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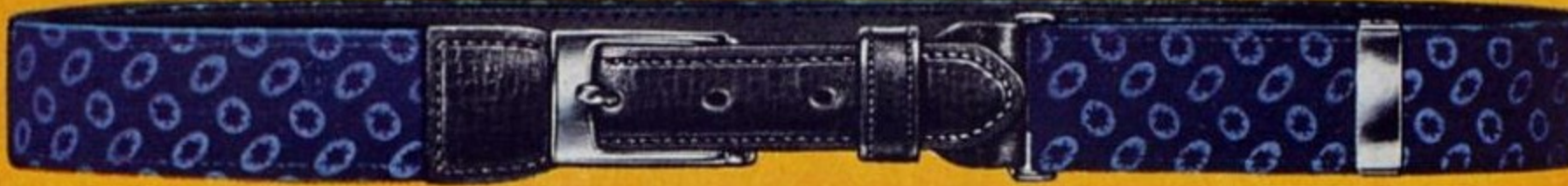


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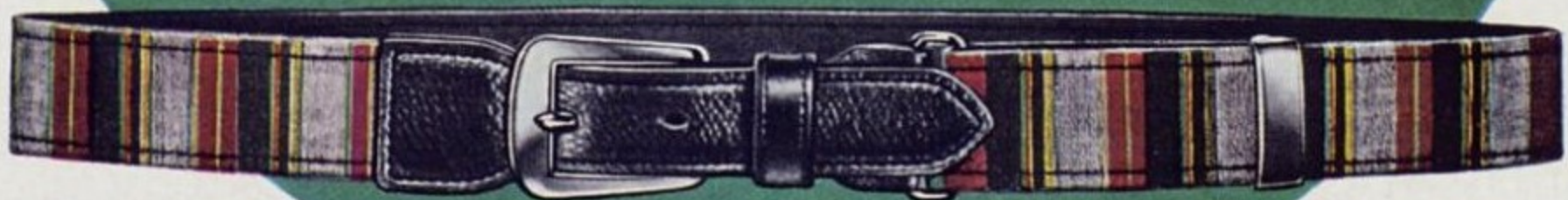
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ALGREN, SPECTORSKY, PURDY: each of these fellows is the acknowledged nonpareil in his sphere, and each has contributed something choice to this April issue of PLAYBOY. Nelson Algren, passionate poet laureate of the seamy side of urban life (*The Man with the Golden Arm; The Neon Wilderness*), gives us his first new work of fiction since the best-selling novel, *A Walk on the Wild Side* — you'll find *All Through the Night* a piece of powerful, eminently Algrenesque prose. Our Associate Publisher, A. C. Spector-sky, is the undisputed expert on Exurbia (a word he coined in his book, *The Ex-urbanites*, and which is being included in the new Thorndike-Barnhart dictionary). Of all the many fascinating aspects of Exurbia, its playful moments are of particular interest to PLAYBOY readers, we feel, and so *Exurbanites at Play* graces these pages, illustrated especially for PLAYBOY by Robert Osborn. Eastern Editor Ken Purdy, ex-skipper of both *True* and *Argosy*, and, incidentally, the country's foremost sports cars writer, rounds out the authoritative triumvirate. He has assembled *The Compleat Sports Car Stable* for us, with handsome, full-color photographs by Philip O. Stearns.

Purchasing a beautiful female off the slave block is, unhappily, only the stuff

of dreams for Modern Western Man — but a mess sergeant named McHugh does just that in *The Sergeant and the Slave Girl*, this month's lead story by T. K. Brown III. Mr. Three, as he is sometimes called, has been, at various times, an interpreter at the Nuremberg trials, an AMGOT translator, an English teacher, skin-diving instructor and motel operator in the Florida keys. Humorist William Iversen, who took a brief turn in the February issue with some remarks about soup-on-the-rocks, returns this month with some devastating drama-turgy about the new "brainstorming" technique.

Carl Bakal, prizewinning photographer and author of the book, *How to Shoot for Glamor*, has done a text-and-picture study of sex, as it rears its pretty head at 480 Lexington Avenue, New York City; our Fashion Department has come through with the latest word on rainwear; Thomas Mario discloses some succulent secrets about shrimps; Guy de Maupassant is represented by a charming Ribald Classic concerning a wayward wife; a salesgirl named Gloria Windsor makes an appetizing Miss April . . . it all adds up to a provocative PLAYBOY, we think. See if you agree.



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DEAR PLAYBOY

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BIRD

As I sit here listening to Bird's *Temptation*, I want to extend my warmest thanks and undying gratitude for the exhilarating article written by Messrs. Gehman and Reisner. Charlie's life is not legend; his music will live forever for all the world to revere. Here was a man dedicated so much to music that life itself meant nothing. Is it any wonder, then, that Charlie's life was mapped out in advance? I think not. Bird knew he was not long for this world; he knew he was going, but not when.

Leon W. Bailey
Chicago, Ill.

Your article on *Bird* was moving, very realistic, and made me feel as though I really knew him. I seldom missed his gigs when he appeared in New York and I was at Birdland when he played with strings and was in a "rage." It was a pathetic sight and it was quite evident he was going down. But in my book he'll *never* be replaced in the jazz field.

T/Sgt. Willard R. Smith
Mitchell AFB, New York

Charlie Parker was a dooper, a lush, a spoiler of women and a dead beat. A martyr to music? He was a martyr to his vices, and everyone else was a fool. I don't say the story should not have been written, but I do say it's a shame the life had to be lived.

Ernest Morton
Cheshire, Conn.

You cats did a great thing when you printed that article on *Bird*. The story brought tears to my eyes.

Ronald Howard
Chicago, Ill.

To ours, too.

SHEPHERD MARKET

The Shepherd Market story was the most entertaining article I have read in weeks. I was glad to learn that the British have lost none of their almost inborn conservatism, even down to the "lady on the street." However, the pur-

pose of this letter is to commend you for your choice of the girl appearing in the pictures with the story. Miss Cynthia Williams is a delightful example of the English beauty which so many claim to be non-existent. Instead of pointing out her obvious qualities I leave my evidence resting on the pictures — and I raise my glass of Scotch in a toast to her and other beautiful British women.

James Leonard Clifford-Ascot
Columbus, Ohio

With *The Girls of Shepherd Market* in the January issue, *PLAYBOY* has surpassed even itself. Cynthia Williams is, as our British cousins would say, a "smasher," which means a real knockout. This sort of practical sociology is very easy to take.

J. M. A. Raikes
New York, N. Y.

Who is Sam Boal trying to fool with such a story? He must have a good imagination to make up such entertainment for your readers. We girls do not have a glamorous life, but like to help others and receive nice things in return. Who was the girl he got to pose for the pictures — an out-of-work model? And that latch key dangling from her hand! How corny can you get?

Marjorie
Shepherd Market
London, England

I thought the Shepherd Market article was not only interesting but very accurate. The girls (I speak from experience) are the most "unprostitutish" and prettiest streetwalkers I have ever encountered anywhere! After meeting the coarse German *strassemädchen* and her French counterpart, I was dumbfounded to learn that the well-behaved and mannerly young lady whom I had met at Piccadilly Circus and escorted to the nicest theatre in London was a prostitute. Hurray for the Shepherd Market girl! *Viva la prostituta inglesa!*

Ciro Hernández
Mexico City, Mexico

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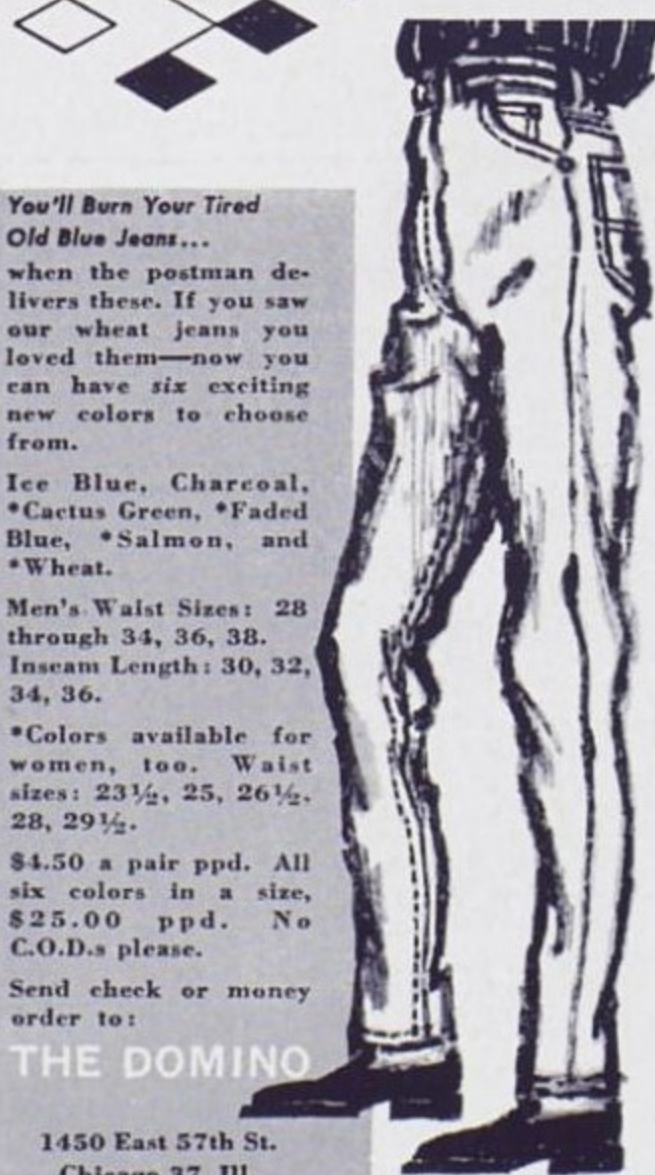
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I noted your article *The Girls of Shepherd Market* with interest. However, I believe I could do a more extensive report. If you desire my services, please forward expenses for a two-week sabbatical in London.

George D. Foret
Boston, Mass.

Have a good time, George, but don't stick us with the bill.

PABLO

In the January issue of *American Artist*, the prominent painter and authority, Frederic Taubes, says, "One of the incongruous phenomena in the obscure field of present-day esthetics is the indiscriminate worship bestowed upon Picasso by amateur and professional intellectuals alike." In the January issue of *PLAYBOY*, what do I find but Picasso? I say hurrah for Mr. Taubes and to hell with Picasso, Bradbury and *PLAYBOY*!

Warren S. Billington
Van Nuys, Calif.

I happily found Ray Bradbury's *In a Season of Calm Weather* to be a remarkably sensitive story. In addition, the Picasso illustrations were excellent. The Bradbury-Picasso combination made for a highly entertaining package, worth many times the cost of the magazine.

Bob Ross
Berkeley, Calif.

RESOLUTIONS

Your feature *Comes the Resolution*, wherein the famous co-authors make resolutions for the general populace, is reminiscent of a bit from *Pogo*, in which abstinence is maintained via transferring the habit to Churchy, the turtle in the strip (i.e., cake is given up—Churchy eats cake for the year).

William H. Murphy
Little Creek, Va.

WHERE'S PAPA?

Re: Your January issue:
The girls were cute, the stories gay,
But where the hell was Hemingway?

R. E. Stinson
Mayfield, Michigan

The Reader sat back with the January *PLAYBOY*. The chair was rugged and comforting and Morris.

He looked for the seventh round of the "Papa" series. Missed it; looked too fast, he thought. He looked again. Where was it?

To hell with it. Next issue maybe.

Next issue was raw and good and true. The metal staples reminded him of the sword he held in his giant right hand the time he fought the bull. He opened the magazine and looked at the contents page. The moment of truth, he thought.

Not there. "Damn! Damn it to hell!"

Oh, the dirty editors! Dirty editors! Oh, the dirty lousy editors! He kicked the cat.

What happened to it, he wondered. He wanted to know.

Bob Stewart
Huntsville, Texas

The dirty editors struggled with the January issue. Not enough space. Hemingway pastiche squeezed out. Happened again in February. But Papa won out in March and the eighth round is coming up in this issue.

STARR EYED

In the Jazz Poll Report of the January issue, the indecent epistle of demented "jazz expert" Chick Heim brought forth Kay Starr as a questionable first-rater and dropped Christy, Connor and Jeri Southern to the abyss of "caterwauling." Father Heim seems to be Starr-eyed. Pick up your sword, sir, and let's Christy-Cross this around.

George Kiriakos
St. Louis, Mo.

WINTERS' WONDERLAND

You fellows really put your readers in an embarrassing position this time. You bring back all 12 Playmates of 1956 for a curtain call and then ask which one we would like to see as the Playmate of the Year. With all due respects to the loveliest girls to ever grace the pages of *American* publications, and also because gentlemen prefer blondes, I would like to cast a couple of million votes for Miss Lisa Winters.

H. E. Owen
Chicago, Ill.

In my short but fairly full life, I've seen women and pictures of women and pinups of women but just now I've been brought to a screeching halt in any further search for more. If anyone can actually fall in love with a photograph, I've certainly done so in these past few moments of gazing at Lisa Winters. As far as I am concerned you may just cease any further search for future Playmates.

Peter G. Ball
APO 65, New York, N. Y.

You've finally hit what I consider the most gorgeous and most tantalizing Playmate I could ever hope to see in any magazine: Lisa Winters!

Bob Horne
Dudley, Mass.

Of all your '56 Playmates, Lisa Winters was the best of them all. How about another Playmate or article on her?

J. T. Meyer
Kansas City, Mo.

Highest congratulations for finding such a beautiful Playmate for December. I feel that Lisa Winters is the only Playmate to equal the beauty of your own Janet Pilgrim.

J. Fred D'Amereux
Princeton, New Jersey

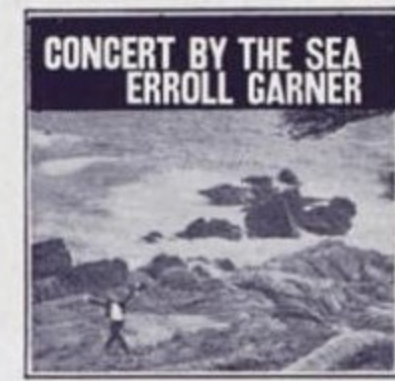


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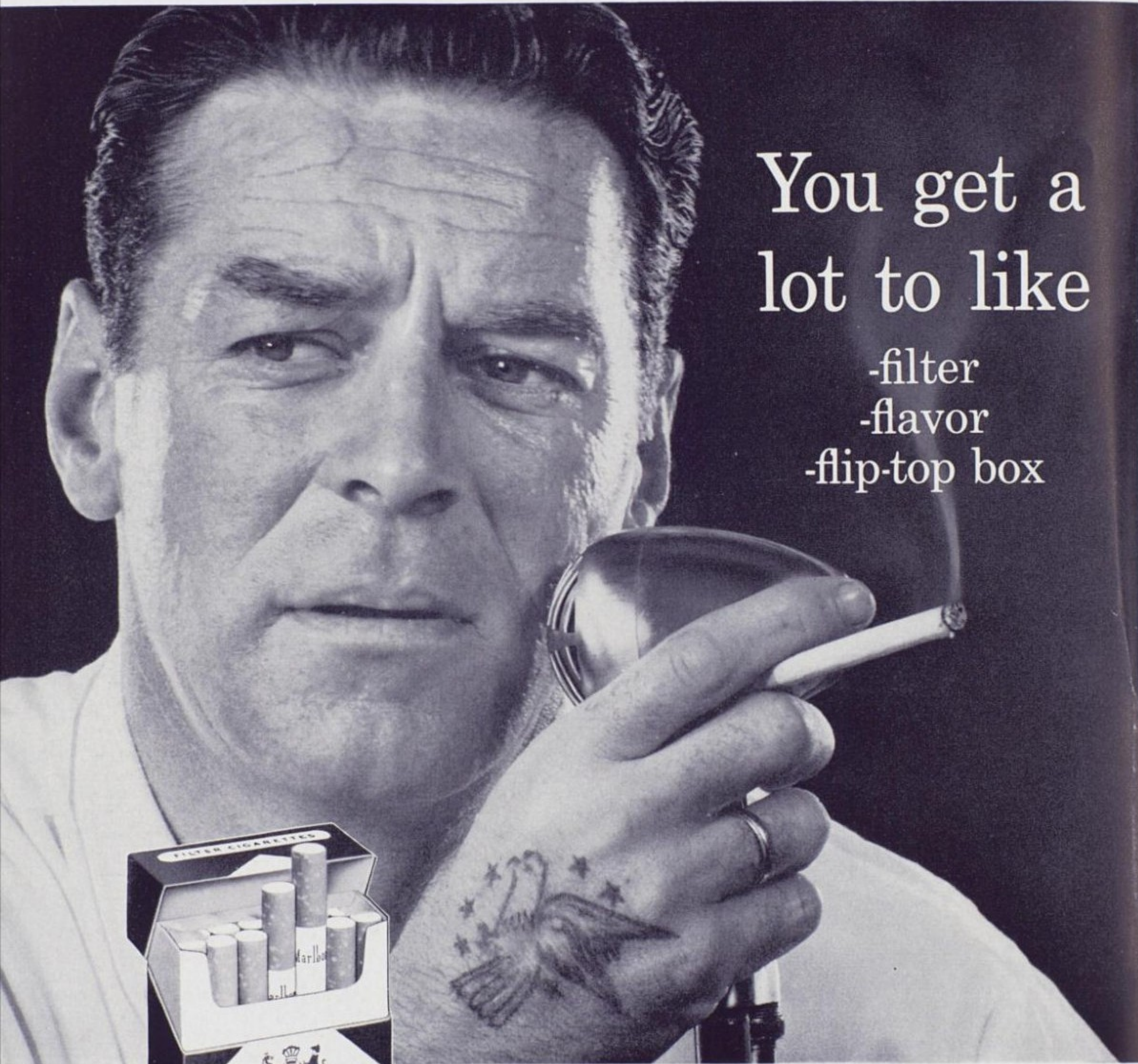
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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



QUESTION: how does an author dream up a title for his new book? Answer: he usually doesn't. Instead, he excerpts some hoary quote from a nearby Bartlett's and affixes it to his tome. Thus, we have had in the past such lifted, and uplifting, book monickers as *For Whom the Bell Tolls* and *The Grapes of Wrath*, among several thousand others. We think we've spotted a fresh titling trend among contemporary authors: to ignore the classical quotes and dip instead into the wellspring (or cesspool) of earthy epithets we all know and love, employing only the spotless half of the phrase, of course. Witness on your bookseller's shelves such current handles as *Grab Your Socks* and *Without a Paddle*. It is with unabashed charity and good-will that we offer to budding bowdlerizers and wits-end word wielders everywhere free access to the following list of thoroughly original, polished-up philippics: *In Your Hat*, *At the Moon*, *Up a Rope*, *From Shinola*, *A Hole in the Ground*, *Off a Brass Monkey*, *In a Sling*, *With a Blowtorch*, *On a Shingle*, *A Rubber Duck*, *In an Uproar* or *Hit the Fan*.

Latest entry in what seems to be a competition for the oddballest ad campaign (a la Qantas, Rums of Puerto Rico, Heublein, and so on) would appear to be the Kayser "famous women" series — "Bessie Bengaline made history by gathering momentum and stuffing it into little paper bags; you, too, can make history by wearing this nylon tricot sheath of heavenly color . . ." These, apparently, are written by red-blooded American hausfraus, and a "history-making contest" was conducted to determine the writer of the zaniest. First prize went to a lady from New Jersey who conceived the momentum bit quoted above. The judges included Henry Morgan, Eli Wallach and PLAYBOY'S Fashion Director, Nathan Mandelbaum, who made

history by gathering moss. We don't know where he stuffed it.

There's an amusing twist to the liner notes for *The Toshiko Trio* (see Records). It seems the sweet and talented jazz pianist from Japan, Miss Toshiko Akiyoshi, was given scads of encouragement by Lawrence Berk, head of the Berklee School in Boston and described on the liner thus: "Berk — let's call him Larry, because everyone else does — is a warm man, kindly, sympathetic, and possessed of vast understandings of the aspirational vagaries of men and music." Dazzling words that dim only if you're curious enough to peel off the tiny strip of black tape the Storyville Records people stuck over the name of the author of these liner notes just before releasing copies of platter 912 to the shops. Turns out to be none other than good old kindly Let's-Call-Him-Larry Berk.

We must here interject a note of caution to those female slyboots among us who have taken to the unspeakable feint of wearing falsies: girls — you may be playing with fire. In an official communiqué received from the Los Angeles Fire Prevention Bureau, it is warned that foam rubber brassiere attachments, otherwise known as cheaters, gay deceivers, silent partners, binoculars and a multitude of other names, "can spontaneously ignite when warm or hot." Repeat: this is *no* falsie alarm.

THEATRE

By a stroke of inspired casting, two of the most talented clowns on tap are teamed to make Gore Vidal's *Visit To A Small Planet* worth at least one or two visits to the Booth Theatre, 222 West 45th Street. Dressed in top hat and frock

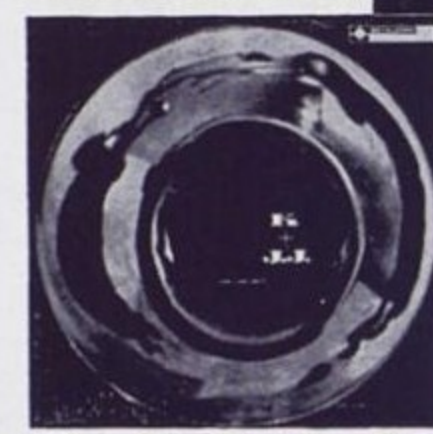
coat, Cyril Ritchard arrives from outer space in his sports model flying saucer, enchanted at the prospect of observing our violent Earth people at close quarters. Like a cat stirring up trouble in a bowl of goldfish, the visitor promptly foments an all-out atomic war between the U.S. and Russia. Fortunately General Eddie Mayehoff, the well-padded butt of the Pentagon and the chief of the Army's Laundry Division, is assigned to defend our planet's right to clean sheets, red tape and the pursuit of idiocy. The sparring between the space man and the General is a classic contest between two contrasting comedy styles, each of them perfect in its own fashion. Directed by Ritchard, Vidal's comedy is at best a tenuous whimsy, but it clocks at a chuckle a minute when either of the two addled antagonists is cavorting on stage, which is happily much of the time.

With his new play, Graham Greene finally strides into his own as a craftsman for the theatre. Because Greene is an austere, introspective convert to Roman Catholicism, his *The Potting Shed* is very much concerned with the conflict between faith and materialism, with the search for the truth that may lie somewhere between complete belief and a rational doubt. Lest this warn escapists away from a thoroughly absorbing slice of stage magic, the play is also what Greene calls "a psychological detective story," and as such it is maneuvered with much the same tricky skill he devoted to *Ministry of Fear* and *Confidential Agent*. The plot that works two ways (as a philosophical problem and a dramatic chase) concerns an English newspaper man to whom something had happened on his father's country estate — in the garden potting shed, to be exact — when he was 14 years old. The incident must have had a dreadful impact be-

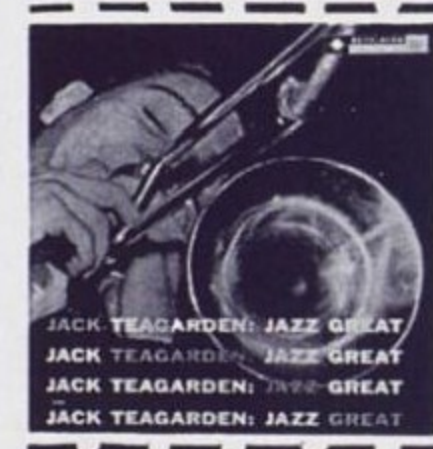
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cause the victim cannot remember it even with the aid of a psychiatrist, and the blackout has affected his emotional relationship with his family, with the divorced wife whom he loves, with himself and the very will to live. The suspense lies in the man's painful ferreting out of his own secret; the hitch stems from the fact that the "incident" involves a palpable miracle that seems to clear things up for Greene and several of his characters. However, a healthy non-acceptance of the miracle has no effect on the play's impact or Greene's philosophy. He just wants you to admit "When you're not sure - you're alive." Directed by Carmen Capalbo, the Anglo-American cast is superb, with banners flying for Dame Sybil Thorndike, Robert Flemyng, Frank Conroy and Leueen MacGrath. This is by way of being what we call controversial theatre; that is, you pay your money and you fight for your own conclusions. At the Bijou Theatre, 209 W. 45th St.

As directed by Harold Clurman and spoofed to a low-down fare-thee-well by Sir Ralph Richardson, *The Waltz of the Toreadors* is easily the wisest and the wackiest farce of the season. Because the Lucienne Hill adaptation stems from the French of Jean Anouilh, the play is generally cynical about love and lust and the undeclared war between the sexes. But Anouilh's pessimism never gets in the way of a good Gallic pat on the bottom. Mildred Natwick makes the most of some hilarious moments as the neglected wife of a retired French general, and the rest of the cast is first rate. However, it is by Richardson's delightful performance as the General that the farce stands or falls. As the aging amorist who cannot make his heart or his hands behave, Richardson wears a fine spray of military mustachios and a leer a mile wide. The sly look vanishes when he regards his virago of a wife and his two ineffably ugly daughters, but it is happily, optimistically, back at the first encounter with a bosomy wench from kitchen or farmyard. If you are looking for it, there is a touch of sadness when Richardson attempts to revive a frustrated, 17-year-old romance with Meriel Forbes, but most of the time the director and his talented star vote in favor of an outrageously comic caper about an incurable romantic who just couldn't grow up. At the Coronet, 230 W. 49th St.

BOOKS

"A violent form of entertainment" is the phrase being used to promote Charles Beaumont's first collection of stories, *The Hunger* (Putnam, \$3.50), but we doubt if such razzmatazz salesman-

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ship is really necessary. Once dipped into, this book clamps down on you like a bear trap and doesn't let go until you've devoured all 17 yarns. Included are *Black Country*, in which a dead jazzman's horn is dug up for the wildest jam session ever blown; *The Hunger* and *The Dark Music*, wherein a couple of old maids are raped by a sex killer and the god Pan, respectively; and *The Crooked Man*, which is all about a future totalitarian society in which heterosexuals are hunted down as "queers" and brainwashed into becoming homos (these stories you'll remember from PLAYBOY). Come to think of it, it is a pretty violent form of entertainment, at that. But good!

There're a lot of laughs in Richard Bissell's *Say, Darling* (Little, Brown, \$3.95), a piquant peek at a tyro's first venture in show biz. It isn't quite four years since the same author's novel, *7 1/2 Cents*, inspired the smash musical, *The Pajama Game*, and Mr. Bissell's first-hand contact with Broadway's fluttering angels obviously provided the background material for this one. The story is told by an Indiana businessman who pens an off-beat humorous book about the old folks at home. It's snatched up by a book club and before long a couple of Broadway producers buy into the dramatic rights. With his attractive wife and family on the sidelines, the writer is enmeshed in the shenanigans of play production, and there is also a charming little leading lady whom he romances with no apparent effect on the serenity of his home life. He almost calls it quits when the play is solidly panned in its out-of-town debut but a socko Broadway opening brings the whole adventure to a happy conclusion. Even though Mr. Bissell's characters fall into a familiar pattern, the transition from Indiana corn to Broadway spangles has a stardust sparkle which fascinated us. Good hammock reading, this, which should have wide appeal during the hot spells ahead.

The thrice-weekly columns of Art Buchwald, the *New York Herald Tribune's* syndicated overseas columnist, have been collected between hard covers bearing the self-descriptive title *The Brave Coward* (Harper, \$3.75). Blithely acknowledging that he writes his globe-trotting column in order to earn money, Mr. Buchwald ambles along merrily with an unerring instinct for comedy. For example, in Helsinki he was given a *sauna*, the native Finnish bath, by the same woman who had parboiled Gregory Peck, and he couldn't help believing in some small way that a little of the movie idol had rubbed off on him. Buchwald's wry and at times sardonic humor sustains him through such ordeals as sup-



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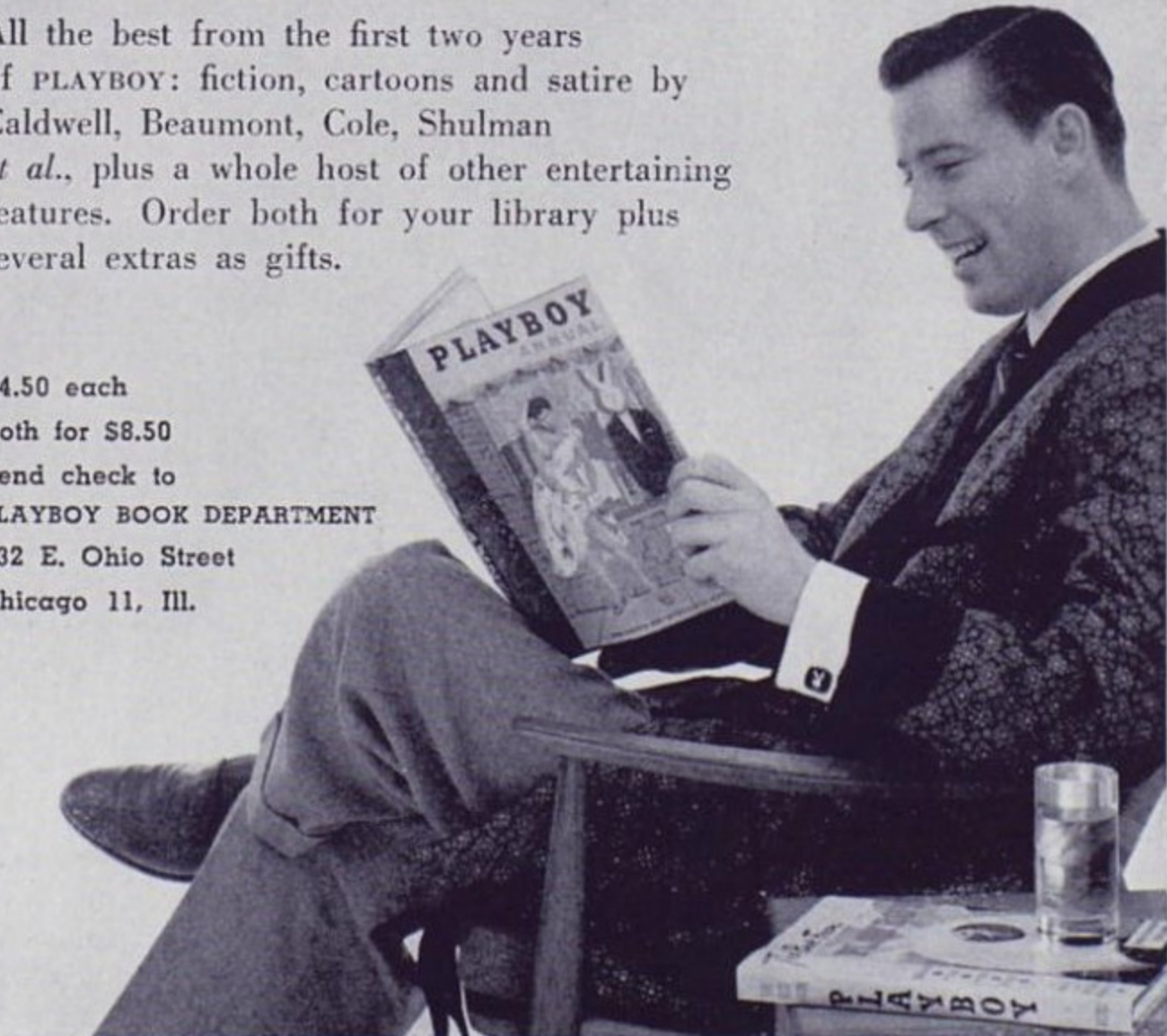


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ping with Greek shipowners and British press lords; more recently he played a game of marbles with Lady Docker, one of the great mibs players of England. Mr. Buchwald doesn't give a damn for intellectual conventions and proves it by showing you how to get through the Louvre in six minutes, the best way to pinch a girl in Rome without getting pinched yourself, how to behave in full dress at Ascot, and the best way to ride away from the hounds. The Duke of Argyll once said to the author: "As far as I'm concerned there are only two kinds of people in the world. Those who are nice to their servants and those who aren't." This amusing collection is dedicated to both kinds.

American readers were treated, last year, to Britisher Alistair MacLean's *H.M.S. Ulysses* — and we promptly made it a best seller. Now, along comes his second book, *The Guns of Navarone* (Doubleday, \$3.95) and we'll nominate it right now for a place among the year's top 10. Not that we're sure it will make it; unlike the earlier volume, this one has no special literary status (nor does it pretend to any) and contains few of the insights into the human spirit under stress that made its predecessor an outstanding novel of men in combat. But as ample compensation MacLean offers in this volume perhaps the most continuously exciting adventure story we've ever read. The book starts on a high key with a vivid palette and you're sure the pace can't be maintained. It isn't — it's accelerated. Five extraordinary men from five different nations and walks of life are assembled to silence German guns which command a narrow channel from an impregnable island. It's a suicidal commando raid they're asked to undertake; sweating it out with them is downright exhausting. Only sour note is a jarring tendency on the author's part — all the worse for being unconscious — to assume his readers share his somewhat pukka-sahib attitudes, but that's a small flaw in an otherwise rousing tale of modern derring-do. This is sit-on-the-edge-of-your-chair and stay-up-all-night reading, right to the end.

You'll spend some side-busting hours with S. J. Perelman's latest collection, *The Road to Milton, or Under the Spreading Atrophy* (Simon & Schuster, \$3.50). These 34 *meshuggana* masterpieces, though not uniformly Schweppervescent, do represent some of the most carbonated writing of our time. We got our greatest guffaws from the series called *Cloudland Revisited*, in which the intrepid S. J. braves the darkened film auditorium of New York's Museum of Modern Art to view anew such primitives as *Male and Fe-*



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male, Foolish Wives, A Fool There Was, Way Down East, The Dancin' Fool, Stella Dallas, The Duchess of Buffalo, The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse and The Flapper through the prism of his own delightfully twisted mind. The dust jacket is right: "Just before they made Perelman, they broke the mold."

Worth perusing if you dig their respective theatrical subjects: *Igor Youkevitch* (Dance Press, \$2.95), Rod Quiros' slim but picture-packed appreciation of "the foremost *danseur noble* of our time" . . . *The Gilbert and Sullivan Book* (Coward-McCann, \$12.50), latest edition of Leslie Bailey's definitive work on the founders of modern musical comedy . . . *Beerbohm Tree, His Life and Laughter* (Harper, \$3.75), in which bountiful biographer Hesketh Pearson makes with the anecdotes anent England's turn-of-the-century actor-manager, of whom Sir Arthur Wing Pinero said "I like him so much that nothing could induce me to write a play for him," Gordon Craig said "Charming fellow — I could murder him with great pleasure" and Oscar Wilde said "So clever: he models himself on me."

DINING-DRINKING

Traditional jazz — relaxed and rollicking by turns — is the type laddled out at San Francisco's Tin Angel (987 Embarcadero) seven nights a week from nine to two A.M. Six of those nights, the bandstand shimmies to trombonist Turk Murphy's crew, devotees all of the early Armstrong-Oliver style of sock-and-soul. On Mondays, Turk's eminent entourage takes a breather and the Bay City Jazz Band fills in, wailing out a whale of a storm that is part New Orleans, part San Francisco and part typhoon. A jazz buff's stomping ground, the Angel goes bohemian in decor with walls covered by World War I enlistment posters; a brace of nickelodeons blares Aspirin Age arias between sets; and there's a long bar constructed of ancient bricks and a centralized fireplace that puts everybody at his gentle ease. An admission charge there is, but it's only 90¢ per head — a pittance to pay for so much fine and mellow vintage jazz.

FILMS

We're not going to tell you much about the plot of *The Constant Husband*, because we hate people who do that with surprise-twist films and spoil everybody else's fun. It is a tribute to the talents of the scripters (Val Valentine and Sidney Gilliat), the director (also Gilliat) and the star (Rex Harrison) that one of the



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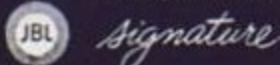
This supposition must apply, certainly, to loudspeaker systems bearing the name "JBL Signature." Visual inspection tells you that extra special care has been taken to form and finish these precision-made instruments. Regard the rugged castings, the bright, machined metal surfaces, the hydraulically-formed domes and diaphragms, the glowing, hand-rubbed wood surfaces, the meticulous assembly.

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most whimsy of farce situations (amnesia, etc.) has been made into a fresh, fast, funny film. With the probable exception of *My Fair Lady*, this is just about the best comic acting Harrison has done on stage or screen, and the secret is that he plays it straight as a die from beginning to end, the ridiculous incidents notwithstanding. No mugging, no archness, no "get this"—he is in dead earnest throughout, and therefore killingly funny. Though ably abetted by deft, daft farceurs Cecil Parker and Robert Coote and by beauties Kay Kendall, Nicole Maurey and Margaret Leighton, this is Harrison's picture and he makes the most of it while seeming to make the least.

A beautifully typical example of Hollywood's passion for "improvement" is the title of the novel, *The Shrinking Man*, by Richard Matheson (*The Splendid Source, A Flourish of Strumpets*, PLAYBOY, May and November '56): in its celluloid reincarnation, it's called *The Incredible Shrinking Man*. Better, eh? Not a bad picture, though—it's a gooseimplecum-palpitation thriller possessing a clever science-fiction veneer and some of the trickiest optical effects and other filmic legerdemain ever attempted. Matheson, who also did the script, spins out the creepy saga of Scott Carey, who has the lousy luck of being peppered with atomic fallout after having been doused with concentrated insecticide. According to Matheson's imaginative thesis, this woeful gunk produces a right smart dwarfing effect on Carey, who soon dwindles to a shadow of his former self. Follows then a succession of fantastic episodes beginning with the wee hero's natural pique at being no longer able to frolic with a wife of whopping proportions, and culminating in a weird, hackle-raising duel between the itty-bitsy fellow (armed with a straight pin, piece of thread and scissors) and a formidable black widow spider that outsizes him ten to one. For those who have yearned for the good old days of screen horror with a flair, grab a magnifying glass and scoot down to the local popcorn parlor.

A current French import is well worth a trip to your local art cinema in case it wanders in there. *Tempest in the Flesh* tells the story of Clara (Françoise Aurnol) a waitress for a Pyrenees construction gang. That's her job, but her hobby is what comes naturally and—in her case—frequently. In fact, this girl voluptuary is a wanton doxy, a nympho with ball-bearing heels and a mighty broad interpretation of what constitutes French hospitality. Major episodes of the picture ensue on Clara's infatuation with a new man on the job, an Italian

engineer (Raymond Pellegrin). She lures him into a cable car (as unlikely a situation for romance as standing up in a canoe) where she is rejected, but she finally hooks him and for a while everything is idyllic. Then the old madness returns and Clara breaks bed with practically any man who comes her way, until she finally shoots herself in a tussle with a no-good neighbor, who is supported by his wife, a Paris I'll-call-you girl. The only really jarring note in this enjoyable sextop-*au-feu* gambol is an introductory appearance by a French headshrinker who tries and fails to convince us that is a thoroughly scientific study. It is, as the French say, to laugh.

RECORDS

Drifting around Chicago's South Side (some few feet above the sidewalk) is a guy who calls himself Sun Ra. Mr. Sun (or is it Mr. Ra?) says he's an Egyptian and he writes, besides music, prophetic prose and poetic prophecy. You can sample it in the little booklet by him which comes inside the textless liner of *Jazz by Sun Ra* (Transition 10), and which contains, among other gone goodies: blank verse, explanations of such compositions as *Brainville, Lullaby for Realville, Sun Song* ("The reach for new sounds, a spacite picture of the atonal tomorrow . . ."), and a hunk of writing titled "Unremembered Dreams." It's a pleasant shock, therefore, to hear the music, which sounded to our dull ears remarkably like good, groovy earth music of the cool-and-crazy school. We'd be happy to give you additional dope on this far-out platter but we have a more pressing problem: we have to be on Saturn for dinner and Jupiter's in the way. Over and out.

Ella Fitzgerald, our Jazz Poll's No. 1 vocal pride and joy, completes another double-disc project with her *Rodgers and Hart Song Book* (Verve 4002). The accompaniments range all the way from big, stringy, brassy band things on which Buddy Bregman's arrangements are workmanlike but hardly hairlifting, to just a lone, unidentified guitarist (Barney Kessel, a fact you can't learn from label or liner) on the 90-second *Wait Till You See Him*, one of the simplest and most effective items of the lot. Longest and most piquant track: the seven-minute *Bewitched*, with bright blue lyrics guaranteed to keep it off the pure radio air . . . *Midnight at Mabel Mercer's* (Atlantic 1244) not only contains 16 superior songs done up in the lady's unmatched Park Avenue manner but also boasts an easy-to-read con-

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densation of a personality feature that appeared in these pages (PLAYBOY, Dec. 1955) . . . Nat Cole's *After Midnight* (Capitol 782) is shorn of the lush backgrounds usually afforded that gentleman — so Nat just sings and plays potent piano with his own trio plus guest instrumentalists Harry Edison, a couple of Smiths (Stuff and Willie) and Juan Tizol. More Cole should be delivered this way . . . Yet another two-volume vocal marathon, with imaginative arrangements by Harold Mooney, can be heard on Sarah Vaughan's *Great Songs from Hit Shows* (Mercury 2-100). Sassy does wonderfully elastic things with some of the melodies without ever misdirecting their message. Much of the best of Gershwin, Rodgers and Hart, Berlin, and Kern are caressed between these covers.

Jazz with a fine, crackling sound can be savored on *Counterpoint for Six Valves* (Riverside 12-218), not a new type of horn, but simply two trumpets being wonderfully assaulted by Don Elliott and Rusty Dedrick, with a gone rhythm section wailing in the background. Elliott and Dedrick, two of the tastiest innovators around, chase each other through bar after bar of funky blue-tunes and swinging jazz, one of the best of which is a cutie called *Dominick Seventh* (there's also one titled *Vampire Till Ready*). Six of the selections were issued last year on a 10-inch Riverside disc, and, joyfully, the lads have cut additional stuff to fill this 12-incher. But still, everything ends too soon.

Dramatic poetry of the Elizabethan era was little more than a dogtrot until rebellious Christopher Marlowe came along to make it gallop and leap and even soar like winged Pegasus himself. One of his best plays is *Dr. Faustus*, the story of a man who sold his soul to Satan. It is filled with dark majesty, with terror, with words that ring and roar, with ideas that seem almost modern ("Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscrib'd in one self place"). In a new recorded production (Caedmon TC 1033), many of Marlowe's qualities are caught, but, in the main, the disc just adds one more mote to the pile of proof that modern American actors are completely thrown by Elizabethan verse: their lustre dimmed by a generation of naturalistic mumbling and shuffling, they either read the glowing lines as colloquially as possible (which is dull) or pompously chant them (which is duller). Frank Silvera, an excellent actor here heard in the title role, is not free of guilt, but he has a natural richness, flavor and strength that do much to atone—his final speech ("Now hast thou but one bare hour to live") is towering. Somebody should have told the Mephistophilis, Frederick

Rolf, that this was *Marlowe's* Mephisto he was playing, not Goethe's: he has given us the German poet's jaded, wise-cracking cynic (George Sanders with horns), not one of Marlowe's "Unhappy spirits that fell with Lucifer, Conspir'd against our God with Lucifer, And are forever damn'd with Lucifer." But it's a glossy show, despite the flaws.

Some of the best piano jazz of recent months is supplied by M. Bernard Peiffer of Epinal, France, on *Bernie's Tunes* (EmArcy 36080) and Miss Toshiko Akiyoshi of Dairen, Manchuria, with *The Toshiko Trio* (Storyville 912). We are still wondering whether Monsieur Peiffer called one of his original tunes *Blues for Slobs* in honor of some of the U.S. night club audiences who have rattled glasses and juggled cutlery to his music; but we are in no doubt at all about the success of his first local recordings, and the sturdy support of such teammates as guitarist Joe Puma and drummer Ed Thigpen. The same Mr. Thigpen, along with an extraordinary bassist named Paul Chambers, aids Toshiko in such pulsating excursions as *Softly as in a Morning Sunrise*, which the lady from Rising Sunland converts into something resembling Gillespie's *Night in Tunisia*.

Of all Italian operas, Giuseppe Verdi's *Il Trovatore* is possibly the most Italian and the most operatic. Its plot is improbable, its music unrefined. No matter: probability and refinement are not the stuff of which Italian opera is made. What has kept this snorting war horse on the boards for over a century is a cavalier disregard for refinement and a passionate devotion to effect. Verdi's melodies gush and flow, his tempi pound and fret. Carpers may sneer at crudities of orchestration and rhythm, but *Trovatore's* very flaws seem an integral element of its sublime and corny charm: the kettledrums thump and the cornets squeal and it all sounds apropos. For this is rough-and-ready opera, opera with hair on its chest. In a jimdandy new recording (London XLLA 50), *Trovatore* is tackled on its own terms. Mario Del Monaco is unafraid of the scalp-tingling tenor arias—he fills his lungs and wallops 'em over the fence like 'home runs. Renata Tebaldi spins web after web of golden soprano tone. Ugo Savarese displays a baritone voice as smooth and rich as black velvet. Faults? Sure: Del Monaco hasn't the serenity to cope with his one calm aria, *Ah si, ben mio*, and Giulietta Simionato's contralto isn't rugged enough for the trenchant role of the old gypsy woman; but London has put the Grand back into Grand Opera, and we're not complaining.



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PLAYBOY

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fiction BY T. K. BROWN III

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The Sergeant and the Slave Girl

FOR EVERYONE WHO GOT MIXED UP in the war, I guess, there was one high point, one experience that towered above all the others: an amphibious landing, maybe, or that three-day pass to Rome, or the promotion to corporal, or the day the hunk of hot shrapnel landed in the old gluteus maximus. For me it was the time in North Africa when the chaplain collided with the sergeant who had bought the slave girl.

My first contact with this extraordinary event took place one morning when I was sitting at my desk in the orderly room. Pfc. Wellburn and Pfc. Meyers came in and asked the company clerk for permission to speak to the duty sergeant.

"There he is," the clerk said. "Why are you asking me?"

There was something funny about the way they were acting, and I found out right away why.

"Sergeant Brown," Pfc. Wellburn said, "me and my buddy respectfully request to be put on K.P."

I put down the *Stars and Stripes*; I even took my feet off the desk. "Gabriel," I said to the company clerk, "are the acoustics pretty good in this shack?"

"Pretty good," he said. "Nothing spectacular." He used to be a radio announcer.

"Well, then I heard what I thought I heard?"

"I think so," he said. "I heard it too."

I gave Wellburn my famous paralyzing glower for about 10 seconds, and then my famous crescendo: "Soldier, if I am not being too inquisitive, WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU UP TO?"

This usually puts them completely in my power, but it didn't this time. Wellburn was all innocence. "Up to?" he repeated. "Why sarge, you know I wouldn't be up to anything. It's just that there's so little to do around here, sometimes I think I'll scream. I just want a little K.P. to keep me busy. Really."

I turned to Meyers, who seemed less sure of himself. "You, Meyers," I shouted, "are you bored with your present life? Do you dream of adventure in far-off foreign lands?"

"Nossir," Meyers said. "But I had a private talk with the chaplain, sarge, and he told me to come over here and ask you for some K.P. Penance."

Then I got mad. This was too far outside the range of my experience. "OK, you jokers," I said. "I'll give you some K.P., all right. Gabriel, put these men down for a week of K.P., the early shift, every day for the next week."

They busted out in big smiles. "Oh, thank you, Sergeant Brown," Pfc. Wellburn said. "Thank you." They almost danced out the door, and I could see them hopping and exulting down the path.

"Gabriel," I said, "there is a very distinctive aroma in the air."

"Very piscatorial," the clerk said.

"There is something here," I said, "that will bear looking into."

This was in December 1942, a couple of months after the fall of Oran. Somehow we got left behind when the fighting moved



McHugh was taking inventory and didn't want to be disturbed.

off to the west, and there we were in Arzew, a miserable coastal town about 20 miles from Oran—the nth Surgical Hospital, a bunch of 60 pill rollers with nothing to do but look after a few semi-ambulant cases and get into trouble.

Which is just what they did. Of course, you have to make allowances for our situation—stuck out there in that cold, rocky, godforsaken desert, at loose ends after some very heavy action. No dayroom, no recreation, no women, not many passes to Oran; not even any movies, except the V.D. lectures.

That was one of the horrible things about this time at Arzew: all of a sudden we were snowed under with V.D. lectures. Just about every other morning the bulletin board announced another V.D. film. And it was at one of these lectures—on the same day, in fact, that Wellburn and Meyers came in—that we all made the acquaintance of our new chaplain, Capt. Withers. It was a very interesting experience.

When the men filed in for the lecture they found the new chaplain sitting up front, beaming at them with the most simple-hearted and kindly expression I have ever seen on a human face. He radiated love of his fellow man; and also the fact that he was no more equipped to handle an Army job than I am to train lions. "Hi, fellows," he said, raising his arm for a timid little wave. The men looked at each other in amazement and a wicked sadistic gleam came to their eyes.

Then the lights went down and the movie started, another of those repulsive parades of chancres and lesions and pathetic old geezers with paresis, while a fruity-voiced narrator tried to scare hell out of us. The men groaned and cracked jokes and gave each other the hotfoot until it was over. The light went on and the new chaplain stood up.

"Is he gonna threaten us or appeal to our loftier nature?" I heard a soldier ask.

Capt. Withers did neither. He was completely bewildered. Obviously he had never seen such a film before. He took off his pince-nez and made a hesitant gesture toward the blank screen. "Golly!" he said at last. "That looks like a very serious affliction. Mercy! In my early missionary days I saw many cases of yaws—" He didn't know how to go on. Then his face brightened. "But you know, fellows, I believe they've found a quick cure for it, using penicillin. So if I were you I wouldn't worry too much about it."

The men broke into delighted howls and applause, and one of them called out in a British accent, "I say, it's no worse than a nasty case of the sniffles."

"Ah, you've had it then?" the chaplain asked, smiling around the room. There was nothing but benevolence in

him. "Which of you fellows was it that has had it?"

It was a big stupid private named Gallagher who had made the crack, and now his buddies pushed at him and stood up and pointed at him until he had to get to his feet. The chaplain looked at him fondly.

"Ah, you poor boy," he said. "But you say it was not painful?"

"Yessir, nossir," he said, pretty scared. He knew it didn't pay to fool around with officers.

"Well, that's good," Capt. Withers said, all warmth and kindness. "Disease is everywhere in the world, of course. You just have to be as careful as you can, and hope you don't get something unpleasant. Isn't that right?"

"I guess so, sir," Gallagher said, and sat down.

"Brush your teeth twice a day—that's very important," the chaplain said. "There's nothing worse than a toothache."

And with that remark—which was the end of the V.D. lecture—he got the undying loyalty of every single man in the room. From then on they loved him—not the way he loved them, of course, but the way soldiers will love a dog, or any innocent creature that they have decided to cherish. From then on the chaplain was their mascot and their buddy.

Incidentally, from then on we had no more V.D. shows.

That evening I went over to the tent area about an hour after chow, looking for McHugh, the mess sergeant and cook. He was the one to ask about that voluntary K.P. I found him in his tent, and I got right to the point.

"McHugh, two clowns came in this morning and asked for K.P."

"Only two?" he asked. "I put the word out to half-a-dozen."

"Two," I said, "is plenty. You are involving innocent soldier boys in one of your nefarious exploits. Now brief me before I express my puzzlement within the hearing of the C.O."

"Leave off with these idle threats, old friend," McHugh said. The familiar mad light danced across his simian features and he emitted a gruesome chuckle. "Brown, this is my finest hour! Lawrence of Arabia, Montgomery of Alamein, McHugh of Arzew—immortal triad! History will not soon forget this glorious day."

"What day?" I asked.

"Yesterday," he said, "when I purchased and imported into these quarters Roxane, my slave girl, flower of the desert."

"You mean you have a girl right here in camp?" I cried. "Right now?"

"I have," McHugh stated.

Now, I had known for a long time

that McHugh was crazy, but I hadn't known he was *that* crazy. There is such a thing as carrying whimsicality too far, even if hatred of the Army is your ruling passion; and this is what I told McHugh. But he was carried away by his vision.

"Just imagine it!" he exclaimed. "What a beautiful concept! *It breaks every regulation the Army ever made!* And it's foolproof. Nobody will give the show away—they have too much to lose."

"McHugh," I said, "this outfit is blessed with no less than 15 officers. Officers do not like soldier boys to have this sort of good clean fun. They will get wind of it, and you will be middle-aged before you get out of jail."

"Officers never find anything out unless some soldier tells them," he said. "This will not happen."

I tried another tack. "You have been conned," I said. "These Arabs are an ancient and crafty race. They do not go around selling their sisters, mothers and so on, unless they have some fancy scheme afoot. Tomorrow your girl walks out on you and what do you do?"

"Roxane is here to stay," McHugh said. "About a week ago I heard about this Berber off the desert, smuggling a girl down to Saudi Arabia for the harem of Abu ben Schnook. So he was breaking the law too, which was good. Well, the invasion caught this guy in transit and he was holed up in Oran, willing to unload and go back to his sand pile until things quiet down. The girl was happy about the whole thing—anything she got into was better than what she got out of. I just happened to have a few surplus commodities in my possession, so a transaction took place."

"And merely as a matter of historic interest," I asked, "how much did Roxane cost the U.S. taxpayer?"

"Oh, not too much," he answered. "Four dozen K rations, four dozen C rations, 10 cartons of cigarettes, 10 mattress covers, 500 million units of penicillin. It wasn't easy to deliver this price without getting rolled, I tell you. Things were pretty tight there for a while."

"Well, where is she?" I asked. "Let's see her."

"Not yet," he said. "Things aren't quite ready."

"You know, McHugh," I said, "somebody is going to have to save you from yourself. You know that."

"Brown, you bastard!" he exclaimed. "You're not going to turn me in!"

"Of course I'm not," I said soothingly. "It was just a manner of speaking." But I already had an idea.

I didn't see McHugh for several days after that, but I certainly felt his influence. Morale in the camp suddenly

(continued on page 73)



EXURBANITES AT PLAY

the jinks are higher in the outlands of gotham

THE ADJURATION to "work hard, play hard" has long been axiomatic for many Americans, but the exurbanite—that creature native to the towns surrounding the suburbs surrounding New York—seems to carry it, typically, to its ultimate extreme. He is so busy relaxing, so intently absorbed in occupying every moment of his leisure time, and he goes to such lengths in the diligent contriving of the casual, that the resultant appearance is quite convincing.

But even an exurbanite must sleep some time, and even those who are most

assiduously playful must manage to store up sleep by getting to bed relatively early during the week. Unlike the camel, which drinks hugely against the time—it may be days or even weeks—when it will need the sustenance, the exurbanite snatches extra hours of sleep during the desert of the week so that he may splurge in the oasis of Friday-to-Monday. His weekday play will therefore consist of little more than an occasional dinner out, occasional guests in and perhaps some neighbors dropping by in the evening to watch television,

or to play Scrabble, if the minds of all aren't too tired.

This routine is quite different from the life he led before he moved. In New York, depending on his branch of the communications industry and his relative level of importance in it, he averaged from one to five cocktail parties a week, during the season; he often dined out in the city's superior restaurants or in its holes-in-the-wall, and like as not he was a regular theatregoer. He was a regular patron of the cinema

(continued on page 34)

modern living BY KEN PURDY PHOTOGRAPHED ESPECIALLY FOR PLAYBOY BY PHILIP O. STEARNS



Above: the superlative six in your sports car stable. L to R: Porsche Super, Lancia G. T. 2500, Bentley Continental, Jaguar XK140MC, Mercedes-Benz 300SL, Ford Thunderbird. Below: the Jag, fine for a run to the club or a crack at competition.



THE COMPLEAT SPORTS CAR STABLE

here are the six you should own and why



Below: a born racer, the Mercedes-Benz 300SL zips from 0 to 100 mph in 16 seconds, is the fastest production automobile available and strictly a man's car.

THE ITALIANS have a word for it: *scuderia*. *Scuderia* means, roughly, stable, but it means much more than that. A *scuderia* in its commonest sense is a collection, a group, a covey or pride of automobiles assembled for a distinct purpose. The blood-red vans rocking along the Italian roads every weekend, each carrying two or perhaps three racing cars, are labeled "Scuderia Ferrari" or "Scuderia Maserati" — automobile teams, costing \$50,000 or \$60,000 apiece, built and brought together for the sole purpose of running faster over the roads than anything else can.

These are the cars of specialists, of aficionados, and they are to be seen not only in Italy, but throughout the civilized world. But these men are not the only ones who own sports cars — of course. There are those of us, a growing brotherhood, who demand of a car more than mere transportation, just as they demand of a restaurant more than mere belly-filling. For you who would join this elite (and those who have made the initial step with the purchase of a first sports car) the act and the art of driving take on a special significance, and the question so often heard — "Are sports cars really better?" — is meaningless. The real question centers on purpose. Stock



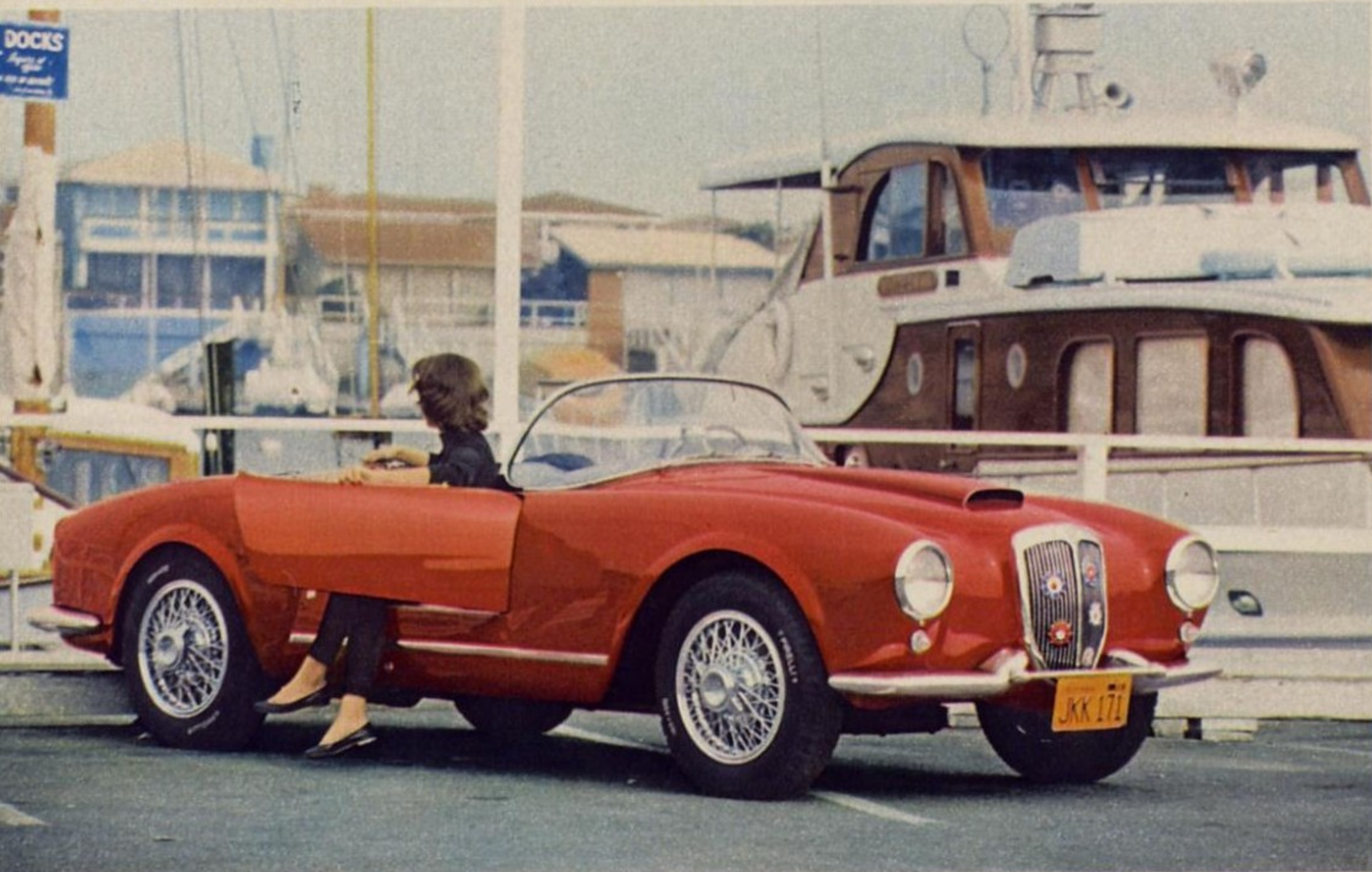
cars designed for all-round use, for family convenience, for simplicity of operation, for mass appeal, have few peers. The contrivers of sports cars, on the other hand, hew to the line of specialization. Each sports car design has as its goal the fulfillment of a specific function (though they all have in common extraordinary roadability, the capacity for high-speed cornering, fabulous pickup) and the esthetically compelling quality of precision

machines. And that's why no single sports car is going to be enough for the city man of means and of discernment, who leaves the utility sedans to his duller fellows, the same blokes who take their two-pants suits where they find them and order red wine or white without specifying vineyard or vintage.

In Caesar's time, the man-about-Rome could hardly manage with only one chariot, the Regency buck's coach-builder



Above left: for a spin to the nearest skindiving cove, or for smooth and effortless cross-country jaunts, roll out the easily-maintained, high-performance Thunderbird. Above right: the *ne plus ultra* in sports car fun — the Porsche Super, here taking it easy by the side of the highway, turns in a peppy performance when tooling up the snakiest mountain road.



Magnificent maneuverability of the Lancia makes it ideal for clogged city traffic or a quick trip down to the yacht club.

was as important to him as his tailor, and the well-turned-out New Yorker of the Nineties had to have a closed town carriage, a brougham, a sulky and at least a station cart for the country.

Today's man-about-town should not be less well-equipped for transport, for sport, for dalliance. But the choice is wider today than it ever was: one's personal *voiture* can cost anything from \$500 to \$25,000 and there are hundreds of models to consider: one-cylinder, two-cylinder, three-cylinder, four, six, eight, twelve; gasoline, diesel, fuel-injection engines mounted front or rear; water- or air-cooled; driving the front wheels, the

rear wheels, all four — if the car has four wheels. It may have only three, if you like.

What does a playboy need to be well-mounted in 1957? Of the world's carriages, which, brought together, would form the ideal gentleman's *scuderia*? We think we know. You need six as a minimum, a hard core, a cadre on which you may, if you wish and your bank balance allows, build further. But the Basic Six will get you by, never fear, in any league at all between here and the Bosphorus.

They are:

1. The Porsche Super.
2. The Lancia G. T. 2500.

3. The Bentley Continental.
4. The Jaguar XK140MC.
5. The Mercedes-Benz 300SL.
6. The Ford Thunderbird.

The cost? Prices vary. You can do business with some dealers and with some you can't. There can be a spread of as much as \$3500 on some of the cars according to the amount and kind of equipment you want. But, taking it all in all, say \$40,000 — the price of a pretty ordinary house today. With a private *scuderia* like this, who wants a house? All you need is a good big garage, a nice one, properly finished off inside, heated, naturally, and decorated with early racing



The epitome of good-taste, the Bentley Continental is a thoroughbred of posh perfection.

posters, a few brass head lamps, a model car or two under glass, a divan and a handful of leather chairs. Instead of building the garage six cars long, make it for eight and use the extra space for one big closed-off room: bath, bar, pantry, hi-fi and an eight foot square bed. You need more than this for the good life? You're greedy, we can do nothing for you.

The difference in capability, in feel, in utility between even similar automobiles comes as an astonishment to most men. The Porsche is really nothing like the Thunderbird; the Continental has no point of similarity with the Mercedes-Benz; the Lancia and the Jag are different as bourbon and rose-water. Were this not true, the selection would be pointless. True, any automobile in running order will transport you from office to station to home or whatever. But the *cognoscenti* do not look for transport; they are aware of the difference in design purpose among automobiles, of the varying standards of performance, and, most of all, of the range of sensuality, of sheer tactile enjoyment. There is a separate capability and a separate kick in each of these six automobiles.

The Porsche Super. This is a small automobile. It was designed by Ferdinand Porsche, one of the three men the world automobile industry has produced who may, with some justice, be called great men, and possibly, near-geniuses. The other two were Sir Henry Royce and Ettore Bugatti. Porsche designed the car from scratch, and it owes very little to anything else except the Volkswagen, another Porsche design, and the Czechoslovakian Tatra, in which Porsche also had a hand. (He designed the Tiger tank, too.) The Porsche has a four-cylinder, air-cooled engine mounted in the rear. There are three engines available: the "1600" which produces 60 horsepower; the "Super" which puts out 100; and the "Carrera," 110. The "1600" is a plain-bearing engine, the "Super" is roller-bearing, the "Carrera" is a detuned double overhead camshaft racing engine. Top speed ranges from 100 mph with the 60-horsepower version to about 130 with the "Carrera." The price range is from \$2900 to \$5500, roughly, and the car comes as a roadster, convertible, hardtop and completely open racing model. The Porsche may be the most fun to drive of anything in the world. A great many authorities think so. One must fold and twist a bit to get into it. Once in, there's all the room in the world. The seats are contoured to reach around and hold you gently at the hips and shoulders. Visibility over the sloping nose is perfect. The gearshift lever is as responsive as a passionate woman to your touch; the transmission works on a unique balking-room system, it is as

smooth as a spoon of molasses, and you can slam it back and forth from gear to gear just as quickly as you can move your hand. The available acceleration of the Porsche is astounding; the brakes are about 50% oversize and air-cooled beyond any possibility of fade; and the steering, very soft and very quick, is what power-steering tries to be and is not. The Porsche was designed for 50-50 fore-and-aft weight distribution. At about 60 miles an hour, air-pressure bears down on the wind-tunnel-bred frontal area and the balance becomes exact almost to a pound. There is virtually no wind-roar audible to a Porsche driver. He sits there, listening to the FM radio, clipping through holes in the traffic-pattern that just aren't there for anybody else, and, when he wants to, running away from almost anything he sees. And the car is built. I've never heard a rattle in a Porsche. I've seen salesmen sit on the doors and swing back and forth. Why not? They have bank-vault hinges.

The car has only two flaws, neither of them important: (1) Because it has independent suspension of the rear wheels via swing axles, and a rear-mounted engine, the Porsche is an inherently oversteering car. That is, it tends to go more sharply into a corner than one might expect, judging from the amount the steering-wheel has been turned. The solution is to drive carefully for the first 250 miles, until you learn to use a little less wheel. After that the Porsche will stick to the road like paint. (2) All air-cooled engines are noisy, since they have no water-blanket around them, and the Porsche is air-cooled. I find it cozy to hear the little thing grinding away back there—a very long-lived engine, by the way. Others stuff a fibre-glass curtain around it. There will never be very many Porsches, since the factory is small, and they cannot be made quickly in any case. Daily production was five or six the last time I heard. The competition models have a fabulous racing record, of course, and many American owners race the car. But its place in our *scuderia* is not as a competition car. It is included here because it delivers more sheer sensual pleasure than anything else on wheels. Driving a Porsche, you can, with small effort, believe that the seat of your trousers is a part of the automobile.

The Lancia G. T. 2500 (G. T. for *Gran Turismo*, freely translated "fast touring"; the 2500 for the engine size, 2500 cubic centimeters) comes from Lancia of Italy, one of the oldest automobile manufacturing houses in the world. It is available, in this country, only as a convertible two-seater, and it costs around \$5400, admittedly a stiff price. The Lancia's engine is the only V-6 in current

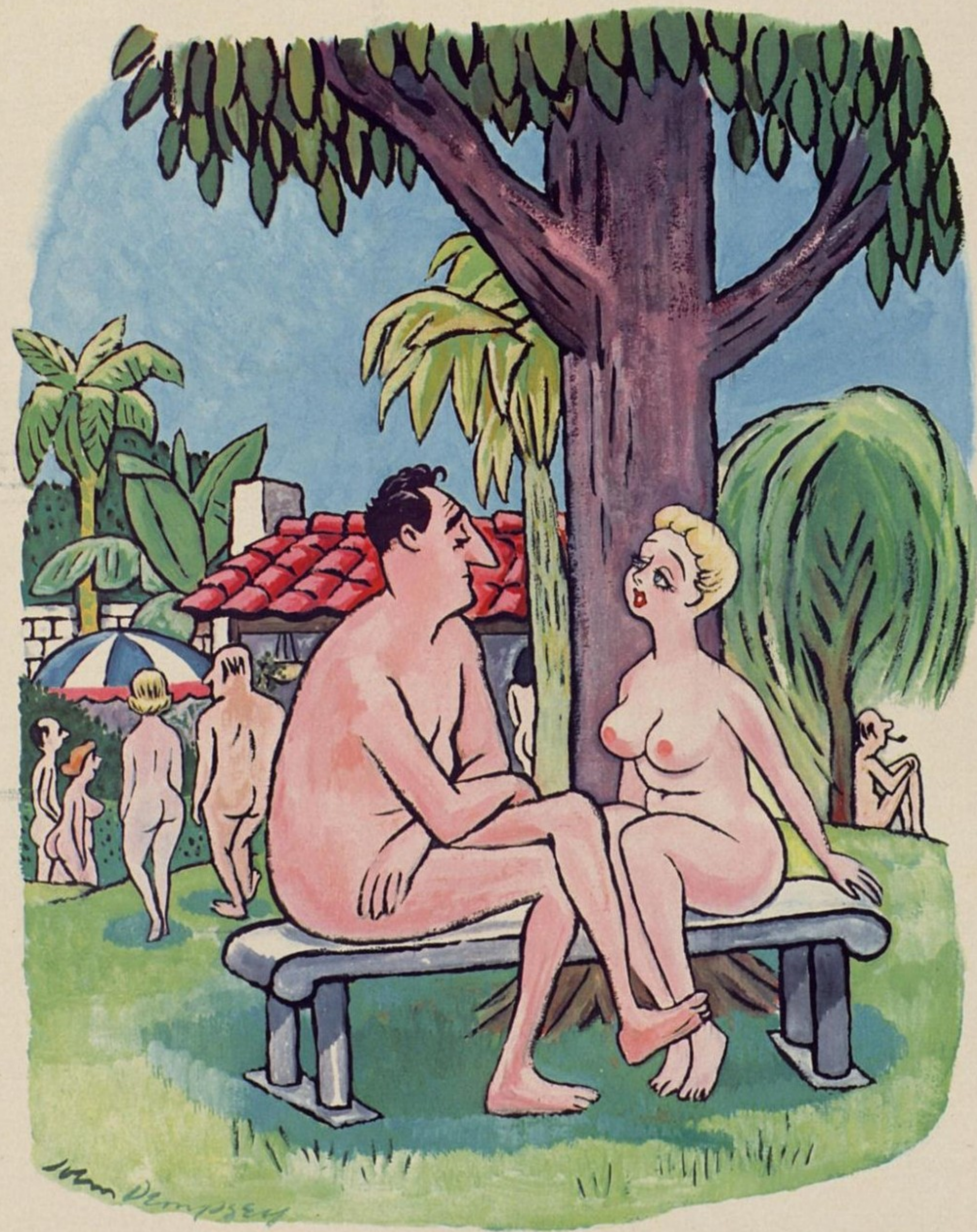
production anywhere. It's a design that originated with Lancia and the firm has had vast experience with it. The engine produces 118 horsepower, enough to get you 110 miles an hour, and it will give about 18 miles to the gallon. Like the Porsche, the Lancia is years ahead of the pack in design. To insure correct fore-and-aft weight distribution, the transmission and the clutch are built integrally with the rear axle, and the rear brake drums are inboard. Because the engine is nearly all aluminum and weighs only about 350 pounds, rear placement of the transmission is enough to effect almost perfect balance. The rear axle is of the De Dion type, usually found only on racing cars: transmission carried on the frame, driveshafts with no duty but to turn the wheels, which are tied together by a tubular "dead" axle. The brakes will manage the car even if it's driven flat-out down an Alpine pass.

The Lancia is typically Italian: design and machine-work of the highest order, beautifully-lined body, some skimping on things the Italians regard as non-essentials: weather protection, door-handles, plating, and so on. The car is famous among connoisseurs for one ability above all: it can skip around a corner in a way that is almost incredible. You can run a Lancia into a right-angle corner at a speed that will have your passenger looking wild-eyed for the panic button, but it will go around without a slide, skid or roll. It's a rugged car, too, almost unbreakable. Its comparatively low horsepower and low top speed rule it out for most competitive use—but Lancias took 1st, 2nd and 3rd place in the sports car division of the 1955 Mexican Road Race. No other machine has had so much influence on postwar sports car design.

There are very few G. T. 2500s in this country, and there never will be many. Only a few will pay \$5400 for the two graces the Lancia offers: cornering ability that makes you hate straight roads and the snob-value of a car so rare that Jaguars, by comparison, are common as grass.

The Bentley Continental is, with the Rolls-Royce, certain models of Ferrari, and the fabulous Pegaso, made in Spain, among the most expensive automobiles available. A Continental—the firm had the name before Lincoln—can cost \$20,000 but \$16,500 will get you a very nice one in sedan form. The Continental is made to transport four people at high speed, in utter luxury and total silence. It does this better than any other car in the world. The body is a compromise between stateliness and streamlined effectiveness in an air-stream (it reminds

(concluded overleaf)



"We can't go on meeting like this, Charles. My husband is getting suspicious."

SPORTS CARS (continued from page 26)

some people of certain Pontiacs). In any case, most Bentley purchasers prefer a sedate looking carriage, content that only the very few well-informed viewers can visualize the price-tag when they see the car. Within, the picture is different. Here you may have anything in the world you like. Hooper, Mulliner or Park Ward, the coach-builders favored by Bentley, will upholster the car in vicuña or kangaroo hide if you wish. Naturally the driver's seat will be shaped to fit *you* and no one else, the distance to the pedals will be the length of *your* legs. The ordinary, off-the-rack Continental will have woodwork of No. 1 grade matched walnut, but if you incline to rosewood or zebra, say so. Multi-speaker radio, bar furnished with assorted crystal (a full second set will be furnished to take care of breakage) and a picnic set — these, *everyone* has. And, of course, mirrored vanities, glove boxes, cigarette lighters everywhere. You'd like an electric razor under the dash, a vacuum bottle concealed under spring-loaded flaps in the corner of each seat, a hideaway for an emergency flask of brandy? Speak up, the plans are on file, it has all been done before. You needn't worry about such trifles as a defroster for the rear window. That's standard. The big six-cylinder engine will move the car at 115 miles an hour, with acceleration that is particularly notable from 75 up. The brakes operate on the earliest, best and most expensive "power" system — mechanical servo, which means that power to apply the brakes is "bled" off the transmission. Thus, the force with which the brakes go on is always in direct proportion to the speed of the car.

Absolute silence has for 50 years been the ideal of the Rolls-Royce company, which has since the 1930s made the Bentley. At 100 miles an hour, there is no need to raise the voice even slightly in the Continental. The heating system of the car puts out warmth in impressive volume, but without the slightest whisper of rushing air.

When you, your current playmate and another couple have 500 miles to run for a weekend, the Continental is what you need. Nothing else in the world does the job so well.

American sports car drivers learned about sports cars from the old TC model MG, and they were weaned on the Jaguar — the XJ120 model now superseded by the XK140MC. The Jaguar is possibly the best-known sports car in the world. It is astonishing to think that a car that will run down to the liquor store like a bicycle can also be used in almost any kind of competition with every chance of success; that it will run

through big city traffic all day without a whimper and show 130 miles an hour at any time you want it — and all this for about \$3600 with radio, heater, walnut and leather interior, and double mohair top.

In the sportsman's *scuderia* of six, the Jag would be used partially for competition. It's one of the best rally cars in the world; you can run it in hill-climbs and straight races as well. You'll get your share of places and you'll have fun. Fun, of course, is what we're talking about. If you are earnest about racing, you'll run the Porsche or the 300SL, or you'll buy a Ferrari or a hot Corvette. You'll set the car aside for racing, use it for nothing else, and hire a full-time mechanic to see that it's always ready. That's fun, too, but it's a serious kind of fun. For most of us there's more kick in sticking a Halda average-speed indicator and a couple of stop watches into a car and seeing what we can do in a two-day rally. For that, the XK140 is the machine.

There are faster cars in the world than the Mercedes-Benz 300SL, but they're priced in the high five figures. The 300SL is to all intents and purposes the fastest production automobile available, and it costs about \$7800. When it first appeared, no one believed that the car could be made for that price, and a worldwide rumor had it that the factory was taking a \$1000 loss on each car and charging it to advertising against their many other models. Initial production was only 500 cars a year and it isn't much more than that now.

The 300SL is so much automobile that it frightens experienced drivers. The acceleration developed by its six-cylinder engine, running on fuel-injection since 1954, is quite outside normal experience. The 300SL goes from 0 to 100 mph in 16 seconds! A swing-axle car, like the Porsche, it requires a special technique on corners, and the vacuum-booster brakes, which operate in 3½-inch drums and can lock the wheels tight at 140 miles an hour, also demand extra respect. The average driver who climbs through the gull-wing doors of the 300SL and sticks his foot into it as if it were a Cadillac will be in serious trouble within half-a-mile. The car is noisy and harsh in some ways — typically a man's automobile. It's built in standard Grade-A German style, which means that you probably couldn't find a burred nut on it if you looked all week. As a matter of fact, every nut on the car is tightened with a torque wrench, and the ratio of inspectors to workers is something like one to seven.

This is one of the most successful competition cars in the world. It was

almost unbeatable in national Sports Car Club of America rankings until last year, when it was shaded by Corvette. Why not replace it with a Corvette, then? For sheer competition, as we remarked above, you might — but we like the 50-year racing history behind the Mercedes-Benz, its unique station among the world's cars and its fantastic workmanship — until the factory puts the new model, the SLR, on sale and runs away from everything for another couple of years.

When the farsighted Ford people decided, after the war, to produce a sports car, they also craftily decided not to call it a sports car, but a "personal car." That's what the Thunderbird is. It is not, in the classic definition, a sports car: something that can be used to transport two people in reasonable comfort and also be used successfully in competition under international rules. The T-bird is a compromise and an enormously successful one. It's good-looking, fast enough for even a very good driver, and if it won't handle with, say, a Lancia, it has no vices to get you into trouble, either. And it has one great and overriding virtue: if you break a fanbelt in Pinhook, Indiana, you won't have to walk more than a couple of blocks to find a new one. No other car in our *scuderia* can make that claim! When your new girl decides she'd love to drive down to Arizona from New York with you to visit a maiden aunt, or from San Francisco to New Orleans for the Mardi Gras, and you want a smooth, simple trip, nothing hairy, no records broken, and the least possible attention from the police on the way — roll out the Thunderbird. It's a buy at its list price of \$3367.

These, then, comprise the basic sports car stable. First, the Porsche Super for threading traffic with brilliant ease, for the winding trail, for the sheer sensual pleasure of driving. Second, the Lancia G. T. 2500 for superb cornering ability, for ruggedness and for — let's be frank — snob appeal. Next, the Bentley Continental for the ultimate in silent, elegant luxury. Then the Jaguar XK140MC, not only for its smart utility (yes, it can combine those seeming opposites) but also for fun in competition. Fifth, the Mercedes-Benz 300SL for more dedicated racing and because it is, without doubt, the best machine of its kind in the world. And finally the Ford Thunderbird whose ease of maintenance in this country recommends it for long-range touring. Each of these half-dozen has its special virtues, and together they may afford you nearly the pleasure of a personally selected harem of that number.



fiction BY NELSON ALGREN

*sleep, my love,
and peace attend thee . . .*

all through the night

"STUFF IS MAKING a regular little getter out of you, Baby," my Daddy begun getting proud of me the hour we got off San P. Street. "Now all you need to get is a little know-how."

"Daddy, I already know how," I told him.

"You know how alright but you don't know with who. Your smalltown ways don't fit out here. You don't ask a trick to buy you a drink. You don't drink with him at all. You ask him does he want to play house or not? Buy your own drink, Baby. Don't you want to be real great? Don't you want to keep your Daddy knocked out?"

We got so great, shortly thereafter, that we were both kept knocked out. Every time we walked into a joint someone was sure to holler, "Look who's here!" Usually the bartender. Everybody with class was hollering hello. I got over being bashful and advanced clear to the Anxious-to-Please stage. "Are you satisfied, Mister? You're not disappointed?"

And Daddy got even more anxious than me. "Are you alright, Baby?" He'd sneak me a fast whisper from behind a potted palm in the lobby where he had no right whatsoever to be — "You want to go home and rest now? You tired, Baby?"

You call *that* a pimp?

"Baby, did that cat act married-like? Does he want to see you again? How did he come on, Baby? Fairly great or so?"

"Not too bad," I answered offhanded one time — "as a matter of fact, not bad at all."

"Why don't you marry the man for God's sake then?" he turned on me — "I won't stand in your way! Imagine it — a hustler falling in love with one of her own tricks! And you call yourself a whore? Why, I think you *like* this trade."

He'd never said a thing that hard to

me before.

"I'll go back to car-hopping tomorrow," I told him. "I think I make as sorry a whore as you make a macker."

That hurt his feelings.

"No wife of mine is going to be seen hustling hamburgers," he got real stern to make himself out the real thing.

And I never answered him so offhand again. "Daddy, that fellow was just no good whatsoever," I'd report. "If he got an old lady I'm sorry for her."

After a spell Daddy just stopped asking. And I just minded my own peace and didn't use so much platinum nail polish.

L.A. people like a young country-looking couple. There were gifts almost every day. Ankle-bracelets and earrings and perfume for me and nylon shorts for my Daddy. Right up to the end, everyone tried to help. Even the old clerk at the desk tried to warn us the night Daddy come into the lobby with an envelope in his topcoat pocket.

"A message for you," he told Daddy and scribbled *nabs* on a phone slip. Daddy folded the slip without looking at it. It was still in his hand when I opened for him and they followed in like I'd opened for them.

One on each side, patting Daddy all over, and Daddy giving them the wrong pocket every time he turned. I set tight as a little gray mouse. You do yourself nothing but harm to ask, "Where's your warrant?" They'll tell you, "We don't need one for a rooming house." You can tell them, "This ain't no rooming house this is a hotel" then if you want. But one will wait while the other fetches and they'll make the warrant stick then if they have to plant something to do it. Well, you asked for it.

"Everything us two kids own in this

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COME RAIN, COME SHINE

friends in foul weather and fair

attire **BY BLAKE RUTHERFORD**

Three guys sensibly bridging the drizzle-to-sunshine gap elect coats that are light in color and weight, heavy on distinction. Left to right, a white cotton gabardine, by Baracuta, about \$35; a cotton merger of gold and black yarns, by Alligator, about \$25; a striped cotton with oversized pockets, by London Fog, about \$25. Above: right as rain for a spin in the Jag or an evening with *My Fair Lady*, an urbane black cotton coat with an inside story—stripes of black and gold, by Plymouth, about \$25. In the corner: pima cotton and dacron in dark olive that is anathema to aqua, yet takes its place in the sun with the greatest of ease, by Plymouth, about \$25.

EVERYBODY TALKS about the weather, but the new raincoats do something about it. In this age of specialization they're anomalies. Come the rains and they make that old watertight symbol, the duck, look like a sponge. And when it's fine, they're fairweather friends as well. Except in climatic extremes, they cover the corpus comfortably. What's more, they look especially fine doing it. There is something undeniably authoritative about them, and if they are well-cut and worn with distinction, they pack a for-real punch, hinting at mysterious intrigues and romantic excitement, more-so than a sabre scar on the cheek.

Time was, though, when a raincoat was nothing more than a raincoat, and was about as good-looking as a pair of unbuckled galoshes. You wore it only during an absolute deluge and then tried to duck out of sight as fast as possible. If the storm abated, you whipped it off in a flash and hid it wherever you could. Or maybe you chose one of those peek-a-boo plastic jobs that gave the gentleman the appearance of a walking cigar inside its wrapper. You froze in it in winter and sweltered in summer, and felt generally ridiculous in spring and fall. But not so with this new





Parked on the bench, the wear-with-all in accessories: rainproof hat by Thomas Begg, foulard scarf by Cisco, English umbrella and rubber-palmed knit gloves, both by M & M Co. Below, to the left, a pima cotton job with an English cut, by Gleneagles, about \$35, and the Bentley coat of cotton gabardine, by Aquascutum, about \$50. Both are brown.



breed of coats.

Even taking into consideration the caprice of the elements, these coats are one permanent pillar of dependability in a world of sudden changes, and come about as near to being all-year, all-weather as any article of clothing can be.

Perhaps one of the best things about the new jobs is the fact that they certainly don't look dependable. Sterling as that characteristic is, it is not one the well-dressed guys give a hoot about.

After all, if dependability were the prime consideration, nothing sheds water like a whaler's oilskin or those stiff green G.I. raincoats handed out by the Army. But nobody, no matter how blindly devoted to Joseph Conrad or deeply patriotic, could ever say that they looked *distingué*. Belted trench coats with all their flaps, buckles and buttons seem to be disappearing into the shadows whence they came. The new ones do with great hunks of style and good tailoring packed into hoke-free, easy lines. Most of them are straight-hanging and quite a number are short: lengths vary from just below the knee to quite a few inches above it. Color pops up frequently among the oyster whites and naturals. Browns move in and gray-green gets its share of attention, and copper turns up like a single penny in a pocketful of change, while black and midnight blue take care of the after-dark part of the picture. Linings are a fresh point of interest carefully kept under wraps, with bold plaids, stripes and tattersalls doing a brilliant job of interior decoration. Inside and out, the new breed of coat is a handsome affair, and, like the fearless postal carriers, is dismayed by neither snow, nor rain, nor heat, nor gloom of night.

A final caveat for you guys who are about to rush right out and get one of these nifty new all-weather coats. It's a fine idea, of course, to be garbed in the latest fashion which is in good taste, but (let's face it) there are some of us who would do better to stick by the longer garments. Take into account, then, like the well-dressed guy you are or want to be, your physical type. An extremely beamy chap, especially if he's on the short side, should eschew the shorter models, which will make him look like an animated box. And the lanky beanpole, much admired on the basketball court, should shun them, too — or he'll give the appearance of a child on stilts. Good judgement, remember, is an integral part of good taste.



"I'm afraid you have the wrong number, sir. This is Shirley Ford, 275 Central Park West, Apartment 4C . . ."

EXURBANITES AT PLAY (continued from page 21)

houses that exhibit English, French or Italian movies. He knew by their first names the captains or maitre d's of at least a half-dozen smart, fashionable nightclubs. Even if he didn't get home till one or two, he could count on seven hours of sleep before his presence would be really demanded on the job. Week-ends were reserved for perhaps one big party, and catching up on sleep.

When he moved to the exurb, he took with him many of his Manhattan habits, but with an important difference: where before he could spread his social activities over a whole week, now he had to concentrate them into one 60-hour period, along with a bushel-basketful of new social chores.

The week-long parlay is clearly out of the question. He simply no longer has the time for weeknight shindigs. Having moved to an exurb he has offered up two or three hours of his weekdays on the altar of country living; it doesn't take a man long to realize, if he is on a regime of rising at 6:30 or 7:00, that he must hit the sack by 11:30 or 12:00 if he expects to be his usual bright, winsome, companionable self the next day.

What he does with his weekends, how he goes about spending his time, will vary, depending on the exurb he has selected as home. A more accurate way, perhaps, of saying this would be: his selection from among the available exurbs will depend in large part on what kind of social life he prefers over a weekend. The playground is large and adaptable: there are sandpiles for drunks, for farmers, for libertines or Don Juans, for intellectuals, for sportsmen, for chronologically adult infants or adolescents, for the lazy or the active, for sailors or fishers or hunters or riders or swimmers. During the weekend recess from the rat-race there is no supervisor to blow the whistle and demand that the escapees do one thing instead of another. With remarkably true adaptability, the exurbanite finds his own level, his own part of the forest. Playtime, play manners, play opportunities, play facilities, play techniques, even intensity of play—all vary from one exurb to another, but at the same time there are basic and striking similarities. Just as the residents of each exurb have had to forego (to their general subsequent dissatisfaction) some of the amenities of life in Manhattan when they undertook to escape its tensions, so the residents of each exurb share alike some leisure-time activities.

There is, for example, a heavy traffic in weekend guests from the city. There are three main categories of these transients. First are the people one might normally be content to spend an hour or two at a time with, in the city. In

Exurbia, the only way to see them is to have them up for the weekend. Since the showing of the house and grounds and the small talk are pretty rapidly used up, the rest of the weekend must be devoted to actively entertaining the visitors—against the possibility that they may be bored or become boring. Generally, social life with city friends diminishes with each year's exurban residence, so the first category gets smaller and smaller for the average exurbanite, leaving him finally with only lifelong, close friends (category three), and even some of these are lost by reason of geography and changed living habits.

The second category comprises genuine and pseudo-business acquaintances. A city man can play golf with a business acquaintance who needs leisure-time cultivation to make him bear fruit; an exurbanite must invite the man and his wife for the weekend. Active entertainment for these visitors, and plenty of people around, are musts.

Third, as has been said, are the old friends, an important life line for the exurbanites to the Manhattan they have left behind them. Sometimes these old friends come early and often, sometimes they are reluctant dragons, sometimes they sit disconsolately indoors, scowling at the unaccustomed green that surrounds them outside, sometimes they show they are the stuff exurbanites are made of, and drag their hosts on tours of near-by houses for rent or sale, and sometimes they switch the old chestnut, and maintain that the exurbs are OK for a weekend, but they wouldn't live in the place if you et cetera. But almost invariably, when the guests are settled with their first drink in hand, the questions come, usually from the exurban hostess: What's new in town? Have you seen any plays? Do you see the Smythes any more? The thirst for urban gossip is unquenchable. Nor is it simply a matter of steering the conversation into channels that the guests will find negotiable. Urban gossip is an exurban need.

Again, no matter which his exurb, every exurbanite makes a ritual of his Sunday New York newspaper. Some cynics claim that the curling up with the paper that goes on in so many exurban households is merely a measure of the endemic nature of exurban hangovers, but this is not so, for even in the living room of the member of Alcoholics Anonymous (and there are Westport, Connecticut, residents who proudly contend that their chapter of A.A. is the largest in the world), the Sunday newspaper is a comfy ceremonial.

Then there is the question of children. In every exurb, parents find their hours of relaxation partially circumscribed by the activities of their young.

Most exurban fathers cheerfully undertake a responsibility toward the children over the weekend which is borne solo by the mother during the week, and over a summer weekend this may entail scouting about for likely prospects to add to a Little League baseball team, or patiently coaching a few rallies of small-fry tennis, or instructing Junior in the function of a Genoa jib, or even going for a walk to get the kids out of the house and away from Mother when all other recourses have failed.

There is, moreover, for the do-it-yourselfer, a similarity of interests from exurb to exurb. Everywhere, beyond the 50-mile limit from Manhattan, hardware stores are the most important single retail outlets in town, only excepting the liquor stores.

In every exurb, booze is the common palliative for stress and strain.

One way to search out the patterns of exurban play is to follow a handful of exurbanites from the time they step off their Friday evening train from New York to the time when, on Monday morning, they appear on the station platform, bright-eyed and bushy-tailed or white-gilled and hung-over. For the sake of simplicity and unity of compass, the exurbanites whose course we will follow, as closely as the postal regulations permit, are, we shall imagine, all resident in the environs of Westport, in Fairfield County, Connecticut.

Here, as the evening train from New York stops at the Westport station, come a couple of hundred exurbanites, either hurrying for the cars that have been parked in the lot all day or plaintively whistling a familiar signal to attract the wives who have driven to meet them. Our eye is caught by four from this crowd.

One of them is Ben Martell, whom the trade knows quite well as among the first successful radio writers to make the switch to TV. Ben is in his late 30s and looks older, especially tonight. We can judge the reason for it from his erratic gait: he comes from the bar car. He makes it safely to his MG, climbs in and heads purposefully home toward another Martini.

The man greeting his wife at the wheel of a Buick convertible is none other than Gideon J. Philips III, an advertising agency account executive. Note the charcoal-gray suit and the glossy, initial-embossed briefcase. Just beyond him, climbing into a Cadillac and giving his wife a perfunctory peck on the cheek, is Duke Cameron. He's in his late 20s and, although his hair is thinning, he looks fit and full of energy, despite his harrowing day and the unceasing flow of loud talk he exchanged with colleagues, with whom he was play-

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food BY THOMAS MARIO



SHRIMPS SUPREME

the life and loves of the scrumptious schizopoda

IN LEARNING THE ART of shrimp cookery, one should know something, first of all, about the life and loves of the slender crustacea.

Before birth the shrimp is part of a single egg mass that sometimes numbers three-quarters of a million potential shrimp. When hatched, the shrimp drifts around in shallow, slow-moving waters for several weeks until he grows to about a quarter of an inch in length. Then, feeling his oats, he sets out for deeper

water and more salty adventures. Not long afterward he faces an adolescent problem. While his body grows big, his shell is inflexible, unable to expand. With a few well-timed flicks, he simply throws off his old shell and acquires a new one. His sex life is designed for the utmost variety: he is born male; as he matures, he gradually becomes female.

On the Pacific coast one may find the so-called ghost shrimp, so transparent you can see the heart beat. Blind shrimp

have been taken from caves in Cuba. In the western American deserts, at rare intervals, small armored shrimp have been discovered coming to life when flash storms awakened dormant shrimp eggs in the sand.

The entire shrimp industry, in recent years, has experienced a magical prosperity. In 1945 someone discovered that if you trawl for shrimp at night while the shrimp are free swimming, you'll come up with a much bigger haul than

in the daytime. New shrimp beds were discovered in deeper waters. Today, shrimp is the little tail that wags the whole Gulf of Mexico from which are taken most of the 250 million pounds of shrimp we eat annually.

For the eager young chef aching to do something different, the prime advantage of shrimp as a culinary medium is the fact that they are available in almost any conceivable form—and in sizes from baby to jumbo—for cooking. You can now buy shrimp raw, raw and dipped in butter or crumbs, cooked with the shells on, or cooked with both shells and vein removed. If you live in a town where fresh shrimp deliveries are not frequently made, you can buy frozen shrimp. Certainly of all the huge variety of freezer foods now available, none whatever equals the quality of frozen shrimp as compared with the fresh product. Gourmets everywhere agree that the sweet seafood flavor as well as the firm texture of the frozen shrimp compare favorably with the fresh specimens.

When you buy raw fresh shrimp, you want shellfish that are completely free of any trace of off-odor or stickiness. The shells must be firm, clinging tightly to the body of the shrimp. All shrimp are sold beheaded, since the head constitutes about 40% of the shrimp's weight.

A few years ago the only shrimp you could buy were the gray variety. Now you will find raw shrimp that are brown, greenish brown, pink and even red. Just to make the shrimp spectrum a little more bewildering, tradesmen refer to all fresh shrimp as "green shrimp." But in spite of the varieties in color, there aren't too many differences in the eating quality of different shrimp.

Normally, the bigger the shrimp, the higher the price. The men who run the shrimp boats, however, prefer the flavor of the medium size shrimp to the extra large ones. The outsize shrimp will sometimes become dry after cooking. The largest size shrimp sold commercially are called jumbo, and run about 25 or fewer to the pound. Large shrimp range from 25 to 40 to the pound. Medium shrimp are from 45 to 65 to the pound. The designation "medium" actually means small shrimp which are quite bothersome to shell.

The Chinese used to open shrimp by flaying the shells with bamboo poles. Until a few years ago, in shrimp factories where dried shrimp were being prepared, "shrimp dancers" were hired to tramp on the shells with special shoes. In your own bachelor apartment, this kind of elaborate exorcism is hardly necessary, however. You can buy a shrimp cleaner like the Zipout or the Shrimpmaster which will remove both shells and veins in one operation.

To clean shrimp by hand only a few deft movements need be learned. Simply tear the underbelly of the shell with one hand while holding the shrimp with the other hand. Peel off the top and biggest part of the shell. Then, holding the end of the shrimp tail in one hand, pull the entire shrimp free. To remove the vein, start at the fat end of the shrimp and, using the corner of your index finger or a very small skewer or small pointed knife, peel down the length of the shrimp's body until the vein is out. You can't always see the vein as a distinct color, although you can feel it and separate it from the body. Sometimes it's black, sometimes orange, pink or white. In certain sections of the South and in some of the older hostleries, shrimp are served with the vein left intact. It won't harm you. Now and then, however it may be gritty.

When you boil shrimp, you'll sometimes detect an iodine-like odor. This is completely harmless and merely indicates that the shrimp were dieting on a variety of small marine life known as Balanoglossus. To moderate the pungent odor of boiling shrimp, add some acid like lemon juice or vinegar to the pot. When boiling shrimp, some cooks like to add herbs as well as seasoning vegetables to the water. Others like shrimp boiled in beer—a process that gives a delicate, slightly bitter tang to the shrimp flavor. Then there are shrimp fanciers who want their shrimp only boiled in plain salted water and who will tolerate no tampering with the natural shrimp flavor.

Shrimp may be boiled in or out of the shell. When boiled out of the shell, they tend to curl a little more tightly than they do when boiled in the shell.

The one hard and fast rule which applies to boiled shrimp, as well as all other seafood, is simply: Don't overcook. If you do, the shrimp will be both dry and tasteless. To boil large shrimp for such dishes as shrimp cocktail, shrimp salad or any dish calling for cooked shrimp, plunge the shrimp into rapidly boiling water to which 1 teaspoon salt per quart of water has been added. When the water comes to a second boil, allow five minutes cooking time. Remove the shrimp from the water. If the cooked shrimp are to be stored in the refrigerator, it's a good idea to return them to the cooking liquid, after it has cooled. Keep the shrimp immersed in this liquid until serving time.

Here now are PLAYBOY's shrimp recipes for spring, each proportioned for two glowing appetites.

SHRIMP MARINARA

1 lb. raw shrimp, peeled and deveined
2 cloves garlic
3 tablespoons butter or olive oil
2 cups canned Italian plum tomatoes
1 tablespoon parsley flakes

½ teaspoon oregano, chopped fine
2 tablespoons tomato paste
Salt, pepper

Chop the tomatoes fine. Melt the butter, or heat the oil, in a saucepan. Add the shrimp. Force the garlic through a garlic press into the pan or mince the garlic very fine and add it to the pan. Sauté the shrimp over a moderate flame until they turn pink. Add the tomatoes, parsley, oregano and tomato paste. Simmer slowly 6 to 8 minutes. Season to taste with salt and pepper.

SHRIMP RAREBIT

½ lb. cooked shrimp, peeled and deveined
2 tablespoons butter
¾ lb. sharp American cheese
1 teaspoon prepared mustard
½ teaspoon dry mustard
¼ teaspoon paprika
½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
⅛ teaspoon celery salt
⅓ cup beer

Melt the butter in the top part of a double boiler over simmering water. Add the shrimp and cook until they are glossy with butter and heated through, about 2 to 3 minutes. Cut the American cheese into cubes about ½ inch thick. Add the cheese, the prepared mustard, dry mustard, paprika, Worcestershire sauce, celery salt and beer. Cook until the cheese is completely melted. Stir well. Serve over freshly made toast.

FRIED SHRIMP

¾ lb. raw shrimp, shelled and deveined
Deep fat for frying
¾ cup flour
1 egg, well-beaten
½ cup cold water
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon baking powder
1 teaspoon grated onion

Cut the shrimp, splitting them about three-quarters of their length, leaving the tail end intact. Wash well. Dry on paper toweling. In a deep mixing bowl combine the beaten egg and water. Sift the flour, salt and baking powder into the bowl. Add the grated onion. Beat with a wire whisk or rotary egg beater until the batter is very smooth, 2 to 3 minutes. Heat the fat to 380° or until the first wisp of smoke appears. Dip the shrimp in the batter. Place them one by one gently into the fat. Fry until light brown, turning once during frying. Drain fried shrimp on paper toweling. Sprinkle with salt. Serve with a cold sauce made by combining ¼ cup mayonnaise with 2 tablespoons sour cream and 2 teaspoons horseradish. Or, serve with prepared cold tartar sauce.

SHRIMP AND AVOCADO COCKTAIL

½ lb. cooked shrimp, peeled and deveined

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"Five hundred . . . who'll say six? . . . Six . . . the man bids six hundred . . . Do I hear seven? . . ."

"Twenty dollars? . . . Who'll say fifteen? . . . Do I hear ten? . . ."

EXURBANITES AT PLAY (continued from page 34)

ing bridge all the way out on the train, to the considerable annoyance of newspaper-readers, work hogs, and nappers. Duke's sharkskin suit is a little too sharp, his tie knot too small and tight. He knows all this; he knows, too, that until he's promoted to a better job, this is the correct uniform to wear in his business dealings with the small manufacturers on whom he must call. And what does he do for his living? Duke was captain of his college golf team; the transition was natural and swift to becoming an advertising salesman for a potent, nimble newsweekly. He will contrive to lose enough close matches to potential advertisers in the next few months to become assistant advertising manager, and can then dress according to his taste.

The fourth man we will watch in the next few hours is Armand Santini. He is clothed in ambiguous fashion: a turtle-neck sweater under his tweed jacket, and sneakers. While he is getting his Model-A Ford, to drive it round and pick up the couple who are his weekend guests, we can tell that he is a "genius," local patois for a commercial artist who is not a regular commuter.

And now let's pause to consider the cars these men drive. Santini is a member of Westport's Model-A car owner's association, whose membership dues are spent in buying up other Model-As, which thereafter become boneyards for all members, who may strip the purchases for necessary replacement parts. As for the MG owner, Ben Martell, he belongs to the Sports Car Club of America which is headquartered here in Fairfield County. If his option is picked up for another cycle or two, he will sell his MG to buy a Jaguar; he knows where he can pick up a hell of a second-hand Jag. (Despite its expense, the Jaguar was for some time the best seller among foreign cars, thanks to its popularity in Exurbia. This sports car has been displaced, however, by the much cheaper, purely utilitarian Volkswagen, perhaps because Jags were becoming so common. In northern Westchester, for example, the Volkswagen sold as many as its five nearest competitors, last year. But the Volkswagen is usually a second car, while the Jaguar is a first and often an only car.) The Buick driven by Gid Philips is intended to reflect, and does, his comfortably realistic and mature acceptance of the simple need for dependable transportation. Cameron's new Cadillac is an important business expense, and so appears on his tax returns.

It is not only by their cars that ye shall know them. Let's attend to Armand for a moment. It's not because he is seeking status, but because he genuinely likes wine, that Armand Santini, the artist, has pulled up in his Model-A

outside the liquor store which is conveniently situated just across the road from the railroad station.

While Armand is buying his two bottles of domestic Pinot Noir, we have time to reflect on the problems the exurbanite poses for such an expert taxonomist as Russell Lynes: is the exurbanite highbrow, or middlebrow, or upper-middlebrow? (He surely isn't lowbrow.) It would seem safe to state that he is not middlebrow. He does not belong (nor does his wife) to the Book-of-the-Month Club, or to the Literary Guild.

He is likely to have bought such highbrow trinkets as Eimer Amend chemical jars for his kitchen spice shelf 10 or 12 years ago; he may even hide them now, as being somehow *infra dig*, now that everybody knows about them. Armand cannot or will not remember the time when he did not grind his pepper fresh from a small mill. He is likely to have at least three special salad dressings for his, of course, tossed green salad. In everything but the most intellectual aspects of life, he is ahead of the highbrows or he will know the reason why. But in intellectual matters, he is only upper-middlebrow, and this is because of his belated anti-intellectualism, his reverse snobbism, the factor that today drives him to hide his butterfly chairs away or leave them out in the weather, because too many people have copied him by buying them in cheap copies. It is the same reverse snobbism that leads him to buy a domestic Pinot Noir, and when he gets home he will put the bottles in the refrigerator, too, because he knew that red wines are supposed to be served at room temperature so long ago that he feels he not only can but should break the rule. Armand, his wife, and their guests will be dining late, for nothing special is planned for the evening. Not so with the others.

The others are already busy pouring Martinis (in three out of four homes, the cocktail is Martini). Gid Philips and his wife have another couple in for dinner. Duke Cameron and his wife are going out for dinner. Ben Martell, the television writer, already fairly well sozzled, is taking his wife to a friend's house after dinner. All have something to do. All *must* have something to do. Each would feel he would sink to the level of a fifth-class power if the word got out that he wasn't invited out somewhere, or inviting someone in.

It is 7:45. Gid is filling Martini glasses. Taking advantage of a momentary silence, he clears his throat, catches the attention of his wife and their dinner guests, and tells them a dirty story, fairly new; only one of them has heard it before. The dirty story is common con-

versational coin in Westport. On this average Friday night it is likely that this particular story will be told some 290 times. Gid will, all by himself, tell (if we compute his average output) eight more such stories.

The evening goes forward. Between 8:30 and 9:15 there is a flurry of traffic through the winding country roads: this is Operation Baby-Sitter being successfully accomplished. Thereafter, the cars once again move purposefully through the darkness: parents, freed temporarily from their children, propose to enjoy adult society for a time. The weather on this early summer night is cool. Later on, when it gets hot, there will be beach parties, moonlight sails; still later, in the fall, the barn dance cycle will have begun, and the husbands will be breaking out their plaid shirts and the wives their peasant skirts; come winter, there may even be, in the event of snow, a ride in a sleigh. But now, in early summer, things are quieter. It is 10:30. Let us look in on our four specimens and see what they are up to.

Armand is sitting quietly at home with his weekend guests and his wife. He is on his fifth highball. In view of the earlier Martinis and the wine, he has taken on quite a package, and has reached the point where, a few minutes ago in the bathroom, he was talking to himself in the mirror and making faces at his own answers. Now he is wondering what he ever saw in these people, to make him invite them out for the weekend. His wife stifles a yawn.

Ben Martell and Duke Cameron are at the same party. They exchanged nods when they first came in (they don't know each other particularly well, each is just a train face to the other) and promptly went their separate ways. Duke, ever the salesman, was able to get a poker game started off in the library. He had been miffed, earlier that week, to find that his regular weekly poker game was canceled—one regular had to fly to the coast, another was in bed with a psychogenic cold, and a third was sitting up with a sick script—and had even thought for a few minutes that Friday night might come and find him with nothing to do. A fourth regular in the poker game had, however, invited him to dinner; together with their wives they had come on to this party. Nothing big or pretentious—no more than two dozen people sitting around, talking, watching television, drinking. Five kindred spirits were soon collared and a poker game set up.

On this Friday evening, because the game was hastily organized, stakes are 50¢ and a dollar, and the dealers have been demanding wild games. Duke's wife, growing bored with spit-in-the-ocean, has picked up her money and

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WINSOME WINDSOR

a brief encounter over a counter got us a playmate for april

WHEN IN THE COURSE of human events (which sometimes include buying a fancy chemise for a dear friend's birthday) we discovered blonde, brown-eyed Gloria Windsor behind the counter of a lingerie shop, we said to her, "Let us take you away from all this." She didn't want to be taken away from all that, though—she said she liked her job. We explained that we meant to take her away only long enough to shoot a Playmate photograph, something that could be done on her lunch hour. After a brief exchange of coy dialogue which we won't bore you with here, she consented. On the way to the photographer's studio, we found out a few things about her: that she likes to cook, to hike, to bike-ride; that she does *not*, for a wonder, aspire to a modeling or movie career; that she loves to wolf down big portions of steak and cheesecake and doesn't believe in dieting. We had borrowed, from Gloria's employer, a bit of filmy merchandise, and when we got to the studio she slipped into this and we took the picture. After the session, we took Miss Windsor to lunch (steak and cheesecake) and then escorted her back to the shop, where her employer was tapping an impatient toe and casting significant glances at the clock. But he didn't stay mad very long—Gloria flashed him a big smile and he was tied up in Windsor knots. So were we.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HAL ADAMS



MISS APRIL PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





Above: glorious Gloria proffered us a goodbye smile as she returned to the job after her short excursion into the glamor world. Below: the potential Miss April was writing up a sales slip when we popped the Playmate question. Eyeing her employer with a certain amount of anxiety, she asked, "Will I be back by one o'clock—for sure?"



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The outraged husband discovered his wife in bed with another man.

"What is the meaning of this?" he demanded. "Who is this fellow?"

"That seems like a fair question," said the wife, rolling over. "What is your name?"



Demonstrating once again the importance of the lowly comma, this telegram was sent from a wife to her husband: "NOT GETTING ANY, BETTER COME HOME AT ONCE."

The stranger walked up to a Las Vegas dice table and laid down a \$1000 bet. He shook the dice, but as he threw them a third cube fell unexpectedly from his sleeve. The house operator was unruffled. He handed back two of the dice and pocketed the third, saying, "OK, roll again. Your point is 15."

A sweet young thing of our acquaintance decided that she would rather be a young man's slave than an old man's darling, because she couldn't stand the idea of old age creeping up on her.



Shed a tear for the unfortunate shoe salesman, with a lisp, who got slapped when he asked an adequately proportioned female customer to sit down while he "looked up her thize."

A svelte redhead was driving her Jag cross-country last summer. The trip was a hot and dusty one and when she spotted a small pool in a little glade not far off the road, she decided to stop for a swim. She slipped out of her clothes and plunged in, and had been enjoying the cool water a few minutes, when she became aware of two farmers watching her from behind some bushes. Her clothes were at the other side of the

pool, but there was an old washtub stuck in the sand near her, and holding that in front of her, she marched out of the water towards them.

"Don't you two old fools have anything better to do?" she snapped. "Do you know what I think?!"

"Yes, ma'm," drawled the taller of the two men, "you think that there washtub has a bottom in it."

The golfer confidently eyed the next hole and remarked to his caddy: "This should be good for a long drive and a putt." His swing, however, hit the sod and pushed the ball only a few feet.

"Now," said the caddy, "for a hell of a putt."



Engineers are continually surprised to find that girls with the most streamlined shapes offer the most resistance.

A doctor and his wife were out walking when a buxom blonde in tight-fitting sweater and skirt nodded hello from a nearby doorway.

"And who was that?" questioned the wife.

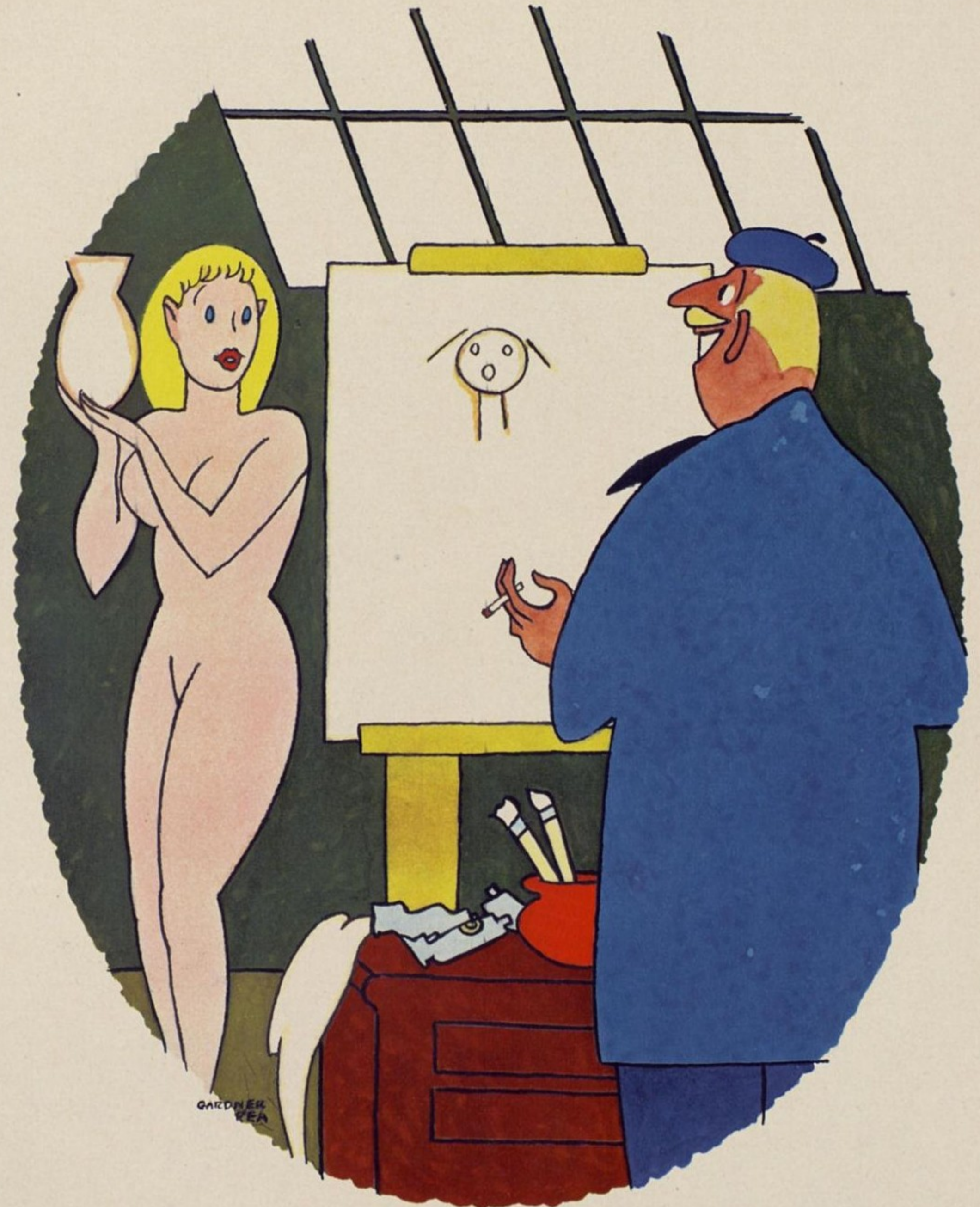
"Oh, just a young woman I know professionally," said the doctor, reddening visibly.

"I'm sure of that," said the wife, "but your profession or hers?"

In a recent discussion on world affairs, a friend observed the difference between war and peace is there has never been a good war.

We know of an overweight playboy who is unhappy about losing 105 pounds last month. She was a beautiful blonde.

Heard any good ones lately? Send your favorites to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 232 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Ill., and earn an easy five dollars for each joke used. In case of duplicates, payment goes to first received. Jokes cannot be returned.



"Please don't let the fact that you've never posed before make you nervous, Miss Armitage. I've never painted before."

left. Duke is ahead. He plays a good, hard game, and his talk bristles with tough slang.

Ben, being a television writer, is as far away from the television set as he can get without actually being outside the house. He was sozzled when he got off the bar car more than three hours ago and nothing he has done in the meantime has repaired the situation, but you have to know him well to perceive how far along he is. His wife can always tell, of course; there is something about his eyes; they begin to look like very slow pinwheels. She said something to him about it earlier and there was a brief, acrimonious exchange, but things seem all right now.

At this moment, Ben's eye has a speculative glint that has nothing to do with pinwheels: he has just seen a young woman for the first time whom he can't remember having seen before; their glances met and did something improper, before she turned away. She is Mrs. Duke Cameron, a fact about which Ben couldn't care less. We may give this pair another 30 minutes to gravitate closer to each other, eye each other again, exchange a few words, and engage in gambit and counter-gambit; no more will be required for them to have gone away somewhere or other, to do something or other. Their liaison at the moment could not be more casual, even more ephemeral; for this reason it is for each of them something that can be legitimately included under the general heading of recreation. It may, of course, develop into something more serious and tenacious: one party or the other (or both) may with time even come to believe that what is involved is a grand passion, perhaps the only true grand passion of a lifetime, in which case it will no longer be recreational but will tug at the seams of two marriages and two families and may well end up in some psychoanalyst's notebook. But for the moment it is in the nature of a routine, a bit. Such encounters have a deadly sameness throughout Exurbia.

Over in Greens Farms, Gid Philips, the account executive, is sitting in his living room with his wife and dinner guests (the husband of this couple is an account executive from another agency). Gid is trying to remember what it was that he wanted to say. Something his friend just said reminded him — of what? He is racking his memory. Shop talk? Real estate talk? What was it? He cannot remember. He sighs, and goes to refill his glass yet again.

It is after midnight now, and all these people have worked a long, full day. Moreover, they must be up early on the morrow whether they want to or not; their children will see to that. For those

who are away from home, what of the baby-sitter? Will they not now go home?

In Armand Santini's home, the New Yorkers who are his weekend guests were the first to cave in. They mounted the stairs to their bedroom a few minutes ago, amid a certain amount of restrained chatter about birdsong in the early morning. (They will whisper to each other about the three-quarter bed, the 25-watt bulb in the light on their night table, and the distance to the bathroom.) The account executives are bidding each other goodnight, too, for they must both be up before dawn; they are going fishing, out in the Sound. But Duke is cannily engaged in drawing to a flush, and he is good for at least four more hours. His wife, whose sleepy expression is delicately sated, is ready to drive home any time now, and let her husband fend for himself. Out in the darkness, Ben Martell, whose expression would bespeak quiet triumph under other circumstances, has passed out. It happened just a moment ago and his wife isn't aware of it yet; she is still talking to him, if talking is not too mild a word. She is driving the MG toward home and, she hopes, driving bloody and implacable barbs of fury toward her husband. The lights will be out in their house by 1:30, and a good thing.

With the early morning, the entire exurb stirs, shakes itself, and is almost immediately transformed into a hive of activity. Saturday throughout Exurbia is children's day. It is the day when the fathers are put to the test of remembering why they said they wanted to move from the city, and it must be stated that in the majority of families, the father rises to this occasion splendidly. Whether the purity of his motives is sullied by feelings of guilt toward his children is not the point, at least not here; what matters is that from breakfast until the cocktail hour he is almost entirely at the disposal of his young.

But throughout Exurbia, whatever the Saturday morning activity may be, at noon, stirred by an inner signal, fathers everywhere stiffen, like a dog on the point. Inside them, a small voice is asking: "What is better than one Martini before lunch?" And another small voice makes prompt answer: "Two Martinis," wherewith the cars depart from the shores, the tennis courts, the boat-yards and the schooling rings, so that Daddy may repair his tissues.

In the afternoon, the hectic round will be resumed, except for the lucky few who can contrive a nap. Duke Cameron is not one of them. Undismayed by lack of sleep and his two sets of tennis, he heads for his country club. He has a date to play golf with an old friend. It has nothing to do with busi-

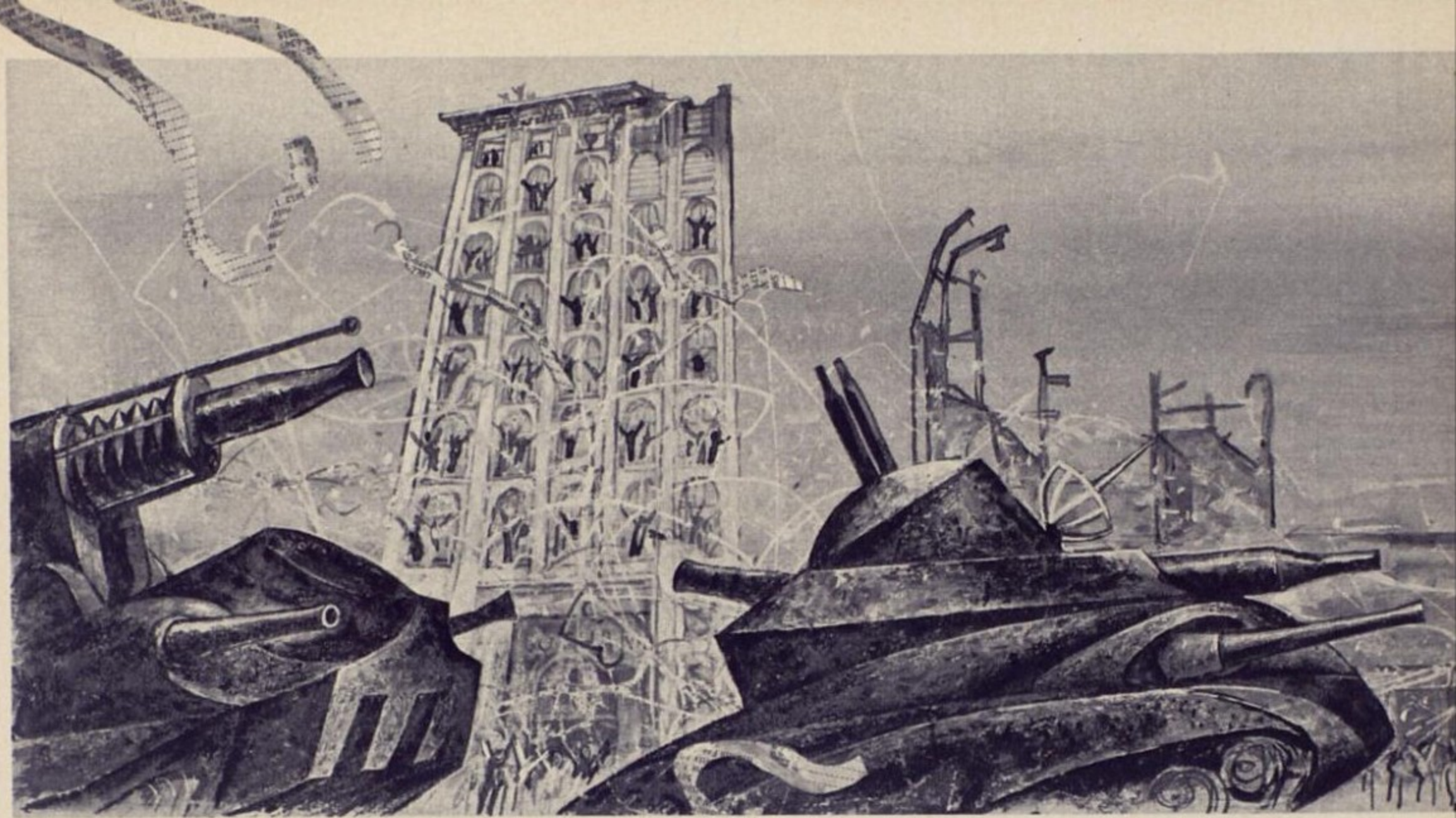
ness: he can play for blood and intends to: \$50 Nassau. Ben and Armand are shepherding their young to Compo Beach, where the artist's guests will be thoroughly dismayed by the sharp rocks over which they will have to scamper in order to reach the water, which is in any event going out. Low tide will be around 4:00 this afternoon. Gid and his son won't be back from fishing till around 5:00, at which point they will join the rest of their family around a friend's pool.

Mention was made earlier, in connection with Friday night, that few Westporters care to spend their Friday evenings alone. There is even greater fear of being left out on Saturday night. True, there are a handful of hardy souls — freaks, biological sports — who even around Westport would prefer to stay at home and read a book; and it is likely that there are others, part of the majority, who entertain a sneaking envy for these individualists. But Saturday night's enticements beckon too urgently. All four of our specimens are going out for the evening. The writer, Ben, and his wife are going to a big party in Weston. Ben spent the morning wondering how obvious to everybody his absence last night had been; he remembered that he had been absent — and why — as soon as he became aware of the fact that his wife was not talking to him except in the presence of the children. Came the afternoon sun on the beach, and for the first time he began idly to speculate as to whether the space salesman's wife would be at the same party again tonight. He rather hoped she would not. But after his third pre-dinner Martini, he began to hope that she would be there, and to fear that she would not. As it happens, she will not. She and Duke are driving with two other couples to have dinner at Stonehenge, a charming country restaurant on Route 7 near Ridgefield, a place that advertises: "We charge more. We care more. We give more."

The Camerons and their friends will not eat until 10:00, and when they get back near home they will take dead aim on the party in Weston but will miss it, ending up instead dancing in a darkened room at the Camerons' house. The Armand Santinis and guests are going to a somewhat smaller party. The Philipses are going to a party in Wilton, at the home of an advertiser, big deal. If you ask, But isn't this approximately what they all did just last night? the answer is, Well, yes, and it is also approximately what they all did last weekend, and approximately what they will all do next weekend.

What are our four specimens up to, on this Saturday night? It is getting on toward 11:00 — we should look in on

(continued on page 52)



a murmur spread through the city like the humming of angry insects

VICTORY PARADE

fiction BY HENRY SLESAR

THE NEWS OF the surrender reacted upon the women of New York like an intoxicating drink, and for days before the Victory Parade, the girls were out in force along the crumbling remnants of Fifth Avenue, clearing the rubble from the wide streets with energy and determination, and the giggling abandon of a dormitory revel.

When the morning of the Parade arrived, in one of the few remaining office buildings at 57th Street, the employees of the Gotham Corporation were in 100% attendance. Nobody minded coming to work this day, for Gotham's nine floors would afford as fine a view of the triumphal march as could be had in the city. The girls began to arrive promptly at nine, and clustered in small, excited groups around the desks and lead-shielded water coolers and ersatz-coffee machines. They talked of nothing but the Parade, and nobody, not even the frowning supervisors, minded.

It was remarkable how attractive the girls all looked this morning. The best dresses had been removed from their hiding places, and sewn and patched and repaired until they were more than presentable. The few girls fortunate enough to have saved their lipstick ra-

tion were generously passing the small, dull-leaden tubes around to the rest. The reddish-brown blobs of colored wax had to be heated by the flame of a match before they could be applied, but nobody complained of the inconvenience. Even stern Mrs. Pritchard, the typing supervisor, accepted a light dab of the cosmetic on her dry lips, and even forced herself to smile at the girls. Mary Quade, whose heart-shaped little face was almost featureless due to radiation burns, refused the lipstick, but went so far as to let her friend, Bobo Anderson, do adroit little things with her hair. And they knew for sure that this was a special day when old Miss Gunderson, the President of the firm, came waltzing down the room to her front office, wearing a flower-print dress instead of the gray canvas-like suits she had worn since the war began.

It was really a wonderful day, and there hadn't been so many happy sounds in the Gotham office since the first bomb had dropped and sheared off the lower tip of Manhattan Island. But all that was over now, and the victorious forces were on their way home after seven terrible years.

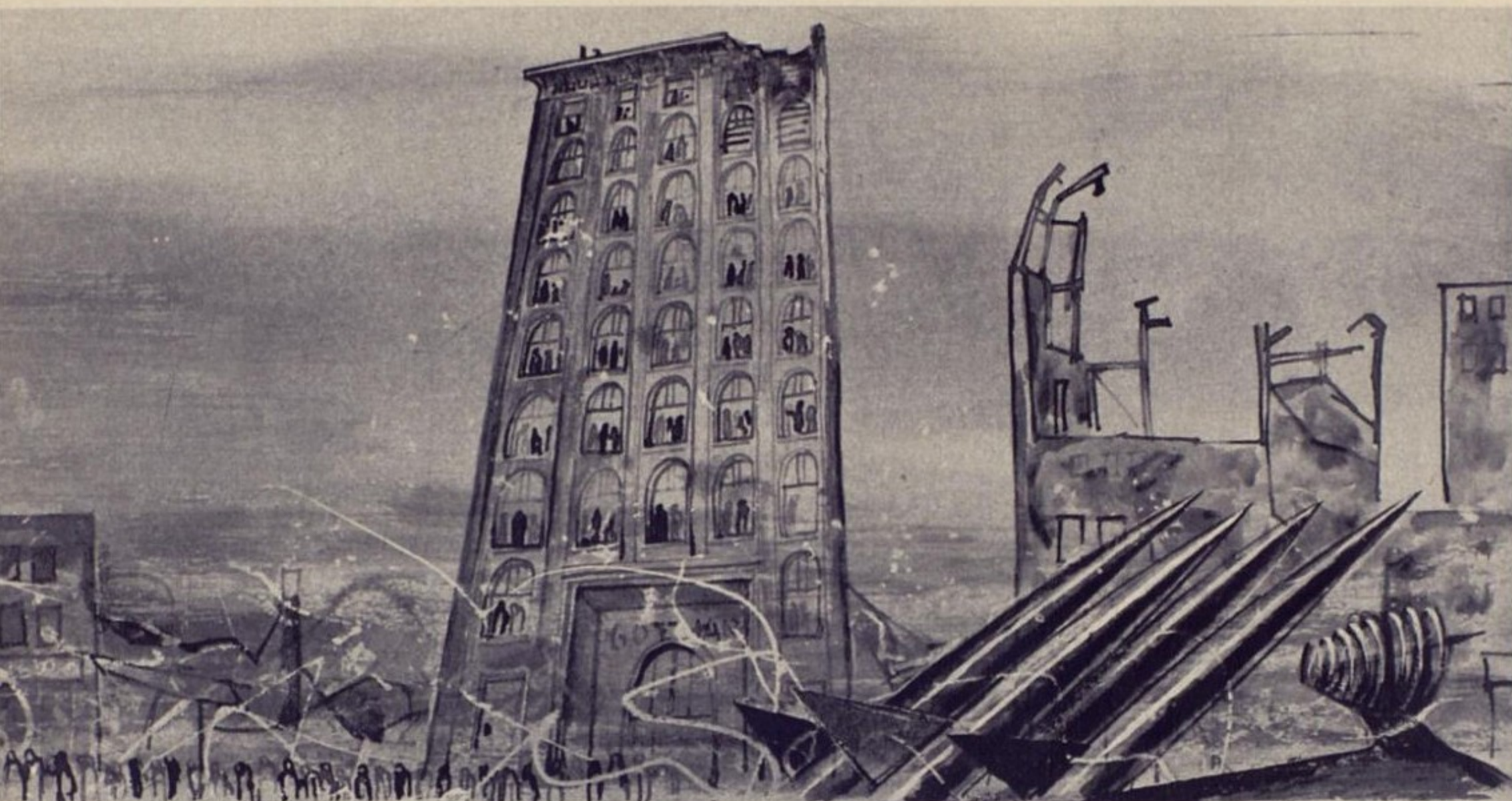
There was no ticker tape, of course,

since the stock market no longer existed. But there were thick old telephone books, made useless by the total disruption of service, and the girls set about tearing the pages into thousands of strips to float gaily from the windows of the Gotham Building. They were very industrious, and the excitement rose with every passing minute. Bobo Anderson took up a position at a front window an hour before the Parade was scheduled to begin, sharing it only with Mary Quade. But there were plenty of windows to go around, and no one would miss anything of the marvelous sights on the street below.

At 10:30, the faint strains of martial music floated into the office, sending them scurrying and squealing to the windows. From their vantage points, they could make out the cluster of ships at the newly-created dock on 14th Street. The paraders would be emerging directly from the pier, preceded by the sound truck with its renditions of Sousa's best; taped, since military bands had been ruled an unnecessary luxury in the second year of the war.

Then the Parade had begun.

First came the thunder of the great automatic tanks, huge black shells with



ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT HODGELL

VICTORY PARADE (continued from preceding page)

robot-controlled engines and long-nosed weapons bristling from every side. Pilotless, they moved slowly and majestically down Fifth Avenue, with an intelligence and dignity of their own.

Then came the great massed assembly of atomic artillery, electronically guided, their slim tapered shanks gleaming in the morning sunlight.

Then came the rocket launchers, their precious cargo mounted in neat, shining rows, the warheads pointing defiantly at the blue skies overhead.

Then came the guided missiles, a mile of streamlined weapons mounted upon the platforms of robot-guided trucks, deadly little messengers with electronic instincts of their own. Air-to-air, ground-to-ground, ground-to-air, air-to-ground—a magnificent display of power.

Then the warplanes were screaming overhead, spreading joyous white jet-trails across the accommodating sky, creating clouds where there had been nothing but blue before. Their robot-pilots held them firm in their course over the Parade site, and the women in the office windows craned their necks to see the beautiful craft with their sleek bodies and swept-back wings.

Slowly, inexorably, the parade of mighty weapons passed in review while the women watched, cheering and shouting and sending a snowfall of paper streamers into the air. On a window sill of the Gotham Company, little Mary Quade suddenly began to weep, putting her terrible face against Bobo Anderson's comforting shoulder.

Finally, the weapons were past the windows of the Gotham Building and the excitement mounted once more. The strains of Sousa's music faded and disappeared uptown, and the women huddled even closer to the windows to see the rest of the splendid Parade.

They waited, and they became nervous waiting, and some of them started to giggle. Then they were silent in their waiting, and in the silence, Mary Quade's weeping was pronounced and depressing. Mrs. Pritchard seemed to lose her newly-found good humor, and told Mary to shut up. Bobo defended her friend, but without conviction, her eyes still on the streets below. Old Mrs. Gunderson came out of the front office, holding a brown cigarette. She looked at the girls as if she wanted to talk, but changed her mind and stomped back into her private office. Suddenly, every-

thing seemed spoiled. The fine mood which had begun the day seemed dissipated, lost.

They waited by the windows, until the clocks began ticking too loud, and they began to realize that perhaps the Parade was over. It was unbelievable, of course. Something had gone wrong, some technical difficulty at the pier, some Army snafu. That was it, of course. There had been a fine display of weapons, but the Parade wasn't done. Was it?

Then the quiet settled over Fifth Avenue again. The last paper streamer floated noiselessly to join the rubble in the street. Then they knew the Victory Parade was truly ended.

Bobo Anderson said it first.

"Where are the men?" she said. "Those are only the machines. Didn't the men come back?"

"Where are the men?" Mrs. Pritchard asked, her hand at her throat. "Where are the men?" Mary Quade sobbed. "The men? The men?" the women asked over and over until the murmur spread over the city like the humming of angry insects.



ON AN OTHERWISE QUIET Sunday a few months ago, the *New York Times* ran an item that made me sit right up on the edge of my heart-saver chair. "FEDERAL 'BRAINS' BRACE FOR STORM," the headline read. "Apostle of Madison Avenue Techniques to Try to Stir up Sluggish Thinkers." For those who may have spent the day playing bumper-tag, or building a bar in the basement, it may be wise to provide a briefing, since this thing could very well affect all of us.

In a small padded nutshell, the item stated that a Mr. Charles H. Clark, who, in his earthly life, is an assistant manager of a major oil company, "thinks the old-fashioned business of racking one's brains is no longer productive enough for an idea-hungry government," and has gone to Washington to show the Navy Department how to eliminate the mess and drudgery of ordinary cerebration. Why he chose the Navy Department is anybody's guess, since mental malnutrition can strike anywhere and our jolly tars have never seemed any more "idea-hungry" than, say, postmen or district tax collectors. But, as the "high apostle of 'brainstorming,'" Clark had to start somewhere, and it's just possible that the Navy hasn't been feeling up to snuff intellectually since the "Big Mo" got stuck in the mud.

According to the *Times* report, Clark's brainstorming technique was first formulated by advertising executive Alex F. Osborn and "is roughly the reverse of brainwashing. It calls for assembling a group of brains in one room, then stimulating them to disgorge their contents in uninhibited, spontaneous and snappy phrasing. Theoretically, when the usual idea-inhibitors, like the boss and the office pessimist, are barred, the stimulated brains throw off half-formed or spontaneous thoughts, like sparks from a grindstone." These are immediately "ensnared" in an "idea-trap," or notebook, "as they flash through the room, and are later sifted to refine the good from the nonsense."

Clark has even worked out a "creative thinking tool kit," in line with the do-it-yourself trend, but all that any group of mental sluggards really needs to get started is an idea-trap and a bell. The *Times* doesn't specify the type of bell, whether door, dinner, elephant or Chinese-temple, so it probably doesn't matter, just as long as it dings, dongs or jingles. "This should be rung instantly by the group leader when pessimists intrude sour criticism apt to impede idea production." Next to plain logic, the greatest hazards to brain-

storming are what Clark calls "killer-phrases," which make "good ideas curl up and die." As examples of the sort of murderous mutterings anticipated at the Washington séance, he lists: *It's not in the budget, It's never been done before—why stick out your neck? Let's form a committee and They'll think we're longhaired.* The *Times* story closes with the statement that "Creative cudgeling of the Federal brain is Mr. Clark's mission . . . and its success may depend on whether he can avoid being laughed off as just a latter-day brain-truster."

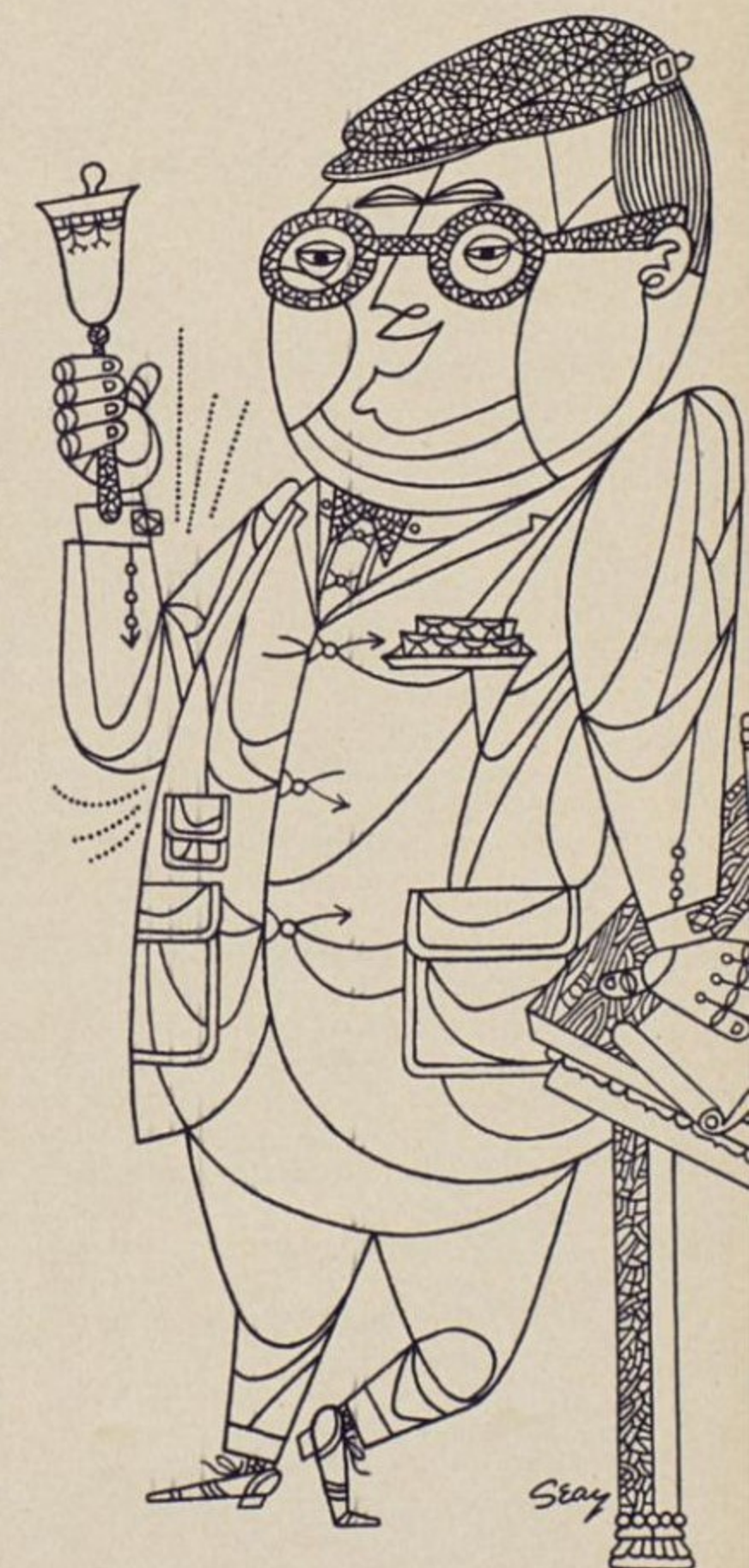
Since the item appeared a while back, the only excuse I have for not mentioning it sooner, is that it has taken me all this time to recover from my initial panic and sort out the half-formed and spontaneous reactions ensnared in my own idea-trap. Though I haven't been brooding over the Clark mission every minute, I have been scanning the papers pretty carefully for the results of his three-day session with "the uniformed and civilian personnel of the Navy's Office of Industrial Relations." To date, my failing eyesight has detected no mention of the outcome, which leaves a lot of half-formed and spontaneous questions flashing through my sluggish cerebrum, like X-rays through a lead bowling ball. Was Charles H. Clark laughed off as a latter-day brain-truster? Did they accuse him of being longhaired? Or was the experiment such a spectacular success that our idea-hungry government clapped a Top Secret label on the results, preparatory to establishing brainstorming as a standard service procedure? What of the Navy? How will it fare under the experience of having its brains cudgelled according to the latest Madison Avenue techniques? Will midshipmen be required to study advertising at Annapolis? Is huckstering on the high seas permissible under international law? What of Dewey? What of Manila? Has anybody seen the Monitor and the Merrimac lately?

If your answers to the last three questions are *Who? Huh?* and *Look in the top bureau drawer*, you are a true child of Virgo and were born under one of the most auspicious signs in the zodiac. Your birthstone is the sapphire, and you are invited to tag along as we eavesdrop on the following scene, which takes place aboard the U.S.S. Media, a supply ship recently withdrawn from inactive duty to serve as a floating laboratory for the highly hush-hush experiment known as Operation Brainstorm. Captain Ahab B. Jonah, known to his wife as "Old Sobersides," faces a small

The Power of Positive Thinking

humor By William Iversen

scattered brainstormings,
clearing toward morning



group of junior officers, who have been handpicked for apathy and a general lack of ideas. Their names, not necessarily in order of rank or degree of intellectual numbness, are Miller, Schwartz, Olsen, Kaplan, Reilly and Spellini. At the captain's side, wearing a gray-flannel uniform and a sports cap with a belt in the back, stands Commander Wiley Bricker, U.S.N.R., known to his former associates at Goodheart, Lightfoot, Friendly & Kidder as "Goldy." Bricker, one of advertising's top creative thinkers, is currently stationed at the Hotel Plaza and has just taxied out from stateside in the Media's tender. As the curtain rises, the Media is riding at anchor in the Hudson River, the wind is from the southwest at a pleasant six knots and Bricker's Corvette is parked in a tow-away zone at the foot of 125th Street. The scene is the officers' dining room, which has been redecorated in primary colors. Fingerpaints and modeling clay have been placed here and there about the room for those who care to use them . . . Captain Jonah is the first to speak . . .

JONAH: Gentlemen, you've all been told why you're here. If you've forgotten again, I wouldn't be the least bit surprised, since you've been selected as the top six goofs in the Atlantic Fleet. How you ever got your commissions is beyond me, but since I'm stuck with you and orders are orders, I want you to try to stay awake long enough to hear what Commander Bricker has to say . . . Commander Bricker. (Bricker steps forward with an engaging smile. Miller, Olsen, Kaplan, Reilly and Spellini stare at him as though he were a crack in the sidewalk. Schwartz begins to nod. The captain sits with folded arms, looking as if he were expecting an attack of heartburn, and it's 10 minutes late.)

BRICKER (affably): All right, brains away men! What's your name, Ensign? (He points at the dozing Schwartz.)

REILLY (looking around): Who, me?

MILLER (slowly rising): Miller, sir.

BRICKER: Not you, the man next to you.

SPELLINI: That's Schwartz. (He nudges him.)

SCHWARTZ (jolts awake, mumbles): All right, honey . . .

BRICKER: I asked you a question, Schwartz. What's your name?

SCHWARTZ (blankly): Uhhh . . . (Spellini prompts him.) Schwartz!

BRICKER: Very well, Schwartz, would you mind distributing these six little notebooks and pencils around the table. There's one for each of you. (Schwartz takes the notebooks and pencils and starts distributing. Bricker picks up a small hand bell.) Now, who can tell me

what this is? (He rings it and waits.) KAPLAN (after a long pause): B-flat, sir. BRICKER: I don't mean the tone, I mean the thing itself. What is it? OLSEN: I know . . . brass? (At the word "brass," Captain Jonah, who hasn't been listening, shoots Olsen a sharp glance. He suspects they may have been talking about him, but he isn't sure. Schwartz returns from circling the table and hands Bricker two notebooks.)

BRICKER: What's this?

SCHWARTZ: Two left over, sir.

BRICKER: But that's impossible. Who didn't get a notebook?

REILLY (after a pause): I didn't.

SPELLINI: Me neither.

MILLER: I got two pencils.

BRICKER (handing notebooks to Reilly and Spellini): Who didn't get a pencil? (Each man carefully counts the articles in front of him, "One . . . two," and looks around at the others.)

KAPLAN: Schwartz didn't get a pencil. (General confusion as Miller hands Schwartz both pencils, and Bricker intervenes to give one back to Miller. Captain Jonah shakes his head and mutters.)

BRICKER (recovering aplomb): All right, now, I want you to put on your thinking caps and come up with some new slogans for the Navy's recruitment program. Just jot down the first thing that comes into your head and we'll refine the good from the nonsense later. And no pessimism, please, or I'll have to ring the bell and ask you to leave. All set? Go! (Miller, Olsen, Kaplan, Reilly and Spellini settle down as though for a long subway ride. Schwartz starts to nod again. The captain's chair creaks and Bricker snaps his fingers.) Come, come, out with it. Let's go right around the table and everybody sing out a good, snappy Navy slogan. You first, Miller.

MILLER: It floats.

BRICKER (beams): Excellent! Is that the first thing that came into your head?

MILLER (sheepishly): No, the second.

BRICKER: What was the first?

MILLER: I forget, but it wasn't a slogan.

BRICKER: All right, Schwartz, you're next—sing out!

SCHWARTZ (jolts awake, croons plaintively): "I don't want to walk without you, ba-a-by . . ."

BRICKER: Next!

OLSEN: The enlistment that refreshes!

KAPLAN: Join now, pay later!

REILLY: Don't give up the shore!

(Bricker rings bell.)

BRICKER: That does it, Reilly! (Points to door.) Out!

REILLY (rising, puzzled): Out? But why, sir?

BRICKER: You're a pessimist, Reilly,

and we don't need your sort on the team. You make good ideas curl up and die.

REILLY (protests): Yeah, but—

BRICKER (briskly): Next slogan!

SPELLINI: The Navy . . . because . . .

BRICKER: Yes, yes, go on.

SPELLINI: That's the whole thing, sir. You have this full-page color shot of a model in a real expensive-looking evening gown opening the door for a sailor and underneath you put the slogan—

"The Navy . . . because . . ."

BRICKER: Good! Now jot those thoughts down, and—

(The captain laughs derisively, Bricker frowns.)

What's so funny, Captain?

JONAH: You, Commander. You're acting like a latter-day brain-truster!

BRICKER: I'm sorry, sir, but that's a killer-phrase. I'll have to ask you to leave.

JONAH (rising in anger): You don't have to ask, Commander. Nothing would please me more!

OLSEN (whispers to Bricker): I wouldn't ask the captain to leave, if I were you, sir. It's never been done before! (Bricker rings bell.)

KAPLAN: But why stick your neck out, Commander? (Bricker rings bell and points to door again. Kaplan rises.)

BRICKER: Hold the door open, Reilly! (Reilly holds door open as Captain Jonah exits, muttering something that sounds like a reference to Bowditch having one of the craziest sons he's ever seen. Olsen and Kaplan exit after him, followed by Reilly. When the door is shut, Bricker braces his shoulders and flashes an encouraging smile at Miller, Spellini and Schwartz.)

Now that the pessimists and the boss are gone, we can really start disgorging our brains, men. Let's take a few pot-shots at the problem of how to make the Navy a brighter, happier place to live. What would you do?

MILLER (eagerly): Draft girls, paint the ships white and put in cocktail bars!

SPELLINI: Draft a lot of girls and have dancing every night!

MILLER: Two orchestras—one for rhumbas and cha-chas, and the other for sweet stuff!

SPELLINI (dubiously): Orchestras too? Gee, I don't think that's in the budget. (Bricker rings bell.)

BRICKER: Too bad, Spellini.

SPELLINI: But what did I—

(His voice breaks and the bewilderment on his face melts into a wistful smile, as he murmurs . . .) Killer-phrase, huh?

(Bricker nods.) OK, so Spellini made the mistake of thinking about money. That's natural. (He rises, leans on table as he addresses Bricker in a quiet voice.)

So maybe I didn't come from a fancy background . . . so maybe my father

(concluded on page 78)



"In this business, Farthingale, we never address a customer as 'Miss'!"

them. At Stonehenge, Duke and his party are dawdling over coffee. He is talking to the lady on his left (his wife is across from him) but his eyes, as he talks or listens, keep dropping down to a point about six inches below the lady's chin, and his mind is less on what they are talking about than on what may eventuate, should she be the one to sit on his lap on their way home. (They have all six come in one car, although nobody was concerned about saving gas.) In Wilton, Gid is talking to the advertiser about real estate. The Santinis and their house guests are at a party of about 20 people. The party is being given by a middle-aged couple named Mann—Ralph and Eleanor Mann.

Here's our buxom hostess, already flushed and nervous, talking too fast and too much. And what the hell!—there's Bill Dahl, who took a job right out from under Armand's nose just last week. What is this, a gag, having both of them at the same party?

Bill and Armand greet each other effusively and part company. There, in the corner, with some other magazine people, is Fred Barber. There's his wife, Rita, looking wistfully pretty and overdressed. She's talking with Jane, which is not odd despite the fact that they spent the whole afternoon sharing supervision of a children's birthday party. There's Ted Daniels, the TV producer, and the only man who hasn't heard the current description of himself as a pinstripe Walt Whitman. Everybody knows everybody else and they're all on at least their second drinks, except Jack Fuller, the playwright, who's on his third.

But the atmosphere of the party is not relaxed, and everyone senses it. They will, therefore, respond happily to Armand Santini's suggestion that everybody play parlor games.

In Fairfield County parlor games have a periodic popularity like economic depressions. For years there will be none of it, but somewhere there is an exurbanite who has run across a line in Dylan Thomas that he never heard of having been used in *The Game*, and the moment will come when this man will insist on some charades just so he can satisfy himself that his line ("Altarwise by owl-light in the halfway house") is as prickly a proposition as he hoped it would be. His insistence, at one Saturday night party, will set off a wave of charades.

Perhaps it is the exurbanite's flamboyant exhibitionism, perhaps it is his spirited sense of competition bursting above the surface again. Not enough that he played two sets of tennis and a bloody game of croquet and then drove his Hillman Minx as competitively as possible from home to party, while his wife nervously braked the floorboards

the whole way. Not enough: he must compete some more. Perhaps this is the reason, but most certainly something else is involved too, in other parlor games popular around Westport, and that is aggressive hostility, urbanely masked. These other games (there are at least two that have had a limited run of popularity in the last year or so) are switches on old children's games, and the wonder is that they have not caused more outright violence than they have. Here is how one is played:

One of the group is selected to be It. It is told to leave the room, and that while It is out of the room the others will make up a story of some sort. Then it will be It's task to return and try to discover what the story is about by asking everyone in turn whatever questions occur to It. The other people are restricted, in their answers, to a Yes, a No, and a Maybe. Once It is out of the room, the others will make up no story whatsoever. They will use up a little time to fill their drinks, tell a joke or two at It's expense, and inform any squares who don't know how the game is played (if indeed there is any square present aside from It) of the real rules. The real rules are that when It returns, any question asked that ends with a consonant is answered with a No; any question asked that ends with a vowel is answered with a Yes; a question ending with a "y" permits the answer Maybe. The point of the game is that It will make up his own story, and in the process disclose to the amateur psychoanalysts present, by his free-association, his unconscious fantasies.

Let the reader think that stories do not in fact come out, herewith, very briefly, are appended two actual stories as invented by unfortunate Its for the delectation of their friends:

1. A girl midget, whose mother is also a midget, marries a boy midget. Goaded on by her mother, the girl midget on her wedding night has sexual intercourse with an elephant, and dies.

2. A sister shoots and kills her brother when she discovers him in her barn, using her milking-machine for the purpose of masturbation.

Once there was a girl from whose unconscious appeared a story about a circus-train which was wrecked and spewed forth freaks who raped all the women living in houses beside the railroad track. When she was told it was her story, that she alone had supplied the details, she burst into tears and fled alone into the night.

Stories like these could never be contrived by a group of people sitting around a room. They can only develop in the course of this malevolent game.

The game as played at the Manns'

party illustrates the technique. Fortunately for Ralph Mann and his wife, either of whom would have been good victims, the It chosen was the city guest of the Santinis. When he was called back, this hapless man invented the following story, in the following way.

IT: Is this story about people?

ANSWER: Yes.

IT: Is it about animals?

ANSWER: No.

IT: Then every character is a person?

ANSWER: No.

IT: No? Well . . . supernatural characters?

ANSWER: No.

IT: Is there a monster in the story?

ANSWER: Maybe.

IT: Well, let's see—does a woman give birth to a monstrosity?

ANSWER: Maybe.

IT: Well, does she?

ANSWER: Yes.

IT: Maybe? and Yes? Oh, it's two?

ANSWER: Yes.

IT: Siamese twins! Is there a crime?

ANSWER: Yes.

And so it went. The story unfolded was of a woman who destroyed the Siamese twins she had born out of wedlock by ripping them to pieces with her bare hands. When It was told this was his own story, he reacted in the usual way, with hot denials. It was patiently explained to him, as it has been to every It to date, that the completely mechanical and arbitrary method of answering gave him free choice at every turn, and that, for example, he might have started out by asking questions about time, locale, historical period, motivation, anything. Additionally, it was explained that the question as to whether the story was about people, to which an affirmative answer was given, might have satisfied anyone willing to think about people as distinct from non-people, but that It insisted on having other creatures in his story, even after learning there were no animals.

It took an exurbanite to decide that this game was flawed by the endless post-mortems, and to think up a way to improve it. He felt, too, that it was formless: the person who was It could go on asking questions indefinitely, could spin several stories, and never end until finally, in belated mercy, or out of sadistic impatience for the particular delights of the moment of truth, some player of the game would cut It off and tell him who was responsible for the horrors. But the moment of truth, it seemed to the inventive exurbanite, came too soon. It occurred to him, one night, that at a certain point It should be told that the entire story as contrived by the group had now been successfully wormed out of them, that It was completely the winner. "And now," this exurbanite

(continued on page 56)

Ribald Classic

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



I succumbed: she was warm and pliant under my hands.

THE WAYWARD WIFE

IT WAS A SMALL drawing room with thick hangings and with a faint aroma of flowers and perfume in the air. A large fire was burning in the grate, and one lamp, covered with a shade of old lace, on the corner of the mantelpiece, threw a soft light onto the two persons who were talking.

She, the mistress of the house, was an adorable old lady with white hair; he was a very old friend, who had never married, a constant friend, a companion in the journey of life, but no more.

They had not spoken for about a minute and were both looking at the

fire, dreaming of nothing in particular. It was one of those moments of sympathetic silence between people who have no need to be constantly talking in order to be happy together. Suddenly a large log, a stump covered with burning roots, fell out. It fell over the fire irons onto the drawing-room floor, scattering great sparks all around. The old lady sprang up with a scream, as if to run away, but he kicked the log back onto the hearth and trod out the burning sparks with his boots.

When the disaster was repaired there was a strong smell of burning. Sitting

down opposite his friend, the man looked at her with a smile and said as he pointed to the log:

"That accident recalls the reason I never married."

She looked at him in astonishment, then asked, "How so?"

"Oh, it is a long story," he replied, "a rather sad and unpleasant story . . ."

"Everyone was surprised at the coldness which suddenly sprang up between myself and one of my best friends, Julien. They could not understand how two such inseparable friends as we had been could suddenly become almost

WAYWARD WIFE

(continued from preceding page)



strangers to one another. I will tell you the reason.

"He and I used to room together at one time. We were never apart, and the friendship that united us seemed so strong that nothing could break it.

"One evening when he came home he told me that he was going to be married, and it gave me quite a shock, just as if he had robbed me or betrayed me. When a man's friend marries, all is over between them. The jealous affection of a woman, a suspicious, uneasy and carnal affection, will not tolerate that sturdy and frank attachment of the mind and of the heart, and the mutual confidence which exists between men.

"However great the love may be that unites them, a man and a woman are always strangers in mind and intellect; they remain belligerents; they belong to different races. There must always be a conqueror and a conquered, a master and a slave; now the one, now the other — they are never equal.

"Well, my friend Julien married. His wife was exceedingly pretty, charming; a light curly-haired, bright little woman, who seemed to worship him. At first I went but rarely to their house, as I was afraid of interfering with their affection and averse to being in the way. But they were constantly inviting me to their home and seemed very fond of me. Consequently, by degrees I allowed myself to be allured by the charm of their life. I often dined with them, and frequently, when I returned home at night, thought that I would do as Julien had done and get married, as I found my empty house very dull. They seemed very much in love with one another and were never apart.

"Well, one evening Julien wrote and asked me to come to dinner.

"My dear fellow," he said, "I must go out directly afterward on business, and I shall not be back until 11 o'clock. Can I depend on you to keep Bertha company?"

"His wife smiled.

"It was my idea," she said.

"I held out my hand to her.

"You are as nice as ever," I said, and I felt a long, friendly pressure on my fingers, but I paid no attention to it. We sat down to dinner, and at eight o'clock Julien went out.

"As soon as he had gone, a kind of strange embarrassment immediately

seemed to come over the two of us. We had never been alone together, and in spite of our daily increasing intimacy, this *tête-à-tête* placed us in a new position. At first I spoke vaguely of those indifferent matters with which one fills an awkward silence, but she did not reply and remained opposite to me, looking down in an undecided manner, as if thinking over some difficult subject. As I was at a loss for small talk, I held my tongue.

"The painful silence lasted some time, and then Bertha said to me:

"Will you kindly put a log on the fire? It is going out."

"So I opened the box where the wood was kept, which was placed just where yours is, took out the largest log and put it on top of the others, which were three parts burned, and then silence reigned in the room again.

"In a few minutes the log was burning so brightly that it scorched our faces, and the young woman raised her eyes to me — eyes that had a strange look.

"It is too hot now," she said; "let us go and sit on the sofa over there."

"So we went and sat on the sofa, and then she said suddenly, looking me full in the face:

"What should you do if a woman were to tell you that she adored you?"

"Well," I replied, "it would very much depend upon the woman."

"She gave a hard, nervous, vibrating laugh, one of those false laughs which seem as if they would shatter glass, and then she said: 'Have you ever been in love, Monsieur?' I was obliged to acknowledge that I certainly had been, and she asked me to tell her all about it. I did so. She listened to me attentively with frequent signs of approbation or contempt, and then said:

"Don't you agree that real love must unsettle the mind and upset the nerves; that it must — how shall I express it? — be dangerous, even terrible, almost criminal and sacrilegious; that it must be a kind of treason? Is it not almost bound to break laws, fraternal bonds, sacred obstacles? When love is tranquil, easy, lawful — is it really love?"

"I did not know what answer to give her, and this philosophical reflection occurred to me: 'Oh, female brain, here indeed you show yourself!'

"While speaking she had assumed a seductive air, and, resting on the cush-

ions, she stretched herself out at full length, with her head on my shoulder and her dress pulled up a little, so as to show her red silk stockings, which looked still brighter in the firelight. In a minute or two she continued:

"I suppose I have frightened you? I protested against such a notion, and she leaned against me altogether, and without looking at me she said: 'If I were to tell you that I love you, what would you do?'

"And before I could think of an answer she had thrown her arms round my neck, had quickly drawn my head down and put her lips to mine.

"My dear friend, I can tell you that I did not feel at all happy! What, deceive Julien? Become the lover of this cunning, lascivious woman who was not satisfied with one man? No, that did not suit me, but what was I to do? This woman was maddening in her perfidy, inflamed by audacity, palpitating and excited. She was also, as I have said, exceedingly pretty. Let the man who has never felt on his lips the warm kiss of a woman who is ready to give herself to him — let such a man, if such there be, throw the first stone at me!

"I succumbed. We threw ourselves into each other's arms. Her sweet person was warm and pliant under my hands. My blood was high. A minute more and I would have been — no, she would have been — that is, we would have been —

"But a loud noise made us both jump up. The log had fallen into the room, knocking over the fire irons and the fender, and was scorching the carpet, having rolled under an armchair.

"I jumped up like a madman, and as I was replacing the log on the fire the door opened hastily, and Julien came in.

"I've finished," he said in evident pleasure. "My business was over two hours sooner than I expected!"

"Yes," sighed the old man as he concluded his story, "without that log I should have been caught in the very act. You may be sure that I took good care never to get into such a — well, at least never to be discovered in such a situation again!

"That is why I have never married; it ought not to surprise you, I think."



"Congratulations, sir! You're our 10,000th customer!"

EXURBANITES AT PLAY (continued from page 52)

asked the man who had been It, "what do you think of five people who could make up such a story?" (It was the story of the midgets.) The man was not sure what to say. Like most exurbanites, he was intelligent and superficially conversant with psychiatry. He shook his head. "If it were only one person," he answered, "who had dreamed it up, I could make a comment. But after all there were five of you who had a hand in it." "But what," he was pressed, "what would you think of a person who made up such a story, supposing just for the moment that only one did make it up? In a word, what would you say about such a person?" The man who had been It no longer paused. "If I knew that only one person had made it up," he said, "in one word I would say he was sick, sick, sick."

Then they told him who made it up.

Another gay parlor game of this type requires, for its success, that its players be high, in order to secure their complete cooperation. The man or woman who is to be It is told, for the purposes of this game, that while out of the room the others will decide that they are going to play the roles of a specific category of personages—kings of medieval Europe, say, or Hollywood stars. The one who is It has the task, by asking the most personal sort of questions (the asking of personal questions is encouraged), of trying to figure out what category of personages is being portrayed. Once It leaves the room, again the real facts of the game come out. Instead of assuming the roles of personages his friends will assume the roles of the actual person sitting at their right hand, and they must tell the truth as best they know it. In a community where extramarital sex relations are not unheard of, such a game, if pursued according to the rules, can wreak a tidy bit of havoc within a half-hour. At the Mann party, the playwright was sober enough when he was It to figure out, after a few minutes, the realities of the game, but did not reveal his knowledge. Once that had happened, he was absolute master. There were a number of things he had long wanted to know about relationships between some of his near and dear: he found out, and so did the rest of those present.

Such splendid releases for hostility would seem to be tailor-made for communities where most of the residents are superficially so gay, so pleasant, so charming. The factor inhibiting the greater popularity of these games (and others like them) is of course that a circle of friends very soon runs out of squares. And so their custom declines, for months or perhaps even years, until there are enough new faces in the exurb to justify their revival.

Tonight, the parlor games at the Manns' concluded with a long session of The Game. Wives got fretful with husbands who were too cloddish or too self-conscious to act out their phrases in quick order, husbands got irked with wives for being too goddam bossy, and after an hour interest ran low. Presently the play was abandoned and the talk once again became general. Somebody wandered over to the television set to see if there was a baseball game being broadcast; somebody else told a real estate story; somebody else started to talk shop; and a gag writer began to flirt with a columnist's wife. And so this party became like parties anywhere in the area and was subsequently referred to as a good one.

As with the party over in Weston, where Ben Martell is once again drunk, this party is basically the same. Before the three-dozen guests have left they will have put a severe dent in their host's liquor supply: he estimated that a half-case of Scotch, a half-case of gin, a half-case of rye, and a half-case of bourbon would see him through the evening; tomorrow he will be able to count a half-dozen unopened bottles.

Gid Philips, the account executive, and his wife, relatively sober, will be home by 1:00 A.M. this time around. After driving the sitter home, they will be in bed by 2:00. Lights will be out at the Santinis' by 2:30. Ben's wife will experience some difficulty in prying her husband out of his chair, but will get him home by around 3:00. Duke and his friends will keep on dancing in a darkened room, or lounging on convenient couches in the dimness and drinking, until about the same time. They will be reluctant to break it up: the only thing they dislike more than getting up is going to bed, but they'll be asleep by 3:30.

Sunday, a day of relaxation everywhere, finds the exurbanites relaxing at full speed all over again. It is striking to note how all—weekend guest, casual visitor, householder and wife—as Sunday noon approaches, gradually find that their conversation has brought them to their feet and closer and closer to the bar. At noon, in houses all over the Westport area, you can hear someone say: "Well, I don't know about you bastards, but I think I'll have a Martini, for a change," and again, life, which had up till then been almost unicellular, begins to become more complex.

One might surmise that, after the usual Sunday brunch or midday dinner and an afternoon out-of-doors, even an exurbanite would have reached the point where blessedness could consist only in sitting down quietly somewhere and doing nothing. But no: what is working in the exurbanite's mind,

pushed down all day Saturday somewhere almost beyond consciousness, is the realization that, tomorrow, he must again become part of the rat-race. So as the afternoon sun slides down he once again sets himself the objective of doing something, anything, to push away tomorrow. If he is not himself visited, he now starts to visit.

It would be exaggeration to refer to the gatherings that take place from 5:00 Sunday afternoon until around midnight as parties. They are seldom organized, as is a party. It is rather as though every house is considered open, and exurbanites wend their way from one to another house (always within the limits of a given clique) as, in New York, they might have pub-crawled up Third Avenue. Where on Friday or Saturday it was obligatory to have arranged a date before-hand, on Sunday the exurbanite can relapse into his old New York custom of calling a friend without notice. "You doing anything? Come on over," or "You stuck at home with the kids? Rita and I are over at the Santinis', we'll be over. You need any gin?"

In this amiable fashion, a couple will leave their house for that of a friend, pick up another couple and drop in on a second friend, leave the second couple behind and go on to a third friend. Here they will eat a sandwich, there an olive or a peanut; the faces they will see during an evening will in all probability include those of their whole circle of intimate acquaintances, and the circumstances will be, for perhaps the first time in the entire weekend, truly relaxed. They are physically tired, so their conversation is more truly casual, pleasanter, more amiable.

And what of our foursome, come Sunday evening? After perhaps three hours of this sort of meandering, the Philipsses are home again, having along the way picked up three other advertising men and their wives. It is now 10:00 at night. The admen are talking shop on the Philipsses' terrace. Each is persuaded that his agency, for one reason or another, is the best in town. Each explains why he feels that this is so. The others listen, argue, listen. They drink a little more. By 11:00 P.M. they are coming out under truer colors: each wonders out loud what he can do to get out of his agency and into another, where the grass seems greener. One adman is really serious about this, he insists he really means it, is there any way he could—without losing face—manage to—but the others interrupt him. They are really serious, too. They really mean it, too. Each refills his glass. By midnight they have reached the solution. (The same solution is being reached, at this moment, in a remarkable number of admen's homes, all over the exurb.) Why don't

(concluded on page 77)



Above: pretty Powers models Ronnie Oatley (left) and Jean Thompson head toward mannequin's Mecca, 480 Lex, on photo assignment. Below: a plentitude of pulchritude parks in Powers waiting room between bookings. Girls gab, glance at scrapbooks, check messages and boyfriend data, can negotiate the distance to 480 (100 feet, via indoor ramp) in 10 seconds flat.



SEXONLEX

*the most pulchritude-packed
palazzo in all new york*

IN THE WANING HOURS of the morning, New York's Lexington Avenue is practically deserted except for the ladies of the evening who lurk in the shadows. Lexington Avenue is a business street in more ways than one, and it is with good reason that the Night People and certain detachments of the police often refer to it as "Sexy Lexy."

As the day takes shape and the city stirs, sex moves off the sidewalk and congregates, in a somewhat different form, in a 12-story beige, palazzo-like building which stretches the whole block on Lexington Avenue from 46th to 47th Street. Behind a closed door on an upper floor of the building a caressing male voice murmurs:

"All right, dear, I'm ready now... lean back a little, sweetheart... your body is fine, just fine... now give me some action with the legs... let's relax

article BY CARL BAKAL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



Above: cosmetic models Gretchen Dahm (left) and Joy Karington apply the paint before camera time. Right: for catalog shot, dress is slit open in back and stuffed with tissue paper to give it bouffant, chic look.



Above: upside down for a hosiery advertisement. Model Betty Smith points legs in the air to assure more relaxed lines; finished photo is flipped for final use. Right: high-fashion stunner Olga Nicholas of Plaza Five agency wears naught but bra and panties beneath coat, pulls in \$60 an hour as fee.



Though photographers prefer the controlled lighting of a studio, they also like the authentic feel that only natural light can give. Above: lens-lovely Lorraine Rogers poses perkily on 480's roof for one of Paul Wing's staff.

and enjoy it... good... now turn your head to me... your position is great... let me have your eyes... flirt with me, sweetie... great... you're marvelous... now hold it... beautiful... hold it... let's try it again..."

Behind other doors throughout the building similar, if less passionate, ejaculations are uttered, usually in tones not loud enough to carry into the corridors. And scurrying in and out of the doors all day can be seen a flurry of females, all exceptionally pretty, and all carrying large functional-looking leather or canvas bags.

There is nothing in the outward appearance of the building to explain this strange activity. The facade's only distinctive features are four huge, Hellenic columns, which lend the structure an aura of classic grandeur, and a narrow, 100-foot-high unlit electric sign which spells out GRAND CENTRAL PALACE, a relic of the time part of the building was the home of the once-famous exposition center. The building's first four exhibition floors which used to house an automobile show one week and a flower show the next are now occupied by a branch of the Internal Revenue Service.

However, the odd goings-on and the colorful calling of the tenants heard and seen on the upper eight floors have, for the past 30 years, made the structure located at 480 Lexington Avenue one of the most unusual and—accepting the scarcely debatable theory that sex, in a direct or sublimated form, is a key factor in everything we do and think—one of the most important buildings in the country, if not the world.

The voices heard are those of com-





With half-a-million clams riding on a single ad campaign, it's important to have the *right* pretty girl peddling the product. Above: prop man and photog prepare swim-suited Betty Clingman in a simulated setting. Below: Betty selling suntan lotion.



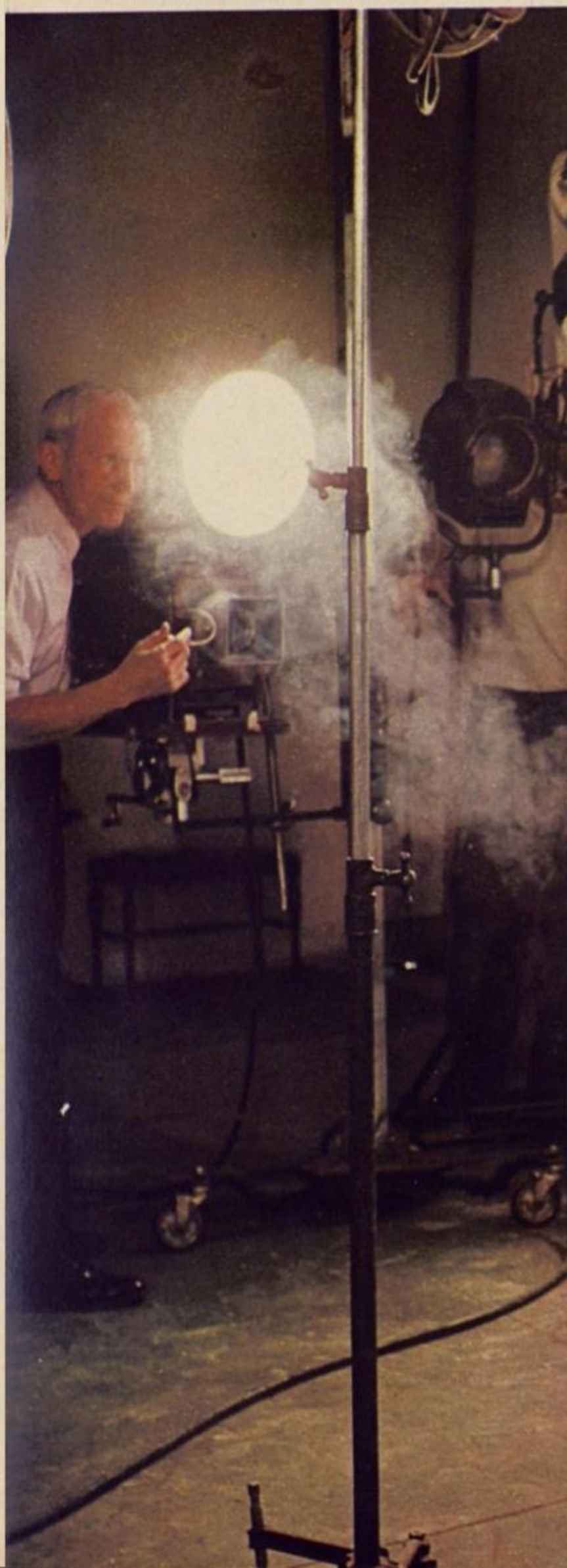
Right-side-up hosiery model displays a perfect pair of gams in Larry Gordon's studio. For poses of this sort, girls wear a fluffy crinoline slip to preserve some vestige of modesty.

mercial photographers who dominate the building's roster of tenants; in fact, no other building on earth has so great a concentration of photographers. The building's 51 leased studios (many subdivided into smaller studios), which occupy a total of four acres of space, roughly the equivalent of four football fields, are staffed by some 400 camera operators, assistants, darkroom technicians, retouchers, prop men, stylists and other minions. The females seen flitting in and out of these studios are, of course, models. Probably three or four hundred of these top-flight specimens of pulchritude pass through the building every day.

At 480 Lex, or simply 480, as the building is known to members of the photographic, modeling and advertising professions, the joint efforts of this tremendous task force of talent result in the output of the great bulk of the pervasive, persuasive pictures eventually used in the advertisements that beguile the eye, woo the wallet and influence our way of life, as well as that of the



Key ingredient in the magic formula of a shower curtain ad: tall, trim Texan Betty Biehn of the Powers agency at work in a bathroom set-up at the Irving C. Christenson studio. When posing in utter dishabille, the model receives double her regular fee, must arrive at the studio well in advance of scheduled shooting time to allow marks left by undergarments to disappear. Below: photographer Christenson snaps a trial shot of be-curtained Miss Biehn.



rest of the world, to an incalculable degree. These advertisements not only keep our wheels of mass production turning but, as Stuart Chase once pointed out, also "make people do things they had not planned to do, buy things they have no use for, believe things they have never thought possible, fear things which do not exist, hope for things which are unattainable."

Advertising's most powerful ally in creating these artificial desires, beliefs, fears and hopes is sex — usually in the form of the female model. The seductive powers of a shapely, or even a smiling, woman have not been underestimated ever since some advertising genius had the happy notion to show a pretty girl flashing her teeth as a come-on for Sozodont dentifrice sales just 100 years ago.

Today, because of our intense preoccupation with the female form, the pretty girl often bares more, and the model has become the supersalesman of the Western World, the dream girl who has come to represent the ideal the American female wants to be like and the American male just wants. Although this dream girl is supposed to typify the average American woman, she, of course, really doesn't. "The reason foundations and girdles and other undergarments look so good in the ads," a brassiere model once confided, "is because the girls who model them don't really need them."

480 Lex is a modern temple of Venus, its goddess is the model, its god the mogul of Madison Avenue, and its high priest the photographer, a veritable Merlin of merchandising. Here in a bedlam of backdrops, props, cameras, lights (one studio alone has \$50,000 worth of equipment), sound and fury — the building is also sometimes referred to as "Hollywood on the Hudson" — the photographer performs his mysterious rites of mumbo-jumbo and hocus-focus that magically transform prosaic products into glittering, glamorous offerings that we find we cannot live without and therefore buy.

The average photographer-tenant, whose overhead may run from \$500 to \$1000 a day, must be prepared to shoot anything from a can of beans to a Cadillac, usually, of course, with the ubiquitous model. This not only calls for a certain amount of versatility, but also for the ability and ingenuity to cope with a host of problems, not the least of which are the vicissitudes of the weather and seasons.

"In this business," says Irving C. Christenson in whose seventh floor 7500-square-foot studio as many as eight different set-ups are shot simultaneously for accounts like L & M cigarettes, U.S. Rubber, Gilbey's vodka, Tide and

Montgomery Ward, "it's usually Christmas in July and violets in December." This is because most ads and catalogs are generally prepared as much as six months in advance.

And so the model, swathed in furs (often just over her bra and panties) swelters indoors under hot studio lights or on location outdoors under a summer sun. Or she cavorts in an abbreviated bathing suit on an icy beach in the dead of winter. When the photographer prays for a sunny day so he can hie to 480's rooftop for an outdoor shot, it invariably rains. When he wants it to rain for, say, a raincoat and umbrella picture, it doesn't and the model, fully clothed, must stand under a sprinkler in the studio for that caught-in-the-rain effect.

Although photographers prefer the complete control of lighting that studio equipment affords, they also like the feeling of authenticity that only natural light can provide. To achieve this they sometimes go to great lengths and distances. Recently one flew to Egypt to photograph a vodka-and-tonic ad in the sands of the Sahara against the background of a pyramid and a camel. Not a week passes when some photographer, a flock of models and 5000 pounds of equipment aren't taking off for Florida, Paris or even Arabia for location shots.

But more often, matters of time and expense rule out such burdens on the budget. When the model cannot go to Mohammed or the mountains, the latter are brought to the studio. The simplest way of doing this is by placing a mural-size picture or by projecting a slide of the scene desired behind the model. Or if necessary, a set is constructed. For a snow scene that had to be photographed in July, Gray-O'Reilly, who now devote their efforts to television commercials and industrial films, once built a ski slope capable of sustaining the weight of eight models as well as 1500 pounds of ground granite used to simulate snow.

At times, more than a little ingenuity is necessary to get art to imitate nature. How to capture for Woodbury face powder the romantic springtime feeling of a young couple in a canoe gliding down a moonlit stream — in February? Gray-O'Reilly lugged a canoe into the studio; blue crinkled cellophane, artfully lighted, became the moonlit stream; a dead limb with leaves tacked on it suggested the foliage; and the boy and girl, inspired by mood music and the mumbo-jumbo of the photographer, did the rest.

To bring other aspects of nature indoors, most studios keep on hand several tons of sand for beach scenes, rolls of grass matting, artificial flowers, leaves and branches, fences, a trellis, cloud

backgrounds, and an electric fan for those wind-blown hair effects. One of the most unusual features of 480 is a simulated street complete with curbs, sidewalks, street lamps, and make-believe store and other building fronts. It is located on the seventh floor, forming the corridor outside the Christenson studios. Built back in the late Twenties by Westinghouse to dramatize the various uses of electricity, it is occasionally used as an exterior.

Most conventional interiors do not present any special problems. Most studios can knock together a living room, boudoir or half-a-house in no time at all, and mock kitchens are standard equipment in every studio. Phony pot roasts and plastic ice cream, immune to the heat of the lights, can be secured if necessary, and if watermelons are needed in winter and cannot be flown in from sunnier climes, not-too-unreasonable facsimiles can be found, too.

But at times props are not so easily fabricated or found. What first seemed to be a simple assignment for Talon Zipper called for a model to be photographed fully dressed in a transparent tank of water. But it soon developed that no tank large or strong enough could be secured from the usual sources, and the cost of building a special tank was prohibitive. Finally Vic Backer of the Paul Wing Studio recalled that he had once seen a tank that would fill the bill in the Broadway musical, *Make Mine Manhattan*, which, unfortunately, had folded several years before. It took him 30 days to trace it, first to a burlesque queen who had used it briefly for an underwater strip routine, then to theatres in Buffalo and Staten Island and finally to a theatrical warehouse less than half-a-mile from 480.

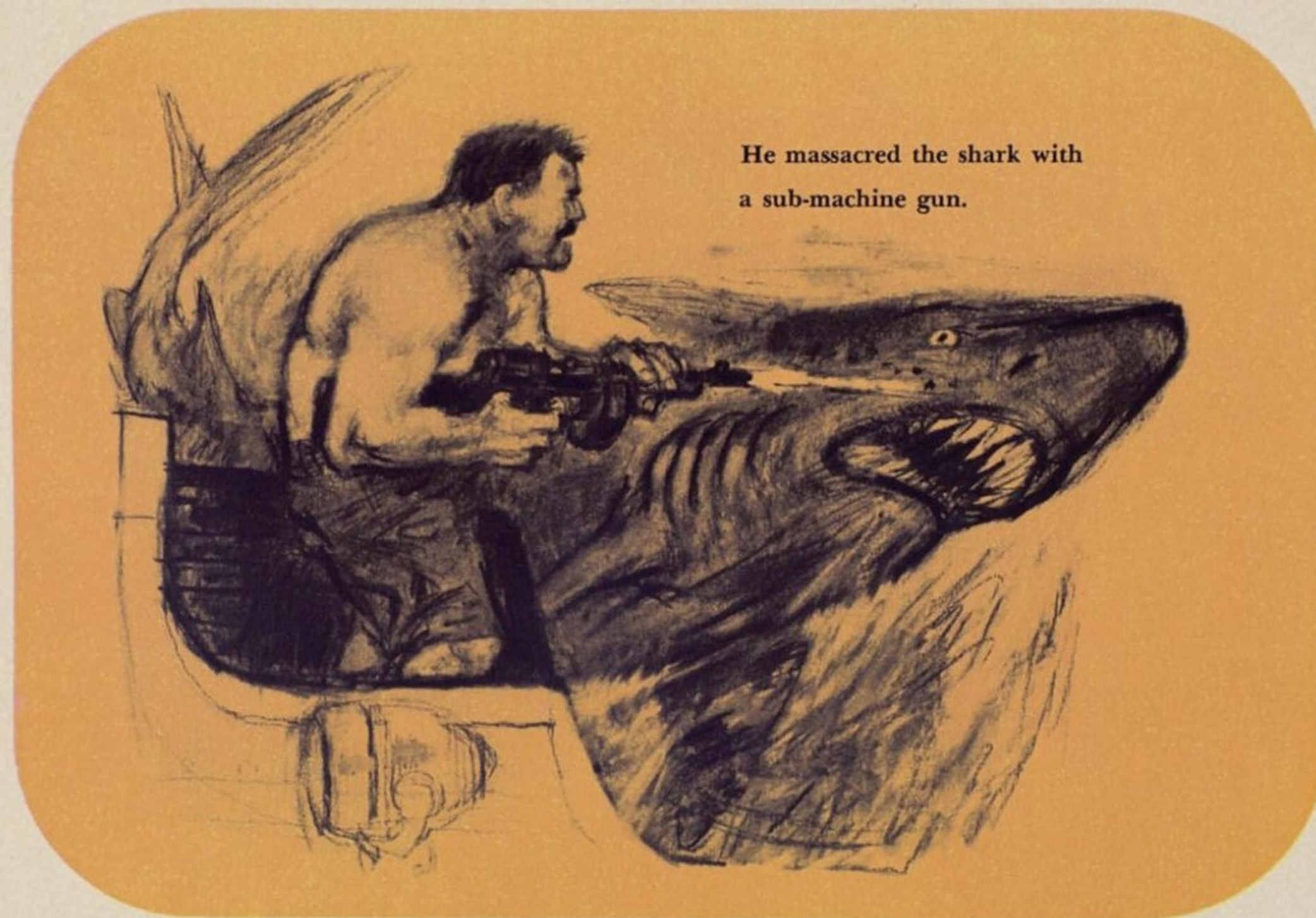
An assignment for a picture of a model swinging a tiger by the tail stumped the experts at another studio until someone got the bright idea of borrowing a stuffed animal from a museum. Because it weighed almost a ton it was placed on its side with its tail stretched taut and photographed alone. Then the model was photographed with arms extended and a composite was made of the two pictures.

To bring *real* animals into 480, a matter of daily occurrence, requires special permission of building manager William A. Kane ever since a photographer adopted the habit of taking his newly acquired Irish setter to work with him and allowing the beast, not yet completely housebroken, to roam the building corridors.

Kane, who has long ceased being amazed at the requests of his unusual tenants, likes to recall the time Anton Breuhl was doing a series of magazine

(continued on page 67)

a title bout in ten rounds



He massacred the shark with a sub-machine gun.

HEMINGWAY

pastiche BY JED KILEY

ROUND 8: "DEATH IN THE AFTERNOON" I BEGAN TO CATCH ON when they hooked a wooden raft on the stern of our boat and started wiring our tuna to the raft. Then I saw what he had meant by "the tools." He got them out of his boat. Some tools. One was a sawed-off repeating shotgun that looked like a howitzer. Instead of buckshot each shell was loaded with 10 or 12 big steel ball-bearings about the size of a .45 slug. It had once belonged to gangsters and you only had to get hit by *one* of those pellets to get your name in the papers. The muzzle of the thing looked like the entrance to the Hudson Tunnel. Couldn't miss with it.

The second tool was a Thompson machine gun. It tossed out 45-caliber slugs at the rate of 600 a minute.

The Tommy gun also had been taken away from gangsters in a certain town and presented to a certain party by the police department. No information as to the number of "The Boys" it had rubbed out was available. But it sure looked sinister. The third tool was just a Colt automatic .45 pistol. It looked like a kid's toy pistol alongside of that sawed-off shotgun. Looks like the sharks are going to have a nice little dinner party, I thought.

As we headed out to deep water the Bimini contingent gave us a rousing cheer. Nobody hates a shark like a native does unless it's Hemingway. The raft was following us on a towline about 20 feet long. You could see the tuna blood dripping in the water. That's like sending an invitation to dinner by tele-

graph to the sharks, Ernest explained. They can smell it or something a mile away. Just like we hear a dinner bell. We had plenty of ammunition with us, both liquid and solid and were looking forward to a nice afternoon of revenge.

Floyd Gibbons had the sawed-off shotgun, Ernest the Tommy gun and I had the Colt. I'm a crack shot with a pistol, if I do say it myself. That's why I took the pistol. To show the boys some fancy shooting.

About a half-bottle out, the sharks started picking up our scent. You could see their dorsal fins coming up on all sides. So we got ready to welcome our guests. Ernest and Gib took their weapons with them and climbed up on the flying bridge above me. I stayed below

(continued on page 66)



"Of course, it isn't always like this — last trip we carried camel manure."

HEMINGWAY (continued from page 63)

in the stern fishing chair, pulled my yachting cap down to shield my eyes from the sun and made myself comfortable. The ringside seat gave me an advantage, I thought. Put me just that much closer to the target. Ernest called out the battle orders to me.

"Just don't stand up," he said.

Can you imagine that, I thought. Me stand up in front of those two guys with that gangster artillery? Must think I'm crazy. I may not know much about fishing but if there is one thing I do know it's guns.

Meanwhile, our guests were really gathering around. We let them follow us for a while and then slowed down to a walk. There must have been about 10 of them slowly circling the raft. Casing the joint. Now and then one of the ugly brutes would roll over on his side and look us over with a cold appraising eye like those human killers in Hemingway's story. I'd sure hate to have one of them staring at me that way if I was in the water, I thought.

"Don't shoot until they start to jump," Ernest said.

The captain slowed us down so we were just barely moving. Enough to keep the raft far enough away from the boat. I noticed the sharks traveled in twos. Took their mates right along to dinner with them. No Men Without Women here, I thought. Then a big guy jumped. Looked like a freight train coming out of the water and his wide open mouth looked like a railroad tunnel with teeth. You could get your whole head in it. Some dentures too. And he must have been 10 feet long.

I was so awed at the very size of the guy that I got buck ague. Forgot to shoot. Guess Gib did too. But Killer Hemingway hadn't forgotten to shoot. You could hear the Tommy gun rat-tat-tatting and actually see the tracers going right into the shark's body. He seemed to stop in mid air for an instant at the top of his arc and then fell like a ton of bricks on the raft. The raft almost turned over from the shock and you could see blood shooting out of the bullet holes in the shark's side like red water out of faucets as he flopped back into the drink. And that was the signal for the most horrible sight you ever saw.

While the wounded shark was still flopping and very much alive the others forgot all about the tuna and turned on him. He fought back but he didn't have a chance. They tore him to pieces before our eyes. The water turned red with blood. It swirled like a red whirlpool as they fought to get at him. They had fresh meat now and you could hear their awful teeth ripping and tearing like a wrecking crew on an old building. Cannibals and what cannibals. And the

wounded shark's own mate was the most ferocious of all. I saw her bite a 20-pound piece out of his white belly while he was still alive. A minute before she had been swimming lovingly by his side and now she was eating the guy alive. That's the female of the species for you, I thought. I decided to blast her if it was the last thing I did. And it nearly was the last thing I did.

I jumped to my feet to get a better shot. But I never got a chance to shoot. Something that sounded like a 12-inch shell went off in my ear and at the same time something hit me on top of the head and I went down. Mr. Gibbons, I realized dimly, had let go with that big howitzer just as I had stood up.

I wondered how badly I was hurt. Didn't feel much pain. But they say the more you are hurt the less pain. Maybe I was dead already, I thought, and didn't know it. The top of my head might even be back there with those sharks for all I knew. Maybe they were fighting over my brains right this minute. I sneaked my hand slowly up to my head to see if it was still there. It was on all right. But the 10-dollar yachting cap I had been wearing was gone.

I opened my eyes and there were Gib, Hemingway, the captain and the bait-cutter all looking down at me with that shocked look people always give some poor guy who has been hurt in an accident. I thought Gib's one eye would pop out of his head. You could see he felt terrible about having shot me. Hemingway turned me over on my stomach as if I were a baby and ran his hands through my hair. Then he burst out laughing.

"Never touched him," he said. "Just blew his hat off. That's all."

Get a load of that guy, I thought. Death blows my hat off and he says, "That's all." Ten or 12 ball-bearings comb my hair and he laughs. That comes from wisecracking with those undertakers around that cemetery of his, I thought. I was so burned up I sat right up.

"That's all, is it?" I said. "A quarter of an inch closer and those sharks would be eating scrambled brains right now."

"I doubt that," he said. "If you had any you would not have stood up."

Gib and I grabbed a bottle of Scotch and went below. We lay down on the bunks with the bottle between us thinking we might take a little nap.

But we had as much chance sleeping on that boat as you would have had in a boiler factory and slaughterhouse combined. You could hear the rat-tat-tatting of that Tommy gun and the awful snapping and splashing at the stern as though it were right in the room with you. It was like being in a dugout

in the war except for that Scotch. You could hear Hemingway yelling too and swearing his head off. Bet he's forgotten already that my head might have been back there in my cap, I thought.

I said aloud, "That guy's a killer at heart. He should have stayed in Chicago and taken a job in the stockyards."

"He's tough all right," Gib said, "but he can write like hell."

"Like hell he can write," I said. "Writes for people who move their lips when they read."

"Ever read his books?" Gib said.

"No," I said.

"Why?" he said.

"Don't have any," I said.

He said, "Why don't you buy one?"

"Buy one?" I said. "Who ever buys a book written by a friend?"

"Get one at the public library then," he said.

"Just try and get one," I said. "I went to eight branches in New York and couldn't find one. All out. You got to make a reservation two months in advance for his stuff."

"Well, that proves it doesn't it?" Gib said.

"It just proves how many people there are over here who move their lips when they read," I said, "and that goes for Hollywood too."

"Watch out," Gib said. "I think he's coming."

The war had stopped upstairs. But you could still hear Ernest stomping around in those bare feet of his. Makes more noise in his bare feet than most people do in brogans. We heard the motors go on and noticed the boat was moving. They seemed to be working up there too. But Gib and I just stayed in our bunks and worked on the Scotch. It wasn't cut like the stuff is in New York. Guess the Killer must have smelled it topside. He came down grinning from ear to ear. "We got eight of them," he said.

"Where do you get that *we* stuff?" I said. "Hope I didn't spoil your afternoon by not getting killed."

"Not at all," he said. "The afternoon's still young. How you feeling?"

"I am suffering no pain, thank you," I said. He reached for the Scotch.

"So I see," he said.

Better give him both barrels right now, I thought.

I said aloud, "Ernest, did anybody ever take a shot at you because you bit into a tuna sandwich?"

"No," he said.

"OK," I said, "but you go and blast eight poor fish to death with a machine gun just because one of them took a bite of *your* tuna. Do you call that fair?"

"Let's go up on deck and get some air," he said.

"Good idea," Gib said.

SEX ON LEX (continued from page 62)

covers featuring various country creatures such as the rooster, goat and horse. Although Kane was not perturbed about admitting to the premises the more diminutive denizens of the barnyard, he felt that a horse clomping down the corridor would not only disturb his other tenants—aside from the photographers they include a sprinkling of such diverse enterprises as Superman Comics, the New York League for the Hard of Hearing, the Catholic Near East Welfare Association, the Washington School for Secretaries and Marilyn Monroe Productions—but might also cause some irreparable wear and tear. He therefore stipulated that some sort of protective covering would have to be put down on the 250-foot length of corridor leading from the building's automobile-size freight elevator, the horse's hoofs would have to be sheathed in burlap bags, and the horse would have to be brought in after six o'clock in the evening.

The next morning, the president of a company who had worked after hours the evening before and had taken a couple of nips before leaving his office, phoned Kane and asked uncertainly in a somewhat shaken voice, "I know you'll think I'm crazy, Kane, but I could swear I saw a horse walking down the corridor outside my office last night. Now tell me, is *that* possible?"

Most of the non-photographic tenants, on the other hand, are accustomed to the bevy of beauties who are a common sight in the corridors, elevators, lobby, or in Allan's and Hutton's, the two restaurants on the street floor of the building. Male visitors to 480, however, are soon impressed by this plentitude of pulchritude. Sometimes to an extent that causes trouble. One New York wolf stalked the corridors for weeks, approaching his pretty prey with the hoary gambit that begins, "Haven't I seen you somewhere before...?" After a number of complaints from girls he had carelessly made the mistake of accosting more than once he, in turn, was stalked by the police and arrested, perhaps unjustly.

Chances are that they (and you) have actually seen at least some of the girls somewhere before—smiling in brazen invitation from a billboard or bus card or peering pertly from the pages of a newspaper or magazine. Close to four billion dollars a year are now spent by U.S. business on newspaper and magazine ads alone. From one-third to one-half of these feature a pretty girl. More than the exotic background, prop or even product, she is the key ingredient in the magic formula of the advertisement.

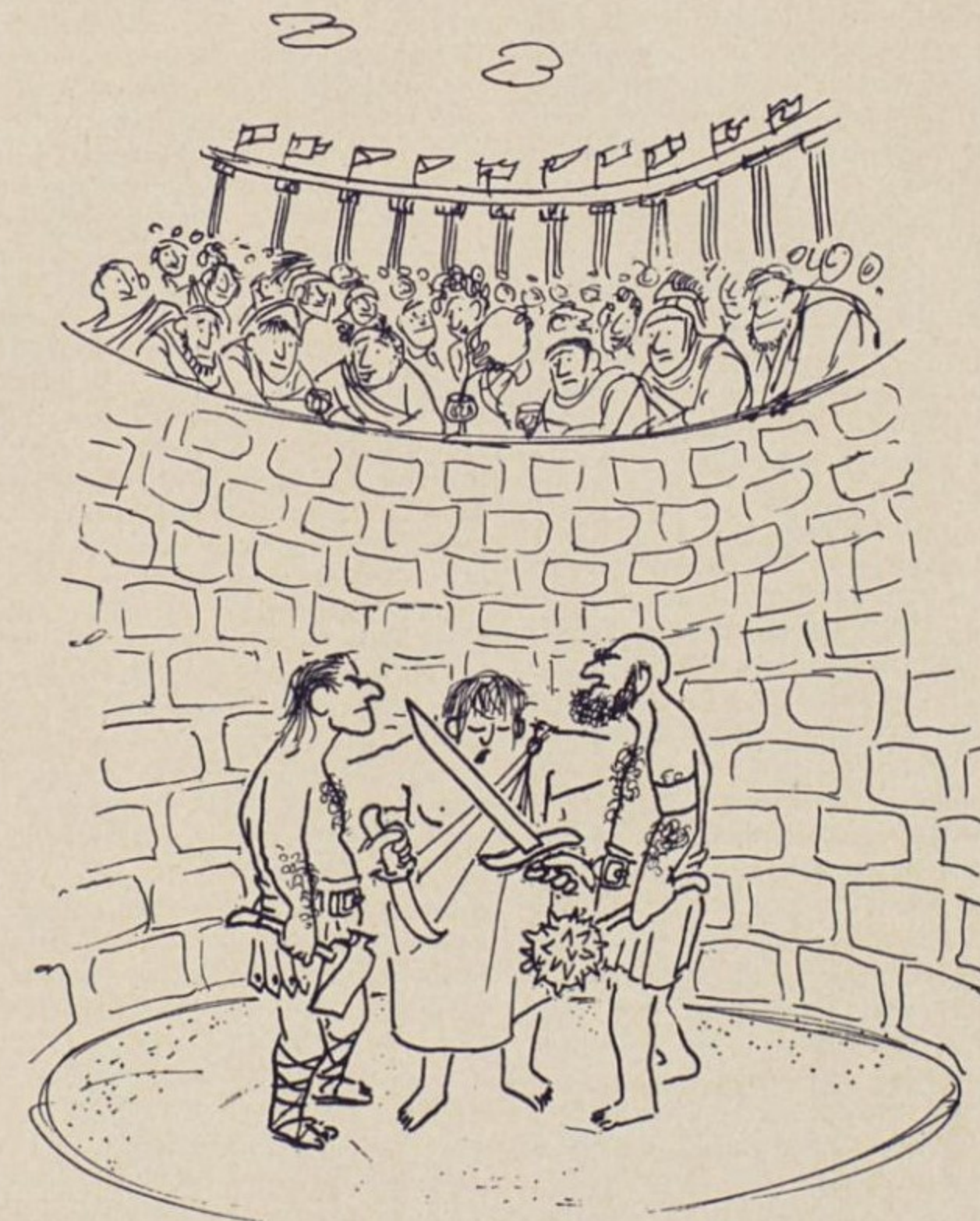
With as much as \$500,000 or more often riding on a single campaign, it is important, too, not to have just any pretty girl, but rather, the *right* pretty girl. Not all advertisers go to the trouble Rheingold does in inviting an electorate of 20 million beer drinkers to assist in the selection of its annual queen who, incidentally, is christened, rigged and launched from 480 by the famous Hesse-Patston studio. Nor to the lengths of Palmolive who once determined, after a four-year poll, that its customers preferred to be sold soap by a brunette.

But casting an ad or series of ads—a chore attended to by either the studio stylist or the advertising agency's art director—often involves looking through photographs of hundreds of models and seeing five or 10 in the flesh for every one eventually selected. A familiar sight at 480 is that of models, scrapbooks in hand, trudging from door to door, in the hope that they may fit the specifications for any assignments that may be in the works. "When I

have nothing else to do," a fledgling model wearily complained, "my agent sends me to 480 to make the rounds."

The final decision is often made by the advertiser, usually with the concurrence of the photographer, but is sometimes left entirely to the latter. "The client just tells us to pick a young-housewife-type or a healthy-outdoor-type or a big-busty-blonde-with-long-hair-type," says photographer Larry Gordon, "and it's our business to know what he means."

To fill the vast and varied needs of the photographers and their clients, some 26 model agencies have evolved to handle New York's 1000-or-so active female models (plus about 100 men and children). Literally and figuratively the handmaidens of big business, their rise has paralleled both the growth of modern high-pressure advertising and the establishment of 480 as the photographic center of the commercial world. All three phenomena probably have their roots in George Eastman's revolutionary foolproof Kodak ("You press the button—we do the rest"), which made America



"You both know the rules . . ."

camera-conscious just before the turn of the century.

Although the early advertising geniuses had already discovered, by this time, the relationship between sex and sales, most ads were illustrated by drawings as in the case of the Sozodont girl of 1857. Oddly enough, it was a female photographer, Beatrice Tonneson of Chicago, who, back in the 1890s, used photographs of live girls in ads for the first time. Other advertisers gradually followed suit. In 1913, a year after 480 was erected, a motor-capped cutie aptly dubbed Lotta Miles poked her head through a Kelly-Springfield tire, and by the end of World War I, with the emancipation of American womanhood, the rush was really on.

The advertising man teamed with the photographer to create virtually new industries. Modeling was then a part-time pursuit and most of the models first used were recruited from the ranks of the theatre. To 480 Lex flocked such immortals as Gladys Glad, Marion Davies, Ann Pennington and other Ziegfeld beauties to have their charms captured on film by Alfred Cheney Johnston, one of the first photographers to move into the building in the early 1920s. (The international furniture exchange, for which the upper floors were originally designed, didn't do too well, and photographers found the high ceilings, as well as the central location of the building, ideal for the manipulation of their lights, backdrops and other paraphernalia.) A typical Johnston photo of that era, which showed Gilda Gray, of shimmy fame, garbed principally in a guitar, was used in an ad captioned, "What Gilda Gray, star of the Ziegfeld Follies, says about Dainty-Form Fat Reducing Cream."

At about this time, John Robert Powers, a small town boy who was eking out his slim earnings as an actor by posing for illustrators, hit upon the idea that was eventually to change America's concept of beauty and make the Powers girl — for whom he later coined the term "long-stemmed American Beauty" — a national institution. John Robert Powers performs his booking activities at 247 Park Avenue, the building adjacent to 480. In fact, it now connects with 480 by means of a sixth floor ramp and a main floor arcade known to the elevator operators as "Glamour Gulch." Many of the studios at 480 even have special phones connecting them to Powers so that a model, needed at a moment's notice, can be summoned to race from one building to the other. A fleet-footed Powers girl can negotiate the distance of 100 feet that separates the Powers office on the sixth floor of 247 from the Paul Wing studio at the other end of

the ramp in 480 in less than 10 seconds.

Joining them in the race are models from other agencies which, inevitably, sprang up around 480 to offer the photographers their own particular concepts of glamor and beauty. Among the largest are those of Harry Conover, a Powers alumnus who raided college campuses in his search for the "well-scrubbed American look," and Huntington Hartford, the A & P millionaire, whose girls exude a sexy wholesomeness. These two agencies, along with Powers, are "department store" operations; their rosters feature models of every conceivable type — housewife, junior, matron and pin-up — as well as a number of specialists, who by virtue of certain anatomical endowments or shortcomings are usually called upon to do hosiery, lingerie, hair, hands or high fashion. Some of the newer agencies specialize in models of only one category.

Of all the types of models, perhaps the most distinctive is the high fashion girl, a svelte, sophisticated, semi-starved, skyscraper-like creature (she usually towers to a height of five feet nine or 10 inches) with the ability to wear clothes that most women can't even get into. Because her fragile frame lends a certain elegance to clothes, she is the darling of the world of *haute couture* and the ultra-chic fashion magazines.

But the less angular model with a good figure that does not leave too much to the imagination is in great demand at 480 for "beauty" pictures. These pictures call for the model to pose in lingerie such as bras and girdles or sometimes in nothing at all for towel, shower curtain or bathtub ads. For this type of work the model receives double her regular fee (which may run from \$15 to \$60 an hour depending on her popularity) in order to assuage her dignity and possibly to compensate for the risk of catching cold. Some beauty models occasionally experience a certain frustration peculiar to their specialty. "The thing I mind most," says Betty Biehn who is tall and Texan, "is that my face hardly ever shows in any of the pictures I pose for. For bra and girdle ads, they're only interested in you from your neck to your knees."

The beauty model also has to take the precaution of either arranging her bookings early in the morning or else arriving at the studio well in advance in order to give time for the marks left by her bra and other undergarments to disappear. One not-so-bright model, during the course of a tight schedule, rushed to an assignment with just minutes to spare and hurriedly disrobed to pose in the nude for a medical ad. As the marks left on her shoulders, waist and hips by undergarments were still in evidence, the photographer asked the model to

sit down for a while until they disappeared. In a half hour or so she got up to pose. Although the earlier marks were now gone, her fanny looked like a waffle because she'd slumped into a wicker chair.

When nudes or semi-nudes are to be shot, an intense interest in the ad often manifests itself in anyone even remotely connected with its production, although usually only the art director and stylist are present, aside from the photographer and his assistants, during the more matter-of-fact shooting sessions. Yet one well-known beauty model, booked for a towel ad, was rather taken aback at the size of the assemblage that greeted her arrival at the studio. Present were 35 people including the client, copywriter, agency research director, account executive, and it seemed, all their friends, many armed with cameras. "Have you sold tickets, Mac?" the bewildered beauty asked the photographer. She refused to disrobe and the mob, in turn, refused to leave. As the hour allotted for the session drew to an end, a compromise was finally reached. A hat was passed around and each member of the congregation solemnly dropped in his contribution. The \$700 collected represented probably the biggest fee in modeling history.

Although herself a symbol of glamor, the model will, in most cases, achieve a glamorous life primarily in the carefully fabricated photographs in which she appears, artfully posed, pinned, pancaked, powdered, pomaded and painstakingly lighted by the photographer.

True, some models move onward and upward to Hollywood (Lauren Bacall, Joan Bennett, Paulette Goddard, Gene Tierney, among others), to fame and fortune, but the fame achieved by the more average girls is mostly an anonymous one, and the fortune closer to five grand a year than the \$10,000 to \$30,000 hauled in by the top models.

Still, it's a job that few girls would trade for anything else, and you can spot the dedicated ones on the street by their hurried gait and by the expendable canvas or leather carry-all bag, in which they tote make-up, waist cinchers, extra hosiery, costume jewelry and other essentials of their craft.

The model no longer carries the round hatbox, the one-time traditional badge of her business. This was usurped several years ago by the ladies of the evening who lurk in the shadows of Lexington Avenue, long after the strange, floodlit world of 480 is dark, to convert sex into the dollar sign in quite a different way.



NIGHT

(continued from page 29)

world is right in that there grip, Mister," Daddy told them and got rid of his coat on the bed.

There wasn't anything but old clothes in the grip, and that was right when Daddy got his real good chance. He had two C notes in his fly and one of the nabs went into the bedroom. All Daddy had to do then was pick that envelope out of the coat pocket, hand the nabber left alone with us one of the Cs and flush the tea down the toilet. Only the other come back just then and he was the one found the right pocket at last. He tried a seed on the very tip of his big cow-tongue — "What's this?" he asked the other clown.

"I'm sure I don't know," Daddy told him, "I never seen it before."

But he looked just so all in

I remember His Honor putting his glasses on to see how come Daddy done two years so young. They were the rimless kind. "Two murderous fights in two years." — His Honor didn't have to keep the specs on any longer, he'd read enough for a spell. "Young man, I think you're a Menace to Society," and by the way he snapped that glass case shut I knew that was what he'd really been wanting to say all along. He had his excuse.

"I think society is a menace to my Daddy" — it was out before I could bite my tongue. Because that was what I'd been wanting to say all along.

"Prisoner remanded in lieu of bail. Cash bond set at \$500. Case continued till Thursday at nine." He was really going to give it to my Daddy Thursday at nine.

Forty-eight hours to raise half a grand. It could never be done by turning tricks even at the outrageous prices I charged. "If you tell me to go for the sodium amytal, I'll go," I told him, for I'd worked with knockout drops when we were hard pressed once before. It isn't my line, but when it comes down to a matter of Daddy's freedom, I can do anything.

Daddy forbade me. "Forget the rough stuff, Baby. If you slipped we'd both be busted. Just get what you can on your coat. Then what you can on your watch. You don't actually need that Japanese kimono. If there ain't half a grand hanging in your closet I miss my guess. Only don't dump it all in one joint," he warned me. "Spread it around so it don't look like we're thinking of blowing town or nothing like that."

My coat. My watch. My kimono. Not one word about *his* coat, *his* watch, *his* raw silk pajamas or *his* red silk foulard robe. That child is so jealous of his clothes he can scarcely bear to part with a button if it's pearl.

I spread the stuff around like he told me. Half a bill for his topcoat. Another for his watch and ring. I only got 20 for the foulard robe. I didn't begin to spread my own things till his were gone. I got the half a grand up without losing either my Longine or my chubby. Daddy got to sign his bond just before midnight Wednesday.

But O that long walk down the corridor, with an eyedropper hypo in one cup of my bra and a bottle of dolaphine with a five-spot wrapped around it in the other before we made the open street.

As soon as we made it he wants to grab a cab back to the hotel for his clothes. My own coat was hanging over my arm. I told him, "I got a sneak-hunch somebody's waitin' for us there," I lied.

"Why?"

"I don't know. But I won't go back."

"I take your word only because I have to," Daddy gave in with doubt.

Then that big cold lonesome lights-out bus. Without a driver, without a rider. Waiting just for us.

The aisle had just been swept and a little wind kept snooping under the seats to see was it clean there too. We sat in the back seat, us two fools, and Daddy turned his collar up against me. He was still trying to figure whether I'd hocked his clothes ahead of my own. The question was only technical, of course, but it was important for him to know all the same. I'd never gone against orders before, and he had no way of knowing if I had or not. I scarcely could blame him for feeling brought down.

After the way he'd come hitchhiking a vegetable truck into L.A. and in two months rose to the top of the heap, from San P. Street to Beverly Hills; after all the class he took on in almost no time at all; after the argyles and the monogrammed shirts, the cordovans and the easy days, till he'd reached a point where people with class invited us both to spend an afternoon on a yacht in The Bay — to be leaving now with no more to show than tracks down both arms and heel-holes in both socks would have brought down an even yet greater Daddy than mine. Except of course there ain't none greater. He may not be the best macker there is. But he is the meanest little old dog of a Daddy in town.

After Vegas the trick would be to see how long we could keep from coming sick in a cornfield. I didn't show him the dolaphine till it was breaking light and I was getting a weak streak through my own middle. Daddy had just rest-stop time enough to fix himself. There wasn't time for me there and it's a long deal between stops. When I did fix at last I added just a drop of water to replace what I'd used, so Daddy wouldn't fret at sight of the stuff going down too fast in the bottle or he might get sick sooner than need be. Just before Vegas I took a little closer look and

THE DOMINO

1450 E. 57th Street
Chicago 37, Illinois

a waterside trio to flip the beach



THE TRUNKS: Brief, brief boxers in sturdy poplin. Maximum swimming freedom. We said brief . . . wear with separate supporter. Sizes: 28-30-32-34-36. Colors: White, black, turquoise, or red. 3.95

The Tie-Waist Top: Deep, thirsty terry that slips on in a jiffy. Sizes: S, M, and L. White only. 5.95

The Deck Pants: For civilized beachcombers. Topsail sanforized cotton. Sizes: 28-30-32-34-36. Colors: Black or white. 8.95

Please add .35 to your order to help cover postage and handling. Illinois residents add 3% State Sales Tax. Send check or money order. No C.O.D.s please.

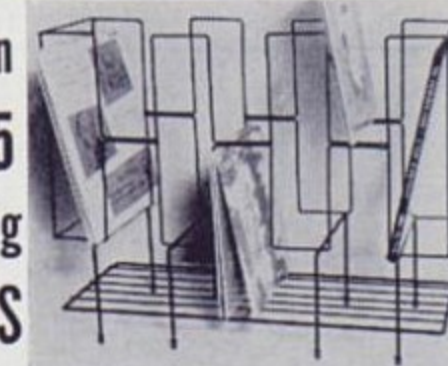
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Now you can record anything — anywhere! Plays back on the spot. This sturdy precision Mohawk Midigel tape recorder is ideal for executives, professional men, salesmen, actors, etc. \$249.50 complete with microphone, earphones, batteries and tape, ready to operate. This instrument records on a magazine loaded with standard type magnetic tape. Weight only 2 lbs. Fully Guaranteed.

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LESLIE CREATIONS • Dept. 246V • Lafayette Hill, Pa.



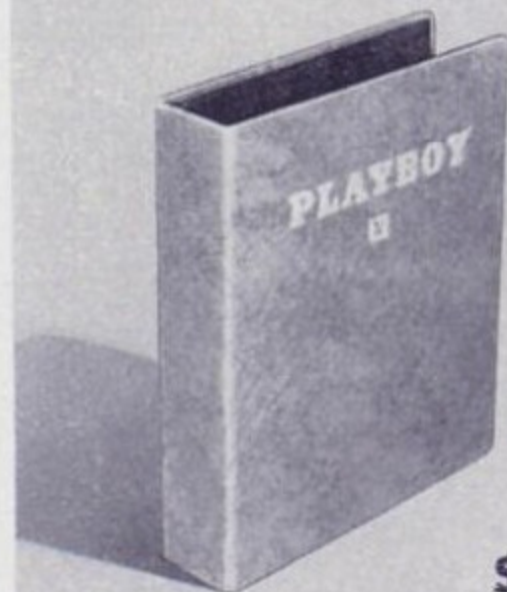
“Imagine!
Coming to the rally as my
guest and not being
outfitted by Beacon.”

Beacon's Juy Shop

608 NORTH MICHIGAN AVE.
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

SINCE 1955 OUTFITTERS OF COMPLEAT GENTLEMEN

PLAYBOY BINDER



\$3

Sturdy binder holds 12 ageless issues of PLAYBOY. Magazine's name and emblem stamped in gold leaf.

PLAYBOY BOOK DEPT.
232 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Ill.

seen it was fuller than I'd filled it. I didn't say nothing. I just let him handle the refills and didn't let him know I was on until we got on the highway with a half a bottle of dolaphine water between us and Chicago. That was when I showed him the fiver.

He laughed then, he was feeling real good. "Everything's going to be perfect, Baby," he told me. Then we both fixed and sure enough it looked like everything would be perfect.

"Baby," he told me, "you're taking care of me in the little things."

"I'm taking care of you in the big ones as well," I told him — "Didn't I tell His Honor where to head in?" I got that in quick because it had to be settled while Daddy was still feeling well.

"You certainly did, Girl-Baby," he come through ever so nice.

Now you see how he is? God help me if ever his eye lit on a pawn ticket for a silk bathrobe — but when he got a really legit beef on me, like costing us everything we own for the sake of one sassy smalltown remark, he just laughs the whole deal off.

"Stay out of sight," I hurried him then. "Here comes our transportation."

I'd thumb down a driver and get one foot in the car, then I'd say Wait For My Brother Mister and up would jump Daddy out of the bushes and come just a-trotting. I guess for a short spell there he was the up-jumpinest, very trottinest little Daddy on Route 66. Once he up-jumped and come a-trottin' so fast a lady driver wheeled off with a strip of my skirt in her door handle.

"Daddy," I scolded him, "don't up-jump so fast, else you'll be swinging a one-legged whore."

Comical things like that are what I say every now and then. Not very often. Just from time to time. If I do it oftener Daddy says, "I'll make the jokes in this family."

Neither of us were making the jokes when we stepped down off that Ogden Avenue trolley. Four cross-country days of Wait-For-My-Brother-Mister, four cross-country nights on watery dolaphine. I felt like something that had been on a raft three weeks at sea.

The sidewalks so glarey, so hard. The sky all so bare. The people when they pass looking straight ahead — I wouldn't touch one for fear he'd scream. And how that ass-high Chicago wind comes right at you, so mad, it feels like it wants to cut you a new petoochi right then and there.

We went into a grocery and bought a box of graham crackers just to get out of that wind. A sign said SLEEPING ROOMS. That was for us. I just *leaned*, I was that done in. Christian kept one arm around me. He was trying for something I couldn't make out just what,

with the old doll behind the counter. When his arm went for my wrist I knew what he was trying for. Daddy's been trying for my Longine for some time now.

He could of got maybe \$12 for it off the old woman — if he could of got it off me. But he had to settle for six on his own hour-piece. That I paid \$40 for.

And then handed the six right back across the counter for a week's rent sight unseen. How could she afford to make a trade like that? She won't be in business long.

But she threw in the crackers and took us upstairs with her keys in one hand and a quart of milk in the other. The stairs were so dark we would of got lost on the way up but for that bottle. My throat was so parched I could near taste it. If she'd set it down when she opened the door I would of picked it up for her and then let my tongue just hang. But she only needed one hand to open the door.

For that door you didn't even need one hand — it hung so far ajar we could of squeezed in between it and the jamb one by one. Inside the room she looked right into my face and set the bottle down on the dresser.

Then she looked into Daddy's and picked it up again. Daddy got too much pride to ask for things and I was too sick to. She went downstairs taking it with her.

"She needs it to light the way down," I told Daddy.

He pulled up the shade and I seen a square of red brick wall dripping wet though it wasn't raining. I seen a brassy old high-ended bed. I seen a soggy mattress made of great big lumps and tiny burns. I seen four green-paper walls. I seen a holy calendar from what year I couldn't tell but I'd judge it was b.c. This one made the San Pedro trap look sharp.

"I'll see you at the Greyhound Station," I told my Daddy.

"You can't come sick in the open street, Beth-Mary," he told me, and he got to the door before me and locked it so fast all you could see through it was two inches of the hall.

"I'm sick already," I told him though it killed me to admit it. Daddy don't let hisself come sick in his mind, heart and bowels like me. He puts his own sickness down for the sake of mine. That way I get to be sick for both of us.

He put newspapers under me, he made me a little pillow out of his hole-in-heel socks and a hand towel with a red border. He took my shoes and stockings off so's I wouldn't get runs when I started to kick. He put my chubby over me. He called me his Girl-Baby.

That's what he calls me when he loves me the most.

Watch out for Daddy when he loves

you the most. You have to come next to deathbed before he lets himself act tender.

"Let me take your Longine, sweetheart," he told me, "else you'll crack the crystal when you start in to swing."

"I'd as soon keep it on," I told Daddy.

For I felt the big fear coming on. It was coming a-slipping, it was coming a-crawl, it was slipping and crawling down that slippery red wall.

"Don't leave me, Christian," I asked him then.

"I've seen you from Shawneetown. I saw you through L.A. I'm here to see you the rest of the way."

"The rest of the way is by the stars," I told him.

"By starlight or no light," he told me, and his voice started going far away then; yet I knew it was telling me I wasn't to have Stuff any more ever. Something got a grip on that red brick wall and wouldn't let go.

"Pull down the shade," I told him, "they've changed their plans."

He pulled down the shade. I could tell by the shadow that fell as it fell. I had a little secret to tell. "Where are you?" I asked him.

"Right beside you, Beth-Mary."
"They're waiting in the hall," I told my secret. "They've stole the master-key."

He put a chair under the door and stuffed the keyhole to humor me. "Daddy is right beside you."

There was somebody in that hall all the same. And somebody on the rooftop too.

The Federal man was beside the bed pressing my left hand for prints, but I hid the right under the covers because that was the one that really counted. I kept turning the wrong hand like Daddy turning the wrong pocket because it was me wearing the big W and not Daddy at all. That was what I'd been suspecting for some time now. "Beth-Mary," the Fed began to sound like my Daddy, "try to rest till dark."

"Never heard the name till now," I told him, "but the first hustling broad I meet who answers to it, I'll tell she's suppose to come downtown."

"It's only me, your little Daddy," that Fed tried his best. "Look at me, Beth-Mary."

"I have seen you somewheres before," I told him. "You're the nigger bellboy tried to pimp me off my little Daddy on San P. Street — remind me to have him cripple you back of the parking lot. It won't take as long this time as before."

Not till that moment did Daddy know I knew about *that* deal.

"Beth-Mary Connery," he asked me — "Look at me. Are you putting it on?"

"Come closer," I told him. For I was

much more sly than he ever had supposed.

He came up close. He was all misty-white. "Get out! Get out!" I screamed right out — I wanted to cry, I wanted to laugh, I was freezing cold, I was sweating-wet. I couldn't get up still I couldn't lie still. I wanted the feel of someone's hand. Yet I couldn't bear human touch.

I can hear a country mile off, sick or well. Daddy don't hear a thing till it's next to his ear.

I heard steps in the hall. I said what I heard. Was it really steps or not? He didn't know whether to duck or go blind.

"Hold my hand and be still, you talk too much," I told him — "say something to me — *Hush!* What train is *that!*?" It troubled me to hear a passenger train making time and not being able to tell was it coming or going or what.

"That's the New York Central, sweetheart." He thought he could tell *me* just anything.

"Christian Finnerty — *finky liar* — you good and well know that ain't no New York Central."

"Maybe it's the Illinois Central then. Maybe it's the Nickel Plate. For all I know, Baby, it could be the Rock Island."

"You lie in your teeth. You know as well as I it's the Southern Pacific."

"That's right, sweetheart," he agreed too soon, "it's the Southern Pacific for sure."

"Wait in the hall!" O I hollered right at him — "Do as you're told!"

He closed the door quiet to make off like he done as he was told. He didn't dare leave me. Yet feared to come near me. "Little baby," I heard him ask, "don't battle me so. You're grinding your teeth."

It's the kind of sickness you do well not to grind your teeth. But I wasn't battling him. I was battling *it*. Though it's a sickness it's the purest of follies to battle. Yet you have to battle it all the same. Battle and grind till your strength is spent in hope of one blessed moment of rest.

That moment comes yet it's never blessed. Your nose runs. Your eyes water. Your mouth drools like a possum's in love. "Daddy," I told him, "I don't want you to see me looking this way."

Then it's some sort of fever-doze where you're dreaming by the moment. Yet know right where you are all the while. It's something real wild that can't be endured. You endure it all the same.

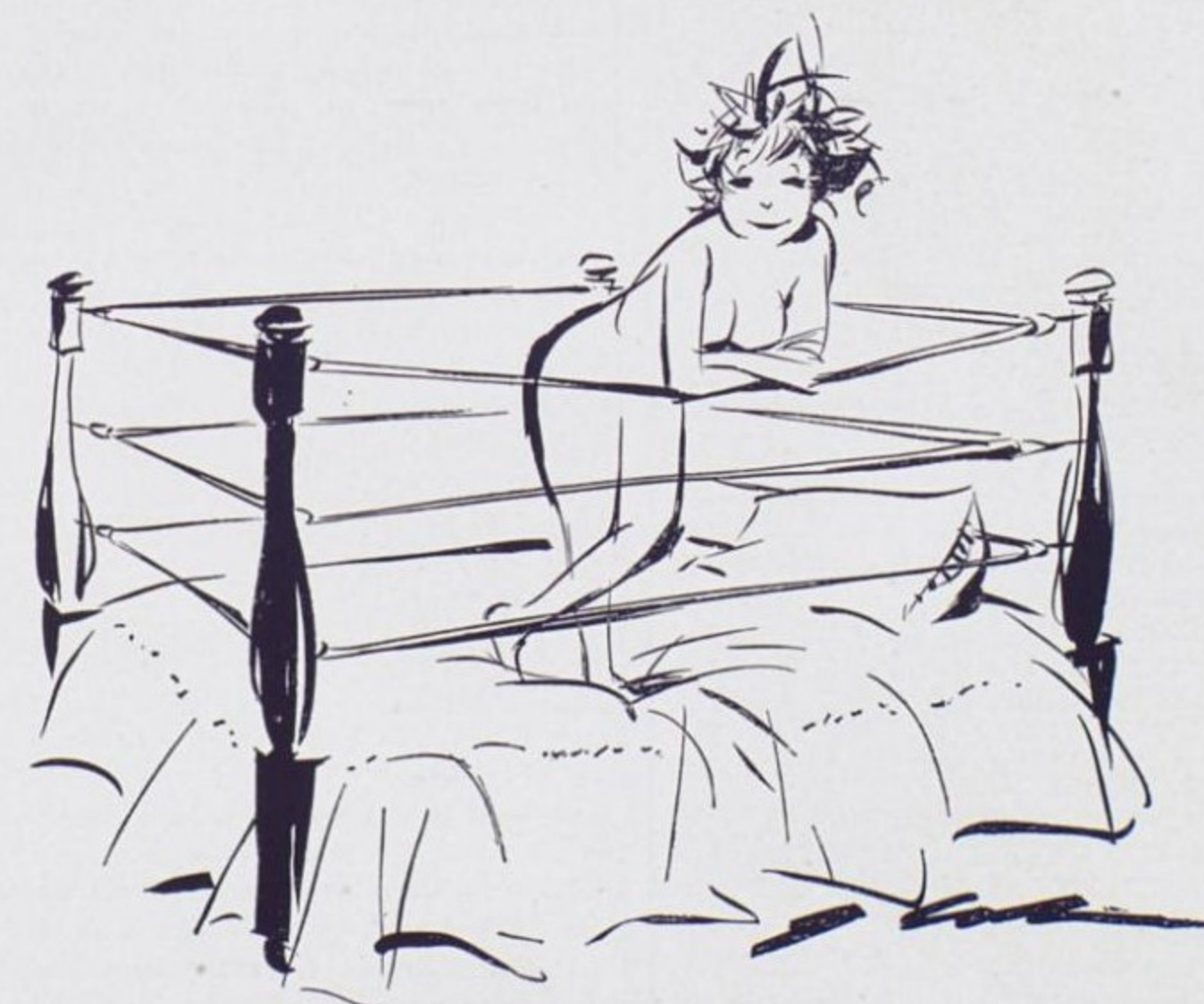
It's all misty-white, it's like under water. Yet of a sudden the whole room will come clear and everything in it stands out to the wallpaper's tiniest crack.

It's the sickness that turns you against yourself. You're like two people, a weak cat and a strong, with no use for each other but they can't pull apart. "I don't deserve to be punished like this," you hear the weak cat grieve.

"If you deserved it, it wouldn't be punishment," the tougher party tells.

"Then let me get it all and be done. Let me come to the end of suffering

FEMALES BY COLE: 34



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then."

The stronger cat just scorns all that. It goes and it comes, it creeps or it runs, there is no end and it's never done.

"Then why just *dole* it? Let me have it all at once," the weak cat begs.

"If you could see an end it wouldn't be punishment."

It's all so useless. It's nothing like sleep.

Once my eyes cleared and I saw Daddy plain: he was watching the light beyond the shade, waiting for the dark to come down. "Here I am," I could guess what he was thinking, "without a penny, without a friend. And a W on my forehead. If I get picked up it'll be a long deal before us two fools sleep side by side again. Who would fix a poor broad in a rented bed then?"

"Daddy," I whispered to him, "I got too many worries to go through with this."

He tried to give me something by mouth but my lips felt pebbly. I spit it all out. Daddy ought to have known better than that. Your mouth doesn't want it, it's your vein crying out. You can't ease a vein habit by mouth. Not even with graham crackers.

I felt him unstrapping my Longine. "You're getting it all spittly," he told me. I tried to swing my arm but I was too weak.

"Put it where I can see it," I asked him and he strapped it onto a handle of the bureau. I could see the shiny golden circle hanging even though I couldn't see the time. At least I knew where time was to be had.

"Baby," he told me, "you got the worst part over."

Then the big sick hit me bigger and sicker than before.

It comes on real quiet, like nabbers at work—the only thing on earth that moves fast and slow at one and the same time. The only thing that's something deep inside you and something far outside too. The only thing that feels so soft that hits so hard. The only thing that's more like nabbers at work than nabbers at work.

Nabs holding both your arms—then letting you pull loose just to see where you'll hide. There's a key in your door but it won't turn. Nabbers coming down both sides trying all doors—Get your back flat against your wall. Maybe they won't try this door at all. Maybe they'll never find you.

They're trying it, they're telling your name doorway to door—"Beth-Mary Connery. Beth-Mary Connery. *Beth-Mary*—I saw my Daddy's face, so dear, so sort of pulled with care—"Beth-Mary, I'm right here."

Then I knew nabbers at work had been just sounds inside my fevery ears.

Spook-docs and croakers, bug-docs and

such, meatballs and matrons, nurses and all, there's not one cares whether you live or you die. For not one knows what true suffering is. But Daddy who stayed on my side and beside me that sorriest day of any, *you* know. And you're the onliest one who knows.

People like to say a pimp is a crime and a shame. But who's the one friend a hustling broad's got? Who's the one who cuts in, bold as can be, when Nab comes to take you? Who puts down that real soft rap only you can hear to let you know your time is up and is everything alright in there Baby? And when a trick says "Where's the 20 I had in my wallet?"—Who's the one he got to see? Who's the one don't let you get trapped with the monsterring kind?

When 10 o'clock in the morning feels like the dead of night and God has forgot you, who still keeps watch over you?

"What time is it, Daddy?" I asked him.

"Time to get off the wild side, Beth-Mary," he told me like he'd found out for himself at last. Then just set on. So pale, so wan.

I turned my head toward him so's he'd know I was with him.

"Is it getting a little darker, Christian?"

"It's nigh to dark, Beth-Mary."

All I could do was touch his wan hand. My fingers were too weak to hold it. Yet he took it into mine and pressed my palm to let me know.

"Baby," he told me, "I'm sorry for what I done to you on South San Pedro Street."

And said it so low. As though I were part of his very heart still. That I heard it clear as little bells.

I must have slept then for a spell, because I dreamed I was buying seeds for some flower that blooms under water and when I woke it was raining. And someone kept humming from ever so far. When the rain stopped the little hum stopped. And all was wondrous still. When the rain began the hum began, from ever so far I could scarcely hear.

"Is that you humming, Daddy?" I asked.

Nobody answered. Nobody was near. The hum came closer—a little girl's humming. How could such a tiny hum come from so terribly far?

"You need sleep, Mother," she said my name. Sick as I was, my heart sank yet farther.

I lay on my pillow, how long I can't tell. After a time I noticed my Longine was gone. But it was all one by then.

I didn't have to open my eyes to know that Christian was gone too. I didn't care, one way nor another.

I didn't care for anything.

Slave Girl (continued from page 20)

leapt upward. The men went about their work with happy, secretive smiles on their faces; applications for passes to Oran fell off to almost nothing, whereas volunteers for K.P. came in at the rate of three or four a day. There was none of the usual bellyaching about nothing to do, too much work, uncomfortable quarters, etc. Everybody was happy. Too happy.

Of course, the officers noticed that something was different and were puzzled by it. The C.O. called me in one morning to feel me out on the subject, but I didn't know what he was talking about. Of the officers, only the new chaplain, that poor innocent guy, never caught on to the fact that something unusual was going on. As Special Services Officer he was in charge of providing entertainment for the troops, and he was overjoyed that they seemed to need so little diversion.

"Fine boys!" he said to me. "Clean, upstanding young men! What rich inner resources they must possess! Why, do you know, Sergeant Brown, not one of them has applied for a pass to Oran this weekend? They prefer to stay here at the camp."

This was in the orderly room on a Saturday morning. Chaplain Withers spent a great deal of his time in the orderly room, trying to garner information about how to handle his job—from me, mostly. It turned out he had been a missionary in China most of his life.

"One reason, I suppose," he went on, "is that most of them are anxious to hear my little talk on snakes this evening."

"Talk on snakes?" I said. I knew he had scheduled something with lantern slides, but that was all.

"Herpetology, you know," he said, beaming at me. "My hobby, and a fascinating one, I assure you. I have a rather fine collection of them—in bottles, of course—and I rather believe the men will enjoy hearing what I can tell them about these most maligned of God's creatures. The serpent in the Garden of Eden—"

"Excuse me, captain," I interrupted, "but you know, on Saturday night the men usually get together in their tents and recount amusing anecdotes and sing a few rousing songs and that sort of thing. They probably won't want to listen to a lecture on snakes, not tonight. I think maybe the room will be sort of empty."

The chaplain was perturbed. "You think I've chosen a bad night for it, eh?" he asked. "Now, that won't do. I don't want the men to give up their regular get-together just because they feel they have to be polite. No, ser-

geant"—and he transfixed me with a look of purest Christian charity through his bifocals—"no, we'll cancel the lecture this evening."

So I posted a notice on the board that the Special Services entertainment had been canceled, owing to the indisposition of the chaplain; and then, about the middle of the afternoon, I went over to the mess hall to see what McHugh had done with his slave girl.

The door was locked, as it should have been. I banged on it—I knew he was in there—and after a while it was opened by Meyers.

"What the hell are you doing here?" I asked.

"Good afternoon, sergeant," Meyers said. "What can I do for you?"

"You can goddamn well let me into this building," I said. "Where's Mc-

Hugh?"

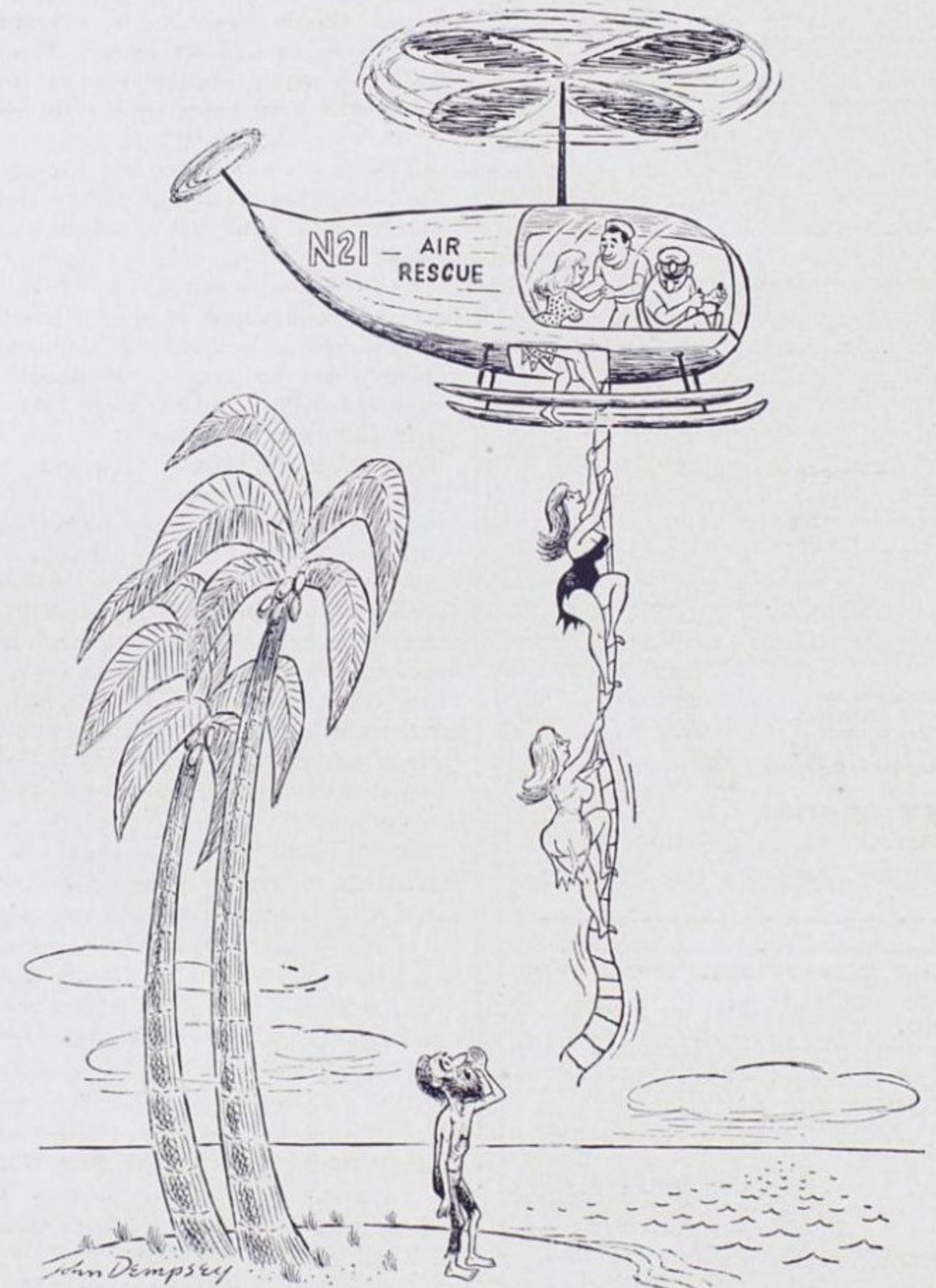
"Sergeant McHugh is taking inventory," Meyers said, getting nervous. "I don't think he would want to be disturbed, sir."

"Well, I think I'll disturb him," I said, pushing into the room. "Where is he?"

"I don't rightly know, sir," Meyers said, dancing around in his anxiety.

I went through the mess hall and back to the kitchen. Behind the kitchen was a corridor, with rooms on each side for the storage of food and mess necessities. I tried all the doors until I found the one that was open.

I have never seen such a room. God knows where McHugh had liberated the stuff, but he had the place done up like an oriental harem, Hollywood version. A Persian carpet covered the floor, and the walls were draped with yards and yards of some flimsy material, alternat-



"I don't think I'll be able to make it."

ing panels of orange and blue. In one corner he had rigged up a canopy of white cloth over a divan, on which he now reclined in dressing gown and slippers, with—I swear it!—a turban on his head, smoking a hookah and reading a book. The slave girl knelt by his side, fanning him slowly with a huge peacock-tail fan, adoration in her liquid black eyes.

Reading from north to south, she was clad in earrings, necklace, a transparent yellow skirt, and sandals. She was beautiful. Around 50° N. latitude she was almost blinding.

McHugh looked up from his book, and he seemed a bit annoyed. "How'd you get in unannounced?" he asked. "Where's Major-Domo Meyers?"

"Gee whizakers!" I exclaimed. I was flabbergasted by the enormity of McHugh's transgression, and awed at being in the presence of a man who was apparently willing, in his loyalty to his convictions, to spend the next 20 years in durance vile.

There was a gentle rap on the door and in came Major-Domo Meyers. He walked four paces into the room and bowed very low from the waist, placing his right hand on his forehead. "McHugh Pasha," he said—very seriously, not trying to be funny at all; in fact, scared. "Please excuse the way Sergeant Brown busted in. But what am I gonna do when the duty sergeant pushes me away from the door?"

"Goddammit, Meyers," McHugh said, "what if it had been an M.P.?"

"Oh then, sir, I mean sahib," Meyers said quickly, "I wunt even of opened the door. I can see through the little window who it is. But the duty sergeant is different—he knows I'm in here and he can get my ass."

"Well, never mind, Meyers," McHugh said. "Depart."

Meyers salaamed again and departed. McHugh waved his arm at Roxane, whereupon she arose and busied herself with the coffee pot. "You're just in time for the afternoon refreshment," he said: his old self again, not making like the oriental potentate. "Sit down on yonder hassock."

"McHugh," I said, sitting down, "how do you get these G.I.s to kowtow and salami and say 'pasha' and 'sahib' without busting out laughing?"

McHugh puffed on his narghile. "It's amazing what the simple organism is capable of," he said, "if you offer the proper rewards."

"Improper rewards, I suppose you mean."

"Right," said McHugh. "A few of my body servants enjoy a favored position on Oriental Hospitality Day, which is almost every day. They are first in line and don't have to pay."

Roxane kept moving about, bending

over, etc., and I had a hard time following the conversation. Out there in that bleak desert waste it was almost too much to have the impossible dream right before your eyes. She knelt by my hassock and poured out a cup of coffee about as thick as heavy cream. The curve of her breast was exquisite. I tried to keep my eye off it, especially with McHugh watching, but there was simply nothing else to look at in that whole room. My Adam's apple began to bob up and down. McHugh puffed on his hookah, seeming pleased.

"Roxane would be glad to entertain you after your coffee," he said. "Avec les compliments de la maison, needless to say."

"She would?" I croaked. "How do you know?" After all, I'm against slavery.

McHugh said something to the girl in Arabic. It sounded like a question—certainly not like a command. Roxane looked up at me from her kneeling position and seemed to size me up, demurely, with those almond eyes of hers. She said something to McHugh and he nodded. Thereupon she stood up and gently pressed my head against her body.

"You see?" he said. "She would."

That was my worst battle: worse than the landing, worse than the ambush outside Oran. I got out of both of those, barely. I got out of this one too, barely; but it was a different sort of bare.

It was wonderful!

This episode almost destroyed my firm resolve, but not quite. McHugh had to be saved from himself; and it was the chaplain, obviously, who would provide the way.

But no opportunity presented itself for a week. For a whole gorgeous week the idyll continued; and during that time I found out how much I enjoyed McHugh's company. He was really a most engaging fellow. I would drop over to the mess hall almost every evening, so that we could talk about philosophy and esthetics and things like that. He was a stimulating conversationalist. And he was a gentleman, too: his hospitality was unlimited. One appreciates that sort of gentility in the rude climate of an Army camp. When it came to the grand and negligent gesture in the regal manner, McHugh was great. Great!

By the end of the week the officers were very suspicious indeed. The atmosphere in the camp just wasn't normal. When the pill rollers whistle merrily while emptying the bedpans, something is fishy. I heard the C.O. talking with one of the lieutenants. They were asking each other why the men were so cheerful all of a sudden, and the lieutenant said he thought they must have set up a still somewhere, probably in the Q.M. warehouse. "By God, then we'll find it," the C.O. said. "We'll search all the

buildings."

The next day was payday, and the chaplain was in the orderly room as usual, talking about China and asking me if I didn't think some of the men would like to go on a nature-study hike with him, looking for African snakes for his collection. I was explaining to him, very gently, why this was a terrible idea, when an expression of wonder came over his face.

"Now why in the world," he asked, "would those fellows be doing that at the mess hall in the middle of the afternoon? And at the kitchen door, too."

I looked out the window. A half-dozen guys were lined up at the entrance to McHugh's hideaway, pushing each other and horsing around. It was obviously Oriental Hospitality Day. I was dumbfounded by his carelessness: any minute an officer would go over to investigate. At the same moment I had my flash of inspiration.

"Why, chaplain," I said, "I believe I heard this morning that one of the fellows had caught a real curious snake. He has it in there and he's letting the other men see it for a dime a look."

"A snake?" the chaplain said eagerly. "No wonder the fellows are so interested. By jiminy, that's something I want to see too." And he toddled off toward the mess hall, wagging his fat bottom.

"Now you've done it, sarge," Gabriel, the clerk, said reproachfully. "You've goosed the cook that laid the golden egg."

"I've saved him, Gabriel," I said, dashing out the door. "I hope."

I dodged around the building and tore for the front entrance to the mess hall. Meyers must have seen me coming, because he had the door open when I got there.

"Meyers!" I said urgently. "Get in there and tell McHugh the chaplain is in line at the other door. I'll try to stall things off."

"The chaplain?" Meyers said, buckling at the knees. "Oh my! I think I'll just pop over to my tent for some cigarettes."

"No you won't," I said. "Get on in there!"

Meyers scuttled off and I ran through the mess hall to the kitchen door, where Wellburn was standing sentry. Looking through the grilled window, I was just in time to see the chaplain arrive at the end of the line. The men suddenly turned to statues, slightly green in color, and a look of pitiful amazement and anguish came over their faces. After a few seconds the first two men sauntered casually to the corner of the building and then broke into violent

(continued overleaf)



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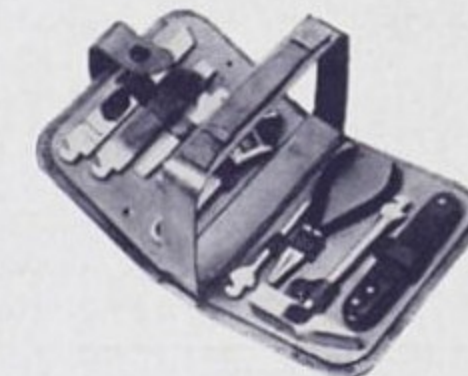
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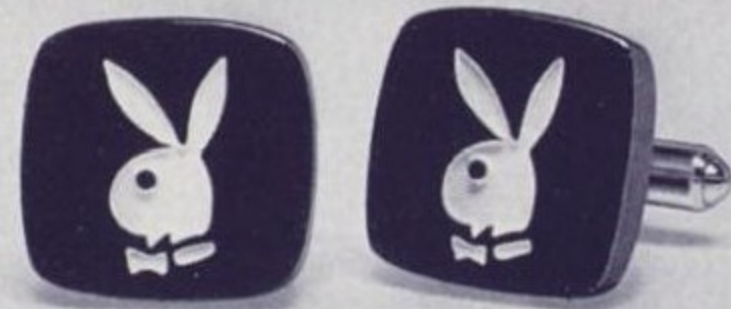
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forward motion. But the others were afraid to do anything and stayed where they were. The chaplain saw that his arrival had caused a change in their behavior.

"Please, fellows," he said, "don't let the presence of an officer disturb you. We're all here for the same reason, so just act yourselves. Why, hello, Gallagher," he said to the man in front of him—the wisecracker from the V. D. lecture. "Does this interest you too?"

Gallagher's mouth opened and closed several times. "Does this interest you?" he managed to ask.

"Oh, this is my hobby," the chaplain said.

"Your—your hobby, sir?"

"Oh, yes," the chaplain said. "I get a real delight from this. And it's certainly worth a dime, isn't it?"

"Yessir, I guess so," Gallagher said. "Sure is." The other three had turned around to listen, and now they smiled. You could see their thought: this chaplain sure was a very peculiar chaplain.

"Pardon me, sir," one of them asked cautiously, "but how often do you do this?"

"As often as I have the chance," the chaplain said. "Some days in China I would go out looking for them and sometimes I'd find as many as five or six. Say, do you think we might get up a group of fellows to hike around for some specimens?"

"We sure could!" Gallagher said. "Man, this here Army sure has changed!"

"It's hard work, though," the chaplain went on. "And you have to take a bottle along, to pickle them."

"Yep, that's the way, all right!" Gallagher exclaimed. "Man, this ole Army sure has changed!"

"Now, about this specimen," the chaplain said. "About how big is it?"

"Oh, I'd say about five feet," Gallagher answered.

"Five feet!" Capt. Withers exclaimed. "Upon my word! I didn't know there were any that big in North Africa. Do you know whether it's poisonous?"

"If she's poisonous," Gallagher said, with a loud guffaw, "then all I can say is, this whole danged camp is poisoned."

"Do you mean the snake has bitten someone?" the chaplain asked in alarm.

Gallagher stared at him stupidly, and I realized that it was time to interrupt, or he would spill the beans. I didn't know what the outcome would be, but I had no choice. I opened the door.

"I'm awfully sorry, Captain Withers," I said, "but I'm afraid you won't be able to see the snake. Somehow it got out of its box and escaped through the window. And you men," I shouted, using my famous bellow, "stop congregating around here, blocking traffic.

Beat it!"

The men beat it, all except lughead Gallagher.

"But sarge," he protested, "you know they ain't no snake. This here chaplain is an OK Joe—he just wants a little piece of tail like the rest of us."

"Gallagher!" I hollered *fortissimo*. "Quiet! Get out of here, on the double! Scat!"

So he scat.

I stepped out of the building and let the door latch behind me.

"Oh, what a pity," the chaplain said. "This would have been a most interesting experience."

"Yes, sir," I agreed. "It certainly would."

"What did Private Gallagher mean about a piece of tail?" he asked.

"Well, sir," I said, "I believe he must have had the idea that the snake's tail was going to be cut up in pieces for souvenirs of North Africa, after everyone had seen it."

The chaplain turned pale. "But surely, sergeant, no such infamous deed was intended! One of God's innocent creatures!"

"No, sir," I said, "certainly not. Private Gallagher was completely confused."

"That's good," the chaplain said. For a moment he was still shaken by the notion; then he brightened.

"Sergeant Brown," he said, "I'm sorry, but you were dead wrong about my idea for a cross-country snake hunt. The men here were extremely enthusiastic about it. We'll do it on Sunday." And, full of love and Christian goodness, he gave me a little poke in the ribs.

Well, that was the end of that. When I went back into the mess building I found that McHugh had hidden Roxane in another room and had completely dismantled his oriental scraglio. Now it was just another storeroom.

"Dammit, Brown," he said, "you officer-lover, you did turn me in."

I told him about the C.O. and the lieutenant, and after a while he calmed down. That evening he smuggled Roxane out of the camp in a potato bag, took her back to Oran, bade her a fond farewell, gave her a hundred dollars—a fortune—and formally released her from bondage. She was touchingly grateful, and insisted on kissing his feet.

The next day, sure enough, the M.P.s turned the camp area inside out; and that evening McHugh gave me a bottle of Black Label, which, in those days, was like giving away your left arm.

Real Black Label, not that stuff the Arabs made, which you had to feed to a buddy first, to see whether he went into convulsions.

EXURBANITES AT PLAY

(continued from page 56)

the four of them get together and set up their own agency? The hell with working for somebody else, clubbing your brains out just to line some bastard's pocket who can't even write a decent line of copy any more, the doddering old meathead.

"Look," says one, "I'm sure I could swing my account to a new firm, fresh blood, fresh outlook."

In the back of each mind is the thought: "It's a way out of the rat-race. My own business—and wouldn't it look great, my name up there on the letter-head?"

It is impossible to estimate accurately the number of dream-agencies that have been fantasized in this way, but it is a fact that at least two actual agencies have grown from just such meetings. But not this time. This time, the admen take leave of each other around 12:30 or so, the wives protract the departure in characteristic wifely fashion, and the Philipases start to empty ashtrays and collect glassware. They are sufficiently loaded and exhausted to insure a night's sleep.

The Santinis, having seen their weekend guests off on a refreshingly early evening train, could get to bed around 11:00, but they sit up two hours, sipping coolers and verbally assassinating their departed friends, who left a ring in the tub, dropped butts on the lawn, and didn't help with the Friday night dishes.

The Camerons get home from their house-crawling around 11:00 and are in bed by 12:00. The Martells were home by 10:00 and hoped to get to bed early. Ben's wife is talking to him again and they're happily tired together. But Ben found a message to call the comedian he works for in New York, did so, was told that his sketch for next week's show stinks but stinks, and that he'd better have something passing fair ready by noon next day or else, and so he is already involved again in the rat-race. He is downstairs in the playroom, walking up and down, drinking some beer out of a can, and thinking, thinking.

Armand Santini is the only one of our four specimens who will not be on the platform at the railroad station in time to catch the 8:12 on Monday morning. He will be in his studio by 9:00. None of them thinks he has spent an exceptional weekend. If you ask Armand, Gid, Duke, or Ben what he does over a weekend, he will answer, "Why, what everybody else does, wherever they happen to live. It's no different in the country than anywhere else."



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Positive Thinking

(continued from page 50)

did run a fruit stand to support 16 kids. But one thing Spellini learned is how to take it. I learned it young, Commander. I had to. (He puts on cap at a jaunty angle and strides to the door. On his way out, he turns to the group at the table with an easy grin.) Spellini of the United States Navy . . . officer and gentleman! (He salutes and exits.) BRICKER (after a pause, unable to put Spellini out of his mind): Now let's see . . . what was that last one? Something about putting an orchestra on a ship—a full symphony, wasn't it? MILLER: A symphony? Gosh, no, they'd think we were longhaired! (Bricker reaches for the bell, but Miller's hand beats him to it. For a moment they stare at each other, then Miller mumbles huskily . . .) Let me do it, will you, Commander? (Bricker withdraws his hand, and Miller rings the bell.) Thanks, Commander, somehow it's . . . it's better that way. (He rises, picks up cap and flicks a speck of imaginary dust from the emblem. From somewhere in the distance a minor-key rendition of "Anchors Aweigh" floats in through the open porthole. Miller swallows back a lump in his throat and tries to speak, but there's nothing more to say. Bricker averts his eyes. Schwartz lurches over sideways, snaps awake and blinks up at Miller.) SCHWARTZ: Hey, you shoving off? (Miller bites his lip, nods and exits in an agony of remorse, forgetting to shut the door after him. Bricker sits brooding over the long table, with its litter of idea-traps and pencils. Schwartz puts his feet up on an empty chair and mutters . . .) Somebody ought to shut that door—there's a draft on my neck. BRICKER (curtly): Somebody ought to collect the notebooks and pencils. SCHWARTZ (yawns): Who can we get? BRICKER (bitterly): I don't know, Ensign Schwartz. Perhaps we ought to form a committee! (He automatically reaches for the bell and starts to ring it. For whom does it toll, he wonders, and suddenly realizes that it tolls for himself! He, Commander Wiley Bricker U.S.N.R.—"Goldy" Bricker, senior member of the Diners' Club and one of the top creative thinkers in the entire advertising profession—has uttered a killer-phrase! The bell clangs to the floor and he slumps across the table with his head buried in his arm. A tragic silence settles over the stage as Schwartz drops off to sleep again and the lights begin to dim for no reason at all. Just as the aisle seats are beginning to empty, Captain Jonah appears in the open doorway, takes in the scene at a glance and inquires . . .)

JONAH: You all finished. Commander? (Bricker slowly draws himself up straight in his chair and turns directly to the footlights as he replies, quite simply and with all sorts of obvious meaning . . .) BRICKER: Yes, Captain . . . I'm all . . . finished. (He rises, squares his shoulders and walks proudly out through the doorway, past the wondering captain.)

JONAH (tentatively): The tender is ready to take you back to the shore, Commander.

BRICKER (off): Thank you, Captain . . . But if it's all the same to you, I think I'd rather walk. (There is a loud splash. The captain's jaw drops and he rushes to the rail to peer over the side. A bosun's pipe softly tweets "Rinso-white," the lights grow dimmer and dimmer, and Schwartz begins to peacefully snore, as—the curtain falls.)



SHRIMPS SUPREME

(continued from page 36)

- 1/2 ripe avocado
- Lettuce leaves
- 1/2 cup chili sauce
- 1 teaspoon horseradish
- 1/2 teaspoon lemon juice
- 1/4 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
- 2 dashes Tabasco sauce
- 1 tablespoon finely chopped chives or scallions

Be sure the shrimp, avocado and chili sauce are ice cold. Cut the avocado into dice about 1/2 inch thick. Place several small lettuce leaves in the cocktail dishes. (Saucer champagne glasses are nice for service.) Place the shrimp and avocado on the lettuce. Mix together the chili sauce, horseradish, lemon, juice, Worcestershire sauce, Tabasco sauce and chives. Pour the sauce over the shrimp. Serve with a small wedge of lemon. Another pleasant variation on the shrimp cocktail theme may be made by substituting thawed frozen grapefruit segments for the avocado.

SHRIMPBURGERS

- 1 lb. cooked shrimp, peeled and deveined
- 2 eggs
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 2 teaspoons grated onion
- 1 teaspoon dry mustard
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1/8 teaspoon pepper
- Vegetable fat

Force the shrimp through a meat chopper, using the coarse blade. Separate the egg yolks from the whites. Beat the whites with a rotary beater until they are stiff. In a mixing bowl combine the ground shrimp, egg yolks, flour, grated onion, mustard, salt and pepper.

Mix well. Fold the egg whites into the mixture. Melt the vegetable fat to a depth of a 1/4 inch in a large frying pan. When the fat is hot, drop the shrimp mixture by large spoonfuls into the pan. Sauté the burgers until golden brown on each side.

BROILED MARINATED SHRIMP

There's an overnight marinating process involved here, but the actual cooking time, after the marinating is completed, is very brief.

- 1 lb. raw shrimp, peeled and deveined
- 1 onion, sliced
- 1 carrot, sliced
- 1 piece of celery, sliced
- 3 sprigs of parsley
- 2 tablespoons salad oil
- Juice of a half-lemon
- Breadcrumbs
- Salt, pepper, paprika

In a deep bowl combine the onion, carrot, celery, parsley, salad oil, lemon juice and shrimp. Mix well. Store overnight in the refrigerator. When ready to use, remove the shrimp from the vegetables. Preheat broiler to 500°. Sprinkle the shrimp with salt and pepper. Dip them in breadcrumbs, coating thoroughly. Place in a shallow metal pan. Sprinkle lightly with salad oil and paprika. Broil from 3 to 5 minutes on each side or until brown. Serve with tartar sauce, catsup or the sour cream dressing in the fried shrimp recipe above.

SHRIMP PAN ROAST

Like oyster pan roast, which is not a roast at all but a form of stew, Shrimp Pan Roast follows the tradition of the old eastern oyster houses.

- 1 lb. cooked shrimp, peeled and deveined
- 1/4 cup butter
- 1 teaspoon paprika
- 1/2 teaspoon celery salt
- 2 teaspoons horseradish
- 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
- 1/4 cup chili sauce
- 1 1/2 cups light sweet cream
- 2 slices of toast
- Salt, pepper

In a heavy saucepan melt the butter. Add the shrimp. Sauté over a moderate flame for 2 minutes. Add the paprika, celery salt, horseradish, Worcestershire sauce and chili sauce. Sprinkle generously with salt and pepper. Simmer 2 minutes longer. Add the cream, mixing well. Bring up to the boiling point, but do not boil. Let the liquid merely simmer for several minutes. Place the toast in deep soup bowls. Spoon the shrimp over the toast. Pour the liquid into the bowls. Add a dash of paprika to each portion. Serve with oyster crackers or Trenton crackers. Happy chomping.

PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

JUST about everything gets going in Europe in June (including Arctic safaris for polar bear out of Tromsø, Norway, and appropriately-costumed 16th Century football in the Boboli Gardens at Florence)—but transatlantic passage by sea on the better carriers is already sold out. Even by air, it's tight now for the coming summer. One good gimmick, if you're stuck, is to buy the least expensive tour (most operators have options left on eastbound space), skip the conducted itinerary, and make your own arrangements for easier westbound space.

If you're wending your wistful way anywhere near the French Riviera, you might try a day or so on Ile du Levant—if only for a conversational bomb back home. It's the only playground around those parts where large stretches of beach are restricted for those who prefer to frolic entirely in the buff.

For skindiving of a slightly different sort, try a truly unspoiled spot of vivid lagoons and storybook beaches: the island of Cozumel off the Yucatan peninsula in Mexico. Fly to Merida from Miami (via Havana, should you hanker for a wild stopover). A packaged five days of nature-boying it among the fantastic ruined cities of the Mayas, above and below the water, totals up to \$107 per sport.

Two items to spark up your Western trek this summer: white water cruises on the Hell's Canyon rapids of the Snake River start at a simple \$6.50 for one hell of a short-time jolt, or \$160 for a hugely hair-raising 10-day river journey.

The Dude-for-a-Day Ranch in Wyoming trucks you into the Teton Mountains, rides you on horseback up into remote buffalo meadows, feeds you two sturdy cookout meals to twanging cowboy guitars—all to the tune of only \$10. If you can't stand to leave (or just can't stand at all), \$2.50 more nets a cabin for the night with breakfast to boot.

South American skiing reaches its peak in June through October. Facilities range from 30¢ a day (including room, three squares, tow and free oxygen—it's 18,400 feet above sea level) at the Bolivian resort of Chacaltaya—to \$9 a day at plush Portillo in Chile. Excursion air fares start at \$515 round trip from Miami to Santiago. Should you care to thaw out comfortably après ski, the oranges will be ripening by the sea at Vina del Mar.

For further information on any of the above, write to Playboy Reader Service, 232 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Illinois.

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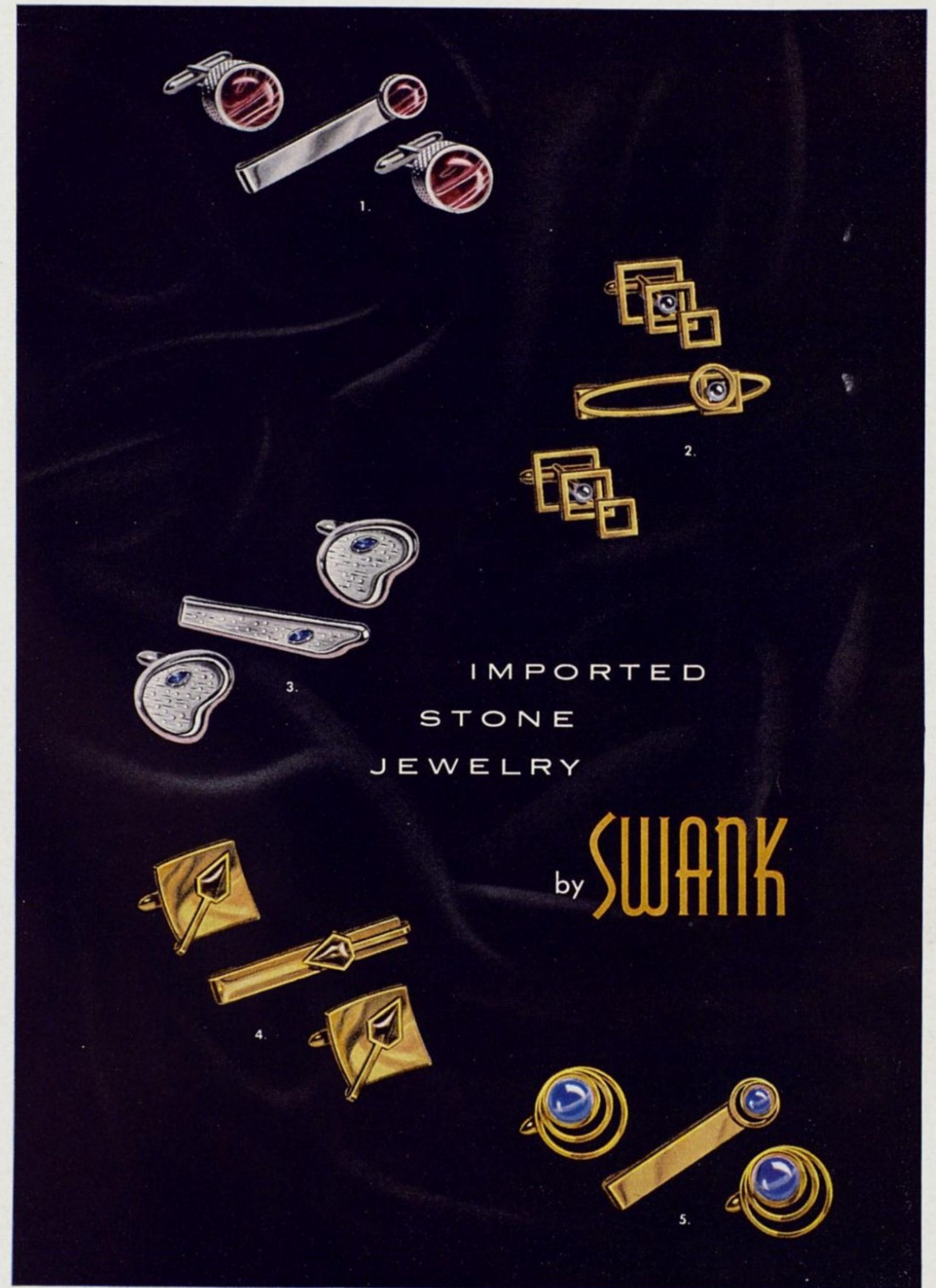
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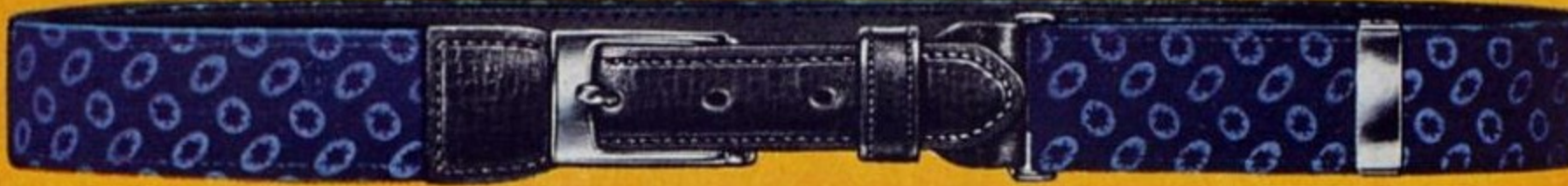


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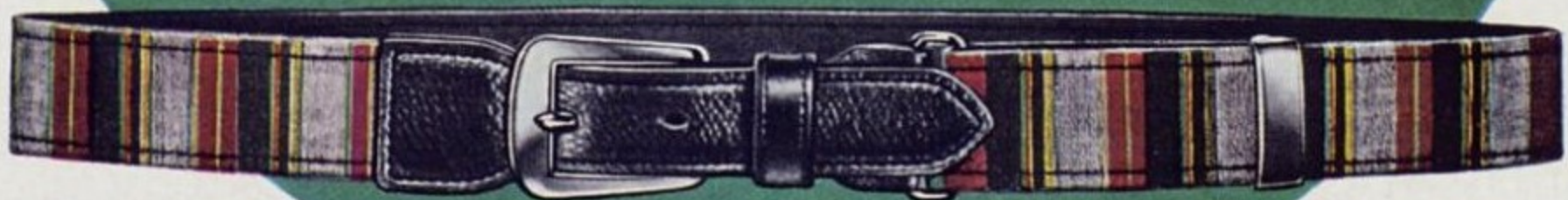
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PURDY



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SPECTORSKY

PLAYBILL

ALGREN, SPECTORSKY, PURDY: each of these fellows is the acknowledged nonpareil in his sphere, and each has contributed something choice to this April issue of PLAYBOY. Nelson Algren, passionate poet laureate of the seamy side of urban life (*The Man with the Golden Arm; The Neon Wilderness*), gives us his first new work of fiction since the best-selling novel, *A Walk on the Wild Side* — you'll find *All Through the Night* a piece of powerful, eminently Algrenesque prose. Our Associate Publisher, A. C. Spector-sky, is the undisputed expert on Exurbia (a word he coined in his book, *The Ex-urbanites*, and which is being included in the new Thorndike-Barnhart dictionary). Of all the many fascinating aspects of Exurbia, its playful moments are of particular interest to PLAYBOY readers, we feel, and so *Exurbanites at Play* graces these pages, illustrated especially for PLAYBOY by Robert Osborn. Eastern Editor Ken Purdy, ex-skipper of both *True* and *Argosy*, and, incidentally, the country's foremost sports cars writer, rounds out the authoritative triumvirate. He has assembled *The Compleat Sports Car Stable* for us, with handsome, full-color photographs by Philip O. Stearns.

Purchasing a beautiful female off the slave block is, unhappily, only the stuff

of dreams for Modern Western Man — but a mess sergeant named McHugh does just that in *The Sergeant and the Slave Girl*, this month's lead story by T. K. Brown III. Mr. Three, as he is sometimes called, has been, at various times, an interpreter at the Nuremberg trials, an AMGOT translator, an English teacher, skin-diving instructor and motel operator in the Florida keys. Humorist William Iversen, who took a brief turn in the February issue with some remarks about soup-on-the-rocks, returns this month with some devastating drama-turgy about the new "brainstorming" technique.

Carl Bakal, prizewinning photographer and author of the book, *How to Shoot for Glamor*, has done a text-and-picture study of sex, as it rears its pretty head at 480 Lexington Avenue, New York City; our Fashion Department has come through with the latest word on rainwear; Thomas Mario discloses some succulent secrets about shrimps; Guy de Maupassant is represented by a charming Ribald Classic concerning a wayward wife; a salesgirl named Gloria Windsor makes an appetizing Miss April . . . it all adds up to a provocative PLAYBOY, we think. See if you agree.



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DEAR PLAYBOY

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BIRD

As I sit here listening to Bird's *Temptation*, I want to extend my warmest thanks and undying gratitude for the exhilarating article written by Messrs. Gehman and Reisner. Charlie's life is not legend; his music will live forever for all the world to revere. Here was a man dedicated so much to music that life itself meant nothing. Is it any wonder, then, that Charlie's life was mapped out in advance? I think not. Bird knew he was not long for this world; he knew he was going, but not when.

Leon W. Bailey
Chicago, Ill.

Your article on *Bird* was moving, very realistic, and made me feel as though I really knew him. I seldom missed his gigs when he appeared in New York and I was at Birdland when he played with strings and was in a "rage." It was a pathetic sight and it was quite evident he was going down. But in my book he'll *never* be replaced in the jazz field.

T/Sgt. Willard R. Smith
Mitchell AFB, New York

Charlie Parker was a dooper, a lush, a spoiler of women and a dead beat. A martyr to music? He was a martyr to his vices, and everyone else was a fool. I don't say the story should not have been written, but I do say it's a shame the life had to be lived.

Ernest Morton
Cheshire, Conn.

You cats did a great thing when you printed that article on *Bird*. The story brought tears to my eyes.

Ronald Howard
Chicago, Ill.

To ours, too.

SHEPHERD MARKET

The Shepherd Market story was the most entertaining article I have read in weeks. I was glad to learn that the British have lost none of their almost inborn conservatism, even down to the "lady on the street." However, the pur-

pose of this letter is to commend you for your choice of the girl appearing in the pictures with the story. Miss Cynthia Williams is a delightful example of the English beauty which so many claim to be non-existent. Instead of pointing out her obvious qualities I leave my evidence resting on the pictures — and I raise my glass of Scotch in a toast to her and other beautiful British women.

James Leonard Clifford-Ascot
Columbus, Ohio

With *The Girls of Shepherd Market* in the January issue, *PLAYBOY* has surpassed even itself. Cynthia Williams is, as our British cousins would say, a "smasher," which means a real knockout. This sort of practical sociology is very easy to take.

J. M. A. Raikes
New York, N. Y.

Who is Sam Boal trying to fool with such a story? He must have a good imagination to make up such entertainment for your readers. We girls do not have a glamorous life, but like to help others and receive nice things in return. Who was the girl he got to pose for the pictures — an out-of-work model? And that latch key dangling from her hand! How corny can you get?

Marjorie
Shepherd Market
London, England

I thought the Shepherd Market article was not only interesting but very accurate. The girls (I speak from experience) are the most "unprostitutish" and prettiest streetwalkers I have ever encountered anywhere! After meeting the coarse German *strassemädchen* and her French counterpart, I was dumbfounded to learn that the well-behaved and mannerly young lady whom I had met at Piccadilly Circus and escorted to the nicest theatre in London was a prostitute. Hurray for the Shepherd Market girl! *Viva la prostituta inglesa!*

Ciro Hernández
Mexico City, Mexico

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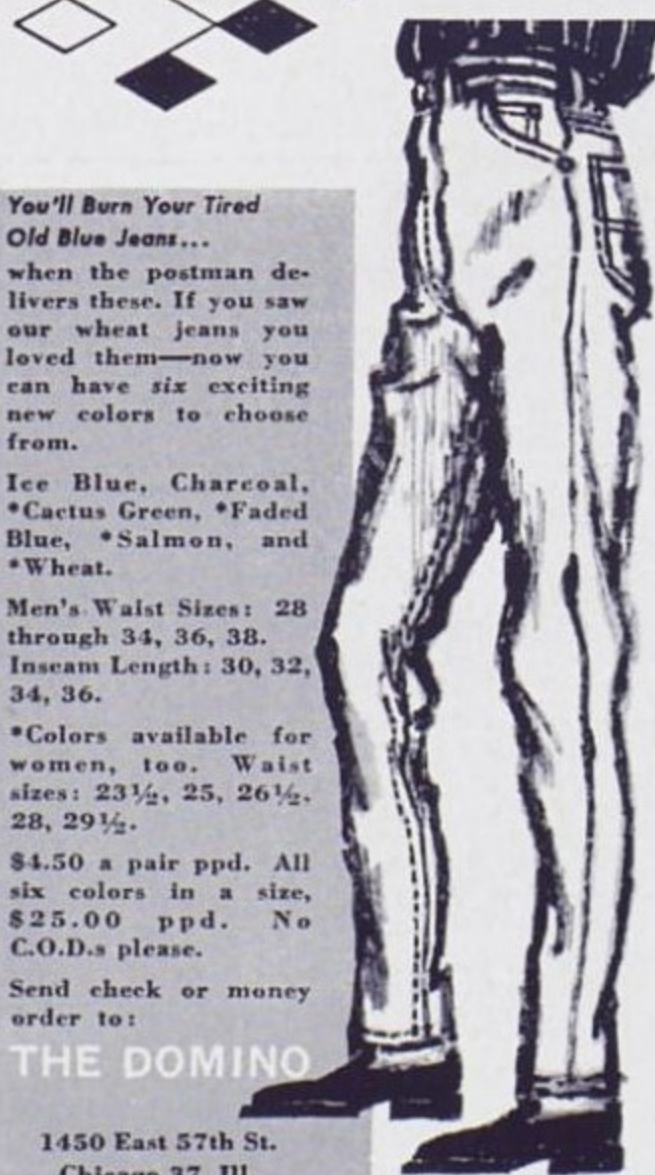
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I noted your article *The Girls of Shepherd Market* with interest. However, I believe I could do a more extensive report. If you desire my services, please forward expenses for a two-week sabbatical in London.

George D. Foret
Boston, Mass.

Have a good time, George, but don't stick us with the bill.

PABLO

In the January issue of *American Artist*, the prominent painter and authority, Frederic Taubes, says, "One of the incongruous phenomena in the obscure field of present-day esthetics is the indiscriminate worship bestowed upon Picasso by amateur and professional intellectuals alike." In the January issue of *PLAYBOY*, what do I find but Picasso? I say hurrah for Mr. Taubes and to hell with Picasso, Bradbury and *PLAYBOY*!

Warren S. Billington
Van Nuys, Calif.

I happily found Ray Bradbury's *In a Season of Calm Weather* to be a remarkably sensitive story. In addition, the Picasso illustrations were excellent. The Bradbury-Picasso combination made for a highly entertaining package, worth many times the cost of the magazine.

Bob Ross
Berkeley, Calif.

RESOLUTIONS

Your feature *Comes the Resolution*, wherein the famous co-authors make resolutions for the general populace, is reminiscent of a bit from *Pogo*, in which abstinence is maintained via transferring the habit to Churchy, the turtle in the strip (i.e., cake is given up—Churchy eats cake for the year).

William H. Murphy
Little Creek, Va.

WHERE'S PAPA?

Re: Your January issue:
The girls were cute, the stories gay,
But where the hell was Hemingway?

R. E. Stinson
Mayfield, Michigan

The Reader sat back with the January *PLAYBOY*. The chair was rugged and comforting and Morris.

He looked for the seventh round of the "Papa" series. Missed it; looked too fast, he thought. He looked again. Where was it?

To hell with it. Next issue maybe.

Next issue was raw and good and true. The metal staples reminded him of the sword he held in his giant right hand the time he fought the bull. He opened the magazine and looked at the contents page. The moment of truth, he thought.

Not there. "Damn! Damn it to hell!"

Oh, the dirty editors! Dirty editors! Oh, the dirty lousy editors! He kicked the cat.

What happened to it, he wondered. He wanted to know.

Bob Stewart
Huntsville, Texas

The dirty editors struggled with the January issue. Not enough space. Hemingway pastiche squeezed out. Happened again in February. But Papa won out in March and the eighth round is coming up in this issue.

STARR EYED

In the Jazz Poll Report of the January issue, the indecent epistle of demented "jazz expert" Chick Heim brought forth Kay Starr as a questionable first-rater and dropped Christy, Connor and Jeri Southern to the abyss of "caterwauling." Father Heim seems to be Starr-eyed. Pick up your sword, sir, and let's Christy-Cross this around.

George Kiriakos
St. Louis, Mo.

WINTERS' WONDERLAND

You fellows really put your readers in an embarrassing position this time. You bring back all 12 Playmates of 1956 for a curtain call and then ask which one we would like to see as the Playmate of the Year. With all due respects to the loveliest girls to ever grace the pages of *American* publications, and also because gentlemen prefer blondes, I would like to cast a couple of million votes for Miss Lisa Winters.

H. E. Owen
Chicago, Ill.

In my short but fairly full life, I've seen women and pictures of women and pinups of women but just now I've been brought to a screeching halt in any further search for more. If anyone can actually fall in love with a photograph, I've certainly done so in these past few moments of gazing at Lisa Winters. As far as I am concerned you may just cease any further search for future Playmates.

Peter G. Ball
APO 65, New York, N. Y.

You've finally hit what I consider the most gorgeous and most tantalizing Playmate I could ever hope to see in any magazine: Lisa Winters!

Bob Horne
Dudley, Mass.

Of all your '56 Playmates, Lisa Winters was the best of them all. How about another Playmate or article on her?

J. T. Meyer
Kansas City, Mo.

Highest congratulations for finding such a beautiful Playmate for December. I feel that Lisa Winters is the only Playmate to equal the beauty of your own Janet Pilgrim.

J. Fred D'Amereux
Princeton, New Jersey



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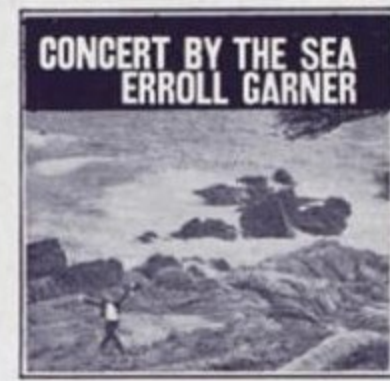
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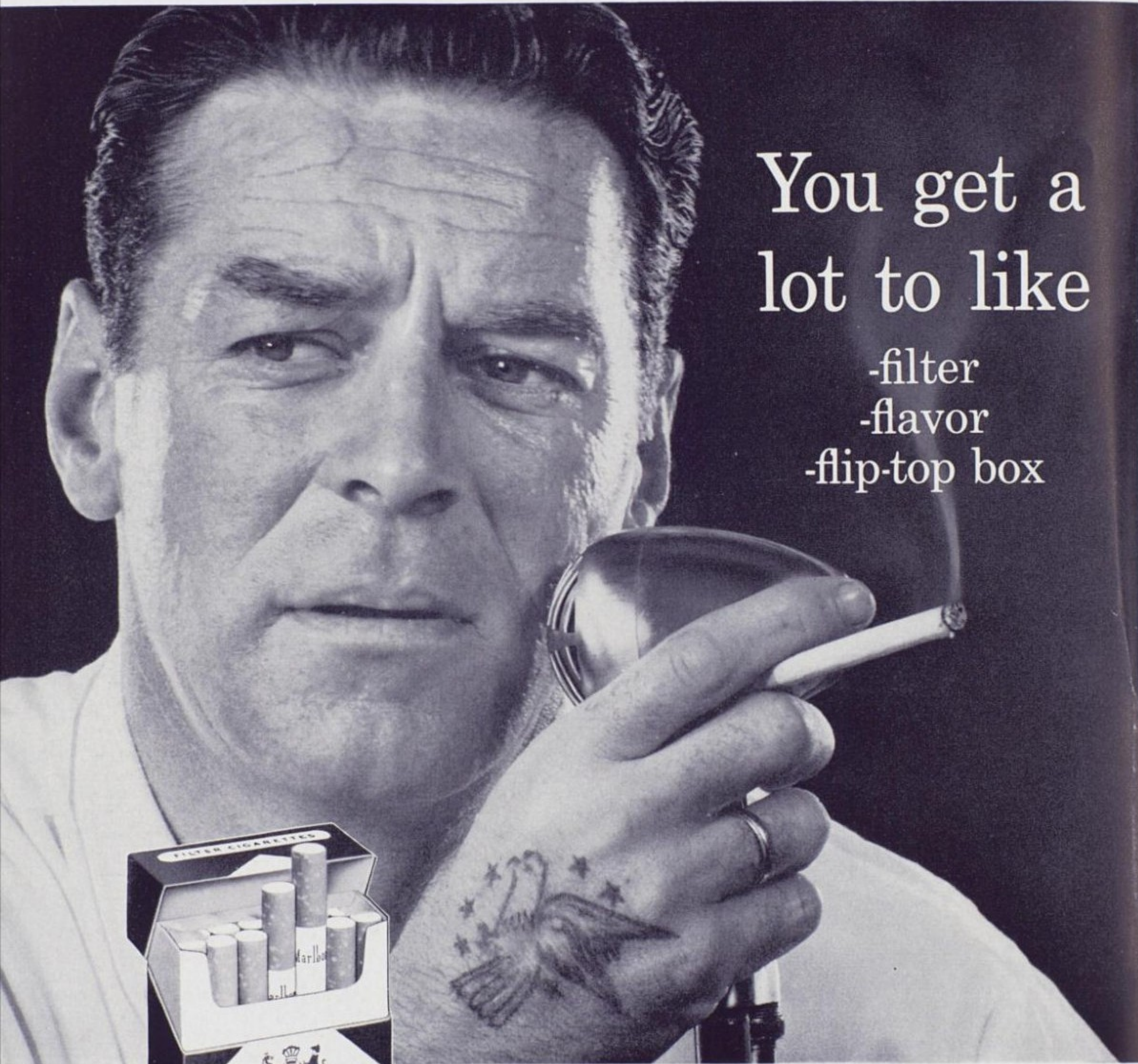
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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



QUESTION: how does an author dream up a title for his new book? Answer: he usually doesn't. Instead, he excerpts some hoary quote from a nearby Bartlett's and affixes it to his tome. Thus, we have had in the past such lifted, and uplifting, book monickers as *For Whom the Bell Tolls* and *The Grapes of Wrath*, among several thousand others. We think we've spotted a fresh titling trend among contemporary authors: to ignore the classical quotes and dip instead into the wellspring (or cesspool) of earthy epithets we all know and love, employing only the spotless half of the phrase, of course. Witness on your bookseller's shelves such current handles as *Grab Your Socks* and *Without a Paddle*. It is with unabashed charity and good-will that we offer to budding bowdlerizers and wits-end word wielders everywhere free access to the following list of thoroughly original, polished-up philippics: *In Your Hat*, *At the Moon*, *Up a Rope*, *From Shinola*, *A Hole in the Ground*, *Off a Brass Monkey*, *In a Sling*, *With a Blowtorch*, *On a Shingle*, *A Rubber Duck*, *In an Uproar* or *Hit the Fan*.

Latest entry in what seems to be a competition for the oddballest ad campaign (a la Qantas, Rums of Puerto Rico, Heublein, and so on) would appear to be the Kayser "famous women" series — "Bessie Bengaline made history by gathering momentum and stuffing it into little paper bags; you, too, can make history by wearing this nylon tricot sheath of heavenly color . . ." These, apparently, are written by red-blooded American hausfraus, and a "history-making contest" was conducted to determine the writer of the zaniest. First prize went to a lady from New Jersey who conceived the momentum bit quoted above. The judges included Henry Morgan, Eli Wallach and PLAYBOY'S Fashion Director, Nathan Mandelbaum, who made

history by gathering moss. We don't know where he stuffed it.

There's an amusing twist to the liner notes for *The Toshiko Trio* (see Records). It seems the sweet and talented jazz pianist from Japan, Miss Toshiko Akiyoshi, was given scads of encouragement by Lawrence Berk, head of the Berklee School in Boston and described on the liner thus: "Berk — let's call him Larry, because everyone else does — is a warm man, kindly, sympathetic, and possessed of vast understandings of the aspirational vagaries of men and music." Dazzling words that dim only if you're curious enough to peel off the tiny strip of black tape the Storyville Records people stuck over the name of the author of these liner notes just before releasing copies of platter 912 to the shops. Turns out to be none other than good old kindly Let's-Call-Him-Larry Berk.

We must here interject a note of caution to those female slyboots among us who have taken to the unspeakable feint of wearing falsies: girls — you may be playing with fire. In an official communiqué received from the Los Angeles Fire Prevention Bureau, it is warned that foam rubber brassiere attachments, otherwise known as cheaters, gay deceivers, silent partners, binoculars and a multitude of other names, "can spontaneously ignite when warm or hot." Repeat: this is *no* falsie alarm.

THEATRE

By a stroke of inspired casting, two of the most talented clowns on tap are teamed to make Gore Vidal's *Visit To A Small Planet* worth at least one or two visits to the Booth Theatre, 222 West 45th Street. Dressed in top hat and frock

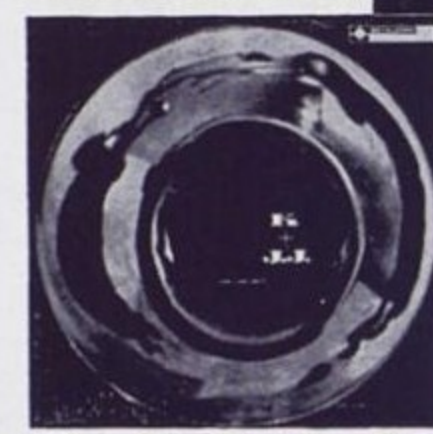
coat, Cyril Ritchard arrives from outer space in his sports model flying saucer, enchanted at the prospect of observing our violent Earth people at close quarters. Like a cat stirring up trouble in a bowl of goldfish, the visitor promptly foments an all-out atomic war between the U.S. and Russia. Fortunately General Eddie Mayehoff, the well-padded butt of the Pentagon and the chief of the Army's Laundry Division, is assigned to defend our planet's right to clean sheets, red tape and the pursuit of idiocy. The sparring between the space man and the General is a classic contest between two contrasting comedy styles, each of them perfect in its own fashion. Directed by Ritchard, Vidal's comedy is at best a tenuous whimsy, but it clocks at a chuckle a minute when either of the two addled antagonists is cavorting on stage, which is happily much of the time.

With his new play, Graham Greene finally strides into his own as a craftsman for the theatre. Because Greene is an austere, introspective convert to Roman Catholicism, his *The Potting Shed* is very much concerned with the conflict between faith and materialism, with the search for the truth that may lie somewhere between complete belief and a rational doubt. Lest this warn escapists away from a thoroughly absorbing slice of stage magic, the play is also what Greene calls "a psychological detective story," and as such it is maneuvered with much the same tricky skill he devoted to *Ministry of Fear* and *Confidential Agent*. The plot that works two ways (as a philosophical problem and a dramatic chase) concerns an English newspaper man to whom something had happened on his father's country estate — in the garden potting shed, to be exact — when he was 14 years old. The incident must have had a dreadful impact be-

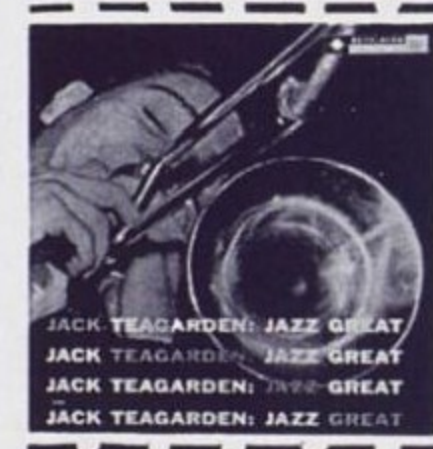
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cause the victim cannot remember it even with the aid of a psychiatrist, and the blackout has affected his emotional relationship with his family, with the divorced wife whom he loves, with himself and the very will to live. The suspense lies in the man's painful ferreting out of his own secret; the hitch stems from the fact that the "incident" involves a palpable miracle that seems to clear things up for Greene and several of his characters. However, a healthy non-acceptance of the miracle has no effect on the play's impact or Greene's philosophy. He just wants you to admit "When you're not sure - you're alive." Directed by Carmen Capalbo, the Anglo-American cast is superb, with banners flying for Dame Sybil Thorndike, Robert Flemyng, Frank Conroy and Leueen MacGrath. This is by way of being what we call controversial theatre; that is, you pay your money and you fight for your own conclusions. At the Bijou Theatre, 209 W. 45th St.

As directed by Harold Clurman and spoofed to a low-down fare-thee-well by Sir Ralph Richardson, *The Waltz of the Toreadors* is easily the wisest and the wackiest farce of the season. Because the Lucienne Hill adaptation stems from the French of Jean Anouilh, the play is generally cynical about love and lust and the undeclared war between the sexes. But Anouilh's pessimism never gets in the way of a good Gallic pat on the bottom. Mildred Natwick makes the most of some hilarious moments as the neglected wife of a retired French general, and the rest of the cast is first rate. However, it is by Richardson's delightful performance as the General that the farce stands or falls. As the aging amorist who cannot make his heart or his hands behave, Richardson wears a fine spray of military mustachios and a leer a mile wide. The sly look vanishes when he regards his virago of a wife and his two ineffably ugly daughters, but it is happily, optimistically, back at the first encounter with a bosomy wench from kitchen or farmyard. If you are looking for it, there is a touch of sadness when Richardson attempts to revive a frustrated, 17-year-old romance with Meriel Forbes, but most of the time the director and his talented star vote in favor of an outrageously comic caper about an incurable romantic who just couldn't grow up. At the Coronet, 230 W. 49th St.

BOOKS

"A violent form of entertainment" is the phrase being used to promote Charles Beaumont's first collection of stories, *The Hunger* (Putnam, \$3.50), but we doubt if such razzmatazz salesman-

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ship is really necessary. Once dipped into, this book clamps down on you like a bear trap and doesn't let go until you've devoured all 17 yarns. Included are *Black Country*, in which a dead jazzman's horn is dug up for the wildest jam session ever blown; *The Hunger* and *The Dark Music*, wherein a couple of old maids are raped by a sex killer and the god Pan, respectively; and *The Crooked Man*, which is all about a future totalitarian society in which heterosexuals are hunted down as "queers" and brainwashed into becoming homos (these stories you'll remember from PLAYBOY). Come to think of it, it is a pretty violent form of entertainment, at that. But good!

There're a lot of laughs in Richard Bissell's *Say, Darling* (Little, Brown, \$3.95), a piquant peek at a tyro's first venture in show biz. It isn't quite four years since the same author's novel, *7 1/2 Cents*, inspired the smash musical, *The Pajama Game*, and Mr. Bissell's first-hand contact with Broadway's fluttering angels obviously provided the background material for this one. The story is told by an Indiana businessman who pens an off-beat humorous book about the old folks at home. It's snatched up by a book club and before long a couple of Broadway producers buy into the dramatic rights. With his attractive wife and family on the sidelines, the writer is enmeshed in the shenanigans of play production, and there is also a charming little leading lady whom he romances with no apparent effect on the serenity of his home life. He almost calls it quits when the play is solidly panned in its out-of-town debut but a socko Broadway opening brings the whole adventure to a happy conclusion. Even though Mr. Bissell's characters fall into a familiar pattern, the transition from Indiana corn to Broadway spangles has a stardust sparkle which fascinated us. Good hammock reading, this, which should have wide appeal during the hot spells ahead.

The thrice-weekly columns of Art Buchwald, the *New York Herald Tribune's* syndicated overseas columnist, have been collected between hard covers bearing the self-descriptive title *The Brave Coward* (Harper, \$3.75). Blithely acknowledging that he writes his globe-trotting column in order to earn money, Mr. Buchwald ambles along merrily with an unerring instinct for comedy. For example, in Helsinki he was given a *sauna*, the native Finnish bath, by the same woman who had parboiled Gregory Peck, and he couldn't help believing in some small way that a little of the movie idol had rubbed off on him. Buchwald's wry and at times sardonic humor sustains him through such ordeals as sup-



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ping with Greek shipowners and British press lords; more recently he played a game of marbles with Lady Docker, one of the great mibs players of England. Mr. Buchwald doesn't give a damn for intellectual conventions and proves it by showing you how to get through the Louvre in six minutes, the best way to pinch a girl in Rome without getting pinched yourself, how to behave in full dress at Ascot, and the best way to ride away from the hounds. The Duke of Argyll once said to the author: "As far as I'm concerned there are only two kinds of people in the world. Those who are nice to their servants and those who aren't." This amusing collection is dedicated to both kinds.

American readers were treated, last year, to Britisher Alistair MacLean's *H.M.S. Ulysses* — and we promptly made it a best seller. Now, along comes his second book, *The Guns of Navarone* (Doubleday, \$3.95) and we'll nominate it right now for a place among the year's top 10. Not that we're sure it will make it; unlike the earlier volume, this one has no special literary status (nor does it pretend to any) and contains few of the insights into the human spirit under stress that made its predecessor an outstanding novel of men in combat. But as ample compensation MacLean offers in this volume perhaps the most continuously exciting adventure story we've ever read. The book starts on a high key with a vivid palette and you're sure the pace can't be maintained. It isn't — it's accelerated. Five extraordinary men from five different nations and walks of life are assembled to silence German guns which command a narrow channel from an impregnable island. It's a suicidal commando raid they're asked to undertake; sweating it out with them is downright exhausting. Only sour note is a jarring tendency on the author's part — all the worse for being unconscious — to assume his readers share his somewhat pukka-sahib attitudes, but that's a small flaw in an otherwise rousing tale of modern derring-do. This is sit-on-the-edge-of-your-chair and stay-up-all-night reading, right to the end.

You'll spend some side-busting hours with S. J. Perelman's latest collection, *The Road to Milton, or Under the Spreading Atrophy* (Simon & Schuster, \$3.50). These 34 *meshuggana* masterpieces, though not uniformly Schweppervescent, do represent some of the most carbonated writing of our time. We got our greatest guffaws from the series called *Cloudland Revisited*, in which the intrepid S. J. braves the darkened film auditorium of New York's Museum of Modern Art to view anew such primitives as *Male and Fe-*



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male, Foolish Wives, A Fool There Was, Way Down East, The Dancin' Fool, Stella Dallas, The Duchess of Buffalo, The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse and The Flapper through the prism of his own delightfully twisted mind. The dust jacket is right: "Just before they made Perelman, they broke the mold."

Worth perusing if you dig their respective theatrical subjects: *Igor Youkevitch* (Dance Press, \$2.95), Rod Quiros' slim but picture-packed appreciation of "the foremost *danseur noble* of our time" . . . *The Gilbert and Sullivan Book* (Coward-McCann, \$12.50), latest edition of Leslie Bailey's definitive work on the founders of modern musical comedy . . . *Beerbohm Tree, His Life and Laughter* (Harper, \$3.75), in which bountiful biographer Hesketh Pearson makes with the anecdotes anent England's turn-of-the-century actor-manager, of whom Sir Arthur Wing Pinero said "I like him so much that nothing could induce me to write a play for him," Gordon Craig said "Charming fellow — I could murder him with great pleasure" and Oscar Wilde said "So clever: he models himself on me."

DINING-DRINKING

Traditional jazz — relaxed and rollicking by turns — is the type laddled out at San Francisco's Tin Angel (987 Embarcadero) seven nights a week from nine to two A.M. Six of those nights, the bandstand shimmies to trombonist Turk Murphy's crew, devotees all of the early Armstrong-Oliver style of sock-and-soul. On Mondays, Turk's eminent entourage takes a breather and the Bay City Jazz Band fills in, wailing out a whale of a storm that is part New Orleans, part San Francisco and part typhoon. A jazz buff's stomping ground, the Angel goes bohemian in decor with walls covered by World War I enlistment posters; a brace of nickelodeons blares Aspirin Age arias between sets; and there's a long bar constructed of ancient bricks and a centralized fireplace that puts everybody at his gentle ease. An admission charge there is, but it's only 90¢ per head — a pittance to pay for so much fine and mellow vintage jazz.

FILMS

We're not going to tell you much about the plot of *The Constant Husband*, because we hate people who do that with surprise-twist films and spoil everybody else's fun. It is a tribute to the talents of the scripters (Val Valentine and Sidney Gilliat), the director (also Gilliat) and the star (Rex Harrison) that one of the



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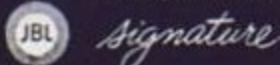
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most whiskery of farce situations (amnesia, etc.) has been made into a fresh, fast, funny film. With the probable exception of *My Fair Lady*, this is just about the best comic acting Harrison has done on stage or screen, and the secret is that he plays it straight as a die from beginning to end, the ridiculous incidents notwithstanding. No mugging, no archness, no "get this"—he is in dead earnest throughout, and therefore killingly funny. Though ably abetted by deft, daft farceurs Cecil Parker and Robert Coote and by beauties Kay Kendall, Nicole Maurey and Margaret Leighton, this is Harrison's picture and he makes the most of it while seeming to make the least.

A beautifully typical example of Hollywood's passion for "improvement" is the title of the novel, *The Shrinking Man*, by Richard Matheson (*The Splendid Source, A Flourish of Strumpets*, PLAYBOY, May and November '56): in its celluloid reincarnation, it's called *The Incredible Shrinking Man*. Better, eh? Not a bad picture, though—it's a gooseimplecum-palpitation thriller possessing a clever science-fiction veneer and some of the trickiest optical effects and other filmic legerdemain ever attempted. Matheson, who also did the script, spins out the creepy saga of Scott Carey, who has the lousy luck of being peppered with atomic fallout after having been doused with concentrated insecticide. According to Matheson's imaginative thesis, this woeful gunk produces a right smart dwarfing effect on Carey, who soon dwindles to a shadow of his former self. Follows then a succession of fantastic episodes beginning with the wee hero's natural pique at being no longer able to frolic with a wife of whopping proportions, and culminating in a weird, hackle-raising duel between the itty-bitsy fellow (armed with a straight pin, piece of thread and scissors) and a formidable black widow spider that outsizes him ten to one. For those who have yearned for the good old days of screen horror with a flair, grab a magnifying glass and scoot down to the local popcorn parlor.

A current French import is well worth a trip to your local art cinema in case it wanders in there. *Tempest in the Flesh* tells the story of Clara (Françoise Aurnol) a waitress for a Pyrenees construction gang. That's her job, but her hobby is what comes naturally and—in her case—frequently. In fact, this girl voluptuary is a wanton doxy, a nympho with ball-bearing heels and a mighty broad interpretation of what constitutes French hospitality. Major episodes of the picture ensue on Clara's infatuation with a new man on the job, an Italian

engineer (Raymond Pellegrin). She lures him into a cable car (as unlikely a situation for romance as standing up in a canoe) where she is rejected, but she finally hooks him and for a while everything is idyllic. Then the old madness returns and Clara breaks bed with practically any man who comes her way, until she finally shoots herself in a tussle with a no-good neighbor, who is supported by his wife, a Paris I'll-call-you girl. The only really jarring note in this enjoyable sextop-*au-feu* gambol is an introductory appearance by a French head-shrinker who tries and fails to convince us that is a thoroughly scientific study. It is, as the French say, to laugh.

RECORDS

Drifting around Chicago's South Side (some few feet above the sidewalk) is a guy who calls himself Sun Ra. Mr. Sun (or is it Mr. Ra?) says he's an Egyptian and he writes, besides music, prophetic prose and poetic prophecy. You can sample it in the little booklet by him which comes inside the textless liner of *Jazz by Sun Ra* (Transition 10), and which contains, among other gone goodies: blank verse, explanations of such compositions as *Brainville, Lullaby for Realville, Sun Song* ("The reach for new sounds, a spacite picture of the atonal tomorrow . . ."), and a hunk of writing titled "Unremembered Dreams." It's a pleasant shock, therefore, to hear the music, which sounded to our dull ears remarkably like good, groovy earth music of the cool-and-crazy school. We'd be happy to give you additional dope on this far-out platter but we have a more pressing problem: we have to be on Saturn for dinner and Jupiter's in the way. Over and out.

Ella Fitzgerald, our Jazz Poll's No. 1 vocal pride and joy, completes another double-disc project with her *Rodgers and Hart Song Book* (Verve 4002). The accompaniments range all the way from big, stringy, brassy band things on which Buddy Bregman's arrangements are workmanlike but hardly hairlifting, to just a lone, unidentified guitarist (Barney Kessel, a fact you can't learn from label or liner) on the 90-second *Wait Till You See Him*, one of the simplest and most effective items of the lot. Longest and most piquant track: the seven-minute *Bewitched*, with bright blue lyrics guaranteed to keep it off the pure radio air . . . *Midnight at Mabel Mercer's* (Atlantic 1244) not only contains 16 superior songs done up in the lady's unmatched Park Avenue manner but also boasts an easy-to-read con-

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densation of a personality feature that appeared in these pages (PLAYBOY, Dec. 1955) . . . Nat Cole's *After Midnight* (Capitol 782) is shorn of the lush backgrounds usually afforded that gentleman — so Nat just sings and plays potent piano with his own trio plus guest instrumentalists Harry Edison, a couple of Smiths (Stuff and Willie) and Juan Tizol. More Cole should be delivered this way . . . Yet another two-volume vocal marathon, with imaginative arrangements by Harold Mooney, can be heard on Sarah Vaughan's *Great Songs from Hit Shows* (Mercury 2-100). Sassy does wonderfully elastic things with some of the melodies without ever misdirecting their message. Much of the best of Gershwin, Rodgers and Hart, Berlin, and Kern are caressed between these covers.

Jazz with a fine, crackling sound can be savored on *Counterpoint for Six Valves* (Riverside 12-218), not a new type of horn, but simply two trumpets being wonderfully assaulted by Don Elliott and Rusty Dedrick, with a gone rhythm section wailing in the background. Elliott and Dedrick, two of the tastiest innovators around, chase each other through bar after bar of funky blue-tunes and swinging jazz, one of the best of which is a cutie called *Dominick Seventh* (there's also one titled *Vampire Till Ready*). Six of the selections were issued last year on a 10-inch Riverside disc, and, joyfully, the lads have cut additional stuff to fill this 12-incher. But still, everything ends too soon.

Dramatic poetry of the Elizabethan era was little more than a dogtrot until rebellious Christopher Marlowe came along to make it gallop and leap and even soar like winged Pegasus himself. One of his best plays is *Dr. Faustus*, the story of a man who sold his soul to Satan. It is filled with dark majesty, with terror, with words that ring and roar, with ideas that seem almost modern ("Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscrib'd in one self place"). In a new recorded production (Caedmon TC 1033), many of Marlowe's qualities are caught, but, in the main, the disc just adds one more mote to the pile of proof that modern American actors are completely thrown by Elizabethan verse: their lustre dimmed by a generation of naturalistic mumbling and shuffling, they either read the glowing lines as colloquially as possible (which is dull) or pompously chant them (which is duller). Frank Silvera, an excellent actor here heard in the title role, is not free of guilt, but he has a natural richness, flavor and strength that do much to atone—his final speech ("Now hast thou but one bare hour to live") is towering. Somebody should have told the Mephistophilis, Frederick

Rolf, that this was *Marlowe's* Mephisto he was playing, not Goethe's: he has given us the German poet's jaded, wise-cracking cynic (George Sanders with horns), not one of Marlowe's "Unhappy spirits that fell with Lucifer, Conspir'd against our God with Lucifer, And are forever damn'd with Lucifer." But it's a glossy show, despite the flaws.

Some of the best piano jazz of recent months is supplied by M. Bernard Peiffer of Epinal, France, on *Bernie's Tunes* (EmArcy 36080) and Miss Toshiko Akiyoshi of Dairen, Manchuria, with *The Toshiko Trio* (Storyville 912). We are still wondering whether Monsieur Peiffer called one of his original tunes *Blues for Slobs* in honor of some of the U.S. night club audiences who have rattled glasses and juggled cutlery to his music; but we are in no doubt at all about the success of his first local recordings, and the sturdy support of such teammates as guitarist Joe Puma and drummer Ed Thigpen. The same Mr. Thigpen, along with an extraordinary bassist named Paul Chambers, aids Toshiko in such pulsating excursions as *Softly as in a Morning Sunrise*, which the lady from Rising Sunland converts into something resembling Gillespie's *Night in Tunisia*.

Of all Italian operas, Giuseppe Verdi's *Il Trovatore* is possibly the most Italian and the most operatic. Its plot is improbable, its music unrefined. No matter: probability and refinement are not the stuff of which Italian opera is made. What has kept this snorting war horse on the boards for over a century is a cavalier disregard for refinement and a passionate devotion to effect. Verdi's melodies gush and flow, his tempi pound and fret. Carpers may sneer at crudities of orchestration and rhythm, but *Trovatore's* very flaws seem an integral element of its sublime and corny charm: the kettledrums thump and the cornets squeal and it all sounds apropos. For this is rough-and-ready opera, opera with hair on its chest. In a jimdandy new recording (London XLLA 50), *Trovatore* is tackled on its own terms. Mario Del Monaco is unafraid of the scalp-tingling tenor arias—he fills his lungs and wallops 'em over the fence like 'home runs. Renata Tebaldi spins web after web of golden soprano tone. Ugo Savarese displays a baritone voice as smooth and rich as black velvet. Faults? Sure: Del Monaco hasn't the serenity to cope with his one calm aria, *Ah si, ben mio*, and Giulietta Simionato's contralto isn't rugged enough for the trenchant role of the old gypsy woman; but London has put the Grand back into Grand Opera, and we're not complaining.



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PLAYBOY

he broke every regulation the army ever made



fiction BY T. K. BROWN III

ILLUSTRATED BY SEYMOUR FLEISHMAN

The Sergeant and the Slave Girl

FOR EVERYONE WHO GOT MIXED UP in the war, I guess, there was one high point, one experience that towered above all the others: an amphibious landing, maybe, or that three-day pass to Rome, or the promotion to corporal, or the day the hunk of hot shrapnel landed in the old gluteus maximus. For me it was the time in North Africa when the chaplain collided with the sergeant who had bought the slave girl.

My first contact with this extraordinary event took place one morning when I was sitting at my desk in the orderly room. Pfc. Wellburn and Pfc. Meyers came in and asked the company clerk for permission to speak to the duty sergeant.

"There he is," the clerk said. "Why are you asking me?"

There was something funny about the way they were acting, and I found out right away why.

"Sergeant Brown," Pfc. Wellburn said, "me and my buddy respectfully request to be put on K.P."

I put down the *Stars and Stripes*; I even took my feet off the desk. "Gabriel," I said to the company clerk, "are the acoustics pretty good in this shack?"

"Pretty good," he said. "Nothing spectacular." He used to be a radio announcer.

"Well, then I heard what I thought I heard?"

"I think so," he said. "I heard it too."

I gave Wellburn my famous paralyzing glower for about 10 seconds, and then my famous crescendo: "Soldier, if I am not being too inquisitive, WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU UP TO?"

This usually puts them completely in my power, but it didn't this time. Wellburn was all innocence. "Up to?" he repeated. "Why sarge, you know I wouldn't be up to anything. It's just that there's so little to do around here, sometimes I think I'll scream. I just want a little K.P. to keep me busy. Really."

I turned to Meyers, who seemed less sure of himself. "You, Meyers," I shouted, "are you bored with your present life? Do you dream of adventure in far-off foreign lands?"

"Nossir," Meyers said. "But I had a private talk with the chaplain, sarge, and he told me to come over here and ask you for some K.P. Penance."

Then I got mad. This was too far outside the range of my experience. "OK, you jokers," I said. "I'll give you some K.P., all right. Gabriel, put these men down for a week of K.P., the early shift, every day for the next week."

They busted out in big smiles. "Oh, thank you, Sergeant Brown," Pfc. Wellburn said. "Thank you." They almost danced out the door, and I could see them hopping and exulting down the path.

"Gabriel," I said, "there is a very distinctive aroma in the air."

"Very piscatorial," the clerk said.

"There is something here," I said, "that will bear looking into."

This was in December 1942, a couple of months after the fall of Oran. Somehow we got left behind when the fighting moved



McHugh was taking inventory and didn't want to be disturbed.

off to the west, and there we were in Arzew, a miserable coastal town about 20 miles from Oran—the nth Surgical Hospital, a bunch of 60 pill rollers with nothing to do but look after a few semi-ambulant cases and get into trouble.

Which is just what they did. Of course, you have to make allowances for our situation—stuck out there in that cold, rocky, godforsaken desert, at loose ends after some very heavy action. No dayroom, no recreation, no women, not many passes to Oran; not even any movies, except the V.D. lectures.

That was one of the horrible things about this time at Arzew: all of a sudden we were snowed under with V.D. lectures. Just about every other morning the bulletin board announced another V.D. film. And it was at one of these lectures—on the same day, in fact, that Wellburn and Meyers came in—that we all made the acquaintance of our new chaplain, Capt. Withers. It was a very interesting experience.

When the men filed in for the lecture they found the new chaplain sitting up front, beaming at them with the most simple-hearted and kindly expression I have ever seen on a human face. He radiated love of his fellow man; and also the fact that he was no more equipped to handle an Army job than I am to train lions. "Hi, fellows," he said, raising his arm for a timid little wave. The men looked at each other in amazement and a wicked sadistic gleam came to their eyes.

Then the lights went down and the movie started, another of those repulsive parades of chancres and lesions and pathetic old geezers with paresis, while a fruity-voiced narrator tried to scare hell out of us. The men groaned and cracked jokes and gave each other the hotfoot until it was over. The light went on and the new chaplain stood up.

"Is he gonna threaten us or appeal to our loftier nature?" I heard a soldier ask.

Capt. Withers did neither. He was completely bewildered. Obviously he had never seen such a film before. He took off his pince-nez and made a hesitant gesture toward the blank screen. "Golly!" he said at last. "That looks like a very serious affliction. Mercy! In my early missionary days I saw many cases of yaws—" He didn't know how to go on. Then his face brightened. "But you know, fellows, I believe they've found a quick cure for it, using penicillin. So if I were you I wouldn't worry too much about it."

The men broke into delighted howls and applause, and one of them called out in a British accent, "I say, it's no worse than a nasty case of the sniffles."

"Ah, you've had it then?" the chaplain asked, smiling around the room. There was nothing but benevolence in

him. "Which of you fellows was it that has had it?"

It was a big stupid private named Gallagher who had made the crack, and now his buddies pushed at him and stood up and pointed at him until he had to get to his feet. The chaplain looked at him fondly.

"Ah, you poor boy," he said. "But you say it was not painful?"

"Yessir, nossir," he said, pretty scared. He knew it didn't pay to fool around with officers.

"Well, that's good," Capt. Withers said, all warmth and kindness. "Disease is everywhere in the world, of course. You just have to be as careful as you can, and hope you don't get something unpleasant. Isn't that right?"

"I guess so, sir," Gallagher said, and sat down.

"Brush your teeth twice a day—that's very important," the chaplain said. "There's nothing worse than a toothache."

And with that remark—which was the end of the V.D. lecture—he got the undying loyalty of every single man in the room. From then on they loved him—not the way he loved them, of course, but the way soldiers will love a dog, or any innocent creature that they have decided to cherish. From then on the chaplain was their mascot and their buddy.

Incidentally, from then on we had no more V.D. shows.

That evening I went over to the tent area about an hour after chow, looking for McHugh, the mess sergeant and cook. He was the one to ask about that voluntary K.P. I found him in his tent, and I got right to the point.

"McHugh, two clowns came in this morning and asked for K.P."

"Only two?" he asked. "I put the word out to half-a-dozen."

"Two," I said, "is plenty. You are involving innocent soldier boys in one of your nefarious exploits. Now brief me before I express my puzzlement within the hearing of the C.O."

"Leave off with these idle threats, old friend," McHugh said. The familiar mad light danced across his simian features and he emitted a gruesome chuckle. "Brown, this is my finest hour! Lawrence of Arabia, Montgomery of Alamein, McHugh of Arzew—immortal triad! History will not soon forget this glorious day."

"What day?" I asked.

"Yesterday," he said, "when I purchased and imported into these quarters Roxane, my slave girl, flower of the desert."

"You mean you have a girl right here in camp?" I cried. "Right now?"

"I have," McHugh stated.

Now, I had known for a long time

that McHugh was crazy, but I hadn't known he was *that* crazy. There is such a thing as carrying whimsicality too far, even if hatred of the Army is your ruling passion; and this is what I told McHugh. But he was carried away by his vision.

"Just imagine it!" he exclaimed. "What a beautiful concept! *It breaks every regulation the Army ever made!* And it's foolproof. Nobody will give the show away—they have too much to lose."

"McHugh," I said, "this outfit is blessed with no less than 15 officers. Officers do not like soldier boys to have this sort of good clean fun. They will get wind of it, and you will be middle-aged before you get out of jail."

"Officers never find anything out unless some soldier tells them," he said. "This will not happen."

I tried another tack. "You have been conned," I said. "These Arabs are an ancient and crafty race. They do not go around selling their sisters, mothers and so on, unless they have some fancy scheme afoot. Tomorrow your girl walks out on you and what do you do?"

"Roxane is here to stay," McHugh said. "About a week ago I heard about this Berber off the desert, smuggling a girl down to Saudi Arabia for the harem of Abu ben Schnook. So he was breaking the law too, which was good. Well, the invasion caught this guy in transit and he was holed up in Oran, willing to unload and go back to his sand pile until things quiet down. The girl was happy about the whole thing—anything she got into was better than what she got out of. I just happened to have a few surplus commodities in my possession, so a transaction took place."

"And merely as a matter of historic interest," I asked, "how much did Roxane cost the U.S. taxpayer?"

"Oh, not too much," he answered. "Four dozen K rations, four dozen C rations, 10 cartons of cigarettes, 10 mattress covers, 500 million units of penicillin. It wasn't easy to deliver this price without getting rolled, I tell you. Things were pretty tight there for a while."

"Well, where is she?" I asked. "Let's see her."

"Not yet," he said. "Things aren't quite ready."

"You know, McHugh," I said, "somebody is going to have to save you from yourself. You know that."

"Brown, you bastard!" he exclaimed. "You're not going to turn me in!"

"Of course I'm not," I said soothingly. "It was just a manner of speaking." But I already had an idea.

I didn't see McHugh for several days after that, but I certainly felt his influence. Morale in the camp suddenly

(continued on page 73)



EXURBANITES AT PLAY

the jinks are higher in the outlands of gotham

THE ADJURATION to "work hard, play hard" has long been axiomatic for many Americans, but the exurbanite—that creature native to the towns surrounding the suburbs surrounding New York—seems to carry it, typically, to its ultimate extreme. He is so busy relaxing, so intently absorbed in occupying every moment of his leisure time, and he goes to such lengths in the diligent contriving of the casual, that the resultant appearance is quite convincing.

But even an exurbanite must sleep some time, and even those who are most

assiduously playful must manage to store up sleep by getting to bed relatively early during the week. Unlike the camel, which drinks hugely against the time—it may be days or even weeks—when it will need the sustenance, the exurbanite snatches extra hours of sleep during the desert of the week so that he may splurge in the oasis of Friday-to-Monday. His weekday play will therefore consist of little more than an occasional dinner out, occasional guests in and perhaps some neighbors dropping by in the evening to watch television,

or to play Scrabble, if the minds of all aren't too tired.

This routine is quite different from the life he led before he moved. In New York, depending on his branch of the communications industry and his relative level of importance in it, he averaged from one to five cocktail parties a week, during the season; he often dined out in the city's superior restaurants or in its holes-in-the-wall, and like as not he was a regular theatregoer. He was a regular patron of the cinema

(continued on page 34)

modern living BY KEN PURDY PHOTOGRAPHED ESPECIALLY FOR PLAYBOY BY PHILIP O. STEARNS



Above: the superlative six in your sports car stable. L to R: Porsche Super, Lancia G. T. 2500, Bentley Continental, Jaguar XK140MC, Mercedes-Benz 300SL, Ford Thunderbird. Below: the Jag, fine for a run to the club or a crack at competition.



THE COMPLEAT SPORTS CAR STABLE

here are the six you should own and why



Below: a born racer, the Mercedes-Benz 300SL zips from 0 to 100 mph in 16 seconds, is the fastest production automobile available and strictly a man's car.

THE ITALIANS have a word for it: *scuderia*. *Scuderia* means, roughly, stable, but it means much more than that. A *scuderia* in its commonest sense is a collection, a group, a covey or pride of automobiles assembled for a distinct purpose. The blood-red vans rocking along the Italian roads every weekend, each carrying two or perhaps three racing cars, are labeled "Scuderia Ferrari" or "Scuderia Maserati" — automobile teams, costing \$50,000 or \$60,000 apiece, built and brought together for the sole purpose of running faster over the roads than anything else can.

These are the cars of specialists, of aficionados, and they are to be seen not only in Italy, but throughout the civilized world. But these men are not the only ones who own sports cars — of course. There are those of us, a growing brotherhood, who demand of a car more than mere transportation, just as they demand of a restaurant more than mere belly-filling. For you who would join this elite (and those who have made the initial step with the purchase of a first sports car) the act and the art of driving take on a special significance, and the question so often heard — "Are sports cars really better?" — is meaningless. The real question centers on purpose. Stock



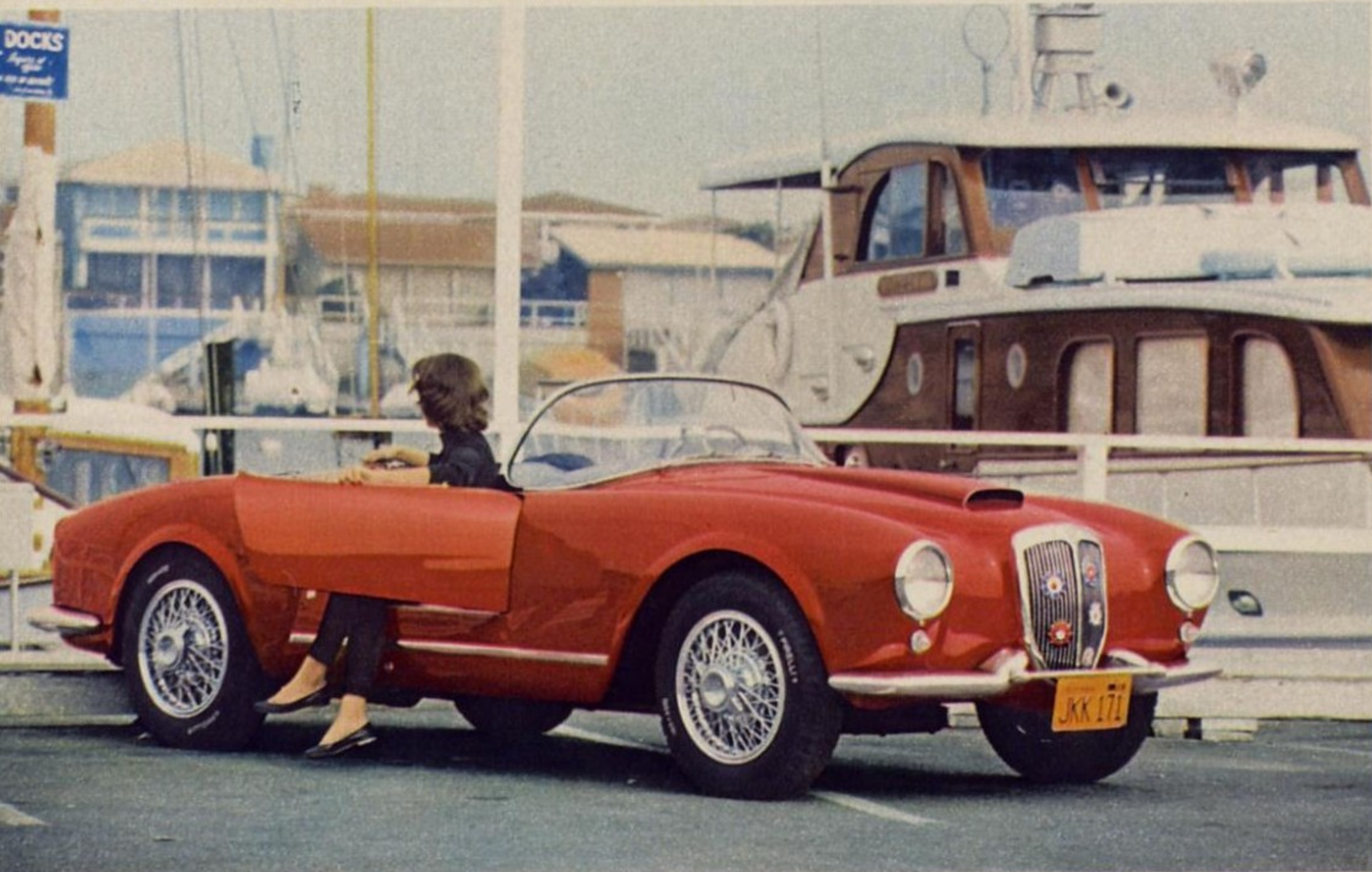
cars designed for all-round use, for family convenience, for simplicity of operation, for mass appeal, have few peers. The contrivers of sports cars, on the other hand, hew to the line of specialization. Each sports car design has as its goal the fulfillment of a specific function (though they all have in common extraordinary roadability, the capacity for high-speed cornering, fabulous pickup) and the esthetically compelling quality of precision

machines. And that's why no single sports car is going to be enough for the city man of means and of discernment, who leaves the utility sedans to his duller fellows, the same blokes who take their two-pants suits where they find them and order red wine or white without specifying vineyard or vintage.

In Caesar's time, the man-about-Rome could hardly manage with only one chariot, the Regency buck's coach-builder



Above left: for a spin to the nearest skindiving cove, or for smooth and effortless cross-country jaunts, roll out the easily-maintained, high-performance Thunderbird. Above right: the *ne plus ultra* in sports car fun — the Porsche Super, here taking it easy by the side of the highway, turns in a peppy performance when tooling up the snakiest mountain road.



Magnificent maneuverability of the Lancia makes it ideal for clogged city traffic or a quick trip down to the yacht club.

was as important to him as his tailor, and the well-turned-out New Yorker of the Nineties had to have a closed town carriage, a brougham, a sulky and at least a station cart for the country.

Today's man-about-town should not be less well-equipped for transport, for sport, for dalliance. But the choice is wider today than it ever was: one's personal *voiture* can cost anything from \$500 to \$25,000 and there are hundreds of models to consider: one-cylinder, two-cylinder, three-cylinder, four, six, eight, twelve; gasoline, diesel, fuel-injection engines mounted front or rear; water- or air-cooled; driving the front wheels, the

rear wheels, all four — if the car has four wheels. It may have only three, if you like.

What does a playboy need to be well-mounted in 1957? Of the world's carriages, which, brought together, would form the ideal gentleman's *scuderia*? We think we know. You need six as a minimum, a hard core, a cadre on which you may, if you wish and your bank balance allows, build further. But the Basic Six will get you by, never fear, in any league at all between here and the Bosphorus.

They are:

1. The Porsche Super.
2. The Lancia G. T. 2500.

3. The Bentley Continental.
4. The Jaguar XK140MC.
5. The Mercedes-Benz 300SL.
6. The Ford Thunderbird.

The cost? Prices vary. You can do business with some dealers and with some you can't. There can be a spread of as much as \$3500 on some of the cars according to the amount and kind of equipment you want. But, taking it all in all, say \$40,000 — the price of a pretty ordinary house today. With a private *scuderia* like this, who wants a house? All you need is a good big garage, a nice one, properly finished off inside, heated, naturally, and decorated with early racing



The epitome of good-taste, the Bentley Continental is a thoroughbred of posh perfection.

posters, a few brass head lamps, a model car or two under glass, a divan and a handful of leather chairs. Instead of building the garage six cars long, make it for eight and use the extra space for one big closed-off room: bath, bar, pantry, hi-fi and an eight foot square bed. You need more than this for the good life? You're greedy, we can do nothing for you.

The difference in capability, in feel, in utility between even similar automobiles comes as an astonishment to most men. The Porsche is really nothing like the Thunderbird; the Continental has no point of similarity with the Mercedes-Benz; the Lancia and the Jag are different as bourbon and rose-water. Were this not true, the selection would be pointless. True, any automobile in running order will transport you from office to station to home or whatever. But the *cognoscenti* do not look for transport; they are aware of the difference in design purpose among automobiles, of the varying standards of performance, and, most of all, of the range of sensuality, of sheer tactile enjoyment. There is a separate capability and a separate kick in each of these six automobiles.

The Porsche Super. This is a small automobile. It was designed by Ferdinand Porsche, one of the three men the world automobile industry has produced who may, with some justice, be called great men, and possibly, near-geniuses. The other two were Sir Henry Royce and Ettore Bugatti. Porsche designed the car from scratch, and it owes very little to anything else except the Volkswagen, another Porsche design, and the Czechoslovakian Tatra, in which Porsche also had a hand. (He designed the Tiger tank, too.) The Porsche has a four-cylinder, air-cooled engine mounted in the rear. There are three engines available: the "1600" which produces 60 horsepower; the "Super" which puts out 100; and the "Carrera," 110. The "1600" is a plain-bearing engine, the "Super" is roller-bearing, the "Carrera" is a detuned double overhead camshaft racing engine. Top speed ranges from 100 mph with the 60-horsepower version to about 130 with the "Carrera." The price range is from \$2900 to \$5500, roughly, and the car comes as a roadster, convertible, hardtop and completely open racing model. The Porsche may be the most fun to drive of anything in the world. A great many authorities think so. One must fold and twist a bit to get into it. Once in, there's all the room in the world. The seats are contoured to reach around and hold you gently at the hips and shoulders. Visibility over the sloping nose is perfect. The gearshift lever is as responsive as a passionate woman to your touch; the transmission works on a unique balking-room system, it is as

smooth as a spoon of molasses, and you can slam it back and forth from gear to gear just as quickly as you can move your hand. The available acceleration of the Porsche is astounding; the brakes are about 50% oversize and air-cooled beyond any possibility of fade; and the steering, very soft and very quick, is what power-steering tries to be and is not. The Porsche was designed for 50-50 fore-and-aft weight distribution. At about 60 miles an hour, air-pressure bears down on the wind-tunnel-bred frontal area and the balance becomes exact almost to a pound. There is virtually no wind-roar audible to a Porsche driver. He sits there, listening to the FM radio, clipping through holes in the traffic-pattern that just aren't there for anybody else, and, when he wants to, running away from almost anything he sees. And the car is built. I've never heard a rattle in a Porsche. I've seen salesmen sit on the doors and swing back and forth. Why not? They have bank-vault hinges.

The car has only two flaws, neither of them important: (1) Because it has independent suspension of the rear wheels via swing axles, and a rear-mounted engine, the Porsche is an inherently oversteering car. That is, it tends to go more sharply into a corner than one might expect, judging from the amount the steering-wheel has been turned. The solution is to drive carefully for the first 250 miles, until you learn to use a little less wheel. After that the Porsche will stick to the road like paint. (2) All air-cooled engines are noisy, since they have no water-blanket around them, and the Porsche is air-cooled. I find it cozy to hear the little thing grinding away back there—a very long-lived engine, by the way. Others stuff a fibre-glass curtain around it. There will never be very many Porsches, since the factory is small, and they cannot be made quickly in any case. Daily production was five or six the last time I heard. The competition models have a fabulous racing record, of course, and many American owners race the car. But its place in our *scuderia* is not as a competition car. It is included here because it delivers more sheer sensual pleasure than anything else on wheels. Driving a Porsche, you can, with small effort, believe that the seat of your trousers is a part of the automobile.

The Lancia G. T. 2500 (G. T. for *Gran Turismo*, freely translated "fast touring"; the 2500 for the engine size, 2500 cubic centimeters) comes from Lancia of Italy, one of the oldest automobile manufacturing houses in the world. It is available, in this country, only as a convertible two-seater, and it costs around \$5400, admittedly a stiff price. The Lancia's engine is the only V-6 in current

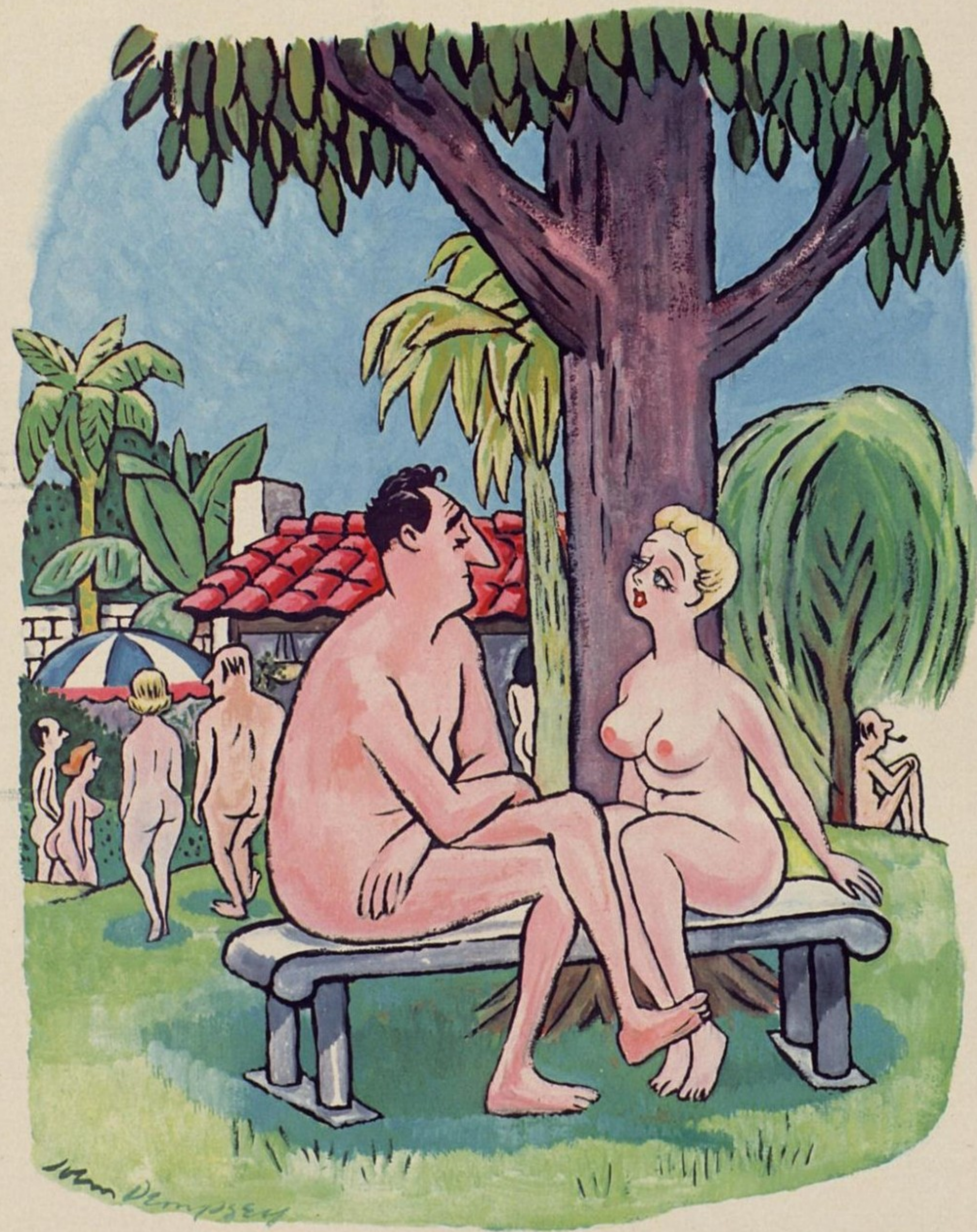
production anywhere. It's a design that originated with Lancia and the firm has had vast experience with it. The engine produces 118 horsepower, enough to get you 110 miles an hour, and it will give about 18 miles to the gallon. Like the Porsche, the Lancia is years ahead of the pack in design. To insure correct fore-and-aft weight distribution, the transmission and the clutch are built integrally with the rear axle, and the rear brake drums are inboard. Because the engine is nearly all aluminum and weighs only about 350 pounds, rear placement of the transmission is enough to effect almost perfect balance. The rear axle is of the De Dion type, usually found only on racing cars: transmission carried on the frame, driveshafts with no duty but to turn the wheels, which are tied together by a tubular "dead" axle. The brakes will manage the car even if it's driven flat-out down an Alpine pass.

The Lancia is typically Italian: design and machine-work of the highest order, beautifully-lined body, some skimping on things the Italians regard as non-essentials: weather protection, door-handles, plating, and so on. The car is famous among connoisseurs for one ability above all: it can skip around a corner in a way that is almost incredible. You can run a Lancia into a right-angle corner at a speed that will have your passenger looking wild-eyed for the panic button, but it will go around without a slide, skid or roll. It's a rugged car, too, almost unbreakable. Its comparatively low horsepower and low top speed rule it out for most competitive use—but Lancias took 1st, 2nd and 3rd place in the sports car division of the 1955 Mexican Road Race. No other machine has had so much influence on postwar sports car design.

There are very few G. T. 2500s in this country, and there never will be many. Only a few will pay \$5400 for the two graces the Lancia offers: cornering ability that makes you hate straight roads and the snob-value of a car so rare that Jaguars, by comparison, are common as grass.

The Bentley Continental is, with the Rolls-Royce, certain models of Ferrari, and the fabulous Pegaso, made in Spain, among the most expensive automobiles available. A Continental—the firm had the name before Lincoln—can cost \$20,000 but \$16,500 will get you a very nice one in sedan form. The Continental is made to transport four people at high speed, in utter luxury and total silence. It does this better than any other car in the world. The body is a compromise between stateliness and streamlined effectiveness in an air-stream (it reminds

(concluded overleaf)



"We can't go on meeting like this, Charles. My husband is getting suspicious."

SPORTS CARS (continued from page 26)

some people of certain Pontiacs). In any case, most Bentley purchasers prefer a sedate looking carriage, content that only the very few well-informed viewers can visualize the price-tag when they see the car. Within, the picture is different. Here you may have anything in the world you like. Hooper, Mulliner or Park Ward, the coach-builders favored by Bentley, will upholster the car in vicuña or kangaroo hide if you wish. Naturally the driver's seat will be shaped to fit *you* and no one else, the distance to the pedals will be the length of *your* legs. The ordinary, off-the-rack Continental will have woodwork of No. 1 grade matched walnut, but if you incline to rosewood or zebra, say so. Multi-speaker radio, bar furnished with assorted crystal (a full second set will be furnished to take care of breakage) and a picnic set — these, *everyone* has. And, of course, mirrored vanities, glove boxes, cigarette lighters everywhere. You'd like an electric razor under the dash, a vacuum bottle concealed under spring-loaded flaps in the corner of each seat, a hideaway for an emergency flask of brandy? Speak up, the plans are on file, it has all been done before. You needn't worry about such trifles as a defroster for the rear window. That's standard. The big six-cylinder engine will move the car at 115 miles an hour, with acceleration that is particularly notable from 75 up. The brakes operate on the earliest, best and most expensive "power" system — mechanical servo, which means that power to apply the brakes is "bled" off the transmission. Thus, the force with which the brakes go on is always in direct proportion to the speed of the car.

Absolute silence has for 50 years been the ideal of the Rolls-Royce company, which has since the 1930s made the Bentley. At 100 miles an hour, there is no need to raise the voice even slightly in the Continental. The heating system of the car puts out warmth in impressive volume, but without the slightest whisper of rushing air.

When you, your current playmate and another couple have 500 miles to run for a weekend, the Continental is what you need. Nothing else in the world does the job so well.

American sports car drivers learned about sports cars from the old TC model MG, and they were weaned on the Jaguar — the XJ120 model now superseded by the XK140MC. The Jaguar is possibly the best-known sports car in the world. It is astonishing to think that a car that will run down to the liquor store like a bicycle can also be used in almost any kind of competition with every chance of success; that it will run

through big city traffic all day without a whimper and show 130 miles an hour at any time you want it — and all this for about \$3600 with radio, heater, walnut and leather interior, and double mohair top.

In the sportsman's *scuderia* of six, the Jag would be used partially for competition. It's one of the best rally cars in the world; you can run it in hill-climbs and straight races as well. You'll get your share of places and you'll have fun. Fun, of course, is what we're talking about. If you are earnest about racing, you'll run the Porsche or the 300SL, or you'll buy a Ferrari or a hot Corvette. You'll set the car aside for racing, use it for nothing else, and hire a full-time mechanic to see that it's always ready. That's fun, too, but it's a serious kind of fun. For most of us there's more kick in sticking a Halda average-speed indicator and a couple of stop watches into a car and seeing what we can do in a two-day rally. For that, the XK140 is the machine.

There are faster cars in the world than the Mercedes-Benz 300SL, but they're priced in the high five figures. The 300SL is to all intents and purposes the fastest production automobile available, and it costs about \$7800. When it first appeared, no one believed that the car could be made for that price, and a worldwide rumor had it that the factory was taking a \$1000 loss on each car and charging it to advertising against their many other models. Initial production was only 500 cars a year and it isn't much more than that now.

The 300SL is so much automobile that it frightens experienced drivers. The acceleration developed by its six-cylinder engine, running on fuel-injection since 1954, is quite outside normal experience. The 300SL goes from 0 to 100 mph in 16 seconds! A swing-axle car, like the Porsche, it requires a special technique on corners, and the vacuum-booster brakes, which operate in 3½-inch drums and can lock the wheels tight at 140 miles an hour, also demand extra respect. The average driver who climbs through the gull-wing doors of the 300SL and sticks his foot into it as if it were a Cadillac will be in serious trouble within half-a-mile. The car is noisy and harsh in some ways — typically a man's automobile. It's built in standard Grade-A German style, which means that you probably couldn't find a burred nut on it if you looked all week. As a matter of fact, every nut on the car is tightened with a torque wrench, and the ratio of inspectors to workers is something like one to seven.

This is one of the most successful competition cars in the world. It was

almost unbeatable in national Sports Car Club of America rankings until last year, when it was shaded by Corvette. Why not replace it with a Corvette, then? For sheer competition, as we remarked above, you might — but we like the 50-year racing history behind the Mercedes-Benz, its unique station among the world's cars and its fantastic workmanship — until the factory puts the new model, the SLR, on sale and runs away from everything for another couple of years.

When the farsighted Ford people decided, after the war, to produce a sports car, they also craftily decided not to call it a sports car, but a "personal car." That's what the Thunderbird is. It is not, in the classic definition, a sports car: something that can be used to transport two people in reasonable comfort and also be used successfully in competition under international rules. The T-bird is a compromise and an enormously successful one. It's good-looking, fast enough for even a very good driver, and if it won't handle with, say, a Lancia, it has no vices to get you into trouble, either. And it has one great and overriding virtue: if you break a fanbelt in Pinhook, Indiana, you won't have to walk more than a couple of blocks to find a new one. No other car in our *scuderia* can make that claim! When your new girl decides she'd love to drive down to Arizona from New York with you to visit a maiden aunt, or from San Francisco to New Orleans for the Mardi Gras, and you want a smooth, simple trip, nothing hairy, no records broken, and the least possible attention from the police on the way — roll out the Thunderbird. It's a buy at its list price of \$3367.

These, then, comprise the basic sports car stable. First, the Porsche Super for threading traffic with brilliant ease, for the winding trail, for the sheer sensual pleasure of driving. Second, the Lancia G. T. 2500 for superb cornering ability, for ruggedness and for — let's be frank — snob appeal. Next, the Bentley Continental for the ultimate in silent, elegant luxury. Then the Jaguar XK140MC, not only for its smart utility (yes, it can combine those seeming opposites) but also for fun in competition. Fifth, the Mercedes-Benz 300SL for more dedicated racing and because it is, without doubt, the best machine of its kind in the world. And finally the Ford Thunderbird whose ease of maintenance in this country recommends it for long-range touring. Each of these half-dozen has its special virtues, and together they may afford you nearly the pleasure of a personally selected harem of that number.



fiction BY NELSON ALGREN

sleep, my love,
and peace attend thee . . .

all through the night

"STUFF IS MAKING a regular little getter out of you, Baby," my Daddy began getting proud of me the hour we got off San P. Street. "Now all you need to get is a little know-how."

"Daddy, I already know how," I told him.

"You know how alright but you don't know with who. Your smalltown ways don't fit out here. You don't ask a trick to buy you a drink. You don't drink with him at all. You ask him does he want to play house or not? Buy your own drink, Baby. Don't you want to be real great? Don't you want to keep your Daddy knocked out?"

We got so great, shortly thereafter, that we were both kept knocked out. Every time we walked into a joint someone was sure to holler, "Look who's here!" Usually the bartender. Everybody with class was hollering hello. I got over being bashful and advanced clear to the Anxious-to-Please stage. "Are you satisfied, Mister? You're not disappointed?"

And Daddy got even more anxious than me. "Are you alright, Baby?" He'd sneak me a fast whisper from behind a potted palm in the lobby where he had no right whatsoever to be — "You want to go home and rest now? You tired, Baby?"

You call that a pimp?

"Baby, did that cat act married-like? Does he want to see you again? How did he come on, Baby? Fairly great or so?"

"Not too bad," I answered offhanded one time — "as a matter of fact, not bad at all."

"Why don't you marry the man for God's sake then?" he turned on me — "I won't stand in your way! Imagine it — a hustler falling in love with one of her own tricks! And you call yourself a whore? Why, I think you like this trade."

He'd never said a thing that hard to

me before.

"I'll go back to car-hopping tomorrow," I told him. "I think I make as sorry a whore as you make a macker."

That hurt his feelings.

"No wife of mine is going to be seen hustling hamburgers," he got real stern to make himself out the real thing.

And I never answered him so offhand again. "Daddy, that fellow was just no good whatsoever," I'd report. "If he got an old lady I'm sorry for her."

After a spell Daddy just stopped asking. And I just minded my own peace and didn't use so much platinum nail polish.

L.A. people like a young country-looking couple. There were gifts almost every day. Ankle-bracelets and earrings and perfume for me and nylon shorts for my Daddy. Right up to the end, everyone tried to help. Even the old clerk at the desk tried to warn us the night Daddy come into the lobby with an envelope in his topcoat pocket.

"A message for you," he told Daddy and scribbled *nabs* on a phone slip. Daddy folded the slip without looking at it. It was still in his hand when I opened for him and they followed in like I'd opened for them.

One on each side, patting Daddy all over, and Daddy giving them the wrong pocket every time he turned. I set tight as a little gray mouse. You do yourself nothing but harm to ask, "Where's your warrant?" They'll tell you, "We don't need one for a rooming house." You can tell them, "This ain't no rooming house this is a hotel" then if you want. But one will wait while the other fetches and they'll make the warrant stick then if they have to plant something to do it. Well, you asked for it.

"Everything us two kids own in this

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COME RAIN, COME SHINE

friends in foul weather and fair

attire **BY BLAKE RUTHERFORD**

Three guys sensibly bridging the drizzle-to-sunshine gap elect coats that are light in color and weight, heavy on distinction. Left to right, a white cotton gabardine, by Baracuta, about \$35; a cotton merger of gold and black yarns, by Alligator, about \$25; a striped cotton with oversized pockets, by London Fog, about \$25. Above: right as rain for a spin in the Jag or an evening with *My Fair Lady*, an urbane black cotton coat with an inside story—stripes of black and gold, by Plymouth, about \$25. In the corner: pima cotton and dacron in dark olive that is anathema to aqua, yet takes its place in the sun with the greatest of ease, by Plymouth, about \$25.

EVERYBODY TALKS about the weather, but the new raincoats do something about it. In this age of specialization they're anomalies. Come the rains and they make that old watertight symbol, the duck, look like a sponge. And when it's fine, they're fairweather friends as well. Except in climatic extremes, they cover the corpus comfortably. What's more, they look especially fine doing it. There is something undeniably authoritative about them, and if they are well-cut and worn with distinction, they pack a for-real punch, hinting at mysterious intrigues and romantic excitement, more-so than a sabre scar on the cheek.

Time was, though, when a raincoat was nothing more than a raincoat, and was about as good-looking as a pair of unbuckled galoshes. You wore it only during an absolute deluge and then tried to duck out of sight as fast as possible. If the storm abated, you whipped it off in a flash and hid it wherever you could. Or maybe you chose one of those peek-a-boo plastic jobs that gave the gentleman the appearance of a walking cigar inside its wrapper. You froze in it in winter and sweltered in summer, and felt generally ridiculous in spring and fall. But not so with this new





Parked on the bench, the wear-with-all in accessories: rainproof hat by Thomas Begg, foulard scarf by Cisco, English umbrella and rubber-palmed knit gloves, both by M & M Co. Below, to the left, a pima cotton job with an English cut, by Gleneagles, about \$35, and the Bentley coat of cotton gabardine, by Aquascutum, about \$50. Both are brown.



breed of coats.

Even taking into consideration the caprice of the elements, these coats are one permanent pillar of dependability in a world of sudden changes, and come about as near to being all-year, all-weather as any article of clothing can be.

Perhaps one of the best things about the new jobs is the fact that they certainly don't look dependable. Sterling as that characteristic is, it is not one the well-dressed guys give a hoot about.

After all, if dependability were the prime consideration, nothing sheds water like a whaler's oilskin or those stiff green G.I. raincoats handed out by the Army. But nobody, no matter how blindly devoted to Joseph Conrad or deeply patriotic, could ever say that they looked *distingué*. Belted trench coats with all their flaps, buckles and buttons seem to be disappearing into the shadows whence they came. The new ones do with great hunks of style and good tailoring packed into hoke-free, easy lines. Most of them are straight-hanging and quite a number are short: lengths vary from just below the knee to quite a few inches above it. Color pops up frequently among the oyster whites and naturals. Browns move in and gray-green gets its share of attention, and copper turns up like a single penny in a pocketful of change, while black and midnight blue take care of the after-dark part of the picture. Linings are a fresh point of interest carefully kept under wraps, with bold plaids, stripes and tattersalls doing a brilliant job of interior decoration. Inside and out, the new breed of coat is a handsome affair, and, like the fearless postal carriers, is dismayed by neither snow, nor rain, nor heat, nor gloom of night.

A final caveat for you guys who are about to rush right out and get one of these nifty new all-weather coats. It's a fine idea, of course, to be garbed in the latest fashion which is in good taste, but (let's face it) there are some of us who would do better to stick by the longer garments. Take into account, then, like the well-dressed guy you are or want to be, your physical type. An extremely beamy chap, especially if he's on the short side, should eschew the shorter models, which will make him look like an animated box. And the lanky beanpole, much admired on the basketball court, should shun them, too — or he'll give the appearance of a child on stilts. Good judgement, remember, is an integral part of good taste.



"I'm afraid you have the wrong number, sir. This is Shirley Ford, 275 Central Park West, Apartment 4C . . ."

EXURBANITES AT PLAY (continued from page 21)

houses that exhibit English, French or Italian movies. He knew by their first names the captains or maitre d's of at least a half-dozen smart, fashionable nightclubs. Even if he didn't get home till one or two, he could count on seven hours of sleep before his presence would be really demanded on the job. Week-ends were reserved for perhaps one big party, and catching up on sleep.

When he moved to the exurb, he took with him many of his Manhattan habits, but with an important difference: where before he could spread his social activities over a whole week, now he had to concentrate them into one 60-hour period, along with a bushel-basketful of new social chores.

The week-long parlay is clearly out of the question. He simply no longer has the time for weeknight shindigs. Having moved to an exurb he has offered up two or three hours of his weekdays on the altar of country living; it doesn't take a man long to realize, if he is on a regime of rising at 6:30 or 7:00, that he must hit the sack by 11:30 or 12:00 if he expects to be his usual bright, winsome, companionable self the next day.

What he does with his weekends, how he goes about spending his time, will vary, depending on the exurb he has selected as home. A more accurate way, perhaps, of saying this would be: his selection from among the available exurbs will depend in large part on what kind of social life he prefers over a weekend. The playground is large and adaptable: there are sandpiles for drunks, for farmers, for libertines or Don Juans, for intellectuals, for sportsmen, for chronologically adult infants or adolescents, for the lazy or the active, for sailors or fishers or hunters or riders or swimmers. During the weekend recess from the rat-race there is no supervisor to blow the whistle and demand that the escapees do one thing instead of another. With remarkably true adaptability, the exurbanite finds his own level, his own part of the forest. Playtime, play manners, play opportunities, play facilities, play techniques, even intensity of play—all vary from one exurb to another, but at the same time there are basic and striking similarities. Just as the residents of each exurb have had to forego (to their general subsequent dissatisfaction) some of the amenities of life in Manhattan when they undertook to escape its tensions, so the residents of each exurb share alike some leisure-time activities.

There is, for example, a heavy traffic in weekend guests from the city. There are three main categories of these transients. First are the people one might normally be content to spend an hour or two at a time with, in the city. In

Exurbia, the only way to see them is to have them up for the weekend. Since the showing of the house and grounds and the small talk are pretty rapidly used up, the rest of the weekend must be devoted to actively entertaining the visitors—against the possibility that they may be bored or become boring. Generally, social life with city friends diminishes with each year's exurban residence, so the first category gets smaller and smaller for the average exurbanite, leaving him finally with only lifelong, close friends (category three), and even some of these are lost by reason of geography and changed living habits.

The second category comprises genuine and pseudo-business acquaintances. A city man can play golf with a business acquaintance who needs leisure-time cultivation to make him bear fruit; an exurbanite must invite the man and his wife for the weekend. Active entertainment for these visitors, and plenty of people around, are musts.

Third, as has been said, are the old friends, an important life line for the exurbanites to the Manhattan they have left behind them. Sometimes these old friends come early and often, sometimes they are reluctant dragons, sometimes they sit disconsolately indoors, scowling at the unaccustomed green that surrounds them outside, sometimes they show they are the stuff exurbanites are made of, and drag their hosts on tours of near-by houses for rent or sale, and sometimes they switch the old chestnut, and maintain that the exurbs are OK for a weekend, but they wouldn't live in the place if you et cetera. But almost invariably, when the guests are settled with their first drink in hand, the questions come, usually from the exurban hostess: What's new in town? Have you seen any plays? Do you see the Smythes any more? The thirst for urban gossip is unquenchable. Nor is it simply a matter of steering the conversation into channels that the guests will find negotiable. Urban gossip is an exurban need.

Again, no matter which his exurb, every exurbanite makes a ritual of his Sunday New York newspaper. Some cynics claim that the curling up with the paper that goes on in so many exurban households is merely a measure of the endemic nature of exurban hangovers, but this is not so, for even in the living room of the member of Alcoholics Anonymous (and there are Westport, Connecticut, residents who proudly contend that their chapter of A.A. is the largest in the world), the Sunday newspaper is a comfy ceremonial.

Then there is the question of children. In every exurb, parents find their hours of relaxation partially circumscribed by the activities of their young.

Most exurban fathers cheerfully undertake a responsibility toward the children over the weekend which is borne solo by the mother during the week, and over a summer weekend this may entail scouting about for likely prospects to add to a Little League baseball team, or patiently coaching a few rallies of small-fry tennis, or instructing Junior in the function of a Genoa jib, or even going for a walk to get the kids out of the house and away from Mother when all other recourses have failed.

There is, moreover, for the do-it-yourselfer, a similarity of interests from exurb to exurb. Everywhere, beyond the 50-mile limit from Manhattan, hardware stores are the most important single retail outlets in town, only excepting the liquor stores.

In every exurb, booze is the common palliative for stress and strain.

One way to search out the patterns of exurban play is to follow a handful of exurbanites from the time they step off their Friday evening train from New York to the time when, on Monday morning, they appear on the station platform, bright-eyed and bushy-tailed or white-gilled and hung-over. For the sake of simplicity and unity of compass, the exurbanites whose course we will follow, as closely as the postal regulations permit, are, we shall imagine, all resident in the environs of Westport, in Fairfield County, Connecticut.

Here, as the evening train from New York stops at the Westport station, come a couple of hundred exurbanites, either hurrying for the cars that have been parked in the lot all day or plaintively whistling a familiar signal to attract the wives who have driven to meet them. Our eye is caught by four from this crowd.

One of them is Ben Martell, whom the trade knows quite well as among the first successful radio writers to make the switch to TV. Ben is in his late 30s and looks older, especially tonight. We can judge the reason for it from his erratic gait: he comes from the bar car. He makes it safely to his MG, climbs in and heads purposefully home toward another Martini.

The man greeting his wife at the wheel of a Buick convertible is none other than Gideon J. Philips III, an advertising agency account executive. Note the charcoal-gray suit and the glossy, initial-embossed briefcase. Just beyond him, climbing into a Cadillac and giving his wife a perfunctory peck on the cheek, is Duke Cameron. He's in his late 20s and, although his hair is thinning, he looks fit and full of energy, despite his harrowing day and the unceasing flow of loud talk he exchanged with colleagues, with whom he was play-

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food BY THOMAS MARIO



SHRIMPS SUPREME

the life and loves of the scrumptious schizopoda

IN LEARNING THE ART of shrimp cookery, one should know something, first of all, about the life and loves of the slender crustacea.

Before birth the shrimp is part of a single egg mass that sometimes numbers three-quarters of a million potential shrimp. When hatched, the shrimp drifts around in shallow, slow-moving waters for several weeks until he grows to about a quarter of an inch in length. Then, feeling his oats, he sets out for deeper

water and more salty adventures. Not long afterward he faces an adolescent problem. While his body grows big, his shell is inflexible, unable to expand. With a few well-timed flicks, he simply throws off his old shell and acquires a new one. His sex life is designed for the utmost variety: he is born male; as he matures, he gradually becomes female.

On the Pacific coast one may find the so-called ghost shrimp, so transparent you can see the heart beat. Blind shrimp

have been taken from caves in Cuba. In the western American deserts, at rare intervals, small armored shrimp have been discovered coming to life when flash storms awakened dormant shrimp eggs in the sand.

The entire shrimp industry, in recent years, has experienced a magical prosperity. In 1945 someone discovered that if you trawl for shrimp at night while the shrimp are free swimming, you'll come up with a much bigger haul than

in the daytime. New shrimp beds were discovered in deeper waters. Today, shrimp is the little tail that wags the whole Gulf of Mexico from which are taken most of the 250 million pounds of shrimp we eat annually.

For the eager young chef aching to do something different, the prime advantage of shrimp as a culinary medium is the fact that they are available in almost any conceivable form—and in sizes from baby to jumbo—for cooking. You can now buy shrimp raw, raw and dipped in butter or crumbs, cooked with the shells on, or cooked with both shells and vein removed. If you live in a town where fresh shrimp deliveries are not frequently made, you can buy frozen shrimp. Certainly of all the huge variety of freezer foods now available, none whatever equals the quality of frozen shrimp as compared with the fresh product. Gourmets everywhere agree that the sweet seafood flavor as well as the firm texture of the frozen shrimp compare favorably with the fresh specimens.

When you buy raw fresh shrimp, you want shellfish that are completely free of any trace of off-odor or stickiness. The shells must be firm, clinging tightly to the body of the shrimp. All shrimp are sold beheaded, since the head constitutes about 40% of the shrimp's weight.

A few years ago the only shrimp you could buy were the gray variety. Now you will find raw shrimp that are brown, greenish brown, pink and even red. Just to make the shrimp spectrum a little more bewildering, tradesmen refer to all fresh shrimp as "green shrimp." But in spite of the varieties in color, there aren't too many differences in the eating quality of different shrimp.

Normally, the bigger the shrimp, the higher the price. The men who run the shrimp boats, however, prefer the flavor of the medium size shrimp to the extra large ones. The outsize shrimp will sometimes become dry after cooking. The largest size shrimp sold commercially are called jumbo, and run about 25 or fewer to the pound. Large shrimp range from 25 to 40 to the pound. Medium shrimp are from 45 to 65 to the pound. The designation "medium" actually means small shrimp which are quite bothersome to shell.

The Chinese used to open shrimp by flaying the shells with bamboo poles. Until a few years ago, in shrimp factories where dried shrimp were being prepared, "shrimp dancers" were hired to tramp on the shells with special shoes. In your own bachelor apartment, this kind of elaborate exorcism is hardly necessary, however. You can buy a shrimp cleaner like the Zipout or the Shrimpmaster which will remove both shells and veins in one operation.

To clean shrimp by hand only a few deft movements need be learned. Simply tear the underbelly of the shell with one hand while holding the shrimp with the other hand. Peel off the top and biggest part of the shell. Then, holding the end of the shrimp tail in one hand, pull the entire shrimp free. To remove the vein, start at the fat end of the shrimp and, using the corner of your index finger or a very small skewer or small pointed knife, peel down the length of the shrimp's body until the vein is out. You can't always see the vein as a distinct color, although you can feel it and separate it from the body. Sometimes it's black, sometimes orange, pink or white. In certain sections of the South and in some of the older hostleries, shrimp are served with the vein left intact. It won't harm you. Now and then, however it may be gritty.

When you boil shrimp, you'll sometimes detect an iodine-like odor. This is completely harmless and merely indicates that the shrimp were dieting on a variety of small marine life known as Balanoglossus. To moderate the pungent odor of boiling shrimp, add some acid like lemon juice or vinegar to the pot. When boiling shrimp, some cooks like to add herbs as well as seasoning vegetables to the water. Others like shrimp boiled in beer—a process that gives a delicate, slightly bitter tang to the shrimp flavor. Then there are shrimp fanciers who want their shrimp only boiled in plain salted water and who will tolerate no tampering with the natural shrimp flavor.

Shrimp may be boiled in or out of the shell. When boiled out of the shell, they tend to curl a little more tightly than they do when boiled in the shell.

The one hard and fast rule which applies to boiled shrimp, as well as all other seafood, is simply: Don't overcook. If you do, the shrimp will be both dry and tasteless. To boil large shrimp for such dishes as shrimp cocktail, shrimp salad or any dish calling for cooked shrimp, plunge the shrimp into rapidly boiling water to which 1 teaspoon salt per quart of water has been added. When the water comes to a second boil, allow five minutes cooking time. Remove the shrimp from the water. If the cooked shrimp are to be stored in the refrigerator, it's a good idea to return them to the cooking liquid, after it has cooled. Keep the shrimp immersed in this liquid until serving time.

Here now are PLAYBOY's shrimp recipes for spring, each proportioned for two glowing appetites.

SHRIMP MARINARA

1 lb. raw shrimp, peeled and deveined
2 cloves garlic
3 tablespoons butter or olive oil
2 cups canned Italian plum tomatoes
1 tablespoon parsley flakes

½ teaspoon oregano, chopped fine
2 tablespoons tomato paste
Salt, pepper

Chop the tomatoes fine. Melt the butter, or heat the oil, in a saucepan. Add the shrimp. Force the garlic through a garlic press into the pan or mince the garlic very fine and add it to the pan. Sauté the shrimp over a moderate flame until they turn pink. Add the tomatoes, parsley, oregano and tomato paste. Simmer slowly 6 to 8 minutes. Season to taste with salt and pepper.

SHRIMP RAREBIT

½ lb. cooked shrimp, peeled and deveined
2 tablespoons butter
¾ lb. sharp American cheese
1 teaspoon prepared mustard
½ teaspoon dry mustard
¼ teaspoon paprika
½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
⅛ teaspoon celery salt
⅓ cup beer

Melt the butter in the top part of a double boiler over simmering water. Add the shrimp and cook until they are glossy with butter and heated through, about 2 to 3 minutes. Cut the American cheese into cubes about ½ inch thick. Add the cheese, the prepared mustard, dry mustard, paprika, Worcestershire sauce, celery salt and beer. Cook until the cheese is completely melted. Stir well. Serve over freshly made toast.

FRIED SHRIMP

¾ lb. raw shrimp, shelled and deveined
Deep fat for frying
¾ cup flour
1 egg, well-beaten
½ cup cold water
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon baking powder
1 teaspoon grated onion

Cut the shrimp, splitting them about three-quarters of their length, leaving the tail end intact. Wash well. Dry on paper toweling. In a deep mixing bowl combine the beaten egg and water. Sift the flour, salt and baking powder into the bowl. Add the grated onion. Beat with a wire whisk or rotary egg beater until the batter is very smooth, 2 to 3 minutes. Heat the fat to 380° or until the first wisp of smoke appears. Dip the shrimp in the batter. Place them one by one gently into the fat. Fry until light brown, turning once during frying. Drain fried shrimp on paper toweling. Sprinkle with salt. Serve with a cold sauce made by combining ¼ cup mayonnaise with 2 tablespoons sour cream and 2 teaspoons horseradish. Or, serve with prepared cold tartar sauce.

SHRIMP AND AVOCADO COCKTAIL

½ lb. cooked shrimp, peeled and deveined

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"Five hundred . . . who'll say six? . . . Six . . . the man bids six hundred . . . Do I hear seven? . . ."

"Twenty dollars? . . . Who'll say fifteen? . . . Do I hear ten? . . ."

EXURBANITES AT PLAY (continued from page 34)

ing bridge all the way out on the train, to the considerable annoyance of newspaper-readers, work hogs, and nappers. Duke's sharkskin suit is a little too sharp, his tie knot too small and tight. He knows all this; he knows, too, that until he's promoted to a better job, this is the correct uniform to wear in his business dealings with the small manufacturers on whom he must call. And what does he do for his living? Duke was captain of his college golf team; the transition was natural and swift to becoming an advertising salesman for a potent, nimble newsweekly. He will contrive to lose enough close matches to potential advertisers in the next few months to become assistant advertising manager, and can then dress according to his taste.

The fourth man we will watch in the next few hours is Armand Santini. He is clothed in ambiguous fashion: a turtle-neck sweater under his tweed jacket, and sneakers. While he is getting his Model-A Ford, to drive it round and pick up the couple who are his weekend guests, we can tell that he is a "genius," local patois for a commercial artist who is not a regular commuter.

And now let's pause to consider the cars these men drive. Santini is a member of Westport's Model-A car owner's association, whose membership dues are spent in buying up other Model-As, which thereafter become boneyards for all members, who may strip the purchases for necessary replacement parts. As for the MG owner, Ben Martell, he belongs to the Sports Car Club of America which is headquartered here in Fairfield County. If his option is picked up for another cycle or two, he will sell his MG to buy a Jaguar; he knows where he can pick up a hell of a second-hand Jag. (Despite its expense, the Jaguar was for some time the best seller among foreign cars, thanks to its popularity in Exurbia. This sports car has been displaced, however, by the much cheaper, purely utilitarian Volkswagen, perhaps because Jags were becoming so common. In northern Westchester, for example, the Volkswagen sold as many as its five nearest competitors, last year. But the Volkswagen is usually a second car, while the Jaguar is a first and often an only car.) The Buick driven by Gid Philips is intended to reflect, and does, his comfortably realistic and mature acceptance of the simple need for dependable transportation. Cameron's new Cadillac is an important business expense, and so appears on his tax returns.

It is not only by their cars that ye shall know them. Let's attend to Armand for a moment. It's not because he is seeking status, but because he genuinely likes wine, that Armand Santini, the artist, has pulled up in his Model-A

outside the liquor store which is conveniently situated just across the road from the railroad station.

While Armand is buying his two bottles of domestic Pinot Noir, we have time to reflect on the problems the exurbanite poses for such an expert taxonomist as Russell Lynes: is the exurbanite highbrow, or middlebrow, or upper-middlebrow? (He surely isn't lowbrow.) It would seem safe to state that he is not middlebrow. He does not belong (nor does his wife) to the Book-of-the-Month Club, or to the Literary Guild.

He is likely to have bought such highbrow trinkets as Eimer Amend chemical jars for his kitchen spice shelf 10 or 12 years ago; he may even hide them now, as being somehow *infra dig*, now that everybody knows about them. Armand cannot or will not remember the time when he did not grind his pepper fresh from a small mill. He is likely to have at least three special salad dressings for his, of course, tossed green salad. In everything but the most intellectual aspects of life, he is ahead of the highbrows or he will know the reason why. But in intellectual matters, he is only upper-middlebrow, and this is because of his belated anti-intellectualism, his reverse snobbism, the factor that today drives him to hide his butterfly chairs away or leave them out in the weather, because too many people have copied him by buying them in cheap copies. It is the same reverse snobbism that leads him to buy a domestic Pinot Noir, and when he gets home he will put the bottles in the refrigerator, too, because he knew that red wines are supposed to be served at room temperature so long ago that he feels he not only can but should break the rule. Armand, his wife, and their guests will be dining late, for nothing special is planned for the evening. Not so with the others.

The others are already busy pouring Martinis (in three out of four homes, the cocktail is Martini). Gid Philips and his wife have another couple in for dinner. Duke Cameron and his wife are going out for dinner. Ben Martell, the television writer, already fairly well sozzled, is taking his wife to a friend's house after dinner. All have something to do. All *must* have something to do. Each would feel he would sink to the level of a fifth-class power if the word got out that he wasn't invited out somewhere, or inviting someone in.

It is 7:45. Gid is filling Martini glasses. Taking advantage of a momentary silence, he clears his throat, catches the attention of his wife and their dinner guests, and tells them a dirty story, fairly new; only one of them has heard it before. The dirty story is common con-

versational coin in Westport. On this average Friday night it is likely that this particular story will be told some 290 times. Gid will, all by himself, tell (if we compute his average output) eight more such stories.

The evening goes forward. Between 8:30 and 9:15 there is a flurry of traffic through the winding country roads: this is Operation Baby-Sitter being successfully accomplished. Thereafter, the cars once again move purposefully through the darkness: parents, freed temporarily from their children, propose to enjoy adult society for a time. The weather on this early summer night is cool. Later on, when it gets hot, there will be beach parties, moonlight sails; still later, in the fall, the barn dance cycle will have begun, and the husbands will be breaking out their plaid shirts and the wives their peasant skirts; come winter, there may even be, in the event of snow, a ride in a sleigh. But now, in early summer, things are quieter. It is 10:30. Let us look in on our four specimens and see what they are up to.

Armand is sitting quietly at home with his weekend guests and his wife. He is on his fifth highball. In view of the earlier Martinis and the wine, he has taken on quite a package, and has reached the point where, a few minutes ago in the bathroom, he was talking to himself in the mirror and making faces at his own answers. Now he is wondering what he ever saw in these people, to make him invite them out for the weekend. His wife stifles a yawn.

Ben Martell and Duke Cameron are at the same party. They exchanged nods when they first came in (they don't know each other particularly well, each is just a train face to the other) and promptly went their separate ways. Duke, ever the salesman, was able to get a poker game started off in the library. He had been miffed, earlier that week, to find that his regular weekly poker game was canceled—one regular had to fly to the coast, another was in bed with a psychogenic cold, and a third was sitting up with a sick script—and had even thought for a few minutes that Friday night might come and find him with nothing to do. A fourth regular in the poker game had, however, invited him to dinner; together with their wives they had come on to this party. Nothing big or pretentious—no more than two dozen people sitting around, talking, watching television, drinking. Five kindred spirits were soon collared and a poker game set up.

On this Friday evening, because the game was hastily organized, stakes are 50¢ and a dollar, and the dealers have been demanding wild games. Duke's wife, growing bored with spit-in-the-ocean, has picked up her money and

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WINSOME WINDSOR

a brief encounter over a counter got us a playmate for april

WHEN IN THE COURSE of human events (which sometimes include buying a fancy chemise for a dear friend's birthday) we discovered blonde, brown-eyed Gloria Windsor behind the counter of a lingerie shop, we said to her, "Let us take you away from all this." She didn't want to be taken away from all that, though—she said she liked her job. We explained that we meant to take her away only long enough to shoot a Playmate photograph, something that could be done on her lunch hour. After a brief exchange of coy dialogue which we won't bore you with here, she consented. On the way to the photographer's studio, we found out a few things about her: that she likes to cook, to hike, to bike-ride; that she does *not*, for a wonder, aspire to a modeling or movie career; that she loves to wolf down big portions of steak and cheesecake and doesn't believe in dieting. We had borrowed, from Gloria's employer, a bit of filmy merchandise, and when we got to the studio she slipped into this and we took the picture. After the session, we took Miss Windsor to lunch (steak and cheesecake) and then escorted her back to the shop, where her employer was tapping an impatient toe and casting significant glances at the clock. But he didn't stay mad very long—Gloria flashed him a big smile and he was tied up in Windsor knots. So were we.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HAL ADAMS



MISS APRIL PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





Above: glorious Gloria proffered us a goodbye smile as she returned to the job after her short excursion into the glamor world. Below: the potential Miss April was writing up a sales slip when we popped the Playmate question. Eyeing her employer with a certain amount of anxiety, she asked, "Will I be back by one o'clock—for sure?"



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The outraged husband discovered his wife in bed with another man.

"What is the meaning of this?" he demanded. "Who is this fellow?"

"That seems like a fair question," said the wife, rolling over. "What is your name?"



Demonstrating once again the importance of the lowly comma, this telegram was sent from a wife to her husband: "NOT GETTING ANY, BETTER COME HOME AT ONCE."

The stranger walked up to a Las Vegas dice table and laid down a \$1000 bet. He shook the dice, but as he threw them a third cube fell unexpectedly from his sleeve. The house operator was unruffled. He handed back two of the dice and pocketed the third, saying, "OK, roll again. Your point is 15."

A sweet young thing of our acquaintance decided that she would rather be a young man's slave than an old man's darling, because she couldn't stand the idea of old age creeping up on her.



Shed a tear for the unfortunate shoe salesman, with a lisp, who got slapped when he asked an adequately proportioned female customer to sit down while he "looked up her thize."

A svelte redhead was driving her Jag cross-country last summer. The trip was a hot and dusty one and when she spotted a small pool in a little glade not far off the road, she decided to stop for a swim. She slipped out of her clothes and plunged in, and had been enjoying the cool water a few minutes, when she became aware of two farmers watching her from behind some bushes. Her clothes were at the other side of the

pool, but there was an old washtub stuck in the sand near her, and holding that in front of her, she marched out of the water towards them.

"Don't you two old fools have anything better to do?" she snapped. "Do you know what I think?!"

"Yes, ma'm," drawled the taller of the two men, "you think that there washtub has a bottom in it."

The golfer confidently eyed the next hole and remarked to his caddy: "This should be good for a long drive and a putt." His swing, however, hit the sod and pushed the ball only a few feet.

"Now," said the caddy, "for a hell of a putt."



Engineers are continually surprised to find that girls with the most streamlined shapes offer the most resistance.

A doctor and his wife were out walking when a buxom blonde in tight-fitting sweater and skirt nodded hello from a nearby doorway.

"And who was that?" questioned the wife.

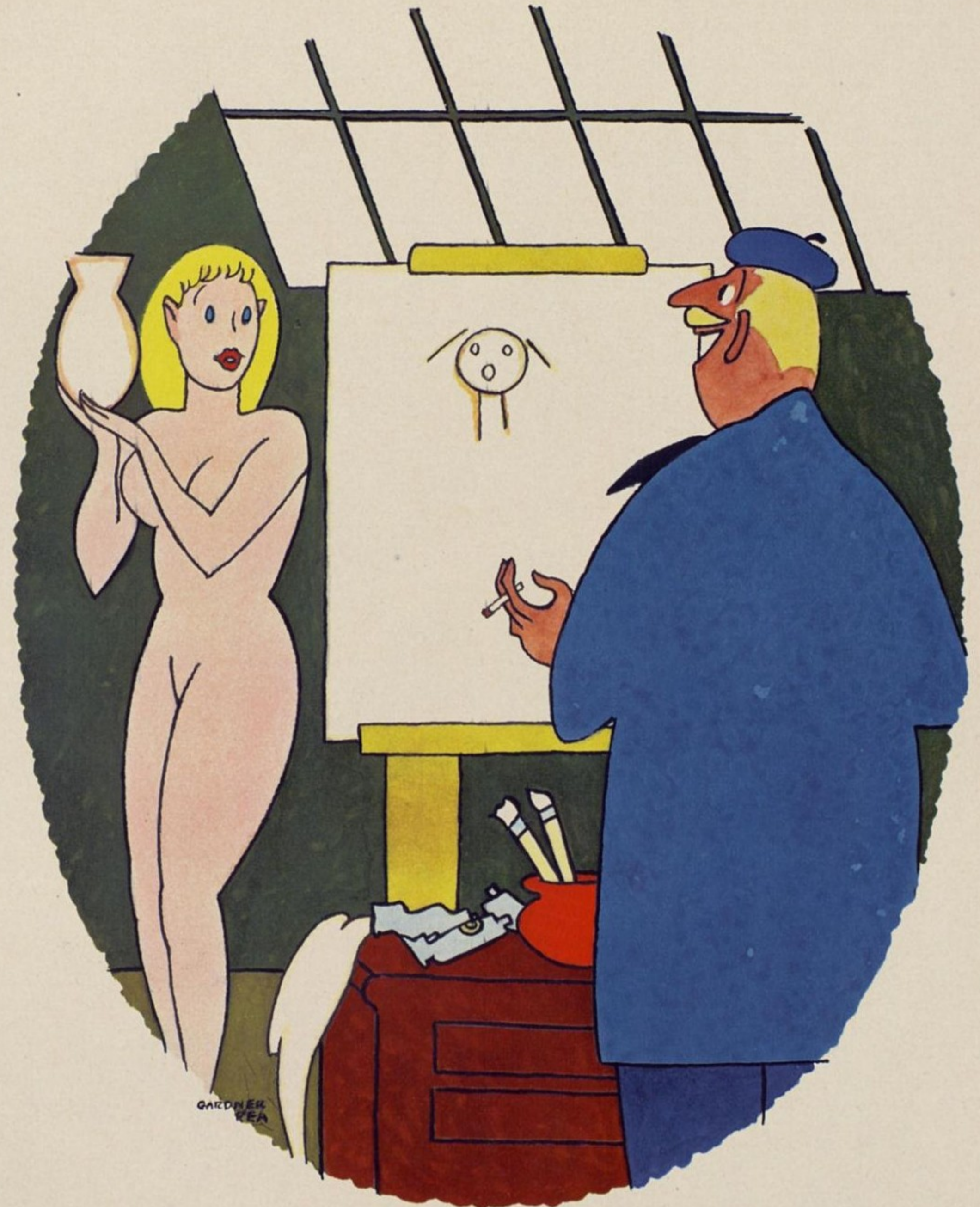
"Oh, just a young woman I know professionally," said the doctor, reddening visibly.

"I'm sure of that," said the wife, "but your profession or hers?"

In a recent discussion on world affairs, a friend observed the difference between war and peace is there has never been a good war.

We know of an overweight playboy who is unhappy about losing 105 pounds last month. She was a beautiful blonde.

Heard any good ones lately? Send your favorites to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 232 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Ill., and earn an easy five dollars for each joke used. In case of duplicates, payment goes to first received. Jokes cannot be returned.



"Please don't let the fact that you've never posed before make you nervous, Miss Armitage. I've never painted before."

left. Duke is ahead. He plays a good, hard game, and his talk bristles with tough slang.

Ben, being a television writer, is as far away from the television set as he can get without actually being outside the house. He was sozzled when he got off the bar car more than three hours ago and nothing he has done in the meantime has repaired the situation, but you have to know him well to perceive how far along he is. His wife can always tell, of course; there is something about his eyes; they begin to look like very slow pinwheels. She said something to him about it earlier and there was a brief, acrimonious exchange, but things seem all right now.

At this moment, Ben's eye has a speculative glint that has nothing to do with pinwheels: he has just seen a young woman for the first time whom he can't remember having seen before; their glances met and did something improper, before she turned away. She is Mrs. Duke Cameron, a fact about which Ben couldn't care less. We may give this pair another 30 minutes to gravitate closer to each other, eye each other again, exchange a few words, and engage in gambit and counter-gambit; no more will be required for them to have gone away somewhere or other, to do something or other. Their liaison at the moment could not be more casual, even more ephemeral; for this reason it is for each of them something that can be legitimately included under the general heading of recreation. It may, of course, develop into something more serious and tenacious: one party or the other (or both) may with time even come to believe that what is involved is a grand passion, perhaps the only true grand passion of a lifetime, in which case it will no longer be recreational but will tug at the seams of two marriages and two families and may well end up in some psychoanalyst's notebook. But for the moment it is in the nature of a routine, a bit. Such encounters have a deadly sameness throughout Exurbia.

Over in Greens Farms, Gid Philips, the account executive, is sitting in his living room with his wife and dinner guests (the husband of this couple is an account executive from another agency). Gid is trying to remember what it was that he wanted to say. Something his friend just said reminded him — of what? He is racking his memory. Shop talk? Real estate talk? What was it? He cannot remember. He sighs, and goes to refill his glass yet again.

It is after midnight now, and all these people have worked a long, full day. Moreover, they must be up early on the morrow whether they want to or not; their children will see to that. For those

who are away from home, what of the baby-sitter? Will they not now go home?

In Armand Santini's home, the New Yorkers who are his weekend guests were the first to cave in. They mounted the stairs to their bedroom a few minutes ago, amid a certain amount of restrained chatter about birdsong in the early morning. (They will whisper to each other about the three-quarter bed, the 25-watt bulb in the light on their night table, and the distance to the bathroom.) The account executives are bidding each other goodnight, too, for they must both be up before dawn; they are going fishing, out in the Sound. But Duke is cannily engaged in drawing to a flush, and he is good for at least four more hours. His wife, whose sleepy expression is delicately sated, is ready to drive home any time now, and let her husband fend for himself. Out in the darkness, Ben Martell, whose expression would bespeak quiet triumph under other circumstances, has passed out. It happened just a moment ago and his wife isn't aware of it yet; she is still talking to him, if talking is not too mild a word. She is driving the MG toward home and, she hopes, driving bloody and implacable barbs of fury toward her husband. The lights will be out in their house by 1:30, and a good thing.

With the early morning, the entire exurb stirs, shakes itself, and is almost immediately transformed into a hive of activity. Saturday throughout Exurbia is children's day. It is the day when the fathers are put to the test of remembering why they said they wanted to move from the city, and it must be stated that in the majority of families, the father rises to this occasion splendidly. Whether the purity of his motives is sullied by feelings of guilt toward his children is not the point, at least not here; what matters is that from breakfast until the cocktail hour he is almost entirely at the disposal of his young.

But throughout Exurbia, whatever the Saturday morning activity may be, at noon, stirred by an inner signal, fathers everywhere stiffen, like a dog on the point. Inside them, a small voice is asking: "What is better than one Martini before lunch?" And another small voice makes prompt answer: "Two Martinis," wherewith the cars depart from the shores, the tennis courts, the boat-yards and the schooling rings, so that Daddy may repair his tissues.

In the afternoon, the hectic round will be resumed, except for the lucky few who can contrive a nap. Duke Cameron is not one of them. Undismayed by lack of sleep and his two sets of tennis, he heads for his country club. He has a date to play golf with an old friend. It has nothing to do with busi-

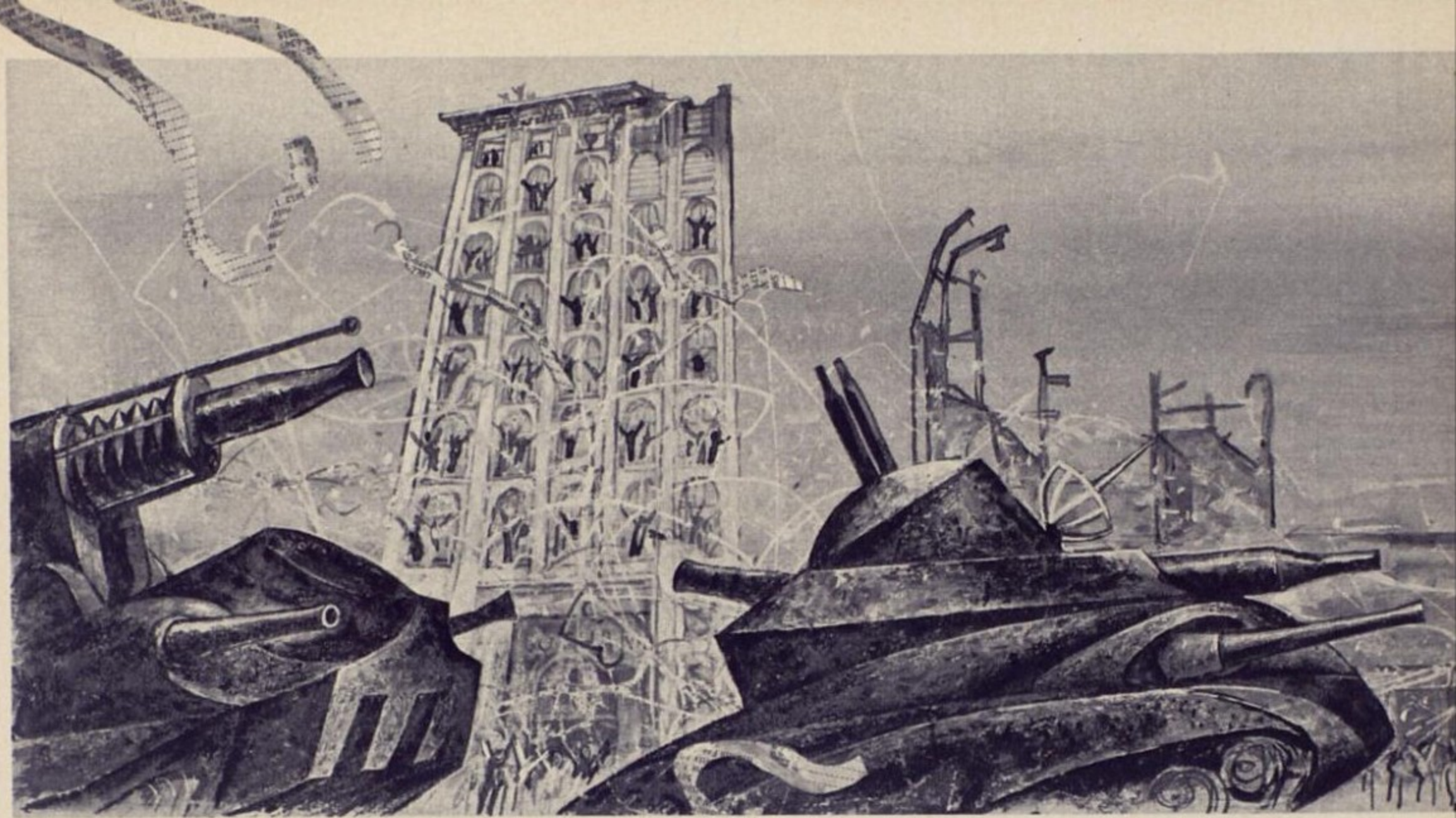
ness: he can play for blood and intends to: \$50 Nassau. Ben and Armand are shepherding their young to Compo Beach, where the artist's guests will be thoroughly dismayed by the sharp rocks over which they will have to scamper in order to reach the water, which is in any event going out. Low tide will be around 4:00 this afternoon. Gid and his son won't be back from fishing till around 5:00, at which point they will join the rest of their family around a friend's pool.

Mention was made earlier, in connection with Friday night, that few Westporters care to spend their Friday evenings alone. There is even greater fear of being left out on Saturday night. True, there are a handful of hardy souls — freaks, biological sports — who even around Westport would prefer to stay at home and read a book; and it is likely that there are others, part of the majority, who entertain a sneaking envy for these individualists. But Saturday night's enticements beckon too urgently. All four of our specimens are going out for the evening. The writer, Ben, and his wife are going to a big party in Weston. Ben spent the morning wondering how obvious to everybody his absence last night had been; he remembered that he had been absent — and why — as soon as he became aware of the fact that his wife was not talking to him except in the presence of the children. Came the afternoon sun on the beach, and for the first time he began idly to speculate as to whether the space salesman's wife would be at the same party again tonight. He rather hoped she would not. But after his third pre-dinner Martini, he began to hope that she would be there, and to fear that she would not. As it happens, she will not. She and Duke are driving with two other couples to have dinner at Stonehenge, a charming country restaurant on Route 7 near Ridgefield, a place that advertises: "We charge more. We care more. We give more."

The Camerons and their friends will not eat until 10:00, and when they get back near home they will take dead aim on the party in Weston but will miss it, ending up instead dancing in a darkened room at the Camerons' house. The Armand Santinis and guests are going to a somewhat smaller party. The Philipses are going to a party in Wilton, at the home of an advertiser, big deal. If you ask, But isn't this approximately what they all did just last night? the answer is, Well, yes, and it is also approximately what they all did last weekend, and approximately what they will all do next weekend.

What are our four specimens up to, on this Saturday night? It is getting on toward 11:00 — we should look in on

(continued on page 52)



a murmur spread through the city like the humming of angry insects

VICTORY PARADE

fiction BY HENRY SLESAR

THE NEWS OF the surrender reacted upon the women of New York like an intoxicating drink, and for days before the Victory Parade, the girls were out in force along the crumbling remnants of Fifth Avenue, clearing the rubble from the wide streets with energy and determination, and the giggling abandon of a dormitory revel.

When the morning of the Parade arrived, in one of the few remaining office buildings at 57th Street, the employees of the Gotham Corporation were in 100% attendance. Nobody minded coming to work this day, for Gotham's nine floors would afford as fine a view of the triumphal march as could be had in the city. The girls began to arrive promptly at nine, and clustered in small, excited groups around the desks and lead-shielded water coolers and ersatz-coffee machines. They talked of nothing but the Parade, and nobody, not even the frowning supervisors, minded.

It was remarkable how attractive the girls all looked this morning. The best dresses had been removed from their hiding places, and sewn and patched and repaired until they were more than presentable. The few girls fortunate enough to have saved their lipstick ra-

tion were generously passing the small, dull-lead tubes around to the rest. The reddish-brown blobs of colored wax had to be heated by the flame of a match before they could be applied, but nobody complained of the inconvenience. Even stern Mrs. Pritchard, the typing supervisor, accepted a light dab of the cosmetic on her dry lips, and even forced herself to smile at the girls. Mary Quade, whose heart-shaped little face was almost featureless due to radiation burns, refused the lipstick, but went so far as to let her friend, Bobo Anderson, do adroit little things with her hair. And they knew for sure that this was a special day when old Miss Gunderson, the President of the firm, came waltzing down the room to her front office, wearing a flower-print dress instead of the gray canvas-like suits she had worn since the war began.

It was really a wonderful day, and there hadn't been so many happy sounds in the Gotham office since the first bomb had dropped and sheared off the lower tip of Manhattan Island. But all that was over now, and the victorious forces were on their way home after seven terrible years.

There was no ticker tape, of course,

since the stock market no longer existed. But there were thick old telephone books, made useless by the total disruption of service, and the girls set about tearing the pages into thousands of strips to float gaily from the windows of the Gotham Building. They were very industrious, and the excitement rose with every passing minute. Bobo Anderson took up a position at a front window an hour before the Parade was scheduled to begin, sharing it only with Mary Quade. But there were plenty of windows to go around, and no one would miss anything of the marvelous sights on the street below.

At 10:30, the faint strains of martial music floated into the office, sending them scurrying and squealing to the windows. From their vantage points, they could make out the cluster of ships at the newly-created dock on 14th Street. The paraders would be emerging directly from the pier, preceded by the sound truck with its renditions of Sousa's best; taped, since military bands had been ruled an unnecessary luxury in the second year of the war.

Then the Parade had begun.

First came the thunder of the great automatic tanks, huge black shells with



ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT HODGELL

VICTORY PARADE (continued from preceding page)

robot-controlled engines and long-nosed weapons bristling from every side. Pilotless, they moved slowly and majestically down Fifth Avenue, with an intelligence and dignity of their own.

Then came the great massed assembly of atomic artillery, electronically guided, their slim tapered shanks gleaming in the morning sunlight.

Then came the rocket launchers, their precious cargo mounted in neat, shining rows, the warheads pointing defiantly at the blue skies overhead.

Then came the guided missiles, a mile of streamlined weapons mounted upon the platforms of robot-guided trucks, deadly little messengers with electronic instincts of their own. Air-to-air, ground-to-ground, ground-to-air, air-to-ground—a magnificent display of power.

Then the warplanes were screaming overhead, spreading joyous white jet-trails across the accommodating sky, creating clouds where there had been nothing but blue before. Their robot-pilots held them firm in their course over the Parade site, and the women in the office windows craned their necks to see the beautiful craft with their sleek bodies and swept-back wings.

Slowly, inexorably, the parade of mighty weapons passed in review while the women watched, cheering and shouting and sending a snowfall of paper streamers into the air. On a window sill of the Gotham Company, little Mary Quade suddenly began to weep, putting her terrible face against Bobo Anderson's comforting shoulder.

Finally, the weapons were past the windows of the Gotham Building and the excitement mounted once more. The strains of Sousa's music faded and disappeared uptown, and the women huddled even closer to the windows to see the rest of the splendid Parade.

They waited, and they became nervous waiting, and some of them started to giggle. Then they were silent in their waiting, and in the silence, Mary Quade's weeping was pronounced and depressing. Mrs. Pritchard seemed to lose her newly-found good humor, and told Mary to shut up. Bobo defended her friend, but without conviction, her eyes still on the streets below. Old Mrs. Gunderson came out of the front office, holding a brown cigarette. She looked at the girls as if she wanted to talk, but changed her mind and stomped back into her private office. Suddenly, every-

thing seemed spoiled. The fine mood which had begun the day seemed dissipated, lost.

They waited by the windows, until the clocks began ticking too loud, and they began to realize that perhaps the Parade was over. It was unbelievable, of course. Something had gone wrong, some technical difficulty at the pier, some Army snafu. That was it, of course. There had been a fine display of weapons, but the Parade wasn't done. Was it?

Then the quiet settled over Fifth Avenue again. The last paper streamer floated noiselessly to join the rubble in the street. Then they knew the Victory Parade was truly ended.

Bobo Anderson said it first.

"Where are the men?" she said. "Those are only the machines. Didn't the men come back?"

"Where are the men?" Mrs. Pritchard asked, her hand at her throat. "Where are the men?" Mary Quade sobbed. "The men? The men?" the women asked over and over until the murmur spread over the city like the humming of angry insects.



ON AN OTHERWISE QUIET Sunday a few months ago, the *New York Times* ran an item that made me sit right up on the edge of my heart-saver chair. "FEDERAL 'BRAINS' BRACE FOR STORM," the headline read. "Apostle of Madison Avenue Techniques to Try to Stir up Sluggish Thinkers." For those who may have spent the day playing bumper-tag, or building a bar in the basement, it may be wise to provide a briefing, since this thing could very well affect all of us.

In a small padded nutshell, the item stated that a Mr. Charles H. Clark, who, in his earthly life, is an assistant manager of a major oil company, "thinks the old-fashioned business of racking one's brains is no longer productive enough for an idea-hungry government," and has gone to Washington to show the Navy Department how to eliminate the mess and drudgery of ordinary cerebration. Why he chose the Navy Department is anybody's guess, since mental malnutrition can strike anywhere and our jolly tars have never seemed any more "idea-hungry" than, say, postmen or district tax collectors. But, as the "high apostle of 'brainstorming,'" Clark had to start somewhere, and it's just possible that the Navy hasn't been feeling up to snuff intellectually since the "Big Mo" got stuck in the mud.

According to the *Times* report, Clark's brainstorming technique was first formulated by advertising executive Alex F. Osborn and "is roughly the reverse of brainwashing. It calls for assembling a group of brains in one room, then stimulating them to disgorge their contents in uninhibited, spontaneous and snappy phrasing. Theoretically, when the usual idea-inhibitors, like the boss and the office pessimist, are barred, the stimulated brains throw off half-formed or spontaneous thoughts, like sparks from a grindstone." These are immediately "ensnared" in an "idea-trap," or notebook, "as they flash through the room, and are later sifted to refine the good from the nonsense."

Clark has even worked out a "creative thinking tool kit," in line with the do-it-yourself trend, but all that any group of mental sluggards really needs to get started is an idea-trap and a bell. The *Times* doesn't specify the type of bell, whether door, dinner, elephant or Chinese-temple, so it probably doesn't matter, just as long as it dings, dongs or jingles. "This should be rung instantly by the group leader when pessimists intrude sour criticism apt to impede idea production." Next to plain logic, the greatest hazards to brain-

storming are what Clark calls "killer-phrases," which make "good ideas curl up and die." As examples of the sort of murderous mutterings anticipated at the Washington séance, he lists: *It's not in the budget, It's never been done before—why stick out your neck? Let's form a committee and They'll think we're longhaired.* The *Times* story closes with the statement that "Creative cudgeling of the Federal brain is Mr. Clark's mission . . . and its success may depend on whether he can avoid being laughed off as just a latter-day brain-truster."

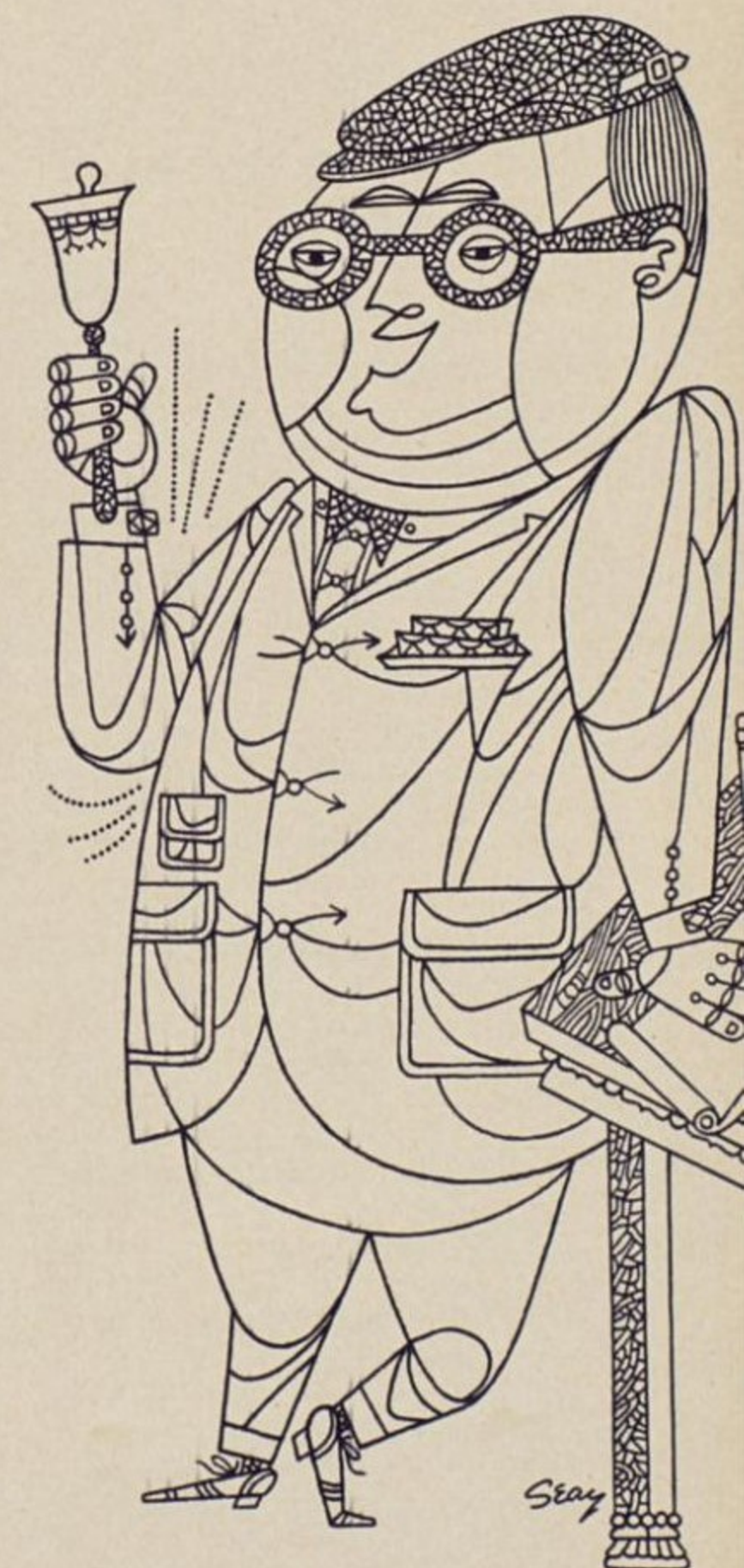
Since the item appeared a while back, the only excuse I have for not mentioning it sooner, is that it has taken me all this time to recover from my initial panic and sort out the half-formed and spontaneous reactions ensnared in my own idea-trap. Though I haven't been brooding over the Clark mission every minute, I have been scanning the papers pretty carefully for the results of his three-day session with "the uniformed and civilian personnel of the Navy's Office of Industrial Relations." To date, my failing eyesight has detected no mention of the outcome, which leaves a lot of half-formed and spontaneous questions flashing through my sluggish cerebrum, like X-rays through a lead bowling ball. Was Charles H. Clark laughed off as a latter-day brain-truster? Did they accuse him of being longhaired? Or was the experiment such a spectacular success that our idea-hungry government clapped a Top Secret label on the results, preparatory to establishing brainstorming as a standard service procedure? What of the Navy? How will it fare under the experience of having its brains cudgelled according to the latest Madison Avenue techniques? Will midshipmen be required to study advertising at Annapolis? Is huckstering on the high seas permissible under international law? What of Dewey? What of Manila? Has anybody seen the Monitor and the Merrimac lately?

If your answers to the last three questions are *Who? Huh?* and *Look in the top bureau drawer*, you are a true child of Virgo and were born under one of the most auspicious signs in the zodiac. Your birthstone is the sapphire, and you are invited to tag along as we eavesdrop on the following scene, which takes place aboard the U.S.S. Media, a supply ship recently withdrawn from inactive duty to serve as a floating laboratory for the highly hush-hush experiment known as Operation Brainstorm. Captain Ahab B. Jonah, known to his wife as "Old Sobersides," faces a small

The Power of Positive Thinking

humor By William Iversen

scattered brainstormings,
clearing toward morning



group of junior officers, who have been handpicked for apathy and a general lack of ideas. Their names, not necessarily in order of rank or degree of intellectual numbness, are Miller, Schwartz, Olsen, Kaplan, Reilly and Spellini. At the captain's side, wearing a gray-flannel uniform and a sports cap with a belt in the back, stands Commander Wiley Bricker, U.S.N.R., known to his former associates at Goodheart, Lightfoot, Friendly & Kidder as "Goldy." Bricker, one of advertising's top creative thinkers, is currently stationed at the Hotel Plaza and has just taxied out from stateside in the Media's tender. As the curtain rises, the Media is riding at anchor in the Hudson River, the wind is from the southwest at a pleasant six knots and Bricker's Corvette is parked in a tow-away zone at the foot of 125th Street. The scene is the officers' dining room, which has been redecorated in primary colors. Fingerpaints and modeling clay have been placed here and there about the room for those who care to use them . . . Captain Jonah is the first to speak . . .

JONAH: Gentlemen, you've all been told why you're here. If you've forgotten again, I wouldn't be the least bit surprised, since you've been selected as the top six goofs in the Atlantic Fleet. How you ever got your commissions is beyond me, but since I'm stuck with you and orders are orders, I want you to try to stay awake long enough to hear what Commander Bricker has to say . . . Commander Bricker. (Bricker steps forward with an engaging smile. Miller, Olsen, Kaplan, Reilly and Spellini stare at him as though he were a crack in the sidewalk. Schwartz begins to nod. The captain sits with folded arms, looking as if he were expecting an attack of heartburn, and it's 10 minutes late.)

BRICKER (affably): All right, brains away men! What's your name, Ensign? (He points at the dozing Schwartz.)

REILLY (looking around): Who, me?

MILLER (slowly rising): Miller, sir.

BRICKER: Not you, the man next to you.

SPELLINI: That's Schwartz. (He nudges him.)

SCHWARTZ (jolts awake, mumbles): All right, honey . . .

BRICKER: I asked you a question, Schwartz. What's your name?

SCHWARTZ (blankly): Uhhh . . . (Spellini prompts him.) Schwartz!

BRICKER: Very well, Schwartz, would you mind distributing these six little notebooks and pencils around the table. There's one for each of you. (Schwartz takes the notebooks and pencils and starts distributing. Bricker picks up a small hand bell.) Now, who can tell me

what this is? (He rings it and waits.) KAPLAN (after a long pause): B-flat, sir. BRICKER: I don't mean the tone, I mean the thing itself. What is it? OLSEN: I know . . . brass? (At the word "brass," Captain Jonah, who hasn't been listening, shoots Olsen a sharp glance. He suspects they may have been talking about him, but he isn't sure. Schwartz returns from circling the table and hands Bricker two notebooks.)

BRICKER: What's this?

SCHWARTZ: Two left over, sir.

BRICKER: But that's impossible. Who didn't get a notebook?

REILLY (after a pause): I didn't.

SPELLINI: Me neither.

MILLER: I got two pencils.

BRICKER (handing notebooks to Reilly and Spellini): Who didn't get a pencil? (Each man carefully counts the articles in front of him, "One . . . two," and looks around at the others.)

KAPLAN: Schwartz didn't get a pencil. (General confusion as Miller hands Schwartz both pencils, and Bricker intervenes to give one back to Miller. Captain Jonah shakes his head and mutters.)

BRICKER (recovering aplomb): All right, now, I want you to put on your thinking caps and come up with some new slogans for the Navy's recruitment program. Just jot down the first thing that comes into your head and we'll refine the good from the nonsense later. And no pessimism, please, or I'll have to ring the bell and ask you to leave. All set? Go! (Miller, Olsen, Kaplan, Reilly and Spellini settle down as though for a long subway ride. Schwartz starts to nod again. The captain's chair creaks and Bricker snaps his fingers.) Come, come, out with it. Let's go right around the table and everybody sing out a good, snappy Navy slogan. You first, Miller.

MILLER: It floats.

BRICKER (beams): Excellent! Is that the first thing that came into your head?

MILLER (sheepishly): No, the second.

BRICKER: What was the first?

MILLER: I forget, but it wasn't a slogan.

BRICKER: All right, Schwartz, you're next—sing out!

SCHWARTZ (jolts awake, croons plaintively): "I don't want to walk without you, ba-a-by . . ."

BRICKER: Next!

OLSEN: The enlistment that refreshes!

KAPLAN: Join now, pay later!

REILLY: Don't give up the shore!

(Bricker rings bell.)

BRICKER: That does it, Reilly! (Points to door.) Out!

REILLY (rising, puzzled): Out? But why, sir?

BRICKER: You're a pessimist, Reilly,

and we don't need your sort on the team. You make good ideas curl up and die.

REILLY (protests): Yeah, but—

BRICKER (briskly): Next slogan!

SPELLINI: The Navy . . . because . . .

BRICKER: Yes, yes, go on.

SPELLINI: That's the whole thing, sir. You have this full-page color shot of a model in a real expensive-looking evening gown opening the door for a sailor and underneath you put the slogan—

"The Navy . . . because . . ."

BRICKER: Good! Now jot those thoughts down, and—

(The captain laughs derisively, Bricker frowns.)

What's so funny, Captain?

JONAH: You, Commander. You're acting like a latter-day brain-truster!

BRICKER: I'm sorry, sir, but that's a killer-phrase. I'll have to ask you to leave.

JONAH (rising in anger): You don't have to ask, Commander. Nothing would please me more!

OLSEN (whispers to Bricker): I wouldn't ask the captain to leave, if I were you, sir. It's never been done before! (Bricker rings bell.)

KAPLAN: But why stick your neck out, Commander? (Bricker rings bell and points to door again. Kaplan rises.)

BRICKER: Hold the door open, Reilly! (Reilly holds door open as Captain Jonah exits, muttering something that sounds like a reference to Bowditch having one of the craziest sons he's ever seen. Olsen and Kaplan exit after him, followed by Reilly. When the door is shut, Bricker braces his shoulders and flashes an encouraging smile at Miller, Spellini and Schwartz.)

Now that the pessimists and the boss are gone, we can really start disgorging our brains, men. Let's take a few pot-shots at the problem of how to make the Navy a brighter, happier place to live. What would you do?

MILLER (eagerly): Draft girls, paint the ships white and put in cocktail bars!

SPELLINI: Draft a lot of girls and have dancing every night!

MILLER: Two orchestras—one for rhumbas and cha-chas, and the other for sweet stuff!

SPELLINI (dubiously): Orchestras too? Gee, I don't think that's in the budget. (Bricker rings bell.)

BRICKER: Too bad, Spellini.

SPELLINI: But what did I—

(His voice breaks and the bewilderment on his face melts into a wistful smile, as he murmurs . . .) Killer-phrase, huh?

(Bricker nods.) OK, so Spellini made the mistake of thinking about money. That's natural. (He rises, leans on table as he addresses Bricker in a quiet voice.)

So maybe I didn't come from a fancy background . . . so maybe my father

(concluded on page 78)



"In this business, Farthingale, we never address a customer as 'Miss'!"

them. At Stonehenge, Duke and his party are dawdling over coffee. He is talking to the lady on his left (his wife is across from him) but his eyes, as he talks or listens, keep dropping down to a point about six inches below the lady's chin, and his mind is less on what they are talking about than on what may eventuate, should she be the one to sit on his lap on their way home. (They have all six come in one car, although nobody was concerned about saving gas.) In Wilton, Gid is talking to the advertiser about real estate. The Santinis and their house guests are at a party of about 20 people. The party is being given by a middle-aged couple named Mann—Ralph and Eleanor Mann.

Here's our buxom hostess, already flushed and nervous, talking too fast and too much. And what the hell!—there's Bill Dahl, who took a job right out from under Armand's nose just last week. What is this, a gag, having both of them at the same party?

Bill and Armand greet each other effusively and part company. There, in the corner, with some other magazine people, is Fred Barber. There's his wife, Rita, looking wistfully pretty and overdressed. She's talking with Jane, which is not odd despite the fact that they spent the whole afternoon sharing supervision of a children's birthday party. There's Ted Daniels, the TV producer, and the only man who hasn't heard the current description of himself as a pinstripe Walt Whitman. Everybody knows everybody else and they're all on at least their second drinks, except Jack Fuller, the playwright, who's on his third.

But the atmosphere of the party is not relaxed, and everyone senses it. They will, therefore, respond happily to Armand Santini's suggestion that everybody play parlor games.

In Fairfield County parlor games have a periodic popularity like economic depressions. For years there will be none of it, but somewhere there is an exurbanite who has run across a line in Dylan Thomas that he never heard of having been used in *The Game*, and the moment will come when this man will insist on some charades just so he can satisfy himself that his line ("Altarwise by owl-light in the halfway house") is as prickly a proposition as he hoped it would be. His insistence, at one Saturday night party, will set off a wave of charades.

Perhaps it is the exurbanite's flamboyant exhibitionism, perhaps it is his spirited sense of competition bursting above the surface again. Not enough that he played two sets of tennis and a bloody game of croquet and then drove his Hillman Minx as competitively as possible from home to party, while his wife nervously braked the floorboards

the whole way. Not enough: he must compete some more. Perhaps this is the reason, but most certainly something else is involved too, in other parlor games popular around Westport, and that is aggressive hostility, urbanely masked. These other games (there are at least two that have had a limited run of popularity in the last year or so) are switches on old children's games, and the wonder is that they have not caused more outright violence than they have. Here is how one is played:

One of the group is selected to be It. It is told to leave the room, and that while It is out of the room the others will make up a story of some sort. Then it will be It's task to return and try to discover what the story is about by asking everyone in turn whatever questions occur to It. The other people are restricted, in their answers, to a Yes, a No, and a Maybe. Once It is out of the room, the others will make up no story whatsoever. They will use up a little time to fill their drinks, tell a joke or two at It's expense, and inform any squares who don't know how the game is played (if indeed there is any square present aside from It) of the real rules. The real rules are that when It returns, any question asked that ends with a consonant is answered with a No; any question asked that ends with a vowel is answered with a Yes; a question ending with a "y" permits the answer Maybe. The point of the game is that It will make up his own story, and in the process disclose to the amateur psychoanalysts present, by his free-association, his unconscious fantasies.

Let the reader think that stories do not in fact come out, herewith, very briefly, are appended two actual stories as invented by unfortunate Its for the delectation of their friends:

1. A girl midget, whose mother is also a midget, marries a boy midget. Goaded on by her mother, the girl midget on her wedding night has sexual intercourse with an elephant, and dies.

2. A sister shoots and kills her brother when she discovers him in her barn, using her milking-machine for the purpose of masturbation.

Once there was a girl from whose unconscious appeared a story about a circus-train which was wrecked and spewed forth freaks who raped all the women living in houses beside the railroad track. When she was told it was her story, that she alone had supplied the details, she burst into tears and fled alone into the night.

Stories like these could never be contrived by a group of people sitting around a room. They can only develop in the course of this malevolent game.

The game as played at the Manns'

party illustrates the technique. Fortunately for Ralph Mann and his wife, either of whom would have been good victims, the It chosen was the city guest of the Santinis. When he was called back, this hapless man invented the following story, in the following way.

IT: Is this story about people?

ANSWER: Yes.

IT: Is it about animals?

ANSWER: No.

IT: Then every character is a person?

ANSWER: No.

IT: No? Well . . . supernatural characters?

ANSWER: No.

IT: Is there a monster in the story?

ANSWER: Maybe.

IT: Well, let's see—does a woman give birth to a monstrosity?

ANSWER: Maybe.

IT: Well, does she?

ANSWER: Yes.

IT: Maybe? and Yes? Oh, it's two?

ANSWER: Yes.

IT: Siamese twins! Is there a crime?

ANSWER: Yes.

And so it went. The story unfolded was of a woman who destroyed the Siamese twins she had born out of wedlock by ripping them to pieces with her bare hands. When It was told this was his own story, he reacted in the usual way, with hot denials. It was patiently explained to him, as it has been to every It to date, that the completely mechanical and arbitrary method of answering gave him free choice at every turn, and that, for example, he might have started out by asking questions about time, locale, historical period, motivation, anything. Additionally, it was explained that the question as to whether the story was about people, to which an affirmative answer was given, might have satisfied anyone willing to think about people as distinct from non-people, but that It insisted on having other creatures in his story, even after learning there were no animals.

It took an exurbanite to decide that this game was flawed by the endless post-mortems, and to think up a way to improve it. He felt, too, that it was formless: the person who was It could go on asking questions indefinitely, could spin several stories, and never end until finally, in belated mercy, or out of sadistic impatience for the particular delights of the moment of truth, some player of the game would cut It off and tell him who was responsible for the horrors. But the moment of truth, it seemed to the inventive exurbanite, came too soon. It occurred to him, one night, that at a certain point It should be told that the entire story as contrived by the group had now been successfully wormed out of them, that It was completely the winner. "And now," this exurbanite

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Ribald Classic

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



I succumbed: she was warm and pliant under my hands.

THE WAYWARD WIFE

IT WAS A SMALL drawing room with thick hangings and with a faint aroma of flowers and perfume in the air. A large fire was burning in the grate, and one lamp, covered with a shade of old lace, on the corner of the mantelpiece, threw a soft light onto the two persons who were talking.

She, the mistress of the house, was an adorable old lady with white hair; he was a very old friend, who had never married, a constant friend, a companion in the journey of life, but no more.

They had not spoken for about a minute and were both looking at the

fire, dreaming of nothing in particular. It was one of those moments of sympathetic silence between people who have no need to be constantly talking in order to be happy together. Suddenly a large log, a stump covered with burning roots, fell out. It fell over the fire irons onto the drawing-room floor, scattering great sparks all around. The old lady sprang up with a scream, as if to run away, but he kicked the log back onto the hearth and trod out the burning sparks with his boots.

When the disaster was repaired there was a strong smell of burning. Sitting

down opposite his friend, the man looked at her with a smile and said as he pointed to the log:

"That accident recalls the reason I never married."

She looked at him in astonishment, then asked, "How so?"

"Oh, it is a long story," he replied, "a rather sad and unpleasant story . . ."

"Everyone was surprised at the coldness which suddenly sprang up between myself and one of my best friends, Julien. They could not understand how two such inseparable friends as we had been could suddenly become almost

WAYWARD WIFE

(continued from preceding page)



strangers to one another. I will tell you the reason.

"He and I used to room together at one time. We were never apart, and the friendship that united us seemed so strong that nothing could break it.

"One evening when he came home he told me that he was going to be married, and it gave me quite a shock, just as if he had robbed me or betrayed me. When a man's friend marries, all is over between them. The jealous affection of a woman, a suspicious, uneasy and carnal affection, will not tolerate that sturdy and frank attachment of the mind and of the heart, and the mutual confidence which exists between men.

"However great the love may be that unites them, a man and a woman are always strangers in mind and intellect; they remain belligerents; they belong to different races. There must always be a conqueror and a conquered, a master and a slave; now the one, now the other — they are never equal.

"Well, my friend Julien married. His wife was exceedingly pretty, charming; a light curly-haired, bright little woman, who seemed to worship him. At first I went but rarely to their house, as I was afraid of interfering with their affection and averse to being in the way. But they were constantly inviting me to their home and seemed very fond of me. Consequently, by degrees I allowed myself to be allured by the charm of their life. I often dined with them, and frequently, when I returned home at night, thought that I would do as Julien had done and get married, as I found my empty house very dull. They seemed very much in love with one another and were never apart.

"Well, one evening Julien wrote and asked me to come to dinner.

"My dear fellow," he said, "I must go out directly afterward on business, and I shall not be back until 11 o'clock. Can I depend on you to keep Bertha company?"

"His wife smiled.

"It was my idea," she said.

"I held out my hand to her.

"You are as nice as ever," I said, and I felt a long, friendly pressure on my fingers, but I paid no attention to it. We sat down to dinner, and at eight o'clock Julien went out.

"As soon as he had gone, a kind of strange embarrassment immediately

seemed to come over the two of us. We had never been alone together, and in spite of our daily increasing intimacy, this *tête-à-tête* placed us in a new position. At first I spoke vaguely of those indifferent matters with which one fills an awkward silence, but she did not reply and remained opposite to me, looking down in an undecided manner, as if thinking over some difficult subject. As I was at a loss for small talk, I held my tongue.

"The painful silence lasted some time, and then Bertha said to me:

"Will you kindly put a log on the fire? It is going out."

"So I opened the box where the wood was kept, which was placed just where yours is, took out the largest log and put it on top of the others, which were three parts burned, and then silence reigned in the room again.

"In a few minutes the log was burning so brightly that it scorched our faces, and the young woman raised her eyes to me — eyes that had a strange look.

"It is too hot now," she said; "let us go and sit on the sofa over there."

"So we went and sat on the sofa, and then she said suddenly, looking me full in the face:

"What should you do if a woman were to tell you that she adored you?"

"Well," I replied, "it would very much depend upon the woman."

"She gave a hard, nervous, vibrating laugh, one of those false laughs which seem as if they would shatter glass, and then she said: 'Have you ever been in love, Monsieur?' I was obliged to acknowledge that I certainly had been, and she asked me to tell her all about it. I did so. She listened to me attentively with frequent signs of approbation or contempt, and then said:

"Don't you agree that real love must unsettle the mind and upset the nerves; that it must — how shall I express it? — be dangerous, even terrible, almost criminal and sacrilegious; that it must be a kind of treason? Is it not almost bound to break laws, fraternal bonds, sacred obstacles? When love is tranquil, easy, lawful — is it really love?"

"I did not know what answer to give her, and this philosophical reflection occurred to me: 'Oh, female brain, here indeed you show yourself!'

"While speaking she had assumed a seductive air, and, resting on the cush-

ions, she stretched herself out at full length, with her head on my shoulder and her dress pulled up a little, so as to show her red silk stockings, which looked still brighter in the firelight. In a minute or two she continued:

"I suppose I have frightened you? I protested against such a notion, and she leaned against me altogether, and without looking at me she said: 'If I were to tell you that I love you, what would you do?'

"And before I could think of an answer she had thrown her arms round my neck, had quickly drawn my head down and put her lips to mine.

"My dear friend, I can tell you that I did not feel at all happy! What, deceive Julien? Become the lover of this cunning, lascivious woman who was not satisfied with one man? No, that did not suit me, but what was I to do? This woman was maddening in her perfidy, inflamed by audacity, palpitating and excited. She was also, as I have said, exceedingly pretty. Let the man who has never felt on his lips the warm kiss of a woman who is ready to give herself to him — let such a man, if such there be, throw the first stone at me!

"I succumbed. We threw ourselves into each other's arms. Her sweet person was warm and pliant under my hands. My blood was high. A minute more and I would have been — no, she would have been — that is, *we* would have been —

"But a loud noise made us both jump up. The log had fallen into the room, knocking over the fire irons and the fender, and was scorching the carpet, having rolled under an armchair.

"I jumped up like a madman, and as I was replacing the log on the fire the door opened hastily, and Julien came in.

"I've finished," he said in evident pleasure. "My business was over two hours sooner than I expected!"

"Yes," sighed the old man as he concluded his story, "without that log I should have been caught in the very act. You may be sure that I took good care never to get into such a — well, at least never to be *discovered* in such a situation again!

"That is why I have never married; it ought not to surprise you, I think."



"Congratulations, sir! You're our 10,000th customer!"

EXURBANITES AT PLAY (continued from page 52)

asked the man who had been It, "what do you think of five people who could make up such a story?" (It was the story of the midgets.) The man was not sure what to say. Like most exurbanites, he was intelligent and superficially conversant with psychiatry. He shook his head. "If it were only one person," he answered, "who had dreamed it up, I could make a comment. But after all there were five of you who had a hand in it." "But what," he was pressed, "what would you think of a person who made up such a story, supposing just for the moment that only one did make it up? In a word, what would you say about such a person?" The man who had been It no longer paused. "If I knew that only one person had made it up," he said, "in one word I would say he was sick, sick, sick."

Then they told him who made it up.

Another gay parlor game of this type requires, for its success, that its players be high, in order to secure their complete cooperation. The man or woman who is to be It is told, for the purposes of this game, that while out of the room the others will decide that they are going to play the roles of a specific category of personages—kings of medieval Europe, say, or Hollywood stars. The one who is It has the task, by asking the most personal sort of questions (the asking of personal questions is encouraged), of trying to figure out what category of personages is being portrayed. Once It leaves the room, again the real facts of the game come out. Instead of assuming the roles of personages his friends will assume the roles of the actual person sitting at their right hand, and they must tell the truth as best they know it. In a community where extramarital sex relations are not unheard of, such a game, if pursued according to the rules, can wreak a tidy bit of havoc within a half-hour. At the Mann party, the playwright was sober enough when he was It to figure out, after a few minutes, the realities of the game, but did not reveal his knowledge. Once that had happened, he was absolute master. There were a number of things he had long wanted to know about relationships between some of his near and dear: he found out, and so did the rest of those present.

Such splendid releases for hostility would seem to be tailor-made for communities where most of the residents are superficially so gay, so pleasant, so charming. The factor inhibiting the greater popularity of these games (and others like them) is of course that a circle of friends very soon runs out of squares. And so their custom declines, for months or perhaps even years, until there are enough new faces in the exurb to justify their revival.

Tonight, the parlor games at the Manns' concluded with a long session of The Game. Wives got fretful with husbands who were too cloddish or too self-conscious to act out their phrases in quick order, husbands got irked with wives for being too goddam bossy, and after an hour interest ran low. Presently the play was abandoned and the talk once again became general. Somebody wandered over to the television set to see if there was a baseball game being broadcast; somebody else told a real estate story; somebody else started to talk shop; and a gag writer began to flirt with a columnist's wife. And so this party became like parties anywhere in the area and was subsequently referred to as a good one.

As with the party over in Weston, where Ben Martell is once again drunk, this party is basically the same. Before the three-dozen guests have left they will have put a severe dent in their host's liquor supply: he estimated that a half-case of Scotch, a half-case of gin, a half-case of rye, and a half-case of bourbon would see him through the evening; tomorrow he will be able to count a half-dozen unopened bottles.

Gid Philips, the account executive, and his wife, relatively sober, will be home by 1:00 A.M. this time around. After driving the sitter home, they will be in bed by 2:00. Lights will be out at the Santinis' by 2:30. Ben's wife will experience some difficulty in prying her husband out of his chair, but will get him home by around 3:00. Duke and his friends will keep on dancing in a darkened room, or lounging on convenient couches in the dimness and drinking, until about the same time. They will be reluctant to break it up: the only thing they dislike more than getting up is going to bed, but they'll be asleep by 3:30.

Sunday, a day of relaxation everywhere, finds the exurbanites relaxing at full speed all over again. It is striking to note how all—weekend guest, casual visitor, householder and wife—as Sunday noon approaches, gradually find that their conversation has brought them to their feet and closer and closer to the bar. At noon, in houses all over the Westport area, you can hear someone say: "Well, I don't know about you bastards, but I think I'll have a Martini, for a change," and again, life, which had up till then been almost unicellular, begins to become more complex.

One might surmise that, after the usual Sunday brunch or midday dinner and an afternoon out-of-doors, even an exurbanite would have reached the point where blessedness could consist only in sitting down quietly somewhere and doing nothing. But no: what is working in the exurbanite's mind,

pushed down all day Saturday somewhere almost beyond consciousness, is the realization that, tomorrow, he must again become part of the rat-race. So as the afternoon sun slides down he once again sets himself the objective of doing something, anything, to push away tomorrow. If he is not himself visited, he now starts to visit.

It would be exaggeration to refer to the gatherings that take place from 5:00 Sunday afternoon until around midnight as parties. They are seldom organized, as is a party. It is rather as though every house is considered open, and exurbanites wend their way from one to another house (always within the limits of a given clique) as, in New York, they might have pub-crawled up Third Avenue. Where on Friday or Saturday it was obligatory to have arranged a date before-hand, on Sunday the exurbanite can relapse into his old New York custom of calling a friend without notice. "You doing anything? Come on over," or "You stuck at home with the kids? Rita and I are over at the Santinis', we'll be over. You need any gin?"

In this amiable fashion, a couple will leave their house for that of a friend, pick up another couple and drop in on a second friend, leave the second couple behind and go on to a third friend. Here they will eat a sandwich, there an olive or a peanut; the faces they will see during an evening will in all probability include those of their whole circle of intimate acquaintances, and the circumstances will be, for perhaps the first time in the entire weekend, truly relaxed. They are physically tired, so their conversation is more truly casual, pleasanter, more amiable.

And what of our foursome, come Sunday evening? After perhaps three hours of this sort of meandering, the Philipsses are home again, having along the way picked up three other advertising men and their wives. It is now 10:00 at night. The admen are talking shop on the Philipsses' terrace. Each is persuaded that his agency, for one reason or another, is the best in town. Each explains why he feels that this is so. The others listen, argue, listen. They drink a little more. By 11:00 P.M. they are coming out under truer colors: each wonders out loud what he can do to get out of his agency and into another, where the grass seems greener. One adman is really serious about this, he insists he really means it, is there any way he could—without losing face—manage to—but the others interrupt him. They are really serious, too. They really mean it, too. Each refills his glass. By midnight they have reached the solution. (The same solution is being reached, at this moment, in a remarkable number of admen's homes, all over the exurb.) Why don't

(concluded on page 77)



Above: pretty Powers models Ronnie Oatley (left) and Jean Thompson head toward mannequin's Mecca, 480 Lex, on photo assignment. Below: a plentitude of pulchritude parks in Powers waiting room between bookings. Girls gab, glance at scrapbooks, check messages and boyfriend data, can negotiate the distance to 480 (100 feet, via indoor ramp) in 10 seconds flat.



SEXONLEX

*the most pulchritude-packed
palazzo in all new york*

IN THE WANING HOURS of the morning, New York's Lexington Avenue is practically deserted except for the ladies of the evening who lurk in the shadows. Lexington Avenue is a business street in more ways than one, and it is with good reason that the Night People and certain detachments of the police often refer to it as "Sexy Lexy."

As the day takes shape and the city stirs, sex moves off the sidewalk and congregates, in a somewhat different form, in a 12-story beige, palazzo-like building which stretches the whole block on Lexington Avenue from 46th to 47th Street. Behind a closed door on an upper floor of the building a caressing male voice murmurs:

"All right, dear, I'm ready now... lean back a little, sweetheart... your body is fine, just fine... now give me some action with the legs... let's relax

article BY CARL BAKAL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



Above: cosmetic models Gretchen Dahm (left) and Joy Karington apply the paint before camera time. Right: for catalog shot, dress is slit open in back and stuffed with tissue paper to give it bouffant, chic look.



Above: upside down for a hosiery advertisement. Model Betty Smith points legs in the air to assure more relaxed lines; finished photo is flipped for final use. Right: high-fashion stunner Olga Nicholas of Plaza Five agency wears naught but bra and panties beneath coat, pulls in \$60 an hour as fee.



Though photographers prefer the controlled lighting of a studio, they also like the authentic feel that only natural light can give. Above: lens-lovely Lorraine Rogers poses perkily on 480's roof for one of Paul Wing's staff.

and enjoy it... good... now turn your head to me... your position is great... let me have your eyes... flirt with me, sweetie... great... you're marvelous... now hold it... beautiful... hold it... let's try it again..."

Behind other doors throughout the building similar, if less passionate, ejaculations are uttered, usually in tones not loud enough to carry into the corridors. And scurrying in and out of the doors all day can be seen a flurry of females, all exceptionally pretty, and all carrying large functional-looking leather or canvas bags.

There is nothing in the outward appearance of the building to explain this strange activity. The facade's only distinctive features are four huge, Hellenic columns, which lend the structure an aura of classic grandeur, and a narrow, 100-foot-high unlit electric sign which spells out GRAND CENTRAL PALACE, a relic of the time part of the building was the home of the once-famous exposition center. The building's first four exhibition floors which used to house an automobile show one week and a flower show the next are now occupied by a branch of the Internal Revenue Service.

However, the odd goings-on and the colorful calling of the tenants heard and seen on the upper eight floors have, for the past 30 years, made the structure located at 480 Lexington Avenue one of the most unusual and—accepting the scarcely debatable theory that sex, in a direct or sublimated form, is a key factor in everything we do and think—one of the most important buildings in the country, if not the world.

The voices heard are those of com-





With half-a-million clams riding on a single ad campaign, it's important to have the *right* pretty girl peddling the product. Above: prop man and photog prepare swim-suited Betty Clingman in a simulated setting. Below: Betty selling suntan lotion.



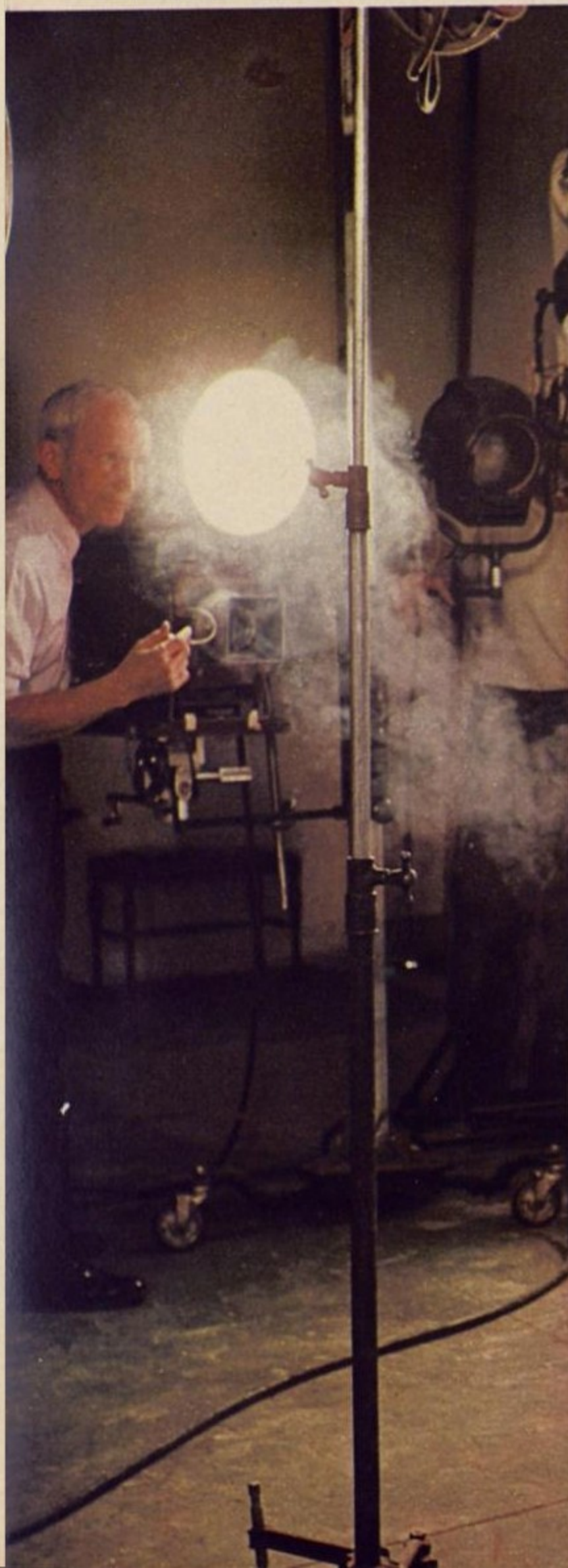
Right-side-up hosiery model displays a perfect pair of gams in Larry Gordon's studio. For poses of this sort, girls wear a fluffy crinoline slip to preserve some vestige of modesty.

mercial photographers who dominate the building's roster of tenants; in fact, no other building on earth has so great a concentration of photographers. The building's 51 leased studios (many subdivided into smaller studios), which occupy a total of four acres of space, roughly the equivalent of four football fields, are staffed by some 400 camera operators, assistants, darkroom technicians, retouchers, prop men, stylists and other minions. The females seen flitting in and out of these studios are, of course, models. Probably three or four hundred of these top-flight specimens of pulchritude pass through the building every day.

At 480 Lex, or simply 480, as the building is known to members of the photographic, modeling and advertising professions, the joint efforts of this tremendous task force of talent result in the output of the great bulk of the pervasive, persuasive pictures eventually used in the advertisements that beguile the eye, woo the wallet and influence our way of life, as well as that of the



Key ingredient in the magic formula of a shower curtain ad: tall, trim Texan Betty Biehn of the Powers agency at work in a bathroom set-up at the Irving C. Christenson studio. When posing in utter dishabille, the model receives double her regular fee, must arrive at the studio well in advance of scheduled shooting time to allow marks left by undergarments to disappear. Below: photographer Christenson snaps a trial shot of be-curtained Miss Biehn.



rest of the world, to an incalculable degree. These advertisements not only keep our wheels of mass production turning but, as Stuart Chase once pointed out, also "make people do things they had not planned to do, buy things they have no use for, believe things they have never thought possible, fear things which do not exist, hope for things which are unattainable."

Advertising's most powerful ally in creating these artificial desires, beliefs, fears and hopes is sex — usually in the form of the female model. The seductive powers of a shapely, or even a smiling, woman have not been underestimated ever since some advertising genius had the happy notion to show a pretty girl flashing her teeth as a come-on for Sozodont dentifrice sales just 100 years ago.

Today, because of our intense preoccupation with the female form, the pretty girl often bares more, and the model has become the supersalesman of the Western World, the dream girl who has come to represent the ideal the American female wants to be like and the American male just wants. Although this dream girl is supposed to typify the average American woman, she, of course, really doesn't. "The reason foundations and girdles and other undergarments look so good in the ads," a brassiere model once confided, "is because the girls who model them don't really need them."

480 Lex is a modern temple of Venus, its goddess is the model, its god the mogul of Madison Avenue, and its high priest the photographer, a veritable Merlin of merchandising. Here in a bedlam of backdrops, props, cameras, lights (one studio alone has \$50,000 worth of equipment), sound and fury — the building is also sometimes referred to as "Hollywood on the Hudson" — the photographer performs his mysterious rites of mumbo-jumbo and hocus-focus that magically transform prosaic products into glittering, glamorous offerings that we find we cannot live without and therefore buy.

The average photographer-tenant, whose overhead may run from \$500 to \$1000 a day, must be prepared to shoot anything from a can of beans to a Cadillac, usually, of course, with the ubiquitous model. This not only calls for a certain amount of versatility, but also for the ability and ingenuity to cope with a host of problems, not the least of which are the vicissitudes of the weather and seasons.

"In this business," says Irving C. Christenson in whose seventh floor 7500-square-foot studio as many as eight different set-ups are shot simultaneously for accounts like L & M cigarettes, U.S. Rubber, Gilbey's vodka, Tide and

Montgomery Ward, "it's usually Christmas in July and violets in December." This is because most ads and catalogs are generally prepared as much as six months in advance.

And so the model, swathed in furs (often just over her bra and panties) swelters indoors under hot studio lights or on location outdoors under a summer sun. Or she cavorts in an abbreviated bathing suit on an icy beach in the dead of winter. When the photographer prays for a sunny day so he can hie to 480's rooftop for an outdoor shot, it invariably rains. When he wants it to rain for, say, a raincoat and umbrella picture, it doesn't and the model, fully clothed, must stand under a sprinkler in the studio for that caught-in-the-rain effect.

Although photographers prefer the complete control of lighting that studio equipment affords, they also like the feeling of authenticity that only natural light can provide. To achieve this they sometimes go to great lengths and distances. Recently one flew to Egypt to photograph a vodka-and-tonic ad in the sands of the Sahara against the background of a pyramid and a camel. Not a week passes when some photographer, a flock of models and 5000 pounds of equipment aren't taking off for Florida, Paris or even Arabia for location shots.

But more often, matters of time and expense rule out such burdens on the budget. When the model cannot go to Mohammed or the mountains, the latter are brought to the studio. The simplest way of doing this is by placing a mural-size picture or by projecting a slide of the scene desired behind the model. Or if necessary, a set is constructed. For a snow scene that had to be photographed in July, Gray-O'Reilly, who now devote their efforts to television commercials and industrial films, once built a ski slope capable of sustaining the weight of eight models as well as 1500 pounds of ground granite used to simulate snow.

At times, more than a little ingenuity is necessary to get art to imitate nature. How to capture for Woodbury face powder the romantic springtime feeling of a young couple in a canoe gliding down a moonlit stream — in February? Gray-O'Reilly lugged a canoe into the studio; blue crinkled cellophane, artfully lighted, became the moonlit stream; a dead limb with leaves tacked on it suggested the foliage; and the boy and girl, inspired by mood music and the mumbo-jumbo of the photographer, did the rest.

To bring other aspects of nature indoors, most studios keep on hand several tons of sand for beach scenes, rolls of grass matting, artificial flowers, leaves and branches, fences, a trellis, cloud

backgrounds, and an electric fan for those wind-blown hair effects. One of the most unusual features of 480 is a simulated street complete with curbs, sidewalks, street lamps, and make-believe store and other building fronts. It is located on the seventh floor, forming the corridor outside the Christenson studios. Built back in the late Twenties by Westinghouse to dramatize the various uses of electricity, it is occasionally used as an exterior.

Most conventional interiors do not present any special problems. Most studios can knock together a living room, boudoir or half-a-house in no time at all, and mock kitchens are standard equipment in every studio. Phony pot roasts and plastic ice cream, immune to the heat of the lights, can be secured if necessary, and if watermelons are needed in winter and cannot be flown in from sunnier climes, not-too-unreasonable facsimiles can be found, too.

But at times props are not so easily fabricated or found. What first seemed to be a simple assignment for Talon Zipper called for a model to be photographed fully dressed in a transparent tank of water. But it soon developed that no tank large or strong enough could be secured from the usual sources, and the cost of building a special tank was prohibitive. Finally Vic Backer of the Paul Wing Studio recalled that he had once seen a tank that would fill the bill in the Broadway musical, *Make Mine Manhattan*, which, unfortunately, had folded several years before. It took him 30 days to trace it, first to a burlesque queen who had used it briefly for an underwater strip routine, then to theatres in Buffalo and Staten Island and finally to a theatrical warehouse less than half-a-mile from 480.

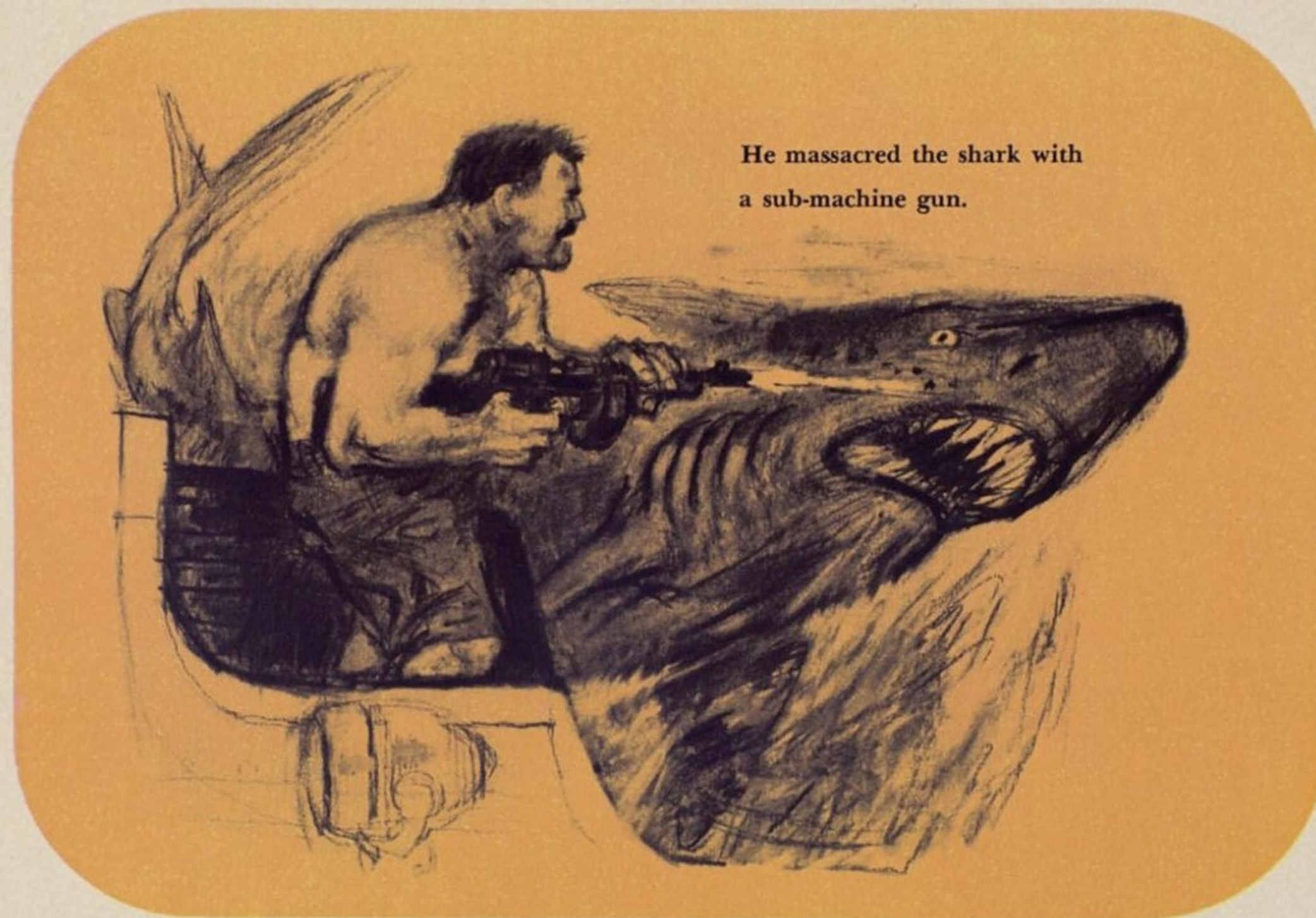
An assignment for a picture of a model swinging a tiger by the tail stumped the experts at another studio until someone got the bright idea of borrowing a stuffed animal from a museum. Because it weighed almost a ton it was placed on its side with its tail stretched taut and photographed alone. Then the model was photographed with arms extended and a composite was made of the two pictures.

To bring *real* animals into 480, a matter of daily occurrence, requires special permission of building manager William A. Kane ever since a photographer adopted the habit of taking his newly acquired Irish setter to work with him and allowing the beast, not yet completely housebroken, to roam the building corridors.

Kane, who has long ceased being amazed at the requests of his unusual tenants, likes to recall the time Anton Breuhl was doing a series of magazine

(continued on page 67)

a title bout in ten rounds



He massacred the shark with a sub-machine gun.

HEMINGWAY

pastiche BY JED KILEY

ROUND 8: "DEATH IN THE AFTERNOON" I BEGAN TO CATCH ON when they hooked a wooden raft on the stern of our boat and started wiring our tuna to the raft. Then I saw what he had meant by "the tools." He got them out of his boat. Some tools. One was a sawed-off repeating shotgun that looked like a howitzer. Instead of buckshot each shell was loaded with 10 or 12 big steel ball-bearings about the size of a .45 slug. It had once belonged to gangsters and you only had to get hit by *one* of those pellets to get your name in the papers. The muzzle of the thing looked like the entrance to the Hudson Tunnel. Couldn't miss with it.

The second tool was a Thompson machine gun. It tossed out 45-caliber slugs at the rate of 600 a minute.

The Tommy gun also had been taken away from gangsters in a certain town and presented to a certain party by the police department. No information as to the number of "The Boys" it had rubbed out was available. But it sure looked sinister. The third tool was just a Colt automatic .45 pistol. It looked like a kid's toy pistol alongside of that sawed-off shotgun. Looks like the sharks are going to have a nice little dinner party, I thought.

As we headed out to deep water the Bimini contingent gave us a rousing cheer. Nobody hates a shark like a native does unless it's Hemingway. The raft was following us on a towline about 20 feet long. You could see the tuna blood dripping in the water. That's like sending an invitation to dinner by tele-

graph to the sharks, Ernest explained. They can smell it or something a mile away. Just like we hear a dinner bell. We had plenty of ammunition with us, both liquid and solid and were looking forward to a nice afternoon of revenge.

Floyd Gibbons had the sawed-off shotgun, Ernest the Tommy gun and I had the Colt. I'm a crack shot with a pistol, if I do say it myself. That's why I took the pistol. To show the boys some fancy shooting.

About a half-bottle out, the sharks started picking up our scent. You could see their dorsal fins coming up on all sides. So we got ready to welcome our guests. Ernest and Gib took their weapons with them and climbed up on the flying bridge above me. I stayed below

(continued on page 66)



"Of course, it isn't always like this — last trip we carried camel manure."

HEMINGWAY (continued from page 63)

in the stern fishing chair, pulled my yachting cap down to shield my eyes from the sun and made myself comfortable. The ringside seat gave me an advantage, I thought. Put me just that much closer to the target. Ernest called out the battle orders to me.

"Just don't stand up," he said.

Can you imagine that, I thought. Me stand up in front of those two guys with that gangster artillery? Must think I'm crazy. I may not know much about fishing but if there is one thing I do know it's guns.

Meanwhile, our guests were really gathering around. We let them follow us for a while and then slowed down to a walk. There must have been about 10 of them slowly circling the raft. Casing the joint. Now and then one of the ugly brutes would roll over on his side and look us over with a cold appraising eye like those human killers in Hemingway's story. I'd sure hate to have one of them staring at me that way if I was in the water, I thought.

"Don't shoot until they start to jump," Ernest said.

The captain slowed us down so we were just barely moving. Enough to keep the raft far enough away from the boat. I noticed the sharks traveled in twos. Took their mates right along to dinner with them. No Men Without Women here, I thought. Then a big guy jumped. Looked like a freight train coming out of the water and his wide open mouth looked like a railroad tunnel with teeth. You could get your whole head in it. Some dentures too. And he must have been 10 feet long.

I was so awed at the very size of the guy that I got buck ague. Forgot to shoot. Guess Gib did too. But Killer Hemingway hadn't forgotten to shoot. You could hear the Tommy gun rat-tat-tatting and actually see the tracers going right into the shark's body. He seemed to stop in mid air for an instant at the top of his arc and then fell like a ton of bricks on the raft. The raft almost turned over from the shock and you could see blood shooting out of the bullet holes in the shark's side like red water out of faucets as he flopped back into the drink. And that was the signal for the most horrible sight you ever saw.

While the wounded shark was still flopping and very much alive the others forgot all about the tuna and turned on him. He fought back but he didn't have a chance. They tore him to pieces before our eyes. The water turned red with blood. It swirled like a red whirlpool as they fought to get at him. They had fresh meat now and you could hear their awful teeth ripping and tearing like a wrecking crew on an old building. Cannibals and what cannibals. And the

wounded shark's own mate was the most ferocious of all. I saw her bite a 20-pound piece out of his white belly while he was still alive. A minute before she had been swimming lovingly by his side and now she was eating the guy alive. That's the female of the species for you, I thought. I decided to blast her if it was the last thing I did. And it nearly was the last thing I did.

I jumped to my feet to get a better shot. But I never got a chance to shoot. Something that sounded like a 12-inch shell went off in my ear and at the same time something hit me on top of the head and I went down. Mr. Gibbons, I realized dimly, had let go with that big howitzer just as I had stood up.

I wondered how badly I was hurt. Didn't feel much pain. But they say the more you are hurt the less pain. Maybe I was dead already, I thought, and didn't know it. The top of my head might even be back there with those sharks for all I knew. Maybe they were fighting over my brains right this minute. I sneaked my hand slowly up to my head to see if it was still there. It was on all right. But the 10-dollar yachting cap I had been wearing was gone.

I opened my eyes and there were Gib, Hemingway, the captain and the bait-cutter all looking down at me with that shocked look people always give some poor guy who has been hurt in an accident. I thought Gib's one eye would pop out of his head. You could see he felt terrible about having shot me. Hemingway turned me over on my stomach as if I were a baby and ran his hands through my hair. Then he burst out laughing.

"Never touched him," he said. "Just blew his hat off. That's all."

Get a load of that guy, I thought. Death blows my hat off and he says, "That's all." Ten or 12 ball-bearings comb my hair and he laughs. That comes from wisecracking with those undertakers around that cemetery of his, I thought. I was so burned up I sat right up.

"That's all, is it?" I said. "A quarter of an inch closer and those sharks would be eating scrambled brains right now."

"I doubt that," he said. "If you had any you would not have stood up."

Gib and I grabbed a bottle of Scotch and went below. We lay down on the bunks with the bottle between us thinking we might take a little nap.

But we had as much chance sleeping on that boat as you would have had in a boiler factory and slaughterhouse combined. You could hear the rat-tat-tatting of that Tommy gun and the awful snapping and splashing at the stern as though it were right in the room with you. It was like being in a dugout

in the war except for that Scotch. You could hear Hemingway yelling too and swearing his head off. Bet he's forgotten already that my head might have been back there in my cap, I thought.

I said aloud, "That guy's a killer at heart. He should have stayed in Chicago and taken a job in the stockyards."

"He's tough all right," Gib said, "but he can write like hell."

"Like hell he can write," I said. "Writes for people who move their lips when they read."

"Ever read his books?" Gib said.

"No," I said.

"Why?" he said.

"Don't have any," I said.

He said, "Why don't you buy one?"

"Buy one?" I said. "Who ever buys a book written by a friend?"

"Get one at the public library then," he said.

"Just try and get one," I said. "I went to eight branches in New York and couldn't find one. All out. You got to make a reservation two months in advance for his stuff."

"Well, that proves it doesn't it?" Gib said.

"It just proves how many people there are over here who move their lips when they read," I said, "and that goes for Hollywood too."

"Watch out," Gib said. "I think he's coming."

The war had stopped upstairs. But you could still hear Ernest stomping around in those bare feet of his. Makes more noise in his bare feet than most people do in brogans. We heard the motors go on and noticed the boat was moving. They seemed to be working up there too. But Gib and I just stayed in our bunks and worked on the Scotch. It wasn't cut like the stuff is in New York. Guess the Killer must have smelled it topside. He came down grinning from ear to ear. "We got eight of them," he said.

"Where do you get that *we* stuff?" I said. "Hope I didn't spoil your afternoon by not getting killed."

"Not at all," he said. "The afternoon's still young. How you feeling?"

"I am suffering no pain, thank you," I said. He reached for the Scotch.

"So I see," he said.

Better give him both barrels right now, I thought.

I said aloud, "Ernest, did anybody ever take a shot at you because you bit into a tuna sandwich?"

"No," he said.

"OK," I said, "but you go and blast eight poor fish to death with a machine gun just because one of them took a bite of *your* tuna. Do you call that fair?"

"Let's go up on deck and get some air," he said.

"Good idea," Gib said.

SEX ON LEX (continued from page 62)

covers featuring various country creatures such as the rooster, goat and horse. Although Kane was not perturbed about admitting to the premises the more diminutive denizens of the barnyard, he felt that a horse clomping down the corridor would not only disturb his other tenants—aside from the photographers they include a sprinkling of such diverse enterprises as Superman Comics, the New York League for the Hard of Hearing, the Catholic Near East Welfare Association, the Washington School for Secretaries and Marilyn Monroe Productions—but might also cause some irreparable wear and tear. He therefore stipulated that some sort of protective covering would have to be put down on the 250-foot length of corridor leading from the building's automobile-size freight elevator, the horse's hoofs would have to be sheathed in burlap bags, and the horse would have to be brought in after six o'clock in the evening.

The next morning, the president of a company who had worked after hours the evening before and had taken a couple of nips before leaving his office, phoned Kane and asked uncertainly in a somewhat shaken voice, "I know you'll think I'm crazy, Kane, but I could swear I saw a horse walking down the corridor outside my office last night. Now tell me, is *that* possible?"

Most of the non-photographic tenants, on the other hand, are accustomed to the bevy of beauties who are a common sight in the corridors, elevators, lobby, or in Allan's and Hutton's, the two restaurants on the street floor of the building. Male visitors to 480, however, are soon impressed by this plentitude of pulchritude. Sometimes to an extent that causes trouble. One New York wolf stalked the corridors for weeks, approaching his pretty prey with the hoary gambit that begins, "Haven't I seen you somewhere before...?" After a number of complaints from girls he had carelessly made the mistake of accosting more than once he, in turn, was stalked by the police and arrested, perhaps unjustly.

Chances are that they (and you) have actually seen at least some of the girls somewhere before—smiling in brazen invitation from a billboard or bus card or peering pertly from the pages of a newspaper or magazine. Close to four billion dollars a year are now spent by U.S. business on newspaper and magazine ads alone. From one-third to one-half of these feature a pretty girl. More than the exotic background, prop or even product, she is the key ingredient in the magic formula of the advertisement.

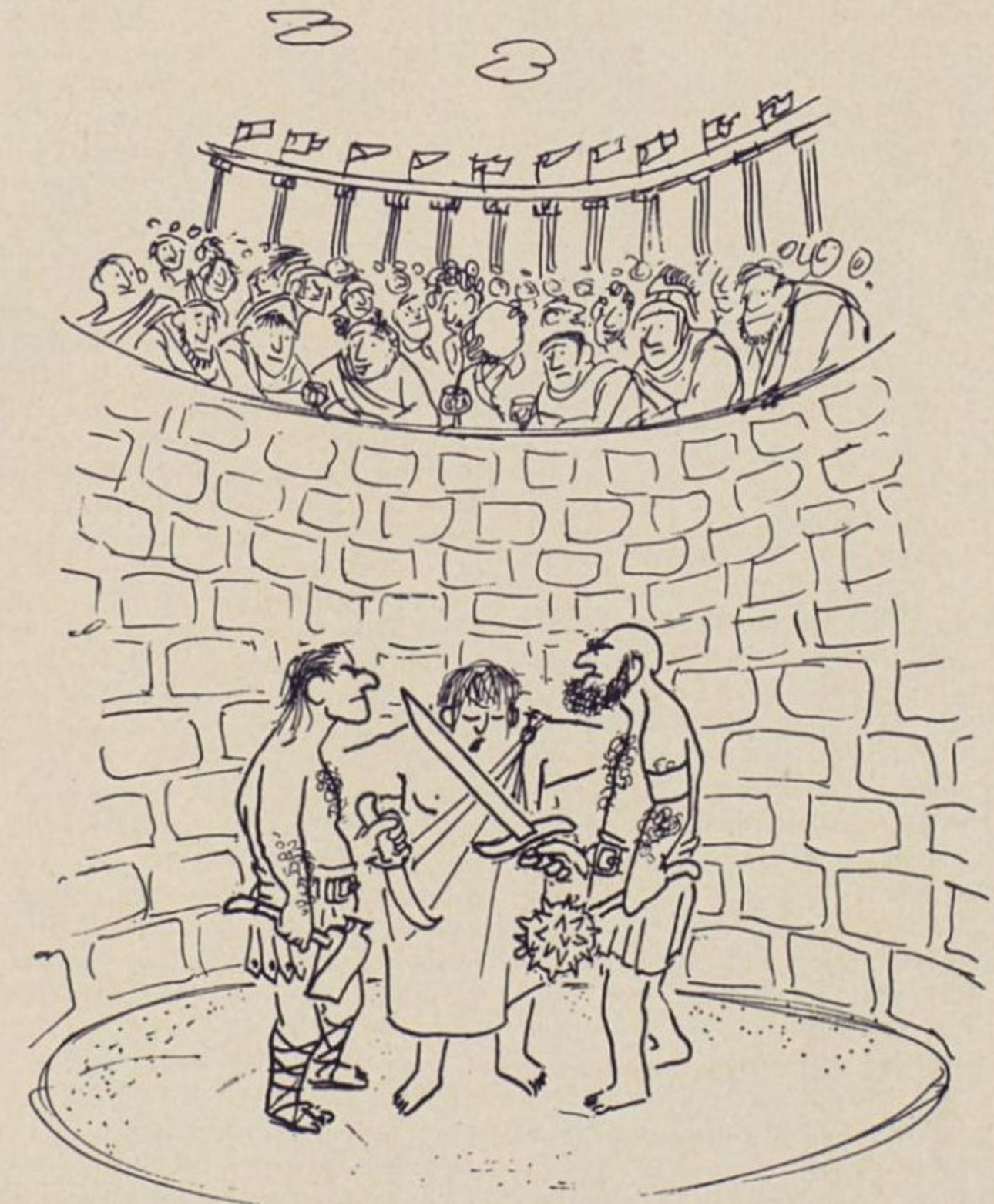
With as much as \$500,000 or more often riding on a single campaign, it is important, too, not to have just any pretty girl, but rather, the *right* pretty girl. Not all advertisers go to the trouble Rheingold does in inviting an electorate of 20 million beer drinkers to assist in the selection of its annual queen who, incidentally, is christened, rigged and launched from 480 by the famous Hesse-Patston studio. Nor to the lengths of Palmolive who once determined, after a four-year poll, that its customers preferred to be sold soap by a brunette.

But casting an ad or series of ads—a chore attended to by either the studio stylist or the advertising agency's art director—often involves looking through photographs of hundreds of models and seeing five or 10 in the flesh for every one eventually selected. A familiar sight at 480 is that of models, scrapbooks in hand, trudging from door to door, in the hope that they may fit the specifications for any assignments that may be in the works. "When I

have nothing else to do," a fledgling model wearily complained, "my agent sends me to 480 to make the rounds."

The final decision is often made by the advertiser, usually with the concurrence of the photographer, but is sometimes left entirely to the latter. "The client just tells us to pick a young-housewife-type or a healthy-outdoor-type or a big-busty-blonde-with-long-hair-type," says photographer Larry Gordon, "and it's our business to know what he means."

To fill the vast and varied needs of the photographers and their clients, some 26 model agencies have evolved to handle New York's 1000-or-so active female models (plus about 100 men and children). Literally and figuratively the handmaidens of big business, their rise has paralleled both the growth of modern high-pressure advertising and the establishment of 480 as the photographic center of the commercial world. All three phenomena probably have their roots in George Eastman's revolutionary foolproof Kodak ("You press the button—we do the rest"), which made America



Silverstein

"You both know the rules . . ."

camera-conscious just before the turn of the century.

Although the early advertising geniuses had already discovered, by this time, the relationship between sex and sales, most ads were illustrated by drawings as in the case of the Sozodont girl of 1857. Oddly enough, it was a female photographer, Beatrice Tonneson of Chicago, who, back in the 1890s, used photographs of live girls in ads for the first time. Other advertisers gradually followed suit. In 1913, a year after 480 was erected, a motor-capped cutie aptly dubbed Lotta Miles poked her head through a Kelly-Springfield tire, and by the end of World War I, with the emancipation of American womanhood, the rush was really on.

The advertising man teamed with the photographer to create virtually new industries. Modeling was then a part-time pursuit and most of the models first used were recruited from the ranks of the theatre. To 480 Lex flocked such immortals as Gladys Glad, Marion Davies, Ann Pennington and other Ziegfeld beauties to have their charms captured on film by Alfred Cheney Johnston, one of the first photographers to move into the building in the early 1920s. (The international furniture exchange, for which the upper floors were originally designed, didn't do too well, and photographers found the high ceilings, as well as the central location of the building, ideal for the manipulation of their lights, backdrops and other paraphernalia.) A typical Johnston photo of that era, which showed Gilda Gray, of shimmy fame, garbed principally in a guitar, was used in an ad captioned, "What Gilda Gray, star of the Ziegfeld Follies, says about Dainty-Form Fat Reducing Cream."

At about this time, John Robert Powers, a small town boy who was eking out his slim earnings as an actor by posing for illustrators, hit upon the idea that was eventually to change America's concept of beauty and make the Powers girl — for whom he later coined the term "long-stemmed American Beauty" — a national institution. John Robert Powers performs his booking activities at 247 Park Avenue, the building adjacent to 480. In fact, it now connects with 480 by means of a sixth floor ramp and a main floor arcade known to the elevator operators as "Glamour Gulch." Many of the studios at 480 even have special phones connecting them to Powers so that a model, needed at a moment's notice, can be summoned to race from one building to the other. A fleet-footed Powers girl can negotiate the distance of 100 feet that separates the Powers office on the sixth floor of 247 from the Paul Wing studio at the other end of

the ramp in 480 in less than 10 seconds.

Joining them in the race are models from other agencies which, inevitably, sprang up around 480 to offer the photographers their own particular concepts of glamor and beauty. Among the largest are those of Harry Conover, a Powers alumnus who raided college campuses in his search for the "well-scrubbed American look," and Huntington Hartford, the A & P millionaire, whose girls exude a sexy wholesomeness. These two agencies, along with Powers, are "department store" operations; their rosters feature models of every conceivable type — housewife, junior, matron and pin-up — as well as a number of specialists, who by virtue of certain anatomical endowments or shortcomings are usually called upon to do hosiery, lingerie, hair, hands or high fashion. Some of the newer agencies specialize in models of only one category.

Of all the types of models, perhaps the most distinctive is the high fashion girl, a svelte, sophisticated, semi-starved, skyscraper-like creature (she usually towers to a height of five feet nine or 10 inches) with the ability to wear clothes that most women can't even get into. Because her fragile frame lends a certain elegance to clothes, she is the darling of the world of *haute couture* and the ultra-chic fashion magazines.

But the less angular model with a good figure that does not leave too much to the imagination is in great demand at 480 for "beauty" pictures. These pictures call for the model to pose in lingerie such as bras and girdles or sometimes in nothing at all for towel, shower curtain or bathtub ads. For this type of work the model receives double her regular fee (which may run from \$15 to \$60 an hour depending on her popularity) in order to assuage her dignity and possibly to compensate for the risk of catching cold. Some beauty models occasionally experience a certain frustration peculiar to their specialty. "The thing I mind most," says Betty Biehn who is tall and Texan, "is that my face hardly ever shows in any of the pictures I pose for. For bra and girdle ads, they're only interested in you from your neck to your knees."

The beauty model also has to take the precaution of either arranging her bookings early in the morning or else arriving at the studio well in advance in order to give time for the marks left by her bra and other undergarments to disappear. One not-so-bright model, during the course of a tight schedule, rushed to an assignment with just minutes to spare and hurriedly disrobed to pose in the nude for a medical ad. As the marks left on her shoulders, waist and hips by undergarments were still in evidence, the photographer asked the model to

sit down for a while until they disappeared. In a half hour or so she got up to pose. Although the earlier marks were now gone, her fanny looked like a waffle because she'd slumped into a wicker chair.

When nudes or semi-nudes are to be shot, an intense interest in the ad often manifests itself in anyone even remotely connected with its production, although usually only the art director and stylist are present, aside from the photographer and his assistants, during the more matter-of-fact shooting sessions. Yet one well-known beauty model, booked for a towel ad, was rather taken aback at the size of the assemblage that greeted her arrival at the studio. Present were 35 people including the client, copywriter, agency research director, account executive, and it seemed, all their friends, many armed with cameras. "Have you sold tickets, Mac?" the bewildered beauty asked the photographer. She refused to disrobe and the mob, in turn, refused to leave. As the hour allotted for the session drew to an end, a compromise was finally reached. A hat was passed around and each member of the congregation solemnly dropped in his contribution. The \$700 collected represented probably the biggest fee in modeling history.

Although herself a symbol of glamor, the model will, in most cases, achieve a glamorous life primarily in the carefully fabricated photographs in which she appears, artfully posed, pinned, pancaked, powdered, pomaded and painstakingly lighted by the photographer.

True, some models move onward and upward to Hollywood (Lauren Bacall, Joan Bennett, Paulette Goddard, Gene Tierney, among others), to fame and fortune, but the fame achieved by the more average girls is mostly an anonymous one, and the fortune closer to five grand a year than the \$10,000 to \$30,000 hauled in by the top models.

Still, it's a job that few girls would trade for anything else, and you can spot the dedicated ones on the street by their hurried gait and by the expendable canvas or leather carry-all bag, in which they tote make-up, waist cinchers, extra hosiery, costume jewelry and other essentials of their craft.

The model no longer carries the round hatbox, the one-time traditional badge of her business. This was usurped several years ago by the ladies of the evening who lurk in the shadows of Lexington Avenue, long after the strange, floodlit world of 480 is dark, to convert sex into the dollar sign in quite a different way.



NIGHT

(continued from page 29)

world is right in that there grip, Mister," Daddy told them and got rid of his coat on the bed.

There wasn't anything but old clothes in the grip, and that was right when Daddy got his real good chance. He had two C notes in his fly and one of the nabs went into the bedroom. All Daddy had to do then was pick that envelope out of the coat pocket, hand the nabber left alone with us one of the Cs and flush the tea down the toilet. Only the other come back just then and he was the one found the right pocket at last. He tried a seed on the very tip of his big cow-tongue — "What's this?" he asked the other clown.

"I'm sure I don't know," Daddy told him, "I never seen it before."

But he looked just so all in

I remember His Honor putting his glasses on to see how come Daddy done two years so young. They were the rimless kind. "Two murderous fights in two years." — His Honor didn't have to keep the specs on any longer, he'd read enough for a spell. "Young man, I think you're a Menace to Society," and by the way he snapped that glass case shut I knew that was what he'd really been wanting to say all along. He had his excuse.

"I think society is a menace to my Daddy" — it was out before I could bite my tongue. Because that was what I'd been wanting to say all along.

"Prisoner remanded in lieu of bail. Cash bond set at \$500. Case continued till Thursday at nine." He was really going to give it to my Daddy Thursday at nine.

Forty-eight hours to raise half a grand. It could never be done by turning tricks even at the outrageous prices I charged. "If you tell me to go for the sodium amytal, I'll go," I told him, for I'd worked with knockout drops when we were hard pressed once before. It isn't my line, but when it comes down to a matter of Daddy's freedom, I can do anything.

Daddy forbade me. "Forget the rough stuff, Baby. If you slipped we'd both be busted. Just get what you can on your coat. Then what you can on your watch. You don't actually need that Japanese kimono. If there ain't half a grand hanging in your closet I miss my guess. Only don't dump it all in one joint," he warned me. "Spread it around so it don't look like we're thinking of blowing town or nothing like that."

My coat. My watch. My kimono. Not one word about *his* coat, *his* watch, *his* raw silk pajamas or *his* red silk foulard robe. That child is so jealous of his clothes he can scarcely bear to part with a button if it's pearl.

I spread the stuff around like he told me. Half a bill for his topcoat. Another for his watch and ring. I only got 20 for the foulard robe. I didn't begin to spread my own things till his were gone. I got the half a grand up without losing either my Longine or my chubby. Daddy got to sign his bond just before midnight Wednesday.

But O that long walk down the corridor, with an eyedropper hypo in one cup of my bra and a bottle of dolaphine with a five-spot wrapped around it in the other before we made the open street.

As soon as we made it he wants to grab a cab back to the hotel for his clothes. My own coat was hanging over my arm. I told him, "I got a sneak-hunch somebody's waitin' for us there," I lied.

"Why?"

"I don't know. But I won't go back."

"I take your word only because I have to," Daddy gave in with doubt.

Then that big cold lonesome lights-out bus. Without a driver, without a rider. Waiting just for us.

The aisle had just been swept and a little wind kept snooping under the seats to see was it clean there too. We sat in the back seat, us two fools, and Daddy turned his collar up against me. He was still trying to figure whether I'd hocked his clothes ahead of my own. The question was only technical, of course, but it was important for him to know all the same. I'd never gone against orders before, and he had no way of knowing if I had or not. I scarcely could blame him for feeling brought down.

After the way he'd come hitchhiking a vegetable truck into L.A. and in two months rose to the top of the heap, from San P. Street to Beverly Hills; after all the class he took on in almost no time at all; after the argyles and the monogrammed shirts, the cordovans and the easy days, till he'd reached a point where people with class invited us both to spend an afternoon on a yacht in The Bay — to be leaving now with no more to show than tracks down both arms and heel-holes in both socks would have brought down an even yet greater Daddy than mine. Except of course there ain't none greater. He may not be the best macker there is. But he is the meanest little old dog of a Daddy in town.

After Vegas the trick would be to see how long we could keep from coming sick in a cornfield. I didn't show him the dolaphine till it was breaking light and I was getting a weak streak through my own middle. Daddy had just rest-stop time enough to fix himself. There wasn't time for me there and it's a long deal between stops. When I did fix at last I added just a drop of water to replace what I'd used, so Daddy wouldn't fret at sight of the stuff going down too fast in the bottle or he might get sick sooner than need be. Just before Vegas I took a little closer look and

THE DOMINO

1450 E. 57th Street
Chicago 37, Illinois

a waterside trio to flip the beach

THE TRUNKS: Brief, brief boxers in sturdy poplin. Maximum swimming freedom. We said brief . . . wear with separate supporter. Sizes: 28-30-32-34-36. Colors: White, black, turquoise, or red. 3.95

The Tie-Waist Top: Deep, thirsty terry that slips on in a jiffy. Sizes: S, M, and L. White only. 5.95

The Deck Pants: For civilized beachcombers. Topsail sanforized cotton. Sizes: 28-30-32-34-36. Colors: Black or white. 8.95

Please add .35 to your order to help cover postage and handling. Illinois residents add 3% State Sales Tax. Send check or money order. No C.O.D.s please.



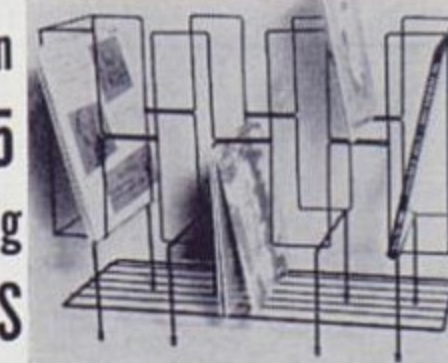
Battery Operated POCKET TAPE RECORDER



Now you can record anything — anywhere! Plays back on the spot. This sturdy precision Mohawk Midigel tape recorder is ideal for executives, professional men, salesmen, actors, etc. \$249.50 complete with microphone, earphones, batteries and tape, ready to operate. This instrument records on a magazine loaded with standard type magnetic tape. Weight only 2 lbs. Fully Guaranteed.

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LESLIE CREATIONS • Dept. 246V • Lafayette Hill, Pa.



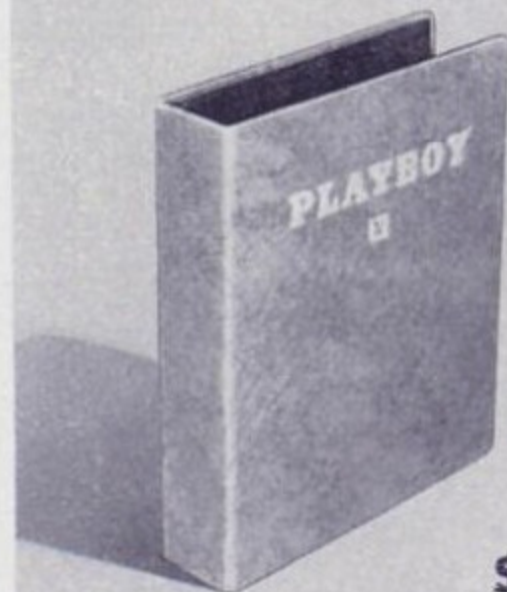
“Imagine!
Coming to the rally as my
guest and not being
outfitted by Beacon.”

Beacon's Juy Shop

608 NORTH MICHIGAN AVE.
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

SINCE 1955 OUTFITTERS OF COMPLEAT GENTLEMEN

PLAYBOY BINDER



\$3

Sturdy binder holds 12 ageless issues of PLAYBOY. Magazine's name and emblem stamped in gold leaf.

PLAYBOY BOOK DEPT.
232 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Ill.

seen it was fuller than I'd filled it. I didn't say nothing. I just let him handle the refills and didn't let him know I was on until we got on the highway with a half a bottle of dolaphine water between us and Chicago. That was when I showed him the fiver.

He laughed then, he was feeling real good. “Everything's going to be perfect, Baby,” he told me. Then we both fixed and sure enough it looked like everything would be perfect.

“Baby,” he told me, “you're taking care of me in the little things.”

“I'm taking care of you in the big ones as well,” I told him — “Didn't I tell His Honor where to head in?” I got that in quick because it had to be settled while Daddy was still feeling well.

“You certainly did, Girl-Baby,” he come through ever so nice.

Now you see how he is? God help me if ever his eye lit on a pawn ticket for a silk bathrobe — but when he got a really legit beef on me, like costing us everything we own for the sake of one sassy smalltown remark, he just laughs the whole deal off.

“Stay out of sight,” I hurried him then. “Here comes our transportation.”

I'd thumb down a driver and get one foot in the car, then I'd say Wait For My Brother Mister and up would jump Daddy out of the bushes and come just a-trotting. I guess for a short spell there he was the up-jumpinest, very trottinest little Daddy on Route 66. Once he up-jumped and come a-trottin' so fast a lady driver wheeled off with a strip of my skirt in her door handle.

“Daddy,” I scolded him, “don't up-jump so fast, else you'll be swinging a one-legged whore.”

Comical things like that are what I say every now and then. Not very often. Just from time to time. If I do it oftener Daddy says, “I'll make the jokes in this family.”

Neither of us were making the jokes when we stepped down off that Ogden Avenue trolley. Four cross-country days of Wait-For-My-Brother-Mister, four cross-country nights on watery dolaphine. I felt like something that had been on a raft three weeks at sea.

The sidewalks so glarey, so hard. The sky all so bare. The people when they pass looking straight ahead — I wouldn't touch one for fear he'd scream. And how that ass-high Chicago wind comes right at you, so mad, it feels like it wants to cut you a new petoochi right then and there.

We went into a grocery and bought a box of graham crackers just to get out of that wind. A sign said SLEEPING ROOMS. That was for us. I just *leaned*, I was that done in. Christian kept one arm around me. He was trying for something I couldn't make out just what,

with the old doll behind the counter. When his arm went for my wrist I knew what he was trying for. Daddy's been trying for my Longine for some time now.

He could of got maybe \$12 for it off the old woman — if he could of got it off me. But he had to settle for six on his own hour-piece. That I paid \$40 for.

And then handed the six right back across the counter for a week's rent sight unseen. How could she afford to make a trade like that? She won't be in business long.

But she threw in the crackers and took us upstairs with her keys in one hand and a quart of milk in the other. The stairs were so dark we would of got lost on the way up but for that bottle. My throat was so parched I could near taste it. If she'd set it down when she opened the door I would of picked it up for her and then let my tongue just hang. But she only needed one hand to open the door.

For that door you didn't even need one hand — it hung so far ajar we could of squeezed in between it and the jamb one by one. Inside the room she looked right into my face and set the bottle down on the dresser.

Then she looked into Daddy's and picked it up again. Daddy got too much pride to ask for things and I was too sick to. She went downstairs taking it with her.

“She needs it to light the way down,” I told Daddy.

He pulled up the shade and I seen a square of red brick wall dripping wet though it wasn't raining. I seen a brassy old high-ended bed. I seen a soggy mattress made of great big lumps and tiny burns. I seen four green-paper walls. I seen a holy calendar from what year I couldn't tell but I'd judge it was b.c. This one made the San Pedro trap look sharp.

“I'll see you at the Greyhound Station,” I told my Daddy.

“You can't come sick in the open street, Beth-Mary,” he told me, and he got to the door before me and locked it so fast all you could see through it was two inches of the hall.

“I'm sick already,” I told him though it killed me to admit it. Daddy don't let hisself come sick in his mind, heart and bowels like me. He puts his own sickness down for the sake of mine. That way I get to be sick for both of us.

He put newspapers under me, he made me a little pillow out of his hole-in-heel socks and a hand towel with a red border. He took my shoes and stockings off so's I wouldn't get runs when I started to kick. He put my chubby over me. He called me his Girl-Baby.

That's what he calls me when he loves me the most.

Watch out for Daddy when he loves

you the most. You have to come next to deathbed before he lets himself act tender.

“Let me take your Longine, sweetheart,” he told me, “else you'll crack the crystal when you start in to swing.”

“I'd as soon keep it on,” I told Daddy.

For I felt the big fear coming on. It was coming a-slipping, it was coming a-crawl, it was slipping and crawling down that slippery red wall.

“Don't leave me, Christian,” I asked him then.

“I've seen you from Shawneetown. I saw you through L.A. I'm here to see you the rest of the way.”

“The rest of the way is by the stars,” I told him.

“By starlight or no light,” he told me, and his voice started going far away then; yet I knew it was telling me I wasn't to have Stuff any more ever. Something got a grip on that red brick wall and wouldn't let go.

“Pull down the shade,” I told him, “they've changed their plans.”

He pulled down the shade. I could tell by the shadow that fell as it fell. I had a little secret to tell. “Where are you?” I asked him.

“Right beside you, Beth-Mary.”
“They're waiting in the hall,” I told my secret. “They've stole the master-key.”

He put a chair under the door and stuffed the keyhole to humor me. “Daddy is right beside you.”

There was somebody in that hall all the same. And somebody on the rooftop too.

The Federal man was beside the bed pressing my left hand for prints, but I hid the right under the covers because that was the one that really counted. I kept turning the wrong hand like Daddy turning the wrong pocket because it was me wearing the big W and not Daddy at all. That was what I'd been suspecting for some time now. “Beth-Mary,” the Fed began to sound like my Daddy, “try to rest till dark.”

“Never heard the name till now,” I told him, “but the first hustling broad I meet who answers to it, I'll tell she's suppose to come downtown.”

“It's only me, your little Daddy,” that Fed tried his best. “Look at me, Beth-Mary.”

“I have seen you somewheres before,” I told him. “You're the nigger bellboy tried to pimp me off my little Daddy on San P. Street — remind me to have him cripple you back of the parking lot. It won't take as long this time as before.”

Not till that moment did Daddy know I knew about *that* deal.

“Beth-Mary Connery,” he asked me — “Look at me. Are you putting it on?”
“Come closer,” I told him. For I was

much more sly than he ever had supposed.

He came up close. He was all misty-white. “Get out! Get out!” I screamed right out — I wanted to cry, I wanted to laugh, I was freezing cold, I was sweating-wet. I couldn't get up still I couldn't lie still. I wanted the feel of someone's hand. Yet I couldn't bear human touch.

I can hear a country mile off, sick or well. Daddy don't hear a thing till it's next to his ear.

I heard steps in the hall. I said what I heard. Was it really steps or not? He didn't know whether to duck or go blind.

“Hold my hand and be still, you talk too much,” I told him — “say something to me — *Hush!* What train is *that!*” It troubled me to hear a passenger train making time and not being able to tell was it coming or going or what.

“That's the New York Central, sweetheart.” He thought he could tell *me* just anything.

“Christian Finnerty — *finky liar* — you good and well know that ain't no New York Central.”

“Maybe it's the Illinois Central then. Maybe it's the Nickel Plate. For all I know, Baby, it could be the Rock Island.”

“You lie in your teeth. You know as well as I it's the Southern Pacific.”

“That's right, sweetheart,” he agreed too soon, “it's the Southern Pacific for sure.”

“Wait in the hall!” O I hollered right at him — “Do as you're told!”

He closed the door quiet to make off like he done as he was told. He didn't dare leave me. Yet feared to come near me. “Little baby,” I heard him ask, “don't battle me so. You're grinding your teeth.”

It's the kind of sickness you do well not to grind your teeth. But I wasn't battling him. I was battling *it*. Though it's a sickness it's the purest of follies to battle. Yet you have to battle it all the same. Battle and grind till your strength is spent in hope of one blessed moment of rest.

That moment comes yet it's never blessed. Your nose runs. Your eyes water. Your mouth drools like a possum's in love. “Daddy,” I told him, “I don't want you to see me looking this way.”

Then it's some sort of fever-doze where you're dreaming by the moment. Yet know right where you are all the while. It's something real wild that can't be endured. You endure it all the same.

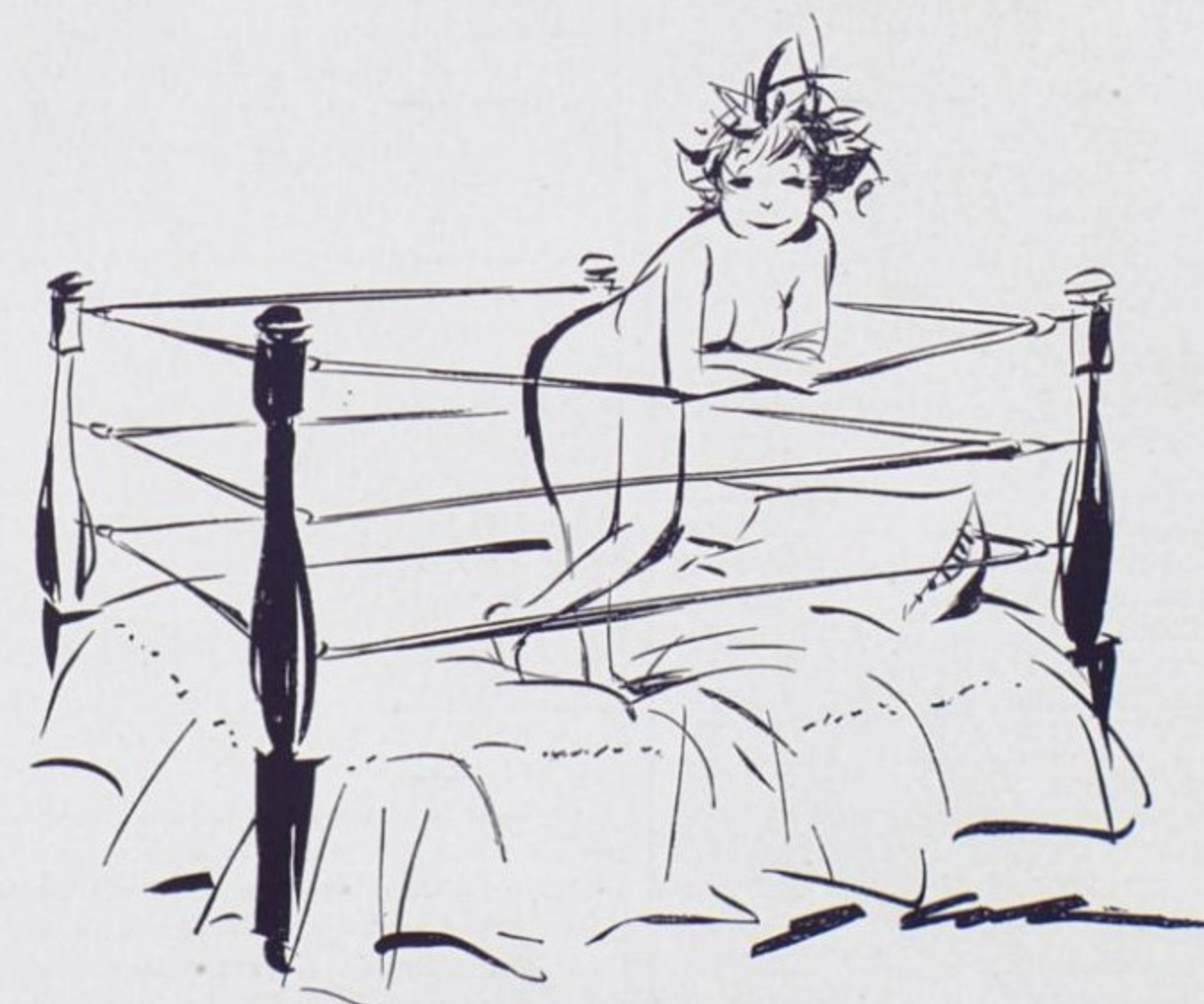
It's all misty-white, it's like under water. Yet of a sudden the whole room will come clear and everything in it stands out to the wallpaper's tiniest crack.

It's the sickness that turns you against yourself. You're like two people, a weak cat and a strong, with no use for each other but they can't pull apart. “I don't deserve to be punished like this,” you hear the weak cat grieve.

“If you deserved it, it wouldn't be punishment,” the tougher party tells.

“Then let me get it all and be done. Let me come to the end of suffering

FEMALES BY COLE: 34



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then."

The stronger cat just scorns all that. It goes and it comes, it creeps or it runs, there is no end and it's never done.

"Then why just *dole* it? Let me have it all at once," the weak cat begs.

"If you could see an end it wouldn't be punishment."

It's all so useless. It's nothing like sleep.

Once my eyes cleared and I saw Daddy plain: he was watching the light beyond the shade, waiting for the dark to come down. "Here I am," I could guess what he was thinking, "without a penny, without a friend. And a W on my forehead. If I get picked up it'll be a long deal before us two fools sleep side by side again. Who would fix a poor broad in a rented bed then?"

"Daddy," I whispered to him, "I got too many worries to go through with this."

He tried to give me something by mouth but my lips felt pebbly. I spit it all out. Daddy ought to have known better than that. Your mouth doesn't want it, it's your vein crying out. You can't ease a vein habit by mouth. Not even with graham crackers.

I felt him unstrapping my Longine. "You're getting it all spittly," he told me. I tried to swing my arm but I was too weak.

"Put it where I can see it," I asked him and he strapped it onto a handle of the bureau. I could see the shiny golden circle hanging even though I couldn't see the time. At least I knew where time was to be had.

"Baby," he told me, "you got the worst part over."

Then the big sick hit me bigger and sicker than before.

It comes on real quiet, like nabbers at work—the only thing on earth that moves fast and slow at one and the same time. The only thing that's something deep inside you and something far outside too. The only thing that feels so soft that hits so hard. The only thing that's more like nabbers at work than nabbers at work.

Nabs holding both your arms—then letting you pull loose just to see where you'll hide. There's a key in your door but it won't turn. Nabbers coming down both sides trying all doors—Get your back flat against your wall. Maybe they won't try this door at all. Maybe they'll never find you.

They're trying it, they're telling your name doorway to door—"Beth-Mary Connery. Beth-Mary Connery. Beth-Mary— I saw my Daddy's face, so dear, so sort of pulled with care—"Beth-Mary, I'm right here."

Then I knew nabbers at work had been just sounds inside my fevery ears.

Spook-docs and croakers, bug-docs and

such, meatballs and matrons, nurses and all, there's not one cares whether you live or you die. For not one knows what true suffering is. But Daddy who stayed on my side and beside me that sorriest day of any, *you* know. And you're the onliest one who knows.

People like to say a pimp is a crime and a shame. But who's the one friend a hustling broad's got? Who's the one who cuts in, bold as can be, when Nab comes to take you? Who puts down that real soft rap only you can hear to let you know your time is up and is everything alright in there Baby? And when a trick says "Where's the 20 I had in my wallet?"—Who's the one he got to see? Who's the one don't let you get trapped with the monsterring kind?

When 10 o'clock in the morning feels like the dead of night and God has forgot you, who still keeps watch over you?

"What time is it, Daddy?" I asked him.

"Time to get off the wild side, Beth-Mary," he told me like he'd found out for himself at last. Then just set on. So pale, so wan.

I turned my head toward him so's he'd know I was with him.

"Is it getting a little darker, Christian?"

"It's nigh to dark, Beth-Mary."

All I could do was touch his wan hand. My fingers were too weak to hold it. Yet he took it into mine and pressed my palm to let me know.

"Baby," he told me, "I'm sorry for what I done to you on South San Pedro Street."

And said it so low. As though I were part of his very heart still. That I heard it clear as little bells.

I must have slept then for a spell, because I dreamed I was buying seeds for some flower that blooms under water and when I woke it was raining. And someone kept humming from ever so far. When the rain stopped the little hum stopped. And all was wondrous still. When the rain began the hum began, from ever so far I could scarcely hear.

"Is that you humming, Daddy?" I asked.

Nobody answered. Nobody was near. The hum came closer—a little girl's humming. How could such a tiny hum come from so terribly far?

"You need sleep, Mother," she said my name. Sick as I was, my heart sank yet farther.

I lay on my pillow, how long I can't tell. After a time I noticed my Longine was gone. But it was all one by then.

I didn't have to open my eyes to know that Christian was gone too. I didn't care, one way nor another.

I didn't care for anything.

Slave Girl (continued from page 20)

leapt upward. The men went about their work with happy, secretive smiles on their faces; applications for passes to Oran fell off to almost nothing, whereas volunteers for K.P. came in at the rate of three or four a day. There was none of the usual bellyaching about nothing to do, too much work, uncomfortable quarters, etc. Everybody was happy. Too happy.

Of course, the officers noticed that something was different and were puzzled by it. The C.O. called me in one morning to feel me out on the subject, but I didn't know what he was talking about. Of the officers, only the new chaplain, that poor innocent guy, never caught on to the fact that something unusual was going on. As Special Services Officer he was in charge of providing entertainment for the troops, and he was overjoyed that they seemed to need so little diversion.

"Fine boys!" he said to me. "Clean, upstanding young men! What rich inner resources they must possess! Why, do you know, Sergeant Brown, not one of them has applied for a pass to Oran this weekend? They prefer to stay here at the camp."

This was in the orderly room on a Saturday morning. Chaplain Withers spent a great deal of his time in the orderly room, trying to garner information about how to handle his job—from me, mostly. It turned out he had been a missionary in China most of his life.

"One reason, I suppose," he went on, "is that most of them are anxious to hear my little talk on snakes this evening."

"Talk on snakes?" I said. I knew he had scheduled something with lantern slides, but that was all.

"Herpetology, you know," he said, beaming at me. "My hobby, and a fascinating one, I assure you. I have a rather fine collection of them—in bottles, of course—and I rather believe the men will enjoy hearing what I can tell them about these most maligned of God's creatures. The serpent in the Garden of Eden—"

"Excuse me, captain," I interrupted, "but you know, on Saturday night the men usually get together in their tents and recount amusing anecdotes and sing a few rousing songs and that sort of thing. They probably won't want to listen to a lecture on snakes, not tonight. I think maybe the room will be sort of empty."

The chaplain was perturbed. "You think I've chosen a bad night for it, eh?" he asked. "Now, that won't do. I don't want the men to give up their regular get-together just because they feel they have to be polite. No, ser-

geant"—and he transfixed me with a look of purest Christian charity through his bifocals—"no, we'll cancel the lecture this evening."

So I posted a notice on the board that the Special Services entertainment had been canceled, owing to the indisposition of the chaplain; and then, about the middle of the afternoon, I went over to the mess hall to see what McHugh had done with his slave girl.

The door was locked, as it should have been. I banged on it—I knew he was in there—and after a while it was opened by Meyers.

"What the hell are you doing here?" I asked.

"Good afternoon, sergeant," Meyers said. "What can I do for you?"

"You can goddamn well let me into this building," I said. "Where's Mc-

Hugh?"

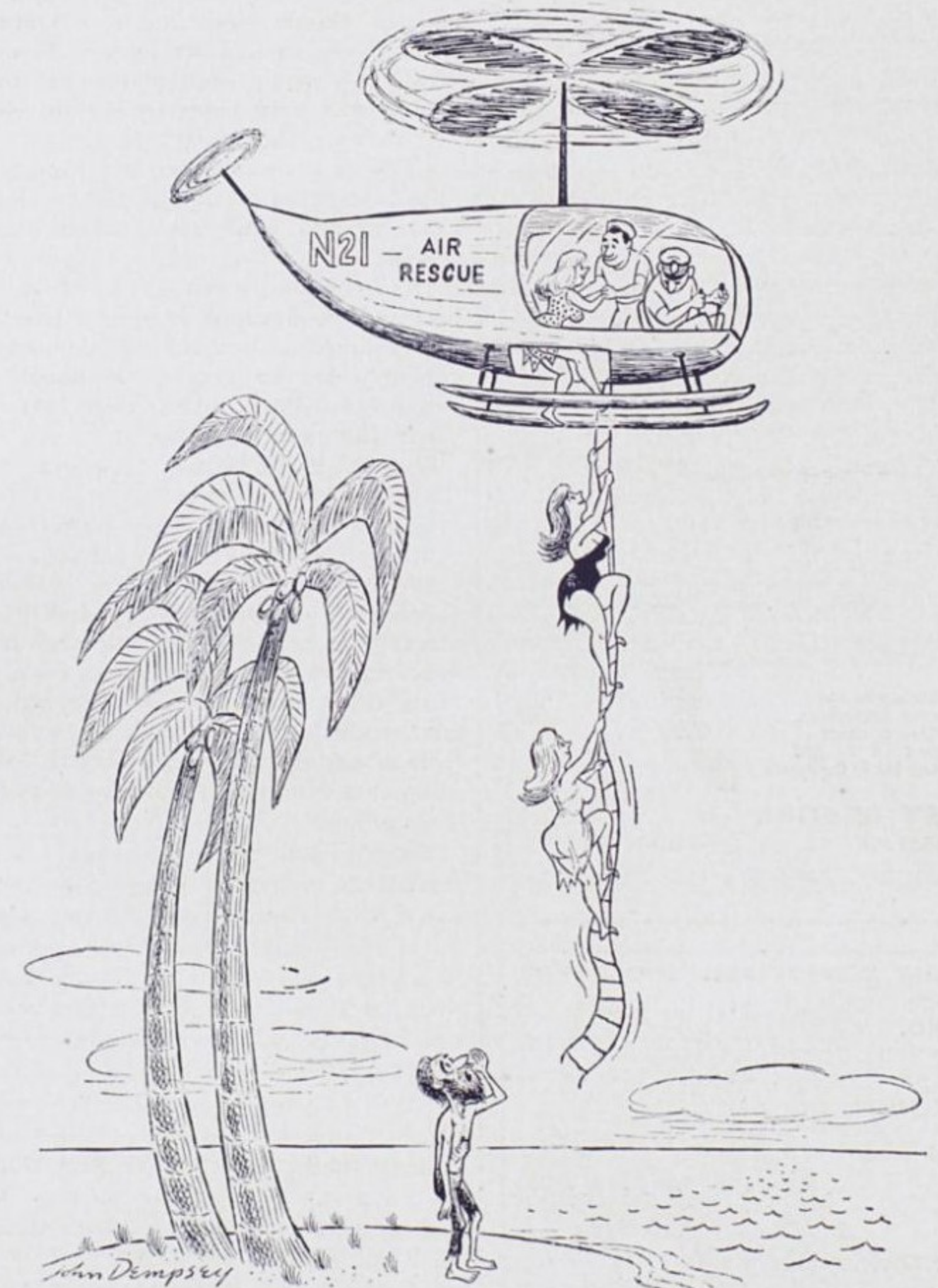
"Sergeant McHugh is taking inventory," Meyers said, getting nervous. "I don't think he would want to be disturbed, sir."

"Well, I think I'll disturb him," I said, pushing into the room. "Where is he?"

"I don't rightly know, sir," Meyers said, dancing around in his anxiety.

I went through the mess hall and back to the kitchen. Behind the kitchen was a corridor, with rooms on each side for the storage of food and mess necessities. I tried all the doors until I found the one that was open.

I have never seen such a room. God knows where McHugh had liberated the stuff, but he had the place done up like an oriental harem, Hollywood version. A Persian carpet covered the floor, and the walls were draped with yards and yards of some flimsy material, alternat-



"I don't think I'll be able to make it."

ing panels of orange and blue. In one corner he had rigged up a canopy of white cloth over a divan, on which he now reclined in dressing gown and slippers, with—I swear it!—a turban on his head, smoking a hookah and reading a book. The slave girl knelt by his side, fanning him slowly with a huge peacock-tail fan, adoration in her liquid black eyes.

Reading from north to south, she was clad in earrings, necklace, a transparent yellow skirt, and sandals. She was beautiful. Around 50° N. latitude she was almost blinding.

McHugh looked up from his book, and he seemed a bit annoyed. "How'd you get in unannounced?" he asked. "Where's Major-Domo Meyers?"

"Gee whizakers!" I exclaimed. I was flabbergasted by the enormity of McHugh's transgression, and awed at being in the presence of a man who was apparently willing, in his loyalty to his convictions, to spend the next 20 years in durance vile.

There was a gentle rap on the door and in came Major-Domo Meyers. He walked four paces into the room and bowed very low from the waist, placing his right hand on his forehead. "McHugh Pasha," he said—very seriously, not trying to be funny at all; in fact, scared. "Please excuse the way Sergeant Brown busted in. But what am I gonna do when the duty sergeant pushes me away from the door?"

"Goddammit, Meyers," McHugh said, "what if it had been an M.P.?"

"Oh then, sir, I mean sahib," Meyers said quickly, "I wunt even of opened the door. I can see through the little window who it is. But the duty sergeant is different—he knows I'm in here and he can get my ass."

"Well, never mind, Meyers," McHugh said. "Depart."

Meyers salaamed again and departed. McHugh waved his arm at Roxane, whereupon she arose and busied herself with the coffee pot. "You're just in time for the afternoon refreshment," he said: his old self again, not making like the oriental potentate. "Sit down on yonder hassock."

"McHugh," I said, sitting down, "how do you get these G.I.s to kowtow and salami and say 'pasha' and 'sahib' without busting out laughing?"

McHugh puffed on his narghile. "It's amazing what the simple organism is capable of," he said, "if you offer the proper rewards."

"Improper rewards, I suppose you mean."

"Right," said McHugh. "A few of my body servants enjoy a favored position on Oriental Hospitality Day, which is almost every day. They are first in line and don't have to pay."

Roxane kept moving about, bending

over, etc., and I had a hard time following the conversation. Out there in that bleak desert waste it was almost too much to have the impossible dream right before your eyes. She knelt by my hassock and poured out a cup of coffee about as thick as heavy cream. The curve of her breast was exquisite. I tried to keep my eye off it, especially with McHugh watching, but there was simply nothing else to look at in that whole room. My Adam's apple began to bob up and down. McHugh puffed on his hookah, seeming pleased.

"Roxane would be glad to entertain you after your coffee," he said. "*Avec les compliments de la maison*, needless to say."

"She would?" I croaked. "How do you know?" After all, I'm against slavery.

McHugh said something to the girl in Arabic. It sounded like a question—certainly not like a command. Roxane looked up at me from her kneeling position and seemed to size me up, demurely, with those almond eyes of hers. She said something to McHugh and he nodded. Thereupon she stood up and gently pressed my head against her body.

"You see?" he said. "She would."

That was my worst battle: worse than the landing, worse than the ambush outside Oran. I got out of both of those, barely. I got out of this one too, barely; but it was a different sort of bare.

It was wonderful!

This episode almost destroyed my firm resolve, but not quite. McHugh had to be saved from himself; and it was the chaplain, obviously, who would provide the way.

But no opportunity presented itself for a week. For a whole gorgeous week the idyll continued; and during that time I found out how much I enjoyed McHugh's company. He was really a most engaging fellow. I would drop over to the mess hall almost every evening, so that we could talk about philosophy and esthetics and things like that. He was a stimulating conversationalist. And he was a gentleman, too: his hospitality was unlimited. One appreciates that sort of gentility in the rude climate of an Army camp. When it came to the grand and negligent gesture in the regal manner, McHugh was great. *Great!*

By the end of the week the officers were very suspicious indeed. The atmosphere in the camp just wasn't normal. When the pill rollers whistle merrily while emptying the bedpans, something is fishy. I heard the C.O. talking with one of the lieutenants. They were asking each other why the men were so cheerful all of a sudden, and the lieutenant said he thought they must have set up a still somewhere, probably in the Q.M. warehouse. "By God, then we'll find it," the C.O. said. "We'll search all the

buildings."

The next day was payday, and the chaplain was in the orderly room as usual, talking about China and asking me if I didn't think some of the men would like to go on a nature-study hike with him, looking for African snakes for his collection. I was explaining to him, very gently, why this was a terrible idea, when an expression of wonder came over his face.

"Now why in the world," he asked, "would those fellows be doing that at the mess hall in the middle of the afternoon? And at the kitchen door, too."

I looked out the window. A half-dozen guys were lined up at the entrance to McHugh's hideaway, pushing each other and horsing around. It was obviously Oriental Hospitality Day. I was dumbfounded by his carelessness: any minute an officer would go over to investigate. At the same moment I had my flash of inspiration.

"Why, chaplain," I said, "I believe I heard this morning that one of the fellows had caught a real curious snake. He has it in there and he's letting the other men see it for a dime a look."

"A snake?" the chaplain said eagerly. "No wonder the fellows are so interested. By jiminy, that's something I want to see too." And he toddled off toward the mess hall, wagging his fat bottom.

"Now you've done it, sarge," Gabriel, the clerk, said reproachfully. "You've goosed the cook that laid the golden egg."

"I've saved him, Gabriel," I said, dashing out the door. "I hope."

I dodged around the building and tore for the front entrance to the mess hall. Meyers must have seen me coming, because he had the door open when I got there.

"Meyers!" I said urgently. "Get in there and tell McHugh the chaplain is in line at the other door. I'll try to stall things off."

"The chaplain?" Meyers said, buckling at the knees. "Oh my! I think I'll just pop over to my tent for some cigarettes."

"No you won't," I said. "Get on in there!"

Meyers scuttled off and I ran through the mess hall to the kitchen door, where Wellburn was standing sentry. Looking through the grilled window, I was just in time to see the chaplain arrive at the end of the line. The men suddenly turned to statues, slightly green in color, and a look of pitiful amazement and anguish came over their faces. After a few seconds the first two men sauntered casually to the corner of the building and then broke into violent

(continued overleaf)



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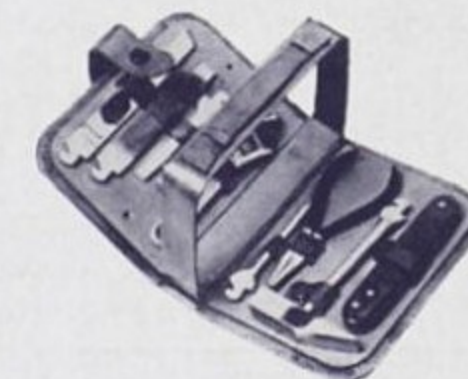
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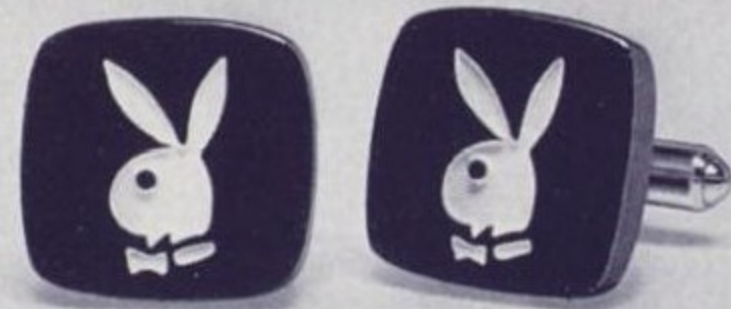


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forward motion. But the others were afraid to do anything and stayed where they were. The chaplain saw that his arrival had caused a change in their behavior.

"Please, fellows," he said, "don't let the presence of an officer disturb you. We're all here for the same reason, so just act yourselves. Why, hello, Gallagher," he said to the man in front of him—the wisecracker from the V. D. lecture. "Does this interest you too?"

Gallagher's mouth opened and closed several times. "Does this interest you?" he managed to ask.

"Oh, this is my hobby," the chaplain said.

"Your—your hobby, sir?"

"Oh, yes," the chaplain said. "I get a real delight from this. And it's certainly worth a dime, isn't it?"

"Yessir, I guess so," Gallagher said. "Sure is." The other three had turned around to listen, and now they smiled. You could see their thought: this chaplain sure was a very peculiar chaplain.

"Pardon me, sir," one of them asked cautiously, "but how often do you do this?"

"As often as I have the chance," the chaplain said. "Some days in China I would go out looking for them and sometimes I'd find as many as five or six. Say, do you think we might get up a group of fellows to hike around for some specimens?"

"We sure could!" Gallagher said. "Man, this here Army sure has changed!"

"It's hard work, though," the chaplain went on. "And you have to take a bottle along, to pickle them."

"Yep, that's the way, all right!" Gallagher exclaimed. "Man, this ole Army sure has changed!"

"Now, about this specimen," the chaplain said. "About how big is it?"

"Oh, I'd say about five feet," Gallagher answered.

"Five feet!" Capt. Withers exclaimed. "Upon my word! I didn't know there were any that big in North Africa. Do you know whether it's poisonous?"

"If she's poisonous," Gallagher said, with a loud guffaw, "then all I can say is, this whole danged camp is poisoned."

"Do you mean the snake has bitten someone?" the chaplain asked in alarm.

Gallagher stared at him stupidly, and I realized that it was time to interrupt, or he would spill the beans. I didn't know what the outcome would be, but I had no choice. I opened the door.

"I'm awfully sorry, Captain Withers," I said, "but I'm afraid you won't be able to see the snake. Somehow it got out of its box and escaped through the window. And you men," I shouted, using my famous bellow, "stop congregating around here, blocking traffic.

Beat it!"

The men beat it, all except lughead Gallagher.

"But sarge," he protested, "you know they ain't no snake. This here chaplain is an OK Joe—he just wants a little piece of tail like the rest of us."

"Gallagher!" I hollered *fortissimo*. "Quiet! Get out of here, on the double! Scat!"

So he scat.

I stepped out of the building and let the door latch behind me.

"Oh, what a pity," the chaplain said. "This would have been a most interesting experience."

"Yes, sir," I agreed. "It certainly would."

"What did Private Gallagher mean about a piece of tail?" he asked.

"Well, sir," I said, "I believe he must have had the idea that the snake's tail was going to be cut up in pieces for souvenirs of North Africa, after everyone had seen it."

The chaplain turned pale. "But surely, sergeant, no such infamous deed was intended! One of God's innocent creatures!"

"No, sir," I said, "certainly not. Private Gallagher was completely confused."

"That's good," the chaplain said. For a moment he was still shaken by the notion; then he brightened.

"Sergeant Brown," he said, "I'm sorry, but you were dead wrong about my idea for a cross-country snake hunt. The men here were extremely enthusiastic about it. We'll do it on Sunday." And, full of love and Christian goodness, he gave me a little poke in the ribs.

Well, that was the end of that. When I went back into the mess building I found that McHugh had hidden Roxane in another room and had completely dismantled his oriental scraglio. Now it was just another storeroom.

"Dammit, Brown," he said, "you officer-lover, you did turn me in."

I told him about the C.O. and the lieutenant, and after a while he calmed down. That evening he smuggled Roxane out of the camp in a potato bag, took her back to Oran, bade her a fond farewell, gave her a hundred dollars—a fortune—and formally released her from bondage. She was touchingly grateful, and insisted on kissing his feet.

The next day, sure enough, the M.P.s turned the camp area inside out; and that evening McHugh gave me a bottle of Black Label, which, in those days, was like giving away your left arm.

Real Black Label, not that stuff the Arabs made, which you had to feed to a buddy first, to see whether he went into convulsions.

EXURBANITES AT PLAY

(continued from page 56)

the four of them get together and set up their own agency? The hell with working for somebody else, clubbing your brains out just to line some bastard's pocket who can't even write a decent line of copy any more, the doddering old meathead.

"Look," says one, "I'm sure I could swing my account to a new firm, fresh blood, fresh outlook."

In the back of each mind is the thought: "It's a way out of the rat-race. My own business—and wouldn't it look great, my name up there on the letter-head?"

It is impossible to estimate accurately the number of dream-agencies that have been fantasized in this way, but it is a fact that at least two actual agencies have grown from just such meetings. But not this time. This time, the admen take leave of each other around 12:30 or so, the wives protract the departure in characteristic wifely fashion, and the Philipases start to empty ashtrays and collect glassware. They are sufficiently loaded and exhausted to insure a night's sleep.

The Santinis, having seen their weekend guests off on a refreshingly early evening train, could get to bed around 11:00, but they sit up two hours, sipping coolers and verbally assassinating their departed friends, who left a ring in the tub, dropped butts on the lawn, and didn't help with the Friday night dishes.

The Camerons get home from their house-crawling around 11:00 and are in bed by 12:00. The Martells were home by 10:00 and hoped to get to bed early. Ben's wife is talking to him again and they're happily tired together. But Ben found a message to call the comedian he works for in New York, did so, was told that his sketch for next week's show stinks but stinks, and that he'd better have something passing fair ready by noon next day or else, and so he is already involved again in the rat-race. He is downstairs in the playroom, walking up and down, drinking some beer out of a can, and thinking, thinking.

Armand Santini is the only one of our four specimens who will not be on the platform at the railroad station in time to catch the 8:12 on Monday morning. He will be in his studio by 9:00. None of them thinks he has spent an exceptional weekend. If you ask Armand, Gid, Duke, or Ben what he does over a weekend, he will answer, "Why, what everybody else does, wherever they happen to live. It's no different in the country than anywhere else."



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Positive Thinking

(continued from page 50)

did run a fruit stand to support 16 kids. But one thing Spellini learned is how to take it. I learned it young, Commander. I had to. (He puts on cap at a jaunty angle and strides to the door. On his way out, he turns to the group at the table with an easy grin.) Spellini of the United States Navy . . . officer and gentleman! (He salutes and exits.) BRICKER (after a pause, unable to put Spellini out of his mind): Now let's see . . . what was that last one? Something about putting an orchestra on a ship—a full symphony, wasn't it? MILLER: A symphony? Gosh, no, they'd think we were longhaired! (Bricker reaches for the bell, but Miller's hand beats him to it. For a moment they stare at each other, then Miller mumbles huskily . . .) Let me do it, will you, Commander? (Bricker withdraws his hand, and Miller rings the bell.) Thanks, Commander, somehow it's . . . it's better that way. (He rises, picks up cap and flicks a speck of imaginary dust from the emblem. From somewhere in the distance a minor-key rendition of "Anchors Aweigh" floats in through the open porthole. Miller swallows back a lump in his throat and tries to speak, but there's nothing more to say. Bricker averts his eyes. Schwartz lurches over sideways, snaps awake and blinks up at Miller.) SCHWARTZ: Hey, you shoving off? (Miller bites his lip, nods and exits in an agony of remorse, forgetting to shut the door after him. Bricker sits brooding over the long table, with its litter of idea-traps and pencils. Schwartz puts his feet up on an empty chair and mutters . . .) Somebody ought to shut that door—there's a draft on my neck. BRICKER (curtly): Somebody ought to collect the notebooks and pencils. SCHWARTZ (yawns): Who can we get? BRICKER (bitterly): I don't know, Ensign Schwartz. Perhaps we ought to form a committee! (He automatically reaches for the bell and starts to ring it. For whom does it toll, he wonders, and suddenly realizes that it tolls for himself! He, Commander Wiley Bricker U.S.N.R.—"Goldy" Bricker, senior member of the Diners' Club and one of the top creative thinkers in the entire advertising profession—has uttered a killer-phrase! The bell clangs to the floor and he slumps across the table with his head buried in his arm. A tragic silence settles over the stage as Schwartz drops off to sleep again and the lights begin to dim for no reason at all. Just as the aisle seats are beginning to empty, Captain Jonah appears in the open doorway, takes in the scene at a glance and inquires . . .)

JONAH: You all finished. Commander? (Bricker slowly draws himself up straight in his chair and turns directly to the footlights as he replies, quite simply and with all sorts of obvious meaning . . .) BRICKER: Yes, Captain . . . I'm all . . . finished. (He rises, squares his shoulders and walks proudly out through the doorway, past the wondering captain.)

JONAH (tentatively): The tender is ready to take you back to the shore, Commander.

BRICKER (off): Thank you, Captain . . . But if it's all the same to you, I think I'd rather walk. (There is a loud splash. The captain's jaw drops and he rushes to the rail to peer over the side. A bosun's pipe softly tweets "Rinso-white," the lights grow dimmer and dimmer, and Schwartz begins to peacefully snore, as—the curtain falls.)



SHRIMPS SUPREME

(continued from page 36)

- 1/2 ripe avocado
- Lettuce leaves
- 1/2 cup chili sauce
- 1 teaspoon horseradish
- 1/2 teaspoon lemon juice
- 1/4 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
- 2 dashes Tabasco sauce
- 1 tablespoon finely chopped chives or scallions

Be sure the shrimp, avocado and chili sauce are ice cold. Cut the avocado into dice about 1/2 inch thick. Place several small lettuce leaves in the cocktail dishes. (Saucer champagne glasses are nice for service.) Place the shrimp and avocado on the lettuce. Mix together the chili sauce, horseradish, lemon, juice, Worcestershire sauce, Tabasco sauce and chives. Pour the sauce over the shrimp. Serve with a small wedge of lemon. Another pleasant variation on the shrimp cocktail theme may be made by substituting thawed frozen grapefruit segments for the avocado.

SHRIMPBURGERS

- 1 lb. cooked shrimp, peeled and deveined
- 2 eggs
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 2 teaspoons grated onion
- 1 teaspoon dry mustard
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1/8 teaspoon pepper
- Vegetable fat

Force the shrimp through a meat chopper, using the coarse blade. Separate the egg yolks from the whites. Beat the whites with a rotary beater until they are stiff. In a mixing bowl combine the ground shrimp, egg yolks, flour, grated onion, mustard, salt and pepper.

Mix well. Fold the egg whites into the mixture. Melt the vegetable fat to a depth of a 1/4 inch in a large frying pan. When the fat is hot, drop the shrimp mixture by large spoonfuls into the pan. Sauté the burgers until golden brown on each side.

BROILED MARINATED SHRIMP

There's an overnight marinating process involved here, but the actual cooking time, after the marinating is completed, is very brief.

- 1 lb. raw shrimp, peeled and deveined
- 1 onion, sliced
- 1 carrot, sliced
- 1 piece of celery, sliced
- 3 sprigs of parsley
- 2 tablespoons salad oil
- Juice of a half-lemon
- Breadcrumbs
- Salt, pepper, paprika

In a deep bowl combine the onion, carrot, celery, parsley, salad oil, lemon juice and shrimp. Mix well. Store overnight in the refrigerator. When ready to use, remove the shrimp from the vegetables. Preheat broiler to 500°. Sprinkle the shrimp with salt and pepper. Dip them in breadcrumbs, coating thoroughly. Place in a shallow metal pan. Sprinkle lightly with salad oil and paprika. Broil from 3 to 5 minutes on each side or until brown. Serve with tartar sauce, catsup or the sour cream dressing in the fried shrimp recipe above.

SHRIMP PAN ROAST

Like oyster pan roast, which is not a roast at all but a form of stew, Shrimp Pan Roast follows the tradition of the old eastern oyster houses.

- 1 lb. cooked shrimp, peeled and deveined
- 1/4 cup butter
- 1 teaspoon paprika
- 1/2 teaspoon celery salt
- 2 teaspoons horseradish
- 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
- 1/4 cup chili sauce
- 1 1/2 cups light sweet cream
- 2 slices of toast
- Salt, pepper

In a heavy saucepan melt the butter. Add the shrimp. Sauté over a moderate flame for 2 minutes. Add the paprika, celery salt, horseradish, Worcestershire sauce and chili sauce. Sprinkle generously with salt and pepper. Simmer 2 minutes longer. Add the cream, mixing well. Bring up to the boiling point, but do not boil. Let the liquid merely simmer for several minutes. Place the toast in deep soup bowls. Spoon the shrimp over the toast. Pour the liquid into the bowls. Add a dash of paprika to each portion. Serve with oyster crackers or Trenton crackers. Happy chomping.

PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

JUST about everything gets going in Europe in June (including Arctic safaris for polar bear out of Tromsø, Norway, and appropriately-costumed 16th Century football in the Boboli Gardens at Florence)—but transatlantic passage by sea on the better carriers is already sold out. Even by air, it's tight now for the coming summer. One good gimmick, if you're stuck, is to buy the least expensive tour (most operators have options left on eastbound space), skip the conducted itinerary, and make your own arrangements for easier westbound space.

If you're wending your wistful way anywhere near the French Riviera, you might try a day or so on Ile du Levant—if only for a conversational bomb back home. It's the only playground around those parts where large stretches of beach are restricted for those who prefer to frolic entirely in the buff.

For skindiving of a slightly different sort, try a truly unspoiled spot of vivid lagoons and storybook beaches: the island of Cozumel off the Yucatan peninsula in Mexico. Fly to Merida from Miami (via Havana, should you hanker for a wild stopover). A packaged five days of nature-boying it among the fantastic ruined cities of the Mayas, above and below the water, totals up to \$107 per sport.

Two items to spark up your Western trek this summer: white water cruises on the Hell's Canyon rapids of the Snake River start at a simple \$6.50 for one hell of a short-time jolt, or \$160 for a hugely hair-raising 10-day river journey.

The Dude-for-a-Day Ranch in Wyoming trucks you into the Teton Mountains, rides you on horseback up into remote buffalo meadows, feeds you two sturdy cookout meals to twanging cowboy guitars—all to the tune of only \$10. If you can't stand to leave (or just can't stand at all), \$2.50 more nets a cabin for the night with breakfast to boot.

South American skiing reaches its peak in June through October. Facilities range from 30¢ a day (including room, three squares, tow and free oxygen—it's 18,400 feet above sea level) at the Bolivian resort of Chacaltaya—to \$9 a day at plush Portillo in Chile. Excursion air fares start at \$515 round trip from Miami to Santiago. Should you care to thaw out comfortably après ski, the oranges will be ripening by the sea at Vina del Mar.

For further information on any of the above, write to Playboy Reader Service, 232 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Illinois.

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PITY THE PLIGHT of the diverse man — as this illustration clearly indicates, his interests include girls (note girl), tobacco (note cigarette), fine wines (note bottle and glass), the physical sciences (note nuts and bolts), good grooming (note deodorant), medicine (note pills), girls (note other girl), sports cars (note sports car), creative writing (note pencil) and girls (note hair pins). The problem occupying him as he broods, eraser to chin, is: "What magazine shall I subscribe to? What *single* periodical is geared to the all-round urban man?" If this weren't such a subtle, sophisticated, soft-sell subscription message, we might be able to give some advice on the matter. As it is, all we can do is say, "A word to the wise," wink broadly and call his attention to the convenient order blank on this page. Think he'll get it?



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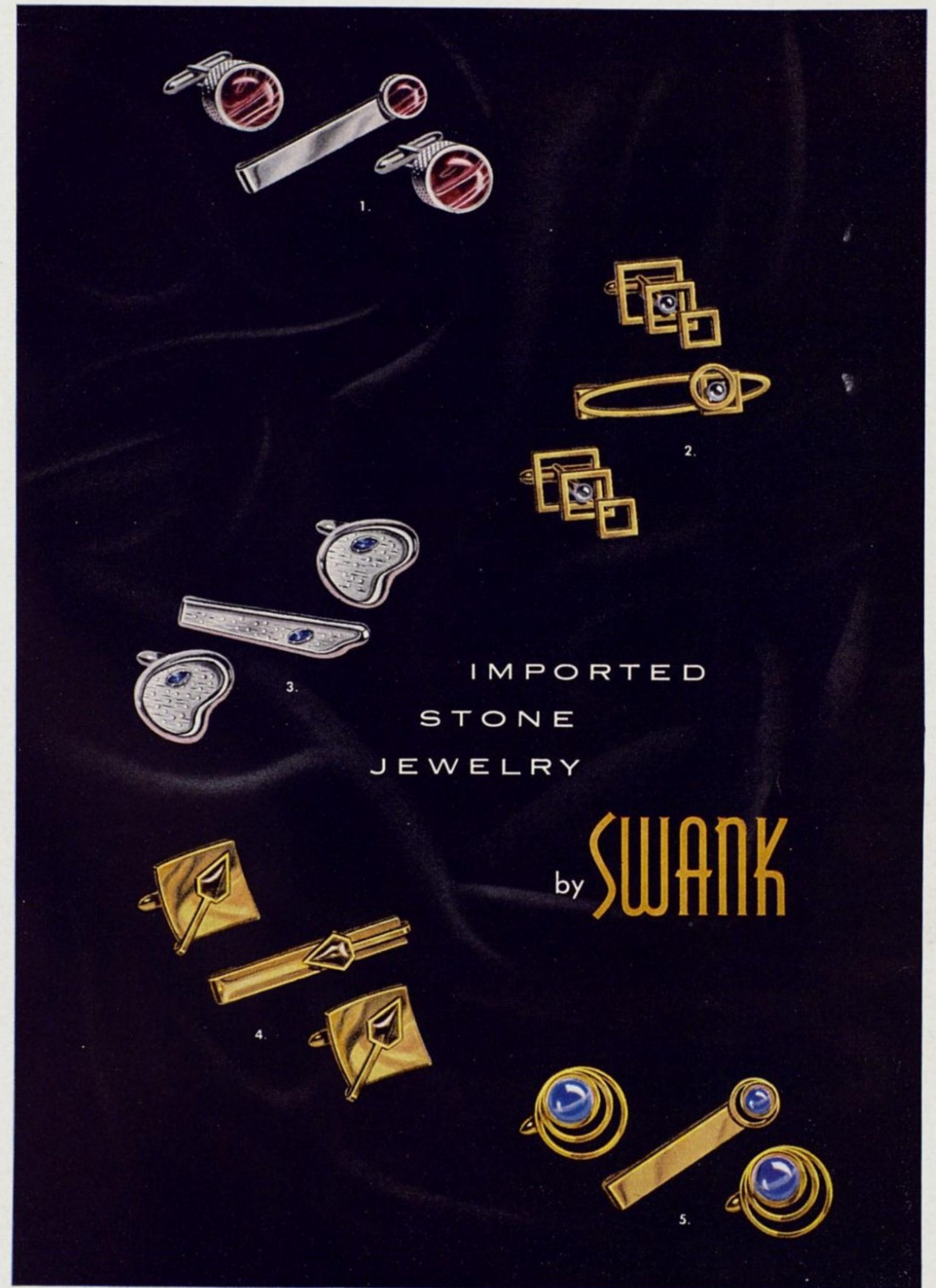
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