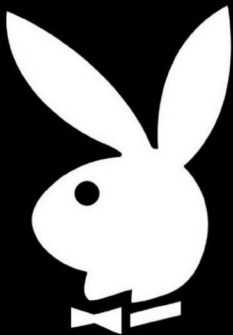


PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

AUGUST 50 cents





PLAYBOY



SMITH



SHULMAN

PLAYBILL

MOST GUYS LIKE GIRLS, and Robert Paul Smith is one guy who likes them goofy. He has his own special definition of that word, however, and you'll learn it when you read *The Goofy Girls*, his wistful picture of a bygone type, in this August PLAYBOY. Smith has been likened to "the early Hemingway" by the *Saturday Review*, and has written a number of books, the most recent being "Where Did You Go?" "Out!" "What Did You Do?" "Nothing" (that's just one book, not three or four). He is also co-author, with Max Shulman, of *The Tender Trap*, a Broadway comedy which became a Frank Sinatra film.

The aforementioned Max Shulman (whose new novel, *Rally Round the Flag, Boys!*, comes out this month) is on

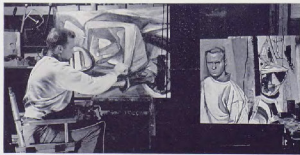
hand, too, in a surprising new role. Trading his jester's wand for a blunt instrument, he goes after five card poker and its advocates. The humor Max has temporarily eschewed is provided by Ray Russell in a tale of tails appropriately titled *Take Your Seat*.

Maybe you've noticed and maybe you haven't, but, since our earliest issues, PLAYBOY cartoonist Ben Denison has included nifty sports cars in his drawings. This month, we've gathered together a few of these sporty cartoons into one colorful, careful feature. Photographically, nubile neighbors occupies our August eyes: in *View from a Penthouse*, it's the girl downstairs; in *The Girl Next Door*, it's the girl next door (with a difference).

The Face Is Familiar is a text-and-photo sketch of Lionel Wiggam, the country's top male model; and *The Watch Ward* is just what its title implies—the definitive word on notable timepieces.

PLAYBOY-regular Herbert Gold—who has just received a Guggenheim Fellowship to write fiction—offers an amusing story, *Do Nice Artistic Girls?* and Jacob Hay opens the issue with his *Incident Off Land's End*, a tip-smarting suspense yarn about modern piracy on the high seas, excitingly illustrated in color by Bob Hodgell.

That's just a sampling of the choice things in the pages ahead—we'll let you discover the rest for yourself. More fun that way.



HODGELL



HAY

MY SIN

... a most

provocative perfume!

DEAR PLAYBOY

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

SLAVE GIRLS, FOR & AGAINST

How could you permit a thing like *The Sergeant and the Slave Girl* to appear in your magazine? I feel that you have warped your share in our jealously guarded and appreciated freedom of the press beyond all limits by printing as sorry, vile, disgusting, sly, filthy, odorous and slimy a masterpiece of pornographic "literary" excrement as that "story."

B. L. Nash
Baltimore, Maryland

Long an ardent fan of PLAYBOY, my yen for the magazine soared on reading *The Sergeant and the Slave Girl* by T. K. Brown III. This story topped them all for genuine belly laughs. I will be looking for further antics of T. K.

Tommy Meek
Gulfport, Mississippi

COMES THE DAWN

I was convinced that nothing could make me leave Miami, this playboy's paradise of starry nights and softly-sighing women, but after seeing Dawn Richard, your May Playmate, in her woody locale, I'm ready to turn in my Jaguar for a small pup tent and a year's supply of pemicanin (for two). Congratulations—you have outdone yourself!

Russell Cox
Miami, Florida

DOWN WITH DINGWALL

I am inclined to agree with your book reviewer in his comments concerning *The American Woman*, by one of my fellow countrymen, Eric John Dingwall. I have had a great deal of contact with women of many nationalities during these past few years, and I would venture to say that I was and *am* impressed by Americans. The American woman has more of the qualities that I hope to find in a woman than any other nationality I know (including English).

Fredrick F. Sampson
Gainsborough, Lincolnshire
England

LARRY'S OK

This letter concerns your remarks about the Storyville LP, *The Toshiko Trio*, in which you mention that in the notes on the back of the album some very kind things are said about Larry Berk, the director of the Berklee School of Music, and that these notes were signed by Mr. Berk. As president of Storyville Records, I should like to tell you that Mr. Berk was the fall guy in a mistake of ours. Originally, we had asked Mr. Berk to write the notes. There was a change in plans, and George Clarke of the *Boston Record-American* was asked to write the notes, which he did. Through lack of communication, our proofreading department and our layout department did not get together. The latter still believed that Berk had written the notes, thus Larry Berk was given credit for the notes which were actually written by George Clarke. I hope this corrects the false impression of a really nice guy, Larry Berk.

George Wein, Pres.
Storyville Records
Boston, Massachusetts

LOVE THAT MAGAZINE

I enjoy your fine publication, PLAYBOY, and read every issue from cover to cover—sometimes starting at the back! That subscription sales talk at the back is as good as everything else in the magazine. The double-page color cartoons by Laelie are well done and I hope you have more soon. Let's also have more material by your staffers, Ray Russell, A. C. Spector and Ken Purdy. One complaint: not enough from your Travel Editor, Patrick Chase. Is he off on a jaunt or something? Let's see him back soon. Thanks for a great magazine.

George N. Hodges
Klamath Falls, Oregon

With PLAYBOY's first issue, I became a fan. At my age, sadly enough, there's no question as to how I mean that.

Edile Cantor
Beverly Hills, California



LANVIN

the best Paris has to offer

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Norbert J. Wykowski
Buffalo, New York

Our baboon is flattered. Nobody ever called him intelligent before.

UNSAID SACK

Just a note to tell you that John Sack's *Little Land of the Big Wheel* is the best travelogue I have ever read.

Daniel W. Bates, Jr.
Syracuse, New York

I was much impressed by John Sack's *Little Land of the Big Wheel*. This is really still in the tradition of the classic travel essay—a real pleasure to read, and instructive, to boot.

Billy Johns
New York, New York

Rarely have I read a more inaccurate article than *Little Land of the Big Wheel* by John Sack.

At the time of the Rainier-Kelly marriage, the papers kept telling the readers ad nauseam that Rainier was one of the few absolute rulers. Sack says on two occasions that the papers missed pointing this out. (Incidentally, the papers as well as Sack are wrong in saying that Rainier is an absolute ruler, France is the supreme authority. The Monégasque National Council is presided over by Henri Soum, an appointee of the French Government. A Prince of Monaco cannot even marry the women of his choice without permission from the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Rainier, when he picked Kelly, cabled Paris and received permission, all this while in Hollywood.) Sack says Rainier could have 21,000 Monégasque subjects decapitated if he felt like it. Rainier does not have the power over life and death. Only the French Government could carry out a death sentence. No prince ever put anybody to death. Sack says there are 21,000 Monégasque subjects. There are less than 8,000, and even this official figure may be exaggerated. The figure of 21,000 includes foreign tourists. Rainier didn't marry Kelly because of Father Tucker pointing out to him the even by Rainier overlooked fact that he was an absolute power. He married, as the papers

pointed out ad nauseam, because Onassis, the National Council and the bankruptcy of the Monégasque state bank forced Rainier to go to the doctor for a shot in the arm. The matter of refusing to marry and have an heir was also an important factor (see various *Time* stories). Sack invents love affairs Rainier is supposed to have had. This will make many better informed people laugh. Rainier never cared for women. The one known love affair (with actress Gisèle Pascal) was a cover-up for his refusal to have anything to do with them. According to Monégasque businessmen I have spoken to, Rainier spent most of his time with an Italian gigolo named Raoul Pex. Grace Kelly's father isn't Walter Kelly but John B. Kelly. Sack's knowledge of the Kelly clan is as limited as his Monaco data. There is no Ritz Hotel in Monte Carlo as Sack claims. The Monte Carlo Country Club is on Monégasque territory, not outside. So is the Monte Carlo Beach, a few rocks around a swimming pool and a splendid sea view. I don't know of any Monte Carlo Golf Club. If Sack had been on the Riviera he would know that the rocks descend to the shore, there is no room for a golf course anywhere from Nice to San Remo, Italy. The terrain, to repeat it, is too mountainous. Saint-Simon, a revolutionary firebrand, died during the French Revolution in the 18th Century. He never remarked that the sovereign "can spit . . . over his own boundaries." This is a paraphrase of a remark made by a newspaper which said that the sovereign sees all he rules. There are no carnivals in Monaco, only in Nice. No international regattas. No tournaments for water skiers (the harbor is unsuited because of shipping and the rest of the coast is sheer rock on which you look from above over a railroad track). The main street of Monte Carlo is not the Boulevard de France but the Boulevard des Moulins.

Harry M. Johnson
New York, New York

Says Sack, "I'm right, and Mr. Johnson is wrong. The Ritz Hotel, which Ms. Johnson says is not in Monte Carlo, is not in Monte Carlo, and this is exactly what I said. It is just across the border on the southwest corner by the Auto Riviera. The Monte Carlo Country Club and Monte Carlo Beach, which Ms. Johnson says are in Monte Carlo, are not; they are in France. The Monte Carlo Golf Club, which Mr. Johnson says he doesn't know of, is internationally known. The saying of Saint-Simon's is just that, and isn't, as Mr. Johnson says, a paraphrase of a remark made by a newspaper. There certainly are carnivals in Monaco; these were one on Friday, February 21, 1956. There was an international regatta in April, 1956, and there

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was a tournament for water skiers in December, 1955, and the winner got the Monégasque Cup. According to Mr. Johnson, the main street of Monte Carlo is not the Boulevard de France. I never said it was. The Boulevard de France goes from the Rue de Lilex to the Avenue General de Gaulle, and you can find it on most Monaco maps. Ad nauseum, as Mr. Johnson says, the papers kept saying that Rainier is one of the few absolute rulers, but they didn't say, I believe, that he is the only absolute ruler in the western world. I said this, and I'm right, too. 'Lawfully,' as I said, 'Rainier may . . . decapitate . . . the 21,000 Monégasques.' Lawfully he may do this; lawfully he may throw out the whole constitution; lawfully he may do anything he pleases. That is to say (and I said it), it couldn't be questioned that he acted within his rights. In point of fact, I rather suspect there would be a revolution if he tried any of this, just as there was a revolution when Nero, for example, an absolute ruler by any standard at all, tried it. This is what I implied. Henri Saum is the Minister of State. He is a Frenchman, but he was appointed by Prince Rainier and he certainly isn't 'the supreme authority.' 'A Prince of Monaco,' says Mr. Johnson, 'cannot even marry the women (sic) of his choice without permission from the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs.' In the early nineteenth hundreds, Prince Louis II married a washerwoman's daughter in Africa, and I doubt if he got permission. 'No prince ever put anybody to death.' In the 16th, 17th and 18th Centuries, of course, the princes put many, many to death; Prince Louis I put them to death for frustration. 'Such says there are 21,000 Monégasque subjects. There are less than 3000.' No, what Mr. Johnson is thinking of, apparently, is the number of citizens eligible to vote, 1118. 'Rainier didn't marry Kelly because of Father Tucher pointing out to him the even-by-Rainier overlooked fact that he was an absolute power.' What I said was that he married Miss Kelly 'shortly afterwards' (not 'because') and that 'his feelings at the time, I assume, were nothing but the highest.' Mr. Johnson, I assume, took the humor seriously. My sources — a number of the prince's friends, the Monaco correspondent of the Nore Motin, the Paris Herald-Tribune of September 20, 1955, the London Evening Standard of September 19, 1955, and many others — say that Rainier likes girls. Mr. Johnson's 'sources' are 'Monégasque businessmen (that) I have spoken to! Finally, 'Grace Kelly's father isn't Walter Kelly' — a point on which Mr. Johnson and I are in hearty agreement. Mr. Walter Kelly is her uncle, which is exactly what I said."

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



HOW DOES A NEW drink get itself born? Sometimes by accident. A few weeks back we had a housewarming at the new PLAYBOY Building for assorted members of the press, show business and the advertising fraternity, and one of our secretaries was getting drinks for some guests. They'd asked for Scotch and water and the bar was crowded, so the young lady iced a couple of glasses herself, poured in a slug of Scotch, grabbed a pitcher and sluiced in what she thought was water. Actually, it was very very very dry Martini. The men drank up, looked puzzled, made faces, then smiled rather happily. The accidental error, discovered, was deliberately repeated for subsequent rounds. The new drink was christened on the spot: if there's more Scotch than gin, we call it a *Skotch*; if there's more gin than Scotch, it's a *Gintch*.

On our most recent West Coast swing, we stopped off in San Francisco to visit Dr. S. I. Hayakawa, a hipster cerebral semanticist who blows a mean piano, is author of the best-selling *Language in Thought and Action*, and is editor of *Etc.*, the journal of the International Society for General Semantics—phew! Anyway, the good doctor showed us an anonymous submission to his journal, which we pass on to you without comment.

Men, don't let happiness hold you back. Are you, too, a victim of those new tranquilizing pills? Then try Dr. Sam's Sadness Pills. These amazing new wonder pills are guaranteed to make you feel discontented, dissatisfied, disgruntled. Take Dr. Sam's Sadness Pills and you'll find yourself demanding a better job, a finer house, a more attractive wife. Ask yourself honestly, do you really enjoy being happy? Is it worth all you're missing just to be content?

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Addendum to last month's car sticker roundup. This one was spotted back a magnificent Rolls Royce parked in front of San Francisco's Mark Hopkins Hotel: "Help Keep California Green—Bring Money."

RECORDS

Frank Sinatra's *A Swingin' Affair* (Capitol WB03) capitalizes on his earlier height-beat smash, *Songs for Swingin' Lovers* (*Playboy After Hours*, May 1956), and comes off as cleanly as that estimable effort. The brass is punchy, the fiddles are felicitous, the rhythm rambunctious, and Frank's voice is in fine fettle. At least two of the tunes (*Stars Fell on Alabama*, *I Won't Dance*) make it a real sparkler for your collection... Sammy Davis, Jr., levels a bouncy broadside at up-tempo balladry on *Sammy Sings* (Decca DL 8486). The vigorous vocal vibrations include parodies on an Ellington heart-winger (*Don't Get Around Much Any More*), an I-am-being-led-by-a-strange-force type ditty (*Black Magic*) and the hopper's delight (*Persiflage*), all done with ear-splitting good humor.

The jinks are high on a fun disc made up of *La Boutique Fantastique*, which Ottorino Respighi pasted up for balletmaster Diaghilev out of spirited old Rossini scraps: *The Incredible Flutist*, Walter Piston's suite for orchestra, flute,

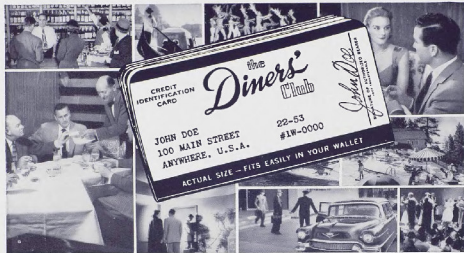
cheering crowds and a barking dog; and the nutty-cuckoo *Divertissement* which Jacques Ibert originally wrote as incidental music to the play, *The Italian Straw Hat*, and which has a grand old time ribbing Viennese waltzes, brass bands, Mendelssohn's *Wedding March* and other musical scapegrats. The whole shebang, done up slick and snappy by Fiedler and the Boston Pops (Victor LM 2084), makes lively light listening for August.

"*Mark in a Gony Rannel Suit*" (Julilee 1035) said the liner, "Weirds and Music by Bob Peck." Intrigued, we turned it over to see a picture of Mr. P., with a garter instead of an eyepatch over his left orb. Then we spun this platter of songs and patter and learned from the title ditty that it's dedicated to the young ad guy who "wears the suit of a man and earns the salary of a moth." (The liner notes say he strolls up Madison Avenue in his Brooks Brothers suit with a copy of *Playboy* tucked under his arm.) Other Peck offerings include *Sweet Sixteen* ("I'm a real gone commando, just like Marlon Brando"), *Thank You, Mr. Bell* (a call girl's song), *T.F. Cowboy Song* ("I'm the biggest bull-shipper in the West"), *I Remember Mau Mau* ("She had the missionaries in a stew") and *Breakfast, My Dear* ("Won't you stay for breakfast? It's only 8 hours away"). Peck's no Tom Lehrer, but he does extract fun from his wry commentaries on the passing scene.

Seven sapient swingmen, a bit on the cool side from time to time, blow bright and blue on *Jazz for Playboys* (Savoy 12095), a disc that has three originals of special interest for us, to wit: *Playboy*, *Pin Up*, *Blues for a Playmate*. The cuts in question include Frank Wes on flute and tenor, Joe Newman making with

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as Anna's heavy father and George Wallace as the rugged Mat could have played in O'Neill's original. Hollywood's Thelma Ritter, cast as an undersized pub-traveler in an oversized sweater, is funny and lovable. But the girl to watch is Gwen Verdon, as Anna. The red-headed miss, blonde now, and playing a role that is deeply scored with tragedy, comes through as an exciting hostess who also possesses an even greater talent for emotional acting. At the 46th St. Theatre, 226 W. 46th St., New York City.

FILMS

There is a breed of critic who labels as "satire" any work of art that is larger than life and if it happens to be too large for him to cope with, he qualifies it as "heavy handed satire." Budd Schulberg's story, *Your Arkansas Traveller*, is not a satire, nor (no matter what you've heard) is *A Face in the Crowd*, the film he and Elia Kazan made of that story. Both are extrapolations—science-fiction, if you will—adventures into the realm of What If. Like all extrapolative fiction, *Crowd* takes an existing condition (in this film, the persuasive power of popular TV personalities) and asks "What if this condition were extended to the nth degree?" The answer arrived at by the Schulberg-Kazan combo is a blood-chilling one: a demagogue in denim whose tightest word can sway millions for good or evil, indiscriminately. Larry Rhodes, a backwoods bum (Andy Griffith) armed with a guitar and an insinuating charm, is discovered in durance vile by a smalltown radio interviewer (Patricia Neal). She tapes a disarming reel of his folksy philosophizing, homespun humor and impromptu blues-shouting right there in the hoosegow (the film's best scene) and before you can say Moley Hoses, "Lonesome" Rhodes has become a force that can drum up money for a destitute family, shoot the sagging sales of a worthless nostrum to the top of the charts and go a long way toward putting a reactionary in the White House. A good deal of fun (not satirical fun but expressionistic fun) is had with TV commercials and a few film talons are thumb-nosed (a "Hell" here, a novel there, some bed-hopping someplace else) as the movie gallops and snorts down its hopped-up, overcondensed track; then, as it nears the stretch, the shoddiest dramaturgical device since the old It Was Only A Dream dodge just about invalidates all the good that has gone before. Rhodes meets his fortuitous doom in something like five minutes flat, and neither Satire, Extrapolation nor Expressionism can justify the false, sleazy trickery of the ending. The race, in brief, is fixed. Like

too many American films of late, one major flaw (to complete the metaphor) has turned a winner into an abo-ran.

That hardy perennial in the garden of plots, the Cinderella story, blossoms again in *The Prince and the Cherub* Got Terence Rattigan's adaptation of his stage hit, *The Sleeping Prince*, with Sir Laurence Olivier in the surprising role of a *deutsch-sprechender*, monocled, Graustarkian royal rooster and Marilyn Monroe in her ubiquitous role as a breathless dizzy blonde. Everyone's had a crack at composing new variations on this hoary theme by now and Rattigan is hard put to be very original in his own variations. It would take a Molnar to do something fresh with this idea, and Rattigan is no Molnar, so you'll have to be content with some intermittently amusing moments contributed chiefly by Miss Monroe, who can be an expert light comedienne, bless her heart, when someone gives her a chance. In this sort of thing you need style (the opportunity to parody the elegance of the Edwardian age—the period is London, 1911—or crystallize it, as *My Fair Lady* so tastefully does, is entirely missed)—and you need wit, verve, *panache*. These are not only lacking but are replaced by rather girlish settings and costumes, banal dialogue and a kind of galumphing gaiety that can get pretty depressing after a bit. But if you like looking at Marilyn this is decidedly your dish. She never looked prettier.

We recommend *Nana*, even if Martine Carol isn't exactly Zola's slatternly heroine. The script has something of the raffish hardness of the story's era, the corrupt Second Empire under Louis Napoleon, and more honesty in discussing the facts of life than you'll find in the last two dozen Hollywood sex-epics... We also recommend *Gervaise*, adapted from Zola's *L'Assommoir*, in which we make the acquaintance of Nana's mama, Gervaise, and watch her harrowing debasement as she goes from shy young bride to drink-solden wreck, with her child, Nana, now left to shift for herself. Marvelous evocation of the Paris of 1840 and some of the strongest direction you've ever seen... *Four Boys Full* is an ironic comedy about a couple of guys lugging four suitcases of contraband pork across ration-ridden Paris one night during the Nazi occupation, and much funnier than this probably sounds... Sophia Loren and Vittorio de Sica play fonsie, kneesie, thighsie, *ad consummatum*, in a bit of spumoni called *The Miller's Beautiful Wife*. Loren is her burgeoning self and de Sica, one of the most charming comic actors of our time, attacks his role *con brio*.

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fiction BY JACOB HAY ILLUSTRATION BY BOB IRIGHELLI

INCIDENT OFF LAND'S END

the ship was dressed for the captain's party and the pirates were dressed to kill



HIS BROAD, PINKLY-SLUBBED English face set in the jovial grin appropriate to these traditional last-night-at-sea festivities, Chief Purser Joseph Amberley moved his impeccably uniformed portliness swiftly but without apparent haste through the cheerfully packed first class smoking room of the Royal Mail Steamship Atlantic, uneasily aware that something was up.

Something unusual and therefore possibly unpleasant, else why this urgent

summons to the Captain's quarters? Ordinarily, the Captain would have been making his courtesy rounds of the major last-night parties, at each of which, as commodore of the line and master of its flagship, he was expected to put in an appearance.

Squeezing his bulk into an elevator for the ascent to the bridge deck, Amberley reviewed his plans for the evening and found them in order: dancing in the first class ballroom; costume party

in the cabin class dining room, amateur theatricals in the tourist class cinema. The weather was perfect and the Atlantic was steady as a palace as she thrust her 75,000 tons towards Southampton at better than 50 knots through a moonless night.

Outside the heavy walnut door to the Captain's suite, the Chief Purser paused, straightened his Bawless Bow against the snowy wings of his collar, and knocked. There was the sound of a lock



turning, and he stared in astonishment as the door opened a crack, stayed that way for a moment while his identity was established, and then swung open only far enough to permit him to edge through.

Except for the soft yellow glow of the reading lamp on the Captain's gleaming mahogany desk, the room was in deep shadow, and Amberley started involuntarily as the door shut quietly behind him and once again the lock snapped over. He got a worse shock as his eyes accustomed themselves to the comparative darkness after the brightly lighted passageway, and he saw the ghostly expression on the normally ruddy and genial face of Captain Sir James Faulconer, K.B.E., D.S.O. And then he felt the whole menace of the silent room and was suddenly afraid.

Faulconer was inexpressibly weary, slumped in one of the deep leather armchairs flanking his desk. "This is my Chief Purser, Mr. Amberley." The introduction went unacknowledged by the two men Amberley now discerned standing just beyond the halo of light cast by the lamp. "Mr. Amberley," the Captain continued, raising his gaze from the floor and staring into nothingness. "I have to inform you that this ship is presently in the control of pirates." The Chief Purser took an instinctive step forward, felt immediately the pressure of a gun in his back, and was aware that a third man, the one who had locked the door, was still behind him.

"Perhaps," a smooth, curiously muffled voice broke in mildly, "I'd best do the explaining." One of the two men Amberley could see moved into the light and, fantastically, his face was that of a fiercely snarling ape. It took Amberley the fraction of a second to realize that the man wore a rubber mask which fitted entirely over his head, and which accounted for the oddly strangled sound of his speech. It was a perfect disguise and yet, coupled with the penguin-like anonymity of the man's dinner jacket and the generally confused gaiety of the late-night celebrations, above suspicion, for its wearer would have been taken only as a rather enthusiastic celebrant on his way to or from some bibulous assembly.

"This," the ape-faced man remarked casually, holding up a smart tan leather attaché case, "is, despite its appearance, a small but most efficient radio transmitter." Amberley noted automatically the educated accent; it was not much help in establishing an identity, but it would be worth remembering. "To it," the masked man went on, "are tuned receivers concealed in steamer trunks now resting in three first class staterooms—I may say, Captain, that our accommodations have been eminently

satisfactory, thanks doubtless to your Mr. Amberley here, and how you both must be wondering just which three staterooms—and to receivers in several other trunks now in one or another of the baggage holds. The trunks, I should add, are otherwise packed with TNT. All may be detonated by means of a signal sent by this transmitter.

"Unless my instructions are followed exactly, I shall press the transmitting key, and some 800-odd pounds of high explosives will go up. From which you can take it that we're very much in earnest, since we'll go up with them." One of the men in the shadows giggled, an unexpected and frightening noise. "But I trust it won't come to that."

The smooth voice ignored the giggle. "The important point is that in just under two hours from now the ship is to be stopped. In the meantime, wireless equipment aboard will be rendered temporarily inoperable. We will then be approximately 100 miles off Land's End, at which point we'll rendezvous with a fishing boat that will chance to be in the area. We will have roughly seven hours of darkness, during which you will transship the two tons of gold bullion now stowed in a specially constructed strong room located beneath the after baggage holds. I leave the technical aspects to you, but I should imagine a block and tackle arrangement might be feasible." And now Amberley knew why he had been called to the Captain's cabin, for the ship's strong rooms were the Chief Purser's responsibility.

"I should add," Ape-Face observed, "that the range of the transmitter aboard the fishing vessel—which is also tuned to the receivers in the trunks aboard the Atlantic—is sufficiently powerful to make any attempt at pursuit on your part most unwise. In fact, I feebid it."

"Do you now?" Amberley grated. "And how do we know this isn't all bluff or a damned poor joke?"

"Mr. Kendall was sent off before you arrived, with out of these beggars to stand guard over him." Sir James Faulconer exhaled heavily. "He inspected one of the trunks. It's as Monkey-Face says." Kendall was the Atlantic's communications officer and, Amberley knew well, not a man easily panicked.

"You may call me King Kong," the man in the mask said pleasantly. "So much nicer than Monkey-Face, I think. And now, perhaps we'd best be getting on with business. One of my associates will accompany the Captain to the bridge, to insure that we keep on course. The other will assist your communications officer in disabling his gear. Both of my friends know their jobs, so I should advise no nonsense."

Despite himself, Amberley felt a grudging admiration for the brutal simplicity of the scheme and he wondered, identially, why no one had ever thought of it before. The information that the Atlantic was carrying bullion bought in the States by the Bank of England, while theoretically confidential, could have been purchased from any one of a number of criminal sources along the New York waterfront well in advance. The arrangement with the fishing boat, probably of long standing, could have been set in motion by an innocent wireless message sent from the ship itself. And Faulconer, of course, was in an impossible situation; no responsible officer would entertain for a moment the thought of risking his ship and the lives of nearly 3000 passengers and crew for a thousand tons of bullion, much less two.

Nor was there any doubt that the operation could be brought off. Fishing boats, French, Dutch or British, all look pretty much alike, and the utter blackness of the night, erratically lit by the glow from the Atlantic's decks, would make identification of any particular boat even more difficult. Plus which, if these men deployed as much ingenuity in the latter phase of their project as they had shown in its preparation, even before it disappeared into the maze of shipping along the Channel coasts, the fishing boat would have undergone a drastic change in its appearance. Dummy masts, ventilators and deckhouses could be rigged or dismantled, as the case might be, or a fresh coat of paint applied to the upper works. It had been done often enough during the war, heaven knew, in embarking or disembarking agents or supplies on a neutral or unfriendly shore.

But now the man who wished to be called King Kong was speaking again, urbane and almost amused. "To avoid alarming the passengers, as well as an overabundance of witnesses, Captain Faulconer will make an announcement over the ship's public address system, stating in firm, seemingly tones that the stop is part of an Admiralty exercise in solving co-operation with Merchant Navy, and that for reasons of security no one will be permitted on deck except officers and crew in the performance of their duties. Judging from the way the parties are going, this should present no major difficulties."

As if to lend ironic emphasis to the comment, a faint burst of music made itself audible in the Captain's cabin. Dancing had begun in the first class ballroom, and Amberley glanced, the habit automatic with years at sea, at the brass-cased clock fixed to the paneled bulkhead above Faulconer's desk.

(continued on page 22)

THE GOOFY GIRLS



JOHN HELD JR.

a loving look at the shimmying shebas of the roaring twenties

VIA WINTERS used to be tougher, eggs used to sell for 14 cents a dozen, I used to be told to eat up and get a little flesh on my bones, and there was a different kind of girl then.

Whatever happened to the goofy girls? The goofy girls were wonderful. They used to have names like Flip and Bootsie, they said things like, "You tell 'em kid, I stutter," they used to roll their stockings and leave their galoshes unbuckled, they used to giggle and sign their letters by lipsticking their mouths heavily and pressing them to the bottoms of letters written in green ink with little circles instead of dots over the i's. They never had dresses without lots of little bows

and hooks and eyes and catches all over them. They drank—but never, in your presence, enough to justify the long and harrowing hangovers they talked about.

They broke dates with other fellows to go out with you, and they broke dates with you to go out with other fellows. Sometimes you were their late date and sometimes you were the one they late-dated after. They could dance like fools and they always wanted to dance one more dance after the last dance, and you never felt silly circling the silent and empty dance floor with them while the band was packing up, while you sang *Under a Blanket of Blue* in each other's ears.

To my knowledge there are only two goofy girls left in the world, and I am saving them up. For myself. They are married and I am married—not to a goofy girl—but the way the world is shaping up, prohibition is bound to come back and any day now it's going to be time to climb into a rumble seat with somebody else's girl and get cracking out to the Carno Ploce Inn, or the Glen Island Casino. I am looking for my saddle shoes and believe me brother, I am saving up these two chicks for my very own.

The wonderful thing about the goofy girls is, first, that they were girls. They were not women, or ladies, or young

nostalgia By Robert Paul Smith



Indies, or wives, or divorcees, or fiancées. They were girls. They were not devoted to getting jobs, or getting married, or fulfilling themselves, or being helpmeets or modern women or socially useful females. They were devoted to dancing, the consumption of gin-and-ginger-ale and chicken salad sandwiches, the writing and receiving of letters, to necking, to falling in and out of love, the collecting of Russ Columbo and Ambrose and Reginald Forsythe and Leo Reisman records, to the losing of compacts and lipsticks and eyebrow pencils, to riding in cars and pulling up stockings, to smelling nice and looking pretty.

And, of course, to being absolutely nuts about me.

You see, I was a sad bird all full of cosmic ideas and social and suicidal theories and flap-foodle, and if there was one thing a goofy girl liked, it was a premature wreck like me. They used to elbow each other all along the starting line trying to be first to bring a smile to my careworn countenance. They vied to pry my chin from the bar table, to scrape me loose from the floor; they made me stop drinking and took me for long sobering-up walks in the snow; they made waiters in speakies bring me lots of black coffee; and they, from time to time, took me home. They often took me home with them and sometimes they

took me to my own home, and called up in the morning to see if I was still among the quick.

Why they liked Weltschmerz-sadden fellows like me, I never knew, but I did know enough not to queer the pitch. The goofy girls like the sad birds, and if being a sad bird was going to get me a goofy girl, I would be the saddest of them all.

Of course, not always. A lot of the time, after I decoyed one of these confessions, I managed to get a little goofy myself, and we did things that still seem to me the height of euphoria.

Like playing the drums in the band. Like doing the rumba the way (this girl kept telling me) they did it in the back alleys of Panama, like telephoning old friends in Richmond, Virginia, at 12 o'clock at night in order to meet them in Baltimore at three the next day when we were in Utica, New York, having driven up from Port Washington, Long Island.

Like hot footing it over to the Savoy to tell Chick Webb there was a hell of a girl who'd won the amateur night at the Apollo, big girl named Ella Fitzgerald.

Like going to the place in Central Park where we could hear, from the Casino where we didn't have the money to go, Eddie Duchin with Leo Reisman's band playing *Sam and Delilah*, and dancing on the rainy footpath. Necking, on the rainy bench, later, to *Let's Do It*. And, sometimes, doing it.

That was another thing about the goofy girls. They were used to having passes made at them. They knew what you were doing when you made a pass, they were fairly sure in their own minds what they would do when a guy made a pass, and there was something soothing about all that. When you suggested a little going down to the beach and taking off your shoes and going wading, they knew in advance whether it was going to be just wading, and if they had figured on just wading, it was made manifest to you, and in the wonderful way they had, you believed you *had* just meant wading. What I mean, they made even the wading fun. You came back, not mad, but full of the wonder of wading.

And then, of course, if it wasn't just wading . . . They used to laugh and

giggle even then. I don't imagine girls do that very much any more. They probably talk about Togetherness and decide it would be more sensible to spend the money on a foam rubber convers-a-bed instead of an engagement ring. The goofy girls would have perished without engagement rings. They never kept any one ring very long, but they had always one. At least one.

They always had at least one secret tragedy, too. There was always some misty fellow who had done, and continued to do, them wrong. Every six months, all of a sudden they could not go anywhere with you. They were very solemn over the phone, full of dark hints and when you met them on the street, they wore a different kind of dress and some odd color lipstick. They were very peaceful looking, and very sad. A week or so later, they would call you and ask you to meet them somewhere, and for the first half-hour you were with them they would still be sad and tell you at great length not to ask them any questions at all. You would not, and pretty soon they would start giggling again and you would go for a ride on the 125th Street Ferry, and the next time you saw them, usually the following night, they would have lots of little brows and shiny things on, and be playing Joan Crawford in the first half of *Our Dancing Daughters* and all was as before.

Like I say, there are no more goofy girls left, except two that I have stashed away. They are both married. They both adore their husbands, and neither of the husbands has the slightest notion of what a treasure he has.

Very soon now, the stock market will crash. Prohibition will be back, people like Elvis Presley will go back to their hillbilly haunts, bonds will start playing *Shanty in Old Shantytown*, and I will recall the exact proportions of crème de cacao and alcohol — to cut the taste of the alky, baby — and one of these girls and I will be sitting in the rumble seat of a Model A.

She will be saying, "Was it ever an evening? I mean to tell you." "The bee's knees," she'll say, and giggle, and I will be back with a goofy girl.

COLOR-CODING THE BASIC WARDROBE

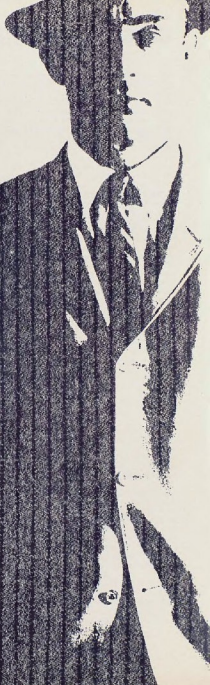
FAR TOO MANY GUYS, whose bars boast all the ingredients of a Zombie, who score with the damsels in a finger snap, and whose apartments are furnished in impeccable taste, lack the same assurance and know-how when it comes to building a wardrobe. They collect duels haphazardly. Faced with a rackful of suits in a men's store or a counter piled high with shirts, they turn giddy as a debutante with her pick of the stag line. They are easily swayed by the [concluded on page 20]

attire BY BLAKE RUTHERFORD

COLOR-CODING: THE BROWN SUIT. Southwick Superflex single-breasted suit of shadow-striped herringbone with an olive cast, tailored by Grieco, about \$100. Stone gray, blue and yellow button-down shirts by Gant of New Haven, \$5.50 each. Cordovan-bound elastic belt by Punja, Ltd., \$5. Curry-colored, crater-crease hat with deep back turn-up, narrow raw-edge brim and back bow, by Knox, \$12.95. Silk and wool neckties, in English foulard and regimental stripes, imported by Myron McIntyre, Ltd., from \$2.50 each. Esquire socks in Argyle and ribbed patterns, from \$1.50 a pair. Calf bluchers, with medallion tip, by Johnston & Murphy, \$32.50.



COLOR-CODING: THE GRAY SUIT



COLOR-CODING: THE BLUE SUIT

THE REGAL BLUE: an imported flannel single-breasted model with flapped pockets, by Norman Hiltor, about \$125. Striped Hatherway shirts, with button-down, spread and tab collars, from \$6.95 each. Finely figured English foulard neckties, by Keys & Lockwood, from \$2.50 each. Cordovan-bound, black elastic belt by Purjo, Ltd., \$5. Dobbs hat in moon-glow gray with navy blue band, low tapered crown and center crease, about \$15. Coopers hose, in both ribbed and Argyle patterns, from \$1.25 a pair. Johnston & Murphy black calfskin oxfords, six-eyelet, straight tip, \$29.95.

THE GRAY SUIT: on the opposite page is a three-button worsted flannel with black stripes, tailored by Baker Clothes, about \$100. Blue English tab-collar, white oxford button-down and striped broadcloth semi-spread collar shirts are by Arrow, from \$6.50 each. Rep striped, challis print and solid-color neckties by Brooks Brothers, from \$4.50 each. Cavanagh low-silhouette hat, in bark brown with black band and side bow, shallow crease, about \$20. Cordovan leather belt with brass buckle, by Purjo, Ltd., \$5. Interwoven socks, in Argyle and clock patterns, from \$1.50 a pair. Russet-tan cordovan leather shoes, six-eyelet, wing tip model, by Frank Brothers, \$36.95 a pair.



blatishments of a salesman: "This is the latest" or "Here's what everyone's wearing now." Other sad clothing sacks are the impulse buyers who splurge on a snappy new lid or a gaggle of spectacular neckties without a moment's reflection on what's already in the wardrobe back home. On the way luck from lunch, they spot a suit or a shirt in a store window, rush in and plunk down the loot, repeat the process next month, and end up with drawers full of uncoordinated accessories—very little of which pairs up with anything hanging in the closet. Let's face it, it's a stupid way to behave. For the same amount of cash, with far less effort, they could build a sensible, color-coded wardrobe that garners a triple reward: the self-confidence that goes with being well turned-out from head to foot, the approval (even emulation) of your fellows and the prideful smile of any in-laws in the company of a tastefully-garbed guy. Reaching that state involves nothing occult, believe us.

August isn't a bit too early to start thinking about your own fall and winter gear. Your best procedure is to set your sights on three basic, but complete, out-

fits: one oriented around blue, one with a focus on brown and one whose key color is gray. Repeat: this is a basic wardrobe. Three suits will be laughably inadequate to the great majority of PLAYBOY readers, but—hell—you've got to start somewhere. Trot down to your tailor, or the best men's store you can find; give preference to a place that sells clothing whose cut and tailoring are comfortable and becoming to you; then sit down with the most knowledgeable salesman thereabouts to select complete outfits.

By "complete" we mean simply this: choose, for a starter, the brown suit that appeals to you. Immediately, that same day, select the properly color-coded shirts, belts, neckties, shoes, socks, hats and everything else you're going to need when you wear that suit. Ditto for your blue suit; likewise for the gray. Now you've got the basic minimum and it's a splendid beginning, a fine jumping-off point from which you may easily amass a wardrobe that is distinctive, imaginative and in good taste.

As one way of doing it, check over the brown, gray and blue basic wardrobes gathered for your edification on the pre-

ceding pages. The variations on the theme are infinite, of course, but you get the idea. A still further aid: the handy color-coding chart on this page for use when purchasing your accessories. You'll see that certain of them—white or blue shirts, black or navy socks, neatly figured foulard ties—play off interchangeably and well with all three of the suit colors. Let suitability be your guide, and stick to a few elementary rules:

(1) *Buy what becomes you.* Some tones of blue are not complimentary to guys with darker complexions; similarly, gentlemen with gray hair will find that most shades of brown do not flatter them as much as other colors. Stocky men should avoid brashly-patterned clothes, especially hats with low crowns. Lanky types would do well to pass up pronounced vertical stripes; ties and hat brims that are too narrow make them look knicker than ever.

(2) *Wear what's comfortable.* Lots of men just naturally tend to feel—and look—better in tweed suits and button-down shirts. Others are in their element wearing smooth finished crested. But it's entirely possible to wear casual attire with distinction, and dressier gear casually, if the clothes are right for you.

(3) *Avoid color and pattern conflicts.* Again, the chart will help you here, but be careful of gray hats with brown suits, brown shoes with dark gray or blue suits, and avoid pastel colored socks with any suit. If your suit is striped, checked or plaid, wear only solid color shirts or the mildest of stripes with it, and choose a solid color necktie to go along.

(4) *See that textures agree.* Keep your wool neckties and wool-blended shirts for tweed or soft flannel suits. Hard-finished worsted suits call for smoother companions: broadcloth shirts, silk neckties, etc. Rugged cordovan shoes and rough-surface Tyrolean hats also belong with the more casual tweeds, as do Argyles and other brightly colored socks, striped belts and sleeveless sweaters you may occasionally wear under your jacket.

(5) *Keep your guard up against fads.* Nothing betrays soft-headed naïveté so thoroughly as falling for every novelty item that turns up in the shops. Two-inch wide neckties, ponderous jewelry, hats with truncated crowns, lapels cut so small they look apologetic are all recent absurdities that benefit no one but the manufacturer. Again, your best guard against them is to find a men's shop that refuses to even stock such abominable merchandise.

Dressing sensibly, yet with imagination, is the mark of a man who knows what he's doing, and insists on doing it well.

COLOR-CODER FOR THE BASIC WARDROBE

SUITS	NAVY BLUE	MEDIUM GRAY	BLACK-BLEND BROWN
SHIRTS	White or light blue, stripes or checks of gray, maroon or blue.	White, blue, pink, yellow, pale green, or narrow stripes or small checks of these colors.	White, tan, yellow, pink, blue; striped and checked in subdued shades of the same colors.
TIES	Neat-pattern foulards; stripes of rep silk; small checks in blue, gray, maroon or gold.	Striped or printed silk; woven checks; figured challis wool; or solid knit ties in black, blue, maroon, green or gold.	Neat-pattern foulards; striped rep or wool challis; or knit ties of brown, black, blue, maroon, red, green.
HATS	Gray or dark brown smooth felt.	Gray, brown or olive tone smooth felt.	Brown or olive rough or smooth felt.
SOCKS	Solid or striped hosiery, silk, wool or nylon in navy, black or maroon.	Solid or patterned tones of navy, black, maroon, gray or green.	Wool, cotton hosiery or nylon; ribbed or patterned, brown, blue, maroon or black.
SHOES	Black calf oxfords.	Black or dark brown oxfords or bluchers.	Brown calf or cordovan oxfords or bluchers.



"And will you get rid of that sweater, please, Miss Turnbull? It's distracting the men in the office."



Com

INCIDENT (continued from page 11)

The luminous hands, glowing dimly green against the black face, stood at 2000 hours. He saw, but seeing, took no note. Time, he thought savagely, if there was just some way of gaining time to think. It was beyond belief that these men should succeed, yet they seemed to have thought of everything; to possess an amazingly detailed and accurate knowledge of the ship. The glowing green hands stared unhelpfully back at him.

And a wildly insane idea flared star-shell bright inside his brain. There was just a chance, the most miserably faint hope of a chance, provided Faulconer kept his wits about him. And if it didn't come off, matters would stand no worse than they stood now. He took a deep breath and decided to risk it, staking everything on greed and overconfidence.

"And how," he inquired, trying and succeeding in keeping his manner casually contemptuous, "do you propose to deal with the other stuff aft?" From the corner of his eye, he saw Faulconer glance up, abruptly quizzical. But it was a look that might have been interpreted as a reproach.

For the first time there was a note of uncertainty in King Kong's voice. "Stuff aft?" Amberley took heart and plugged on, putting every ounce of sincerity at his command into the sham.

"Look here, the Captain and I know very well it's not the ballion alone you're after, although that should be enough to content you. But I assure you, it's not in the strong room. For one thing, international regulations won't allow it; for another, the passengers mightn't be especially happy having it anywhere near their cabins, although it's certainly not dangerous." Would Faulconer see what he was trying to do? Amberley dared not look at his commander.

One of the shadowy men moved suddenly into the light, and Amberley saw with no particular amazement that he wore the outrageous features of Popeye the Sailor. "What the hell's he talking about?" Popeye wanted to know, his accent harshly American.

"I'd like to know myself. Just what are you talking about, Chief Purser?" Without waiting for a reply, King Kong swung around to face the Captain. "Do you know?"

Faulconer stared hard at his Chief Purser. "You bloody idiot," he said, his voice flat with anger. And Amberley exulted. Faulconer had not understood, but his blunter reply was all Amberley could have prayed for.

"Good Lord!" He felt he was over-acting horribly, but at least he had managed to sound like a man who has

realized that he has talked too much; choked and flustered. "But I thought—"

"All right, you," King Kong was no longer amiable, and through the absurd mask's vision slits Amberley saw the cold glint of rage in the man's eyes. "Now I suggest that you tell us what this 'other stuff aft' is, and damned quickly, too."

Amberley let his shoulders sag in defeat. "Radium," he said dully. "Nearly six ounces of the stuff, packed by the quarter ounce in individual lead containers." Amberley had no idea whether that much pure radium existed in the world, and his heart took a long pause as he waited for King Kong's reaction.

"Go on." The masked man's voice was tense now and there was greed and something of triumph in it. Now, too, the Chief Purser knew there was a chance of victory. The ballion would fetch over £1,000,000 in the black markets of Europe, a titanic haul but pica-yune in comparison with what might be gained through the sale of that much radium. The world was full of war-racked hospitals and research laboratories, of rich, sick men, of unscrupulous quacks who would pay fabulous prices for a gram. It was a bonus beyond anything ever wished for, a gift handed over by this ruddy fool of a Chief Purser.

"It has to be stored as far as possible from the passenger quarters," Amberley said, and then injected what he hoped was the correct note of defiance in his tone. "But I'll take you to it only on condition that the watertight doors be closed once we get below. You're not a trained seaman, and if you stumble and set off those damned bombs of yours, the passengers are going to have at least half a chance."

"What makes you think I'm going anywhere with you? Have the stuff brought up when you move the ballion."

Amberley's smile was vicious, the snarl of the trapped rat. "And how," he asked, "can you be sure there aren't more than six ounces?"

"I'll send one of my men with you, then."

"But it's just possible that your little chums might not care to take the risk." Amberley spoke slowly, to let the import of his words strike home. "They've probably heard wild stories about radium burns, blindness, they say it causes, or cancers, or madness. You and I know that's all a lot of nonsense, of course, but do they? And suppose this were a trap?"

"Of course it's a trap!" Popeye's voice was high and edgy. "Let the stuff alone, will y—"

"Shut up."

There was a long moment of silence. Amberley's stomach was knotted with the tension of his gamble and he felt a wave of nausea sweep over him. Then King Kong, his ape's face frozen in its fanged grimace, shrugged. The effect was wildly incongruous. "Let's get on with it. And you can do whatever you damned well please about your watertight doors, but make sure I don't stumble, Chief Purser. Make bloody sure."

"Will you telephone the after engine room, sir, and let them know we're coming?" Amberley saw the light of sudden comprehension spark in Faulconer's eyes. Once the watertight doors were closed, the Atlantic's chances for survival were vastly increased by the compartmentation of her hull. The trunk bombs might flood as many as four compartments and the Atlantic could still remain afloat; terribly injured, but afloat.

Amberley's collar was throttling him. He had won the first part of this insane game, and he knew what he must do if he were to win the second. The knowledge was hideous.

"I want the telephone system cleared," King Kong was saying now. "I shall call my associates from below decks, and should they fail to answer . . ." The rap of his fingers against the leather case was loud and ominous in the stillness of the cabin.

Nothing about the spectacle presented by the Chief Purser and King Kong as they made their way below could have excited any special comment. A number of passengers had put on similar outlandish masks as their contribution to the last night's frolic, and as for the attaché case, it might have held a couple of extra bottles on their way to a party. The grinning elevator operator who carried the two men to the lowest passenger deck, made bold by the conviviality of the evening, even ventured to suggest that Amberley should obtain a mask of his own. "Just so's to get into the spirit of things, like you might say, sir."

Amberley led the way thereafter, through a dozen hatches marked "Crew Only," and down passageways no passenger had ever visited, until at length they stood on a platform of steel grating, peering down into the cavernous depths of the starboard engine compartment, an immaculate and fantastic cathedral of spotless white paint and gleaming metal, filled with the heavy, steady roar of the furnaces forward and the giant turbines which drove the Atlantic's propellers. Waves of sluggishly oily heat surged up around the two men on the grating.

(continued on page 26)

BALANCE SHEET

one plus two equals zero



"Quit bothering my wife!" I told him.

THE NIGHT I got all mixed up in this was a spring night. Norma, my wife, was home, like always. Norma, my gentle young blonde wife with those smoky blue eyes and her cool arms dusted lightly with freckles. I'll tell you how much I love her after six years. When I wake in the morning and she's asleep, I just stand there sometimes looking at her and wonder why she ever wanted to marry me. Me: a balking accountant with a shape like a water tank. I stand there with a churned-up feeling and the idea comes to me complete with handles that I'm the luckiest guy in the world and all my troubles become very unimportant at that moment. I never figured I had a due bill on the world. All I wanted was what I had. But I could never tell Norma that. I could never tell her she was what kept

my world in balance.

"That night when we were in bed and the lights were out, Norma said to me, 'Al, I want to tell you something—'"

I kind of chuckled. "How much does it cost, honey?"

She didn't joke back playfully. "A man's been bothering me, Al," she said.

I sat up, suddenly awake, my heart pounding. "What man?" I asked her. I was surprised to hear my voice so quiet because I thought it would have to be a cry of rage.

"Al, please don't get excited. Don't lose your temper."

"Just tell me who it is, Norma. He won't bother you again, not if he wants to stay eligible for life insurance."

"Al, you're getting excited."

"Just tell me who it is. Don't tell me I'm getting excited, baby."

And that's how this crazy ride downhill without brakes started. Lover Boy's name was Nicholas Tenny. He worked in one of the department stores in town and he got Norma's name and address when he made out the sales slip for the new kitchen cabinet she'd ordered. He was very friendly. He even called at the house after the cabinet was delivered to see how everything was. I could see it all right. A nice, friendly-talking college boy type and Norma wouldn't even know how to be suspicious of anybody. She couldn't help being that way. The world was just a big neighborhood to Norma. And it turned out he was a neighbor. He lived in that apartment house on Willis Avenue, about six blocks away. How cozy could it get? There was the pretty blonde wife and

(continued on page 69)

pictorial



"You can come up if you like — what more have I got to lose?"

Denison's

SPORTS CARS

the collected impressions of the sportive life of the sports car crowd, rendered with an eye to risible response and authentic detail, by sporting, sporty ben denison

PORSCHE SPÉLUSTER



"Don't worry, Mrs. Higgins — I'll have your daughter in bed before midnight."

AUSTIN HEALEY 100



"Most of my automobile accidents have happened
in back seats."

JAGUAR XK140VC



"I haven't made up my mind about him. He's either a
perfect gentleman or he's terribly run down."

MINI:ABSTOL



"I'm tired of sneaking around like this. Just what does your
husband have against me anyway?"

INCIDENT (continued from page 22)

"Where the devil are you taking me?" King Kong leaned close to shout the words into Amberley's ear.

"This is the only way we can get to the radium locker. It's off the inboard starboard shaft alley, as far away from the passengers and crew as we can get it. As I told you, international regulations," Amberley shouted in return, wondering as he did whether any such regulations had ever been published, and if so, what they really said.

Finally, a series of steeply slanted ladders behind them, they stood on the vibrating deck plates of the engine compartment, surrounded and dwarfed by the Atlantic's immense machinery, MacKinnon, the engineering officer on watch, impeccable in fresh white coveralls, glanced up from his desk beneath a great bank of dials and gauges and nodded an impersonal greeting, as though the Purser's appearance in his domain were an everyday occurrence.

Back between the towering bulks of the turbines, Amberley led, amazed as always that so many thousands of horsepower could be generated amid such fanatic cleanliness and without the chaotic clutter of steaming pipes and hissing, clanking valves which had been the order of things when he had begun his career at sea.

Now they stood between the two huge steel shafts, spinning at full speed, which disappeared through the heavy after bulkhead to take their separate courses aft until finally they emerged from the giant hull through their tremendous iron-wood sleeve bearings into the icy black waters of the North Atlantic and turned their propellers in revolutions that churned up the seas by the foamy scores of tons. These were the raw muscles that ramed the ship through the ocean, and their awesome power was an almost tangible thing that infused the air like an electric current.

Amberley pushed the black button set into the bulkhead beside the watertight door leading to the inboard starboard shaft tunnel. A red lamp, one of dozens in a panel facing the engineering officer's desk, glowed, and MacKinnon pressed the switch which would open the door. It slid noiselessly upwards on its thickly oiled rollers to reveal the swiftly diminishing perspective of the shaft tunnel, with the stout girth of the shaft narrowing to a gleaming needle point at the far end, interrupted regularly along its length by the thick rings of its supporting bearings on their squat mounts. Over each bearing hung a strongly protected light, and in the glare of these the big glass oil cups atop the bearings shone like so many amber jewels.

Once more Amberley led, stepping

over the high coaming and waiting while King Kong gingerly followed his example. Inside the tunnel, the Chief Purser pressed the twin of the button on the other side of the bulkhead, and the door moved silently shut behind them, abruptly silencing the constant thunder of the engine room and leaving them in comparative silence. They stood on the narrow grating of the inspection walkway which paralleled the polished perfection of the spinning shaft. A slender pipe rail, looking wholly inadequate, offered a minimum of protection to anyone walking the tunnel, and Amberley was grimly pleased to see the whiteness of King Kong's knuckles as he gripped it with his free hand. It occurred to the Chief Purser that beneath the rubber mask, and in spite of the coolness of the tunnel, King Kong might be perspiring dreadfully. The sea was very close to them down here.

"Good luck it's calm weather," Amberley said, raising his voice to carry over the deep hum of the shaft. "This can be tricky going when there's any sort of a sea running. Makes you wonder why anybody in his right mind would want to be an engineer."

"Let's keep moving." Now there was the slightest edge to King Kong's voice. "Save your discussions for the Sea Scouts, would you?"

"Not at all." Amberley moved slowly down the walkway. "Less than two inches of steel between us and the bottom of the ocean," he called back over his shoulder. "Double hull and all that, but it makes you think a bit." He got no reply.

The watertight door was more than a hundred feet behind them, and just perceptibly the tunnel was narrowing towards the stern. The sound of the shaft seemed louder, somehow, in the increasingly confined space and back here, far from the warmth of the engine compartment bulkhead, the steel walls glistened solidly with condensed moisture. There was another sound, too, back here—the muted rush of the seas past the Atlantic's hull plates.

Amberley reached out a hand and laid it gently on the shaft.

"Quite harmless, actually. Care to try for yourself?"

"Damn you, stop that nonsense and take me to this radium locker of yours, wherever it is." There was an approach to panic in the words.

The Chief Purser turned and faced the man in the lunatic rubber mask. "Surely," he said gently, "surely you didn't honestly believe there was any radium aboard this ship." Behind his frightening calm he felt, himself, close to panic. Everything, everything de-

pendent upon how well he carried off the next few seconds, and he felt his shirt and undershirt clinging to him, coldly wet. "We're locked in here, you know. The watertight door can only be opened from the engine compartment."

A curious, whimpering noise came from behind the ape mask, and King Kong clutched the attaché case close to his chest.

"Go ahead," Amberley said, his voice a rasping croak. "But it won't be very pleasant in here. It won't even be quick." He leaned back against the tunnel wall, feeling the cold lance through his uniform coat, and rested his hand on a thickly insulated switch. "This is probably the strongest section of the ship, you see; has to be, because you don't want your propeller shaft taking any strains, and you'd want to keep it turning even in the worst emergency. So it's quite, quite watertight . . ."

"Shut up, damn you! Shut up!"

"So that even if we go down with her, we shan't be drowned," Amberley continued, his smile ghastly. "We will simply strangle after, I should estimate, four or five hours on the bottom, knowing there was no possible hope. We should get to know one another quite well before we die."

The man in the mask was staring down with terrible fixity at the attaché case he held against his chest, and from behind the ape's obscene features came a stream of profanity, soft and utterly chilling in its hatred.

"Or perhaps we'll be lucky," Amberley was inexorable. "We're not too far from the after baggage hold, and perhaps one of your bombs will help us go very quickly."

Beside the two men on the walkway, the great inboard shaft spun with an eerie, terrible efficiency which suggested that somehow, long after the Atlantic had started its last, awesome glide towards the bottom, it would still be revolving, revolving until the huge, dying hull crashed silently against the ocean floor and the massive propeller blades bit into the muck of eons and were finally stopped. Or until the ship plunged her thin plates into some unfathomed deep where the pressures of countless millions of tons of water would suddenly crumple her like a paper toy in a child's fist. Amberley drove the image from his mind.

"Unless you hand me that case, I shall now turn out the lights," he said tonelessly. "After that, and regardless of the gun I see bulging your jacket, I am coming after you. I am a larger man than you, and doubtless in the scuffle one or the other of us will trigger your bombs. I don't think you will want that to happen. I don't think you will want

(concluded on page 68)

DO NICE ARTISTIC GIRLS?

a pointed question is asked and answered, to the satisfaction of all concerned

MY FRIEND TOM traveled down a curious detour of the normal instincts. He believed that the great boon of love—the real thing: striving male and wagging, hallowing female—was only possible with what he called a “nice artistic type.” Tom himself was not an artist, of course, and not particular about which alms-eyed, heavy-thighed, primordial beauty out of Henry Miller, Thomas Wolfe or Hunter College she would turn out to be. All he knew was that her breasts would be high and rosy, her ample belly starred with a biblical navel that winked only for him, and her heart surpassingly willing to help a shy lad find all the earthly delights. And that’s all he knew.

It is obvious that Tom was a very sensitive, thoughtful, and troubled young man. His efforts to find this girl were not rewarded by immediate success; the soft evenings of fantasy are seldom in a hurry to fulfillment. “I like Ravel and Braque,” he would say to some likely music and/or art student at a party, “and it’s so nobby here. Would you care to have some coffee outside?”

“Why yes, I’d love it.”

“I know a place—let’s go.”

White-lipped and determined, old Tom avoided my eyes, found the girl’s

fiction BY HERBERT GOLD



coat, patted his wallet reassuringly, and took her arm with the grimness of a crusader storming an infidel city. Since he was a clever and learned graduate student, twitching with excellent manners despite his stern passions, this first breach in the wall of sociability was always made with considerable skill. The girl was flattered. She was rendered curious. She didn't necessarily have her mind on the coffee at all. They put the party behind them.

Then, an hour or so later, they would very likely return. Tom ruffled and disconsolate, his glasses fogged, while the girl flashed across her pretty face that girlish signal of indignation and triumph. Why really, all she had wanted was to discuss Ravel and/or Braque! And a quiet cup of coffee with maybe a little cookie!

"Hi, Don," he would pitifully say to me.

"In too much of a hurry again?"

"Do you think that was it?"

"It's none of my business, pal. But they don't like to think you got only that one little thing on your mind."

And he shook his head because it's so hard for an honest young paranoid in a world of hypocrisy and pretense. Besides, it was a big little thing to him. The rest of the party passed with Tom's retreated gaze brooding abstractly on virtue and sin, the soul and the flesh, and whether a glass of wine would pick him up enough for a violent new try at climbing the great wall—that Sharon, that Toni, that little Patrice with the ballet slippers over there.

Every clever young urban male carries the weight of obsessions and phobias, his psychic ties and his gauzeries of learning about the significant presence of others in the world. When gratification and the calming of age settle upon him, he turns these lonely troubled years to nostalgic memory. How ardent were we in our egotism! How bright and pathetic! Aware of my own several needs, I was perhaps more tolerant of Tom's use of me in 1956 than I would be today. With his graceful Park Avenue manners, his wealth and "family," the summer home and the winter apartment, together with his terrier-like worrying of intellect, he gave me something I needed. I was green out of the hills of Cleveland. We became "companions" in the original meaning of the word: we broke bread together almost every day. Pumpernickel, of course.

"What were you reading, Don?"

"Whitehead on science. Tawney on Protestantism. Al Capp on Sadie Hawkins Day."

"Did you notice how that Nancy Fredericks came to Logic and the Scientific Method with teethmarks on her collarbone?"

"Yes, but don't you think about it, Tom. She's going steady with a teaching fellow."

Our conversations began with philosophy and ended with love, began with literature and ended with love, or sometimes, for sweet variety, began with politics in order to end with love. Tom believed that, as a long-haired although crewcut poet, I was bred to an erotic ease and knowledge forbidden in his own childhood. While this seemed to me a considerable exaggeration, and I always denied it, my denials must have glittered with a brilliant and elegant lack of conviction. "I was no Casanova in high school," I insisted. "Sure, I had a few good long talks, but she usually rang the bell on me before we got to the end of the subject."

He never believed me; I did not want to believe myself; it was good to talk with Tom after one of my own hot and ruffled contacts with a Barnard woodcut girl or the off-Broadway friend of a Juilliard friend.

"I had to turn my head when we passed a burlesque show," he said, sorrowing over his childhood.

"Terrible, awful, narrow minded," I said. "I could bring *Spiel Detective* into the house. Listen, you could pick up some nice sadism that way."

"My parents made me leave the room when they talked about anything."

"Bourgeois," I said. "My parents didn't bother talking."

"I don't think it was any fun for Mother. I'm sure of it. My father stayed sober most of the day, but she couldn't stand his smell after dinner."

This one I had to think over. "Well," I admitted judiciously, "I'm not sure how much Mother enjoyed it, but—"

"O I'm sure she must have, Don! Look at how free you are!" (Naturally I found Tom a magnificent judge of men.) "Modern poets don't separate the body and soul the way I do."

Convinced despite Eliot and Auden, despite so much wild play of metaphysics, I examined him for visible evidence of the Manichean division between dark and light on his graduate student's mug: fierce and ardent shaving, complete with little pink nicks; protuberant eyeballs that seemed, in certain lights, imperfectly oval; a lean, intellectual, Yankee head; Hamlet with horns, Ulysses packing his mama along with him, Ivan Karamazov with no brothers or Holy Russia to blame. Yes, perhaps he had difficulty tying the balloon of his soul to his body's little finger.

No, he was no different from me.

* * *

Inevitably we discovered Sylvia. She was no longer a student; she twisted silver and copper into Indian, African,

Mexican, and other dream-symbol shapes for a jewelry shop on Eighth Street. They were signed and sold under the name of the man who rented the store, but Sylvia earned enough to outfit herself in sandals with every variety of strap the esthetic girl could want, a fine assortment of ribbons for her ponytail, and a cash balance for buying the Blake, Umaramo and Soviet folk songs by the Piatnitski chorus which were still *de rigueur* in the Village of that faraway epoch.

"Caution, patience," I counseled Tom from the heights of my insight. "Take her to the Stanley maybe, tell her about your thesis, show her you really care."

"And I do!" he said. And he did.

My own concern with how he made out was deepened by a warm sense of benevolence and self-sacrifice. She had the look of tallness in her chin-lifted, prideful way of moving; she wore a strong, straight, sensual nose with genuine nostrils; her cheeks were healthy with sport on the Village greens (Washington Square, Sheridan Square, and with a variety of squares); her body was sleek, firm, and sure of itself. I had seen her first, but his need was greater than mine. One day she wore a black turtle-neck sweater—earlier, by an oversight, she had somehow neglected this facet of her character—and on that day I decided that, no, my need was greater than his.

But by that time it was too late. Tom and Sylvia were careening down the trail of courtship, almost out of my sight by now. "Have a good time last night, Tom?" I asked him.

"I got to get me some sleep."

"Which means," I commented with surly and jealous sarcasm, "that you don't want to talk to me now."

"Not now. Later maybe. I'm tired."


"Nice going."

But then, by the thin look of pain which flapped across his face, narrowed by scruple and doubt, frayed by the spirit and the mind, devoured, I knew that this proud Sylvia was no more easy for Tom than he would be easy for a girl. "Man, oh man," he said, "talk talk talk. She never stops."

I shook my head sympathetically. It was the occupational disease of those with little occupation. "She probably admires your mind," I noted sympathetically. "You know how it is. Those people she meets in the art jewelry racket never went past their B.A. if that far. Try keeping quiet, why don't you?"

"I do," he complained, "you already told me about that technique. But then she asks me some question and I get started. Last night it was Plotinus. Not my fault, Don! She asked me, and pretty soon it was too late. I was tracing Neo-

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**THE
MAXIMS
OF MAIZE**

for summer feasting, corn is king, on the cob or off

YOU CAN ALWAYS SPOT A NOVICE at a corn feast. He brushes his butter in a delicate light film on the corn before he begins nibbling. A real corn man—a veteran—jabs and thrusts his butter, forcing it between the kernels in great heaps and gobs. Instantly, he sprays the buttered strip with salt, and then, bearing down with his lips and sinking

his teeth into the extreme left hand side of the cob, he moves due east, oblivious to all but the crunching of his own happy jaws.

Eating corn-on-the-cob isn't pretty. It's pure pagan pleasure, served straight. In fact, all attempts to pretty it up invariably fail. Those small gadgets known as corn spears, for holding the cob

gracefully without using the bare hands, are seldom taken seriously these days. Similarly, the practice in some formal dining rooms of serving an ear of corn wrapped in a starched white linen napkin is always regarded by corn lovers with mild loathing. Perhaps the thing which most quickly throws a corn man

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*"Why, Mr. Brookfield, I thought you said
you didn't care for blondes."*

FIVE CARD
POKER
AND THE
HELL
WITH IT



the stud and draw boys are branded as jerks by a celebrated humorist turned critic

THERE ARE MANY POKER PLAYERS in this country who refuse to play anything but five card stud and draw. There is a very good reason why they refuse to play anything but five card stud and draw.

The reason is this: *they're stupid.*

That's what I said — stupid. The stud and draw players, of course, will explain it another way. They will declare, in noble and ringing tones, that they are purists. They will tell you it is their lofty purpose to keep the fine old game of poker unadulterated and undefiled. They will say that only stud and draw can properly be called poker and everything else is an abomination.

This, gentlemen, is the veriest crap. The poker purists, I repeat, are dumb — and that is why they're purists. They have somehow managed to learn stud and draw, but that's as far as they go. The new variations of poker — which require extra intelligence, better judgment and more poker savvy — are simply beyond their meager powers of application.

I'm not talking about spit-in-the-ocean or baseball or other such diversions for women and children. I'm talking honest-to-god poker games, by which I mean no wild cards and no free cards.

Take, for example, my favorite game — Big Squeeze. This is a form of high-low split (and don't let anybody kid you, high-low is pure poker and nothing but poker). In Big Squeeze you are dealt one card down, the next four up, and a

sixth card down. Then you have an option of discarding one card and drawing a new one. If you discard a down card, you are dealt a down card. If you discard an up card, you are dealt an up card. If you like, you can sit pat — not discarding and not drawing.

Here, I submit, is a real test of poker sense. For instance, what if you hold king, queen, six and five of hearts in your hand — and also a deuce and trey of spades: will you discard a spade and draw for a heart flush? Or is it wiser to discard the king and draw for a low hand?

What if you have two pair in your hand — treys and fours? You also have a five and a deuce. Do you draw for a full house? Or do you break your two pair and draw for low?

As you see, there is a whole new dimension in poker here — a whole new set of permutations to figure — a whole new complex of opportunities for the bluff and the power play. It makes for a tough game and an exciting one, and the pots mount up beyond your wildest dreams of avatic.

So don't let ignorance pass for virtue. When a man plays auction bridge instead of contract, when he plays knock rummy instead of gin, you've got to figure he's a little slow in the cranium. So it is with stud and draw players.

They're not purists. They're dopes.



MAXIMS OF MAIZE (continued from page 29)

into ill temper is the menu item in restaurants which indicates the price of corn per portion. Now, there happens to be no such thing as a portion of corn. You eat it by the mountain. Often you make an entire meal of it. You gnaw away lappily, without counting, until there's no more left.

The scientific word for roasting ears, *aschamata*, denotes the sweetness which is the very elixir of the corn kernel. It's an evanescent, soft kind of sweetness—which may be easily lost. Normally, corn is filled with its greatest sugar content when it's on the stalk. After it's shucked, the sugar begins turning into starch. In one day's time, during hot weather, as much as three-fourths of the sugar may be converted into starch. This is the reason why corn connoisseurs never cease to warn that the only respectable corn is that which is rushed directly from the field to the fire. The logical answer, of course, is simply to move your kitchen stove to the corn patch and begin operations, a suggestion not likely to carry much weight with city gourmands.

There's a way, however, of slowing down the galloping sugar-to-starch race. Simply keep your corn cold from the moment it's shucked, if possible, until cooking time, and the rate of conversion will be slowed up immensely. If you see a big heap of corn piled layer upon layer on a vegetable stall under the hot sun, the chances are that oxidation has done its dirty work, and that even though the corn is fresh, its flavor is not. To aid you in this respect, some supermarkets now buy fresh corn picked during the night under floodlights when heat won't damage it. The corn is then quickly hauled in refrigerated trucks into city markets in time for the store's opening.

Ten years ago, any person who ate off-season corn shipped north from southern states was rightly marked as unhip. This past winter, however, Florida growers, cultivating new pale yellow hybrid cobs especially adapted for the South and employing strict methods of temperature control, were able to ship corn which arrived two or three days later in the New York market with an incredibly small loss in sweetness and tenderness.

In Nicaragua, natives eat a variety of immature corn so tender that cob and all are chopped and thrown into the cooking pot. Actually the best tasting corn-on-the-cob should be neither too young nor too old. Immature corn showing baby teeth all over will lack flavor and texture. Corn that's too ripe, on the other hand, with dull-looking

grains that may be slightly shriveled or dented, should be avoided. There may be a few small kernels at the narrow end of the cob, but the remainder should be deep and plump with no space between the rows. Captain John Smith, after his trial at the hands of Powhatan, was taught by the Indians how to test corn, and the same method is still quite accurate. Merely pull back the husk and press a kernel or two with a finger nail. If the grains burst easily and squirt milk, they're fine. If the kernels are rubbery, slow to break and barely oozing liquid, the corn is tough and tasteless.

A fellow who wants to be dry behind his corn ears should know just a few more facts about selecting corn. The husks of fresh corn should be deep moist green and should hug the cob like a skin tight dress. There should be a fresh, grassy smell to the husks. The silk protruding from the husk should be dark brown, rather dry and crinkly. Don't ever buy corn that's already husked and covered with gleaming cellophane. The husk guards the corn's freshness and shouldn't be removed until cooking time.

M.C.s at outdoor barbecues these days soon learn that charcoal broiled corn-on-the-cob has become one of the brightest spots on the al fresco circuit. The procedure is simple. Pull down the edge of the husk and remove the silk. Tear as much silk off by hand as possible. Remove the balance with a small scrub brush or vegetable brush. Then put the husk back in place and put the ears on the grill. If the fire is very fierce and you want to retard the first brush of heat, you can dip the corn in cold water for a few minutes. The coals should show a steady glow of heat and shouldn't be smoking. Turn the corn as the outer husk becomes black. Four or five turnings may be necessary, and usually about 10 minutes cooking time is required. Use heavy paper toweling or pot-holders or tongs to remove the hot husk. An experienced corn-on-the-cob chef can do it barehanded, using swift, short strokes. If the coals have all turned completely to white ash, you can cook the corn by burying it right in the ashes for 10 minutes, turning it once during cooking.

Corn-on-the-cob may also be charcoal broiled with aluminum foil paper. Remove husks and silk. Wrap the corn in aluminum paper, folding the ends to cover the corn completely. Corn handled in this manner will take a longer cooking time and will miss some of the charred flavor which open-air cooks love.

There's a certain amount of traditional baloney in connection with simple boiled corn which should now be cited. You'll be told by one authority to add

salt, while another shaman will tell you that salt toughens the corn. Even Thoreau, a distinguished corn-on-the-cob enthusiast, mistakenly believed that salt made a difference in boiling corn. Actually, such an infinitesimal part of the salt penetrates the corn that the flavor isn't affected one way or the other. The same goes for sugar. If corn lacks its natural sweetness, adding sugar to the pot will have negligible effect.

Add nothing whatever to the boiling water. Use a pot big enough for the corn to fit comfortably into it. For outdoor crowds, a washboiler is the right vessel. Bring the cold water to a boil. Add the corn. When the water comes to a second boil, allow five minutes cooking time. If the corn isn't tender in this time, it will never be tender. Like other delicate foods, corn is spoiled by overcooking.

Roasting ears, so called, are seldom literally roasted. At outdoor corn roasts, the ears are often laid on a metal plate over the fire, then covered with a wet burlap sack and cooked until tender. This is actually a steaming process in which corn cooks in its own juice. You can roast fresh corn by placing it unhusked in a hot oven for about a half-hour, although the oven heat may become objectionable in small apartment kitchens.

There are xenotons who would never dream of removing the corn from a cob except with their teeth. Other corn partisans have been imaginative enough to cut corn off the cob with a sharp knife for gourmet soups, casseroles and fritters. Here are four PLAYBOY off-the-cob recipes, 1957 models of informal, sophisticated eating. If fresh corn isn't available for these recipes, you may use in its place vacuum-packed whole kernel corn.

CORN VICI-VICIOUSO SOUP (4 servings)

The smoothest and most satisfying of cold summer soups is here welcomed into the corn belt. To remove raw corn pulp from the cob, cut each row of corn on the cob through the center of the kernels, splitting them in half. Then using the back of the knife, scrape until the pulp comes out.

- 2 tablespoons butter
- 1 medium size onion, sliced
- 2 leeks, white part only, sliced
- 1 cup raw corn pulp
- 1½ cups sliced raw potatoes
- 2 cups water
- 2 chicken bouillon cubes
- ½ cup milk
- ½ cup light cream
- Salt, white pepper
- 2 teaspoons minced chives or scallions

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*miss august imparts
new meaning to the
love thy neighbor bit*

THE GIRL NEXT DOOR

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PETER GOWLAND





MUCH HAS BEEN SAID AND WRITTEN about the "girl-next-door" quality of PLAYBOY's Playmates, even in literate journals like *The Nation* and the *Saturday Review*, and we've done a goodly bit of the saying ourselves.

Lately, though, we've been wondering if the lot of us haven't been guilty of sloppy thinking in this area. For every girl (unless she's a hermit, and we don't know many of those) lives next door to someone; and, in this sense, every girl is a girl-next-door. Take Dolores Donlon, our August Playmate, for instance. This lithe, long-limbed, languorous, luscious blonde drives a snow-white T-bird and a baby-blue Cad and lives in a two-story Spanish-style house with a swimming pool and 20 rooms (eight of them bedrooms).

But does all this make her any less of a girl-next-door? Not if you happen to live next door to her in Beverly Hills, California, it doesn't—and we know a couple of lucky lads who do.





MISS AUGUST PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH









Dolores graces a couch in her sumptuous living room, above; and, below, tawnily takes ten in one of her eight boudoirs.





MISS AUGUST

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The none too bright young fellow had been dating the same girl for more than a year and one evening the girl's father confronted him and wanted to know whether the lad's intentions towards his daughter were honorable or dishonorable.

"Gee," said the young man, swallowing hard, "I didn't know I had a choice!"



Our tireless Research Department, after extensive house-to-house canvassing, has come up with the three best things in life: a Martini before and a nap after.

After gunning his Mercedes the wrong way down a one-way street, the rather inebriated young man was asked where he thought he was going by an inquisitive police officer.

"I'm not really sure," confessed the drunk, "but wherever it is, I must be late, because everybody seems to be coming back already."



We just learned that one of the show girls from the Latin Quarter disappeared last week and hasn't been obscene since.

Everyone in the smart night club was amazed by the old gentleman, obviously pushing 70, toasting off Manhattans and cavorting around the dance floor like a 20-year-old. Finally, curiosity got the best of the cigarette girl.

"I beg your pardon, sir," she said, "but I'm amazed to see a gentleman of your age living it up like a youngster. Tell me, are all of your faculties unimpaired?"

The old fellow looked up at the girl sadly and shook his head. "Not all, I'm

afraid," he said. "Just last evening I went nightclubbing with a girlfriend—we drank and danced all night and finally rolled into her place about 2 A.M. We went to bed immediately and I was asleep almost as soon as my head hit the pillow. I woke around 3:30 and nudged my girl. 'Why, George,' she said in surprise, 'we did that just 15 minutes ago.' 'So you see,' the old boy said sadly, 'my memory is beginning to fail me.'"

The hungover couple dawdled over a mid-afternoon breakfast, after a particularly wild all-night party held in their fashionable apartment.

"Dearest, this is rather embarrassing," said the husband, "but was it you I made love to in the library last night?"

His wife looked at him reflectively, and then asked, "About what time?"



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines a bachelor as a man who has no children, to speak of.

"Anything else, sir?" asked the attentive bellhop, trying his best to make the lady and gentleman comfortable in their penthouse suite in the posh hotel.

"No. No, thank you," replied the gentleman.

"Anything for your wife, sir?" the bellhop asked.

"Why, yes, young man," said the gentleman. "Would you bring me a post card?"

A friend of ours reports that during a recent drive down to Miami Beach he spotted a sign near a real estate development that read: **GET LOTS WHILE YOU'RE YOUNG.**

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



"Y-your wife? And all the while I thought it was TV!"



THE WATCH WORD

accessories





correct timing for dress and sport

TIME, GENTLEMEN, is definitely of the essence. A smart, functional, accurate timepiece adds the correct finishing touch to your garb, tells you when to expect a full moon, gets you out of the sack in time for your brunch date at Chambord—all during the course of 432,000 ticks and tocks a day. **LEFT:** eminently geared for on-the-town wear, the array includes a magnificent pocket watch designed by Cartier. Flat as a roulette chip, it's 18-kt. yellow gold with a fine Swiss movement; you'll wear it anchored to an evening waistcoat with a handsome chain; \$580 for the watch; \$58 for the chain • An after-dark accessory that keeps a suave grip on your folding cash, the 17-jewel Swiss watch set in a money clip of deeply scored 14-kt. gold is a Tournau creation; you'll have to peel \$118 off the old money clip in order to pay for the new one • Hamilton has pioneered the only portable timepiece in existence powered by a tiny energizer, no bigger than a button, that runs it for more than a year. The Hamilton Van Horn is 14-kt. gold, with black dial and sweep-second hand, is shock resistant, anti-magnetic and Martini-proof; \$175 • The LeCoultre self-winding alarm watch will remind you of important engagements in a persuasive yet confidential tone; simple to set, the alarm dial revolves effortlessly in the center of the watch face; \$95 • Conquest Sweep is Longines' special tag for their 14-kt. gold automatic watch in an ultra-thin waterproof case. The dial is luminous and the strap is blond-tone hide; as in all fine Swiss watches, a jeweled lever carefully controls the mainspring's action; \$195 • Hardly thicker than its black suede strap, the Tournau watch boasts an unusual segmented dial that makes it a smart-money choice for dress-up occasions; in stainless steel, \$98; in 14-kt. gold, \$175 • The Omega Seamaster is equally right for landlubbers engaged in non-nautical pursuits; this model is automatic, 17 jewels, in stainless steel; \$95 • The cocktail hour begins whenever you say with Hawthorne's good-looking five o'clock watch; the repetitive Roman numerals are gold-etched; the band is suede; \$38.50.

ABOVE, for daytime excursions on land or sea: (l to r) the Seafarer, a multi-purpose chronograph especially designed for yachtsmen, hunters and fishermen. Its yacht race dial gives five-minute intervals for starting races; lunar dial shows daily high and low tides and positions of the moon; Swiss made for Abercrombie & Fitch; stainless steel, water resistant case, \$99.50 • Tournau's calendar chronograph is a compact marvel of Swiss ingenuity, sports four special dials countersunk in the face: besides ticking off the solar day (any old time, that is), it gives you the date, month and year, the phases of the moon and is equipped with a stop-watch mechanism; the strap is cobra skin; 17-jewel movement in stainless steel, \$95; in 14-kt. gold, \$175 • A rotatable outer rim makes the Tissot Around-the-World ideal for the air traveler or business exec who phones frequently to distant countries. Major cities in each time zone are included on the face, which revolves to indicate corresponding time around the globe; a wee window on the dial gives you the date; self-winding; \$75 • The Movado Sub-Sea automatic is designed with the skindiver in mind: guaranteed waterproof at 100 feet below the surface; dial markers show up clearly in even the murkiest of depths; 17 jewels; alligator strap; stainless steel case; \$99.50 • The waterproof wrist alarm by Tournau is powered with a non-breakable mainspring, sports numerals that glow in the dark, sweep second hand, and shows (beside the 9) a green spot when alarm is set, a red one when it's off; in stainless steel, \$75 • Abercrombie & Fitch's Auto-Graph includes a unit counter that can be used to tote up your golf strokes, or compute miles per gallon; sports car bugs will use its outer rim to check absolute miles per hour; its stop watch is a boon at all sporting events; \$85. Federal tax of 10% is included in the prices of all watches shown.

ARTISTIC GIRLS (continued from page 28)

Platonism from the beginning down to me, and then it was just too damn late."

"And the wrong kind of mood."

As he suspected, I could no longer help him. When it came to women in general, I was perfectly content to set myself up as an authority; but it would be *hybris*, that wild pride which brought the Greek heroes to their doom, to pretend to understand a specific, sweet and salty, high-breasted and warm-breathing Sylvia. A deep medieval philosopher, Maimonides, gave this advice to the young man tormented by desire: "Drag it into the House of Study." Tom, poor fellow, was now on his own, dragging it out of the house of Sylvia after many futile hours of travail.

"Do you think she wants to get married?" I asked him.

He looked at me as if I had gone mad. "Sylvia? A true artist? With her career before her?" And then he sank desolately into my single overstuffed chair. "God," he said, "I think maybe you're right."

My onlie beggetter of clarity in logic had become confused. "You need a rest, man," I told him. "Here, have a vitamin pill—my mother sent them to me."

"Thanks, why are they so brown?"

"Fell behind the radiator last September, I thought it was from the mice and I set a trap, but then I started to smell the niacin and ascorbic acid when the heat came on. Maybe that's all you need—vitamins."

He gazed upon me with sublime pity for my vanishing character. His mournful stare, those eyes bulging imperfectly and blue, meant several things: You used to be a true friend, you used to sympathize, now you're just making fun. "All right, I'll show you," he said. "I'll show everybody."

"Better just show Sylvia," I advised him, "and you won't need to worry about the rest."

Sylvia was no dope. To this day I am not certain of what she thought she wanted from him, but it may merely have been that she was born in Yonkers at age zero and had decided to spend her declining years after age 23 in Scandinavia. On the way, every dog which barked and every boy who howled could provide assurance that her charm, her Sylvia's charm, was a unique blessing of Sylvia's alone—something independent of arch of foot and curve of throat, smudge of eyes, gloss of hair, and long clever line of nostrils. "And yet art thou still but Faustus!"—and yet was Sylvia still but a girl.

"I like you very much," Tom said.

"Very much," she repeated. "Hm-m. Just because I know how to solder silver earrings together? It's a trick, that's all."

"You have beautiful eyes. So deep,

so—"

"Because that photographer on Grove Street wanted to take my picture for the *Maybelline* people? I suppose he tells every girl the same story."

"You are really very talented. Your work has genuine distinction—authority—you know, that vital difference centering in the original, imaginative personality—yes, creative. Why don't you pay attention?"

She yawned. She was hungry, she was sleepy, she was Sylvia. She wanted a bite to pick her up. And out he trotted by her side in order to have just a little sandwich, plus a glass of something and a belting by the three-hour footshow at Cafe Society Downtown that somehow needed to go with it.

Sylvia led Tom a merry chase through the suburbs of coyness and the subdivisions of teasing; she said yes, she said no, she said maybe; she insisted on an evening in a crowd just when private success seemed in sight. She maneuvered him into discussing Wilhelm Reich in a drugstore booth when he had his mind set on a large noisy party to start things off. But somehow, unlike the other girls, she was never deeply insulted by his obdurate, deprived insensitivity. "That's absolutely all you want from me," she pouted.

"Not all," he said glumly, precisely. "But all I can think of now."

And her peal of denying laughter rang out. And somehow her go-away-closer game—"Step right up and starve near me!"—never destroyed the greedy will to do battle of this sensitive young swain. They had a dark secret between them: they really liked each other. If Tom had known what tenderness it, he would have felt it for this clanking girl with her slave bracelets, her flaring nostrils, and her gaudily made-up eyes. Sylvia enjoyed talking with the skinny, intense scholar with his undying affection—somehow she knew how to keep it undying, at least temporarily. She even began an educational project on his pale, wizened, concentrated, turnip-shaped soul. She conducted him toward laughter, frostily at first, with the merest green shoots of bee and saw, finally employing part of his chest and the upper regions of his belly. He noted in his journal an improved *pevistikis*. At the same time, Tom succeeded in making Sylvia realize that the universe of Culture extends past the tiny rectangle bounded by Jean Cocteau movies, bop, African masks, and whipped copper.

"Surrealism is dead," he argued. "Free verse doesn't mean a thing, Sylvia. How can you have an art which isn't based on the tradition?"

"Take off your shoes when you talk," she ordered him. "How can you explain

things to me under all that leather?"

They were getting what they were needing without knowing that this too was what they wanted.

In order to survive his combat with a most wily adversary, Tom had to learn to adopt her tactics. As it became more of a play, a joyous combat, he began to come closer to winning the game. Perhaps Sylvia, a healthy young creature, did not mind his winning, so long as he could not predict her, classify her, understand her. She fought amiably and like a tigress for her girlish quiddity: *Who is Sylvia? What is she?*

One afternoon Tom asked me to go to a record shop with him. We had been seeing less of each other lately—my attempt to Indian give Sylvia had altered our friendship—and so I was pleased to attempt a return toward our old ease with each other. Later, as we discussed the music, I realized that he was not including his own taste at all. He turned out to be weighting down his record changer with a work of highly derivative composition—Tom's First Symphony in Erotic Minor, made up of a snippet of Berlioz, a patch of Wagner, and then Kavel's *Buteva* all the way to the bitter end. He had worked out a theory about blood pressure and how nobody could resist it.

Having put this concoction on the machine, he planned to change up his coffee table with wine, oysters, cigarettes, and tamales, and then to settle down with Sylvia in a determined effort to avoid talking about Lessing's *Lacoon*. Apart from suggesting the interpolation of a Schubert song to lighten their digestion between oysters and tamales, I offered no judgments.

"What do you think, Don?"

"Me? I'm going to read the *Lacoon*."

"Am I a fiend?"

"Not if you lend me the Everyman edition. Save me going to the library, Tom."

The desperate and fatal encounter was for that evening. It was Washington's Birthday. Tom promised to telephone me the next day.

I went to my room to study, not expecting his call, which came, however, in the middle of the night. "Listen, Don,"—Tom's voice hoarse and bewildered.

"Well, how was it?"

"..."

I waited a moment. Curious I was, but also irritably sleepy. "Tom, you drag me from bed. OK, but now why don't you say something?"

"I thought Sylvia was coming out of the shower."

"Congratulations!" I shouted into the telephone. "That's great!"

"I hanks."

"What's the matter? You sound all

(concluded on page 67)

a title bout in ten rounds

HEMINGWAY

pastiche BY JED KILEY

Ernest's private
army had liberated
the Ritz.



ROUND 9: "FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS"

In Round 8, Hemingway pepped up a fishing cruise by battling a school of sharks with a tommy gun. Kiley and Floyd Gibbons went below deck with a bottle of Scotch to avoid stray bullets.

YOU COULD HAVE knocked me over with a sawed-off shotgun when we got up on deck. Same change. The decks had all been swabbed. Not a sign of the carnage that had sent me below. They had

even ditched that blood-soaked raft. It was gone with the sharks it had lured to their deaths.

And the captain had even changed the set. We were anchored in the most beautiful little cove you ever saw, in the lee of a tiny atoll like you read about in the South Pacific. And "pacific" was the right word for it. Most peaceful spot you ever saw. The water was smooth as Nassau Scotch. Not a ripple. And we were so close to the beach you could have thrown a stone ashore. But nobody would have thrown a stone at that island. You would have been afraid of disturbing its serenity. It was the other Bimini, they said. Bimini's little sister. No human hand had ever changed her natural loveliness. What a place to rest and have a quiet drink after the ordeal of the afternoon, I thought.

We sat around the deck table as peaceful and relaxed as Wooly and Ben on their little yacht in the lee of the wreck. What a life, I thought. A few drinks later the conversation swung around to sharks. Would they really attack an unwounded swimmer? That was still an unsettled question with the experts.

"The natives say they will," Ernest said.

"I wouldn't like to prove it," Floyd Gibbons said.

"Neither would I," the captain said.

"Why not?" I said.

After all, I had read a lot of stuff on both sides of the question. And I had seen natives fight them with knives. But the shark, I had noticed, never attacked the man first. Seemed afraid of him.

"Sharks are cowards," I said. "They will run from a live man in the water. All you've got to do is splash a little to scare them off."

"Suppose you get tired splashing?" Ernest asked.

"Perhaps," I said, "if you were in the water long enough and were hurt and bleeding. But I wouldn't be afraid, for instance, to swim ashore right now if I had to."

Ernest and Gil both knew I was a crack swimmer. Tried out for the Olympic team when I was a kid at the Chicago Athletic Club. But I had a sort of foreboding that I should not have made that crack just the same. Hemingway jumped right down my throat.

"Bet you a hundred you won't swim ashore and back right now," he said.

Always betting, I thought. I sized up the course. The beach was only 50 yards away. The water you could see was only 10 feet deep at the boat and that meant you could probably wade half the distance. That left only 25 yards to go to

shallow water if a fin showed up. It's in the bag, I thought.

"I'll take that bet," I said aloud.

Hemingway ran below and came back waving a hundred dollar bill.

"It's yours if you come back alive," he said.

He made that crack to scare me, I thought. I'll show him. Then I played my trump card. Got the captain to act as lookout on the flying bridge. If he saw any fins he was to ring the ship's bell. I was more worried about the return trip. My dive from the boat would give me a better start than I could get from the shore. Told him to ring the bell very fast if he saw any sharks between me and the boat on the return so I would know and go back. It was more dangerous in the deep water by the boat, I thought.

When the captain gave me the all-clear I went up on the bridge. The higher you are the farther you can plunge and I took a running flat racing dive that was a pip. Must have taken me almost halfway home. Went into a fast beat crawl and in a few seconds my feet hit bottom. The rest of the way was a cinch. When you are standing up you don't scare easy. Besides, sharks don't like shallow water, I thought.

I walked up on the hot sand and waved to my audience. They were all top side to get a better view. I wasn't a bit scared. But, better get back now while the going's good, I thought. So I took a few deep breaths and waded back into the water. I decided to wade out as far as I could and then, if everything was clear, tear for the ladder. If I got the bell I could rush back to shore.

I was about up to my armpits in the warm water when I saw something that sent the cold chills racing up my spine. It was a long dark shadow circling slowly around me. Wow!

The rest was pure instinct. I didn't wait to investigate that shadow. It looked too familiar. Just ran for shore as fast as I could go. And was I glad to get out of that water! I could feel my heart going like a tommy gun. Dropped down on the sand in a heap. Talk about your heart being in your mouth—I kept mine closed so it wouldn't drop out on the sand.

And then I happened to see the raft. I mean the raft we had used in the shark hunt. They had cut it loose and ditched it on the sand. The sight of that bloody raft chilled me as much as that shadow in the water had. Reminded me of the way those cannibals went for each other. Suppose they did go for live men?

Better yell for the dinghy, I thought. What's a hundred dollars to your life? Stalling for time I got up and walked

around. My foot hurt. I looked at it and saw it had been scratched on a shell or something when I had raced ashore. It was bleeding a little. Holy Moses, I thought, there goes another telegram to the sharks.

I glanced back at the boat. Hemingway had the tommy gun in his hands now. He would shoot, I knew, if he saw a shark. I made up my mind that I would get back on that boat again as fast as I could. I decided not to wade in this time. Might see something again. Better do like the kids at the beach. Get a good start. So I got going on the beach, ran right on through the shallow water as fast as I could and took a long flat dive. I glanced up at the end of the plunge and found myself almost halfway to the boat. It won't be long now, I thought, and went into a double-beat crawl. I didn't look back. Just buried my face in the water and swam for my life. Didn't look up until my head bumped the side of the boat. Never knew a bump on the head could feel so good. Hemingway's strong hands grabbed me under the arms and pulled me up the ladder. I remembered how those sharks jumped right out of the water at you so I kept kicking out all the way up. Once I felt a sharp pain. There goes my leg, I thought. But I had only kicked my ingrown toenail on the ladder.

Next thing I knew I was flat on the deck and Hemingway was pouring a straight shot down my throat. It spilled all over me because my feet were still kicking sharks away. But that soon stopped and it sure felt good to be lying there, alive and whole, in the warm sunshine. I was still shivering from that warm water.

Then I began to burn up. What if he did pull me out of the water, I thought. It was all his fault that I had gone in there in the first place. Imagine a friend betting you that you wouldn't go into shark-infested waters. The more I thought about it the madder I got.

I studied over toward him, smiling disarmingly, and was just about to let a one-two go when he did something that almost made me hit the deck again. Vaulted right over the rail into the water. I couldn't believe my eyes. You couldn't have got me in there again for a million dollars. On top of that you could see those dried blood stains on him melting off in the warm water. There go the telegrams, I thought, and they are not night letters either.

And there he was, with all that tuna blood on him lolling around, rubbing himself as though he were taking a bath in his own bathtub. I wasn't sure at him now. I was scared to death for him.

"Start splashing," I yelled.

(continued on page 56)



top model, promising playwright—nice work if you can get it

THE FACE IS FAMILIAR

PHOTOS AND TEXT By E. Arnold

Above: model Wiggam with ads. Below: playwright Wiggam with producers Roy Newbert, Jr. and Chandler Cowles.



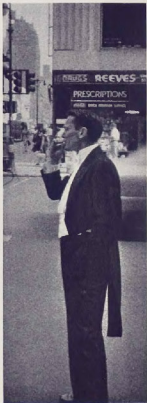
IF YOU'RE ONE of the hundred million or so persons in the U.S. who flips through at least one big-circulation magazine a month, you've almost certainly spotted the guy on these pages a couple of hundred times. But it's 50 to 1 you don't know his name: Lionel Wiggam. He's far and away the highest-priced, most-in-demand male model in America. He has appeared in more advertisements for a greater variety of advertisers than any other man—or woman or child, for that matter—and he earns 40 bucks an hour for doing it. In fact, his front-of-the-camera stunts are so sought after that,



Wiggam on assignment for Wallcofs. With him is fashion photog Hans Lownds, who put him into the big time with admiration, "Don't smile."



Above: "Are my wings on straight?" Wiggam gets a set of trade mark appendages adjusted before shooting time. Below: one of a hundred pix that will be taken for client, Wings Shirts. Wiggam earns 80 bucks for two hours' work, pulls a fast clothing switch, then scoots off for next assignment.



Above: running five minutes behind schedule, Wiggam in white tie and tails at high noon waits for taxi at midtown Manhattan intersection. His one-workday-a-week is frantic series of wardrobe changes, cab trips and quick cigarettes between camera shots.

recently, he appeared decked out in two fiercely competitive brands of dinner jackets (After Six and Linnet) in two ads that ran within a couple of pages of each other in the same issue of *Men's Wear* magazine.

Unlike Commander Whitehead, beavered Schweppesman, and Bron Wrangle, the eye-patched cosmopolite who peddles Hathaway shirts, Wiggam doesn't concentrate on one product alone, possibly because he doesn't sport the jarring characteristic necessary for immediate product identification. In the same issue of any mass-circulation magazine, you're likely to spot Wiggam hawking everything from PJs for dad at \$8.95 to chinchilla coats for malady at \$40,000. While doing it, he may assume the role of hustling executive, smitten lover, beaming bridegroom, tranquil traveler, satisfied Scotch sipper or carefree collegiate. Wiggam, photographers and ad agencies have discovered, has the unique knack of moving millions of dollars worth of merchandise or services by the simple act of lounging in front of a camera a few hours each week.

For Wiggam, and most everyone else associated with the advertising dodge, the four seasons of the year are crazy, mixed-up deals. Because most magazines work months in advance of publication date, Christmas usually begins in July, and the Fourth of July falls sometime in December. In the dead of a New York winter, Wiggam finds himself with a modeling assignment for swimsuits (you probably saw the ad last month) that means two days location shooting in Sarasota, Florida, expenses paid; on the doggiest July afternoon, Wiggam sweats it out in a Gotham photo studio swathed in a heavy wool overcoat, club-striped muffler and ear muffs and waving a State pennant (watch for the ad next November). He must be ready at a day's notice to zip off to Europe, the Caribbean or Australia to make a fashion film for a clothing manufacturer. Through it all, he manages to look convincing—and

(concluded on page 66)



Taking his leisure at his lushly-falloged, pre-Civil-War house near Stone Ridge, New York, Wiggam has a chance to unwind, entertain friends, work at his writing, swim in a nearby private brook, go horseback riding and forget about the pressures of modeling. During the summer months, he spends six days a week here; in winter, he drives up over weekends.



Above: Wiggam polishes a third act revision for his new play, *Prize of Life*, tentatively scheduled for an autumn opening on Broadway. Above right: budding actress Edna Rae, one of Wiggam's close friends and dates, takes a look at the manuscript inside his Stone Ridge house.



Back on a modeling assignment in Manhattan, T-shirted Wiggam kids around with top femme model Anne St. Marie during a shooting sequence for Helena Rubinstein cosmetics. The completed ad, with no kidding involved, was slated for 10 mass-circulation magazines.

HEMINGWAY *(continued from page 16)*

"What for?" he said. And he turned over on his back and floated as though he had never seen a man-eating shark in all his life.

I tried to figure the guy out. I knew he hadn't jumped overboard because he was afraid of me. He's not afraid of anybody. But don't tell me he wasn't afraid of that water. I know he was. Remember he believed that sharks will attack a man. I believed they wouldn't. That meant that he had more guts than I had going into the water. Maybe he was just crazier. Or maybe he had forgotten about the blood on him, I thought.

"Come out of there," I yelled.
"Come on in, the water's fine," he said.

I don't believe he was showing off either. Maybe he just wanted to check on the emotions I had gone through, so he could write about it some time. Or perhaps his conscience was bothering him about what he had done to me and he wanted to punish himself for it.

See what I mean? I'm trying to figure him the way he figures other people.

He had everybody on board worried to death. Gib was yelling at him to stop being a fool and the captain was topside sweeping the water with his glasses. You could see he was plenty worried. I climbed up with him and grabbed the machine gun. Might as well be ready, I thought. Lucky I did.

When he saw me with the gun he threw both hands up in the air in mock surrender. Looked like he was more afraid of me with the gun than he was of the sharks. So I covered him with it. "Don't shoot. I'll come quietly," he said.

And he did come quietly. Swam the breast stroke over to the ladder slowly and came up it as though he were stepping out of a Miami Beach swimming pool. Some nerve. I tried to help him and yelled for him to watch out for his legs. But he said something about their breaking their teeth on his metal kneecap and waved me aside. Didn't kick once.

When he was safe on deck we all breathed easier. All except the little bait-cutter. He let out a frightened yell and pointed a shaking finger at the water. And, I am not kidding, my blood went cold. Just a few feet off the ladder two huge black shadows were lazily circling the spot Ernest had just left. The telegrams to Mr. and Mrs. Tiger S. Shark had not been delayed. One was as big as we had seen all day. The other was smaller but probably more deadly if I know females. She surfaced, rolled over on her side, and shot a baleful look at us that made me jump back from the

rail. Some evil eye. And I'll swear I saw her mouth watering. And don't tell me sharks have to show their fins above water. They do that when they are just playful. These two meant business. Then they must have realized they were just too late for dinner and swam off as quietly as they had appeared.

Ernest reached into the coin pocket of his shorts and handed me a wet hundred dollar bill. I saw him shudder and felt his hand shake. "You win," he said.

"Winner take nothing," I said. But I took the bill. That crack was just that book title of his. No sense to it.

We raced back to Bimini wide open. Gib and I were all in. The combination of the ocean and Hemingway was too strong for us. That little hotel would sure look good, I thought.

It was around five when we hit Bimini and hanging on the end of the jetty was a grim reminder of our afternoon's sport. It was what was left of an enormous tuna that somebody had tried to tow in. All that remained now was the head and tail on each end of a bare spinal column. The sharks had stripped it clean. There but for the grace of God, hangs Hemingway and me, I thought. End quote.

The reception committee told Papa Pilar was all fixed so of course he had to go and look her over. We thought he was coming up to the bar with us for a refresher. But there is one thing he likes better than a bar and that's a boat. He said something in Spanish to his Cuban mate and the boy came up with a bottle of Cuban rum and some glasses. Apparently he had refused in our absence. Ernest mixed some cocktails.

"Have one with me for the road," he said.

"For the road?" I said.

"Si, si," he said.

"We're not going anywhere," Gib said.

"I am," he said.

"Where?" I said.

"Spain," he said.

Just like that, I thought. Wants to see that revolution over there. Guess we will get some more bull stories soon. He never gets anywhere unless he is planning to write about it. Floyd asked him if he would drop him off at Barcelona.

"I'm only going as far as Cuba in the boat," he said.

Only as far as Cuba, I thought. That was just a little jump of 300 miles from where we were. Say a 10 bottle cruise or so. And he is starting out just before dark in a 35-foot boat as though it were across the street. Gib and I just looked at each other. The Cuban mate didn't

say anything though. Just went about casting off. You could see he was used to it.

The natives didn't seem surprised either. They would not have been surprised at anything Papa did. They were used to him too. But you could see they were sorry to see him go. They stood around silently in groups watching him pull out. We shook hands with him, wished him *bon voyage* and walked up the jetty.

When we came out of the bar an hour later the natives were still there. Staring out to sea. It all made quite a touching sight from where we stood. They were shading their eyes from the sun while over their heads hung the skeleton of the tuna. And framed in the scaffold that held the tuna you could just see Ernest's little boat in the distance; the glass in his hand glistening in the setting sun like liquid gold. Like a scene-out of *The Arabian Nights*, I thought.

I said aloud, "There goes Sinbad the Sailor."

"He's a lot of characters out of his own fiction," Gib said.

Hemingway was in Spain, we heard, before we got back to New York and he didn't come back until the revolution was over. Other Americans who were over there tell me they did not see much of him. But they heard about him. He was a sort of lone wolf as far as they were concerned. Spent all of his time up in the mountains with the Loyalists, living in caves and watching the show from a ringside seat. The Spaniards who knew him said he could drink more of that awful homemade Spanish brandy than any two men in their army.

I ran into him a few years later in Miami. He looked thinner and sadder. I thought. Said he was just finishing a book about his experiences in Spain. But do you think he would tell you anything about it? Not on your life. He was going home to Havana and start slugging, he said.

"Look like a good bout?" I said.

"Yes," he said, "I'll win by a knockout in the eighth chapter."

"Expect a good movie purse later on?" I said.

"I'm holding out for a quarter of a million," he said.

"Pezzuts," I said. "What's your title?"

"For Whom the Bell Tolls," he said.

"Oh," I said.

"Like it?" he said.

"No," I said.

"The drinks are on me," he said. And they were.

He took me to a little Cuban joint. It had sawdust on the floor. He had his shoes on and looked uncomfortable. Those toes must be itching, I thought.

(continued overleaf)



LOVERS ALOFT

A wry lampoon by the 18th Century English writer, Joseph Addison

THE PHILOSOPHERS of King Charles's reign were busy in finding out the art of flying. The famous Bishop Wilkins was so confident of success in it, that he says he does not question but, in the next age, it will be as usual to hear a man call for his wings, when he is going on a journey, as it is now to call for his boots. The humour so prevailed among the virtuous of this reign, that they were actually making parties to go up to the moon together, and were more put to it in their thoughts how to meet with accommodations by the way than how to get thither. Every one knows the story of the great lady who, at the same time, was building castles in the air for their reception. I always leave such trite quotations to my reader's private recollection. For which reason, also, I shall forbear extracting out of authors several instances of particular persons who have arrived at some perfection in this art, and exhibited specimens of it before multitudes of beholders. Instead of this, I shall present my reader with the following letter from an artist, who is now taken up with this invention, and conceals his true name under that of Daedalus.

My Dear Sir,

Knowing that you are a great encourager of ingenuity, I think fit to acquaint you that I have made considerable progress in the art of flying. I flutter about my room two or three hours in a morning; and, when my wings are on, can go above a hundred yards at a hop, step and jump. I can fly already as well as a Turkey-cock, and improve every day. If I proceed as I have begun, I intend to give the world a proof of my proficiency in this art. Upon the next public thanksgiving-day, it is my design to sit astride the dragon upon Bow street, from whence,

after the first discharge of the Tower guns, I intend to mount into the air, fly over Fleet street, and pitch upon the Maypole in the Strand. From thence by a gradual descent, I shall make the best of my way for St. James' Park, and light upon the ground near Rosamond's pond. This, I doubt not, will convince the world that I am no pretender; but before I set out, I shall desire to have a patent for making of wings, and that none shall presume to fly, under pain of death, with wings of any other man's making. I intend to work for the court myself, and will have journeymen under me to furnish the rest of the nation. I likewise desire that I may have the sole teaching of persons of quality, in which I shall spare neither time nor pains, till I have made them as expert as myself. I will fly with the women upon my back for the first fortnight. I shall appear at the next masquerade, dressed up in my feathers and plumage like an Indian prince, that the quality may see how pretty they will look in their travelling habits. You know, Sir, there is an unaccountable prejudice to projectors of all kinds; for which reason, when I talk of practising to fly, silly people think me an owl for my pams; but, Sir, you know better things. I need not enumerate to you the benefits which will accrue to the public from this invention; as how the roads of England will be saved when we travel through these new *highways*, and how all family accounts will be lessened in the article of coaches and horses. I need not mention posts and packet-boats, with many other conveniences of life, which will be supplied this way.

In short, Sir, when mankind are in possession of this art, they will be able to do more business in three score and ten years, than they could do in a thousand by the methods now in use. I therefore recommend myself and art to your patronage, and am,

Your most humble servant,

I have fully considered the project of these our modern Daedalusists, and am resolved so far to discourage it, as to prevent any person from flying in my time.

It would fill the world with innumerable immoralities, and give such occasions for intrigues, as people cannot meet with who have nothing but legs to carry them. You should have a couple of lovers make a midnight assignation upon the top of the monument, and see the cupola of St. Paul's covered with both sexes, like the outside of a pigeon-house. Nothing would be more frequent than to see a beau flying in at a garret window, or a gallant giving chase to his mistress, like a hawk after a lark. There would be no walking in a shady wood without springing a covey of toasts. The poor husband could not dream what was doing over his head: if he were jealous, indeed, he might clip his wife's wings; but what would this avail, when there were flocks of whoremasters perpetually hovering over his house? What concern would the father of a family be in all the time his daughter was upon the wing? Every heiress must have an old woman flying at her heels.

I have here only considered the ill consequences of this invention in the influences it would have on love affairs: I have many more objections to make on other accounts; but these I shall defer publishing till I see my friends astride the dragon.

There were flocks of whoremasters perpetually hovering over his house.



HEMINGWAY *(continued from page 50)*

He knocked off a couple of frozen Daiquiris and washed them down with a double rum-and-cola.

"Why the cola?" I said.

"Haven't had breakfast yet," he said.

"Oh," I said.

The waiter brought us two coffees. Mine was half milk. His was half-and-half too. Half coffee and half Baccardi rum.

"No get in Spain," he said.

He talks like that sometimes. Sort of a language of his own, saving his words for writing, I guess.

"When you leaving?" I said.

"In one more drink," he said.

"I'll take you to the airport," I said.

"No like fly, take boat," he said.

"Why?" I said.

"Got a feeling some plane's got my number on it," he said.

There's the chink in his armor. I thought. The one thing in the world he's afraid of. No wonder he never wrote a story about flying. Funny guy. But human after all. We're all scared of something. He had another Baccardi and got up. Walked a straight line to the door too. Wonder how he does it, I thought.

"We going into the war?" I said.

"I am," he said.

And he did. Not long after *The Bell* was finished, America was in it and so was he. Couldn't get into the army so he went over as a war correspondent. And the next thing I heard he was flying around in those combat planes like a veteran. That's the funny thing about the guy. He's an enigma or something. Says he's afraid of planes, then flies in the war. Maybe you got to start shooting at him to get him into a plane.

I got him on the boat. The minute he left the gangplank he had a smile on his kisser a mile wide. Loves boats. I watched him from the dock. Now, when I get on a boat I start looking over the passengers. You got to pick your partner early. You could see a couple of peaches were giving him the eye. But he's giving the eye to the boat! Standing on the deck, with his feet wide apart, looking up tenderly at her rigging.

When the whistle blew I put my hands over my ears, but not that guy. He threw back his head and listened. Like the ship was some babe whispering in his ear. Bet he has his shoes off already. I thought, to feel the deck better. He didn't have to wade to me. The last I saw of him he had his arms around a big beautiful ventilator. Bet he's the guy who first called a ship "she," I thought.

But I knew, of course, he was only flirting with that big Matson liner. Liked her because she was taking him

back to his first love—the Pilar. Funny guy. He's true to boats. Never changes them. He had bought the Pilar when he got his first big purse. And he would stay with her to the end. He's a one-boat-man, I thought.

Some men name a boat after a girl they like. He didn't. He named the girl after the boat he liked. Made her a character in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. I read the first and last chapters of that one. I liked the American in it. But the book ended with him lying behind a tree waiting to take a shot at an enemy officer. Wonder whatever happened to that Yank. Seemed like a nice guy.

Anyway I stayed in Miami Beach during World War II. But I heard about Ernest from time to time. A Paris spy of mine sent me the dope. Ernest had landed on D-Day with the Fourth Division. But when the division hit Rambouillet, about 50 miles from Paris, they found "General" Hemingway there with an army of his own. He had picked up stragglers along the road and formed them into a guerrilla force of over a hundred. This was no "Cosy's Army" though. It was made up of French civilians, "detached" American GIs, IFFI, French Resistance heroes and some German deserters.

This was in violation of The Geneva Pact regarding the use of civilians in warfare, but the Hemingway Irregulars were doing a good intelligence job for the French. And our guerrilla leader never considered any fight private anyway.

So when the French and Americans liberated Paris they discovered that the Hemingway Irregulars had already liberated that hot-bed of Nazism—the Ritz bar. The carnage, they say, was frightful. Not a man or bottle was left standing. There was a question then of court-martialing the guerrilla leader. But General Leclerc came to his aid and they compromised by demoting him. His comment was typical. "In the next war," he said, "I'm going to tattoo the Geneva rules on my backside."

His luck was pretty good in that war. Just had his skull cracked a couple of times. Might have bumped it on a bar, I thought. Those French bars are higher than ours.

My own luck improved from year to year in Florida. I got married in '44, divorced in '45 and only got run over in '46. Just a skull fracture, broken leg and shock. Hit-and-run case. Happened on New Year's Eve. They say the driver was drunk too. But I was up and around again in four or five years, except for a steel brace that hooked my shoe to my hip. Wished Ernest had been around then. Can you imagine his face if he

ever kicked me in that leg with his bare toes, I thought.

But I didn't see him at all during the years I was out of circulation. Read about him now and then in the movie section. Recognized some of those screwy titles of his. But I couldn't have gone to see any of them even if I had had a pass. Doctors orders. My head was still bothering me and sad pictures upset me. I wouldn't have gone to them anyway, I thought, even if my head were all right.

They had shown *For Whom the Bell Tolls* in Miami while he was still in the war. That was the one he said was going to bring the big purse—a quarter of a million. Wonder what he really got in those Hollywood elimination bouts, I thought.

Had a break. Ran into Elise Robertson. Elise was my old secretary in Hollywood. She was in Florida on a picture. Been tops in her line for years. Knows all the picture dirt. If anyone would know his history, she would. I asked her about *The Bell* right away. What was Kid Hemingway's take on that one?

"They made *The Bell* in '43," Elise said. "He only got a quarter of a million."

"No," I said.

"Yes," she said. "Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars."

"Oh," I said.

He's a fortune teller, I thought. Calls his shots before he even writes them. What a horse player he'd be. Picks a long shot with a crazy name and it comes in. Give him a racing form and a pin and he wouldn't have to write a line.

I said aloud, "Did he like the picture?"

"Never saw it," Elise said. "Wouldn't even go to his own première. Most writers can't wait until they see their story on film to start knocking. But he turned it down. Said the bright lights hurt his eyes."

"Did he ever take a Hollywood job?" I said.

"No," she said. "Refused the largest salary ever offered a writer. Said he didn't like pictures."

"The man's crazy," I said.

"Like a fox," she said. "If you like them out there they don't like you. Hollywood's a burial ground for good writers."

Well, I thought, that's one cemetery he stayed away from.

I said aloud, "Did he pick up any more Hollywood scratch?"

"Plenty," she said. "On the strength of *The Bell* he sold two old stories of his he had written back in the Paris days. Got over 50 grand apiece for them

(continued on page 60)

VIEW FROM A PENTHOUSE

a contemplation of the urban scene

pictorial

THE MAJESTY OF MOUNTAINS, the serenity of quiet streams, the teeming opulence of wooded places: these are optic treats extolled in song and story. And yet a city man, from the terrace of his lofty penthouse dwelling, can find scenes just as satisfying. As we stand here, cool drink in hand, there is raving in the jagged, crowded, glittering sky line of Manhattan; for majesty, the slim monolith of the Empire State Building and the massive, masculine dominance of the U.N. edifice are second to none; the Hudson River has the serenity of a stream, with a sweep and grandeur the stream lacks. And directly below us, on the patio of apartment 14B, a Miss Hotchkiss is — at this very moment — preparing to take a sun bath. Ah, yes, there is much to be said for the city.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID LINTON



the view is one of the real pleasures of penthouse living





Venus Observed becomes Venus Observer, registering surprise and dismay.



As we were saying, the Hudson River and the Empire State are beautiful to behold.





"Isn't Ted wonderful? Most husbands would have a fit if their mother-in-law moved in on them."



"Is that all you got me out here in the woods for?"

TAKE YOUR



there's a divinity that shapes our ends, nickname them how we will

"FANNY," my secretary said, in tones implying distaste. "Must we use that word?"

She held an author's manuscript in front of my face: the offending term was neatly circled in blue. Gallantly, I choked back the impulse to remind her that, as my Girl Friday, she was required to correct misspellings, typographical errors, editorial grammar and suchlike trifles but was not required to comment on our authors' choice of words. Instead, I smiled engagingly and simply asked, "Why not?"

She frowned prettily, pouted with purpose, and replied, "Oh, I don't know . . . it's so . . . well, can't we use something else? Like *devrière*?"

"*Devrière*," I said, "is not French. It is French."

"Well . . . something else, then?"

"Aas, maybe?"

"Oh, no, but surely there must be other . . ."

"Look," I said evenly, as my smile grew less engaging, "how many words are there for that particular part of the anatomy? Half a dozen? Discounting *devrière* which is French, *tochtus* which is Yiddish and *gluteus maximus* which is Latin, how many are there, really? Nutes is virtually obsolete. Buttocks is, uh, clinical. Much too clinical. Would you prefer butt?"

She shook her head.

"Can?"

She made a face.

"Fraz? Backside?"

She considered each. "Ub uh."

"Well then," I said, returning to the article I was editing, "that's it." I deftly transmuted a colon into a semicolon and, the creative glow not yet vanished from my face, turned back to find her still standing over me. The glow fled. "Something else?" I inquired, sweetly, as is my wont.

"There must be other words."

I mentally tabulated the words we had discussed. They came to 11. "There are exactly 11 words for that item," I said.

From the outer office came another

feminine voice: "How about rump?"

"That's right: 12, an even dozen. But that's all. Do you," I asked Secretary Number One, "like rump?"

"No."

"Then the subject is closed, yes?"

Secretary Number Two walked in. "What about duff?" she asked.

"Thirteen," I snapped, "is traditionally unlucky. And isn't that your phone I hear ringing out there?"

"No," she said, according me the deference and respect to which I am entitled and accustomed.

Number One said, "Aren't we forgetting behind? And just plain hind? And hinder and hind-end?"

"And rear and rear-end?" chimed in Number Two.

"And south-end?" I said, "which is plain ridiculous? I'm sure that's your phone ringing."

"This time," admitted Number Two, "it is." She left, only to return immediately. "That was the receptionist on the floor below," she said. "She could hear us all the way down there. She says seat."

"She says what?"

"Seat. She says sitter, too."

Number One mumbled, "There's always bottom."

"No," I said. "There isn't always bottom. Not always. Occasionally there's fanny. Remember that one? Remember that perfectly good, sweet, gentle, feminine word?"

My usually soft voice had become strident, but she was not to be bullied. "Some people say cheeks," she said.

"And some people," quickly added Number Two, "say buns."

"Buns? Never heard of it! Back to your desks! Fanny was good enough for the author and it will jolly well be good enough for us! They made no token of departure. "Aw, come on, kids," I whined, "show off and let a guy alone, willya?"

Slowly, they trickled out of my office, but not before one of them (I forget which) tossed "Hindquarters" over her shoulder. I pretended not to hear.

"Flips?" asked the other one.

"That," I shouted, "is a cowardly euphemism used only by nurses and doctors with hypodermic needles in their hands! Out! Both of you, out!"

That evening, at dinner, I stared glassily into my Martini and said, rather loudly, "Tail."

The waitress did a double-take and my companion arched her left eyebrow, a talent I find annoying. "Really," she said (my companion), "you needn't make your obsessions so vocal."

"Huh?" I blathered. "Of course," I went on, to her complete bewilderment, "tailbone is sometimes used, too."

"Tailbone is sometimes used for what? Corset stays? Piano keys?"

I quickly changed the subject. Much later, just before I dropped off to sleep, I mumbled hoarsely, "Posterior." My companion snuffed untidily in her sleep and pulled off the covers. I pulled them back. "Arse," I said. Then I said "Fundament." Then, just as I was drifting into slumber for the second time, the phone rang.

Galvanized into instant action, my hand shot out. "Hello!" I croaked.

It was Secretary Number One. "I hope I didn't wake you."

"No, no," I lied, "just sitting here working on a few manuscripts."

"Well, I thought of another one."

I knew very well what she meant, but I said, "Another what?"

"You know," she said. "It's keester. That makes 27. I counted them up."

"Including fanny?"

"Excluding fanny."

"Well, including fanny, that makes 58. I thought of five more. Good night, young lady."

"Good night. See you in the morning."

I shuddered at that and hung up. Wonder of wonders, I immediately dropped off to sleep. I won't report what my dreams were filled with, but it won't hurt to say that they were very pleasant.

All 58 of them.

HEMINGWAY (continued from page 52)

and —"

"Wait a minute," I said. "What were they called?"

"One was an African story called *The Snows of Kilimanjaro*."

"No," I said.

"Yes," she said, "*The Snows of Kilimanjaro*. He dug it out of an old book of his short stories called *Men Without Women*."

"*Men Without Women*?"

"Yes. The studio bought that title too. They made a picture around it. Some title, isn't it?"

"No," I said. "What was the other?"

"*The Killers*," she said.

"What?" I said.

"*The Killers*," she said. "Published years ago by Scribner's."

Wait a minute, I thought. That was the gangster story I had read in Paris. Why, I had suggested a good Hollywood ending for that one. Wonder if they used my ending, if they did it ought to be worth at least five G's. Better get the facts, I thought.

"Did you see the picture?" I said.

"Yes," she said. "It was swell and —"

"Forget the plug," I said. "How did it end? Did the killers give it to the Swede with Tommy guns while he was saying his prayers?"

"No," she said. "It had a brand new twist. No ending at all. The Swede just stood in bed. Sort of left you up in the air."

"Oh," I said.

What do you know, I thought. Fifty thousand for a short story without an ending. Must be a record. What's Hollywood coming to? Maybe the guy has something but how come Hollywood saw it?

But anyway I was glad to hear he was in the big dough. Might be able to bite him, I thought. Let's see now, he must have banked that quarter of a million right after the war. Then there was *The Snows* and those others. That's about half a million. I know the guy spends money like a drunken writer but he must have some of it left. Hasn't made much lately though. *Over the River and Under the Trees*, or whatever the hell he called it, got rapped by every sports writer in the country. No big purse on that one. You might say it was a TKO in the first round. Guess they are beginning to catch on to him, I thought.

I was wondering if it would be worth my while to drop over and congratulate the old boy. Hadn't seen him in years. Kind of nice seeing a fellow from your own home town when he's in the dough. I certainly had to put the bite on somebody. Those hospital and doctor's bills had cleaned me out. I'd had the leg

irons off now for a couple of years. If I do go, I thought, maybe I'd better put the leg brace on again.

No, I thought. That won't work. Sympathy rolls off that duck's back like water. Better play it straight. Too bad he hadn't bitten me when I had it back in Paris. Make it easier. But he had never asked anybody for a dime in those days to my knowledge. Not that he would have gotten it if he asked me. See what I mean? We were never what you call old pals. You know how it is when a fellow comes from the other side of the river. But, just the same, the more I thought of Papa the more I wanted to see him again. He couldn't have spent all that dough, I thought.

Let's see now. Shall I wire or phone him that I'm coming? No, that wouldn't do. Why warn him? Better surprise him, I thought. But how can you surprise the guy holed up in that Spanish fort of his? He might peek out one of those gun slits and see you. Then you'd never get in. The thing to do is to take him unaware. If he isn't working on a book, he will be at his Havana headquarters. That's it. I'll go direct to Sloppy Joe's.

I hopped on a plane the next morning. Let him take his slow boats, I thought. I was in a hurry. But when I hit Sloppy Joe's I didn't even go in. Knew Ernest wouldn't be there. They'd cleaned the place all up. No sawdust on the floor. So I hailed a taxi. Cab drivers everywhere know him. And they know where to find him. This one grinned and took me away from the tourist district into the narrow streets of the native quarter. We stopped before a little joint that had a trail of sawdust leading in and out of the door. This looks more like it, I thought. I got out and tried to look in the window. But you couldn't see inside. When you wiped the window off with your hand it was the dirt on the inside that stopped you. I waded in through the sawdust and when my eyes got used to the smog, I looked the bar over.

He was a big man. About 55, I thought. He was standing at the bar with his back to me. Must have weighed a neat two fifty. He needed a haircut. No, what he needed was two haircuts. One on his head and one on his chin. Both were white. As he threw out a big hand towards his drink you could see the white and black hairs on his wrist. Like silver fox fur on a bear's paw, I thought. You knew he was holding a drink. But his hand was so big you couldn't see the glass. It was a hand you wouldn't want thrown at you in anger, I thought.

He had on one of those tropical shirts the natives wear. Had pictures of sail-

boats on it. It was not tucked in at the belt. Hung loose like a balloon jib. It was so long you could not see his shorts but you knew he had them on. The shirt was open at the neck and you could see he needed another haircut on his chest.

You could tell he was a Yank by the way he held his drink. Had a death grip on it; like somebody was going to take it away from him. Some hands. Some feet too. He was wearing a pair of sneakers with the new open-toe look. He had cut them himself so that his toes could be free. You could see the sawdust in between them.

Who does that back remind me of, I thought. I got it; Gargantua of Ringling Brothers. Had that same careless slouch. Power and grace combined. Sort of a jungle jauntiness. He had very broad shoulders. They were broad right to his knees. I looked him up and down admiringly. Body by Mack Truck; Legs by Strimway, I thought.

His bar stance had not changed a bit. Left foot on the brass rail and right leg stiffened outward. You wondered how that leg could hold all that weight. Had his left paw wrapped around his drink and left elbow on the bar. That was so his right would be free. Most people drink with their right. He hits with his. Must be Hemingway, I thought.

I moved in on his left side. Didn't see me at first. He was staring in the mirror. Good thing that mirror is greasy, I thought, if he ever sees himself in it he's going to start slugging. Better talk to him fast. I put up my guard and tapped him on the arm. Felt like a steel gader.

"Hello," I said.

"Hello Locust," he said. Just like that.

Locust? I thought. Why, that's one of those flying bugs that eats you out of house and home. Wonder who tipped him off, I thought.

I said aloud, "Where do you get that locust stuff?"

"Only see you every seven years," he said.

"Oh," I said.

"You want drink?" he said.

He didn't wait for me to answer. Just said something in Spanish and the barman started making two drinks. Used five or six bottles. Mixed them like cocktails but served them in beer glasses. I tasted raine. Awful. Tastes like embalming fluid, I thought.

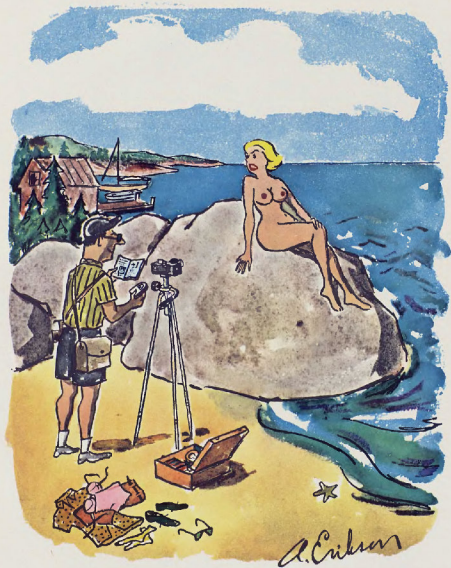
"You like," he said.

"Sí, sí," I said.

"I teach him make," he said.

So that's it, I thought. Always inventing new drinks. The old ones aren't strong enough for him. Must have learned this one from that undertaker's assistant in Paris. It sure had a kick. Better go along with him though. If he

(continued on page 66)



"I'm beginning to wish I'd never bought you that damn camera for your birthday."

illustrated by ZUSI

BLUEBEARD



A
maid - en from the Bos - pho - rus. With
eyes as bright as phos - pho - rus, Once wed the might - y bai - liff Of the
cal - i - ph Of Ke - lat. Though di - li - gent and zeal - ous, he Was
some - what prone to jeal - ous - y. Con - sid - e - ring her beau - ty, 'Twas his
dut - y To be that. Yu - az - u - ram, oh yu - az - u - ram.
Glor - y hal - le - lu - jah, yu - az - u - ram.



A maiden from the Bosphorus,
With eyes as bright as phosphorus,
Once wed the mighty bailiff
Of the caliph
Of Kelat.
Though diligent and zealous, he
Was somewhat prone to jealousy.
Considering her beauty,
'Twas his duty
To be that.

It might be mentioned, casually,
That blue as lapis lazuli,
He dyed his lips, his lashes,
His mustaches
And his beard.
And, just because he did it, he
Aroused his wife's timidity.
Her terror she dissembled
Yet she trembled
When he neared.

Yuazuram, oh yuazuram.
Glory hallelujah, yuazuram.



This feeling insalubrious
Soon made her most lugubrious,
And bitterly she missed her
Elder sister,
Marie Anne;
She asked if she might write her to
Come down and spend a night or two,
And Bluebeard answered rightly
And politely.
"Yes, you can."



When business would necessitate
A journey, he would hesitate,
But, fearing to mistrust her,
He would trust her
With the keys.
Bidding her most prayerfully,
"I beg you, use them carefully.
Don't look what I deposit
In the closet,
If you please."



Bluebeard, the Monday following,
 His jealous feeling swallowing,
 Packed all his clothes together
 In a leather-bound valise,
 And, pseudo-reprehensibly,
 He started out, ostensibly,
 By traveling to learn a
 Bit of Smyrna
 And of Greece.



His wife made but a cursory
 Inspection of the nursery.
 The kitchen and the airy
 Little dairy
 Were a bore.
 Likewise the large and scanty rooms,
 The billiard, bath and ante-rooms,
 But not that interdicted
 And restricted
 Little door.



At last, her curiosity
 Awakened by the closet he
 So carefully had hidden,
 And forbidden
 Her to see,
 This damsel disobedient
 Did something inexpedient,
 And in the keyhole tiny
 Turned the shiny
 Little key.



She shrieked aloud convulsively
And started back repulsively.
Ten heads of girls he'd wedded
And beheaded
Met her eye.
And turning 'round most terrified,
Her darkest fears were verified,
For Bluebeard stood behind her,
Come to find her
On the sly.

Perceiving she was fated to
Be soon decapitated, too,
She telegraphed her brothers
And some others
What she feared.
And sister Anne looked out for them,
In readiness to shout for them
Whenever in the distance
With assistance
They appeared.



But only from the battlement
She saw some dust that cattle meant.
The ordinary story
Isn't gory,
It's a jest.
For here's the truth unqualified,
Her husband wasn't mollified.
Her head is in his bloody
Little study
With the rest.



FACE IS FAMILIAR

(continued from page 48)

boon sales—in every ad he's in.

Wiggam makes no claim to being a creative guy—at least not in the ad game. He's not the fellow who comes up with the ideas; he has nothing to do with the conferences involving copy men, layout guys, account execs, media specialists, and others who plot the success or failure of a campaign. What Wiggam does, and does phenomenally well, is (1) manage to look believable in front of a camera and (2) make people want to go out and buy whatever it is he's selling.

Wiggam got into modeling, about four years ago, for a very good reason: he needed dough. He had just returned from a year in Europe, where he tried to write a novel but found it rough going, and was prepared to sell shoes at Macy's to get money to keep up his writing. He told a girlfriend about his plans, a fashion model who suggested he try to get assignments through an agency. Wiggam thought what-the-hell and applied at just the right moment: the agency was hunting for natural male types and took him in. Since the Forties, the trend has been away from the ephemeral, effeminate model who represented a highly stylized picture of masculinity; the trend today is toward *people*, not models. In front of the camera, Wiggam comes through as just what he is: a pleasant, urbane, likable fellow.

Although most models, men and women, are forced to pound the pavements of New York, lugging composite pictures of themselves in various poses which they leave with photographers, illustrators and ad agencies, work came easy to Wiggam. The first job he landed was for Hans Lawards, a phlegm who was in need of a model for the Wallachs men's fashion ads.

It was Lawards who helped put him across, who suggested Wiggam stop grinning and give the viewers something a little different. "Don't smile," he suggested, and Wiggam became a new prototype. Now he frowns, looks serious, guffaws, but never smiles in the Wallachs ads. His rates began zooming, and every time he upped his hourly fee another five bucks, other male models vied for the client's bowl of anguish. It never came, and their rates went up too, but not as high as his.

Today, Wiggam pulls in \$860 a week, net—not much, admittedly, but Wiggam earns it in one 11-hour working day. The other six days he does exactly what he wants to do: hang out plays. He has just sold one to be produced on Broadway shortly by Roy Newbert, Jr. and Chandler Cowles, whose most recent venture includes the current smash, *Hotel Paradiso*. It is called *Prime of Life*, and Anne Baxter is ogling the lead. Wiggam has also sold an option on another play

of his, titled *Sive Song*.

Chain-smoking, bourbon-and-softs fan Wiggam has been writing—short stories, poetry, plays and movie scripts—ever since he was 15 and traveling the country with his father, who put on boxing exhibitions with a traveling burlesque show. Wiggam was intrigued by the sights and sounds, promptly sat down and knocked out a 1000-word short story about—logically—the peregrinations of a stripper. He called the composition *Thick Ankles*.

After reading it, his high school teacher grew red-faced, and suggested that Lionel put it away until he was a little older. The budding author listened in silence, then tramped down to the corner candy store where magazines were sold, decided that his yarn was a natural for *Brevity Stories* and sent it off. Back came a check for 57¢.

During the next 10 years, which included stints at Northwestern University and Princeton, Wiggam piled up a list of credits that included 20 short stories (sold to *Hopfer's*, *The New Yorker*, *The Atlantic Monthly*, et al.), 200 poems, four movie scripts (including *Smash Up*, *The Very Thought of You* and *Tap Roots*), in addition to four plays.

Bolstered by a hefty bankroll from these sales, Wiggam in 1951 decided to take off for the Riviera on his stab at writing a novel. And Wiggam, who had penned plays, short stories and film scripts in a breeze, bogged down on his book. As a release, he wandered into the casinos at Monte Carlo, he figured out an unpatentable system and dropped all his cash trying to make it work.

Today, thanks to the money Wiggam has saved from modeling, he owns a pre-Civil-War house in Stone Ridge, some 70 miles from Gotham. To this house—complete with brook and four acres—he comes weekends in the winter and six days a week in summer, to write and relax. While in Manhattan, he lives in a two-room walkup in the East Sixties.

One harried adman voiced what is probably a general Madison Avenue attitude toward Wiggam. He out-earns Wiggam 10 to 1 but can't find time to enjoy any of his ulcer-inducing OK. One day, when he put a grudging OK on a new ad featuring Wiggam loafing in a hammock—as he does in fact at Stone Ridge—he said, "I ask you, how lucky can you get? Imagine making a comfortable income—and having the time to get some good out of it—just for looking like *people*, for god's sake! This is difficult!"

Wiggam, who seems to have a look on the business of looking like *people*, for god's sake—for money—doesn't think it's difficult at all. In fact, he's the first to admit that incognito anonymity is nice work if you can get it.

HEMINGWAY

(continued from page 60)

can take it, I can. I'm not the one to let an old pal down. He ordered a couple more.

"This is on me," I said.

"My party," he said. "Run a bill here."

"That's not so good, I thought. Looks like he knows I'm broke. Wish I had won that brace."

I said aloud, "See you hit the jackpot with *The Bell*."

"What hell?" he said.

See what I mean? The guy's a genius at putting you off. Don't tell me he didn't mean that loust crack. Those bugs fly in on you suddenly just like I did. Then they bite you. He *knows* I'm going to bite him. So he slips me memory serum in a beer glass. I could see through him like a book now. And not one of his books either. I put on a knowing look.

"I wasn't born yesterday, Hemingway," I said.

"You can say that again," he said.

"What?" I said.

"You want eat?" he said.

"What put that idea into your head?"

I asked, "Think I flew into this joint to eat?"

"Two more," he said.

Still caggy, I thought. Well. Let's just sound him out on some other Hollywood purse: like an Internal Revenue man would.

"Mister Hemingway," I said, "how much dough did you get for *The Green Snows of Africa*?"

He said, "Speaking of Africa . . ."

"Who was?" I said.

"You were," he said.

"So what?" I said.

"So I'm going to Africa," he said. "Gotta make some dough."

"Oh," I said.

"Packing tomorrow," he said. "Hunting story for magazine. Big purse too. Leaving day after."

"Rather sudden, isn't it?" I said, "Don't forget your snowshoes and lawn mower. You'll need them in Africa."

"Keep it up, kid," he said. "Sounds like your old Paris stuff. Go ahead. My shoulders are broad enough."

"So's your rear end," I said.

"Still got the punch though," he said.

"You got the *pannoch*, all right," I said.

He said, "Just blaat, I'll take it off in two weeks."

I said, "Speaking of Paris . . ."

"Who was?" he said.

"You were," I said. "You used to say you were going to be the World's Champion."

"I will be," he said. "Just finished my star bout. It's a short left-hook downstairs. It's in the bag. Going to

win by a KO."

"Hook or look?" I said.

"It's a *code*," he said.

"A whata?" I said.

"A *code*," he said. "That's an epilogue to a long book. Like a dog's tail. Then I threw away the dog and used the tail."

Some confidence. I thought. Never lost it. He's been in there slugging for 50 years and still talks about the championship. Well, if there is a guy in the world who can sell a dog's tail, it's Ernest. I thought. He's been selling dogs all his life. The guy's a salesman, not a writer. Him and his *code*.

"What's your title?" I said.

"World's Champion," he said.

"I mean the book," I said.

"You want drink?" he said.

OK. I thought, so you won't talk. Afraid I might not like it. Well, I'll talk. I thought. He isn't going to keep me off my subject any longer. I'll give him both barrels while I'm still conscious.

"Listen, Hemingway," I said. "Stop beating about the bush. I need a grand. Gotta get to New York. You know what you can do with your drinks. Get it up."

"Why didn't you say so?" he said.

You can never figure the guy out. I thought. Expected him to bet me a hundred I couldn't swim to New York. But he didn't. Just got a pencil and paper from the barman and wrote a note in Spanish. I could see it over his shoulder. Then he called a Cuban boy, gave him the note, and said something in Spanish and the kid ran out the door. You can see those Cubans liked him too. I looked up at the clock. The bank would be open for another half-hour. Lucky I didn't stall any longer. I thought.

"You want drink?" he said.

"Me want drink," I said.

He's got me talking like that. I thought. Hope he doesn't get me writing like him. But you sure had to hand it to him just the same. Never batted an eye when I hit him. Just sent the kid for the dough. You can joke about that shirt of his. I thought, but under that gay evening beats a heart of gold. I touched my glass to his.

"Here's to the winners and new champions. Keed Hemingway," I said.

Just then the Cuban kid ran in and gave him an envelope. He handed it to me without a word. It was one of those airline envelopes. I opened it up and nearly dropped my drink. It was an airline ticket to New York. No dough.

"Finish your drink," he said. "Plane leaves in half-an-hour. We can just make it. You stop off in Miami and get your bags. Traveling light as usual?"

"Yeah," I said.

"Me too," he said. "Credit good but no cash. Gotta go to work."

Then he signs for the drinks and

starts hustling me out of the bar. I needed hustling. Could hardly walk. Felt confused. Couldn't talk. That's the last time I try to keep up with that guy. I thought. Looked like he hadn't taken a drink. Tossed me into a taxi like he was a wrestler. That taxi didn't help either. Those Cubans go around corners on one wheel. Glad I had the rickety anyway. I thought. But the guy's giving me the bum's rush.

I knew he wasn't lying about being broke. But it's not my fault. He don't have to take it out on me. You'd think I was a whole swarm of locusts. Instead of just one. Next thing you know the taxi is right out on the field with the plane. I thought we were going to take off in the cab. Then he carries me up the plane steps like I'm a baby and asks the stewardess to get me black coffee. That's OK. I thought, but what's the rush. I like Havana. Never gave him the bum's rush in my place in Paris. He should have been a bouncer. I thought.

I said. "Why, you didn't even show me that Spanish manuscript of yours." He pushed me into a seat and attached my seat belt. I couldn't get out.

"It's just an old fort," he said. "Adios."

"Good night," I said.

NEXT: "THE OLD MAN AND THE SEA"



ARTISTIC GIRLS

(continued from page 11)

upset man."

He was. The dark mystery of female humanity remained unilluminated by Tom's triumphant battle. Talking to him, I could imagine his pale, haggard face, confessing all to me while he watched the bathroom door, under which wigs of steam curled and rose. "Don, I've got to tell someone, I've got to ask you," he said. "Please, I just can't understand. I don't get it. Don. She ate a whole box of Ritz crackers afterwards!"

I tried to assure him that, as long as she took them out of the box first, the act was not strikingly abnormal. But the damage was done. By this event, unanticipated in his strict Yankee imagination, the mystery of Sylvia had increased and multiplied and become a burden far beyond what a man like Tom could carry alone. He needed her help.

When she emerged from the shower, lovely in towels, damp, pink, healthy, and greedy for the last crumbs of cracker in the box, Tom asked her to marry him. She said yes, but the last thing was to go out for some chow. He now pursues his scholarship on the eternally artistic nature of Woman in Scarsdale, where, I presume, he and Sylvia keep a well-stocked kitchen.



"Oh-oh, this is going to be a tough shot!"

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INCIDENT

(continued from page 26)

to die in the dark."

King Kong's whole body trembled and his hand, arched and dead white, tensed over the leather case's brass lock, and Amberley knew that this was the transmitter key. Fantastically, he noted that King Kong bit his nails.

"I hope I needn't do anything so childish as counting to three," he murmured. "Take your hand away from that lock." He added soothingly. "Take your hand away and give me the case, there's a good chap."

The white hand quivered horribly, and from behind the mask came the dreadful sound of a man sobbing in mingled rage and animal fear. For long, indescribable seconds, Amberley wondered if he had misjudged his man, and whether the next split instant might not see the awful consequences of his error: might not see them drowned when the hull cracked and the cold, gray-green sea poured into their steel cabin or condemned to the longer wait, the sickening lurch and downward glide and then the hours that might remain, too hideous to contemplate, while the air turned fetid and finally deadly. He dared not think of the thousands of others on the decks above who might die, too, because of his mistake.

And then the hand dropped away from the lock, and the man in the ape's mask held out the attaché case in arms that shook almost out of control. Amberley took it carefully and motioned him back towards the entrance to the shaft tunnel whence, so many ages ago, they had come. But King Kong's nerve had gone too far past the breaking point, and he could only cling blindly to the handrail, incapable of any further voluntary action. Like one who leads a combat fatigue case back from the front lines, Amberley took his elbow and guided him slowly back along the walkway. Halfway to the watertight door, the man who wanted to be called King Kong began to laugh; his laughter was high and hysterical by the time the two men reached the bulkhead and Amberley pressed the button which would open the door to another day, to life.

It was, the Chief Purser realized numbly, all over, and he was deathly tired.

There remained only to tell Mackinnon what had happened. The Scots engineer would see to dispatching an armed detail of his stokers topside to the bridge to deal with King Kong's associates on the bridge and in the communications office. It was all over, and he, little Amberley, had won.

Little more than half-an-hour later, Captain Sir James Faulconer poured

out two tremendous brasses from his private stock of ancient bransly, while Amberley, his tie pulled open and his unspeakably wilted collar askew, sprawled exhausted in one of the deep leather armchairs by the Captain's desk. The Atlantic was steaming at flank speed on an emergency course which would carry her many miles to the north of the position at which she had been expected to meet the fishing boat, far beyond the effective range of the fisherman's wireless transmitter. Kendall, the communications officer, had dealt with the trunks in the cabins, and Marchison, the Third Officer, had crews in all the baggage holds, searching out the remaining trunks. They, with the attaché case, would be needed when the trial of the three men now in the ship's prison took place.

"R.A.F. Coastal Command reports that a plane has been sent out from Plymouth to locate and keep an eye on the fishing craft," Faulconer said as he handed Amberley his glass. "Until the Navy can get a fast launch on the spot; probably they're sending something out of Falmouth. Here, try this and see what you think of it."

Amberley took the glass and held it up to the light. And remembered the oil cups atop the bearings in the shaft tunnel. He took a deep swallow.

"That was a damned fine piece of work this evening, Chief Purser, as I needn't tell you," Faulconer was saying. "The directors, I'm certain, will wish to make some more tangible expression of their regard for your quick thought and gallantry, although I'll confess I'm damned if I twigged what you were up to. All that rot about radium—thought you'd gone wonky in the head, or something. And if I'd known you intended to take that madman into one of the shaft tunnels . . . well . . ." Sir James stared hard at the man who had just saved his ship.

Amberley hardly heard him. He would have to put on a fresh shirt and uniform. Then he would drop by the first class ballroom and see that the orchestra wasn't playing too many rumbas. He might even have to soothe that Italian actress in Suite A-2 for the third time that day, blast her! And then, by Heaven, he would retire to his cabin and finish the novel he'd bought in New York; find out how young Captain Hornblower had dealt with those two French frigates.

As always, he felt a twinge of envy at the thought of young Hornblower. Now there was a chap who could have brought this evening off with dash and style. There, Amberley reflected, was a real sailor; an iron man in a ship of oak. Those were the days.

BALANCE SHEET

(continued from page 23)

the husband who might be out of town for a day or two weeks. Why, his clean-cut college boy mind probably had the parlay all worked out.

"Honey," Norma said. She reached across and took my hand. Her fingers were very cool and still. "What're you going to do? He probably doesn't mean any harm. I don't want you to get excited. You know what kind of temper you've got, honey."

I looked at Norma. I couldn't see her eyes, but I knew she was looking at me. "You're taking it pretty calmly," I said.

"He hasn't done anything except call me on the phone," Norma said. "All I want you to do is tell him you don't like men phoning your wife. But that's all. Promise me?"

"OK," I said.

Lover Boy was having cocktails in the afternoon when I rang his bell. It must have been his day off from the kitchen cabinet department. Beyond the open door I could see a lush blonde arranged in very ornamental fashion against one of those modern sling chairs. One long nylon leg loafed back and forth. Lover Boy liked blondes.

"Tenny?" I asked, just to be sure. He was fairly tall—just an inch or so shorter than me, properly muscled for the summer beach, with the required haircut, the white teeth and the cool sneering eyes. I remembered I had promised Norma not to hit him. Just talk to him. So I talked. "I'm Albert Jantz."

"That's him," he said. I let him look me over. I let him taste the Martini. I let the blonde beyond the door snicker a little.

"You sold my wife a kitchen cabinet."

"It's possible. We do a lot of dull things for a buck. So?"

He smiled at me very lightly. You could tell I was a hard-working square with no time for afternoon Martinis with blondes.

"So she didn't figure on you coming with it for the price."

"I beg your pardon."

"So don't call her any more."

He leaned a little closer, looked at me again, and laughed throatily. "Now what could she have said to you, Al boy, to upset you so?" He looked in at the blonde. "Dig the irate husband, honey-bun," he said, and the blonde laughed. I was the square with the custard pie dripping off my face. I tapped him on the shoulder.

"Nick-boy," I said.

"Shove off, for crying out loud," he said in his brave, swagger-stick voice.

So I forgot my promise to Norma. I hit him. I could feel the sleeve of my coat split as he buckled against the door

and the blonde shouted something. He held onto the Martini glass. Then I hit him again. I knew my hand was going to be sore for a week. This time he grunted loudly and wasted the Martini. The olive rolled to the floor and stopped at my feet. He was mumbling and trying to get up. I picked up the olive and dropped it into his fancy vest pocket. I went down in the self-service elevator, got in my car, and returned to the office.

I called Norma. "Lover Boy won't bother you any more, baby."

"You did something to him, Al," she said. "I can tell by your voice."

"Only after due provocation," I said. I was acting like a tough kid and I knew I should be a little ashamed of it; but I wasn't. "I'll be home about eight tonight."

"Al, he won't call the police or anything, will he?"

"I doubt it."

You'd have thought I'd solved all my problems by clobbering Lover Boy. Back at the office, I sat at my desk, daydreaming. The cheerful cricket sound of typewriters filtered in from the outer office. The spring sun was very bright on the windows and my right hand began to hurt. I could hardly move the fingers.

I knew a doctor in the Medical Arts Building about a block down the street and I decided I better let him look at my hand. When I got over there, he touched it experimentally and whistled softly. It was broken and when I came out I had it in a splint. Norma would be all upset, I thought. I could see her eyes opening wide with sympathy and hear her voice. A broken hand was a

cheap price to pay for protecting the woman I loved. But I couldn't drive now so I'd have to take the train up to Feltonville that afternoon.

I looked forward to a late dinner and Norma's solicitude and anger about my hand. She was going to give me hell and worry about my hand at the same time. I had long thoughts, but they weren't long enough.

It was a beautiful spring evening on our street. Night was just coming on, moving like a dancer, and the air was scented with lilac, and inside the house Norma was waiting for me.

She wasn't waiting alone though. A quiet looking, pale-eyed man was sitting right in the middle of the couch as if he were embarrassed and didn't want to make himself at home. Norma was trying very intensely and rubbing her fingers over her face like a little girl. The man was a cop. He looked at my hand, then at me. Then he got up and introduced himself. His name was Sergeant Creel.

"Expected you'd be driving a car, Mr. Jantz," he said.

"I couldn't drive with this hand. What're you doing here?"

Norma raised her face and stared at me with glazed eyes. "Oh, Al honey," she moaned. I went over to her and put my arm around her. She was trembling.

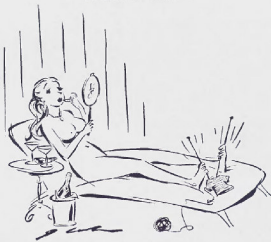
"Listen, what's wrong, for crying out loud?"

The cop looked at both of us. Norma couldn't talk. He took something out of his pocket and held it out.

"Yours, Mr. Jantz?"

It was a Smith and Wesson .38. It

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looked like mine? I guess so."

"I checked. It's yours. A man was killed with it today," he said softly. "A man named Tenny. Know him?"

"Oh, Al," Norma cried. She was trembling again.

"I know him. He was bothering my wife. I hit him. That's how I got this." I held up my hand.

He stared at me for a long time, chewing his lip and making little sucking noises. I looked back at him. I guess I looked like the village idiot. Nothing was making any sense.

"You could have fired with your left hand," he said finally and scratched his jaw.

"I didn't kill anybody."

"Al, Al," Norma said in a moaning helpless voice.

"Norma, I didn't kill him," I said. "My God, don't you believe me?"

"Somebody killed him," the cop said. "About 4:30 this afternoon. He opened the door and somebody shot him while he was standing there. Close enough for powder burns. You can shoot a gun left handed, can't you, Mr. Jantz?"

I was practically numb. Holy God, I thought, the man's sitting there telling me I killed somebody.

"It was this gun," he said.

"I didn't kill anybody," I answered in a hoarse voice.

"I'll buy that," the cop said softly. "But we've got a dead man, so somebody did, Mr. Jantz. Your wife, maybe. Didn't you kill him, Mrs. Jantz?" he asked in that soft voice.

Norma kept shaking her head.

"My wife couldn't kill anybody. Listen, mister, you're crazy."

He smiled at me and scratched his jaw again. "I think I mentioned that he was killed while he was standing in the doorway. If you'd killed him, the bullet would have entered his body at a higher point. But Mrs. Jantz is just the right height to be the one that did it. You were going to be the patsy, Mr. Jantz. But she didn't figure you'd break your hand."

"Norma," I said, as if I had lost her in a dark woods and was calling her.

"Leave me alone," she cried.

"That's probably the way it is when you sit in a padded cell and hear soft voices. But I was sitting in my own living room."

"Te had a new blonde, Mrs. Jantz," the cop said. "Wasn't that the reason?" He looked full of bad news. "Tenny saved letters and Mrs. Jantz apparently liked to write them."

Norma couldn't stop crying. I looked at her. I was afraid to touch her. Then I looked at the cop. He smiled unhappily. "It's a good thing you're a tall man, Mr. Jantz," he said.

MAXIMS OF MAXIME

(continued from page 32)

In a soup pot, melt the butter. Add the onion and leeks. Sauté slowly until the onion barely turns yellow. Add the corn pulp, sliced potatoes, water and bouillon cubes. Simmer slowly for about 30 minutes, until the potatoes and other ingredients are very soft. Strain the soup by forcing it through a food mill or wire strainer. Let the soup cool to room temperature. Then chill it in the refrigerator until very cold. Add the milk and cream just before serving. Season to taste with salt and white pepper. If soup seems too thick, it may be thinned by adding more milk. Serve in pre-chilled soup cups. Sprinkle with minced chives just before delivering to the table.

FRESH CRABMEAT AND CORN CASSEROLE (4 servings)

Be sure to examine the crabmeat very carefully and remove any bones and tendons before preparing the casserole.

- 3 slices day-old white bread
- 1/4 cup butter
- Salad oil
- 2 cups cooked off-the-cob kernels
- 2 tablespoons minced green pepper
- 1 tablespoon minced chives or scallions
- 1 pound fresh cooked crabmeat
- 2 cups hot milk
- 2 eggs slightly beaten
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 1/4 teaspoon pepper
- Paprika

Cut the bread into half-inch squares. Melt the butter in a large frying pan. Add 1 tablespoon salad oil before the butter browns. Add the bread squares and sauté slowly, stirring constantly until the squares are brown. Remove from the fire.

In a casserole combine the bread cubes, corn kernels, minced green pepper, chives and crabmeat. Toss all ingredients in the casserole lightly. In a separate container combine the hot milk, beaten eggs, salt and pepper. Mix well. Pour the liquids into the casserole. Sprinkle lightly with paprika. Sprinkle lightly with salad oil. Bake in a pre-heated oven at 350° for 25 to 30 minutes or until top of the mixture feels firm when lightly touched.

HAM AND CORN CHILI (4 servings)

Like curry from India, chili powder is the staff of life in the hot Southwest and Mexico and a surefire stimulant for laggard summer appetites anywhere. Chili should be served with big mounds of fluffy white rice and should be washed down with cold, foamy beer.

(concluded overleaf)

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1/2 lb. sliced boiled ham
10-oz. can tomatoes
2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons minced onion
2 tablespoons minced green pepper
1 medium-size clove garlic, minced
1/4 cup dry red wine
2 tablespoons flour
1 tablespoon chili powder
10 1/2-oz. can undiluted consommé
1 cup cooked off the cob kernels

Cut the sliced ham into 1-inch squares. Chop the tomatoes fine, melt the juice. In a heavy saucepan, sauté the butter. Add the onion, green pepper and garlic. Sauté only until the onion turns yellow. Add the wine. Simmer until the wine is reduced in half. Remove the pan from the fire. Slowly stir in the flour and chili powder, blending till there are no lumps. Add the tomatoes with their juice. Mix well. Return the saucepan to the fire and simmer slowly. Gradually add the consommé. Add the ham. Simmer slowly 20-25 minutes, stirring frequently. Add the corn and cook only until the corn is heated through. The dish may need a slight spray of salt, depending upon the saltiness of the ham.

CORN BEIGNETS
(4 servings)

Beignets are a French form of fritter made from a cooked batter. Their lightness is due to the large amount of eggs rather than the usual baking powder. You'll want maple syrup or honey with these small crisp cakes, delightful eating for breakfast, lunch or dinner.

1 cup water
2 tablespoons butter
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/4 teaspoon nutmeg
1/2 cup cornmeal
1/2 cup all-purpose flour
4 eggs
1 cup off-the-cob kernels
Deep fat for frying

In a heavy saucepan, bring the water to a boil. Add the butter, salt and nutmeg. Stir until butter dissolves. Add the cornmeal and flour all at once. Remove from the flame and do not return to the fire. Stir well until all ingredients are well blended. The mixture will be very thick. Gradually add the unbeaten eggs one at a time. Stir well after each addition until the batter is very smooth. Add the corn. Place the mixture in the refrigerator until it is cold. Heat a kettle of deep fat to 370°. (If deep fat isn't practical, heat shortening or salad oil to a depth of 1/2 inch in a shallow pan.) Drop the batter by heaping tablespoons into the hot fat. Fry, turning once, until brown on both sides. Drain on absorbent paper. Serve while very hot. Fold back your cuffs and get with it.

PLAYBOY'S
INTERNATIONAL
DATEBOOK

Give us, if you will, Paris in the fall. More than 40 theatres will be reopening there, to say nothing of six music halls blasting at full power, a couple of ballet troupes covorting, art galleries bright again, fashion shows drawing the chic from all over the world and, of course, the Paris Opera glittering like mad. Friday's gala night there, with troops of the Garde Republicaine lining the grand staircase and a white-tied crowd circling the great hall quaffing champagne. Good way to see it all—and a lot more—is the Four Capitals Tour, which hits London, Paris, Rome and Madrid. The package offers the cream of European big-city life in 17 days for \$825 round trip from Gotham. When in Rome, incidentally, do as the Romans rarely do and take in some of Italy's splendid hill towns—Viterbo, Perugia, Arezzo, Siena, Orvieto—where wine festivals follow on the heels of one another from September through November. It's a fine change of pace, and the countryside is crawling with fiery, full-of-fun Sophia Loren types.

In the off-beat, sun-baked category, there's something new in the wind at last: you can cruise up the Amazon into the primitive, jungled heart of Brazil with a minimum of pain. Used to be you had to go to Barbados, then sit around and sweat flies on the odd chance of catching a stray ship. Now it's all neatly packaged for your convenience. What you do is fly to Barbados, then pick up a scheduled Booth Line ship, call at calypso-ridden Trinidad and at parrot-bright Belém, then sail up the Amazon in luxury to Manaus and beyond by jungle boat. Fly out from Caracas to New York: 25 days, \$958 (not including insect repellent) and out-of-this-world.

Football's the best excuse for a local jaunt anywhere in October. But instead of roaring in and out of the stadium, why not make a weekend of it—at Williamsburg, Va., perhaps, following a William and Mary home game. Or take one in at the Cotton Bowl and enjoy the Dallas state fair to boot. If you're near North Carolina, and you and the sweet young thing want to get away from the madding crowd, try boating up at the posh Carolina Hotel at Pinchurst. Golf, riding and what-have-you are the sports, the tab's only \$28 to \$34 for two, with grub.

—PATRICK CHASE

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CAFE BONAPARTE—SHERATON-BLACKSTONE HOTEL—CHICAGO

It isn't polite to read at the table We really can't approve of this young man's perusing PLAYBOY during dinner at the posh Cafe Bonaparte in the Sheraton-Blackstone, but we can appreciate the enthusiasm, for it has made PLAYBOY the largest selling urban men's magazine in the nation . . . and the best possible medium for advertisers interested in reaching the urban male market. Table manners aside, want to know more about the PLAYBOY audience?