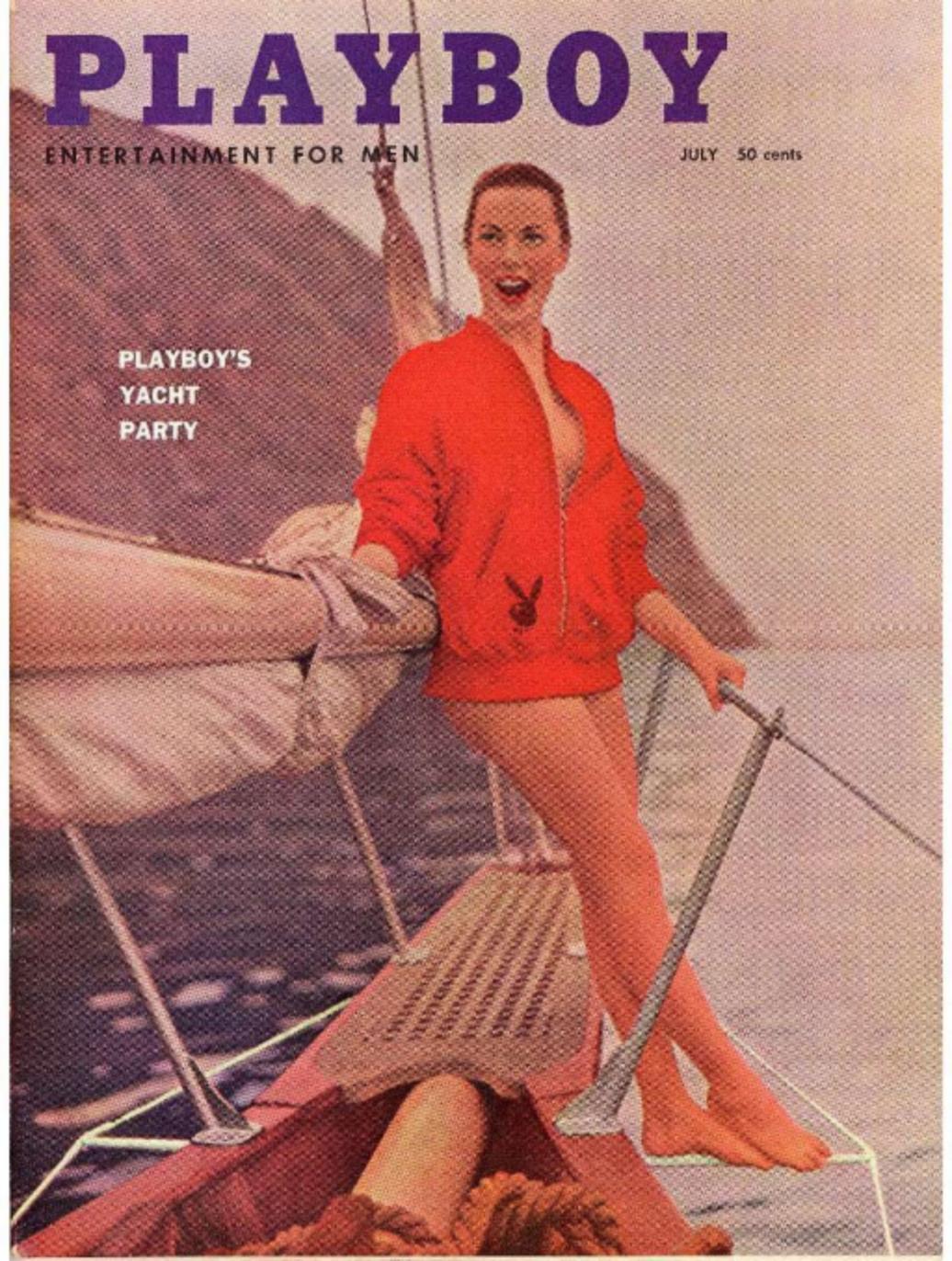


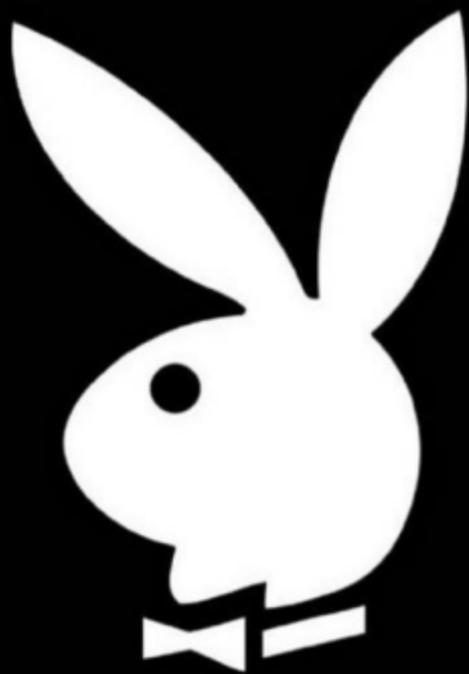
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## DEAR PLAYBOY

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### VIVA IVERSEN

Am thinking that William Iversen is the funniest writer I have ever read! At the start he fools you into thinking he is on an amiable ramble, but all the time he is really lining up his heavy artillery for the Sunday punch! More power to the author of *The Power of Positive Thinking* and to PLAYBOY for discovering him.

Freeman L. Price  
New York, N. Y.

Got many chuckles from William Iversen's enlightening interview aboard the USS Media in *The Power of Positive Thinking*. The question raised by the subtitle (*Scattered Brains, Clearing Fogged Morning*) is: when does "morning" come? Oops, killer phrase. Two bells for me — exit Schwartz.

L. jr. Allan Schwartz, USNR  
San Diego, California

Where'd you get Iversen? I thought the breed of honest-to-God funny men had vanished! Now you come along with the real thing in full possession of his considerable risibulistic prowess. Believe me, I caused something of a public curiosity when I laughed aloud at his *The Power of Positive Thinking* while riding on a train. Overpay him, woo him, send him Playmates, do whatever it takes to keep this original talent working for you.

D. Bender  
Chicago, Illinois

*Overpaid, wooed and up to his ears in Playmates, Iversen returns this month with "The Sinister Trade Mark Plot."*

### SUPER PLAYMATES

Except for the fact that the Playmates look like supermarket check-out girls, PLAYBOY has matured into the finest entertainment publication available to literate adults.

S. Gambon  
Tenally, New Jersey

You have reached the peak of perfection in Playmate Gloria Windsor. I

have been knocking around for 50 odd years and have seen some beautiful women—but Gloria takes the top honors. You have pictured (at least to me) a girl with enough physical charm to capture and hold any man—yet she has the qualities that make her seem "next doorish." And I wish it were my next door.

Norman A. Schaefer  
Beaumont, Texas

### MILLER DIGS CYNTHIA

The article and photos on *The Girls of Shepherd Market* (January) I found exceedingly interesting. Is she still at it, I wonder—Cynthia Williams?

Henry Miller  
Big Sur, California

*We're uncertain as to whether Cynthia is still "at it," but we're sure she'll be pleased to learn that the author of "Tropic of Cancer," "Tropic of Capricorn," etc., is interested.*

### UNMERRY WIDOW

Your review of the movie *The Incredible Shrinking Man* was quite good, except for one thing. Scott Carey did not battle a black widow spider, known to the zoological taxonomists as *Latrodectus mactans*. Black widows just don't live in California in the area the story took place, and even if they did, they wouldn't be found in a cellar—they just ain't domestic animals—rather, they would be found under brush in a wooded area.

Gene Shuster  
Philadelphia, Penna.

*We must admit the movie spider looked more like a tarantula, but it's a black widow in the novel on which the film is based, and the Britannica has this to say about black widows: "... Extremely common in the southern and southwestern US ... has occasionally been found as far north as the southern belt of Canada ... Builds its web ... in basements and dark corners of homes."*

### SPORTS CARS

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in albums like priced records. I've always been on your side on all your articles that might have had any controversy about any part of them. But when I opened to *The Coupland Sports Car Stable* and saw your pick of the six cars, I really blew my stack! I've yet to see a T-Bird do all the things you say it can do. It can't corner, the gas mileage isn't good, it doesn't have enough snap from 0-60 (without drastic modification) to compete with any foreign car and it is poorly put together. It is just a car for a poor man who likes to think he is a sports car fan. As proof I offer this: when sports cars pass each other, they wave or recognize each other in some way. *Nobody who is a sports car owner will recognize a T-Bird.* Your choice should have been a Corvette.

Gary Turner  
Oakland, California

I have always considered PLAYBOY to be a virtually complete authority for young men such as myself. However, I was both amazed and disappointed to find that in your April issue the Thunderbird was rated as a "high-performance" car, while its superior American made competitor, the Corvette, was completely omitted. Why this almost unforgivable sin on your part?

Cluck Walters  
Palatine, Illinois

At the moment I am fighting a terrific wave of nausea as a result of your article *The Coupland Sports Car Stable*. You did a fine job in covering some of the finest sports cars available—with one exception—and apparently you must be completely unaware of the finest American-built sports car that left quite some time now has been stealing the Thunder from a well-known Bird. Certainly the Chevrolet Corvette has proved itself on every track and road from Cuba to airstrips converted over for drag races in the fine state of Washington, and yet you have the utter audacity to put the puny T-Bird in the same class as the Porsche Super, Jaguar and Mercedes-Benz 300SL.

John G. Kiefer  
Baltimore, Maryland

Your article on sports cars was excellent. Photography unsurpassed. My only regret is that the articles have been too few. Playboys like myself think of only two items. Playmates and sports cars. Each has its own special appeals and excitements.

Henry N. McCormack  
Orange, California

I nearly fell out of my chair when I saw a Thunderbird snugly sitting there among the elite of the sports car world. Ken Purdy must be out of his head even to let a Thunderbird breathe the same air. Also what happened to the Cor-

vette—the only true sports car the US makes? It should have been in the place of that Thing sitting on the end.

Gary Scroggins  
Austin, Texas

As one of thousands of irate Corvette owners, I was considerably taken aback by your omission of my favorite automobile. Aside from its success in competition with both Mercedes and Jaguar, in its production form it has consistently wiped off the best the Dearborn engineers have yet produced for the buying public. To judge from the findings of the authoritative *Road and Track* magazine, the Corvette is capable of some 15 miles-an-hour higher top speed than the T-Bird, as well as better acceleration in any gear. At speed, the undisputedly better-handling Corvette has a roadability, maneuverability and feel unequalled by the softer-sprung T-Bird, whose abjectly high steering ratio can be positively unsafe in such a powerful automobile. I would like to suggest that the Corvette be added to the line-up as the number one high-speed tourer, with the T-Bird relegated to the role of sports town car; its power steering, power brakes, automatic transmission, etc., are well suited to coping with traffic, while the Corvette performs best when driven hard like the high-speed machine it was designed to be. Aside from the usual congratulations on a well-written and interesting magazine may I ask why you are periodically tempted to entice the average guy with such mouth-watering but financially unobtainable tidbits as the penthouse apartment and the recent line-up of pure-bred machinery? I find it damned frustrating!

Thomas E. Stockert  
Bethlehem, Penna.

Gross negligence! I am surprised to see no mention of the MG or the Corvette—the Corvette is a sports car, the Thunderbird admittedly isn't. A fine article, nevertheless.

Keith Sellars  
Emmett, Idaho

Ken Purdy left the only true American sports car out of the line-up. As a Chevy Corvette owner and a PLAYBOY reader, I refuse to give up either one, so tell Ken Purdy to please do a little more research on his next article.

Capt. Buddy Kopp  
Fl. Worth, Texas

Why should Ken Purdy classify the Thunderbird as a sports car when even the manufacturer does not label it as such?

Ray Wilson  
Detroit, Mich.

*Purdy referred to Ford's own definition of the T-Bird as a "personal car" and added, "That's what the Thunderbird is. It is not, in the classic definition,*

## notes and quotes

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### PART II

the extended range loudspeaker

The loudspeaker in your true high fidelity system is the component which generates sound. An alternating electrical signal from the pre-amplifier causes the loudspeaker cone to vibrate. The quality of your loudspeaker will largely determine the quality of the sound you hear. Loudspeaker authorities recommend that from 25 to 50 of your total investment should be budgeted to your loudspeaker system. Almost without exception they agree that you should begin with top quality loudspeaker components.

All dynamic loudspeakers have easy parts in common. They are all made with a frame, a permanent magnet, a cone, and a voice coil. Yet the difference between the loudspeaker in your table model radio and a true high fidelity precision transducer is as great as the difference between a bargain counter alarm clock and a navigational chronometer. The difference is in design, in materials, and in precision craftsmanship.

It is possible with a single speaker, properly enclosed, to reproduce every note transcribed on today's excellent recordings. Such a speaker is called an "extended range" unit. James B. Lansing Sound, Inc., manufacturers of JBL Signature loudspeakers, produce several such models—each the very best in its class. Thorough advanced engineering design and precision craftsmanship they do make of "...every note a perfect quote."

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a sports car." He felt it was a good idea to include at least one buggy with sports car styling that, unlike the rest on his list, can be repaired almost anywhere in the U.S. To have included the Corvette would have been to duplicate the time-tested Jag, and Ken made clear that each of his choices served a separate and distinct purpose in the all-round sports car stable. Both Purdy and PLAYBOY think enough of Chevrolet's Corvette to be reading a special article on the car.

**NIGHT RIDE**

If I were able to write well enough to express fully how wonderful I thought *Night Ride*, by Charles Beaumont, was, I wouldn't bother to write this—I'd be out making the mint that this guy is very obviously going to make. He's too much!

Tom Paxton  
University of Oklahoma  
Norman, Okla.

I write mainly to compliment Charles Beaumont on his fabulous piece, *Night Ride*. If ever there was a modern writer who is a master of the short story, that writer is Beaumont. He creates living and engrossing short stories. Never have I read anyone who can make his characters vividly jump out of the printed page and enact the story before your eyes.

SP3/c Charles Kathan  
Huntsville, Ala.

Your stories are fine, your cartoons are finer, but your color illustration for Beaumont's *Night Ride* by Zeke Zane is the finest!

Mrs. R. W. Switzer  
Topeka, Kansas

I particularly enjoyed *Night Ride* by Charles Beaumont. He seems to have captured the mannerisms and jargon of many jazz musicians in general, but made them fit nicely to the particular group in this story. His insight made me wonder if he ever was a jazz musician, or if he has ever traveled with a jazz group?

Joe Allen, USN  
Pearl Harbor

Nope. In fact, the author of "*Night Ride*" and "*Black Country*" confesses: "What the hell do I know about jazz, anyway? For years I've been a collector of classical records, and even now I don't have more than a handful of jazz discs. It's those classical cats, like Prokofiev and Fivaldi, that gas me." In spite of which, critics have said of his jazz stories that they "fairly sing, like a hoarse trumpet playing the blues," seem "to have been written while a phonograph played some old Louis Armstrong records," are "powerful, poetic and deeply moving . . . remain in possession of the reader's mind . . . passionately tear into the heart of jazz."



## PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



You're familiar, we're sure, with the current trend toward rear-window car stickers bearing such chauvinistic messages as "Made in Texas by Texans." Well, twists on such corporene were not long in coming:

Two examples we've spotted are the wee Volkswagen flaunting a "Made in der Black Forest by der Elves" sticker, and a baby-blue, be-curtained Studebaker proclaiming that it was "Made in Pasadena by Little Old Ladies." We're told there is also a decrepit Model T that chugs around town with the legend "Made in Africa by the Apes." A bright-red, highstrung Ferrari purrs through Chicago, tagged "Made in the Virgin Islands by . . ." One fired-up Chrysler owner in L.A. declares, via sticker, that his buggy was "Made in the Smog by the Blind." (Further vehicular variation on the L.A. blight: "I'm Doing My Bit to Make Smog—How About You?") Fed up with all the goings-on, and thoroughly miffed at the sports car craze to boot, one doughty Manhattan Cadillac owner pasted a sticker in his rear window which reads: "Help Stamp Out Sports Cars."

You can't say the current crop of strip-teasers isn't keeping on top of the news. No sooner had the handcuffs been clamped on New York's mad bomber than a sign went up in front of a 52nd Street night spot announcing the appearance of *The Mad Bomber*. Not to be outdone, one of the Chicago strip joints billed an Egyptian exotic as *The Gaza Stripper*.

As a boon to those still-frightened few who are determined to whittle down on their cigarette consumption, we suggest formation of Smokers Anonymous, an organization that works like this: you're moping around the apartment

by yourself, and all of a sudden that nerve-shattering urge for a puff comes over you. What you do is call up a brother member of the club; he drops everything and rushes over to your pad. Then both of you go out and get drunk.

On our last trip to New York we stopped off at one of the better bistros in the East Forties catering to the UN set and discovered a nifty potation that's caught on big. It's called Gin-and-It and it's made by filling a cocktail glass nearly full with the best London gin, then carefully floating a spoonful of Italian Vermouth on top. Accomplished drinkers can, by changing their em-bouchure, vary the proportions of each swallow to suit the taste. We were impressed by this novelty—until (researchers at heart) we inquired among some British cousins what they knew of its origins, and were told with icy disdain that Gin-and-It is not new at all. Originated in colonial India, in fact, where it was deemed a potent potion against tropical fevers.

### FILMS

No sooner had we called attention to the current fashion of excerpting the clean halves of ribald phrases for book titles (*Playboy After Hours*, April 1957) than both William Ivens and Preston Sturges performed this service upon the identical couplet: Ivens for a satire in our May issue, Sturges for a jolly new film called *The French They Are A Funny Race*. Though made in France, *T.F.T.A.* is replete with the same wackiness that made Sturges' Hollywood films (*The Great McGinty*, *The Lady Eve*, etc.) so delightful. With good old Jack Buchanan as the most British of

ex-Majors, Martine Carol as his delectable French truffle of a wife, and Noël Noël as the archetypal Frenchman, this infectious trio has a go at a dozen-odd all-too-human shibboleths that have helped make France the second home, spiritually, of every non-Frenchman. Derived from Pierre Dumas' best seller, *The Notebooks of Major Thompson*, the film lampoons both English and French with equal good humor. Talk about *entente cordiale*!

*Saint Joan* should certainly be seen despite (1) the inadequacy of a soppy screenplay thrown to the movies by a writer (Graham Greene) who knows better, (2) its almost total lack of visual eloquence, and (3) its uninspired acting. But we salute Otto Preminger and the lovely Jean Seberg for a valiant try and for the opportunity to again hear on the screen words glittering with irony and pity. If this film will not supplant Dreyer's *La Passion de Jeanne d'Arc*, which burst on a stunned world in 1929, it will serve, nevertheless, to bring a vast film audience a play of the most overwhealing compassion, injured here by truncation, but not fatally so. Doubtless, in even the most successful transfixing of *Joan*, the hero would still be Shaw.

Screen newcomer Ben Gazzara does right well by Jocko de Paris, the mean, mendacious, reptilian "hero" of *The Strange One*, the filmed version of Calder Willingham's novel and play, *End as a Man*. But, then, he should. This is the role which, on the stage, first brought Gazzara public attention and, later, acclaim: he's had plenty of time to bone up on the part. As a military academy upper-classman who tortures rookies, gets an innocent boy expelled, and nearly succeeds in having a top faculty officer kicked out on his brass, Gazzara is a

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study in suave, soft-spoken psychosis. To please the censors, the homosexuality angle of the original has been played down, thus lessening the motivation. Notwithstanding, director Jack Garfin takes this expurgation in stride and, aided by the first-rate thespian of a cast of lesser-knowns, creates a web of strengths out of various weaknesses. Good, nerve-rasping fun.

Orson Welles' *Confidential Report* is a bizarre, highly galvanized and furiously paced cross-cut of a shady bunch of international yeggs living by their wits in the post-war chaos of Europe. Written and directed with exquisite arrangement by Welles, and trenchantly played by a superlative cast, including Katina Paxinou, Akim Tamiroff, Michael Redgrave and Welles, himself, it is a pleasure to come upon a film that does not cry out to be liked, as most films do. Nor is its dialogue written, as in many films, to conceal thoughts: brazen things are said and done. It is an original, provocative, astonishing piece of virtuoso work in a medium almost totally hidebound by conformism. Obviously pleased by his efforts, Mr. Welles turned the film into a novel called *Mr. Arabid* (*Playboy After Hours*, June 1957), with less happy results.

## THEATRE

By popular standards, French playwright Georges Feydeau, who died in 1921, is as outdated as a pair of spats. Outdated, that is, until Bert Labr, comic, and Peter Glenville, adapter and director, got hold of his *Motel Paradise* (at the Henry Miller, 124 W. 3rd), and proved that a laugh is a laugh no matter what the epoch. The plot is too frantic for sane synopsis. Rubber-pussed Labr, married to battle-axe Vera Pearce, makes a passle of passes at Angela Lambury, who is the wife of John Enery, a paunchy fuddy-duddy who neglects his marriage bed to investigate poltergeist phenomena in a Parisian flea bag. Long before a park of Mack Sennett French cops descend on the hotel, Labr and his lady love are in uneasy residence; a friend, Douglas Byng, shows up with a monstrous brood of teen-age daughters. Ghosts walk; Carleton Carpenter signs in with a nubile French maid who plans to give him his first lesson in practical biology. Everybody gets in everybody's hair. Doors slam; furniture crumbles; and an idiotic bus boy gimlets a hole through a wall and, incidentally, snuffles a pound of flesh from Labr, who happens to be rump against plaster. Bert Labr is one of the theatre's great comedians. There are not many of the traditional funny-

men left, and Lahr improves with age and experience. Without him, *Paradiso* would be an amusing museum piece; with him, it is a return to the Golden Days, when a comic did not need a gag writer in his hip pocket.

## BOOKS

*The Innocent Ambassadors* (Rinehart, \$4.95) is the account of a trip that took Philip Wylie and spouse to Hawaii to view their first grandchild and, characteristically, brought them home by way of the Far East, Near East and Europe. Although Wylie is particularly concerned with the attitudes toward America, and the innards of Communism in critical areas, his book is a fascinating blend of tourist-travel adventure and personal comment. "When many Americans go abroad," states the author, "they will find to their horror and hunger great cities without mashed or French fried potatoes and whole nations without ketchup." Though fearful of the ideological wash of the Communist tide, Wylie still found time to visit a Tokyo burlesque in which a succession of attractive Japanese girls sang, danced and simultaneously removed their kimonos with un-oriental insinuation. Through all his wanderings, from China to India, from the land of Canaan to Italy, Wylie's trained eye and ear have caught the kaleidoscope of vivid insights and assorted enjoyments which provide the condiments for observations and comments less easily digested. As an ambassador, Mr. Wylie isn't quite as innocent as the book title indicates.

A peek at the peccadillos peculiar to the country club set is afforded in John Marquand's dull exposé, *Life at Happy Knoll* (Little, Brown, \$3.75). Through a sheaf of letters from a board member to the president emeritus, we see that life among the sand traps is no cinch. For one thing, there's the problem of the newer club (Hard Hollow) with an on-the-ball membership committee that seems to corral all the well-to-do. There is the inefficient old barkeep who can't be canned because too many venerable members have made him their confidant while in their cups. Then there's the distinguished scion whose capers have caused the club certain financial deficits; after all, one could hardly remonstrate with the exuberance of a young lad of fine family who thought it proper to greet the dawn with a bonfire fueled by two costly couches. Such is the stuff of strife at Happy Knoll, and Mr. Marquand has obviously enjoyed writing this genteel satire. No one's feelings will really be hurt and a lot of golfers and non-golfers alike will enjoy his inoffen-



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## DINING-DRINKING

As every mythology buff knows, the Gate of Horen guards the Abode of Sleep, that drowsy, cloudy mansion in which all dreams come true. Bibbers who wend their way to Chicago's un-mythological *Gate of Horen* (753 N. Dearborn) will find this basement bastion very much awake, and happily dedicated to the furtherance of folk music. A small bar blithely be-lunged with modern art and a just-to-the-left "theater" cluttered with tables and chairs comprise the Gate, with simple, comfortable deroze the keynote throughout. Those who are hungry in body can order charcoal hamburger, steak or brackwurst sandwiches; those with a more cerebral you can listen to five-string banjos, six-string guitars and 46-string harps, though not at the same time. The benevolent bal-ladeers behind all that hardware are liable to include the likes of Bob Gibson, Theodore Bikel, Big Bill Bronson, Jo Mapes, or any of their country cousins. The lights go on (though not very brightly) every day at five and the Gate swings mightily till four next morn. Favorite hot-weather nightcap threeabouts is titled *The Gate*, and in it goes a big slug of Pernod, couple of cubes, a quarter of lime and a splash of tonic.

## RECORDS

That incomparable dreamdust duo, Jackie Gleason and Bobby Hackett, have cranked out another mood biscuit, this one titled *Music for the Love Hours* (Capitol W816). You may find it a little annoying to share your *l'le-à-l'le* with at least a thousand fiddlers, but the relaxed Hackett horn seems to make everything worth-while, especially on right pretty offerings like *Serenade in Blue*, *Our Love* and *Ghost of a Chance*.

Biggest jazz project of its kind to date is *The Encyclopedia of Jazz on Records* (Decca DXF 140). Put together by PLAYBOY Jazz Editor Leonard Feather, who compiled the same-name book, it comprises four LPs titled *Jazz of the 20s, 30s, 40s and 50s*, all the way from Jelly Roll Morton's *King Porter Stomp* (1926) through up-to-date innovations by John Graas, Mulligan and Shorty Rogers. In case your taste doesn't run in all four directions at once, each decade is available singly. Our preference: the 40s set, with Kenton, Cole, Hawkins, McShann, Shaw, Tatum, Holiday, Hampton, Her-man and Eldridge.

Late in Mozart's life he composed two pieces for accompanied clarinet—a concerto and a quintet. Both are richly melodic, graceful and elegant—joyous, upbeat music of vigor and clarity. Now, featuring Benny Goodman, they are available together on a well-recorded LP (Victor LM-2073)—and a more luscious combination of composer, compositions and musician would be hard to find. In the Concerto (key of A; K. 622) Goodman is backed by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Charles Munch up. For the quintet in the same key (K. 581) Benny's sidemen are the boys of the Orchestra's string quartet. When B.G. gave his first "serious" concert exactly 20 years ago, it was considered a novelty; by now, his musicianship and the fact that a jazz performer can be equally serious about jazz and classical are taken for granted. But you can't take his performance on this platter for granted: it's impeccable, impressive, authoritative.

Fans of Stan Freberg (count us in) will rejoice to learn that some of his best platter-parodies have been gathered together on one LP, *A Child's Garden of Freberg* (Capitol 1777). The rubber-tomsted Stan bowls, growls, twangs, shrieks and hushes through devastating take-offs on Elvis (*Heartbreak Hotel*), Johnny Ray (*Try*), Jack Webb (*St. George and the Dragonet*, our favorite), soap operas (*John and Martha*), French singers in general (*C'est Si Bon*, wherein he reproduces the wobbly tremolo of the typical *chanteur* to a fare thee-well) and several other aspects of the audible world. Some of the selections are so-so, but a reassuring majority are ho-ho.

The perennial purveyor of subtly swinging sounds, Red Norvo, is with us in a new LP of his own called *Red Fire* (Victor H20). Red has been discovering great new talents since back in the Thirties when he brought Eddie Sauter from out of nowhere (not to mention Shorty Rogers and others he lauded in the Forties); so it's hardly amazing that Bob Drasin, the young flutist on these sides, displays a lower lip that may rise high in the hierarchy of the new jazz. Red's gentle vibes are a delight, as always, on *Soft Winds*, *Confessin'*, *Move*, etc.

The best big band set of the month is Ray Brown's *Boss Hip* (Verve 8022), on which the eminent bassist is both backbone and foreground for a star-laden LP featuring Marty Paich as arranger and conductor, Herb Geller, Harry Edison, Herb Ellis et al. make it a solo cornucopia too, while Ray's own work is a ready reminder of his role as successor to the immortal Jimmy Blanton.



**A**t last the Captain of the ship who landed on Porcosito, and who subscribed to a popular science magazine, thought he had discovered the Missing Link—the creature that was neither man nor ape. The first skeleton he found had a subhuman appearance. The thorax was capacious enough to contain a small barrel; the arms were remarkably long; and the legs little and crooked. The bones of the hands, the feet and the jaw were prodigiously strong and thick. But then, not far away—it is only a little island—in a clump of bushes, he found another skeleton, of a man who, when he was alive could not have been much more than two feet tall.

There were other bones: bones of pigs, birds and fishes; and also the scattered bones of another man who must have been no taller than the other little man. These bones were smashed to pieces and strewn over an area of several square yards. Wildly excited, happy as a schoolboy reading a mystery story, the Captain (his name was Oxford) went deeper into the more sheltered part of Porcosito, where a high hump of rock rises in the form of a hog's back and shelters a little hollow place from the wind that blows off the sea. There he found the ruins of a crude hut.

The roof, which must have been made of grass, or light canes, had disappeared. The birds had come in and pecked clean the white bones of a woman. Most of her hair was still there, caught in a crack into which the wind had blown it or the draft had pulled it. It was long and fair hair. The leather grouch-bag, which had hung about her neck, was lying on the floor in the region of

the lower vertebrae, which were scattered like thrown dice. This human skeleton had no arms and no legs. Captain Oxford found the four sets of bones packed into separate boxes, and wrote in his log a minute account of his exploration of the tiny island of Porcosito. He believed that he had discovered something unexplainable.

He was disappointed.

The underwriters of Lloyds, in London, had, with their usual punctiliousness, paid the many thousands of pounds for which the steamship *Anna Maria* had been insured, after she went down near Pig Island, as sailors called the place. The *Anna Maria* had gone down with all hands in a hurricane. The captain, officers, passengers, cargo and crew had been written off as lost. Faragut's Circus was on board, traveling to Mexico.

Captain Oxford had not found the remains of an unclassified species of overgrown, undergrown and limbless monsters. He had found the bones of Gargantua the Horror, Tick and Tack the Tiny Twins, and Lalouette.

Tick and Tack were tiny, but they were not twins.

A casual observer sees only the littleness of midgets, so that they all look alike. Tick was born in England, and his real name was Greaves. Tack, who was born in Dijon, Brittany, was the son of a poor innkeeper named Kerouaille. They were about 25 inches tall, but well-formed, and remarkably agile, so that they made an attractive dancing-team. They were newcomers to the Circus, and I never saw them.

But I have seen Gargantua and Lalouette; and so have hundreds of thousands of my readers. Gargantua the Horror

has haunted many women's dreams. He was, indeed, half as strong and twice as ugly as a gorilla. A gorilla is not ugly according to the gorilla standard of beauty; Gargantua was ugly by any reckoning. He did not look like a man, and he did not quite resemble an ape. He was afflicted by that curious disease of the pituitary gland which the endocrinologists term acromegaly. There is a well-known wrestler who has it. Something goes wrong with one of the glands of internal secretion, so that the growth of the bones runs out of control. It can happen to me, or to you; and it produces a really terrifying ugliness. Gargantua, as it happened, was by nature a man of terrible strength; George Walsh has told me that he might have been heavy-weight weight-lifting champion of the world. An astute promoter realized that there was money in his hideousness: so Percy Robinson rechristened himself Gargantua the Horror, grew a beard—which came out in tufts like paint brushes all over his face—and became a wrestler. As a wrestler he was too sweet-natured and silly, so he drifted into a side show. Naked to the waist, wearing only a bearskin loincloth, he performed frightening feats of strength. In a fair in Italy I saw him lift on his back a platform upon which a fat man sat playing a grand piano. That same evening I saw Lalouette.

I would not have seen her if I had not been in the company of a beautiful and capricious woman who said, when I told her I had a prejudice against going to stare at freaks, that if I would not come with her she would go in alone. So I bought the tickets and we went into the booth. Lalouette was an aristocrat

## MISTRESS OF PORCOSITO

fiction BY GERALD KERSH ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN JURGENS

*on the island of pigs, there dwelt four monsters . . .*



among freaks. She drew great crowds. Having been born without arms and legs she had cultivated her lips and teeth, and the muscles of her neck, back, and stomach so that she could dress herself, wash herself, and, holding a brush or pencil in her lips, paint a pretty little picture in watercolors or write a letter in clear round longhand. They called her Lalouette because she could sing like a bird. One had the impression that she could do anything but comb her hair. She could even move a little, by throwing her weight forward and sideways in a strange rolling motion. Lalouette painted a little picture while we watched and sang a little song, and my lady friend and I, overcome with admiration and with pity, agreed that a woman of her accomplishment might have been one of the greatest women in Europe if the Lord in His wisdom had seen fit to make her whole. For she was a lady, superbly educated, and extremely beautiful—a blonde with great black eyes and magnificent hair of white-gold. But there she was, a freak on a turntable; nothing but a body and a head, weighing 50 pounds.

I had some conversation with her: she spoke five languages with perfect fluency and had read many books. Inquiring into her history I learned that she came of a noble, ancient, overbred Viennese family. Indeed, royal blood ran in her veins, and some fortune-teller had told her mother the Countess that the child to which she was about to give birth would be a Ruler, a Queen.

But when the child was born they saw a monstrosity. The Count fainted. The Countess loved Lalouette and cherished her, devoted her wretched life to the unfortunate girl, who, soon after she could speak, demonstrated a proud and an unyielding spirit. Conscious of her infirmity, Lalouette wanted to do things for herself, despising assistance—despising herself.

Her father could not bring himself to look at her. When she was 17 years old her mother died and her father sent her away with her nurse. "All the money that you need, take," he said, "only do not let me see this abortion." Then, when the First World War came, the Count lost all his money and shot himself. The kind old nurse lost much of her kindness after that, and when an agent named Gecfer offered her money if she could persuade the girl to go with him, the nurse, pleading sickness and poverty, had no difficulty in persuading Lalouette that this would be a good thing to do.

So the young lady changed her name. Gecfer sold her to Gargantua, who passed her on to Faragut; and she drew money up and down the world, until

Faragut's Circus went towards Mexico, and the Anna Maria was wrecked, and she found herself with Tick and Tack and Gargantua the Horror on Porositos, the Island of Pigs.

Then the prophecy came to pass. She was the Queen of Pig Island. She had three subjects: two dancing dwarfs and the ugliest and strongest man in the world; and she had no arms and no legs; and she was beautiful.

Gargantua was a man whose tenderness was in direct proportion to his frightful ugliness. As soon as the Anna Maria began to sink he went instinctively to the weakest of his friends and offered them his muscles. To Tick and Tack he said: "Hold on to my shoulders." They were in sight of land. He took Lalouette in his left hand, told the others to hold tight, and jumped overboard, and swam with his legs and his right hand. The ship went down. The Horror swam steadily. He must have covered five miles in the face of a falling high wind. At last his feet touched ground and he staggered up to a sandy beach as the two little men were clinging to him still. His left hand, stronger than the iron which it could bend, held Lalouette. The dwarfs dived off like gorged leeches, and the giant threw himself down and went to sleep—but not before he had made a hollow place in the soft, fine sand, and put Lalouette comfortably to rest.

It was then, I believe, that Gargantua fell in love with Lalouette. I have seen it happen myself—in less outrageous circumstances, thank God! The strong makes itself the slave of the weak. And he saved her life. It is the tendency of Man to love that which he has risked his life to save.

Unhappy Gargantua! Poor Horror! Armless and legless, Lalouette was the Brain. In spite of her disability, she was the Queen of Pig Island. She was without hope and devoid of fear; so she could command, since everything was clear in her mind. And she had read many books. Lalouette said: "Tick and Tack; there must be water here. One of you go to the left. The other go to the right. Look for the place where things grow greenest—"

"Who'd you think you are, giving orders?" said Tick.

She said, "Oh yes, and another thing: empty your pockets."

Tick had, among other things, a leather-covered loose-leaf notebook. Tack had a remarkably large-bladed knife which he carried, no doubt, to give himself confidence; but he was a fierce little man at heart. They all had money. Gargantua had a fine gold cigarette-lighter, and a few hundred sodden dollars in a sea-soaked pocket—he alone wore no grouch-bag. Lalouette had

strung about her neck with her grouch-bag a gold pencil.

"We'll need all these things," she said.

"Who the hell d'you think you are, giving us orders?" said Tick.

"Be quiet," said Gargantua.

Lalouette continued: "That lighter is of no use as a lighter, because it's full of water. But it has flint and steel; it strikes a spark. Good. Gargantua, leave it to dry."

"Yes'm."

"You two, on your way right and left, had better pick up dry driftwood—the drier the better. We can strike a spark with that lighter and make a fire. Having lit a fire we can keep it burning. It must not ever be allowed to go out. Your knife, Tack, will be useful too... You, Gargantua, will go up to the beach. There is a lot of wood here from ships. So there must be iron. Wood from ships has always iron. Iron is always useful. In any case bring wood that has been cut. We will build a little house. You shall build it, Gargantua—and you too, Tick, and you also Tack. I shall tell you how you must build it."

Tick began to protest: "Who d'you think —"

"—Leave the lighter so that it dries in the sun," said Lalouette, "and take care that your knife is dry and clean, Tack."

"Always," said Tack.

Gargantua said: "Here's my lighter: you can have it if you like—it's solid gold. A lady gave me it in France. She said —"

"You can have my notebook if you like," said Tick sullenly. "It's solid leather, that cover. Pull that gadget down and those rings open and the pages come out."

"Please, if you will allow me, I will keep my knife," said Tack.

"You may keep your knife," said Lalouette. "But remember that we may all need it, your knife."

"Naturally, Mademoiselle Lalouette."

"Who does she think —" began Tick. "Slush!" said Gargantua.

"No offense, Lalouette?" said Tick.

"Go now, please. Go!"

They went. Tick found a spring of fresh water. Tack reported the presence of wild pigs. Gargantua returned with an armful of wreckage; wood spiked with rusty nails; a massive thing like a broken mast in which was embedded an enormous iron pin.

"Light the fire," said Lalouette. "You, Gargantua, make a spear of that long piece of iron. Make it sharp with stones. Then tie it tight to a stick. So you can kill pigs. You and you, Tick and Tack, go up to the rocks. I have seen birds coming down. Where there are birds there are eggs. You are light, you are

(continued on page 21)

# A VERY HUMAN STORY

*fiction* BY HARVEY SWADOS

*come hear the tale of poor george washington goldstein*

IT WAS ON BROADWAY NOT long ago that I bumped into Bosley Feibush, who had been a college classmate of mine longer ago than I care to remember. He was wearing a belted lavender jacket over an open shirt with a décolletage so deep that it exposed almost all of the black cloud of hair that blew across his chest. Below the waist he had on kelly green linen slacks and gold buckskin shoes with crepe soles as thick and juicy as six-dollar steaks. He also wore the indomitable smile which had been his

trade mark from his days as bus boy in the borscht belt to his subsequent successes as social director and Hollywood writer.

"Bosley Feibush!" I cried. "What are you doing here?"

"Hya kid," he shouted, hugging me carefully as though I were an aunt or an unwelcome girlfriend. "Great to see you!"

"Aren't you living in Hollywood?"

"Brentwood," he corrected me. "I have  
*(continued on page 26)*

"There's like a blinding light," said Bosley.



# TALL DRINKS



## *a delicious decade of new summer coolers, created just for you*

"THERE IS NO NEW THING UNDER THE SUN," said the son of David, but he didn't know about the 10 new things under the hot summer sun of July, 1957—a bracing batch of tinkly, tasty, frosty coolers, cunningly concocted for the exclusive dogday delight of *PLAYBOY* readers and their fetching friends.

A tall drink, as everyone knows, can do things no short drink could ever hope to do. At the end of a long summer's day, a wilted worthy need only look at a lofty drink clinking with ice, and miraculous changes take place within him. He rests his foot on a familiar bar rail. His collar seems to cling less tenaciously. He begins to talk in more relaxed, civilized tones. And then as the first sip of a tall drink passes over his tongue and throat, like spring water gurgling into a hot arroyo, he feels the unparalleled pleasure of a long-delayed thrill.

One of the elementary lessons a summer bartender learns is that it isn't enough to merely fill a long glass with liquid and ice. If such has been your practice heretofore, shame on you. And kindly dig the following:

Don't use inferior liquor just because you're fixing a long drink with a non-alcoholic mix. The average tall drink is not such a complicated affair that the harsh taste of poor liquor is obliterated in it. As a matter of fact, the looseness of bad liquor, particularly bad whiskey, seems to be intensified in a tall drink. You have time to scrutinize it more carefully than when you throw it down in one gulp. This doesn't necessarily mean that you should buy 16-year-old bonded whiskey the next time you get a thirst for a whiskey Collins. But you *should*

seek a standard brand of liquor that is mellow, smooth and pleasing whether taken straight or mixed.

Be equally meticulous about all the other makin's that go into your summer potations. Certainly one of the most important is lemon juice. In the Middle Ages, the emperors of China appointed special court officials whose responsibility it was to keep a steady supply of precious lemon juice in the imperial pantry. This would present labor problems today but we can, and should, be sufficiently old fashioned to insist on using fresh lemon juice squeezed at the last possible moment. A man who's really cranky about his collines will not only patiently squeeze the fresh lemons but will take the pulp of the lemons (minus seeds) left in the fruit juice reamer and will dump it, too, into his drinks. More power to him. Of course, if out of a clear summer sky a phalanx of friends suddenly mobilizes on your terrace, clamoring for guzzlement, you'll undoubtedly want to take advantage of the convenience of frozen concentrated lemon juice. Just bear in mind that what is acceptable in an emergency can be pretty shoddy in a less frantic situation.

Now it is true that there are many excellent juices which are not available in fresh form, such as pineapple juice, cranberry juice, grape juice, etc., and these must be purchased either frozen, bottled or canned. Even prepared juices will receive added zip and tone, however, by spiking them with a few drops of freshly squeezed lemon juice.

Use the best brands of carbonated waters. Whenever possible, serve splits. In the larger bottles, the unused portion

just stands around going quietly flat unless you and your guests are unusually speedy drinkers. Add the bubble water just before the drinks are delivered. For optimum sparkle, pour it against the inside of the tilted glass. Be sure the effervescent water is ice-cold so that it retains its fizz as long as possible. Need we point out that the merest trace of soap or detergent in a glass will make carbonated water go flat much faster? Plain tap water, if you must use it, must be clear and clean, without a speck of rust, lime, chlorination, fluoridation, smog or other urban evils. Use distilled water if you possibly can when your guests decline bubbles.

All sugar for bar purposes should be the *superfine* granulated sugar—not the regular granulated sugar nor the confectioners' sugar. To give your glasses a kind of glacial appearance, dip the rim of the glass to a depth of one half-inch in heavy white syrup (such as white Karo), then in superfine powdered sugar to the same depth. The white rim of sugar will remain on the glass even during the drinking.

After several rounds of summer drinks, your pouring hand may lose some of its accuracy. Whether the eye is then faster than the hand or the hand faster than the eye becomes the mootest of points, and you may begin to slosh things about a bit. At this juncture it's particularly important to remember the elementary rule of all professionally trained mixers: measure your pleasure. If your formula calls for 1½ ounces of liquor, and you use 1 ounce, you're off the target by a noticeable one-third. Tall drinks erring on the side of too much alcoholic po-

tency, on the other hand, are equally bad company. So use a standard bar measuring jigger. If you're mixing liquids in large quantities, use a household glass cup measure or glass quart measure with ounce measurements indicated.

A word about ice—one of the most difficult problems in the logistics of long drinks. It should both chill and dilute the drinks. Most iced drinks must be diluted or the blend of flavors is quite crude. Your best guide here is to remember the physics of cooling: to wit, the more ice you use, the less the drink will be diluted (because the mixture gets colder faster and the ice melts more slowly). A good plan for preventing over-dilution is to make sure that as many as possible of the ingredients that go into the drink are prechilled before the ice is added or the drink is mixed. See to it that the juices, the carbonated water, even the half lime or the slice of pineapple, are biting cold. The glasses should be chilled, too. Stack them in the refrigerator beforehand. Or, fill each glass with ice and swirl the ice with a bar spoon until the glass is frosty cold. With this kind of prechilling, the drink will require less ice, and will, therefore, be long, strong and cold.

One of the best ways of controlling dilution is through the use of an electric blending machine in which a measured amount of crushed ice is mixed with other liquids. The summer barman who uses crushed ice in large quantities should also own an electric ice crushing machine, an extremely convenient and speedy gadget. If you're an earthy, basic, purist type, however, you may want to hand crush your ice cubes, like so: place the cubes between two clean kitchen towels or wrap them in one very large towel, then crush them with a rolling pin, mallet or other heavy object. Southern mint julep makers use a heavy canvas bag for this task, in case you're interested.

After putting the makings of a Tom Collins in the cocktail shaker and shaking them, don't dump ice and all into the tall glass. Strain the mixture into the glass, add the coldest possible soda water and then top it off with one or two ice cubes.

When putting cucumber rind into a Pimm's Cup, don't add too much peel or the aroma will be overpowering. Use about 1 inch of peel,  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch wide.

Both the rum flavor and the cola flavor will be off key if you add too much lime juice to a Cuba Libre. Limes vary considerably in size. Add  $\frac{1}{4}$  ounce of lime juice rather than the juice of a half lime.

If you serve a gin-and-tonic as an aperitif, use an 8-ounce glass. For the long afternoon or evening haul, use a 12-ounce glass.

No mint julep is worth drinking that isn't made from the best 100 proof bourbon available. To avoid the fuss of muddling and pounding the mint leaves in the glass, simply steep the leaves in whiskey and water (equal proportions) two or three hours before the julep party.

And now, off with the old and on with the new. Each of the cooling mixtures coming up has been created and test-quoted in the PLAYBOY bar (and a fine time we had doing it, too). All 10, which are being sprung upon the public for the very first time, are designed for king-size 12-ounce glasses, unless otherwise indicated. It's not indicated very often.

#### SLOE CRANBERRY

Into a glass, pour 5 ounces of ice-cold cranberry juice, 2 ounces of sloe gin and 1 ounce of lemon juice. Add ice cubes to fill the glass. Stir well. Place a thin slice of lemon on top.

#### APPLE KNOCKER

Into an electric blender, put  $2\frac{1}{2}$  ounces of apple jack,  $\frac{1}{2}$  ounce of sweet vermouth,  $\frac{1}{2}$  ounce of lemon juice, 3 ounces of orange juice,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoons sugar and  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup crushed ice. Mix in the blending machine for 20 seconds. Pour into glass. Add enough ice cubes to fill glass.

#### COLD IRISH

This cold drink, a summer version of Irish coffee, requires a whipped cream topping which should be prepared before the drink is poured. To make the topping for four drinks, put  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup heavy sweet cream in a narrow mixing bowl. Beat with a rotary egg beater until cream is nearly stiff. Add 2 tablespoons sugar and beat until cream is firm. Avoid overbeating or cream may curdle. Fold in carefully, without beating, 4 teaspoons crème de cacao. For each individual drink, pour into the glass  $1\frac{1}{2}$  ounces of Irish whiskey and 2 teaspoons Irish Mist liqueur. Add 1 large ice cube. Fill glass to within one inch of the top with ice-cold coffee soda. Stir. Place the whipped cream topping on the drink. Serve with a long spoon.

#### PINK LEMONADE A LA PLAYBOY

Into a glass, pour 2 ounces of lemon juice, 2 ounces of orange juice, 5 ounces of chilled rosé wine, 1 tablespoon kirsch-wasser and 2 teaspoons sugar. Stir well until sugar dissolves. Add 2 large ice cubes and enough ice-cold water (not carbonated water) to fill glass. Place a thin slice of lemon and a maraschino cherry on top.

#### CALYPSO COLLINS

Into a cocktail shaker with ice, pour

2 ounces of rum, 2 tablespoons concentrated frozen pineapple juice which has been thawed but not diluted,  $\frac{1}{2}$  ounce of lime juice and 1 teaspoon sugar. Shake well. Strain into glass. Add 2 ice cubes and enough carbonated water to nearly fill the glass. Decorate the drink with a thin slice of fresh pineapple and a thin slice of lime.

#### FRENCH FOAM

Into a tall Pilsener glass (a 10-ounce size will do for this drink), put 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 dash Angostura bitters, 1 teaspoon brandy and 1 teaspoon kirsch-wasser. Stir with a tall stirring rod until sugar dissolves. Fill glass three-quarters full with ice-cold champagne. Float a small scoop of lemon sherbet or lemon ice on top. The scoop should contain no more than 2 liquid ounces. If such a scoop is not available, use a tablespoon to add the small mound of sherbet.

#### STRAWBERRY CREAM

Although fresh strawberries are now in season, this smooth cooler will be best if prepared with thawed sliced frozen strawberries. In an electric blender, put  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup thawed sliced frozen strawberries (fruit and syrup), 1 ounce of lemon juice,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  ounces of gin, 2 tablespoons heavy sweet cream and 1 teaspoon sugar. Mix in the blending machine for 20 seconds. Pour into glass. Add 5 ice cubes. Add enough carbonated water to fill glass. Stir.

#### TEQUILA FIZZ

Into a cocktail shaker well filled with ice, pour  $1\frac{1}{2}$  ounces lemon juice, 2 ounces tequila, 2 dashes Angostura bitters, 2 teaspoons sugar and 1 small size egg. Shake very well. Strain into glass. Add 2 ice cubes. Fill glass to top with carbonated water. Stir. Sprinkle very lightly with salt.

#### WHITE WINE CUP

Any dry white wine such as Chablis or Rhine wine may be used for this light drink. Pour into the glass  $\frac{1}{2}$  ounce of brandy, 6 ounces dry white wine, 2 dashes orange bitters, 1 teaspoon kummel liqueur, 2 teaspoons sugar and  $\frac{1}{2}$  ounce lemon juice. Stir until sugar dissolves. Add 2 ice cubes. Add ice-cold carbonated water to fill glass. Add a small piece of cucumber peel.

#### COOL COLONEL

Pour  $1\frac{1}{2}$  ounces of bourbon, 1 ounce of Southern Comfort,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup cold strong black tea, 2 teaspoons lemon juice and 2 teaspoons sugar into glass. Stir until sugar dissolves. Add 2 ice cubes. Fill glass with ice-cold carbonated water. Breathe deep. Tilt head. Bend elbow.





## IVY IN ACTION

*the right look for the beach, boating, tennis and the links*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY LEROY NEISMAN

*attire* BY BLAKE RUTHERFORD

WHY DO SO MANY right-thinking guys, whose fashion taste is perfectly secure at the office and around town, go ape when it comes to sports attire? The moment they're liberated from the suit-and-tie ritual, it seems their sense of Ivy-leed style takes a nose dive, and they emerge from the clubhouse or locker room in a get-up that would embarrass



Lord Invader. "Mass-produced eccentrics," Russell Lynes calls these peacock-clad clods, men who — without realizing it — are actually competing with women to see who can look prettier!

There is, believe it or not, an authentic Ivy look in active sportswear, just as there is in town wear. And we feel strongly that when you take off for vaca-

tion or set out for a sportive weekend to sample that weird and unlikely stuff called fresh air, you should be just as exact about your swim shorts, sailing attire, tennis togs and golf garb as you are about your Sunday-go-to-cocktail cluds. There is also a lot of unspeakably garish merchandise supposedly suitable for active sports on display everywhere.

You've seen the kind of gruesome garbage we mean, touted as the hottest news from Majorca, the Italian Riviera, Cap d'Antibes and Southern California: Old Testament sandals, ballet-dancer shirts that tie north of the navel, tooth-stuck swim trunks laced and latticed up the side, etc. — all of which you'll want to forget. Steer clear, too, of fussy,

"amusing" prints in beachwear, shirts with tricky yokes and odd-ball collars, uncollared moccasins and headgear that might be OK on Mars, and boggy slacks that look better at a minstrel show than at the country club.

Observe all the foregoing taboos and you still have a thumping opportunity to dress casually and correctly this summer for your favorite sport, and still retain individuality while doing it. Witness the four al frescoed fellows on the page you just passed for our cases in point.

**Beach:** Triun, fly-front cotton poplin trunks with side-tabs for a waist-clinching fit have thankfully replaced balloon-bottomed boxer shorts. The McGregor brightly-striped, washable beach shirt can be worn either buttoned or unbut-

toned, as you choose. Remember, if you prefer patterned swim trunks—either tartan plaids or India madras looks good—choose a solid color shirt to go along. The ones made of terrycloth toweling are especially useful after a swim, and look for a pocket in the shirt for stowing cigarettes, sunglasses, locker key and other gear. Carry a jumbo beach towel, too, to lie on or dry off with. Rope-soled canvas espadrilles by Peerless are a practical footnote for all forays on the sunlit strand.

**Boating:** Once you're at sea, as captain or crew member, you'll want shipshape, functional clothes. The sun tan slacks by Gordon of Philadelphia are made of Kenya cloth—half orlon, half viscose—won't be bothered by spray. They're extremely light in weight, yet

just what you need to protect you from an overdose of ultraviolet when you spend a whole day on deck or in the fighting chair astern. The marine blue sweater-shirt by Allen Solly, London, has long sleeves for the same protection to your arms, and is a sound choice if you're expecting a fresh breeze. It's smarter still to carry an additional bulky shetland sweater or a short, zip-up jacket as extra protection against the spanking right wind that usually follows the twilight calm. Blue Topsiders are *de rigueur* on deck. Once back at the yacht club for drinks and dinner, you'll want to change into a Linect navy flannel blazer complete with brass buttons: wear it with slacks of gray, white or the new Regatta stripes by Corbin, and a checked button-down shirt.

**Tennis:** The wise choice here is white. Even if you don't aspire to Forest Hills, white shorts by Corbin and white tennis sneakers will make you look like an ace. The red Lacoste knit shirt is a French import, allows complete freedom for forehand, backhand and overhead smash, and comes with an extra long shirttail that stays tucked in. The sweater you'll don after the match should also be white, with our Country's colors at V-neck and cuffs, a classic cable-knit job by McGregor that's odds-on favorite at every court. When you repair for cocktails, crawl into a crisply-creased pair of summer-weight flannel slacks, gray or white, to wear with a three-button jacket of linen, or tweedy-looking silk. Your shirt can be checked or quietly striped, and make it a button-down so you can wear a tie with it or not, depending on the degree of formality your crowd goes in for. Well-shined moccasins or clean white bucks complete the outfit, the former being free of floppy tassels and the latter being a better bet than any two-tone deal.

**Golf:** The question of whether walk shorts should be permitted on golf courses is strictly a matter of local option, so if you like the freedom shorts give—nearly everyone does—and look well in them—not everyone, by a long shot, does—check the ground rules of the courses you play. You'll especially want to team up with a pair of olive green poplin shorts by Corbin, pleatless, with belt in the back, and a good-looking glen plaid, long-sleeved shirt from Paul Stuart that can help you avoid excessive sunburn. Ditto for the small brim poplin cap. The new knee-high socks by Esquire are made of stretch nylon and really stay up. Your golf shoes should be the best you can afford, sturdy ones of stout calf kept well polished. For sudden rains, carry a zippered water-repellent jacket along.

## SUPPLEMENTARY GEAR FOR FOUR ACTIVE SPORTS

In addition to the sportswear apparel described and pictured in *Ivy in Action*, here is a roundup of other Ivy-approved attire for a well-dressed season in the sun. For complete information on where-to-buy any of this merchandise, write Playboy Reader Service, 292 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Illinois.

### BEACH:

India Madras swim trunks, fly-front, by Corbin or Catalina.  
Aerlex button-front shirt, red/white check by Mathaway.  
Raffia flat-top cap, by Elis.

### BOATING:

Reevecord faded-blue slacks in combed cotton, by Webster.  
Coarse, natural color fishnet pull-over shirt by Bartlay, Ltd.  
Sand-colored water repellent poplin short coat with back-belt and wooden buttons, by Zero King.  
White elastic web belt with red stripes, leather detailing, harness buckle, by Paris.

### TENNIS:

Washable white flannel slacks, 75% orlon, 25% rayon by Lissner.  
White Bon-Lan knit pull-over shirt, light and absorbent, by Puritan.  
Nylon toffetta windbreaker by White Stag-Bantomac.  
White cotton burlap belt with leather trim and stud hook closure, by Paris.

### GOLF:

Light gray Dacron and worsted slacks by Majer, pleatless and trim-cut.  
Dacronair short-sleeve shirt by Gordon of Philadelphia, 65% dacron, 35% cotton.  
Dacron and cotton golf jacket and cap by Zero King.  
Striped, woven elastic belt with metal link buckle, by Hickok.



*"And so, ladies and gentlemen, because you asked for it . . ."*

## PORCOSITO (continued from page 14)

dancers. Find eggs. Better still, find birds. When they sit on their eggs they are reluctant to go far away from their nests. Approach calmly and quietly, lie still, and then take them quickly. Do you understand?"

"Beautifully," said Tick.

Tick said nothing.

"Better get that fire going first of all," said Gargantua.

Lalouette said: "True. Bears must pass and they will see the smoke. Good, light the fire."

"If I could find another bit of iron, or something heavy," said Gargantua. "I could do better than this spiky sort of thing, miss. I daresay I could bang it out to a bit of a blade once I got the fire going good and hot."

"How?" said Lalouette.

"I was 'prentice to a blacksmith, 'm," said Gargantua. "My dad was a smith, before the motor-cars came in."

"What? You have skill, then, in those great hands of yours?"

"Yes'm. Not much. A bit, but not much."

"Then make your 'bit of a blade,' Gargantua."

"Thank you, 'm."

"Can you make me a comb?"

"Why, I daresay yes. Yes, I should say I could make you a bit of a comb, 'm. But nothing fancy," said Gargantua, shutting one eye and calculating. "Something out of a little bit of wood, like."

"Do so, then."

"Yes'm. If Mr. Tack doesn't mind me using his knife."

"Could you also build a house, Gargantua?"

"No'm, not a house; but I daresay I might put you up a bit of a shed, like. Better be near the drinking water, though. And I shouldn't be surprised if there was all sorts of bits of string along the beach. Where there's sea there's fish. And don't you worry—I'll bring you home a nice pig, only let me see get that fire going nice and bright. And as for fish," said Gargantua, plucking a nail out of a plank and making a hook of it between a finger and a thumb,—"sharpen that up and there you are."

"Clever!" said Tick, with malice.

"But he always was clever," said Tack, tonelessly, but with a bitter little smile. "We already know."

Gargantua blinked, while Lalouette said: "Be quiet, please, both of you."

Then Gargantua nodded and growled: "That's right. You are quiet."

Tick and Tack exchanged glances and said nothing until Lalouette cried: "Come! To work!"—when Tick muttered: "Who the hell do they think they are, giving orders?"

"Come on, now, you two!" shouted

Gargantua.

I believe it was then that the two midgets Tick and Tack began to plot and conspire against Gargantua the Horror, and I am convinced that they too in their dwarfish way were in love with Lalouette.

They followed Lalouette's instructions, and struck sparks out of Gargantua's lighter to kindle powdery flakes of dry driftwood whittled with Tack's big-bladed knife. Tick blew the smolder into flame and the men fed the fire until it blazed red-hot, so that Gargantua, having found a thick slab and a pear-shaped lump of hard rock for his anvil and hammer, beat his iron spike into a good spearhead which he lashed to a long, strong pole. Then they had a crude but effective pike, with which Gargantua killed wild pigs.

Porcosito is not called Pig Island without reason. It used to be overrun with swine, bred from a prodigious boar and some sows that Sir John Page sent to Mexico in 1893, in the Ponce de Leon, which was wrecked in a squall. Only the pigs swam ashore from that shipwreck. Porcosito seems to be an unlucky island.

Gargantua hunted ruthlessly. The pigs were apathetic. The boars charged—to meet the spear. The four freaks ate well. Tick and Tack fished and caught birds, gathered eggs and crabs. Lalouette directed everything and at night, by the fire, told them stories and sang to them; recited all the poetry she could remember, and dug out of her memory all she had ever read of philosophy. I believe that they were happy then; but it makes an odd picture—the truncated beauty, the stunted dancers, and the ugliest man on earth, grouped about a flickering fire while the songs of Schubert echo from the rocks and the sea says *luah . . . luah . . .* on the beach.

I can see the sharp, keen faces of the midgets; and the craggy forehead of the giant wrinkles in anguish as he tries to understand the inner significance of great thoughts expressed in noble words. She told them stories, too, of the heroes of ancient Greece and Rome—of Regulus, who went back to Carthage to die; of the glorious dead at Thermopylae, and of the wise and cunning Ulysses, the subtlest of the Greeks, who strove with gods and came home triumphant at last. She told them of the triumph of Ulysses over Circe, the sorceress who turned men into beasts; and how he escaped with his crew from the cave of the one-eyed giant Cyclops. He was colossal; the men were small. Ulysses drilled his sailors to move like one man, and, with a sharpened stick, blinded the giant and escaped.

She let them comb her hair. The

French dwarf Tack was skillful at this, and amusing in conversational accompaniment to the crackling of the hair and the fire. Tack hated his partner for this. Yet the gigantic hands of Gargantua were lighter on her head than the hands of Tick or Tack—almost certainly because the little men wanted to prove that they were strong, and the giant wanted to demonstrate that he was gentle.

It was Gargantua who combed Lalouette's beautiful bright hair, evening after evening, while Tick and Tack sat exchanging looks. No words; only looks.

Sometimes the little men went hunting with Gargantua. Alone, neither Tick nor Tack could handle the heavy spear. But it must be remembered that they were a dancing-team, trained to move together in perfect accord. So, while Tick directed the forepart of the shaft, Tack worked close behind him, and they put their combined, perfectly synchronized strength and agility into a dangerous leap-and-lunge. Once they killed a fat boar. This must have made them confident of their power to kill.

This is not all guesswork. I have ground for my assumption, in what Lalouette wrote in Tick's loose-leaf notebook, holding the gold pencil in her teeth and guiding it with her lips, before she bit the paper into a ball and pushed it with her tongue into her grouch-bag.

It takes courage and determination to kill a wild boar with a spear. A boar is fearless, powerful, unbelievably ferocious, and armored with hard hide and thick muscle. He is wickedly obstinate—a slashing fury, a ripping terror—two sickles on a battering ram, animated by a will to kill, uninhibited by fear of death.

Having killed a boar, Tick and Tack, in their pride, resolved to kill Gargantua.

Lalouette says that she, unwittingly, gave them the idea, when she told them the story of Ulysses and Cyclops.

But the foolish giant called Gargantua the Horror, billed as the strongest and ugliest man on earth, must have been easy to kill. He worked all day. When Lalouette's hair was combed and her singing ceased, he went away modestly to sleep in the bushes. One night, after he had retired, Tick and Tack followed him. Gargantua always carried the spear. Lalouette listened drowsily for the comforting rattle of Gargantua's snoring a few yards away; she loved him, in a sisterly way.

. . . *Ha-khaaa . . . Aha-ka . . . khaaaa-huk . . . Ahaaaa . . .*

As she listened, smiling, the snoring stopped with a gasp. Then Tick and Tack came back carrying the spear, and

(concluded on page 68)



## HUMAN STORY (continued from page 15)

a quiet little home in Brentwood. I've come back to my old haunts to do a little research."

"For a new movie?"

"Got to consult with some important people on a tremendous new script. It's a human story, kid, a very human story."

I indicated a cafeteria just behind us. "Do you have a few minutes? Let's have some coffee, and you can tell me all about it."

Bosley Feibush shuddered delicately, like a man who is informed that a business rival has just constructed a nasty disease. "If anybody saw me crawling into that hole . . . That's death, kid, sure death." He gripped me firmly by the arm and led me up the street to Lindy's.

"Don't worry about the tab," he said kindly as he steered me through the door. "Order what you want — Leo knows me."

When we were settled at a table with Bosley facing the window, he turned away from the waiter to whom he had given our order and looked at me with sudden suspicion. "Say, didn't I hear that you're doing publicity stuff now?"

"Something like that," I admitted.

"Can you assure me that everything I tell you will be held in strictest confidence?"

"I guess so."

"I don't like to exact promises, kid, but I've got my teeth in a property that is so unique, so tremendous, that — well, I've got to be careful as hell. Too many clowns figure they can steal the ideas of a creative writer. Today, if you can take a red hot discrimination theme and make a really human story out of it, they'll give you the keys to the city. That's why I've got to play them right up against the chest, see? No aspersions on you."

"I won't tell a soul unless I'm sure that you want me to. But what's the story?"

He sighed resignedly. "You dragged it out of me. The main character, the hero, is a nice colored boy named George Washington Goldstein."

"But Goldstein is a Jewish name!"

Bosley's eyes shone. "That's it," he whispered. "He's a Jewish Negro, and he —" he stopped abruptly as the waiter brought our order, and did not go on until he was sure that the waiter was not hovering around. "Georgie is a boy who has suffered a lot — we see this through a series of flashbacks. You probably don't know it, but there are anti-Semites in Harlem. These Negroes don't accept him because his name is Goldstein, and the Jews don't want him because his skin is black. As a matter of fact, everybody either hates him or is embarrassed by him, but that doesn't spoil his dis-

position. Georgie is a very sweet guy."

"What does he do?"

"He's a G.I."

"Hasn't the G.I. theme been overworked?"

Bosley smiled craftily. "Sure it has. But Georgie is a special case." He poured his celery tonic without looking at it, his eyes roving tensely about the restaurant like a woman searching for her errant husband.

"Georgie has been with an heroic Negro outfit in Korea."

"I see."

"He's been shipped back because he was wounded fighting the Reds. Matter of fact, he's been castrated."

"Can you do that?"

"That's the beauty part of it. You can intimate it, see? You can get it across to the public without slapping them in the face with it. Naturally, when he comes home without his manhood, his girl is very sore — especially since she hasn't been able to make a Commie out of him."

"Is she a Commie?"

Bosley looked at me pityingly, as though I were a hand-painted tic on which he had just spilled some celery tonic. "That's what wraps the whole thing up. We show subtly how a misguided girl becomes a stooge for the Reds simply because she's an Eskimo."

"A what? I put down my coffee hastily."

"Well, she's really only part Eskimo," he conceded. "Her grandpa was a Negro sordough who went to Alaska during the gold rush. Anyway, she's bitter about losing the Miss Rheingold contest just because she's slant-eyed. Then Goldstein comes back from Korea unable to be the father of her children, and not even resentful about it, or about the fact that he's illegitimate."

I said with some annoyance, "You didn't say anything about that before."

Bosley Feibush waved the celery tonic bottle casually at me. "I can't get everything in at once, kid. George Washington Goldstein is a bastard, and believe me . . ." he uttered a short loud barking laugh which made our waiter leap up as though a dog had sunk its teeth into his pants. ". . . I've known enough bastards to write about this boy from the heart. But seriously, he's had lots of trouble getting a job, simply because his mother was wronged by a bootlegger back in the Roaring Twenties."

"Is she colored or Jewish?"

"That's just the kind of detail that the creative artist can't bother with. It'll depend on whether it's more economical to shoot the flashback scenes in Harlem or on the lower East Side. What counts is that she dies from syphilis just before sulfa is invented. This has an effect on

Georgie, even more than the fact that she left him with the black mark on his birth certificate."

"You've certainly given him his share of problems."

"Now you're catching on. But does it faze Georgie? Feibush shook his head savagely, the corners of his mouth drawn down. "Except that he's trying to win his girl back to American ideals, and in order to honor her he starts going to a psychoanalyst."

"I was wondering if you'd be able to work that in."

Bosley chuckled triumphantly. "I've even got a new wrinkle. This kindly old Viennese psychoanalyst has a 90-year-old mother back home who is being held as a hostage by the Russians to get him to do their dirty work. He hates to, but he conspires with the Eskimo girl to turn Georgie into a traitor."

"How?"

"He tries to persuade Georgie to be a liar. He says, 'It isn't natural for a man to be a colored Jew, to be illegitimate, to have his mother die from a social disease, and then to go and get castrated by the gooks, without losing his temper. You're repressing your hatred. You should discharge your aggressions by fighting for peace with the progressives.'"

"How does it work out?"

Bosley lowered his eyes modestly. "It's got a punch that — well, you'll think I'm bragging if I tell you how powerful it is."

"Don't quit now. Please go ahead."

"The three of them — George Washington Goldstein, the Eskimo girl and the kindly Viennese analyst — are sitting around and chatting one day, something like the people in *The Cocktail Party*. But I've got a gimmick Eliot never thought of. In my story the analyst and the girl are converted by Georgie, by the sheer purity and sweetness of his character. There's like a blinding light —"

"What kind of light?"

"I'm using a figure of speech, kid," he replied sharply. "We leave things like that to the special effects men. Georgie's faith in our way of life affects his girl and the kindly doctor so much that they get converted, in a manner of speaking. They realize that it's more important to live for the future than to gripe about the past. In other words, they admit that his way is right, and they agree to stop undermining him."

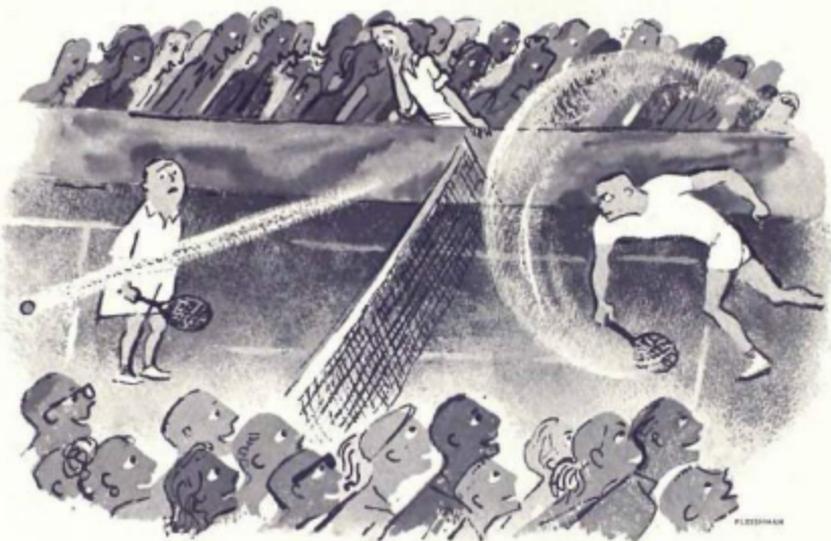
"Bos," I said simply, "this is terrific. But what about the psychoanalyst's mother in Vienna?"

Bosley shook his head smilingly. "Don't underestimate me, kid. While the three of them are still on their knees, giving thanks for all their blessings, the kindly

*(continued on page 69)*

to be a tennis pro you have to lie like hell

## THE CHAMPION OF OUTER MONGOLIA



He had never seen a ball hit that hard.

SO FAR, I haven't done too badly this year. We had a fire in the tennis shop that burned 12 new racket frames, I lost three of my middle-aged pupils to the golf pro when they OK'd those motorized golf carts for our hotel course, and yesterday I cut my hand in three places opening a can of tennis balls the hard way.

You think that isn't such a good start on the summer for a tennis pro? Well, let me clue you about last year and this feather merchant, George Fessler, then. As long as that Jonah doesn't show up again, anything that happens this summer will be all right. I'm still trying to forget the guy and all the trouble he caused before he finally left.

I think it was a Wednesday, that day

in July I first saw him duck-walking across the lobby toward me. He was short and dumpy and pretty bald. He looked about as much like a tennis player as a friend of my Cousin Al, who is in the linoleum business in Garden City. This linoleum boy is as unco as they come. That is, he's not too well coordinated. If you put a tennis racket in his hand, he would probably beat himself to death with it.

Anyway, old butterball stands there in the lobby, blinking up at me.

"Are you Barnes, the pro?" he said. "That's right, sir," I said. "May I help you?"

It would have taken about eight years in a steam bath to help him.

"My name is Fessler," he said. He

paused for a moment. "George Fessler." He said it very slowly, as though it tasted good.

"Let me see now," I said, I concentrated. "It seems like an awfully familiar name."

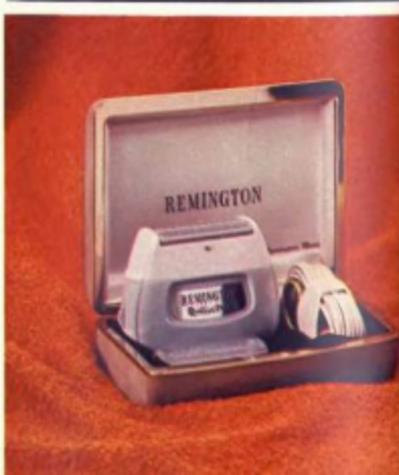
To be a tennis pro you have to lie like hell.

"Well, of course, I haven't been very active in tournaments," he said, "but I'm pretty well known around New York, Forest Hills—all the tennis circles. I thought maybe you would have heard of me."

"The name is very familiar," I said. "It was hot down in the city," he said.

"Thought I'd run up here to Saranac for a little change. How are your courts?"

(continued on page 34)



Left: the shaving scene, before and after. Yardley After Shave that's a bit of bottled England with lavender boss, \$1.10; Marcel Rochas Moustache, a crisp amalgam of bay leaf, root, spice and citron, \$6.50; ceramic cask for six cakes of handmilled, oatmeal-flecked soap, \$14.75; Bronzini After Shave, with drawstring bag, a mixture of verbena and rum, \$8.50; Knize Ten wood crate with international flavor to match the soap it holds, three cakes, \$4, and After Shave with low-key fragrance, \$4.50. In the opposite corner: for the guy who'd rather lather. Kent of London badger-bristled lifetime brush, \$100; Yardley shaving bowl, \$1.25; Gillette gold-plated Diplomat with 10 blades, \$5; Eversharp injector razor with longer handle for greater leverage, \$5; Knize Ten brushless cream, \$1.25; English Rolls razor that combines best features of safety and straight models—blade, hone, clip, strap and dressing, \$8.50. Below: the current way to shave. Remington Relectric that nips whiskers below the skin, \$31.50; Norelco rotary shaver, self-sharpening and self-lubricating, \$24.95; Yardley Pre-Shaving Lotion that prepares the beard for the kill, \$1; Sunbeam Super-Close Shavemaster with rounded head, \$28.95.

## THE MAN IN HIS BATH

AMONG THOSE AGE-OLD sybaritic self-indulgences which the exigencies of modern life tend to deny us, are the pleasures of the bath. He who nips into his shower and out in a flash, then scrapes off his whiskers any which way and dives into his clothes, may be saving minutes but he's also denying himself one of the few decent luxuries he can enjoy in solitary splendor. For the order of the bath should no more be restricted to merely getting clean than the order of a dinner should be a mere matter of stuffing the gut.

The man's bathroom, itself, deserves to be among his most graciously appointed rooms. We're just as much against the austere, laboratory look in

baths as we are against the pink boudoir look. Such furnishings as towel racks and rings, shaving stands, shower fixtures and hangers are available in massive and masculine versions. These give the rite of the bath a properly rich setting. Plump, huge, soft towels—fresh and bone dry—can be sumptuous yet virile in color and design. The well-equipped bath has, among its snappery, friction towels for a zesty, blood-tingling rub-dry after a cold shower—just as it sports, on a handy, heavy brass hook, a voluminous terry robe to wear when stepping from a long, relaxing soaking in the oversize tub.

The true bathophile is as discerningly selective of his soaps, brushes, shaving

gear, grooming aids and other accouterments, as he is in selecting his wines and his women. You'll also want to remember that the type of bathing you choose depends largely on the type of occasion coming up. Home from the office on a wiltingly hot day and bound for an evening of fun, you'd be smart to shun the tub and subject your hide to a sparkling, needle-point shower, cool enough to refresh, warm enough to open the pores. After the deluge, all you need do is pat off the excess aqua and let the rest of the wetness evaporate. This cools the skin, whereas a thorough toweling would warm it.

But after you're home again, you'll  
(concluded on page 71)

*grooming* **BY DAVID GRAYSON**





MOST ITEMS SUBJECT TO 10% FEDERAL TAX; ALL TOWELS BY MARTELL



Princely preps for a regal bath. Roughly clockwise: Sportsman D-Bar solidified deodorant, \$1; hand-tooled Italian leather box encases a bar of Bronzini soap, \$10; Moustache cologne in soda-bottle-covered bottle with spray, 5½ oz., \$8; leafah mill for a brisk rub-down, \$2.50; Schiaporelli Soufflé cologne, 8 oz., \$9; Peerless bright-striped, lightweight cotton robe, \$2.50; Kent of London long-handled brush, \$32.50, and scrubber, \$11.50; Guerlain Extra Dry cologne, 12 oz., \$12.75; Hansmother Schlemmer brass lion's head towel hanger, \$30; natural leafah bath sponge, \$4; fur-topped, sole-satisfying Berg stole, \$19.95; Bronzini cologne in Swedish bottle, 8 oz., \$14; Coty-Massey Jockey Club toilet water, 8 oz., \$14; Eau de Lanvin for Men, 6 oz., \$5; Yardley shower shampoo with cord for hanging, \$1; Yardley deodorant for day-long impeccability, \$1.

*mercury vanishes,  
pegasus shrinks and psyche takes a plunge*

## THE SINISTER TRADE MARK PLOT

humor By William Iversen

WHILE TOGBOUNDED in a beach cottage one summer day, I was glancing through a soggy copy of the *New York Herald Tribune* that a neighbor had used to giftwrap a bluefish, when my eye chanced upon a White Rock ad and skidded to a stop—Psyche, the kneeling nymph, had taken a dive off her rock! "White Rock introduces a great new drink . . . THE VODKA PLUNGE made with new White Rock Vodka (*The world's one and only!*)" the ad said, and went on to predict that, "Everybody will soon be taking 'The Plunge'! It's the vodka drink of the year . . . cooling, delicious, surprising!"

Now, I don't know how surprising!! the Vodka Plunge may be, but the sight of Psyche heading toward imminent immersion was sure startling to this aficionado of the well-filled glass. Psyche on her rock had been one of the few remaining symbols of stability in a world shot through with fickleness and flux. She was my favorite trade mark, and I loved her just as she was—poised over her pool on hands and knees, her downcast eyes searching the gently troubled water, as though she had just dropped her bra, and was watching it sink to the bottom.

What drinking man has not mused fondly upon those drooping lashes, that provocative pair of little wings? And now, here she was, shrouded to the collarbone in a plain cotton housedress, taking the Vodka Plunge!—I couldn't have been more shaken if Betty Crocker and Lydia Pinkham had been caught

making passes at the Smith Brothers.

The paper slipped from my fingers like wilted lettuce, and shock gave way to despair, mixed with bourbon and ice. The mythical queen of carbonation had fallen, and nowhere in the pantheon of modern merchandising would we find her like again. Having compromised her mineral-water purity by becoming a Vodka Mixer, she would now be condemned to dwell in mortal competition with such plebeian rivals as tomato juice and ginger beer. She might even be forced to abdicate, leaving the office of White Rock Girl to be filled by annual election, like that of Miss Rheingold.

As through a half-empty glass darkly, I could already discern the dim but ample outlines of Gina Hooople or Marilyn Glutz succeeding to what must now become a purely titular post.

The more I thought about it, however, the more I became convinced that Psyche hadn't jumped at all—she had been pushed. Some fun-loving ad man had spitballed the idea into the Martin-laden air of a Madison Avenue conference, half in jest. It had been ping-ponged around, kicked apart, rebuilt, trial-ballooned, re-revised, finalized, ysc-checked, and activated—and all without the least consideration for Psyche's status as one of the immortals of standard-brand marketing. Goddess that she was, I had even invested her with an off-label love life—an Olympian liaison with that winged wonder of the public service field, the Man on the Telephone Book. Lightning in one hand, a stout length



of heavy-duty cable in the other, he would steal to her rock at the height of the vernal equinox, and of this mystic, albeit mossy, union between the Spirit of Communication and the Soul of Efferescence would be born a set of spires—Wit and Eloquence—who would reign over all earthly conversation as the little Twin Gods of Repartee.

But the time for whimsy was past. I hadn't seen the Man on the Telephone Book since 1994, when he had been summarily banished from the covers of the Manhattan Directory in favor of color shots of local landmarks—things like the Women's House of Detention in spring, the former site of Leon & Eddie's, and the boyhood home of ex-Mayor Vincent R. Impellitteri. "Whither are we drifting?" I asked, with more alarm than originality. "What has happened to the sanctity of the American trade mark?"

As though in reply, the *Herald Tribune* itself noted the appearance of another straw in the wind, not a fortnight later. Buried in the business section under Richard Phalon's by-line, the item was headed, "FLYING RED HORSE GETS A NEW SIGN, A SHRINKING."

"A filling station symbol by another shape has seemed sweeter to Socony Mobil Company, ever since it changed its name from Socony-Vacuum Company," Phalon reported.

"After almost 18 months at the drawing boards, the company announced it had come up with a new device that it hopes will build a stronger bond between itself and the entire Mobil product line.

"The sign, which will be stenciled on everything from bulk plants to business cards, preserves the heraldry of Socony's famed Flying Red Horse, but subordinates it to the Mobil name.

"In the old device, according to the company, its latter-day version of Pegasus rated 12 percent of station sign space and 'Mobil' 14 percent. The revamping, carried out by Peter Schladermündt Associates, assigns the horse two percent and the company name 29 percent.

"The big change, however, has come in the shape. The shield Socony has been using for almost a quarter-century was compressed into a kind of off-beat rectangle, reinforced with a V-shaped band of red and, the company thinks, offers considerably more eye appeal."

So there you are, the Flying Red Horse reduced by 10 percent. Clearly another Munich for the trade mark. I hope you get a picture of what that "off-beat rectangle" looks like, because I don't. Is it a be-bop parallelogram? A trapezoid with a beard? But hang on to your jiggers, while we hear Mr. Phalon out. After all, it's not his fault. He's just reporting the news.

"Eye-appeal was what Socony was after," he goes on to explain. "Recently the company began having some second thoughts on the 'Colonial' flavor of its sign. To check its effectiveness Socony ran off two films giving equal time and treatment to Shell, Esso and Mobilgas displays alike.

"The results added up to an advertising man's nightmare. Even in the New York Metropolitan area, where the Mobil name is something to conjure with, the company's Flying Red Horse just barely managed to finish.

"Asked to name the sign seen most frequently in the film, 39 percent of all viewers picked Esso, 23.4 percent named Shell and only 17.7 percent focused on Mobilgas."

All of which sounded reasonable enough until I paused to examine the facts. Surely we have all had difficulty focusing on Mobilgas at one time or another, I reasoned. But didn't the same hold true of Esso and Shell? Speaking personally, there have been times when even Texaco looked a little fuzzy to me. But that would hardly justify compressing the familiar red star into the shape of a lopsided blintz.

Without any reflections on anybody, I also felt that we ought to consider the sort of audience that would sit through a double-feature composed of nothing but Shell, Esso and Mobilgas displays. Where did Socony ever manage to dig up such a bunch? Were they professional focusers, or just visually slipshod pleasure-seekers, who had been lured into the projection room under the impression that they were going to preview the rushes of a new Bugs Bunny film? As one whose sole interest is the preservation of our national trade marks, I think Socony should be called upon to answer these questions. What's more, I find it decidedly suspicious that the total percentage of persons in attendance comes to 100.1.

Who or what does that .1 of a person represent? Could it have been that one of Peter Schladermündt's associates already had his foot in the door? Or had ears inimical to our country's welfare been listening at Socony's keyhole?

It was with a start that I realized that each of the trade marks in question had one thing in common—wings! Was it possible that this tampering with time-honored symbols could have tied in with the East-West struggle for air supremacy? With guided missile research? Earth satellite experiments? It was a sobering thought, and I was doing my best to shake it, when I suddenly recalled that Psyche had been doing the *Foetus Plunge!*

Not that there was anything wrong with vodka, in itself. Distilled from

pure American grain, and available at your local hobby shop, it represents as nice a way to spend an evening as I can think of. But despite manufacturers' efforts to claim it as a 100-proof Yankee-Doodle booze, certain age-old associations with Muscovy still adhere. It is, after all, the Russian pause that refreshes, and is known the world over as the brew that made Khrushchev famous. Wasn't it logical to suppose, then, that this wholesale desecration of our trade marks might be the result of a new Soviet offensive, designed to shake our faith in name-brand dependability?

But, no, I told myself. While such skulduggery might be in perfect keeping with the spirit of Geneva, it wasn't likely that anyone the Kremlin would send to infiltrate our advertising agencies could survive very long on Madison Avenue. Skill in palace warfare and a working knowledge of secret-police methods would ill-prepare one for the cloak-and-dagger high jinks of an average day at the office.

Lulled into a false sense of security, I was sitting around conjuring with the Mobil name, when the news broke six days later. Date line, Bangkok, A. T. Steele filing *By Wireless* to the *Herald Tribune*. Headline: "RUSS USE SANTA CLAUS—His Picture Helps Sell Goods in Southeast Asia."

Grateful for the fact that A. T. Steele had the good sense to wireless rather than write, I cracked out a fresh set of ice cubes, and read as I mixed.

"Santa Claus' brand rolled out, made in Tsingtao, symbolize Communist China's trade offensive in South-east Asia. The packaged reread, adorned with a cheerful portrait of St. Nick, is one of a widening list of Chinese products appearing on the shelves of Chinese shops in Thailand.

"Merchandise from Communist China began coming into Thailand about a year ago and is now to be found in all sections of the country. For the most part, the goods are of low quality and cheap. Fountain pens, for example, sell for only 30 cents. Large thermos-type flasks encased in wicker bring one dollar, but the local press has reprinted stories from China telling about casualties suffered in the explosion of such flasks.

"Other China-made items include bicycles, sewing machines, radios, soap, harmonicas, padlocks, toothpaste, canned pineapples and beer. Also on sale are pickled Chinese lizards, the juice of which is recommended for virility."

Well, there was the answer. The mysterious disappearance of the Man on the Telephone Book had been solved. With ruffled wings and cable dragging, that latter-day version of Mercury had undoubtedly been whisked behind the

(concluded on page 66)



*"Goodness, no! It's for the water cooler."*

**OUTER MONGOLIA** (continued from page 27)

"The courts are in excellent condition," I said. "The hotel has assigned an extra detail this year to look after them because of the increased tennis activity."

I gave him the old sales spiel.

"What kind of surface?" he said. He had taken out a cigar.

"Clay with red brick dust," I said. "They give a very true bounce."

I wanted to get away for lunch. He was lighting his cigar and rocking back on his heels.

"How do you play?" he said.

"What?" I said.

"How do you play? How good are you?" he said.

"Well, I'm not too sure myself right now," I said. "I've been giving lessons all summer, and there hasn't been anyone I could really play with."

"What are you doing this afternoon?" he said.

"Lessons from one to four, then from five till dinner," I said. "I could work you in around 4:30 for half an hour." It was hot and I wasn't wild on teaching straight through to dinner without a blow.

"But I don't want lessons," he said, flicking ashes on the rug impatiently. "I want to play you. A few sets."

"Of course," I said, confused. "That's what I had in mind. Make it at four if you like."

"Fine," he said. "I'll be there."

He turned and duck-walked out of the lobby.

After lunch, it started raining. It didn't come down hard, but it was steady. I went over to my room and sacked up. The next time I looked at the clock it was almost five and the sun was out again.

I walked over to the courts slowly, yawning. The courts were probably playable already. I doubted that anyone would show for a lesson, though. On afternoons when it rained, most of the guests drove into town to shop or see a movie.

The courts were dry. There was even someone playing on court four. I went over. It was my boy Fessler playing with Clara Roberts. Clara Roberts had taken the game up because she had felt her good figure would show to advantage in tennis togs. It had taken her 15 years to learn how to hold the racket, and by then she could have played in a snow suit. They were having a battle royal I guess. When Clara came to the net to pick up a ball, she whispered to me that the score was 9-all. I looked over at Fessler. He was dripping with sweat and gasping for air. Let him take out his cigar and rock back on his heels now.

Clara served, and the first point must have lasted five minutes. They both

stood at the base-line as though they were rooted and plooped the ball back and forth. I started yawning again. It was pretty awful. I had always imagined that Clara Roberts was the only human on earth who could swing a tennis racket and make it look like a signal for the funeral party to move on through the stop light. Fessler had her lashed to the mast. When he hit the ball, it sounded like a wet mackerel bouncing around in the bottom of the rowboat.

The only difference between them was that if Clara had to shift her feet much, she would get confused and hit into the net. Not old dragged-out Fessler, though. If lightning had started digging up the service line, he would have gone on taking those same awful jerks at the ball. That had been drummed into him, and I don't think you could have changed his swing with a bone-grafting.

Fessler won it at 15-11. It was pretty depressing. He staggered over to me and leaned on the net, breathing hard.

"It happens every time," he said finally.

"What's that, Mr. Fessler?" I said.

"I play lousy when I play with a lousy player," he said.

Clara had gone back to the clubhouse to slash her wrists.

"You played all right," I said.

"No, I played lousy," he said. "I only beat her 15-11."

"Well," I said, "she's pretty good."

"She's rotten," he said. "I only beat her 15-11, and I take over some of the best in the game without even pressing."

I took a deep breath.

"That's pretty interesting, Mr. Fessler," I said. "Who are some of the best in the game you take over without even pressing?"

"Oh, almost all of them," he said.

"Who in particular?" I said. I could go it as long as he could.

"Well, Pancho, for instance," he said.

"I beat Pancho 6-1, 6-3 just this spring."

"You mean Pancho Gonzales, I suppose," I said.

"No, I mean Pancho Segura," he said. He was wiping his face with a towel. "I think Gonzales is trying to duck me."

I cleared my throat. "Mr. Fessler, do you have a pro you practice with back in the city?" I said.

"I sure do," he said. "I work out with Harry Phelan almost every day. You know him?"

"I know him," I said.

"He helps me some with my court tactics," Fessler said, "but of course I always outstay him when we play."

We made a date for the next morning. That night I put in a person-to-person call to Harry Phelan in New York.

I knew Harry from my amateur days.

He had creamed me after a rough night at Spring Lake, love and 2. The only other time we met was in the semis of a small tournament in Massachusetts. I was leading 6-2, 6-3, 4-1 when it began to rain. For eight days. By then everyone had forgotten about the tournament, including the sponsors, so I never did get to beat him in a match.

"Hello?" he said.

"Hello, Phelan," I said. "This is Carl Barnes. Saranac Lake."

There was a silence.

"Oh—Barnes! Of course!" he said. "Good old Barney! I was just thinking about you the other day."

"You were?" I said.

"Yes, sir," he said. "I was just thinking back on the good old days when we used to play the circuit together."

We had hated each other's guts. "What do you want?" he said casually.

"I have a nut up here called Fessler," I said.

"Oh, my god!" he said. "Has he played yet?"

"Just one set," I said. "Today."

"Did he win?" Phelan said. He was shouting.

"I suppose you could call it that," I said. "We have the world's worst woman player up here. He almost had a stroke beating her."

There was a pause.

"Barnesney?" he said.

"Yes?" I said.

"You remember that time in Massachusetts when it started raining?" he said.

"Now that you mention it, I do," I said.

"Well," he said, "you would have beaten me."

"Oh, I don't know," I said. "I was only ahead by two sets and leading in the third."

"You would have beaten me all hell-love," he said. There was another pause.

"But anyway, Barnesney, old bean, our days of competition are left on the road behind us. And in a business like ours where we have to be on the lookout for ourselves all the time, it's good to have tried friends we know we can bank on in the midst of a storm."

"What do you want?" I said casually.

"I want you to keep an eye on Fessler for me," he said.

"I keep an eye on all our guests who play tennis," I said. "It's part of my job."

"Yes, but this is something special," Phelan said. "I want Fessler coming back to the city with the same attitude he had when he left."

"What attitude is that?" I said.

"The attitude that if he wanted to enter the Nationals tomorrow, he could sweep through the field without losing

(continued on page 46)

# CLOUD NINE

*we find a brown-eyed beauty in the wild blue yonder*

WE WERE WINGING OUR WAY to a busy week of conferences with authors and agents, and our mind was filled with thoughts of the loftiest literary calibre. So lofty were they that we scarcely heard the dulcet voice of the stewardess requesting us to fasten our seat belt. She repeated the request, and we looked up into the brown eyes of petite (5' 3")

Jean Jani of Dayton, Ohio. That seat belt got fastened pronto, and, later on, when Miss Jani returned to find out our preference in cocktails (double Martini with a twist, thank you), we engaged her in conversation and whipped out our embossed business card. We won't say she consented to become Miss July right then and there, but in the course of

polite palaver (during which she told us she is a student stewardess and this was her first trip, that she is saving money to buy a T-bird, her favorite drink is a Vodka Gimlet and she is the proud possessor of a pile of Frank Sinatra, Harry Belafonte and Jackie Gleason platters) we did manage to get in our innings and pave the way for this month's Playmate.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER GONLAND







MISS JULY PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH







MISSION IN PAINT

MISS JULY PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH















Jean checks the completed passenger list with plane's captain, above, then gathers last-minute low-down on weather outlook and flight plan, below.



## PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,  
Who's never to his playmate said:  
"To hell with breakfast,  
Come back to bed!"

"I really don't know what you see in him, my dear," said the pony-tailed model to her lunch companion. "He's just an everyday sort of man."

"Gee," was the response, "what more could a girl ask for?"



The new patient was airing his woes to an understanding doctor: "After the first, I'm tired, Doc. After the second, my chest aches and I start getting pains in my legs. After the third, I feel like fainting and it takes half-an-hour for my heart and respiration to return to normal."

"Why don't you quit after the first?" inquired the doctor.

"How can I do that, Doc?" the patient asked. "I live on the third."

In olden days, man's greatest fear was that a woman would take it to heart; today, his greatest fear is that a woman will take it to court.



The young man had invited his fiancée to meet his parents over cocktails at the Plaza. After his family had departed, the girl wanted to know whether she had made the proper impression on them.

"I'm sorry to have to tell you this, dearest," the fellow said, "but while you were in the ladies' room, my mother told me that she considered you rather uncouth."

"Did you tell them that I attended

Bennington and Mt. Holyoke?" she asked in surprise.

"Yes, dearest."

"Did you remind them that my family enjoys a particularly high standing in Bar Harbor?"

"Yes, I did."

"And I hope you told them of my considerable interest in the arts."

"Of course," said the young man.

"Then what's this 'uncouth' crap all about?" she asked.

Our Research Department has come up with the significant statistic that the average number of times a girl says no to temptation is once weakly.

We like the letter of resignation offered by a charming young secretary who was forced to quit her job because of embarrassing circumstances: "Dear Boss," it began, "I'm getting too big for this job. . ."



A girl's kisses usually leave something to be desired: the rest of her.

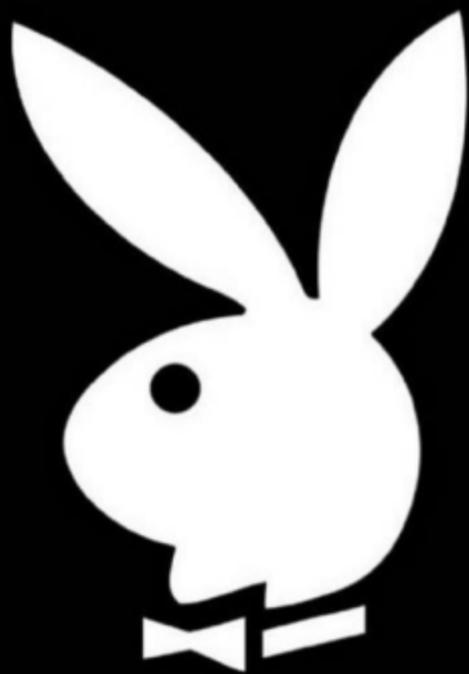
The baby-faced, brown-eyed secretary phoned her mother to inform her: "I'll be late again for dinner tonight, Mom. I made a mistake last night and the boss wants me to do it over again."

"I was in a phone booth talking to my girl, your honor," said the defendant, "and this cop came up, opened the door, grabbed me by the coat and dragged me out."

"What did you do?" the judge asked.

"I didn't do anything, not until he grabbed my girl and dragged her out, too."

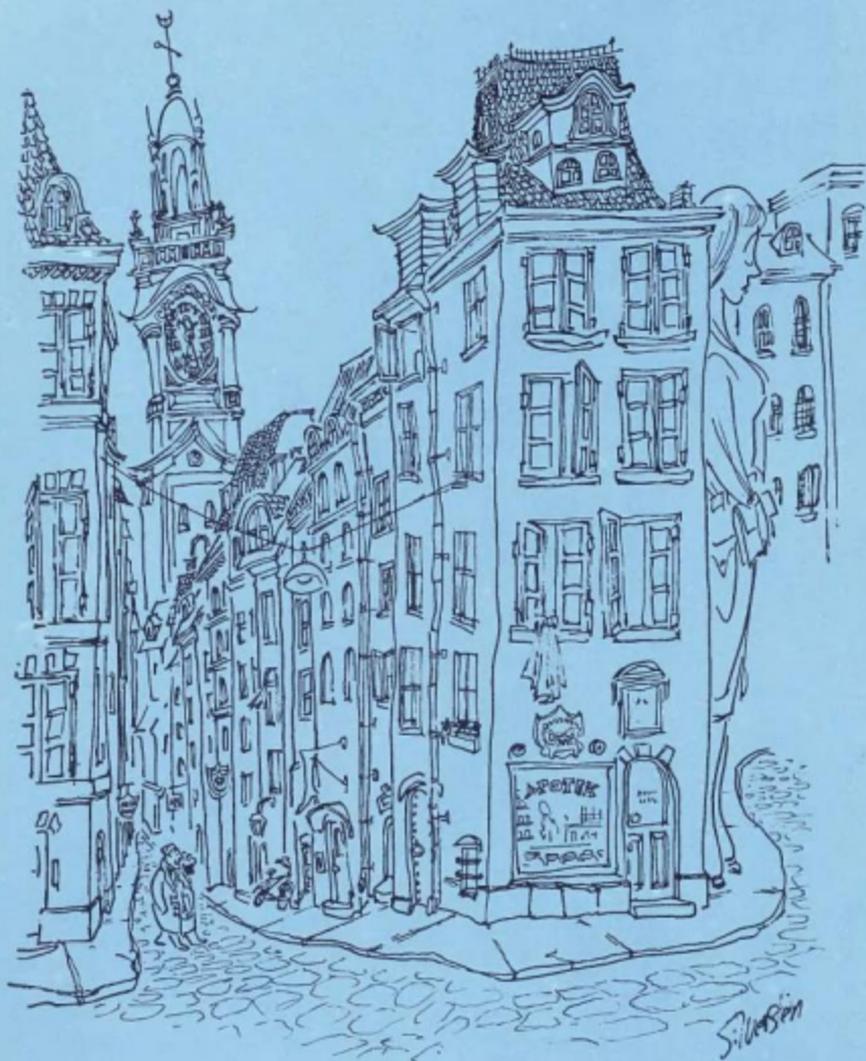
*Hearst any good ones lately? Send your favorites to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 232 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Ill., and earn an easy five dollars for each joke used. In case of duplicates, payment goes to first received. Jokes cannot be returned.*



**PLAYBOY**



*"Oh, George — you're worse than my husband."*



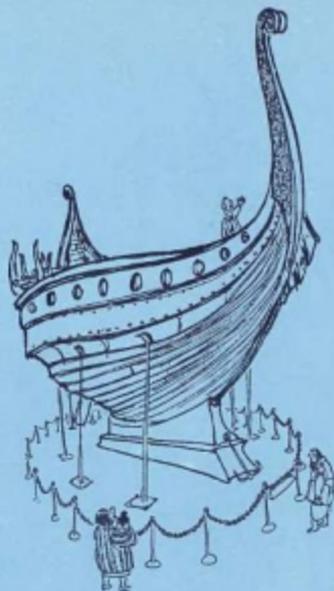
"You'll like Urla...she's a typical Norwegian girl...  
blonde hair...blue eyes...nice figure...tall..."



## SILVERSTEIN IN SCANDINAVIA

*the further wanderings of  
playboy's bearded  
cartoonist at large*

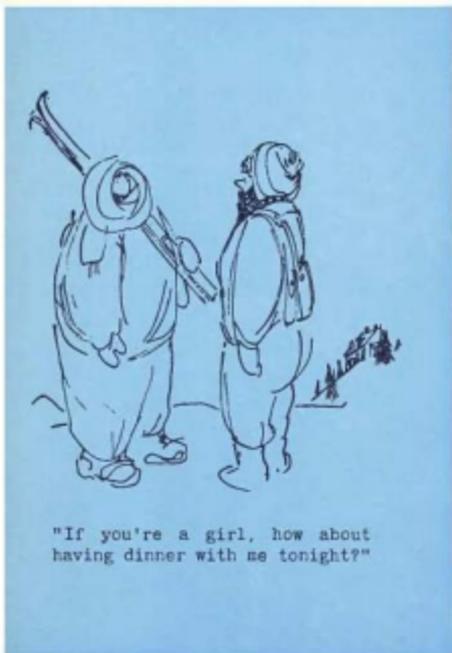
FROM THE LAND OF THE RISING SUN, where he sketched his impressions for our May issue, Shel Silverstein flew the great circle route, touching down briefly in Anchorage, Alaska, to the Land of the Midnight Sun — Scandinavia, the home of the Vikings, Ibsen, Grieg, Strindberg, Ekberg, Kierkegaard, smörgåsbord, sex changes and the Swedish massage. Our bearded ambassador-with-portfolio called us, collect, from Copenhagen to make certain his Scandinavian sketches had arrived safely. They had, and included with them was a brief written report on his personal adventures: "This has been one of the most hectic months of my life," he wrote. "After touring Norway and Sweden, I settled down in Copenhagen, where I thought my beard would permit me to blend quietly in with the Danes, many of whom are also bearded. I couldn't have been more wrong. Due in large part to this damned beard, I (I) became involved in a barroom brawl



"Now for heaven's sake, Harry, try to look like a Viking!"



"Decisions, decisions, decisions!"



"If you're a girl, how about having dinner with me tonight?"



"Room for one more..."



Silverstein sings the blues with the Bearded Viking New Orleans Jazz Band.

(which I won) over a woman (which I lost), (2) worked as a solo washboard and featured vocalist (because I spoke the best English) of Papa Buc's Bearded Viking New Orleans Danish Jazz Band (a very popular group until I joined them), (3) suffered a slightly broken foot, acquiring a limp, a cane and a very glamorous air, (4) was under observation and investigation as a 'Russian Agent' because I was seen entering the Russian Embassy in quest of a visa, and (5) became involved in a brief but glorious romance which I'm not telling any 1,000,000 PLAYBOY readers about. As of this writing, my foot, heart and political standing are all in pretty good shape."





"Well, my goodness...Are all American girls built like Jayne Mansfield?... Are all Italian girls built like Sophia Loren?...Are all..."

## OUTER MONGOLIA *(continued from page 34)*

a set," Phelan said.

"If he's crazy enough to believe that with the game he's got, he'll still believe it when he leaves here," I said. "Why do I have to watch him?"

"Because he won't still believe it if he starts losing to players as bad as he is," Phelan said.

"The only place he could win a match would be somewhere in Outer Mongolia," I said. "You talk as though he had never lost before."

"He never has," Phelan said. "At least, not since I got my — since I began instructing him."

"He tells me he beats you all the time," I said.

"Oh, he does, he does," Phelan said. "Every day."

"Why?" I said.

"Let's put it this way," he said. "Fessler is a very highly regarded tennis player at the Universal Export Corporation. They like the way he hits his forehand."

"He's popular with the other employees in the company then," I said.

"He owns the company," Phelan said.

"I see," I said.

"Last month I got myself a new Cadillac," he said. "I didn't get it selling old women ankle wraps."

"He told me he beat Segura," I said.

"Of he did," Phelan said. "A lot of others, too. At first, I thought I was going to have to pay them all off. But it didn't work out that way. It turns out they all get a bang out of losing to him. Don't ask me why. All I know is they call him up in the middle of the night from California or Miami to challenge him to a game a month later. It's great with me."

"Well," I said, "what do you want me to do?"

"Just play with him yourself every day and make sure he beats you," Phelan said. "If he tries to get a pick-up game, talk him out of it. Tell him that playing inexperienced amateurs will only dull his edge."

"I'll do my best," I said.

"And Barney, old bean," he said, "I just got word of a nice little winter opening in Florida. I'm already set myself, but if everything goes right up there and Fessler doesn't get beaten by anyone, I don't see why I couldn't swing it your way."

I liked Phelan putting it all on a friendship basis.

"Everything will go right," I said.

Fessler was out on the court the next morning at the appointed time. He carried four rackets and wore an eggshell polo shirt with a maroon monogram on the pocket. Before we began, he threw up some grass to see which way the wind

was blowing.

The next hour was the toughest I put in all summer. Fessler was so awful you had to be a creative genius to think of ways to lose. I finally managed to throw the first set 6-4 by serving a deluge of double faults.

"Gosh, I just can't seem to get that second ball where I want it today," I said. We were changing courts.

"I know," he said. "I have that trouble myself sometimes."

"That seems hard to believe," I said.

"Almost lost to Kramer that way," he said, chuckling.

I couldn't foul up quite so much in the second set. There's such a thing as being obvious. I tried juggling the score as I got the balls to serve at 2-all.

"Let's see," I called out. "That makes it 1-3, your favor."

"No," Fessler called back, "it's only 2-all."

"Are you sure?" I said. "As much as I like to win, I wouldn't want you to cheat yourself."

"I'm positive," he said. "I always keep close track of the score."

I lost my service by hitting two forehands against the net-cord, a backhand just over the base-line, and getting caught flat-footed on a drop shot I could have reached pushing a piano.

"That's some drop shot you've got there," I said. "It's so deceptive it just sneaks up on you."

"I drive Budge out of his mind with it," Fessler said, cackling like a lunatic.

Things weren't going too badly until the end of the last set. Junior Casswell, who had a lesson for the next hour, came and sat down on the grass by the side of the court.

He watched unasily for a few minutes. Then it was too much for him.

"Say, why don't you tell him what he's doing wrong, Carl?" Junior said.

I didn't say anything. We played another point.

"Why keep on just blooping the ball back to him, anyway?" Junior said. "Why don't you show him how to swing?"

"We're playing a set," I said.

"You never let me play a set all I learned how to swing," Junior said. His voice was beginning to rise.

"He's got a nice swing," I said.

"Sure thing," Junior said with all the irony a 15-year-old can muster. "He's got a jim-dandy swing."

His voice was getting louder and between points I could see Fessler straining to overhear. We had another long rally in back court. Junior was standing up and sitting down and squirming around like an eel. Until that moment, I had been—in a small way—his athletic idol.

I was within two games of losing the set and getting it over with. I tried to hurry things along. I missed balls completely and fell down on ankles that twisted without warning. The racket slipped out of my hand in the middle of rallies and I staggered around drunkenly from momentary spears of sun blindness.

We had three more points to go when Junior suddenly jumped up. I looked over. He was starting to cry.

"You're letting him beat you!" Junior whined in a high, shrill voice. "You're letting him beat you, and—and—I could beat him myself! I could beat him myself!"

Fessler had come to the net. He was glaring, taking it all in.

"No, you couldn't Junior," I said. "Now please sit down on the grass again and wait till we're finished."

"I won't sit down! I won't!" he screamed. "I could beat him. I could! He's nothing but a . . . bum . . . a big, fat bum!"

"Oh, you think so, do you?" Fessler shouted. He waddled around the net and joined the happy group. "I tell you what we'll do, then. We'll play a set and see how much of a bum I am!"

"That's OK with me," whined Junior.

"That's OK with me,"

I thought for a moment. If Junior had an off-day and Fessler played way over his head, Junior would win about 6-3.

"Well, it's not OK with me," I said. "Junior, you get back to the clubhouse, and I'll talk to you later. Now move!" He had always been my favorite, but the job in Florida was bigger than the two of us.

Junior knew he had spoken out of line, anyway. Rubbing his eyes with one hand and dragging his racket along behind him with the other, he trudged off to the clubhouse sniffling.

"Why wouldn't you let me play him?" Fessler said. "It would teach the young upstart a good lesson."

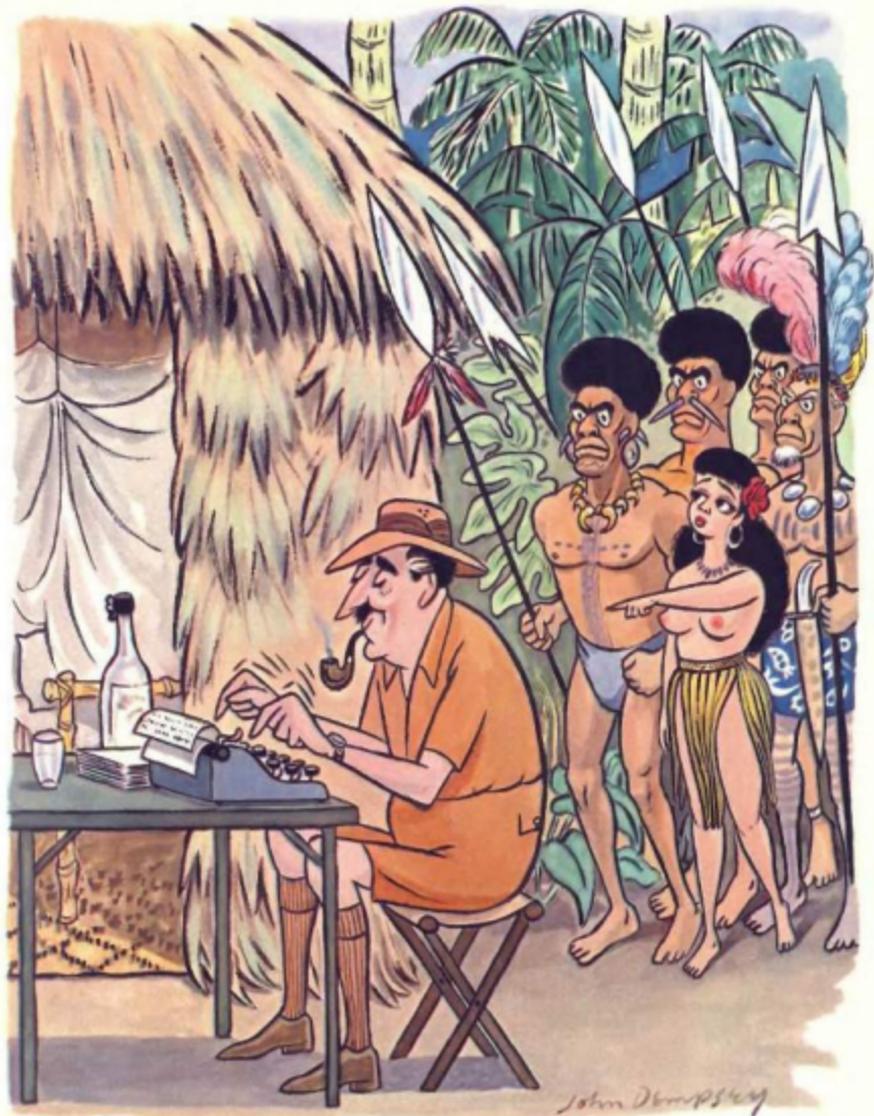
"Yes, but grudge matches aren't permitted here," I said. "If the hotel found out about it, I could be fired for negligence."

"All the same," he said, "I would have enjoyed beating him."

"You would have torn him apart," I said.

After that, I decided pretty definitely that my best plan was to get Fessler the hell back to the city as fast as possible. It wasn't safe to let him out on the court with one of the chambermaids, and I couldn't watch him every second. Besides, if I was going to have to play him myself, I would have to come up with a new script for losing each day. I'd have to win the Academy Award to get to Miami, and I wasn't that good an actor.

*(continued overleaf)*



*"... These happy, childlike, carefree people. They are, especially the young girls, so delightfully naive about sex ..."*

**OUTER MONGOLIA** (continued from page 46)

"That night I found him in the hotel lobby. He was sitting back in an easy-chair, puffing on a cigar.

"Well, Mr. Fessler," I said, "are you enjoying your little stay with us?"

"Yes," he said jovially. "I'm having a very fine time."

"The place does have a lot to offer," I said. "It's too bad it gets so dull at night."

"Dull?" he said. He shifted his cigar. "I mean, after New York with all its many facets of entertainment," I said.

"Oh, I don't know," he said. "I sort of enjoy the change."

"Well, it's nice as long as the weather holds out," I said. I looked over my shoulder for Norton, the manager. "It's too bad about the cold wave."

He took the cigar out of his mouth. "Cold wave?" he said.

"You know," I said. "The one they call Old Faithful. From Canada. Never had a season yet it didn't bring along Jack Frost and a barrel of snowbound fun. We hose over the courts for skating."

Fessler thought about it. "Seems strange to have a cold wave in midsummer, even up this far," he said. "I hope none of this nonsense happens over the weekend, anyway."

"You're staying over the weekend?" I said.

"Of course," he said. "The tournament's being held in my honor."

I cleared my throat. "Tournament?" I said.

"Why, certainly," he said. "Didn't Norton talk to you yet? I told him all about my tennis background this afternoon, and he said he thought while I was here we ought to give the other guests a treat and put on a weekend tournament. He probably didn't have a chance to see you."

I set my lips. "This will all be crack-jack, Mr. Fessler," I said. "But frankly, in your own interests, do you think it's wise risking your reputation in a small-time tournament? There won't be any rational recognition for winning, and if a miracle should happen and you were a shade off and lost . . ."

He was shaking his head.

"I've made up my mind," he said firmly. "I need a tournament under my belt. Norton has promised a trophy for the winner."

I was going to have to do something fast. I tried excusing myself, but Fessler was lost in his own thoughts.

"You know, Barnes," he said, "tennis is a wonderful game."

"It's fine, health-giving recreation," I said automatically. I glanced at my watch.

"That's not what I mean," Fessler said. He looked at me closely. "Barnes,

do you love tennis?"

Somehow, the way he said it, I felt embarrassed.

"Sure, Mr. Fessler," I said. "Sure I do. I like it better than golf or swimming—"

"You like it, but do you *live* for it?" Fessler said. "Do you feel every time you walk out on the court that you're the luckiest guy in the world to be an athlete who can enjoy the game to its fullest?"

I looked down at my feet. I tried to figure out how Fessler had managed to get me on the defensive. Then for a moment, I thought back to my first year of playing through the East and the excitement of winning my first grass court tournament and the telegrams that had been waiting for me when I got back to my room in the evening.

"I felt like that when I was an amateur," I said at last. "I mean, I like teaching—we work very hard—or, not exactly that . . ."

When I finally got that dragged-out conversation over with, I left Fessler blowing smoke rings in his easy chair, planning how he was going to fit the winner's trophy into his suitcase.

The first thing I did after telling Norton to turn blue was to make a list of all the players at the hotel who know how to keep score and could hit the ball on the first bounce. I put them all in the lower bracket.

Then I seeded Fessler first and put him in the upper bracket.

For the first round, he had a bye. For the second round, he had a bye.

I had to match him up against someone before he could get to the semifinals, so in the third round I had him play Henri Barduch. I was reasonably sure that Fessler would win. Henri Barduch was the hotel's grounds keeper. He was lame in the left leg and quite lazy besides. Also, he couldn't speak much English. He had never seen a tennis match and thought he was being punished for not having kept the hedges clipped.

All through the match he kept up a steady stream of abuse at me and Fessler. Fessler thought he was being complimented on his play and was beaming when he came off the court a victor. I had told him he was playing a former French Davis Cup star.

"That didn't take me long, did it?" Fessler said.

Henri was wiping his face with a red handkerchief, swearing at us in French.

"You were in control all the way," I said. "Now you're a semifinalist."

"Who do I play?" he said.

"A lefty named Stan Harrison," I said. "He's a very good player. He won

our Labor Day tournament last year."

"And then when do I play the finals?" Fessler said.

"Sunday afternoon," I said.

Stan Harrison was a good player. He was also checking out of the hotel about three hours before I had scheduled his match with Fessler.

"Congratulations, Mr. Fessler," I said, "you're in the finals."

"What about my match with this lefty?" he said.

"I just had a call from the hotel," I said. "He got cold feet and ran out on you. You win by default."

"Who do I play in the finals?" Fessler said.

"Scott Whitney," I said. "He's only a sophomore at Princeton, and he's number three man on their team already."

"You sure he'll play me?" Fessler said with concern. "I'd hate to win the finals by default."

"I have a hunch he'll see it through," I said.

Just how far he'd see it through was the problem. I was having trouble with Scott.

"Sure I want you to have the job, Carl," Scott said. "I'll do anything reasonable to help out. But there's going to be all those people there watching. That's the thing. I'm going to feel like an awful jackass losing in front of all those people."

"Then stop worrying," I said. "I've worked out everything with Norton. He wants to make up for the egg he laid. He's got a program that will keep the guests running until their tongues are hanging out. The hotel's staging a scavenger hunt, an organized nature hike, free aquaplaning, a movie short, *Archery and You*, and a bridge tournament with prizes. If there's anyone left over, the boat boy is going to put on a track meet. There won't be 20 people at the match."

"I hope not," Scott said. He was gloomy. "It's just that everyone around here knows I'm from Princeton."

Sunday was bright and fair. Notices of the scavenger hunt, the organized nature hike, the free aquaplaning, the movie short, *Archery and You*, and the bridge tournament with prizes were posted all over the lobby. At 1:30, everyone left the dining room and stood around reading the notices.

At three o'clock, every guest in the hotel walked straight across the lawn and over to the tennis courts.

"Look at all those people," Scott said in the tennis house. He was peering out the window. "Look at them all. I thought there weren't going to be 20 people here."

"They'll all leave after the first set," I said. My stomach didn't feel so good.

(continued on page 60)



## THE TROUBLE WITH AMB

*up to their necks in water and woe, the natives are restive tonight*

THE TROUBLE WITH AMB is that it's very, very small, and people who run across it on maps are apt to think it's a cartographers' abbreviation for "ambush," "ambiguous," or even "ambary," a plant that grows in patches thereabouts, instead of what it really is—*viz.*, Amb, an independent but utterly insignificant country on the Indus River, and smack in the middle of Pakistan. Not only is Amb so small as to be hardly worth mentioning but, to make matters worse, it is getting smaller at an

average rate of 2½ acres an hour, and if it keeps losing ground like this, it will be all gone by the end of the year. The diminution of Amb began a decade ago, when Pakistan passed a law against the *jagirs*, or fiefs, on Pakistani soil; as 30 square miles of Amb were *jagirs*, Pakistan took them back. A second, even more stunning blow was delivered in 1956, when, after coming across some 80-year-old papers, Pakistan laid claim to the entire left bank of the Indus, 290 square miles of Amb, and away it went. At the

same time, Pakistan appropriated Amb's vassalage, the Khanate of Phulra (pronounced like "pool room" without the "na")—20 square miles. The upshot of all this aggrandizement is that Amb, today, is only 14 square miles and 4014 persons, all 4014 of them on the good-for-nothing right bank of the Indus, and even there the sovereignty of Mr. Mohammed Farid Khan, the Nawab of Amb, is shaky indeed. His people are restive, some of them want to go to Pakistan, and the Nawab, I understand, is so uncertain

travel By JOHN SACK

of their loyalties that he hasn't been to Amb for many years; instead, he sits in a palace in Pakistan and, with a pair of high-powered field glasses, he watches Amb warily.

In the light of all this, I decided a few months ago it was now or never to visit Amb and, as soon as my Pan American airplane had set down in Karachi, I hurried to the north by train and bus, and I was delighted to find that Amb was still there. The country itself was no delight, though: it was 120° in the shade, so outrageously hot, indeed, that most of the Ambis were sitting up to their necks in the Indus River. They, the 4014 people of Amb, are Moslems, I learned, who came from Afghanistan 600 years ago; they speak in Pashtawali, dye their beards red, and, whenever they aren't sitting in the Indus River or swimming to Pakistan—aided, incidentally, by waterwings of buffalo skin—they dress in turbans, a kind of night-shirt and pyjamas, a billowy white pair of pantaloons from which our own pyjamas (the word and the pyjamas themselves) are derived. On this outrageous morning, the Ambis greeted me by laughing hysterically. It's a rather odd custom, I thought, apt to get on your nerves after a while and I never was given a satisfactory explanation of it. According to someone, the Ambis were awfully shy and were giggling hard, but, according to someone else, the Ambis were awfully friendly and were smiling hard. Whichever it was, I confess to being rather annoyed with the Ambis and with Amb itself by the time I was taken to the Nawab's guest house. There, I was shown to my room, rather a fashionable one with a stained-glass window, a Persian rug, a canopied bed and a fireplace, of all things; it was just as hot as anywhere else. A servant gave me the most appalling glass of water I've seen — it came from the Indus, and it was opaque — and, after dropping five Halseon pills into this, waiting for an hour and throwing it away, I fell into the canopied bed and fell asleep.

By four o'clock, it was somewhat cooler, and I paid a call on the Nawab himself, at his palace on the land that Pakistan took away in 1950. I found that he resembles Ed Wynn. The Nawab, Mr. Farid Khan, has a silly face, a sly grin and his chin is indistinguishable from his neck; that afternoon, his gray bell-bottomed jacket hung over his pot belly to below his knees, his turban was powder-blue and a loose end teetered above it like an aerial — the vague in this part of the world, but quite absurd to look at. The Nawab was pleasant enough, but, I was told, he's liable to fits of temper and then he'll jump on his subjects (literally), rape them, or push them a foot further into the Indus River. His first words to

me, after the usual pleasantries and *aloum aleikums*, were, "Tell me where you are — Pakistan or Amb?"

"I'm in Amb," I said amiably.

"Right!" said the Nawab, grinning, "and why Pakistan has taken it away, I'll never know. It's worse than the Russians!" Wistfully, he looked across the river at what was left of Amb, fingering his field glasses idly, and said, "The people of Amb loved me. Day in, day out, do you know what I do? Philanthropy. I give away money." So saying, he shot a glance at his secretary, a thin, red-bearded man who was doing the translating, and the secretary picked up a little bag and let me squeeze it; I surmised it was full of rupees. "This afternoon," the Nawab said, "I gave money to 20 people," his largess being 50¢ to a beggar; 30¢ to another beggar; \$3.00 to an orphanage in Pakistan; \$17.20 to Mr. Haji Bar Gul, who was starving; \$3.60 to Mr. Omar Khan, whose daughter had drowned (while sitting in the Indus, incidentally); and comparable sums to other needy cases. "Also," said the Nawab, "I have granaries, and whenever the people are hungry, I give them grain."

"Where do you get it all?" I asked.

"For the most part, taxes. The agricultural tax is one bushel out of every two."

"One out of two?"

"Well, in certain cases, one out of three." The Nawab of Amb returned to the subject of philanthropy. "A few years ago, for example, I threw open a granary, and I gave away the better part of a ton. Many of the people were starving."

"I wouldn't doubt it," I said.

Now it was evening, a Moslem time for prayer. When someone had sprayed the floor with DDT and someone else had unrolled a Persian rug, the Nawab knelt and began to salaam to Mecca, and as he did another man pulled a rope, working a huge, barlap fan on the ceiling above, and other men sweated flies. After five minutes of this, the Nawab of Amb arose, huffing and puffing; he put a cigarette in his mouth, but he never got around to lighting it.

"The palace," I remarked, "is terribly hot."

"Here and there, I have a half-dozen others," said the Nawab of Amb, "— and much, much cooler."

After I had talked with the Nawab, I felt that Pakistan was certainly right in dispossessing him, and too bad it wasn't sooner, but after I heard Pakistan's side of the story, I wanted to call a plague on both their homes. The Pakistani case was given to me several days later by Mr. Abdul Qayum Khan, a politician, at his hot, musty office in the *Civil and Military Gazette* building, in La-

hore. For years, Mr. Qayum had been a sort of Pakistani Cato, shouting, "Amb must be destroyed!" until, in 1950, the left bank of the Indus River and the Khanate of Phulra were invaded by 500 Pakistani police. ("AMB IS LIBERATED," said the *Civil and Military Gazette*.) At the time, Mr. Qayum said he was doing it out of pity, promising to the Ambis a lower tax, suffrage and free land, although, to be sure, it was also rumored that Mr. Qayum had tried to shake the Nawab for \$2 grand and hadn't got it. Anyhow, the liberated Ambis held an election soon after their deliverance, and a solitary name was on the ballot, Mr. Abdul Qayum Khan's.

"What I did," Mr. Qayum was telling me, in Lahore, "was to liberate 60,000 people. Under the Nawab, they were subjected to all sorts of tortures, to feudal excesses and other unspeakable excesses which I couldn't even mention." Mr. Qayum's face was fat, heavily jowled, and his eyes were pig-eyes, lost beneath a bearding forehead.

"Tortures?" I said.

"Unspeakable tortures."

"Which?"

"They're unspeakable."

"Oh."

"After I had apprised Pakistan of these unspeakable tortures and of other feudal excesses, we agreed, naturally, to liberate Amb."

"Would you tell me just *one* torture?" I said.

"Well . . ." Qayum Khan leaned over conspiratorially and whispered.

"Not really?" I said.

"Don't quote me," said Mr. Abdul Qayum Khan.

After he had been elected by the ex-Ambis, Mr. Qayum rose quickly. In three years he was Pakistan's minister of industries and bucking for prime minister; then, there was a cabinet crisis, he was kicked upstairs, the Moslem League wouldn't support him and he's back where he started. So, in fact, are the 60,000 persons he liberated, who — seeing how the Nawab is still the owner, if not the ruler, of ex-Amb — are paying taxes to Pakistan and rent to the Nawab, and, apparently, are worse off than before, except they can vote for Mr. Qayum. Meanwhile, the Nawab has gone to court to get his country back, but as soon as he files suit for some of it, Pakistan takes more of it away. The result of all this litigation is that Nawab's lawyer, Mr. Sajjad Ahmad Jan, has made \$21,000 and with it has built himself a mansion in Abbottabad, the Pakistani equivalent of the Catskills. According to Mr. Jan, the Nawab hasn't a chance; according to the Nawab, Mr. Jan has a father-in-law, a judge, and . . . and according to Pakistan, it's a quibble over words. "My goodness," a

(continued on page 65)



"Say 'cheese.'"

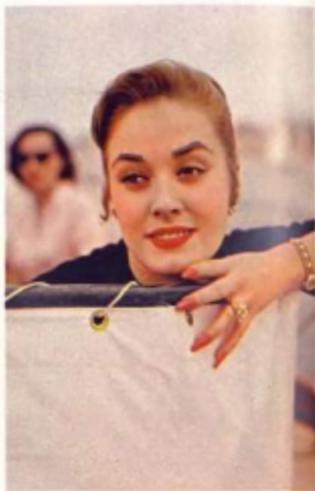
When planning a cruise, it's most important to select the right crew.



Sheila



Down



Lisa

Shirley



# PLAYBOY'S YACHT PARTY

PHOTOGRAPHED ESPECIALLY  
FOR PLAYBOY BY DAVID SUTTON

*prescription for fine fun afloat:  
the bounding main,  
the good ship gallant  
and a carefree crew of beauties*

*pictorial*



Above: everyone pitches in to work ship. Left: all sails set and outward bound.



**F**OR ADVENTUROUS fun and excitement, for the intimacy and privacy of a small world in itself, for the pleasures of being on the water and in it—and snuggled down cozily after dark—there's nothing that comes anywhere near a cruise party on a husky, handsome yacht, if you have the right crew aboard.

When the good ship Gallant—a two-masted schooner, luxury yacht, race winner and, as yachtmens say, goldplater—left her mooring and moved out into the waters along the California Coast, all these conditions were met.

But even before that, the special fun that goes with a yacht party had started. The girls had gathered together and packed in bumpers smoked rainbow trout *plê* and other tinned delicacies, *hors d'oeuvres*—and heartier fare. The best in liquors—and plenty of chilled beer—had already been stowed in the ship's stores and when the entire group stepped from the yacht club launch onto Gallant's teak deck, that special atmosphere of a shared adventure was already on them all.

The girls stowed their personal gear below in the cabin and staterooms while  
*(continued overleaf)*

Right: As Gallant pokes her bowsprit into the privacy of the blue Pacific, the girls go below to change into swim suits while the men don diving gear. Meanwhile, a sheltered cove is reached, sail is lowered and, as the vessel comes to anchor, some of the crew (opposite page) go about providing a fresh-caught seafood banquet for all hands.



Below: In one of Gallant's spacious staterooms, Dawn (PLAYBOY's May Playmate) slides into a portside bunk to duff her dungarees. Then (right) in half bikini, she pauses before the mirror to pin up her hair. Opposite: Sheila replaces Dawn at the mirror while, girl-like, they seem to take forever in getting ready to go topside for a dunk in the drink.





Gallant slipped her mooring and, under power, headed out of the harbor. Once clear of the breakwater, her skipper headed her into the wind and all hands manned the halyards to make sail. The motor was killed. Gallant's canvas bellied to the breeze as she fell off a bit—and then came that glorious moment when a sailing vessel comes alive.

Outward bound and with sheets cleated home, Gallant became a single-hander and everyone took a trick at the wheel—always with plenty of company in the cockpit. While landlubbers sweltered ashore, the girls went below to change into their swimsuits and as Gallant headed for the calmer waters of a sheltered private cove, all hands made ready for the water sports to come. For a proper yacht party isn't merely a matter of sailing. There are rugged types who's idea of fun is to perch on the windward rail of a racing machine with the lee rail under and icy spray drenching them, but Gallant's crew had no such thought in mind—though the ship can show her heels to any vessel in her class.

So, as the cove was reached and the anchor bit into the sandy bottom, sail was lowered. Everyone hit the drink for a cooling swim. Those who like the sport

*(continued overleaf)*



Left: Down zips up her kelp suit and ties on her skindiving cap. Then (above) over the side she goes. Opposite page, top left: In the cockpit, some of the crew seem fascinated by the skindivers' finny catch brought from the chilly depths.



Above, after their skin-tingling undersea frolic, Dawn and Sheila gratefully greet the warmth and privacy of the forward deck where they towel dry, strip off bra tops and take turns applying sun tan lotion to each other's backs. Below, they stretch out for a nap and sunbath, relaxed and shielded from the breeze by the windward bulwark.

donned kelp suits and skindiving gear and sought the underwater gardens where they played tag and caught lobsters and fish for dinner. Others climbed the swimming ladder and peeled off wet suits to bask in the sun on the forward deck. The radio played for dancing and someone broke out refreshments to be passed among those who lolled and chatted in the cockpit. The dinghy served as home base for the skindivers, and the sex pony—a self-powered water scooter—skipped about with everyone taking turns tandem.

The afternoon passed in this happy atmosphere of relaxed and intimate good fun and by cocktail time all had had their fill of sun and water and sport. The cool evening breeze came up and the whole gang gathered aft in sweaters and  
*(concluded overleaf)*





Just before the cocktail hour all hands abandoned ship for the day's final dip. Sheila and Dawn awoke from their nap and thought it would be fun to slip over the side in their sunbathing garb (above and right). Shirley (top right) hooked a tandem ride on the self-powered sea pony. Center right; Dawn descends the companionway ladder, last one out as the evening coolness sends all aboard.



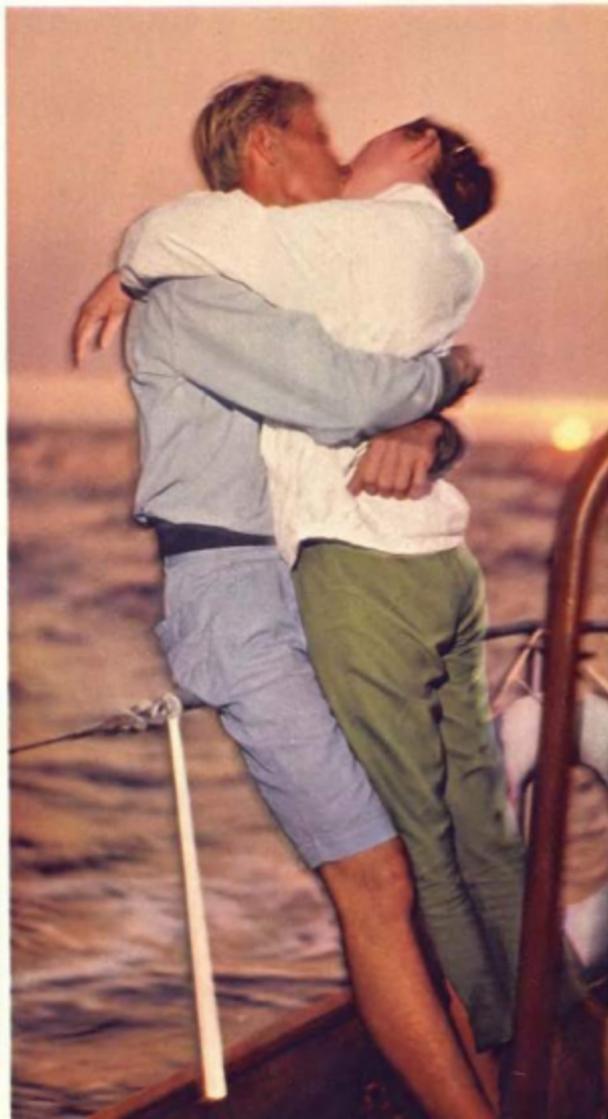
slacks to share the cup that cheers. Then there was dancing to a slow blues on Gallant's wide decks, a couple went below to start a bucket of sea water boiling on the stove for dinner, and as the sun lit the sky with the brilliant hues of sunset and the first bright stars appeared, everyone paused for a moment in that

murmurous silence—accentuated by the quiet lapping of wavelets against the hull—which is known only away from the bustling land.

After a sumptuous seafood feast around the cabin table—with a good white wine and good talk—quiet descended on Gallant again as full dark

greeted those who made their way back on deck. The radio was turned low, the anchor light glowed on the forestay; for some there was an inlinate nightcap on the cabin divans, others sought their berths, and there were those who stretched out on deck under the shimmering stars of the summer night. **3**

At the end of a full and fun-packed day at sea the crew gets into slacks and sweaters to relax and savour drinks and talk and music before going below for that sea-fresh lobster dinner. Down sampled all the good things a yacht at evening has to offer: a shared cocktail in the cabin, refreshments in the cockpit, watching the colors of a sailor's sunset—and that moment when one is blissfully oblivious.



**OUTER MONGOLIA** (continued from page 48)

"Look at them all just sitting there," he said.

"Probably half of them don't know what end of the racket to hold," I said. "All of them know I'm from Princeton," he said.

Fessler arrived and walked right out on the court. He had five rackets and was wearing a cream polo shirt with a tan monogram on the pocket. He received quite an ovation. He acknowledged it by looking down scowlingly at his arsenal of rackets. He took several minutes deciding which one to use, and then he did a few deep-knee-bends to limber up.

"You'd better get out there before he cripples himself," I said to Scott.

Scott was white. He picked up his rackets mechanically.

"They'd better leave after the first set," he said.

"Sure they'll leave," I said.

"They'd better," he said. "They all know I'm —"

"I know, I know," I said, pushing him out the door. "Pretend you're playing for Yale. And don't worry so much. They'll leave before you know it."

He walked down to the court, shaking his head and muttering. I looked around at the crowd. If there was ever a bunch who had settled down for a full afternoon of tennis, this was it.

Scott and Fessler began to warm up. I didn't feel much like watching. I took the brochure I had sent for, *Florida Is Calling*, and threw it in the wastepaper basket. I opened the drawer labeled "Used Balls" and poured myself a drink. I just sat there for a while hearing bursts of applause from outside and remembering the time I passed up the salesman's job with the moth ball company.

Then Norton walked in. He was looking chagrined.

"That's quite a gallery you have out there," he said.

"It is that," I said. "By way of conversation, whatever became of the scavenger hunt, the organized nature hike, the free aquaplaning —"

Norton flushed. "Look, I want to apologize for starting all this. He had me sold he was another Tilden."

"When I'm picking up refuse for the city of New York this winter, I'll remember that you apologized," I said. "Is there any chance this convention outside will break up?"

"I'm afraid not," Norton said, flinching. "Fessler passed word around the hotel this morning he may be in the next Davis Cup matches. If America needs him."

I had one more chance. I grabbed a water pitcher and filled it. I hustled down the stairs and over to the side-

lines, spilling water.

When they changed courts at the fifth game, I got Scott off to the side.

"No one looks like they're going to leave," he said.

"So they stay for the whole match," I said. "They're probably after a tan."

"Well, then I'm sorry, Carl," he said, "but I've carried him as far as I'm going to. I'm not making a jackass out of myself for two more sets. There's a limit to everything."

He started back on court.

"Look, Scott," I said, grabbing him, "old Droopy Drawers over there is sort of in a world of his own. I mean, maybe tennis is all he has —"

But the crowd was getting impatient and Scott pulled away. He went to the base-line and tossed up his first ball. His racket swept in a smooth, graceful arc. There was a sudden, sharp whip of tight gut, and a blinding blur of white rocketed across the court and bounded high against the backstop.

Fessler's mouth dropped open as the crowd burst into applause. He had never seen a ball hit that hard at him before, and he thought his eyes were playing tricks on him. The next three points of the game were exactly the same.

I didn't watch the rest. I went back up to the tennis house and stayed there.

They were playing the last point of the match when I came out again. Scott charged the net and Fessler sent up a feeble lob. Scott has the hardest overhead smash in the East. Once, in a mixed doubles match, his ball accidentally hit a girl right in the middle of the forehead. For a month, she had gone around looking like a unicorn.

With a lightning smash, Scott sent this one screaming across the net. It bounced once and was gone. The boy found it the next day floating around in the lake.

Scott jumped the net and shook Fessler by the hand. Then the crowd was around them, congratulating Scott.

I stood on the porch and watched Fessler as the crowd filed away. He seemed to be in a daze. He walked over to the sidelines. After awhile, he sank down in the chair by the net. He was soaked in sweat and breathing through his mouth.

I straightened up around the tennis house. I patched a racket and started on another. Then I went out on the porch instead. Fessler was still sitting there.

I walked over to him.

"Mr. Fessler, it's about time for dinner now," I said in a loud voice.

He didn't answer me.

"Look, Mr. Fessler," I said, "it's getting cold out here and you haven't even put your sweater on. You'll have to rush

to get a shower before dinner."

I thought he wasn't going to answer again.

Then, from a long distance, he said, "I didn't even give him a game." That was all.

I went back and finished stringing my racket. I was angry now. I'd lost my deal, hadn't I? So that was the end of it. I had enough troubles of my own. I got dressed for dinner. I slammed the door to the shop and locked up.

It was getting dark and colder, so I tried once more.

I put my hand on his shoulder. "All right, why don't we come along now?" I said to him.

This time Fessler stood up obediently. He looked around for a moment, and started off across the court with me. No one said anything. I looked down at the ground, feeling gloomy about the way things had worked out for me and Fessler, too. Then I realized he had left his fine new rackets strung with the best tournament gut stacked neatly by the side of the court.

"Hey, you don't want any of your rackets, Mr. Fessler?" I said.

He shook his head and we went on across the lawn toward the hotel . . .

\* \* \*

It must have been about 10:30 that night when I finally wended my way to the bar. I had trouble getting my order taken. My summer was spoiled, I had no job after September, and I couldn't even get a drink in the hotel where I worked. It figures, I thought, feeling sorer for myself.

I looked down at the other end of the bar in disgust, and suddenly, there was Fessler. He was sitting up on one of the stools as big as life. He had a thong around him, listening to his every word. Whatever he was telling them, they were spellbound. When he paused to light his cigar, his audience watched with the rapt silence of a scout troop rallying around its leader on the first night out in the Belgian Congo.

I pushed my way down there in disbelief. Fessler had resumed telling them about the time he had battled Talbert and Mulloy single-handed. He had marked out the court on the bar with soda straws. Talbert and Mulloy were represented by shot glasses, and Fessler by a beer mug. As the ball, a cashew nut, was passed from side to side, the shot glasses broke into a wild frenzy of abortive maneuvers. They bounced around on the bar top like confused Mexican jumping beans. The beer mug, though, remained in stolid control of the situation, stolidly anchored at mid-court.

When the shot glasses had finally expended themselves by rattling off to opposite sides of the bar, the cashew

(concluded on page 68)



## Ribald Classic

A newly translated tale from *Les Diaboliques* by Jules Barbey d'Aurevilly

I LEFT THE CLUB EARLY; the effects were playing cards for high stakes. It was evening, but the torch had made one think the sun was still shining. I found Pudica scarcely dressed, her shoulders exposed to the breeze which seemed to burn them. Her arms were bare, those beautiful arms into which I had bitten so many times during moments of emotion, and which tasted as sweet as a strawberry. Her hair, heavy with heat, tumbled on her bronzed neck, and she was ravishing thus. Half lying over a low round table, she was writing. Now if Pudica were writing, it was no doubt to some lover, for some rendezvous, for some new infidelity to her husband, Major Ydow, who accepted her acts in silence. When I came in, the letter was written, and she was melting some wax to seal it, some blue wax spangled with silver.

"Where is the Major?" she asked seeing me. She seemed flustered as she always did, this woman who made men believe she was moved by their presence.

"He is gambling in a frenzied fashion," I answered, watching the pink flush which came to her face, "but I, this evening, have another type of frenzy."

She understood me. "Bah!" she said, "your frenzy is over." And she put her seal on the hot wax as it began to congeal. "Here," she said with provoking insolence, pointing to the wax, "here is your character. It was boiling a few minutes ago, and now it is cold." While saying this she turned the envelope and was about to write the address.

I was not jealous, but in spite of myself I wanted to see to whom she was writing. I looked over her shoulder. But my look stopped at the intoxicating cleft between her breasts—that place where I had rained to many kisses. Entranced, I bestowed one more upon this valley of love. The effect was instantaneous; she stopped writing and straightened up as if someone had touched her with a red-hot iron. She threw back her head and looked at me with that mix-

ture of desire and confusion which was part of her charm. I gave her, in the wet pink of her half-opened mouth, all the intensity of my feeling.

"This sensitive woman had the nerves of a tiger. Suddenly she jumped up."

"The Major is coming up the steps," she whispered. "He must have lost a lot of money, and he is especially jealous when he has lost. He is going to make a frightful scene. Here, jump in this place . . . I am going to make him leave."

She opened a large wardrobe in which she hung her dresses and pushed me in. I believe there are few men who have not been put in a wardrobe on the arrival of a husband.

But I cared nothing for the indignity. I was conscious only of the feel of her dresses against my face and of the deat fragrance of her which they still held. Soon, however, I heard the Major come in. She was right; he was in an execrable humor, suffering from an attack of jealousy, and it was all the more explosive since he had hid it from the rest of us. Naturally inclined towards suspicion and anger, his look went towards the letter which remained on the table, and which my kisses had prevented Pudica from addressing.

"What is that letter?" he asked harshly.

"It is a letter for Italy," answered Pudica tranquilly.

He was not fooled by her placid answer.

"That is not true," he said in a rough voice, and in that short sentence I understood much about the intimate life of these people. I could not see, of course, but I heard, and for me that was seeing. Their gestures were in their words and in the intonation of their voices which, in a few minutes, rose to the pitch of fury. The Major insisted that he be shown the letter; Pudica, who had seized it, refused to give it up. I heard the rustle of clothes and the sound of feet as they struggled. The Major was strong, and he took the let-

ter and read it. It fixed a rendezvous with a man, but his name was not given. Absurdly curious, as are all jealous men, the Major tried in vain to get the name of her lover. Pudica must have hurt her hand in the struggle because she cried out:

"You are tearing my hand, you brute!"

Furious at knowing nothing, defied and mocked by this letter which told him only one thing, that she had a lover—another one—Major Ydow fell into one of those rages which degrade a man. He showered Pudica with insults—in the language of a coachman. I thought he was going to hit her, but the blow came later. He reproached her in shocking terms. He was brutal and revolting, and she responded like a woman who knows she has nothing to lose. She was less ignoble than he, more insulting and more cruel. She was insolent, ironical, laughing with hysterical hatred, and answering the torrents of insult with those words which women find when they want to make us crazy and which act upon our violence like sparks upon powder. Of all those cool and outrageous words she used, the ones which fell on his ears the most were that she did not love him and never had.

"Never, never, never!" she repeated with joyous fury as if she were dancing on his heart.

Now this idea that she had never loved him was most ferocious for this handsome man so often loved by women. He cried out:

"And our child?"

"Our child!" She burst out laughing.

"Do you think he is yours?"

"And whose is he, you bitch?" he asked in something which was not his voice.

She continued to laugh. "You'll never know," she said, defying him. And she whipped him with this, "You'll never know," a thousand times, and when she was tired of saying it, she began to sing it. Then when she had struck him enough with this sentence, she began

I thrust my sword into his back up to the hilt.

# THE SEAL OF VENGEANCE



to name the lovers she had had: the list included all his fellow officers.

"I have had them *all*," she gloated.

"And that child you are stupid enough to think your own was given me by the only man I have ever really loved, that I have ever adored. And you have not guessed who he was? And you still don't guess?"

She was lying. She had never loved any man. But she felt that the dagger blow for the Major was in this lie, and she let him have it and then turned the blade in the wound with her next remark.

"Well," she said slowly, "since you do not guess, you will have to give up. It was Captain Messilgrand."

She was probably still lying, but I was no longer sure. My name pronounced by her hit me like a bullet through the door of the wardrobe.

There was a silence like after a strangling. Then suddenly I heard a cry, the like of which I had never heard before, and I have heard some frightful ones on the field of battle. It gave me the force to thrust open the wardrobe door. What I saw I will never forget. Pudica was on her back on the low table where she had written her letter, and the Major was holding her with a grip of iron. Her clothes had been thrust aside, and her beautiful naked body was twisting like a serpent under his grip. What do you suppose he was doing with the other hand? The writing table, the lighted candle with the wax beside it, these circumstances had given to the Major an infernal idea—the idea of sealing his wife in the way she had sealed the letter—and he was in the relentless, vengeful act of this monstrous sealing.

"Be punished where you have sinned, infamous wench!" he cried.

I rushed at him and thrust my sword into his back up to the hilt.

—Translated by Hobart Ryland

**V**



*"See here, Sir John — what did I tell you about getting out of bed?"*

Pakistani official told me, once. "The Nawab says it's his state, we say it's his state. So, what's all the fuss about?"

The withering away of Amb has been paralleled by an atrophy of its ruling family. Mr. Khan Zaman Khan, the previous Nawab, was a warrior known as "Zaman the Lionhearted," with, in a photograph I saw, a terrifying mustache and a sumo wrestler's face—a fine illustration, I had thought, for Abdul the Bullbul Amir. His son, the incumbent Nawab, as I have said, resembles Ed Wynn, and his son, Mr. Mohammed Saif, the heir apparent to what he persists in calling "the throne of Amb," resembles, I'm afraid, a drugstore cowboy: he is thin, oily, excruciating and possessed of a frail, gigolo mustache. The Nawab Zada is a college freshman; in fact, he has been one for three years, having been kicked in 1954 out of Burnhall Missionary College, in Abbottabad, where he spent his time drinking, gambling and wenching—particularly wenching—and in 1955 out of Gordon Missionary College, in Rawalpindi, where, although he lived as he always had, he took the precaution of giving the mimeograph men \$36 for a set of the final exams. Gordon Missionary College found out, and now the Nawab Zada is applying to Harvard. He has been married to a wise and beautiful princess, and his father, his mother and the rest of the royal family are hoping that the union will sober him somewhat, though they don't expect the princess to benefit any. As for the Nawab Zada, the prospect of a steady piece is clearly a happy one. He hired an architect to build him a honeymoon cottage, but he rejected the first draft, for he had to walk 20 yards to get to the princess' bedroom. He also rejected the second draft—the bedroom was at the front of the house. In the third and latest draft, the princess' bedroom is at the back of the house and next door to the Nawab Zada's, and it's flanked by a moonlit terrace, and the Nawab Zada says it could hardly be improved on.

If what I have said has come as anything of a shock to Mr. Wilbur J. Besler, Chairman of the Committee on Admissions at Harvard College, I'm ready to take the blame. It was I who put the notion of Harvard into the Nawab Zada's head, and once it was there, I couldn't get it out. I met him in Rawalpindi, Pakistan, a week before he was kicked out of Gordon College. I had the devil's own time doing so, for the Nawab Zada wasn't in his dormitory, he wasn't in the dining hall, he wasn't in class, and those who were seemed rather amused that I should

seek him there, volunteering, instead, a list of Rawalpindi's fancier laundry houses, at which, they advised me, the Nawab Zada might reasonably be

sought. By leaving a few messages at such places, I arranged, at last, to meet the Nawab Zada at my hotel at tea time, and, when he got there, I shook his hand and asked if he cared for a beer—it's illegal for Muslims, but for-

## FEMALES BY COLE: 37

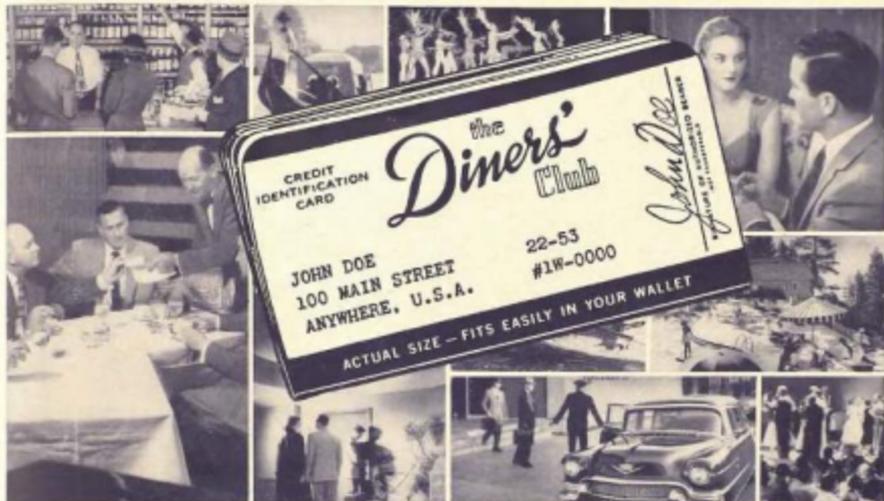


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## OUTER MONGOLIA

(continued from page 60)

nut was promptly catapulted down the vulnerable passage that was their center court for a game-winning point. Everyone around the bar broke into spontaneous applause.

"This was too much. I broke through the circle of ramp followers and grabbed Fessler by the arm.

"Mr. Fessler, I'd like to see you for a minute," I said.

He excused himself and followed me over to the corner. He looked up at me blinking, as sober as a judge.

"Mr. Fessler," I said, "you certainly got over your afternoon's hard luck in a hurry."

"Luck?" he said. "There wasn't any hard luck about me losing this afternoon. I was just beaten."

"Well, then," I said, "you certainly have taken it in stride."

He looked around us. "To tell you the truth, Barnes, I was feeling pretty down in the mouth for awhile there tonight," he said. His voice had taken on a confidential tone. "But after dinner, I called

Phefan to tell him I was through with the game, and he explained everything."

"Everything?" I said.

"He told me all great athletes have to taste one crushing defeat to bring out the killer instinct that makes a champion," Fessler said. "He knew I was about due for it because he had sensed a trace of overconfidence in my attitude."

I couldn't think of anything to say. "If you look back on it objectively," he said, "you can see where I was a shade too sure of myself."

I cleared my throat. "Your feet are on the ground now, though," I said.

Fessler chuckled. "I'm rushing back to New York tomorrow," he said. "Phefan's got everything arranged. I'm playing Pancho Tuesday morning."

He chuckled again and started back to the bar.

"Pancho Segura?" I said calling after him.

"No," he said, turning back. "Pancho Gonzales. I told you I've already beaten Segura. Why should I play him again?"



## PORCOSITO

(continued from page 24)

in the firelight Lalouette could see that the blade of the spear was no longer clean. The redness of it was not a reflected redness.

Thus she knew what the little men had done to Gargantua. She would have wept if she could; but there was no hand to wipe away her tears, and she was a proud woman. So she forced herself to pretend to be asleep.

Later she wrote: *I knew that this was the end. I was sorry. In this place I have felt strangely calm and free, happier than I have ever been since my dear mother used to hold me in her arms and tell me all the stories I told here; stories of gods and heroes and pygmies and ginnis, and of men with wings...*

But that night, looking through the lashes of her half-closed eyes, she saw Tack untying the blade of the spear. He worked for an hour before he got it loose, and then he had a sort of drink, almost a foot long, which he concealed in a trouser-leg. Tack, she thinks, had been watching him also: for as soon as Tack closed his eyes and began to breathe evenly, he took out the knife which he had never allowed them to take away from him, and stabbed his partner through the heart.

He carried the body out of the range of her vision, and left it where he let it fall. Lalouette never knew where.

Next morning Tack said to her: "At last we are alone. You are my Queen."

"The fire?" she said, calmly.

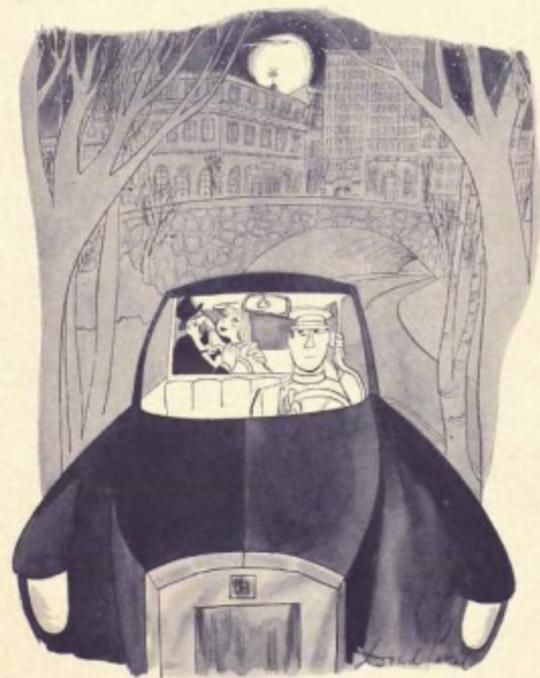
"Ah yes. The fire. I will put wood on the fire, and then perhaps we may be alone after all this time."

Tack went away and Lalouette waited. He did not return. The disposition of his bones, and the scars on them, indicated that he was killed by a boar. There was no more driftwood nearby. Tack went into the trees to pick up whatever he might find. As I visualize it, he stopped to gather sticks, and looked up into the furious and bloody eyes of a great angry boar gathering itself for a charge. This must be so: there is no other way of accounting for the scattering of his shattered bones. Hence, the last thing Tack saw must have been the bristly head of a pig, a pair of curled tusks, and two little red eyes...

The last words in what may be described as Lalouette's Journal are as follows:

*A wind is blowing. The fire is dying. God grant that my end may be soon.*

This is the history of the Queen of Pig Island, and of the bones Captain Oxford found.



"Around the park slowly, Henry, and stop looking in the rear view mirror."

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## HUMAN STORY

(continued from page 26)

doctor gets a cable that his mother has been dead from old age for a month already. The Russians have been keeping it a secret to have something to hold over him, and he realizes in the nick of time that he would have been betraying his country and his patient ironically all for nothing.

"So there is a quiet but colorful wedding in a Harlem synagogue, with the analyst acting as best man. We'll have some beautiful choral singing, Negro spirituals and Hebrew melodies. Know something, kid? With all this religious material my own training as a Coptic comes in pretty handy." Bosley dug into the décolletage and drew forth a massive crucifix in jeweler's bronze from its resting place deep in the nest of black hair. "I got a deep feeling of sympathy for every single character in the story."

"Is that how it ends, with the wedding?" I asked.

"You're a generation behind, kid. Pictures don't end with those clichés anymore." Bosley looked away politely while I picked up the check. "Life is a struggle, kid, and we're depicting life. Now after the Eskimo girl agrees to give up Communism, and Georgie agrees to give up fighting—"

"You didn't say anything about fighting."

"How else could Goldstein make a living, except in the dirty fight racket? When he was a kid, he wanted to be a harpist, but who ever heard of a bastard harpist? Now that he's married the Eskimo, he quits the ring and goes to technical school under the G.I. Bill. While he's in school, he invents a cheap process for color television based on the way you pluck harp strings. There's a fortune in it, and he buys a nice home in a fashionable Negro neighborhood. Everything would be copacetic, only the Eskimo girl is still pining away for children, and Georgie can sense it in the hungry look of those slanting eyes of hers."

"So what happens?"

"The final scene is in Boys' Town, where the kindly Irish padre who runs the place receives George Washington Goldstein and his bride with open arms. They pick out six colored kids, all of them suffering from terrible diseases, because they want to prove that everybody can overcome handicaps like Georgie himself. We fade out on Georgie and the Eskimo girl walking hand in hand to their station wagon, followed by the six kids hobbling along behind them."

Bosley Feibush looked carefully at me. I rose to the occasion by shaking my head slowly and murmuring, "A smash, a smash." Bosley smiled happily.

When we were once again on the sidewalk I said, "You're going to make

(concluded overleaf)



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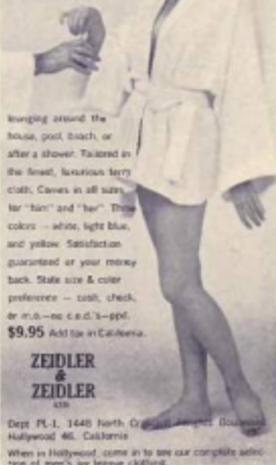
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history with this one."

"Thanks, kid. I think so too. It's a shame I won't be able to see you before I hop the Chief."

"Why not?"

"As soon as I finish my basic research, I'm hoping up at Vaaddo to knock out a very human novel from that story. No money in it, but it's worth its weight in prestige, and besides it won't hurt the exploitation on the picture." Besley looked around cautiously. "I might as well tell you that I bumped into the top songwriting team in the business, at a protest rally in the Garden. Can't divulge any names, but they're dying to do the book and lyrics on my story. They figure it'll be another South Pacific. . . . Well, when you hit L.A., give me a bell. Maybe I can give you a push at one of the studios, just for old times' sake. Stay loose, kid."

Besley Feibush raised his arm in farewell and turned away to breast the Broadway crowd. His shoulders hunched forward and a set smile on his face, like a Sunday swimmer striding through the surf at Coney Island. Then as I watched he disappeared into the yawning mouth of a taxi, a swimmer sucked out of sight by the fierce undertow.

Y

## MAN IN BATH

(continued from page 29)

eschew the stimulating shower for the almost-cold full tub — than which there's nothing better for simultaneous relaxing and long-last cooling.

For the freshening morning clean up, we suggest you start off with a body-temperature shower whose head is adjusted so that the water droppeth on you as doth the gentle rain from heaven, like the poet said. Then, lathered up and ready for the rinse, you'll turn the lever for a harder spray, at a lower temperature. On the other hand, if it's one of those wish-the-world-would-end mornings after, the almost traumatic shock of a hand-driving jet shower will pay off in restating tone to both body and spirit.

The canny bather will never hurry — an important part of the ritual of the bath or shower is the thorough wetting-down of the skin and that vigorous sense of well-being that comes from the shower's pummeling or the tub's buoyancy.

For the aftermath of the bath, no gentleman worth his Corvette would think of forgetting the deodorant, which today comes in every known container and consistency. Find one you like — solid, spray or cream — and use it after every dunking. And today, men's colognes and lotions feature an aroma of freshness and pungency rather than sweetness. In this area, the sharp tang of lemon is a fresh choice for a guy, or the breeze-fresh essence of lime. If the citrus

coterie isn't to your liking, there's the whole realm of spices, roots and barks.

Shaving, too, can be elevated from the realm of the tedious. Whether you prefer electric, safety or straight razors, and whether your lather is hand-rubbed, brushed, or exploded from a bomb, the main thing is to make the shave itself so effortless and pleasant that you'll have thought for nothing but its refreshing effect on your face, your appearance and your self-esteem. Three ingredients are essential to achieving this happy state of affairs, all easily yours. First, whatever shaving preparation you use, pre-cede it by a thorough soap-and-water washing of the face, especially the stubble area. Next, rinse very thoroughly, leave wet, apply preparation. If it's a no-brush cream, let it "set" a moment before shaving. For a closer shave, use a thinner application. (Incidentally, tender-skinned guys who have heavy beards may find a twice-a-day medium shave is less irritating than a once-daily close shave.) If it's lather, work up a good, wet, rich mass of it, rather than having it fluffy and billowy.

Third is the matter of the shave proper. There's no doubt at all that the very best shave on earth can be got from the old-fashioned straight razor, stropped to a fine cutting edge, but few men-on-the-go have either the time or the patience for this daily rite. Fast, neat, efficient electric razors are more in tune with the times, and a lot of guys keep an extra one handy at the office and in the car for last-minute whisker removal. Or perhaps you prefer to get rid of your fuzzy facade with the tried-and-true safety razor. Of the basic single-edge and double-edge types, there's nothing but individual preference to dictate your choice, since properly wielded they all do a good job. The angle at which the razor is held, however, has much to do with its efficiency in mowing down the stubble. The best "angle of attack" is 90° from the direction of growth, and most safety razors are designed to hang automatically in your hand and glide on your skin at that angle. All will do their best, however, if rinsed after each shaving stroke and used as wet as they'll get. And don't forget that the sharper the razor the better the shave. If you're a curly top who's plagued by ingrown hairs, try shaving for a week using a new safety-razor blade for each shave; chances are, you'll stick to this system of prevention for life.

An after-shave lotion performs several functions at once: it assures the removal of any pore-clogging vestiges of the shave preparation, it sterilizes tiny nicks, it closes the pores and it makes you feel tinglingly clean and fresh. You'll seem so to others, too. Finish off with talc if you wish.

Y

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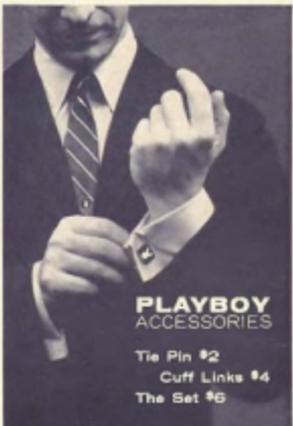
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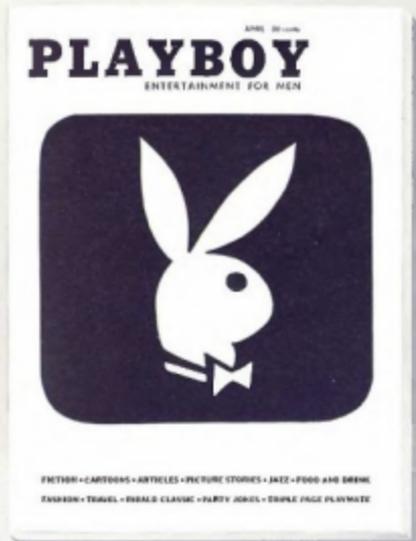
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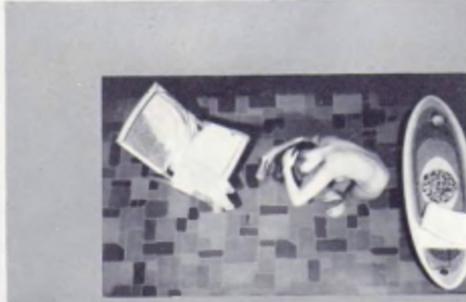


IMITATION has not only been called "the sincerest form of flattery" (Charles Caleb Colton)—it has also been called "the tribute mediocrity pays to genius" (Oscar Wilde). So it is with no small amount of satisfaction that we note that PLAYBOY is presently the most imitated magazine in America. At last count, more than two dozen not-too-reasonable lacrimales were crowding the newsstands, including a parody called *Playboy* that featured an entire subscription department in semi-dress (*à la* PLAYBOY's Subscription Manager-Playmate Janet Pilgrim) and *Playboy's Platinae Heyloft* (after PLAYBOY's *Penthouse Apartment*) with giant bed surrounded by shark-infested moat. But "the imitator is a poor kind of creature" (James McNeill Whistler) and "almost all absurdity of conduct arises from the imitation of those whom we can not resemble" (Samuel Johnson). There is only one PLAYBOY, and it has become—in little more than three years—a veritable handbook for the sophisticated urban male. So if you are a man, urban by fact or fancy, we suggest you subscribe to this best of all men's magazines. The name (must we remind you again?) is PLAYBOY.

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