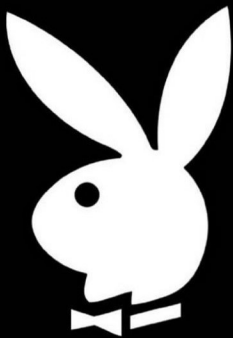


# PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN SEPTEMBER 50 cents



FRANCIS WALLACE'S  
18th FOOTBALL PREVIEW  
OPINION BY JOHN STEINBECK  
FICTION BY AL MORGAN



**PLAYBOY**



WINDING

## PLAYBILL

KAI WINDING, team-man *par excellence* and winner of the second bone chair in PLAYBOY's Last Annual Jazz Poll, dropped into our offices recently with a beautiful blonde on his arm. We thought Kai might be looking for his silver Jazz Medal, but he had quite another reason for the visit: the blonde turned out to be his wife, Jeanne, an ex-Latin Quarter lovely, and she wanted to be a Playmate. As we broke out the ice cubes, and talked of Playmates, jazz and such, Kai mentioned a record he had just cut for Columbia—a hip handling of the sexy old ballad, *Frankie and Johnny*. Maybe there was a picture story in it for us, he suggested, half-seriously. Maybe there was, we agreed, all seriously, if Jeanne would portray Frankie in suitably Playmate-like attire and Kai, himself, would make the scene as the two timing Johnny. Both the Windings thought this was a fine idea and since this September issue was close to deadline and Kai's Septet had a date in St. Louis the end of the week, we had to set up and shoot our story in a day-and-a-half. Before the able lens of David Limoni, a cool interpretation of Kai's Columbia etching was achieved and a considerable amount of fun was had by all concerned. Columbia was so pleased, they are using the PLAYBOY photographs for the LP and LP jackets.

When we asked John Steinbeck to express his opinion on a strongly felt subject of his own choosing, we thought he might come up with a social document reminiscent of his *Grapes of Wrath*, *Of Mice and Men* or *In Dubious Battle*, couched in the angry prose now identi-

fied with his name. But the unpredictable Mr. Steinbeck pulled a sophisticated switch and wrote us a page of opinion that is "social" in the word's other sense, though no less angry. His *Open Season on Guests*, for all its withering satire, offers some bloodcurdling tips for the taming of inhousebroken housebreakers (the invited kind).

"One of the best, and certainly one of the most civilized writers in England today," says critic Kenneth Rexroth, "is Lawrence Durrell. . . . He is gifted with a gentle, unself-conscious criticism very rare in our nasty and Puritan world." Next month in England a new Durrell book will appear, titled *Esprit de Corps*, being a collection of humorous stories concerning the British Foreign Service. PLAYBOY is pleased to offer a preview of one of its funniest tales, *The Bloopers Girls*, which you'll find herein.

Al Morgan, of *The Great Man* fame, returns to these pages with another story which, like his *Masters of the Revels* (May 1957), is aimed at the heart of AF's latest target, Hollywood. This one is called *The Prince and the Gladiator*, and it's a fine, exciting example of real old-fashioned yarning. Both of Morgan's PLAYBOY stories will comprise part of his book, *Cast of Characters*, to be published later this month.

Tom Mario, who has written palatable prose about food and drink for these pages from almost the first issue, enjoys a much deserved rest this month as we cover a somewhat different area of the culinary art in *The Gourmet Bit*, a colorful photo take-out on smart, masculine

DURRELL



WALLACE



STEINBECK



MORGAN

stereos selected by PLAYBOY for the *lacheba's* buffet.

This September PLAYBOY includes a most unique method for sizing up prospective girlfriends. It seems a person's handwriting offers considerable specific information about personality, if you know how to read it, and Dorothy Sara is here to explain some of the techniques. Miss Sara is president of the American Graphological Society, author of several books, including the recent *Handwriting Analysis*, is a member of the New York Adult Education Council, and has counted among her clients Fred Astaire, Eva Maxwell and the Duchess of Windsor.

Each fall newspapers and magazines abound with professional-sounding previews of the coming football season, but the man who began it all, a full 20 years ago, is Francis Wallace. Frank's forecasts are the most authoritative around — they appeared regularly in *The Saturday Evening Post* from 1937 to 1948, then in *Collier's* from 1949 to 1956, and now, as the third decade gets under way, in PLAYBOY. A Notre Dame student when Knute Rockne was coach, Wallace broke into football as the school's sports publicity director and later was president of the Notre Dame Alumni Association. He has written, in addition to his 17 previous annual football forecasts, hundreds of articles on the game and 14 books, mostly about sports, including the best-selling *Kid Galahad*. For his expert crystal gazing into the upcoming gridiron picture, flip to page 59 — after you've sized up the September Playmate, of course.

## DEAR PLAYBOY

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

### THE HIDDEN DISSUADERS

On page 71 of the June issue, I discovered your ad for PLAYBOY accessories. Using as a reference book *The Hidden Persuaders*, reviewed in *Playboy After Hours*, I attempted to analyze your "symbol manipulation" in erasing the "guilt feelings about self-indulgence" which would certainly arise if I were to order these accessories. I wondered if you were trying to create a "sexual overtone" in such an inanimate object as a tie pin. Or perhaps you were using the "self image" pitch by showing such an esteemed editor/publisher as Mr. Hefner nattily rigged out in his Olde Ivy tie, charcoal flannels, and presumably loafers, the combination of which can be said to exude urban sophistication. I carefully considered all the motivational facets of this problem and decided: What the hell—send me the tie pin. I bought the cuff links a year ago.

Gordon Blackley  
Los Angeles, California

### MYSTERY WOMAN

There is just one thing bothering me about the June issue. That one thing is the lovely blonde ringing for the elevator in the *Playbill* photo: who is she?

Bob Morrow  
Lawrence, New York

Who is the candy store behind Hugh Hefner and when will we see more of her?

B. A. Johnson  
Chicago, Illinois

I am very much interested in finding out who . . .

Frank McCleendon  
Norfolk, Virginia

OK, OK—she's a *PLAYBOY* steno, she's single, and her name is *Mary Ann La Joe*.

### THE RUSSELL CLUB

Ray Russell's stuff tops S. J. Perelman, Ira Wallach and every other satirist I've ever read for consistently high-level, literate-yet-zany fun-poking. His mulligan stew of *Baby Doll*, *The Rosewater* and *Romeo and Juliet* is probably the most deft job of crazy-quilting ever per-

formed on this troubled old globe.

David Hofoknecht  
Spokane, Washington

I read *Enter the Handsome Stranger* four times last night and each time it became better. I gave it to my wife to read, just to see if I could be wrong. No: she came to the same conclusion—it is just about *The Most*.

Lon Seaman  
Los Angeles, California

Terrific—the only suitable comment on Ray Russell's *Enter the Handsome Stranger*? When do we enthusiasts receive more laughs from the greatest American satirist?

Sere Walker  
Santa Barbara, California

Concerning rainstopper Romeo's immitation: I know what proutag is. I know what nanmieberries are. I know New Directions is a publishing house and "Tippecanoe and Tyler, too!" is an old campaign slogan; but tell me—*veho* or what is Tetragrammaton?

Richard McMahon  
Boston, Massachusetts

*A bona fide necromantic invocation. According to arcane authority H. E. Webster's "Dictionary of Magic" (Philosophical Library), it is "the most effective word in magic performances." Pronounce it at your own risk, Richard.*

### THE FLY

I can't adequately describe the sensation I experienced reading George Langelaan's story, *The Fly*. I have since been critically observant and moderately skeptical of buzzing bluebottles.

Thomas Gregory  
Baltimore, Maryland

*The Fly* has given me a new phobia—I'll never look a fly in the face again.

Bill Ricell  
Northfield, Vermont

Let's have more like *The Fly*. I certainly agree with you that it was "one of the most throat-drying, palm-moistening, spine-icing horror stories" I've read in a long time. I think it could be made into

# MY SIN

... a most

provocative perfume!



# LANVIN

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Roger Wilco  
Angola, Indiana

Damn *The Fly*! I couldn't sleep last night!

D. G. Regner  
Chicago, Illinois

## SILVERSTEIN

Shel Silverstein's cartoons in the May issue were an entertaining bit of nostalgia for both me and my wife. I spent 16 stimulating and interesting months in Japan (even though my wife was with me) and Silverstein's sketches certainly brought back pleasant memories. Hope you sign him up for life!

Marvin R. Sarks  
Reseda, California

## OLD SPANISH CUSTOMS

I would like to express to you my appreciation for the delightful Spanish Ribald Classic in your March issue, *The Painted Lady*. Perhaps as a teacher of foreign languages, I am more disposed to enjoy revivals of this sort than your average reader. But I believe you can perform a valuable service (and do yourself a good turn at the same time) by showing the perennial humor of the classics and especially of some that have been neglected by American readers.

James S. Patty  
University of Tennessee  
Knoxville, Tennessee

I was very glad to see J. A. Gato's short translation from Juan Ruiz, *The Painted Lady*. These Spaniards really have a cute humor. I'd like to see more from Spanish literature from time to time.

Jim Johnson  
Lexington, Kentucky

*Mr. Gato has been traveling in Spain and is translating, for PLAYBOY, more Ribald Classics from the literature of that country.*

## CROSBY ON TV

My hat is off to Mr. Crosby and his astute comments regarding TV's dire lack of sex appeal. (*It's Like This with TV*, May) There is nothing more disappointing than warming up to the introduction of a sexy broad only to see her pop corn with some commercial dope. Mind you, I enjoy Bob Hope, Jack Benny and the like, but I also like sex. Houston Brummit  
Brooklyn, New York

As usual, John Gaudy is off his ever-lovin' rocker, but then every self-respecting TV fan knows Mr. C. is an old "fool" (wet blanket). I'm certain Dagmar, the original Miss Scepter of video's early days, will take exception to his flagrant omission. And if Perry Como isn't Mr. S.A. himself I may as well throw away my hormone pills.

Even the discerning Mr. Crosby must admit that Miss Edith Adams is no dog. Admittedly she is "of the theatre" but to millions of just plain folks who will never see the inside of a Broadway house, she is as familiar as Marilyn Monroe whom she incidentally out-Monroes. Better get a new battery for your hearing aid, John, the next time you tune in the new Ida Lupino-Howard Duff show, very risqué and sharp at times, and certainly not for the Captain Kangaroo set. I think Mr. Crosby has studied your Playmates so closely he's fogged up his contact lenses.

Jean M. Rowan  
St. Louis, Missouri

John Crosby's article was well written and enjoyed except for the one word "bastard" in the third paragraph from the end. It would have had just as much effect with a better chosen word.

Mrs. Dorothy Wilson  
Gainesville, Florida

*Now, Dorothy, let's not bitch about one little word.*

## THE LIVING END

Both as a photographer and as a man, I found your pictorial on Vikki Dougan most intriguing. But did you know she had made a previous public appearance in her fabulous gown at a party for



Victor Borge at the New Frontier Hotel in Las Vegas? Vikki and Kathy Marlowe engaged in an impromptu Battle of the Cleavages, which I preserved for posterity with my camera.

Bernard of Hollywood  
Las Vegas, Nevada

She has the dress on backwards.  
The Men of Mu Beta Kappa  
La Sierra College, California

In the 'Thirties it was legs; in the Forties, bosoms; and now in the Fifties it is behinds! *Five le desirées!*

O. A. Morris  
Hampton, Virginia

Not only does Vikki (*The Bark*) Dougan's dress recall Jack Cole's "deteriorate," as you pointed out—it also

recalls a Party Juice from your June '55 issue (remember): "The best-dressed woman at a recent society ball was the lovely Miss Agnes S. Stevens, whose gown was cut so low in back it revealed her initials."

Jim Cooperman  
Doylcetown, Pennsylvania

I am embarrassed for Miss Vikki Douglas. I am embarrassed for all woman-kind. There is an old saying about making too much of a good thing.

Eleanor Heinbeckner  
Los Angeles, California

#### C. C., SENOR

As a long-time practitioner of Contour Contact, I feel Harrison Case did not carry his article to its ultimate conclusion. Anyone can brush up against a girl "accidentally," but the true C. C. artist strives to place her in such a position that she is obliged to return and/or continue the contact. This is the ultimate in C. C.

Dan Hanley  
Palmdale, California

#### BLANKETY-BLANK

The layout in your June issue is unparalleled. I am of course referring to your cover and page 16. You dared to use white space! The result: *magnifique!*

Doug Innes  
Ithaca, New York

You run out of ink or something?

W. J. Meyer  
New York, New York

I just love your Blankety-blank blank pages. They're simply cup-tetee!

Don Baird  
Atlanta, Georgia

Your cover on the June issue is beautiful and is followed up nicely by the illustration for *The Fly*. I like the magazine very much, and read all the stories in *Daddy's* (Gardner Rea) copies.

Elizabeth Rea  
New York, New York

#### ONWARD!

Why did you print the Mort Sahl bit? Some things are too rare and fine to be put on public display. Sahl should be held sacred and protected from the gawking plebeians. It would be nice, however, if the Ford Foundation would film his act and file it away in a time capsule.

Dick Hansen  
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

Rolf Malcolm's article on that "real free-form guy," Mort Sahl, placed your June issue in the collectors-item class. Sahl's cerebral humor makes the Berles, Hopes and Gleasons of the business pale by comparison. To Malcolm and Sahl I say, "Well, OK. Fine. Onward!"

Donak E. White  
Alhambra, California



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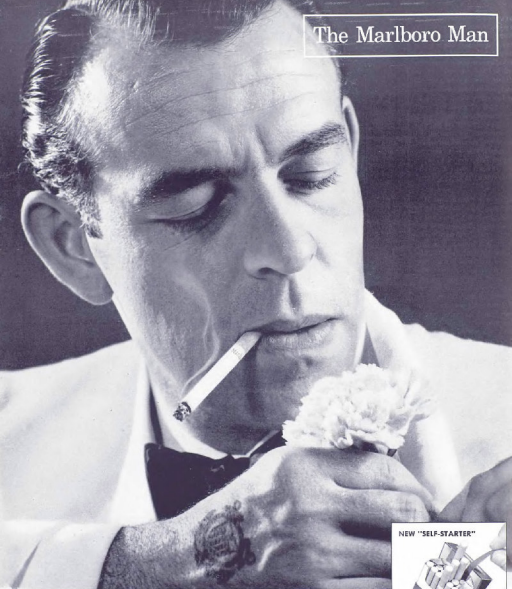
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## PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



**M**ONSTER NOTES from all over: when we were in Hollywood recently, being fed crepes sweet by Jayne Mansfield, we picked up some bracing intelligence regarding the shudders-flicks. Following the fashionable trend toward waxing almost all sound track music, hi-fi sets everywhere can soon swing and sway to the *Love Theme from The Monster Who Conquered the World*. A film obviously designed to cash in on the current popularity of both rock 'n' roll and creature films is the one that was called *I Was a Teenage Werewolf* when we saw it at a West Coast preview, but which Herb Gold, phoning from Brandeis University in Massachusetts, swears is titled *I Was a Teenage Vampire* in its eastern release. "Maybe they cleaned it up for Boston," says Gold.

You've undoubtedly read about the big distilleries that recently held a contest for the most original bourbon drinks. A pair of drinking professionals we know, venting their negative hostilities on such goings-on, submitted the following:

*The Polette*—two parts bourbon, one part assorted oil paints. This is for the TV addict who wants to see everything in compatible color.

*The Easy Way*—two parts bourbon, one part muddled goose feathers. For those who go for soft drinks.

*The Vikki Dougan Cooler*—one part bourbon, 1/2 teaspoon sugar, dash of biters, fill the glass with champagne and garnish with a slice of cucumber stripped down the back.

Funny Feature of the annual Edgar Allan Poe Awards dinner, sponsored by the Mystery Writers of America, was a solemn accolade to the mystery reader of the year dubbed, most suitably, The Blunt Instrument Award. The Society of Connoisseurs in Murder, founded

over 130 years ago and recently revived, announced the winner of their annual Professor Webster Memorial Award for an outstanding contribution to murder as one of the fine arts. The laws of libel, however, require that the recipient remain anonymous, since he was acquitted in his trial.

A reasonably sober staff member has located a bar where the good things of life are not yet submerged in fall-out. While sipping his gibson, he felt the need to know the time, a vice he's since shaken. Spotting a wall clock at the far end of the bar, he dismounted from his stool, went to get the hour, and was flabbergasted to discover that the clock counted time in months rather than hours. He learned it was a quarter to August. The bartender remarked: "The clock was made by gearing a one revolution per day motor down 365:245 to one. This allows 25 for the extra day each Leap Year, less .005 for the Leap Year that is missing every two centuries. It may get off, therefore, by one day after 2157 A.D., but by that time even the customers in here won't care."

A young lady we know who runs a quiet bookstore on Chicago's Michigan Avenue told us the tale of a customer who strolled in the other day and asked for a copy of Philip Wylie's new book *The Innocents and Bastards*. Somewhat abashed, our friend informed the bookophile that the correct title is *The Innocent Ambassadors* (*Playboy After Hours*, July 1957). The customer, crestfallen and disappointed, muttered a polite "thank you," and left.

American Airlines reports to us that it collects about one million bucks worth of lost-and-found items each year. It can count on about 60 pairs of glasses,

at least 200 wallets and 25 sets of dentures. The high point on this particularly screwy graph was scored recently when a DC 7 set down at International Airport in New York. After the passengers had scattered to their destinations a rather personal item of apparel had been left behind: a modern, workable straight jacket—yes, you know, the kind with buckles in the back for Ivy League schizonts. So far, nobody has claimed it, but then that figures. Who'd be nuts enough?

### FILMS

A gun—a monstrous, ornate, phallic cannon—is the star of *The Pride and the Passion*. The time is Napoleonic, the place is Spain and the gun is the Big Bertha of its day—the largest hunk of artillery in the world. It belongs to the Spanish army, which has abandoned it in an ignoble retreat from the French invader. A rugged band of peasants, led by shoemaker Frank Sinatra, yearns to reactivate the gun in the Spanish cause, and they are aided by Cary Grant, a British naval officer who supplies the ordinance know-how the peasants lack. Sophia Loren is the wench in the machinery, unwittingly piling love rivalry on top of the two men's other troubles. The scenes which feature the gun are exciting, spectacular and worth viewing, whether said gun is being dragged from the mud by a cast of thousands, dangled off the side of a gorge to conceal it from the enemy, or cut loose and allowed to roll pell-mell down a hillside, raising dust, flattening trees and scattering sheep in its path. Unhappily, the scenes in which the lesser characters (that is, the people) prevail are not so good; they suffer from inept

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directing and potluck acting. Grant is convincing and vital in a one-sided, subsidized role; Loren acts as well as she has to and is suitably sensual; but Sinatra is woefully miscast—as the earthy, authoritative man of the people, he is devoid of carthiness, authority, even energy, and is merely a Speedy Gonzales accent, with legs. Frank can be fine when he has direction, but Stanley Kramer (who once was content to be just a producer) can only direct guns.

In 1919 a French novel appeared called *Ariane*, by Claude Anet, which explored with exceeding delicacy and insight an affair between a White Russian girl and a Graving Luthario who chanced to meet in Paris. In the early Thirties, Elizabeth Bergner appeared in a film version that captured all the febrile glow of the novel. All of this is by way of background to the new incarnation of *Ariane*, *Love in the Afternoon*, directed by Billy Wilder with Audrey Hepburn and Gary Cooper. Now Mr. Wilder is a cynical man whose cynicism touched the core of truth in such mordant works as *Double Indemnity* and *Sunset Boulevard*. But why Mr. Wilder, who is also an intelligent man, thought it fitting to take his cynicism out on this fragile little love story and turn it into a facetious spoof of the whole subject of love is difficult to understand. Example: one of the film's gags equates the assassination of Abraham Lincoln with a guy caught in a fugitive delicto ("Both were shot in the middle of a performance").

*The Sweet Smell of Success* crackles with the verbal fireworks of Clifford Odet's script, turns out to be a sizzling study of low and high grade heelism. It's an account of a chillingly arrogant Broadway newspaper columnist played by a bespectacled, hatches-faced Burr Lancaster. He is a sinister and lonely man; behind the aura of glamor, he's a psychopathic, sadistic scoundrel. The other heel is a howling, parasitic press agent, pathetically trying to get close enough to success to smell it. The role, a toughie but a plump, is greasily essayed by Tony Curtis. The columnist has a soft spot in his heart for only one person. His cute kid sister, ably portrayed by Susan Harrison. He overprotects her, dominates her and makes her life utterly miserable. When she falls in love with a singer, the two heels form the unholyest of alliances. (Object: to bust up the romance. One trouble with the opus is that the deep-rooted motives of the two jackals are never really explored. Like other films in the current vogue for debunking "great men," *Swell* is an oversimplification of the truth; indeed, it vacillates continuously between truth and caricature.



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ture, but it still boasts the hypnotic fascination of a snake for a bird.

*Russia* (French cop slang for "drag-net") is replete with the scabrous details of the Parisian drug traffic and about as tough a pic as you've seen... *Passionné Summer*, a French adaptation of Ugo Betti's European stage success, *Island of Gods*, tells of a trio of predatory dolls and the havoc wrought on them by a single visiting male; the Continental realism makes most other movie "sex" seem skittish by comparison... *The Virtuous Scoundrel*, Sacha Guitry's latest sardonic examination of the human race, bubbles with the irrepressible Sacha's devastating wit... *Sins of Cosmova* is a picaresque recounting of the apocryphical adventures of the world's champion indoor sportsman done with a nice Italian flair... *Lover's New finds* Trevor Howard as a Scotland Yard dick playing cat and mouse with pretty Françoise Arnoul, on the lam and guilty as hell, amid eye-arresting Portuguese scenery.

**BOOKS**

If you ever think of your neighbor as someone who should have his head examined, you may be more kindly disposed toward him after reading Irving Wallace's *The Square Pegs* (Knopf, \$5), a biographical survey of celebrities. The author devotes himself to nine wacky examples of eccentricity, including cookie magnate Wilbur Glenn Voliva, who spent much of his time and fortune until his death in 1942 in attempting to prove that the earth was flat. But we have an especial fondness for Timothy Dexter who amassed a fortune by sending coals to Newcastle on the advice of a practical joker. With childish innocence, Dexter invested his savings in a boatload of Virginia soft coal which arrived at the precise moment when Newcastle was paralyzed by a coal strike. Bids for the shipment were enormous and this was established another financial dynasty. At a time when books like *The Organization Man* and *A Surfeit of Honey* are telling us about American conformity, you can't help but get a kick out of Wallace's adroit portraits of "some Americans who dared to be different."

Wright Morris' novel *Love Among the Cannibals* (Harcourt, Brace, \$3.50) is short, straightforward and sexy. "Love among the vegetarians," the author observes, "is made with participles, unmade with verbs, honored, cherished and disobeyed with nouns. But love among the cannibals is flesh feeding on flesh." To prove his point, the author places two zany members of a song-writing team

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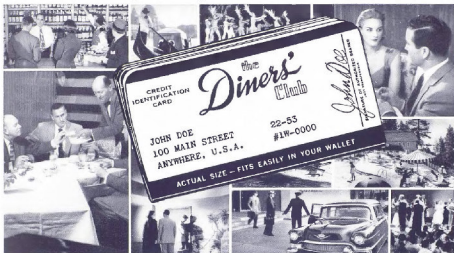
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in Hollywood where they meet a couple of deep-dish cannibelles. Then it's off to Acapulco to make love, soak up sun and glibble chunks of focal color for a musical idea they're working on. The composer has to marry his chick in order to get her to bed while the Greek Goddess who is the lyricist's dish is less demanding for her largesse; the owner of a trim yacht anchored in the harbor lures her away, leaving the disillusioned young man unexpectedly alone with time on his hands to philosophize about his notion that love is a kind of cannibalism which eats its objects. We doubt whether this will extend Mr. Morris' skin of honors (he copped this year's National Book Award), but it is a refreshing peek at Hollywood shenanigans.

It would take a writer of excessively graceful and witty prose to construct an entire novel out of the hallucinations in the protagonist's mind, but *The Ordeal of Gilbert Pinfold* (Little, Brown, \$5.75) is just such a novel and middle-aged Catholic English novelist Evelyn Waugh is just such a writer. A middle-aged Catholic English novelist is Gilbert Pinfold, too, who goes on a boat trip and, under the influence of conflicting doctors' prescriptions (brandy, clonal, brandy and some ominous gray pills), begins to hear voices; voices of young men threatening to beat him up, young women threatening to come to his bed, plus audio glimpses into international intrigues, messy murder, sexual depravity and other goodies. "You don't think he ought to see a psychologist?" his wife anxiously asks a physician upon Pinfold's return to the family hearthstone. "He can if he likes, of course," replies the morose on the book's last page, "but it sounds like a perfectly simple case of poisoning to me." Waugh himself is inclined to be less offhand. "He had endured a great ordeal and, unaided, had emerged the victor. There was a triumph to be celebrated."

## DINING-DRINKING

Maurice's in Philadelphia (211 S. Quince St.) is an atmospheric spa sequestered on a Shimbone Alcy sort of street. Here, about eight years ago, a longhair lon, Maurice Rotenberg, took over three 250-year-old houses, knocked out some walls, and set up a dozen small rooms where old-master addicts could sip and munch by candlelight to golden sounds via jukeboxes. The motto is "Food for the stomach and food for the soul," and patrons still speak in shocked tones of the night Sammy Davis, Jr., slipped one of his own blues-houtin' discs on the turntable. The ocean and bar items are named for



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garian giant's keyboard compositions, ranging in chronology from 1903 when he was still under the influence of the Romantics, to 1937 when his probing genius had attained the tartness and dryness for which he became famous. These records contain just about everything Bartok wrote for the ivories, from the simple suite *For Children*, through the inventive derivations from Hungarian, Rumanian, Slovakian, Bulgarian and Transylvanian folk tunes, to the shambarkingly angular *Mikrokosmos*, the monumental collection which was the last of his writing for the instrument. For Bartok bulls, this set of records is a necessity; for those who haven't yet sampled his wares, there's no better way to start.

Credit erstwhile bell-bottomed funny-man Jack E. Leonard with a black-edenium coup: *Rock and Roll Music for Kids over Sixteen* (Vik LX 1080). In tremolod, thracking tones, Leonard takes a hilarious swipe at the motorcycle set, with sturdy, honking support by "Will Stomp and His Cannoners assisted by the Four Fives," a vocal group of sorts. Maddest of the madcappery: *Take Your Cat (an Pickin' Hands off My Leather Jacket* ("It's the closest thing to skin I've got"): a bit of winged Wordsworth with sledgehammer beat called *Daffodil Rock* ("I wandered lonely as a cloud . . .") and a balulet rock 'n' roller dubbed *My Graduation Day* ("I'll miss that cell block 22"). A must for delinquent partygeers everywhere. . . . Spike Jones calls up the services of a dying cuckoo bird, a kissing trumpet, a poostangophone, assorted sneezes, wheezes and other god-awful effronteries on *Dinner Music for People Who Aren't Very Hungry* (Verve 6005). Properly appetite-killing are such nutsy nifties as *Duet for Violin and Garbage Disposal*, Wyatt Earp *Makes Me Bop* and *Bushm's Alibi*.

Ella did it first: her *Ella Sings Gershwin* (Decca DL 8578) released a while back contains 10 Gershwin tunes. Sarah raises the stakes to 22 on a two-disc set, *Sarah Vaughan Sings George Gershwin* (Mercury MG 2 101) while Chris Conner ups the ante to a cool 32, also in a two-platter package, *Chris Conner Sings the George Gershwin Album of Song* (Atlantic 2601). Oddly, only four titles are tackled by all three girls: *Someone to Watch Over Me*, *How Long Has This Been Going On*, *I've Got a Crush on You*, and *Looking for a Boy*, and the comparison is fascinating. So is the discovery of lesser-known items, such as Sarah's version of the posthumously published *Aren't You Kinda Glad*. What verses! Chris even dug up new ones for *I Got Rhythm*. Interesting, too, that all three thrashers approached Gershwin by a

different instrumental route. Sarah made the trip in a limousine, with Hal Mooney's fine, lush, string-laden orchestra. Chris came in a convertible, using various small jazz-type combos. Ella made the mileage on a unicycle, employing only Ellis Larkins' piano. Verdidity: Ella—wonderful feeling, superb simplicity; Sarah—wonderful voice production, superb complexity; Chris—wonderful styling, superb accompaniment.

With most modern record companies priding themselves on a forward-looking attitude, the backward-looking of San Francisco Records is engaging. The quixotic characters who run this label-of-love dote on German bands, Gay Nineties variety shows and other out-moded forms of musical expression, and a good deal of it makes pleasantly buggy listening. 23 *Skiddoo in Hi-Fi* (SFR005) features Albert White "and his Hippodrome Ballroom Orchestras" in deliberately dated renderings of *Black Bottom*, *Avonlon*, *Barney Google*, et al., complete with yugga-dugga banjos. 1900 is Hi-Fi (SFR006), a real weirdie, offers "the delightful low fidelity of original cylinders"—scratchy, one-dimensional, *fin de siècle* waxings of *The Whistler and His Dog*, vaudeville routines and the like, resampled and preserved on microgroove. *Razz-Ma-Tazz in Hi-Fi* (SFR001) is a grab bag of vintage tunes textured to death on automatic musical instruments from Suro's museum in Frisco: head are the asthmatic, grinding, ghostly sounds of the French band organ, Wurlitzer Orchestra, player piano (authentically off-key) and other mechanical mavericks. Produced by and aimed at audio bugs queer for yesteryear, these biscuits are recommended to oldballs all over.

We've heard a dozen or so top virtuosos have a go at the Brahms *Violin Concerto in D Major*, live and on records, but we'll take the shortest route to the furthest out limb to say that a new rendition, by Leonid Kogan (with the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra) is the best yet. You can hear it on a new Angel record (35412) which is noteworthy not only for its smart sound, but also because it has a combined sleeve and backstrip which make it possible to read the label when the liner's lined up with other singles on your shelves. As for Kogan, he's a Russian youth who started out as a child prodigy and kept right on growing. Now that we're out on that limb, we'll say he's among this generation's greatest. The *Concerto* itself is, of course, a romantic classic, a violinist's challenge, and the product of Papa Brahms' most inspired composing.



*a louse among lice  
was buddy tyler of the silver screen*

## **THE PRINCE and THE GLADIATOR**

*fiction* By **AL MORGAN** ILLUSTRATED BY EDWARD MULLER

IN HOLLYWOOD, a town famous for sport shirts and informality of dress, Maurice Perlmutter made a fetish out of his clothes. He had 15 dark blue pin-striped suits in his closet. He had two dozen plain blue silk ties and all his shirts were white broadcloth with detachable stiff collars. He always had a shine on his shoes and he had never been seen in public with his collar unbuttoned, his tie loosened or a hair out of place. If he looked like a bookkeeper at least he looked like a successful one. In his quiet, fatherly way he had kept a great many household names out of the bankruptcy courts and the clutches of the Internal Revenue Department. The combined yearly gross incomes of his clients would have been enough to buy any three large cities in the country but he treated them all as his spoiled, foolish children and had been known to turn at least one of Hollywood's most famous glamor names over his knee and not for the usual Hollywood reason. He considered himself a fair, stern, just and sorely tried man. He hadn't been to a movie since Vilma Banky retired so he was not overly impressed with the importance of his clients.

The legend on the oak door of his office said simply: "M. Perlmutter: Business Advisor."

Most of Maurice Perlmutter's clients never saw the money they earned. Their salary checks were delivered to the agent. He took his 10 percent out and sent the balance on to Perlmutter. Perlmutter paid their household bills, their bar and restaurant bills, their clothing and liquor bills. Before they made a major purchase like a car, or a Moorish stucco castle in Beverly Hills, they consulted with him to find out if they could afford it. Most of them had no idea how much money they had on hand. They just kept spending until they got the ominous call from Perlmutter telling them the hard facts of their financial life. Maurice Perlmutter's main objective in life was to invest his clients' money so that when their beauty, their talent or their vogue disappeared they would have enough left to get through the rest of their lives. He considered his five percent fee a modest one.

When Buddy Tyler was ushered into his office he had already spent 25 minutes going over the file, refreshing himself on Buddy's current financial situation. He was sure that Buddy wanted to buy something. A realistic appraisal of the file con-



"Kill him," said Buddy, "kill him."



vinced him that he must say no if the object in question was any more expensive than a new tie.

"Hello, Mr. Perlmutter," said Buddy. "Sit down, Bernie," said Maurice. It was a fetish of his to call his clients by their real names.

Buddy sat. Mr. Perlmutter stared at him. Buddy found himself feeling the same way he always felt in Mr. Perlmutter's presence . . . a little like a boy who had been sent to the Principal's office and was about to confess that he'd been bad.

"Are you working on a picture now, Bernie?"

"I'm about to start a new one. A Civil War picture. It's called *Confederate Gray*."

"Is it a good part?"

"Yeah. It's all right. What do I know from the Civil War?"

"What did you know from the Crusades? Or King Arthur?"

"Yeah. You're right."

"Well, Bernie, what's on your mind? I assume you didn't ask for this appointment to discuss Mr. Lincoln's Army."

"I want to buy a fighter."

"A plane? A fighter plane?" Mr. Perlmutter was ready to believe anything of a client.

"A prize fighter."

"Oh. A gladiator."

"Yeah. A gladiator. Funny you should use that word. I figured out a gimmick for him. His name's Pancho Lopez. You know how they call me the Croton Prince of the Movies?"

"Yes, Bernie. I know."

"Well, I want to get him one of those fancy silk robes like fighters wear in the ring and have written on the back of it, Pancho Lopez, the Prince's Gladiator. Good gimmick, ain't it?"

"You say you ain't to buy him?"

"That's right."

"Why?"

"An investment. He's a good prospect."

Maurice Perlmutter stared at his client. There was a moment of silence. Buddy Tyler looked at his cuticle and snipped off a piece of flesh beside the nail with his front teeth.

"All right, so it's a lousy investment. I just want to own him, that's all."

"You want to own him?"

"Sure. Own him. Have him belong to me."

"You're not satisfied with buying cars and motorcycles and houses and planes. Now you want to buy people?"

"You don't understand, Mr. Perlmutter. Al Swanson's his manager. He'll sell me 50 percent of him for three grand. It'll cost me about 250 bucks a month to support him."

"So you won't really own him? You'll

just own half of him. Which half do you get, the half that eats?"

"Please, Mr. Perlmutter, no jokes. I'm serious. I want to buy him."

"Why?"

"I'm interested in prize fighting. Sinatra has a piece of a fighter. Johnson used to have a couple of them. What's so terrible about my being interested in being part of a sport?"

"Bernie, you don't know a lightweight from a six-day hike rider."

"All right. So I don't know anything about fighting. I just want him, that's all. I'm so goddamned sick of people telling me what I can do and what I can't do. First it was my old lady. 'Bernie, don't do this, Bernie, don't do that.' That's why I took off from the Broom, me and Pete. You won't believe this but we had a ball when we first got out here and worked at Douglas. There was nobody to push us around and tell us what we couldn't do. Then when that lush turned out to be a director and put me in his lousy picture all of a sudden I inherited a bunch of other bosses. The Old Man at the studio, telling me what kind of parts I had to play, what girls I had to take out dancing so I'd get my name in those lousy columns. Then my agent. Now you. I just want to buy the gladiator, that's all, Mr. Perlmutter."

"Like you wanted to buy the Italian sports car that you wrapped around a lamppost in Coldwater Canyon. Like you wanted to buy the Piper Cub you ploughed into the side of the hill in Chatsworth."

"All right. I did all that. I admit it. This is different."

"Bernie, the answer is no."

"Who says so?"

"I say so. I, Maurice Perlmutter, say so."

"And who the hell are you? My business manager. A five percenter. Big deal. Who gave you the right to tell me what I can or cannot do?"

"You did, Bernie, when you hired me. Let me tell you something, Bernie. Sit down and listen to me. If you want to take your affairs out of my hands, that's your decision to make but first listen to me."

"Sure. Go ahead, I'll listen."

"Just don't take what I'm going to say personally. I'm not talking about you specifically. I'm talking about a couple of thousand yous, a lot of whom are clients of mine. You're all pretty or handsome or talented. Most of you quit school before you finished high school. Most of you came from homes that were lower-middle-class or poor. Most of you, if you weren't pretty or handsome or talented, would wind up working in the local supermarket or beauty parlor or as a file clerk or typist

for General Motors. But no, you're a special breed. You're pretty, you're handsome, you're talented. You have a special something that jumps off a movie screen and makes the people who have paid their way in care about the foolish things that are happening to you in a movie. There aren't many of you. You're a gifted few. You're valuable and because you are, a lot of people like me who aren't pretty or handsome or talented make a pretty good living nibbling away at the edges of your income. And what do you get? Adulthood. Wealth. By background, training and experience you're not equipped to handle either. It's all first generation wealth to you, you're not accustomed to handling it, appreciating or keeping it. You have no stability. You're the kid in the candy store, you're the miner rushing down from the hills on Saturday night with his pocket loaded with gold nuggets. The world is your oyster, you can have anything you desire. Whatever you want you can have because aren't you one of the rare few? Aren't you handsome, pretty, talented and adored? Sure. But how long? How long before some other freak comes in with his head shaved on one side and takes your public away from you? How long before the hair gets shorter and thinner? How long before you wind up doing bits and walk-ons? That's where people like me come in. You pay us to supply the sense of responsibility you lack. You pay us to supply the maturity you lack, the judgment you'll never have. You pay us to keep you from ruining yourselves."

"Long speech, Mr. Perlmutter."

"Not so long, Bernie."

"And what's this Bernie bit? My name is Buddy, Buddy Tyler."

"Your name is Bernie, Bernie Levine. It has to be, as far as I'm concerned. As far as you're concerned you're Buddy Tyler and you'll go on being Buddy Tyler. I know that sooner or later you'll go back to being Bernie Levine when your popularity has run its course and the teen-age girls start swooning over some other personality."

"Who says that has to happen?"

"History says that has to happen. The concrete footprints at Grauman's Chinese say that has to happen. The famous people you see lining up for an extra call, hoping for a day's pay say so."

"So, I get older. I can go on, doing different parts."

"Can you? You're fooling yourself that you're an actor. You're not. You haven't spent 10 minutes of your life learning to be an actor. You do what your director tells you to do, say what your writer tells you to say. You're an attractive animal. And I can't think

(continued overleaf)





*"Hold it, Shivley — there's another guy out here  
says he's supposed to collect the rent."*



## PRINCE and GLADIATOR

(continued from page 18)

of anything sadder Bernie, than a toothless, aging lion."

"You oughta get yourself a couch, Mr. Perlmutter."

"So you want to own a gladiator? You want to own a prize fighter. You want to sit at ringside and watch him get his brains scrambled and know you own him and know that he's getting his lumps and you're not. Or you want to watch him cut somebody else up and sit and say he's mine. I don't even think that's the act of an attractive animal. Just a plain ordinary animal."

"You're a real headshrinker, aren't you, Mr. Perlmutter?"

"No, Bernie. You know what I am. A business manager. A five percenter."

"All right," said Buddy. "OK." He lit a cigarette and looked at the framed certificate on the wall that announced that Maurice Perlmutter was a Certified Public Accountant.

"I don't have the money to buy the fighter, is that right, Mr. Perlmutter?"

"You don't have the money."

"I could maybe hold up the studio for an extra five grand on the Civil War picture."

"You don't really think so, do you, Bernie?"

"No," said Buddy. "I owe them so many pictures now they could cut me down to cigarette money if they wanted to get nasty."

Buddy reached over to the desk and put out his cigarette in the circular metal ash tray on Perlmutter's desk.

"You really want that fighter, don't you, Bernie?"

"I told you."

"How had do you want him?"

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"Just what it says. How bad do you want him?"

"Real bad."

"All right. Let's see if we can work it out."

Buddy sat forward on his chair. His face wore the expression of a child who has just been told he can stay up a half hour past his bedtime.

"How many cars have you got, Bernie?"

"Three. No, wait a minute. Four, counting the Porsche."

"I think you could probably get \$500 for the Cadillac convertible. Do you want your fighter that bad?"

"Yeah. We could sell the Cadillac. Let's do that, Mr. Perlmutter. Sell the Cadillac."

"All right, that gives you your down payment on the fighter. That takes care of the \$2000 Al Swanson wants for half his contract. Where are we going to find the \$250 a month for his bills?"

"Can't we afford the two and a half

hundred?"

"Bernie, you make a hundred and ten thousand dollars a year. You know something very amusing? You were better off when you were making 60 bucks a week at Douglas. Let's find out how bad you want this fighter. How much do you pay Pete?"

"Pete?"

"Pete."

"I give him . . . 50, 60 bucks a week walking around money."

"Let's say 60. That's 260 bucks a month. That would take care of your fighter, wouldn't it?"

"Now wait a minute, Mr. Perlmutter. If you're hinting I should get rid of Pete, forget it. Forget it goddamned quick."

"Why, Bernie? What does he do for you that's worth 260 bucks a month above and beyond his keep?"

"He does lots of things. He takes care of things for me. I don't know what I'd do without Pete."

"He's a stooge, isn't he?"

"Knock it off. Get off my back, Mr. Perlmutter."

"Why do you need him so badly, Bernie?"

"Pete and me grew up together. We took off from the Bronx together. We're buddies. I need him."

"You need him around to tell you how great you are? You need him to boost your ego, to yes you?"

"You don't know Pete. He's always needing me. A yes man? Is that what you think he is? Pete's the biggest no man in town. You don't understand, Mr. Perlmutter. Pete is the only friend I have in the world. If I wake up in the middle of the night and I can't sleep, Pete's around to play gin rummy with. He knows what a mothering crock this whole setup is. I need Pete around me. I'd go crazy without him. I'd be alone."

"Yes, I guess you would, Bernie. I guess Pete earns his two and a half

bills, doesn't he?"

"You're damned right he does. He cues me at night, sobers me up when I've had a snootful and sees that I get to the set on time. He keeps me out of trouble. I need him."

"All right, Bernie. Let's find another way to get the money for your fighter, what's his name?"

"Lopez. Pancho Lopez."

"Mexican?"

"Yeah, Mex."

"They make good fighters."

"This kid's won all seven of his starts. Five by K.O.s. Swanson says he's the best prospect he's ever seen."

"Who's your stand in at the studio, Bernie?"

"Nobody regular. Usually, the first day of shooting we take a look at the extra call and if there's some old-timer really on his uppers who's anywhere near my size we use him as the stand in."

"Is Pancho Lopez anywhere near your size?"

"Yeah, I got it. That's a great idea, Mr. Perlmutter. That way he'd be on the set all the time. We could maybe spar between takes. That way we could both stay in condition."

"And he'd make enough to take care of his expenses without facing up to the necessity of getting rid of Pete."

"There ain't no necessity for getting rid of Pete. Now or any other time."

"Do you think the studio would let you hire Lopez as your stand in?"

"Sure. They don't care. That's great."

"So you have your fighter, Bernie." Buddy got up and came over to the desk. He stood beside Maurice Perlmutter.

"Mr. Perlmutter," he said. "You're the greatest."

"The greatest what, Bernie?"

"The greatest certified public accountant."

"Just see that I get a couple of seats ringside when he hits the big time."

"Ringside? Mr. Perlmutter, you can referee."

"And Bernie. Cut down on your liquor bills, will you?"

"Sure. You'll notice the difference right away. Me and Pete have to go into training. You'll see, Mr. Perlmutter, this is gonna turn out to be the best investment I ever made."

\* \* \*

All the rest of that week, Buddy and Pete spent every minute they could steal away from the studio at the gym watching Pancho Lopez work out. Buddy had to drop into the stall gallery for a sitting one afternoon and he spent one morning with wardrobe getting fitted for his Confederate uniform. He got to bed every night at 10 o'clock and had Al Swanson give him the diet Pancho was using. He bought a skipping rope and a punching bag and he and Pete worked out in the garage. There was a lot of space now that the Cadillac had gone.

Friday afternoon, Buddy and Pete were at the gym watching Pancho's last workout before the Legion fight.

"Ain't he gorgeous?" asked Buddy.

"Tell the goddamned truth, ain't he gorgeous?"

Pete nodded. "He's got class. Bud, He's a little rough around the edges yet maybe, but he's got class. That's a good combination he has working for him and those jabs will keep him out of a lot of trouble."

"But you like him, Pete? You like

(continued on page 21)



## open season on guests

a harassed host declares total war on party girls and boys

opinion by John Steinbeck

ETIQUETTE is the body of truce terms between those natural enemies, host and guest, which prevents them from killing each other on sight. Behind this truce, a silent subtle war goes on, move and deadly countermove, for entertaining is social warfare. There is even a uniform ("What shall we wear? Black tie?").

In most entertaining, the host has the worst of it. First, he is outnumbered and, second, he is forbidden by the rules to tear off a table leg and beat his guests' brains out. He must fight back with a suave drollness. Let me give examples of one kind of campaign.

Eight guests are assembled, their eyes glowing with malice.

HOST

What will you have to drink?

FIRST GUEST

Scotch and soda.

SECOND GUEST

Scotch and water.

THIRD GUEST

Scotch on the rocks. *(That does for the Scotch.)*

FOURTH GUEST

Bourbon and soda.

FIFTH GUEST

Bourbon and water.

SIXTH GUEST

Bourbon on the rocks. *(There's the bourbon accounted for.)*

SEVENTH GUEST

A Martini if it isn't too much trouble. *(One sinking, lousy little Martini, and you can't make more than one at a time. It spoils them.)*

EIGHTH GUEST

*(A real troublemaker, usually a she) I don't know what I want. Make me a surprise. (One school holds that it is permissible to make her a surprise consisting of gin, Scotch, vermouth, bourbon, vodka and brandy with a mint leaf.)*

This is the usual setup, but there is one more, a roving quarterback, a wrecker who says, "I don't want anything. Just give me a little Fernebranca or ginger beer," or something else the host doesn't have. The guest makes 10 yards on this one.

Against this initial onslaught, the host — if he is quick and shifty — can reverse the field by saying, "Punch, anyone?"

The same guest gambit works at breakfast. The foolish host who asks, "How do you want your eggs?" The answers will be boiled, fried straight up, fried over, omelette, poached. Old Faithful will run true to form with a waffle.

Here the host's defense is to announce with complete brutality, "Scrambled eggs coming up!" No guest has ever been known to starve. But Old Faithful is in there punching. She now wants one single tangerine or a croissant. And these are only the opening moves in the secret warfare.

The host fights a losing battle all year but finally he has a recourse which, while cruel, is considered legitimate. After a year he can get his revenge with a cocktail party. Here in one swoop he can even a hundred bitter scores.

The ground rules for a cocktail party give the advantage to the host for the first time. First he locks every door except that to one small, ill-lighted room. Then he removes all furniture and the rug if possible. He prepares a witches' brew made up of raw gin, domestic vermouth, chloral hydrate and a touch of tartar emetic for taste. He smears soggy crackers with assorted filth and dusts the whole over with grated egg yolk.

Now he invites a hundred people, turns off the air conditioning, lights the furnace and exhausts the oxygen from the room. Into this hell-hole the guests are crowded so tightly that they cannot raise their arms in self-defense. Hired professional line-buckers, bearing trays, charge at the quivering mass, sprinkling the smoking brew and slimy anchovies over shirt fronts and those dresses which cannot be cleaned. From a peep-hole, the host watches the slow death and stales with happy malice.

But even now the host is not immune from retaliation — as he finds when he scrapes out the room. There are cigarettes put out on his carpets, anchovies in his drapes, heaps of broken glass in the corners, lipstick on all of his towels and his plumbing is permanently clogged. However, having won a major victory, the host is able to begin another year of the infighting that rejoices in the name of social intercourse. He invites eight people to dinner and the battle is on.

Mike Lowmyer

a cool retelling of the hot ballad

# FRANKIE AND JOHNNY

BY KAI WINDING



PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID LINDEN

MOST ARE FAMILIAR with the tale of Frankie and Johnny. John Held, Jr., illustrated the famous ballad with authentic woodcuts for one of the early issues of *PLAYBOY* and recalled that he had learned it from a colored piano player called "Professor," in a parlor house run by a lady known as Madam Helen Blaizes. Now jazz trombonist Kai Winding is telling a hip version of the done her wrong kick on a new Columbia EP (B98991) and LP (L1599). We were charmed by this modern treatment of the classic story and thought it might be fun to illustrate it photographically. So here it is, as told by Mr. Winding, with Kai's lovely wife, Jeanne, as Frankie, and cool Kai himself as that cat, Johnny.



Johnny used to hop into the short every now and then and take a ride down to the local saloon. He'd bring his trombone and he'd sit in and wail with the cats. Now there was a little chick by the name of Nelly Bly who used to hang out there on session nights. She really dug the sounds. A true music lover. In fact, she was even a subscriber to the Columbia LP Record Club, so you know she was down with the scene. She really got the message when Johnny blew that horn. She had big eyes for this boy.

*"This is the story of Frankie and Johnny. It's a pretty simple, everyday story of a girl, and a boy, and the other girl. In essence, the eternal triangle bit. Now Frankie was a real sharp chick — as sharp as they come. And Johnny was a real cool cat. Aside from being blessed with other talents, Johnny played the trombone and believe me this boy could really wail. Now Frankie and Johnny were lovers. Oh, Lordy, how they could love. They were to be true to each other, just as true as the stars above. He was her man, but he done her wrong. He goofed, but bad.*

*Now Frankie was really a most kindhearted chick and I mean she was really very generous when it came to spending her bread (money, that is) on Johnny. You might even say she was his sponsor. For instance, she sponsored him for some real game shoes (clothes, that is). You know, Ivy League, single breasted, three-button suits, with a single vent in the back, and the shirts with button-down collars and the narrow-tie bit. Not only that, but kindhearted as she was, she hailed to see him without wheels (transportation, that is). So she bought him a short (short being a more refined word for automobile, you know). Now this was not just an ordinary short, but the grooviest short you ever laid your eyes on: a solid white Chrysler Imperial with a spare tire in the rear deck. This boy Johnny was really living.*



On one such evening, by coincidence, of course, Frankie showed up on the scene looking for you know who. Her timing was slightly off, because Johnny was not on the premises, so she calmly cooled it over to the bar, ordered a couple of double vodka Martinis, and started soundering the bartender about the whereabouts of her wandering man. Now the bartender, being a helpful kind, offered some very pertinent information. Quote Mr. Bartender: 'Now I ain't gonna tell you no story, baby. I ain't gonna tell you no lie. Your Johnny was here about an hour ago, with a gal named Nelly Bly. He was your man, but he's doing you wrong.'



Well, sir, that's all Frankie had to hear. Bightested as she was, this was where she drew the line. She immediately split from the scene and made a stop at the nearest lock shop where she picked up on some hardware—the 32 calibre variety.

Frankie hailed a cab and headed for the local motel on the outskirts of town. When she arrived there, what do you think she saw? That's right, it was that solid white Chrysler Imperial with the spare tire in the rear deck. Now this was, of course, enough to make even the most trusting female suspicious. So Frankie lifted over to the door and although she heard the sweet strains of mood music emanating from the radio, she just couldn't convince herself that a music appreciation course was being conducted in there. So she calmly shot a few holes in the door and saved the rest for Johnny. 'Oh, roll me over easy. Oh, roll me over slow. Roll me over on my right side, hurry, where the bullets don't hurt me so. You've shot your man, 'cause he done you wrong.' Yep, this boy had had it. As the original version put it, this story has no moral, this story has no end, this story only goes to show, that if you're about to park your solid white Chrysler Imperial with a spare tire in the rear deck in front of some motel, you'd better make darn sure that you're checking in with your sponsor, dad.™



PRINCE and GLADIATOR

(continued from page 20)

him, don't you?"

"I like him. I like him fine."

In the ring, Pancho finished the workout, walked to the corner, took the headgear off, took a slug of water out of the taped bottle and spat it out in the funnel tied to the ring post. Al Swanson rubbed the vaseline off his face with a towel and massaged his back muscles in an absent-minded way. Buddy and Pete walked over to the corner.

"How's it feel, Gladiato?" asked Buddy.

"Fine, Mr. Tyler."

"Come on, Panch, knock it off. Don't Mr. Tyler me. We're partners, ain't we?"

"Sure, Buddy," said the fighter.

Al Swanson draped the towel around the fighter's shoulders.

"Go on in and get your shower."

Lopez climbed out of the ring and headed for the locker room. Buddy watched him go and was surprised to see the sweat running down the fighter's legs.

"He really got a workout," he said to Swanson.

"He's sharp. He'll kill the Polack tomorrow night."

"How'd you like the robe?"

"Like you say, Buddy, gorgeous."

"Mr. Perlmutter's got great taste. You really think he's gonna win?"

"Going away."

"How much is the purse?"

"Fifty bucks. That'll just about cover gym costs. But that's only the beginning, Buddy. You know the main thing we have to worry about this boy is not to get overconfident and carried away and overmatch him. I figure he'll be fighting semis in about two months. From there on the dough starts rolling in. Just don't get impatient, Buddy. A fighter's like a dame you're trying to make. You move too fast and you wind up shut out."

Buddy, Pete and Swanson toured the gym as they talked. Swanson pointed out other fighters and Buddy felt that none of them had that fine edge, that championship look that Lopez had. Swanson pointed out two boys skipping rope in the corner.

"That's Lindquist and Carroll, two of the fanciest kids in Pancho's division. We're not ready for them yet. Lindquist would jab Panch to death and Carroll can kill you in the belly. They're fighting the semi-windup tomorrow night. But one of these days we'll get both of them. When you see Pancho in the ring with those two you'll know it's because he's ready for them and you'll know that the gray train is about to pull into the station."

Lopez, his hair still wet from the

shower, joined them. Buddy put his arm around his waist and lifted him off the floor.

"How do you feel?" he asked.

"Great, Buddy. Great. Hungry as a horse."

"Well, let's take care of that," said Buddy. "I'll tell you what, let's the four of us go up to the Derby and eat."

Swanson begged off.

"That's swell of you, Buddy," said Pancho. "But I couldn't go to the Brown Derby like this."

"Nuts," said Buddy. "They got ties there for guys torn up without them. Besides I got a sports jacket in the car you can wear. Come on, how about it? A little pre-convicty dinner? OK?"

"OK?" he repeated.

"Anna's expecting me home to eat," said Pancho.

"Call her. Tell her to meet us at the Derby."

"She's got supper all cooked. Thanks anyway, Buddy, but some other time. OK?"

"Sure. Some other time," said Buddy.

"I'll go pick up the car and meet you downstairs," said Pete and walked away.

"Listen," said Buddy. "Tomorrow night. Let's have a big victory blowout. Just the four of us. You and Anna, me and Pete. I'll make the reservation. Where would you like to go?"

"Diosa Cosuello's at the Crescendo. Anna's very fond of her. Could we go there?"

"You bet we could. I'll have Pete make the reservation. Ringside. We'll have a big feed. You're the first four rounder, so you'll go on at 8:50. Figure it takes a minute and a half for the introductions and the instructions. It'll take you probably another minute to knock the Polack out. Figure we get out of the Legion by nine easy. We'll make a reservation for 9:50. OK? Our first victory celebration."

"Suppose I get licked?"

"Come on, Panch. Come off it. You're my gladiator, ain't you? I'm the bravest movie star since Errol Flynn, ain't I? My gladiator always wins. Right?"

Lopez smiled.

"Right," he said.

"Come on," said Buddy. "Let's get out of here. I'll drive you home."

"I can take a bus, Buddy."

"Come off it. Me and Pete have nothing to do anyway. Besides I want to meet this Anna of yours that keeps you away from all the available quail in this town."

"That'd be great, Buddy."

They waved to Swanson who was standing at the snack bar drinking a container of coffee and walked down the concrete stairs to the street. Pete

was parked at the curb behind the wheel of the Porsche. They crowded into it and Pancho gave Pete directions. Pete revved up the motor and they took off in a cloud of high-test gasoline fumes.

"How'd you like the robe, kid?" asked Buddy.

"Great. Just wonderful."

"Swanson tell you you're going to work as my stand-in on the picture?"

"He told me. I'm scared stiff. What do I know about the movie business?"

"What does he know?" asked Pete. "This world famous movie star sitting next to you probably knows less about the movie business than anybody his size and weight in the state of California."

"There's nothing to it, Panch," said Buddy. "When the director is setting up the cameras and the lights for the next take you just stand in where I'll be when they start shooting and they can arrange their lights and . . . Christ, I don't know what they do. Anyway, all you do is stand where the director tells you to stand and do what he tells you to do."

"The secret of Buddy Tyler's success," said Pete.

"Knock it off, Pete. How'd you get into fighting in the first place, Panch?"

"Same way you got into the movies, Bud," said Pete. "He met a fairy lush in a bar who told him he was pretty."

"I told you to knock it off, Pete. One more wisecrack and I'll knock your teeth down your throat."

"You and what stunt man?"

"Me and my gladiator."

"That's different," said Pete.

"I started fighting in the army," said Pancho. "I was 18 and I'd never even had a fist fight in school. But I was stuck in this camp in Texas and there was nothing to do so I started hanging around the gym. The first thing I knew I was in the ring."

"How'd you do?"

"I won the camp championship. Then when I got out and me and Anna got married I went to work in the furniture warehouse. It was tough going for a while and without saying anything to Anna I started hanging around the gym on my day off, sparring, working out. Al saw me and I wound up in the Amateurs. I used to knock the watches I won. Anna didn't know anything about it. She got awful quiet and had that kind-hair look she gets on her face. I guess she figured all the time I was spending from home I was mixed up with some other dame. Finally I had to tell her. She took it pretty hard."

"Didn't want you getting banged up?"

"Something like that. But she admitted we needed the extra dough. Then

(continued on page 30)



*you can tell more about a girl by her signature than you can by her kiss*

**G**ENTLEMEN, IT'S TRUE. Women are difficult creatures to understand. Show me, if you can, the man who is truly capable of asaying whether her "no" means "no" or "maybe," whether the miss in question really digs you the most, as her words so artfully claim, whether she's cooperative, gullible, a blabbermouth, possessive, demanding, or a pretty sincere egg beneath it all.

Ever since Aag, Miss Paleolithic, swore to her swain that his was the only bearskin for her, males have searched for a sure-fire method of double-checking the sweet talk that tumbled from the young lady's moist lips. Unhappily, there are precious few ways to get through to the core: her facial expressions give little indication of fact or fic-

**By DOROTHY SARA, PRESIDENT,  
AMERICAN GRAPHOLOGICAL SOCIETY**

tion, her tone of voice doesn't betray the inner workings of her mind, her gestures tip you off not-at-all. True, a lie detector is a handy gadget when horrid doubt intrudes, but few pony tails care to strap themselves into such a rig during the ordinary course of pursuit. What is left? Her handwriting is left, and handwriting tells you everything you want to know.

The professional handwriting expert, or graphologist, need only see a few lines of chicken scratchings to know pretty well whether the pen-wielder is a persistent liar, a hopelessly insecure child, a tight-lipped ascetic who frowns

on all forms of fun, or—on the other hand—a pretty free-living, independent girl who knows exactly what, and whom, she wants. There is nothing in the least mysterious about such deductions: handwriting is an unconscious expression of personality, and the signs are there for anyone equipped to read them. The graphologist is steeped in the rules of measuring form, size, style, pressure and scores of other pretty accurate indications of inner personality that appear in handwriting, and all of it is based on sound scientific principles.

Can anyone analyze handwriting? Sure, within limits. You don't have to be "born with a gift" and there's certainly nothing occult about it, as some quacks have led us to believe. While

each handwriting sample is as distinctively individual as a set of fingerprints, and thus requires specific know-how for a complete analysis, there are some solid and trustworthy rules that enable you to tell a good deal about the people around you, male or female.

Consider, for example, the vital "I love you" declaration. If you have it in writing, you have not only the basis—in some states—for a jolly heart-balm suit, but you also have a laboratory specimen for a sincerity test. Attend:

If the "I" is written too large in proportion to the rest of the specimen, the girl, you may be sure, has a king-size ego. She wants to be noticed by everybody—and that includes the rest of the wretches at the cocktail party to which you, and you alone, have brought her.

If the "I" is small, you may have an uninflated ego with which to contend, a shy, retiring violet whom you'll be forever dragging around by the hand. If the "I" is written with flourishes and adornments, it indicates concern with nonessentials: this is a girl who'll want you to remember and fuss over the anniversaries of your first date, your first kiss, the first time you heard "our song," her birthday and all the rest of the romantic milestones. The plain and simple "I" (sometimes printed) signifies a girl unimpressed with superficial manifestations but truly interested in you.

You won't make so much as a dent in the feelings of the big "I" girl if you neglect her: her ego will prompt her to drop you and pick up someone else. But the writer of the small modest "I" may easily be hurt if your promises aren't valid ones. When she loves she becomes idealistically involved and doesn't play the field. Be on guard! don't promise her anything you don't mean to deliver.

I love you

She loves herself.

I love you

She loves you.

I love you!

She's the good sport who likes your mind as well as heart.

Will she blab about your bedroom capers? It's easy to find out. Look at the tops of the letters "o" and "a" and "g." They will be open, shut or knotted—

looped. If they're open, you have a gullible type, one who is going to believe everything you tell her—and she is also going to tell her best girlfriends everything you said and everything you did. If you like that form of advertising, OK. Otherwise . . .

If the examples of "o" and "a" and "g" are closed, the writer may not believe everything you tell her, or even *such* that you tell her, but she'll be reasonably discreet, too. You're fairly safe with her. The girl who makes the letters "o" and "a" and "g" look as if they were bundles she'd tied and knotted at the top—this is the girl who will shrewdly and coldly evaluate everything you say to her, and keep it to herself; she won't tell a thing to you or to anyone else, and she may turn out to be possessive and jealous in the extreme.

or am be

Blubbermouth, gullible.

or am be

Careful, considerate.

or am be

Skeptical, tight-lipped.

There are other good indications of discretion. Size of writing is one. If the letter formations are large and rounded the writer has a cooperative spirit, and while she may be susceptible to the suggestion of an affair, she really has a wedding ring in mind. Small, angular writing belongs to the appraising, critical type; you'll never really know her. Incidentally, this girl prefers to do some of the wooing herself, so don't pursue her too hard, let her do enough of the chasing to keep her happy. This is a possessive person, jealous, but romantically interesting all the same, if only because she comes to quick decisions. If you're going to score with her, you won't have to waste much time in preliminaries, and despite her possessiveness you'll suffer no post-mortems if it all ends early.

When the word formations begin fairly sizably but taper off to small, indistinct formations you've met the arch diplomat. You'll notice that she talks fluently and convincingly and promises nothing. You'll have to be most persuasive, most skillful, to succeed with this girl, and if you do win, it will be because she feels surrender is a smart move on her part, a *quid pro quo*. In other words, the bill comes later.

The opposite formation is easy to remember: when the words begin with

small strokes and grow larger toward the end you have a girl who will be easy to persuade, easy to manage. But she is immature, indiscreet and quite likely to demonstrate near-hysteria if things don't go the way she expects. No matter what her chronological age, she's a child.

my heart

Cooperative, easy to know.

my heart

Critical, discreet.

my heart

Diplomat, talks but says nothing.

hello you

Young at heart, indiscreet.

So much for preliminaries, the peripheral indices. Is she a warm and passionate person, or is she cold, indifferent, a master of the still-arms? Men't will tell most. (If the girl is left-handed, however, this factor requires expert interpretation.) Does her handwriting tip to the right, is it vertical or backward or does it change about? Here's a simple chart:



A—Affectionate, congenial, but not to be rushed. *Patience does it.*

B—Emotional, ardent, often impatient, and likely to attack you.

C—Her mind tries to rule her heart, she hesitates to embark on an affair, but she will.

D—Repressed personality, but once the wall is breached a flood of emotion will rush out. *Not easy to understand.*

E—I.Q. (Intelligence Quotient) and E.Q. (Emotional Quotient) in balance. Mildly affectionate. *Not interested in romance for romance's sake. A relationship must pay off for this girl, and preferably in a sound marriage.*

The loops of the letters "y" and "g" (concluded on page 76)

## THE GOURMET BIT

*gear and gadgets for the bachelor's buffet*



**T**HE MAN with an eye for the niceties of living invariably does a certain amount of his entertaining at home in his bachelor quarters. And if he has a real flair for it—if he is just as assured and authoritative about dining at home as he is when it comes to ordering a just-right dinner from a *cote du joni* written in French script—he presides over the occasion himself.

This does not mean that he'll leave his date perusing his bookshelves while he copes with pots and pans in his kitchen. It does not mean—when he has a few pals over for a buffet dinner before going out for the evening—that he'll ask them to perch on kitchen stools while he mashes the potatoes. That's woman's work. But just as surely as women generally outrank men in culinary experience, so men, traditionally, dominate gourmet cooking and gourmet din-

*From the left, on the food bar: the lidded, gleaming copper trivet with long-stemmed serving ladle stands on walnut and copper trivet with spirit lamp to keep your peasant soups, stews or curry dishes at piping serving temperature; beside it a matching double chafing dish for, for instance, spaghetti and meat boils. Within the copper shells are stove-top pans of aluminum which slip in and out with ease. The trivet \$25, the chafing dish \$30. In front of the chafing dish is an elegant imported garlic press, \$2. The inlaid walnut salad bowl is big and beautiful, shows its good looks with the handled salt and pepper shakers in solid walnut, \$20 for the boy and \$4 for the condiment set. Individual non-sized pepper mill of rosewood with brass finish on its top is \$15. Those wine and spirit flacons hanging on their black leather straps at the left are of porcelain, come labeled for burgundy, white wine, red wine, brandy and sherry, give the final flavoring of foods an appropriate flourish. On the right, a hanging seasoning shelf to match. Both are Japanese imports, the bottles at \$3.50 each, the seasoning shelf with jars at \$13. Hanging beside the forearm print is a pair of imported German poultry shears with luxurious grips, razor sharp so you can joint a bird without mutilating crisp skin or tender meat, \$8.*

*modern living*



ing. The great chefs and the great *bon vivants* are testimony to it.

Whether the initial preparation of the repast is done by an occasional maid or a manservant, the master of the house will make the salad dressing on the spot, will season the sauce, will flame and flavor the crepes suzette, will bestow on

every dish the final touch which gives elegance, grace and importance to informal and intimate dining. And to do so, he'll have the equipment to go with his masterful flourishes. Not for him the embellished and decorated gear that floods the shops and warms the heart of the housewife. The gourmet uses hand-

somely wrought, masculine gadgetry, functional ware that's fine-lined and clean limbed, that gleams with the colors of polished metal and oiled hardwoods, man-sized gear that fits his hand as felicitously as it does its job.

With accoutrements like those shown on these pages, the gourmet's buffet din-



*In the usual order: a new, copper-based Osterizer now available with fast and slow settings and a snug-fitting lid that won't go zizzing into space — just right for whisking up all manner of stuppies or a never-fail hollandaise, about \$55. Beside it, the Sunbeam automatic fry pan, whose dial pre-determines correct cooking temperatures, makes the breakfast-after the party bit a kitchenless pleasure, about \$23. For heartier fare, try a casserole, the Dutch oven imported from France by Le Creuset is ruddily rugged, \$10.95. The Japanese semi-free form oil and vinegar cruetes and the hanging spice shelf above them are handsome adjuncts to the buffet's preparation, at \$11 for the cruet pair, \$5.50 the spice set. Alongside these — some handsome, icetele carving gear by Gerber, made entirely of fine carbon steel. Carver, slicer and long-tined fork come nested in a walnut box (not shown) at \$32.50; the incredibly long slicer above the spice shelf and threatening the hanging provolone has its own walnut scabbard, \$20 complete. Spanning these pages is an outsize four-compartment hors d'oeuvre or snack server which looks like satin-finished hardwood but is molded plastic, bright and virtually indestructible, \$30. Nested in the third compartment are Danish hard-nylon servers, \$5 the pair.*

*Generations of the world's great chefs have concurred that heavy copper saucepans and skillets with pure tin lining, can't be improved upon for certain types of food preparation, thanks to their uniform heating, their ability to maintain even temperatures, and the fact that foods rarely stick to them. As often happens with functionally evolved gear, they're also decorative as all get-out. Four such hang by their handles across these pages, from left to right: saucepan and high-walled oval skillet, both by Country Kitchen; the former is perfect for vegetables, the latter fine for shirred eggs or a prize trout, \$12.50 and \$21.00 respectively. Next in line is an omelette pan — reserved exclusively for that function and never scouted — by Jeune, \$9.50. The big, flat disc of a skillet at the end is for crepes suzette, French or German pancakes, or blinis to be eaten with caviar; by Country Kitchen, about \$16. That complicated-looking doohickiy with the cups on its base is an imported Italian electric espresso machine. Load it with water and dark-roasted Italian coffee, plug it in and it generates a head of steam which is forced through the grounds to emerge as a heady brew from the twin spouts. One filling makes exactly two demitasses; serve with cognac or calvados. The machine, sans cups and cognac, \$30.*

nets and weekend brunches become very personal masterpieces. They are, for the most part, one-dish meals as Thomas Mario would make them: stews, peasant soups affo white chunks of meat or sausage, magnificent salads, chiles, shrimps in incredible sauces, omelettes, spaghetti and meat balls—all served, supervised

and given their special air by the deft hand of the gourmet host.

You will notice, too, that thanks to the aids here assembled, there's no necessity for an imperious call to the table just when one more cocktail for the girl in the picture is indicated.

Here, then, is a sampling of the kind

of gear the gourmet will call his own. It is a tasteful blending of the highly modern with the proven provincial—your true gourmet would no more use an ornamented saucepan than a gas ring rather than a spirit lamp to keep his fondue hot. This is man's stuff, for a man's world of gourmandise. **E**



Just as self-contained electric cooking ware frees buffet dining from the tyranny of the kitchen, so do electric warmers and keepers liberate host and guest from the imperative of felling to eat as soon as food is ready. Two such gustatory aids, in good-looking off-white china, are shown here. The hatted chunky one is a bean pot, equally suitable for, say, curried shrimps or any other edible you want to keep hot till served. The other is a copacious coffee urn with cup-height spigot, ideal for long, leisurely Sunday breakfasts. Nifty, too, for iced tea or hot clam broth. The vessels lift off their heating trivets. Legs are tall enough to protect any surface from heat damage. \$17 for each. A matching sauce boat (not shown) is \$12. That formidable monolithic hunk of hardwood standing between pot and urn is a gourmet gadget that combines eye appeal, ingenuity and usefulness. Pick it up by the base and rotate the shaft to grind pepper; turn it over to shake salt from the top, \$10. Moving to the far right, the laminated hardwood chopping block with thonged handle for hanging is handy for slicing meats and fruits, doubles as a cheese server, costs \$3. The wicked-looking stainless steel cleaver leaning against it is made by Dexter, \$5.50. Use it to split a whole lobster. Or—dramatically—to halve an apple.

In striking and complimentary contrast to the traditional French copperware is a new line of totally modern serving equipment made of an aluminum alloy which has a soft, rich lustre not unlike that of well-handled antique sterling. The magnificent platter-server standing behind the pepper-and-salt mill typifies the functional-sculptural group. Use it to serve cold cuts, poached salmon, long-speared asparagus hollandaise, an aspic or young and tender long-leaved sorrel with an oil and vinegar dressing, \$36. Hanging beside the platter and showing its modeled elegance are fork-and-spoon servers, \$12 the pair. The teardrop bowl of the same material has a satisfying heft to it, despite the lightness of the alloy, because of the solid thickness of its walls. Use it for fruit, for chips, for an avocado and grapefruit salad with Roquefort dressing, \$25. Far right: covered casserole in a triple blend of color and texture—copper vessel, brass cover, walnut handles. A serving—not a cooking—casserole, this one's just right for parsley potatoes or a stew, \$39.50.

For information on where you may purchase any of the merchandise shown on these pages, write to Janet Pilgrim, Playboy Reader Service, 232 East Ohio, Chicago 11, Illinois.

## PRINCE and GLADIATOR

(continued from page 21)

Al Swanson talked me into turning pro. That's it."

"How long you been married, kid?"

"Three years."

"You never stepped off the reservation?"

"Never what?"

"You know... had some other dame."

"No," said Pancho. "Never. Why would I want another woman? I have Anna."

"This one I have to see," said Buddy.

"What's Anna like, Pancho?"

"Anna? I've known her since we were seven years old. She's... I don't know how to say it. She's Anna."

"You dig her the most."

"Yeah," said Pancho Lopez. "I dig her the most. I couldn't think of being alive without Anna."

Pancho Lopez said this with such quiet dignity and sincerity that neither Buddy nor Pete made any comment. The three of them rode in silence. The neighborhood began to change for the worse. The shams of Los Angeles are, perhaps, no worse than the shams of any other large city. Maybe the climate and the palm trees just make them seem grubbier, meaner and more unpleasant.

The Porsche pulled up in front of a ruse-down frame building and was immediately surrounded by a group of curious children.

"You better sit in the car and guard the hub caps," said Buddy as he and Pancho got out.

"Please," said Pancho. "Could you and Pete come in and have supper with us? I'm sure Anna could make something for all of us."

"Thanks, kid, but we'd better run along. I'd just like to meet your wife and say hello. After all, we're gonna be close friends from now on, the four of us."

Buddy followed Pancho up the porch steps and through the door into a long, dark hallway. At the end of it they walked into a kitchen. Anna was standing at the stove. She turned when she heard the footsteps. When she saw Pancho her face lit up and she smiled. It was the warmest, most wonderful smile Buddy had ever seen. Her skin was dark, her black hair was long and the smile exposed two rows of white brilliant teeth. The smile lit Anna's whole face and she took a step forward toward Pancho. As she did, she noticed Buddy standing behind him. She paused and the smile disappeared. It was replaced by a nervous, sly grin.

Pancho went to her, put his arm around her and kissed her.

"This is Buddy Tyler, Anna. He wanted to meet you."

"Hello, Anna," said Buddy. He unleashed the smile that had decorated a

dozen fan magazine covers. "It's very nice to meet you."

"Anna," said Pancho. "He's heard me talking about you all the way home and he said he had to come in and see such a woman."

"Such a sight, you mean. Look at me," she said, wiping her hands on the dish towel and pushing her hair back from her forehead.

"Why didn't you tell me you were bringing somebody home, Pancho? It isn't fair to walk in like this..."

Her voice was low and soft and though the words she was saying were critical words there wasn't the slightest hint of annoyance in them. She smiled again, like a little girl suddenly remembering her company manners. She came forward and extended her hand to Buddy Tyler.

"It's very nice to meet you, Mr. Tyler."

"Buddy."

"We see you very often in the movies, Buddy. My, you're brave."

"I have the bravest writers in town, Anna."

"Would you stay for supper?" asked Anna. "There's more than enough for another one."

"Thank you very much but I have to run along. I just wanted to see this woman Pancho's been bragging about. Pancho, you're a lucky guy."

"I know," said Pancho. He said it with complete certainty.

Anna smiled. There was no coquettishness in it.

"You should hear me talk about him, sometimes," she said.

Pancho and Anna held hands without self-consciousness and stood looking at Buddy.

"Well, I gotta run. Listen, tomorrow night, after the fight we celebrate. Anna, do you go to see Pancho fight?"

"No. I never go."

"You gotta break that rule when he fights for the championship."

"When he fights for the championship," said Anna, "maybe I'll break that rule."

"We'll pick you up here after the fight. Nice to have met you."

"Nice to have met you," she said.

When he got back to the car, Pete had three kids sitting with him.

"The only way I could keep them from walking off with the motor."

Pete pushed the kids out and Buddy climbed in. Pete put the car in gear and drove away and headed for the freeway entrance.

"How was she?" Pete asked.

"Anna? My gladiator is a lucky boy. If I had something like that under contract I'd be home at seven every night."

"For a week."

"But what a week."

"Stacked?" asked Pete.

"Now, how about that? I haven't the faintest idea. When was the last time I didn't notice how a broad was stacked? She has the damndest face you've ever seen. I never got past her face. Her hair kept falling over her face... the blackest, thickest, sexiest goddamned hair you've ever seen. She's something. Well, if old Pancho's too pooped to throw a punch tomorrow night I wouldn't blame him a bit. And speaking of noon, what's on the schedule for tonight?"

"I thought you were in training."

"You mean you didn't see anything up?"

"You said yourself, you gotta get in training for the new movie."

"You didn't set up anything?"

"Relax, stallion. I'll call when we get back to the house. I didn't know whether you'd feel like sports tonight."

"I always feel like sports. Listen, Pete... when you call, see if there's anything dark with lots of black hair and big fat white teeth."

"You make it sound interesting. Maybe I'll just order two like that."

"You will like hell. Get yourself a blonde."

"But, Buddy boy, you sold me."

"Cut it out," said Buddy. "I'm serious. I said you get yourself a blonde."

Pete knew he was serious and let the subject drop.

\* \* \*

Saturday night, Buddy and Pete got to the Legion at six o'clock and sat in the dressing room with Pancho giving him advice, encouragement and instructions.

Pete surprised everybody by presenting Pancho with a pair of white silk trunks to match the robe. Stitched on the side in black thread was the legend, "The Gladiator." Buddy sent a corsage to Anna with a note saying, "In honor of our first victory, with love from the Prince to the Gladiator's wife."

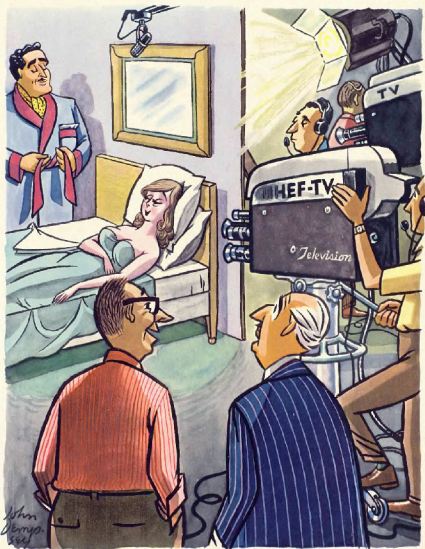
By eight, they had fought the fight 10 times in the dressing room. Al Swanson finally asked Buddy and Pete to leave. "You're raking the kid nervous," he said. "It's only a four rounder. You guys act like it's the seventh game of the World Series."

"Don't bring me down," said Buddy to Al.

"I'm not bringing anybody down. My job is taking care of the fighter. I'm telling you you're making him nervous. Besides, I want to talk to you about what you should do in his corner."

Al, Pete and Buddy stood in the corridor outside the dressing room while Pancho stretched out on the rubbering table and snoozed.

(continued overleaf)



*"When television grows up, we're going to be ready."*

## PRINCE and GLADIATOR

(continued from page 19)

"Listen," said Al. "Don't get any fancy ideas about playing second, Buddy. First of all you don't have no second because: You're just there to pull the stool out at the beginning of the round and put it in the ring at the end. And hands off the kid between rounds. If you don't know what you're doing, you can rub the wrong muscle and tighten him up. And above all, if the kid gets cut don't lay a finger on him."

"What do you mean, cut?" asked Buddy. "Who's gonna cut my gladiator?"

"The Polack's a chopper," said Al. "The kid can get cut up a little in the early rounds. Just relax. Guts look a bit worse than they really are. By the third round Panch will get the range and start throwing in the bombs."

"OK, I got it."

The Legion attendant came down and told them they were on.

Buddy put on the turtle-neck sweater with "Pancho Lopez" written across the back of it. Pete left to get into his seat at ringside.

Buddy was more excited walking down the aisle toward the ring than he had ever been in his life. The crowd gave a roar when they recognized him. He smiled and clasping his hands over his head gave the traditional fighter salute. Pancho climbed through the ropes and sat quietly on the stool. Al Swanson was massaging his neck muscles through the robe and talking to him quietly. Across the ring, Alex Ozmanski, the opponent, came in and knelt in front of the stool and crossed himself. The referee called them to the center of the ring and gave them their instructions. Buddy didn't hear a word of them. He was looking at the lights overhead and at the smoke-filled interior of the arena. His heart was pounding and his mouth felt dry.

They walked back to their corner. Al and Buddy climbed through the ropes and stood on the apron. Al slid the robe off Pancho's shoulder and patted him on the back. Buddy hit him on the arm. The crowd roared when they recognized it as one of Buddy's manerisms on the screen.

"Remember," said Buddy. "Remember, you're my gladiator. Kill him for me."

Pancho smiled a grotesque smile through his mouthpiece and pushed his gloves together, poised, waiting for the bell. The bell rang and Buddy and Al dropped to the arena floor and poked their heads through the ropes.

Buddy pulled the stool out of the ring and Pancho bounced to the center to meet his opponent.

"Kill him," said Buddy, to himself. Al Swanson riveted his eyes on the two

fighters and watched carefully.

Ozmanski landed the first punch, a light jab to the mouth. Pancho danced around him, shuffling his feet. He feinted and moved counterclockwise around Ozmanski. For a minute and a half nothing even remotely resembling a punishing blow was struck and the crowd started to stamp its feet and clap its hands in rhythm. The fighters clinched and Ozmanski wrestled Lopez to the ropes. He landed lefts and rights to the stomach and stepped back and landed a sharp right cross under Pancho's right eye. Blood poured out of the gash. Pancho wiped it away with his glove. The sight of blood stopped the stamping and the clapping. One leather-lunged fan in the balcony got a big laugh.

"Gladiator? He's a Gladys."

The laugh turned into a shout as Pancho feinted Ozmanski off balance and landed a combination high on the head. Ozmanski moved back and Pancho stalked him. A right to the body and a left to the jaw sent Ozmanski back against the ropes. Pancho looked him over coolly and carefully and exploded a combination on the head that started Ozmanski down. As he fell, Pancho stepped back and landed a hard right on the side of the face. Ozmanski fell on his face. It was obvious that no count was necessary. Ozmanski was out cold. Buddy climbed into the ring and lifted Pancho off his feet. Al Swanson wrapped the robe around his shoulder and wrapped a towel over his head. Ozmanski's seconds were lifting him to his feet and carrying him to his corner. He sprawled on the chair, glassy-eyed as the doctor examined him. Lopez got off his stool and walked over, leaned his head in and saw that Ozmanski was starting to come out of it.

"What's your name?" the doctor asked.

"Ozmanski, Alex Ozmanski."

"What day is it?"

"Saturday."

"What round?"

"I don't know."

The ring announcer reached for the mike hanging from the ceiling. "The time: two minutes, 12 seconds of the first round. The winner by a knockout, Pancho Lopez . . ."

The crowd roared its approval. Pancho acknowledged it by holding his right hand aloft. Buddy joined him and held his right hand aloft.

In the dressing room afterwards, Al examined the cut under Pancho's eye. It was really only a scratch but the eye was beginning to puff and the first yellow and black streaks of a mouse began appearing. He put a piece of adhesive tape over the cut and sent Pancho into the shower.

"How about that?" asked Buddy. "Tell the truth, Pete, ain't he gorgeous?"

"I tell you the truth," said Pete. "He is gorgeous."

"He is much fighter," said Buddy. "He's the nuts."

"How about it, Al?" he asked. "He was great, wasn't he?"

"I told you," said Al. "The best prospect I ever seen."

"The picture starts shooting Monday. They got a gym out at E.A. We can work out there on the lunch break. He can do his read work on the back lot. How about his next fight? When does he fight again?"

"I'll talk in them about it Monday. We're not going to have any trouble getting him fights," said Al. "Not after tonight. The crowd loved him. You went over big, too."

"Sure," said Pete. "He always goes over big."

"Knock it off," said Buddy. "Come on, Panch. Come on. We gotta go pick up Anna."

Pancho came out of the shower and put on his shorts and sat down to put on his shoes and socks.

"What a party we're gonna have," said Buddy. "What a celebration. Hey, Al, you wanna come along?"

"Thanks," said Al, who'd been mad because he hadn't been invited. "I gotta hit the pad. I'm pooped."

"You're pooped?" said Pete. "Who did you lick tonight?"

"You," said Al, "if you don't shut your big mouth."

Pancho finished dressing and ran a comb through his hair.

"Come on," said Buddy. "Let's go pick up Anna."

Al was filling a TWA flight bag with Pancho's mouthpiece, towel and ring shoes. His robe and socks were laid out with his trunks on top of a cardboard suitcase. Pete folded them and put them inside. He took the flight bag from Swanson, picked up the suitcase in the other hand and headed for the door. Buddy and Pancho followed him. They waved to Swanson. "Sure you don't want to tie one on with us?" asked Buddy.

"I think I'll go back up and watch the rest of the card," said Al. "Maybe the kid's next opponent is fighting one of the other fones."

The trip to Pancho's place was loud and hilarious. Pancho took more of a beating from Buddy's affectionate jabs on the arm than he'd taken from his ring opponent. By the time the car pulled up in front of the ramshackle frame house all three of them were laughing over nothing in particular. It was one of those evenings when almost

(continued on page 16)



humor BY LAWRENCE DURRELL

## THE BLOOPER GIRLS

*they kept the flag flying and the wedding bells ringing*

"Of course if there had been any justice in the world," said Burrows, depressing his cheeks grimly, "if we ourselves had shown any degree of responsibility, the two old ladies would have been minced, would have been incinerated. Their ashes would have been trampled into some Serbian field or scattered in the sea off some Dalmatian island, like Dool or Snoot. Or they would have been sold into slavery to the Bogomils. Or just simply crept up on

*(continued on page 58)*

attire By BLAKE RUTHERFORD

# COUNTY FARE

*casual elegance for the bright brisk days*

**C**OMING UP: those fine fall days. There'll be a nip in the air, red-and-gold pallets daubed on the trees, a pleasant hint of wood smoke on the crisp autumn breeze—all of which spells football games, country weekends, and all the other hottest time pleasures that take a man out of town. It's a wonderful time to pile in the Porsche and whisk out to the countryside to poke around those auctions held in the old barns, visit the county fair or look in on the local sports car rally, skeet shoot or horse show. And there is a kind of elegant, casual clothing to go with the atmosphere. This year's crop of sartorial suggestions is unusually stimulating, and the big news is in sweaters—heavyweight, lightweight, bright in color or richly dark—often replacing jackets for casual ease. Cardigans are going great guns: finespun alpaca with big sleeves that allow you plenty of swing-space for active sports, or heavier ones, striped and piped with color, or sleeveless ones for wear under your jacket. Cashmeres still rate high, but luxury lurks too in the shetlands, lambs' wool and orlon knits as well.

In jackets, there are the bold district-checks cut in a slanted-pocket, nipped-waistline model patterned after the classic hacking coat favored by horsemen. In slacks, the long-standing ubiquity of gray flannel is giving way to lovat tones and other greens. Coscentry shirts, too, come out with rich autumn colorings and patterns applied to the standard button-down: gold, assorted greens, fireman's red, lively stripes, plaids and checks. You can spot these features yourself in the photos at the right, snapped at Ward Acres Farms, a showplace but also a working farm where fine horses are bred and trained for the show ring. It's precisely the sort of setting for the high, wide, handsomely turned-out life you'll be leading this fall—just 45 minutes from Broadway.







PHOTOGRAPHS BY MILTON GREENE



*Left: swinging on the pasture gate at Ward Acres Farm, the fall fashion news is anything but on the fence — sweaters are swell for all at-race occasions. Things are looking up for the guy looking up: Catalina's alpaca low-buttoned cardigan, \$29.95, worn with a checked button-down shirt by Gant, \$8.95, and Dunlee whipcord slacks, \$11.95. The lad brown-to-brown with the brunette sports a bulky-knit pull-over with double-thick V-neck by Activau, \$19.50, and a foulard-point tie by Liberty of London, \$1. Helping to impress the blonde are a soft cashmere job by Alan Paine of Godalming, \$37.50, worn over a Van Heusen brushed-cotton plaid shirt, \$3, and Bachrach's knit-silk tie, \$3.50. Top left: horsing around with one of Ward Acres' thoroughbred buckeye ponies, the three presettlers have donned, from the left, a sports jacket of natural-stone striped Scottish shetland by Linoetti, \$49.50, over a lamb's wool sweater with crew neck, \$14.95, and slacks of buggy-ship worn by Corbin, \$28; (center) Isoul's sweater-shirt of tie-print wool jersey, \$18.95, and a Pioneer side-link belt, \$1.50; (right) Puritan's cable-knit, crew-neck pull-over, \$20, worn with Corbin flannel slacks, \$23. Top right: eminently jacketed for a fast ramble across the Farm's gravelled stableyard (the cocktail call just awarded), the fellow on the left wears Norford's district-check sport coat with hocking (slanting) pockets, \$55, Norford slacks, \$20, a Cox Moore sweater vest, \$16, and a Tucker necktie of striped India silk, \$3. The other guy making time prefers E. S. Deau's olive-brown imported shetland jacket, \$60, an antique gold oxford shirt by Marlboro, \$5, and a Bachrach rep tie, \$2.50; his bluchers are by Clarks of England, imported by Tom Austin, N.Y., \$14.95.*



## PRINCE and GLADIATOR

(continued from page 32)

anything was guaranteed to be the funniest joke in the world. As Pete slid the car into the curb, Pancho leaped out, without opening the door, reached in the back for his suitcase and flight bag and started running toward the house.

"Hey," yelled Buddy. "Wait a minute. Wait for the Prince."

"We'll be right out," yelled Pancho, and disappeared into the house.

"How about that?" asked Buddy. "What's his hurry?"

"Did it ever occur to you," asked Pete, "that he wants to see his wife?"

"Sure. Did it ever occur to you I might want to see his wife, too?"

"It occurred to me," said Pete.

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"Come off it, Buddy."

"Come off nothing. Don't give me a hard time. You got something to say, say it."

"And have you tell me I'm trying to bring you down? Have you tell me it's none of my business? Have you remind me I'm one of the hired help?"

"You haven't seen her."

"All right. I haven't seen her. Forget it."

"What's taking him so goddamned long?"

"He's only been gone a couple of minutes."

"I'm not gonna make a move, Pete. I can look, can't I? Didn't you ever look without touching?"

"Sure. I did. When did you?"

"All right. Forget it."

"She's Pancho's wife. She's crazy about him. You said so yourself."

"Then what are you worrying about?"

"Me? I'm not worrying about a thing. But if I had a yen for the wife of a guy who hits as hard as your gladiator, I'd be worried silly. I'd put a couple of state lines between me and a dame like that."

"Well, you're not me."

"Every night when I say my prayers, that's one of the things I'm grateful for. I'm not you. I'm just Pete the Mooch. Pete the Stooge. I'm the Prince's jester and I haven't even seen the Gladiator's wife."

"You will in a minute. Take a good look and see if you still want to put a couple of state lines between you."

"Why wouldn't you let me bring a couple of dames along tonight? It's crazy, the two of us and the two of them."

"What's crazy about it?"

"Did it ever occur to you they might want to be alone tonight?"

"Did it ever occur to you they may be glad to be out with us, going to a night club, living it up? Did it ever

occur to you we got a right to celebrate the fight tonight with them?"

"OK, Bernie."

"I told you before, cut out that Bernie stuff."

"I used to like Bernie a lot. He was a nice guy."

"Come on, Pete. Cut it out. Put the needles away. All of a sudden you make a federal case out of it. So she's a nice kid and I like her. What am I. Jack the Ripper?"

"Yeah. Prince Jack the Ripper, boy movie star."

The door to the house opened and Anna and Pancho came out. Pancho had changed his clothes and was wearing a blue serge suit, a white shirt and a dark tie. Anna was wearing Buddy's corsage on her shoulder. She wore a black dress with a square neckline and a pearl choker. She looked wonderful.

"Like the planes over LaGuardia on a cloudy day," whispered Pete. "Stacked."

"Cut it out," said Buddy and got out and opened the door. He put his hand out and Anna took it.

"Hello, Buddy," she said.

"I brought him back to you in one piece, didn't I? Did you see it on TV?"

"No. My neighbor told me about it. He's good, isn't he?"

"The greatest," said Buddy. "Hey, you haven't met Pete. Anna, Pete. Pete, Anna."

"Hello," said Pete.

"Hello, Pete," said Anna.

Buddy held the door open and Pancho and Anna got into the back seat of the convertible. Buddy got in the front and they drove off.

The Crescendo was crowded but the four of them were ushered through the ropes at the door, past the crowd waiting for tables and shown to a ring-side table. Anna loved the show. She had two Scotchies and got a case of the giggles. When the show ended and the dancing started, she and Pancho excused themselves and danced a creditable rumba. When they got back to the table, Diana Costello was sitting at the table talking to Pete and Buddy. They were old friends. Diana looked at Anna, who was staring at her.

"Very nice, Buddy," she said. "You always have good taste."

"She's Pancho's wife," said Buddy introducing them.

Diana and Anna hit it off immediately. They started speaking Spanish to each other.

After Diana excused herself to get ready for the next show, Buddy turned to Anna.

"You're quite a rumba dancer," he said.

"Pretty good," she said and giggled.

"She won cups," said Pancho. "Before we were married, she won cups."

"I believe it," said Pete.

"It's not hard to dance it," said Anna. "You don't rumba?" she asked Pete.

"I don't even walk so good," he said.

"And you, Buddy? You rumba, don't you?"

"No," said Buddy. "I've always wanted to learn but nobody would take me on."

"I take you on," said Anna. "Come on. It's easy. I'll show you."

They got up and walked to the dance floor and Buddy took her in his arms.

Pete watched with a cynicism born of the knowledge that for his age and weight, Buddy Tyler was probably the best and most famous rumba dancer on the Sunset Strip.

After the Crescendo closed, they hit a succession of side street bars on their trip downtown to the Lopez house. Finally at 4:30 in the morning, Pete slid the convertible into the curb. He was cold sober. He never drank while he was working. He considered the evening work. Anna and Pancho got out of the car and said good night to Pete. Buddy walked to the door with them as Pancho fumbled in his pocket for the key. Buddy let his arm slide around Anna's waist. She turned, giggled and then bent forward and kissed him on the cheek.

"Thank you for a wonderful evening," she said.

"Yeah," said Pancho. "Thank you, Buddy."

"Nothing," said Buddy. "See you on the set Monday."

\* \* \*

Right from the start the picture went well. There was a wild display of temper when Marla Van Dyke, his co-star, discovered that Buddy preferred working out in the gym with Pancho during the lunch break to a dressing room quickie with her. She even made a mild pass at Pancho with a complete lack of any result.

"Muscle-bound bird-brain," she said and concentrated on her performance.

Buddy was never happier or easier to work with. He did whatever the director told him to do and left the extras completely alone. When the day's shooting was over, he and Pancho did their roadwork on the hills of the backlot. In the evening, he invited Anna and Pancho over to his place or went to theirs. Anna cooked for him and he spent quiet evenings watching television with them. He saw less and less of Pete. Pete, somehow, was never around when Pancho and Anna came to the house. He stopped inviting him to go downtown to the Lopez house with him. Buddy discovered that Anna was a Dolores Del Rio fan and had never

(continued overleaf)



*F. T. Machi*

*"Some guys just can't make out anywhere."*

PRINCE and GLADIATOR

(continued from page 36)

seen Garbo. He set up a projection room and ran all of Dokores Del Rio's pictures for her. He ran all the old Garbo pictures. He ran three of his old pictures.

Pancho won his second fight by a TKO in the fourth round. In his first six rounds he won a unanimous decision from a former contender who was on the skids and slipping back to the four rounds where he'd started. After each of the fights, Pancho, Anna and Buddy celebrated. By the time the picture was ready for the cutter, Buddy was becoming Anna's best rhumba pupul.

By the time Pancho was fighting six rounds, he'd been adopted by the entire studio. They turned out en masse for his fights. The Director of Publicity decided that Buddy Tyler's fighter was good publicity and regularly took full-page ads in the trades on the day of Pancho's fights boasting about "The Prince's Gladiator." He showed rare restraint by noting in the very smallest type in the very bottom left hand corner that Buddy Tyler was under contract to E-A and could be seen next in that brilliant epic of the Civil War, *Confederate Gray*. The Olympic and the Legion began attracting a new kind of audience: fans who didn't know a left hook from a right cross but wanted a close-up look at Buddy Tyler. Pancho was a big success and he began to get invitations to all the right parties. At Buddy's suggestion, he turned them all down.

"Who needs them?" asked Buddy. "We got each other, you and me and Anna. The parties would just bore us to tears."

Pete stopped going to the fights and rarely showed up on the set. He was, of course, still living at Buddy's but weeks went by without he and Buddy seeing each other. He had very few duties. He regularly had the oil changed in the cars and spent two days supervising the installation of a new heating system in the playhouse. Buddy left his weekly allowance, his "walking around money" on the dresser in his room, the way he left the cook's wages on the kitchen table.

One night, after one of Pancho's fights, Buddy let himself in the front door and started up to his room. He noticed a light on in the living room and went in to investigate it. He found Pete stretched out on the couch. There was a bottle of liquor on the floor and an empty glass on the coffee table beside the couch. Pete opened his eyes, stared at Buddy for a minute and then sat up. He was loaded.

"Hello, Buddy-Bud. Who'd he knock

out for you tonight? Mr. Perlmuter? Your old lady? Or was it my turn? Did you sit there in your white cashmere turtle-neck and watch him beat me to a pulp, for old time's sake?"

"You're loaded."

"Sure. Loaded."

"Why don't you get to bed?"

"I should, shouldn't I, Buddy-Bud: I got a busy day ahead of me tomorrow. After the mailman comes, I may have to autograph 10 or 12 of your pictures and send them out to your fans."

Buddy sat on the couch.

"What's the matter, Pete?"

"Nothing," said Pete. "Not a god-damned thing. I just got the feeling it's time for me to start moving again."

"Come on. Cut it out, Pete."

"Don't bring you down? Right? Who needs me?"

"I do."

"Sure. How's Anna?"

"Fine."

"Pancho win?"

"Third round. Knockout."

"And you've been celebrating Rhumbaing. You know, Buddy, you keep it up, Pancho keeps winning, you may turn into a pretty good rhumba dancer."

"Knock it off."

"Sure. Knock it off. Don't bring you down. Did you make a pass at her yet?"

"I told you to cut it out."

"Sure. Want a drink?"

"No thanks."

"You sworn off booze as well as dames? How is Anna?"

"Fine I told you."

"Take it easy, Buddy-Bud. Easy. I like Anna. I like Anna fine. A nice girl. The only thing I can't figure, Bud, is why you have to get the big yen for the one girl in town whose husband you can't buy off. Any other dame you want you can buy the husband off with a bit part. Or you can send him out of town on location. You have to go boom for the one dame in Hollywood it looks like to me isn't for sale. Where'd you go tonight?"

"The Starler."

"The what?"

"The Starler. Anna wanted to see the ice show."

"Oh, Buddy-Bud. The ice show? You got it bad."

Buddy smiled.

"Great show," he said. "It Stinks On Ice starring all your old favorites of the skating world. You'da loved it."

"How's the picture going?"

"Fine. Great picture. Give me a drink, will you, Pete?"

Pete reached for the bottle and poured a drink into the dirty glass.

"You want some ice or water? I'll get it for you."

"No. Straight is fine."

Buddy downed the drink in one gulp. Put his feet up on the coffee table and rested his head against the back of the sofa.

"This clean living is getting me down," he said.

"You want me to get a couple of broads over here?" asked Pete.

"No, Pete. That won't solve a god-damned thing."

"It's bad, huh?"

"Real bad. I'm out of my mothering mind. She's not beautiful. There are 20 dames in every extra call that are more beautiful than she is. Christ knows she's no brain wave. What is it? What's with me?"

"It happens. Not to guys like us usually, not to the stud horses and the stallions. We're immune. Most of the time. They ain't invented a shot or a pill for it yet."

"You know I can't do anything about it. Maybe that's it. Maybe you gotta have something you know you can't have. I won't make a move. She ain't about to, ever. You run into anything good, Pete?"

"The usual. Strictly bill, bam, thank you, ma'am. You started hating him yet?"

"Pancho?"

"Yeah. Pancho. You started hating him? On those long drives home you started picturing where they are and what they're doing? You started thinking if he isn't around it'd be easy?"

"Once in a while. Why don't you mind your own goddamned business?"

"Sorry. Force of habit. It used to be my business."

"It was a mistake putting him on the picture. He's always around."

"I thought I might go away for a while. Bud. I got a cousin up north, outside Frisco. I thought I might go up there for a while."

"For what? For christ sake, Pete, don't you walk out on me now."

"I figured it was the other way around. How do you think I feel sitting around with nothing to do. Finding my money on the barcaro? I figure up to now I've been paying my way. Sure, I got you girls and sobered you up, ran your errands and wet-nursed you. At least I earned my keep. I don't even do that any more. What am I? A boarder on a due bill? A poor relative? A moocher? You don't need me worth a damn. At least before I had the illusion I was paying my way. I don't even have that any more. I figure it's time to move on."

"You ain't got no cousin in Frisco."

"All right, I ain't got no cousin in Frisco."

"Pete, listen to me, Willay?"

"Sure. Talk."

(continued on page 50)

*an ad exec's private secretary is a pretty hot prospect herself*



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI

**PLAYBOY'S GIRL FRIDAY**













MISS SEPTEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH







Above: Jacquelyn relaxes on weekends with a sketch pad. Below: back on the job, she cross-indexes an important file.

THIS MONTH, the credit for Playmate discovery goes to a sharp-eyed space salesman on PLAYBOY'S advertising staff. During a call on the account executive of a hot ad prospect, our boy's peepers lighted on 117 pounds of pulchritude named Jacquelyn Prescott. She is this particular exec's valued private secretary, troubleshooter, human tickler file and all-round Girl Friday. It seemed to our salesman that she would also make a most valued Girl Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, so when he finished his pitch to her boss, he tried one on her. He learned that Miss Prescott is talented as well as efficient and beautiful: she makes a hobby of sketching, he found out, and harbors a secret desire to design the costumes for a lavish Broadway musical. As we said, this fellow is a space salesman, and he successfully sold this sexy secretary on the idea of occupying space on a certain triple-page center-spread. He sold the exec on advertising in PLAYBOY, too.



MISS SEPTEMBER

HONORING THE 100 WOMEN'S JOURNAL







## PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Why did you spend so much time parked in that fellow's automobile last night?" demanded the irate mother. "I could hear the giggling and squealing for a good half-hour."

"But, Mom," answered her daughter, "if a fellow takes you to the movies you ought to at least kiss him good night."

"I thought you went to the Stork Club?" countered the mother.

"We did."



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *cheperone* as one who could never make the team, but is still in there intercepting passes.

You know," said the gossip-loving office cutie to her lunch companion, "I'd never say anything about Margaret unless I could say something good. And, sister, is this good . . ."

I'm looking for adventure, excitement, beautiful women," cried the young man to his father as he prepared to leave home. "Don't try to stop me, I'm on my way."

"Who's trying to stop you?" shouted his father. "Take me along."



We know a real friendly hatecheck girl who thinks that strip poker is a swell game because the fellows always give back her clothes.

Pouring out his troubles to his great and good friend over a couple of triple Martinis, Brad had to confess that things weren't going too well at home.

"My wife and I just don't hit it off at night," he was saying to Bart. "I hate

to admit it, but I'm afraid I just don't know how to make her happy."

"Hell, boy," said Bart, "there's really nothing to it. Let me give you some advice. At bedtime, switch on a new Sinatra platter, turn all the lights low and spray some perfume around the room. Next, tell your wife to get into her sheerest nightie; then make sure you raise the bottom window."

"Then what do I do?" asked Brad.

"Just whistle."

"Whistle?"

"That's right. I'll be waiting outside the window. When I hear you whistle, I'll come right up and finish the job."

During a grouse hunt in North Carolina two intrepid sportsmen were blasting away at a clump of trees near a stone wall. Suddenly a red-faced country squire popped his head over the wall and shouted, "Hey, you almost hit my wife."

"Did I?" cried the hunter, aghast. "Terribly sorry. Have a shot at mine over there."



A distinguished Shakespearean actor and an eminent English drama critic were lunching together in a London club when the conversation, as usual, turned to the Bard.

"Tell me," asked the critic of the actor, "is it your opinion that Shakespeare intended us to believe Hamlet had sexual relations with Ophelia?"

"I don't know what Shakespeare intended," said the actor, "but I usually do."

We enjoyed a luncheon date the other day with a lovely Broadway showgirl who confessed she was unsuccessful in show business until she had her "no's" fixed.

Have you 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.



*"You've got a pretty fair line-up here, Abdul, but the trouble is, you lack depth. Now, if I were you I'd trade off one or two of your veterans for some promising young rookies. That way you'll have plenty of reserve strength in case any of your first stringers give out and have to lay off for a while."*



# the madman had a gun, the sane man only his sanity

EVERETT LINDSAY ONCE had a dream which he never forgot. He had dreamed that he was walking across a misty park at night. He was aware of weeping willow trees wrapped in fog. He'd been smoking his pipe, and the damp smell of the lush grass mingling with the odor of the smoke had been very pleasant. Apparently he was on a stroll, the kind he often took alone around his home, although the park was unfamiliar. He was enjoying the walk when suddenly he saw a figure emerging from an eddy of mist. It was a man dressed in old clothes, with the labby, whisker-speckled face of a derelict. This man was carrying a gun, and Everett stopped, astonished. The man, wearing no particular expression, raised the gun and just before he fired, Everett thought, *I'm going to die and it's utterly meaningless for this man is mad and he's never seen me before and I'm dying because I'm guilty of one simple misdemeanor—being in the wrong place at the wrong time.* The man had fired, and Everett experienced a gray, painless burst of light and his last thought was, *this is what instant death is. Beyond pain.*

He woke up, not excited, but puzzled, and he lay awake for a long time thinking about the situation, and he remembered about people who had gone berserk all of a sudden and walked a street with a gun and shot anyone they saw. And it was the most sickening thing Everett had ever contemplated, to be killed senselessly, on a whim, with no reason, either vengeance or gain.

Ever since his dream, he'd halfway expected to someday find that park with the weeping willow trees, but he never did.

The way it actually happened made much more sense.

He came home to his spacious house one autumn evening, opened the front door and looked into the barrel of a gun.

"Close the door, Everett." It was no strange derelict, but George Watson, a man he hadn't seen for at least six years.

He closed the door and, methodical as he was in all things, he put his hat on the rack, took off his scarf and folded it carefully, and hung up his overcoat. To see him do it, one never would have imagined the fright that filled him.

"Gee, it's funny to see you again, Everett."

He turned and faced George.

"George, that's no way to greet an old friend. How about putting the gun

## A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH

*fiction*

BY ARTHUR RODNEY CONEYBEARE



down?" He managed a weak grin. "Let me get you a drink."

"I don't drink anymore."

"Oh? I'm sorry to hear that. Without liquor, there'd be little chance of people ever being congenial, would there?" He was in a cold sweat now, and not quite aware of what he was saying.

"Where's Eleanor?"

"Out."

"Out where?"

"Well now, George, do you know, I don't think I'll tell you."

Everett was wondering if this were another dream. If so, where was he sleeping? And what had happened at the office—no, things were too real. This was something to be faced at the end of a busy day. Could it be that he

was to die this way?

"What do you want, George? Money? What's it all about?"

He thought, if he wants money or anything that's in the house, he can have it. He won't get far with it. And that damn gun'll be gone.

"I'm going to kill both of you, Everett."

Everett's stomach twisted sickeningly. It was the same nausea he'd known so often as a small boy in school when he'd had to get up to reply to a question he couldn't answer.

"Turn on a light, Everett—it's getting too dark."

There was the hallway. If he reached for the switch and then suddenly threw the hallway down it might confuse George and he might be able to get to him... but it was a *chance*, a dangerous chance—and the lawyer in Everett didn't like chances. If George fired in the right direction Everett might be killed instantly right then, whereas if he waited, something surer might come up.

He switched on the small lamp on the telephone table.

"OK, Everett. You stand over there, other side of the door."

George himself went and sat on the bottom stair, a good 10 feet away. With the light on, Everett had a better picture of the man. His hair was prematurely gray at the sides, he couldn't be more than 35, and he was much thinner. His clothes were unpressed, and hung on him limply. He was no longer the rather plump, ruddy-faced man Everett had known.

"Where've you been, George?"

"I haven't been well, Everett."

"I'll bet you haven't, you bastard, Everett thought.

"I've had a lot of trouble, Everett, since I saw you. A lotta people ganged up on me an' ruined my business... I even had to go to court... an' on top of all that stuff with Eleanor, it was too much... I had a nervous breakdown, Everett." He looked at Everett soulfully, as if hoping to enlist his pity.

Then he added, casually, "I was in a hospital for a long time."

So the man was a maniac. And it was like the dream.

"I got it figured that you and Eleanor are pretty much to blame for it all, Everett. It's sorta hard to express, but things'll be a lot better after this is over... I wanted to wait with *her*, actually, we were gonna wait here until you came home an' I was going to give you one second to recognize me when you

came through the door and then I was going to kill you first and her after. Now it'll be the other way around. I would've liked it the other way, I mean—I'd've liked to have talked to Eleanor, but a fellow can't have all the breaks."

Everett's mind was working feverishly. If George had escaped from this hospital then surely people were looking for him. Maybe if he could stall him enough, they'd catch up with him. And the gun was another possibility—where had George gotten it? And was it loaded? There was a strong possibility it *wasn't* loaded. He stared at the small gleaming object and wished he had his glasses on. He could see for certain now that it was an automatic, not a revolver—and—

Everett's heart sank suddenly.

"That's my gun—?"

"That's right. I found it in your study." George reached into his breast pocket and produced a small hunting knife. "Thought I'd have to use this when I broke in—" he threw the knife to the floor. "I prefer the gun." He smiled amiably.

"Well, George, I—I don't know what to say." He certainly didn't. "Mind if I smoke?"

"No—but don't move too quickly."

Like a man in slow motion, Everett produced first his cigarettes and then his lighter. "Cigarettes?" he offered.

"No, I've cut out smoking, too. I feel a lot better for it."

An insane bubble of laughter rose within Everett, which he quelled with difficulty. The cigarette lit, he leaned back against the wall. His hand was shaking.

"Don't be nervous, Everett. You must've thought I'd get even. I wasn't gonna let you get away with it."

"With *what*, exactly, George?"

"I *really* loved her, Everett, and it was going pretty good until you came along. Not that I blame you entirely . . . her fault too . . . she gave in to the sins of the flesh. You were the devil, but she didn't have the—the character—to resist temptation. So she's to blame, too. She could've stopped all this . . . could've married me . . . just—overcome her baser instincts for a few months. Just a few months was all . . . God knows I did it . . . lona nights when we were out together . . . but I *respected* her . . ." he shook his head sadly. "She was weak."

Everett tried to laugh. "Good Lord, George, it was more than sex with us . . . I mean . . . we just . . . we just *liked* each other, that's all. These things happen. Hell, I was going with someone else at the time, too, but as soon as I met Eleanor . . ." He realized that George was not listening, and he stopped. He began to sum things up in his mind. Eleanor and her sister and

their son Philip had gone to a late matinee. It was 5:30 now, they'd probably gone in a bit before three—they might be coming out just about now. What with the traffic, she probably wouldn't be home for a half-hour at least . . .

All right. Now here was the situation. If ever he needed his sense of logic, the thing that had made his career so solid, he needed it now. This madman was determined to kill them. As soon as that door opened, George was going to start shooting. He *would* shoot, because Everett knew the gun was loaded. There was the possibility that the safety catch was still on, but he couldn't count on this. George had always been the outdoor type, presumably handy with guns, and even in his present condition it wasn't likely that he would forget the safety catch.

All right then. As soon as the door opened, Everett would lunge at George—he'd have nothing to lose then. However, if George continued to stay the distance away he was now, Everett could never reach him before he fired once. Someone might be wounded, possibly Philip, if not killed.

Then something must be done *before* the door opened. What? Could he talk George out of it? He looked at George's impassive, unblinking countenance.

"Look here, George, they'll catch you, you know."

"They'll electrocute you, George."

"No they won't. They'll just put me away again."

Anger filled Everett. He thought, yes, you son of a bitch, how right you are—they'll just put you away, and that'll be that! Impulsively he threw the cigarette onto the floor and crushed it out under his toe. Eleanor will kill me for that, he thought insanely.

He saw the knife then.

It was almost within his reach, but certainly too dangerous to try for now. He fled the knife away for future reference.

He had a thought.

"George, I might as well break the bad news to you now. Eleanor won't be home for quite awhile."

"Why?"

"She's out of town. At her mother's in Buffalo. You going to sit there for a week, George?"

"I can last 12 hours anyhow, Everett."

Well, that one was a draw.

And now, strangely, Everett realized he was no longer so frightened. Like a man doomed to death by an incurable disease, he was beginning to take a calm interest in the world about him . . . he appreciated the twilight hush of this hallway in his home, on this chilly autumn evening. He began to realize that he had many nice things, including the wide curving stairs where George sat.

He thought of a normal homecoming at this hour, when the windows of the kitchen would be steamed up with the evening meal, the coziness of fall, how comfortable and pleasant his home and his family were at this time of year.

Now could it be that this was all over for him? Because of George Watson? Who had seemed so harmless and laughable when he first knew him? It was an impossible thought, and he knew suddenly that he couldn't let it happen. He looked at George now, and a certain professional pride welled up in him. *Here is the greatest challenge of your career, my friend, he told himself. A matter of life and death. You are going to talk this man out of it.*

"George, why are you *really* doing it?"

The abrupt coldness of his tone made George look up, rather startled.

"I told you, Everett."

"You told me no such thing. You told me some cock-and-bull story about her being the woman you loved, and about how she must pay for shunning you. Isn't that true?"

George was very suspicious. His hand tensed on the gun. But Everett's imagination was at work, and caution was beyond him now.

"She fell out of love with you, is that it?"

George just stared at him.

"Is that it?"

Things hung on the brink, and then George was into it. His hand relaxed on the gun and he yelled, "You tempted her! She was weak!"

"That's exactly what I said. She fell out of love with you, right?"

"Yes . . ."

"This would mean that she must have been in love with you to begin with, right?"

"She loved me, yes—I know she did!"

"And you loved her—above everything?" This was a crucial point. He watched George's face—and there was suddenly a sadness in George's eyes and he knew the man wasn't completely insane and that he *could* win.

"I loved her, Everett."

Now here it was, and barring George's lapsing into completely irresponsible action, it would turn the trick.

"Then why in God's name didn't you do the right thing by her and *save her from me?*"

George's head snapped up and he looked at Everett, with astonishment showing on his face.

"What do you mean?"

Now the important thing was that he mustn't give George time to think. "If you loved her so well why didn't you say 'Never mind Eleanor, I'll marry you despite it all—you don't have to marry him—you sinned but you're young and there's no reason why you have to pay

(concluded on page 74)



THE SUBDUED STRIPE

*nuances in a darker vein are news in autumn neckwear*

*attire*

"Virtue may flourish in an old cravat," muttered Oliver Wendell Holmes — possibly an acceptable epigram to his hirsute contemporaries, whose beavers covered their own cravats and rendered newness or oldness largely academic. But for today's clean-shaven urbanites, virtue flourishes in the neckwear above, combining as it

does the old and the new. These freshly-minted neckties are really old buddies done up with a clever twist: colorfully striped rep silk (English import) turned inside out to show off the subtle nature of the beast. Subdued stripes take the place of your faithful black knits, can be knotted felicitously with your more ac-

tively-patterned raiment — checked and herringbone sports jackets, tartan plaid, striped or checked shirts. In softer lights, the tie takes on the appearance of solid black; in the midday sun, the muted stripes can be seen for all to admire. No self-respecting tie-rack should be without several: those shown, only \$2.50 each.

## PRINCE and GLADIATOR (continued from page 38)

"I need you. Who cares what you do? I need you around. Things are all screwed up right now. They won't always be that way. Give me some time to work this thing out. Don't go harlequin off somewhere. Stick around. Give me a chance to work it out."

"OK. I'll give you a month."  
"Thanks, Pete."

Pete looked up at him.  
"You want me to get you a girl?" he asked.

"No. I'm pooped. I'm gonna hit the hay, Pete."

"You hit the hay, Buddy-Bud. I'll hit the bottle."

Pancho won his next two fights in spectacular fashion. In one of them he got off the floor to knock out his opponent with one punch. He was getting more publicity than most main event fighters. The picture was grinding its way to a conclusion and Pete wasn't around much except to sleep. Buddy continued to leave his money on the bureau in his room.

One afternoon Buddy had no call at the studio and drove down to the gym. He found Al Swanson standing by the ring watching Pancho spar with a fly-weight.

"It sharpens up his timing, sparring with a kid that light," said Al.

"Come on over here. I want to talk to you," said Buddy.

He and Al walked over to a bench against the side wall.

"What's on your mind, kid? You getting much?"

"Pancho looked good the last time out, didn't he, Al?"

"He looked great. I told you right from the start. The greatest prospect I've ever seen. He's got big things ahead of him."

"That's what I want to talk to you about. What's the reaction to him around the gym? How do the match-makers feel about him?"

"They're crazy about him. They haven't had a draw like this in years. They're trying to talk me into throwing him into a semi-windup."

"Well?"  
"He ain't ready for it."  
"Who says so, Al?"

"I say so. Remember our agreement. You take the bows, I take care of the fighter. He needs four or five more set-ups before we're ready to move up into the semi-finals."

"Get him Carroll for his next fight."  
"Are you nuts? Carroll will kill him. He'll tear his belly out. We're at least five fights away from Carroll."

"You heard me, Al. Get Carroll."

"What are you trying to pull, Buddy? If you got any idea of throwing Pancho in with Carroll so you can pick up a wad betting on Carroll, forget it. This kid is too good to throw away for something like that. I know what'll happen. Carroll will tear him apart."

"Don't you think they'd make the match?"

"In a minute. They'd love to throw Pancho and Carroll together in a semi-windup. We won't make the match."

"Who says we won't?"

"I say we won't."

"I say we will, Al. Let me ask you something. You like the way things been going, don't you? You like all the hoopla, all the publicity. You like getting regularly and having the kid's grocery bills off your neck, don't you. Suppose I pull out? Let's see how easy it is for you to get fights for Pancho then, without me up in the ring acting as a shill. See how easy it is when I get the publicity boys to spread the word around. Did you ever sit down and figure out how easy it is for a guy like me to make a guy like you unemployable? Or maybe I get real generous and buy your bunk of the kid. You don't know how hard it will be for you not to sell me your piece of him if I really want it. No, Al—Pancho fights Carroll. Just because I say so."

"All right, Buddy. You got all the cards. He fights Carroll."

"I knew you'd see it my way, Al."

"Just let me ask you one thing. What's the gimmick. What's the percentage? You betting against him?"

"I'm betting on him. You oughta to know me well enough to know I wouldn't bet against my gladiator. Relax, Al. He's good. He's the best prospect you've ever seen. One or two things happen. If he wins, I pick up a big chunk of change and we have a main bout fighter. If he loses . . . look, everybody loses a fight once in a while. I can afford to lose a little money. It's what they call a calculated risk."

"OK," said Al. "I just want one thing straight. I'm gonna train him for this one to win. Maybe he can. We're gonna try."

"Of course you're gonna try. You go on over and make the match. A week from Thursday if you can swing it."

"Not that soon."

"That soon. Because I said so, Al."

Al Swanson made the match. Buddy replaced Pancho as his stand-in to give him a chance to work with Swanson at the gym all day.

The ticket sale was sensational. While the fourth preliminary fight was on, Buddy walked down to the

dressing room. He was surprised to find Pete there. Pancho was stretched out on the rubbing table with his eyes closed. Al came toward him.

"How is he?" asked Buddy.

"He's never been in better shape," said Al. "I think he has a chance. He could win it."

"Of course he could win it," said Buddy. "He's going to."

Buddy walked over to the table. Pancho opened his eyes and smiled up at him. Buddy hit him on the arm.

"How's the gladiator?"

"Great, Buddy."

"You're gonna take him. Big?"

"I'm gonna try."

"Good."

He turned to Pete.

"Where you been keeping yourself?" he asked.

"At the Public Library," said Pete. "I've been studying ancient Mayan culture, whatever the hell that is."

"He looks great, doesn't he, Pete? Tell the truth."

"The truth, Bernie? In front of all these people?"

"Knock it off."

"Sure, Bernie."

"Knock off the Bernie, too."

"Yes sir. Consider it knocked off."

Pete turned and left the dressing room. Buddy followed him a couple of minutes later. He wasn't working Pancho's corner tonight. He had a seat right below the ring stairs. He watched the last round of a dull four rounder and stood up with the rest of the crowd when Pancho and Al came down the aisle and climbed into the ring. Carroll came in to complete silence. As the referee called them to the center of the ring for their instructions, Buddy glanced to his right and was surprised to find that Pete was sitting next to him.

"I figured you'd want me here tonight," said Pete.

"You figured right," said Buddy.

The fighters came back to their corners. Buddy cracked his knuckles and leaned forward. Al took the silk robe off Pancho, rubbed his shoulder muscles, climbed out of the ring and whispered some last-minute instructions to him. As the bell rang, he pulled the stool out of the ring and crouched below the stairs, his eyes on a level with the ring floor.

For most of the first round they circled and felt each other out. Pancho tried a jab. Carroll countered and they fell into a clinch. Two minutes in, Pancho landed a hard right ligh on the head that forced Carroll back and he followed with combinations that had the crowd on its feet. Carroll, pinned

(included on page 54)



Below: actress' Indian make-up requires touching up before the scene begins. At right: Mark Stevens assists Jana out of robe and into river.



*pictorial*

## WESTERNS ARE BETTER THAN EVER

*sex gallops into horse opera and never is heard a discouraging word*

AFTER SEVERAL DECADES of going that-way, Western movies are now going the way of all flesh. And we don't mean horse flesh, pardner. The current crop of cowboy flickers includes as much horsing around the bunkhouse as the old corral. Even the Indians are getting into the act. In a new United Artists release, *Gun Fever*, a noblystacked Ceylonese actress named Jana Davi plays an Injun gal who is asked, not to bite the dust in the classic cowboys-and-Indians tradition, but to peel off her buckskins, saunter into a river and wash the dust off her attractive torso, then saunter out again. Sad to relate, a good bit of this scene has been cut from the final

footage released for *Gun Fever*, so Jana's elegant epidermis is viewed only by actor-director Mark Stevens, his movie crew, and the million-plus readers of *PLAYBOY*. Despite the capricious clipping of this particular film, however, the horse-kissing, shucks-ma'm style of cowboy who rode off into the sunset with only his guitar for solace is clearly a thing of the past. The posse can still be counted on to head the rustlers off at the pass, but meanwhile, back at the ranch, a prairie pretty is usually rustling up a pass or two of her own with a cowhand who was smart enough to stay behind. A change for the better, say we: a welcome breath of fresh air in the hitherto staidly Wide Open Spaces.


Before the nude sequence is filmed, Jane is instructed by actor-director Mark Stevens.



Below: the Indian maid enjoys a cool dip in the river, then, in this scene from the film, scampers out of the water and onto the bank in an example of the New Look in Westerns.





Above: after emerging from the water, Jana Davi, svelte Ceylonese star of *Gun Fever*, retrieves the Indian costume she left on the river bank and dons it in full view of the camera. Below: the scene completed, a shivering Jana is taken back to mobile dressingroom by the wardrobe mistress. 



## PRINCE and GLADIATOR

(continued from page 50)

in the corner, dodged, slipped the punches and rode out the storm. The bridge of his nose was cut and he wiped it away with his glove and kept his distance for the rest of the round.

In the second round, Carroll landed two hard rights to the midsection that hurt. In a clinch he drove a left into the solar plexus and a hard right to the side of Pancho's face. Just at the bell Carroll unleashed a hard right that caught Pancho flush on the mouth and sent his mouthpiece spinning across the ring.

By the middle of the third round it was apparent that the fight was over. There was no doubt about the outcome. Carroll sunk punch after punch into Pancho's stomach, shifted his attack to the head and roughed him up in the clinches. In the third round Carroll opened a cut over Pancho's eye that bled for the rest of the fight. In the fourth round, a right hook broke Pancho's nose. Carroll shifted his attack. His body attack had slowed Pancho down to a crawl and he was able to circle and jab, hard slashing blows that opened a cut over the other eye and ripped a long gash on the upper lip. At the bell ending round four, Pancho was hanging on, his back against the ropes, his face a mass of blood. The second worked frantically to close the cuts and Al Swanson came down the stairs and knelt in front of Buddy.

"He's whipped," he said. "I'm telling him to find a spot to go down."

"The hell you are," said Buddy.

"He can't win. All he can do is to get cut up. His nose is broken. He's having trouble breathing."

"You have him quit and I'm through with both of you," said Buddy. "He don't go in the tank. He finishes the fight."

"You bastard," said Al.

"You brand me," said Buddy. "You have him quit and you'll be riding the top of every blackhat in this town."

The 10-second warning buzzer sounded and the seconds climbed out of the ring. The bell rang and Pancho walked flat-footedly out to meet Carroll. Carroll measured him carefully . . . glided around him, landing light blows to the face. Within 30 seconds the cuts had been opened and the blood was pouring off Pancho's face. Carroll pushed in close and standing right over Buddy's ear he sunk a hard right to the stomach. Buddy looked up and watched another punch go into the midsection of his fighter. "Kill him, Carroll," he said quietly. "Kill him." Carroll landed two hard rights to the face and Pancho fell forward on his knees. He got to his feet

at the count of eight and fell into a clinch.

"Kill him, Carroll," said Buddy and as he turned he saw Pete looking at him. Their eyes met and held.

"Kill him," said Buddy softly.

Only Pete heard it.

In the ring, Carroll backed away, measuring his man carefully. He stepped in and landed two perfect punches, a left to the stomach and a right to the jaw. Pancho fell forward on his face and lay there. The referee counted him out.

Buddy got up and started up the aisle. He looked back and saw them put Pancho on a stretcher and carry him out of the ring.

\* \* \*

The night was chilly but he didn't put the top of the convertible up. He drove slowly and methodically and 25 minutes later pulled up in front of the Lopez house. He didn't knock or ring the bell. He walked in, walked down the long hall, into the kitchen, through the kitchen and into the living room. Anna was sitting on the sofa. She jumped up when he walked in. She saw it was Buddy and sat down again.

"I came as soon as I could, Anna," he said.

"How is he? They said on the TV they took him to the hospital."

"He's gonna be fine, Anna. Just fine. Come on now. Take it easy."

He sat down beside her and saw that she was crying.

"I never watch his fights," she said.

"Never. Tonight I couldn't keep the set off. I turned it on in the third round. They said his nose was broken. He was all cut. He was bleeding and his nose was broken." She started to cry harder.

Buddy moved closer and put his arm around her shoulder. He reached over and put her head against his shoulder.

"Easy, Anna. Easy, darling. Easy."

"He was bleeding . . . They said his nose was broken . . ."

Buddy took her chin in his hand and turned her face up toward his.

"Easy, darling," he said. "I'll be all right."

He leaned forward and kissed her.

For a moment she relaxed in his arms and his arm slid down around her waist and held her body to his. He kissed her again. Harder. Anna suddenly realized what was happening. She pushed against him.

"No," she said. "No. Please."

Buddy held her on the couch. He forced her head back and kissed her. He started opening the buttons on her blouse. Anna pushed against him hard. She dug her nails into the back of his

hand. "No. No," she said. "No."

She pulled back and her blouse ripped open. Buddy grabbed with both hands, held her firmly and forced her down on the couch. She started to cry again and stopped resisting. She lay quite still and sobbed.

She was still sobbing when he left.

He drove home slowly. He stopped at a drive-in on Hollywood Boulevard and had a hamburger and a cup of coffee. He let himself into the house, took a shower, put on a dressing gown and went down to the bar. He mixed himself a drink and sat in the darkness, not feeling anything. Not thinking anything. When he heard the knocking he paid no attention to it. Who would be knocking at his door at this time of night?

He got up.

"It's probably Pete. Forgot his key."

He walked to the hall and opened the door.

Pancho Lopez was standing there. His face was covered by bandages. There was an adhesive tape bridge over his nose. He stood on the threshold looking at Buddy standing in the robe with the glass in his hand.

"Hello, Pancho," said Buddy, very matter-of-factly.

"They let me out of the hospital," said Pancho. "My nose is broken. They put splints on it. I went home. I found Anna."

Buddy took a step backward into the hall.

The punch caught him on the cheek as he turned. The glass in his hand went spinning out and crashed against the wall. Pancho walked forward slowly and landed a second punch on the chest. It sent Buddy across the hallway and back against the stairs. Pancho walked slowly forward. There was no hate in his movements. He reached down and pulled Buddy to his feet and held him against the wall. His third punch broke Buddy's nose. The blood spouted down his face. He screamed.

"Pete," he screamed. "Pete. Pete. For god's sake, Pete."

Pancho's fourth punch knocked two teeth out and ripped his lip open. As Pancho set himself for the next punch he looked up the stairs. Pete was standing at the top of the stairs.

"Pete," yelled Buddy, choking on the blood flowing down his throat. "Pete, for god's sake, help me. He's broken my nose, Pete, for god's sake."

Pete and Pancho looked at each other.

"Kill him," said Pete. "Kill him."

The fifth punch broke Buddy's jaw and he fell unconscious to the floor of the hallway.



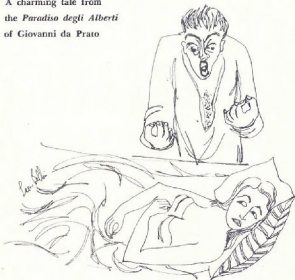
*"And this one we wear in the morning, upon arising."*



*"We'll have to be very quiet so as not to disturb my roommate. He's a very light sleeper."*

## A DUCK TO WATER

A charming tale from  
the *Paradiso degli Alberti*  
of Giovanni da Prato



"Expect me no more in your bed!" he scowled.

**R**ANIERI DI SAN CASCIANO suspected all women and swore a solemn oath not to marry one unless she was a virgin.

Teresa, the young lady he finally married, had a spotless reputation, but her mother, Madonna Ricciarda, who had trained her carefully, almost ruined her marriage without meaning to do so.

"You must do everything you can to please Ranieri," she told her daughter. "Let your one thought be to give him pleasure and to make him love you."

When Ranieri took his bride to the privacy of the nuptial chamber, he noted that she did not blush nor draw away from him. On the contrary, she flung herself into his arms and returned his kisses with so much ardor that he was amazed. When he started to play the game of Venus, she met him more than halfway, and displayed so much enthusiasm and adroitness that his pleasure turned into gall and his love into disillusionment. Still, he conducted himself as a husband should. But on the next

morning he rose from the bed, gave a dark scowl and said, "You are not what I thought you were, and you have seen the last of me in your bed."

A short time later the young husband took his bride to her mother's house and left her, promising to return and get her later. When he did not come at the time specified, the mother guessed that some suspicion had arisen in his mind. When she asked her daughter, the girl had a ready answer.

"He no longer loves me, Mother," she wailed. "He thinks that I have played fast and loose with some man before I married him."

"Did you do as I told you and please him in every way? Did you let him know that you enjoyed his love-making?" asked Madonna Ricciarda.

"I followed your directions to the letter, Mother. And that is what seems to have made him angry. Shouldn't I have?"

"It depends upon the kind of man one

marries, it would seem," said the mother. "This husband of yours must be a great fool, but you have married him and I see that you love him. I shall call him, therefore, and have a talk with him."

Ranieri came, sullen and flushed, and Madonna Ricciarda asked him to walk with her along the moat of the castle where they could talk in private.

"It would seem," she said, "that you find some flaw in my daughter. Is she not a beautiful girl?"

"She is very beautiful, Madonna."

"Is she not loving, as a woman should be, Ranieri?"

"She is loving, Madonna."

"Is she not ardent and warm-hearted?"

"That she is, Madonna. She is, if anything, too ardent and warm-hearted. I can only believe that she has known some other man and that she did not come to me a virgin."

Madonna Ricciarda looked at him in wonder. "You believe, then, that my daughter had some instructor in the art of love, Ranieri? And yet, if you, a young and healthy man, found pleasure in her love, why do you think it wrong for her, a young and healthy woman to find it in yours?"

Ranieri muttered something about being too ardent, and the lady was silent, seeking some way to convince him of her daughter's innocence. Just then one of the servants ran up with her skirts full of newly hatched yellow ducklings.

"See how small and innocent they are, Madonna!" the servant cried.

Madonna Ricciarda had her answer. Before the servant or Ranieri could even guess what she was about, she took the apron from the woman and gently dumped the little ducks into the moat.

"They'll drown, Madonna!" cried Ranieri, shocked at the lady's cruelty. "They have just come into the world."

"Watch them," that lady said. "They do not drown, Ranieri. They are swimming as skillfully as any experienced duck. They have had, even in the egg, the best of teachers and they take, therefore, to their element."

"The best of teachers, Madonna?" faltered Ranieri. "Whom do you mean?"

"I mean that the teacher who instilled in these ducklings a love for the water even before they had ever seen it, likewise instilled in your wife a perfectly natural love for the man of her choice and for the kind of love you and she have enjoyed."

"Say no more!" cried Ranieri. "I shall get my wife now and take her home."

As they rode away across the flowering meadows, Madonna Ricciarda nodded and smiled at the swimming ducklings. "Like a duck to water," she said.

—Translated by J. A. Gato



## BLOOPER GIRLS (continued from page 33)

from behind and murdered at their typewriters. I used to dream about it, old man."

"Instead of which they both were decorated."

"Yes, Mowbray put them up for The Order of the British Empire. He had a perverted sense of humor. It's the only explanation."

"And yet time softens so many things. I confess I look back on the old *Central Balkan Herald* with something like nostalgia."

"Good heavens!" said Burrows, and blew out his cheeks. We were enjoying a stirrup cup at his club before taking a turn in the park. Our conversation, turning as it always did upon our common experiences abroad in the Foreign Service, had led us with a sort of ghastly inevitability to the sisters Grope—Bessie and Enid Grope, joint editor-proprietors of the *Central Balkan Herald* (circulation 500). They had spent all their lives in Serbia, for their father had once been Embassy chaplain and on retirement had elected to settle in the dusky Serbian plains. Where, however, they had inherited the old flat bed press and the stock of battered Victorian faces, I cannot tell, but the fact remains that they had produced between them an extraordinary daily newspaper which remains without parallel in my mind, even after a comparison with newspapers in more than a dozen countries.

THE BALKAN HERALD KEEPS THE BRITISH FLAG FRYING. That was the headline that greeted me on the morning of my first appearance in the Press Department. It was typical.

The reason for a marked disposition towards typographical disasters was not far to seek. The composition room, where the paper was hand-set daily, was staffed by half-a-dozen hirsute Serbian peasants with greasy elflocks and hounds like shovels. Bowed and drooping and uttering weird eldritch-cries from time to time, they went up and down the type-boxes with the air of half-emancipated baboons hunting for fleas. The master printer was called Ica (pronounced Ichtich) and he sat forlornly in one corner living up to his name by scratching himself from time to time. Owing to such laborious methods of composition, the editors were hardly ever able to call for extra proofs: even as it was, the struggle to get the paper out on the streets was grandiose to watch. Some time in the early Thirties it had come out a day late and that day had never been made up. With admirable single-mindedness the sisters decided, so as not to leave gaps in their lives, to keep the date 24 hours behind reality until such time as, by a superhuman

effort, they could produce two newspapers in one day and thus catch up.

Bessie and Enid Grope sat in the editorial room which was known as the "den." They were both tabby in coloring and wore rusty black. They sat facing one another pecking at two ancient typewriters which looked as if they had been obtained from the Science Museum of the Victoria and Albert.

Bessie was News, Leaders and Gossip; Enid was Features, Make-up and general Sub. Whenever they were at a loss for copy they would mercilessly pillage ancient copies of *Punch* or *House Chat*. In this way the *Central Balkan Herald* was made up every morning and then delivered to the composition room where the chain-gang rapidly reduced it to gibberish. MINISTER FINED FOR KISSING IN PUBLIC, WEDDING BULLS KING OUT FOR PRESENCE, QUEEN OF HOLLAND GIVES PARTY FOR EX-SUBSISTEMEN, MORE DOGS HAVE BARRED THIS SUMMER IN BELGRADE.

In the Thirties this did not matter so much, but with the war and the growth of interest in propaganda, both the Foreign Office and the British Council felt that an English newspaper was worth keeping alive in the Balkans if only to keep the flag frying. A modest subsidy and a free news service went a long way to help the sisters, though of course there was nothing to be done with the crew down in the composition room. "Mrs. Schwartzkopf has cast off clothes of every description and invites inspection," etc.

Every morning I could hear the whistles and groans and sighs as Burrows unfolded his copy and addressed himself to his morning torture. On the floor above, Mowbray kept drawing his breath sharply at every misprint like someone who has run a splinter into his finger. At this time the editorial staff was increased by the addition of Mr. Tope, an elderly catarrhal man who made up the news page, thus leaving Bessie free to follow her bent in paragraphs on gardening ("How to Plant Wild Bubs") and other extravagances. It was understood that at some time in the remotest past Mr. Tope had been in love with Bessie but he had Never Spoken; perhaps he had fallen in love with both sisters simultaneously and had been unable to decide which to marry. At all events he sat in the "den" busy with the world news; and every morning he called on me for advice. "We want the *Herald* to play its full part in the war effort," he never failed to assure me gravely. "We are all in this together." There was little I could do for him.

At times I could not help feeling that the *Herald* was more trouble than it was worth. References, for example,

to "Hitler's nauseating inversion—the rocket-boobs" brought an immediate visit of protest from Herr Schpink, the German chargé, dictionary in hand, while the early stages of the war were greeted with BRITAIN DROPS BIGGEST EVER ORDER ON KOKLES. This caused mild speculation as to whom this personage might be. Attempts, moreover, to provide serious and authoritative articles for the *Herald* written by members of the Embassy shared the same fate. Spalding, the commercial attaché who was trying to negotiate on behalf of the British Mining Industry and who was passionate on the subject of safeguarding miners with pit-props and other devices, wrote a painstaking survey of the wood resources of Serbia which appeared under the startling banner BRITAIN TO BUY SERBIAN PIT-PROPS, while the military attaché who was rash enough to contribute a short strategic survey of Suez found that the phrase "Canal Zone" was printed without a C throughout.

"One feels so desperately ashamed," said Burrows, "with all the resources of culture and so on that we have—that a British newspaper abroad should put out such disgusting gibberish. After all, it's semi-official, the Council has subsidized it specially to spread the British Way of Life."

But there was nothing much we could do. The *Herald* lurched from one extravagance to the next. Finally, in the columns of theatre gossip there occurred a series of what Burrows called Utter Disasters. The readers may be left to imagine what the Serbian composers would be capable of doing to a witty, urbane and deeply considered review of the 100,000th performance of *Charley's Aunt*.

The *Herald* expired with the invasion of Yugoslavia and the sisters were evacuated to Egypt where they performed prodigies of valor in nursing refugees. With the return to Belgrade, however, they found a suspicious Communist regime in power which ignored all their requests for permission to reprint the *Herald*. They brought their sorrows to the Embassy, where Mowbray received them with a stony but absent-minded sympathy. He agreed to plead with Tito, but of course he never did. "If they start that paper up again," he told his Chancery clerk, "I shall resign."

"They'd make a laughing stock out of you, sir," said Spalding. The pre-war mission, I should point out, had been returned almost unchanged in its personnel.

Mr. Tope also returned and to everyone's surprise had Spoken and had been accepted by Bessie. He was now comparatively affluent and was holding the post which in the old days used to

(concluded on page 76)



## PLAYBOY'S PIGSKIN PREVIEW

*the nation's foremost football forecaster makes his 18th annual predictions*

sports **By Francis Wallace**

**THE UNEXPECTED:** there's nothing like it in telling a tale, giving a gift, waging a war or planning a play in that crispest of contests, the football game.

That's why, when the frost is on the pumpkin and the days dwindle down to a precious few, stadiums are stuffed to the bursting point with restless, eager pennant-wavers of both genders. Why are they there? To display school spirit? To cement friendships? To tilt hip-flasks? To watch a bunch of bruisers gang up on a poor little parcel of pigskin?

Sure. But mainly they're there to be surprised.

Among the major teams, top talent is usually spread around pretty equally; no big-time school really relies on team personnel alone. Certainly the book of gridiron knowledge is open to all: each team trots out the same old basic plays, just like the half-time brass-blowers blare out the same old Sousa marches season after season. It's the element of surprise — the twisteroo supplied by a cunning coach — that gives a team that winning

edge. And if the surprise is nothing more than the glare of chrome, tailfins and a two-tone paint job on what is later revealed to be a familiar old jalopy from, say, Bob Zoppke's garage . . . who cares?

A few years back the Rules Committee abruptly obliterated the two-platoon system and signaled the mad rush to the running game; but Bud Wilkinson, true to the Sooner legend, was already there with the split-T and units of two-way players. Anticipating this season's denudement by graduation, the Sage of

the Osage began experimenting long ago with variations adapted to new personnel. Such forward thinking is one reason for sticking with the champ—especially when he still has men around like Glendon Thomas, my back-of-the-year, and Bill Krisher, one of my All-America guards.

But these things go on all over. Bobby Dodd owes much of his eminence to the Belly Play but is reported veering from his inelegant invention as others still veer toward it. One of the veterans is Duffy Daugherty; but as Duffy subtracts from the successful Michigan State multiple system, Art Gupep, down at Vanderbilt, is adding up to a super-multiple "centipede" system. Terry Brennan was last seen talking with Bowden Wyatt; and if Terry sweetens his Notre Dame T with Wyatt's Tennessee single wing, he will be back in the vicinity of Rockne's old "bos." Forest Evashevski made Iowa the Goddella of the Corn, and of the Rose Bowl, by waiting a wand of single-wing blocking over T plays.

Of such tiny items are gridiron fortunes made; but it's a bit tough on the poorer coaches who can't afford to experiment. This year, with everybody copying and trading, the technical picture will be kaleidoscopic. The split T, still dominant, will have as many variations as the farmer's daughter joke. The running game will be mixed with enough passing to keep the defenses from erecting barricades like Miami's (Florida) nine-man line. Newest swings are to spreads and wings. Every coach with manpower will be using two units of two-way men; the very rich will have a third.

That's about the way it will look on the field, whether you park on the 50-yard line or watch in weather-proofed luxury. The TV scene apparently retains the same proportion of national and regional games; but there will be more Big Ten games and none at all from the Southeast Conference, which has increased the boll weevil belt. All of this, of course, is pretty much academic to the small and intermediate schools whose marginal gate receipts long ago suffered a fate worse than amateur death—done in by the very Game-of-the-Week telecast which was invented to save them. But indications are that the current TV status will remain quo for a while—until that unknown day when unpredictable Pay-TV will solve the unsolvable.

Meanwhile, back in the Halls of Ivy, the faculty men are still on the horns of the dilemma they unwittingly accepted when they began to conduct this roistering, mushrooming amateur sport for profit. This year's solution is the violently controversial Basis-in-Need partial scholarship, which opponents call The Pauper's Oath. The idea is for the

school to supply only the amount of money which the family cannot provide. Implementation calls for swen tax-type statements.

By accepting the principle of at least partial financial reward to amateur athletes, the colleges may have taken the first step toward tossing the amateur system out the window, where it has

long been anyway. This gridiron civil war may also be averted at the brink. And with this peaceful thought, let's hop on our cross-country Univac powered by the who's who of college football. The ratings that follow are based on predicted team records and severity of team schedules.

Change? Look to the East. Vitality is

EAST							
FIRST FLIGHT			SECOND FLIGHT				
Navy	8-2	Holy Cross	7-2	Cornell	4-5	Gettysburg	7-2
Pitt	7-3	Boston College	7-2	Celgate	3-6	Hulgers	4-5
Penn State	7-2	Yale	6-3	Boston U	4-4	Lafayette	6-3
Syracuse	7-2	Dartmouth	6-3	Villanova	5-4	Bucknell	4-5
Army	6-3	Brown	6-3	Columbia	4-3	Temple	5-3
Princeton	8-1	Penn	6-3	Harvard	4-4	Muhlenberg	4-4
				Lafayette	8-1	Cornegia	4-4
				Delaware	6-2	Hofstra	6-4
INDEPENDENTS							
Springfield	6-1	Westley	4-4				
Tufts	6-1	Bates	4-3				
Williams	6-2	Middlebury	3-4				
Trinity	5-2	Bowdoin	2-5				
Amherst	5-3	Dart	2-5				
Brandeis	5-3						
YANKEE CONFERENCE							
				Connecticut	7-3	Rhode Island	3-5
				New Hampshire	4-4	Massachusetts	3-5
				Maine	4-3	Vermont	2-4

Twirler Sandy Worth shows her stuff at half-time high jinks in the Orange Bowl.





Midshipmen's statue of Tecumseh gets fresh war paint in time for Army game.

busting out all over what had begun to resemble a heterogeneous sprawl following de-emphasis and television. Last year four Early Settlers finished in the top 20 and two went on to bowls. This time they figure to do as well.

The long-discussed Eastern Conference is informally taking shape. Chief bar to formal organization would still seem to be service academy policies with regard to national schedules. Navy plays only three Eastern schools this time on a card that ranges as far as Berkeley, California, and might include a post-season stop at the Cotton Bowl if the Middies, with only center Bob Reif-snyder starring out among three-deep stalwarts, can win eight of their 10, including the old Army game. The Cadets might be as stubborn as last fall, when they tied. They have an experienced quarterback for the first time in three seasons; but guard Stan Slater is the only "name."

Pitt should be right back with a well-rounded squad led by my All-America crotches Charley Bruckman and pro-prospect Jim McCasker. The tough Panthers open with Oklahoma and, if all goes well, can go to a bowl with a climactic win over Penn State. But Rip Engle has another "faceless wonder" in the making, perhaps even better than last year's big surprise, Syracuse will miss Jim Brown but has my All-America end, Dick Lasse, and enough others to get in the bowl photo. Fred Rite may have a tough shave in his Goliath inaugural — men missing, Holy Cross and Boston U. have plenty of men; as has



Stanford's marching band spurs on alma mater during clash with Golden Bears.

Boston College, which is dedicating a new on-campus stadium with Navy. (How long since we've had news like that?)

The first families of the Ivy League may overemphasize education; but, in their fashion (and contrary to apparent opinion elsewhere), they do not discriminate against scholars with big legs who can run the hundred in 11 seconds — in a football suit. Yale proved that last season and was playing top-10 football at the finish. The Elis have lost

their three-year vets and now Princeton steps up with the monkey on its back. Penn, ready to challenge for Ivy leadership, still plays Navy and Penn State; but for all the rest it's round robin and satellites. The league is so well-balanced that the two new coaches, Buff Donelli at Columbia and John Yovison at Harvard, could prove downright un-chummy on any given day. The Ivies will pass more than most; and are hoping for their own TV package when the control dam breaks.

Things are looking straight up in the three chief subdivisions. It is no longer necessarily an upset when an Ivy League is beaten by one of the six Yankee Conference state schools; and that other day may arrive when they will start taking the big boys of the Eastern Conference, Connecticut, with a great lunk in Lenny King, is the class now but Massachusetts has announced itself. Williams looks best-dressed of the "Poised Ivy" group. To the South, among the "Turnpike Conference," Delaware will contest Lehigh, Gettysburg and Lafayette.

## MIDWEST

## FIRST FLIGHT

Iowa	8-1	Notre Dame	6-4
Mich. State	8-1	Northwestern	5-4
Michigan	7-2	Illinois	5-4
Minnesota	7-2	Purdue	5-4
Ohio State	7-2		

## SECOND FLIGHT

Wisconsin	4-5	Detroit	5-3
Indiana	4-5	Kent	7-2
Maryville	3-7	Ohio U	5-4
Bowling Green	6-1	Louisville	7-2
Miami	6-1	Toledo	3-6
Xavier	7-2	Akron	2-6
Dayton	5-5		

The Midwest has long been considered the pulsing power of the game, chiefly because it has produced and retained more well-coached high school players—"until now" some coaches mourn. They say that the "Need" regulations and forums are already driving prospects to more realistic sections where the lads can get better financial deals—and Dad will not have to stretch his bankroll and perhaps his conscience. That's for the future and it could happen. I've seen the "tax" forms. But this season the Big Ten should be close to its all-time competitive best with five schools among my top national 11; and not a patsy in the League.

In picking Iowa I'm brashly bucking my advisers who put Michigan State on top, evidently figuring that the crippling injuries which hit in midseason last time are not apt to strike again. The Spartans have flocks of well-coached men led by tremendous Dan Currie, whom I'm retaining at guard on my All-America though he will start at center. Line-backing is his forte. Walt Kowalczyk could be the take-charge backfield guy if he plays back to his '55 soph form. Iowa's glaring empty sleeve is a successor to Kenny Plonk at quarterback; but Alex Karras, one of my All-America tackles, leads two big returning lines of the type that makes backfield

## THE ALL-AMERICA SQUAD

(Any one of whom, if the ball bounces right, might make the All-American 11.)

**Ends:** Marcell (Baylor); Gibbons (Iowa); Tracey (Tex. A&M); Bryant (Texas); Stepler (Wash. St.); Nabors (Ga. Tech); Stiller (Ola.); Van Galder (Stan.); Kaiser (Mich. St.); Prast (Mich.); Wheatcroft (Calif.); DeGrant (Ore. St.); Wetska (ND).

**Tackles:** Krueger (Tex. A&M); Hickerson (Miss.); Klein (Iowa); McCusker (Pitt.); Day (Wash.); Burke (Mich. St.); Yost (Minn.); Farmer (Purdue); Robertshaw (Brown); Bradshaw (Baylor); Mitchell (Fla.); Whitmore (Rice); Orwig (Mich.); Martin (Calif.); Kennen (Texas); Nagurski (ND).

**Guards:** Lettetsky (Baylor); Viola (NU); Johnson (Tenn.); Hard (Duke); Thomas (Ohio St.); Slater (Army); Wooten (Colo.); Howley (W. Va.); Brackins (Ore. St.); Bloomquist (Iowa); Jennings (Ola.); Healy (HC); Coyer (ND); Burkholder (Minn.).

**Centers:** Stephenson (Ga. Tech); Reilsnyder (Navy); Dods (Miss. St.); Del Homme (Texas); Haby (Purdue); Alderton (Md.); Donathan (Ark.).

**Backs:** Kowalczyk (Mich. St.); Lorino (Auburn); Herrstein (Mich.); Stacy (Miss. St.); Bakhtiar (Va.); Fendren (Texas); Flowers (Ga. Tech); Clark (Ohio St.); McKeiver (NU); Dillard (Purdue); Bronson (Tenn.); Robertson (Corn.); Sapoch (Print.); Francis (Ore. St.); Carlsen. McElhaney (Duke); Fogler (Iowa); Nesbitt (Ark.); Taylor (LSU); Kapp (Calif.); Pace (Mich.); Valli (Stan.); Rountree (Fla.); Mitchell (Ill.); Newton (Tul.); Gimore (Penn St.); Bass (CDP); Dike (TCU); Hoppe (Auburn); Bowler (Colo.); Jones (Wash.); Lewis (ND); Schleicher (Penn St.).

## TOP TWENTY TEAMS

National Champion:

OKLAHOMA (DB)<sup>1</sup> 9-1

2. Iowa	8-1
3. Baylor (CB) <sup>2</sup>	9-1
4. Michigan State (RB) <sup>3</sup>	8-1
5. Texas A&M (SB) <sup>4</sup>	9-1
6. Tennessee (SB) <sup>1</sup>	9-1
7. Michigan	7-2
8. Minnesota	7-2
9. Navy (CB) <sup>5</sup>	8-2
10. Duke (DB) <sup>6</sup>	8-2
11. Ohio State	7-2
12. Oregon State	8-2
13. Pitt (GB) <sup>7</sup>	7-3
14. Penn State	7-2
15. Auburn	7-3
16. Georgia Tech (GB) <sup>8</sup>	7-3
17. Colorado	8-2
18. Rice	7-3
19. Kentucky	7-3
20. Mississippi	7-3

**Possible Break-Throughs:** Miami (Fla.) 7-3; Arkansas 7-3; Miss. State 6-3; USC 7-3; Syracuse 7-2; Texas 6-4; UCLA 6-4; Notre Dame 6-4; Princeton 8-1; California (RB)<sup>9</sup> 6-4; Stanford 6-4.

<sup>1</sup>Bowl Neminees: RB (Rose Bowl); SB (Sugar Bowl); CB (Cotton Bowl); DB (Orange Bowl); GB (Gator Bowl).



Francis Wallace's Back-of-the-Year, Clendon Thomas (No. 35) of Oklahoma, chews up yardage in the Sooners' annual tilt with the University of Nebraska.

# FRANCIS WALLACE'S 1957 PREVIEW ALL-AMERICA TEAM



END: Amey Phillips—Auburn



TACKLE: Lee Michaels—Kentucky



CENTER: Charles Breckman—Pitt



END: Richard Lasse—Syracuse



GUARD: William Krisher—Oklahoma



COACH OF THE YEAR: Forest Evashevski with TACKLE: Alex Korras—Iowa



GUARD: Darrel Currie—Mich. State



BACK: Clendon Thomas—Oklahoma



BACK: John Crow—Texas A&M



BACK: Robert Cox—Minnesota



BACK: Phil King—Vanderbilt



Ace tops King: Lineman-of-the-Year Michaels nails All-America back Phil King.

work pleasant. The Hawks are ineligible to return to the Rose Bowl, but conference, national and coach-of-the-year incentives should be enough.

Michigan, led by junior fullback John Herrmann, looks as good as anybody but is the only one of the top five which must meet the other four. And this could very well be the year for Minnesota, where my All-America quarterback Bob Cox engineers a fearsome crew that includes 18 of last season's First 22. Ohio State does not appear as well-stacked as usual, but Woody Hayes will be shooting with two units and more passing.

Ray Eliot has a big it in an otherwise pleasant Illinois landscape: halfback Bob Mitchell's chronic knee. Ara Parseghian, who did so well in his freshman season at Northwestern, will have an even better squad, including back Bob McKeiver

and guard Al Viola, but will lack that psychological surprise. Purdue has lost its air major, Lenny Dawson, but returns a good ground crew topped by fullback Mel Dillard, tackle Wayne Farmer and center Neal Habig. Wisconsin may get out of the starless category with soph back Eddie Hart who broke all of Alan Ameche's high school records at Kenosha.

Notre Dame? Nobody will know until the Purdue opener. It could be another sad season; but the youthful Irish were not as bad as they looked last year while being stunned by incredible injuries and eight opponents—six of whom finished in the top 20. The fabulous Hornung is gone but junior Bob Williams and soph George Igo, are expected to do well enough at quarterback. Army re-

places North Carolina in the only schedule change. Marquette expects to do better with a junior cast. Bowling Green is a whispering favorite over Miami to repeat as Mid-America Conference champ.

**SOUTH**

**FIRST FLIGHT**

Duke	8-2	Clemson	7-3
South Carolina	7-3	Maryland	6-5
West Virginia	6-4	Virginia Tech	8-2
North Carolina	6-4		

**SECOND FLIGHT**

Virginia	5-5	Richmond	6-4
N. Car. State	6-4	Citadel	6-4
G. Washington	6-3	Wm. & Mary	3-7
Wake Forest	3-7	Furman	3-7
VMI	6-4		

Signals from TobaccoLand indicate that Duke, which usually barely filters into the top 20, will blaze its way good, like a deep squid should, to a much higher spot en route to the Orange Bowl. Could be — with backs Harold McElhenny and Wray Carlton and guard Roy Ford. But smilin' Bill Murray can't just puff through a full Conference schedule plus visitors like Navy, Rice and Georgia Tech.

Observe the Blue Devil road map. South Carolina will have much the same cast, now juiced-up juniors, which deflated Duke in the '56 opener. Maryland, after a 2-7-1 collapse every bit as shocking as Notre Dame's, will be back with 29 lettermen who have had a year to brood over injuries and other grid-iron slings and arrows. The mood of the Terps will be revealed in a national TV opener against Texas A&M. Then there's super-salesman James Moore Tatum who will be back at North Carolina for his second season with the store stocked with some of the sophs he must have sold, especially Cornell Johnson and Don Coker, backfield items.

Virginia will have more help this time for an Unsung Hero back, James A. H. Bakhtiar, a future Iranian member who, in two seasons with a loser, has played 55 to 60 minutes line backing, kicking and gaining 1642 yards, mostly by putting his head down and boom! Clemson, last year's Atlantic Conference titlist, will depend on good sophs, notably quarterback Harvey White. North Carolina State will be dangerous with 10 regulars, including back Dick Christy, while Wake Forest reports better depth for Paul Allen's prayerful second season.

West Virginia meets four of the top Eastern Conference schools and would be happy to join such a dan-dan-dandy group. Meanwhile Pappy Lewis, who has won 20 straight Southern Conference battles, will find trouble enough in his own preserve with George Wash-

ington and a classy Virginia Tech. New coaches, Milton Drewer at William & Mary, and Eddie Teague at Citadel, inherit squads which might bring some victory sun to these recently cloudy camp. Richmond, Furman and especially VMI, report shoring up with some sparkling individuals. Troubled with insomnia? Southern grid doctors recommend Lenoir Rhyne, a college, as a sleeper.

**SOUTHEAST**

**FIRST FLIGHT**

Tennessee	9-1	Mississippi	7-3
Auburn	7-3	Miami	7-3
Georgia Tech	7-3	Miss. State	6-3
Kentucky	7-3	Florida	6-4

**SECOND FLIGHT**

Vanderbilt	6-4	Miss. Southern	7-3
Tulane	5-5	Memphis State	7-3
LSU	5-5	Chattanooga	7-8
Alabama	5-5	Southwest La.	5-4
Georgia	3-7	Florida A&M	6-3
Florida State	6-4		

The Southeastern Conference (and the Southwestern) operates on a Grant-in-Aid system which awards scholarships on merit without regard to need; and requires signed letters-of-intent which prohibit schools from pursuing a boy who has committed himself. The SEC offers its time-tested solution to the NCAA for trial on a national basis. (I hastily concur and insist.)

The realistic folks down here also fully appreciate the importance of coaching personality and organization. They pick Tennessee to repeat over Bowden Wyatt's objection that he has lost seven regulars, including ace drummer Johnny Majors. Georgia Tech is rated second though Bobby Dodd protests that he returns only six of his first 22. Each mentor pleads with anguished logic; but those who know them best also know that (a) 26 Volunteer lettermen include such backs as Tommy Bronson, Dave Anderson and 47-yard-average punter Bobby Gordon; and (b) among 19 Tech lettermen are All-America center candidate Don Stephenson and halfback Stan (the fabulous) Flowers. Also, presumably, some "red-shirts" (sophomores, usually, withheld from competition to save a year of eligibility).

Dixie is stuffed with stars, any of whom might fall on and collapse the Conference as Johnny Majors undeniably did last year. Auburn has three: runner Tommy Luzzine, heavy-duty back Bobby Hoppe and end Red Phillips who must also play back to his '55 soph form to justify my All-America selection. But the War Eagles may have quarterback trouble. Ole Miss, perhaps a bit below the excellent personnel level of recent campaigns, calls its Gene

Hickerson "best tackle in the section" — despite the presence at Kentucky of my lineman-of-the-year Lou Michaels who, with Glenn Shaw and other soph backs, makes the blue grass entry a very dark horse.

Mississippi State rates its junior Billy Stacy "the best split-T quarterback in the land"; and backs him with a veteran squad so solid that the entire soph class has been red-shirted. Wade Walker is aiming this missile at Tennessee, Oct. 5. Bob Woodruff will be dangerous at Florida with back Jim Rountree and tackle Charlie Mitchell. Miami has "the best sophs in history" who will need only mileage to match the speed of any winter visitors, especially Pitt in their TV clash Dec. 6. The deep south comes up with two top sophs, Billy Cannon at LSU and Richard Peitson at Tulane. Cannon, the runner, will be backing up fullback Jim Taylor; Peitson, a rugged "Hornung-type" passer, will support clever lightweight quarterback Gene Newton.

George Shaw and Lemmy Moore were top pro rookies of the last two seasons. To the best of my knowledge the only All-America first teams they ever made were in my Preview. I am not merely bragging but pointing up the fact that I may be saying the same first year about Vanderbilt's Phil King, a 6' 4", 210-pound bullfinch with the speed of a deer who is also durable. If Vandy lights up, this Cherokee Chief might highball all the way to pro bonus pick. Dean Wally Batts, my Unsung Hero Coach, will begin his 19th campaign at Georgia with one of his favorite types — soph passer Charlie Britt. And Alabama, a year away but coming, has a do-it-all soph back in Gary O'Steen.

**SOUTHWEST**

**FIRST FLIGHT**

Baylor	9-1	Arkansas	7-3
Texas A&M	9-1	Texas	6-4
Rice	7-3		

**SECOND FLIGHT**

TCU	6-4	Hendon Simmons	6-4
SMU	6-4	Arizona	4-6
Texas Tech	5-5	Trinity	5-4
Texas Western	6-1	East Texas	8-2
Ariz. State	8-2	Alabama	5-5
West Texas	7-2	Wiley	7-3

This is where you need the ouija board to check the crystal ball, and tea leaves wouldn't hurt either. This is where it is not unusual for a Southwestern Conference team to bounce from bottom to top in two years, a trip the Aggies finished last season; or for a fourth-place selection to improve from week to week and finally look best of all, as Baylor did in beating Tennes-

(continued on page 77)



# HEMINGWAY

a title bout in ten rounds **BY JED KILEY**



Ernest was on his way to Africa to hunt lions.

ROUND 10: "THE OLD MAN AND THE SEA"  
THE FIRST THING I SAW when I hit New York was Hemingway's picture on a magazine cover. There he was big as *Life*. That's why he wanted me to get to New York, I thought. So I'd see it. I looked it over and saw it had a new hook of his in it. Must be that left hook he told me about, I thought. Almost bought one too. Wanted to look it over. But I wasn't going to break a life-long rule for him or anybody else. It wasn't the 20 cents. It was the principle of the thing. I had to go to the dentist's anyway. Had a broken tooth. I could wait and get the magazine there.

Saw an article in the paper about him, too. It said he was on his way to Africa to hunt lions. Looks like the guy told me the truth all right, I thought. Probably got his ticket on credit too. And that's not all. As I walked down Broadway there was his name on the marquee of a lot of movie theatres. They were all old stuff though. Reruns. Too bad Hollywood doesn't pay for reruns. Might have got myself walking-around money. Better hit the dentist's right away and kill two birds with one stone, I thought. I shaved him the busted tooth.

"Must have bit something awful



tough," he said.

"You can't say that again, Doc," I said. But I didn't tell him I tried to put the bite on Ernest. Might bite me right back for his ice if I did. So he fixed the tooth and I picked up *Life* on my way out. Took it over to the hotel with me. I wanted to be alone when I read the guy's stuff. Might say something. Aloud.

And maybe you think I didn't say something aloud when I read the thing. Lucky nobody was there. I read the whole book through. Word of honor. Got the hellboy to bring me up a bottle of Scotch and stuck it out. I even moved my lips when I read so I would understand it better. It was called *The Old Man and the Sea*. Not a bad title.

The book was full of padding though. I thought, Ernest must have been paid by the word for that one. I can tell you the whole story in *one sentence*. If you haven't read the book, read my rewrite. It's got everything in it you need to fool your friends:

Once upon a time in Cuba there was a nice Old Man who had not eaten in many days because he was on a fish diet and had not caught a fish and when he did catch a fish the fish was so big that The Fish really caught The Old Man because he could not let go of the line and was taken on a fish-conducted tour of the Caribbean Sea until some bad sharks had eaten up all his dinner and when he got to shore all he had on his hands were scars and fish bones but a Little Boy who liked The Old Man shared his dinner with him and The Little Boy and The Old Man and Ernest lived happily ever afterward.

But you know something? You can joke all you like about his writing but you gotta give him credit. He is a swell guy. I realized it more than ever that night the news-flash came about his crashing somewhere in Africa. Hit me right between the eyes. It was a Saturday about six p.m. I was just about to go out to dinner. But I didn't go. Took my appetite right away. Reached for a bottle of Scotch instead. Drank my dinner.

And that's a funny thing about Ernest. When you think of him or even hear his name, you want a drink. What a swell name for a new blend: Five-Star-Hemingway. Wonder if he's got any with him. Must have; for snake bites and everything. I thought.

You'd think he was right there with me, the way I was lapping it up. Just sat there drinking and listening to the radio. Once I picked up the magazine and tried to read it again. You know, maybe I would get a better slant on it. But you couldn't see the small print. Your eyes were blotching you. You had to keep wiping off your glasses all the time. So I walked over to the mirror

and did something I often do when I've had a few drinks. Started talking to myself.

I said aloud, "You're a chump to worry about that guy."

"Who's a chump?" I said.

"You are," I said.

"Why?" I said.

"Because you *know* he will get out of this. He always does. Has nine lives like a cat. Must have five or six left anyway."

That's right, I thought, look at what the Bimini natives said that time he was out in The Three Day Blow: "No storm too bad for Papa. He come back soon." And look at what the Coast Guard said in Key West: "If that guy is ever lost at sea it will be because they hung him from a yard arm." You can bet they're not worried about him now, I thought. Better forget about him. He'll come back. Like a bad penny.

My liquor was all gone so I dropped around to a few of the bars to see how other people were taking it. They were taking it big everywhere. I got a lot of free drinks just because I knew him. Got in some arguments too. Funny how everybody sticks up for the guy, I thought.

In one place they had the lights on. But nobody was paying any attention. Just waiting around for news of him. So was I but I wasn't going to show it. There was a pretty blonde standing next to me at the bar. She was wiping her eyes with a handkerchief. Might get her on the rebound, I thought. I gave her the eye.

"No storm too bad for Papa. He come back soon," I said.

"You talk in riddles," she said.

"So does he," I said.

"Who?" she said.

"Hemingway," I said.

"Oh, do you know Mr. Hemingway?" she said. And the way she said it you could see she was one of his fans. The guy's name is open sesame, I thought. When I answered her everybody at the bar looked at me.

"Do I know Ernest?" I said. "He's my pal."

"Do you know Miss Mary too?" she said.

"Miss Mary who?" I said.

"If Mr. Hemingway was your pal you would know that Miss Mary is Mrs. Ernest Hemingway," she said.

"Oh," I said.

That's right, I thought. He did get married again. Old habits are hard to break. I hadn't met the present Mrs. H. But I sure sympathized with her.

I said aloud, "Don't worry your pretty head about Miss Mary. He will take care of her. Always brings 'em back alive, like Frank Buck."

Just then they interrupted the TV lights to make an announcement. The

search for Hemingway and his wife was being abandoned because of darkness. So what, I thought. The guy has eyes like a cat too. Sees in the dark. But I got another drink fast just the same. Knocked it off the way he does—in a gulp. The blonde grabbed my arm.

"But suppose they are not alive now," she said.

"That's all we got to worry about," I said. "But if his neck and his bottles are not broken he will come out of that jungle with Miss Mary under one arm and a pink elephant under the other."

"But if they are alive," she said, "think of their spending the night with those wild animals."

"Think nothing of it," I said. "He's a wild animal himself."

A big fellow on the other side of me swung me around. Funny how they all take his part. This one can't even read, I thought.

He said aloud, "How would you like to sleep in a den of lions?"

"I'm no Daniel," I said, "but he is,"

"Who is?" he said.

"Hemingway is," I said.

"Oh yeah," he said, "suppose a lion bites him?"

"He'll bite him right back," I said.

"Ever see his teeth?"

"No," he said.

"I did," I said. "Never uses a hostile opener."

"Oh," he said.

"The guy's a Tarzan," I said. "He can kick a lion's teeth out with his bare feet. Saw him scare a shark to death once. Just snapped at him."

"There's no sharks in Africa," the guy said.

"There's no snow there either," I said.

"Who said there was?" he said.

"He did," I said.

"Who did?" he said.

"Skip it," I said.

"Listen, Mister," the blonde said, "there was plenty of snow in *The Snows of Kilimanjaro*. And it was the best picture I ever saw."

Funny how these kids dig that baloney, I thought. We called it Nature Faking when I was a kid. Better watch the lights and cool off. But I didn't cool off. One of the pugs reminded me of Ernest. In there slugging all the time. Couldn't get him off my mind. Wonder if he really is in trouble? I liked the guy personally if not professionally. He really should have been a doctor like his father wanted him to be. He would have had a swell bedside manner. Better try and make the blonde understand me, I thought.

"Friendship's a funny thing," I said aloud.

"You're a funny thing," she said louder.

"Oh yeah?" I said.

"Yeah," she said.

"Now take Ernie and me," I said.

"I'll take Ernie," she said.

"So will I," I said. "As a friend. I praise his virtues and forgive his weaknesses. I know his weakness is writing. But —"

"How about the Pulitzer Prize?" she said.

"Just a semi-final eight rounder," I said, "big medal but no purse. Might have been a bad decision, too, like some of those on TV. Or maybe the Judge's set had snow on it."

"Are you talking about a fighter or a writer?" she said.

"A fighter," I said.

"Oh," she said, and walked out.

I let her go. What's the use, I thought. The pen is mightier than the sword. Once that guy starts slingin' phrases at them they stay phrased. He's poison. Here he is 5000 miles away in darkest Africa and he's coming between me and a gal in New York City. Projects himself like an Indian Yogi. Not only that, he had driven everybody else out of the bar. I didn't want to go home and maybe not sleep. I wanted to talk some more about him. Like whistling in the dark or something. The bartender walked over and sweetened my drink.

"You're right, mister," he said. "This Hemingway plays too rough for Africa. I used to work in a sawdust joint in Key West. He can take it."

"I see you know him," I said.

"Only by sight," he said. "Seen him kick all the furniture out of the joint once with his bare feet."

"Anybody stop him?" I said.

"No," he said. "There were only four of us behind the bar that night."

"I see," I said. "Ever read his stuff?"

"No," he said.

Seems like an intelligent bartender, I thought. They listen better on his side of the bar too. Too bad he was getting ready to close up. He made me feel surer than ever that Ernest would be found. I even decided to go on the wagon until they *did* find him. We shook hands at the door.

"See you when they find him," I said.

"That's a date," he said.

Sunday was a bad day for me. Stayed in bed all day. But Monday was my big day. That's the day they found him. I read all the papers and hustled right over to the little bar. I sure hoped the gal would be there. Couldn't wait to say I told you so and really go to work on Ernest. I'll tell her plenty too, I thought.

But she wasn't there. Neither was the big fellow. The bartender was all alone. He was reading the paper too. You could see he knew all about it. Looked as happy as I did, I thought.

"Well, I told you so," I said.

"What's that?" he said.

(continued overleaf)

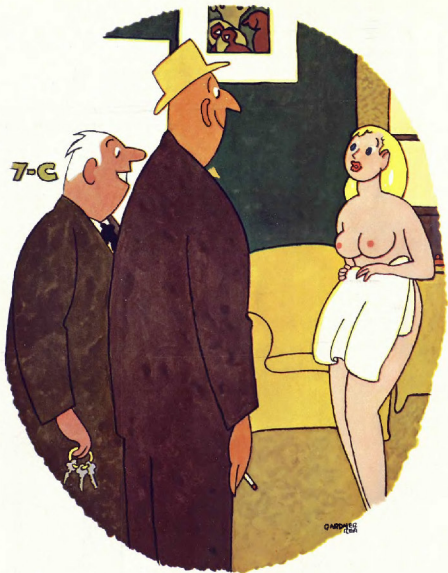
# Samovar

## VODKA



Samovar by Schenley  
is the Vodka of  
Summertime Elegance  
Ask for **S-A-M-O-V-A-R**





7-C

*"This apartment is available fully furnished,  
but — uh — not with Miss Cudlow."*

"Scotch and soda," I said. "Have one yourself. Remember me?"

He brought the two drinks and looked at me a long time.

"Sure," he said. "You're Mr. Hemingway's friend."

"Let's say he is my friend," I said. "Notice he got out OK?"

"Yeah," he said. "You sure had the right dope on him but you didn't say anything about his wife. It says here she was hurt."

"Just a couple of broken ribs," I said. "You got to expect that when you try to keep up with that guy. He might have done that just lugging her. How do you like his picture in the paper there?"

"Well," he said, "if I was a barber I wouldn't like it but as a bartender I'd say it's OK. You can see he's a good writer."

"How?" I said.

"By the drink in his hand," he said. "Some of my best customers are writers."

"Oh," I said. "Give us a couple more."

This fellow makes sense, I thought. It's the literary punks on the other side of the bar who give you an argument about his writing. I told him I was sorry Miss Mary got hurt.

"Brave little woman," he said.

"They all were," I said.

"Who's *they*?" he said.

"Skip it," I said. "What's your name?"

"Joe," he said.

"Well, Joe," I said, "it's this way. The guy bears a charmed life. It's the people with him who take a chance. Almost got killed once myself on the boat . . ."

"You told me about that," Joe said.

"OK," I said, "but do you see what I mean?"

"Sure," Joe said. "You mean he is sort of an Achilles' heel."

Better think that one over, I thought. I said aloud: "Why bring Achilles into it?"

Joe looked at his paper. "You can see in the picture he ain't hurt much," he said.

"How?" I said.

"He's got that big drink in his hand ain't he?"

"Doesn't mean a thing, Joe," I said. "You don't know the guy the way I do. That hand could be cut off at the neck and there'd still be a drink in it. If both arms were gone he'd hold it with his toes."

"But it says here in the paper he wasn't hurt much."

"How do they know?" I said. "He wouldn't tell them if he was hurt. Might not get the drink if he did. Never talks about himself. Read your paper and you'll see; it's Miss Mary this and Miss Mary that. You'd think she was alone in the plane to hear him tell it. He's the kind of a guy who wouldn't even tell

you about his operation."

"Has he had an operation?" Joe said.

"Had a hundred," I said. "Been cut all the way from the equator to the Spanish Peninsula. But he just won't open up."

"Has he lost his gall bladder?"

"Not so's you could notice it," I said.

"I did," Joe said. "They left a sponge in me and . . ."

"Must have left 20 in him from the way he acts sometimes," I said.

"Bring him in sometime," Joe said. I reached for my hat.

"Not me," I said. "I like your place."

As I walked down the street you could hear radio and TV sets blaring out ERIC'S name everywhere. Everybody had a paper with HEMINGWAY AND WIFE FOUND in great big red letters. You'd think the guy was the President of the United States instead of a writer of sorts. Too bad the papers hadn't looked me up, I thought. They could have had a 36-hour scoop on the story. Came out just like I said it would. I was sure glad just the same to see the guy was safe and sound. I'd had a few bad moments myself over the weekend.

You knew he'd hop off to Europe the minute he and Miss Mary could travel. He's like Lindbergh. Doesn't like being a celebrity. That's why he hides away in those island castles of his with eight dogs and 13 cats. Animals don't bother you asking for autographs. It's like I said before: when the honors are being dished out he always disappears.

Then one day in August of '54 I got a shock. Saw a picture of him in the paper getting the key to the city of Havana or some such honor. He was back home in Cuba. There he was up on the platform with Miss Mary and a lot of Cuban big-shots. They must have had to arrest him to get him there, I thought, or maybe they kidnapped him. Must have used force of some kind. The guy doesn't honor easily. But that wasn't what gave me the big shock. It was the picture itself. I examined it closely and could not be mistaken.

*He did not have a drink in his hand.*

This is serious, I thought. He may even be on the wagon. There was a big sign of welcome over his head but no welcoming glass in his big hand. Call it mental telepathy or what you will but I was sure, right then and there, that he had been hurt more than he had admitted in that accident in Africa.

#### THE JUDGE'S DECISION

So I cut the picture out of the paper and wrote him a letter. Wanted to check on how he was feeling. Just sent him one of those clever little notes of mine. You might say it was an invitation. I invited him to invite me down there for some deep-sea fishing and some sleep-sea-drinking if he couldn't fish and couldn't drink he was in a bad way. I

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enclosed the Havana note and gave him my diagnosis. Naturally I didn't say anything about *The Old Man and the Sea*. My thoughts on that could wait.

Well, you know how he is about answering letters. Sometimes he doesn't even open them. I didn't really expect an answer. Intended to hop down to Cuba and surprise him. But he surprised me. Answered by return air mail. Caught me just in time to stop the trip. Must have been studying the air flight schedule from New York, I thought.

It was just a little note declining my invitation. But it told me just what I had suspected. He was on the wagon. And he had been hurt much more seriously than the newspapers had reported. He didn't tell me how badly but I could read between the lines.

He said: "You know all there is to know about those bad smashes. Right now I am engaged in putting the body and the head in shape and writing.

Nothing else. Anyway I can't fish big fish until my back is sound. I am working very hard and have to be ruthless for a while about seeing anybody even old pals. Sorry you got hurt so badly, kid."

But see what I mean? It's just like I said to that barman. The guy had fooled everybody in Nairobi about his real condition by not talking and by having a drink in his hand when they took that picture. The papers here came out a month after his letter to me saying that he had broken his back, broken his arm and fractured his skull. You'd think he had only a torn hangail in the crash to read the rescue stories written at the time.

It only goes to show you I thought, the old time reporters are better than these School of Journalism graduates today. The ex-Kansas City cub had scooped the entire world nine months on his own condition.

You got to hand it to him after all, I thought. He is a good reporter.

Before we take our leave of Ernie, suppose we conduct a little friendly psychoanalysis, just for fun? We will call it *The Case History of Mr. E. H.* so that no one will know whom we mean. Let's pin his colorful wings to our laboratory table and dissect his fibs.

We will find Mr. E. H. one of our most difficult subjects. Earlier in this treatise you will recall that I likened him to a cat. We psychologists like to probe for animal traits in subjects and vice versa. I mentioned that he had nine lives and could see in the dark. Now where does Mr. E. H. get his feline motivation?

It's very simple to the trained observer. He has 13 cats at his home in Cuba. In passing I might draw your attention to some of the names he has given them. Notice how they follow the same behavior pattern he displays in the titles of his books. One alley cat of doubtful lineage for instance, I have been told, answers to the name of Rutherford B. Hayes. Another is Chester A. Arthur. Why? No one knows. These and many other conditioned reactions of our subject's dual personality may never be explained. A presidential neurosis could account for it.

With the 13 cats note that he has only eight dogs. This indicates a stronger feline behavior pattern as opposed to the canine. Not that he won't bite, mind you. He will. But so will cats if teased. There is perhaps only one trait he does not share with his feline friends. He never scratches. He pinches.

Another outstanding feline trait E. H. shares with 15 American Short-Hairs (Mr. E. H. is an American Long-Hair) is this: they never beg for mercy and they never show any mercy. Ever see a cat cornered by dogs? Kitty will not turn over on her back with her tail between her legs as some canines do when attacked by a larger dog. No sir. Just keeps on slugging it out to the end. Like he does.

We have no direct evidence of Mr. E. H.'s reaction to petting. But we can assume from his behavior pattern that he does not resent this form of feline frailty any more than the average house cat. Kitty has a decided penchant for petting.

Let us now try to determine if feline motivation influenced E. H. to hide his real injuries from his public. I believe it did. Cats when hurt or when sick do not look for sympathy. I never heard a cat complain to newspaper reporters or to anyone else. Did you? They just want to be alone. Cats hide out under the house or in Europe the way he did. Mr. E. H. unconsciously did exactly what his friend Chester A. Arthur would have done under the same circum-

FEMALES BY COLE: 39



Frigid

As to physical characteristics: Are his features those of the average house cat? No means. One would never say his beard is the cat's whiskers. On the contrary. But, make no mistake, those jagged whiskers are feline just the same. They resemble the mane of a lion. But do not try to tame him. And do not attempt to trim that mane. The old lions are the man killers.

They say E.H. stands up on his hind legs to work. This is a decided feline trait. Your own cat stands on her hind legs to work on your upholstery. Standing on the hind legs to scratch is feline behavior to the ninth line. No question about it.

I fish-like bringing in hearsay evidence but according to his neighbors it would appear that he has one more strong reflex in common with *Felis catus*. Has a habit of digging in his garden. And, they say, he never uses a spade.

However, let us not jump to hasty conclusions. I do not contend that E. H. has a cat complex. It may very well be that cats have an E.H. complex. But let us now return to Hemingway the Man.

Having seen in the paper that he had been nominated in Stockholm for the Nobel Prize, I hurried over to Sixth Avenue to get the returns from a reliable oracle. Mr. Harry Nelson, an old Paris friend of mine and a member of the bar in good standing. He is of Swedish descent. Nelson would know the dope if anybody would. I found him on my side of the bar. He was talking off his apron after the day shift. I ordered a couple of Swedish Punches. I suggested the punches as befitting the occasion. We discussed literature in general and then I strung the conversation around to the big bout in Stockholm.

"How are the boys at the Union fighting?" I said.

"Two to one on Papa to win by a KO in the first round," he said.

"How come?" I said.

"Well," he said, "you know how bar-tenders are. They just pull for the fellow they know. They've all seen him in action."

"I see what you mean," I said.

I knocked my punch off at a gulp and Harry threw another one at me. Those Swedish Punches carry authority. I thought. Reminded me of Papa's concoctions. Hit you downstairs and upstairs at the same time.

I said aloud, "Got any rest dope?"

Harry leaned toward me the way he does when he is giving you a winner in the second. "Yeah," he said, "right from the horse's mouth." His mouth was right in my ear.

"Do you know my Uncle Sven?" he said.

"No," I said.

"Will," Harry said, "I must get back from the old country and he says it's in the bag for Hemingway. He's a fisherman, see, and he's crazy about Hemingway's stuff."

How do you like that, I thought. A fisherman. Some horse's mouth all right.

I said aloud, "What does he fish—sardines?"

"No," Harry said, "Whales."

"Oh," I said.

"Yeah," he said, "It's a long time between bites on a whaler and Uncle Sven spends the time reading Hemingway. Says it's the best stuff he's ever read."

"Can he read English?" I said.

"No," Harry said.

"What?" I said.

"Not a word," Harry said.

That's a hot one, I thought. Harry must have been nipping on the job. Says his uncle can't read but he likes Hemingway. Well, that made some sense. I couldn't read his stuff either. And I liked him. Maybe the old gent watched somebody else reading it and then read his lips when they moved. I thought.

I said aloud, "Lip reader?"

"No," Harry said.

Better get going, I thought. This wiseguy's giving me double talk. He'll be saying the old man's a mind reader next. I downed my drink aloud.

"Thanks for the info, Buster," I said.

"Wait a minute," he said. "You ain't heard nothin' yet. Let's have a couple more punches."

I'd like to let you have a couple, I thought. Funny, when you just talk about that guy Hemingway, you want to start sleeping some old pal. Wonder what there is about that name. You either want to drink or fight when you hear it. I put my hand all around my drink so you couldn't see the glass. Then I got set for the left hook downstairs.

"Nelson," I said, "you say your uncle cannot read English. Right?"

"Right,"

"OK," I said, "Now, answer me yes or no. How does he read Hemingway?"

"Out loud," Nelson said.

Now you're going to get it, I thought. You won't even know what hit you. I started moving the right foot slowly. To get leverage. But he caught on. Danced away from me. Moves fast too. For a heavy man. Mind reading must run in the family. I thought.

"If you'll listen," he said, "I'll tell you how he reads."

"How?" I said.

"In Swedish," he said.

"Oh," I said.

That's right, I thought. They translate his stuff into all the foreign languages. Including the Scandinavian. This guy Nelson's not so dumb after all. May be got an angle.

I said aloud, "Go on, mentor."



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So I brought back a few, and then made the rounds of the manufacturers... and you know what? Not a single case would copy the coat for me! They said, "Shucks, American men don't go for new ideas." What's the matter, I asked; do American men have four ears and nine legs? Don't you think they can recognize a practical new fashion when it jumps up and bites them? So I decided to make the coats in my own custom shop; and pretty soon orders were coming all over the country asked me to make some for their customers.

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"The name's Nelson," he said. "I won't stop sparring and listen. Uncle Sven's no chump. If he likes Hemingway's stuff that much it must be better in Swedish. See what I mean? Let's suppose our boy in the red, white and blue trunks has some ex-champion over there in his corner."

"Translator?" I said.

"Sure," Harry said. "A ghost like Hamlet or something who knows the Swedish taste. A guy like that could take a comic book and make it into a Harvard Classic or even better. Got it?"

"Lead on, MacDuff," I said.

"Nelson's the name," he said. "Now remember over in Paris when you read Eve Curie's book on her mother?"

"Sure. But what's radium got to do with Hemingway? He's no atom bomb in my book."

"Mine neither. But he is in Uncle Sven's book. Just drink your drink and I'll tell you why. When you read the Curie book in the original French you said it wasn't so hot. Remember? Then you read Vincent Sheehan's translation into English and raved about it. Remember?"

"Yeah," I said.

"Can you read Swedish?"

"No," I said, "but after a few more of those Swedish Punches I could."

"I'm not joking," Harry said.

"I'm not either," I said.

"OK," Harry said. "Two more."

"Coming up," a voice said.

"Where was I?" Harry said.

"I don't know," I said.

"You was talking about Mr. Hemingway," the voice said.

"Oh yeah," Harry said. "Just think what a good ghost over there could do with *The Old Man and the Sea* for instance. Why he could have the Old Man a Steede instead of a Calfan. You know, spearing cod fish in the fjords instead of tuna. When that guy got through with him you wouldn't recognize the Old Man if you saw him.

"You wouldn't either," I said.

"Somebody over there just gives his stuff a Swedish message and it comes out better than it went in. Then the judges read it and he wins."

"Oh," I said. "Maybe you got something there."

"Sure I got something. Now take that Swedish Punch you're drinking..."

"I will take another one," I said.

"Sure," Harry said. "I'll take one too. But where do you think it comes from—Sweden? Not on your life. It's American—translated right here in the bar into Swedish by me and the other boys."

"Tastes swell to me," I said.

"Sure it tastes swell to you. Because it's rewritten to your taste. If you was a Swede you wouldn't like it. You'd want the McGoy. Say you walked in here and said I hanc vanxing a Svenska

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Punch? you'd get the McCoy. Taste is only a question of geography. See what I mean?"

"Sure I see," I said.

Funny how convincing a bartender can be, I thought. They're philosophers. That's what they are. Maybe that's because people confide in them so much. You tell a bartender things you wouldn't tell your professor. That white apron of his seems to have an air of authority about it. And they hear more secrets than your lawyer and family doctor put together. I've heard bank presidents ask a bartender how to invest our money. Then they slip him a live-spot for telling them. Bet writers like Ernest get a lot of good ideas from bartenders, I thought. Maybe that's why he goes to bars. But I still couldn't believe he'd go for any translation racket. I might have believed it if Harry had been wearing his white apron. But in his street clothes he was like a judge without his robes. Anyway, I thought, if Ernest did go in for that translation stuff he would write his book in Swedish first. Then have it translated into English. So it would read better to us Americans. You couldn't blame him for that, I thought.

I said aloud, "He'd never let anybody rewrite his stuff. And if he ever thought the fix was in for him he'd lose on purpose. The guy's on the up-and-up and I know it."

"I know it too," Harry said. "But when the fix is in, the fighter never knows about it. It's his manager who makes the deal. Take the time my married sister won the turkey at our Christmas raffle. She didn't know from nothin'. Wrote her own ticket. And I translated it. Still thinks she was lucky. Should've given the turkey back if she knew about it."

"So would he," I said.

"OK," Harry said. "I'll go along with that. But how's he ever going to know? Can he read Swedish?"

"Don't know. He's a good linguist."

"Never mind his politics. Can he read Swedish?"

"Guess not," I said.

"Well there you are. It's just like Uncle Sven says . . ."

"Oh, the hell with your Uncle Sven," I said.

"Bet you a G-note Hemingway wins in the first," he said.

"Oh, go to hell," I said.

Better get the hell out of here, I thought. Some bartenders think they know it all. Sure, I kid his writing. But nobody can say anything about *him* to me. Take that time they said his plane crash was a publicity stunt. I told them plenty then. And if I don't beat it now I'm going to tell Nelson plenty too, I thought. A lot of fellows might be better pals of Ernest's than I was. But I always saw through that booze curtain he throws around his private life. Saw

through it when he was a kid around the Quarter. And I can still see through it, 30 years after. With all his front, he's a home boy at heart. Of course I don't say I would have voted for him at Stockholm. Then again I might have. But I'll tell you one thing, I thought, if they ever had a Noble Prize anywhere, I'd vote for him twice. But he isn't the kind of guy who would let you vote twice if he knew about it.

I said aloud, "Thanks for nothing, Buster. Be seeing you."

"Wait a minute, buddy," Buster said. "I'll be right back. Then we hear the results on the first at Stockholm."

But I didn't wait a minute. The minute the restroom door closed I went out the front door. Let him pay for the drinks himself, I thought.

I turned right on Sixth Avenue. The sunlight reflecting on the windshields hit your eyes like hot sparks. There was a man crossing the street with a wooden leg. There were a lot of people on the sidewalk. You wondered where they were going. And what they were thinking of. A crowd at the corner was waiting for a bus. You could see they were glad to be going home. Two girls passed me. One was wearing a red hat. It had a feather on it and it seemed to wave at you. The other had a green hat. There was a small run starting in her left stocking. You waited at the corner for the signal to change. Funny how you always did that. Then you turned east on 42nd

Street.

\* \* \*

The coda came into literary fashion in England a long time ago. As you know it is a tail stuck on a tale by the author, like you stick the tail on the donkey in the old parlor game. Only you are not blindfolded. It was generally written in verse. So is mine:

Deare reader get a loada

This poore wryter's coda

I wrote this pastiche ye mite say

To syng the praise of Hemingway

Alas that my weake dialogue  
Shoulde recke with wiske, gyn and  
grog

And when I say his wryting's hum

My pen is only dipt in rum

Ah woulde that I coulde only learnest  
To write as well as genyul Ernest  
Without ye name of justif papa  
This pastiche woulde be a floppo

In twentee books on him I've rede  
All place his wryting far abode  
And if I'd saide his stuff beats par  
Ye never woulde have rede this far

Ah Ernest how my poete harte weeps  
That I am not another Pepys  
But as I wryte from memoree  
Dere nehel Ernest preyre for me.

Y



"Knockers!"



## LIFE AND DEATH

(continued from page 18)

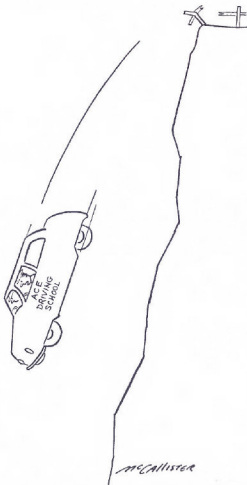
for it all your life by living with a man you hate!"

George was swept along. "I don't understand—who did she hate?"

"Me! You must have known! Don't try to pretend she didn't tell you! But there she was, going to have a child! My child! And you wouldn't forgive her! Don't you remember the night she came to you and begged you to marry her, but you wouldn't? You were so full of

jealousy that you dressed her to life with a man she didn't love!" A pause, and a new insinuating tone. "Or have you forgotten all this in the hospital, George. I guess maybe you *have*—forgotten your part in this whole damned mess. It must be easy to forget things when you're in a hospital and sick, easy enough to forget the lives you've ruined—not only hers, but mine!"

Now Everett made the greatest gamble of his life. He took one step forward. And nothing happened. George just watched his face, waiting for more.



"What do you think my life has been, because I spent one night with a woman I only had a casual interest in? Neither one of us will have any kind of life because of that one night! I gave up the woman I really loved, and Eleanor gave up the man she really loved! Yes, George, so help me. So the final irony of all this, George, is that tonight you'll be doing us a favor." Everett's face twisted with a sardonic smile. "Because the nicest thing that could happen to us would be your pulling that trigger! *Our life is a living hell in any case!*"

His voice echoed throughout the house. George's eyes were wide, his expression that of a person struck dumb, and his brain struggled with these incredible thoughts, shouted so wildly, with such fervor that it was impossible to doubt their truth.

Everett bent down and neatly scooped up the knife and threw himself onto George. He thrust him back against the steps and his head thudded against the edge of one. Everett put the knife to his throat, his other hand going to the wrist of the hand that held the gun.

"Nothing will happen to me if I kill you, George. You know that. Now I'll plunge it right into your throat if you don't drop the gun."

George dropped the gun.

Carefully, Everett felt for it. His hand closed around it finally, and he stood up quickly.

And suddenly the whole thing was a farce.

It was his son Philip's gun.

A toy.

George sat up, rubbing his head. He said, "I don't remember that. I don't remember that at all, Everett, I mean her coming to me like that . . . but I really haven't been well, Everett . . . did it really happen like that? Really?"

Everett just stared at him.

And there was a trace of a shy smile on George's face. "Did she really love me . . . ?"

Everett leaned against the door. He took out his handkerchief and wiped his brow. He realized he was drained, that he had never sweated more in his life.

And looking into George's face, he suddenly thought how odd all this was, and wondered if he'd ever had the right to interfere with George and Eleanor in the first place. But then that was foolish—Everett knew himself to be the better man, he always had been, and had certainly proved it again tonight—and by rights he should let George know that because George had put him through hell . . .

But instead he said, "Yes, George. She really loved you."

And he picked up the telephone.

"Hadn't you better take over?"

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Cordovan  
Mahogany  
Blue  
Red  
Neutral

*You'll be a  
Campus Standout—  
with a  
Microsheen Shine!*



## BLOOPER GIRLS

(continued from page 58)

be known as Neuter's Correspondent—aptly or not who can say?

"Well," I said, draining my stirrup cup. "I think the issue was very well compounded by getting the old girls a decoration each for distinguished services to the British Way of Life. I'll never forget the investiture with Bessie and Enid in tears and Mr. Tope swallowing like a toad."

"It's all very well to laugh," said Burrows severely, "but a whole generation of Scobs have had their English gouged and mauled by the *Herald*. Believe me, old man, only yesterday I had a letter from young Babie, you remember him?"

"Of course."

"For him, England is peppered with fantastic place-names which he can only have got from the *Herald*. He says he enjoyed visiting Henley Regatta and Westminster Abbey; furthermore he was present at the drooping of the color; he further adds that the noise of Big Ben striking filled him with emotion; and that he saw a film about Florence Nightingale called *The Lady with the Lump*. No, no, old man, say what you will, the *Herald* has much to answer for. It is due to sinister influences like the Gropes and Topes of this world that the British Council's struggle is such an uphill one. Care for another?"

Y



"I honestly believe I've got the most jealous husband in the whole world."

## Writing

(continued from page 26)

and "j" carry their little messages, too. If the loops are deep and wide they indicate a sensual nature; this girl is gregarious, too, not so keen on a quiet evening listening to your hi-fi. She wants to be out on the town. In the writing of the girl who'll tend to be more cooperative, you'll find moderate loops. If there are no loops at all, just straight strokes, this is a thinker, an independent spirit. She's bright, resourceful, has a good sense of humor. She'll say "yes" if she wants to— but nothing you can do will make her say "yes" if she feels like saying "no."

joy

Sensual, maternal desires.

young

Moderate emotions, cooperative, wants security.

you rang

Smart, independent, resourceful.

Handwriting is full of signposts like these, some of them easy to understand,

some of them complex. For instance, when a girl crosses her "i" and dots her "t" with all sorts of odd-ball lines and curlicues, never placing them where they belong, and substitutes dashes for periods and commas, she's apt to be a dramatic, noisy type. She hates routine, doesn't want to be bothered with details, ever, and is perpetually enthused about something— usually something or somebody new. This dame is fickle and inconstant.

Writing on unruled paper tells a lot, too. The horizontal path of the writing, uphill, downhill or on a straight level, is what counts.

up we go

Optimistic, arrives in high cheer for her date with you.

Down we go

Skeptical, pessimistic, may take a long time to switch into mood of optimism.

up and down

Unpredictable, cheerful one time, moody the next. You can't know in advance if she'll say "yes" or "no" and neither can she.

But what if you only have a sample of her signature? There are clues there, too. If her normal handwriting slants forward, and her signature tends to be backward, the girl is pretending to be aloof, playing hard-to-get. Ultimately, though, you should find her warm and responsive.

If her regular writing is backward and her signature forward-leaning, the girl is adopting a facade of friendliness and good humor. She is a cold fish, a planner, a long-range schemer.

It's as easy as that, for a beginning. It can be worked on you, too, don't forget. Of course if you are honest, sincere, faithful, sober, kind, hard-working, brave, clean, and nice to animals, it doesn't matter how many charming little notes you fling into the mailbox every year. Otherwise, best you use the telephone, Western Union, smoke signals, extra-sensory perception or tom-tom.

Y



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Oklahoma has won 10 straight games; scored in 116 straight; has had five undefeated seasons in the last eight, has won two consecutive national titles. But Bud Wilkinson has lost 18 lettermen, including seven starters and his first two quarterbacks. He is in one of his rebuilding years. Not even Wilkinson should be expected to win right off with inexperienced talent, no matter how promising.

But who's to beat him? A valid criticism of the Sooner saga has been weakness of Conference opposition. The Big Eight (Oklahoma A&M has been added) has been trying to do something about that. Colorado, dedicated to the task, has several times come close, and actually held a 19-6 half-time lead in '56. Kansas has been moving steadily closer under Chuck Mather; and this year, draws the favored spot on the Sooner schedule between Texas and Colorado. Missouri has brought in brilliant young Frank Broyles to install the Georgia Tech-technique. Iowa State has imported Jim Myers from the Red Sanders staff at UCLA. Myers will find center Ellis Rainsberger captaining the team for the second season.

In addition to these grid-slingers, Bud will this year face a new hazard: two of his men, Bill Jennings at Nebraska and Darrell Royal at Texas will be trying to gun him down. If Notre Dame comes up to Pitt in Nov. 16 meeting with a reasonable chance, the last team to beat Oklahoma might be the next. But none of these seems quite ready. Best chance to break the Sooner dominance would seem to go to Pitt in the Sept. 21 season's opener for both. I saw the last game Oklahoma failed to win—the '77 tie in '53 when the Panthers practically gun-whipped Bud's boys. Wilkinson was also looking for a quarterback that day. If junior David Baker proves to be the lad for the job against Pitt, Oklahoma will have an excellent chance to win its third straight national title, for one of a number of records.

In addition to the Oklahoma Aggies, the Missouri Valley Conference has also lost Detroit to travel economy; but it has picked up toughies in Cincinnati and North Texas State. Houston again figures to lead this loop, with Hal Lahar, who did wonders at Colgate, directing a promising squad that may, however, be too young for some of its outside competition. The Aggies, a year away from big time, should be ready when they begin Big Eight play about '60. As of now they think their Duane Wood is "better than any halfback in the section" which happens to include my back-of-the-year, Glendon Thomas. Tulsa also has a fond regard for its do-it-all back Joe Cagliola.

## ROCKY MOUNTAIN

### FIRST FLIGHT

Utah	7:3	Denver	7:9
Wyoming	7:3		

### SECOND FLIGHT

Brighton Young	4:6	Colo. State U	4:6
Utah State	5:5	Montana	3:6
Air Force	3:4	Colo. Mines	3:6
New Mexico	5:5		

The picture window out here shows Utah, Wyoming and Denver again. The Utes appear to have an edge in sectional play but take on Army and Colorado outside the Skyline Conference. Wyoming, undefeated last time, loses eight starters and changes from 10 years of single wing to Bob Devaney's multiple. Denver's losses dug deep into the third string but the raw material is promising. Hal Kopf got off to a fast start at Brigham Young and figures to move into the main contention, perhaps even this season.

Colorado A&M took on a new number and came out as Colorado State University. A drowsy of sophs came with the name. Dick Clausen hopes to shift to the winning side in his second season at New Mexico. The Air Force Academy plays five Skyline schools in its third year of competition. Army is scheduled for '59 and Navy for '60 at which time the Falcons expect to be flying high. On Oct. 11 of this year they will test-flight against George Washington in the national capital.

## PACIFIC COAST

### FIRST FLIGHT

Oregon State	8:2	California	6:4
Washington	7:3	Stanford	6:4
USC	7:3	Oregon	6:4
UCLA	6:4		

### SECOND FLIGHT

Wash. State	4:6	Fresno	8:2
Coll. of Pac.	7:3	San Jose	4:6
Idaho	6:4		

Pacific? The small war over the battered ghost of amateurism has spread to such issues and personalities that all its bystanders had better stay innocent. Assuming that moves to disban or resign have failed, and that the disputed 10 Bruin and eight Trojan seniors will not play, my counselors favor Oregon State to retain its championship followed by Washington, USC and UCLA. But the Beavers cannot return to the Rose Bowl for a second straight year; the next three are ineligible by continuing prohibitions. So the fifth best Coast squad may go to Pasadena, Alas, poor Conference. But now to the fields of friendly strife.

Oregon State is conceded an edge because Tommy Prothro still has his two fine backs, Joe Francis and Earned Dur-

den, and enough of the others who made the surprise trip through last year's disrupted field. But Washington could do it. Jim Owens takes over the Husky reins at the age of 50, but with a royal coaching background of Wilkinson, Bryant and Tatum apprenticeship. He will inherit perhaps the best first-string material, especially backs. The Trojans and Bruins will delve deep into sophomore, juvace and red-shirt pools to replace their displaced seniors.

Don Clark, who moves up at USC. (Jesse Hill is now Athletic Director) shows no "names" but will field a representative first 11. Red Sanders at UCLA will have fine tailbacks in marvelous (49.5 average) punter Kirk Wilson and John Adams, who scans 6' 3" and 235 pounds. Pete Elliott, who has had recent training under Wilkinson (there's that name again) inherits a promising squad from Pappy Waldner at California.

Chuck Taylor, rebuilding at Stanford after last year's late-season collapse, will undoubtedly be pointing for the California game, winner of which now figures to go to the Rose Bowl—unless, perchance, Oregon should have it sewn up by that time. The Webfoots, much better than they looked last season, finished strong and could stage the surprise party. Bill Steiger, Washington State end, caught 39 passes for 607 yards in '56, ran 59 yards for a 4-0 from punt formation and plays defense, too. Dick Bass, COP junior, will be one of the nation's best backs if a calified kick behaves. San Jose—new boys, new system, new coach (Bob Titchenal)—fears a drab season.

### END ZONE

For everyone not included, the nice things I intended to say about your school and your fine lads, blame lack of space.

It should again be pointed out, perhaps, that I do not claim my All-America picks are necessarily the best; nor my Top Teams necessarily the strongest. What I am giving you is a preview of how things will look at season's end; of the individual and team honors that will be accorded at that time. I do not make those selections in November; nor always agree with them. I have to guess what they will be; forecast the future from knowledge of the past.

If you're wondering why Wilkinson isn't my coach-of-the-year, it's because Bud won the honor long ago and there seems to be an unwritten law against repeats. Evashevsky's chief rivals for this honor (and the spoils I fear most) are Bear Bryant of Texas A&M and Murray Warmath of Minnesota.

See you in that Happy Pointing Ground where everyone has a season's pass to a pair of seats on the 50 yard line.



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