elegance of navy

BLUEPRINT FOR SPRING

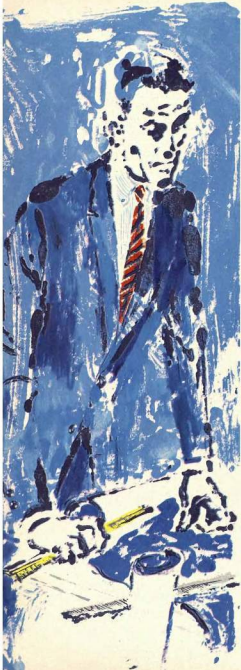
GOT THE BLUES? Good. The best-laid plans of the more erudite men this Spring call for prodigious proportions of blue in general — and to be absolutely precise: navy blue. That haze seen around the drawing board (or the men's bar) where the tastemakers gather is not strictly atmospheric; rather, it's a minor Spring miracle wrought by those forward-thinking lads who one fine day simultaneously decide that now is the time for navy. Even the Madison Avenues have turned a deep blue, and gray flannel is relegated strictly to Gregory Peck.

OK, blue's not new. As everybody knows, it probably started when the early Britons painted themselves blue for big nights on the rocks at Stonehenge. Then the navy caught on to the shade, and, somewhat later, Robert Benchley pulled a switcheroo with the wry comment that he thought a suit of lint to pick up blue serge would be just the thing. But that erstwhile oblique critique is not necessarily a corollary to wearing navy blue today.

Naturally, the softer finishes still possess an undeniable affinity for flying white specks (including stray platinum hairs that might alight), but a bit of quick brush work easily dispenses the culprits. Most of the new fabrics, however, maintain their dark elegance with only a casual flick or two. Actually, the advantages of wearing navy blue far outweigh the extra upkeep problems, for nothing makes a guy look so immediately well-dressed. Furthermore, the sun never sets on navy blue: it's right early or late, at board meeting or supper club.

Still another advantage of joining the navy is the really wide variety of weaves, styles and weights available: unfinished worsteds, flannels, sharkskins, tropicals, gabardines and silks are only a part of the story. New blends of cotton or wool with dacron take to sensible tailoring, shrug off wrinkles and come up ship-shape after continued bouts with a Bendix. The model you'll want most is the single-breasted, three-buttoned, natural-shouldered affair, but the double-breasted jackets look neat and new, too. There's absolutely none of that unlamented "sharp" stamp left in the d.b. Gone are the mile-wide, deep-notched lapels and the wrap-around fullness of cut that gave the wearer the gangland appearance of an early George Raft. The newer double-breasted stock is cut along the same lines as its single brethren: straight, easy fit; narrow, high-notched lapels; a wrap-around of only a few inches, with four buttons recessed in place of the dated six.

Three approved drafts of the blue idea, each eminently suitable for an early morning conference or a late-hour tête-à-tête complete with blue moon; left, a nubly imported silk single-breasted tailored by the House of Worsted-Tex, about \$90 — center, a well-bred dacron and cotton double-breasted in a trim-cut model that holds its press, by Gordon of Philadelphia, about \$50 — right, a crisp wool sharkskin three-button job, by Chester Lourie, about \$70.



attire

LeRoy Neiman



Ribald Classic

THE PAINTED LADY

A newly translated tale from *El libro de buen amor*, by Juan Ruiz

PITAS PAYAS WAS A PAINTER in Briliany. He married a young woman and found life very pleasant with her. But it did not last: before their first month was up he had a sad piece of news for her.

"I have to go to Flanders on business, my sweet," he said. "I will be gone for many months, but I'll bring you back some pretty gifts."

She was not happy about it. "I wish you didn't have to leave me. But if you must, have a pleasant trip and don't forget me and what you have here."

"I won't," said Pitas. "And neither will you forget me, for I shall leave a reminder painted on your fair skin. When you look at it, think of it as a symbol of our love and let it keep you chaste and true to me."

"Paint it then," she said. And her long silk gown slid to the floor, leaving her nude before him.

Pitas Payas plied his brushes and painted just under her navel the figure of a little lamb. Then off he went to Flanders.

He stayed away two years, and every month was like a full year to his wife alone in their fine house. Time palled upon her and she grew restless with so much of it on her hands. Besides, she was young and had tasted only the joys of wedlock and known only her husband's love. One day she gave up waiting and took a young lover into her house and bed. And it was not long until he had rubbed away the last traces of the little lamb.

Then, of all times, came a letter from Pitas Payas: he was coming home.

His loving young wife sent quickly for her paramour. "Quick," she cried, "paint me another little lamb right where the first one was when Pitas went away!"

Right in that spot beneath her pretty navel he painted it — and with dispatch and purpose. But instead of a little lamb he left a ram with horns and certain other appurtenances all rams have.

Pitas knew all was not right the minute he stepped into his home. His wife received him scornfully, coldly, but he tried not to notice. As soon as he could, he took her to their bedroom, and his mind was on the lamb.

"Let's have a look at our lamb, my love. And then to bed."

"Anything you say," she muttered. "And look to your heart's content."

Pitas Payas took one look and blinked. What did he see right on the aforementioned spot beneath the navel?

"Oh no!" he stammered. "What is it? How can it be? I painted a young and innocent lamb, and now I find this ram here!"

His wife looked at him and her scorn seemed to grow. "Why not, lover?" she asked. "Are you asking a little lamb not to grow into a ram in two years' time? You should have come home sooner, love. Then you would have found your lamb just as you left it."

We men may draw a moral from this tale: Let us not stay away from home too long, lest we, like the lamb, sprout horns.

—Translated by J. A. Gato



He sketched a picture beneath her navel.





GARDNER
KEA

HEMINGWAY

(continued from page 60)

Felt like asking him what had become of it if it was so good. He wrote it 10 years before over the cemetery but I certainly had never heard of the thing since. Bet he couldn't sell that one to the movies, I thought.

As we passed the old wreck on our way in we noticed a swank little cruiser anchored over there. So we headed over to see who our visitors were. The boat was a little honey. I was sure glad we were in *The Adventurer* instead of Ernest's boat. More class. The cruiser was lying in the lee of the wreck and the water was as smooth as glass. It was spick and span the way a boat ought to be. You could see two fellows fishing from easy chairs in the stern. They had a table between them and each held a highball in one hand and a slender little one-handed perch-pole in the other. It was sure a swell set-up. Wonder what they will say when they get a look at our blood-stained pirate, I thought.

"Some sportsmen," he said. He thought that still-fishing for pan fish was strictly for the birds unless you were doing it for bait.

The captain shut off our motors and we drifted in on them. They had not seen us as yet when one of them let out a yell. He had taken a fish. But he did not reel in. Didn't want to take the glass out of his other hand, I guess. He just jerked the toy rod and up popped a brightly colored little fish about six inches long. Instead of taking the fish off the hook he swung the pole in a wide arc like a fellow casting backwards. Then we knew why he had yelled. A grinning black face in a cook's white hat appeared at an open window in the back of him and a capable hand caught the line on the fly. A knife flashed in the sunshine. The odor of frying fish caught our nostrils.

This was too much for Hemingway. He let out a roar that brought Gib rushing up on deck. Probably thought we were sinking. The two hardy fishermen looked up and didn't even bat an eye. All three of us recognized them as Messrs. Woolly Donahue and Ben Finney, old friends and erstwhile men about towns like Paris and Palm Beach.

"You're just in time for lunch," Woolly said. "Come aboard and pick your dish."

We tied up to them and in a few minutes had been provided with easy chairs and a fresh bottle of Scotch. This is the life, I thought. Gib liked it too. No excitement. Just solid comfort. Ernest didn't like anything about it but the Scotch which was the real uncut Nassau vintage. He wouldn't even sit down.

When he saw the cook baiting the hooks you could see it was almost too much for him. The bait was strips of red flannel! No fooling. Looks like the boys will be without underwear next winter, I thought.

We looked over the side. The water was about 30 or 40 feet deep but you could see right to the bottom. And you could see hundreds of little fish of all colors fighting to get at that bait. You had to jerk it away from them. Ben held his flannel-baited hook out of the water.

"Which one do you want for lunch?" he asked Gib.

"I'll take the yellow one over there," Gib said.

And as we watched Ben threw his line in, jerked the hook away from three or four baby bluefish until the yellow-tail bit. Took about 30 seconds in all. It was like taking a fish out of one of those tanks they have in seafood restaurants in New York. Up he came over Ben's shoulder right into the waiting hands of the cook.

We had hardly ordered our dinner when there it was on the table. Quickest service you ever saw. And what fish. Ernest shook his head sadly but I noticed it didn't interfere with his appetite. Gib and I were all for making a day of it. But not Ernest. "Make a softy out of you," he said.

When we took off for shore the two sportsmen were still at it. Betting 10 bucks on which could take a certain fish first. Some fun.

"That's what dough does to you," Hemingway said.

"It can do it to me any time it wants to," I said.

"Me too," Gib said.

The reception committee was on the jetty when we docked. Any time Papa docks the whole island turns out. They pitched in and helped us get our tuna on the scales. I had my picture taken standing along side of it with the barnes, big tackle, our bait-cutter and everything. Some picture. Some tuna too. Weighed 520 pounds.

Ernest told the natives to help themselves. That's enough food for a year, I thought. At least a million sandwiches. But what do you think? All they took was a small fillet off the belly weighing not over a few pounds. Some waste, I thought. But Ernest explained that the meat wasn't good in the tropics at this time of the year. It seems you got to catch them up North in the cold water for canning. But he said he knew somebody who would like it.

"Who?" I said.

"The sharks," he said. "We will feed it to them with lead sauce."

BEACHCOMBERS

(continued from page 32)

best student I had was Lou Costello. He had a terrific stance. His balance was great — he always stayed on the board. The only trouble was he wouldn't take the board into the water. He did all his surfing here on the sand.

"Most of the year I make money with the boards. Vacation time, there are so many girls around, I give up making money — I make coeds."

Bobby's last point is one prospective beachcomber will have to consider. For perhaps nine months a year, beachcombing can be at least a little like it used to be — an independent life, relatively quiet, with rum, cigars and sunshine. At the beginning of summer, however, a lemming-like herd of unattached females descends on the islands, in search of tons and tropical romance. Usually they find both, and the beachcomber, being in the midst of the quest, has to give up his quiet life for a while.

This annual migration, which would have been abhorred by old-style beachcombers, is not an innovation. But recently, the numbers of girls have tripled, then increased tenfold as tourist-class air fares became lower.

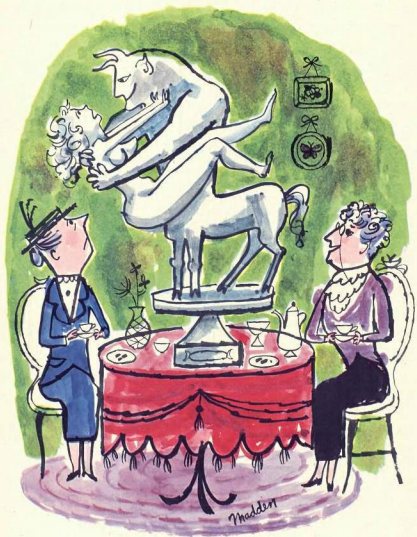
How does the harried executive get to be a high-class beachcomber? Bulbsey Caldwell offers prospective refugees this advice:

"I'd say first, don't burn your bridges, because you might not like it. It's a temptation to tell the boss off like I did, but it's better if you ask him for a leave of absence. Old war wound acting up, that sort of thing.

"Second, to tide you over you ought to have some savings, or be able to draw on unemployment insurance or some extension of the GI Bill.

"Third, you ought to have an idea of what you're going to do. You don't have to worry about this too much until you get out in the sun and see up the situation, but a high-class beachcomber isn't a bum. He's an artisan who can sell charm, goods or services while in a swimming suit, whose work is fun. Generally, even if he relaxes completely, he'll apply the lessons he learned in business to beachcombing.

"Most important, he has to get rid of the American success bug — getting ahead, piling up cars and apartments and extra suits of clothes. You don't get ahead here, but you don't have to, because you only wear shoes about once a week. In a way, you're ahead, anyway, because a guy who has a girl, a good supply of rum and cigars, and a beat on the beach has got everything a man ever needed. The sun's all his. He's got it made."



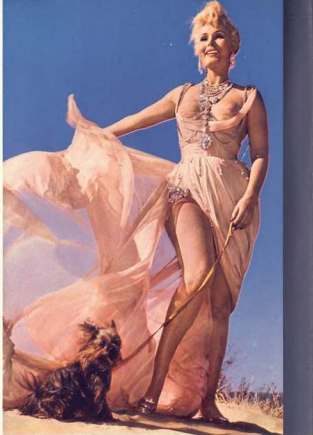
"I offered to donate it to the church bazaar, but Pastor Johnston said he wouldn't think of letting me part with it."

*as marlene
and moore go,
so goes gabor*



Marlene: Scotch Tape and a few sequins

Moore: a copykitten and a nude soufflé.



ZSA ZSA IN VEGAS

A COUPLE OF YEARS AGO, glittering grand-ma Marlene Dietrich did a night club act in Las Vegas, clad in a gown PLAYBOY's Nevada correspondent thought resembled "Scotch Tape and sequins." Not long after, curvy copykitten Terry Moore appeared there in a strikingly similar get-up dubbed "nude soufflé." Not to be outdone, Marlene then returned to Vegas in a windmachine-whipped creation our reporter likened to "shredded Kleenex." So much for past history. This year's entry in the Vegas strip contest is Zsa Zsa Gabor.

Her gown, which reportedly cost a cool \$17,000, has a neckline cut all the way down to the Mason-Dixon line; it inspired one awed observer to claim it made the gladrags of Marlene and Terry look like overcoats. This was only one man's opinion, of course—you can make up your own mind by simply lamping the photographs on this page. Dietrich and Moore may be seen to our left; while up top there—scorching the desert sands and determined to beat the other girls at their own skin game—is Zsa Zsa.



WELL-DRESSED MAN (continued from page 47)

caps that look so right with tweeds in the country were never, we fear, meant to top off a pin-striped flannel or blue worsted suit in the shadow of the Chrysler Building. And those flamboyant straws that add so much native color to the Bahamas were never intended to flourish more than a few miles from the beach. In most cases, it is best to leave the picturesque upper-story to be told in suburbia or aboard the cruise ships. If you suffer from an occasional temptation to clamp a bowler or bomburg on your noggin, fight it, unless you happen to look like Winthrop Aldrich. And should the urge to take a flyer in a brilliantly colored luthand overtake you, stop to consider how it's going to work with the rest of your outfit. Some handsome hatbands (a striking rep stripe, for example) have a certain go-to-hell rakishness that is desirable, provided that dash of color isn't repeated elsewhere and its impact destroyed. Small bits of feathers, silver insignia and a badger brush add a flavor of moor and mountain to country garb, but if one is really not the open-air type to carry it off, it is advisable to leave these impediments to country squires and game wardens.

The choosing of shirts distinguishes the wisely-dressed man from the merely buttoned-up cipher. Although the exposed shirt beneath the suit covers a comparatively small part of the overall anatomy, it is the center of focal interest, along with the necktie. Time was when the selection of shirts was a snip, because most of them were white. The emergence of the pink shirt changed all that, and now there's a whole palette of colors, a galaxy of patterns and more collar styles than one cares to count. This embarrassing abundance raises shirt shopping from rather primitive hawker to discriminating selection. The fact that color has been added in heaping portions to shirts doesn't necessarily make them better. It's only when the color is correct that the difference becomes apparent, and now the yellows look particularly right. They range from the palest champagnes, which we prefer to downright maize. The best thing about them is that there isn't a suit color we can think of that they don't gel up with perfectly. Good with grays, news with blues, they're just as distinguished with tans and greens. Blue shirts continue to wield their particular brand of appeal — and with good reason. The undeniable freshness and becomingness of blue is intensified in stripes, neat checks and in small all-over polka dots — important details in the big blue picture for spring. Other colors which have a rather specialized use are red, usually in collaboration with white, and browns that also take on the same part-

ner. To be avoided are the pale greenish blues and any tone that smacks of violet. Pink shirts today are relegated to a distant niche in limbo. Assuming that your neck is a fairly well-balanced column separating your head from your shoulders, many collar styles are on the shelves of every emporium that calls itself a haberdashery. The whole approach is towards comfort, and the uniform-down model is practically the bottom of the well-dressed man for wear in the midst of the city or beyond its limits. Tail collars have a formal kind of dignity but dictate a rather special kind of dressing that is more rigid than most men care to effect. The new lower-cut spread collars, while universally becoming and very well done by good makers, have to be carefully selected. Frequently they can turn an otherwise well-garbed individual into a Nathan Detroit, and can make a really well-cut suit look like a pretty gawdy set of threads. Collars come in two varieties: the barrel shape that buttons comfortably and is correct for almost any occasion, and the French, which is dressier and worn only with suits, never sports jackets.

Colors in suitings are an endless subject, one fraught with pitfalls because it gets into the realm of personal reaction and individual taste, the most sensitive area in human make-up since Achilles' heel. While not concurring with Lord Garzon, who said that no gentleman wears brown, there are certain colors that no man who makes the slightest pretense to dressing well would ever be caught dead in — namely, pearl gray and bright blue. And there are certain shades of brown that should be avoided like the plague. These are the ones that have a reddish undertone, no matter how slight. Brown should always have a blackish cast. Certain tones of tan can wreak havoc with certain complexions that are less than ruddy. These tans possess an unfortunate pink glow or else a yellowish cast that suggests liver complications. Tans, if worn at all, should always go the gray side and should never be coupled with dark brown gabardine slacks, an unfortunate combination popular with woeful young men who would rather spend their spare time with motors than with maidens.

Textures and weaves of various suit fabrics that a man chooses indicate more than a surface knowledge of dressing well. The too bold pattern, too hairy tweed, too nubby or too shiny material are in the same class as Charles Atlas shoulders and hand-painted ties. Exaggeration, that bigger-than-life approach, completely overpowers the average guy to such an extent he is changed from a person to a pile of fabric or a

plaid that walks like a man. Naturally this plea for moderation doesn't mean a complete wardrobe of smooth finishes, but is just a bit of avuncular advice worth noting. Striking weaves and imaginative textures always add that necessary stamp of originality, but they should always be kept in their place, that of a supporting role, never the star attraction.

Now let's take ties. It is at this point that the man in the know is separated from old Joe Schmo. Black ties are all right and safe provided you want to look like you live in Old Cliché and make rare trips to the city. Something a little more daring won't be excessive. There are plenty of restrained paisleys, stripes and all-over designs in warm pleasant colors that are extremely good looking, provided the colors both in tie and shirt are related and the patterns don't fight for supremacy. With figured shirts, solid tees and barathras are always acceptable, but not outstanding. It is a mark of real taste to put patterns together successfully. For example, with checked or plaid shirts, narrow striped ties in the same color or colors immediately raise a man above the crowd. With the multitude of striped shirts, it is best to get a solid color effect in the tie. But if the shirt stripes are very narrow and spaced close together, the tie pattern can be bolder without branding one as untouchable. Most of these suggestions apply to city dressing. The casual counterpart gives the knitted ties and the woollens bigger play. Since most country shirts are fairly unrestrained, ties keep pretty much in the background and tend toward solid colors.

The man who wants to stand up and be counted among the well-dressed must have his feet on the ground in the right shoes. Currently, they are going along with the lightness bit, with a strong line of demarcation separating the town from the country shoe. There's no doubt that the Italian bootmakers have made their mark on the footsteps of our time. Strictly an urban arrangement, the fine Italian boot is here to stay. Its thin-soled slowness and streamlined contours were never created to complement heavy tweeds or other country trappings. Conversely, moccasins and desert boots were never born to tread city thoroughfares. That's it — and never the twain shall be interchangeable. Black and cordovan are the colors for town, with a wider range available for ranging the wide-open spaces, such as russet and the ubiquitous olive green. Smooth finished leather is the rule for business wear and while it still runs into the life of leisure, the rougher finishes like bucks or reverse calf have a nice country air. And we shall leave the surdes to suave con-

(concluded on next page)

NIGHT RIDE (continued from page 36)

nelli went on. "I can hear it now: 'Do you love Davey, Lorraine?'—you know, in that sincere voice. Do you really love him—unselfishly? What could she say? Sure she loved Davey. Unselfishly. 'All right. Are you willing to make a sacrifice and give him the chance at greatness that he deserves?' I mean, what else? Then you've got to cooperate; do what I say. It'll hurt the kid, bad, but it's the only way. Just simply leaving him, that's no good. He wouldn't believe it." So Maxie told her he was gonna spread the word that they'd played footsie under the sheets."

"Why would she agree to it?" I asked. "Tell me that. Why?"

"Deck," Parnelli said, "you're forgetting an awful lot. This guy here has kept you practically hypnotized for six years—and he wasn't even trying. How much of a chance would a simple chick have, with all the gas turned up full? Sure, she hated the idea; but ol' Doc Dailey, he got her convinced that if she didn't play along, she'd be cheating Davey out of something he'd wanted all his life. Of course, later on he'd tell Green the truth. And then things would be peachy-keen. What the hell else could the poor kid say?"

Parnelli sipped a few more drops out of the bottle and tossed it in a corner.

"Here's the thing, Deck—our boss has quite a unique little approach to jazz. He believes you've got to be brought down before you can play. The worse off you are, and the longer you stay that way, the better the music is. Right, Max?"

Max had his face in his hands. He didn't answer.

"Look around you. You: 10 years ago—it was 10, wasn't it, Deck?—you got drunk one night and got in a car and hit a little girl. Killed her. Rolko, over there—he's queer and doesn't like it. Hughie, what's your cross?"

"Hughie stayed quiet.
"Oh, yeah: cancer. Hughie's gonna die one of these days soon. Bud Parker and Sig, poor babies: hooked. Main stream. And me—a bottle hound. Max picked me out of Bellevue. Shall I go on?"

"Go on," I said. I wanted to get it all straight.

"But for some reason Max couldn't find a real brought-down piano man. They pretended to be miserable, but hell, it turned out they only had a stomach-ache or something. Then—he found David Green. Or you did, Deck. So we were complete, at last. Eight miserable bastards. See?" Parnelli patted Max's head, and hiccupped. "But don't get buggy because you didn't catch on. Ol' Dailey's smart. You might have pulled out of your wing-ding years ago, only he kept the knife in. Every now and then he'd give it a twist—like winding us up, so we'd cry about it out loud, for the public."

Hughie Wilson said, "Bull. I can play just as good happy as—"

Max brought his hands down on the chair, and that was the last time he ever looked powerful and strong. "No," he said. He was trembling and red. "Look back, Deacon Jones. Who were the great pianos? I mean the great ones. I'll tell you. Jelly Roll—who they said belonged in a warehouse. Lingle—a疋mit. Tatum—a blind man. Who

blew the horns that got under your skin and into your bones and wouldn't let you be? I'll tell you that, too. A run-dum boogie named Biederbecke and a lonely old man named Johnson. And Buddy Bolden—he went mad in the middle of a parade. Look back, I'm telling you, find the great ones. Show them to me. And I'll show you the loneliest, most miserable, beat and gone-to-hell bastards who ever lived. But they're remembered, Deacon Jones. They're remembered."

Max glared at us with those steady eyes of his.

"Davey Green was a nice kid," he said. "But the world is full of nice kids. I made him a great piano—and that's something the world isn't full of. He made music that reached in and touched you. He made music that only God could hear. And it took the trouble out of the hearts of everybody who heard him and everybody who will hear him—"

His hands were fists now. The sweat was pouring off him.

"There never was a great band," he said, "until this one. Never a bunch of musicians who could play anything under the goddamn sun and play it right and true. And there won't be another one. You were all great and I kept you great."

He got to his feet, unsteadily. "OK, it's all ripped now. It's over. I've screwed up every life in this room and made you prisoners and cheated and lied to you—OK. Who hits me first?"

Nobody moved.

"Come on," he said, only not in the soft voice. "Come on, you chicken-hearted sons-of-bitches! Let's go! I just murdered a fine chess kid, didn't I? What about you, Parnelli? You've been onto me for a long time. Why don't you start things off?"

Parnelli met his eyes for a while; then he turned and picked up his horn and went to the door.

Sig Shulman followed him. One by one the others left, nobody looking back.

And then they were gone and Max, Dailey and I were alone.

"You told me something early to-night," he said. "You told me you were going to come back and kill me. What's holding you up?" He went over to the bureau, opened a drawer, took out an old .38. He handed it to me. "Go on," he said. "Kill me."

"I just did," I said, and laid the gun down on the table where he could get at it.

Max looked at me. "Blow out of here, Deck," he said, whispering. "Be free."

I went outside and it was pretty cool and I started walking. But there wasn't any place to go.

WELL-DRESSED MAN (continued from page 69)

timents and Elvis Presley. Avoid also any kind of leather shoe in blue or gray, and particularly those with built-in ventilating systems.

Among the most important secrets of dressing well are the small items, the minutiae that many men overlook. Too much jewelry is to be avoided, and this includes gigantic American Legion rings, elaborate watchbands, blockbuster tie clasps and cuff links. Keep a fresh white handkerchief in your jacket pocket if you wish—many impeccably-attired guys wouldn't step out for a newspaper without one, but don't fold it so it comes out with pointed ends. Keep it flat, with about one-half inch of linen running parallel to the top of the pocket.

However well you select your head-to-toe garb, though, you'll still look like a bum or a bumpkin if you wear it—and treat it—badly. A \$300 suit that's spotted or unpressed will not impress; \$15 cashmere socks unsupported by

garters can make your nether portion look like a pair of walking accordions; a Cavanagh sky-piece worn on the back of the bean or tilted over an eyebrow is wasted on its wearer, as are unshined and heel-worn shoes, ill-fitting and smudged linen, a wrinkled tie, a missing sleeve button. Remember, high initial cost (and we don't mean ornate monograms) is no substitute for conscientious upkeep.

As a summing up, we'd like to submit an excerpt from a letter Lord Chesterfield, of overcoat and cigarette fame, wrote to his son, who, as it happened, turned out to be a hopeless slob anyway: "Take great care always to be dressed like the reasonable people of your own age in the place where you are; whose dress is never spoken of one way or another, as either too negligent or too much studied." Sage advice, we think.

LET'S STEW IT (continued from page 50)

beans to a small saucepan. Cover with fresh water. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt. Simmer beans until tender. Add water if necessary during cooking to keep beans from scorching. Set pan aside until stew is done.

Melt the fat in a stew pot. Add the lamb. Sauté until lamb turns brown. Add the onion, green pepper, garlic and bay leaf. Sauté 5 minutes more. Add the tomatoes, the *uncooked* beans together with the water in which they were soaked, the 2 cups boiling water and the bouillon cubes. Add 1 teaspoon salt and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper. Simmer until lamb and beans are tender, about 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Mash the beans which were cooked separately, by forcing them through a food mill. Add the mashed beans to the pot. Add salt and pepper to taste.

IRISH LAMB STEW

The stew which in Ireland is known as *snout* has never caught the fancy of American stew men. *Snout* is merely layers of lamb in large pieces, potatoes and onions, covered with water and simmered until tender. More to our liking is the following lamb stew with light gravy thickened with potatoes instead of flour. In the stew pot, cook ready-to-bake biscuits as dumplings. Dignify the proceedings — on St. Patrick's Day of course — with fresh green string beans, a crisp watercress salad and a tall pistachio parfait.

3 tablespoons vegetable fat
2 lbs. chuck of lamb, cut for stewing
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup minced onions
2 tablespoons minced green pepper
2 cloves garlic, minced
3 tablespoons minced parsley
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon leaf sage
4 cups boiling water
5 bouillon cubes
4 medium size potatoes, pared
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
Salt, pepper

8-oz. can ready-to-bake biscuits
Melt the fat. Add the lamb. Cover with a lid. Sauté slowly only until meat loses red color. *Do not brown meat.* Add the onions, green pepper, garlic, parsley and sage. Sauté 5 minutes longer. Add the boiling water and bouillon cubes. Simmer 1 hour. Cut 2 of the potatoes into slices about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick. Put the sliced potatoes and the remaining 2 whole potatoes into the pot. Continue simmering, keeping the pot covered, until the whole potatoes are tender, about $\frac{1}{2}$ hour more. Remove the whole potatoes from the pot and mash them. Add the mashed potatoes to the stew, mixing well. If the gravy is too thick, thin with stock or water. Add Worcestershire sauce and salt and pepper to

taste. Add the biscuits to the pot. Cover pot with the lid. Simmer over a slow flame 12 to 15 minutes more.

BEEF GOULASH

There are hundreds of goulash variations containing anything from sauerkraut to sour cream. Even in its country of origin, Hungarian goulash is served in countless forms. In all of the versions, however, you'll find a pronounced flavor of paprika and a thick gravy crowded with more vegetables than stock. Use chuck of beef cut into 1-inch cubes. Bring on the goulash with boiled parsley potatoes, snappy crisp cole slaw and big steins of beer.

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup vegetable fat
3 medium size onions, thinly sliced
1 green pepper, thinly sliced
2 lbs. chuck of beef, cut for stew
2 tablespoons paprika

2 tablespoons flour
10-oz. can tomatoes, minced
3 tablespoons tomato paste
10-oz. can consommé (undiluted)
1 cup boiling water
Salt, pepper


Sauté the onions and green pepper in the fat until the onions turn deep yellow. Remove the vegetables from the pot. Set the vegetables aside. Put the meat in the pot and sauté until the meat is brown, adding more fat if necessary to keep meat from sticking. Return the onions and green pepper to the pot. Stir in the paprika and flour, mixing well. Add the tomatoes, tomato paste, consommé and boiling water. Mix well. Simmer slowly until meat is tender, about 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Pitch in with gusto and let the Deuyl take the hindmost.



FEMALES BY COLE: 33



Widow



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A lifesaver-shaped lifesaver—to wit, a flask that totes a life-giving 6 oz. of your favorite booze. It's canon-flogged in natural pigskin or real moccasin and the trim turns out to be nickel-plated brass, as are the twin shot glasses that nest in the center hole. You like? Send \$13.50 to *May Brandt*, 1006-M Lexington, N.Y.C.

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PLATTER PROTECTOR

Hi-ho fidelity! Here's a Photo-Timer that totals up styles playing hours automatically, connects easily to turntable and comes in natural walnut or maple. It's a lifetime insurance policy on your LP collection with but one premium to pay: \$19.95 to *Electronic Timer Corp.*, 556-P Madison Ave., Memphis, Tenn.



CONDIMENT COMBO

Hourglass-shaped mill (6 1/4" high) dribbles salt from one end, grinds peppercorns from the other, comes hand-crafted from Italy in gleaming copper. When not in use, the mill sits quietly and does not talk back or insult dinner guests. Inside, gourmets will be glad to know, there's a wood lining to keep your seasonings from contaminating contact with the metal. Used by chef Louisa Escoffier and Thomas Mario, among others; costs but \$15. From *Spice Magic Corp.*, Dept. B, P.O. Box 4343, Philadelphia 18, Penna.



MINOR MIRACLE

A powerless power shaver can go wherever you go. Six vanes on the automatic resin-coal drive a gyroscopic flywheel that provides enough oomph for a full shave. The Volvy Shaver, in a padded cell of vinyl plastic, is yours if you shave your bankroll by \$21.95 and send to *See-Line Co.*, 1501-P Taylor, Amarillo, Tex.



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BOXING 1957 *(continued from page 21)*

is in the wind. It's a perfume that has healed many a sore spine (Rocky has a troublesome disc in his back) and has softened pride just as fierce as Marciano's in retiring undefeated. As for Patterson's view of the case—well, Floyd seldom talks unless he knows all the facts. His white-haired, bright-eyed manager, Cas D'Amato says: "We think about \$2,000,000 and we just hold our breath." D'Amato was always sure that Patterson could and would beat Marciano some day. And it was D'Amato's timetable that foreshadowed that Floyd would be world champion four years from the time he turned pro. It is also D'Amato's notion that Floyd can be the greatest of all heavyweight champions. A win over Marciano would help to prove this. Meanwhile, there are other, younger heavyweights ready and eager to try to take Patterson's new title from him.

HEAVYWEIGHTS

Patterson means to be a fighting champion (tax arrangements and the supply of good opponents permitting) and the two men most likely to get early shots at him are Tommy "Hurricane" Jackson, the hard-chinned problem child from Long Island, and Willie Pastrano, the ever-winning dancer from New Orleans. For Jackson, it will be a second try. He lost a split decision to Patterson in the bout to determine who would meet Moore for the title, and afterwards complained, "They was two people in there knew what was what, me and the referee." But neither Jackson nor the referee nor Patterson's handlers for that matter, knew that Floyd went into that fight with a broken right hand. Patterson knew it. He apparently broke it in training about a week before the bout and didn't mention it to anyone because he "didn't want to miss the chance" the Jackson match would provide. Jackson is a tough adversary and Patterson beat him more decisively than a split decision suggests, with just one good hand. With

both working for him, he should put the Hurricane away with ease.

As for Pastrano, young Willie has an impressive string of victories going, though he isn't the sort of boxer that pleases every fan. He flicks, he fades, he runs, he sets up a lightning barrage, he runs again. He is hard to catch, and hard to beat. Pastrano has fought no one so elusive, but a real champion meets every kind of test. Patterson has great speed of foot himself, as well as the power to numb a dancer. Of Pastrano, Patterson might say what Louis said of Conn: "He can run, but he can't hide."

In looking for a man who could eventually give Patterson genuine trouble—could make him "show what's in his pocket," as they say in the gym—you have to probe deeper into the present heavyweight class. And even then, men of the champion's mettle are hard to find. Here is our idea of how things stand with the heavies now in action, with their records:

Champion: Floyd Patterson of Brooklyn, N. Y.: age 22; 32 bouts; 31 wins; 1 loss; 22 knockouts.

1. **Tommy "Hurricane" Jackson of Far Rockaway, N. Y.: age 23; 35 bouts; 29 wins; 5 losses; 1 draw; 12 knockouts.**

2. **Willie Pastrano of New Orleans, La.: age 21; 50 bouts; 38 wins; 4 losses; 8 draws; 5 knockouts.**

3. **Eddie Machon of Redding, Calif.: age 21; 19 bouts; 19 wins; 0 losses; 11 knockouts.**

4. **Harold Carter of Linden, N. J.: age 22; 24 bouts; 20 wins; 2 losses; 2 draws; 10 knockouts.**

5. **Bob Baker of Pittsburgh, Pa.: age 30; 19 bouts; 15 wins; 8 losses; 1 draw; 19 knockouts.**

Hurricane Jackson is a slapper with an iron jaw, great stamina and no true punch. He could only win the championship on a fluke, but he can serve the heavyweight class in the time-honored role of "policeman." Because he is

young, because he will beat a lot of fighters in the next few years, the Hurricane is well equipped to "keep order" among the contenders, to stand between the title and the rising challengers, to separate the men from the boys.

Of these rising challengers, far and away the most exciting is the young Californian, Eddie Machon—because he has a knockout punch in each hand, and the speed to get it home. He was impressive in 1956 in dissecting and knocking out the vast Cuban, Nino Valdes, a hard man to stop. There are some who say that Machon is a sharper, more versatile hitter than Patterson. But before he can be rated in the champion's class—and Patterson would seem to have more strength, more speed of foot, a tougher body—he must go the rough, proud route that Patterson has gone, beat the best men, answer the real questions. It's a match to dream about for the future, and the International Boxing Club is dreaming busily.

We also like the rugged, steadygoing Carter, who has cleaned up the second flight heavies, from Satterfield to Sunmeflin, and had no great trouble with Baker in January. At 5'10" Carter is not as tall as a top-flight heavyweight should be today; but neither, for that matter, was Marciano. Bob Baker, pudgy, desultory, brittle of hand, dislikes fighting, and has let his future slip behind him. More promising are Zora Bell Felley, John Holman and Wayne Bethea, and perhaps Alex Mitell, of Argentina.

Is the man to beat Patterson among these? Machon is an outside chance, a dark horse. None of the rest seems to have the stuff. But even for the youngest champion in the history of the heavies, the wheels of time keep turning, and there will be new men with youth and talent on his trail before you know it. It happened in Dempsey's day, and in Louis' and in Marciano's. And speaking of Marciano, who knows for sure that his day is over?

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS

When old Arch Moore fought Patterson, all was lost to him save honor—and the light heavyweight title. At 40 or more, Archie may want to salvage whatever glory lies in retiring as undefeated light heavyweight champion, which might mean fighting nothing but a few more heavyweight bouts in what little time is left in a fine career. Archie says it won't be that way. "You know I can always make that weight (175 pounds) when I need to," he says, "with the old Abo ritual." The "old Abo ritual" is a magic weight-making recipe that Moore says he picked up from an Australian aboriginal in his travels; and whether you take the story with a hatful of salt or not, there's no doubt that the old man retains the curious knack of piling his body down to the light heavy limit, as



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5. **Jory Colburn** of White Plains, N. Y.: age 22; 24 bouts; 23 wins; 1 loss; 12 knockouts.

So deep, rough and teeming with tigers is the 166-pound class at this writing that at least four men deserve ranking close behind the five top contenders: Joe Giambra, the tall, sharp-hitting Buffalo kid; Yama Bahama, of Bimini; Bobby Boyd, the young Chicagoan; and Tiger Jones, who, in spite of a recent loss to Humer, was called by Ray Robinson a few weeks ago, "maybe the best middleweight around."

Two years ago, Joey Giardello was one of the classiest men in the business. Then, as you may have read, he did a bit in the can for fighting outside the ring, not so classily. His road back, in 1936, was slow at first. He was outpointed twice by Charley Cotton, strong but not outstanding. Then Giardello caught up with Cotton, and knocked out (and broke the jaw of) the brilliant Bobby Boyd. The Boyd fight suggested that Joey may have recovered all his old stuff, his speed, his nifty moves, his good jab, his vicious right. If so, he is the best of the contenders and should get an early title bout. Elimination bouts among Webb, Giambra, Bahama, Neal Rivers and Charley Joseph will produce other candidates for the championship.

Of all the younger men, we like Calhoun (he is green, but gifted) and Giambra (he seems almost ready) best.

WELTERWEIGHTS

A boxer like Carmen Basilio has got to eventually reap the consequences of his style of fighting, which calls for soaking up two punches to give one. Johnny Saxton's given another chance to show if he's the man for the job just about the time this issue's on sale. Both Saxton and Vince Martinez have more natural talent than Basilio, but they are neither as well conditioned nor as brave. In last September's bout with Basilio, the brilliant Saxton made serious mistakes that got him knocked almost senseless; Martinez, a consummate boxer, with a good punch, was bullied into submission by Tony De Marco, a slugger.

Ex-champion Tony De Marco could still recapture the title, but a more likely candidate is Gaspar Ortega, who has narrowly whipped De Marco twice. Considerable confusion reigns in this division, but an infusion of new blood in the months ahead should help straighten things out. Meanwhile, we rank the welterweights this way at press time:

Champion: **Carmen Basilio** of Syracuse, N. Y.: age 29; 68 bouts; 49 wins; 12 losses; 7 draws; 23 knockouts.

1. **Johnny Saxton** of Brooklyn, N. Y.: age 26; 61 bouts; 54 wins; 5 losses; 2 draws; 21 knockouts.

2. **Gaspar Ortega** of Mexico: age 21; 43 bouts; 36 wins; 7 losses; 15 knockouts.

3. **Isaac Lopez** of Cuba: age 23; 57

bouts; 46 wins; 6 losses; 5 draws; 19 knockouts.

3. **Tony De Marco** of Boston, Mass.: age 24; 53 bouts; 44 wins; 8 losses; 1 draw; 27 knockouts.

5. **Vicco Martinez** of Paterson, N. J.: age 27; 56 bouts; 52 wins; 4 losses; 26 knockouts.

Because of his two wins over ex-champ De Marco and a close one over Logart, Ortega has got to be listed as the division's leading dark horse, but we think there are still better welterweights coming up and this should be an exciting division in 1957.

LIGHTWEIGHTS

There will almost certainly be a change in the domination of the lightweight class soon. Joe Brown, the champion, is 30 years old. He was an unrated fighter until, as the climax of a series of peculiar bouts under semi-mobster management, he won the title in a decision over Bud Smith. Smith had previously won the crown from Jimmy Carter, who had been winning and losing it seemingly at the whims of his handlers.

The lightweight class has nowhere to go but up. It is traditionally one of the best in the sport. And there happen to be two or three promising men fighting here who may eventually raise it above the level of the Brown-Smith-Carter axis. Just now, the top men rate as follows:

Champion: Joe Brown of New Orleans, La.: age 30; 86 bouts; 64 wins; 14 losses; 8 draws; 17 knockouts.

1. **Dulio Loi** of Italy: age 27; 73 bouts; 68 wins; 1 loss; 4 draws; 17 knockouts.

2. **Cisco Andrade** of Los Angeles, Calif.: age 27; 37 bouts; 33 wins; 3 losses; 1 draw; 16 knockouts.

3. **Ralph Dupas** of New Orleans, La.: age 21; 74 bouts; 60 wins; 9 losses; 5 draws; 11 knockouts.

4. **Larry Boardman** of Marlborough, Conn.: age 20; 36 bouts; 33 wins; 3 losses; 16 knockouts.

5. **Orlando Zulueta** of Cuba: age 28; 98 bouts; 60 wins; 27 losses; 11 draws; 6 knockouts.

Loi, the Italian, with an excellent record over the years, deserves the first shot at Brown. But the light-footed Dupas, the exciting Boardman and the steady-going Andrade, all Americans, are being considered ahead of him by promoters, with the idea of having a colorful American champion to match against the European. Boardman, a blond kid who can take you out with either hand, seemed ready to move straight to the head of the class—till he was suddenly taught one of the facts of life by veteran Zulueta—that a good left jab and a lot of experience can paralyze a world of raw power. Zulueta today is going nowhere. Boardman remains a bright possibility. Personally, we would recommend an elimination series: Loi vs. Dupas and Boardman vs. Andrade, the ultimate winner to fight and remove

Brown. Of them all, I think Boardman, with a few more lessons, is most likely to be the man.

FEATHERWEIGHTS

Sandy Saddler, the ivory-colored master of every trick and punch in the trade, is often accused of "sitting" on his featherweight title. It's doubtful if he will hold it much longer, by sitting or otherwise. He's been a pro fighter for 15 years, champion (with one intermission) for nearly nine, and he has piled up a mighty record for this day and age. He has been a real artist, too, in his awkward, cunning, brutal, but skillful way. But a change is in the offing. Either in the ring or through Saddler's retirement, we look for a new featherweight champion in 1957. The class shapes up like this:

Champion: Sandy Saddler of New York, N. Y.: age 30; 162 bouts; 144 wins; 16 losses; 2 draws; 102 knockouts.

1. **Miguel Berrios** of Puerto Rico: age 23; 26 bouts; 20 wins; 6 losses; 3 knockouts.

2. **Chirif Hamie** of France: age 25; 28 bouts; 26 wins; 1 loss; 1 draw; 13 knockouts.

3. **Paul Jorgensen** of Port Arthur, Tex.: age 24; 50 bouts; 45 wins; 4 losses; 1 draw; 16 knockouts.

4. **Carmelo Costo** of Brooklyn, N. Y.: age 22; 37 bouts; 30 wins; 3 losses; 4 draws; 3 knockouts.

5. **Joan Snyders** of Belgium: age 29; 72 bouts; 57 wins; 10 losses; 5 draws; 18 knockouts.

Berrios, the tough, eager little Puerto Rican, and Hamia, swift and evasive, who has shown good stuff here as well as abroad, seem the best of the lot. Here again, an elimination tournament—among Berrios, Hamia, Jorgensen, and Costo—is in order. The winner of such a shakedown should be about ready to take Saddler.

BANTAM AND FLYWEIGHTS

No getting away from it: the bantams and flys are nearly extinct in America—a strong little man in the U.S. can get richer riding racehorses, and there are few strong little men left here. I have an idea that Billy Peacock, of Los Angeles, could beat either of the two recognized bantam titleholders, Mario d'Agata, of Italy, a deaf-mute, rated as champion by most world authorities, and Rapun Matias, of Mexico, the candidate of the National Boxing Association. The flyweights have one of their best champions since the days of Villa and La Barba in the Argentine vest-pocket tiger, Pascual Perez. The strongest threat to Perez is the Mexican, Memo Diaz. And there is an Australian, Bindi Jack, who may make it some day. But he will make nothing in America unless he rides winners at Belmont on the side.



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COCKPIT CAPERS

(continued from page 51)

take it up."

He made a smooth take-off. After a 90-degree turn out of traffic, when I'd adjusted the manifold pressure and RPM for climb, I walked back into the cabin to see if the passengers were enjoying the ride. Just as I closed the flight deck door the nearest VIP called to me.

"Captain, Joe and I want to get off at Columbia, South Carolina. We're going hunting for two or three days. Our wives will go on to Miami and we'll meet them there later."

Just what the two men had on their minds, I don't know, but on the divan the two women were smiling broadly. Especially the light-haired spouse who was pleasantly plump in the right places, fore and aft, who wobbled. "You must be the marvelous new pilot that took my daughter to Washington last week. She was so impressed with you." Her eyebrows arched slightly as she gave me a knowing smile. But then, so did her equally gay companion, a statuesque and well-upholstered brunette.

As I watched the two steel executives walk across the ramp towards the terminal building at Columbia I felt like a hungry man faced with a choice of a succulent chicken or a juicy steak.

Ten minutes out of Columbia, I got a bright idea. "Copilot, go check the cabin. Make certain that the passengers are all right," I said as I trimmed the DC-3 for level flight. As he opened the door, I added, "No hurry. Stay as long as you want."

He was a good boy, naive but ambitious. I felt proud of myself for giving him this chance for rapid promotion while relieving myself of the need to make a choice of divan companion.

It didn't work. In two minutes by the clock on the panel he was back. "They want you, sir. Something about the automatic pilot."

I never had a chance. What they lacked in fire and fury, they made up for in distance. From Columbia to Charleston it was the light-haired Mama; from Charleston to Jacksonville, her pal. The rest of the way to Miami Beach it was a free-for-all.

"All play and some work" helps a pilot up the ladder of success, everything else being equal. Naturally, you can't become an executive pilot without first having the experience and background required. A lush job in this field is the aim of every pilot that knows a blind approach doesn't mean coming home drunk. Yet the qualifications are rigid. Several thousand hours in the log book, an Airline Transport Rating, and a good score on the head-shrinker's tests are necessary. But once you are choosing

landscape contours in a business plane it doesn't hurt to examine a few feminine contours, too. I know because when the corporation leased a DC-7, one of the world's most modern transports, I was assigned to fly it although I was one of the youngest pilots on the payroll.

It was quite a bird, packed with electronic gear and a maze of gauges, switches, needles and buttons. And because of the long range of this four-engine transport, there were bunks for the crew members to use during their rest periods. At least, that is the idea in having them. On a regular airline like Pan American, for instance, passengers are prohibited from entering this compartment. On company-owned planes, though, the top brass and their wives go where they please. And whenever a female discovers that the high altitude brings out the mating urge in her, she takes off for the bunks.

Like the treasurer's wife on the New York to Gander, Newfoundland, leg of a trans-Atlantic flight recently. She slipped into the bunk compartment while I was drinking a cup of coffee. Before I realized what was happening she started disrobing.

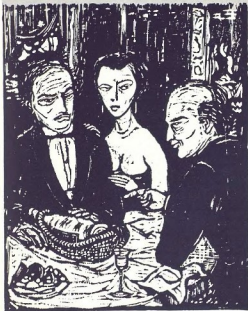
"Hurry, Captain. I haven't much time." She was already barefoot up to her chin and stretched out on the lower bunk. Well, since her old man controls the purse strings and she tells him when to pull them, in all probability—and because she was a cozy looking doll—I eased in for a spot landing on the lower bunk.

Of course, not all the disasters of the executive echelon were sex hungry, beautiful wenches—but a surprising number were. Enough so that, to my amazement, there were times when I felt I'd had it and hoped for an all-male flight. But I discovered that "pilot error" in executive flying lingo is when you say no. I learned that you don't just burke a Mae West on a trim miss with a whim. You are expected to pat, caress and squeeze everything the life vest covers. When they are frightened, you hold them close every time the plane goes into a cloud. If a woman has trouble with a fixture in the aerial lavatory and calls for my help, I know she is going to slam the door shut and giggle about how clever she was in getting me alone.

No good pilot considers flying just a job. Partly, pilots fly because they have a sort of incurable disease. They need to fly as men need to breathe. Until I started flying an executive plane, I loved to fly. I still do, but now I'm beginning to believe that I fly to love. And though a plane's not the ideal trysting place in terms of convenience, you do meet a delightful class of lass who's willing to take the initiative—in order to conserve a hard working pilot's energies, of course.

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ENOCH: Of course I did. What are you insinuating?

ETHAN (archly): Oh, nothing. But a year ago you couldn't tell a fine old sauterne from sassa-parilla. And as for food—well, this dinner was superb, but pemmican and hardtack are more your forte, eh?

ENOCH (bristling): I beg your pardon, sir!

ETHAN: And I beg the secret of your new-found taste and sophistication. Out with it!

ENOCH: No secret at all. Writer fellow—name of Thomas Mario—deuced clever chap—read him every month. Makes it easy for even a bloke like me to be a correct host. Writes for a journal called, er, **PLAYBOY**. Top hole, that! Ripping stories. Smashing articles. Jolly good jokes and cartoons. And those pointers on fashion, travel, food and drink—bit of all right!

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EDITH (side, to ENOCH): Don't give it to him, darling. He can bloody well (to use the vulgate) subscribe for himself!

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A better-than-usual way to get there? Try it from Miami aboard a new steamer service that adds off-trail ports of call like Madeira and the Canary Islands to a 26-day round trip starting at \$175. Returning liners put in at various South American ports and Caribbean isles.

Britain's turf will soon be turning its own special shade of velvet green—at which precise moment we're smitten with a yen for a golfer's tour that provides 21 days of uninterrupted clubbing on the most praiseworthy links of England, Scotland and Wales. It costs \$1517—including round trip air passage from Gotham, plus car, hotel and club privileges over there.

If you can't wait for the sun any longer, the Dunes Hotel in Las Vegas features a mildly sensational deal: room, grub, drinks, entertainment, swimming and croupiers' cajoling 'round the clock. Three hectic, uninhibited days sell for a total of just \$55—for two.

If you're holed up in the East, there's something special going on most every weekend in the spring at famed Oak 'n' Spruce Inn: the Intercollegiate Carnival, Bird Watchers' Weekend, Sports Car Derby, Gypsy Motorcycle Tour, Cave Hunters' Carnival, and many, many others. What's more, the Inn (in the Berkshire Hills, South Lee, Mass.) foats your round-trip transportation bill from either New York or Boston. Rates begin at \$11 a day (per person), and include belly timber three times a day.

Beginning in May, France's chateau of Chenonceaux in the Loire Valley is one of several that become floodlit backgrounds for evening historical dramas and recitals. Diane de Poitiers' palace (perched on six colossal arches spanning the River Cher) is only a day's round-trip from Paris. Another chateau (Manoir de Becheron, near Tours) is now run by the son of the late American sculptor Jo Davidson as a lovely country estate for a limited number of paying guests. Your \$15 a day nets you everything you'd expect at a friend's home.

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KING-SIZE, INC., 183 Brackton, Mass.

WIN THIS RACE HORSE plus \$1000.00 Kentucky Club Annual Derby Day Contest

JUST NAME HIM AND HE'S YOURS



Ted Atkinson,
famous jockey,
and
L. K. Haggin,
well-known
Kentucky trainer,
selected
this prize colt.

FIRST PRIZE GIVES YOU ALL THIS

1. Chestnut Thoroughbred colt described on this page.
2. All expenses for board and training your prize colt by the experienced trainer, L. K. Haggin, at War Horse Place, Lexington, Ky., to July 1, 1957 are paid by Kentucky Club.
3. Two choice seats for 1957 Kentucky Derby—plus hotel room for four days—plus \$1,000.00 in cash for expenses and to shoot the works at the races.



The Kentucky Club Annual Derby Day Contest brings you a golden opportunity to win a Thoroughbred race horse—a beautiful chestnut colt sired by *Your Host*. *Your Host* set two new track records and won \$384,705.00.

This prize colt may be another big winner. *Just name him and he's yours*—plus choice seats to Kentucky Derby on May 4—plus \$1,000.00 for expenses and to shoot the works at the races.

Don't worry about how you would take care of a race horse. Kentucky Club pays the bills for board and training to July 1, 1957. You get all the fun and thrills of owning a race horse without spending a dime. Later, you can race your prize colt or sell him, as you wish. We hope he will bring you a fortune.

It's easy to win. Awards will be made for the best names for this son of *Your Host*. Send in as many entries as you like. For example, a name might be *Paying Guest*.

Kentucky Club's 9 Brands All Guaranteed Fresh

Kentucky Club's exclusive Keeneland Packet Fresh keeps tobacco fresh to the last puff. It's filled at the factory. Zip open over "zip-off" package and Keeneland Packet is ready to use. Nine choice blends.



Don't lose in this race. Think of better one. P.S. Last year's Kentucky Club prize colt, *Asarco*, won his first start; net value to winner \$2,600.00. What will this year's prize colt do? Win him and son.

CONTEST RULES

1. In not over 14 letters not more than three words, write a name for the Kentucky Club Thoroughbred colt. Great pronunciation is given between words on letters. For example, *Payling Guest* counts as 12 letters. Use ordinary paper or card stock. Print your name and address.
2. Send as many entries as possible to "Kentucky Club Derby Day Contest," P. O. Box 942, Mt. Vernon 10, N. Y. Each entry must be accompanied by front of outer wrapper from any of Kentucky Club's 9 brands of pipe tobacco: *Asarco's*, *Kentucky Club*, *Mildfire*, *London Dock*, *Whisper*, *Straw Hat*, *Champion*, *Pipers*, *Peppermint*, *Croby*, *Seagull*, *Keeneland*, *Kentucky Club*, *Keeneland*, *Keeneland*. Entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, April 8, 1957. No entries received after expiration of Kentucky Club—Division of Mail French Tobacco Co.
3. Prizes will be awarded as listed elsewhere on this page. Entries will be judged by the Division of Marketing Corporation on the basis of clarity, appeal, originality and novelty. Judges' decision final. Multiple prizes in case of tie. All winners of a handy race compete, but only one prize to a family.
4. Everyone in United States and possessions of Canada may enter the contest except employees of the manufacturers of Kentucky Club's Tobacco. No advertising agencies and members of their families. Entries must be the original work of contestant. Content subject to Federal, State and local regulations.
5. Top winner will be notified by aegletype to attend the Derby; other winners will be notified by mail approximately six weeks after close of contest. Prize roll will be presented to winner at Churchill Downs during Derby Day week. In case of accident or other reason, it is necessary to withdraw the roll described above, sending 10-cent stamp of non-transferable value will be awarded. List of winners available to those requesting same and enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

TOTAL OF 500 GREAT PRIZES

2nd to 10th Prizes



DIVINONT Targwood Hi-Fi Combination—Full concert hall quality. Famous Carlton record changer plus A.M. P.M. radio. Separate bass and treble controls. Three speakers. 157' speaker plus two 3 1/2' tweeters, in Divinonic Sound Chamber. From outstanding speaker cabinet.

11th to 500th Prizes—8 English highball glasses beautifully decorated with picture of 1957 prize colt.

ENTRY BLANK

Just write name for Kentucky Club prize colt in not over 14 letters and not over 3 words. Great pronunciation is space between words on letters.

NAME YOUR BLIND: _____
 Mail to "Kentucky Club Derby Day Contest,"
 P. O. Box 942, Dept. 19,
 Mt. Vernon 10, N. Y.

Send with each entry front of outer wrapper from any of Kentucky Club's 9 brands of tobacco illustrated below. Please state brand used with request for this entry. Postage need be postmarked not later than midnight, April 8, 1957.

PRINT YOUR NAME: _____

STREET: _____

CITY: _____ STATE: _____



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