

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

NOVEMBER 50 cents

# PLAYBOY



THE WORD ON FRANK SINATRA

PEEKABOO BRIGITTE BARDOT



# PLAYBILL

THE WORD ON SINATRA, the man and the voice, is an important part of the November *PLAYBOY*. Long popular with our readers (see *Jazz Poll* results, any year) as well as our editors, Sinatra is explored as an American phenomenon and love god in a three-dimensional study by Robert George Reisner, Curator of the Institute of Jazz Studies in New York and co-author of our probing essay on *Bird* (January 1957).

Bardot returns like the best and most beautiful of boomerangs in a series of photographs that reveal her, bit by bit, to the appreciative eyeballs of *PLAYBOY* readers. Those eyeballs will likewise linger, we trust, over Joan Staley, our TV Playmate for November.

Willfred Funk, a learned limb of a lavishly lexiconed family tree, writes of worldly words in his delightful *What's the Bad Word?* Beat poet Lawrence Ferlinghetti is synthesized and satirized by John D. Keelauer in the poem-parody, *Oh Well What the Hell*.

*The Marvelous Lover*, a work of fiction alternately moving and amusing, leads off this month's *PLAYBOY*; it is written by a charming lady book-editor, Joyce Engelson. After his first bow as a *PLAYBOY* fictioneer last month, Ken Purdy follows up with the short (dare we say punchy?) story, *A Sock in the*

*Jaw*. Popular Henry Slesar, he of the grimly inventive mind, describes an unusually repellent — but fascinating — situation in *The Jam*.

The holidays are all but upon us. Hence, Tom Mario has provided hearty festival menus involving *Fair Game*, and grandiloquent gifts for male and female recipients are suggested here and there throughout the issue. Skiing is an appropriately festive sport, we think: that's why we go into the subject — fashion-wise, gearwise and schusswise — by way of an engaging article by Fred Iselin (Co-Director of the Aspen Ski School in Colorado) and our own Associate Publisher A. C. Spector, adventurous amateur par excellence. Iselin and Spector are the authors of a book that has been the skier's bible for the past 12 years; they have recently updated it, and Simon & Schuster are bringing it out soon as *The New Invitation to Skiing*. This snowy subject quite naturally brings to mind Shel Silverstein's experiences in Switzerland: he delineates them for us this month.

Add to these attractions some sensuous greeting cards, a clutch of Party Jokes, a glittering gaggle of cartoons, and you will have conjured up a shimmering image of this memorable November number.

SPECTORSKY



ISELIN



KEEFAUVER



FUNK

REISNER



## DEAR PLAYBOY

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

### COVER GIRL

Who was that wonderful creature on the cover of your July issue? Please make her your next Playmate.

Walter E. Magnolia  
Rockaway Beach, New York

Putting that little honey on the cover and then not following through with a spread inside is, as far as I am concerned, nothing short of criminal. Take off her sunglasses and make her a Playmate!

R. E. Stinson  
Mayfield, Michigan

Let's have more, more, more of the absolute doll on your July cover, so we can find out who she is.

W. J. McClements  
Dubuque, Iowa

I have just finished reading, from cover to cover, your July issue, and nowhere did I find the slightest hint as to the name of the playful looking piece of pulchritude on the front cover. What is she called?

Tony Sherman  
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

*July's cover girl is called Joyce Nizari; her home is Miami and she'll be the Playmate in December.*

### SILVERSTEIN AND FRIEND

The August 25th issue of *Time* included an item on Caitlin Thomas, widow of the Welsh poet Dylan Thomas, and her boyfriend Giuseppe Fazio, who



were touring the United Kingdom together. This guy Fazio looks exactly like an unidentified fellow seated beside your cartoonist Shel Silverstein in a photo in his spread on Italy in the June

PLAYBOY. Since *Time* reports that Fazio is a Sicilian aviator, I'm wondering if they are one and the same.

Charles Milton  
New York, New York

*They are. Shel lived with Fazio while in Rome, reports, "Joe Fazio is one of the most fabulous guys I've ever met. You wouldn't believe some of the adventures we had together and if just half of the stories he tells are true, he's one of the great lovers of our time. This picture of Joe and me and a friend was taken at the Taverna Margutta, the restaurant where Joe and Caitlin met just a few days later."*

### PENTHOUSE JAZZ

Leonard Feather's article, *Six Records in Search of a Penthouse*, was about the Phoniest (with a capital P) I have read in a long while. Some guys will undoubtedly read, with relish, Frank Sinatra's personal choices, and believe that Sinatra made those selections himself. Incredible! The worst part of the whole mess is where Peggy Lee describes Bach. I gagged.

Alan Kushnir  
Chicago, Illinois

*Frank's and Peggy's choices and comments were their own.*

Johnny Mathis comes on too big to be put down with disdain by Sinatra, as quoted in your *Six Records* piece. Does Frankie think *he* had the same quality and phrasing at Johnny's age?

Irving Codron  
Los Angeles, California

Like, cheers for Leonard Feather and his *Six in Search*.

Gordon Heady  
San Diego, California

After reading *Meet the Playboy Reader*, I gave up being one, since I was nowhere to be found in your survey! However, there were empty spaces on my wall where my May and June Playmates would have been. When July rolled around, I decided to be big about it, so now I have Linné looking down at me while I am reading *Six Records in Search of a Penthouse*. I agree with most of the

# MY SIN

... a most  
provocative perfume!



# LANVIN

*the best Paris has to offer*

PLAYBOY, NOVEMBER, 1958, VOL. 5, NO. 11. PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY HMH PUBLISHING CO., INC., PLAYBOY BUILDING, 232 E. OHIO ST., CHICAGO 11, ILL. ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER AUGUST 5, 1955 AT THE POST OFFICE AT CHICAGO, ILL., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879. PRINTED IN U.S.A. CONTENTS COPYRIGHTED © 1958 BY HMH PUBLISHING CO., INC. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN THE U.S., ITS POSSESSIONS, THE PAN AMERICAN UNION AND CANADA, \$14 FOR THREE YEARS, \$11 FOR TWO YEARS, \$6 FOR ONE YEAR, ELSEWHERE ADD \$3 PER YEAR FOR FOREIGN POSTAGE. ALLOW 30 DAYS FOR CHANGE. ADVERTISING: MAIN ADVERTISING OFFICE, HOWARD LEDERER, EASTERN MANAGER, 720 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y., CI 5-2620; WESTERN ADVERTISING OFFICE, 232 E. OHIO ST., CHICAGO 11, ILL., MI 2-1000; LOS ANGELES REPRESENTATIVE, FRED E. CRAWFORD, 612 S. SERRANO AVE., LOS ANGELES, CAL., DU 4-7352; SAN FRANCISCO REPRESENTATIVE, A. S. BARCOCK, 605 MARKET ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., YU 2-3954.



Makes  
you feel  
like a king  
every day!



# KINGS MEN®

GROOMING AIDS

The best faces use  
Kings Men  
After Shave Lotion

Only \$1.00  
Plus  
Federal  
Tax

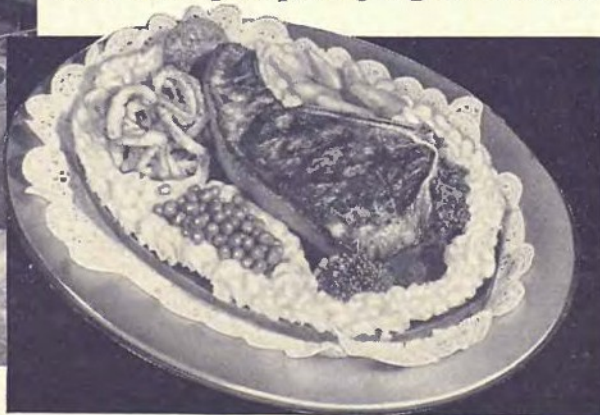


Fresh up yourself  
and your day with  
Kings Men—known  
everywhere as the  
world's finest. It's a  
habit you'll enjoy.

KINGS MEN PRE-ELECTRIC LOTION • SPRAY DEODORANT • COLOGNE • AEROSOL SHAVE



mad matadors have that yen  
for this properly aged meat!



# Sirloin Room

"where the steak is born"

What a package to get at home. Delicious Sirloin Room Specials, U. S. prime grade, carefully aged . . . shipped anywhere in U. S. Colorful wrap, sturdy carton . . . your business card, or we will insert greeting card. Allow one week for handling. Order now!

**STOCK YARD INN**  
Room 912 • 520 North Michigan Avenue  
Chicago 11, Illinois

Steaks cannot be shipped C.O.D. Please  
enclose check or billing instructions

Two Assortments  
to Select From:

- Box A: Six Sirloin Room Specials, approximately 16-oz. each. . . . \$25.00
- Box B: Six Filet Mignon Tenderloin Steaks, approximately 10-oz. each. . . . \$24.00

If Air Express is Requested,  
All such charges extra  
Add 3% Tax for Shipments  
in Illinois



Fabulous  
Steak Throne

choices (who asked me?) but why couldn't you have called it *Six Records in Search of a Pad* for sub-average PLAYBOY readers like myself?

Don Elliott  
(Musician without a penthouse)  
New York, New York

Don, meet a fan . . .

I have recently returned from the Newport Jazz Festival and was pleased with the general excellence of the jazz played there and the public acceptance of it. I was impressed by the improvement in performances over previous years and especially liked Billy Taylor, Urbie Green and Don Elliott. Elliott is, in my opinion, one of the greatest jazzmen of our time and I don't understand why he isn't given greater recognition in a magazine such as yours that devotes so much space to jazz.

Jack Berman  
Brooklyn, New York

We dig Don too, Jack, and have nominated him for both trumpet and miscellaneous instrument (vibes and mellophone) in all three Jazz Polls.

## POLAR PLAYBOY

It may interest you to know that the copy of PLAYBOY enclosed was in the wardroom of the USS Skate when she made her historic voyage in the Arctic Ocean. The entertainment provided herein was a valuable source of relaxation during this stressing and tension-filled period.

Lt. R. I. Arnest, MC, USN  
USS Skate (SSN578)

## BEAVERS

In the July issue of PLAYBOY (used professionally in this office to help in the selection of feminine office personnel), my attention was caught by a photograph on page 25 depicting members of the male sex, for a change. This pride of



beavers was a noble group indeed, but in my opinion, there was one grievous omission: the puss of the distinguished Mr. Oscar Ogg, Vice-President in charge of Art for many years at the Book-of-







# PARIS

## BELTS

in the new "Vista-dome" package



S-T-R-E-T-C-H- --LINK



double  
comfort

STRETCH-LINK BELT

You can't make a move without this belt following every move you make. Almost uncanny the way the smart links comfortably stretch and breathe with you. "Personality-styled" exclusively by "Paris"\* for the well-dressed man who loves his comfort. 1" style, \$5.00.

\*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. A. Stein & Company • Chicago • New York  
Los Angeles • Toronto.

PARIS

the-Month Club. This is an affront to every Ogghead in the United States—a group in which I am proud to include myself. In the hope that you will want to redeem yourself, I am enclosing herewith a photograph of Mr. Ogg. The only other thing I have to tell you is that I would like to see more of your July Playmate!

Bennett Cerf, President  
Random House  
New York, New York

### MUD

I wish to point out that I'm *not* a pudgy pile of mud. Not that I would object to being one. There's nothing wrong with a pudgy pile of mud. But your misguided and befuddled and be-piffled scribbler seems to think there's something discreditable about a pudgy pile of mud and so he calls me a pudgy pile of mud. Only an illiterate, alcoholic garbage-can would stoop that low! And I say that more in sorrow than in anger. But I also say the perpetrator of that article is nothing but a pusillanimous liar, a peewee liar, an expert, automatic, hydrolic, revolving, round-the-clock liar, and his statement that I'm a pudgy pile of mud is an obvious, willful, deliberate, malicious, meaningless, stale and distorted misrepresentation—made out of whole cloth! Never in my entire history have I been a pudgy pile of mud, or even attempted to be one. My entire biography brands it a lie. Ask that psychotic mudslinger how come females all over town make passes at me! Ask him how come they call me ADORABLE TEDDY-BEAR and SAUCE PIQUANTE and SULTRY, DEVASTATING THEODORE (now BROTHER Theodore). Just ask him how come!

Brother Theodore  
New York, New York

### JAZZ FOR A CHAMP

Did you know about this photo that was sent out by UP showing Lightweight



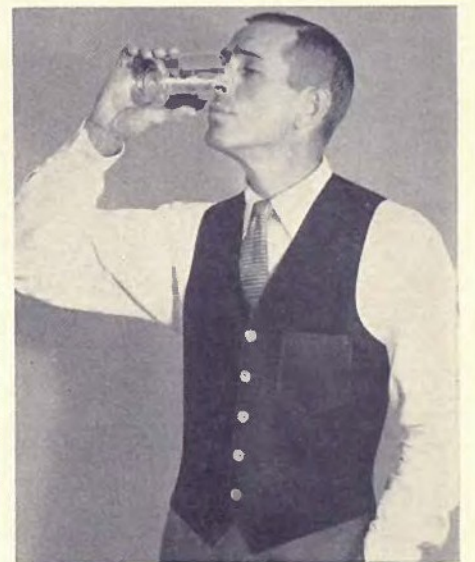
Champion Joe Brown selecting jazz music to help him relax the day before his successful title defense against Kenny



Britishers  
wear 'em  
all year  
'round

The British  
*Byford '98'*  
Wool Sock

Same size, same shape, after washing. Ankle \$1.50. Garter length \$1.75. For color chart, write Abbey Imports, Inc., Empire State Bldg., N. Y. C.



### DIAMOND JIM VEST

for host-ing, boisting, gifting

Guaranteed to make you a "sparkler" of all holiday festivities. Our cool-cut, unlined D. J. Vest is jet black felt, embellished with five gem-cut rhinestone solitaires... imparted from Austria, faceted to cut-flash the Kohinoor. Sizes: S. M. L. Adjustable strap in back. Gals' version, too... sizes 10 to 20. Perfect for your playmate. \$4.95, PPD.

ALSO: Gambler's Vest in Chamois-color or Poker Chip Red felt, with polished gold money buttons. Same cut, sizes and price as D. J. Vest. CHRISTMAS SPECIAL—any three vests (men's or women's) sent postpaid to three addresses, Only \$13. Specify sizes and colors (Black, Chamois or Red), enclose your gift cards. Send check or money order to:

MURDOCH & COMPANY Suite 906  
27 East Monroe Street, Chicago 3, Illinois





©REVLON, INC., 1958

- Keeps hair in place...
- Moisturizes dry scalp
- Fights dandruff!

**Amazing Medicated Hair Dressing!**

This is it! The amazing medicated and moisturizing formula that checks dryness, flakiness, fights dandruff every second. Top Brass gives your hair a rich, natural look... even adds *body* to thinning hair. It's great!

**100% Non-Greasy!**

**'TOP  
BRASS'**

**FOR MEN**

Lane? I used it on my TV program, *Final Edition Sports*, and made mention of the fact that Joe was listening to *The Playboy Jazz All-Stars* album.

Wes Wise, Sports Director  
WFAA-TV  
Dallas, Texas

**SICK**

Whatever you do, let's have more of Jules Feiffer. I haven't seen anything so funny since the hogs ate my brother.

Sgt. Paul S. Murtha, USMC  
NTC Bainbridge, Maryland  
*Cartoonist Jules Feiffer is a regular contributor to these pages.*

**THE SLINGS AND EROS**

I've been a reader of PLAYBOY since your first issue, but nothing has impressed me quite as strongly as the article by John Keats, *Eros and Unreason in Detroit*. I congratulate you and Mr. Keats for bringing out the truth, which is so badly needed. My only wish is for everyone who owns or plans to own a car to read this article.

William Williams  
Memphis, Tennessee

My sincerest congratulations to John Keats for *Eros and Unreason in Detroit*. This is unequivocally the most incisive invective ever written about Detroit.

Richard A. Brass  
M.I.T.  
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Read with interest John Keats' "opinion," *Eros and Unreason in Detroit*. I must say it is (as are all of Mr. Keats' opinions) the product of a warped and secondary mind!

J. Michael Conte  
Rochester, New York

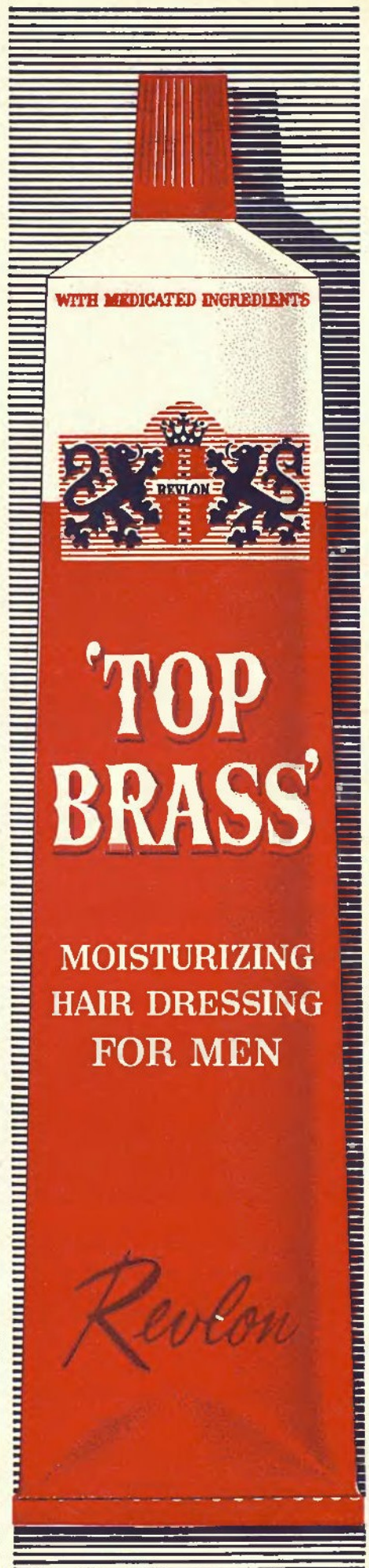
Mr. Keats' article is indeed an "opinion" article, and one with which we cannot agree. Cadillac has for many years built motor cars of a type preferred by our valued customers.

W. T. LaRue  
Merchandising Manager  
Cadillac Motor Car Division  
Detroit, Michigan

Keats sounds like a man on fire. May he destroy every phallus, fin and falsie from Detroit. Marvelous article!

Todd Beck  
Kalamazoo, Michigan

John Keats' colorful if occasionally overdrawn article is a justifiably violent reaction to the esthetic and functional deterioration of the American automobile. Let me interject a note of optimism in what he draws as the blackest possible picture of the industry and its future. True, styling directions have been endorsed which contributed to the







*A girl like this...  
likes a look like this!*

This is the look she loves. This is the After Six look. Compounded of equal parts: comfort, inspired styling, brilliant tailoring and luxurious fabrics. This is the look, the spirit, that pervades the smart world...combining an elegant air with the cunning knack for comfort that only After Six provides. Look for After Six at any store that wants you to look—and feel—your best.

*A wide range in styles—from Ivey to distinctive Avant Garde. Details include such refinements as hacking pockets, velvet collars, detachable velvet and satin sleeve cuffs. From \$45.00 to \$125.00. Prices slightly higher West of the Rockies and in Canada.*



degeneration of the automobile to its almost absurd present state. I know, however, that there is sufficient design and production talent in Detroit to produce the automobiles we will like in the future and which we will buy. The core of today's problem is Detroit's underestimation of the level and precise nature of public taste. The accretion of styling horrors committed in the name of "giving the public what it wants" is the result of lack of judgment and not of engineering and design talent. In no uncertain terms the public is now telling the automobile industry what it does *not* want by its resistance to buying the present cars. In my opinion the American people have always wanted, and still want, a safe, lean, graceful, comfortable, fun-to-drive, economical car. There are designer-engineer combinations who are eager to see these built if some manufacturer will give them approval. The ideal automobile would be equipped with brakes that do not fade; with a steering gear that revives that forgotten driving luxury, the feel of the road; a suspension to improve the car's roadability; finally, quality production to match advertising claims.

Raymond Loewy  
New York, New York

Mr. Keats' opinions are sound, *mere* sound. He would do well to observe an old adage, "Put brain in gear before engaging mouth," or in this case, typewriter.

E. Thomas Daniel  
Montebello, California

*Eros and Unreason in Detroit* is an accurate expression of my own feelings relative to auto buying. That our economy is based on such ritualistic grovelings should frighten perceptive people.

Felix C. Gotschalk, Jr.  
New Orleans, Louisiana

Although I agree with some of the points in John Keats' article, I have never felt the slightest inclination to seduce a Cadillac.

Russell Bridges  
Tulsa, Oklahoma

Come, come, men. Sex in the fold-out and in the cartoons, but interwoven into an article on automobiles . . . that's too much.

Tom Whitmore  
WWCA  
Gary, Indiana

John Keats makes Voltaire sound like a writer of romantic sonnets. Intriguing article!

Andrew S. Tomb, M.D.  
Victoria, Texas

More on Detroit next month.





# PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



While scouting for the snazzy holiday gift items that appear elsewhere in this issue, we ran into a few grand giveables which, while not ideal for the urban young man or his playmate, would obviously gladden the heart of someone, somewhere. Like so: for the busy man who totes his lunch on busy days, a lunch kit and matching vacuum bottle with attractive Zorro drawings (full-color action scenes) on the side. From Toujours Manure, two pounds of vitamin-packed cow manure, loaded with CD (chlorophyll derivatives) and packed in attractive Christmas wrapping. A Rust Map of the United States (suitable for framing) showing the different rates at which rust eats through an uncoated steel test panel — in all cities over 10,000 population. For the handy man, a standard-and-Phillips reversible screwdriver that comes with matching tie clasp and cuff links set with miniature replicas. For the happy home owner, a Rain-Vert Downspout Diverter for—uh—diverting downspouts. And the *ne plus ultra*: a single-control, clutchless, hydraulic No. 904 Hog Dehairer that dehairst up to 125 hogs an hour. Should you be at a loss for hairy hogs, they're yours at \$195 per porker or \$155 in larger quantities, the perfect companion for the dehairing machine. *Joyeux Noël.*

Satirist Harry Purvis swears that, according to his research, today's so-called movie villain isn't really a villain at all. Fact is, says Harry, he's kind of a loveable guy, all abrim with virtue. As support for his oddball thesis, our friend offers the following chunks of dialog, more or less culled from memorable moments on the silver screen.

**SENSITIVE:** "Blackmail is an ugly word, Senator Goodliver. That last insult will cost you just ten thousand more."

**SYMPATHETIC:** "You say the boy is dead? I am most sorry to hear this. In experimenting, I must have taken too much blood."

**GENEROUS:** "I am prepared to pay handsomely for your country's atomic secrets, Captain Mannering."

**CONSIDERATE:** "Turn up the radio, Monk. We wouldn't want the young lady's screams to disturb the neighbors."

**FUN-LOVING:** "What say we get some of the boys together and run the new preacher out of town?"

**RELIGIOUS:** "Take the foreign intruders to the Temple of Pappi! They will serve well as sacrifices to the Great God Moola!"

**POPULAR:** "To run away is quite useless, my dear. I have friends everywhere."

**STRAIGHTFORWARD:** "You realize, of course, that I cannot possibly permit you to live."

**FASTIDIOUS:** "Out of my way, pig of a peasant! I do not wish to stain my blade with the blood of one such as you."

**FATHERLY:** "These simple natives are like children. All they need is a little disciplining. Lassiter—bring the whips!"

**SPORTING:** "That wall cannot be more than five kilometers, Mr. Nolan. You are a free man if you reach it before my mastiffs reach you."

**THOUGHTFUL:** "Do not kill the girl! She will provide a pleasant diversion for our officers."

*A Hatful of Rain*, which was parodied as *A Canful of Trash* in a revue, is called *A Handful of Snow* in France, we understand, and *Ten North Frederick* is known as *A Fistful of Dust* in Italy. We are further apprised that a play entitled *A Handful of Five* may open on Broadway with Roddy MacDowell. Got all that? Existing now only in our imagination but someday to blossom into

reality, we feel, are projects named *A Shoeful of Sand*, *A Snootful of Booze*, *A Bedful of Bugs*, *A Tireful of Nails*, *An Eyeful of Cinders*, *A Fishful of Bones*, *A Headful of Lint*, and biographies of Demosthenes and Socrates called, respectively, *A Mouthful of Pebbles* and *A Cupful of Hemlock.*

Sign in an office of the health department in a California city:

## NOTICE

While in this office

SPEAK IN A

LOW, SOOTHING VOICE

and

DO NOT DISAGREE WITH ME IN

ANY WAY

Please be informed that when one has reached "my age"

NOISE AND NON-CONCURRENCE

Cause gastric hyper-peristalsis, hyper-secretion of the hydro-chloric acid and rubus of the gastric mucosa

... and

I BECOME MOST UNPLEASANT

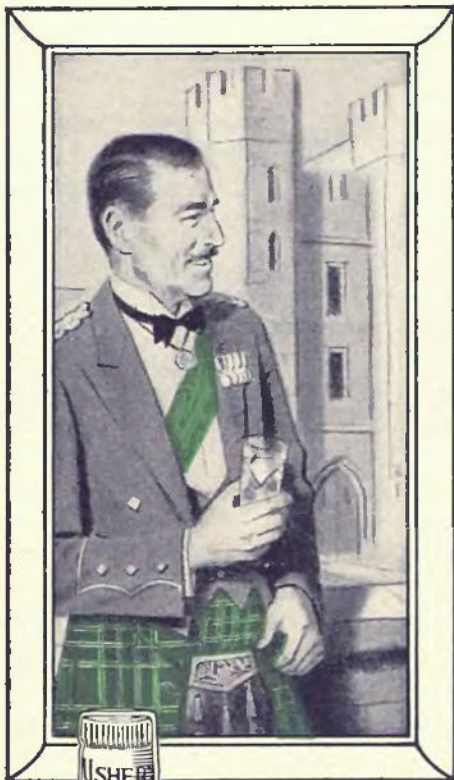
A buddy of ours with nothing much else to do was browsing through a copy of the *Standard Advertising Register* the other day and came up with the following fascinating data: the space buyer for Schaefer Beer is a chap named Austin Brew. The President of Bond Brook Whiskey is a guy called R. L. Buse. Assistant Treasurer of the General Shoe Corporation is T. Douglas Oxford. General Manager in charge of the livestock at Armour & Co. is named J. R. Herd. And the advertising for Dazor Lighting Fixtures is in the capable hands of (who else?) the Watts Agency.

A new stereo LP put out by Warner Brothers (in Vitaphonic High Fidelity) carries the engaging title *Have Organ*,



# USHER'S

For outstanding merit



full flavored  
...yet mild

extra-mellow  
extra mild



# USHER'S

SCOTCH WHISKIES

THE JOS. GARNEAU CO., INC., N.Y.C. • 86.8 PROOF

*Will Swing.* It features, of course, Buddy Cole on the Hammond.

Sick note: One of the mailboxes in the foyer of an apartment building at 23 E. Bellevue on Chicago's Near North Side carries the simple inscription:

LOEB — LEOPOLD

Turns out that Loeb and Leopold really do live there — Henry S. and Thomas M., respectively. They've another roommate living with them, too, but they won't let him put up his name and spoil the effect.

Nature lovers who have taken to skin-diving to get away from the commercialism all about us should shun the waters off Spain's lovely Lloret de Mar beach. Ninety feet from shore and 15 feet straight down, sits a luminous advertising billboard in the sand.

We were reading a collection of science-fiction yarns — *Away and Beyond*, by A. E. van Vogt — the other day, and did a double-take at a couple of spots in his story *Heir Unapparent*. On page 142, we read: "It wasn't so much, Parker realized bleakly for the hundredth time, that Medgerow's ugliness by itself was so jarring. A thousand males picked up at random from the streets outside would have yielded a dozen whose physical characteristics were less prepossessing. Medgerow differed in that he exuded a curious, terrible aura of misshapen strength. His personality had the concreteness of the hump of a hunchback."

And then, nine pages later: "Medgerow stood before them. He looked abnormal. It wasn't so much, Arthur Clagg decided bleakly, that Medgerow's ugliness was jarring in itself. A thousand males picked at random would have yielded a dozen whose physical characteristics were less prepossessing. Perhaps it was the triumphant smile on his face, with its frank and unashamed arrogance. It was hard to tell. The man exuded a curious, terrible aura of misshapen strength. His personality protruded with the concreteness of the hump of a hunchback."

Two minds, we told ourself, with but a single bleak thought.

Friend of ours who wanted to entertain a guy and his girl visiting from out of town asked them to drop by his place for a cocktail around seven. Around eight the host poured "one for the road" — and then a mutual interest in hi-fi and cool jazz was discovered. Around midnight, the rig was turned down, at a neighbor's request, and slow blues were broken out. Around three A.M. (the visitor had an eight o'clock plane to catch) fond farewells were murmured. The next day our friend got the following missive:

# Basta

the elegant graceful special occasion suit

Basta suits about \$90 are available at

Bullock's	Wynbrier, Los Angeles
The Domino	Chicago, Ill.
Sills of Cambridge	New York City
Jack Breidbart	New York City
The Oxford Shop	Augusta, Ga.
Low Ritter	Westwood Village, L. A.
Mr. Guy	Los Angeles, Calif.
The English Shop	West Hartford, Conn.

or write

## CHESTER LAURIE LTD

84 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

MAKERS OF SAINT LAURIE NATURAL SHOULDER CLOTHING



### RUINED...

fuzzed up — distorted — trash — your precious record collection swept away because you took chances with an ordinary old fashioned diamond needle. So easy to completely protect your collection with the "Needle That Remembers" — The Duotone Diamond Needle with the safety extra of a memory. Tells you when to check or change your needle. Costs no more. Get details from leading dealers or booklet from Duotone, Keyport, New Jersey.

# DUOTONE...

is different



# EAST SIDE WEST SIDE

If you don't know this side of Patti, you're missing a great new experience! Here her phenomenal versatility combines perfectly with the genius of Pete Rugolo in a double helping of sophisticated standards full of smoke and fire. Listen . . . discover for yourself why insiders rave about this side of the Page.



**PATTI  
PAGE**

ASK FOR



MGJ-2-100

THE EAST SIDE

PATTI PAGE

THE WEST SIDE



**build**  
your own **HI-FI**

You'll save money—and have lots of fun, too, because HEATHKIT high fidelity equipment is designed by the pioneer in do-it-yourself electronics for your easy, quick assembly—even without previous experience!

**HEATH CO.**  
A subsidiary of Daystrom, Inc.  
BENTON HARBOR 38, MICH.

Please send me your FREE 56-page catalog describing hi-fi speaker systems, amplifiers, preamplifiers and tuners available in kit form, direct from Heath.

name \_\_\_\_\_  
address \_\_\_\_\_  
city & zone \_\_\_\_\_ state \_\_\_\_\_

write for free catalog

PRELIMINARY REPORT ON STOLEN WORLD  
It was 7:15 P.M. I and my associate walked into an apartment. After a few hours of getting both the internal and external facts from the apartment's occupants, we walked back out and found someone had stolen the world. We searched blindly for about an hour. Exhausted from our search, we fell into a deep sleep. Some four hours later we were rudely awakened by a loud ringing bell. To our amazement, the world had been replaced! Now we're searching for the dirty guy who put it back!!!  
(Signed) Bloodshot Pupil and Iris Pink, Private Eyes.

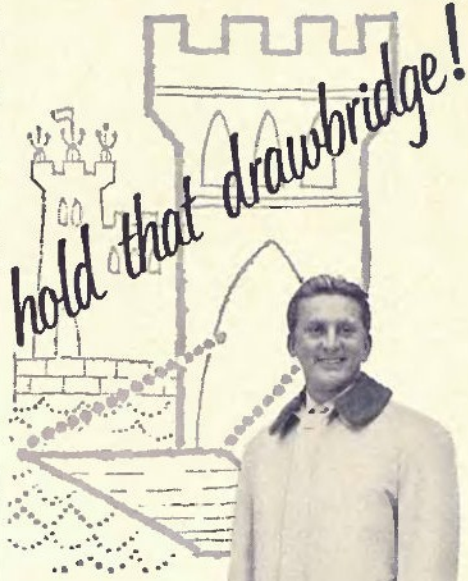
## RECORDINGS

We bow to no man in our respect for Duke Ellington, but we can only recommend his new version of *Black, Brown and Beige* (Columbia CL 1162) with reservations. Progress means change, but the converse is not necessarily true; in rewriting his most famous extended work, Duke has (a) eliminated several of the most attractive themes, (b) taken the sensuous *Come Sunday* motif away from Johnny Hodges, for whom it was ideally suited, and given it to three other guys, (c) equipped it with lyrics that are not merely un-Ellingtonian but actually sound as if they could have been written by Nick Kenny, (d) topped it all off with the 23rd Psalm sung by Mahalia Jackson, which would be great in suitable surroundings but is jarringly out of context here. If you've never heard the original (excerpts from which will be reissued soon by Victor), you will find many admirable moments here, but the work as a whole just doesn't come off.

*Anita Sings the Winners* (Verve 8283) — or does she? The Lady O'Day, who paces most of the album with scattling, is supposed to chirp standards associated with certain jazz greats like Kenton and his arrangement of *Peanut Vendor*, Miles Davis and *Four*, Oscar Peterson and *Tenderly*, and Artie Shaw and *Frenesi*. The album liner lists a famous jazzman next to each of the 12 numbers rendered by Anita. Any ordinary hipster — and he needn't be bright — would expect to hear the gal sing these winning instrumentals with shades of the original arrangements which made them famous. She does this with Kenton's *Peanut Vendor*. She doesn't with Shaw's *Frenesi*. Her rendition of *Four* is almost identical to Lennie Niehaus' rather than Miles'. And so it goes, but it's a knocked-out tour-de-scat, thanks to Anita's swinging pipes.

Erroll Garner stars in an elaborate

KIRK DOUGLAS star of THE VIKINGS  
in Technicolor®, a Kirk Douglas Production



KIRK  
DOUGLAS  
WON'T  
GO  
ANYWHERE  
WITHOUT  
HIS



Kirk knows that his Plymouth zip-lined coat is an invincible fortress against any whim of weather. He knows, too, that it keeps its rain-or-shine comfort and smartness, 'cross moat or movie studio. Priced to fit every pocket!

At fine men's stores, or write:  
**PLYMOUTH MFG. CO., BOSTON 18, MASS.**







A magnificent full 3-way hi-fi speaker in a compact 13 1/2" H. x 15 1/2" W. x 11 1/2" D.



**Jensen's LITTLE BEAUTY... WITH THE MIGHTY HI-FI VOICE!**  
**NEW "Tri-ette" \* 3-WAY HIGH FIDELITY SPEAKER SYSTEM**

If space is a problem, but only true hi-fi sound is for you... if you want to delight the eye (as well as the ear)... if you thrill to the full, clean, smooth separated sounds of the orchestra in all their wonderful detail... then Jensen's new TR-10 TRI-ette \* 3-way speaker system is for you! Use one for your compact hi-fi system, a pair for space-saving high quality stereo. New 12" Flexair\* woofer complimented by matched special 8" midrange and compression-horn tweeter, for 25-15,000 cycles response. Drives with good 10-watt or larger amplifier. Choice of Walnut, Tawny Ash or Mahogany. Net price \$114.50. Table Base (illustrated) extra \$5.45 Floor Stand \$12.95

\*T.M. Write for Bulletin JH-1

**Jensen** MANUFACTURING COMPANY  
 Division of The Muller Company  
 6601 S. Laramie Ave., Chicago 38, Illinois

**Jensen's New Flexair Woofer.**  
 Brings the air suspension principle to a new peak of performance, extends bass down to 25 cycles with a new low in distortion... a new high in low note fidelity.



new double-disc set called *Paris Impressions* (Columbia C2L 9), bedecked with 23 photos depicting his European tour. But the album was recorded in an uptown *arrondissement* of gay, sexy New York. Of the 18 tunes spread over these four sides, only six are standards; the other dozen are all Garner originals whose Parisian flavor is, in some cases, apparent only in the titles. The impish humor and the unbeatable beat are still predominant in all but four tracks; the latter are the original tunes with which Erroll makes his debut as a harpsichordist. Somehow his style becomes muddy and diffuse in his efforts to manipulate this recalcitrant instrument. Tactfully, the harpsichord tracks are buried away toward the end of each side. They bring the over-all level down a notch, but at that, they have collector's-item value for all Errollphiles.

Anyone who cares to examine the contrasts (or the similarities) between East and West coast styles in biggish-band jazz can find ample ammunition in *Jazz New York* (Dot 9004), with Manny Albam as composer-arranger-conductor, and *Marty Paich* (Cadence 3010), on which the title-roler functions as composer-conductor-pianist. The merits of the Albam album include sterling solos by Ernie Royal, Art Farmer, Bob Brookmeyer, Al Cohn *et a whole slew of al*. The Paich set's virtues are less apparent, since, for no apparent reason, some of the most effective soloists are not listed. Our secret agents at Sunset and Vine inform us that the superb unbilled alto work can be credited to Herb Geller, and the fine drumming to Mel Lewis.

Ella down the years (from 1938 to 1955) is the worthy subject of a two-platter package yclept *The Best of Ella* (Decca DXB 156). It's loaded with a lot of hot roasted chestnuts you've heard Miss Fitzgerald do countless times in countless versions (*A-Tisket, A-Tasket, Paper Moon, Lady Be Good, How High the Moon*, etc.), but somehow you don't mind too much when the voice belongs to this incomparable chick. If you don't own too many of her earlier LPs, this provides a neat showcase for the faultless first lady of jazz... That woman is offered up again on *Ella Fitzgerald at the Opera House* (Verve 8264), cut in 1957 with the wild JATP group. High point is her stunning scat version of *Stompin' at the Savoy*... Like it says on the cover, *Beverly Kenney Sings for Playboys* (Decca DL 8743), and most gentlemen worthy of that tag will find it fine fare for late-night listening. Breathy Bev, backed by Ellis Larkins' tasteful 88ing and Joe Benjamin's bountiful bass, sweet-talks her way right into your heart... Choosing some dandy ditties from some clever

from her own shop in beverly hills

*Ann Arnold* offers the

soft clinging excitement

of pure silk



An imported robe that comes in 28 different colors... this wisp of precious silk woven in the Orient and tailored in Honolulu by Shaheen, softly wraps to accent the shapely figure... after a shower, or just relaxing. She'll love this glamour gift with its unlimited power of flattery... monogrammed with her own (2) initials, and Christmas gift-wrapped. Choose white, black, turquoise, red, green, or any other color from one to twenty-three! Sizes 8 to 18. \$17.95

For You... also available in men's sizes S, M, L, XL. \$19.95  
 (Prices include monogramming 2 initials only; allow 10 days for Christmas delivery; add 4% sales tax in California)

SEND FOR YOUR FREE "FASHION FOLIO" OF ANN ARNOLD'S NEWEST FASHION COLLECTIONS.  
 Mail orders to Ann Arnold, 343 North Rodeo Drive, Beverly Hills, California (\$10 deposit with all C.O.D.'s)



cluffers (Jerome Kern, Jimmy Van Heusen, the Gershwins, Cole Porter, etc.), Sammy Davis, Jr., has come up with a winner: *All the Way* (Decca DL 8779). Displaying his special brand of hip theatricality, Sammy delivers a gasser . . . Disc-debuting Judy Holliday moans mightily to the effect that *Trouble Is a Man* (Columbia CL 1153), throbs and husks her way through 12 blue-funk ballads. Our favorite: the cute Dietz-Schwartz *Confession*, on which Miss Holliday wails, "I always go to bed at 10—oh isn't that a bore? . . . then I go home at four" . . . Johnny Mathis rolls nicely with the beat on *Swing Softly* (Columbia CL 1165), exhibits an easy mastery of the up-tempo ballad department (*Love Walked In, Like Someone in Love*, etc.).

A *Jazz Band Ball* (Mode 123) is the ill-fitting, Dixieland-derived title of an otherwise hunky-dory LP of modern sounds featuring a unique alliance of mallet-men: Terry Gibbs on vibes and marimba, Larry Bunker and Britain's Victor Feldman on vibes and xylophone. A good time is had by all, including a muscular West Coast rhythm section (Lou Levy, piano; Max Bennett, bass; Mel Lewis, drums) on such staples as *Just Friends, Broadway* and *Tangerine*.

No gig place ever figured so strongly in a bandleader's career as the *Rendezvous* in Stan Kenton's. This spa on tiny Balboa Beach in Southern Cal first introduced itself to Stan in 1935, when he was just a 23-year-old lad blowing piano with Everett Hoagland's group. Today Kenton—exactly twice as many years old—is *Back to Balboa* (Capitol T 995) for the umpteenth time. But maybe this time to stay, because he now owns it. After serving as the home of his first training stint in a professional band in '35, his first Kenton-led band date in 1941, his first jazz concert in 1947 and a subsequent haven for the band when it wasn't on tour, the *Rendezvous* still swings for Stan. It's now a giant recording studio for that distinctive sound which pioneered the big-band modern jazz movement. This disc, the second of *Rendezvous*-recorded albums, shows Stan continuing the use of Afro-Cuban rhythms; *Out of This World* is just that, and *My Old Flame* is turned into a roaring furnace thanks to a nifty Marty Paich scoring. No longer the pioneer, Stan has settled back with satisfaction to let the youngsters show their stuff. This, too, is greatness.

Sad to relate, our worst fears about Sonny Rollins' *Freedom Suite* (Riverside 12-258) are all too completely realized. That is, while we can applaud his ambition and courage in attempting a major work in the jazz idiom, for us it



Never miss a chance to smoke Kentucky Club tobacco

## 8 QUALITY BLENDS



**STATISTICS PROVE IT!** More and more men are switching to a pipe. And more and more are switching to Kentucky Club's famous quality blends. It's the easy way to find your *personal* tobacco. All brands *guaranteed fresh*. All packaged in moisture-proof Kenseal Pouch that keeps your tobacco fresh, mellow and cool-smoking to the last pipeful. Kentucky Club, Wheeling, West Virginia.



In Kenseal Pouch—Guaranteed Fresh

**AROMATIC KENTUCKY CLUB MIXTURE**—6 tobaccos blended for modern tastes.

**LONDON DOCK**—A superb blend of five world-famous tobaccos.

**WHITEHALL**—Popular with active men who like highly aromatic mixtures.

**BRUSH CREEK**—About the most expensive tobacco on the market; and worth it.

**DONNIFORD**—A mixture on the English side. 5 great tobaccos cut 5 ways.

**PEPER'S POUCH MIXTURE**—Mildly aromatic and very smooth on the tongue.

**CROSBY SQUARE**—Mixture of 100% domestic tobaccos. Natural taste and aroma.

**KENTUCKY CLUB WHITE BURLLEY**—Famous for smooth, mild flavor and grand aroma.

# KENTUCKY CLUB

A BLEND FOR EVERY TASTE



# DOUBLE PROTECTION!



## Switch to a Filter Pipe by MEDICO

Protects you from irritants  
Safeguards your pleasure

Nicotine, tars, flakes and juices trapped inside Medico's changeable filter never reach your mouth. When filter is discolored, replace with fresh one. That's why Medico is more enjoyable than any other smoke —  
*Cleaner . . . Milder  
Cooler . . . Sweeter*

### MEDICO Crest

- New Meerschaum-lined . . . \$10.00
- Gold Crest (illust.) . . . 5.00
- Crest Pipe . . . 3.50
- Other Medico Filter Pipes \$1.50 to \$20.00



NYLON BIT  
GUARANTEED  
BITE-PROOF

IMPORTED  
BRIAR

# MEDICO

Trademark

## FILTER PIPES

For Catalog P4, write MEDICO, 18 E 54th St., N.Y. 22

## PENTRON STEREO

high fidelity  
tape  
recorders



professional performance  
at popular prices

### Now, You Can Record Stereo, too . . .

with the most versatile tape recorder you can own . . . Pentron's totally new Emperor II. Records stereo from stereo broadcasts, stereo records or live from two microphones, plays stereo (4-track as well as 2-track tape), records and plays manually . . . with all the richness and clarity you'd expect only from professional tape recorders.

Pentron tape recorders start as low as \$159.95 and are available at professional high fidelity showrooms. For detailed information on Pentron . . . the most complete line of tape recorders, components and accessories . . . write Dept. P-11 or see your yellow pages.

### PENTRON CORPORATION

777 South Tripp, Chicago 24, Illinois

CANADA: Atlas Radio Ltd., Toronto  
EXPORT: Raytheon Mfg. Co., Waltham, Mass.

doesn't come off. Sonny sounds tight and unrelaxed, you get the impression that he's thinking too hard and not feeling enough, and the whole job is going to seem too far out for most people to dig. Oscar Pettiford and Max Roach do their good best to make the whole thing work, but it isn't enough. (The flip side, which has four normal-length numbers, also seems overly elaborated.) We're glad to be able to remember Sonny a couple of years ago; maybe he'll return to that more meaningful manner now that he has this out of his system.

It gives us honest joy to be able to tell you about *Soul Brothers* (Atlantic 1279), which teams Milt Jackson and Ray Charles with a combo of other cats schooled in the modern mode. What's so great here is that though the means are contemporary, the blues which constitute this disc come through with that essential beat and fluidity too frequently missing from current cuttings out of coolsville. The benevolent spirit of Bird hovers happily over the whole thing.

Speaking of blues, go get, then try on, Sonny Stitt's *Only the Blues* (Verve 8250) if you want to hear a very elegant and moving merging of styles — all the way from boogie to icy. In a sense this is transitional music: Sonny blows more like old times than has been his wont; Roy Eldridge sounds his fine old self, but a bit updated; Oscar Peterson, Herb Ellis, Ray Brown and Stan Levey do much to make this disc memorable.

Last year the Brandeis U Festival of the Arts commissioned original pieces from six Angry Young Men of modern music. The results of their atonal scoring are heard in *Modern Jazz Concert* (Columbia WL 127), on which the orchestra, 14 strong, is led toward Mars by Gunther Schuller and George Russell. The How-Far-Out-Can-You-Get school produces some provocative postgraduate work here, with Russell's *All About Rosie* and Jimmy Giuffrè's *Suspensions* the most successful (and, perhaps not coincidentally, the least remote from jazz). As to the other four, as Schuller admits in his notes, "perhaps this is jazz or perhaps it is not," but the sounds, with men like Art Farmer and Teddy Charles among the communicants, do reflect the imminence of a merger between jazz and contemporary classical music.

We've studiously avoided use of that creaky apothegm "Musician's Musician" in these columns, but in the case of singer David Allen it seems to apply. Among the Playboy Jazz All-Stars serving on this year's nominating board, Dave was awarded more votes than any male vocalist with the single exception of Frank Sinatra. Dave's first LP, *A Sure Thing*



## HE and SHE for SKI

Imported Norsk Skitropp

### 100% PURE WOOL SWEATERS

Designed to protect against arctic climes and give full freedom of action, this is the exact sweater worn by the Royal Norwegian Army Ski Trooper. So well made it's sure to wear for years. For campus cold weather or any winter sport . . . skiing, skating, ice boating, fishing, hiking.

Give one to your wife or girlfriend to complement the one you wear.

In Gray Only  
Men's sizes S, M, L, and XL.  
Women's sizes, S, M, L.

\$12.95  
ea.  
2 for \$25.00  
Postage Paid

Peddler's Cart Dept. P-11B

Hubbard Woods Sta.  
Winnetka, Illinois

## Calligraphy

### Kimono

from the Orient

\$10. Ppd.

One size fits all!  
In a soft-as-silk cotton mixture . . .

Lacquer Red,  
Mimosa Yellow, Ebony,  
Copen Blue . . . all with  
White characters.

Tel. JUDSON 2-3622  
send for catalogue

Zabuton pillows \$15.

## Penthouse Gallery

15 W. 55th St. Dept. P11, N.Y. 19, N.Y.

### FOR REAL FUN!

A sparkling collection of side-tickling gags and hilarious impersonations of famous stars of stage, screen, and television is featured in this great LP album, "Night in Hollywood," by George Kirby, "The Man of a Thousand Voices." \$4.98. Send check or money order. Order now from Dooto Records, Dept. 9, P. O. Box 72306, Los Angeles 2, California.

**GEORGE KIRBY**

### Genuine CONTINENTAL FRENCH TELEPHONE

She CAN'T SAY NO . . . when you suggest a secret rendezvous via this Rare and Romantic cradle telephone. It makes a charming EXTENSION, or a Very Private Intercom. In your bar, boudoir or den, it will delight your guests. In exceptionally fine condition the phones are in black enamel with nickel plated brass metalwork. Beautiful colored French Print on base. Easily hooked up by two wires. Supply is limited. Order one Now \$32.50 Ppd. 4 prong wall plug attached \$3.00 extra

A. SEIFERT, BOX 41, Sound View Station, N.Y. 72



# LONG ISLAND AUTO MUSEUM

By SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT offers its ART-GALLERY PRINTS  
of the FAMOUS ESQUIRE COLLECTION by JAMES



Copyright by ESQUIRE INC.  
These unique early motoring scenes from actual events are faithfully reproduced down to the last brush stroke, in full vibrant colors from the original paintings. Mr. Peter Hinch painted these eight outstanding scenes especially for ESQUIRE MAGAZINE during the past 16 years. They are now collector's items. Mr. Henry Austin Clark, Jr., noted collector-historian of automobiles and owner of the L. I. AUTO MUSEUM with full cooperation from Mr. Hinch and ESQUIRE brings them to you for—Living room—Office—Barn—a gift that will be appreciated forever.

ALL PRINTS ARE 23 x 18 1/2 OVERALL ON THE FINEST non-glossy STOCK AVAILABLE. \$5 EACH + \$70 for FOUR + \$30 THE COMPLETE COLLECTION (EIGHT). ALL ORDERS PREPAID (no COD's).

## NEW YORK TO PARIS, 1908

ILLUSTRATED  
[The most famous auto picture of all time. The second car and trophy on display at the museum.]

The Thomas Flynt, winning American entry, races across the Siberian plains in the night of the glacial-circling race.

## ROBERTSON COMES THROUGH

George Robertson drives "Old 16", the 120 H.P. Locomobile to become the first American winner of the Vanderbilt Cup in 1908.

DE PALMA PUSHES HIS MERCEDES HOME

Ralph De Palma drives Indianapolis crowd's greatest cheer, as he pushes his disabled car after leading the 1912 race for 197 laps.

## GANGWAY FOR BARNEY OLDFIELD

The favorite of the early dirt tracks is found in a 1904 test grounds in this record-breaking race, the Peoria Seven Circuit.

## THE GLIDDEN TOUR OF 1907

A holiday by a steam motor along the White Steamer, Lake, Parked and Ranier somewhere between Cleveland and New York City.

## CLIMB TO THE CLOUDS

Bill Hilliard arrives at the summit of Mt. Washington on the Napier in 1907 - 2/3 on July 18, 1907.

## THE BRIGHTON 24 HOUR

At Poole and Frank Lambert bring the 19 H.P. Simplex into the pits for a quick fix change in the race of October 23, 1908.

## TRANSCONTINENTAL INTERLUDE

"Old Pacific", the one cylinder Packard of Tom Fitch, pauses for directions in Nevada in June, 1903 en route to New York.

Write for FREE brochures featuring

JEWELRY, CHINA, POST CARDS, Etc.

ALL ORDERS PREPAID (no COD's). INCLUDE NAME & ADDRESS  
L. I. AUTO MUSEUM, 13 MUSEUM SQ., SOUTHAMPTON, N. Y.

## SONGS FROM

# GREAT FILMS

An album you'll treasure!  
Clebano's thoughtful arrangements draw the last measure of beauty from songs made for reverie and lazy listening. A rare performance, lush with the richness of Clebano's singing violin and the full depth of the Strings. An album you'll always keep at hand for your quiet moods . . . one you'll lean upon over and over again.

ASK FOR  
MG20371



FOR  
STEREO...  
SR60017

## SONGS FROM GREAT FILMS

THE SONG FROM MOULIN ROUGE  
GIGI  
WILD IS THE WIND  
SAYONARA  
THE SONG OF RAINBOW COUNTY  
LOVE THEME From "A Woman To Remember"  
VERY PRECIOUS LOVE  
TERRY'S THEME  
THREE COINS IN THE FOUNTAIN  
TAMMY  
MOONGLOW AND THEME From "Rhapsody"  
FRIENDLY PERSUASION

(World Pacific WPM-408), indicates why: the guy's an honest, unhokey delineator of good tunes (in this case, all Jerome Kern numbers). He won't jar you out of your seat, he's no trickster or gimmick-master, but the more you listen, the better you like. Added bonus: the Elizabethan-type playing card reproductions on the jacket are some of the bawdiest our innocent eyes have ever seen in the public prints.

The good that men do *does* live after them, through the grace of microgrooves. We doubt that there'll be a disc this year to excel, for sheer beauty of performance and mood, *The Art Tatum-Ben Webster Quartet* (Verve 8220). This is a posthumous tribute to one of the greatest jazz pianists who ever lived, in a glove-like partnership with one of the warmest and most timeless of tenor sax stylists. Art and Ben are discreetly supported by Red Callender's bass and Bill Douglass' drums in lengthy, gentle excursions on seven standards such as *My Ideal*, *Night and Day*, *Where or When*. Among other things, it's swell background music for every after-sundown occasion.

Flute fanciers who'll argue that it's a legit instrument for jazz will be happy with a pair of bucolically titled LPs: *The Shepherd Swings Again* (Jubilee 1074), with flautist Moe Koffman bleating a real fine set of eight which manages nicely to combine folksong simplicity and cool complexity; and Buddy Collette's *Swinging Shepherds* (EmArcy 36133), in which he tweets and tootles to fine effect with sidemen who are also flautists or can double just dandy. Either or both discs are a better argument for the flute in jazz than any amount of talk.

Add to the swelling repertory of stereo discs a new version of Berlioz' *Symphonic Fantastique* (Omega OSL-9), executed with brilliant clarity by the Cento Soli ork of Paris batonned by Louis Fourestier. The "symphony" is, of course, program music, in the romantic vein. Stereo's just right for it.

An unusual and on the whole felicitous experiment in poetry-cum-jazz is *The Song of Songs* (Audio Fidelity Stereo-disc 5888-A), which features four thespians reading portions of the Biblical love poem against a jazz quintet's original musical score. The potentialities here for phoniness and sacrilege are frightening to contemplate; happily, the job is done with taste, restraint and skill. The result isn't exactly jazz or Biblical drama, but whatever you call it, it makes exciting and novel listening. Sexy, too.

One of the most musically interesting stereo discs available is *Marx Makes Broad-*

# ONLY SOUNDCRAFT dares prove its superior quality!



## HEAR IT FOR YOUR- SELF... in "SWEET MOODS OF JAZZ IN STEREO"

featuring Coleman Hawkins, "Red" Allen, Marty Napoleon and other jazz greats in interpretations of "Summertime," "Tea for Two," "Stormy Weather" and other favorites.

YOURS FOR JUST \$1.00 EXTRA...when you buy  
two 7" reels of tape in

## SOUNDCRAFT'S New PREMIUM PACK

containing two reels of Soundcraft tape with "Sweet Moods of Jazz in Stereo" recorded on one of the reels.

This is Soundcraft's way of demonstrating the markedly superior quality of Soundcraft Tape...the only tape Micropolished to preserve your "highs"...and Uni-level coated with plasticizer-free oxide formulation for greater uniformity and stability! Insist on Soundcraft Tape in the new PREMIUM PACK!

ask about these other

### SOUNDCRAFT PROMOTIONAL RECORDINGS

"Sounds of Christmas"—traditional Christmas melodies (monaural only)  
"Dixieland Jamfest in Stereo"—a jazz classic

## REEVES SOUNDCRAFT CORP.

Great Pasture Road, Danbury, Connecticut  
West Coast: 342 N. LaBrea, Los Angeles 36, Calif.  
Canada: 700 Weston Road, Toronto 9, Ont.



# THE PLAYBOY JAZZ ALL-STARS ALBUM

louis armstrong chet baker bob brookmeyer ray brown dave brubeck paul  
desmond ella fitzgerald erroll garner stan getz dizzy gillespie benny goodman  
lionel hampton coleman hawkins jjjohnson barney kessel shelly manne gerry  
mulligan shorty rogers bud shank frank sinatra jack teagarden kai winding

## VOL. 2

2 12" LPs featuring winners of the 1958 PLAYBOY jazz poll / 10 pages of notes,  
biographies, up-to-date discographies / over an hour and a half of the finest  
jazz by the greatest jazzmen of the year / send check or money order to:

**PLAYBOY JAZZ** 232 E. Ohio Chicago 11

**\$9**

the set postpaid



way (Omega OSL-2). There's no dialectic materialism here; Marx is the Chicago pianist of that name (Dick to his immediate entourage), and his group, recorded during a West Coast visit, includes the protean Buddy Collette on flute, Irving Ashby on guitar and a beat-generating rhythm section. The Broadway part of the title indicates that the material includes such show-stoppers as *All of You*, *Guys and Dolls*, *Sleepin' Bee* and a string of other box-office baubles. The sound is startling.

### DINING-DRINKING

When winter woes make you yearn for the hot, dry, bright air of the desert, you might well think in terms of Palm Springs, a short hop on the freeway from the smog of Los Angeles, and a dandy place for sunning, swimming, tennis, riding, romancing and the like — and eating. If the last is on your mind — as it will be, thanks to the desert climate — we recommend the following dinner haunts for a long weekend of happy *gourmandise*. First night: try a huge charcoaled steak at the *Saddle and Sirloin*, which looks Western as all get-out but understands the niceties of big-city service. Second night: make the scene at *The Sands*, for a fresh fowl done to a gorgeous turn in most any style you may choose, from American roasted to Italian cacciatora — or a succulent broiler. Third night: try the boneless mountain trout, amandine, served with tossed green salad at the *Biltmore* (its semicircular dining room overlooks the lighted pool, beside which you can enjoy your sundown cocktails). All three places have extensive menus (the Biltmore's is the most impressively varied), expert chefs, superior service, pleasing decor, and bartenders who comprehend the construction of the martini, extra dry.

Lower Second Avenue is the Main Stem of New York's off-Broadway theatre, and at its heart is (or are) *Moskowitz & Lupowitz* (2nd Ave. and 2nd St.). M & L, now crowding 50 years old, was there when the local theatre was strictly Yiddish. The menu, then as now, is Rumanian and Jewish but the clientele is catholic. Rumanian specialties, in case you didn't know, are charcoal broiled, and no one will dispute M & L's reputation for serving the best Mushk this side of Bucharest. The skirt steak, only a centimeter or so thick, is rare and can be cut with a fork. With your free hand, sample the mititei, a lamb and sirloin sausage spiced with garlic and curry. Broiled sweetbreads, goose liver and jellied calves' feet, a square of dry white carp and a soupçon of kreplach should



IF  
YOU'RE  
THE  
LEAST  
BIT  
INTERESTED  
IN  
STEREO

Dimension and depth make stereo the most exciting way to listen to music in your home!

In a free illustrated color booklet, Electro-Voice—one of the leading manufacturers of high fidelity stereo components—explores the nature of stereophonic sound; how the effect is created, how stereo is perceived. You'll learn how new records reproduce stereo, how to choose stereo equipment, and how to place speakers in your home.

Whether you're starting from scratch or converting to stereo now, you will be interested in this complimentary twenty-page booklet. Just write Dept. PS, **ElectroVoice** Inc., Buchanan, Michigan.



when **WEST POINT** relaxes...  
you'll have musical fun, too!

**WEST POINT CADET QUARTET '58 SINGS—AT EASE**

(Stereo) **ST-VX 25.710**  
(Monaural) **VX 25.710**

**WEST POINT CADET GLEE CLUB SINGS—THE ARMY WAY**

(Stereo) **ST-VX 25.700**  
(Monaural) **VX 25.700**

At your dealer, or write to Dept. P for complete catalogs, specifying "Stereo" or "Monaural".

for sound reasons  
**VOX** 236 WEST 55TH ST.,  
Ultra High Fidelity NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

**Leotards**

**For Your Personal Playmate**

The gift that's fun for the giver, too. Flattering and versatile adornment for lovely legs. For wear with Bermuda shorts, skirts (or just with palette and brush), for all manner of sportive occasions.

Best quality stretch-knit nylon. Available in black, scarlet, blue, or sand. Sizes: Pixie, Medium, and Queen.

Only \$5.00 postpaid, gift boxed, and satisfaction guaranteed. Send check or money order to:

**Gamin inc.**

Lookout Mountain, Tenn.

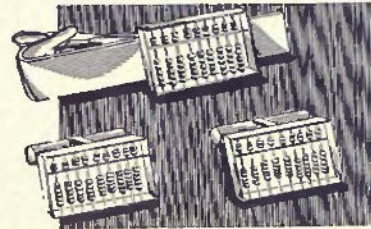
also be tasted. On the Jewish side, M & L does divinely that which is done distantly most everywhere else—stuffed derma, what else? It's a tangy, meatless mass lovingly supervised into its sausage skin by venerable old Rebecca Moskowitz, widow of the founder. Impresari Max and Bob Anzelowitz bade us lave our bestirred palate with a white Alsatian wine, and we did. With dessert—an extremely light, flaky blintz and sour cream—we sipped Hungarian slivovitz (Rumanian is hard to get), finishing with sweet Turkish coffee, cognac, and a gentle purr of continental contentment. The music, chez Moskowitz & Lupowitz, is charming, courtesy the Israel Fiedelholz gypsy trio. Hours are noonish till two A.M. every day.

## FILMS

Tennessee Williams' shattering dissection of the hate, spite, greed and guilt that seethe through a lushly appointed Southern mansion has been translated to the screen with whiplash impact in *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, powerfully and inventively directed by Richard Brooks. Though adaptors Brooks and James Poe have gotten out into the sunlight a couple of times, they've confined most of the raw emotional outbursts of husbands, wives and sisters-in-law to various rooms in the manse, the roof of which threatens to blow off periodically from all the bitterly drawled and shouted recriminations bouncing off the walls. The basic plot's sort of similar to the play: On hand to celebrate the 65th birthday of Big Daddy (Burl Ives), who has just flunked a cancer test but doesn't know it, are his two sons and their wives, plus assorted neighbors. Son Brick (Paul Newman), a brooding former football star kept indoors by a busted ankle he got trying to do the high hurdles with too much alcohol ballast, is uninterested in his pretty wife, Maggie (Elizabeth Taylor), who wears her desperate love for Brick like a lavalier. Their scraps, stemming mainly from her vain efforts to wean him from the bottle, are chortled at by Brick's oafish brother Gooper (Jack Carson) and Gooper's fruitful wife Mae (Madeleine Sherwood), both avid for the old man's wad. They think their herd of kids gives them the odds, but Big Daddy likes Brick best and he still gets ratty when he sees Maggie. Perplexed by Brick's behavior, Big Daddy hounds him for an explanation. Brick surlily refuses to account for his rebuffing of Maggie till Big Daddy denies him his redeye. The explanation Brick gives in the movie is not the same one he gave in the play, of course, since references to homosexuality, however cov-

Mailed Direct to You  
From Hong Kong!

## ABACUS CUFF LINK SET OF STERLING SILVER



From British Hong Kong, off the China coast, this unique Abacus Cuff Link Set—air mailed direct to you at 50% savings! Fabulous, authentic, a real conversation piece. Each bead actually moves. Use them to calculate—Oriental style! Sterling Silver, beautifully hand-crafted with a handsome bright finish.

Cuff Links \$5.50\* Tie Clip \$5.50\*

The Set \$10.00\*

\*Postpaid—Duty Free—Tax included

ORDER BY MAIL NOW

Allow 2-3 weeks delivery.

Send cash, check or M.O. Satisfaction guaranteed.

**DAMAR'S** 82-K Damar Bldg., Elizabeth, N. J.

In Canada: Delivered to your home, write: R11 Chatham St., Montreal, Que.



## PERSONALIZED CERAMIC ASHTRAYS

Magnificent, marble-ized, hand-fired ceramic ashtrays. Size 7/8 by 9/8. Two inches deep in center bowl. Distinctive modern raised lettering outlined in gold. Limit of nine letters to each name. \$12.95 ppd. 2 for \$25. Matching cigarette box \$12.95. \$25 for the set.

Send check or money order to:

**KALYN CREATIONS**

2B Ashland Avenue River Forest, Illinois

of interest to small game hunters

## BARBERSHOP BINGO

Innocuous but stimulating pastime for red-blooded American playboys. An appetizing concoction of two national games—bingo and girl watching. Pocket-size, ready for play at any key observation point for fair ladies... from barbershop to bistro. Guaranteed not to strain eyes or mind. Game can be interrupted for conversation if interesting subject passes. Much fun for ONE DOLLAR. Exclusively by mail from

BB 1403-A FOX BLDG., PHILA. 3, PA.  
©1958 L.J.C. Dev. Corp.

YOU CAN BUILD THE BEST HI-FI...  
SAVE 50% WITH **ETCO**



**NEW FM TUNER KIT** ..... \$39.95\*  
**WIRED** ..... \$65.95\*  
**COVER** ..... \$3.95

\*Less cover kits.—AUDIOCRAFT Kit Report F.E.T. incl.

Mail coupon for free catalog of 60 models of hi-fi, test instruments & "ham" radio gear, Kits & Wired — & name of nearest ETCO supplier.

**ETCO**, 3300 N. Blvd., L. I. C., N. Y. PB-11

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Add 5% in West.



**A** Binocular Flask: Lightweight, sturdy, with jigger caps, carrying strap. Holds 16 oz., two kinds of grog. \$5.

**B** Book Flask: Tin lined chrome in black Morocco leather. Fits inconspicuously on a bookshelf or in your pocket. Holds 12 oz. \$12.50

**C** "Camera Case": Two leather covered 14 oz. flasks with chrome jigger caps. Shoulder strap and case of top grain brown or black cowhide. \$12.95

**D** Traveler's Trio: Separate 8 oz. flasks labeled SCOTCH, GIN, BOURBON; 3 chrome jiggers. Sturdy case of top grain brown or black cowhide. \$14.

**E** Double Hip Flasks: Paired 8 oz. flasks in stitched-together two-tone hide. Choice of SCOTCH & BOURBON or HIS & HERS embossed in gold leaf. \$10.50

**F** Lady's Flask: Tin lined chrome in black Morocco leather with two cups in center, à la a plugged donut. \$12.50

**G** Deluxe Hipsters: Curved to fit. Chrome topped flask housed in black or brown top grain hide. In 8, 10, or 12 oz. sizes. Each size: \$6.75

Satisfaction guaranteed. Send check or money order to:

**Varsity Shop**

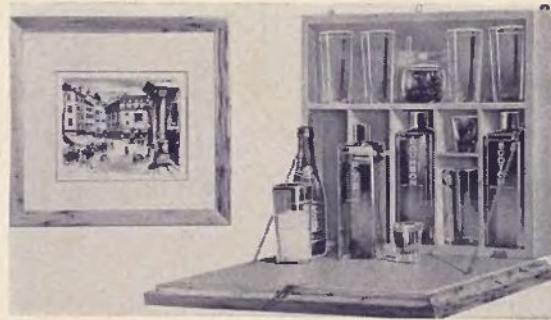
Dept. C • 6321 Hillcrest • Dallas 5, Texas

**HEP HIP FLASKS & CANNY CANTEENS**

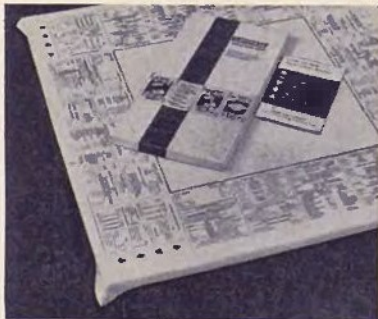


**PICTURE BAR**

Ideal for living room, den or office, the framed picture gives no hint of being a bar. But—Prestol—lower the frame and there are all the ingredients required for your favorite drink. Three gold-capped bottles marked Scotch, Rye and Bourbon, six highball glasses, two shot glasses and a jar for cherries, etc. Wormy chestnut frame suits any decor. Color prints by masters are enhanced by rich off-white mat. Dimensions 19"x17 1/2". Individually boxed, wgt. 14 lbs. Send check or money order. Sorry, no C.O.D.'s. \$24.95. LEON'S INC. 7422 MISSION ST., DALY CITY, CALIF.



**BID BRIDGE LIKE A PRO...**



**WITH NEW BRIDGEASY CARD TABLE COVER OR YOUR MONEY BACK . . .**

In one evening you'll play with competence and confidence with BRIDGEASY. Simplifies and explains all bidding—point and honor count. It has all America Playing! Luxurious snow-white, durable, washable plastic . . . fits all standard card tables. . . . Handsomely packaged to give or own . . . for you or your Playmate . . .

**FREE!** Eleven lesson book by Robert Lee Johnson, Internationally known television and tournament authority; if you act by Xmas.

Send \$4.95 check or money order to:  
**HOUSE OF BRIDGE**  
435 Roxbury Dr.  
Suite 105  
Beverly Hills, California

**FOR THE SMOKER WHO HAS EVERYTHING PUF 'N SNUF**

His own personal pocket ashtray and cigarette saucer. Handy everywhere, even fits into a cigarette package. Handsomely finished in chrome and color anodized aluminum. Personalized with name or initials. \$3 postpaid. State color desired—blue, black, silver, gold, red, or green. **Poly-Hall Products Dept. PD** 1619 76th Ave. Elmwood Park 35, Illinois



ert, are generally eschewed in American pictures: hence, at this point, the whip-lash impact becomes a dull thud, the previous mounting expectation is revealed as a fraud, and you begin to think Brick's outraged cries against "Mendacity!" were meant to apply to the script.

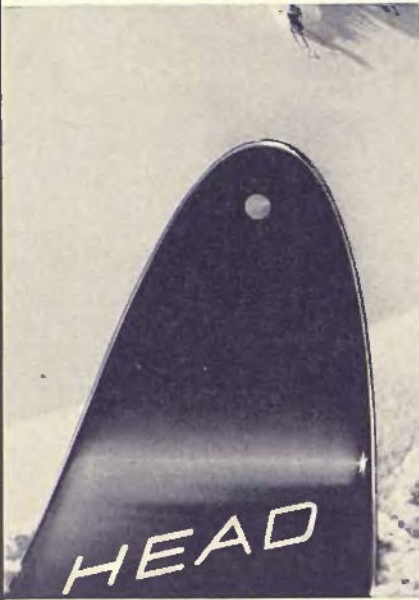
If you can stomach one more package of sinking-ship vignettes, chances are you'll eat up the British *A Night to Remember* (from Walter Lord's same-name book about the doomed Titanic). It's well done, full of drama, visually big and bustling, with a tight screenplay by Eric Ambler and controlled, firm, understated direction by Roy Baker. Harrowing, heart-catching, handsome. Cast? Of thousands. We lost count.

Terence Rattigan is not a great playwright, but he is a clever concocter of effective theatrical gimmicks. One of his favorite tricks is to write an evening of two one-act plays in which a single star can portray two sharply contrasting characters: this sort of hokum, in the hands of an accomplished histrion, is entertaining to watch and to play. Maurice Evans had a field day on Broadway a few years back playing a Milque-toastish schoolteacher and a flamboyant Shakespearean actor in the same evening in Rattigan's *The Browning Version* and *Harlequinade*, respectively. More recently, Eric Portman played a howlingly phony army major and a brooding, introspective, leftist journalist to Margaret Leighton's plain jane/glamorous model in the same Mr. R's *Separate Tables*. This last tour de force is now a film, but—wouldn't you know it?—the double-role device has been dumped, and with it, a large chunk of the original fun. The Portman parts have been divvied up between David Niven and Burt Lancaster, the Leighton roles assigned to Rita Hayworth and Deborah Kerr. These charming people earn their money, but deprived of its gimmick, *Tables* has to stand on its own legs, and ooh are they ever rickety.

As the personal pronoun half of *Me and the Colonel*, Danny Kaye draws an intelligently thought-out portrait of Samuel Jacobowsky, an itinerant Jew constantly kept on the move by the advances of the German army across the European continent during the dark third and fourth decades of the present century. That the solemnly clad, gentle-spoken Jacobowsky has eluded a fate such as Dachau comes as no great surprise as the character begins to grow and develop. Jacobowsky is a thinking man. Jacobowsky is a clever man. Jacobowsky is a resourceful man who, although he doesn't exactly fling himself into the teeth of adversity,



## Inimitable HEADS...



the First . . .  
and incomparably best  
. . . in Metal Skis.

## BEER BLAZER



Ideal apparel for grandiose guzzling. Provides excellent protection from flying foam at beer busts and other festive events.

Made of quality natural beige denim, with raglan sleeves, roomy pockets, and brass buttons. Available with appropriate imprinted color cartoons front and back, and your choice of either fraternity letters, initials, first name, or nickname on front or back. SIZES: 36 to 46.

Only \$5.95 ppd. Satisfaction guaranteed. Also available plain (no initials, no cartoons); \$5.00 ppd. Send check or money order, coat size, and lettering instructions to:

**CAMPUS CASUAL COMPANY**

P. O. Box 3493, Richmond Heights 17, Missouri

nevertheless can face most perils and turn situations to his advantage — always gently and without force. A shrug of the shoulders, a sudden light sparkling in the eye . . . as the problems come and go, it's hard to finger the exact point where Danny Kaye and Jacobowsky merge into a common identity. As the flick opens, Panzer divisions are closing in on Paris, Jacobowsky's temporary home, and he has to get out. Means of transportation? Easily solved: Jacobowsky commandeers a vintage Rolls-Royce from the deserted Rothschild estate. Means of moving the heisted heap? The professional refugee doesn't drive, but an acquaintance, a militantly anti-Semitic Polish colonel (blusteringly played by Curt Jurgens) does. The colonel, too, must escape to fulfill a rendezvous with an English sub which will carry him and the secret papers he holds to the Polish government in exile. But the stiff-necked, aristocratic Pole has no desire to enter into a palsy-walsy journey with a Jew. Patriotism finally wins out over prejudice, however, and the two set out on their perilous tour accompanied by the colonel's lackey (a droll conception by Akim Tamiroff) and his mistress (Nicole Maurey). The journey encompasses a wide variety of situations — romantic, farcical, melodramatic — and each of these has been skillfully contrived (chiefly by S. N. Behrman from the play he adapted from the original work by Franz Werfel), directed (by Peter Glenville) and acted by a dandy cast led by this new improved Kaye, who gives the show its gleam with just the right doses of schmaltz, intelligence and heart wherever they're called for.

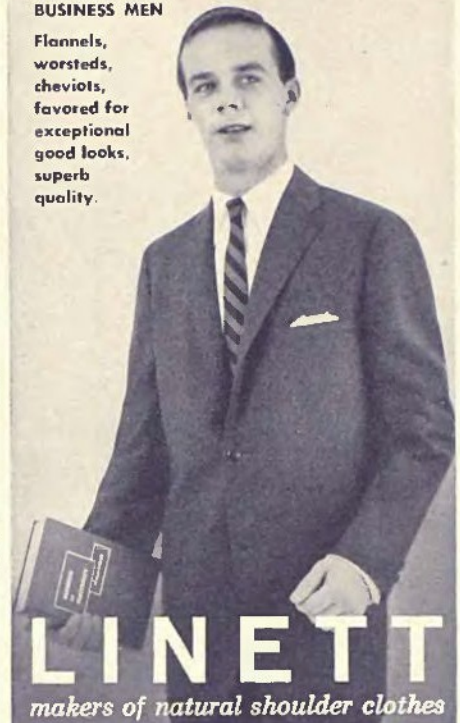
*Houseboat* wisely mixes the urbanity of Cary Grant and the warmth of Sophia Loren in a kind of *Satevepost* story about baby-sitting and such that, though treachy, is surprisingly gay. Perennially youthful, unflaggingly charming Grant can do little wrong when he's in his element, and he's in it up to his stylishly-gray sideburns in this one. What the hell, why fight it? Even Norman Rockwell can be fun once in a while.

## BOOKS

At two A.M. on Saturday, March 22, 1958, a Lockheed Lodestar carrying biographer Art Cohn and mogul's mogul Mike Todd crashed in a valley in New Mexico. Neither man lived to complete the last chapter of *The Nine Lives of Michael Todd* (Random House, \$4.95). That, in the form of an epilogue, is supplied by Art Cohn's widow. This burly bio is neither an apologia nor an indictment, but rather a rare and rowdy account of the roller coaster career of a showman who

## SUITS FOR COLLEGE AND BUSINESS MEN

Flannels,  
worsted,  
cheviots,  
favored for  
exceptional  
good looks,  
superb  
quality.



New York.....De Pinna University Department  
St. Louis.....Boyd's  
Chicago.....Beacon's Ivy Shop  
Washington.....Louis and Thos. Saltz Inc.  
Houston.....Norton Ditto Co.  
San Francisco.....Robert Kirk, Ltd.  
Cincinnati.....Shillito's  
Cleveland.....Halle Bros. University Shop

LINETT CLOTHES, LTD., 85 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

## SKI IN THE WORLD'S FINEST

SWISS  
*Henke*

SKI  
BOOTS



Skiing's fun when the boot fits and Swiss Henkes fit supremely . . . they steady your ankles . . . cradle your feet. All Henkes are craftsman-made in Switzerland for men, women, children. Sensibly priced. For nearest dealer write:

**THE HENKE SWISS SKI BOOT**  
242 Fourth Ave., New York 3, N. Y.



# HARRIS "BUTTON DOWNS"



The flaps "button-down" over the back pockets . . . the rise is short . . . the profile, long and lean to hug the hips . . . the legs, snug as ever . . . the fit perfect from the start! These marks of distinction make the HARRIS "Button-Down" Slack the smartest you will own. Retail about \$4.95 and up. (Boy's sizes slightly less).

HARRIS SLACKS AT  
SMART MEN'S AND YOUNG MEN'S  
OR FOR THE NAME OF THE STORE  
NEAREST YOU. WRITE: HARRIS SLACKS  
STORES EVERYWHERE...



was a blend of P. T. Barnum and the Don Quixote Todd never finished filming. Yeah, there are bits of sentimental corn sprouting in the book, but in a field as large as Todd's, some of it was bound to grow. At eight, Avrom Hirsch Goldbogen (Todd's real handle) was a shill for a carny pitchman; at 18, he was prexy of a two-million-dollar-a-year construction company; at 20 he was stony broke, existing on his wife's dole of a dollar a day. At 37, he had four plays running at once, netting him 20 grand a week. The following year he went bust again, but still managed to cajole half a million dollars from believing backers to launch two more shows. He was the gent who took the G-string off the banjo and hung it on Gypsy Rose Lee, and he was also the wheel behind the longest-running *Hamlet* ever to hit Broadway. While his enemies cynically grumbled that Todd had one more 'd' than God, he produced 16 plays during his life that grossed a hefty \$18 million; but the gross on *Around the World in Eighty Days* may run to a whopping \$100 million all by itself. Asked why he took a liking to Todd, author Cohn recounts a day during the shooting of *World*, when Todd stood on the deck of the paddle-wheeler that was bringing Phileas Fogg back to England, and noticed hundreds of sea gulls following the ship. "They're following us for the garbage," the first mate explained. "Garbage!" shrieked Todd. "No sea gulls following my boat are going to eat garbage. Toss them some decent food. We go first class." He did, all the way.

After taking time out for two books devoted to his famous father, Nathaniel Benchley is back with another of his astringent novels about what goes on behind those brownstone fronts in Manhattan. The title: *One to Grow On* (McGraw-Hill, \$3.95). For his theme he has slyly chosen one of the favorite formats of the women's mags — and relentlessly twisted its tail. It's the one about the Friendless Waif in the Big City who, when faced with a crisis, finds that her flint-faced neighbors are simply oozing with the Milk of Human Kindness. Just to get things off on the wrong foot, Mr. Benchley picks an illegitimate pregnancy as the crisis, and though the assorted Samaritans rally round, the results are a choice blend of the ironic and the sardonic. Sample: after the gal has had her baby and gone happily off with a reporter, the delinquent father shows up, hoping she's had her abortion and is ready for more fun-and-games — whereupon he's coldly informed that she died in childbirth. "Happy memories, you son of a bitch!" says the No. 1 Samaritan. If you like your Manhattan very dry with a twist of lemon, this is for you.

## barbary banter

ARE YOU A "NIGHT PEOPLE"?

We are, that's why we stay open until six in the morning. Some people don't really begin to swing until the wee small hours, and they're people we wouldn't miss knowing. Over there in the treaderors are three hostesses from The Gaslight Club—Jerry, Pat and Gladys. And that fellow talking to them, that's Owen Trayner, he's a night people. (There's a camaraderie among night people that makes talk easy—even among strangers.) The handsome dark-haired fellow who's doing so much table hopping? That's Herb Lyon—all columnists are night people. Herb wrote about us just after we opened, "... Barbary Room is an overnight click. The celebs have already made it their ayem oasis." It's true, we guess, but they're really not celebrities in the later hours—they're just our wonderful night people, like that little brunette joking with the two out-of-towners at the next table. Night people dig late hours, good food and good talk. Are you a night people?

## barbary room

1255 N. STATE ST.  
CHICAGO



## PERSONAL

PERSONAL

PAMELA—Come back, baby, we didn't mean to hurt your feelings with those ads we ran in PLAYBOY. Even though you did tap your foot to the music—out of tempo—we miss you. Lots of new chicks have come along (the room really swings now that we've remodeled and put in a smart-smart-smart entertainment policy) but nobody seems to take your place. We'd grown accustomed to your lap. Phone or write: S.K. & S.K.

ANYONE KNOWING THE WHEREABOUTS of 5'5" blonde (36-23-35) who formerly was regular fixture at the bar of The Cloister please contact. Answers to the name of Pamela and is apt to be found living it up in proximity of good jazz. Has special sentimental value. Reward.  
Phone Skippy or Shelly: SU 7-0506

## the Cloister

900 N. Rush Street, Chicago

## black orchid

now . . .

• don rickles

"the mad emperor of comedy"

starts dec. 3 . . .

• johnny mathis

chicago, ill.

rash & ontario

MO 4-6666



*Jonah*  
**JONES**  
 QUARTET  
**EUGENE SMITH**  
 TRIO

FAMOUS FOR  
 ROAST BEEF - STEAKS - BARBECUED RIBS

**EMBERS**

DINNER From 5 30 PM • OPEN TO 4 AM  
 161 E. 54<sup>th</sup> - NYC • PL 9-3228

*The scotch mist*



...merriest moor  
 this  
 side of heather

COACH HOUSE  
 874 NO. WABASH  
 CHICAGO

MARTHA SCHLAMME THEO BIKEL ODETTA  
 JOSH WHITE JO MAPES GLENYARBOROUGH  
 BOB GIBSON MARILYN CHILD BIG BILL  
 BROONZY SAM GARY GATEWAY SINGERS  
 WILL HOLT PAUL CLAYTON STAN WILSON  
 CARMENCITA TORRES BROWNIE MCGHEE  
 ED MCCURDY SHELLY BERMAN FREDDY  
 HELLERMAN GINA GLAZER PEGGY SEEGFR  
 GUY CARAWAN RAY BOGUSLAV ROBIN  
 ROBERTS SONNY TERRY LUC PORET MYRA  
 OJENIN WIN STRACKE ELLY STONE RICHARD  
 PICK PACO AMAYA DAVE SEAR KATIE LEE

**THE GATE OF HORN**  
 CHICAGO & DEARBDRN ST. CHICAGO

**GLASS BOTTOM BEER MUGS**



Made of finest satin-sheen silver pewter with glass bottom  
 for keeping on eye on your date while taking a slug of  
 beer. Any name engraved (up to nine letters) free. Add 10c  
 for each additional letter. \$12.50 each, postpaid.

**CAMPUS CASUAL COMPANY**  
 P. O. Box 3493, Richmond Heights 17, Missouri

NEW YORK'S MOST EXCITING NIGHTCLUB

**THE DEPTHS**

37th & MADISON AVENUE NEW YORK  
 MU 6-0300 OR 9-7848

Once upon a time, to judge by Rona Jaffe's first novel, *The Best of Everything* (Simon & Schuster, \$4.50), there were not one, not two, but five Little Red Riding-hoods, who set out from the typing pool of a big publishing house to make their way through the stone forests of Manhattan to Grandmother's Matrimonial Bureau. Each had carefully oiled and baited her tender trap; but though they all chose different paths, hardly any of them escaped the slaving wolves which are known to lurk behind every glass-topped desk. Career-minded Caroline luckily met a harmless one (he was impotent) and then a tame one (his goodnight kiss was long but chaste)—yet it was she who, after a double jilting, let herself be carried off by the slinkiest breed of all, the saber-toothed gynivorous *genus Hollywoodus*. Unstable Gregg fell foul of a smooth, short-hair Broadway type and made the mistake of trying to domesticate him. She jumped or fell to her death. Sunny April encountered the close-cropped socialite species and went through the classic cycle: deception, conception, abortion, desertion. The other two actually made it to the altar, so their stories aren't very interesting. In fact, though Miss Jaffe does her best to make it all very brittle and modern, it's like listening to five soap operas in a row.


Being a professional humorist, H. Allen Smith is a tricky man with a title, so when he comes up with something called *The Pig in the Barber Shop* (Little Brown, \$3.95), it's not too surprising to find that it's a Mexican travel book. Seems H. A. was getting a haircut in Taxco during a brief sub-border sojourn when a porker came barreling in and nearly wrecked the joint. This so endeared the place to him that he determined to return, with Mrs. S., for a longer stay. With a former Mexican soccer star as guide (something like touring the U.S. with Red Grange calling the signals), they blanketed the Federal Republic like a poncho, doing all the wrong things, like drinking tap-water, and meeting all the right people, from Cantinflas to Bill O'Dwyer. It was obviously a lot of fun, and Smith's account ranks high as a tongue-in-cheek travelog. So if you're in the mood for a little chairborne peregrination through the land of fiesta and siesta, with a yok at every stop, this is your cup of tequila. If not, Mr. Smith is casting his swine before churls.

In *The Quiet American*, Graham Greene got off his sex-and-sanctity kick to hurl some barbed lances at the politicians. Now, with *Our Man in Havana* (Viking, \$3.50), he's back in the cloak-and-dagger groove where he first started. But his penchant for the trenchant is still with him, and he's not content to offer just

**FOR RESERVATIONS**



at the fabulous  
**Sands**  
 HOTEL



**LAS VEGAS, NEVADA**  
 call...

NEW YORK PLaza 7-4454  
 WASHINGTON, D.C. ADams 2-6259  
 CLEVELAND PRospect 1-3310  
 CHICAGO CEntral 6-3317  
 ST. LOUIS JEFFerson 1-9115  
 NEW ORLEANS TUlane 5868  
 LAS VEGAS DUdley 2-7100  
 SAN FRANCISCO EXbrook 7-2287  
 LOS ANGELES BRadshaw 2-8611  
 TORONTO WALnut 3-8161

*fun! action! excitement!*  
 ...24 hours a day!



*Starts*  
*Sunday*  
*November 2*

**TONY MARTIN**

**CHEZ PAREE**  
 610 N. Fairbanks Ct.  
 Chicago, Ill.

FOR RESERVATIONS  
 PHONE OELAWARE 7-3434



*Starts*  
*Sunday*  
*November 16*

**EYDIE GORME**

**THE VAGABONDS**





**COLOGNE PYRAMID**—an ounce of lingering loveliness packaged in a pyramid. Tailspin, Indiscret, Sirocca, Balalaika, Opening Night. **1.50\***



**COLOGNE TWOSOME**—an ounce of each, a choice of combinations to match her different moods. Tailspin and Sirocca or Indiscret and Balalaika. \*PLUS TAX **2.75\***

(Not shown: Three-in-one—an ounce each of Tailspin, Indiscret, Balalaika, boxed together. \$3.75)

Available at finest stores, or from the Lilly Daché Boutique, 78 East 56th St., N.Y.C.

lead up to love with

*Lucien Lelong*

**ERNESTINE ANDERSON**

Yesterday known only to the privileged few . . . today a voice for the whole world to appreciate! Ernestine's debut is a musical landmark. Full . . . expressive . . . her voice is an instrument that improvises truly inspired music.



**HOT CARGO**

Ernestine presents "Love for Sale", "Ill Wind", "My Man", other evergreens in a torchy cargo never before treated so knowingly.



another crime, another chase. The suspense is edged with satire as he details the antic adventures of Jim Wormold, a British vacuum-cleaner salesman in Cuba whose chronic overdraft forces him to sign on as a Secret Service agent. There follows a sportive romp involving a toothsome assistant, counterspies, a German refugee, homicide, fake intelligence reports, a climactic gun duel larded with British drolleries and a final "well done" from the home office. It will be news to none that Greene is a master of huggermugger, but in this one he's so busy pulling comic rabbits out of the hat that he seems more interested in hare-raising than hair-raising.

Writing wacky captions for classic works of art is an old pastime (we did it in *Etchings Revisted* back in December of 1956) but it's always good if done right. Done right is a little book called *Captions Courageous* (Abelard-Schuman, \$2.50), in which Bob Reiser (author of this month's *Sinatra*) and Hal Kaplow hitch "You forgot to bring the marshmallows" onto Manet's *Luncheon on the Grass*, "Slip into this; it's a raid" onto Botticelli's *Birth of Venus*, "Who's minding the store?" onto Goya's *King Charles IV and His Family*, "It all started out as a poetry reading" onto Couture's *Decadence of the Romans*, etc. Fine fun for check-to-check page-flipping; a cute casual gift.

*Strike Heaven on the Face* by Charles Calitri (Crown, \$8.95) is a first novel by a N.Y. high school principal which seems likely to ruffle more tail feathers in PTAvaries than anything since *Blackboard Jungle*. Based on an actual incident, it details the stalwart effort of a New England high school dean to cope with something new in extracurricular activity—the Modnoc Club (spell it backwards) which meets for secret orgies which would do credit to the Marquis de Sade. It's obviously a juicy setup, but Mr. Calitri is not interested in milking its sensationalism. His Walter Davis is an earnest educator, new to his job, replacing his best friend, recently dead, whose shoes he feels unable to fill—but whose bed he finally does. This brief interlude gives him the courage to scotch the Modnoes in a way that will do least harm to the school, the town, and the kids themselves. It's by no means simple, for Mr. Calitri poses his problem against the social tensions and political pressures in one of those communities where first families and last arrivals are constantly clashing. But compassion is the keynote, and while his book may win no literary prizes, it shows a deep understanding of the teenage psyche. Give the teach an A for effort.



GIVE  
THE  
MAN  
PLAYBOY

12  
GIFTS  
IN ONE

NEW  
LOW  
HOLIDAY  
GIFT RATES

\$6  
1st gift

\$4  
each add'l gift

Order your PLAYBOY gifts now. Check "bill me later" and we'll bill you after January 1.





# RELAX

and really enjoy the holiday season this year!

Finish up *all* your Christmas shopping today. Let PLAYBOY solve your gift problems. While others fight the crowd, worry and fret, you sit back knowing that each of your friends will receive a handwritten full-color Playmate gift card announcing your gift a few days before Christmas. Next—PLAYBOY's big holiday

issue in a special festive wrapper. And every month next year, PLAYBOY reminds your friends of your thoughtfulness. All this and it's so convenient. Use the postage-paid envelope. No need to send a check. We'll bill you after January 1. Order PLAYBOY now—then relax and really enjoy the holidays this year.



**\$6** first 1-year gift

name \_\_\_\_\_  
 address \_\_\_\_\_  
 city \_\_\_\_\_ zone \_\_\_\_\_ state \_\_\_\_\_  
 gift card from \_\_\_\_\_  
 name \_\_\_\_\_  
 address \_\_\_\_\_  
 city \_\_\_\_\_ zone \_\_\_\_\_ state \_\_\_\_\_  
 gift card from \_\_\_\_\_

**\$4** each add'l 1-year gift

my name \_\_\_\_\_  
 address \_\_\_\_\_  
 city \_\_\_\_\_ zone \_\_\_\_\_ state \_\_\_\_\_  
 ENTER or  RENEW my own subscription  
 (Renewals begin when present subscription expires)  
 All gifts are new subscriptions  Some gifts are renewals  
 Total number of subscriptions \_\_\_\_\_  
 \$ \_\_\_\_\_ enclosed  Bill me later  
 Enter additional subscriptions on reply envelope or on a separate sheet of paper.

**PLAYBOY** 232 East Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Illinois



Nothing makes  
a woman more  
feminine  
to  
a  
man...



**L'AIMANT**

(THE MAGNET)

by COTY

3.90 TO 100 PLUS TAX



COTY, THE ESSENCE OF BEAUTY THAT IS FRANCE  
COMPOUNDED AND COPYRIGHTED IN THE U.S.A. BY COTY, INC.

JACK COLE IS DEAD. His passing, at 43, was both untimely and unexpected. Cole began contributing to these pages early. Up till 1954 he had worked almost exclusively in the comic book field, having created a wry satire of the Superman-Captain Marvel-type strip titled *Plastic Man*. Happily for all concerned, he decided to turn his talents in the direction of magazine cartooning at precisely the same time that PLAYBOY began publishing. The first drawings he submitted were rejected, but they carried a note back with them expressing considerable interest in his style and asking him to send others. It was a style that was to become more closely identified with the magazine than any other artist's.

Nobody could draw a gorgeous girl with the gusto and loving care of Cole: readers who perhaps never succeeded in deciphering his scrawling signature would instantly recognize as Cole's work those languorous, full-breasted, ample-hipped sirens with the sooty eyes, pouting mouths and deep-dish navels. In a whodunit novel, *Strip for Murder*, author Richard S. Prather described a lushly built feminine character thus: "She looked like one of Cole's sensual women in PLAYBOY magazine — blonde, with big brown eyes and those other big things you hear about but don't often see." Jack's first full-page cartoon appeared in our fifth issue and he never missed a month after that. His first drawings were done in wash; and later, when PLAYBOY began using more color, he turned out the remarkable full-color pages that so brightened the magazine. Although his work seemed wonderfully free and alive, Cole was a painstaking craftsman and often did three or four finished versions of a cartoon before he was satisfied that it was good enough to show. His way with a brush was the way of an artist — he was a cartoonist who used water color as it should be used: naturally, directly, not trapped inside a line.

And yet Jack Cole was not simply a gag illustrator. He was a genuine humorist with an antic imagination and a fertile flair for far-out fun. Such multipage spreads as *Man About the Beach* (July 1955), *Cole's Forecast* (January 1956), *The Football Blanket* (October 1956) and *The Subliminal Pitch* (September 1958) were wildly inventive, wacky and all Cole. Of his single cartoons, perhaps some of the best remembered are: "I'll have you know I'm not that kind of a girl." (October 1954); "I have it: let's swap wives!" (June 1955); "Fake it." (October 1955); "Here's one ambassador, if they want to recall, they'll have to come and get!" (March 1956); "John! John! Your creepie-peepie is on!" (December 1956); "I'm not worried. She's run off on affairs before. She'll be back. He won't, but she will." (February 1958). But the most popular Cole cartoon of all appeared in May of 1955 and was captionless: it showed a superbly stacked, strapless-gowned young lady at a party, surrounded by admiring males, one of whom had removed a shoe, neatly captured the hem of her gown with his toes, and was surreptitiously pulling the garment down past the equator of the beauty's bosom.

In June of 1954 Cole introduced his expressionistic *Females: 52* appeared altogether, from *Spinster* and *Devil-May-Care* to *Persnickety*, *Prude* and *Naive*. These perceptive line drawings of feminine sex types subsequently turned up on cocktail napkins and highball glasses, adding a sophisticated note to parties and apartment doings all across the land. Jack was soon working exclusively for PLAYBOY. Originally from New Castle, Pennsylvania (and forever the subject of "carrying Cole to New Castle" gags), he spent his first PLAYBOY year doing cartoons from the East, then moved to a small town just outside Chicago in order to be closer to the magazine. In recent months, he had also created a successful newspaper strip, *Betsy and Me*, syndicated in 46 daily and Sunday newspapers.

Jack Cole, almost certainly, was one of the half-dozen most talented American cartoonists of our time, and his style and technique were more admired by fellow cartoonists than anyone else's in the business. No other contributor to PLAYBOY could be more profoundly missed by this magazine's editors. To droll Jack Cole, finest of fellows and king of cartoonists, we bid a heartfelt hail and a final fond farewell.







# THE MARVELOUS LOVER

*i'm chasing you, she said; and he said  
fine, where shall i plan to be caught?*

**H**e was a marvelous lover. You know, the real thing in bed. No gentleman, though; I mean, he stank in a revolving door and in an elevator he was absolutely hopeless. But, Lord, he had all this terrifyingly adequate equipment and nothing, nothing, fazed him . . . on the floor, in a chair, on top of a desk, leave it to him to figure something out. At a soda fountain (and don't think sodas were beneath him), he was shy, embarrassed, even grotesque, but making love, he had maddening control and strength and tenderness. Well, he was pretty interested in making love.

When I met him, and I really knew him only briefly (no matter what had ensued I'd only have known him briefly; believe me, I'm as over-civilized as the next girl), he was about 45 and he'd been exercising that marvelous body of his (which in its way was as laconic as his speech) for almost a quarter of a century. He was, you might say, pretty much practised. Though, God knows, you always felt like *the first one*, full of delight and every time better than the last (which personally always makes me wonder nervously about the last time). His name was Porter G. Dobey. Hell, his name *is* Porter G. Dobey. Everybody in the business called him Dobey so I called him Porter — you know, just to be cute. I thought it was cute calling him Porter. He didn't react to that one way or the other. I mean, there was no way of making special private romances with that guy. He just didn't react . . . except naked, all five foot eleven of him, with you in his

*fiction* By JOYCE ENGELSON

ILLUSTRATION BY CARL KOCK









arms, wrapped round him like a god-damned curling iron.

He was very lean and looked taller even than he was, very American looking, you know, really American looking: lousy posture, sloping shoulders, wonderful flat rich chest like a flank steak. I always remember him as sort of balding but really he was more grizzled than balding, with this grayish fringy stuff absolutely all around and on top of his great head, but you know, it was sort of thin fringy stuff. And then there was this goddamned beard. Yes, he had a goddamned beard. I don't know but what he thought it was a Samson thing with that beard and if he shaved it, there'd be no more fun measuring with the copper pennies . . . but anyway, there was the fact of that beard. Personally, I liked it. It gave a girl something to talk about in those deep, moonlit stretches of desert which were conversation with Porter G. Dobey.

The Lord knows he could've made love for a living. But he didn't. (Not to give the wrong impression; if he could've earned his bread that way, I don't believe he would have. There was no abuse of love anywhere in his very extensive, very loving vocabulary.) Matter of fact, he ran a bookstore. I never knew if he owned it, maybe he owned part of it. There was an ancient, little man around sometimes, with a dirty eyepatch, whom Porter called his partner. But you can be sure if Porter Dobey owned a part of anything, it was the part with the couch.

I'd been in the book business myself but that's not how I met him. I'd just wandered in there a couple of times, poking around at things, looking for magazines with my own stories in them, like Marcel Proust checking through *Figaro* to see if they'd printed his article yet. The shop was comfortable, not even shabby, just nice. I liked it. And we used to chat amiably. I did a lot of talking (I always did a lot of talking in those days, especially in bed, always a bad thing) and Porter did a lot of listening and maybe a little grunting now and then. I don't think he even knew my name. Listen, I don't think he ever knew my name. What the hell would a name matter to him?

After a while, whenever I was depressed about my beau whose name was Henry Shoemaker and who was consistently depressing, or maybe bored with my job (which was unimaginably sexless in spite of or maybe because of the innumerable passes thrown at me there) or just generally in the mood for an atmosphere of silent electricity, I used to stop in at Porter's shop and have a cigarette with him. My cigarettes mostly. Well, once he bought me a cup of coffee and once he bought me a soda but I believe that was the extent of his ex-

penditure on my behalf — if you wanted Porter Dobey's company, you came with your own food, drink, money, cigarettes and any other supplies you thought you might require for your pleasure or your security. Well, in the book business, any end of it, a girl takes care of herself. Or learns to.

The thing that was so terrific and so damned exciting about him, especially to a sexy girl with spectacles, was that Porter absolutely never made a pass or a pinch at you. He was just majestically charged, fused, unperturbed, unhurrying, ready to go off (though the way he made love, this is maybe a poor description of his prowess). Oh, once he bent down, casual as hell, and kissed me. It was a kind of kiss I can't even describe. Except that it was perfect in itself. It wasn't so damned casual that you'd take it for nothing or for paternalism or general friendliness. On the other hand, it didn't necessarily have to lead to anything else. It was just a complete, delightful, thoroughly physical embrace in itself. And that was it. No clutchings or pantings or pats . . . and no words. Just a kiss. And that's how I took it. Just a kiss.

And it could've gone on like that forever. He didn't bore easily, in bed or out, which is, I always think, a sign of character. I mean, we're all contemporary enough to know there's nothing sexy, at all, about those treacherous little men who go about taking what they can get (and not taking it with much finesse mostly) and getting tired of it once it's been taken. Porter Dobey liked women, really liked them. And when he liked them he liked them and if you'd signed on for a cruise with him or a whaling expedition or just a day sail you'd signed on and he'd be happy to have you aboard and a bit of you every day — if you could arrange it.

And there's one more strange thing, not about him — though maybe it was something about him — but really about your feelings about him. You just didn't feel jealous. You knew if you were sleeping with him, that he must be sleeping with other women; that if you were a kissing, hand-holding companion, he had others. But you didn't feel jealous of those other women and I can vouch for that. I'm ordinarily as jealous a neurotic bitch as any other jealous, neurotic bitch. But I suppose there are explanations for this; maybe very complex ones. Maybe it was the fact that there was never any question of "I love you" involved. If you took it as love, it was love; if you didn't, then it wasn't. I mean, it didn't matter. No verbiage, no messes to entangle or then detach. No tedious "I love you" or "do you love me?" or "maybe I do love you." You just knew it was good. Whatever it was. But really I think the reason you didn't

feel jealous was more the fact that you *knew* you were *appreciated*. Really appreciated. If Porter wanted you, you were worth wanting and valuable and delicious. He made you know it as well, much better, than all the men in the world who say "I love you" in Ninth Symphony chorales. The truth was that Porter did love you: he desired you, he wanted his pleasure with you, he wanted to give you pleasure (and made sure he did) and when you were quite, quite done and smoking your cigarettes you knew he wanted you to come back. Wasn't it love? Maybe not. But it was heaven just the same.

So, there we were — Porter and me — friends, no beds yet and none in our future. Just grunts and a kiss or so and that voluptuous high crackling tension and me talking. For people in the book business we really didn't talk much about books. Porter did read. But he was not bookish. At all. And didn't like disquisitions on literature. He did teach me a lot of racing terms, though, and sometimes, in a very good, very languorous mood, he liked to talk about his favorite scene in his favorite book. Which was a predictable one, pretty much, if you knew him. It was one of the last things in *Tortilla Flat* where Danny, "the good guy" Porter called him (and, you know, that should've told me more about Porter than I allowed myself to see otherwise) is dying and asks for a priest. When he's done with his confession, though, the departing priest is shaken, visibly. He's never heard a confession like it. Danny had led quite a life. Oh my God, Porter, what a sentimentalist you were!

Sometimes, when I was in a low humor or tired or vulnerable or had gazed too much at that calm, long, sprawled-out body, I'd get wound up, maybe talk too fast or too much even for me. And then Porter would look at me, right at me, very leisurely, full of sweetness and he'd say, "Relax, honey." Meaning nothing very much. Or maybe meaning just "relax." And I usually did. And, perhaps, going along that way, some year or some day, like a sentimental, drunken Christmas, we would've got to bed anyway; but long before then, like all the unrelaxed of the universe, I'd precipitated myself into his arms. And here's how that happened:

I was, as I said, in love with a man named Henry Shoemaker. It was my first big love. I was absorbed, unhappy, ecstatic, nervous, and very badly treated. It had all the elements of a necessary first great love. Half the time I was depressed when I went to see Porter it was because of that damned "cruel Henry" as I always thought of him. For one thing, Henry's cruelty consisted in the fact that he was married. He was

(continued on page 12)





*"I've been ready for over an hour—you might at least try to be on time for our first date."*



*From the San Francisco poets — that beat breed of jazz-backed cellar-dwellers — the name of Lawrence Ferlinghetti stands out among such similarly standout names as Allen Ginsberg, Jack Kerouac, Kenneth Rexroth. Poets, pundits, hippies and chippies have hailed him; "He is quite possibly," said jazz critic Ralph Gleason, "the most important poet now writing in America." Satirist John Keefauver, a native of San Francisco's artiest ex-urb, Carmel, was fascinated by Ferlinghetti's recent highly praised volume of verse, "A Coney Island of the Mind," and has written for us an appreciative parody that not only echoes, joshes and synthesizes the original, but also comes comfortably close to being an insightful poem in its own right.*

**I**n San Franciscotown

there's a cooled-up cat  
 name of Lawrenched Forgetti  
 (or something like that)  
 who writes poetry  
 street poetry  
 walking-along poetry  
 not the kind that sits around all day  
 looking at its navel  
 the oral message kind  
 jazz poetry  
 of the stepped-  
 on  
 soul  
 beat  
 complete  
 telling you all about the icky square world  
 with its  
 drunk clotheslines  
 grappling with hot legs  
 in rollaway beds  
 and its beat-up landscape of  
 mindless supermarkets  
 with steamheated carrots  
 protesting  
 a honeyless world of square toiletseats  
 never sat on  
 (even by las vegas virgins  
 tampaxed and disowned)  
 a world waiting for someone  
 to push a mushroom button  
 and make bombed cadillacs rain thru trees  
 For cadillac ashes  
 are what that square-type man  
 was really wailing about  
 when he kept talking and talking  
 from that catless place  
 name of Galilee  
 only trouble was they cooled him  
 until he was hanging dead

OH  
WELL  
WHAT  
THE  
HELL

satire by



a sort of  
coney island  
of the hind

so our circus souls go marching on  
stuffed soldiers carrying a sawdust cross

Oh well  
what the hell

Like when they were putting up that statue  
in front of a church  
in San Franciscotown  
and not a goddam bird was singing

I mean  
oh well  
what the hell

Like that man who painted  
The Horse with Violin in Mouth  
then jumped on the horse  
and rode away  
waving that violin  
and then of all the goddam things to do  
he gave it to a plugged-up virgin  
and there were no strings attached

I mean  
oh well  
what the hell

What Forgetti of San Franciscotown is trying to  
tell you  
yell to you  
is that this life ain't supposed to be a circus  
attended by  
governed by  
make-believe monks in silktights  
monkeys with teacuphandle tails  
horny hiawathas  
drinking out of horny-rimmed glasses  
lipsticked with yesterday's mud  
or dirty suds  
babooned ladies  
and gorillaed men  
ain't  
but it is

We just gotta stop chomping down  
on these fake  
Last Suppers

we gotta  
take the locks off our pants  
and start slaying old ladies  
and  
young lays  
and make the old ones young again

John D. Keefauver



and make the young ones late again  
making them all

sweet  
and oh well  
what the hell

He says we gotta arise  
even though we're not workers  
of any world  
of any thing  
we're not even of  
we're a not  
without a negative to hang our not on

We're a can of sterno that won't burn  
an empty bottle of muscatel  
we'd recite from broken bibles  
but we don't have a tongue  
we're sisters in the streets  
with our brassieres on backwards  
we're dogs listening for our master's voice  
we're Christmas trees with no balls  
we're Wise Men praising Lord Calvert whiskey  
we're Bing Crosby  
groaning  
we're hi-ya housewives  
vencered in nylon snobberies  
trying to lacquer-up all the scenes  
we're in a whorehouse  
with no whores  
just bores  
sores  
and unfound doors  
we're sunk  
junk  
when we let fall a sock  
it clanks

What we gotta do is goose George Washington  
in the seat of his cherry tree  
and then give Joan a pat  
on her Arc

We have only dishonorable intentions  
not to mention  
disintentions  
we're dis people plainly

In short  
we're constipations

But  
as Forgetti says

Oh well  
what the hell





# CHOICE CACHE FOR CHRISTMAS

gifts



What the gentleman prefers at yuletide, clockwise, from six o'clock: Bell two-channel stereo amp-preamp, potent power-and-control source for all hi-fi needs; \$169.95. Zenith transistor, trans-oceanic portable radio, both standard and short wave, runs on flashlight batteries; \$275. Herman Miller elegant chair and ottoman, in rosewood, with leather covered foam rubber cushions and aluminum base; \$600. Subscription to *PLAYBOY*, \$6 a year, \$150 lifetime. Hawthorn's *The College Years*, edited by A. C. Spector, a compendium of the best writings on college life; \$7.95. Loyal's eight-day leather clock with brass markings; \$35. Riding boot cigarette lighter in polished cordovan; \$20. Cigarette box in gold-tooled leather with transistor radio; \$65. Walnut record cabinet holds 200 LPs in numbered sleeves; \$139. Portable Dictaphone records 60 minutes per magazine, includes mike, tape, batteries, case; \$308. Bushnell's Bino-foto adds 7-power telescopic lens to any still or movie camera, can also be used as regular binocular; \$217.





# FAIR GAME

food By THOMAS MARIO

*hearty holiday menus from the forest primeval*





**I**N A MATTER OF DAYS now, certain men in practically every state of the union will be tromping out of the woods with dogs and guns, their game bags filled to the legal limit with things furred and feathered. That they will have enjoyed the hunt there is no doubt — but whether their fallen quarry will put them in ecstasy as tasty table fare is something else again. Too often does the ring-necked pheasant turn out tough as timber, the mud hen nuddy, the wild duck dry as Ibsen's play of the same name.

This culinary anticlimax, which occurs year in, year out, is completely unnecessary, since just a little care and savvy is all that is required to do justice to the fine flesh found in fields and forests. By drawing and skinning your game carefully, by ripening for the proper amount of time before cooking, and by styling your cookery to the game's age, you can be sure of avoiding most of the pitfalls that may make your victory Pyrrhic as all get-out.

Let's face it: much of the game con-

sumed nowadays is bought in gourmet butcher shops or is ordered from mail-order game farms. The quality and tenderness of such game is uniformly excellent because it's raised under controlled conditions. Everything from wild boar to pheasant is now sold in cans or jars. For men who love their *Hasenpfeffer*, for example, frozen rabbit all ready for the stewing pan is now widely sold at frozen food counters. The fact that game connoisseurs are quite willing

(continued on page 46)

PAINTING FOR PLAYBOY BY CHUCK WOOD







Gahan Wilson

*"There's another one of those abominable mountain climbers."*



## WHAT'S THE BAD WORD?

*leave it to the girls: they've made nice words naughty and sometimes vice versa*

YOU'RE AT THIS cocktail party, and you and four other guys are off in one corner yacking it up. It seems that all of you have some pretty terrific jokes to unload — some proper, some not so proper — and you are quite a spectacular island of jollity.

Needless to say, some girl sidles up and joins the circle.

"Let me in on the fun," she says brightly. "What was that about the blind man and the Siamese twins?"

And right away everything is different — not so much because she busted in on the middle of something, but because she is a *woman*. The jokes get cleaner or dirtier, depending on the girl. One thing is inescapable: she is a catalyst: she changes things.

Now, it happens that one of the men is a philologist, a student of language, and he resents this power of women to prance in and change things. Matter of fact, she had interrupted his prize joke. Consequently, he is very bitter.

"You females have a talent for lousing things up," he says ungallantly. "Including the very language we speak. For instance, do you know what a harlot is?"

Somewhat taken aback, the young lady bravely replies that she does.

"But do you know what a harlot *used* to be?" the language buff inquires. "No, you do not." And he then proceeds to expatiate on a strange fact about the English language: again and again, when a word describes a woman, it starts out with an innocent, or even a lofty, connotation; then, as the centuries go by, it becomes debased.

In the 14th Century the word *harlot* was applied often to men; it had no very bad sense and meant simply a fellow. "He was a gentil harlot and a kind," Chaucer writes. Then the women took it over, and look what happened to it.

The word *wench* has much the same history. At first it meant an infant of either sex. Because it also implied weak-

ness, it became attached to the female alone; and from that time on it went downhill. A present-day wench is generally full-grown, but not the sort of girl you'd bring home for Sunday dinner.

Or take the word *madam*. It stems from the Latin *mea domina*, "my lady," and was at one time a title of great respect. Nowadays a madam can be the boss of a disreputable business establishment.

A *courtesan* was originally a respectable female member of court circles. After a while she was not so respectable. Likewise, *mistress* was once an honorable title. Again, in less-exalted social circles, Middle English *huswife*, meaning a perfectly ordinary housewife, has become the modern hussy, an insolent woman. Or the word *tart*. It used to be a term of endearment — something sugary and tasty, like an apple tart.

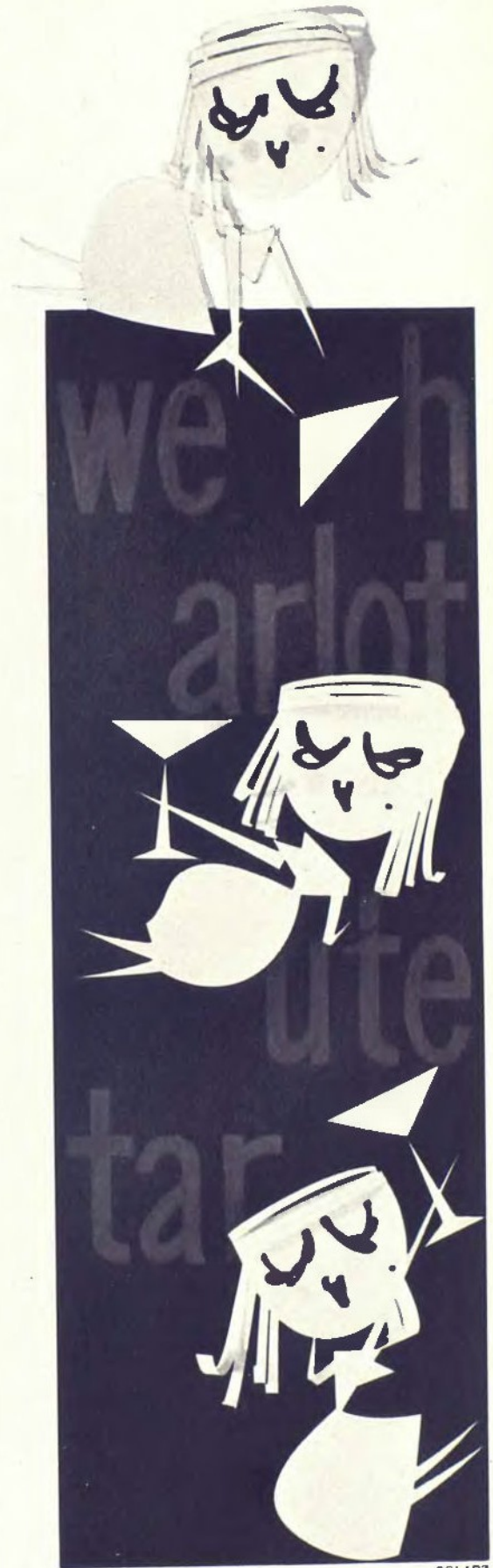
"If you think that's what it means today," the philologist concludes triumphantly, "you move in strange circles. And there you have it — you women are pulling the language right into the gutter."

The young lady bursts into tears. "Gee, you make me feel terrible," she sobs. "How can I ever live this down? How can I ever find out what happened to the blind man and the Siamese twins?"

Actually, she is much more distressed than need be. The angry philologist did not dwell on the fact, but, curiously enough, the opposite linguistic process has also been at work: words that used to have most unflattering connotations about women have now become altogether harmless.

For instance, let us suppose, you lucky stiff, that a bevy of cute, pretty girls, all in lace, allure and enchant you with their charms and inveigle you to their quarters. Now, there's nothing in that sentence that could alarm you; in fact, it all sounds very pleasant. But a few centuries ago such a statement would

(concluded on page 95)





*pictorial*

# PEEKABOO BRIGITTE

*the  
collected bardot,  
unexpurgated*







All done with mirrors: au naturel under that shawl, Brigitte reveals one nude nates in an erotic dance for *The Woman and the Puppet*.



One Bardot breast sees the light of day in a sweater-switching sequence the producers of *The Light Across the Street* were thoughtful enough to write into the script. BB, below, does a Vikki Dougan by displaying a bit of reverse cleavage in this barefoot-girl-with-cheeks-of-tan shot from *And God Created Woman*. Mademoiselle Bardot is conveniently un-underwared, a regular custom with her.

THE BB USED TO BE a small pellet of lead used by sub-adolescent boys in their Daisy air rifles, but a young French lady with those initials has effected a complete semantic switch and made the letters her very own. She's accomplished this by dint of her prettiness, her perversity and her penchant for appearing in motion pictures in a state of undaunted undress. Not that she has ever gone completely jaybirdsville in any of her movies, more's the pity, but parts of her have. She has let slip a towel from a bit of behind in one film, blithely bared a breast or two in another, undraped an umbilicus in yet another, and flashed finely-fashioned thoroughbred limbs in all. The sum total of all these parts, if one has a retentive mind (we do, when it really counts), is The Compleat Brigitte in top-to-toe, fore-and-aft, clockwise-and-counterclockwise nudity. Since every U.S. cinema-lover may not have been fortunate enough to see Brigitte's films in all their original uncut glory, we have assembled on these pages a kind of anthology of her most handsome hunks, selected from her more prominent pictures. This is a public service feature.







No scene is too solemn for sexy BB. The film is *In Case of Emergency*, the grim gent is Jean Gabin, and the catsup flows like wine as Bardot bares a "bloody" bosom while portraying the coolest of "cadavers."

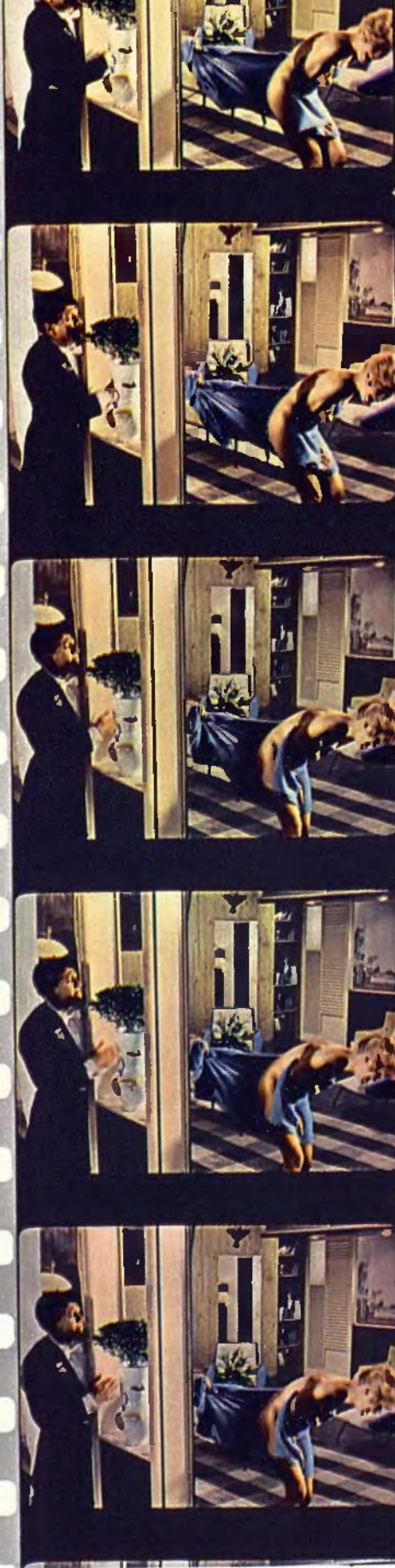




EASIMAN COLOR



Playful as a pair of pups, Brigitte and Henri Vidal romp and rollick in these fun-filled frames snipped from *La Parisienne*. Having taken a shower, BB wraps her chassis in a towel après le déluge. Her admirer, virile Vidal, frowning on such maidenly modesty, boldly exposes a high percentage of the Bardot body.





MARVELOUS LOVER *(continued from page 28)*

obviously, apparently, and tiresomely, bored with his wife. But they had three children. And more than the responsibility of this was the responsibility of Henry's pompous morality by which he had, when he'd fallen in love with his wife and married her, insisted that this was the great romance of the ages. It was *it*. Everything. Alpha and Omega. The end, the beginning. A to Z. Oh hell. I could go on about Henry Shoemaker and make you hate him the way I wanted everyone to. But this isn't his story, not really. It's really Porter's story. So, Henry, to be brief, had got himself caught inextricably in the Great Romance and he couldn't get out. Not for me anyway. In the beginning I'd been thrilled at the absolute glamor of being in love with a married man. I was young and I really wasn't crazy to get married myself and it all seemed, the deceit even, very exciting and the real aqua lung vision of adult life.

But after a while, it got to be exhausting. And then after it got exhausting, it got depressing and boring. And then, when I discovered Henry Shoemaker's morality didn't prevent him from carrying on with several other women, it got to be very saddening. And when I found out that he'd really fallen in love with someone else and was buying her presents and jewelry and all sorts of whorey goings-on like that, I was suicidal. And, suicidal, I thought of Porter.

Now there was someone to comfort and solace me. There was someone to complain to who wouldn't give a damn, who would just listen and sympathize. But in the back of my mind, and not terribly submerged either, was the thought that the only known way to get over one man was to fall in love with another. And who better than Porter? It never occurred to me that he might say no. And it would be wonderful and exciting and a bit scary too. I had been rather little girl and withdrawing and really virginal with Henry but that had been serious. This would be different. It would be a real adventure. I'd try it.

And I had a terrific sneaking desire to know how I'd come out. Would I be any good? Could I, with no experience, and not much imagination, take on such a venture? Or would I be laughed at? Rejected after brief trial? In the heart-pounding, stomach lightening (in sorrow one's stomach positively leadens) excitement of my plan, I almost forgot Henry altogether. I called Porter on the phone. Which was unusual. He must've realized this but he didn't point it out. He took it the way I believed he took everything . . . nice and easy. That's the way to live, I told myself.

"I'm inviting you to lunch, Porter."  
"Good. Where are you taking me?"

"Wherever you say. Porter . . ."

"Uh-huh."

"I'm chasing you, Porter."

"Fine. Where shall I plan to be caught?"

So we met and we had lunch and I prepared myself with three martinis. A dose way over my head. But I didn't get sick. Though I think I could have without putting a crick in my plans. Porter was good about things like that. And I took off my glasses. Which was really arch. But he was sweet. He didn't even smile. And, hell, baby though I was, and drunk, and so on, I have my charms. I flirted with him, very nice. I talked about sex. Negatively. I don't know why this struck me as the way to begin. It just did. I pointed out all the reasons why I didn't think it would be a good plan for me to fall for him. He looked surprised. And then I told him why I'd be absolutely fatal for him to fall for, lousy and neurotic and a demanding, impossible lover. He still looked surprised. But less so. And after a while, we were both talking like this. And finally Porter said: "How about today, honey?"

I didn't even point out how we'd been saying why we weren't going to. I just nodded. It seemed the logical end to this conversation.

Porter ran his finger down my nose, a gentle, humorous gesture; otherwise, he hardly touched me as he said: "I think we should. And I think we should soon. And I think I'll love you good."

Well, now I'd got where I wanted to but I was pretty much scared. I looked at him. Attractive, attracting, as hell, but much more than that: terrifically virile and adult. And I was even more scared of welching. I had a vague idea of being whelped for it. So I didn't welch. And he didn't. And we did. And, anyway, it was marvelous. Like I said. He was a marvelous lover.

And after that, it wasn't so different, except when I came to see him, we made love first and afterward we talked about Steinbeck and "out West" and his arrowhead collection. And he made it all very easy. I mean he made it easy for a girl to be wonderful and self-respectful. You didn't make scenes or get difficult. Not because he disciplined you. Just because you didn't need to or want to. He was rarely rude. Or abrupt. Always winningly welcoming. He'd see me and take my hand in his, very big and warm and holding. He never talked sex. He just lived it. Very big and big boned and flat stomached. The closest he ever came to saying anything to me at all about us was one morning. I was sitting on the floor at the back of the store which was curtained off from the front where the customers browsed and bought. He had

some real old, silly old, books back there and I was sitting on the floor and sort of leafing through an absurd novel of 40 years ago. He came out from behind his desk and crouched down, real low and almost on top of me. But he didn't touch me. He just looked at me. And then he took one hand, so big it covered my whole face and he touched my face and my hair. And then he said, with only the very slightest touch of self-consciousness:

"I do want you very much. But I don't know why. You're not even so very pretty."

I'd guessed it was a compliment, and it was, rather an intimate one, almost unintentional, so I decided not to be insulted or rather to think about the insulting part later. And always, afterward, and even now, it's seemed to me that what he'd really said was: *you're very pretty*. And maybe he had.

The length of time we were lovers doesn't matter much. It could have been short or long or neither. Comes to the same thing really because Porter, vital himself, vitalized his relationships renewingly. You know, one's love with him just didn't suck its nourishment out of that absurd, cliché-ridden, botanical simulacrum which wilting wooers think all love should bear: a tender beginning, a lush middle, and a withering death. No, if a relationship with Porter ended, it had to do with an event, a matter, quite outside the tongue-burning ecstatic circle of passion with him. And, come to think of it, that was love with Porter: a circle. Not a lone line, stretching from A to Z like my poor Henry Shoemaker thought or from A to B if you weren't lucky! No, with Porter, it was a hoop, a continuum, a perfect form (what, irreverently, comes to mind is one of those pornographic finger rings where a man and a woman or a daisy chain wickedly romp in engraved idleness, forever linked, around the wearer's finger). Oh, Porter, loving you was a ring of good feeling, a circle of touch-me, a ball of flames, a sphincter of delight. And then, to be vulgar, as in moments of displeasure, the human spirit is so often vulgar: Porter G. Dobey squared the circle. But not in any way or for any reason that I could ever have predicted. Actually, in loving him, I had, unknowingly, always been one small corner of a square; but, as I say, that was unknowingly. No, Porter would not have tired easily nor broken off our relationship, with words or without, for any ordinary or conjurable combinations of guilt, reason, practicality, boredom or distaste.

Which is why his manner on that strange, last, everlasting day, though only subtly different, as though the temperature of a natural body had fallen

*(continued on page 88)*



*like an enormous reptile it curled over the highway*

THEY LEFT STUKEY'S PAD around eight in the morning; that was the kind of weekend it had been. Early to bed, early to rise. Stukey laughed, squinting through the dirt-stained windshield of the battered Ford, pushing the pedal until the needle swung 20, 30 miles over the speed limit. It was all Mitch's fault, but Mitch, curled up on the seat beside him like an embryo in a black leather womb, didn't seem to care. He was hurting too much, needing the quick jab of the sharp sweet point and the hot flow of the stuff in his veins. Man, what a weekend, Stukey thought, and it wasn't over yet. The fix was out there, someplace in the wilds of New Jersey, and Stukey, who never touched the filthy stuff himself, was playing good Samaritan. He hunched over the wheel like Indianapolis, pounding the horn with the heel of his right hand, shouting at the passing cars to *move over, move over you son of a bitch, watch where you're going, stupid, pull over, pull over, you lousy . . .*

"You tell 'em, man," Mitch said softly, "you tell 'em what to do."

Stukey didn't tell them, he showed

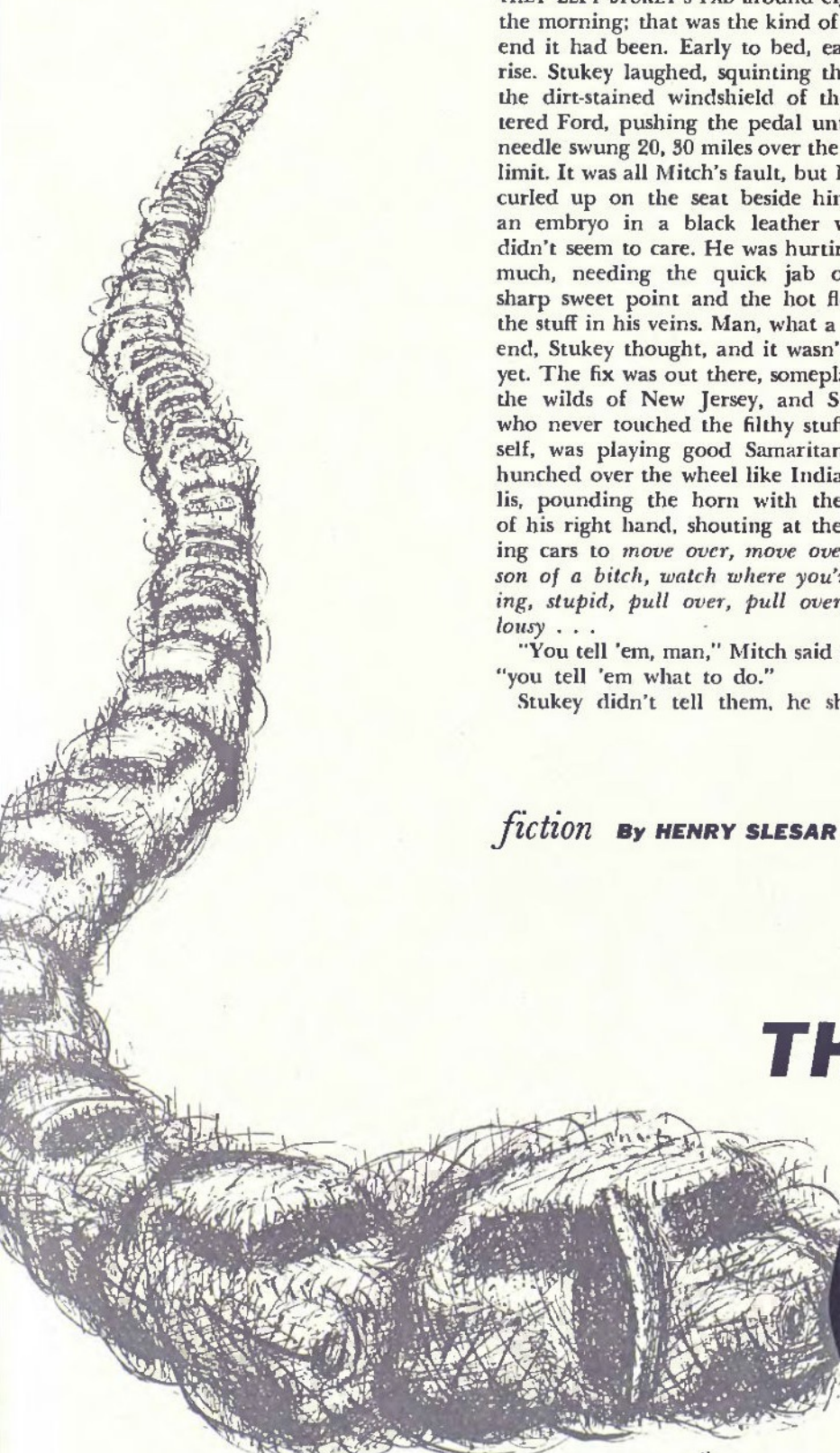
them. He skinned the paint off a Buick as he snaked in and out of the line, and crowded so close to the tail of an MG that he could have run right over the little red wagon. Mitch began to giggle, urging him on, forgetting for the moment his destination and his need, delighting in the way Stukey used the car like a buzz saw, slicing a path through the squares in their Sunday driving stupor. "Look out, man," Mitch cackled, "here comes old Stukey, here comes nothin'."

The traffic artery was starting to clot at the entrance to the tunnel, and Stukey poured it on, jockeying the car first left and then right, grinning at the competitive game. Nobody had a chance to win with Stukey at the controls; Stukey could just shut his eyes and gun her; nobody else could do that. They made the tunnel entrance after side-swiping a big yellow Caddy, an episode that made Mitch laugh aloud with glee. They both felt better after that, and the tunnel was cool after the hot morning sun. Stukey relaxed a little, and Mitch stopped his low-pitched giggling, content to stare hypnotically at the blur

*fiction* **By HENRY SLESAR**

**THE**

**JAM**





of white tiles.

"I hope we find that fix, man," Mitch said dreamily. "My cousin, he says that's the place to go. How long you think, Stukey? How long?"

*Whish!* A Chevy blasted by him on the other lane, and Stukey swore. *Whish!* went an Oldsmobile, and Stukey bore down on the accelerator, wanting his revenge on the open road outside the tunnel. But the tunnel wound on, endlessly, longer than it ever had before. It was getting hot and hard to breathe; little pimples of sweat covered his face and trickled down into his leather collar; under the brass-studded coat, the sport shirt clung damply to his back and underarms. Mitch started to whine, and got that wide-eyed fishmouth look of his, and he gasped: "Man, I'm suffocating, I'm passing out . . ."

"What do you want me to do?" Stukey yelled. Still the tunnel wound on. *Whish!* went the cars in the parallel lane, and Stukey cursed his bad choice, cursed the heat, cursed Mitch, cursed all the Sundays that ever were. He shot a look at the balcony where the cops patrolled the traffic, and decided to take a chance. He slowed the car down to 35, and yanked the wheel sharply to the right to slip the car into a faster lane, right in front of a big, children-filled station wagon. Even in the tunnel roar they could hear its driver's angry shout, and Stukey told him what he could do with his station wagon and his children. Still the tunnel wound on.

They saw the hot glare of daylight at the exit. Mitch moaned in relief, but nothing could soften Stukey's ire. They came out of the tunnel and turned onto the highway, only to jerk to a halt behind a station wagon with a smelly exhaust. "Come on, come on!" Stukey muttered, and blew his horn. But the horn didn't start the cars moving, and

Stukey, swearing, opened the door and had himself a look.

"Oh, man, man, they're stacked up for miles!" he groaned. "You wouldn't believe it, you wouldn't think it's possible . . ."

"What is it?" Mitch said, stirring in his seat. "What is it, accident?"

"I dunno, I can't see a thing. But they just ain't movin', not a foot —"

"I'm sick," Mitch groaned. "I'm sick, Stukey."

"Shut up! Shut up!" Stukey said, hopping out of the car to stare at the sight again, at the ribbon of automobiles vanishing into a horizon 10, 15 miles away. Like one enormous reptile it curled over the highway, a snake with multicolored skin, lying asleep under the hot sun. He climbed back in again, and the station wagon moved an inch, a foot, and greedily, he stomped the gas pedal to gobble up the gap. A trooper on a motorcycle bounced between the lanes, and Stukey leaned out of the window to shout at him, inquiring; he rumbled on implacably. The heat got worse, furnace-like and scorching, making him yelp when his hands touched metal. Savagely, Stukey hit the horn again, and heard a dim chorus ahead. Every few minutes, the station wagon jumped, and every few minutes, Stukey closed the gap. But an hour accumulated, and more, and they could still see the tunnel exit behind them. Mitch was whimpering now, and Stukey climbed in and out of the car like a madman, his clothes sopping with sweat, his eyes wild, cursing whenever he hit the gas pedal and crawled another inch, another foot forward . . .

"A cop! A cop!" he heard Mitch scream as a trooper, on foot, marched past the window. Stukey opened the car door and caught the uniformed arm. "Help us, will ya?" he pleaded. "What the hell's going on here? How do we get

outa this?"

"You don't," the trooper said curtly. "You can't get off anyplace. Just stick it out, mac."

"We'll even leave the goddam car. We'll walk, for God's sake. I don't care about the goddam car . . ."

"Sorry, mister. Nobody's allowed off the highway, even on foot. You can't leave this heap here, don't you know that?" He studied Stukey's sweaty face, and grinned suddenly. "Oh, I get it. You're new here, ain't you?"

"What do you mean, new?"

"I thought I never saw you in the Jam before, pal. Well, take it easy, fella."

"How long?" Stukey said hoarsely. "How long you think?"

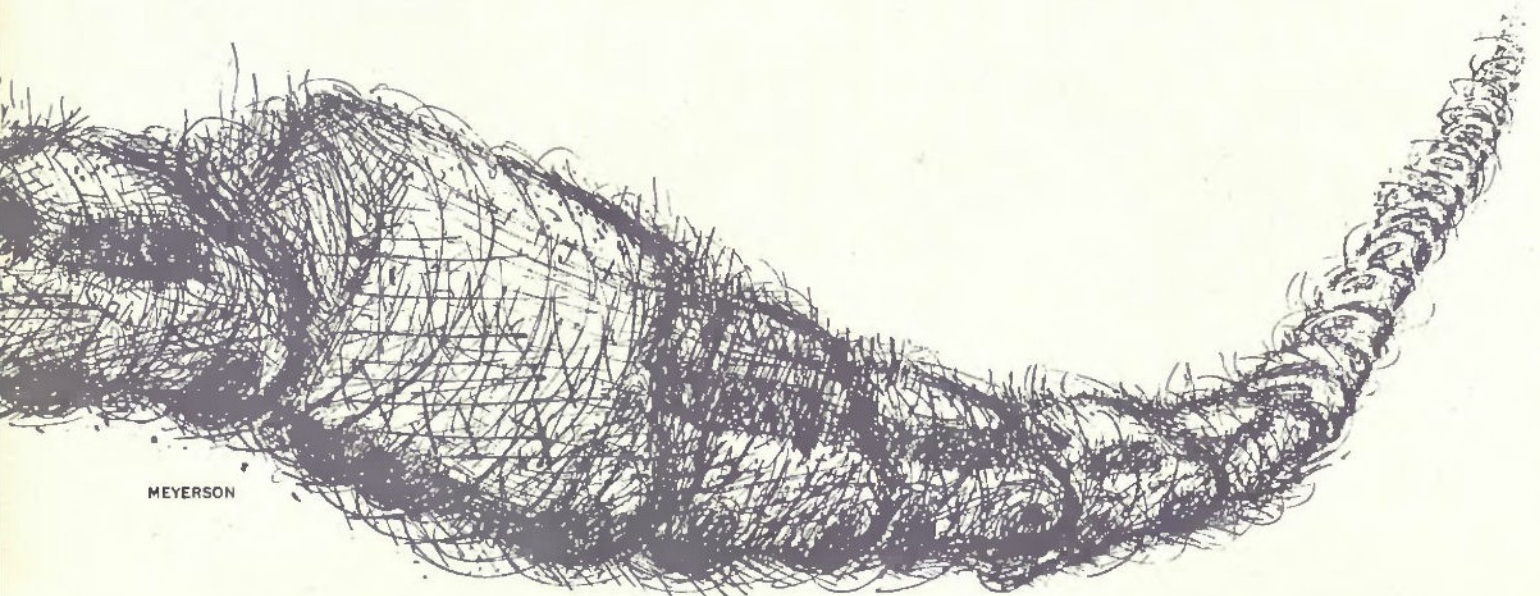
"That's a stupid question," the trooper sneered. "Forever, of course. Eternity. Where the hell do you think you are?" He jabbed a finger into Stukey's chest. "But don't give me a hard time, buster. That was your own wreck back there."

"Wreck?" Mitch rasped from inside the car. "What wreck? What's he talkin' about, man?"

"The wreck you had in the tunnel." He waved his gloved hand toward the horizon. "That's where all these jokers come from, the tunnel wrecks. If you think this is bad, you ought to see the Jam on the turnpike."

"Wreck? Wreck?" Mitch screamed, as Stukey climbed behind the wheel. "What's he talking about wrecks for, Stukey?"

"Shut up, shut up!" Stukey sobbed, pounding his foot on the gas pedal to gain yet another inch of road. "We gotta get outa here, we gotta get out!" But even when the station wagon jerked forward once more, he knew he was asking for too much, too late.







*"It's really lovely, but I wonder about the 'Easy Terms.'"*



## FAIR GAME (continued from page 35)

to pay \$16 for a brace of pheasants from a game preserve shows something of the value they put on the uniquely luscious taste of game. But there are those purists — and some Brillo-breasted buckos — who get an added clout from bagging their own dinners, many of them guys who, except during hunting season, are un-bloodthirsty, indoor types. For these, the following facts of wild life are noted.

First of all, the knowing Nimrod must never forget the simple fact that his game is shot. When lead pierces the innards of beast or bird, it can cause undigested food to spoil the adjacent flesh. Food left in the crop alongside the neck may taint the wild meat. It's important then for the gunner-gourmet to draw his quarry as soon as possible. To draw game merely means to remove the innards. If you can't do it yourself, you'll often find butchers, suppliers, hausfraus or guides in well-known game areas who will perform this scullery work for you.

If you decide to draw the birds right in the field, it isn't necessary to pluck them immediately. Merely remove enough feathers from the neck and tail end to allow a reasonable working area. With your hunting knife make a slit alongside the neck, and remove the crop and windpipe. Cut another slit from the end of the breastbone to the tail, and remove the internal organs. Don't wash the bird, merely wipe it dry.

If it's a hefty buck you've knocked down, the easiest solution, of course, is to take your kill to the butcher nearest your camp, and ask him to skin, gut and cut the venison into pieces that will fit into your range or food freezer. However, if you are bound and determined to Do It Yourself, here's how you Do It: make your incision at the top of the chest and draw it down vertically to and around the tail. Pull the flesh to the side, and remove the lungs, heart, stomach and intestines. Wipe the adjacent flesh clean with a slightly moistened rag, and keep the torso spread open for airing with small branches until the body heat has dissipated. It is best not to skin the animal at once, but to leave it in the hide until it is aged and ready for butchering, or at least until it can be aged under semi-refrigeration. If this is the case, and you do postpone skinning, you must remove the musk glands behind the leg and upper thigh of the animal, or they will spoil the meat along the entire shank. This is easily accomplished, as they are located between the skin and flesh on the hind legs of the animal, and can be pulled out with little difficulty from a vertical incision. Once the animal is ready for skinning — which certainly shouldn't be until you've returned from your trip — complete the

cut you've made to remove the innards, extending it to the bottom of the chin, and remove the hide by pulling up and out. To remove the hide from the legs, cut along the inside of them, starting from just above the hoof and running to the center cut you have made in the torso. The head and hooves, of course, should be severed.

If your hunting trail isn't too far from your home, you can defer the job of drawing the game until you've returned. Often the butcher or chef in your own club kitchen, or any competent restaurant chef, will be able to take care of all cleaning operations. But in any event, as soon as the game is brought down, it should be kept as cool and well ventilated as possible. Don't throw the birds or small animals while they're still warm in an airless heap inside your game bag. Keep the birds hanging separately as long as possible. Don't toss your deer over the front fender right alongside the engine heat, particularly on a warm day, and then begin driving several hundred miles to your destination. If you do, you may find that you've crossed the line between ripe and rotten when you sit down to your roast saddle of venison.

Unlike fish, which should be transferred right from the hook to the frying pan, game must be aged before it's eaten. If it isn't hung, it will be flat-tasting, coarse and tough. In Scotland, pheasants are hung until they almost drop from the hook. In America our tolerance for the mature fragrance of aged game is more limited. Sportsmen, in years gone by, were in the habit of aging their game outdoors, hanging it for days from the branch of a tree, a tent pole, a cornice or any other presumably cool place where its individual flavor could develop. The hazards of this old practice, still followed in some sections of the country, are countless. An occasional spell of hot weather can quickly ruin a man's entire bag. Varmints and insects can attack the hanging meat. Against their depredations hunters still douse birds with ground pepper, tie mosquito netting around small game animals or hang them from extra-tall trees. Game boxes, small contraptions with screens of fine mesh wire, are helpful if you're too many miles from civilization. The best practice, however, is to age your game in the refrigerator. It takes a little longer than outdoor aging, but it's infinitely safer. If the refrigerator temperature is set from 38° to 42°, the game will mature more satisfactorily than at a 32° to 36° temperature. Naturally, a butcher's walk-in refrigerator where the game may hang in cool air circulated by a blower does a better job than a small, crowded bachelor's refrig-

erator. Usually upland game birds like pheasant, quail or grouse should be aged from three to six days depending on individual taste. Wild ducks should be aged two to three days. Venison should be aged from one to two weeks.

In choosing a particular recipe, it's extremely important to know the age of the game you're about to prepare. Unless you can recognize the signs of maturity, you'll be in the position of the man who invites his chums to a dinner of broiled squab and then discovers that what he's serving tastes like old soup fowl. One of the distinctive signs of age in a bird is the end of the breastbone. In a young bird, it's soft and may be twisted easily. In older birds the tip of the breastbone is quite rigid. The feet and shanks are another sign. They're pliable and smooth in a young bird but coarse and rough in older fowl. The claws of a young bird are quite sharp; as the bird grows old, the claws become blunted. The end wing feathers are pointed in a young specimen and somewhat rounded in an older bird. When judging waterfowl, note that the windpipe of the young is soft; as they mature, it becomes less pliable. In estimating the age of a rabbit, the ears and lips are your clues; the ears of the young are very soft, and the cleft in the upper lip is more definitely outlined than in an older hare. The age of deer, of course, is indicated by the antlers; one spike for a year-old deer, two for a two-year-old, and so on.

Once you've determined that your game is young, you can choose the dry forms of cookery which are normally used in preparing tender meat, such as broiling or roasting. If game is old, it must always be cooked by moist heat as in braising, stewing or boiling (although the latter is rarely used in game cookery). Certain young game animals like rabbit or woodchuck may be cooked by either method. The tender cuts of venison like the rack or loin may be broiled or roasted, while the tough cuts like the chuck should be stewed.

Game birds tend to be dry and lean in their natural state. To compensate for this dryness, most birds which are roasted are usually covered with a thin layer of salt pork, larding pork or bacon. Aluminum foil or a double thickness of cheesecloth dipped in salad oil may be used to prevent excessive drying when a fierce oven heat is used. During cooking, the birds may be brushed with butter or oil. Basting with stock or chicken broth is an aid in retaining natural juices. The electric rotisserie in which the bird is self-basted as it revolves before the heat is an excellent piece of equipment for the modern game cook.

Your first taste of game may be quite  
*(continued on page 77)*



# The Shapely Miss Staley

*a channel charmer in compatible color*



Television tidbit Joan Staley pauses for a windblown moment outside CBS, at left; digs directorial data, above.

**Y**OU'VE PROBABLY SEEN Joan Staley on that bluishly-blinking box in your fun room, because she has appeared on *Studio One*, *Perry Mason*, *Shower of Stars* and other TV slots. 21-year-old five-foot-fiver Joan is an American girl with an international upbringing: as the daughter of a Navy chaplain, her traveling couldn't have begun much earlier, for she was born in an airplane high in the clouds between France and Germany. She spent her first year of high school in Chicago; her second year in Washington, D.C.; her third in Munich; her fourth in Paris. Starting out in the lively arts as a concert violinist, she switched focus to acting and singing and plans to stick with these until fame and fortune accrue in large glittering heaps. Sweet, smart, talented, with eyes of blue and hair of blonde, Joan Staley is a pert Playmate who can drop around and be our own private *Late Late Show* any night.



MISS NOVEMBER PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH















Joan steals a last cigarette and a restful moment before an important Studio One appearance. Below, she soaks up sapient savvy from another Joan, seasoned showbiz veteran Blondell. Our Miss November played a problem-vexed teenager in a drama which also featured Miss Blondell, Jack Carson, Maxie Rosenbloom.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RON VOGEL AND LAWRENCE SCHILLER





## PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Two young starlets were discussing the remarriage of a well-known Hollywood couple: "I guess," said the one to the other, "it was just another one of those divorces that didn't pan out."



A popular bachelor attached to the American Embassy in London had just returned from a weekend in the midlands at a stately country home. When asked by a friend what sort of a time he had had, he replied, "If the soup had been as warm as the wine, and the wine as old as the chicken, and the chicken as tender as the upstairs maid, and the upstairs maid as willing as the duchess, it would have been perfect."

We spotted this ad in the personal column of a large metropolitan daily: "Gentleman who smokes, drinks and carouses wishes to meet lady who smokes, drinks and carouses. Object: smoking, drinking and carousing."



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *perambulator* as last year's fun on wheels.

The newlyweds were obviously suffering from exhaustion and after a routine examination, their doctor advised, "It's not unusual for a young couple to overdo things during the first weeks of marriage. What you both need is more rest. For the next month I want you to limit your sexual activity to those days of the week

with an 'r' in them. That is, Thursday, Friday and Saturday."

Since the end of the week was approaching, the newlyweds had no immediate difficulty following the doctor's orders. But on the first evening of scheduled rest the young bride found herself unusually passionate. Hubby fell asleep quickly, but she tossed and turned interminably and finally nudged her spouse into partial wakefulness.

Expecting daylight and confused because it was still dark, he asked, "What day is it?"

"Mondray," said his bride, cuddling against him.

What are you nagging me about?" complained the husband. "I was in last night by a quarter of 12."

"You were not, you liar!" cried the irate wife. "I heard you come in and the clock was striking three."

"Well, stupid," said hubby, "isn't three a quarter of 12?"



Did you follow my advice about kissing your girl when she least expects it?" asked the sophisticated college senior of his younger fraternity brother.

"Oh, hell," said the fellow with the swollen eye, "I thought you said *where*."

The Madison Avenue exec was dallying with both his secretary and the French maid, and on this particular evening he called home to make his excuses for a night out with the secretary. Babette, the French maid, answered the phone and the executive said in a very business-like manner, "Tell Madam she'd better go to bed and I'll be along as soon as I can."

"Oui, Monsieur," purred Babette, "and who shall I say is calling?"

---

Heard any good ones lately? Send your favorites to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 232 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Ill., and earn an easy \$25.00 for each joke used. In case of duplicates, payment goes to first received. Jokes cannot be returned.





*"I hate to intrude, but could one of you hand me that gray tweed topcoat?"*









**T**HIS WAS the first time Johnny Knight had been on the carpet, and he knew it might well be the last—at least as far as Inter-Ocean Airways was concerned. Of course they kept him waiting. He sat quietly, his big hands folded in his lap, until finally the door marked CHIEF PILOT—PRIVATE opened and a girl came out.

"Captain Judson will see you now, Mr. Knight," she said.

Judson was a youngish bald man, big in the shoulders, and tall. His eyes had the squint of 10,000 hours in the air and he was slightly deaf in one ear. He motioned Johnny to a chair.

"You've been flying with us for six months or so, haven't you, Knight?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, that's right," Johnny answered.

"You had a good record, too—until this thing happened. You look like a sensible fellow, how could you do anything so crazy?"

"I guess I just lost my head for a minute, Captain," Johnny said. "I blew my top, that's all."

"There isn't much room in this business for people who blow their tops, Mr. Knight," Judson said. "You'd better tell me about it. How did it happen, anyway?"

Johnny Knight drew a deep breath. "Well, I've been flying with Captain Harbull for 60 days or so," he said. "The night it all happened, there last week, he was checking me out on a new airplane, the Cavalier 109, you know, completely test flight, no passengers at all. We had a little carburetor icing on the No. 2 engine and we went into Pittsburgh to have it straightened out. Everything was socked in there. You couldn't see your hand

*(concluded on page 60)*

*it was just a little friendly clobbering between captain and co-pilot*

## **A SOCK IN THE JAW**

*fiction* **By KEN PURDY**

ILLUSTRATION BY SEYMOUR FLEISHMAN



"Swiss pipe, Swiss cane,  
Swiss hat, Swiss shorts,  
Swiss boots...Must be  
an American tourist."

*pictorial*



# SILVERSTEIN IN SWITZERLAND

*our roistering roamer digs the land of ventilated cheese*

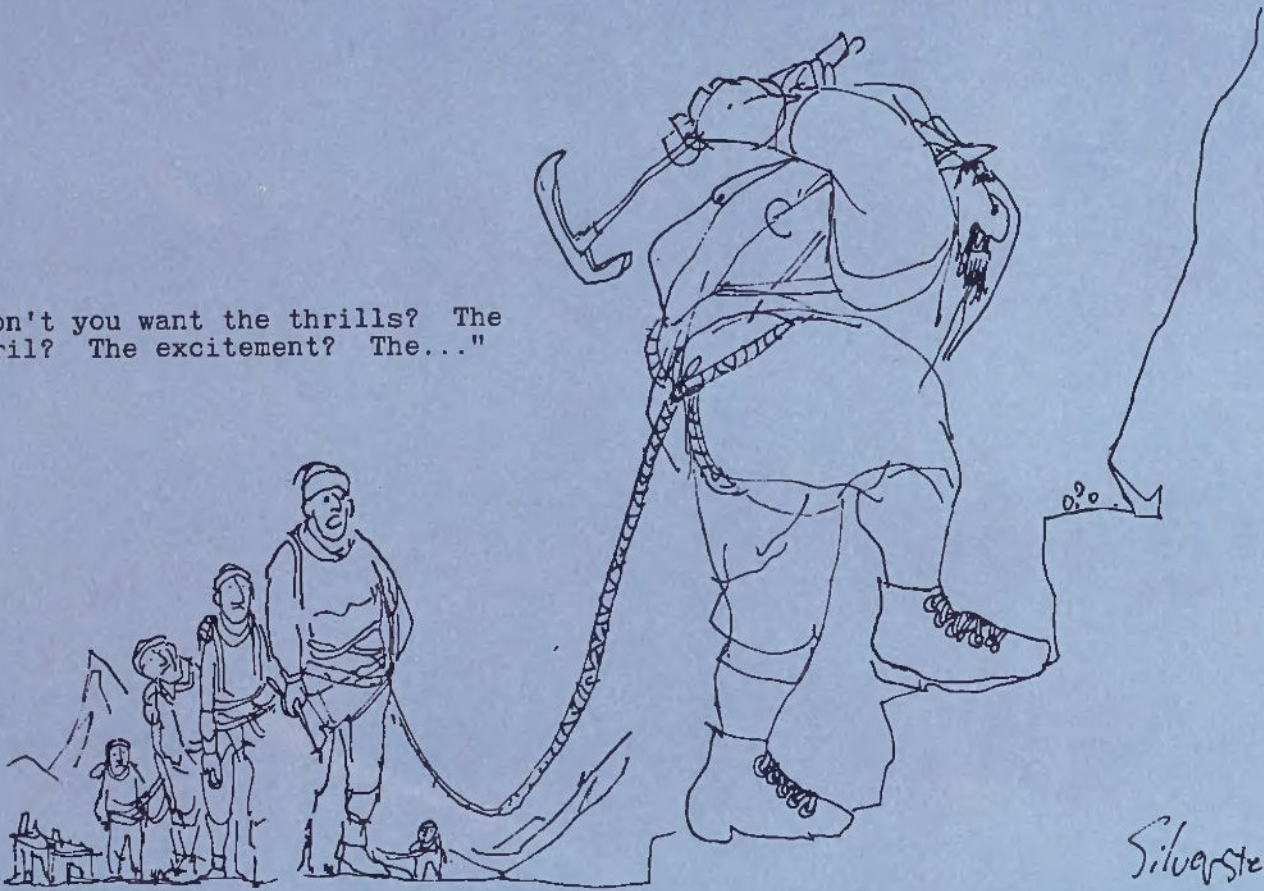
**H**ANNIBAL needed a whole menagerie of elephants, horses, donkeys and leopards-with-spears-attached to get him over the Alps, but Shel Silverstein needed only his sketchbook, his pencil, his beard and his lively curiosity. Entering Switzerland, Shel got right into the spirit of things (as he always does)—donning the required sweater, *Lederhosen* and pointy, shaving-brushed hat; investigating the cuckoo clock situation; checking out the native quail; venturing a scratchy yodel and blowing hot bells with a combo of Swiss bell-ringers. He also found time to sketch his own highly personal impressions of Switzerland for *PLAYBOY*.







"Don't you want the thrills? The  
peril? The excitement? The..."

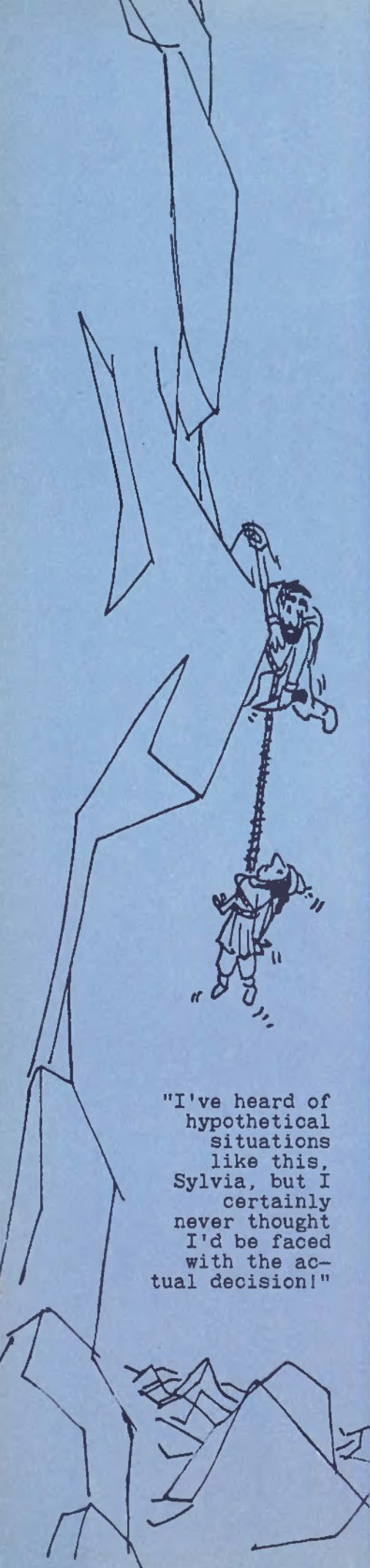


Silverstein



"Well, I've tasted better brandy..."





"I've heard of hypothetical situations like this, Sylvia, but I certainly never thought I'd be faced with the actual decision!"



"You realize of course, Miss Gruber, that the slightest noise on your part could send thousands of tons of snow and ice avalanching down...crushing us to an agonizing, suffocating end...and bringing death and destruction to the innocent people of that picturesque village below..."



Siber Steinh

"Yes, sir, give me a mountain any time. You conquer a mountain and it stays conquered! Does a mountain ever keep you waiting for hours? No! Does a mountain ever lie to you or try to squeeze money out of you? No! Does a mountain ever leave a lot of dirty lingerie cluttering up the bathroom? No! Does a mountain ever go off cheating on you the minute your back is turned? Does a mountain ever run off with some shoe salesman from Detroit, Michigan? Hell, no!!





Non-shaver Shel sketches for a crowd of little shavers.



"I'll give them 15 more minutes and if nobody yodels, I'm going back to the hotel!"





## SOCK IN THE JAW (continued from page 55)

in front of your face and we barely got into the field."

"Who made the landing?"

"I did."

"Did you have any discussion with Harbull about who was going to make it?"

Johnny Knight raised his eyebrows. "When you're flying with Captain Harbull," he said, "you don't have any discussions about anything. You do what you're told. He runs a taut ship."

"You always got along well with him though, didn't you?" Judson asked.

"Sure. I can take it," Johnny said. "Harbull is all right, I guess. He just wants to make sure you can take it. I remember one time he made me pump the gear up and down by hand for three landings. My arm was sore for a week. He cut the No. 1 engine on me one day taking off out of Dayville, to see if I'd blow up. Another time he underset the altimeter a couple hundred feet when I was landing blind."

Judson looked up. "What did you do about that?" he asked.

"I reached over and tapped the glass, just to be sure he saw where the needle was," Johnny said. "Then I figured he must think it was OK, since he doesn't want to get killed any more than anybody else, so I went ahead and landed the thing."

"I see. That was good clear thinking," Judson said. "To get back to Pittsburgh, what happened after you'd landed?"

"We got the carburetor trouble cleaned up and then we went in to check the weather. The dispatcher told us we were grounded. Captain Harbull laughed at him and told him to go back to his knitting. He told him there were still a few men left on the airline. The dispatcher got sore, of course, and they had a big argument. But the dispatcher wouldn't give in. He said we were grounded and that was all there was to it."

Judson interrupted. "Was that when Harbull made the phone call?" he asked.

Johnny nodded. "Yeah. First he told the dispatcher to do it. 'Call up The Man,' he said. 'Get Mac on the phone and we'll settle this in a hurry.' Of course the dispatcher wouldn't do it. I guess he didn't know that Harbull was the second or third pilot the airline ever hired and he and Mr. MacIntyre are buddies. The idea of calling the president of the line in the middle of the night was too much for him. So finally Captain Harbull grabbed the phone and made the call himself."

"And Mr. MacIntyre told him to go ahead if he thought he should, right?"

Johnny nodded. "Yes. Harbull made the dispatcher listen while Mr. MacIntyre said it again, and then we went

back out to the airplane. It was so foggy we almost walked into the ship before we saw it. Nobody else was going. There were two regular TBA flights there and one Federal. That was when Harbull gave me the big speech. 'Knight,' he said, 'it's at times like this when we separate the men from the boys. Those jokers over there are going to sit around drinking coffee all night. Their passengers are getting sore. They're losing money for their companies, and making ill will. And for what? Because they're chicken, and they won't go. They're afraid of a little low-lying mist.' And so on. He gave me a real pitch."

"I see," Judson said. "Harbull is quite an articulate fellow, I know that."

"He sure is," Johnny said. "Of course, it occurred to me to remind him that after all those other flights had full passenger loads, and we were empty, just the two of us, but I decided against it. Anyway, we got into the airplane and Harbull took a 10-cell flashlight out of his bag and gave it to me. 'Now I'll tell you what we're going to do, Knight, my boy,' he said. 'You take the flashlight and stick it out the window on your side. We'll put the ship about 10 feet from the edge of the runway, and you shine the light on the markers. And you steer, understand? You steer, watching the runway, and I'll take it off blind. Got it?'"

"I said I guessed so, and that's how we took it off, so help me."

"Then you came up to New York without any further incident?"

"That's right," Johnny said. "Nothing more happened, and I don't mind telling you that was OK with me. It will also be OK with me if I never have to make another one of those piano-duet take-offs."

"I can understand that," Judson said. "But when did your trouble with Harbull start?"

"When we checked in. We sent in to dump our gear. Harbull slung his stuff down and lit a cigarette. 'Well, I hope I never have to do that again,' he said. 'That take-off gave me the jumps.'

"I was really jolted when he said that. 'I thought you *wanted* to make it,' I said. 'What about all the stuff about loyalty to the airline, and the mail must go through, and all that?'"

"Harbull laughed. 'Oh, that!' he said. 'That was just to be sure you kept your nerve up, sonny. I didn't think I'd better tell you the real reason I wanted to get home.'

"And what was the real reason?" I said.

"A dame, of course," Harbull told me. "What else? I've got a late date tonight, and I stood her up last time. If I did it again, she'd break my arm."

Judson laid down his pencil. "Was that when you slugged him?" he asked.

Johnny Knight shook his head. "No, a couple of minutes later Harbull said he suddenly remembered something. He said his date wasn't for that night at all, it was for the next night, Wednesday night."

"Oh," Judson said. "Then you hit him?"

"No, I didn't," Johnny said. "I had the temptation, but I controlled it. I got a grip on myself. I counted to 10. I lit a cigarette."

"Very commendable," Judson said. "What happened next?"

"Well, sir, we just sat there, Captain Harbull and me," Johnny said, "and he kept looking at me, and he began to grin and suddenly it dawned on me. Captain Harbull has been flying since the pilots rode outdoors. He wouldn't risk a passenger or an airplane for a date with Sophia Loren. Second, he can remember what the dewpoint was on Thanksgiving Day of 1928, he never forgot anything in his life, and he sure wouldn't forget what night he was meeting a girl. The whole thing had been a gag. He was just seeing how much I could take. He was just giving me a real Harbull stretch-out."

"That was when you lost your head?" Judson asked.

"Yes, sir. I blew my top. I hit him and I dumped him right on the deck."

"What happened after that?" Judson asked.

"Captain Harbull looked at me and said, 'Help me up.' So I did, and as soon as he was on his feet he slugged me. He was holding me with one hand and he hit me with the other."

"I didn't know about *that*," Judson said.

"He hit me a pretty good lick," Knight said. "When I came to, he showed me something: a roll of dimes he'd had in his hand when he hit me. 'Knight, my boy,' he said. 'The reason seniority counts for so much on the airlines is that seniority means brains. I'm senior to you, and you have a lot of muscle, and I'm not going to belabor the point, but I strongly advise you never even to entertain the idea of hitting a captain again.'"

"You parted friends?" Judson asked.

"Oh, sure," Knight said. "That was about all there was to it. Harbull had made no formal complaint, and Knight left the office with nothing worse than a slap on the wrist. He thanked Judson and hustled to the branch bank in the air terminal building."

"Tell me," he said to the clerk, "about how many quarters does it take to make a roll four inches long?"







## CUSTOM AT CHRISTMAS



### FOR HIM

### FOR HER



The gift means more when it's patently the product of forethought. This magnificent monogrammed or custom merchandise must be ordered well in advance for yuletide delivery. Clockwise, from six: Britannia pewter tankard with glass bottom; \$12 each or \$125 for 8 with case. Town Crier cocktail shaker, rings while you shake up stingers; \$25. Hasselerbring carving and bor set with stag handles, walnut case; \$400. Aluminum and steel Maryland duck press; \$75. Brass-trimmed ice caddy holds 10 gallons; \$75. Calfskin made-to-order riding boots; \$115. Custom riding britches; \$125. Custom Winchester shotgun, hand-carved stock, hand-engraved breech; \$1556. Monogramming iron; three letters, \$3.95; custom design, \$8-\$12.



Clockwise, from six: 14K braided gold, sapphire and diamond bracelet; custom from \$725. Custom-designed paisley ski parka, water repellent; \$29. Salad bowl set, can be ordered in any wood; shown in walnut; \$39. Monogrammed ostrich-grained cowhide flight bag; \$35. Wool blanket-plaid overnight bag; custom from \$50. Tourmaline mink stole; custom from \$1300. Hand-made petticoat with lace trim, in any fabric; shown in nylon; \$30. Monogrammed suede-lined leather jewelry carrier; \$15. Gold mesh, diamond and ruby pin; custom from \$3500. White gold, pearl and diamond bracelet; custom from \$1750. Monogrammed travel caddy and case; \$35. Custom-set drop necklace, braided gold and cultured pearl; \$620.







IN THE WEE SMALL HOURS of the morning, when the whole wide world is either fast asleep or wide awake, depending on what social circle you prefer, the voice of Frank Sinatra—bittersweet, magical, lean, insinuating, nudging, shrugging (yes, this man can shrug his voice)—weaves itself into the day-and-nightdreams of America's womankind. Hat set cockily on the back of his head, raincoat draped carelessly over a bony shoulder, this hip brand of love god, so different from the lush and limpid-eyed love gods of yore, casually ambles into the phantasies of females young and old, dances on the ceilings near their beds, bids them come fly with him down to Acapulco Bay. And if the real Sinatra were to make the offer, a goodly number would hop at the opportunity.

For the scrawny kid from Hoboken, precariously perched atop what he inwardly fears may be the tallest and most trembly house of cards in the history of showbiz, *is* a love god and no mistake—a bona fide sex idol, with the stamp of his epoch upon him. It may not be extravagant to surmise that more women would rather park their pumps under Frank Sinatra's pad than that of any other male in the world, including Gregory Peck, Rock Hudson, Porfirio Rubirosa, Senator Kennedy and Commander Whitehead. And to Frankie's credit, he has displayed a sporting willingness to give a fair number the chance.

It is doubtful that anyone, anywhere, makes out any better than Sinatra. And that is partly because "the broads," as he calls them, are an obsession with him. He is as intense in his pursuit of a better broad as he is of a better song or better part in a picture. When he first arrived on the West Coast, he put up in his MGM dressing room a list of the most desirable movie actresses and he didn't take it down until he had worked his way through the lot. Sinatra has been, in the euphemistic lingo of the newspapers, "romantically linked" with Lana Turner (whose taste for tough Italians has produced some unhappy headlines since), Marilyn Maxwell, Anita Ekberg, Gloria Vanderbilt (who chose Frankie for her first date after separating from Leopold Stokowski), Marlene Dietrich, Kim Novak, Joan Blackman (an attractive 18-year-old actress whom he once introduced to inquisitive reporters as "Ezzard Charles") and Lauren Bacall. He is followed, like the Pied Piper, wherever he goes, whether in Hollywood or on location in the tiniest hamlet. Budding young starlets wait for his call; society matrons in Bar Harbor and Chestnut Hill dream of subtle assignations with him; leggy airline stewardesses pack his picture in their travel-kits and yearn for the day when he will ask *them* to come fly away.

What does Frank Sinatra have that prompted one critic to describe him as "the most complete, the most fantastic symbol of American maleness yet discovered, for both good and bad reasons"? Sinatra, himself, understands the least. He still thinks his success was all an accident. He has little faith in either his voice or his ability as an actor. Nor does his mirror give him any cause for confidence. He has none of the Latin mystery of a Valentino or the distingué hauteur of a Barrymore. He is, in fact, short and slight (140 pounds, including hair pieces). His face and neck still show the scars from the forceps used in a difficult birth. His face is so undistinguished that his double, Johnny Delgado, is always pestered for autographs when the two are on location. He tends to overdress, with suits cut a bit too sharp and Windsor-wide knots in his ties. What manner of love god is this?

Sinatra is the most potent performer in show business today, the most spectacularly popular singer of popular songs, the most sought-after movie star, the most successful wooer of women. In searching for explanations for his phenomenal appeal, the *London Times* felt that the secret was not the voice but the smile, "the shy, depreciating smile, with the quiver at the corner of

*the man with the golden charm has become  
the love god of our time*



the mouth, that makes the young ladies in the gallery swoon in ecstasy and the maturer matrons in the dress circle gurgle with protective delight . . ." The sculptor, Jo Davidson, thought the secret might lie in Frankie's bone structure. "He's like a boyish Lincoln," said Davidson, after probing at Sinatra's face. Frankie, himself, in a rare excess of becoming modesty, credited "ham" for his rise: "Ham," said Sinatra, "can make a scrawny kid, who has to leave the hanger in his coat to have any shoulders, into a movie star." But what he dismisses as "ham" is actually a remarkable personality that Sinatra has been able to project in his performances and with which the public has been able to strongly identify. It is his personality that is the key to Sinatra's success.

The personality found its first expression in his singing, in the way he took an otherwise no more than pleasant voice and charged it through and through with sex, pathos and fierce sincerity. "Why, the little punk," said an incredulous sideman. "He really believes those words!" And when Sinatra the singer became Sinatra the actor, it was not unusual acting ability that won fans and an Oscar. It was again the projection of a vital, intense human being — if not handsome, then surely the hippest of the hip, and yet naively childlike, too; and despite his many affairs, an incurable romantic about life and love — if not suave and sophisticated, then most certainly a fascinating mixture of both man and boy, at once tough and tender, brooding, searching, and always very much alive.

As any ex-usher who worked at New York's Paramount Theatre back in the mid-Forties can tell you, Frankie's appeal with the girls could have been predicted early. What could not have been foreseen was the universality of his appeal, which crosses all lines of sex, age and station as they have never been crossed before. There was a time when the girls swooned over Francis Albert Sinatra and the guys dug him not at all. During World War II, the showing of a Sinatra movie to a company of U.S. marines elicited groans and gripes and a derisive cacophony of shouts like "Kiss me, Frankie! Oooooooh, Frankie!" and an army sergeant remarked, when Sinatra sang in the Hollywood Bowl: "After this performance in the bowl, I hope they don't forget to flush it." Actually, this male attitude was an over-reaction to the young females who were bandaging their arms where Sinatra touched them and ripping at his clothes whenever he left a theatre. Without really understanding why, these squealing teenagers were the first to fall under the Sinatra spell. There he stood, holding onto the microphone for dear life, a

curl hanging limply over his forehead, a sweet-sad smile on his face, crying out for love and togetherness. "My sister saw him twice," said one admirer, "and she's afraid to go again because she's engaged."

Today, Sinatra's appeal is so universal that when he arrived at the Chicago Stadium to watch the recent Sugar Ray Robinson-Carmen Basilio championship fight, it caused as much excitement at ringside as the entrance of the two boxers the audience had paid heavy sugar to see. A fight crowd is about as far from Frankie's original underage female following as it is possible to imagine, yet the entire stadium rose, almost to a man, to get a look at Sinatra as he came down the aisle to his seat.

Sinatra has been behaving in a highly individual manner most of his life, including the occasion of his birth on December 12, 1915, at which he weighed 13½ pounds and had to be pried into life with the aforementioned forceps. Upon hearing of his birthweight, a jokester later remarked, "Too bad he's lost so much weight since then." The story of how Sinatra grew up as the son of a pork-and-beans prizefighter who later became a fireman and a mother who neglected her family to pursue a political career in Hoboken and throughout New Jersey is by now as familiar as the weary old saga of how jazz came up the river. Frank was not much good in school. Because his mother dressed him in too-fancy clothes, he was often the object of derision; but his father taught him to fight and he began using his fists to defend his honor early. He had always enjoyed singing and he talked his mother into buying him a \$75 microphone and rhinestone-studded amplifier, quit school, and began singing wherever he could around New Jersey at lodge meetings, Communion breakfasts, weddings and neighboring roadhouses. At one such, named the Rustic Cabin, he was heard by Harry James; and when this Benny Goodman sideman cut out to form his own band, he hired Frank to handle the vocals. Nothing very important happened to Sinatra while he was with James, although they recorded a tune called *All or Nothing at All* that was reissued and became quite popular after Frank had made it big as a single. Sinatra earned \$85 a week with James and after about six months he caught the ear of Tommy Dorsey who hired him away for \$110, which seemed like a remarkable amount of money to Frank at the time.

Sinatra's highly personal singing style was developed early and all the fundamental features were there by the time he left the Tommy Dorsey band in October of 1942. Two of Sinatra's records made with TD, *I'll Never Smile Again*

and *There Are Such Things*, sold over a million copies each. The Dorsey trombone influenced his singing. "I sort of bend my notes," Sinatra has explained, "gliding from one to another without abrupt breaks. The trombone is the greatest example of this." His "up" style was influenced by the *fröhlich* trumpet of Dorsey sideman Ziggy Elman. But mostly his style was influenced by himself. He was a complete identity, unlike any other singer before him. He was a total loner, going his own way in music as in life. He sang emotionally — he really did believe those lyrics — and audiences reacted. His phrasing became the archetype for a whole new school of singing; singlehandedly, he changed the emphasis in American popular music from the big band with the incidental singer to the big singer with the incidental band.

And as Sinatra "The Voice" became known, Sinatra the man became a subject of national interest. The public discovered a strangely driven, searching and forever dissatisfied soul. Sinatra the man became a living representation of the songs he sang. He grew as a symbol of romance as he loved, and lost, and loved again. He had married an attractive, dark-haired girl named Nancy Barbato, whom he met when he was 19 years of age and she was 16. They had three children, Nancy, Frank and Tina. By 1945 Sinatra was making a million dollars a year, but there were mounting tensions at home. Nancy had overlooked the teenage girls who threw themselves at Frankie in the East, tore at his clothing and hid themselves in his hotel room, but in Hollywood it was different. There were continuous column items linking her husband with various film fatales. His open affair with Ava Gardner was what finally wrote *finis* to his first marriage; on October 30, 1951, Nancy got a divorce charging cruelty, and was awarded custody of the children and one-third of Sinatra's earnings. Eight days later, Sinatra and Ava Gardner were married in Philadelphia. The lanky North Carolina beauty was a mixed-up girl with a history of marriage to mixed-up men Mickey Rooney and Artie Shaw. Like Sinatra, Ava had a reputation for wanting most what she didn't have, and Frank found her fiercely desirable. It was a much publicized, stormy romance and marriage. Sinatra sent her expensive gifts, flew thousands of miles to woo and win her, but once together, they fought continuously.

At about this point, Sinatra's career took a nosedive, setting the stage for one of the most remarkable comebacks in show business history. Sinatra now indicates he feels the fluctuations in his career were more imagined than real.

(continued overleaf)







## SINATRA

(continued from page 64)

but they were very real in 1951 and 1952. Sinatra and MGM had come to a parting of the ways: the studio was unhappy with the bad press he had been receiving and Frank was upset because of being continually cast as a singing sailor. His box office appeal had dropped away to almost nothing. But worse than that, so had his record sales. He secretly feared that his voice was gone. He was under tremendous emotional and physical strain. He was singing at the Copacabana when his throat began hemorrhaging. He refused to stay in bed and returned to finish the engagement only because he heard that a columnist he hated had bet the club owner \$100 he could never do it.

While Sinatra's career was going down, Ava's was climbing. In 1952 she was sent to Africa to make *Mogambo* with Clark Gable and Grace Kelly. Sinatra, out of work, went along to be with his wife. They fought on location and they fought in their tent at night. Sinatra was flat broke and he owed the government more money in back taxes than most men earn in a lifetime. He was down, but he wasn't out, and he had a plan. Before going to Africa he had read James Jones' novel *From Here to Eternity*. He thought that the part of Maggio, the tough little Italian kid, was made to order for him, and he went to see Buddy Adler, who was producing the picture for Columbia.

Adler never tires of telling the story. "It's an acting part, Frankie," he said, trying to keep a straight face.

"It's me," said Sinatra.

Adler was still dubious. He was testing five other actors for the part. He said, "I'll have to think about it."

Sinatra went to his agent and said, "I'll play that part for 50 bucks a week. For nothing. You've got to get it for me."

In Africa, Sinatra received a cable from Adler saying he would be given a chance to test for the film and that he should fly back to Hollywood at once. Sinatra flew.

"The first take, we knew we had it cold," he says. "I thought to myself, if he's like that in the movie, it's a sure Academy Award performance."

But Sinatra didn't wait for the results of the test. He borrowed money from a friend and returned to Africa loaded down with Christmas gifts. He built Ava a shower bath in the midst of the jungle and staged a Christmas party in which he led a group of Belgian Congo natives in singing carols. Then it began to look like he might not get the role in *From Here to Eternity*, and he reverted to his state of depression, and the bickering with Ava began again.

A cable arrived informing him that he had been given the part. He would receive only \$8000 compared to his usual \$150,000, but he had meant it when he said he was willing to play the part for nothing. Pacing up and down in front of Ava's tent, the cable clutched in his hand, he said, "Now I'll show the bastards."

Sinatra returned to Hollywood a week later. While still on location in Africa, Ava was flown to London with what was reported to be "a severe case of anemia." Later she admitted, "It actually was a miscarriage, and we lost the baby we both wanted so much." After completing his work in *Eternity*, Sinatra joined her in England, but they began fighting again almost immediately. He returned to New York. They were reconciled about a year later, largely through the efforts of Sinatra's mother, but they were together only about a week. In October 1953, it was announced that they had separated. For a while, in 1956, it looked as though they might go back together again. Sinatra went to Spain, where Ava prepared a honeymoon house to receive him, but Frank arrived with a nightclub singer, Peggy Connelly, on his arm.

Of course, the psychiatrists have their explanations. Says one: "Sinatra's behavior is clear and basic. His mother turned him over to substitute mothers when she went off on her busy political life in Hoboken. First it was his grandmother, then his aunt, then an elderly Jewish woman, Mrs. Golden. Frank never worked out the crucial early relationship with his mother because his mother gave him a sense of rejection. A childhood like that will produce a restless, insatiable man. Now he repeats the childhood pattern of searching for love, finding and rejecting it. The other side of the coin is the female response to such a man. It is no accident that the first reaction of early Sinatra fans was to want to mother him, to protect and watch over him. That is exactly the need that he projected and on a very basic, emotional level, girls responded to it. Nothing has happened down through his succession of unhappy love affairs to change the picture he projects."

And the picture he projected was also the songs he sang. For once in the history of show business, there was no need for a myth. "Everything happens to me." "I couldn't sleep a wink last night." "The night we called it a day." "There's no you." Myth and man blended into one. When Frankie sang of life and love, he knew the meaning of the lyrics all too well.

Nor did his movie career change the pattern. It was no accident that his spectacular comeback was triggered by his role in *From Here to Eternity*. At

heart, Maggio was a loner who asked for help from no man. When Frankie won an Oscar for his portrayal of the part, friends insisted, "Frank wasn't acting. He said it himself. He is Maggio." Maggio died in the arms of a buddy, still loveless and searching, bravely making the best of a sad life. Again, fact and fiction were in mesh. Sinatra has had his bouts with the sleeping pills and the cut wrist. Death is on his mind, but he goes indomitably on. Indeed, he goes cockily on. He may love and lose, but he will never yield. Like his close friend Humphrey Bogart (about whom Sinatra still talks constantly), he is his own guy. He takes no man's lip and no man's advice. Bogart himself once warned a would-be interviewer of Sinatra: "I love the guy, but there's one thing you've got to remember. When you talk to him, don't try to tell him anything. Don't tell. Suggest! You tell him anything and he's gonna boot you right out of the joint. He's the same with me."

Sinatra remains monumentally unimpressed by the opinions and ideas of experts. Nelson Riddle, his conductor-arranger, says: "He thinks nothing of turning around and conducting the orchestra himself to get the exact tempo he wants." He also thinks nothing of changing the lyrics of a poet the likes of Rudyard Kipling. In singing *The Road to Mandalay*, he switched "Burma girl" to "Burma broad," to the considerable discomfort of Kipling's daughter who protested publicly. Even his language is unique: if he is amused or strongly moved by any emotion, he is "gassed"; any person, or anything, that affects him is a "gasser." He has used the word "clyde," the origin of which remains a mystery, the way soldiers use a four-letter synonym for sexual intercourse as a noun, adjective, verb and even as a pronoun. "Get off your clyde and let's go get ourselves some clydes," Sinatra will say, meaning, "Get off your ass and let's go get ourselves some pizza." His current favorite is "mother," a euphemism for an expression definitely not intended for polite company. Frankie insisted on introducing "mother" to television audiences on more than one occasion (thus helping to make the climate right for the gag: "What are we going to call that dear old lady now that mother's a dirty word?"). Some were offended. Says Mitch Miller, with whom Sinatra had a large falling-out when he split with Columbia Records to join Capitol: "The ability to sing 32 bars of music doesn't entitle anyone to flout the rules of society." But songwriter Sammy Cahn, one of Sinatra's really close friends, makes no apologies for Frank's maverick behavior. Says Cahn: "If he  
(continued on page 84)





Atop Aspen Mountain a merry group of skiers demonstrate, among other things, that wine is a fine accompaniment to the winery air, that relaxing can be as much fun as schussing, that skiing isn't a lonely sport, and that nothing tops ski gorb for colorful variety and originality.

## **FUN AND FASHION ON SKIS**

*it's a gambol—friendly and informal—  
at aspen or most anywhere there's snow*

OF ALL AMATEUR SPORTS, it is likely that skiing has had the most compressed and varied history. In a couple of decades, give or take a year or three, it has evolved from an arcane, perilous and arduous activity for the rugged few, to a hugely sprawling, wonderfully enjoyable, international winter pastime. Its devotees are legion and each one is a zealous propagandist for the sport and is apt to find himself mouthing the cliché, "Skiing isn't a sport — it's a way of life." And so it is: from those first brisk days when the ski buff starts





scanning the skies and poring over weather reports, to the day when the first snowflake falls, the excitement mounts, the plans are made, the gear and tackle and garb are taken out and lovingly gone over, and thousands upon thousands of people happily turn their backs on the tropical resorts which used to be winter's only saving grace, to turn their eyes toward high country and the world of slopes, trails, log fires, hot grog, mountain-top sun decks and the joyous, informal camaraderie of the ski resorts.

All that has happened in a scant 20 years. The famous old names are still clothed in glamor—Zermatt, St. Moritz, St. Anton, Bad Gastein, Kitzbühel, Garmisch, Klosters, etc. But American skiers have good reason to believe that our own ski areas can compete with the best that Europe has to offer. From the quaint French Canadian inns and ski trails of the Laurentians; down through northern New York State and New England's tradition-hallowed villages (Lake Placid, Hanover, Stowe, North Conway, Whiteface, Pinkham Notch, Pico Peak); from the mushrooming ski areas of the Midwest—Ishpeming, Boyne Mountain, Telemark, Caberfae, Northernaire, Wilmot; on out to the high mountains and open slopes of the West, from Banff, Spokane, Mt. Hood and Mt. Rainier through Sun Valley, Alta, Squaw Valley (scene of the '60 Winter Olympics)—to name just a few American ski areas—there is a winter world of wonderful fun awaiting the American skier (and the visiting European skier, too) which is fast coming to equal the best that Europe has to offer.

All these places have their special and unique qualities; winter after winter one can ski a region at a time and find constant variety in slopes, lifts, living accommodations and social life; but wherever one goes and however long one stays—and whether one is beginner, intermediate or expert—the healthy and informal atmosphere of high good fun,

Left: the guy's good-looking big bulk sweater is hand knit by the Cowichon Indians in unbleached raw wool, comes in a variety of patterns; \$49.95. A fresh wrinkle at popular ski areas like Aspen, the face mask in the back does double duty against wind and sun, adds a jolly touch to the skier's garb. Right: the fun of après ski gets under way at the Red Onion—pretty girls, lots of suds and the right duds. Guzzler on the left sports a red Tyrolean wool jacket from Austria, with antique silver buttons; \$34.95. Fellow in the middle likes his gray Thalhammer jacket, also from Austria; \$34.95. Lad at lower right wears the ultimate in a sealskin arctic-type parka, warm, rugged and distinctive; \$175.





Above: wide-wale corduroy Edelweiss knickers for the canny slopesman; \$14.95. Left: recommended gear. The skis, l to r: Head's Standard; \$85. Cortina; \$85. Blizzard; \$89.50 (standard edge), \$99.50 (hidden edge). Northland's Competition Downhill; \$75. Kastle Downhill; \$82.50 (regular edge), \$99.50 (hidden edge). The bindings, from the left: Cubca; \$14.95. Ski-Free with Atenhofler Flex cable; \$5 and \$7.50. U.S. 2 Star; \$13.75 (without langthang). Dovre #100; \$7.95. Marker Automatic Simplex with turntable langthang; \$22.50. The poles, l to r: Eckel's tapered steel; \$13.95; Cartina's shatterproof fiberglass; \$14.95. Kamperdell's steel; \$14.95. Goggles, same order: Meiss' lightweight with four interchangeable lenses; \$3.95; Olympia Vallsichtbrille racing style, slotted sides accommodate glasses; \$2.50; same goggle unslatted; \$2.50. Bouton goggles with four interchangeable lenses; \$3.50.







Above: when you've had enough of the slopes (if that's possible), a good place to get away from it all is the heated pool at The Smuggler, one of Aspen's newer lodges, where a late-afternoon coterie of guys and girls take to the waters to frolic and guzzle drinks floating on Styrofoam. Though the air outside may be in the brisk 30s, the pool is always over 70. Other winter sports available in the Aspen area include dog-sled trips, ice skating, sleigh rides and tennis. Right: this chop, cruising the streets of Aspen while others are on the slopes, has found a candid means of illustrating his disinclination to risk his neck, as the bright yellow stripe he's affixed to the back of his parka clearly demonstrates.

which is the mark of the skier's world, is ready and waiting to be enjoyed.

Aspen, Colorado, is perhaps the most shining example of an American ski resort. This charming village nestled in the Roaring Fork Valley at 7900 feet, ringed by 14,000-foot mountains, now has just about everything for which the ardent or occasional skier can ask. Its average humidity is about 25%, its average annual snowfall is some eight feet, and it's never very cold or very hot. Aspen was a great big deal during the days of Bimetalsm because it was the center of a thriving silver mining region. From the time of the silver panic until some 10 years ago, the little Victorian town slumbered in the crisp, clean air of the Rockies. Then, in 1947, the world's longest chair lift (14,000 feet) started operation to the top of Aspen Mountain, and modern Aspen was launched. Happily, the founding fathers of the new Aspen had the good sense to preserve and to perpetuate its quaint Victorian charm, and so today we see a fantastic mixture of the ultramodern and the charming Victorian, which live so happily together. New lifts have been added, new facilities opened up, such as the Highland Peak Area; and by the time you read this, there will be in operation a brand-new novice's paradise on Buttermilk Mountain, about a mile out of the town, complete with T-Bar lift and mile-long runs gentle enough for the beginner. Aspen offers a bewildering variety of slopes and trails — some 24 in number — and has what we like to believe is the best ski school in the world under the direction of Friedl Pfeifer and co-author of this piece, Fred Iselin.

But it also offers every conceivable kind of accommodation, from *(continued on page 74)*







Above: adorning the guy executing the high-flying terroin jump is on Austrian wool pullover, reversible; \$29.95. Below, right: beside the lift, the guy in the center wears a nylon and elastic racing jacket, comfortable, snug and wizard at windbreaking; \$25. The miss next to him sports Bogner stretch pants that bend easily, but never bag; for men or women; \$48.95. The fellow in the background couples his knickers with crazy-patterned hand-knit knee socks; \$10.95. Below, left: best boots, goodly gadgets. From the top down: hand-lost Nordica Sestriere boot; \$39.50, held in adjustable aluminum Tyrol Mirromotic press-carrier; \$3.95. Jon-E Warmer provides cozy pockets for cold hands; \$3.95. Hoderer Slalom boot; \$78. Northlond waxes; 50¢ each. Henke Speedfit with self-closing inner boot; \$60. Gossner cable lock locks skis to car carrier; \$3.95. Garmisch handmode "60" double boot; \$58.50. Moody screwdriver kit for on-snow edge repair; \$2.50. Rubber tie straps; 50¢ a pair. Strolz Cortina racing boot; \$64. Swiss skier's knife has a regular blade and 10 specialized tools; \$9.50.

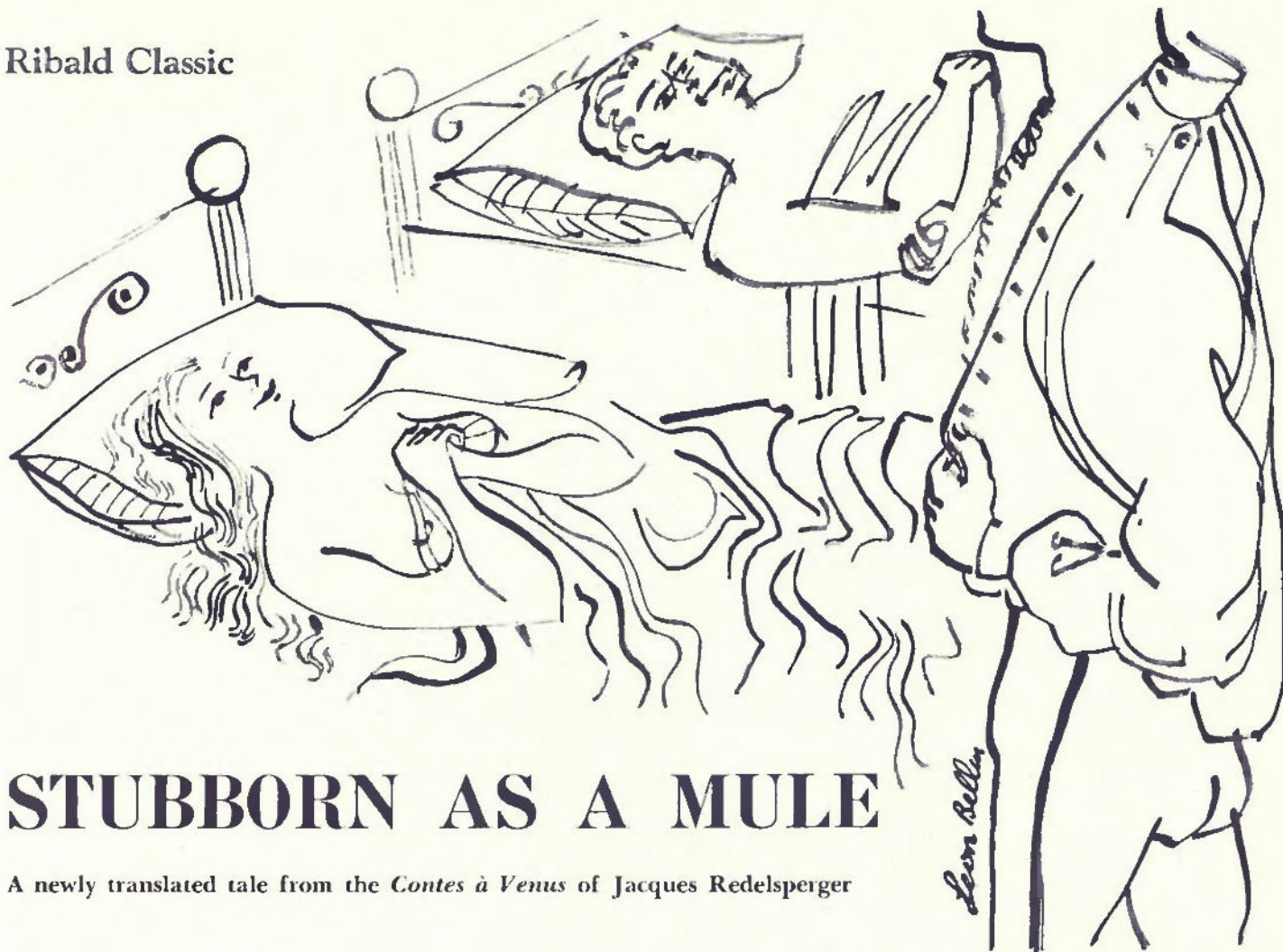






*"Vikki Dougan it does something for. You it doesn't."*





## STUBBORN AS A MULE

A newly translated tale from the *Contes à Venus* of Jacques Redelsperger

Boldly, the soldier removed his clothes.

**I**N MARRIAGE, if either party seeks to maintain self-importance and does not yield a little to the other, there is bound to be anguish.

With the Bisson couple, when the wife thought one way the husband was sure to take the opposite stand. If Madame said a thing was black, Monsieur would swear it was white. Everything in their marriage brought conflict. They couldn't even sleep together because of frequent spats about covers and space, and so early in their marriage they took to separate beds.

They lived in a charming little bungalow in the suburbs of Paris, and one evening after a walk in the moonlight they came back somewhat weary and so retired early. Suddenly Madame Bisson felt a strong breeze from the front of the house.

"You left the front door open. Go close it."

"No, certainly not," answered the husband, warm under his blanket, "I am not to blame."

"But I came in first. Since you came after me, it was your job."

"Your reasoning is false. Who usually locks up?"

"I do, because you nearly always come into the house ahead of me."

"Well, since it is your habit, it was not my affair."

"I will not close it."

"So be it," snapped the husband. "Since you are stubborn as a mule, here is what I propose. We are going to remain silent, and the first one to speak a word will go without hesitation to close the door."

"I accept," she answered, certain she would not give in.

And so with the door wide open, they said nothing, each waiting for the other to speak.

For a long time there was complete silence, then to their surprise they heard someone enter the house. It was a soldier returning from his café, who, seeing the door open, entered as if it were his own house. He wandered around in the dim light for a few minutes and then came to the bedroom where he could see the two people lying in their beds. He paused, expecting to hear them

order him out of the house, but since nothing happened he looked around more closely. He could see the voluptuous form of Madame Bisson under the covers, and he came boldly into the room, undressed, put his clothes in a neat pile on the chair, and got into bed.

The woman resisted, expecting her husband to protest, but since the stubborn fellow said nothing, she relaxed and enjoyed herself with the young man who stayed with her half an hour and gave her ample evidence of his youthful enthusiasm. Then, fatigued and sleepy, he got up, dressed, and went out whistling a gay tune, leaving the door still wide open.

When he was gone, the wife couldn't stand it any longer. "You brute!" she cried. "You let that young man get into bed with me and make you a cuckold without saying a word!"

"Aha!" roared the husband triumphantly. "You spoke first! You'll have to close the door!"

— Translated by Hobart Ryland



## FUN ON SKIS (continued from page 70)

dormitory to chalet, to say nothing of swimming pools, restaurants, night-clubs, bistros, bars, pubs, lodges, coffee houses, cafés and shops. In fact, since the F.I.S. (Fédération Internationale de Ski) races were held in Aspen in 1950, it has developed into one of the most colorfully exciting places in the world. About the only thing you can't do there, in the wintertime, is get sand in your shoes. That's why PLAYBOY selected it as an ideal spot to take the pictures you see in this issue.

But, as we've said, it has only recently been thus at Aspen, and it has only recently been that American skiing has added to the excitement and adventure of the sport itself, the glamor and gaiety of its accompanying pleasures. And, just as the skier's world has expanded from rugged outdoorsmanship to high good fun on and off skis around the clock, so ski fashions and ski equipment have evolved.

Time was — again, not so long ago — when skiing was strictly for the rugged. Lifts were unknown and a day's arduous climb might precede a half-hour downhill run. Skis were incredibly long and heavy — up to 14 feet in length; bindings were primitive and clothing had to verge on the Eskimoid since there were no lodges or rest houses to speak of. With the introduction of rope tows, a few lifts and a few ski resorts — and skis of maneuverable length with steel edges — the picture began to change. The mountaineering garb gave way to baggy wool pantaloons. Then came the "professional look." The experts and the more sophisticated skiers affected extreme conservatism, patterned on the clothing of the European pros who came to this country to teach skiing. Ski caps gave way to headbands. The tight and tapered ski trousers (at that time called "instructor" pants) and trim, lightweight jackets, were the thing. The hipster was an everything-functional boy. Those were the days, too, of the development of all-metal ski bindings which, though they held the foot and boot firmly to the ski and thus improved technique, also proved as unyielding as a steel trap — with a resultant sound of snapping bones rising above the cheerful shouts of "Track!" and "Ski Heil!"

Today this is all changed. The safety binding, the laminated ski, the perfected steel edge, the double boot, the lightweight and virtually unbreakable pole, have made skiing safer, better and happier. And the fashion picture has changed entirely.

There's virtually no sport activity in which a wider range of individuality can be shown within the bounds of good taste. Especially for good skiers, the bizarre and the original are perfectly all

right. The famous skiers lead the way in this matter. Top coach Ernie McCulloch wears an old farmer-style straw hat with high crown and floppy wide brim; Willie Schaffler, coach of the University of Denver team, wears a stocking cap with a long tassel; Stein Eriksen, at Heavenly Valley, California, wears an Alpine beret, tam-o'-shanter style. Tyrolean hats are common. And sweaters have made a tremendous comeback. This is new; only a couple of years ago, they were rarely seen, except when ski jackets were removed. Today, the tightly knit, hefty sweater is one of the most colorful items of the skier's wardrobe. And the styles are as varied as the patterns and colors — rollovers, double-breasted fronts, shawl collars, zippered backs and sides — all have their loyal adherents.

Knickers are back, too — which gives the colorful skier an opportunity to wear some of those wonderful heavy Austrian and Scandinavian socks with ingenious designs and patterns.

New materials and new ideas have influenced ski clothing to such an extent that it is now possible to be original and even striking-looking, and still be dressed functionally for the sport. Underwear developed by the armed forces for cold-weather service, in which the fabric has a sort of waffle-weave which traps the warmth of the body, makes it unnecessary to have your outer clothing warm — all it needs to be is reasonably wind-proof. Stretch pants, of course, are a boon to today's skier and — since they are also worn by the girls — the guy can readily verify some figure facts about a lass whose face he likes.

But perhaps the biggest news in ski garb — from the style standpoint — is the development of original and interesting after-ski clothing. Lederhosen, Austrian top hats, fur jackets of seal, reindeer or raccoon, paisley parkas, even loden cloth capes, flourish from the cocktail hour on.

Any non-skier who has read this far may be somewhat bewildered by all this talk about the skier's world. If so, it is likely that he has some misconceptions about this way of life — there *we* go, using that tired cliché. He may think that skiing is a sport of difficult acquisition, requiring the physique of a football player. The fact is that the very first run down a gentle beginner's slope is just as thrilling to the beginner as a schuss down a mountain is to an expert. And with modern equipment and modern teaching methods, the transition from beginner to fairly good skier is a quick and easy one which may be made even during a two-to-three-week vacation. The fact is, too, that good dancers, people who have a feeling for rhythm, and high spirits — rather than dogged determination — do better in learning to ski, and as skiers,

than the heavy-muscle boys. The good skiers — and the top instructors — know this, and they know that *élan* and *esprit* mean more to the skier than brute force. That's why you will find them, after the day's skiing's done, not only sharing in the singfests, beerbusts, wine parties and gabfests around the roaring fires but, most often, leading the way in the jollification.

Anybody still in doubt? Then let's go back to Aspen and see how a man, perhaps like you, might spend his day there.

A bright, crisp morning finds you at the foot of the single or double lift which in less than a half hour whisks you to the top of the mountain. Although the temperature is above freezing, say around 40, the high altitude and low humidity make the powder snow completely dry. At the Sundeck, over a cup of coffee by the crackling fire, you look over the distaff situation and consider which run will be yours. Perhaps the former will influence your choice of the latter. Or perhaps you see nothing that excites you so early in the morning, so you swoop down through the powder on Bell Mountain, or take it easy down Silver Bell or Buckhorn, and wend your way to Spar Gulch where you'll meander over to one of the most sociable double lifts in the world: a ride to the top of Number 3 lift may find you a fair companion for the day; if not, you'll find Number 4 lift on Little Nell or Number 5 on Bell Mountain excellent places to make friends.

You may decide to lunch at the Skier's Café at the bottom of Number 1 lift. Or you may want to go to the Little Nell Café next to the swimming pool, or the Glory Hole coffee shop, right at the foot of the slope.

Possibly you've enrolled in ski school — a darn good idea unless you're way up among the elite. It is a rare thing for a ski class not to contain some delightfully helpless damsel who will turn to you to assure her that she hasn't got her skis on backwards.

A few hours of skiing and of wonderful scenery may find you ready to doff your skis for the day, go back to your diggings and change for the after-ski life which Aspen has to offer. At the Jerome bar you'll find the sophisticated crowd; at the Linelite you can sit around the fireplace, talking over the day's runs, while you watch the sun set over the ski slopes. Or you may prefer the Red Onion, always full of the younger college crowd, much given to the hoisting of tankards of beer. Maybe, before you settle down for some joyful preprandial swilling, you'll want to stroll the streets of Aspen — always thronged with skiers — to scan the offerings of the Aspen shops (Aspen Sports, the Mountain Shop, Terese David of Aspen, Sabbatini Sport,

*(concluded on page 94)*



**ALL NEW**  
**AT YOUR NEWSSTAND**

**1959**  
**PLAYBOY**  
**PLAYMATE**  
**CALENDAR**



**JULY 1959**

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	

**A** Playmate first, five years ago—  
 Beautiful, but camera shy  
 Jayne Mansfield, can we coax you now  
 into being Miss July?

**JULY 1958**

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30				

**AUGUST 1959**

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31					



Here are a full dozen of the most delightful Playmates of the past in twelve new poses. From her first appearance within the pages of **PLAYBOY**, the provocative Playmate of the Month has been the most popular feature in the magazine. The 1959 **PLAYBOY** Playmate Calendar brings together twelve of the loveliest, in a dozen different moods, all in one handsome, full color package. All this—and it's practical, too. Dandy for the den—handy for home or office—a great gift for any man.

**50¢** throughout the U.S., slightly higher elsewhere  
**NOW ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSDEALER**





*"Now where the hell did he pick up that kind of talk?!"*



## FAIR GAME

(continued from page 46)

startling. The texture is unique, for one thing. Most game doesn't break under a fork unless it's cooked to death. And the flavor of game is pungent and racy rather than mild. It nips the taste buds, and is generally more tart than mellow. That's what is meant by "gamy," and once you've grown accustomed to its special blandishments, you may very well join the ranks of those who declare game the most exciting fare there is.

Here now from PLAYBOY's own plush-lined pup tent are easy directions for the open season ahead.

### ROAST PHEASANT WITH BREAD SAUCE (Six portions)

- 2 pheasants, 2½ to 3 lbs. each
- 4 thin slices salt pork
- Salt, pepper
- ½ cup chicken broth
- 1 cup milk
- 1 medium-size onion
- 2 whole cloves
- 1½ cups bread crumbs
- 2 tablespoons dry sherry
- ¼ cup butter
- 2 tablespoons minced parsley
- 2 tablespoons minced chives
- ¼ lemon

Preheat oven at 450°. Wipe pheasants with damp cloth. Sprinkle lightly with salt and pepper. Tie slices of salt pork over breasts of pheasants. Place pheasants, breast side up, in a shallow roasting pan. Roast 10 minutes. Reduce heat to 350°. Add chicken broth to pan. Continue roasting pheasants, basting about every 10 minutes with chicken broth. Roast until pheasants are tender—about one to 1¼ hours total cooking time. While pheasants are roasting, pour milk into a thick saucepan. Stick the cloves into the onion. Add the onion to the saucepan. Bring slowly up to the boiling point but do not boil. Add ½ cup bread crumbs to the milk. Stir well. Simmer about 10 minutes longer, stirring frequently to prevent burning. Remove onion and cloves from saucepan. Add sherry to sauce. When pheasants are done pour off fat from the roasting pan, or remove fat with a basting syringe, but save drippings. Add drippings to bread sauce. Add salt and pepper to taste. In another saucepan melt the butter. Add the remaining cup bread crumbs. Sauté slowly, stirring constantly, until bread crumbs are light brown. Add parsley and chives to pan. Squeeze the juice of ¼ lemon into the bread crumbs. Mix well. Serve the bread crumbs and the bread sauce in separate sauceboats at the table. Cut pheasant into portions with poultry shears. Serve pheasant with any tart jelly, such as red or black currant, cranberry or crabapple.

### ROAST DRESSED PHEASANT

This way of presenting pheasants on the platter is strictly for display purposes, but if you have the time and the patience, it's a lot of fun for a buffet or holiday table. Before the pheasant is plucked, cut off in whole sections the plumage of the wings and tail. Cut the wings close to the body. Cut off the tail with enough of the appendage to keep the feathers intact. Also cut off the head and neck in one piece. For each section take a length of rather stiff wire and force it through the solid part of each appendage to which the feathers are attached. Allow about two inches of wire to extend from the end for fastening each section later on. Roast the pheasants as described in the previous recipe. For dressing two pheasants, take two small loaves of unsliced white bread or one large loaf cut in half crosswise. Hollow out the center of each loaf so that it resembles a trough, into which the cooked pheasant may be placed. Fry the bread in a large pan with deep fat heated to 370° or in a shallow pan containing one inch of hot fat, turning the bread as needed to brown evenly. Place the roasted pheasants on the bread on a large silver platter. Arrange the head, wings and tailpiece of each pheasant, fastening each section into the bread, so that the birds look as though they were reconstituted to their natural state. If you buy pheasants for this purpose, be sure to ask for male pheasants in the plume, since the male wears the more colorful feathers.

### ROAST QUAIL WITH GRAPEZ (Four portions)

- 4 quail
- 2 thin slices salt pork
- 1 sliced onion
- 1 sliced piece celery
- 2 sprigs parsley
- Salt, pepper
- 1 cup chicken broth
- ¼ cup tomato juice
- Brown gravy coloring
- 2 crushed juniper berries
- 1 tablespoon arrowroot or 2 tablespoons flour
- 1 oz. cognac
- 8-oz. can seedless grapes

Preheat oven at 500°. Sprinkle quail lightly with salt and pepper. Cut slices of salt pork in half crosswise. Tie a piece of salt pork over the breast of each quail. Place the quail breast side up in a shallow roasting pan. Add the onion, celery and parsley to the pan. Roast quail 10 minutes. Reduce heat to 350°. Add ½ cup chicken broth to the pan. Roast about 15 to 20 minutes longer or until quail is tender, basting about every five minutes. Remove quail from pan. Remove salt pork from quail. Skim fat from drippings in pan. Place the roasting pan

(continued on page 81)



## Have you made merry with Maoris lately?

If you have, you must know what great parties they throw. So, when you want to outshine the Maoris, and gain a reputation as a great host, be sure to have a supply of *Champale* on hand. It's a sure way to add *joie de vivre* to any gathering.

Just open those aristocratic looking bottles of *Champale*—well chilled, mind you—and pour into stemmed glasses. This sparkling bubbly beverage quickly kindles gaiety among your guests—*Champale* is like that!

You don't need an aristocratic bankroll to buy *Champale*. It costs but little more than beer. So head right now for wherever beer is sold . . . your favorite restaurant, grocery or bar, and order a bottle of *Champale*.

You'll learn with your very first sip why *Champale* deserves its description: "the malt liquor you serve like champagne."



**FREE!** For clever new drink recipes, including the fabulous *Champale* Cocktail, write to Dept. 9B, P.O. Box 2230, Trenton, N. J.

THE MALT  
LIQUOR  
YOU SERVE  
LIKE  
CHAMPAGNE

# CHAMPALE

MALT LIQUOR

A malt beverage specialty served in a wide, shallow or sherbet glass. Metropolis Brewery of N. J., Inc., Trenton, N. J.



# THE CARDS



IT'S NO NEWS that the humble, homespun greeting card of yore has been outdistanced in recent years by the "studio card"—a sophisticated gag message, toney and tart, sometimes biting, often sexy, with sharp, clever artwork to match. Now, photographs of full-figured fillies are being used to good effect by a little Los Angeles outfit called ink, inc. Adman Jack Roberts dreams up the concepts and photog Hal Adams (who has done a respectable number of *PLAYBOY* Playmates in the course of his career) snaps the shutter. The cards are, as they say, for all occasions, and include such sentiments as "So you did the birds and bees scene—Congratulations! I hear you got a little honey!" (decorated by a bare-bosomed beekeeper); "We'll have a ball at Christmas . . . if yule log time with me!" (with a cool yule cutie kneeling at the holiday hearth); and, of course, for that most special of all occasions, "Wham! Bam! Thank you ma'am!" (a nightied nilty in the company of her great and good friend, the rabbit).





# ARE STACKED

*sexified sentiments for all occasions*







I NEVER KNEW...  
I'D MISS YOU SO MUCH!



NO MATTER  
WITCH DOCTOR  
YOU SEE...

THE  
PRESCRIPTION  
IS  
ME!!!

The gorgeous-girled greeting cards turned out by ink, inc., fit all the standard occasions and a few new ones, too.



'T WAS THE KNIGHT BEFORE...  
WOW! WHAT A CHRISTMAS EVE!  
(MERRY-YOU-KNOW-WHAT!)





**IT'S YOUR MOVE . . .** after you've gifted her with this bulky knit wool wonder that features gigantic checkboard squares. Warm as a kiss, just the sweater to turn an indoor girl into the outdoor type . . . and vice-versa! In black with white squares or black with toast.  
 Sizes: S(30-32), M(34-36), L(38-40). Price pre-paid . . . . . \$24.95

Send check or money order to . . . . . **ROYALS**  
 1159 North State Street • Chicago 10, Illinois



**KANT KANT  
DRIP SWEAT**

Your Beer Can  
or  
Ice Tea or Hi Ball glass

will not leave a ring on  
your table or drip on your  
clothes when you use a

**KOLDER  
KOASTER**

The cork insulated plastic  
coaster that will keep your  
drink 20° COLDER.

For your gift list too. Appreciated by men or women

Send \$3.00 for set of 4 Postpaid

In assorted party colors

**SCHAEFER & SONS INC.**  
 32nd & Northwestern Ave.  
 Indianapolis 23, Ind.

**Swagger styled for sports car comfort!**

**DEEP GOLDEN  
Burnt Ivory**



**CHUKKA  
BOOT**

The  
meaty  
leather  
of this genuine  
moccasin is superbly  
mellowed and hand finished to  
an antique burnt ivory that  
grows richer with age. Patiently  
hand detailed by Taylor's  
Down-Maine craftsmen — and  
embellished with distinctive  
hand-forged buckles. An  
adventure in fashion and  
comfort for the sports car  
aficionado! Sizes 6-12.  
A to E widths

**18.95**

Matching Leather Belt & Buckle 4.50

6 E. 46 St., NYC 17,  
also 49 W. 43, NYC & Newark, N. J.

**Fellman, Ltd.**  
*Established 1891*  
*in New York City*

## FAIR GAME

(continued from page 77)

over a top flame. Add balance of chicken broth, tomato juice, juniper berries and enough gravy coloring to make liquid a rich brown. Bring to a boil. Dissolve arrowroot or flour in ¼ cup cold water, mixing until no lumps remain. Slowly add arrowroot solution to the gravy while stirring constantly. Simmer 10 minutes over a low flame. Strain gravy into a saucepan. Drain grapes. Add grapes to gravy. Bring to a boil. Add cognac. Add salt and pepper to taste. Place each quail on a piece of toast. Pour sauce with grapes over quail on serving plates or platter.

### BREAST OF MALLARD DUCK (Four portions)

Many ducks on the Eastern flyway live on a diet of seafood which creates a particularly strong fishy smell when the ducks are roasted or broiled. The odor which comes from the carcass isn't much of a problem in the recipe below, because the breast meat is cut off of the carcass. The remainder of the duck, consisting of the leg and second joint, are seldom eaten, since they're generally quite tough. Sometimes the discarded meat is put into a duck press where the juices are extracted for the gravy. In roasting or broiling wild ducks, the meat should always be cooked rare for best flavor and tenderness.

- 2 mallard ducks
- ¼ cup olive oil
- 2 tablespoons red wine vinegar
- ¼ teaspoon rosemary
- 4 sprigs parsley
- 1 onion sliced
- 2 pieces celery sliced
- 1 crushed clove garlic
- Salt, pepper, paprika

Pluck the feathers from the duck, removing only those which cover the breast. With a very sharp knife, cut into the skin — not the flesh — starting at the neck and cutting straight back along the top of the breastbone to the tail. Remove the skin from the breast. To remove the meat, cut along each side of the breastbone. Run the knife under the flesh and as close as possible to the carcass. Remove each side of the breast in one piece. Place the breasts in a bowl with all other ingredients except salt, pepper and paprika. Marinate overnight. Pre-heat the broiler at 550°. Remove the breasts from the marinade. Sprinkle each breast lightly with salt, pepper and paprika. Broil under the broiler flame about five minutes on each side. Serve with wild rice, creamed silver onions, fresh green peas and guava jelly.

### ROAST PRESSED DUCK (Four portions)

- 2 wild ducks, cleaned, drawn and singed

**FASHION INTRIGUE**



**FRENCH-ITALIAN**  
 New lapped boat-neck in 100% wool. Hip-length, side vents, raglan shoulders. S, M, L. Olive, black, white, cognac. . . . . \$13.95

**VERY BRITISH**  
 "The Guardsman"—with no pockets but a hidden watch pocket. Severely tapered. Hard-finish, all-wool narrow-wale weave fabric. 26 to 36; black or charcoal. . . . . \$15.95

**CIVILIZED WESTERN**  
 Same as "Guardsman" but with two Western pockets, no back pockets. . . . . \$15.95

**The Village Squire INC.**

Add 50c for mailing. No COD's, please!  
 59 WEST 8th STREET • NEW YORK CITY

**FAMOUS FLORENTINE CHESS SET**

Authentic replicas of 11th Century handcarved Chessmen originally owned by Cosimo de Medici and now on display in the Uffizi Palace in Florence. Each simulated ivory piece heavily weighted and felted. King size 4 inches. Now on sale at \$7.95 plus 75c postage and handling.

**SAVAH**  
 Box 27125-P-1  
 Los Angeles 27, Calif.

the  
very short  
collar



Great with a tie . . . but it really swings without one, and fully buttoned, long sleeves. Oxford cloth in Deep Olive, Red or Black, Sizes S, M, L, XL. Ours alone, 6.95 ppd. Free catalog. No C.O.D.'s. Send check or money order to

**the domino**

1450 east 57th st., chicago 37  
 1020 rush st., chicago 11  
 also our new shop at  
 #12 tillman place, san francisco, calif.



# ACCESSORIES FOR THE COMPLEAT DRINKER

## SPANISH WINESKIN (bota)

The ultimate in swill flasks. Convenient, picturesque, and absolutely the most efficient item ever devised for throwing a picnic, a beach party or a fraternity blast into hysterics.

Superb also for ski trips, boating and football games, this authentic imported bota is made of genuine leather with plastic lining, holds one liter, is suitable for any variety of grog, and should last a lifetime.

Only \$5.75, ppd. Satisfaction guaranteed.

## DRINKING SWEATER

Excellent warmup garment for drinking bouts, beer blasts, and other sporting events. Made of quality cotton fabric in white only. Sizes: S, M, L & XL. Available with or without hood, please specify. Only \$5.75, ppd. Satisfaction guaranteed.

No C.O.D.s please.

Also: Sweatshirts imprinted to order with your own words, organization name and/or emblem.

Write for details and prices.



## CAMPUS CASUAL COMPANY

Dept. 5, P.O. Box 3493, Richmond Heights 17, Mo.

## RAFFERTY'S "Famous Last Laughs"

Smarty Signs framed in natural oak, ready to hang. Black on glossy white. \$1.50 ea. Order now by number & title:

1. Next Week We've Got to Get Organized.
2. Plan Ahead.
3. Be Neat.
4. Order by number for men's dorm, lounge, pool room. Sorry, we can't print all of this one here.
5. It's a Business to Do Pleasure with You.
6. QUIET... Genius at Work.
7. Don't Be a Crank—Be a Self-Starter.
8. I May Look Busy but I'm only confused.
9. FLUNK NOW Avoid the Rush Later.
10. Money Isn't Everything but it's away ahead of whatever's in second place.
11. Use Your Head; it's the little things that count.
12. If You Are Not Sure Positive... ASK.

Send check or money order (\$1.50 per sign) to RAFFERTY'S Specialty Co. 7392 Forsyth • St. Louis 5, Mo.



PLAN AHEAD

BE NEAT

OF ALL MY FRIENDS I LIKE THE BEST

REGULAR MODEL  
**\$27.95**  
POSTPAID

JUNIOR MODEL  
**\$17.95**  
POSTPAID

Ht. 18" W. 16" L. 26 1/2"  
Pay Postman \$1.60  
Import Duty  
(Cannot Be Prepaid)

Ht. 12" W. 12" L. 21 1/2"  
Pay Postman \$1.00  
Import Duty  
(Cannot Be Prepaid)

**DESERT HOUSE**

مل ما كاردشي واهمة لجددبتته

**A GIFT FROM THE OLD WORLD TO THE NEW - MOROCCO MAGIC**

**CAMEL SADDLES Direct From TANGIER**

WRITE FOR DISCOUNTS ON BUSINESS GIFT QUANTITIES

"Ship of the Desert" Camel Saddle T.V. seat. Footstool for Den, Living Room or Patio. Blends with any decor. Brass Bell & Studs, rubber-tipped legs. Cushions covered in Moroccan sheepskin. Colors, red, dark green, lime green, canary yellow, natural beige and white. Frames, black, blond, mahogany, or white. Six weeks delivery Satisfaction Guaranteed. Check or Money Order. (No C.O.D.)

P. O. Box 802, Apple Valley, California

مل ما كاردشي واهمة لجددبتته

## MATCH-MATE SPORT SHIRTS

Luxurious casual attire for you and your playmate. Quality made of silky cotton and cupioni. Completely washable. Your initials custom embroidered in contrasting colors.

COLORS: Navy (light blue panel); Red (charcoal panel); Brown (beige panel); Grey (charcoal panel).

MEN'S SIZES: S, M, L, & XL. WOMEN'S SIZES: 10, 12, 14, 16, 18. \$8.95 each. \$17.50 per set. (Postage free.)

Send check or money order with size, initials, and color to:

*Goldberg's*  
Est. 1874

Elkhart, Indiana

- Salad oil
- Salt, pepper
- Dash cayenne pepper
- 2 tablespoons sweet butter
- 1 teaspoon minced shallot or onion
- 3/4 cup red burgundy
- 2 tablespoons currant jelly
- 1/2 teaspoon beef extract
- Half lemon
- 1 oz. cognac

Be sure oil sac is removed from each duck near the tail end. Preheat oven at 550°. Place the ducks in a shallow roasting pan. Brush ducks generously with salad oil. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Roast 15 to 20 minutes, no longer. Slice breast meat from ducks and keep it in a deep, warmed platter. Save all juices when carving. In a chafing dish over a direct flame melt the butter. Add the shallot. Sauté about one minute. Add the burgundy, currant jelly, beef extract and juice of half lemon. Simmer three to five minutes. Place the carcasses of the ducks in the well of the duck press. Squeeze the juice several times and pour it into the chafing dish. Add juice from platter. Add cognac and dash of cayenne pepper. Season to taste. Pour hot sauce over sliced breast of duck. Serve with fried hominy, grilled tomatoes and a tossed garlic-flavored green salad.

## VENISON CHOPS, CHESTNUTS ESPAGNOLE (Four portions)

- 4 venison chops, 3/4 in. thick
- 1/2 cup French dressing
- Prepared mustard
- Salt, pepper
- 12-oz. can imported whole chestnuts
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 1/2 cup celery, small dice
- 1/4 cup onion, small dice
- 1/4 cup green pepper, small dice
- 8-oz. can tomatoes
- 1/2 teaspoon sugar
- 1/8 teaspoon garlic powder

Marinate the venison chops in the French dressing for two hours. In a large saucepan melt the butter. Add the celery, onion and green pepper. Sauté only until onion turns yellow. The celery and green pepper may be crisp. Chop the tomatoes coarsely, saving the juice. Add tomatoes and their juice to the saucepan. Simmer slowly five minutes. Drain the chestnuts and add to the pan. Add the sugar and garlic powder. Season generously with salt and pepper. Simmer 10 minutes. Remove venison chops from French dressing. Brush each chop lightly with mustard. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Broil under a preheated broiler flame about five to six minutes on each side. Serve chestnuts alongside chops on serving plates. Garnish each plate with a large sprig of watercress and prepare for an evening of fun and game.





FIRST I TRIED INTELLIGENCE.



BUT THEY WOULDN'T PAY ATTENTION.



THEN I TRIED CHARM.



BUT THEY WOULDN'T PAY ATTENTION.



SO I TRIED COMEDY -



AND I TRIED SELF EFFACEMENT -



AND I TRIED MORTIFICATION AND SELF PITY.



BUT THEY JUST WOULDN'T PAY ATTENTION



SO I GAVE UP AND I QUIETLY WITHDREW.



JULES  
HEFFER

NOW I'M CONSIDERED INTERESTING.







### CALENDAR CHARM

Your most memorable day diamond-set on a custom-engraved calendar.

\$15.00

### RECORD CHARM

The song you fell in love to . . . diamond center.

\$19.50



### CADILLAC CHARM

Her monogram on the roof . . .

\$25.00

### TYPEWRITER CHARM

From a thoughtful boss to his Girl Friday . . .

\$16.50



IMPORTANT TRINKETS FOR THE GIRLS IN YOUR LIFE. ALL 14k GOLD, ALL ACTUAL SIZE.

No c.o.d.'s, please

Prompt delivery, satisfaction guaranteed.

Catalog On Request *Holiday House*

711 Bellevue Theatre Bldg., Upper Montclair, N. J.



## STARON 175 RECORD CABINET

Protect your collection in this contemporary cabinet constructed of sturdy dura-board . . . holds 175 albums in five compartments . . . The modern fabric on sliding doors blends smartly with either mahogany brown, velvet black or blond stipple finish cabinets . . . (doors will be finished in solid colors to match cabinet on request). Over-all dimensions, without legs 15 1/2" x 15 1/2" x 23 1/2". Shipped completely assembled and finished. 4-12" legs: Black Hardwood, \$2.95; Brass, \$3.48. Slate color and leg choice. Please re-mit with order. Express charges collect. **MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE.** Sold at this low price by mail order only. Ten day delivery.

\$1195  
CABINET ONLY

STARON CO. P.O. Box 14497B, Houston, Texas

## SINATRA

(continued from page 66)

functions as an artist, I can forgive him anything."

Apparently the public can forgive him anything, too, accepting him on his own terms, overlooking his mistakes and seeming immaturity, respecting him for his talent, his sincerity and his tempestuous struggling and striving. He has slugged a columnist for invading his privacy and a radio engineer for making an anti-Semitic remark; he can be rude and inconsiderate to those around him and is notorious for not being on time for rehearsals and public appearances or missing them altogether, but he will expend considerable time and energy helping a friend or even a casual acquaintance, or a cause he considers worth while: he once flew to Gary, Indiana, in an attempt to talk high school students into ending a strike against Negroes; at a time when he was turning down personal appearances and nightclub offers all over the country, he played two weeks at the Mocambo in Hollywood as a tribute to a pal who owned the club, the late Charlie Morrison, and for the benefit of Morrison's widow (two solid weeks of SRO crowds that broke every house record within memory and had the biggest celebrities in town waiting in line with the rest for a chance at a table to watch Frankie perform).

Unfortunately, many of Sinatra's friendships are not lasting ones. At one time, Sinatra and Jackie Gleason were inseparable companions. Gleason was then playing bit parts in gangster films ("I got \$500 a week but I had to buy my own bullets," he says) and Sinatra was a star. A few years later their situations were reversed. Sinatra was in his pre-*Eternity* slump and Gleason was on his way to becoming the hottest property in television. Gleason gave Sinatra a number of guest spots on his show. Later, after Sinatra had climbed back to stardom, Gleason met him one night and jokingly made some remark about how he had helped Sinatra when he was down and out. Sinatra became angry. They have stopped speaking; when they meet, they merely nod. Not long ago a friend asked Gleason why the two old pals aren't speaking.

"I speak to him," Gleason said. "I tell him where he can go."

Hank Sanicola is a friend who has stuck from the earliest days. He was a song plugger who used to bring Sinatra free sheet music from the music-publishing firm for which he worked; when Frank joined Harry James' band and later Tommy Dorsey's, Sanicola went along. He wrote *This Love of Mine* with Frank and Sol Parker and Sinatra recorded it with Dorsey; Sanicola is now

## PLAYBOY ACCESSORIES



PLAYBOY's familiar rabbit in bright rhodium on gleaming black enamel, attractively packaged in felt bag.

Earrings \$4.50

Cuff Links \$4.50

Bracelet \$3

Tie Tack \$2.50

The Set \$7

The Set \$6.50

Send check or money order to:

**PLAYBOY PRODUCTS,**

Dept. 118, 232 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Illinois

## A LIFETIME SUBSCRIPTION TO PLAYBOY

...brings a visit in person from a real Playmate of the Month who will deliver the LIFETIME PLAYBOY CLUB membership certificate (eminently suitable for framing). That's how your man-who-has-everything first hears about his fabulous gift, if he lives in New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, Dallas, or Miami. Elsewhere, the news will arrive via a personal phone call from Janet Pilgrim on Christmas Day.

In addition to your check for \$150, we'll need the address and phone number of the lucky recipient.

**PLAYBOY**

232 E. Ohio Street • Chicago 11, Illinois







### PRESTIGE GIFT FOR YOUR FRIENDS

An impressive, well-designed, functional gift for all occasions. Heavy (excellent for cracking ice), durable (made of special Decorum alloy), 6 in. long, this is the ultimate in elegant can & bottle openers. Designed to cost three times as much. Lifetime guarantee. Exclusive in PLAYBOY. In 24K gold plate, chrome, or satin finish. \$4 each, ppd. Beautifully gift boxed. Send check or money order to:

#### COCKTAIL ACCESSORY

154 South Ferry Street, Milwaukee 4, Wisconsin



drinks of the month picture & recipes

day-by-day for dedicated drinkers



Toast this 1959 calendar—date: big and bold for bleary eyes. Each date has bits of wisdom, fact, and cheer for the studious guzzler—with illustrated mixing guide for drinks appropriate to the month. Personally imprinted with "Stolen from . . ." for self, gag or gift.

### OFFICIAL IMBIBER'S CALENDAR

No girlie pix to distract from the serious work at hand—just real info on what to drink and when. Plus historic references found in no calendar ever printed.

Each, only postpaid **\$1.98**

Imprinted (specify name) **\$2.98**

**BEVO SALES** 5013 Gravois St. Louis 16, Mo.

### BACKWARD CLOCK

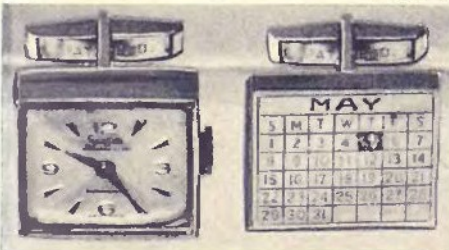
This crazy clock actually runs backwards, and the numerals read from left to right. Nevertheless it keeps perfect time. Patterned after an authentic pocket watch of years gone by, but measuring 7 1/2" wide x 9 1/2" deep. Gold finish rim, UL approved self-starting motor, 110-120 volt, 60 cycle, AC. Fully guaranteed. \$7.98 including Fed. Tax. Postpaid.



#### CATALOG OF LIGHT-HEARTED GIFTS

### the GAME ROOM

1538 Connecticut Ave., N.W., Washington, 6, D. C.



**IMPORTED SWISS WATCH CUFF LINKS**—the perfect, unusual gift for him or her. One a jewelled, shock resistant Swiss watch, with YEAR'S guarantee. The other an authentic calendar, marked with date of your choice in simulated diamond, or birthstone. (In place of calendar, a solid link may be had instead, with hand engraved 3 initials) Either, only \$16.95 the set, ppd. Both in 24Kt goldplate, 3/8".

**THE NASSAU CO.**—importers Dept. L5B  
200 West 34th Street New York 1, N. Y.

### SIGN OF A GOOD TIME!



PLAYBOY's delightful rabbit in a white felt emblem trimmed in black. For sweaters, beer jackets, parkas and you name it. Five inches high

and three inches wide. \$1 tax included, ppd.

Send check or money order to:

**PLAYBOY PRODUCTS, Dept. 118**

232 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Ill.

Sinatra's personal manager. He is a big, good-natured guy with very protective feelings where Sinatra is concerned. When Frank finds himself in a scrape, Sanicola is usually near at hand to help him out of it, which has given rise to the notion on more than one occasion that he is Sinatra's bodyguard.

Humphrey Bogart was one of Sinatra's closest friends, and Frank was around the Bogart household almost constantly. Sinatra and Bogart organized a group of Bogey's neighbors into an informal hell-raising club, dedicated to drinking heavily and staying up all night singing and waking non-participating neighbors. They called themselves The Holmby Hills Rat Pack and other charter members included the David Nivens, Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy, Mrs. and Mr. Judy Garland, Nunnally Johnson, the Leland Haywards, Prince Mike Romanoff and his Princess Gloria, Irving Paul Lazar and John Huston. "Bogey was the only man to whom Sinatra would listen," observed a good friend of both. "Bogey and Betty were like a set of parents to him." Bogart said of Sinatra, "Frank's idea of Paradise is a place where there are unlimited supplies of women and no newspapermen. He'd be a lot better off if it were the other way around."

Betty Bacall has made no secret of her affection for Sinatra. Soon after Bogart's death, the two of them began appearing together frequently at prize-fights, in nightclubs, at Villa d'Amore, on weekends with friends in Las Vegas and Palm Springs. Rumors circulated that a marriage might be in the offing (although Sinatra is still legally tied to Ava Gardner), but when Joe Hyams, who was the only newspaperman Bogart allowed the run of his house, called Betty and asked if it were true, she replied, "Marry that bum? I ought to clobber you for suggesting it."

A bit later, she went to visit Sinatra on the set of *Kings Go Forth*. Sinatra said, "Excuse me, I've got to go do this scene with Tony Curtis where I tell him he's got to marry the girl."

"This," said Bacall, "I got to hear." Nevertheless, friends noticed that whenever Sinatra's name was mentioned, Bacall's eyes would shine, and that when he was away from Hollywood, she would not leave her Bellagio Road house until after six P.M. each night, the time he called her every day, even when he was in Europe.

Finally, one night at a party, Irving Paul Lazar, the literary agent and close friend of both Bacall and Sinatra, told Louella Parsons that they were going to be married, and Miss Parsons dutifully broke the news to her readers. The trouble was, it wasn't true. Joe Hyams called Betty immediately and asked if it was, and she said, "Well . . ." Sinatra, as usual, was unavailable to the press.



A "Good Scout" Should Always Be Prepared . . .

### Keep On Your Toes With NODÖZ

Are you taking a good conduct ribbin' because you haven't got the bounce that counts? Be alert, Bert. Get that "coffee break" lift whenever you need it with safe, handy NoDoz tablets. NoDoz tablets are trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, courteous and kind to the "good scout."

Be ready, Freddie! Make the most of your time! On the town, on the road, on the job—keep on your toes with NoDoz. Safe as coffee but much more convenient. Get some today.

# NODÖZ



### HIDE A BAR COMPLETE OR IN KIT



**LOCKING—ROLLING—FOLD-UP BAR**  
HOLDS 40 BOTTLES—4 DOZEN GLASSES

Now—the most completely versatile bar ever. Use it locked, as liquor cabinet; open, for self-service; rolled out from the wall, turned around, for bartender service. It hinges open, holds 20 bottles liquor, 20 bottles mix, nearly 4 doz. glasses, and all bar accessories. Adjustable shelves, brass eucali rolls and fittings. Fits smartly into home, apt., office, cottage. 21" W., 19" D., 30" H.—open 38" W. Finely crafted of knotty pine. In satin smooth honey tone or lovely maple flatter resistant finishes \$49.95

**IN EASY HOME KIT**—Leaveral doors complete. Parts fitted, drilled, sanded, etc. Simple instructions \$32.95

Shipping Charges Collect  
48-Page Catalog—200 Pictures—10c  
Not Sold in Stores  
Money-back Guarantee

**YIELD HOUSE**  
Dept. PB11-S, No. Conway, N.H.



# JET-LINE

## PUTTER

to Improve Putting  
Guaranteed



Already a tournament winner, this revolutionary new putter design, claimed by pros the greatest improvement in golf in the last 50 years, can take 3 to 4 strokes off your game. Shallow lofted face imparts deadly accurate overspin. Weight and balance design characteristics give true pendulum action. Bold top sighting line greatly helps your aim. Both men's and ladies' models available. High lifetime luster. Top grain leather grip. \$17.50 ppd. (\$19.50 gift boxed) Custom designed cover, \$2.25. Please send check or money order to:

### CADILLAC CLUB

P. O. Box 1023, Oak Park, Illinois

#### MIXES FOR THE MODERN MERRY-MAKER



Drinkable Drinks, a fun-packed drinker's guide, tells how to make an "UN-HAPPY VIRGIN" plus 145 other gay concoctions. Recipes by one of America's top mixologists. Over 50 eye-opening illustrations. 32 colorful pages plus cover. Opens flat for ease of bartending. Size 3 3/4" x 8 1/4". Complete with gift mailing jacket. Order your DRINKABLE DRINKS today. \$2.00 cash, check or money order. POSTPAID. UNICRAFT COMPANY Dept. P-13, P. O. Box 14121 Houston 21, Texas

### AMERICAN FREELoadERS SOCIETY WARM-UP JACKETS



Crash the best parties in style with fleeced-lined, quality white cotton jacket, color-fast lettering. Money back guarantee. Send check or money order. Postage prepaid.

#### WIN THIS FIAT 600



**HOODED JACKET**  
SIZES S, M, L, XL. \$575  
Zip Byron Collars  
SIZES S, M, L, XL. \$475

Send in your suggestion of a new slogan for our jackets with your order. The best wins this Fiat 600.

#### RULES OF THE CONTEST

1. Send in your slogan with your jacket order. One entry with each purchase.
2. All entries become property of the Stylark Company.
3. Contest ends midnight, January 31, 1959.
4. Basis of judging will be on originality, suitability and aptness of thought.
5. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.
6. Offer not valid in states where prohibited.

### STYLARK COMPANY

314 St. Charles St., St. Louis 2, Mo.

The real story is that Bacall and Sinatra did, for a time, entertain the idea of marriage. Much was in their favor: they have a great deal in common, many mutual friends, and Sinatra worships her little son and daughter. ("That Leslie girl of mine is ready to walk out of the house with him any time," Bacall once said. Leslie is five.) But then Bacall drew up sharply and, aided by reports she received of Sinatra's boudoir athletics in faraway places, began to wonder if she really was doing the right thing. A friend says, "She could handle Bogart because he was a completely faithful husband. He never messed around with other women. Something in Sinatra makes him, when he stops for a hamburger or a malted, want to take a chop at the pretty little carhop who brings it to him." Sinatra does not deny this. "I love broads," he says, which ranks as one of the more conservative public utterances of the year.

Frank's heart leads his mind. He functions on an extremely emotional level, although he is an intelligent, self-educated man (he reads voraciously, mostly non-fiction, is interested in astronomy, painting and serious music). And when his various peccadillos get him in hot water, he is apt as not to thumb his nose at sympathizers, asking help from no one, telling the press to go to hell and his friends to omit the flowers. His constancies are few, but they are indelible: a fierce devotion to his children and his friends; a fierce devotion to the twin muses of singing and acting; a fierce devotion to his privacy. Everything else is Bridgeport. A therapist who attempted to strip away Sinatra's layer on layer of frustrations and angers would have to get down to these three constancies which sustain and protect him from what fellow actor Arthur Kennedy has called "the furies that possess him."

Frankie would say obscenity the obscenity furies; they are nobody's business but his own. His acting and his singing are in the public domain, but the rest of his life is his own business and if you cross over that boundary, in the words of a pug friend, "You're dead wit Frenk." He is always in the company of a curious collection of friends who look like extras from *On the Waterfront*. Their chief functions are to run errands and answer the telephone (Sinatra's telephone is never still, even though he gets a new unlisted number on the average of once a month; he gets new ones so often that he sometimes forgets them himself, which angers him). This entourage forms a near impenetrable wall between Sinatra and people who are trying to get to see him. Even his business managers, Lefkowitz and Berke, have difficulty in getting him on the telephone. "Frenk ain't heah," a low, ominous voice says to all callers,

## ARROW SHIRTS



"ARDEN" Reg. Cuff, Short Point Collar \$4.00  
Also, English Tab and Eyelet . . . French Cuff \$4.00  
Sizes 13 1/2 to 18 — Sleeves 30 to 36.  
Other Styles . . . Sizes 13 to 20 — Sleeves 30 to 37.

Mail Orders Filled. SEND FOR FREE ARROW SHIRT CATALOG Featuring 21 Different Shirt Styles  
Send Check or M.O. We Pay Postage.

### YORKTOWN Haberdashers

126 West 50th St. (Dept. P-11), N. Y. 19, N. Y.

### ONE MILLION DOLLARS CASH (in Confederate money, of course)



Be a Deep South millionaire! Light your cigars with \$20 bills! Live it up! You can do anything with this money except spend it. We'll send you one million dollars, in assorted denominations, of reproductions of authentic Confederate bills (plus special bonus bills) for only \$2.98 in ordinary Union money. Four million dollars for \$10.00. If not delighted, keep a few thousand bucks for your trouble and return the rest for full refund. Send check or money order to:

BEST VALUES CO. Dept. M-435  
1133 Broadway, New York 10, N.Y.

Built on American Lasts

**Made in ITALY!**

An exciting, new adventure in footwear. The Continental half top, light, flexible, \$12.95 Other styles \$15.95 Send shoe size Satisfaction guaranteed. We pay postage. Check or M.O.

Black or Brown

**Eleganza** IMPORTS

Write for Style Booklet

ELEGANZA IMPORTS, Box 861F, Brockton, Mass.

only \$12.95

#### KNOW YOUR IQ!

**NOW** a quick, accurate, proven IQ test developed by a leading psychologist for the person who wants to know! Personal, self grading so that you may know.

**NOW** an economical, guaranteed method for determining IQ of employees, family and friends. Proven in hundreds of control tests under strict, scientific conditions.

**NOW** Know your capabilities! Complete test and instructions . . . for only \$2.00 cash, check or money order.

The Fountain Co. • P. O. Box 26267 • Houston, Texas

\* An OIL PORTRAIT

\* —of You or any member of your family—superbly painted from Life or Photographs, adds glamorous new Beauty to your Home. Makes a Princely Gift!

\* Address our Studio B A 11 for Complete Details

\* AMERICAN PORTRAIT ARTISTS

\* Over 100 Outstanding Portrait Painters

\* 507 Fifth Ave., New York 17, N. Y. \* UN 3-4676

## HANDWRITING ANALYZE

The new fun hobby, bound to entertain and amaze your friends. Learn by mail easily at home. Send today for free instructions. No obligation.

INTERNATIONAL GRAPHO ANALYSIS SOCIETY, INC.  
Desk 40, Springfield, Missouri





## Engraved CUFF LINKS

**EXACT REPRODUCTIONS OF ANY CALLING CARD, INSIGNIA OR PERSONAL SIGNATURE**

The gift that's truly different! Beautifully etched lifetime metal Cuff Links, Tie Bar, Money Clip or Key Chain, each a faithful miniature of any business or calling card, signature, trademark or insignia. Perfect for both personal and business gifts. Gift boxed. Will drop ship if desired. Simply send cards or signatures you wish reproduced; allow 2 to 3 weeks delivery. Specify items and whether Silver or Gold. Satisfaction guaranteed. No C.O.D.'s please. Prices include tax.  
 Silver Finish CUFF LINKS.....\$8.95  
 Gold Plated CUFF LINKS.....\$9.95  
 Silver finish Tie Bar, Money Clip or Key Chain, \$5.50; gold plated.....\$6.00

Ber-Tals Dept. C-2 1253 S. Halsted, Chicago 7



## YOUR HIP-NIP FLASK

Non-Breakable  
 Screened in 2 colors  
**A RIOT AT ANY AFFAIR**  
 Football Games  
 Office Parties  
 A Handy 8 Oz. Flask  
 For Any Purpose-Any Person  
**\$2.00 ppd.**  
 No COD's  
**ALBILMAR, LTD.**  
 P.O. Box 28, Evanston, Ill.

## MEN'S RAINWEAR PANTS PROTECTOR

Expertly tailored of famous KRENE flexible film. Soft, pliable, won't stick, crack or peel. 100% water-proof in heaviest downpour. Protects the crease in your trousers. Individual leg covers. Just pull on, snap over belt. Length adjusts to long, medium or short. Packed in pocket-sized polyethylene bag. An ideal gift for men.



ORDER YOURS TODAY

**\$2.95** postpaid

Money Back Guaranteed  
 Sorry No C.O.D.'s

ROBERTS RAINWEAR, Dept. C2  
 26 W. Van Buren Street • Chicago 5, Illinois



## ENGLISH SPORTS CAR

battery operated

### AUTHENTIC SCALE MODEL

A desk accessory for sports car enthusiast or fun for son. Tiny steering wheel moves front wheels any direction. Car goes forward or back. Actually imported from England, each car is an authentic scale model. (9 1/2" l x 3 1/2" w). Choice of TR-3 (shown), MGTF, MGA, or Austin-Healy. Only \$6.95 ea. (without batteries); \$7.50 (with bat.). Jaguar 2.4 Sedan \$7.95 (without bat.) \$8.50 (with bat.). Add 50c per car for mailing costs. W.M. F. VICTOR ENTERPRISES, Dept. PB-118, 3636 South Iron St., Chicago 9, Ill.

even though Sinatra's voice may be heard plainly in the background. "Frenk's sick. Frenk's wit de doc-tuh."

When *Look* did a three-part story on what makes Frankie run, the gist of which seemed to be that he required the services of a first-rate headshrinker, he hit them with a \$2 million suit for slander. The lawsuit for slander later was withdrawn and a test case for invasion of privacy substituted. It will be some time before it comes into court. He feels that no one has the right to pry into his personal life, and the concept of Sinatra as a skinny dragon, breathing fire and noxious fumes, has been perpetuated largely by reporters who resent this attitude.

Frankie goes his own route. It is the route of the large appetite, the unchecked desires, the chase. His behavior recently in Madison, Indiana, was typical. MGM was on location for *Some Came Running*, James Jones' latest marathon, and Frankie was playing Dave Hirsh, the sad-eyed ne'er-do-well who makes a little love and catches a little bullet. He balked at much of the direction of Vincente Minnelli, a top director with *Lust for Life* and *Gigi* to his credit. A fellow actor commented: "It's too bad he won't listen to Minnelli. Minnelli could give him a new dimension." But Frankie isn't looking for a new dimension. He rewrote whole scenes, even talked Minnelli into changing the ending so that the heroine catches the bullet. At night, he retreated to a rented house atop a hill and indulged his insatiabilities. While his cronies joined him in shifts, he paced back and forth till dawn, drinking, trading jokes, talking long-distance with pals like Rocky Marciano and Leo Durocher, playing gin rummy, arguing, visiting with girls who dropped in from all points of the compass, cursing the mothering hot summer weather. At week's end he was off to Newport, Kentucky, for an orgy of blackjack, craps, Jack Daniel's, beer and breads. "He can't go on like this," said another member of the cast. "That much liquor and that many women would kill a man twice his size."

And what does Frank Sinatra have to show for all the suffering, striving and shenanigans? All it has profited him is total pre-eminence in his field, the respect of most everyone connected with music and acting, and a personal net income this year of close to \$2 million before taxes—probably an all-time high for a show-business personality.

Plus, of course, the romantic adulation that has made him the number one love god of our time. And where does the love god go from here? To a love goddess, perhaps. Over the big drink, in France, they have one called Brigitte. The publicists proclaim that Frankie and BB have signed their names to a



### \*WRAPARONG® for Her

Wraps you up—dries you off—takes you tenderly from tub to phone. Luxurious terry sarong bound in white terry—buttons on in a wink. Perfect for shampooing, makeup, bathing and lounging. White, pink, yellow, aqua, eopen-blue, turquoise, mint green. Sm. (8-10), Med. (12-14), Lg. (16-20). **\$3.95**

### SNAPARONG for Him

Indispensable terry shaving towel. Snaps on in a second for a perfect fit. Big, deep pocket holds shaving gear and cigarettes. White, yellow, royal. Sm. (28-32 waist), Med. (34-38), Lg. (40-44). **\$1.95**

Give size & color. Add 25¢ each for shipping \*Pat.

**THE TOG SHOP** LESTER SQUARE AMERICUS, GA.

## OFFICIAL SCALE BLUEPRINTS

### U.S. ARMY MISSILES

- JUPITER C—SATELLITE MISSILE
- TALOS • HONEST JOHN
- NIKE AJAX

Ideal for wall decorations—playroom, den, bar, or office—perfect for any man or boy. Accurate reproductions from official model blueprints released by U.S. Army. Two 11" x 17" and two 17" x 22", they are beautifully lithographed on quality stock for hanging or framing. Each shows details to scale and dimensions. AMAZE AND DELIGHT FRIENDS—THEY'LL WONDER WHO YOU ARE TO HAVE ACTUAL SCALE DRAWINGS! Complete set of 4 with 2 free 8 x 10 duo

color prints of real missiles in action in striking "Missile" Gift Tube... only **\$1.98** postpaid. Kay Guthrie 113 N. Lambert St., Dept. A, Philadelphia 3, Pennsylvania

## SPORTS CAR FLASH CARDS



"For use when being passed by Detroit Iron at high speeds."

Appropriate slogans for sports car owners printed in bold type on 4" x 11" cards. Such phrases as HOW DO YOU GET THIS OUT OF LOW? (for use when passing Detroit iron at high speeds) and DIM IT DAM IT! (for use when car following has high beams on). **\$1.00** per set of five different cards.

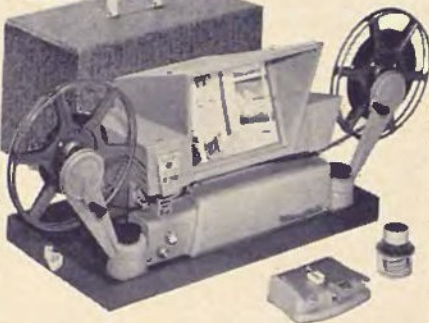
Southworth Marine Products  
 P.O. Box 143 Dewitt, New York





## GET TO THE GOOD PART ALREADY!

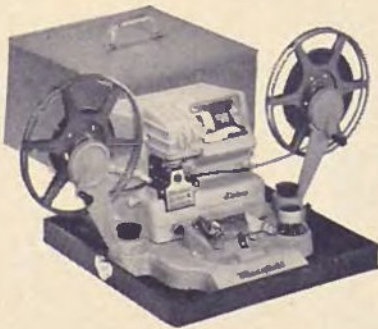
How often have you heard that phrase from irate friends and bored relatives? Get to the GOOD PART readily and steadily by editing your film on a new MANSFIELD EDITOR.



### MANSFIELD *Holiday* 8MM or 16MM EDITOR

THE ONLY WIDE-SCREEN movie editor made! Action viewer provides large 4½" x 6" picture, ideal for group viewing. Built-in focusing, framing and film marker. Automatic all-steel splicer. Precision ground and polished coated lens system. Optical glass prism shutter. Portable! Compact!

8MM with case.....\$64.50  
16MM with case.....\$69.50



### MANSFIELD PORTABLE DELUXE EDITOR

Action viewer gives brilliant 2" x 3" picture. Built-in focusing, and framing controls. Precision ground and polished lens system with optical glass prism shutter. All-steel automatic splicer. Lightweight and compact. Portable!

8MM with case.....\$45.00  
16MM with case.....\$49.50

SEE YOUR MANSFIELD DEALER  
**MANSFIELD  
INDUSTRIES, INC.**  
1227 Loyola Ave., Chicago 26, Ill.

contract requiring them to co-star in something called *Paris at Night*. What happens when these two volatile substances mingle in the same crucible, when The Voice meets The Broad of Broads? The concept is enough to make Olympus tremble, the skies darken, the oceans churn, and to knock the whole world flat on its collective clyde.



## MARVELOUS LOVER

(continued from page 42)

a degree or two, so stunned me then, so shocked me later, so surprises me even now.

It was a Monday, that I remember, though not what I wore or what Porter wore nor anything else about the morning before I reached his shop at all. I'd like to say, I'd love to feel, that I'd some premonition, an inkling, a warning itch of disaster. But that would be a lie. I do remember that once in the back of the shop, we made love that morning. That I've never forgotten. Made love shamelessly, soundlessly, wordlessly, beyond even our own ordinary frontiers. It was marvelous past anything. For both of us, I know. But I didn't know this was in the nature of a gift, not from Porter but from my own muse (Clio, the Muse of History, the only one with a real job and a real sense of crime and punishment). I know that if I lived through another century (intact) I'd never have it like that again and, in a way . . . I'm glad. It was enough. Too much. Henry Shoemaker may have something with his love from A to Z for even that is only, after all, a finite line, but infinity . . . too much for poor frail civilized man with his juices sucked away in culture and commerce.

And after we loved that Monday, we rested, and after we rested, we smoked. But very soon, somehow, I sensed something, that temperature drop, that faint, only barely intuited restlessness of Porter's. Whether he had planned to talk about the square and the circle with me at all, I don't even know. Perhaps he hadn't planned to tell me anything. Or, knowing Porter, it was likely that he'd just not decided what he'd do about telling me, one way or the other. I only know that for the first time I found him abrupt, even rude, certainly uncomfortable. And uncomfortable himself, Porter immediately made me uncomfortable. I wanted to know what was wrong.

"Busy . . ." he mumbled, untruthfully.

"Oh Porter," I moaned, at least I planned it as a moan. I think it was more likely a whine, the way it came out.

And Porter did something so unlike him that it almost embarrassed me.

ONLY BY MAIL!



## New Way To Sleep

Tee-PJ's resemble a T-shirt, but are over a foot longer. Rib-knit, soft combed cotton. Gives when you move, eases up when you relax. No bind, no bunch, no chafe, no buttons! If not most comfortable sleeper you've ever worn, return within 7 days for full refund and we send you regular T-shirt FREE!

S (34), M (36-38), L (40-42)  
XL (44-46 for weight over 180 lbs. and/or over 6 ft.)

\$2 ea. 3 for \$5

NOW! Tee-PJ's available in long sleeves for colder weather comfort!  
\$3 each 2 for \$5

All Postpaid

WITTMANN TEXTILES

6505 S. Dixie, Dept. 437, W. Palm Beach, Fla.

A GENUINE

## Jim Richards Wellington Boot

\$19.95 Postpaid in U.S.A.

A new experience in versatile footwear. Unexcelled slipper-like comfort whether "roughing it" or plain relaxing. Our most popular "all around" boot. 9" high. Uppers of glowing, full grain calf, legs of soft kid. Fully leather lined, leather soles. Available in all sizes and widths. Specify brown, black, size, width. Satisfaction and perfect fit guaranteed. Order by mail only Jim Richards Shoe Co., Dept. P-118 Wellesley Hills 82, Mass. Send for free color catalog showing boot line for entire family.



## New... SHUTS OFF HI-FI SYSTEM!



TEMPO TIMER is the brand-new, proved electronic device that automatically shuts off your complete hi-fi system after the last record. Now, enjoy wonderful new listening convenience . . . protect your amplifier, changer and records. No installation. Attractively styled, fits any changer. 10 day money-back guarantee. Now \$11.95 post-paid direct from manufacturer. Check, money order or C.O.D. Order now — telling us the name of your record changer. Orders filled day received.

## ELECTRONIC LABORATORIES

Dept. H-2

North Haven, Conn.

Keep that "Athletic Look"

Enjoy

## BISOLAR "SUNSHINE"

ALL WINTER LONG!



Suntan with a Battle Creek BISOLAR LAMP

Enjoy a much-admired "sun-tanned look" all year—plus wonderful HEALTH PROTECTION for yourself and family. At the "SNAP OF A SWITCH" the BISOLAR Lamp provides made-to-order light that tans faster than the sun. Yet if you relax and fall asleep, AUTOMATIC SOLTIMER SWITCH TURNS LAMP OFF AT TIME YOU SET—prevents overexposure! Scientifically balanced artificial sunlight contains BOTH ultraviolet-infrared rays. Pedestal, wall and ceiling models. Money-back guarantee.

WRITE TODAY FOR FREE LITERATURE!

Battle Creek

Equipment Company  
Battle Creek 32, Mich.



Porter shuffled!

"Well," he muttered finally, "if you come diddle a working man amidst his works . . ."

"What can you expect?" I finished for him. My voice was adequate to bear its burden of words. I was a veritable Duse but my spirit trembled, trembled and fell. Not only was this unkind and unlike Porter, what's more, I didn't even know what *diddle meant!*

"Also, I ought to catch a train . . ." He remained sitting, though, sitting away from me, and away from the shadows of love, sitting at his desk, fiddling with his absurd display of those damned arrowheads and some abandoned, unsharpened pencils.

"What're you saying, Porter?" I asked. He didn't answer.

"Because I don't know and I suggest you don't know either." Really, I didn't know what he knew or didn't but it seemed a good didactic stand to take.

Porter sat there, massaging his god-damned beard. Then he tested the points on his arrowheads and then rubbed his beard again.

"What I'm saying is that I'm getting married."

Silence. There was almost absolute silence in the back room, in this arbor of Porter's amours. From the front of the shop, I could hear the voices of customers and Porter's partner or whatever he was. But those voices were just a jumble. I thought I'd give it a try, though.

"Your friend's diddling some customers." Use it three times and it's yours. But Porter only smiled. Which was also unlike him.

"I'm getting married," he repeated.

"Yes, I heard you," I answered, not defiant which I hadn't the strength for, only puzzled and saddened and troubled. Whom would Porter marry? Why would Porter marry? I had never considered, however wildly, such a possibility, not for myself nor for any other woman of his. My idea, at this moment, of his bride was vague but whatever her lineaments I remember that my own seemed rapidly to defeat me. She must be a goddess, a heroine, a queen, Aspasia, Madame de Sévigné, a poetess, a wit, a Valkyrie, a sexual athlete. I felt myself not only diminished, not even unattractive, but simply, wholly, unlovely.

"She must be quite a woman."

Porter was obviously unmoved by any supposition of mine.

"Beautiful," I hazarded, "smart." Well, that I was sure of. Smart she must be. Look what she had accomplished: what I had not even the imagination to fantasy.

He shook his head. "She's one of the damned."

I sat down. Heavily. How unlike Porter to be tragic . . . or comic. What had such hues to do with the silent

primary colorama of his caresses, or his swoons or mine?

"She's damned," he said again, pulling at his beard with, was it possible? — shaky fingers.

"What the damned hell do you mean by that?" And I blushed for myself. "Oh Porter, dear Porter, I *am* sorry. I'm just . . . jealous, I suppose, and surprised."

"You, you don't have anything to be jealous of." He neither looked at me nor, I believe, thought of me. He was part of a drama of his own. And drama was not Porter's medium.

"She's not brilliant," he said, "nor beautiful, nor rich, nor clever, nor joyful, nor young, nor . . . lucky."

"Does she love you?" I asked as though I were clutching a fleeting hope that she must have something of value.

"She's a tormented soul."

"Oh, my God, Dobey. This doesn't sound like you. What are you talking about?"

"I'm talking about a woman," he said, "not a girl. Not a girl with brains and education and cute titties like you." He smiled then. And I've always been grate-

ful that I didn't say: well, thanks!

"I'm talking about a woman, deserted, wronged, divorced, a woman with three children, with thick ankles. With no money."

"And your love." This was all either very funny or very profound. But for me it seemed neither. For me it seemed like nothing. I didn't know what it was. I just didn't know what it was.

Porter stood up. He so rarely talked this much. And his voice was somewhat cracked, I thought, and nasal. From so much speech or so much thought? Unaccustomed both. Or had I just never heard so much of Porter's voice before that I didn't really even know it? Had I never heard it, never heard more than a stiff and bristly rumble close to my ear saying I was wonderful, saying I was terrific, saying I was his, saying not so fast, saying now honey? Well, this, I thought, won't help me now. This way hell. So I shut that off, like the oven light is shut off, but still there, waiting for a match.

"She's had a rotten life," he said.

"And you're going to make it up to her?"



"No thank you, sir — I'm on vacation."



Cocktail napkins and glasses decorated with the famed Cole femmes from PLAYBOY. Sure to break the ice at any gathering.

## PLAYBOY ICE BREAKERS

Cocktail Napkins. 36 to a box. 18 different Cole cartoons. \$1

High Ball Glasses. Set of 8. All different. \$5

Double Old Fashioned Glasses. Set of 8. All different. \$6

**PLAYBOY ICE BREAKERS DEPT.**  
232 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Ill.



### DECORATE WITH ALBUMS

A New Concept in Decor and Record Storage

Stop hiding the beautiful women on your record albums. FI RACK puts them up on the wall to be seen and appreciated. Each rack projects 1 1/2" from wall and stores 8 albums deep. Change the top one to suit your mood and company. Say "Foo" to art hiding storage facilities. Say "Fi Rack" and bring new beauty to your dorm, den or living room along with space saving convenience. Anodized aluminum finished in gold or black.

12 1/4" Long holds 8 records \$2.50 ppd.  
24 1/2" Long holds 16 records \$4.25 ppd.  
49" Long holds 32 records \$7.00 ppd.

#### FI RACK

Shaw-White and Associates  
333 N. Michigan  
Chicago 1, Ill.



### PARTY BLANKET®

A perfect accessory for all college events from beach parties to the big game. Two quilted satin triple packets for keeping hands warm and staving off cold. A must for beer busts, slumber parties, or just decorating the seat of the sportster. Extra thick quality rayon and nylon in red, green, black and white plaid. Washable. Blanket size: 50" by 72".

Available with either JACK and JILL or HIS and HERS on packets, or no lettering. Only \$9.50, ppd. Satisfaction guaranteed. Pat. Pending. Send check or money order to:

**COLLEGIATE HALL**  
P.O. Box 526, Warren, Ohio

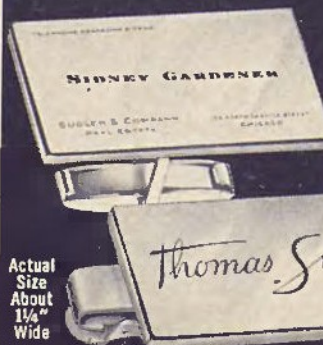
Exact Reproduction of Anyone's Calling Card, Signature or Emblem

## Engraved Forever on Lifetime CUFF LINKS or TIE BAR

Custom-made Executive Jewelry, uniquely personalized to order. In rich, luxurious Satin Silver or Gold Plate finish. Lifetime gift, lifetime remembrance. Handsomely gift boxed. Send calling card or signature you wish reproduced, with check or M.O. No. C.O.D. Allow 2-3 weeks for delivery. Guaranteed

	Cuff Links	Tie Bar	Money Clip
Satin Silver	\$7.95 pr.	\$4.95 ea.	\$6.50 ea.
Gold Plate	8.95 pr.	5.50 ea.	7.50 ea.
All prices plus 10% Fed. Tax. Shipped Postage Paid.			

**W. N. DRESDEN & ASSOCIATES, Manufacturers**  
Dept. C-9, 179 W. Washington, Chicago 2, Illinois



Actual Size About 1 1/4" Wide

"Yes. Like that."  
"But," I was feeling desperate. "Is she . . . do you know her? I mean . . ."  
He looked at me then, very wise, very unamorous.  
"Have I slept with her, you mean? You mean, is she good in bed? Like you, you goddamned little bitch? Like you?" He laughed, taking the curse off it.

"Yes," he said, "yes to the first and no to the second. She's just a woman. That's all. Not you. Just a woman. Not special, not warm, not frigid. Not cold. Just a woman. You fondle her, you take her, and then maybe you read a book or light a furnace or some other god-damned thing. Whatever it is husbands do. Put the cat out. I don't know."

Among my desperately chaotic feelings, thoughts and griefs was the amazement of never before having heard Porter talk about sex.

"You want to be domestic with her, you mean?"

"I mean I want to give her a break. That's all I want to do." He sat down, and stopped fiddling. He looked like a piece of sculpture then. He should've been sitting on a horse. I could see him as an Indian chief. *Where are your lands, brave one? My lands are where my dead are.*

"For Chrissake, Porter. You don't marry for that. How can you give a woman a break if you don't even desire her? What the hell kind of break would that be? You don't even want this woman," I said in amazement.

"You don't understand."

"That's for sure."

"Honey, I've had a marvelous time of it. I mean it, all my life. I've really had it. I've really made it. So now I want this. I don't know . . . I've thought about it. I just want to do something for someone else now. Not something I want, just for someone else. I want to do something big and sacrificial. I want to save someone else. Only this is all I can do."

"Oh, my God, Porter! You'll burn in hell, you really will, for that sacrilege. I mean, who do you think you are, for God's sake? Albert Schweitzer or something?" I meant to be sarcastic.

"Yes," he said, his whole face brimming with pleasure at my comprehension. "Only, I can't do it like him. I can't say, here I've lived half my life for myself and the rest I dedicate to the world. He lived 30 marvelous years doing what he wanted, so then he thought he'd do what he didn't want at all . . . and help the world. I don't think people realize how much he probably dislikes all that Africa business. But he made it his mission. Well, I'm no doctor. I'm nothing that could help the world. But I've lived some marvelous years myself and now I want to stop and do something for someone . . ."



absolutely entirely for someone else."

I could see here that Porter was obviously, in a sort of underwater kind of way, reliving his own years. You could tell from the still, quiet, taut face and body, he wasn't thinking of Bach or eschatology. He was thinking . . . well, hell, I was thinking of it, too. And to keep my stomach from lurching and my groin from crying, I flicked my fingernails at him:

"Go on, go on, Porter Dobe. Go the hell on."

He sighed and then he did go on, "Schweitzer thought maybe he'd live to be 60 and he offered up, Lord, he just offered it up like a damned bit of incense, like an Isaac, like a lamb, offered up the second half of his life to humanity. To what he didn't like and didn't want."

"In thanks," I reminded him.

He nodded. "In thanks for his first 30 years doin' what he liked."

"Porter, your voice is getting thick. And what's more, I want to tell you that what you're suggesting is *disgusting*. It's a sin against man and nature and God. It's a sacrilege!"

"Maybe."

"Porter, I never heard of anything so obscene."

"I'm not drunk."

"You're nauseating!"

"Honey girl. I've really had a good time, fooling around. Fooling around with these damn fool dusty books. Just like I liked. Didn't have to read them. Just sit and look at 'em. And women. My God, like the Gamekeeper in *Lady Chatterly's Lover*."

Oh, this is the utter end, I thought. This is lunacy.

"Lady Chatterly's lover would just puke at your idea, Porter. What do you intend to do? Repay the Fates or Gods?"

"... to the Rulers of Men and their Des-tin-ies," he sang.

"Oh, shut up. Of all the confounded, anti-life reverent attitudes. I mean it, Schweitzer would throw up, I'm not kidding. You're going to pay for your sexual gluttony by going out and marrying an absolute nothing you don't even love in the *first* place and be faithful to her to boot and you think you're doing something for humanity! You must be absolutely insane!"

"Don't shriek, pussy kid. I didn't say I didn't want to sleep with her."

"Oh nuts. I know you. I see right through you. You're a combination of absolute hysteria, insanity and middle classness. You'd never *dream* of marrying anyone you really wanted."

"I never dream," he said, "especially of marriage."

"But, Porter, if you want to make up for your fun which is an idiotic and probably psychopathic idea incidentally, why don't you become a monk? Or join the Foreign Legion or the Ford Foundation or something? Or better still, why don't you just go on spreading yourself around? Let all the women taste it, yummy, Dobe darling, let them all have some of you. You could advertise. Wouldn't that be better for humanity? Make love to all the ugly women in the world maybe, give your great joy to the bereaved, to all the bereaved, the halt, the accursed, the febrile, the smelly . . ." I ran out of words and breath and strength.

He sort of patted the desk in front of him as though he were patting my head. "I couldn't do that, girl," he said, maybe seriously. God, I don't know if he was serious.

"That wouldn't work," he said. "Besides, I don't want to spread it around . . . anymore. I don't want to do anything I want to do anymore. Don't you understand?"

"Porter," I said weakly, finally, unable to stand this any longer. "Why did you pick this girl? Why her? I mean, if you want to get married, why don't you marry me or someone you could . . . care for?" I didn't know exactly whom he could care for nor what that would



Hardwick Blazers provide

*uniform  
distinction*

FOR

FRATERNITIES—CLUBS—ATHLETIC TEAMS—SCHOOLS

Identify your own group with distinctive blazers by Hardwick. You can attach your own group crest. Authentically tailored in our three button natural shoulder model with three patch pockets, lap seams, metal buttons and colorful foulard lining. Available in navy, black, red and olive. About \$27.50.

by

**HARDWICK!**  
of Cleveland, Tennessee

Hardwick Clothes, Inc., Cleveland, Tennessee

Gentlemen:

Please send me the name of the nearest store carrying the Hardwick blazer.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Organization \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_ City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



*For Over 200 Years...*



Well-groomed men have eagerly adopted the high standard of fashion set by Caswell-Massey since the time of Washington.

*The Oldest Chemists and Perfumers in America*

**CASWELL-MASSEY CO. LTD.**

NEW YORK, N.Y.

**THREE CLASSICS FROM PLAYBOY**

Building your own library of great books? You'll want to include these three PLAYBOY volumes. The very best features from your favorite magazine permanently bound in hard-cover editions.

**THIRD PLAYBOY ANNUAL \$4.50**

The best stories, cartoons, jokes and special features from PLAYBOY's third year. Includes more than two dozen pages in full color.

**PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES \$3**

Hundreds of PLAYBOY's most hilarious jokes and limericks—plus a sprinkling of spicy cartoons.

**PLAYBOY'S RIBALD CLASSICS \$3**

Sophisticated stories by the great writers of the past smartly retold for today's readers.

**ALL THREE FOR \$10**

PLAYBOY BOOKS, DEPT. 848

232 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Illinois



mean in Dobey's terms but I knew what I meant.

"That's just it," he said almost beaming, for him, at having hit upon just the way of explaining that would make me, he thought, understand at last. "That's just it. You don't need me. I mean, you'll marry someone just right for you one of these days. You're a doll. You'll have no trouble. You'll fall in love and get married. So will . . . lots of people. But she won't. You see? If anyone is going to help her, it has to be me and now and this way. You get me?"

I nodded, feeling partially I think that it would be dangerous in a way not to humor him. I felt like a character in Dr. Caligari's cabinet. I didn't know who was in and who outside the lunatic asylum.

"Well, Porter. Who is she? I mean, where did you have to go to find the perfect pathetic case for your attention? Did you advertise?"

"Don't be cruel. It's not becoming to you," he said. "She's a friend of a friend. I met her through friends. She's a good person. Really. I mean you'd like her. You really would."

"Well, thanks. Thanks. I'm sure I would. Charming. What's her name?"

"Her name is Sonia Shoemaker."

My first thought was a sort of mental registration that in addition to having no looks, no brains, and no money, she had a funny name. My second thought was hardly a thought, it was a tiny corrosion in the heart, a melting in the stomach, a lightning bolt in the brain.

"Sonia Shoemaker!" So here it was. Sonia Shoemaker. Henry and his great romance had got parted. But not for me. And Porter Dobey would sacrifice himself. But not for me. The strangest quadrangle I could possibly imagine outside of a fairy tale. Henry and Sonia and Porter and me. And Sonia got all the men! I mean, I guess I'm so shallow and selfish that that was, honestly, my third thought: Sonia got all the men and I'd got nothing!

Oh, I suppose I had some philosophical observations too, but they came much later. Afterward, it sort of seemed to me that someone here, very subtly, was getting the short end of a stick, someone was being punished but I didn't know exactly who it was. Not Henry Shoemaker who was, I thought, neatly escaping nor Henry's poor wife who was obviously being just as neatly salvaged. Maybe it was me, or so it seemed then, faced with all I was apparently losing. But now, so much later, I think it was Porter himself who, through his sentimental, guilt-ridden notion of sacrifice, was paying by painful duty for what he had pleased himself with in his grasshopper days. It was Porter's story, all the way.

Still, at that moment, on that morning, in that dusty back of the store,



# SPECIAL ANNIVERSARY OFFER!

(Extended by Demand)



TO CELEBRATE OUR 7th ANNIVERSARY, we offer you, for the first time, this special discount on our famous Satin Bed-sheets and Pillow Cases. Made of superb Celanese satin. Guaranteed washable—they last for years. The perfect gift. In our regular popular shades: Blue, White, Sable, Black, Charm, Pink, Gold or Crimson. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Prepaid. (No COD's, Please)

Now

Obi. Bed. 2 sheets, 2 cases..... \$18.95 (Reg. \$28.95)  
Twin Bed. 2 sheets, 2 cases..... 18.95 (Reg. \$28.95)  
King Bed. 2 sheets, 2 cases..... 27.95 (Reg. \$42.95)  
3 ltr. monog. on cases..... 3.00 (Reg. \$ 5.00)

SCINTILLA®, 5718 N. Kenmore Ave., P.B. Chicago 40, Ill.

## Big Men are CHANGING

to QUALITY at POPULAR PRICES



Narrow or wide, to fit your stride, in large sizes. Dress, sport, casuals, boots, boat and bowling shoes. Slippers, socks, shirts and raincoats. All at popular prices. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Size 9 thru 16

WRITE FOR FREE CATALOG

TALL MEN Inc. 303E, Brockton, Mass.

LAMINATE SNAPSHOTS IN 10 SECONDS AT 1/3 USUAL COST

### LAM IT KIT

PERMANENT PLASTIC LAMINATION \$1.00

Seal It Yourself. This plastic laminating kit makes it wonderfully simple for anyone to permanently preserve important snapshots, cards and licenses. Laminating is tear, dirt and moisture proof.

Lam it kit preserves in plastic your important papers by a do-it-yourself method without the need of machinery or heat in 10 seconds.

ORDER NOW! LAM IT KIT containing 12 sheets of 3 x 4 and 5 x 7 plastic sheeting. \$1.00 postpaid.

QUALITY MART

Dept. P, 1223 Myrtle Ave., Brooklyn 21, N. Y.

## the perfect gift FOR HER...



### Spruce ELECTRICAL MANICURIST



Give her the gift of beautiful hands with Spruce Electrical Manicurist. In just ten minutes a week, Spruce contours her nails, gently loosens and whisks away excess cuticle, buffs nails to a vital glow, gives hands and fingers a stimulating oil massage and safely erases callus from fingers, hands or feet. Can be used on the toenails, too. All this in the comfort, convenience and privacy of her own home! Starts to save her money right from the beginning! Safe, easy, comfortable! A truly wonderful gift!

ONLY \$29.95

COMPLETE

Postage paid anywhere in the world!

Order now, or write for free descriptive literature.

ABAR MANUFACTURING CO.

"Precision Built Products Since 1931"

8814 Woodland Avenue Cleveland 4, Ohio

which has always in the past seemed to me the epitome of comfort and release, I really felt only that I was the one who was losing out all the way and what was worse, to my own literary sense of my character, I was probably not going to be able to exit with any dignity either.

Porter, dear Porter who had never had to worry about such things, did make one, feeble, gesture in my direction and for that, though it hurt, I was grateful.

"Look," he said. "I know this is queer, that it sounds crazy to you. To me it's good and I have to do it. And I'm going to do it. I'd do it now no matter how I felt or what anyone said. But, if it gives you any satisfaction, I . . . look, I feel bad only about you. Really. And you, baby, I'll miss."

"Porter," I observed cautiously, "you're going to miss some other things."

He spread his hands out on the desk in front of him, separating each finger. I waited. Unwilling to tell him about Henry and Sonia and my own double forsakenness, I had, in revenge, set him a verbal trap, a test. Only I terribly didn't want him to fail! I'd set it up like a straw man and most anybody would've said it but I didn't want him to, I didn't want him to say, deflating all my image of what he is, that love after all wasn't everything, that sex wasn't the most important thing in the world. And, he didn't say it, either. To his eternal glory, he didn't, out of explanation, expiation and farewell, say that one awful lie.

No, he stared at his spread-out fingers and he said only, "I'll miss everything, the best in life. The best thing in life, love."

Sentimental? God, it stank of it. But it was truly vintage Porter.

So then I left. I never saw Porter again. I suppose he married Henry's poor wife but even that I don't know for sure. I never did meet her and I never, what's more, heard about or from Henry Shoemaker again. So, though it's all years ago and maybe time enough in which to have garnered such nuggets of wisdom as inhere in my memory of that queer quadrangle, I'd be unwilling to offer any maxims for life out of my experience. There's almost nothing I'm willing to offer up by way of observation, nothing I can truly say, that I simply know and believe, except that of all the people who may in this life have been challenged toward sacrifice, Porter Dobey was the truest altruist of all. He really sacrificed something, the very fluid of life's embrace, that rare thing, pleasure without pain. And the only other thing I still know is that he was a marvelous lover. All the years since have only confirmed what I thought as a girl. He was a marvelous lover; maybe he was even a saint.

the ONE GIFT they DON'T have . . .

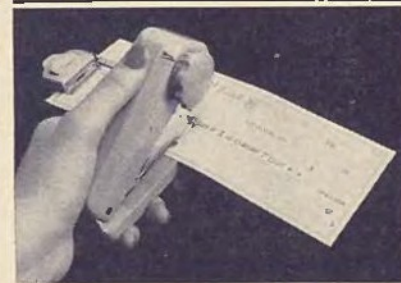


## MOPPER® the original terry "dry-off" AFTER-BATH ROBE

Here's the great big, wonderful "terry bear" of a robe that towels you dry instantly, cozily after tub, shower or swim. Made of thick, thirsty snow-white Cannon terry, with yards of comfortable fullness, raglan sleeves, draft-screen collar . . . it's a whopper of a Mopper! Two big "carry-all" pockets, wrap-around belt, tassel tie, press-on initial for personalizing. Fits men, women perfectly. For 6-footers, order king-size . . . only \$1.00 more. A great buy! Get several . . . for yourself, for gifts, for guests. Sorry, no C.O.D.'s.

Gift-ready in clear plastic bag. Free 3" initial (specify) \$6.95 ea. Add 35¢ postage ea. Mopper (Save! 3 for \$20)

WOODMERE MILLS, INC. DEPT. 252 BENNINGTON, VERMONT



### CHECK WRITER

Prestige and protection for your checks

Does everything a \$500 check writer will do, and just as well! Superb engineering and workmanship; nylon and steel moving parts; automatic inking pad and embossing mechanism for erasure-proof checks. \$10 postpaid. Completely and unconditionally guaranteed. Send check or money order to:

ENRACO Business Equipment Co. (Est. 1875) 913 Forest Avenue, Evanston, Illinois

Reaching New Heights of Fashion

## MONOGRAMMED CUMMERBUND SET

Personalized formal wear as distinctive as a fraternity pin. Your initials in formal script on silk satin buckle-in-the-back stomacher. Continental look in cross-over bow as shown or conventional clip-on or tie yourself bow. Please specify black, wine red or midnight blue, waist measurement and initials . . . up to three.

per set, \$14.00 Send check or money order. Prompt service and satisfaction guaranteed. Serving the Unique Requests of a Discriminating Clientele.

Mr. Formal

6124 ROBT BLDG. BUFFALO 2, N. Y.





# FOLDING RECORD SCREEN



**Holds 100 LP's**  
3 panel black wrought iron screen has 15 compartments, each holds seven 12" LP's. Display your colorful albums on both sides; accessible from any angle, front or back. Screen-off your own "hi-fi" corner! Each full-assembled panel is 6' H. 12 1/2" W. 2 1/2" D.; interlocks with next one. Sturdily constructed of 3/4" square steel rod. Vinyl tips. Remit \$29.95 or chg. Diners' Aet. Shipped Exp. collect. Wt. 35 lbs. 100% Satisfaction Assured with our famous Air-Mail Money-Back Guarantee! **\$29.95**

© LESLIE CREATIONS  
Dept. 0246, Lafayette Hill, Pa.

## THE FACE ON THE BAR ROOM WALL!

### from BALL...

#### Exotic Ceremonial Mask

Awe-inspiring mask is a wonderful way to frighten free-loaders, fascinate females! It's Rangda, Goddess of Black Magic, in a huge, twice life-size, magnificent wood carving. A blaze of color, painted in brilliant gold, red, green and white, she breathes fire on her wicked Buffalo hide red tongue. A double-take decoration for bar, fraternity house, office, or for a collection. 16" high, 13" wide. Sent with Rangda story.

**\$14.95** ppd.

Free year subscription (4 issues) to SHOPPING INTERNATIONAL, the new gift magazine, with your order, or write for free sample copy.

**SHOPPING INTERNATIONAL**  
INCORPORATED

Dept. 161, 65 Court St.,  
White Plains, N. Y.



## OLD FASHIONED HICKORY SMOKED ALL BEEF SUMMER SAUSAGE

Superb quality, mildly spiced, lean, low-calorie summer sausage. The perfect gift. No garlic. Each 4 lb. sausage, only \$6.25. Two for \$12. Satisfaction guaranteed. Please send check or money order to:

HICKORY HILL FARMS  
8640 Cottage Grove Ave.  
Chicago 19, Illinois

## Be an EXECUTIVE, Junior... not a Junior executive!



Learn Faster—more easily WITH **THE DORMIPHONIC MEMORY TRAINER** It works for you... awake and asleep



Smart businessmen everywhere are discovering this revolutionary shortcut to learning that can help YOU increase your earning power. Here is an amazing new university-tested instrument that works for you awake and asleep. Whether you want to learn a language—memorize an important speech—break bad habits—Dormiphonics SAVES YOUR VALUABLE TIME—EFFORT.

Busy executives, educators, students—people of all ages, occupations and professions—are breaking down the barriers to learning with miraculous Dormiphonics. Why not find out how DORMIPHONICS works for YOU. Get the scientific evidence today. Write for FREE BOOK or call for FREE DEMONSTRATION.

MODERNOPHONE, INC. CI 7-0830  
298-118 Radio City, New York 20, N.Y.

Gentlemen: Please send me your FREE Booklet. I am interested in learning more about the DORMIPHONIC Memory Trainer and what it can do for me. No obligation—no salesman will call.

NAME.....  
ADDRESS.....  
CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....  
My main interest in Dormiphonics is for:  
 Learning a Language  Speech Improvement  
 Memorization  Sleep Inducement  
 Habit Correction  School or College Work

# FUN ON SKIS

(continued from page 74)

Elli of Aspen, and many others). You can buy almost anything in Aspen that's in any way related to skiing, the finest imports and the best domestic stuff, too, much of it handmade—and you can find wonderful gifts at such places as the Alpine Jeweler and the Wonder Shop with which to console your non-skiing girl back home.

Perhaps you want to save your more alcoholic refreshments for after dinner. If so, be sure to try the very European coffee house atmosphere at the Epicure or the Delice pastry shop—or indulge in a pizza with beer at the Heidelberg (there's a nice juxtaposition of nationalities).

Night life in Aspen is, well, nifty. You might try dinner (to the accompaniment of folk singing) at the Limelite, or drop in to hear a chanteuse at the Rendezvous, with its intimate atmosphere and French cooking, or sample the Swiss fare at the Golden Horn and Guido's, or assay one of the Red Onion's charcoal broiled steaks. Or you might want to drive out of town to the Copper Kettle. And after dinner you have a choice of jazz at the Red Onion, dancing and floor show at the Golden Horn, or a quiet tête-à-tête over a nightcap at the Jerome.

Whatever you do, chances are you'll want to go to bed not too late because of tomorrow's skiing. This shouldn't prove a hardship, however, since the fun starts early in the P.M. At any rate, when it's time to wander homeward, you'll be going to the accommodation of your choice, made from a wide variety of lodges, motels, chalets, apartments or even dormitories. There's the Jerome, the luxurious Aspen Meadows, the Prospector, the swank Smuggler, with its heated pool, the more informal Holland House, the Norway and Blue Spruce lodges—or the Mountain Chalet for the young at heart. Maybe yours will be an apartment at the Hillside (converted from the old jail) or the Tipple and Towne Place, converted from an ore house. Perhaps it will be the new Villa Lamarr, the Aspenhof, Boomerang Lodge, Westerner, Holiday House, Glory Hole Motel, Bell Mountain Lodge, The Pines, The Vagabond, or Alpine Lodge.

Wherever you stay, though, we offer one word of warning: don't imbibe so much that you risk the fate that befell a lad we know. One fine night late, this boyo staggered sleepily into a girls' dorm by mistake, only to be awakened at daylight by the sound of pretty young things cavorting about in their longjohns. Fortunately, he had the aplomb to sit up and say blandly, "What the hell are you girls doing in my room?"

NEW—EXCLUSIVE **2-Way PLEAT SHIRT**

Recently introduced in Hollywood by Lew Magram "Shirtnicker to the Stars" as a custom made shirt for the leading movie stars, now available to all "fashion-forward" men. This imported broadcloth with horizontal and vertical "never iron out" pleated arrangement is a magnificent shirt for dress or business wear. White. French cuffs. 14 to 16 neck, 29 to 36 sleeve. \$8.95 ea. Silk tie with 2 or 3 letter monograms. State colors... \$5.00. Send check or M.O. No C.O.D. Member American Express Charge Plan. Write for free catalog "Lew Magram's Conversation Creations in Men's Fashion."

**lew magram**  
830—7th Ave., Dept. P11 N.Y. 10

Truly a gift of love. Delicate 14K gold earrings set with 3 matched genuine cultured pearls.

**Hearts o' Pearls**

EARRINGS (specify screw or pierced) \$29.95 ppd  
CHARM (for bracelet or neckwear) \$12.95 ppd

FREE Catalog • Satisfaction Guaranteed

**SOMETHING OF VALUE** 507 Fifth Ave. Dept. New York 17 P-11

**FRYE'S FAMOUS BOOTS**

Fine quality  
A real treat for your feet  
NOW BY MAIL  
Postpaid

Feather-light, yet durable. You will like their superb styling and wonderful flexibility.

9 inch JET wellington, \$16.95. 7 inch strap and buckle jodhpur, \$17.95. Fine BLACK or BROWN calfskin, fully lined, leather soles, rubber heels. Men's sizes 6-12, ABCE, from stock. Other sizes 5-16, AAA-EEEE, made to order, \$3.00 more. ORDER NOW. Enclose check or money order. WRITE FOR FREE CATALOG.

TODD'S, Dept 11 PB, 209 S. State St., Chicago 4, Ill.

**mad crazy BOOK TITLES**

Put these fake titles on your book shelf and watch the fun begin! Full color poster board cut-out replicas look like 10 volumes. Browsers find "Raising Children for Fun and Profit," "Brain Surgery Self Taught," "100 Ways to Cheat at Polo," "So You Want to Build a Swamp," etc. Hilarious fun.

Ppd. \$1

**WHISKEY FLAVORED TOOTHPASTE!!**

GENUINE 6 PROOF STUFF SCOTCH—BOURBON—RYE

Why fight oral hygiene—enjoy it! Here's the best argument yet for brushing teeth 3 times a day. Full size 2 1/2 oz. tubes. Don't hoard (there's plenty) so give 'em for gifts. Send \$1 for each tube and start living.

Merry-making Catalog Free **\$1**

**GREENLAND STUDIOS DEPT. PL**  
5858 FORBES STREET • PITTSBURGH 17, PA.



**FOR BACHELOR APARTMENTS**



Best quality Cannon terrycloth fingertip guest towels: 11" x 18". White only with black embroidered monograms. \$2 the set of two, postpaid. Please send check or money order to: **PIONEER TRADING COMPANY, 659 No. State St. Chicago 10, Ill.**

**BAD WORD**

(continued from page 37)

have been literally horrifying. You would have been scared to death.

Right off, the word *bevy* would cause you to wonder what you were getting into. In Latin *bibere* meant to drink. This became *beivre* in Old French, and entered English as *bevee*, a group of drinkers. It gradually changed to mean a company of "roes, larks, quails, and ladies." But in those days a bevy was more likely to be a gang of drunks.

Pretty and cute would put you on your guard. A "pretty" girl was one who was sly, cunning or crafty, and a "cute" one was clever or shrewd. Such a girl was definitely interested in getting the best of you. If you knew a little Latin, their *lace* was another reason to worry: it comes, by way of Old French *las*, from the Latin *laqueum*, a snare or noose. "Lasso" has the same root. And your fears are borne out by *allure*: from Old French *aleurer*, to entice into a snare. So far, some crafty lishes are scheming to put your head in a noose.

And then, when you find that you are to be *enchanted* with charms, you are really frightened, because you realize that you are dealing with witches — and witches were nothing to fool around with in the Middle Ages. A girl who enchanted (Latin *incantare*) you in those days was literally putting a wicked spell on you. She was using black magic, exercising the evil arts, and practicing her charms: from Latin *carmen*, a song, which soon came to mean a magic incantation like the song of the Lorelei or the Sirens, to lure you to your doom. Man, you're in deep!

In fact, you're about to be *inveigled*: from the French *aveugler*, to blind or delude. Totally bamboozled, totally under their spell, you let this passel of witches drag you off to their pad and make use of you in their hideous rites. You have, in a word, had it.

That is, if you were living in the Middle Ages. Living today, you probably had a very interesting evening; and if there was any possession, it wasn't by evil spirits.

So a sentence can mean one thing at one time, and something entirely different a few centuries earlier or later. So what? How can we blame the ladies for this?

Well, of course, we can't. The courtesans and tarts of one century are the cute enchantresses of the next; and, by and large, the ladies break about even. They don't pull the language down; on the other hand, they don't ennoble it either. The simple fact is that words change their meanings as time goes by, and the most you can say is that when women are involved, there is going to be a lot of action.

**BEDSIDE "BEARSKIN"**



Furry luxury for the gal who has everything. A bedside rug in deep Borgana Acrilan pile — 54" x 54" and textured like a bear, but twice as durable. Non-slip, moth-proof, machine washable. In pure white or black.

\$25.00 postpaid  
Satisfaction guaranteed. Other unique gifts in our new catalog.



*Carroll Reed Ski Shops*

67 MAIN STREET

NORTH CONWAY  
NEW HAMPSHIRE

**FROM BRITAIN**  
Vintage car tankards of noble proportion, and other useful items . . . exclusive importations for the motor car enthusiast. The following vintage cars fired on best English earthenware in amber glaze.

Rolls-Royce	1907
Ford	1912
(Mercedes) Benz	1899

1 pint Tankards . . . . . \$2.95 ea. 1/2 doz. \$15.00  
1/2 pint Tankards . . . . . \$1.95 ea. 1/2 doz. \$10.00  
The following also of vintage car design as above in clear glaze.  
Ash Tray . . . . . \$1.50 ea.  
Covered cigarette box . . . . . \$3.95 ea.  
PPD. no CODs.  
Own a foreign car? . . . send for our catalogue of imported accessories.

**HARLECH IMPORTS** 5127 S. Narragansett Ave. Chicago 38, Ill.

**Personalized COV-A-ROBES**

Luxurious comfort. Fluffy, absorbent Terry Cloth. Ideal for after-bath, beach, that dash to the phone, between clothes changes — or just plain loafing. Keeps you dry and toast-warm. Easy to launder; never needs ironing. Snaps on or off in a jiffy; adjusts to fit perfectly.

**LADIES'** An attractive sarong while applying make-up, washing hair, etc. Choice of gay colors: Azure Blue, Canary Yellow or Snow White. . . . . **ONLY \$3.95**

**MEN'S** Great after showering, while shaving, or in locker room. Big roomy pocket for cigarettes, shaving gear, etc. Snow White . . . . . **ONLY \$2.95**



**Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Back**  
Artistically monogrammed in contrasting colors with any first name, or 2 or 3 initials. Men's or women's sizes: small, medium or large. Send check, money order or cash. Add 25c to each Cov-a-Robe ordered for postage and handling. No C.O.D.'s please.  
Orders shipped same day received.  
**DOBBS PRODUCTS CO.,**  
1255 So. Wabash Ave., Dept. 200, Chicago 5, Ill.

Uncle Wassi says  
**"YOU NEED IT BADLY!"**

Without it . . . you're tense, uncertain. With it . . . you're self-assured, confident! The item? A documented **FAMILY TREE**, personalized with your name and printed on parchment for framing in den, dorm or office. Proves your heritage as a great lover. Glow in the knowledge that through your veins flows the torrid blood lines of Zso Zso, Rubirosa and other great playboys and playmates dotting back to your great, great grandfather, George Washington. Order your Family Tree now. Print name clearly for personalizing. (An unusual gift for your humbug friends.) Only \$1.75 from **WASSI'S, 5937 W. Chicago Ave., Chicago 51, Ill.**



**the adventuresome playboy**

hunts down the unique! Cufflinks made of Hawaii's favorite products. Choice of Kona coffee and pearl shell . . . monkeypod chips . . . sugar cane . . . or pineapple . . . compressed in plastic. \$2.05 pr. tax inc. post. (atachior earrings for the playgirl, same price.) Write for free catalog.

**Tapacraft of Hawaii**  
1888-A Kalakaua Ave.  
Honolulu, Hawaii

**Personalized BULLFIGHT POSTERS**

See your name imprinted as star matador on authentic 20 x 37-in. bullfight poster direct from famous Plaza Mexico. Exciting action paintings in flashing color by famed artists. Handsome, colorful! Perfect gift for friends, clients, customers.

Specialy imprinted with your name "SPANISH-IZED" as matador, \$5.95 ppd.

Send check or money order: **BULLFIGHTERS, Dept. P**  
26 O'Farrell St., Rm. 306  
San Francisco, Calif.



**LAMBSKIN FLUFFIES:** Spoil your "favorite girl" with a pair of these heavenly-soft Lambskin Slippers—warm and wooly as a Llama. They're fashioned from unshorn lambskin and feature a lambskin innersole with leather lining and sole. Color is Snowy White in sizes 5 through 9. Price is \$9.95. Write for unusual gift catalog.

**Casco Bay TRADING POST, Inc.**

**CASCO BAY TRADING POST INC.**  
DEPT O FREETPORT, MAINE





# PLAYBOY

## READER SERVICE

Janet Pilgrim can tell you where you can buy any of the interesting items you see featured or advertised in **PLAYBOY**. Use the Index of Advertisers and coupon below.

### INDEX OF ADVERTISERS

ADVERTISER	PAGE
<input type="checkbox"/> After Six Formal Wear.....	8
Ann Arnold.....	12
Byford "98" Socks.....	6
Campus Casual Company.....	19, 82
<input type="checkbox"/> Champale Malt Liqueur.....	77
<input type="checkbox"/> Duotone Needles.....	10
Goldberg's.....	82
Hardwick Blazers.....	91
<input type="checkbox"/> Head Skis.....	19
Heath Hi-Fi Kits.....	11
<input type="checkbox"/> Henke Ski Boots.....	19
Holiday House.....	84
<input type="checkbox"/> Jensen Hi-Fi Speakers.....	12
Kentucky Club Pipe Tobacco.....	13
Kings Men Grooming Aids.....	4
L'Aimant by Coty.....	24
<input type="checkbox"/> Chester Laurie Clothing.....	10
Lucien Lelong Colognes.....	22
<input type="checkbox"/> Linett Clothes.....	19
Long Island Auto Museum.....	15
<input type="checkbox"/> Medico Filter Pipes.....	14
<input type="checkbox"/> Mercury Records.....	11, 15, 22
Murdoch & Company.....	6
My Sin by Lanvin.....	3
NoDoz.....	85
<input type="checkbox"/> Paris Belts.....	6
<input type="checkbox"/> Plymouth Rain Wear.....	11
RCA Victor Popular Album Club.....	5
Shaw-White and Associates.....	90
Sirloin Room Steaks.....	4
<input type="checkbox"/> Soundercraft Tapes.....	15
Stylark Company.....	86
Tog Shop, The.....	87
'Top Brass' by Revlon.....	7
Usher's Scotch Whisky.....	10
Varsity Shop Flasks & Canteens.....	18
Village Squire, The.....	81
Hiram Walker.....	3rd C
Woodmere Mills.....	93

Check boxes above for information regarding advertisers. Use these lines for information about other featured merchandise.

---



---



---

Your Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

**PLAYBOY READER SERVICE**  
232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Ill.

## PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

JANUARY IS CARNIVAL kick-off month in many Caribbean isles, including Trinidad and the French West Indies. At Martinique and Guadalupe, in particular, carnival comes as close to a booze-and-broad-happy bacchanal as anything you're ever likely to see. Add to this: exotic atmosphere that might have been dreamed up by Maugham and Conrad in tandem, the pungent beauty of the uninhibited mulatto girls, whose passionate dancing of the *beguine* on a Saturday night at places like Le Select Tango is dazzling, Creole grub like calalu herb soup and agouti stewed in white wine, Parisian shopping at prices that put Paris to shame, the totally disordered friendliness of staff and management at the two tiny hotels on Martinique. You'll have a mad old time of it for sure.

New Year's Orange Bowl and the mid-January opening of Hialeah should be enough to lure you to Florida. An extra bonus is the Greek Orthodox celebration of the Epiphany January 6 at Tarpon Springs, during which everybody partakes of the dancing and feasting on Greek green cheese, honeycake, wine and pitch-black coffee. Try the goings-on at Louis Pappas' picturesque waterfront restaurant. In California, the Rose Bowl's the January lure—but don't stop there. Drive up the coast to

Santa Barbara, San Luis Obispo, Monterey and San Francisco on a leisurely two-day run in a rented convertible (your round trip plane ticket, good from either L.A. or San Francisco, gets you a 5% discount on a Hertz car).

In Europe, should you wish to eschew the run-of-the-milieu ski slopes, why don't you try France's Auron? A few short hours from the Mediterranean, it boasts two dandy hotels (Collet and Pilon) that can handle your billeting problems, and a better-than-average restaurant (La Chaumière) to assuage your appetite, in addition to a gaggle of tows, slopes, rinks and pleasant outdoor sources of *vin chaud*. Then, just 60 miles away, you're in Nice with its bikini-bedizened beaches and its bustling bevies of Bardot types who sway down the Boulevard des Anglais. If you want to make your own choice of ski spots, then be sure to get the gratis guidebooks put out by the national tourist offices of France (resorts generally on the expensive side), Switzerland and Italy (middle range), and Germany and Austria (usually quite reasonable).

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



### NEXT MONTH:

#### PLAYBOY'S SPECIAL FIFTH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

Five fabulous years of sophisticated urban entertainment are signalized with a pleasure-packed package of grand new, brand new literary and pictorial prizes

**"A KNIGHT LAY DYING"**—A complete new novelette by **JEROME WEIDMAN**, author of the current best-seller, "The Enemy Camp"

**THE FIVE MOST POPULAR PLAYMATES**—A quintet of your all-time favorites—the Playmates that created the greatest reader response during PLAYBOY's first five years of publication

**PLUS FINE FICTION, ARTICLES AND HUMOR** by **STEVE ALLEN**, TV's ad-glibbing Steverino—**GARSON KANIN**, Author of "Born Yesterday"—**THOMAS MARIO**, chronicler of elegant eating—**JOHN SACK**, urbane sojourner to faraway places—**H. ALLEN SMITH**, America's jester laureate

IT'S A COLLECTOR'S ISSUE THAT WILL BE LONG REMEMBERED,  
AN ISSUE YOU WON'T WANT TO MISS!





**Something old (the bourbon). Something new (the bottles).** The old: Walker's DeLuxe straight bourbon aged 7 years in cask. The new: Pint and half-pint flasks—curved, with Jigger Top. Handsome new labels, too. No bourbon anywhere is more deluxe than Walker's DeLuxe!



# WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY ?



A young man-about-business who knows how to put his ideas across, the PLAYBOY reader is as adept with a line of reasoning at the conference table as he is with a romantic line at the cocktail table. What's his line? Facts: According to the leading independent magazine survey, PLAYBOY has a higher percentage of readers who are business owners or are engaged in professional and technical occupations than any other men's magazine. Of the men who read PLAYBOY, 33.8% pursue such vocations as law, teaching, science and art or have companies of their own. Not surprising to discover that the median income of the PLAYBOY household is \$7281, the highest figure reported in the survey for any men's magazine. (Source: Consumer Magazine Report by Daniel Starch & Staff, August 1958.)