



# PLAYBOY

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DECEMBER

ENT FOR MEN

FIFTH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

FEATURING THE FIVE MOST  
POPULAR PLAYMATES FROM  
PLAYBOY'S FIRST FIVE YEARS





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KANIN



SMITH



ALLEN

WEIDMAN

## PLAYBILL

HOGMANAY is the title the Scots give to The Last Day of the Year (some countries have a name for everything). That day is almost upon **PLAYBOY** for the fifth consecutive time; hence, the magazine you now hold in your hands is our Fifth Anniversary Issue.

It has been a rambunctious, rewarding half-decade for **PLAYBOY** — five fine years packed with many memorable moments, some of which are collected in the scrapbook that fills pages 40 through 43 — and although we'll have no truck with false modesty and make no bones about patting ourself on our broad editorial back, we realize that a great deal of the credit for our success goes to you, the reader, for your enthusiastic response to our best efforts.

When we first began to swing, we knew we had a good magazine, but we had no idea it would develop into something *more* than a magazine. It has become, in these five short years, a veritable handbook for the young urban male, reflecting his view of himself and the world around him, as much a part of his life as his hi-fi, sports car and Scotch on the rocks.

**PLAYBOY**'s readers, who, according to an independent survey, enjoy a higher position, education and income than the readers of any other magazine in the men's field, are like the members of a private club, to which they display a gratifying loyalty. They even sport our registered rabbit emblem on cuff links, tie tacks, matches, playing cards, the earrings, bracelets and garters of their girlfriends, and affix it via decal and felt to their cars and sweaters and bathrobes. **PLAYBOY** has become, in its first five years, the voice of what might be aptly called

the Upbeat Generation.

By way of celebration then, here is an especially handsome and entertaining Fifth Anniversary Issue filled with exciting literary and pictorial treats. A recent article in *Advertising Age* on the businessman's place in society by Dr. Theodore Levitt, marketing and economic consultant, commented: "Magazines like *Havper's Bazaar*, **PLAYBOY**, *Esquire* and *Holiday*, that cater to the so-called people of means (the idle rich?), regularly publish some of the best authors writing in the English language today." A few such are on hand here now: Jerome Weidman, for instance, who, according to Ernest Hemingway, "writes just a little bit better than anybody else that's around." When Weidman's first book, *I Can Get It for You Wholesale*, was published back in 1937, F. Scott Fitzgerald called it "a turning-point in the American novel." Since then, Weidman has produced 15 books, including the current best-selling *The Enemy Camp (Playboy After Hours, September 1958)*. His latest work of fiction is the engrossing novelette that appears in its entirety in this issue: *A Knight Lay Dying*.

Garson Kanin hit the big time with his Broadway smash, *Born Yesterday*, the Judy Holliday-Paul Douglas comedy that later became a movie. A deft delineator of life among the glamorous and glib, Kanin has written many other plays, scripts and stories, all notable for the spark and snap of smart dialog. Kanin's story in this December **PLAYBOY**, *We're Running a Little Late*, is as sparkling, snappy and smart as any that have come before it.

That versatile fellow, Steve Allen,

when he's not performing for the TV or movie cameras or blowing hot piano, likes to return to his first passion: writing. With five published books of fiction and non-fiction to his credit, he's whipped up an especially clever yarn for this issue: *Everybody Hates David Starbuck*. You'll hate him, too, but we think you'll like Steverino's story.

H. Allen Smith, good-humored low man on a totem pole, puts in his third **PLAYBOY** appearance with *Luggageless Love*. Smith's latest book is *The Pig in the Barber Shop (Playboy After Hours, November 1958)*. That far-from-sad Sack, John, is back with another disarming travel piece, *The Seven Sheikhs of Araby*. Tom Mario talks about liqueurs in *The Distillation of Sweet Delight*. Ray Russell again proffers his dizzy, distinctive line of Christmas cards, illustrated by some of **PLAYBOY**'s star cartoonists. Famous artist LeRoy Neiman initiates an urbane new series, *Man at His Leisure*, featuring paintings of some of the most elegant gathering places of gentry in the world. *On the Scene* is on the scene again; and a little fun-thing titled *Dear Ann and Abby*, offering, for a change, the *male* point of view on life and love, is certain to amuse you.

The five most popular Playmates take a five-page, full-color curtain call herein, and beauteous, raven-haired Joyce Nizari of our July cover returns as Miss December. This being the Christmas season, some grand ideas for gifts are given throughout. Thomas Tusser, four centuries ago, said something we'd find hard to top right now: "At Christmas play and make good cheere, for Christmas comes but once a yeere." Happy hogmanay!







## DEAR PLAYBOY

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

### THE TEMPEST

I thought you might be interested in an incident that happened to my husband and me. He had been out on a business trip and when he returned had heard a tornado alert was on between the hours of nine and 12 midnight. We turned the radio on and were not too alarmed until we heard the Red Cross Disaster Director giving instructions on what to do in case it struck our area. His instructions were to go to the southwest corner of the basement, turn off all electricity, and so forth; he finally ended up by stating, "If after this storm you have survived, thank God you're alive." With this, I ran to the closet, got the mink and my valued jewelry out, threw it on the chair, turned to my husband and asked, "Do you have anything of value that you want to take?" His only reply: "My PLAYBOY magazines!" With this answer, of course, all tension was broken and we sat down to enjoy the storm.

Mrs. Irving G. Spalty  
Rochester, New York

### HISTORY REVISITED

Being an ardent camera bug myself, I was naturally attracted to lensman Jerry Yulsman's *History Revisited* in August. Counting noses in the various pictures (now *there's* a camera bug for you . . . I even noticed the *men* in the pictures). I seemed to come up with the same nose every time on the male member of the pics. Is it possible Yulsman used a certain amount of make-up with the same fella underneath on all of his shots? If so, lucky fella to be in such charming company!

Bob Wells  
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

*Some of the male models doubled in brass, but there was more than one happy fella. In fact, Yulsman himself played Napoleon.*

It's a rare day at the *Ladies' Home Journal* when we have something quite as funny and racy as *History Revisited*! I happen to be one of PLAYBOY's earliest admirers—it's a really bright and well-edited magazine and I have been "publicizing" it for years. The good job you

did on the *Journal* in *The Pious Pornographers* I have locked up in a very private treasure file!

Tina S. Fredericks  
Picture Editor  
*Ladies' Home Journal*  
New York, New York

### PERILS OF PUBLISHING

I thought I would send you a note to say how much many of us enjoyed *The Perils of Publishing* in your August issue. It was wonderfully funny—at least to those of us who witness those scenes daily. We think you are improving your magazine constantly, and wish you every success.

William Ziff, President  
Ziff-Davis Publishing Co.  
New York, New York

### SCANDIA SCANDAL

Your cryptic comments in the August issue regarding Scandia were absolutely uncalled for to those of us who are regular patrons. Taking care of their regular "fare-paying" customers ahead of transients, tourists, and complimentary patrons shows good judgment on the part of the management. I, too, have waited, but I too have overstayed my time at a table. All that a restaurant has to sell is tables and chairs. The more often they can replace a table setting, the greater the amount of food that can be served. Most of Scandia's customers dillydally and overstay the normal time. I am happy to be a supporter and customer of this fine restaurant and will wait my turn to enjoy their fine cuisine.

Frank D. Richardson  
Los Angeles, California

*Cryptic? We tried to be very clear indeed and will gladly clarify further. First of all, we never said Scandia—or any other restaurant—shouldn't give preferential treatment to its regulars or snub transients if it wants to. We did say, and we repeat: no restaurant should accept reservations it won't honor. Second, there's a nice new C-note waiting here for you if you can show any evidence that our restaurant reviewer failed to pay full price for his meal; we make it a point to visit places incognito to see how our readers might fare.*

# MY SIN

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provocative perfume!



# LANVIN

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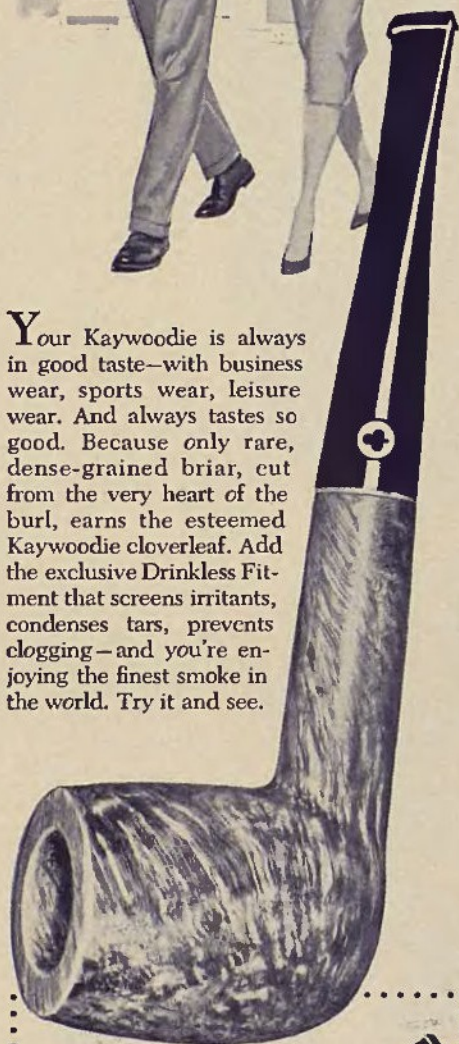


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Third: it occurs to us that you might experience some trouble in getting agreement from Maxim's in Paris, or the Colony in New York, or any other restaurant that prides itself on its cuisine and its service, when you say that all it has to sell is tables and chairs!

### THE BOSOM

I was proud of my jumbo size 18 cantaloupes, but after seeing June Wilkinson, I must hang my head in shame.

Charles D. Mickelian  
Specializing in Fresh  
Fruits & Tomatoes  
Fresno, California

Too much of a good thing.

Ken Shindler  
Montreal, Quebec

The trend in PLAYBOY seems to be toward quantity rather than quality.

Marvin Sacks  
Reseda, California

Legs in June, Bosom in September: tell me, *what* in December?

Renzo Benedetti  
Genova, Italy



Thanks for the manumaries.

Allen Glasser  
Brooklyn, New York

### HOWLS OF IVY

Your *Howls of Ivy* by Mr. Coffee kept me in stitches long after I had completed it. I had thought that I was the imaginative sort until I read of some of the exploits of such as Hugh Troy and W. H. D. Cole which eclipsed and smothered my puny University of Washington escapades.

A/2c Johnny Williams  
APO San Francisco, California

Loved *Howls of Ivy*! Here's one for the collection: When I attended Case Tech last year, I was told of a group of mechanical engineers who managed to get a Model-T atop a 75-foot flagpole on our

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PRESENTS

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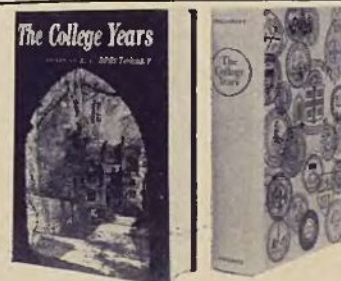
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campus. No one but the enterprising Caseys themselves knew how they did it. As a result, when the prank was discovered next morning, they had to take the car down with a crane borrowed from a nearby construction job.

Gilbert Barcus  
Mingo Junction, Ohio

Like a rare wine, PLAYBOY improves with age. Your September issue was the greatest. *Howls of Ivy* is the funniest article I've read in a long, long time and *The Subliminal Pitch* runs a close second.

Bruce A. Hoffman  
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

#### MORE SLINGS AND EROS

John Keats is right on every count. I have been a native Detroiter for 25 years and have finally had my eyes opened as to the reasons I dislike these crumbly chrome cars. I bought a Corvette in 1957 and have sworn off the other Detroit monsters. Bravo to a well-written article and a great magazine.

Donald C. Browne  
Detroit, Michigan

Some way ought to be found to place *Eros* in the hands of every car dealer in America—even better, every car owner!

Ed Bartlett  
Burlington, Vermont

You may have something in the indignant "opinion" of John Keats. Since I am understandably prejudiced, I will not remark upon Mr. Keats' statement that "Detroit is operating on the theory that we all are as daft as Farouk" or on the "great big shiny automobile festooned with sexual symbols" that arouses his indignation. We have something, too, here in South Bend—1959 models which will *not* be "wider, lower, longer, more bedizened and befinned than ever." Our new line, we firmly believe, is just what the normal, average American wants today and is eager to buy: a smaller, smart, stylish, economical, easily handled car to carry the family around in, comfortably and safely. It is two-to-three-feet shorter than the cars Mr. Keats complains of, and is not entered "by crawling on all fours." We're proud of it, and we are betting a lot of money that every American—including the indignant Mr. Keats—will be happy with it!

Harold E. Churchill, President  
Studebaker-Packard Corporation  
South Bend, Indiana

If I could possibly construe John Keats' bit on Detroit as honest "opinion," I wouldn't be so indignant. Such calculated bigotry, deliberate distortion and malicious fabrication by intelligent people—which includes you PLAYBOY



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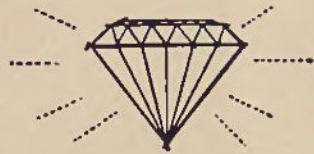


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\*\*Pat. Pend.

fellows—is pandering to the "It's-Smart-to-Hate-American-Cars" craze and leaves me disenchanted with my favorite magazine.

John L. Smith  
Royal Oak, Michigan

By jove! That article concerning the behemoths that have arisen from Detroit was splendid. Well done! I hope it reached the powers that be in Michigan.

Larry L. McCart  
Cincinnati, Ohio

Damn Detroit! Keats for President! For me, an MG!

Bob Kellogg  
Boise, Idaho

Angry Mr. Keats' piece of wishful thinking furnished us an enjoyable interlude. The only trouble is, his thesis that we are intelligent, rational-acting beings simply doesn't square with the facts, much as we would like to believe that it does. The truth of the matter is, the motivation-research boys have never been more correct. For example, General Motors, the most experienced symbol manipulator of them all, has actually increased its share of the market safely beyond 50% in this recession year. Remember the lesson Chrysler learned in the early Fifties when, believing in the average American's rationality and relying on reports that roads would get increasingly crowded, speed limits would be lowered, and parking space would be at a premium, it actually shortened its cars, held horsepower in check, and maintained quality of workmanship? We all recall that this company almost went under and finally had to chuck morality, engineering integrity and quality to regain something approximating its "normal" share of the market. GM never had been accused of letting cold, authoritative reports obfuscate it; instead, full run has been given to the average American's craving for a bigger, more powerful, and more "bechromed" monstrosity. As for the foreign cars (and Ramblers), let's face it: even today, the average American doesn't buy them, and those who do, usually buy them as "second" cars. A good case can be made for the argument that a great many more foreign-type cars would have been sold but for the recession, since more people would have been able to afford a second car. Let's not kid ourselves into thinking that the Volkswagen is replacing the Cadillac as the epitome of the American workingman's dream of the Family Chariot. Had he the money, many a European would buy and maintain a Cadillac, too. No wonder Detroit has made light of the European car craze! No, Mr. Keats, I'd like to believe you, but I can't.

Leslie K. Lear  
Nashua, New Hampshire



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RK 33

What a pity the bourgeoisie will never read John Keats' fine article on the Detroit psychopaths.

P. Martin  
Syracuse, New York

John Keats turned out a fine opinion on the Detroit jukeboxes. Let's hope it gets through to motor city.

Harold R. McKee  
Plymouth, Indiana

A salute to John Keats and PLAYBOY for the most comprehensive and truthful analysis of today's American automobile to be found in print.

Gene L. Jackson  
KOTV, Channel 6  
Tulsa, Oklahoma

As a Detroitier—about to become an ex-Detroitier; as an employee of an automotive design firm—about to become an ex-employee (by my own choice); and as a young bachelor who likes to regard himself normal—but now I wonder, as I like to get my kicks from women; I loudly cry—hurrah for John Keats!!!!

Maurice C. Heald  
Detroit, Michigan

I concur wholeheartedly with Mr. Keats. The manufacturers of America's automobiles have had their collective heads buried in the plush upholstery of the psychoanalytical couch too long.

Fay J. Arter  
Dayton, Ohio

Three cheers for John Keats! At last, someone to head the attack. They'll dedicate parks to him, put his statue on every street corner. We're saved!

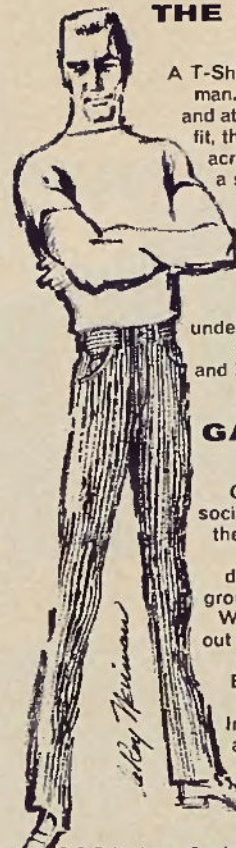
Bill Zacc, Jr.  
Port Chester, New York

Congratulations for having the courage to publish John Keats' article. You've done your readers a great service and Detroit a greater one—that is, if it will wake them up to what we, the consumers, really want in an automobile.

Don Williams  
Coeur d'Alene, Idaho

My present mode of transportation is a 1957 Detroit gas monster (19,000 miles) that has so much rust on it that it looks like a leper. As Mr. Keats so wisely pointed out, Detroit will never cure its trouble simply by coming out with a smaller version of the present poorly-made product. The main reason foreign car sales are what they are stems from the fact that when you buy one, you can drive the hell out of it for 10 or more years and it'll still come back for more. Why can you do this? Because when they put a VW together, it stays together. When they paint one, paint stays

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Richard E. Schaufelberger  
East Lansing, Michigan

You have justified your existence for all time with *Eros and Unreason in Detroit* by John Keats. It's only too bad that the article could not be posted prominently in the show window of every automobile dealer in the country. Apparently, the only way Detroit will ever come to its senses is when they go bankrupt—after their customers stop playing Russian roulette with the monstrosities Detroit turns out.

Curtis Kaufman, Vice President  
Jayark Corporation  
New York, New York

In utter disgust I am writing this note while the memory of Keats' article is still fresh in my mind. Mr. Keats is clearly a person who believes that no one but himself has good taste or a rational mind. I consider myself fortunate to make my living selling the over-powered Detroit-built monstrosity referred to. He evidently can't afford such a fine piece of engineering himself or he would be driving one. He must drive a foreign-built car, making a job for someone in a country that we have very probably been at war with in the past 15 years and leaving one more of the five million American workers idle. Thank the good Lord that there are still some 130 million Americans that can enjoy their Sunday afternoon ride in the finest cars built in the world.

Bob J. Robertson  
Wichita, Kansas

I am curious to know what kinds of cars Keats owns and drives.

Don R. Petersen  
Visalia, California

*Keats replies: "Cars, plural? Well, sir, over the years I've driven about 38 different kinds. But own? Never more than one at a time, and then always the stripped-down version of the cheapest four-door sedan the Big-Three-and-a-Half makes. Currently, I seem to own the most luxurious station wagon you've ever seen, but this I did not buy—it was left to me in a will. And, now that I live in the city again, I'm going to sell it because I have so little use for it. I find taxis take care of me whenever the destination is out of walking range, and for longer trips, it makes good cents to use whatever rental car is available at the airport. I don't want to seem to talk poor-mouth—it's just that a car, to me, is simply a means of getting from one place to another and I see no reason to spend more than I must for transportation (or for anything else)."*



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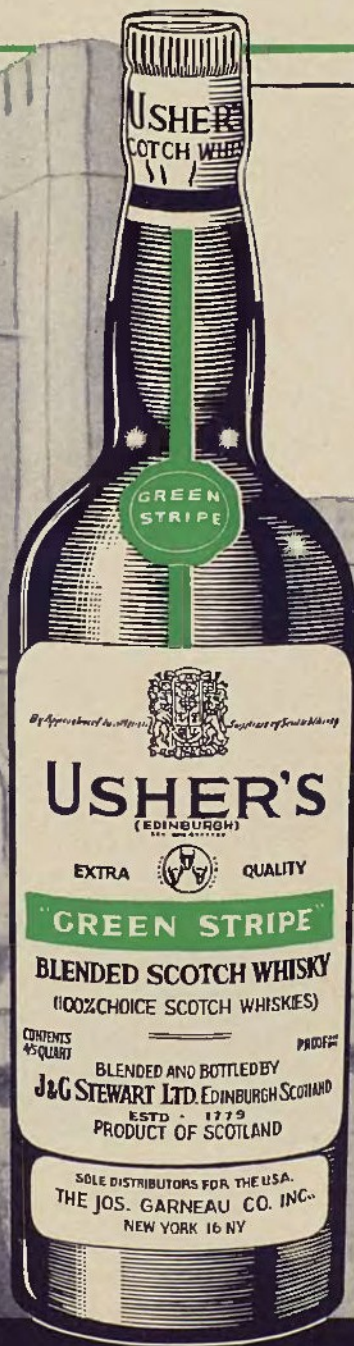


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The use of recorded messages for answering the telephone is becoming increasingly popular throughout the country. You call a friend and get a mechanical voice which drones: "This is a recording. Mr. Johnson is not at home. If you would care to leave a message, please wait for the tone signal. Beep." For the benefit of readers who are unsettled by conversations with machines and wish to unsettle the machines' owners in return, we offer these several responses:

RESPONSE A: "Mr. Smith is calling Mr. Johnson. He can be reached till 7:30 at MA 6-0076. This is a recorded message." This response suggests you have a machine that *calls other machines*.

RESPONSE B: Make a recording of the weather forecast you get over the telephone and play it back to his machine. This will make him think *he* has a machine that calls other machines.

RESPONSE C: "This is Smith's machine speaking. Be on the corner of Sixth and Sheffield at midnight. We machines are taking over."

RESPONSE D: When you finally get Johnson instead of his machine. "Hello, Johnson? This is Smith. Let me speak to your machine."

Bald Facts Department, Exotics Division: A stripper is peeling under the name Jewel Brynner and, like Yul, she's shaved her noggin nude. Report has it that at the end of her act, her costume matches her head.

Getting a wee bit weary of the omnipresent "-ville" suffix (as in nowheresville, makeoutville, etc.), Herb Gold—novelist, hipster, bon vivant and perennial contributor to PLAYBOYSVILLE—suggests the substitution of another town-

type ending, "-sdale." Fine, cry we, but why stop there? Think how you could crushingly put things down with: "Phewsville! It's from nothingsdale, strictly from dullstadt, with local stops at foolishgrad, stupidsberg and vapideaux." On second thought, let's forget the whole thing—it's beginning to be boresborough-on-hudson.

That which is is that which is not is not is not that it is. Make sense? Sure, it does—when you punctuate it properly, thus: "That which *is*, is that which is *not* is not. Is not that it? It is." Try it on a slightly sozzled crony.

One contribution the *New York Herald Tribune* made toward fighting the late recession was a series of short articles by David Snell and Charles Champlin called *How to Keep from Getting Fired*. Though the recession has presumably receded, we think the philosophy is worth passing along. Here are a few excerpts:

*"The typewriter.* Nothing makes you look so productive and indispensable as a swiftly-clacking typewriter. You can (and should) use your typewriter for personal correspondence, a novel, short stories, light nature essays, anything. Simply be sure to do your writing on memo paper, requisition forms, invoices.

*"Reading.* Never read a newspaper, as such, at your desk. Instead, on your way to the office, tear your paper into clippings, story by story. You can then read the paper, clipping by clipping, at your desk. Circle an occasional paragraph in red. Your industry will astound everyone.

*"The telephone.* At modest cost, you can purchase one of those rubber gadgets that enable you to cradle the receiver on your shoulder. By fastening down the

phone buttons with a piece of tape, you can keep your shoulder to the phone all day while you write letters, or read (see above). This technique also enables you to wave away bosses who come by with embarrassing questions like "What are you doing?"

Clever fellow we know uses PLAYBOY gift subscriptions to keep track of wandering feminine friends across the country. He figures the monthly issues of PLAYBOY will sure enough remind them of him the long year through and at renewal time he receives a list of all their current addresses from the magazine, since even the most mobile of misses sends in a change of address on a subscription as a matter of course, while often neglecting to do the same with a friend.

The North Star, a restaurant in Chicago, proudly displays on its window the legend, "Food for the Individual." Groups of two or more not welcome? And one Terry Hunter, who scouts local eateries for the *Chi Sun-Times*, writes of The Sirloin Room, "For dining in person, reservations are advisable." We'd like to hear more about the dining by proxy—might be fun for a change.

## THEATRE

It took Eugene O'Neill, dead since 1953, to give the new Broadway season *A Touch of the Poet*, and a touch of distinction that may not be matched for the rest of the year. *Poet* is the only important segment to survive from a cycle of 11 plays lost or destroyed during O'Neill's long illness. In it, he hints at what he had in mind for the cycle—the ups and



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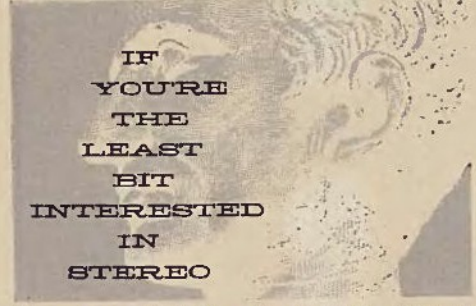


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downs of an American family from the 1800s to the present; fortunately, it stands by itself as sturdy and complete drama.

When O'Neill swings, it is with a haymaker; you see it coming, but you can't duck it. The central character is Major Cornelius Melody, owner of a shabby pub on the outskirts of Boston in the 1820s. In the old days, he was something of a ladies' man and a swashbuckler with Wellington's army in Spain. Now he has become a drunk, a braggart, and a pompous buffoon, whose postures fool no one except the bedraggled wife who shares his delusions. His emancipated daughter knows he's a fool and a fraud, and defies him by having an advantageous affair with a wealthy young man she's nursing back to health in an upstairs (and off-stage) bedroom. For a time, O'Neill sympathizes with Melody's living in a world of pipe dreams, but he pricks the bubble. Melody is ignobly brought to terms with reality by his wealthy Yankee neighbors and their servants. His painful adjustment to his new world is made clear by O'Neill. Harold Clurman's masterful direction and a superb cast turn what might have been a *succès d'estime* into a popular hit. Eric Portman is the erstwhile military man turned publican, and Helen Hayes his browbeaten biddy; Betty Field plays a disdainful Yankee and Kim Stanley is the rebellious daughter. At the Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th, NYC.

Quick, clever, expensively produced *Goldilocks* is almost the gem you'd expect from Walter Kerr, *New York Herald Tribune* drama critic, and his wife Jean, author of *Please Don't Eat the Daisies*. The gem is flawed, but who's complaining when so many theatrical "gems" are paste? The plot is a spoof of movie-making in New York in 1914, but the tricky theme runs away with itself halfway through the evening. hilariously promising in prospect, in practice—after director Kerr has stampeded the American Indians, the Spanish Buccaneers, the Egyptian Extras, and the assorted Perils of Pauline for the 10th time—novelty turns to novocain, and a minor plot is left to major players. Don Ameche is the movie director and/or heel who produces one-reelers on the cuff, and would hock his megaphone for the chance to graduate to a two-reel epic. Elaine Stritch plays the reluctant blonde star of his fulsome flicks; Russell Nye is the wealthy admirer everyone knows she won't marry, and Pat Stanley is the impish ingénue who hangs around the plot's fringes and ends up stealing the show. Agnes De Mille's dances are predictably lively and imaginative, though sometimes longer than need be. The score by Leroy Anderson is a pleasing mixture of the sweet (*Save a Kiss*), the blue (*The Pussy Foot*),



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the novelty (*Who's Been Sitting in My Chair?*) and the strident (*The Beast in You*). These work out nicely for four excellent players and a willing company, all of whom could have used just a few more bars of lilt and lift, and an added touch of the Kerr wit, to make *Goldilocks* a little less dark at the roots. At the Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St., NYC.

## FILMS

So far, there's no candy bar named *The Tunnel of Love*, but otherwise Peter de Vries and Joseph Fields have got about all the mileage from it anybody could expect. De Vries wrote the novel; he and Fields turned it into a Broadway play; then Fields and Martin Melcher, using Fields' screenplay, made the movie. The screen *Tunnel* is a frank, funny, but overlong tale of exurbanite neighbors who guzzle gin and talk fancy about sex. One of the couples, Richard Widmark and Doris Day, are distressed at their failure to make a baby. Doris keeps innumerable charts chronicling her temperature and physiological cycles; when she decides her moments of fertility have arrived, she summons Widmark for his services. Standing by like a friendly Coke dispenser has a debilitating effect on Richard's psyche, and his relief knows no bounds when they decide to adopt a kid. This project involves getting scrutinized for immorality, etc., by an adoption-agency lady, who turns out to be delectable Gia Scala. Seeing Widmark scamperring in his shorts upsets the professional in her but titillates the libidinal. After he squabbles with his wife, Gia dates him and he, full of tall ones and tranquilizers, wakes up alone in a motel, not remembering the night's entertainment, but in possession of a note from Gia that says he was "wonderful." A later note from the friendly sociologist informs him that she's pregnant. Could be, it develops, that the baby Widmark will adopt is his own. A twist, eh? Gene Kelly's direction is slick, with Doris Day her wholesome self, Widmark straining a little in a comic role, and Gig Young doing a good job as Widmark's philanthropic character reference.

While some of the motivations of the principals are smoggy, *Anna Lucasta*, based on Philip Yordan's play of the Forties, stands up as a credible, sometimes funny, often gripping flick that occasionally erupts into searing violence. As you know, it's mainly concerned with that ingratiating classic type: the decent whore. In Yordan's lively screenplay, sinewy Eartha Kitt plays Anna, a San Diego chippy who's summoned home by members of her greedy clan to act as a

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tasty bit of bait for visiting Rudolph (Henry Scott), who jingles \$4000 in his jeans to trade for a wife. (Inflation note: in the original play, the sum was \$800.) Despite a standing offer by Danny, Anna's sporty sailor-beau-turned-hackie (Sammy Davis, Jr.), to come live with him, Anna sparks with and weds Rudolph, in the face of near pathological disapproval of Joe Lucasta, her self-righteous dad (Rex Ingram). Hate splatters the screen. Under Arnold Laven's brisk direction, Kitt is beguiling and Davis is exuberant, but most impressive are Frederick O'Neal as Anna's slippery brother-in-law and Ingram as her warped father. Elmer Bernstein's scoring jazzily underlines the passions. It's a vivid movie and we were with it all the way.

To shore up the spirits of a bunch of beat, bitter, bedraggled, bearded GIs marooned with some secret-type equipment at the North Pole, Pentagon brass decides to let them dream up their ideal furlough; then, by lot, one dogface will be picked to live it up for the entire garrison. The lads hit on three weeks in Paris cuddled with a busty Hollywood star played by Linda Cristal. Tony Curtis is the lucky, scheming, hot-blooded corporal chronicled in *The Perfect Furlough* — a zany picture with a Gallic attitude toward man's basic drive and filled with slapstick predictable as Army chow, but funny nonetheless. Most of the humor stems from Curtis' gambits to fake out a pair of MPs put on his tail in Paris by a stupelyingly inane major (King Donovan) and whisk the star away from her lady chaperone (Elaine Stritch). The major is helped by Janet Leigh, a psychologist-lieutenant, who's in a permanent huff over Curtis' depraved ways — but guess who finally gets him. Stanley Shapiro's wild script has Curtis credited with knocking up nearly all the ladies in the cast, a situation which knocks out all the Frenchmen who learn about it. Reverting to his old fresh-guy ways, Curtis handles his role well, while Mrs. C. is disdainful of wolves till she starts necking with Tony. Robert Arthur produced and Blake Edwards directed, wringing a great deal of fun out of some of the tired-est bits of business you ever saw.

In translating to film *The Last Hurrah*, Edwin O'Connor's best-seller saga of the downfall of a crafty, anachronistic political boss, producer-director John Ford and screenwriter Frank Nugent have caught the excitements of a big-city mayoral race and have rounded up a picturesque entourage of specialists and sycophants necessary to a politician's rise. But meantime they have scrubbed, put-tied up and enameled the figure of Frank Skellington so that the picture becomes an almost worshipful biography of a



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saintly Irish-Catholic Democratic municipal politician. Spencer Tracy does admirably by the role: silver-haired, golden-tongued, keen of wit, a bold assessor of men, he's readily accessible to all voters seeking his favors. But while Tracy and the people who surround him—Pat O'Brien, James Gleason, Edward Brophy, Ricardo Cortez—do well by the lines assigned them, the general tone of the picture is faintly hokey. It's never made clear just why Tracy's enemies want him out of office. And the popular politician is trounced at the polls by a pasty-faced amateur, yet no reason is given for the licking. Head scratchers, both. Mention must be made, though, of Bob Sweeney as an unctuous undertaker and O. Z. Whitehead as the cretinous son of banker Basil Rathbone. These men are immensely funny, almost enough to make you forget the great gaps in the script and an interminable death scene at the end.

### BOOKS

Indications are that John O'Hara planned *From the Terrace* (Random House, \$5.95) as his magnum opus. It's certainly magnum in size (over 1000 pages). Scope, too, is magnum with over 100 characters (including a clutch of old buddies from earlier novels) and a 50-year time span. Centrally, it tells the story of Alfred Eaton, rejected second son of a steely Pa. steel magnate, whose elder brother was the apple of his father's eye. Alfred was a cinder. His reaction: misery in childhood and an exaggerated self-reliance in maturity. Though he became a power in Wall Street and, during World War II, a powerhouse in Washington, this is a non-success story. As we're told near the end, with Aesopian finger-pointing, Alfred never learned how to get along with other people. So he left Washington under a cloud and wound up rich but rudderless, uxorious (via a second wife) but ulcerous, futureless at 50. Of course it's infinitely more complex in the reading, as we follow him through boardroom and bedroom, and his first wife from boredom to whoredom—with side trips into the conflicts and complexes of their myriad friends. As O'Hara warns in a foreword, Alfred's is "not a pretty story" though it has its "moments of beauty." O'Hara handles both aspects expertly but there's an over-all feeling of plethora; and those who remember the cold, hard, gem-like *Appointment in Samarra* may put it down with a feeling of disappointment in O'Hara.

American letters lost one of its all-too-few classy, classic wits when Wolcott Gibbs gave up the ghost. *More in Sorrow*

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(Holt, \$4)—ecrily titled and with a macabre Charles Addams dust jacket, both coincidentally perpetrated just before Gibbs' death—is a fine remembrancer of this terrible-tempered talent. Among the flashy fare: his famous profile of H. Luce, done in a merciless parody of Timestyle ("Backward ran sentences until reeled the mind"); pointed portraits of his colleagues Robert Benchley and Alexander Woolcott; satirical pokes at Sinclair Lewis, Saroyan, Hemingway, Huxley, Marquand; *Uncle Tom's Cabin* as Maxwell Anderson might have written it ("What is death? De faulty chemistry ob our po' flesh may melt . . . de soul don' nebba die!"); an essay on the comic art of Calvin Coolidge ("He was succeeded by Herbert Hoover, a comedian whose work displayed certain similarities.") . . . W. T. Jones, in his *A History of Western Philosophy*, was of the opinion that "we must distinguish between [Karl] Marx's heart and his head." "This," snaps Richard Armour, "should not be too difficult, since one is inside and the other outside." That's the way things go in Armour's *It All Started with Marx* (McGraw-Hill, \$2.95), an "irreverent history of Communism, fearlessly illustrated by Campbell Grant," that, in conjunction with the Gibbs tome, would make a nice package of humor for holiday giving.

Speaking of holiday gift books, you might want to pick up one or more of the following potent potentials: *The Story of American Yachting* (Appleton-Century-Crofts, \$12.50), by William H. Taylor and Stanley Rosenfeld, with photographs; *The Picture History of Photography* (Abrams, \$17.50), edited by B. and N. Newhall; *Omnibus of Speed* (Putnam's, \$4.95), an anthology of auto racing edited by Charles Beaumont and William F. Nolan; *Sick Jokes, Grim Cartoons and Bloody Marys* (Citadel, \$1), compiled and edited by Max Rezwin; *Best Cartoons of the Year 1958* (Crown, \$2.95) and *Best Cartoons from Abroad 1958* (Crown, \$2.95), the first edited by Lawrence Lariar and the second co-edited by Lariar and Ben Roth; *Slightly Out of Order* (Viking, \$3.50), edited by Ralph E. Shikes, still another cartoon compendium from the Continent; the third revised edition of *The New High Fidelity Handbook* (Crown, \$4.95), by Irving Greene and James Radcliffe; *Best American Short Stories of 1958* (Houghton Mifflin, \$4), the perennial anthology edited by Martha Foley and David Burnett; *The Praeger Picture Encyclopedia of Art* (Praeger, \$17.50); *The Proud Possessors* (Random House, \$5.95), by Aline B. Saarinen, a gallery of American art collectors; *My Mind Went All to Pieces* (Dial, \$1.75), by Robert Mines, with illustrations by Jules Feiffer; *The New Yearbook of Jazz* (Horizon, \$4.95) and *Merry Christmas, Happy New Year*





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(Viking, \$2.50), poems and prose by Phyllis McGinley.

Truman Capote's *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (Random House, \$3.50) is a collection comprising three short stories and a novella (the title-piece). The shorts are *House of Flowers* (basis of the Broadway musical), *A Diamond Guitar* and *A Christmas Memory*; all have been previously published in the chi-chi mags and each bears the Capote cachet: a simple or sordid subject made timeless and universal, via some unexpected illumination. This especially is the case with the novella, a surprisingly moving portrait of one Holly Golightly as seen by the writer, her neighbor in wartime Manhattan. Holly had been a Texas child-bride, then a film starlet, but had fled Hollywood because she knew it would shatter her self-respect. Now she takes men where she finds them, is involved with a jailed gangster and other raffish types, but remains, within herself, untouched. Finally, she is forced to flee the country and is last heard from in Africa, allegedly living with a witch doctor. To her, *Tiffany's* is the epitome of everything she's not, and "breakfast at Tiffany's" is her unobtainable, wacky idea of the safe harbor she still hopes to find. We never learn whether she makes it, but like the writer and almost everybody else who knew her, we fervently hope she does.

In *The Passionate Playgoer* (Viking, \$5.95), George Oppenheimer, playwright, film-writer and minor critic, has anthologized around a quarter-million well-chosen words (well, mostly well-chosen) about the theatre. His gamut runs from light verse (by Ogden Nash) to heavy prose (Kazan's notes on *Streetcar*) and includes reviews, interviews, overviews (Arthur Miller's *The American Theatre*), under-views (the *Daily Worker* on *Life with Father*), dim-views (Broun the critic on Broun the actor), and just plain views by almost everyone who's ever sent a get-well card to the Fabulous Invalid. An extrovert, Oppenheimer's choices run a bit too much to the gossipy, and since he's over 50, he does a good deal of harking back. But to those who claim he's missed the omnibus, he has a perfect out: this, he says, is a personal scrapbook; if you don't like it, go make your own. We like it . . . Until now, there was no book devoted solely to the American musical show, and a great lack it was, since many discerning citizens consider the musical to be the most vital, most distinctive product of the U.S. stage. Now the lack has been remedied, via David Ewen's 447-page, photo-larded *Complete Book of the American Musical Theatre* (Holt, \$7.50). From *Flora (1735)* to *Oh Captain!* (this year), few Stateside musicals have been bypassed — not even the memorable



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**RECORDINGS**

After a few stunning singles, including *A Very Special Love*, **Johnny Nash** (ABC-Paramount 224) gets his chance to soothe a raft of standards (*Imagination*, *That's All*, etc.) in his first LP. He's a new and polished entrant into the Johnny Mathis school of celestial piping and his debut is the mellowest of ear balm . . . **Frank Sinatra Sings for Only the Lonely** (Capitol WI053) is, as you might expect, a slow-tempoed journey to unrequitedsville during which an in-voice Frank, backed by a knowing Nelson Riddle, offers solace to "the Losers," as Frank likes to call them. *Willow Weep for Me*, *Angel Eyes*, *What's New* and a specially-scripted *Only the Lonely*, by Sammy Cahn and Jimmy Van Heusen, are the standouts in another smash Sinatra platter. Extra dividend: a painting of a punchinello-possessed Frank on the cover . . . Ungimicked and gently swinging is *Carmen for the Cool Ones* (Decca DL 8738), not a hipster's reading of the Bizet bit, but rather Carmen McRae thrushing prettily to beat the band (Fred Katz') on the likes of *Any Old Time*, *The Night We Called It a Day*, *All the Things You Are* . . . Other eminently listenable pop vocal platters: *Eydie in Love* (ABC-Paramount 246), Miss Gormé alternately nuzzling and belting the lyrics to some of this generation's most romantic roundelays (*When the World Was Young*, *In Other Words*, *Wee Small Hours*, etc.); Dakota Staton's *Dynamiel* (Capitol T1054), on which Dakota rears back and roars like a Fury to the utter delight of everyone within listening range, easily half the population of the U.S.A. . . . For contrast, try the winsome whisperings of *Julie Is Her Name, Vol. II* (Liberty 3100), Miss London's latest exercise in sexy breath control, backed by naught but a bass (Red Mitchell's) and guitar (Howard Roberts').

To ye who are truly, baroquely long of hair and musically large in the dome department, two impeccably performed and recorded new discs are particularly commended. *Dietrich Buxtehude: 5 Sacred Cantatas* (ARC 3096) continues Archive Productions' history of music, belongs in the German Baroque period and belongs on your record shelves; *Music for*

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**Three and Four Harpsichords** (Angel 45022) features a Bach three-harpsichord concerto, a Bach adaptation for four harpsichords of a Vivaldi four-fiddle concerto, a Thurston Dart adaptation of another Vivaldi concerto, and winds up with a four-harpsichord showpiece by George Malcolm: variations on a theme of Mozart. A unique disc that should become a collector's item.

Manny Albam, one of the most prolific composer-arranger-conductors in the biz, has delivered himself of *The Blues Is Everybody's Business* (Coral 59101), a spunky, funky four-part jazz suite flavored with elation and torment, grins and groans, the stuff the blues are made of. Embellishing the brilliantly written work is a rare performance rapport, thanks to such nifty instrumentalists as Bob Brookmeyer and Urbie Green on trombone, Art Farmer on trumpet, Ed Costa on piano, Al Cohn on tenor, Vinne Burke on bass and some 20-odd more. The suite stands as one of the unique musical offerings of the month . . . Blues bound also is *Belafonte Sings the Blues* (Victor LOP-1006), about which Harry says, "This is the area—the blues—with which I have the strongest identification . . . Here I can just step out and sing wholly the way I feel." Harry must have felt just fine, because this disc is the best he's done to date.

The team of Miles Davis and Cannonball Adderley is well served by the simultaneous issue of a set under Miles' name, *Milestones* (Columbia CL 1193), and another under Adderley's, *Somethin' Else* (Blue Note 1595). Both have an umbraeous, intense quality that comes through most effectively at slow tempos. The Columbia set has a sextet personnel, with John Coltrane's tenor as busy as ever. The Blue Note item just offers the two horns with a first-rate rhythm team—Hank Jones, piano; Sam Jones, bass; Art Blakey, drums. In view of this and the fact that Miles' *Autumn Leaves* is one of the mellowest mood-makers of the years, we'll give the nod to Blue Note, while recommending that you give a hearing to both teams.

**Mort Sahl at Sunset** (Fantasy 7005) is just-out-of-UCLA Sahl, freshly released but cut in the days before he became the besweated darling of the politically and socially hip. The LP was recorded at Sunset Auditorium in Carmel, California, at an early Brubeck concert, and the audience, then as now, dug him deeply. There's the yarn about the hi-fi nut who moved his family into the garage and used his home as a giant speaker enclosure. And the 1953 Jaguar that came with lubricating instructions by T. S. Eliot. And his description of the sincere Ivy Leaguer: one who buys a four-

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**PERSONAL**

**PERSONAL** 7

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button charcoal gray suit with five vents and wears glasses with wrought-iron frames. His definition of East Coast Jazz: any record with Shorty Rogers on it. Five-year-old fare served up by Sahl sounds better than most of the freshly baked ham handed out by most other funnymen.

No tricky chords, no oddball voicings, no falsetto screams, but a lot of toe-tapping, good clean fun is the stuff of *Baubles, Bangles and Beads* (Columbia CL 1211), spotlighting the Kirby Stone Four. Most infectious vocal renditions: the title tune and a rollicking *In the Good Old Summertime*, but just about everything on the platter makes for happy, uncomplicated listening.

The wild oscillation in quality of stereo discs is leveling off a bit, we're happy to relate: an excellent example of the better stereo engineering now available is Moussorgsky's *Pictures at an Exhibition* (Victor LSC-2201) played impressively — in the Ravel orchestration — by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Fritz Reiner up. Equally worthy is Stravinsky's *Petrouchka* (Omega OSL-8) in a lively yet sonorous performance by the Cento Soli ork of Paris, under Rudolf Albert, a young comer in the conducting dodge. Both pieces are bravura compositions which give the best stereo rigs a challenging chance to show their stuff.

Want to be #1 Santa to a Mozart buff? Then gift him or her with the new stereo *Don Giovanni* (London OSA-1401) done handsomely by the Vienna Phil. State Chorus, Josef Krips (blowing baton) and socko soloists; four discs, boxed, libretto in Italian and English.

On the jazz scene, excellent stereo engineering can be heard on several discs which are musical worthies, too. *Jazz on the Bounce* (Bel Canto SR/1004) features the quintets of Curtis Counce and Buddy Collette, one side to each: Counce seemed to us not quite at his best and pretty preoccupied with boppish zip-zip; Collette's collection pleased us mightily . . . *Soft Swingin' Jazz* (Coral 57208) aptly describes the music of the Joe Newman quartet, might have given us even greater joy if it had dispensed with an obtrusive jazz organ and concentrated more on ex-Basieite Newman's beautiful trumpet . . . Saxophilic swinging to satiate the senses of the gonest saxophile swells forth from *The Saxophone Section* (World Wide MGS-20001), which gives free rein to Coleman Hawkins and four other blowers of Adolphe Sax' invention (Marshall Royal, Frank Wess, Frank Foster, Charlie Fowlkes); their blues numbers are especially glossy.





# Dear Ann and Abby:

move over for the masculine point of view

FROM TIME TO TIME we and some of our authors — notably Philip Wylie — have commented on the encroachment of women into areas of our national life which had been part of the masculine domain. We and our authors have also observed the morbidly clinical and anti-romantic intrusion of the female (as opposed to the feminine) point of view into matters pertaining to the relations of the sexes — as in *The Pious Pornographers* (October 1957). To us, one of the most flagrant examples of this distaff envelopment (which has prompted the writing of such lugubrious books as *The Decline of the American Male*) may be found in the nation's press. Here, daily, for all to see, is the work of two marriage-happy women, Abby Van Buren and Ann Landers, nationally acclaimed as the ultimate authorities on emotional problems. Far be it from us to put them down. Doubtless, they are well intentioned and button bright when it comes to laddling out pungent advice to the lovelorn and the troubled. What's glatingly lacking, of course, is the point of view of the masculine free spirit. It's our belief there's something very wrong in this and we propose herewith to do our small part to rectify it. What follows are verbatim letters to Ann and Abby and their answers (as released by the *Chicago Sun-Times* and McNaught Syndicate), and italicized emendations and corrections as a knowing bachelor might pen them.

DEAR ANN: I'm a high-class woman, 28, divorced, and considered very attractive. Please understand that under ordinary circumstances I'd never have allowed myself to be picked up, but this particular evening it was raining very hard.

I was on this street corner waiting for a bus when a good-looking man asked if I'd like a ride. Well, to make a long story short, we had dinner together at my place and stayed up almost all night talking. He knew a lot about Einstein, Shakespeare and classical music.

I fell for him awfully hard and was so certain this was the real thing that I let my heart run away with my head.

He promised to call me in a few days but he hasn't kept his word. It's been two weeks now and I can't understand it. Is it possible that something terrible happened?

LET DOWN

DEAR LET DOWN: Something terrible hap-

pened all right. But it happened to *you*, not him.

I hate to knock the stars out of your eyes, Toots (did you say you were 28?), but this is how *The Love Affair of the Century* looked to him.

He picked up a girl on a street corner. She invited him to her place for dinner and the evening. He gave her a moth-eaten line and she bought it hook, line and sinker. Period. His mission was accomplished on the first trip. Why should he come back?

*In our book, something wonderful happened. You had a lovely evening with a charming guy. Stop bitching and pray for more rain.*

DEAR ANN: I have a problem that involves a very delicate subject. I'm no good at writing, so please reword this letter so it will get past the bluenoses who censor your column.

I'm no kid, in fact I'm 31. I've become seriously interested in a girl (no kid either, she's 28). This gal was married briefly and lost her husband two years ago.

She has a very good figure, but I have a hunch it's not all her. I've hinted at this a couple of times and she politely told me to mind my own business. If I marry her, this *is* my business, isn't it?

Do you think this comes under the heading of deceiving a guy? I am hoping you'll lay it on the line — as usual. Your answer will mean a lot to me. VERDAD

GETTIN' PRETTY NOSY, afe'n't you, Buster? My advice is to accept the merchandise at face value and don't be so darned technical.

A girl who has not been richly endowed has a perfect right to put up a front if she chooses. If this girl has the qualities you're looking for in a wife, what difference does it make if her dimensions are an optical illusion?

*Now is the time to find out. If you think the gal is masquerading under false pretenses, you have every right to press the matter and find out. Optical illusions are just that — as you'll learn by coming to grips with the realities.*

DEAR ANN: My problem is not terribly serious, but it's upsetting me. I shop at



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 \*trade mark

a supermarket near my home. The merchandise is excellent and the prices are good, so I don't want to change stores. But a certain young man who works in the market always seems to be on the lookout for me.

He makes fresh remarks and always manages to put his hands on me. The boy is about 19 and I'm married and in my middle twenties.

Several times he's suggested that I leave the groceries and he'll deliver them. I've refused, of course, but this will give you an idea as to the kind of young man he is.

I know he needs the job so I don't want to report him for fear he may get fired. But this past week when he came up behind me and squeezed my shoulders in a "playful" mood, I reached the boiling point. What shall I do? S. M. L.

THE NEXT TIME this fresh punk gets even slightly out of line, let him have it right between the laundry soap and the noodle soup.

If he needs a job, he'd better learn how to conduct himself with customers. Let him know that if he so much as comes near you again you'll report him to the manager of the store. And keep your word.

*Your problem may be more serious than you think: you sound like you might be turning into a tease and a troublemaker. Every adult male is familiar with women who pretend they aren't flattered by the attentions of men but manage to convey without words—and even despite their words—that they get a clout out of this evidence of their attractiveness. By the same token, few men persist when their advances are clearly unwanted. Stop kidding yourself that you're concerned about this fellow's job and be glad you look good to a younger man.*

DEAR ABBY: I am a young man who is not married. Our office has a bowling team and I am on it. One of the men on the team is married and asks everyone on our team to say he is single when we go to bowl.

He has a couple of girls in love with him and he is still looking around. Should I continue to lie for him, tell the girls the truth or what? I feel like a rat and it is affecting my average. BOWLER

DEAR BOWLER: Tell your bowling buddy that bearing false witness is not up your alley. Recommend that he lay it on the line without the curves, or do it for him.

*You can raise your scoring to an all-time high by exploiting the situation, not exposing it. Keep your buddy's secret and*

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let him cultivate the field. Then, at just the right moment, let each of his conquests know the truth about him — and offer your uninvolved self in his place.

DEAR ANN: The girl I love is now shopping for a wedding veil in which to marry another guy. I'm sure she doesn't love him, but she doesn't have enough nerve to break the engagement.

I went with this gal for two years and then we had a fight and broke up. I started to go with another girl and this one ups and gets herself engaged to some pill she knew in high school.

I've seen her three times this week (drove her to work, took her to lunch, and drove her home) and she says she's not nutty over this fellow, but he is kind and considerate and they will have a good life together. I have a hunch her folks are pushing it because he is very Sub\$stantial. Get it? What shall I do?

BROKENHEARTED BILL

SORRY, BUB, the days of abducting the bride are over.

There's nothing you can do but bow out gracefully and stop making a pest of yourself. You've made it plain you're available and if this girl were sufficiently interested, she'd give the other guy the air. There's nothing wrong with marrying a fellow who is "Sub\$stantial" (yeah, I get it), so long as he has the other qualities you mentioned.

*If a girl sees nothing wrong in marrying, for money, a man she doesn't love, chances are she'll see nothing wrong in getting her love on the side. Cheer up, Bill, wait a few months, then give the bride a call. You may be on the threshold of a very nifty setup indeed — with no strings attached.*

DEAR ANN: I'm officially engaged to a girl who always behaved herself and had the highest of morals.

She took a job in another city and promised to be faithful. It was understood this job was temporary and when the six-month period was up, she'd come home and we'd be married.

Well, the six months was up last Wednesday but I haven't been able to reach her for two weeks. Last night I decided to get her on the phone if I had to stay up all night. That's almost what it took.

At five A.M. I finally got an answer. When I asked where she'd been she said her boss had been taking her out. She claims this is no romance.

He's a student of hedonism and he's teaching her philosophy and things she never knew till now. She doesn't know when she'll be home. This girl was angelic and chaste when she left here.

What do you think?

HENRY

SOUNDS AS IF this chaste girl has been caught. Hedonism is the doctrine of pleasure. Its followers believe the prime object of life is the pursuit of self-gratification. You can take it from there.

Write to your girlfriend (there's no point in staying up all night again trying to reach her by phone). Suggest she send the ring back or return and hand it over in person.

*Don't lose track of this valuable girl! If she's learned her lesson well, you can have lots of fun letting her teach you "philosophy and things," and once you're educated, no boss will beat you out.*

DEAR ABBY: I have a wife who grabs my billfold and looks through it every chance she gets. She also opens every letter that is addressed to me and seals it back together again. What do you suppose she is looking for? PUZZLED

DEAR PUZZLED: If you don't know, nobody does. And if she ever finds it, heaven help you!

*Two courses are open to you. One is to face the fact that her behavior shows she wants you to relieve her anxiety by confirming her worst suspicions, so be gallant and give her what she wants. Second — and perhaps simpler — next time she prowls your private possessions, give her a fat lip.*



Statement required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233), showing the ownership, management, and circulation of PLAYBOY, published monthly at Chicago, Ill., for Oct. 1, 1958. 1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher and Editor, Hugh M. Hefner, 232 E. Ohio St., Chi., Ill.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, Robert S. Preuss, 232 E. Ohio St., Chi., Ill. 2. The owner is: HMH PUBLISHING CO., INC., 232 East Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Illinois. The names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of the total amount of stock are: Glenn L. Hefner, 1922 N. New England, Chi., Ill.; Hugh M. Hefner, 1244 N. Astor, Chi., Ill.; Keith Hefner, 177 Waverly Pl., N. Y., N. Y.; Victor A. Lowmes, 1244 N. Astor, Chi., Ill.; Arthur Paul, 6605 N. Damen, Chi., Ill.; Jerome E. Rosenfield, 4424 Bob-o-Link Terr., Skokie, Ill.; Eldon Sellers, 921 Cornelia, Chi., Ill.; Burt Zollo, 532 Aldine, Chi., Ill. 3. The known bondholders, mortgages and other security holders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. 4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner. Robert S. Preuss, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 23rd day of September, 1958. (SEAL) Marjorie Pitner. (My commission expires April 13, 1959.)





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Five Playmates P. 75



Christmas Cards P. 36

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# PLAYBOY



# *A Knight Lay Dying*

*a new novelette* By JEROME WEIDMAN

*for the first time in a dozen years there was only one thought in his mind: soon the long loneliness would be over*

"I PICKED UP THE STATUETTE at Enzo's a half hour ago," Scott said. "Your phone call caught me in the middle of packing it in my bag." He glanced at his wrist watch. "If you don't get off this wire, I'll miss my train back to Rome."

"I'm calling because I don't want you to come back to Rome," Tullio said. "I want you to stay in Siena. Crager and his wife are coming up by train to have dinner with you there tonight."

Scott closed his eyes and shook his head, two hard, sharp twists, and the pain moved back, the way it always did, as though it were an intruder who had been caught and flung away from a door he had no right to enter.

"Tullio," Scott said as he opened his eyes, "when I left Rome yesterday I didn't know anything about a Mrs. Crager."

"Neither did I," said Tullio. "I thought all we had on our hands was a chump from Ohio who wanted a small bronze to take back to his Cleveland living room and you were going to Siena to pick it up and bring it back to him. This morning, when I went over to the Excelsior to have breakfast with him, it turns out he's got a wife, and when Mrs. Crager learned her husband was buying the statuette, she started sounding off about art, and next thing you know, it turns out she's crazy about cameos."

"Cameos?"

The word seemed to hang in the air, like a puff of smoke from a distant, faintly heard explosion.

"I know it sounds like a funny thing to be crazy about," Tullio said. "But we can make a killing out of this if we handle it right, so I want you to listen."

Scott did, concentrating hard on the flat, nasal voice. It was one of the tricks for outwitting the pain that Scott had learned long ago, when he first met Tullio Pazelli. In those days, soon after the war, when Scott had not yet been fully aware of the extent of the damage, his only problem had been how to eat. He hadn't wanted to go back to America, and he had no way of earning a living in Italy. When he met Tullio that problem had been solved. Tullio, who had been born in Naples, had spent 15 years on the fringes of New York's underworld before, at the age of 30, coming back to Italy. The two young men, working together, discovered before too long that there were always enough rich tourists pouring through Rome and Venice and Milan to keep a former art student like Scott, and a former thief like Tullio, in pasta and wine. When the pain became more persistent, however, and Scott met and was examined by Dr. Benatti down in Rome, and he did learn the extent of the damage, Scott also learned the necessity for outwitting it.

"That's the plan," Tullio said. "How do you like it?"

"We have Crager hooked on the bronze," Scott said. "Why not let it go at that?"

"Because on the bronze all we make ourselves is a profit of two million lire or 16 hundred bucks







COLOR WOODCUTS FOR PLAYBOY BY RICHARD TYLER





apiece," Tullio said impatiently. "What's that?"

It was, at the small place near Bern that Scott had picked out, a year in Switzerland. And from here on in, according to Dr. Benatti, a year was going to be to Scott a lifetime. But Tullio didn't know that, and Scott didn't want him to know it.

"Sixteen hundred dollars for each of us on one deal looks like nice money to me," Scott said carefully. "Let's not be greedy."

"Let's not be dumb, either," Tullio said. "On top of this 16 hundred, if you do like I say, we can pick ourselves up another couple of grand, easy. This Crager is loaded and his wife is nuts about cameos. The way I've got them primed, they'll go for almost any amount. All you have to do is follow instructions. What do you say?"

Scott hesitated: he knew he could manage the pain long enough to take the bronze statuette to Rome and pick up his half of the profits; he was not sure he could manage it long enough to take on this additional work.

"I don't know," Scott said. "I don't like it."

"What's the matter?" Tullio said. "You sick or something?"

"What ever gave you that idea?" Scott said sharply.

"I don't know," Tullio said. "This is the first time I ever knew you to turn down ready money."

"I'm not turning it down," Scott said. "I was just looking at both sides of the picture."

"Well, cut it out and just look at the side that shows all those great big shiny dollars," Tullio said. "You going to help me grab them off, or do I have to come up to Siena with the Cragers and do it all myself?"

Scott drew a deep, tired breath.

"Stay down there in Rome," he said. "Of course I'll help."

For several moments after he hung up, Scott remained like that, standing motionless at the hotel room window, looking down into the sunny square, wondering what it was about the change in plan as Tullio had outlined it that bothered him. Then, as the pain began to creep past the guards he kept posted at the doors to his consciousness, Scott realized that wondering could do him no good. He shook off the pain and looked at his watch. It showed a few minutes short of one o'clock. If he wanted to get back to Enzo's before the dealer closed his shop for the siesta, he would have to hurry. Scott took his hat and went out.

The uneasy, shapeless thought went with him, however, like a shadowy stranger dogging his footsteps but keeping carefully out of sight. It was not until he turned into the small side street off the sweeping Piazza Matteotti, and he actually saw the crowded window of Enzo's shop, that the answer came, or rather returned to him. It came back the way it had arrived in the hotel room, along the telephone wire from Rome, in a single word that exploded in his mind and hung there, like a puff of smoke from a distant, faintly heard explosion.

"Cameos!"

Except that the explosion was hardly that. It was a girl's voice, clear, and fresh, and tinkly with the special laughter that had been so much a part of Helen Minton that Scott had never been able to think of her without hearing its very special sound. And now that he was thinking of her again, time and distance seemed to vanish in the echoes of that laughter, so that Scott was no longer standing on a sunny side street off a sweeping square in an Italian hill town on an afternoon that, according to Dr. Benatti, was one of the two or three hundred still left to him.

All at once a dozen years were gone, and there was a war on, and Scott was no longer a 34-year-old American expatriate living by his wits in Italy. All at once he was again a 22-year-old sergeant who had been hauled out of his tail gunner's blister in one of the Eighth Air Force's B-17s and sent down, under sealed orders, from his airfield base near Liverpool to the stately old mansion, about an hour out of London by train, that was known to its inmates as The Hutch.

Inmates was probably the wrong word for an American colonel, a British captain, a Welsh cook, and a WAC lieutenant, but that was the word Helen Minton had used when Scott arrived. Three weeks later,



it was still the word she preferred. It went very well with her special laughter.

"Sergeant Scott," she had said on that day three weeks after he arrived at The Hutch. He had turned from the map he'd been studying on the wall of the Common Room, and Lieutenant Minton had said, "You're wanted in the Chief Inmate's office right away."

"Yes, ma'am," said Scott, and then he'd noticed that the tinkly laughter, which always accompanied her use of the word inmate, was missing from Lieutenant Minton's voice. He looked at her hard and, very quietly, Scott said, "Is this it?"

A troubled frown washed swiftly across her lovely face, and she caught her lower lip in her teeth as she tugged nervously at a button on her khaki blouse.

"My orders were to tell you that Colonel March wants you in his office at once," she said. "I can't say any more than that."

"Sorry," Scott said.

For almost two years, ever since he had been in the Army, he had heard jokes about enlisted men and WAC officers. He had even told some of these jokes himself. It was not until these past three weeks at The Hutch, however, that Scott had learned the jokes were not funny. He moved toward the door.

"Sergeant."

Scott turned back. Lieutenant Minton was still standing in front of the map. The troubled look had returned to her face.

"If this *should* be it, sergeant," she said, "would you stop in at my office after you're finished with Colonel March?"

"Yes, ma'am," Scott said.

He wanted to say more. For almost two weeks he'd been wanting to say a good deal more. But the words refused to come, and Scott knew that the trouble was not the difference in their rank. The trouble was that he didn't have the right to say more.

He walked out of the Common Room, down the long hall from the walls of which the Gainsboroughs had been removed when the British War Office took the house for the duration and turned it over to SHAEF. At the door to the library, which had been converted into an office for the commandant of this secret allied operation, Scott stopped and knocked.

"Come in!"

Scott went in and closed the door. Colonel March was standing at the window, his hands locked behind him, staring out across the once formal gardens that now, because of the war and the manpower shortage, had gone back to the tangled, overgrown informality preferred by nature.

"Sergeant Scott reporting, sir."

Colonel March turned from the window. He was a tall man with a slight stoop and almost white hair who had been wounded twice at Château-Thierry.

"I suppose you know why I sent for you, sergeant?"

It was the same question Colonel March had asked three weeks ago, when Scott had arrived at The Hutch under sealed orders. The difference was that now he knew the answer.

"Yes, sir," Scott said.

Three weeks ago he had not known the Army was even aware that for two years before the war broke out he had been studying art in France and living near Marlaix in Brittany.

"The orders came up from London a little while ago," Colonel March said. "You're going in tonight, sergeant."

"Yes, sir," Scott said.

The colonel's eyes narrowed slightly, and his head tipped to one side, as though he were looking at the slender young man through a film of smoke and he wanted to get a clearer view.

"Is that all you have to say?" he said.

There was so much Scott wanted to say that his heart ached with the necessity for keeping the words bottled up. But Colonel March was not the person to whom he wanted to say them.

"Yes, sir," Scott said.

The colonel stroked the side of his jaw with great care, as though he were probing for an elusive pain.

"Then perhaps I'd better be the one to say something, sergeant." He stepped across the room, toward the map of Europe on the wall behind his desk, and he looked up at it for several long, silent moments. "Three years ago, when France fell and the Germans overran Europe," Colonel March said, "the Continent was sealed off as tight as a drum. The only way to make contact with the enemy was first the RAF and later, when our country came into the war, the Eighth Air Force. It looked as though, until we were ready to launch our invasion of the Continent, that was the only way we'd be able to fight: by dropping high explosive out of airplanes onto the enemy's strategic targets."

Colonel March paused.

"Then somebody thought of another way," he said, "and The Hutch came into existence. Since it did, almost two years ago, we've been dropping something much more effective than high explosive on the enemy. We've been dropping men."

Colonel March paused again and he glanced up at the map.

"All kinds of men," he said. "Poles, Frenchmen, Belgians, Danes, Norwegians. One at a time they've been going in, by parachute, in the dead of night, back to their native lands, to perform secret missions designed to

harass the German invader. All kinds of men," Colonel March repeated, still looking up at the map. "And they've all gone through The Hutch, learning from us here in this house the details of their missions, staying with us until we're sure they're letter perfect before the time comes for them to go in. All kinds of men," Colonel March said once more. "And yet all exactly the same, the way the knights who long ago set out on the Crusades, no matter where they came from or what they looked like, were also exactly the same, all of them, because they had one thing in common: they were all brave men."

Colonel March brought his glance down from the map and fixed it on Scott.

"In the almost two years that I have been here," he said, "you are the first American who has come to The Hutch. We both know the reason: before the war you happened to study and live in and come to understand a section of France that is strategically important to us now. This is an Allied effort, and as commandant of The Hutch I should be satisfied with that reason and let it go at that. I'm afraid I can't," Colonel March said. "Because I am also an American."

Scott, who had been listening with only half his mind, suddenly found himself looking sharply at Colonel March. The older man met his glance.

"I have made it a policy never to pry into the private lives of the men who are placed for three weeks in my care," Colonel March said. "If I seem by what I am about to tell you, Sergeant Scott, to be prying into yours, I hope you will bear in mind that I speak, not as a superior officer to a subordinate, but as an American to a fellow American. Is that clear?"

"Yes, sir," Scott said.

But it wasn't. His contacts with Colonel March during the past three weeks had been few. It was the British officer on the staff, Captain Giddings, from whom Scott, working 10 to 12 hours a day until every piece was seared indelibly into his mind, had learned the details of his mission.

"According to the orders I have just received from London," Colonel March said, "your stay with us here at The Hutch is ended. You will be picked up in less than an hour and driven to the airfield from which you will be taking off for the Continent some time later tonight. The risks involved in a mission such as yours were explained to you long ago. It is possible, however, that you have forgotten a crucial point." Colonel March's voice dropped just a trifle. "You may never come back," he said, and he drew a deep breath. "I therefore think that if there is anything

(continued on page 38)





# YULETIDE FOR THE PLAYBOY AT HOME

Above, clockwise from 7: leather pipe rack and humidor; \$30, less pipes. Philco portable TV; \$180. Italian leather slippers; \$17. Waring electric drink mixer; \$25. Walnut and formica bar; \$246, less accessories. Giant Swedish match box, 5000 matches; \$8. Mahogany valet; \$28. Wool Norfolk jacket by Stanley Blacker; \$45. Military brushes; \$20. Bausch & Lomb automatic slide projector holds 40 slides; \$150. Chinese hond-carved ivory chess set; \$175. Parker pen, magnetized holder; \$40. Saorinen coffee table, cast iron base, walnut top; \$125. Below, top row, l to r: copper and brass chafing dish; \$60. Mahogany jewelry box; \$10. Salt shaker and pepper mill, chrome tops; \$11. Smith-Corona electric portable; \$198. Second row, l to r: RCA Whirlpool ice machine makes 1840 cubes in 24 hours; \$380. J. B. Lansing Ranger-Paragon stereo speaker system; \$1830. Cast iron and brass fireplace accessories; \$19. Brushed wool steamer rug; \$50. Leather and wood bellows; \$7. Bottom row, l to r: foam rubber floor pillows; \$11 ea. Fisher 400 stereo preamplifier; \$170. Remington electric shaver; \$35. Italian espresso maker; \$30. Pentron tape recorder takes 4-track stereo tape cartridges; \$270. Kodak Showtime 8mm movie projector, variable speed; \$139.





*missives and missiles for the jolly season*

# PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS CARDS

## TO A SQUARE GENTLEMAN

Get with it, will you, Mr. Claus?  
Shave off that coleslaw on your jaws,  
Trade in that corny reindeer pack,  
That lid with no belt in the back:  
Before you fall up to my pad,  
Please dig that When-In-Rome bit, dad.



## To A Lady of Ribald Mind

The snow and sleet  
Deep-freeze my feet;  
My nose is crystalized;  
One ear, I fear,  
Is numb, my dear;  
But you should be apprised—  
A part of me  
You cannot see  
But love the most  
Is warm as toast:  
'Tis love's sweet source.  
(My heart, of course—  
Why, dear, you seem surprised.)





# TO A FEMININE DRINKING PARTNER

The tree is lit and so are we.  
To us will now accrue much glee.  
To us much glee will now accrue;  
To me, that is, and also you.  
To you and me, to I and thou,  
Much glee will start accruing now,  
And all because we've turned the tree on,  
Which, like us, resembles neon.

... (a two-line  
verse in  
eight  
lines)



Verses By RAY RUSSELL

## Wassail



## TO A PRETTY SCHOOLTEACHER

Some claim it rhymes with fossil,  
Jostle, docile and colossal;  
Others hold a brief for facile,  
Castle, vassal, even Basil  
(As in Rathbone). Thee I hail,  
Nonetheless, with loud wassail,  
In the hope that your correction  
Will not signify rejection.



## TO IRVING BERLIN

May your days be merry and bright  
And may all your corpuscles be white.



## A Knight Lay Dying (continued from page 34)

you want to say to Lieutenant Minton," Colonel March said quietly, "you should say it now, sergeant, while you still have the opportunity."

Ten minutes later, on his way down the long hall, Scott was still aware of the sense of shock. For three weeks he had guarded not only his words, but his every glance. Not even the girl with whom he had so completely and so unexpectedly fallen in love had any way of knowing how he felt. How, then, had the Old Man learned his secret?

"Sergeant!"

Scott stopped and turned. Lieutenant Minton had appeared in the doorway of her office.

"Yes, ma'am?"

She smiled, and when she spoke, the tinkly laughter was in her voice.

"You haven't forgotten your promise to stop in at my office, sergeant?"

"No," Scott said. There were few things he was less likely to forget. "I just thought I'd go up to my room first and get the books and maps I've borrowed from the library and bring them down so you can check me out." Scott paused for a moment. "I don't want to leave any loose ends," he said.

The smile left her face, and when Lieutenant Minton spoke again, the tinkly laughter was gone from her voice.

"Then this is it, sergeant?"

"Yes, ma'am," Scott said.

The troubled look he had noticed earlier again washed swiftly across her face, and for a moment, as the breath caught in his throat, Scott wondered if she, too, like Colonel March, had guessed his secret. For almost three weeks, ever since—soon after his arrival at The Hutch—the emotions he had not anticipated had begun to run away with him, Scott had struggled fiercely to keep uppermost in his mind the knowledge that, no matter what happened, the one person who must never suspect how he felt about her was Helen Minton herself. From the very beginning, knowing what only he himself could know, Scott had known also that to allow her even to suspect would be unpardonable. Somehow, however, in spite of Scott's vigilance, Colonel March had guessed his secret. So why not Helen?

"Sergeant," she said quietly, "would you come into my office for a moment?"

Lieutenant Minton held the door open, and, as Scott stepped past her into the room from which it was her job to supervise the administrative details of The Hutch, he was afraid she could hear the sudden wild beating of his heart. She closed the door and turned to face him. For several long, long moments, during which they stared at each other in silence, Scott tried desperately to read the expression in

her eyes.

Did she know how he felt? Was she puzzled by his failure to tell her? Could it be that, because pride forbade her asking the question with words, she was asking it now with her glance? Was she saying, without words, "I know how you feel. I want you to know I feel it, too. Please tell me you love me. Until you say it, I cannot say it, either"? Or did he think that was what she was saying because, more than anything else in the world, it was what he wanted to hear?

"Sergeant Scott."

For a stunned moment he did not realize she had broken the silence.

"Yes?" he said.

"I have been stationed here for almost two years, ever since The Hutch was activated," Lieutenant Minton said. "I know that Colonel March makes it a point, before a man goes off on his mission, to remind him that he may never come back." She paused, and her slender fingers began to pick nervously at a button on her khaki blouse. "I would like to remind you of something else," Helen Minton said. "You must never forget, sergeant, there is a very good chance that you *will* come back."

"Thanks," Scott said. "I'll try to remember that."

"Would it help you to remember," she said, "if I asked you to bring something back to me?"

• • •

Her voice had been so low that it was only because he was standing directly in front of her, watching every flicker of movement on her face, that Scott heard the words. It seemed odd, therefore, that a dozen years later, in another country, on a sunny side street off a sweeping square in an Italian hill town on an afternoon that, according to Dr. Benatti down in Rome, was one of the two or three hundred left to him, Scott could still hear those words. He could hear them so clearly, and they evoked so vividly the image of the girl who had uttered them, that Scott forgot the ceaseless vigilance he was forced to maintain over the guards he kept posted at the doors to his consciousness, and the pain began to creep past them. He shook it off with two hard, sharp twists, one to the left and one to the right, and as the pain moved back, Scott moved down the street to Enzo's shop and opened the door.

"Signor Scott!" the dealer said in astonishment from behind the counter. "Did you not tell me less than one hour ago when you came for the bronze that you were taking the two o'clock train back to Rome?"

"There's been a change in my plans," Scott said. "My partner, Mr. Pazelli, just called me on the long distance phone.

We have a customer who is interested in cameos. Mr. Pazelli says you have a good selection."

"For your purposes, Signor Scott," the dealer said with a small bow, "I have the finest selection in Europe."

This, after almost two hours of going through Enzo's trays, proved to be no idle boast. By three o'clock Scott had found at least two, and possibly three items, that met the specifications Tullio had given him on the phone.

"I'll take all three," Scott said, "and return the ones we don't use."

"Si, signore," Enzo said. And, with a wise smile as he followed Scott to the door, he added, "Success to your venture, sir."

By the time he got back to the hotel, Scott knew the pain was getting out of hand. Vigilance alone would no longer hold it. Not for the length of time it would take to complete this additional job with which Tullio had saddled him. Standing in the middle of his hotel room, Scott made a swift computation.

It was not quite 3:30 in the afternoon. The train Tullio had said the Cragers were taking up from Rome arrived in Siena shortly after six. Since they were coming to stay at this same hotel, it wasn't really necessary for Scott to meet them at the station. If any ruffled feelings were involved, he could explain later that the quest for the cameos had detained him. So he didn't actually have to meet the Cragers until it was time for a drink before dinner, say seven o'clock, or even 7:30. This gave Scott, allowing time for a shower and a change of clothes, at least three hours. Maybe even three and a half. Not long enough, really. But better than nothing. And unless he took action at once, the pain would reduce him before long to a lot worse than nothing.

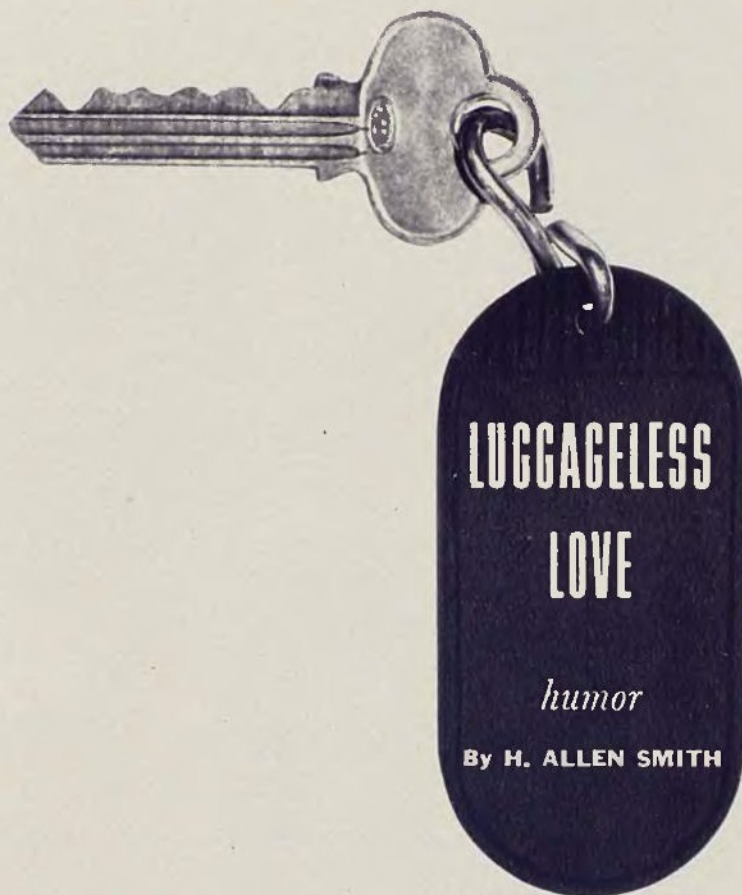
"OK," he muttered. "Let's get going."

Scott took the bottle of red pills from the suitcase on the bed and swallowed two. To take the larger blue capsule, he went into the bathroom for a glass of water. By the time he came back into the bedroom, the cutting edge of the pain had already been blunted. Scott kicked off his shoes, pulled down the knot of his tie, and dropped onto the bed. As the pain ebbed away, and sleep began to wash in, he became aware of the sounds. They were as familiar as his own name. They were the price he always had to pay for this respite from the pain . . .

At first it was no more than a faint hum. Then the hum grew louder and louder until it became the roar of four B-17 motors. Above the roar Scott could hear his own voice counting, as he plunged like a rock through the blackness of the night. He counted slowly, the way he had been taught in the

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## *how and how-not to hotel-woo a wench without benefit of baggage*

**YOU ARE A WRITER** (said my neighbor Avery) and I remember when I was in college and had a brief go at English Lit, and somewhere it said that the best writing is the kind where it points a moral, so now I got one for you.

Sometimes a man finds himself in a situation where he wants to register at a nice hotel with a lady who is not related to him in any way and the trouble is, they got no baggage.

To a lot of men this is a very embarrassing situation. It always was with me. That is, I mean, well, I don't mean to say it happened to me very often, but, oh, say maybe two or three or maybe four times. And every time it was the same. I'd get up to that hotel desk with

this babe alongside me and the clerk giving me a fish-eye stare and I'd start to stammer and stutter, and I'd swallow hard like I had a bullfrog stuck in my throat, and I'd turn as red as a spanked baby's behind. I remember once with a girl from Scarsdale, I started to go into a long song and dance at the desk, starting out, "My wife and I live in the country and we . . ." and it came out in a high squeak like a radio set that's suddenly gone haywire. Then when I tried to sign the register, my hand shook so bad the writing looked like it was done by a man a hundred and nine years old.

Now, to go back a ways. I don't ordinarily see much of the guys I went to college with but there was one, Stan

Moresby, we used to hell around a little together, and one day somebody told me Stan was manager of the Arcade Plaza Hotel in New York. The Arcade Plaza, as you know, is strictly a class joint with fat ladies leading their dogs around and three or four bellhops old enough to be my father.

Well, I went around to see Stan and after that we had lunch together a few times and then one day I happened to think about this business with a girl. I figured, we're a civilized people, we ought to have a civilized way of handling this matter. So I asked him, "Stan," I said, "what's the best way to work it when you got a girl and no baggage and  
*(concluded on page 91)*



# PLAYBOY'S FIFTH ANNI



Back in the fall of 1953 Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner beat out copy for the first issue of PLAYBOY in his Chicago apartment, which served as the magazine's office for the first three issues. Hefner started PLAYBOY with \$600 of his own money and a few hundred more borrowed from friends.



The original pre-publication title of the magazine was Stag Party and it wasn't changed to PLAYBOY until just before the first issue went to press; PLAYBOY's now-famous rabbit, who bid readers welcome to Volume 1, Number 1, was very nearly a stag, as the two versions of the drawing above illustrate.



Figure studies of Anita Ekberg caused a sensation when they appeared in the August 1956 issue of PLAYBOY along with the story of sculptor Sepy Dobronyi's bronze statue of the famous film beauty. Statue now stands in Cuban Art Center in Havana.



Neiman's first fashion illustration for the magazine (Jan. 1955) showed the lean Ivy look that PLAYBOY championed in the issues that followed.



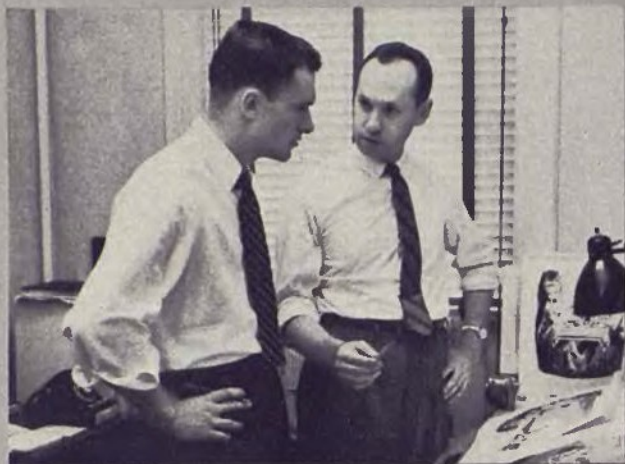
Above, *Black Country*, September 1954, introduced readers to two of PLAYBOY's most popular contributors, writer Charles Beaumont and artist LeRay Neiman. The story remains one of the finest pieces of jazz fiction ever written; the illustration was honored with an exhibition by the Chicago Art Director's Club. Below, tasty text and illustration have helped make Thomas Maria's food and drink articles a favorite feature from the earliest issues.



a magazine's musings and memories



# VERSARY SCRAPBOOK



Hefner discusses a layout problem with Art Director Arthur Paul, the man responsible for the magazine's award-winning art and design. Paul was one of the first to join the PLAYBOY staff.



Playmate Barbara Cameron looks on while photographer affixes a paper leaf to tree for the November 1955 cover. PLAYBOY covers are usually collages made up of several photographic and art elements. The rabbit has appeared on every cover but the very first.



Cole's first Female, "The Spinster," appeared in June 1954.



Subscription Manager Janet Pilgrim became Playmate of the Month in July 1955. Here clowning with Publisher Hugh Hefner at photo studio, Janet is wearing bathing suit for cover shot, Hefner sports top hat and tails used in background of Playmate pose.



Playboy's Penthouse Apartment, presented in a dozen full-color pages in the September and October 1956 issues, has drawn more mail than any other feature published to date, including the Playmates. The article described in detail the design plans and furnishings of an ideal bachelor's apartment. Most readers wanted information on where to purchase various items pictured, some requested blueprints in order to actually duplicate the apartment for themselves.

about the first half decade



Early in 1957 the staff moved into the handsome, \$750,000 PLAYBOY Building. It has become a meeting place for artists, writers, show business personalities, jazz greats; more than an office building, it is a center of sophisticated activity in Chicago.



*"Contrary to popular Western beliefs, the Geisha girl confines her entertainment to singing, dancing, playing a musical instrument . . ."*



Silverstein reports back to PLAYBOY on the Geisha girl situation in Tokyo at beginning of his world travels in May of 1957.



PLAYBOY's beavers: Executive Editor Ray Russell, artist LeRay Neiman, Ass't Art Director Jerry White, cartoonist Shel Silverstein. Silverstein has had his whiskers for two years, but the others began growing theirs after the July article on beards.



June "The Bosom" Wilkinsan came over to the PLAYBOY Building to have her picture taken.



Jahny Mathis stopped by to say "hello" sporting a pair of PLAYBOY cuff links.



Playmate Lisa Winters lounges prettily in PLAYBOY's executive offices in an abbreviated sun-suit. The building is beautified not only by models, but by the magazine's secretarial staff, which ranks among the prettiest in any office, anywhere.



Jaguar XK140MC



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

Denison's sophisticated sports car cartoons appealed to both readers' sense of humor and interest in cars.



Janet Pilgrim was guest of honor at Dartmouth during an all-PLAYBOY weekend at that very Ivy college, in the heart of conservative New England. She won the hearts of all on campus, faculty included, and PLAYBOY reported the remarkable event in its October 1956 issue.



*The Fly*, described as "one of the most throat-drying, palm-maistening, spine-icing horror stories" ever published when it first appeared in PLAYBOY in June of 1957, was turned into a big-budget movie thriller this year by 20th Century-Fox Studios.



Typical of the magazine's unusual approach in art, a story by Ray Bradbury in the January 1957 issue was illustrated by Picasso drawings never before printed in America.



A formal photo of Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner taken in the PLAYBOY Studio five years after conceiving his dream of an entertainment magazine for the urban man. For the future, Hefner and staff hope to make PLAYBOY the best men's magazine in the world.



## A Knight Lay Dying (continued from page 38)

parachute school to which he had been sent before he went to The Hutch, enunciating clearly in his mind, concentrating hard on the numbers until he reached "Ten!" Then he yanked the ripcord. His tumbling body, like a potato sack that has been kicked erect by a giant foot, was jerked upright.

Scott never knew—he certainly was never able later to trace it back accurately for Dr. Benatti in Rome—whether the pain began at that moment, when the parachute harness snapped him out of the downward spin, or whether it began when he hit the ground. Scott knew only—and this piece of knowledge, years later in Rome, he could reconstruct perfectly for Dr. Benatti—that he realized almost as soon as he touched the earth that this landing in Brittany was somehow different from all the previous landings he had made on practice jumps during his stay at the parachute school in England.

He had no time, however, to do anything more than make a mental note of the difference. There was the parachute which, according to his strict instructions, had to be gathered and buried immediately. And there was the problem of getting his bearings in the dark. Neither job was easy.

By the time he finished both, Scott knew the drop had been successful. He was in a pasture about seven kilometers south of Marlaix. According to his calculations, this put him about a half hour's walk from his rendezvous point: the Auxerre farmhouse immediately north of the town.

He started across the pasture toward the dirt road that, during his two years in Brittany before the war, Scott had come to know as well as the street in Baltimore on which he had been born and raised. As he reached the stone wall that marked the end of the pasture, Scott suddenly remembered something he had said one day soon after he came up from Paris to Marlaix, an art student with a single suitcase and a box of paints and very little money, and settled down as a paying boarder in the Auxerre household.

"I'm getting to know this area so well I could find your father's house in the dark," Scott had said to Jeanine. Now, four years later and three years after he had last seen the Auxerre farm, Scott added to himself grimly, "This is your chance to prove it!"

He never got the chance.

A moment after the thought crossed his mind, Scott became aware of a smudge of darkness against the slightly paler darkness of the stone wall. The smudge had moved. Scott dropped in his tracks, rolled carefully into the deeper shadows at the base of the wall, and

held his breath. It was a few minutes short of three o'clock in the morning, and it was bitter cold. Anything capable of movement that was outdoors on such a night should have barked. Not a sound, however, came from the shadows.

For several agonizing moments the silence was broken only by the sound of Scott carefully letting out his breath. Then, very slowly, so slowly that at first he didn't believe he had seen it, Scott saw the smudge of darkness move again. A moment after that he saw that it was moving toward him. Scott's hand, groping toward the hunting knife strapped to his boot, suddenly stopped. A faint whisper had come out of the shadows. Scott replied with a whisper of his own. "Jeanine?"

The answer was a swift flurry of movement as the shadow came hurtling along the stone wall.

"I knew you would come back," Pierre Auberre's young daughter whispered. "I never doubted," she said. "I knew you would come back."

Some time went by before Scott could trust himself to talk. When he did, he didn't know how to say what was in his heart.

"You're cold," he said instead. But that didn't sound right, even though it was true enough. She was shivering in his arms. He made an effort and forced his mind back to the details of his mission. He said, "What is happening at the farmhouse?"

"The instructions were that you would arrive at midnight," Jeanine said. "We turned out the lights at the regular hour, as though we were going to bed, but actually we remained in the kitchen, Papa and Mama and I, near the stove, waiting." She shivered again, and Scott held her closer. "By one o'clock we were very worried," Jeanine said. "By two o'clock Papa said there was no point in waiting up any longer, since the night of the drop must have been changed for some reason at the last moment, and we would receive instructions on what other night you would be coming, and now it was best to go to bed. So we all went to bed. But I could not sleep. I knew what Papa had said made sense, but my heart would not listen to sense. My heart told me you were coming tonight, as arranged, and that you had merely been delayed."

"We took off from England an hour late because of the weather," Scott said. "And over the Channel we had to detour all the way out to sea for almost two hours because our radar picked up an unexpected flight of Messerschmitts."

"I knew it was only a delay," Jeanine said. "So I waited until Papa and Mama were asleep, then I put on my clothes, and I stole out of the house, and I came

along the road to meet you."

Then they were quiet again, and finally Scott forced his mind back once more to the details of his mission.

"We'd better get to the farmhouse," he said. "I've got to wake them up."

Jeanine stiffened in his arms.

"No," she said. "The morning is time enough."

Scott hesitated. The thin trickle of information that had been coming out of Brittany to England since the fall of France indicated clearly that, while no functioning resistance movement had yet begun to take shape, the people of the area were ready for it, and Pierre Auxerre and his family were ready to assume its active leadership. Scott was bringing a plan, complete with tables of organization, demolition programs, and communications codes, which would enable such a movement to synchronize itself with the life blood that would feed it: regular U.S. Air Force and RAF parachute drops of ammunition and supplies. His instructions were clear. He must deliver the papers to Pierre Auxerre and be gone from the farmhouse before dawn.

"The morning is too late," Scott said. "My instructions are —"

Jeanine put her hand over his lips.

"I have not seen you for three years," she whispered. "The morning is time enough."

Scott hesitated again. His instructions were clear, but his conscience was not. He had not known, when he was sent to The Hutch, that a girl named Helen Minton existed. Their meeting was an accident. But Scott was the victim of that accident. If he had not controlled the conditions that had brought about his meeting with Helen Minton, neither could he control the consequences of that meeting. He had to tell Jeanine about Helen.

"All right," Scott said. "The morning is time enough."

But he was wrong. When he woke up, the sun was streaming into the hayloft in which he had spent the night. Remembering where he was, Scott remembered also how he had got there, and his face flushed with the recollection of his cowardice. At the last moment, when he had steeled himself to tell Jeanine about Helen, the words had failed him. They must not fail him again. Scott turned toward Jeanine. But she was gone.

He sat up quickly, his hand groping at the hay that held the faint outlines of her body. The hay was still warm.

Jeanine had obviously gone across to the farmhouse to tell her parents that he had arrived, and to fetch him some breakfast. Scott wondered if it was safe to risk a stealthy trip down to the pump in the barnyard. Some cold water on his

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*Inghelard*

*"Find another way to beat the cold, Walsh — or turn in your bell!"*



*food and drink* By THOMAS MARIO

# The distillation of sweet delight

*to bring out the winter sun, there's nothing like a liqueur*

FROM THE HIPPEST OF THE HIP to the squarest of the square, all classes of tipplers seem to derive equal pleasure from liqueurs. A chick who doesn't have the faintest idea what ingredients go into Pernod or prunelle will nevertheless receive the same luxurious wave length from these drinks.

This more-or-less universal reaction doesn't mean every flagon of liqueur contains some kind of built-in sorcery that always transforms mixed drinks or base foods into epicurean masterpieces. The current fad, for instance, of sloshing liqueurs of any conceivable flavor indiscriminately over lady fingers, parfais, fritters and fruit is a glaring example of gastronomic ghastliness. Liqueurs are infusions or distillations made from fantastically complex formulae containing — besides brandy or spirits and sugar — fruits, flowers, herbs, seeds, spices, roots, bark and kernels gathered from every corner of the world. Although there are as many different kinds of liqueurs as there are people who sip them, each liqueur is an individual chef-d'oeuvre, and should be treated lovingly or, at the very least, thoughtfully.

Just to illustrate the use and misuse of a fine liqueur, after a dinner of veal marsala, gorgonzola cheese and black coffee, you'd make your guests very grateful by serving some cold clear white anisette. But if you passed the very same liqueur among a group who were still pleasantly feeling the effects of a roast







turkey, sausage stuffing and Christmas plum pudding with hard sauce, your offering would go over like the proverbial cement zeppelin. Free-lance hosts who dust off the old bottle of *crème de cacao* just because it happens to have lingered on the shelf for too many years should be told that a bottle of liqueur isn't something you palm off like a box of leftover bonbons. It needs an occasion. Often it creates the occasion.

There are still too many mule-headed drinking men who think that liqueurs, because they're sweet, should only be served when a light of love is present. In 1601, John Rudolph Glauber in his *Description of New Philosophical Furnaces* pointed out that his "Cordial Extract," among other things, "refresheth the spirits, and corroborates the brains and other parts of the body." Any man, PLAYBOY suggests, whose brain may be in need of corroboration at this time of the year should drink a moderate quantity of green Chartreuse (110 proof) to see just how virile a liqueur can be.

Glauber was an alchemist in good standing, and, at the end of his rather long recipe for the Cordial Extract he added that his potion "is made more efficacious by adding the sweet oil of gold." That this last element would prolong both youth and life he had no doubt. Glauber's gold can still be found in the harmless and tasteless little flakes of gold leaf floating in any bottle of Danziger Goldwasser or in the French Liqueur d'Or you buy in any up-to-date liquor store. (The gold, by the way, is 22 carat. Anything less than 22 carat would turn black when exposed to alcohol and sugar.) Goldwasser gets its name from gold but not its flavor: this comes from an intriguing blend of citrus peel and herbs, and it's a superb instance of how durable the great proprietary liqueurs have been over the centuries. The benedictine you drink today follows a secret formula created four and a half centuries ago by the monk Dom Bernardo Vincelli. About a century after benedictine was first made, the Carthusian Fathers of France were entrusted by a French nobleman with a secret recipe for the liqueur which became known as Chartreuse. Twice during their long history the sworn-to-silence monks who made Chartreuse were exiled from France, and although their distillery and trade name were seized by the French government, none of their would-be successors were ever able to create a reasonable imitation of the liqueur. The hooded Fathers returned from their last exile in Spain in 1931, and about 10 years later the French-made Chartreuse again appeared. During their exile they made a similar liqueur in Tarragona, Spain, but while it is an excellent product which is still

shipped to South America, it lacks the plants, herbs and roots that are indigenous to France and are required for the authentic liqueur. It's generally estimated that about 130 different ingredients are needed for distilling Chartreuse. Calisay, a Spanish liqueur, contains a mere 127 ingredients. But whether a formula is made of 10 or a hundred items, the final potion that you eventually sip always points to the old principle that every noted liqueur man works by, namely, that the end product of his labors, created through the art of blending, must always be greater than the mere sum of all the parts.

Serious liqueur drinkers know that the old proprietary liqueurs with their complex flavor blends are much less likely to become tiresome than the simple fruit flavors like peach or blackberry. But even these relatively simple liqueurs often have a mystic kind of fragrance or unidentifiable tartness that is found under one label and not another. One need only compare the illustrious Cherry Heering from Denmark with the white maraschino liqueur made in France of marasca cherries to see the vast gulf between liqueurs derived from the same kind of fruit.

Men shopping for liqueurs in the United States are often bewildered by the nomenclature on the bottles. In the first place, let it be understood that the words "liqueur" and "cordial" mean exactly the same thing. For many generations, both English and American puritans avoided the word liqueur, thinking it would identify them too closely with the hard-liquor set. If a drink was called "A Clove Cordial," or "A Conserve of Cowslips Good Against Melancholie," it was considered perfectly respectable. Liqueur is a French word, and Frenchmen, as one might suspect, subscribed only half-heartedly to this kind of mumbo jumbo, although it's true that some French liqueurs are still called *digestifs*. Besides the words liqueur and cordial, "fruit flavored brandy" appears on many American products these days. This latter term also means the same sweet type of after-dinner drink, with this main difference: fruit flavored brandy must be made with a brandy base, while another liqueur or cordial can be made with a base of any other distilled spirits. Most fine imported liqueurs have always been made with a brandy base. Fruit flavored brandies should not be confused with true brandies which contain no added sugar whatever and which are made from fermented mash—such as cognac from grapes, kirsch from wild cherries or mirabelle from small yellow plums.

In the Thirties, right after Prohibition, many of the domestic liqueurs

offered were only a shade better than Uncle Judd's peach pits aging in a jug on the back porch. The comparison of domestic and European liqueurs was too painful to describe. But a change gradually set in, and by World War II, when European supplies were cut off, American liqueurs had been tremendously improved. Today American distilleries produce some of the smoothest liqueurs in the world. Famous proprietary brands include Southern Comfort, *Crème Yvette* (an American, not a French, liqueur made with flavorings of violet and vanilla), and Forbidden Fruit, one of the American liqueurs produced before Prohibition, renowned throughout the world. Prominent liqueur firms from France and Holland are now producing liqueurs in the United States using the same old-world formulae and technicians and, in some cases, are even importing flavoring ingredients from their countries of origin. All of these factors undoubtedly account for the fact that 90% of the liqueurs sold in the United States are now domestic products.

#### LIQUEURS IN FOOD

In pouring liqueurs over food for desserts, a good rule is to make sure the liqueurs are diluted as little as possible. If, for instance, you're pouring a fruit liqueur over vanilla ice cream, serve the dessert immediately, or the melting cream and liqueur will blend into an insipid dulcification. If you're drizzling *crème de menthe* over stewed or canned pears, the pear syrup should be drawn off the fruit, or else, again, the liqueur and syrup will flow into a nondescript liquid. When crepes suzette, which are relatively dry, are flambéed with liqueur, the crepes will welcome and absorb the liqueur but not obliterate it. Liqueurs come in ambrosial, fantastic flavors, and it's necessary to avoid impetuous combinations that never quite come off. Some dishes, such as a creamy rice pudding, have a kind of warm simplicity, and a liqueur poured over such fare is actually offensive. A hot, light soufflé, however, is not only good when flavored with a liqueur before it's baked, but is also fine when it's blazed with a liqueur at the serving table. Then, there are many instances where the use of a liqueur with a food is purely a matter of individual taste, and one can issue no dicta. The average man eating apple pie is usually concerned with the texture of the pastry and the flavor of the apple filling. Yet, if you take a piece of apple pie which has been out of the oven no more than an hour and a half, place the pie on a warm dish, add a good-size jigger of warm Southern Comfort, set it aflame, and spoon it over the pie, the chances are pretty good that you'll boost

(continued on page 84)





Above, l to r: baby buffalo-hide stud box, suede lined; \$17.50. Hamilton Chonticleer wrist alarm, in 10k gold-filled case, waterproof; \$95. Hamilton Golden Tempus tells the time in all zones, 14k gold case; \$175. Phrose book for 5 languages, pigskin cover; \$12. Scottish cashmere scarf; \$20. Cowhide cigar case; \$7.50. Thorens wind-up razor with two heads and case; \$17.50. Minox camera with built-in light meter and case; \$169.95. Olivetti Lettero 22 portable typewriter; \$88. Outdoorsman sunglasses of graduated density, with case; \$21. Italian golf passport case, with currency converter; \$17.50. Stag-handle utility knife with corkscrew, bottle opener, etc.; \$15. Shipmate briar pipe with hinged cap; \$12.50. Brush and manicure set in pinseal leather; \$12. Pullman slippers with case; \$12.90. Below, bottom row, l to r: cowhide travel bar totes 2 fifths plus accessories; \$55. Folding umbrella, leather handle; \$20. Sports glasses, 5x, with case; \$30.25. Pigskin tie case, satin lined; \$12. Miniature chess set with magnetized men and leather case; \$10. Cowhide toilet case with shaving, manicure and grooming accessories; \$49.50. Zippered 4-in-1 attoché case converts into brief bag or 1-suiter; \$45. Top row, l to r: Wilt taxi-steamer trunk of woven duck; \$85. Duffel coat of loden cloth with hood; \$38.50. Fielding's Travel Guide to Europe, 1958-59; \$4.95. McGraw-Hill's Paris; \$3.75. Arrow Dacron wash-and-wear shirts; \$6.95 each. Pigskin gloves; \$16.50. Bousch & Lomb magnesium binoculars, 7x, weigh only 19 ozs., with case; \$192.50. Italian silk raincoat packs away into its own matching beret; \$60.



# YULETIDE FOR THE PLAYBOY TRAVELER

gifts



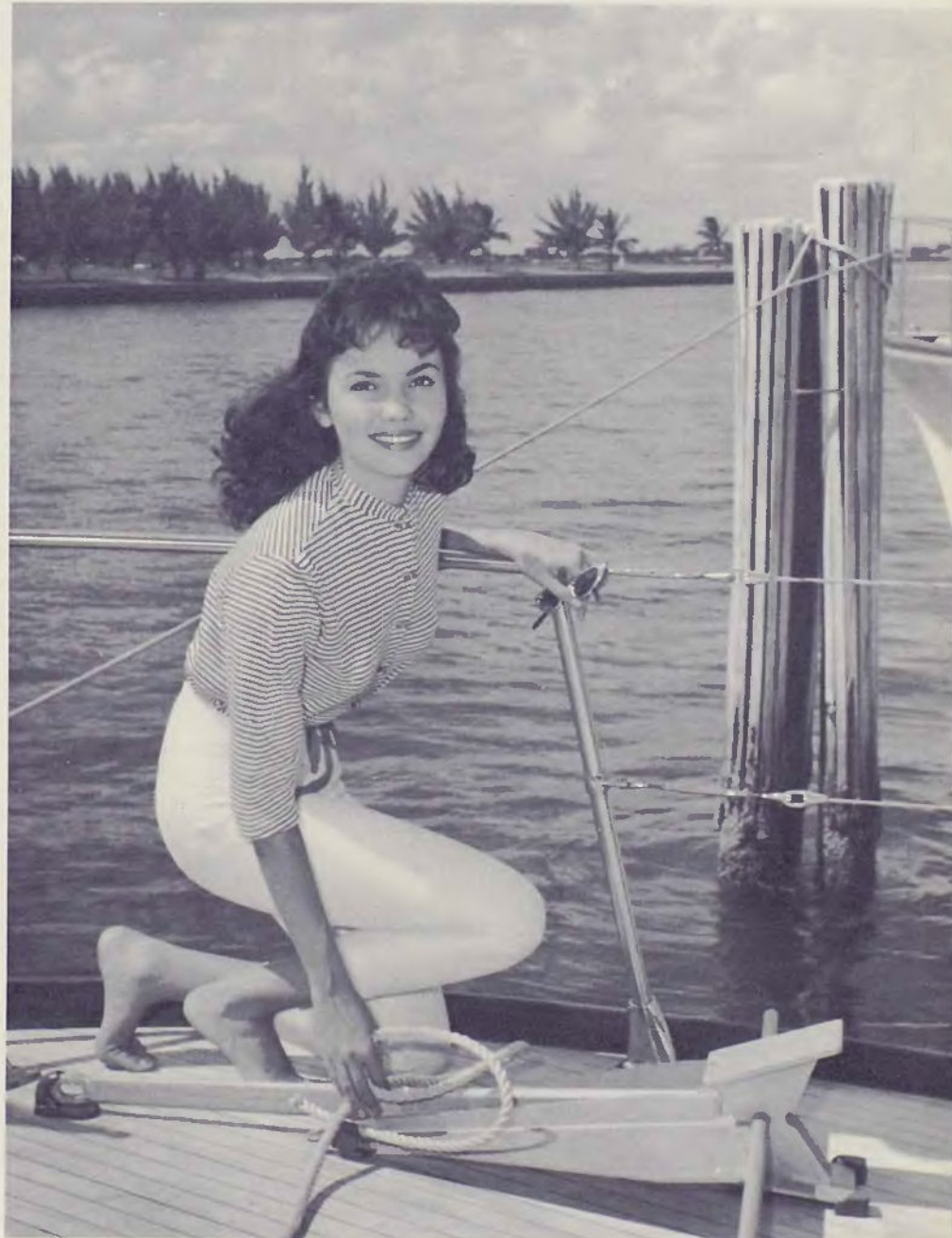




# MODEL PLAYMATE

MERRY MIAMI MODEL Joyce Nizzari, our Playmate for the merry month of December, is spending the holidays bronzing her velvety exterior not in Miami, but at Sun Valley, enjoying the combination of winter sports and solar brilliance that has made this idyllic Idaho fun-in-the-sun spot famous. During the rest of the year, Joyce lives in Florida with her parents and makes like the highly successful young model she is. An 18-year-old winner of more local beauty contests than you can shake a bathing suit at, she was the nominee of the Hialeah Junior Chamber of Commerce in this year's Miss America contest and appeared on our July cover, incognito under a pair of sunglasses. Remember? Letters came pouring into the PLAYBOY Building as soon as the July issue went on sale — letters asking "Who is she?"; letters requesting that she "Take off those sunglasses!"; letters demanding that we "Make her a Playmate!" So, OK, we have.

*our july cover girl  
returns as  
miss december*





MISS DECEMBER





**EMBER** PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH









A dedicated Miamian, Joyce has known the joys of water-skiing for some time, but the other kind of skis were foreign to her until her visit to Sun Valley.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY BUNNY YEAGER



Sun is sun just about everywhere, and a tempting tan can be acquired in Florida, as Joyce is doing here, or in Idaho, as she's doing inside the gatefold.



## PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The sexy wife of a busy husband recently won a divorce, charging her hubby with lack of attentiveness. "If anything ever happened to me," the stacked missus claimed, "my husband wouldn't even be able to identify the body."



What's that drink you're mixing?" the stranger asked the bartender in the exotic Caribbean bar.

"I call this a rum dandy," said the bartender.

"What's in it?" asked the stranger.

"Sugar, milk and rum," said the bartender.

"Is it good?" asked the stranger.

"Sure," said the bartender. "The sugar gives you pep, the milk gives you energy."

"And the rum?" asked the stranger.

"Ideas about what to do with all that pep and energy."

Our Research Department has come up with some interesting statistics that prove that four out of five women-haters are women.



A switch on the oldest Party Joke in the world goes like so: Who was that lady I saw you outwit last night?

She was standing before the judge, crying out her story: "Your honor, he gets up every morning and starts knocking me around the bedroom. He hits me in the head with his fist, and sometimes he uses a shoe. If I don't fix his meals just the way he likes them, he conks me with

the pots and pans. If I dare to talk back to him or say anything he doesn't care for, he belts me on the skull with a beer bottle. Your honor, that man ought to be in jail."

Turning to the defendant, the judge asked, "What have you to say for yourself?"

"You can't believe a word that woman says, your honor," said the man. "She's obviously punch drunk."

Don't you think he dresses nattily?" asked one secretary of another regarding the young executive walking past the water cooler.

"Natalie who?" her co-worker demanded.

A friend of ours who rarely sleeps alone observes knowingly that one good turn usually gets most of the blanket.



After the lavish wedding reception, the newlyweds retired to their honeymoon suite. The groom turned down the lights and found something suitably romantic on the radio. Then he excused himself and returned in pajamas and robe. He opened a bottle of champagne and poured them each a drink, then he took his bride by the hand and tenderly led her toward the bedroom.

"Damn," she muttered, "every time I go out with a guy it ends up the same way."

Our Unabashed Dictionary offers this definition of the difference between *frustration* and *panic*: Frustration is the first time you discover you can't do it the second time. Panic is the second time you discover you can't do it the first time.

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.





*" 'Tis the season to be jolly, tra-la-la-la-la — la-la-la-la . . . "*



*A Knight Lay Dying* (continued from page 44)

face would feel good.

He was debating with himself whether to take the risk as he rolled across the hay toward the hayloft window when, at precisely the same moment, Scott saw the gray-green car at the front door of the house, with the parachute he had buried the night before flung across the hood, and he heard the first scream.

By the time he got down out of the hayloft and across the barnyard to the kitchen window, he didn't really have to look. Scott could tell what was happening. He could tell from the screams. Nevertheless, because of the training he had received at The Hutch, Scott did look. He saw all three members of the Auxerre family strung up by their thumbs, and he saw the four Gestapo men who were working on them, and he saw that so far as Jeanine's parents were concerned he was too late, because there was no longer anything anybody could do for them, and Scott saw that if anybody was going to do anything for Jeanine it would have to be done fast. He saw that clearly.

The fact that he could, the fact that Scott was able to look at what was happening in the Auxerre kitchen in spite of what was happening inside himself, was a tribute to the training he had received at The Hutch. But at the moment Scott was not thinking of tributes. In spite of what his heart was doing, in spite of the sickening rage that kept mounting inside him like a roaring blaze in which he knew he must in a matter of seconds be engulfed, Scott was making a calculation. Swiftly, racing desperately to keep his thoughts ahead of the consuming fury, he weighed the urgings of his heart against the inflexible clarity of his orders.

He was no match for four Gestapo men. Scott knew that. But he knew also that he could do enough damage before he was overwhelmed to stop them from doing to Jeanine what they had already done to her parents. He would probably die while doing it, but Scott knew the effort would save Jeanine's life. He knew also, however, that in making the attempt he would be dooming the plan he had been trained at The Hutch to bring into Brittany.

. . .

It was always at this agonizing moment of indecision — when once again he held in his hands the life of Jeanine Auxerre and he stood at the farmhouse window, weighing her life against his sworn duty — that Scott woke up. He always woke up the same way, soaked with perspiration, his ears ringing with Jeanine's tortured screams, his heart racing wildly, the pain that had been temporarily lulled by Dr. Benatti's drugs beginning to stir again.

This time, however, it was different. This time, when Scott woke up, something new was happening. For several dazed moments, while the pain gained ground and he tried to thrust the past back where it belonged, he wondered what it was. Then he heard the bell again and Scott realized it was the telephone. He sat up on the bed and put the instrument to his ear.

"Hello? Mr. Scott?"

The voice sounded vaguely familiar.

"Yes," Scott said. "Who is this?"

"Henry Crager," the voice said. "Tullio told me this morning down in Rome that —"

"Oh," Scott said. He made the two short, sharp movements with his head, one to the left and one to the right. "Hello, Mr. Crager," he said. "Where are you?"

"Right here in the hotel," Crager said. "Our train got to Siena half an hour ago, and we're just having a bath and a change of clothes."

"We?" Scott said.

"Why, yes, Mrs. Crager and I," Crager said. "Didn't Tullio tell you my wife was coming up from Rome with me?"

"Of course," Scott said. He pushed himself off the bed. It was always easier to handle the pain when he was on his feet. "I spent the afternoon tracking down those cameos," he said. "I was sort of pooped when I got back to the hotel a little while ago, so I took a nap. I was still asleep when the phone rang."

Mr. Crager laughed.

"Sorry to disturb you," he said. "It's just that I'm anxious to see the statuette and my wife is anxious to see the cameos."

"I'm anxious to show them to you," Scott said. "Where and when can I do it?"

"How about downstairs in the bar in about, oh, say half an hour?"

"I'll be there," Scott said.

He was a few minutes early, but Mr. Crager was already waiting.

"My wife will be down in a minute," he said. "What will you drink?" Scott told him, and the bartender moved away to fill the order, and Mr. Crager said, "May I see it now?"

"Of course," Scott said.

He put the small bundle on the bar, and he undid the chamois wrapping, and he stood the small bronze beside Mr. Crager's highball.

"Boyl! Mr. Crager breathed. "Wait till they see this in Cleveland!"

Scott was aware of a small inner release of tension. He had never had any doubts about the sale. It was nice to know definitely, however, that his year in Switzerland was assured.

"I hope your wife likes it as well as you do," he said.

"How can I possibly help it?"

The words came from behind him, and Scott had to turn around toward them, but even in the moment of shock, before he could manage to make his body obey, before he actually saw her, Scott knew who she was and how he had recognized her. It was the tinkly laughter in her voice.

"Sergeant Scott!" she said.

She had recognized him, too, and for a long, long moment he didn't answer. He couldn't. He just stood there, staring into her lovely face, probing beneath the surface of her amazement for the answer to the question that, when he had last seen her on the night of his departure from The Hutch, Scott had not had the right to ask. His probing glance told him no more now than it had told him then.

"Lieutenant Minton," he said.

She laughed, and Scott took her hand, and then there were several confused moments during which everybody seemed to be talking at once. She was explaining to her husband about The Hutch, and Crager was explaining to Scott how he had met and married her in Cleveland soon after she got out of the WAC when the war ended, and then, all at once, the explanations were finished, and it was as though the 12 years had never happened.

All at once, in this hotel bar in Siena, it was to Scott as though they were standing face to face in Helen Minton's office at The Hutch in the late afternoon of the day the orders had come up from London saying he was going in that night. Once again, as on that day a dozen years ago, Scott was afraid she could hear the sudden wild beating of his heart as he found himself trying desperately to read the expression in her eyes.

Did she know how he felt? Was she still puzzled by his failure to tell her? Could it be that, because the presence of her husband forbade her asking the question with words, she was asking it now with her glance? Was she saying, without words, "I know how you felt 12 years ago. Even though now it's too late, I want you to know I felt it, too. Why didn't you tell me then that you loved me? Couldn't you understand that, until you said it, I couldn't say it, either?"

Or did he think that was what she was saying because even now, after a dozen years and with only another one left to live, it was still the only thing in the world he wanted to hear?

"I've often wondered what happened to you," Helen Crager said. "I heard the drop was successful, of course, and every now and then, checking through intelligence reports for Colonel March, I'd run across something the under-

(continued on page 68)



# EVERYBODY HATES DAVID STARBUCK

*fiction* By STEVE ALLEN

THE POLICE are not surprised when, in connection with a highly publicized murder that has gone unsolved, a number of people come forth to confess to the crime.

It is, on the other hand, unusual if not unknown for a man to confess to having committed a murder when beyond the shadow of a doubt a suicide rather than a killing was involved. That is why nobody paid any attention to Walt Swanson when he said he had murdered David Starbuck. Starbuck killed himself in the bathroom of his palatial Palm Springs home on the night of September 14th. There were at least 30 people who knew that Swanson had spent that night at the bar of the Villa Loma, a spaghetti-and-romance joint on the Sunset Strip.

The door of Starbuck's toilet was locked from the inside. He had slashed his wrists, stretched out on the pink tile floor with a folded rug-mat under his head, and died almost peacefully. As one wag said when Swanson first confessed that he had cut Starbuck's wrists, although it was clearly established that he had been in Beverly Hills on the night in question, "Must have had a mighty long razor."

The police spent a little time checking Swanson's story, marked him as a psycho, and told him to get lost. I guess I'm the only one who knows that he was

*murder, though it have no tongue, will speak with most miraculous organ*



telling the truth after all, because I listened to the *whole* story.

To say that Starbuck was not widely admired is to win the understatement championship of any year. The movie business is never short of phonies but Dave was the champ. He came out here in the late Thirties with a reputation as a hot-shot salesman and there was always the vague idea that he had *had* to come West, that something he had been involved in in the East had not been strictly kosher. The idea was founded on bedrock. Dave had gotten into the habit of selling things he didn't own. In Hollywood he soon found that this trick could be valuable. First he palmed himself off as a writer, sold a book he hadn't written, stole half the profits from the poor bum who did write it, wangled a share of the production arrangement and found himself with a smash on his hands. From there on in there was no stopping him.

By 1945 he was second in command at World-American, living in Bel Air with his fourth wife, and climbing fast by reason of his shrewd and ruthless ability to manipulate men with big talent and small guts.

But I am getting ahead of myself, as they say. Let's go back a wife or two. We never knew just who Dave was married to back East. She never made the trip. He stole his second woman from Walt Swanson. Nobody but the old-timers remember much about Walt now, but in his time he was the greatest cameraman of them all. Some of the old stars wouldn't make a picture without him. Eventually he started directing and he would have made a fine director except that he began belting the bottle. Charming as he was sober, he was a mean drunk. They put up with his bats for a couple of years but eventually the word got around that hiring him for a picture meant added costs in lost shooting time. He never had a prayer after that. Well, no, he did have one chance. Dave Starbuck hired him for a picture and made a rather peculiar deal with him.

"Walt," Dave said, "here's the arrangement. Nobody else in town will hire you because you're a stewbum, right? Here's my offer. I'll give you your regular price for this picture and you get it the day we're through shooting, in one lump. Unless you start drinking. The first day you're drunk on the set the money drops to 50 percent. If you pull it a second time you get 25 percent. Take it or leave it."

Walt took it. You have to eat.

The third week of shooting Starbuck hired an out-of-work writer to take Walt to lunch and get him loaded. Then he came around to the set after lunch, walked up to Swanson, smiled broadly,

(continued on page 81)

## man at his leisure

**THE PUMP ROOM, AMBASSADOR EAST, CHICAGO**, opened its classic Queen Anne doors just two decades ago; in the intervening years, while other more-or-less-elegant dining and drinking spots have come and gone, it has solidly entrenched itself in the hearts of bon vivants — and beautiful women — the world over. For the urban man of leisure, the Pump has become *the scene* in the Midwest. Here one finds a combination of relaxed smartness and that indefinable air of excitement that hovers over those places which — through a skilled admixture of decor, menu and service — attract and keep a glamorous clientele.

As you enter, you will be greeted by Phil Boddy, the Pump Room's manager and maître de, a suave chap who bows to no man, but who has a courteous inclination of the head and a smile for all patrons. To the right is Table 1, a banquette-booth which is Chicago's celebrity corner, a gathering place, where a visiting star of stage, screen or TV (like they say) — or a visiting nobleman or political figure — may well start to lunch or dine alone, only to be joined by other famous folk from every corner of the world.

Assuming you don't rate Table 1, or prefer to dine incognito, you have your choice of other banquettes. Three of the room's translucently blue-black walls are lined with these deeply upholstered, luxuriant white leather couches. (Along the fourth wall is a dance floor; there's also a bar where glamor guys and girls convene at all hours.) The rest of the decorations — sconces, crystal chandeliers, table lamps set in bowls of fresh flowers, fine napery and what-all — are equally chic. As are, too, the waiters in hunting pinks, the coffee boys in blackamoor getups of oriental splendor (complete with plumed turbans), and Jimmy, the pint-size sommelier who knows his patrons as well as he does his wines — which is very well indeed.

All this pomp and poshness is matched by the food (superb continental, from a huge, varied menu) and the manner of its service: if you can't get what you want on a flaming sword, chances are it will come to your table on wheels, since the Pump features separate wagons for hors d'oeuvres, roast beef, cheeses, pastries, desserts and salads. On other wagons the formally attired captains prepare food before the diners' eyes, with much flourishing and flaming. (Try the super chicken hash done that way.)

All of which might seem corny as Disney and fancy as Versailles — and a little hard to take seriously. Actually, no one involved takes it totally straight: the late Ernie Byfield set the Pump's tone of sober delight in play-acting and the fun of a masquerade ball when he said of the famous flaming swords, "The customers like it and it doesn't hurt the food — much." The same merry attitude prompted one regular patron to comment that the menu, which is printed in Old English script, contains everything from "foup to deffert." It was Byfield who started the Pump Room, naming it after the famous 18th Century English watering place in Bath where, for the first time, aristocracy and the arts rubbed elbows socially. It proved to be a happy and apposite choice of name.

On the facing page, LeRoy Neiman captures the feel (and part of the menu) of the Pump Room, this being the first place (for a PLAYBOY series on the urban man's world) where Neiman, "at his leisure," dined, drank — and sketched on the bill of fare.



# Pump Room

In the Art... Gold Coast, Chicago



Imported Br...  
 Imported Fresh Betuga Cay...  
 ...ots Bourguignonne...  
 ... Ambaffador (Prepa...  
 ...ed Pate de Foie Grande S...  
 Crabmeat, Wran...  
 ... Juice Coe...  
 ...mp S...

Kentuck...  
 Caesar Salad...  
 Pump Room Bowl (on Wag...  
 Avocado Pear, Half 1.50  
 Hollywood Bowl 2.25  
 Tomatoe Stuffed with Chicke...  
 Imported White Coloffal Asparagus V...  
 Lobfster Salad 5.25  
 Ruffian Dressing 1.25

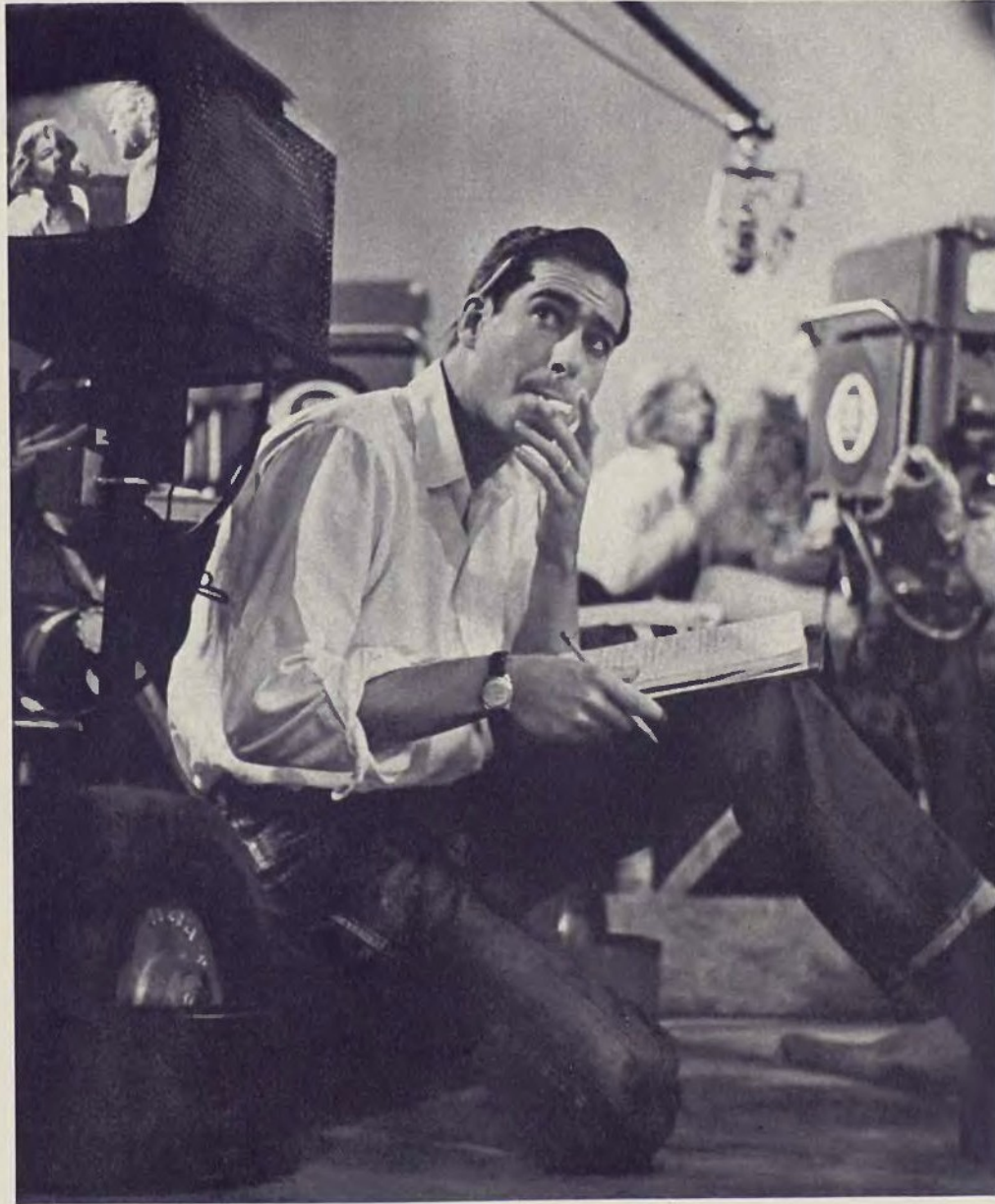
Roquefort

Ray Neiman



ON  
THE  
SCENE*what makes people tick*

IN A FIELD where the current lack of demand has made directors of live TV drama as scarce as the whooping crane, John Frankenheimer is a very rare bird indeed. Even as the plague of quizzers and run-of-the-million filmed oaters has forced other directors to go thataway, Frankenheimer, whose memorable *Playhouse 90* efforts have included *The Troublemakers* and Emmy-copping *The Comedian*, has turned down a batch of TV plums this season to take his first crack at Broadway (he directs *Faraway the Train-Birds Cry*, which opens in New York this month). But although he's playing the field, 28ish, leading-man-handsome Frankenheimer has no intention of forsaking his old love; he has four big *90* dates this season. He can't resist the challenge of live television: "It's a one-shotter. Right or wrong, it's for keeps and no one's around tomorrow for script or cast revisions." He also expects his less-active fellow directors to be coming out of the hills soon. "The canned Westerns and quiz show monsters will destroy themselves," John predicted even before the big quiz scandals. "I don't believe the public has a 12-year-old mind." Proof? The great audience acceptance of his recent Rod Serling-scripted "racial" drama, *A Town Has Turned to Dust* (dealing with the lynching of a Mexican boy). "I fought the sponsors for 10 months to put that one on," he recalls. Frankenheimer explodes the barnacled myth of the young television director as a blob of insecurity who burns himself out at 31. "This is like any other business," he explains. "You've got to know how to pace yourself and understand yourself. I still have a lot to learn but I have worlds of confidence in my ability and I hope to direct all my life." One of the medium's highest-paid directors today, his first TV job was as a parking lot attendant for NBC just five years ago. While he's proud of being personally nominated for four Emmies and of winning the *Radio-TV Daily Critics Award* in 1956, he also self-deprecatingly



acknowledges his bombs: "*The Death of Manolete* and *Eloise* should have never happened." Frankenheimer is regarded as being an unregenerate task-master ("If you don't drive them, you get last minute panic") who has a knack for cracking a whip and getting his cast to love it ("I'd work for that man for nothing," pledges actress Dana Wynter). Producer Martin

Manulis, a longtime associate, says of him, "He digs deeper than many directors with twice his years and experience. He's always looking for motivation, sympathy, excitement. What makes people tick." The consensus along TV row is that NBC's former parking lot attendant can park his own car on Kazan's street any day.



## look back and shudder

AMERICAN PRESTIGE, which has been taking a general world-wide clobbering lately, received a dramatic lift one day last June when a streaking Ferrari out-zoomed the field and captured auto-racing's European classic at Le Mans, France. Behind the goggles in the winning car was Phil Hill, a wiry, 31-year-old Californian who became the first American ever to triumph in the annual 24-hour plasma-chiller. For Hill, Le Mans was the heady culmination of a torrid streak that carried him to unprecedented victory in the other Big Three international sports

car events in a row (Caracas, Buenos Aires and Sebring). An intense, restless cockpitman, Hill has an uncanny ability for getting maximum performance out of his car without taxing tires or brakes, and for knowing how to straddle the thin, dangerous line between Taking Chances and Recklessness. Considering his death-taunting antics in his dare-devil-may-care youth ("I drove like a madman in those days. I look back at them and shudder"), he has probably matured more as a driver during the past eight years than any other racer. Destiny had Hill wired for the gas trail from the beginning ("In grade school I used to

duck out of baseball games and browse through auto dumps"). At 13 he was screeching around Santa Monica canyon in an ancient Model T and was referred to affectionately by the local citizenry as "that crazy Hill kid." After a brief, unhappy fling with midget cars, he tasted speed in a modified MG-TC in Los Angeles' Carrell Speedway in 1949 (winning the heat race, trophy dash and main event) and he was never the same again. He quit college (UCLA) and hit the racing circuit in earnest, scoring his first big win at Pebble Beach in 1950 ("It was in a brakeless, clutchless Jag, that almost had a headless driver"). In 1954 he picked up second place money in Mexico and Sebring ("and a case of ulcers in California"). In 1956 he won the Swedish Grand Prix and Messina competitions. Then in '57 and '58, the previously mentioned Big Four triumphs and the Governor's Cup at Nassau. Conceded to be America's top driver and a threat now for leading spot on the international driving roster, Hill is a Ferrari team member, having a long and almost unbroken association with Ferraris since 1952. Unusually outspoken, the trimly handsome bachelor makes as many enemies with his frank opinions of people and life as he makes friends with his charm. The only times he can relax are when he's going 150 miles an hour in his car or sitting still to classical music from his wall-to-wall hi-fi. But there'll be no relaxation at all in the racing ranks now that Phil Hill has hit his stride.



## funky firebird & squatty roo

"MAN," commented one of André Previn's cool friends recently, "André is the only cat in the world who has a personality that's split three ways, not two. He's sort of a schiz-and-a-half, musically." Jazz pianist and arranger (with a batch of LPs and jazz concerts under his belt), classical conductor and soloist (Boston, Los Angeles, San Francisco Symphonies), conductor and/or composer for two dozen films (including *Gigi*, *Kiss Me Kate* and *It's Always Fair Weather*), Previn is, musically, one of the most protean personalities around. In spite of his cherubic face and a general teenage appearance, which belie his 29 years. Previn is a 15-year vet at MGM (he could retire on a comfortable studio pension at a doddering 33, if he liked). He also wins the man-sized awards (Berlin Festival and Screen Composers Association Awards for the ballet film *Invitation to the Dance*) and gets the man-sized jobs: Sam Goldwyn recently borrowed him from Metro to musical-direct the important upcoming opus, *Porgy and Bess*. ("It will probably



have more music in it than any other Hollywood film ever made.") But lest anyone fear that *Porgy* is forcing him to neglect his other two lives, Previn is currently on a North American tour, playing and lecturing on both classical music

and jazz. Despite his constant switching of musical suits, Previn never finds himself playing Mozart in the middle of a chorus of *Squatty Roo*. "I couldn't," he says. "If you bring the classical pattern to jazz, you wind up in an entirely different rhythm and the result is that you stop swinging." But he often finds himself inadvertently using jazz jargon at the most inappropriate times. "I was conducting the *Firebird* once and reached a point in the Infernal Dance that demands a really evil sound. 'Play it funky,' I said without thinking, and almost put the Los Angeles Symphony out of business." If it weren't for the perennial bugaboo, *Making A Living*, Previn would probably give up his film career and concentrate solely on conducting and composing. Jazz or classical? "Both," he insists. "Outside of technical and interpretative differences, there isn't much of a boundary between them. To me, there are only two kinds of music, good and bad. And there is so much bad music around these days, good music can use all the help it can get." Considering the brilliance pouring out of Previn, it's getting plenty.





Above: no models these, but full-size automotive delights for racing- and vintage-car fans. Left: the new Elva Courier, English import with fiberglass body and an MG engine, lightweight for either production racing or touring; \$2850. Right: authentic 1903 Surrey now being re-manufactured, has two forward speeds, gets 65 miles to the gallon, with top speed of 35 mph; \$1095. From l to r: maple bow with fiberglass front and back, target or hunting weight; \$24.50. Steel-tipped hunting arrows; \$12.50 a dozen. Leather quiver with extension cuff; \$21. Duck-cloth golf bag with leather trim and special sleeve for shoes and sweater; \$45. Tournament Abercrombie and Fitch golf clubs; woods \$13.50 each; irons \$10.50. Raccoon coat; \$395. Hedlund water skis of genuine ash in bonono shape; \$36.50. Vocoline two-way radio receiver and transmitter with 10-mile range; \$149.50. Below: on pool table, Bushnell Duol Spocemoster provides up to 40 telescopic power with binocular comfort; \$435. New bumper pool game with table, cues and balls; \$189.50. Bell & Howell Bmm electric-eye movie camera with telephoto and wide-angle auxiliary lenses; \$159.95. High velocity 25-magnum rifle with walnut stock, joeger trigger; \$265. Top tennis racket with fine gut stringing; \$33. Chrome-plated yachting monitor compass, illuminated; \$20. Ski parko, nylon-lined, with fabric designed by Frank Lloyd Wright; \$45. Heathkit direction finder, two bands, transistor circuit, runs on flashlight batteries; \$69.95. Diving lung with double-diaphragm regulator, holds 1-hour air supply; \$139.50. Skindiving mask with purger snout; \$12.95. Lightweight underwater flash camera in plastic housing; \$39.95. Audio Hoiler portable yachting megaphone has trigger grip, is battery powered; \$59.95.



# YULETIDE FOR THE PLAYBOY SPORTSMAN

*gifts*









"Or would you prefer it in the new holiday gift decanter?"





# YULETIDE FOR THE PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE



Above, clockwise from six: gold-finished apothecary jar, lemon verbena soap; \$5.75. Gold-tipped fireplace matches; \$1.75. Wool ploid toga; \$13.50. Coeur-Joie perfume by Nina Ricci, 2 3/4 ozs.; \$65. Plaid tote bag; \$18.50. Traveler's umbrella; \$10.95. Emerson clock-radio; \$88. Orange-dyed rabbit greatcoat, double-breasted; \$350. Wurlitzer 64-key electronic piano; \$395. Orange faille glass case; \$9.50. Cut crystal perfume bottle; \$12.50. Five-strand mock pearl rope; \$8. Thailand sari-silk stole; \$12.95. Wiltshire imported leather and perlon luggage; \$29.50. Handmade burnished leather handbag; \$45. Capezio plaid and patent leather boots; \$16. Below, l to r: "Ripe Plum" tinted 60-gauge hose; \$1.95. Gold-finished 8-day boudoir alarm; \$49.50. Weiss soprano recorder; \$6.75. Gold-finished tassel earrings; \$10. Petite chise of pearlized blossoms and fruit; \$10.50. Suede and kidskin gloves; \$10.95. Uhlemann anodized gold sunglasses with pearls and rhinestones; \$75. Hoffman trans-solar radio, runs on solar energy or battery; \$75. Lady Shaeffer pen; \$10. Sterling chignon pin; \$8. French beaded hand mirror; \$5. Cigarette case; \$9. Zippo 14k gold Toledo lighter; \$49.50. Crystal ropes; \$12 each. Crystal and gilt jewel case; \$65. Mint green shortie nightgown, panties; \$17.95. Tri-colored cigarette case; \$6.95, key case; \$5.95. On Buddha: 18k charm bracelet; \$100, gold and pearl Sputnik charm; \$65, gold and garnet teardrop charm; \$57.50. Twin pear-shaped diamonds set in ring, 12 car.; \$15,000. 18k gold and diamond brooch; \$95. 14k gold, pearl and diamond earrings; \$340. 18k gold and diamond watch; \$880.





## A Knight Lay Dying (continued from page 58)

ground had done in the Marlaix sector of Brittany, so I knew you were still alive and working in the area. But then I got transferred to the Pacific and I sort of lost touch. Until a year or two after I got married. One day in Cleveland I saw in the paper that the French government wanted to award some sort of medal to an American sergeant named Scott for work he'd done with the underground during the war, but they couldn't locate him, and I immediately thought of you." She paused, and she looked at him curiously. "Was it you?"

"Yes," Scott said. "I've been living in Italy since the end of the war."

"Doing what?"

"Oh," Scott said with a shrug, and he touched the bronze statuette on the bar, "one thing and another."

"But I thought it was France you loved?" she said. "That's where you lived and studied and painted before the war."

Scott shrugged again.

"After the war Italy suited me better," she said.

She didn't answer. For several moments they stared at each other in silence.

"The medal," she said finally. "Why didn't you go back to accept it?"

"I didn't think I deserved any medals," Scott said.

"I see," she said, but of course she didn't. Nobody could see. Not even Scott. That was the whole point. It had been the point for a dozen years, ever since that terrible morning in Brittany when he had stood outside the Auxerre farmhouse, peering into the kitchen. It would continue to be the point as long as he walked the earth, and drew breath, and had a brain capable of summoning up the past and forcing him to live it again and again and again. Helen Crager cleared her throat. "The last time we saw each other, 12 years ago, just before you went off on your mission, I asked you to do something for me," she said. "Do you remember?"

Scott put his hand into his pocket and he pulled out the package of cameos he had selected that afternoon from the crowded trays in Enzo's shop for the wife of what Tullio on the phone from Rome had called a rich American sucker. Scott undid the tissue-paper wrapping, and he placed the three cameos on the bar, beside the statuette.

"You asked me to bring something back for you," he said. "Take your pick."

She gave him a funny glance, but it wasn't nearly so funny as the glance her husband gave him.

"Say!" Mr. Crager said in puzzled voice. "What's this all about?"

"My small contribution to the war ef-

fort," his wife said. "These men we were always sending off from The Hutch, dropping them all over Europe by parachute, Poles and Frenchmen and Belgians and Danes and Norwegians, Colonel March used to say they were like the knights who went off on the Crusades, and like those knights, there was no telling if they'd make it or not. So I worked out this system of my own to help them make it. Whenever a man went off on his mission, I'd take him aside and ask him, as a personal favor, to bring me back a cameo. I've always been crazy about cameos, and I've collected them all my life, and I found during the war, when I was stationed at The Hutch, that if I believed a man was going to bring one back to me, why, I could believe he wouldn't be killed and his mission would be successful." She paused, and she looked a little embarrassed, and then she shook her head with a touch of defiance. "I suppose it sounds silly now," Helen Crager said. "But it wasn't silly at that time," she said. "It was my own private way of knocking on wood for all those brave men."

Scott was glad, as the full meaning of her words sank in, that her husband so obviously wanted to say something. Scott couldn't say anything himself. Not for a while, anyway. He just stood there, watching Mr. Crager stare at the cameos on the bar, then at his wife, and finally back at the cameos.

"But that was 12 years ago," Mr. Crager said. "These things." He touched the cameos. "I thought you rounded them up this afternoon, Mr. Scott, because your partner called you from Rome and told you a couple of customers were coming up to Siena to look at them?"

Scott drew a deep breath.

"That's right," he said. "I did."

The answer didn't seem to help Mr. Crager.

"Maybe I'm not very bright," he said. "But I don't see the connection between the promise you made to my wife 12 years ago, and these cameos you rounded up here in Siena today for a customer you thought you'd never met."

"There is no connection," Scott said. It was an accident that had brought him and Helen Minton together a dozen years ago. It was an accident that had brought him and Helen Crager together today. It was not her fault that, as a result of the first accident, since that terrible morning in Brittany his life had been a walking death. Scott said to Helen's husband, "I made a promise 12 years ago. It never occurred to me that I would ever have the chance to keep it. Now that the chance has been dropped in my lap, I'm sure you won't take it

away from me." Scott turned to Helen. "Won't you choose one of these three cameos?" he said. "As a present from me?"

Again she gave him that funny little look. But now Scott had no illusions about what it meant.

"I know enough about cameos to know that all three of these are extremely valuable," Helen Crager said. "I've done nothing to deserve such a present."

She had done more than Dr. Benatti and his medicines had been able to do in a dozen years. She had answered the question Scott had not dared ask her at The Hutch.

"I wish you would take it," Scott said, and he turned to Crager. "I hope you don't mind?"

Crager scowled for a moment or two as he chewed his lower lip. Finally, he shrugged.

"No, of course not," he said. "If you know what you're doing."

"Thanks," Scott said. For the first time in 12 years he knew exactly what he was doing. He turned back to Helen. "Won't you take one?" he said. "Please?"

"Only if you assure me that you can afford it," she said.

He could afford anything now. Paying for the cameo would take every penny he would get from Tullio for his half of the profits on the statuette deal, and that in turn meant he could not have his year in Switzerland. But what he had just learned from Helen was worth more to Scott than all the money he had made on all the deals he and Tullio had been involved in since the end of the war.

"I assure you I can afford it," he said.

Very quickly, without bothering to compare or choose, Helen picked up a cameo from the bar. It was the one nearest her.

"Thank you very much," she said.

Scott didn't answer. The pain, which had been creeping up unnoticed, had slipped past the guards. He turned to the bar, took the two remaining cameos, and rewrapped them in the tissue paper. He did it slowly. He always needed a few moments, when the pain overpowered him, to get back on top of it before he could talk.

"Well, now that we've settled that," Mr. Crager said, "let's all have another drink."

"Thanks, not for me," Scott said. "I must catch a train."

"You mean you're not going to have dinner with us?"

Mr. Crager couldn't seem to believe it.

"I'm afraid I can't," Scott said. "I must get back to Rome."

Now that he couldn't go to Switzerland, he wanted to find out from Dr. Benatti how much time he had left.

"But that's not fair!" Helen Crager  
(concluded on page 92)

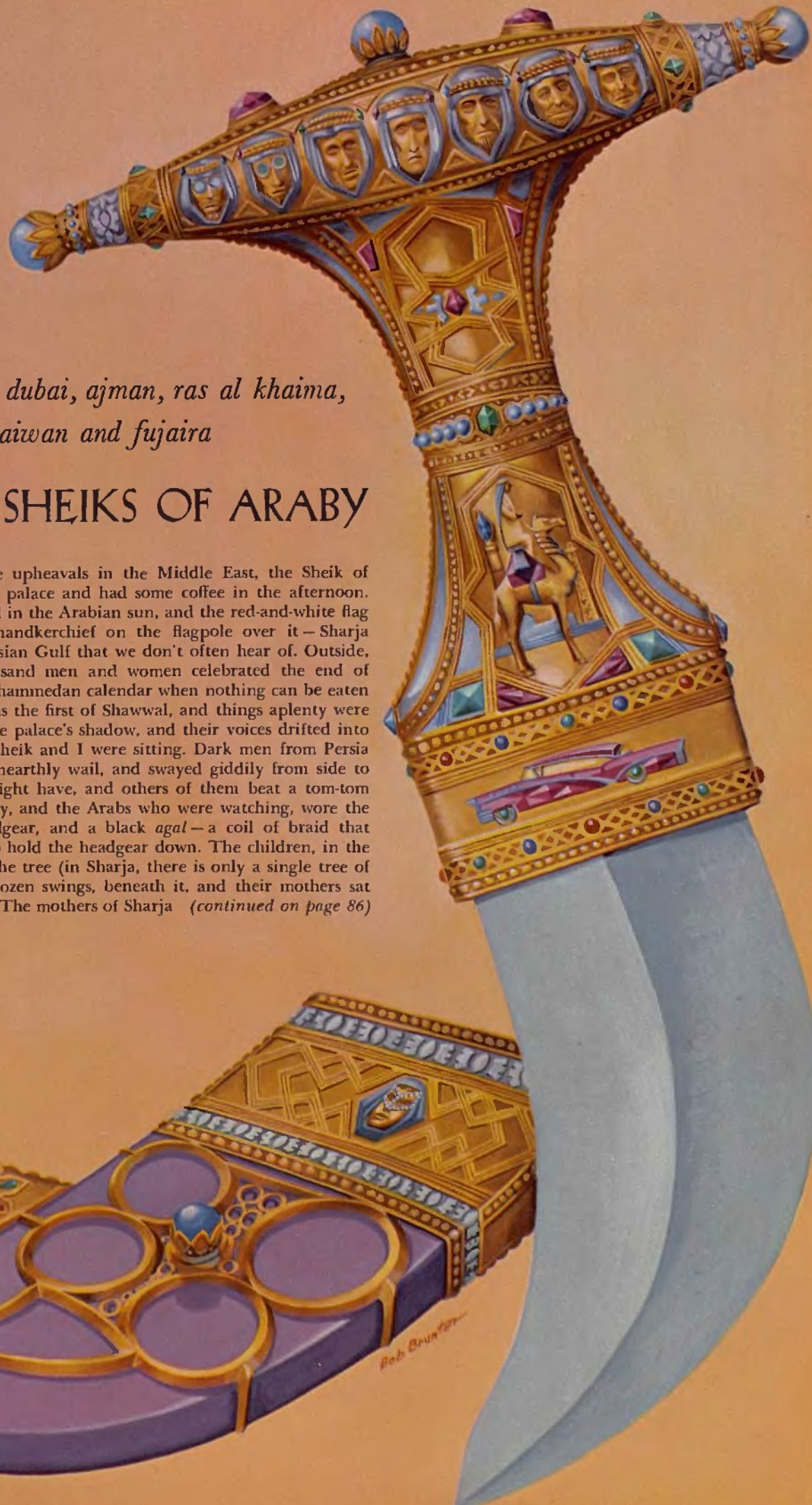


*as sharja goes, so go dubai, ajman, ras al khaima,  
abu dhabi, umm al qaiwan and fujaira*

## THE SEVEN SHEIKS OF ARABY

SEVERAL YEARS BACK, before the upheavals in the Middle East, the Sheik of Sharja and I sat together at his palace and had some coffee in the afternoon. His palace is white; it smoldered in the Arabian sun, and the red-and-white flag of Sharja hung like a damp handkerchief on the flagpole over it—Sharja being a tiny country on the Persian Gulf that we don't often hear of. Outside, in the palace's shadow, a thousand men and women celebrated the end of Ramadan, the month of the Mohammedan calendar when nothing can be eaten from dawn to sunset; now, it was the first of Shawwal, and things aplenty were being eaten by the people in the palace's shadow, and their voices drifted into the arabesque room where the sheik and I were sitting. Dark men from Persia and Pakistan sang in a high, unearthly wail, and swayed giddily from side to side, as a priestess at Delphi might have, and others of them beat a tom-tom with loose, boneless hands. They, and the Arabs who were watching, wore the robes of the desert, white headgear, and a black *agal*—a coil of braid that formerly was a camel fetter—to hold the headgear down. The children, in the same robes, were frolicking in the tree (in Sharja, there is only a single tree of any dimensions) or on half a dozen swings, beneath it, and their mothers sat like hawks on the sands nearby. The mothers of Sharja *(continued on page 86)*

*travel* By JOHN SACK





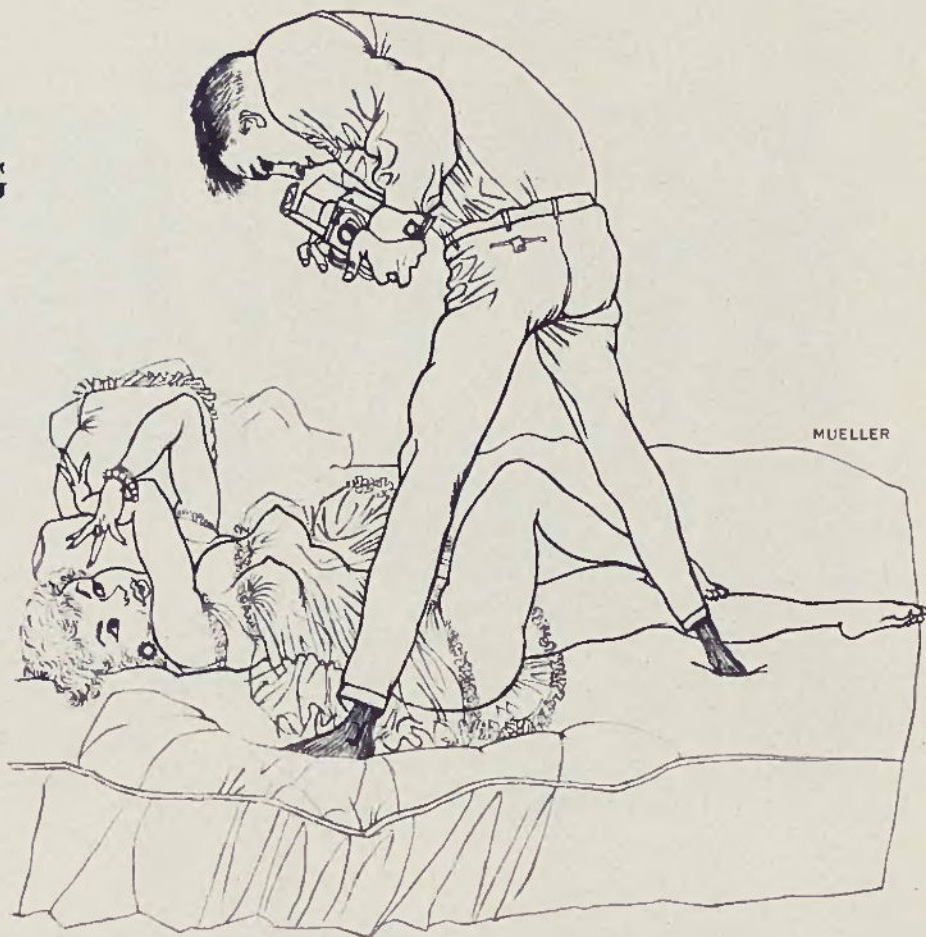


*"See here, Mr. Dabner — I'm your secretary!"*



# WE'RE RUNNING A LITTLE LATE

*a story that asks the question:  
can a glamorous movie star  
find happiness  
in the arms  
of a lowly photographer?*



**B**REAKFAST HAD BEEN ORDERED to be served promptly at noon and all orders which come out of The Rainbow Suite receive special attention. Whoever occupies it is important.

Antonio, the breakfast waiter, stood before its main doors. He checked the table; checked his busboy, Benny; checked himself; then pressed the door buzzer, firmly. As his finger came away he shivered slightly and his face became damp, because there, hanging on the door knob, was a sign reading DO NOT DISTURB, in print, and I MEAN IT! in lipstick. Antonio turned to Benny, aghast, and began to tiptoe backward, beckoning Benny to do likewise. The door was flung open. A statuesque blonde stood there, her hair tousled, herself beautiful beyond compare even without make-up, and wearing a chiffon finger-tip-length nightgown with the morning sunlight streaming through behind it. Antonio and Benny, who had never before seen this creature in person, stood rooted. Antonio tried to say "Good morning," but nothing came out. Benny nodded

once or twice, stupidly.

She spoke. A single word. The word was "Whatthefhellsthematterwithyouyoustupidgoddamjerkcanyoureadthegoddamsign?" She vanished in a door slam that knocked the vase full of princess roses into the imported Bar-le-Duc.

"Movie stars," muttered Antonio. "I like to see every movie star dead in the grave."

"Her?" said Benny, incredulously.

They began backing up again but stopped and turned as a booming voice exploded behind them.

"Good morning!" it said, emphasizing the first word.

Antonio and Benny joined in a single horrified "SSSHHH!"

The voice was surrounded by a gray-flecked crew cut, a sun-tanned face, a tight tab collar, a slim-slim tie, an Italian suit and English shoes.

"Relax," it said. Its owner located a key to The Rainbow Suite on his chain, unlocked the door, and beckoned the breakfast bearers in.

"You sure all this is all right?" asked

Antonio.

"I'm Tink Tremaine," said Tink Tremaine, with casual importance, and started for the bedroom.

"Oh," said Antonio, impressed. He had never heard the name before.

The table was wheeled out onto the terrace and swiftly arranged.

In the roomy bedroom of The Rainbow Suite, Tink stood beside the bed, talking to a lump under the covers.

"But it's 12 o'clock, sugar. After."

"Be gn doo an kr bl!" said the lump.

"We've got a fat pad today. Split-second timing or we're cooked. Come on, champ, on your feet."

"Dr ol gzv."

"Watch your language!" he said, sharply. "Somebody might be out there."

"Hrrr?"

"— maybe the first appointment a little early. A million-and-a-half-buck cigarette campaign tie-up if we play our cards right."

In a swift and graceful metamorphosis, the lump became a hunched-up  
*(continued on page 74)*





## Ribald Classic

# THE MAYOR'S MAGNIFICENT FEAST

A new translation from  
the *Contes et Nouvelles*  
of La Fontaine

ANNE, the loveliest and most virtuous maiden of her province, went walking one afternoon along the bank of a stream. When she had come quite far from her village, she suddenly spied a youth she knew, Guillot, bathing in the water. What she saw pleased her, for Guillot was a well-made young man with neither fault nor lack; and she concealed herself behind some shrubs and let her gaze wander where it would, from one attraction to another.

He saw her.

Well aware of the admiration his robust manhood called forth, he came out of the water, stood boldly before her and inquired whether she had been long watching. Her blushes revealed the truth. Guillot then counted his conquest already made; but Anne wished to retain her virtue. Yet she was reluctant to discourage him overmuch, for her appreciation of his masculine beauty was overpowering. Therefore, when he suggested that she owed him at least that degree of observation she had enjoyed, she allowed herself to be convinced.

Anne, like Guillot, could not be reproached for fault or lack. When she had complied with his request and displayed her loveliness to his sight, he burned to add touch to vision. He advanced upon her. But she retreated yet faster than he approached, snatching up her garments as she withdrew, goaded to haste by re-awakened conscience. Thus she escaped

him, for when he turned back to the stream to seek his clothes so that he might more decorously pursue her, she attired herself speedily and fled toward the village.

She had gone only a little way when she heard a hail. She turned, half hoping, half fearing, that it might be Guillot. But instead of his stalwart figure she beheld the panting, pudgy Mayor of the town. This elderly, pious personage greeted her pleasantly, and they walked on together.

Before they had reached the village, the Mayor halted and told her sternly that he had witnessed the encounter by the stream.

Now, the Mayor was a highly respected man, and considered very good. Anne was therefore abashed at his having observed her actions with Guillot, but she also felt pride at having not strayed from the paths of virtue. For, she reasoned, since her temptation had been so great, was not her virtue in having resisted it that much greater also? Therefore, since the Mayor had seen that she had allowed Guillot to look as she had looked but had not allowed him to touch, Anne awaited the old man's praise.

Praise was not forthcoming. The Mayor too had been inflamed by Anne's loveliness, and his jealousy aroused by Guillot; and he determined to spoil her memory of the brief moments by the stream. Therefore he stormed at her, re-





LEON BELLIN

minding her that she had let the youth see *this* — and *this* — and *this* — and each time his pointing hand touched the spot it indicated, and lingered there.

Anne protested, again and again, that she was guiltless, that she and Guillot had not touched. Nevertheless, the Mayor responded, she had sinned, and sinned deeply — as deeply as if she had yielded. For, he told her, in the eyes of men and of the saints, "It is as much to have seen and desired as to have touched."

On being thus reprimanded by such an authority, Anne sorrowed that she and Guillot had not enjoyed their sin to the utmost. Lost in this thought, she freed herself from the Mayor and ran down the road home. That night she sought out Guillot. And together they repeated, with additions and much additional pleasure, the sin which they had committed by the stream.

Guillot, however, was a soldier. After some weeks of these joys, he was called to battle. In his absence, Anne's parents affianced her to a wealthy merchant, whom in time she married.

Meanwhile, the Mayor had not forgotten his desire for her.

Not long after the marriage, he called upon Anne. He inquired after her husband's health, then queried whether the merchant were as strong and healthy as Guillot. Seeing the red rise in her cheeks, the Mayor pressed his advantage and

asked if she had told her husband about the scene that he had observed.

Anne answered that her husband knew nothing of Guillot, and that she hoped to forget him and hoped that the Mayor might forget him as well.

He assured her that he would try, but that he feared he could do so only with her help. She must walk with him beside the stream, so that their moments there together might efface his recollection of her moments there with Guillot. Anne reminded him that she and Guillot had merely looked at one another on the bank; surely that could not be such a difficult memory to erase? But the Mayor reminded her that "It is as much to have seen and desired as to have touched." Anne pleaded that she could not easily neglect her household duties; and the Mayor offered to explain the matter to her husband. Thereafter Anne pleaded no more, but agreed.

One day, weeks later, word came to the Mayor that on the morrow a group of important personages from the Court would pass through the village. He resolved to lay a fine table for them, but since his larder was not well stocked, he went to inquire of Anne whether she could contribute to the feast. She showed him a magnificent boar which her husband had that morning killed, and offered to prepare it for him. When he had eagerly assented, she had servants carry the animal to his house.

The next evening, at table, the Mayor passed around the choicest wines and appetizers to his guests. He advised them to partake of these sparingly, however, lest their appetites for the regal main course be small. His guests had seen the carcass of the boar, and they heeded his words. When the table had been cleared, all awaited the serving of the boar.

Some time elapsed, and the company grew impatient. At length the Mayor became more than impatient; embarrassed, he grew angry. He ran to his kitchen to ask Anne the reason for the delay; and she was not there.

"Perhaps," he told himself, "she has taken the boar back to her own kitchen to prepare, since hers is so much finer than mine." Accordingly, he hastened to her home. But when he entered there, he saw that she too had had guests. For he found her, not preparing the boar, but supervising the disposal of its bones. All else had been eaten. He could hardly believe his eyes. In despair and fury, he turned his wrath upon Anne. She harkened to his words without speaking until, exhausted, he ceased his tirade and awaited her explanations. She offered only one:

"Why are you so enraged, sir? Surely it is as much to have seen and desired as to have eaten."

—Translated by S. B. Abelson





## A LITTLE LATE (continued from page 71)

bundle of beauty.

"I'm sleepy!" she wailed.

"You can sleep next week."

"Next week I'll be dead!" she said with passionate conviction, becoming a lump again.

He grasped one corner of the bed covering and, using both hands, pulled it to the floor. The exposed lump quivered, rolled off of the bed, and marched toward the bathroom with what remained of dignity.

"Your slip is showing," he said.

She turned at the bathroom door and stuck out a singularly long tongue.

Ten minutes later, on the terrace, she was saying, "Oh, do have a cup. It's a special brew they do for me in Lahore."

"How long were you there?" asked her bearded caller.

"Eleven weeks," she replied. "We were four over schedule."

"Weather foul-up," explained Tink. "Nothing to do with the nova here. It was just the rainy season. Leave it to our glandular location department to mismanage time and place."

"I was right on the ball all the time," she said, getting the idea. "Wasn't I?"

"Right on," nodded Tink. "We're working on an angle now to get you the Nobel Prize for Being On Ball, in fact."

She did not laugh until after the men did.

"What's nova?" she asked. "By the way."

"Means New Star," replied Tink, turning his back on her.

"Oh."

"Seriously, though," he continued, "this kid's a trouper. No one like her since Lombard in that department. This India thing? Within two, three weeks she was going around wearing nothing but these shahries."

"Sorry," she corrected.

"What?"

"Sorry. That's how you say it if you want to say sari. You say sorry."

"What I said."

"No."

"I said you ran around wearing sorries all the time."

She looked at the visitor. "At the studio we've got a saying: 'Never argue with PR.'"

"Say!" shouted the bearded man, suddenly on his feet. "I've got one hell of a flash!"

"Like what?" asked Tink, innocently.

"A layout. Her in one of those things. Maybe a green one. You got a green one? And I can get these emeralds on loan from Glaenger like you've never seen."

"I appreciate emeralds," she said simply.

"Some kind of a nothing background," he continued as he paced the

terrace, creating, "and just a full figure stand-up."

"If you want," she added helpfully, "I could paint one of those little red dinguses right here on my forehead, like they do."

"I don't think so," said Tink, cautiously.

"Good with emeralds," she insisted. "Red and green."

"We'll skip the dingus," said Tink.

"But what do you think?" enthused the guest. "Wouldn't that make one hell of an eye-catcher for the broadside? Plus which, you've got one hell of an incongruity factor going for you. I mean, it's almost as though you had, say, a nun smoking—which of course you can't use on account of the bad taste factor. But her in a—how did you say it?—shorry—with a cigarette. Man!"

"Yes," replied Tink, judiciously, "it might be very decorative and, of course, from our point of view it's plus because it ties right in with the picture."

"That's what I say."

"Would you like to see one?" offered The New Star, brightly.

"No," said Tink, "that won't be necessary."

"But I'd like to show him," she protested. "How I know how to wrap it around and everything. There's six different ways and I can do them all. I used to practice with Sama—she was my maid? my Indian maid?—half the night sometimes." She shrugged. "What else did we have to do?" She started out of the room.

"Not now," said Tink, firmly.

"I'd like it," said the bearded man, even more firmly.

The New Star stood in the doorway for a moment considering the tension, then said, "I'll be right back."

Tink looked at his watch. "Hurry up," he shouted after her. "We're running a little late!"

There are things which cannot be done both well and hurriedly. Sari-winding is one of these. By the time the six ways were wound and unwound, poses discussed and photographic appointments made, Tink was keyed up to a behind-schedule pitch from which he was not to recover for the rest of the day.

In the air-conditioned limousine taking them from the hotel to their luncheon engagement at the Chambord, Tink attempted to be patient.

... and your eye on me! That doesn't mean you have to look at me all the time, but when a question comes up, then look at me and either I'll give you the office to go ahead or I'll jump in for you."

"OK," she murmured, studying her

reflection.

"And don't be apathetic. That's the worst thing you can do."

She looked at him. "Apawhat?"

"Bored. To be bored."

"That's not the worst thing I can do," she said evenly.

"Now look, sugar. We'll save a lot of wear and tear if we get a few things straight. You've got a job and I've got a job. You're not doing me any favors and I'm not doing you any favors."

"Who said?"

"And don't give me a hard time because I can play rough, too."

"You look it."

"See, all this is new to you but I've been uping and downing this roller coaster since before sound and I can steer you pretty. That is, if you're interested."

"Sure."

"But in what? In getting to be somebody, or last year's blonde?"

"Is all this—"

"Don't talk so much," he interrupted. "The less you say, the smarter they'll think you are. Just look that faraway look of yours." She responded at once. "That's right, mysterious." He consulted his notebook and went on. "Now. The deal coming up is about arrangements for Sunday night. The Sullivan show. Ed Sullivan."

"Will he be here?" she asked.

"Maybe. The guy who will for sure is Marlo Lewis. He's the producer. Say it."

"Marlo Lewis."

"Him you call Marlo. Say it."

"Marlo."

"The other guy'll be the writer, Al Rudin. Say it."

"Al Rudin."

"Him you call Mr. Rudin."

"Mr. Rudin."

"OK, let's check that. The producer—that's the tall, good-looking guy."

"Marlo," she said.

"Good."

"Mr. Rudin," she chirped.

"That's it. Nothing but cooperative today. Whatever they suggest is OK with you. If there's something we don't want to do or say, we straighten it out later, but today everything is hooray."

"Yes."

"Good."

"Except anything undignified," she offered.

He shut his eyes, tightly, and said, "Your dignity is absolutely safe in my hands, sugar."

"I hope so."

"You just play the game and I won't say anything to anybody about those location fits you threw and put the picture four and a half weeks over schedule."

They looked at one another.

(continued on page 92)



# PLAYBOY'S MOST POPULAR PLAYMATES

*pictorial*

*our readers' favorite five from the first five years*



## THE GIRL NEXT DOOR

THERE MAY BE MANY qualities that set the PLAYBOY Playmate of the Month apart from other pin-up pictures, but certainly one of the most striking is the fresh girl-next-door quality of the ladies who grace the magazine's famous fold-out center section. As we observed in an early issue, "potential Playmates are all around you: the new secretary in your office, the doe-eyed beauty who sat opposite you at lunch yesterday, the girl who sells you shirts and ties at your favorite store." We discovered Barbara Cameron chatting with a salesman in a hi-fi shop, engaged her in conversation ourselves (learning that she was a stewardess for United Air Lines), and eventually talked her into becoming Miss November of 1955 and one of the most popular Playmates we have published to date.





## UNDERAGE PLAYMATE

A FEW DAYS AFTER Elizabeth Ann Roberts appeared as Miss January of 1958, it was discovered that she was not yet 18 years of age. Since Elizabeth Ann's mother had approved her posing for PLAYBOY, there would probably have been no problem, if it were not for a local newspaper columnist who criticized the featuring of a girl so young as a magazine pin-up. That was all the self-elected defenders of public morality needed, and without bothering to consider that the precocious Liz was an honor student at Chicago's Academy for Adults, was a graduate of a local modeling school, and hoped her appearance as Playmate would give her a head start in her career, they charged both the mother and the magazine with "contributing to the delinquency of a minor." A lawyer for the family pointed out that no law had been broken, that the girl had actually been helped rather than harmed by her appearance in PLAYBOY; Elizabeth Ann was almost cited for contempt of court when she refused to testify; finally the judge dismissed all charges. The wire services picked up the story and an unprecedented amount of mail poured into PLAYBOY's offices — more than 100 to 1 in favor of Liz' appearance as Playmate; and the editors decided the best way to avoid such problems in the future was to check prospective Playmates' birth certificates.







## MOST FAMOUS PLAYMATE

JAYNE MANSFIELD caused relatively little stir among readers when she first appeared in *PLAYBOY* as Miss February of 1955, but she was brought to the attention of a Warner Bros. scout who signed her to a short-term contract. From there she went on to Broadway fame in *Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?* and *PLAYBOY* chronicled her rise in a text-and-picture piece titled *Will Success Spoil Jayne Mansfield?* by Earl Wilson and photographer Hal Adams in February of 1956. *PLAYBOY* readers were reacting with increasing fervor and favor by the next February when *The New Jayne Mansfield* described Jayne's return to Hollywood and stardom, with a long-term contract to 20th Century-Fox. In February 1958, *The Nude Jayne Mansfield* helped make that issue the biggest seller in *PLAYBOY*'s history. Though Jayne is the most famous example, several other recent Playmates have been offered opportunities in movies and television. Among the center-spread charmers who've appeared on video and cinema screens in the past few months are Lazy Linné Ahlstrand (July 1958), Country Club Cutie Lari Laine (May 1958), Ski-lovely Cheryl Kubert (February 1958), Girl-Next-Door Dolores Donlon (August 1957), Comes-The-Dawn Richard (May 1957), Ballerina Sandra Edwards (March 1957), Date-Bait Sally Todd (February 1957), and Birthday Girl June Blair (January 1957).







## MOST POPULAR PLAYMATE

PHOTOGRAPHER BUNNY YEAGER first spotted Lisa Winters in downtown Miami boarding a bus, missed her, and returned the next two days at the same time in the hope of seeing her there again. On the third afternoon she did and she talked the voluptuous, baby-faced blonde into posing for some test photographs. Lisa is one of those rare creatures who almost never take a bad photo and so when the first shots arrived at PLAYBOY, the editors found each one a bit more exciting than the one before. The editors' enthusiasm was matched by the readers' when Lisa became Miss December of 1956. No single Playmate appearance has ever provoked such a favorable and overwhelming reader reaction. A picture story on shy Lisa's problems adjusting to the Hollywood scene in December of 1957 also produced a stack of reader comment, ranging from proposals of marriage to downright disbelief that any girl who posed so revealingly could be as sensitive and withdrawn as described (Bunny Yeager is a woman; Lisa has never posed for a male photographer). Though stunningly pretty, Lisa is too shy to become any sort of an actress and she turned down the half-dozen movie offers that came her way.





## OUR OFFICE PLAYMATE



JANET PILGRIM was hired to manage our subscription department back when that was a two-girl operation (it now involves nearly 60) and the idea of Janet's posing as a Playmate of the Month started more as a gag than anything else. But the appearance of a PLAYBOY staff member as Miss July of 1955 so intrigued readers that Janet was brought back as Playmate twice again (December 1955 and October 1956) and is the only girl so featured three separate times. As Janet became better known, her association with the magazine became more valuable, and she spent an ever increasing amount of time in public relations and promotional duties for PLAYBOY: she was Guest of Honor at a state-wide Junior Chamber of Commerce convention in Atlanta, Georgia, and at an all-PLAYBOY weekend at Dartmouth; gave out the awards to the winning sports car drivers in the races at Elkhart Lake, Wisconsin; represented the magazine at three National Association of Retail Clothiers and Furnishers conventions; presented Benny Goodman with his silver Jazz Medal and Steve Allen with a special PLAYBOY award on his TV show. She has received more personal fan mail than any other girl to appear in the magazine; when we mentioned that she likes to wear men's PJ tops to bed, readers responded with dozens of pajama tops in every imaginable color. Janet is now in charge of Reader Service, the PLAYBOY department that supplies additional information on items featured or advertised in the magazine.







Gahan Wilson



# EVERYBODY HATES STARBUCK

(continued from page 60)

smelled Walt's breath and said, "Cheer up, baby. At 50 percent you're still being overpaid." Walt's ego being what it was, he went on a week's bender. Starbuck threatened to throw him off the picture. Eventually he paid him peanuts and kicked him out. In desperation Walt sent his wife around to plead for a break.

"Listen, sweetie," Dave said, "what do you want from me? We made a deal."

"But Dave," Swanson's wife said, "Walt's having a rough time. He did a good job for you, didn't he?"

Dave looked at Swanson's wife. She had good legs and was years younger than Walt.

"Listen, Myrna," he said, "doesn't it make you feel sorta cheap to have to go around town begging for handouts for a has-been like Walt? You deserve better than that. You're a looker. I happen to know you have talent. You should be acting again. Whadda ya say we forget about the deal Walt and I made? It's all over. He made his bed. Let him lie in it. But let's say you have a small part in my next picture, at pretty good money. Now how's that?"

Well, when you're a former callgirl, when you'd love to do a little picture work, when you're married to a man 20 years your senior, and when you married him in the first place just because you were tired and he offered someplace to rest, a pitch like Starbuck's is pretty hard to resist. To spare the painful details, within six months Myrna had left Walt and moved in with Dave.

That did it for the poor bastard. He was no good after that. Never directed another picture. It must have been about that time that he first thought of killing Starbuck. He wasn't the first, of course, nor the only one, but he must have been head of the club.

The philosophers tell us that when you lust after a woman in your heart, or long to commit a murder, you're already on record, even if you never get to realize your ambition. On that basis I guess quite a few of us around town are guilty of the murder of David Starbuck. But here's how Walt Swanson did it.

By 1955 he was all washed up as a director, although Alcoholics Anonymous had put him back in one physical piece for the time being. To pay for the booze he had sold everything he had and now to keep eating he had to take any odd job he could get. An old friend eventually landed him a spot with Consolidated Film Service, a subsidiary of the Consolidated Studio, that did film exchange work. For example, when a wealthy producer wanted to go to the movies, well, it didn't work out that

way. The movies went to him. His secretary just called the film exchange, ordered a certain picture, or maybe a double feature, and the films were shipped to the producer's home, to be shown in his private projection room, for his private pleasure. Walt Swanson thought it was a pretty grim joke the first time he got an order to ship a can of film to Starbuck's Bel Air pleasure-dome.

Then one day he learned that Starbuck had an ulcer. A snatch of conversation overheard at a restaurant and Walt's own stomach tingled in a momentary frenzy of vengeful glee. So the bastard could be hurt after all, if only by his conscience, his own fears. At the time that Walt noted this fact he did not file it away in any sort of conscious realization that eventually he would be able to call it out, to employ it. It was just something he heard about and was glad about and that was that.

The catalyst was dropped into the seething caldron of his mind a year later when he read a story in the *Hollywood Reporter* about subliminal advertising. A theatre in New Jersey had cut into a motion picture film commercial announcements that flashed on the screen too quickly to be seen consciously but, according to the theory, not too quickly to transmit to the eye and the subconscious mind an impression which subsequently would suggest action to the individual. In the test case the action suggested was the purchase of a particular soft drink. Sales of the drink increased markedly on the night of the test.

It was after reading that story that Walt Swanson began to get even with David Starbuck. At first the idea of murder was not actually in his mind. He only wanted to hurt, to lash out, to avenge himself. The first thing he did was to print up two small cards, using white ink on black paper. One card said "Dave Starbuck, you stink." The other one said "Everybody hates David Starbuck." Then he borrowed a hand-operated movie camera from a friend, shot stills of the two cards, clipped out the film frames, put them into his wallet and waited.

Within a week Starbuck's secretary called to order a picture. When Walt received the shipping slip he got the film out of the vault, set it up on spools, scissored a line and inserted one of the still frames he had shot at home. Twenty minutes farther along on the reel he slipped in the second insert.

The picture was a comedy but that night after running it Dave Starbuck didn't feel amused. A certain insensitivity had always been part of his make-up, but faced even if subconsciously with the knowledge that he was actively disliked, and being at the same time unable to erect any of his

(concluded on page 84)



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WANT TO  
COME AT  
FIRST.



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HER ABOUT MY

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ALFA ROMEO.

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BET SHE  
CHANGED  
HER MIND.



SHOWED HER  
FOUR STATES  
IN AN AFTER-  
NOON. NEVER  
DID UNDER  
EIGHTY. EVEN  
OFFERED TO  
GIVE HER THE  
WHEEL. BUT  
SHE SAID SHE  
HAD TO GO  
HOME.



THEN I TOLD  
HER ABOUT THIS

NEW LITTLE  
SUPPER CLUB  
DOWN BY  
THE SHORE.  
THE VERY  
COOLEST  
IN MODERN  
JAZZ.

YOU CAN  
BET SHE  
CHANGED  
HER MIND.



SHE FINISHED  
OFF FOUR  
WHISKEY SOURS  
AND A LOBSTER  
DINNER. I  
OFFERED HER  
A NIGHTCAP  
UP AT MY  
PLACE. BUT  
SHE SAID SHE  
HAD TO GET  
UP EARLY  
THE NEXT  
MORNING.



THEN I TOLD  
HER ABOUT MY

NEW DANISH  
SPEAKER,  
SWEDISH  
TWEETER,  
ITALIAN-  
BALANCED,  
WEST GERMANY-  
ASSEMBLED  
HI-FI.

YOU CAN BET  
SHE CHANGED  
HER MIND.





I LET  
HER PLAY  
ALL MY  
MEGATON  
FILTERED,  
VACUUM  
GROOVED,  
COLLECTOR'S  
SPECIALS.



SHE  
LIKES TO  
SING SO  
I TAPED  
HER VOICE  
ON MY  
MIRACO  
STEREO  
MULTI-DUB  
PLAYBACK  
SETUP.



SHE LIKES  
TO DANCE  
SO I PUT  
HER IN  
LEOTARDS  
AND SHOT  
500  
FEET  
OF  
16 MM.  
COLOR.



AND  
THEN I  
ASKED  
HER TO  
STAY  
OVER.



AND  
SHE  
SLAPPED  
ME.



I HATE  
GIRLS  
WHO  
TRY  
TO  
USE  
ME.



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**EVERYBODY HATES STARBUCK**

(continued from page 81)

customary defenses, he became vaguely depressed.

Swanson at first, and for a long time afterward, had no sure way of knowing how effective his attack was, but eventually he began to pick up stray bits of information that convinced him that he was striking telling blows. Column items about suddenly planned vacations, rumors about physical check-ups, stories about angry blowups in conference rooms. And only Swanson knew the reason. Once a week for a whole year he sent his invisible arrows into Starbuck's hide. "Starbuck, you're no good." "Dave, you're a heel." "Starbuck, you're sick."

And every Monday when the film would come back to the exchange, Walt would scissor out his inserts and patch up the reel, leaving no evidence.

"Starbuck, your wife despises you!"

"David Starbuck is a jerk!"

"Starbuck, you are the lowest of the low."

Starbuck's irritation increased to the point where he became careless about his attitude toward his superiors, and in Hollywood no matter how high up you are you have to answer to somebody: chairmen of the board, stockholders' groups. One night at a party he told the head of his studio's New York office to go to hell. From that moment he started to slide downhill, although at first his speed was so slow nobody was quite sure he was moving.

It was about that time that Swanson aimed his *coup de grâce*. The next time Starbuck had a picture run off he received this message: "Dave, why don't you kill yourself?"

The following week it was "Kill yourself. Dave. It's the only way out."

Starbuck put up with eight weeks of it. He began to fall apart. Having no friends to sympathize with him, he went from bad to worse fast. Then one day he went to Palm Springs, spent all afternoon lying in the sun by his swimming pool, got drunk, went into the bathroom, locked the door, lay down on the pink tile floor, folded the fluffy lamb's-wool bath mat under his head, slashed his wrists with a single-edge razor and bled to death, slowly, lying still.

After it happened Walt began drinking again. I wouldn't be telling the story now except that, as some of you may know, poor Walt got careless with a cigarette one night in the lab and burned himself up along with a hell of a lot of film. A few weeks before the end he told me the story one night at the Villa Loma bar.

Good thing Walt didn't work in a TV film lab.

**sweet delight**

(continued from page 48)

the good apple flavor to new heights of gustatory joy.

AFTER COFFEE

In spite of the available millions of hurry-up desserts, from biscuit tortoni to frozen cherry strudel, nobody has yet invented for men anything simpler, easier or better than the old fashioned tray of assorted cheeses followed by coffee and assorted liqueurs. Don't create an imbalance with too many plant liqueurs like Vielle Curé, Chartreuse and Strega, or too many fruit liqueurs like cherry, blackberry and crème de fraises (strawberry). It's necessary to know your liqueurs so that you can avoid obvious repetitions like curaçao, triple sec, Grand Marnier and Cordial Medoc which are all made with an orange infusion. Always provide a bottle of fine brandy not only for those who like brandy straight but for those who prefer such mixed libations as brandy and benedictine or brandy and curaçao. Pint-size bottles are more easily handled than fifths. Use a white linen napkin on the tray to prevent slipping. For men who don't have the shelf room to store a wide assortment of liqueurs, the compartment liqueur bottle containing from two to four assorted liqueurs is an attractive addition to a bachelor's bar.

POUSSE-CAFÉ

This showy little drink is one of the oldest forms of nonsense known to bartenders. Needless to say, the number of drinkers who never stop loving nonsense is too great to ignore. A pousse-café is a series of liqueurs, each poured layer by layer into a small glass with straight sides known as the pousse-café glass. The liqueurs remain in separate layers because they're of different weights, or densities, the heaviest liquid staying on the bottom, the next heaviest following, and so on. The main problem which bedevils the pousse-café specialist is this: densities of liqueurs of the same flavor vary from one distiller's product to the next. Since the density of a liqueur is not indicated on the bottle's label, a certain amount of trial and error is sometimes necessary in building a pousse-café. As a guide in solving this problem, one might remember that generally the higher the alcoholic content, the lower the density. This doesn't apply in all cases, but it's something of a help. If you're in doubt about a recipe, make an experimental pousse-café before the mob arrives, and when you find a formula that works, stick to it as long as you're using the same brands of liqueurs. To keep the liqueurs from mingling, pour them slowly into a teaspoon held against the inside of the glass. If you follow this procedure carefully, often a





liqueur which is not poured in the proper order will seep down to its correct level, and stay there intact. Carry the drinks to the table with a steady hand. For a party, you can make a large number of *pousse-café*s beforehand, and if you place them carefully in the refrigerator, each small rainbow will remain undisturbed for later serving. One *pousse-café* of four colors which you might try as a beginning is made by pouring into the bottom of the glass a small quantity of grenadine followed in succession by *crème de cacao*, triple sec and Forbidden Fruit. A small dab of whipped cream may be floated on top just before serving, if desired. For a five-tone assortment, try the following in the order listed: *crème de cacao*, maraschino, *rosémint*, yellow Chartreuse and brandy.

#### CRÈME DE MENTHE FRAPPÉ

For those who prefer their liqueur libations cold, the simplest and best procedure is to place the liqueur bottles and liqueur glasses in the refrigerator several hours before serving. When straight liqueurs are poured over ice cubes or cracked ice, it's easy to wind up with an anemic drink that's neither water nor liqueur. Certainly it would be immoral to let a fine plant liqueur like benedictine or Strega languish among the rocks. An outstanding exception, however, is the *crème de menthe frappé*. The flavor of *crème de menthe* (one of the few liqueurs not created by monks) has such a cool stamina that it actually seems to ripen when poured over finely cracked ice. To make a *crème de menthe frappé*, fill a saucer champagne glass or cocktail glass with very finely cracked ice or snow ice. Pour a jigger of *crème de menthe* over the ice. (White or green *crème de menthe* may be used; the only difference is that the green is artificially colored.) A few sprigs of fresh mint, if available, may be planted in the ice to titillate the nostrils. Place a small cut straw in the ice. Some *frappé* specialists like to add a tablespoon of fine brandy just before serving.

#### SIDE CAR

It was the practice formerly, when making side cars, to combine brandy, curaçao and lemon juice in equal parts. Today's penchant for dryness in potables is better served by reducing the proportion of curaçao and increasing the brandy. In a cocktail shaker with plenty of cracked ice pour 1 oz. brandy, ½ oz. lemon juice and ½ oz. curaçao. Shake well, and strain into pre-chilled cocktail glass. Triple sec may be used in place of curaçao.

#### STINGER

The stinger may be served with equal correctness before or after eating. It seems just as efficacious before or after

sleeping, having been used frequently as both a nightcap and an eye-opener. In many bars it's served with a glass of ice water on the side to aid in the re-hydration process. To concoct a stinger pour 1½ ozs. brandy and ½ oz. white *crème de menthe* in a cocktail shaker with ice. Shake well, and strain into pre-chilled cocktail glass.

#### ALEXANDER

An out-and-out sweet compound, the alexander belongs to the afternoon tea hour rather than the five o'clock *apéritif* session. It may be made with either gin or brandy. In a cocktail shaker with ice pour ¾ oz. gin, ¾ oz. white or brown *crème de cacao* and ½ oz. heavy sweet cream. Shake well. Strain into pre-chilled cocktail glass.

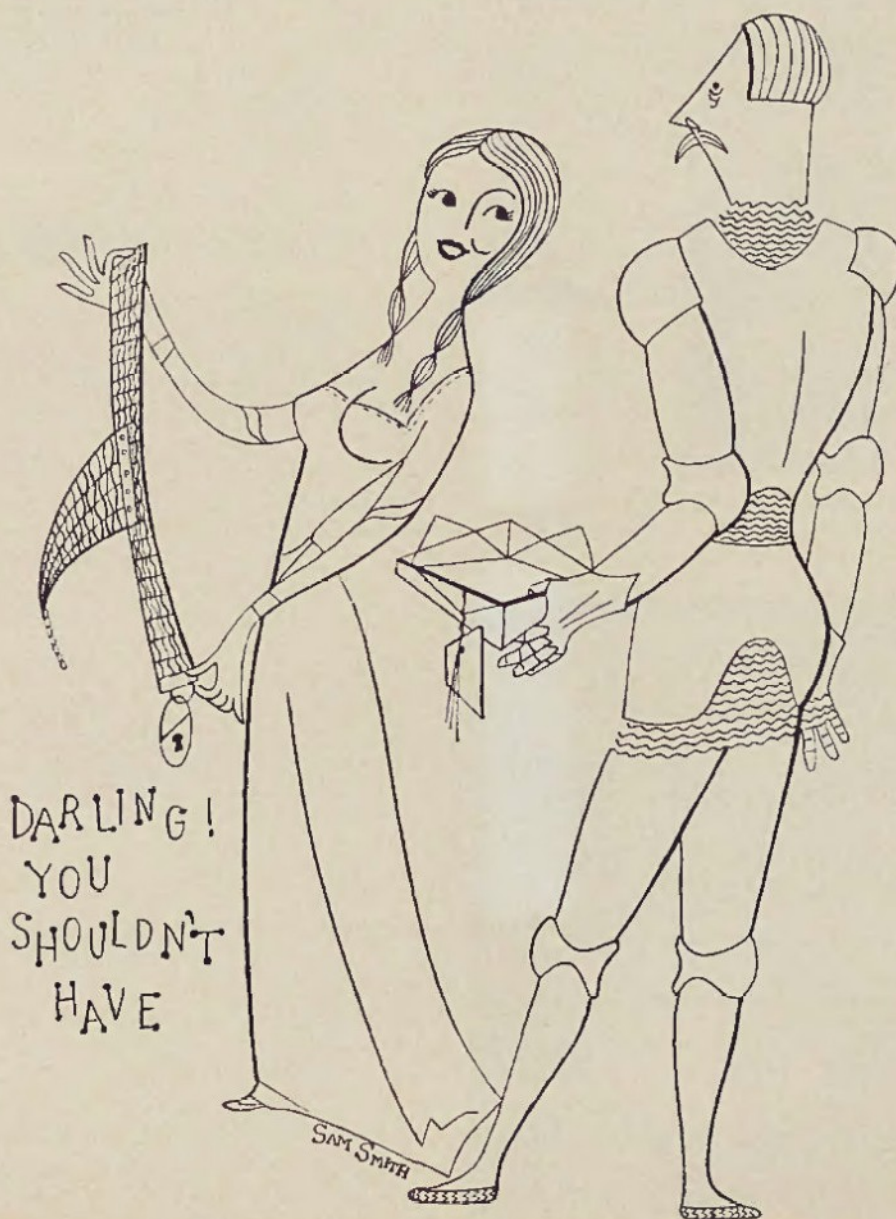
#### OLD BRAEMAR

In mixed drinks often a tiny quantity of liqueur will come through as a delectable nuance. Half teaspoons of liqueurs are used to flavor this bit of felicity from Scotland. In a bar mixing glass with ice pour 1½ ozs. Scotch, ½ oz.

sweet Italian vermouth, ½ teaspoon Drambuie and ½ teaspoon curaçao. Stir well. Strain over the rocks in an old fashioned glass. Twist a piece of lemon peel over the drink, and drop it into the glass. Stir.

#### ROCK AND RYE TODDY

Among the many bar staples which are actually liqueurs but are not necessarily used as after-dinner drinks are Pimm's Cup, sloe gin and, perhaps most noted of all in this country, rock and rye, a combination of straight rye, rock candy, lemon and sometimes spices. Try this: in an old fashioned glass or toddy cup pour 1¾ ozs. rock and rye. Add two dashes angostura bitters, a thick slice of lemon and a thick piece of cinnamon stick. Fill the glass or cup with boiling water. Stir well. Add a dash of nutmeg, freshly grated if possible. Let the drink "ripen" for about five minutes before serving. It's a drink to bring out the winter sun in man or maid and make all good companions quite cordial indeed.



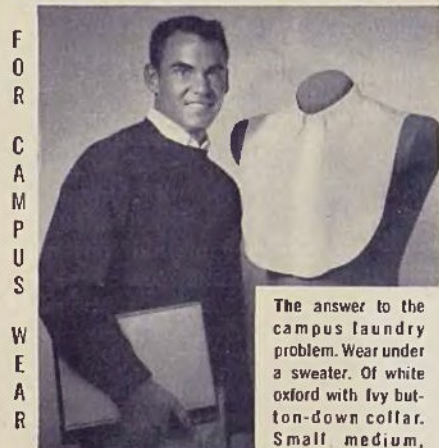




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**SHEIKS OF ARABY**

(continued from page 69)

wear iridescent, hawklike masks that cover the eyes and nose, instead of veils; their lips are dyed with henna, and their eyes are made radiant by belladonna drops; and their robes are altogether black. The sheik was dressed as the other men, but his robe was trimmed in gold, and his *agal* was golden, too; he carried a sword, and an awful dagger in his sword belt, and the scabbard of each was filigreed in gold.

The Sheik of Sharja is the Honorable Saqr bin Sultan, or, more fully, Saqr bin Saqr bin Khaled bin Sultan bin Saqr bin Rashid al Qawasim (*bin*, in Arabic, is the same as *ben* in Hebrew and "son of" in English, and Qawasim is the family name). He is a small, dark, prideful man, with bushy brows and a goatee as rough as a rasp, and he sat beside me, on an overstuffed sofa, as our coffee was served in the customary Arabian way. A coffee-maker—a human being, not a utensil—carried it ceremoniously into the room, in a golden urn, and poured it into our golden coffee cups with many ceremonious clicks of gold upon gold, and the Sheik of Sharja and I partook of three coffee-cupfuls apiece, it being woefully bad manners in Sharja, as elsewhere in Arabia, to have any less. The coffee was muddy and powerful, and, after our three obligatory drams, we wagged our cups at the coffee-maker as a signal we had had our fill—this, too, being the proper manners in Arabia. Both of these fine points of etiquette, and similar ones, had been told to me earlier by several of the Englishmen in town, who also had taken the trouble to brief me on the proper way of speaking to the Sheik of Sharja, which, in words of one syllable, is not to. The Arabian custom, they had said, is to exchange with the Sheik of Sharja, at his afternoon coffee hour, what in America would be nothing more than the bare civilities, the first of these being "Peace be with you" ("And with you," the sheik prescriptively replies), the second being "How are you?" ("Good" or "Bad"), and the third and last being "Allah be thanked" if the sheik is good, or "Allah has willed it" if the sheik is bad. This is followed invariably by a great deal of silence, which is broken after 10 or 15 minutes when the Sheik of Sharja says, "And how are you?" ("Good" or "Bad") and "Allah be thanked" or "Allah has willed it." Then, coffee is served in triplicate, and such fruits as pineapple are eaten from the right hand, for in Arabia the left is thought to be unclean, and its employment at the table is again bad manners; "How are you?" and "Allah, etc." are said again, rose water is sprinkled upon the hands, and incense of sandalwood is

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wafted onto the face, and, without any further ado, the visitor takes his leave. The English, instructing me in all this, remembered the case of Mr. Basil Lermite, a businessman who had lived in Sharja, and who had achieved an unparalleled measure of success for his firm by sitting with the sheik for upwards of three hours, never saying a word. Mr. Lermite, I was informed, had "an understanding silence."

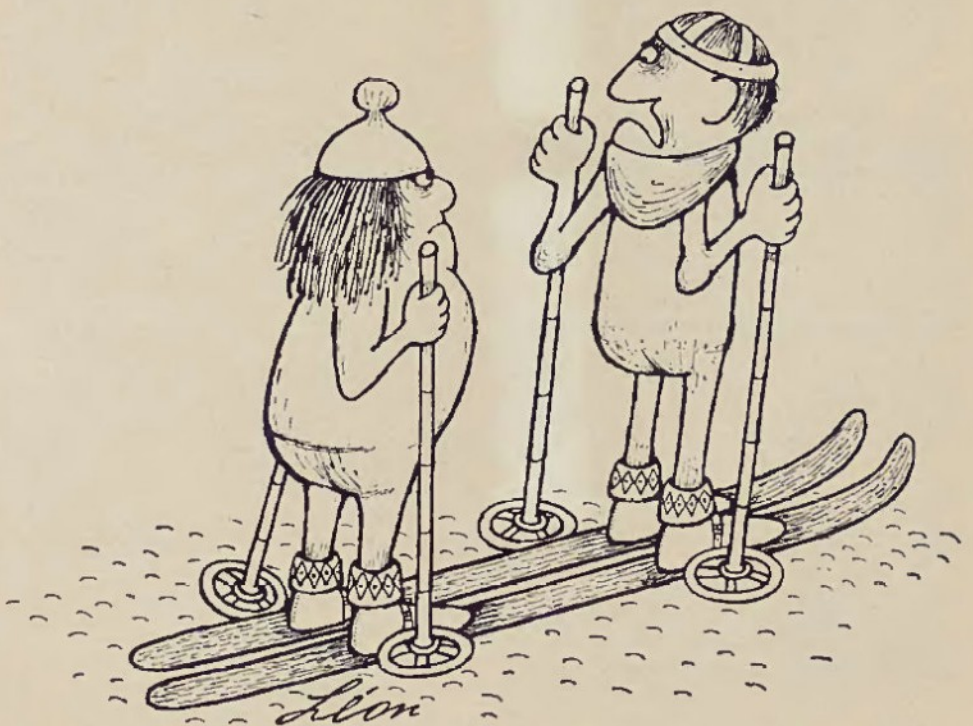
Well, my friends will testify that an understanding silence is a quality I don't possess at all and, after trying to sustain one with the Sheik of Sharja for seven or eight minutes, I decided to throw precedent to the winds, and I made so bold as to ask how *Sharja* was. It was so-so, said the sheik: the Japanese had been cutting into the pearl business, of late, and Sharja's economy was on the skids. "Allah has willed it," I replied, and steeled myself for another 10 minutes of silence, but the sheik, apparently, was delighted at the new turn his afternoon coffee hour had taken, for he pressed me with questions of his own—what did I think of Sharja? what did America think of Sharja? and what did America think of sheiks? I, surmising it's bad manners to say that 99 Americans out of 100 seldom think of Sharja at all, said that we think of sheiks as dark, seductive men, sleeping on the desert in tents and hurrying across it on white Arabian horses. "La, la," said the sheik, laughing and shaking his head as he waved his arm at his palace and his scarlet 1956 Buick outside; and I concluded that sheiks have fallen upon better days since those of Rudolf Valentino.

The thousand men and women who joyously celebrated the end of Ramadan were citizens of Sharja, mostly, but many had come the half-dozen miles from Dubai, yet another tiny, autonomous country on the Persian Gulf. The month of Ramadan is ended, in these countries, when the new moon is sighted by the reigning sheik; the night before, it had been sighted by the Sheik of Sharja but pitifully not by the Sheik of Dubai, who is 80 years old and pretty myopic; so the people of the Sheik of Dubai had hurried to Sharja, to the month of Shawwal and to food, in anything that could carry them across the desert—jeeps, camels, trucks and taxis. (A dozen or so taxis go between Dubai and Sharja, the oldest of them being a New York City Sky-View which, somehow, has gotten well astray.) A few of the celebrants came from the other nearby sheikdoms, there being seven of these in all: Sharja and Dubai are the only ones with any population to speak of, but all seven are tiny, autonomous countries and ruled by seven hereditary sheiks who, like Prince Rainier of Monaco, have the unqualified power of life and death. Unlike Rainier, though, the Sheik of Sharja cut a per-

son's hand off as lately as 1952, and the Sheik of Dubai has blinded half a dozen with a red-hot needle; neither of them, to my knowledge, has killed a man, but the Sheik of Ajman has killed *two*, while the Sheik of Ras al Khaima, like Oedipus, has blinded men with his own thumbs. Such idiosyncrasies of the seven sheiks are a favorite conversational item for the Englishmen in town, and, after listening to them for several evenings and doing a bit of verification, I learned, in addition, that the Sheik of Ajman is poor, traveling in a Chevrolet pickup truck; that the Sheik of Abu Dhabi is rich, burying his money in the floor and sitting determinedly above it; that the Sheik of Umm al Qaiwan is diabetic; and that nothing is amiss inside the Sheik of Fujaira, but that he's a hypochondriac. The Sheik of Abu Dhabi, too, has been troubled by mental ills, notably by a delusion that his coffee-maker would murder him. Indeed, in 1953 his paranoia became so serious that he went to London, to be treated by Her Majesty's physician; but, having decided after two or three appointments that the fellow was in his enemies' pay, he fled to Paris, and what happened *there* to the Sheik of Abu Dhabi, and to his coffee-maker, is still recollected fondly on winter evenings by the Englishmen in Abu Dhabi itself, and, for that matter, by the sheik. (The coffee-maker went with the Sheik of Abu Dhabi all along, the sheik feeling, apparently, that his good qualities as a maker of coffee outweighed his bad.) In substance, the story is that the two travelers, after chopping up the

floor for kindling—to make coffee—were expelled from a hotel, and after building a fire under the bathtub, from yet another hotel; that, in high dudgeon, they went to Cairo and found it more to their liking; and that, eventually, the sheik went back to Abu Dhabi without any trace of his mental disease, but with a social one. Something else about this innocence abroad that I didn't learn in Sharja but in a magazine is that the Sheik of Abu Dhabi was particularly impressed, in Paris, by the oil derrick on the left bank, the highest he'd ever seen. It was obvious, the sheik had said, why France was economically so much better off than Abu Dhabi.

In all fairness to the Honorable Sheik of Abu Dhabi, let me say that his worries as to his coffee-maker weren't altogether irrational, for the same fellow, and his confederates, had murdered every Sheik of Abu Dhabi since 1912, three in all. A study of the history of Abu Dhabi since the late 18th Century shows a similar pattern: eight of the sheiks were murdered, two of them made their getaway in time, two were cashiered but not at all murdered, and two died in office of natural causes, while the destiny of the Honorable Sheik of Abu Dhabi, the incumbent, remains to be seen. The histories of Sharja and the other countries are more or less the same; the conventional way to become a sheik, in these places, was always to murder the last one, something that was done not only by members of his family but also by casual acquaintances, and even by tourists. In Sharja itself the most recent murder, as of going to press, was in 1921,



"Damn it! Are you still there?"







Trucial States, or the Trucial Coast.

"Trucial" is a word that doesn't exist anywhere but on maps, and means, I gather, "of or pertaining to a truce"—the truce being that of 1853, between England and the seven countries, and ending a war of 75 years. In those years, the area had been called the Pirate Coast, but once the truce had been signed, it was clear to everybody in England that piracy could no longer happen, and the word "Trucial," to replace "Pirate," was happily coined by Captain Prideaux of the Royal Navy, and since then England has called the area the "Trucial Coast," and acts of piracy, "maritime irregularities."

What has replaced piracy, as the main industry of Sharja, Dubai, etc., is smuggling — mostly that of Indian tea, Hong Kong silk and suchlike from the seaport of Dubai, where the tariff is four-and-a-half percent or more. (Nobody knows how the Sheik of Dubai hit on four-and-a-half percent. Most likely, he saw it in a bank or somewhere and adopted it as a pat, businesslike number.) A lot of pearling is done these days, but it's being hurt by the Japanese, as the Sheik of Sharja said: some of the Arabs fish, and some of them grow dates, or even wheat and tobacco. As can be well imagined, the white hope of the sheiks in this industrial age is to make an honest living at last by finding oil, and, accordingly, a contract that lasts well into the 21st Century has been signed by them and Petroleum Development (Trucial Coast) Ltd. For a number of years, the Petroleum Development (Trucial Coast) Ltd. people have been digging holes into the desert to see what's under it, if anything, and some raw, sun-tanned seismologists from America, which owns a quarter of P.D.(T.C.) Ltd., have been setting off TNT offshore, to the irritation of some unenlightened Arabs who still believe their white hope is to catch more fish. Almost all of these holes are being dug into Abu Dhabi soil, for Abu Dhabi is next to Qatar, which is pronounced "cutter," and which is so full of oil underground that its ruler has scarlet 1956 Buicks to give away — for example, to the Sheik of Sharja. The ruler of Qatar enjoys, too, what is thought to be the only television set on the Arabian peninsula — mercifully, he can't see anything on it, the nearest TV station being in Italy—and he is sorely envied by the seven sheiks I'm writing of, who wait impatiently for a big, black gusher of their own to soar from the desert sands.

One evening in Sharja, I was talking oil with some of the Englishmen there, and I asked, naturally, if the sheiks had any chance of striking it. The evening was hot, as always, and my English friends were drinking scotch on the rocks, mostly rocks, and were dressed, as always in the evenings, in white ducks,

white open-collar shirts, and black cummerbunds—this, a slight nod to the proprieties of civilized life. One of the Englishmen so attired had just come from the Abu Dhabi oil fields, so I directed my question to him. He hemmed and hawed a few moments, and shifted his scotch to the other hand, and presently he said, "Well, what I'm permitted to report is that we went to six thousand feet, and we have encountered some unexpected difficulties."

"Quite," said one other Englishman. "No oil."

• • •

Almost all of my English friends, in Sharja and in the other countries, are young, eager and red-faced, without a hint of a sun tan after several years in Arabia — and, in their black-and-white evening habits, they are rather difficult to tell apart. I think there are a hundred of them, working for the Red Cross, the airport at Sharja, the Foreign Office, and the British bank, as well as for Petroleum Development (Trucial Coast) Ltd., and while they'd all allow that much of the world is gayer, and certainly cooler, than the Trucial States, they seem to be rather fond of it. This, however, is tempered by an uneasy feeling that the world doesn't care about the Trucial States, and nothing so pleases them as being reminded it does, as happened, for example, four or five years ago, when none other than Winston Churchill sent a telegram there. Whatever it was that Winston had to say to the Trucial States is secret, and nobody in the foreign colony would apprise me of it.

The most important of the many young, eager and untanned Englishmen in these parts is Mr. Peter Tripp, who, after seven happy years in the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, was named by the Foreign Office to head its agency in the Trucial States. The English have been more or less hegemonic since they beat the pirates in 1820 (Persia, in 1888, and France, in 1891, tried to muscle in by giving out flags, but they didn't get very far), and, by treaty with the seven sheiks, the English handle their foreign affairs, so Mr. Tripp isn't the minister or the ambassador but the political agent, or "P.A." The foreign affairs of Sharja, of course, are often those with Abu Dhabi, Dubai, Ajman, Umm al Qaiwan, Ras al Khaima, and Fujaira, and what with 36 other permutations, the P.A. is really kept busy: he referees the inter-sheik wars, and he helps the cartographers with the inter-sheikdom borders, the claims, and the counterclaims, and whenever he's called upon by a sheik to get a train ticket, a carburetor, or a British passport (the Honorable Shakbut bin Sultan had no end of trouble, in Europe, with his Government of Abu Dhabi one), he must promise to do so, drink three cups of coffee, and assume an understanding silence, and whenever a

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sheik goes traveling, he must get the red carpets out, and he must keep the pearl merchants, fishmongers, and other pillars of the community happy, too, bestowing titles like "Khan Sahib" on them. He got glasses for the Sheik of Dubai, he got sunglasses for the Sheik of Fujaira, he got a coronation ticket for the Sheik of Abu Dhabi. All of this, and suchlike, is done by the P.A. one-and-a-half years without a vacation, and Mr. Tripp says he nearly resigned when pulled out of the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, by the Foreign Office, and told to do it.

One of the compensations of his job is that Mr. Tripp is, quite probably, the only Englishman in the world who can emancipate slaves. By permission of the sheiks, he is sort of an allie-allie in-free for the several thousand Arab, Negro and Pakistani slaves in the sheikdoms, and whosoever of them can reach him morning, afternoon or night can get what amounts to a personal Emancipation Proclamation, a piece of red-white-and-blue paper that says, in Arabic and English, "Be it known to all who may see this that the bearer . . . has been manumitted and no one has a right to interfere with his/her liberty." Although, each week, one or two slaves go to Mr. Tripp, get this, and hurry off to the Qatar or Abu Dhabi oil fields, the great majority are happy with their lot: they get bed and board, and sometimes pay, and, not having any worry of being fired, they don't work especially hard; they are born as slaves and marry slaves, begetting boys and girls who are slaves *de jure*, and once in a blue moon the prettier ones are sold to a Saudi Arabian prince, marry him, and bring their families to Saudi Arabia in a DC-3 — it really happened, I'm told. At present, the selling price for slave girls is \$270, and those of my readers who wish to obtain one are best advised to visit Hamasa, Sultanate of Oman, any day of the week but Friday, most of the business there being done in Pakistani rupees, and privately. In the past, many of the slaves at Hamasa were kidnapped from Pakistan, Persia or the seven sheikdoms, but this practice is frowned upon now by the sheiks, and people who indulge are apt to be jailed, or maybe deprived of their right hand, slowly, the usual Moslem punishment for thieves. Such a thing happened a few months before I went to Sharja, when the P.A. and some Arab troops, in a British version of the jeep, overtook a slaver and four girls he had kidnapped. The slaver was jailed, and the slave girls (who said he had raped them) were manumitted, and, in thankfulness, they kissed the P.A. and every other Englishman at the agency. According to Mr. Tripp, the girls were quite beautiful — but he has been in Arabia a long time.





## LUGGAGELESS LOVE

(continued from page 39)

want to register as man and wife?"

"Why," says Stan, "the best way is to just pick up the pen and register."

"No," I said. "I mean, you know, if you're nervous about it."

"Well," says Stan, "if you're the type that gets embarrassed about it and don't want to say you just missed the last train to Greenwich or something like that, then you might use the Niggardly Wife technique."

"Proceed," I said.

"The way it works," Stan says, "is you coach the girl ahead of time what she's supposed to do, and when you walk into the lobby of the hotel, she goes over and takes a chair not too far away from the desk. You go up to the desk and say you want a double room. Twin beds. The desk clerk gives you the register or a card to sign and while you're writing 'Mr. and Mrs.' on it, the girl gets up and walks over to you and says, so the clerk will hear it, 'How much is the room, dear?' That establishes her as your wife and nobody could possibly ask any questions or even hint that there was anything suspicious. So now you say to her, 'Oh, for god sake Myrt,' and then you casually mention that you got no baggage and the chances are the clerk won't even ask you to pay in advance."

You see how neat it's worked out? It sounded real good to me and one evening a year or so later I was over on East 42nd Street to see some people in Tudor City and later I stopped in a tavern for a drink. There was a girl sitting alone in a booth and I was at the bar. She was a beautiful thing with coal-black hair and when I say she was stacked, I am understating the facts. I kept looking over at her and she would once in a while look at me and give me just the faintest flicker of a smile. So finally I just picked up my drink and walked over and told her my feet hurt and did she mind, and she said no, and we started having some drinks together.

It got late, around two or three in the morning, and she was a little in the bag, and so was I, and finally I sprung the question and she said why not, and we got a taxi and headed for the Arcade Plaza. In the cab I gave this girl her routine, what she was supposed to do, and she bobbed her head and said, "Sure, Mac, I got it."

As we walked into the hotel lobby I noticed that she was a little unsteady on her feet, so I escorted her over to a chair not far from the desk and gave her a quick final briefing. The lobby was empty except for a scrubwoman, and the clerk looked to be half asleep over a copy of the *Mirror*. So I went up to the desk and said I'd like to have a room with twin beds. The guy gave me a card and a pen and I started writing.

This was the point where the babe was supposed to come forward. I glanced back at her, and she was sitting in the chair staring straight ahead as if she was in a trance. I went "Pssst!" She didn't move. I wrote another word, and then I went "Pssst!" again. She still didn't seem to hear me, so I gave her a "Pssst!" that almost lifted the carpets off the floor. She wobbled her head around and looked at me and then gave me a silly sort of grin, and got off the chair and came up to the desk. The clerk had heard me doing all that hissing and he was looking from one to the other of us, and now the girl stared him straight in the eye and said, almost in a snarl, "If this bassard says he's my hubbuh, he's bigges' damn liar eas' th' Missippi."

The clerk just stood there and stared at her awhile, no expression on his face. Then he turned to me. I was furious. I was holding myself in, but I could have strangled that dame. Here I had been

carefully working out that beautifully organized scheme, watching it unfold exactly the way it was supposed to unfold, as if it had been drafted by a master architect, and now she comes along and with one nasty, uncouth crack, throws the whole thing out of kilter.

The clerk, as I said, looked at me and then he slowly winked his eye and turned around and got a key and handed it to a bored and waiting bell-hop. I stood there and stared at the key in my hand, still steaming inside; then I handed it back to him, and nodded toward the girl, and said, "Throw 'er into the street if you feel like it." Then I turned around and walked out and went home.

The moral? You mean you don't see it? It's simply this: A man can fall so much in love with a blueprint that he forgets to put up the building.



"And if you're thinking of claiming your brother left everything to Miss Laverne here while he was of unsound mind, remember the judge will get a good look at all three of you."



## A Knight Lay Dying

(continued from page 68)

protested. "We haven't had a chance to talk!"

"I'm sorry," Scott said, and he was. He really would have liked to stay. But he was no longer his own master. The bribe of a year in Switzerland now being beyond him, from here on in he would have to obey the pain that, for the first time in 12 years, he had ceased to think about as an enemy. "I really must go."

"But there's so much I want you to tell me!" Helen Crager said. "About Brittany and the underground and what you did!"

"I'm sorry," Scott said again. "There's nothing to tell."

Not to her. Or to her husband. Or to the people in France who handed out medals. He would save it all for the one person who was entitled to hear it.

"Good-bye," Scott said.

He shook hands with Mr. Crager, and he bowed to the girl who was now Mr. Crager's wife, and then, carrying the pain carefully, as though it were a sleeping child that must not be aroused, Scott turned and started out of the bar.

"Sergeant Scott!" Helen Crager called.

He continued moving toward the door. She had done her part in setting him free from the chains that had held him for a dozen years. He could not expect her to do more. Nobody could help him with the question that had forged the chains in the first place:

On that terrible morning in Brittany, when he stole away unnoticed from the kitchen window of the Auxerre farmhouse, carrying to safety the plans he had brought from England, had Sergeant Scott been obeying orders, or had he been obeying the dictates of his own heart?

Had he allowed the Gestapo to kill Jeanine Auxerre because it was his duty not to jeopardize the plans he carried

on his person? Or had he allowed her to die because her death was an unexpected and simple solution for a troubled man who had fallen in love with an American girl in England but could do nothing about it because he was secretly married to a French girl in Brittany?

"Sergeant Scott! Please!"

He did not turn back. To do so would have been merely polite, and he was beyond politeness. For a dozen years he had lived alone, locked away with the secret agony of that unanswered question. Now, however, for the first time in those dozen years, the question no longer mattered. All that mattered now was what he had learned from Helen: that he'd never had a chance: if he had told her how he felt, he would have been no better off than all those other men for whom she had knocked on wood. She had not loved them. She had merely wanted them to live.

Only one person had ever wanted more for him than that he should merely go on living. Only one person had ever loved him. He was glad now that, on that first night of his return to Brittany, he had lacked the courage to tell her the truth. At least he had spared her that.

"Sergeant Scott!"

He moved forward lightly, through the door of the bar, toward the future, with an eagerness for what lay ahead that, since the night in Brittany when the pain began, Scott had thought he would never know again. For the first time in a dozen years he was not thinking of the pain. For the first time in a dozen years there was only one thought in his mind: soon the long loneliness would be over.

Jeanine had waited three years for him to come back to her in Brittany. Now that he was free at last, she would surely wait the little time that remained before he came back to her forever.

## A LITTLE LATE

(continued from page 74)

"What're you," she asked, her prettiness disappearing, "the cleverest kid in the class?"

"In the school."

The car drew up in front of the Chambord.

"Just don't get too —" she said, pulling on her gloves.

"Let's go," he said, getting out of the car. "We're running a little late."

Everything at the Chambord is cooked to order and, in an effort to impress the distinguished party, even more time than usual had been consumed. Except for having run overtime, however, the meeting had been a success. The New Star had been laconic and charming, the television people most understanding. As Tink skillfully led the discussion, he simultaneously tried to rearrange the over-crowded schedule. He saw now that at least one whole appointment would have to be canceled.

At the curb, the farewells were suddenly abrupt. "Thanks a lot, fellows, we've got to step," said Tink.

"See you soon," she was saying, as he swung her into the car. They drove off.

"On the double, huh, Charlie?" he said to the chauffeur.

"Where to? Be nice to know."

Tink consulted his notebook again. "UN Building," he said and closed the glass partition which separated them from the driver.

"What's there?" she frowned.

"No problems — a little handshaking and some pictures with the Indian delegation."

"Stills?" she asked.

"Maybe a little newsreel stuff, too."

"No newsreels," she said.

"Why not?"

"You come out looking like a hung-over freak, that's why not."

Tink took off his hat, put it back on, and rolled his tongue over his gums.

"Baby," he said, "remember what I was telling you a while ago?"

"When?"

"About let me handle it?"

She breathed three or four deep breaths.

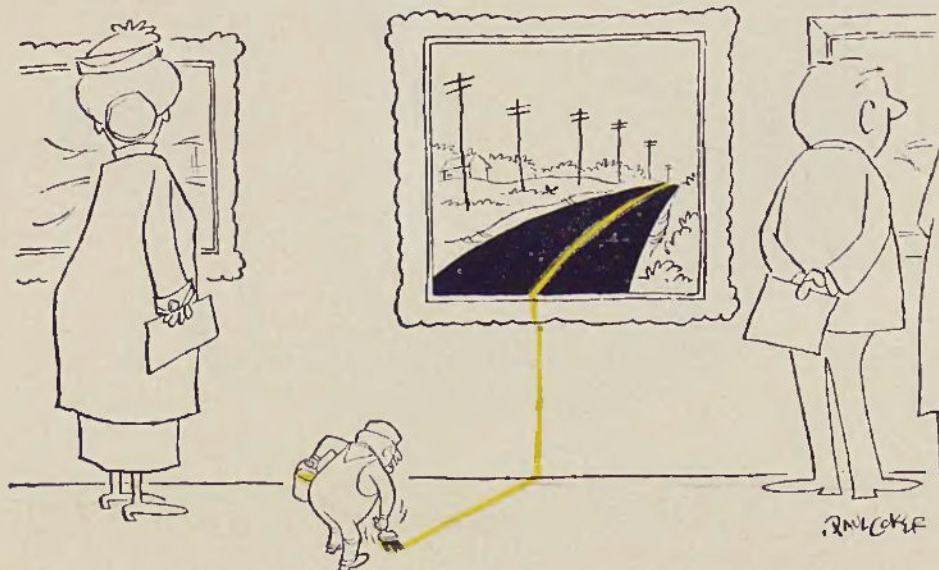
"Well, if they're going to shoot film," she said, "I'll have to put my caps on."

"On your teeth?"

"Wha'd'y think? On your teeth?" She began to search her handbag. "For stills it's all right, but on film you have to open your chops once in a while." She found a small gold box and from it took her dentures one by one, snapping them onto her front teeth, expertly. For some hidden reason, the act unnerved Tink.

"Why didn't you do that before?" he snapped, turning away.

She shouted at the back of his neck,





using the same high note for each word. "Because last week I did and they came off in my lunch! Satisfied?"

The United Nations Building came into view.

• • •

While she was being photographed with the Indian delegates, Tink went to a telephone and postponed her appointment with William Peper of the *World-Telegram* to the following day. As a result of this, the following day began to take on its own nightmare quality. At 3:30 (running only half an hour late) she recorded an interview with Tex and Jim.

At 4:15 (45 minutes late) she turned up at a meeting of the studio's sales department and was rushed out before the complete staff was aware that she had arrived.

On the way back to the hotel she had her say. "Better not to go at all, rather than an in and out like that."

"Quiet."

"You had to drag me out like some stunt dummy just when I'm talking to the people who have to sell me? The one thing I don't want to get is the reputation for stuck-up."

"Everybody loves you."

"But if the sales department —"

"Listen! This next is the big one. Here's where we go for the biggest score in the business."

"I know, but —"

"The way they work it is they put these people on and they'll do a lot of stuff — research, writing, pictures — but they don't know yet if it's going to be a shot or a page or a spread or a cover or a whoknowswhat. It could turn out anything. Depending."

"On what?"

"On how the whole setup strikes them as they go along — and the whole personality."

"Don't worry about my personality."

"Will you for the love of —?" He pinched his eyes, then continued, in control.

"You give them the right kind of jazz, you're liable to wind up on the front, but if all they get is a lot of wet lips and cheesecake, it could turn out a big nothing. Remember that Marlon Brando spread eating corn flakes out of a box and playing a flute? Stuff like that."

"Playing a flute?"

"An example. It's got to have color and —"

"For color I have to change my make-up."

"No, I don't mean — no, when I say color — I don't mean color, I mean —" He took off his hat and stretched his facial muscles. "Oh, brother!" he murmured.

"You mean like taking a shower?"

"Been done."

"Well, let them think of something."

"They will."

"How long is this session anyway?"

He glanced at his notebook. "Hour and a half."

"And a half!" she exploded.

He bounced, nervously. "Don't do that, will you?"

"And a half!" she repeated, with less volume but more intensity.

"This is the biggest break in show business, you cluck," he yelled. "And I assure you it's worth two hours, three, four, seven of your valuable uranium time! Now pipe down and stop bugging me before I hang one on you!"

They drove along in silence. The driver turned around to study them, brielly. After a time, she spoke:

"Where'd you get that temper?" she asked. "It's a beaut." He studied his notebook without replying. "That's what happened to my uncle," she added.

He looked up. "What?"

"The one who brought me up," she explained. "And my aunt."

He looked at her. "Start from the beginning," he said quietly.

"That's how he died. He gave one yipe like that and keeled over."

"Who was he yipeing at?"

"Me."

He nodded. "What I thought."

They reached the hotel. Upstairs they found Miss Richter, Tink's secretary, going over some background files with Helen Ort, the researcher.

"Sorry, Helen," he said. "We're running a little late."

The New Star came forward, both hands outstretched. "Hello," she said. Miss Ort took one of the hands.

"Miss Ort, Miss Apoplexy," he said, introducing.

She started for the bedroom.

"There's a man in there," warned Miss Richter.

"One of ours," explained Miss Ort.

In the bedroom a tall, rangy young man stood on a chair, shoeless, affixing a small spotlight to the wall. He turned as she came in.

She approached the chair and offered up her hand. He took it for a moment. She went to the dressing table and took off her hat. She looked back in his direction and found him still standing on the chair, watching her. She spoke slowly and somewhat tremulously. "Don't I know you from somewhere?"

"Put on your glasses, why don't you?" he suggested.

"How come you know so much about me and glasses?" she asked.

He stepped off of the chair and came to her. When he was close enough, he leaned down and brought his face close to hers.

"Holy God, Steve," she whispered.

"Got it on the first guess," he said.

Tink came in, asking, "Well, how goes?"

"Fine," said Steve. "All set."

"Any special angle?"

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"Well, no — but I thought we might start with a little bedroom gonk."

"Day-in-the-life-of routine?"

"No, just some easy action."

"How about one of me washing my stockings?" she suggested, brightly.

"No," said Tink.

Steve spoke. "What do you have in the way of lounging pajamas? Anything?"

"Well, wardrobe gave me a whole trunk of junk here." She flung it open, expertly. "Help yourself."

Steve began to examine the selection. Behind him, a violent pantomimic exchange took place, during which neither of the participants understood the other.

Steve turned into the room. "Junk is right," he pronounced.

"Ha!" she said, with a triumphant look at Tink.

"Nothing there at all?" asked Tink, politely.

"For the fashion guys, maybe — but I was looking for something a little on the realer side."

"Why don't I use my regular nightie and robe? My own."

"Let's see."

"On me or in the hand?"

"On, I guess."

"Five minutes."

Tink looked troubled. He touched Steve's elbow as he said, "Come on, I'll give you a drink."

The men started out as she began unzipping her skirt. Steve turned to look back. Tink moved him out into the sitting room just in time, and closed the door.

"Child of nature, eh?" said Steve, smiling.

"What can I get you?"

"A double anything."

Miss Richter began mixing drinks.

"I suppose you must be sick of hearing about it," said Tink, "but I thought your bullfight spread was the damndest, most marvelous thing I ever saw in my whole life."

"Ditto," said Miss Richter.

"Not sick at all," said Steve.

Miss Richter handed him a drink.

"Thanks." He held the glass aloft and studied it. "Say, this is a mighty brown one, isn't it?"

"What the hell," said Tink.

"True enough."

They drank.

"I had no idea they were going to put you on this," said Tink.

"Tell you the truth," said Miss Ort, "neither did I."

Tink hesitated, then spoke with cautious humor. "What I'm trying to figure is are we promoted or you demoted?"

All four laughed, carefully.

"No, I take it I'm still up there," said Steve. "Your little lady is a large story."

"Yes, but what I meant — out of your line."

"I take pictures of people, that's all,"

said Steve.

"Sounds simple."

"That bullfight thing you just mentioned. How many bulls did you count?"

"I don't know. A lot."

"Four."

"Really?"

"That's all. The rest were people watching and behaving the way they do in that time and place. That's the angle I see here. What happens to Cinderella after happily ever after?"

"You asking me?"

"No, but it's an angle. Let's delve it, Helen."

"Could be," said Helen, "with enough candids."

Steve continued. "What's a lot of shiny pictures of a shiny female? They do that at the studio — better. I'd like to catch the girl. Unposed."

"That'll be the day," said Miss Richter.

"Why?"

"Unposed?"

The bedroom door opened and The New Star framed herself in the doorway, languorously.

"All ready," she said.

The four onlookers laughed.

She broke out of her pose abruptly, put her hands on her hips and used another voice to ask, "What's so funny?"

Steve finished his drink in a gulp and started for the bedroom.

"Any help?" asked Miss Ort.

"No, thanks," said Steve. "Let me just pot around here for a while and see what I get. Then tomorrow we'll see how it sets up with what you've got so far."

He went into the bedroom.

"OK," said Miss Ort, and she prepared to leave. "Can I drop you?" she asked Miss Richter.

"Let's drop each other," replied Miss Richter, "at the nearest Slenderella!"

They left swiftly, as though glad to.

The New Star approached Tink. "OK?" she asked, confidentially.

"You asking me? I thought you knew it all."

She turned from him, angrily, and marched into the bedroom saying, "OK OK OK OK OK!" Steve, preparing his cameras, looked up.

"OK what?" he asked.

"Where do you want me?"

"Get over there by the window and just be looking out." She moved across the room. "No, the French window . . . That's it."

"Like this?"

"No. Just look out. The way you do."

"I never look out."

"Well, do it now . . . That's better."

He focused. "What're you thinking about?" he asked.

"Nothing."

"Try something."

"For instance?"

He moved to her and held a light



meter under her chin. "About the old days, maybe," he said softly.

"I never do."

"Why not? Were they so bad?"

"So good."

He moved away from her and adjusted his camera again. "This way a little . . . That's enough . . . Now would you try —?"

Tink stepped into the room. "I've got to bang on the phone a little," he explained. "Mind if I close this door?"

"Not me," said Steve.

"What's next?" she asked Tink.

Steve made a picture, and moved to change his angle.

"We're having a drink with some of the dailies. Important with three verys. Unbumsteering them. Where they pick up some of this stuff?" replied Tink. "That's as soon as you're through here. I'll meet them downstairs and you can join us."

"All right."

He turned to Steve. "Any idea when that'll be?"

"No," said Steve, intent on his work.

"Don't rush me."

"Just asking. We're running a little late."

"Well, I'm no photomat machine," said Steve, testily.

"Sure," said Tink, retreating.

"And then what?" she asked.

"That dinner thing with Panama and Frank. They want to tell you this other idea. Then we hook up with The Brass right at the theatre, then I suppose "21" for about an hour or so, but no more because I've got the fan mag bunch set up in about six different clubs — about 15 minutes each joint ought to do it."

"Wow!" said Steve, softly.

"Excuse me," said Tink. He left, closing the door.

"Sit down here a minute," said Steve, changing cameras.

"You hear that?"

"That schedule?"

"Yes."

Steve laughed. "I bet you're about the only girl I know has any idea what it must be like to be Queen of England."

"Oh sure," she said bitterly. "I'm some queen!" She began to cry.

Steve put aside his camera and came to her.

"Go ahead," she wept. "Keep on snapping. Natural stuff!"

She got up, violently, and flung herself across the room to the dressing table. She pulled three pieces of Kleenex out of the satin-covered container, blew her nose, and brought herself sharply into control. "Don't mind me," she said. "Let's go."

"No, I want to talk a minute."

"You a talker? I thought a photographer."

"One of each."

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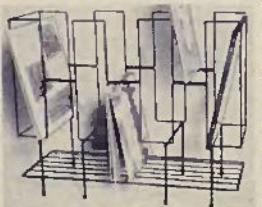


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She sat down and looked at him. He sat down opposite her.

"This was no accident," he said.

"What no accident?"

"This assignment. It didn't just happen. I asked for it. And I'm a power over there right now, see? So I swung some weight."

"Why didn't you just call up? I mean any time in the last—what is it? Six, seven years?"

"Five, honey, five! We're aging fast enough, don't age us any faster."

"Hard to believe," she murmured.

"Five years go by and bang! we're a couple of powers. So why didn't you?"

"Well, for a year there I was hurt, then for a year I was sore, another year I forgot about you, then a year somebody else—and this last year I've been thinking practically about nobody but myself. Maybe that's how I got to be a power. How did you?"

"I'm no power. I just said that."

"Then the other day, there was your picture upside down on a desk. And I thought I'd like to see you. Right side up."

"I'm glad."

"Why?"

She shrugged and said, "It's friendly—not much of that around."

"Used to be."

"No more."

"Sure more. Only not for us. We're powers. We've got work to do."

"So let's do it," she said, abruptly. She swung around to face the mirror on her dressing table and began brushing her hair. Steve picked up two cameras and, alternating, began shooting.

"I'm not quite—" she began.

"Forget I'm here."

A silent game developed. She, attempting to take advantageous positions and assume attractive expressions; he, attempting to avoid committing these to film and, instead, choosing the moments in between.

"You given up hoofing?" she asked.

"I mean completely?"

"Just about. Elbow up a little. Oh, once in a while I do a time step just to see if I fall down or what."

"You were pretty good."

"That's about it. Pretty good. Too much. Down."

"Here?"

"But weren't you always more interested in this? In cameras?"

"Good. What about you and dancing? Wet your lips."

"You kidding? I danced in my two last pictures."

"Didn't see."

She laughed. "Told my fan club about you they'd chop you in little pieces."

"That's enough brushing. For me, I mean."

She put down the brush and began to adjust her make-up with care and

skill. Steve knelt, bent, lay on the floor, shot into the mirror, over the mirror, from near and far. They continued to talk.

"Did you know that show was going to be a bomb when we started in?" she asked.

"No, I thought it was great stuff. Take a breath."

"It was, too. At least our part of it. The dancing."

"What I meant."

"Boy, that first day. Was I scared!"

"I know. I was watching you."

"Right from bang?"

"I told you about it. At the time. Eyes wider."

"I thought that was just part of the line."

"I wasn't using a line in those days. I had my youth. Closer to the mirror."

"Hard to believe."

"When'd you first glom me?" he asked.

"I don't remember."

"Sure you do. The third day. Smile. I bought you a Coke in the morning break. And you carried on like it was a magnum of champagne."

"No, before that. When he first started working on the lifts and he told everybody stop and watch you—how you were doing it."

"Yeah—?"

"That's when I first saw you."

"Well, damn me. Spine straight. I could've saved myself the dime for the Coke, huh?"

"Sure."

"Well, gone now," he said, changing the direction of his key light. "Forget it."

"You didn't."

"Curiosity."

"That's all?"

"And a few questions."

"Go ahead."

There was a pause.

"No," he said. "Now I'm here, it doesn't seem to matter."

"Go ahead."

"Well, usually when I miss—and miss bad—I got some idea of where I went wrong. Don't slouch. Like once, if it hadn't been for one stupid joke I made at a crucial moment—I would now be the loving husband of the fourth richest babe in Brazil. Think of it."

"You poor kid."

"Sit over here. That's it. Relax. Looking back—I've made all the manly mistakes. I've been too dumb and too smart and too fast and slow and tough and tender—the works. I've done all the wrong things along with most of the right ones. So when I miss—so I miss—but I make a note."

"OK to laugh?"

"And I've been brushed and dropped and fired and locked out—and once, I admit it—picked right up off my feet and thrown out—she was an Olympic



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swimmer, not bigger than me, just stronger! But I was never—what the hell was it like?—disintegrated—the way I was with you."

"Wait a second. Cramp."

"We were going so mellow, you and me. Head back. Whoa! Standard opening. King's gambit, the look, the smile, the Coke, the cab, the midnight movie, the long walk home, the sit on the steps, the kiss on the cheek, the hand squeeze, the Sunday date—the not going too fast—the Biiiig Talk. And all of a sudden—we're in Boston and it's like we'd never even met. I was thinking of getting somebody to introduce us all over again."

"I know. I was there."

"The silent treatment. Not sore, just not there. Can you give me more chest. sort of? That's it. And pretty soon after—you're right up there with The Boss, so I figured oh well. Then I hear that's off, if it was ever on, and if the show hadn't closed I'd've gone nuts trying to figure you out, babe. You're no tease, that much I'm sure of. So what is with you? Or was, at least?"

"If you'll shut up a second and give somebody else a chance to get an edge-wise."

"You're on."

"The thing you don't realize is—I got stuck on you and I didn't want to be —"

"Why not? Get on the floor."

"Wrong time. So I got stuck off."

"Just like that."

"No, it was tough."

"But you made it!" he said. "Cross your legs."

"I'm trying some truth; you want to be sarcastic, go ahead."

"No, not like that. Cross-legged. Like this. You were stuck on me till The Boss gave you a nod. You must've been stuck on with spit!"

"The Boss thing was way before —"

"Before what?"

"Before you."

"What?"

"How do you think I got in the show — on my talent?"

"Well, damn me. Lean back!"

"So after you started in on me I had this problem. Here was The Boss—and here was just a hooper in the chorus—getting me so I couldn't see straight. But a peculiar. Not even big talent you could hope something would happen maybe someday. Just a hooper—all the time taking snapshots on the side."

"Look away. Higher. Don't pose."

"I got so I used to forget to sleep."

"Why?"

"Because I could feel myself slipping—and any minute it was going to be the hell with it and then where? Where my two sisters are and practically every one of my girlfriends from home. After all, I didn't have to come to New York and go through the kind of mill I went through to wind up in a kitchenette



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dreaming about maybe an electric dishwasher for Christmas."

"Turn away a little. Enough. Now stretch. Try to touch the wall. That's good. Once more? OK. Sit up again."

"Could we stop a minute?"

"Rather not. I get a kind of rhythm going and —"

"One cigarette."

"Go ahead. Don't mind me."

"No pictures smoking, though."

"Why not?"

"The studio'll kill 'em."

"They won't even see them! What do you think this is?"

"Well, if I asked you to please not of me smoking would you?"

"That's different."

He brought her a cigarette and lit it. "You don't wear them at all anymore, huh? The eyeglasses."

"Listen. What goes on in front of me most the time, I'd just as soon see fuzzy."

"Don't I remember something about you and trying contact lenses?"

"What a memory! Yuh, I did, but it turned out too much of a sweat."

"Getting them in?"

"In was *nothing*. Out was the murderer. Especially that one night — half an hour I knocked myself out with those little suction cups and I couldn't get them out. You know *why*? Because they weren't *in*!"

He winced, then laughed. "Maybe you should've stuck with the lenses and cut out getting that looped."

"I don't do so much of that," she said, seriously. "Just every so often when it gets to be what-the-hell."

She squirmed into a patch of sunlight on the floor and smoked, thoughtfully. "What're you thinking?" he asked.

"About timing. Everything in life is timing."

"Get back to the kitchenette."

"Huh?"

"And you worrying about becoming a human being?"

"What're you twisting what I say for?"

"Go ahead."

"I was ready — practically ready — to go the distance with you and see where we wound up — and all of a sudden — timing."

"Like what?"

"Right after the opening in New Haven? The Boss takes me over to his money man's house. In Greenwich. For dinner."

Steve laughed. "A mistake, huh?"

"Not for me."

"But for The Boss."

"He didn't seem to break his heart any."

"And the money man?"

"One of the finest gentlemen it was ever my pleasure. Is."

"It's still *on*?"

"God, no. I mean *is* not *was* because he's not dead, after all. In fact, I saw

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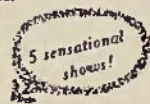
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him last night a minute. Morocco."

"You lucky girl."

"See that again? Sarcastic."

"So he was the end of *me*. That it?"

"What could I do?"

The room darkened as they sat silently. She finished her cigarette, rose from the floor, slowly, crossed the room to an ashtray and tamped out the butt.

"Should we go ahead?" she asked.

"Why not?" he replied, in a voice not his own. "That's what we're *here* for."

"What're you sore? Because I told the truth?"

"I'm not sore."

"You sounded."

"Not at you."

"What at, then?"

"Nothing. Everything."

"Should I of passed it up? My chance?"

"No."

"It was one of those once in a lifetime."

"I'll say."

"All of a sudden from nothing, sometimes *less* than nothing, it was anything I wanted. Everything and then some. All I had to was name it."

"Well, you wouldn't've with me. that's a cinch," he said. "Against the wall, now."

"I know. Other things, maybe even *better* things, but what I'm trying to explain is how it was at the *time*. At the *time*, that's what I wanted."

"— *thought* you wanted."

"No, what I *really*. I'm not saying — you're getting it wrong — I don't want to give the idea I think I made a mistake or — I mean after all . . ." She paused.

"After all *what*?"

"Look at where I got to."

"Where? Arms out."

"And it was all him. Like this? All I had to do was *think* of something, practically, and that was it. No matter what. Finally, my hit."

"He gave you that, *too*?"

"Of course."

"Come *on!*" he said, impatiently.

"He *did*. I heard about the spot but what chance did *I* have to make it? So I mentioned it. Next thing you know I'm *in*. Then, instead of the one number, there's the *three* and the big one spotted. *And* special arrangements what's more *and* a lighting expert and two coaches, so how could I miss?"

"You could've missed all right."

"Did you see me in it?"

"No, but I heard — right into the lens now — you were great."

"Thanks. So from that they started talking about pictures but I didn't know *what* to say on account of — you know — he's based around here, more or less — and I didn't know how he'd feel about it or if to mention it to him but before I could, *he* mentioned it to *me*. Well,

the one thing I never did with him was lie, so I didn't then. So boom he arranges the whole thing. Even though *he* had to stay and *I* had to go, but I mean that's why I say — a gentleman."

"Not so much eyes, f'the love of —"

"But that's when he told me, 'Now you're on your own, missy. Pay attention and do your work because I can't help you any out there.' He took me out as far as Sun Valley and we had a wonderful month and that was it. He came back here and I went there. Scared, believe me."

"What about?"

"On my own again and a new business and always somebody yakking in your left ear while somebody else in your right, and not knowing the score or who was who or what to do and not."

"But you figured it out all right."

"Took time. Five months I sat by the beach near Malibu with nothing happening. Then for a whole nother month, the tests. Black and white and color and every kind of hair-do and then I sat again. In that house up on Tower Road. In two months I don't think I used up one gallon of gas."

"Look up. But you used to have company *once* in a while, didn't you? Higher."

"That kind of remark you can save."

"OK, queen."

"There's another one."

"What do you want me, say nothing?"

They worked for a time without speaking. Presently, she blurted, "What do you think the world *is*? There're people you have to handle, if you want to or not, if you're trying to get someplace without too much on the ball after all."

"Arms back of your head."

"So I had a few friends, sure, why not? But most of the time I just sat there sweating out my break. But the funny thing about a break is you don't always know it when you see it, because

you never know which one thing is going to lead to which other thing and that's what I did and kept doing, until honestly, I began to feel like punchy and all of a sudden I wake up one morning and I'm *it*."

"You've left a little out. Let's see just *one* arm."

"I left a *lot* out. But I'm trying to give you the general idea."

"I've got it."

"If you ask me was it worth it —"

"Who asked you?"

"I'm just saying *if*. Well, it's hard to say. Sometimes I enjoy it and sometimes I don't. There're days when it feels like I'm dreaming and sometimes I wish I could wake up."

"Chin down. More."

"When I'm shooting you know what time I have to get up every morning?"

"How many guesses have I got?"

There was a firm knock at the door. "Yes?" she called.

Tink opened the door and stepped into the room. He looked somewhat flushed. An unlit cigarette dangled from his lips. He lit it before speaking. "How we doing?" he asked.

"Warming up nicely," said Steve. "I think we're getting a good stack."

"I'm afraid if you haven't got what you want by now," said Tink, slowly, "we'll have to fix up another date."

"No, thanks," said Steve.

She took a step toward Tink. "I just as soon finish up now."

"Well, *you* don't happen to be in charge!" said Tink sharply.

"Hey, hey! Let's not get too nasty, huh?" said Steve.

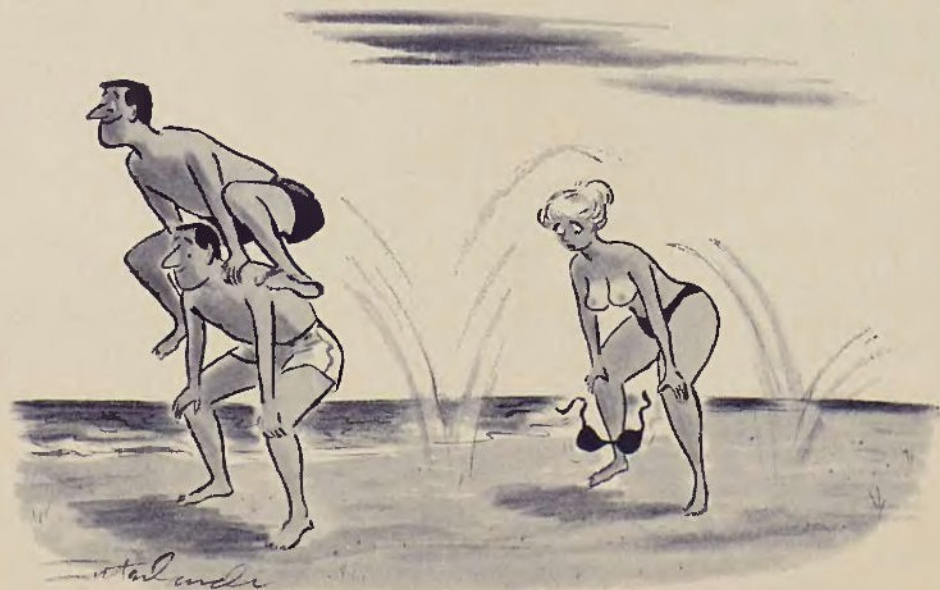
"I've got a *great* idea," said Tink.

"That so?"

"Yeah. You do *your* job and I'll do *mine*."

"Look, Tink —" she began.

"No," he interrupted, "*you* look! I've been bouncing you on the knee for four days straight now and I've had it. Had it. The people downstairs, they've been





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very nice and patient, too, but they know I've been stalling them, and I don't want to do it much longer, so get dressed and be down there in five minutes, six at the most. At the most." He turned to go.

She exploded. "I can't be two places at once, goddammit!"

He looked at her. "You can't even be one place at once."

"What?" she fumed.

"You know where I'm going?" he continued, quietly. "Home. And put my feet up and tune in WQXR and fix myself about a quart of fresh orange juice and stretch out on my 10-foot sofa and put a stack of stuff on the floor where I can reach it. And just sit there sipping and reading for several months. I happen to be a bug on the Civil War. That surprise you?" He moved toward her. "And as far as you're concerned, ladybug, you can —"

"Don't say it, pal," said Steve, cutting in.

"Ah, the censor," said Tink. "Well, you can join her if you like."

He left, closing the door behind him carefully and quietly.

"Boy!" said Steve.

"Boy is right," she said.

"You want to keep going or rest a minute?"

"Cigarette."

They lit cigarettes. Steve sat while she paced the room, nervously. She stopped and looked through the closed door.

"The crazy thing is," she said, "he's a nice fellow."

"Doubtless."

"But it happens. Like an end of the rope."

"I've got a theory," he said. "You know what a shock treatment is?"

"Sort of, yes."

"Well, you blow your stack it's like a small shock treatment. Shakes up your marbles. I don't trust these even-tempered bastards. They scare me."

"You think he'll lose his job?"

"More likely you'll lose yours. Good public relations men are hard to find."

"Needling me again?"

"Why not? We both enjoy it."

"Speak for yourself," she said, putting out her cigarette.

He looked around the room, searching for an idea.

"Say, were you kidding?" he asked.

"About that stocking-washing bash?"

"No, what makes you think?"

"I think that might be worth a few shots, at that."

She responded at once, in the manner of a well-trained model. She went to one of the bureau drawers and opened it. "I'll have to use a clean pair," she said. "OK?"

"Who'll ever know?" said Steve, conspiratorially.

She started into the bathroom, saying, "I'll holler when."

"Right," said Steve. "I'll reload."

A few minutes later she called, "Any time!" and Steve walked into the bathroom. He had no sooner crossed the threshold when he instinctively took a backward step, for there at the basin stood The New Star, washing her stockings, but wearing only panties and a brassiere. "This in color?" she asked.

Steve gulped. "Well, I don't know if it's going to be in anything," he said. "After all, this is more or less a family magazine."

"OK," she said, accepting the rejection cheerfully. "What else?"

"No, no," said Steve. "Let's grab a few just for the hell of it." They grabbed a few.

Afterwards, they shot a long and slow dressing routine. This was followed by an undressing routine. When they had finished, they went out into the sitting room and had a drink. Looking at her, Steve laughed.

"What?" she asked.

"I was just going to say," said Steve, "that sitting there in the robe and nightgown, that ribbon in your hair, those pompoms on your toes, you look like a little girl just before she gets into bed. Then I see that slug of scotch in one hand and the cigarette in the other."

"Some little girl," she laughed.

They looked at one another for a time.

"So how is it, ol' pal?" he asked. "Everything in order?"

She looked away and said, "Why should I complain?"

"Because that's how people make things better, by complaining."

"What's your trouble?" she asked.

"Me? My trouble is I don't seem to have enough fun. I worry about it all the time and even sometimes when I am I worry it's going to be over too fast. I'm a mess if you want the truth."

"Not such a."

"You don't know. You haven't seen me in five, six hundred years."

"I've seen you," she said softly. "In my head."

He finished his drink in one long slow draft. He set down his glass and looked at her until she blushed.

"Don't get any wrong ideas," she added. "What I was saying before — some of it didn't come out the way I meant. I was telling it too fast or only certain parts, so maybe I sounded tarty. But it wasn't all like that."

"Sure sure," he mumbled, impatiently. "What's the difference?"

"A lot. I don't care so much what people think — except some people I do."

"You don't have to —"

She cut him off sharply. "Listen! I'm going to tell you something and you can believe it or not if you don't want to." Her face flushed, as she continued.

"It's been over a year that — well, just





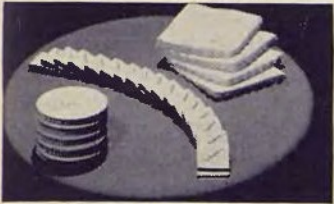
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nothing. And that's the truth. For one thing, four pictures and that's no joke considering everything that goes with it. And, anyway, it was back then over a year ago I just decided the hell with it. I'd had my share."

"You don't have to—"

She went on as though she had not heard him. "So they wanted to say in the columns it's serious with this one or that one? At least it kept the pack off."

It was his turn to blush. "Did I ask you?"

"No, that's why I told you. If you'd asked me, I wouldn't've."

He rose. "Well, things sure can get some funny twist on 'em," he said.

The phone rang.

"You don't believe me," she said.

"Sure."

The phone rang.

"No, you don't. I can tell."

The phone rang.

"Aren't you going to answer that?"

he asked.

"I'll show you my diary!"

The phone rang.

"I keep a diary," she said, "and I'll show it to you!"

The phone rang.

"You want me to answer that?" he asked. "I'll say you're out. Anything."

"I'm telling you something."

The phone rang.

"I don't want to read your goddam diary!" he shouted.

The phone was still.

"Why?!" she yelled back.

There was a long silence.

"Because I believe you, zero-head."

"You want another drink?" she asked.

"No, I don't, but I'll have one."

She went to the bar, picking up his empty glass on the way.

"And then, I better move," he added, "it must be half-past Thursday."

"You should worry," she said, preparing his drink. "You've got some great pictures, haven't you?"

"I think so, yes."

She brought him his drink. "Thanks," he said, and kissed her cheek. He started into the bedroom, saying, "I'll get right out of your way. Sorry about the mess but I never learned how to do it neat."

In the bedroom, he began to unhook his lights and pack his gear, moving about the room swiftly. She came in.

"Don't rush around like that," she laughed. "You're wearing me out." She flopped backward onto the bed, heaved a tremendous sigh of fatigue and lay absolutely motionless.

From the floor Steve looked up at her. "You all right?" she asked.

"Mm-hmm." Another sigh.

"What're you doing?" he asked.

"Recharging my batteries," she said hoarsely.

"Don't move," said Steve. He rose, Rolleiflex in hand, and began photographing the inert beauty. She opened

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one eye.

"Holy smoke," she said without moving. "not here we go again!"

He kicked off his shoes and jumped up onto the bed. Standing over her, he continued to photograph. "Roll over," he said. She started. "Not yet," he said, adjusting his shutter speed. "OK, now." She rolled over, her head following her body in complete relaxation. The hair ribbon came loose and her hair fell over her face. "Hold it," said Steve.

He made an adjustment on his camera, knelt beside her and photographed a closer angle. Another, closer still. Finally, leaning close beside her, he composed a shot from throat to forehead. "What's all this?" she asked, watching him.

"Choker," he said, professionally. "Oh."

He made the shot, and stood up on the bed, surveying it for possible additional angles. She looked up at him. "Anything else?" she asked.

"Wait a second. Listen, would it be too much trouble to get under the covers?"

"Why not?" she said. "I do it every night, believe it or not."

"Thanks."

She slid from the bed, took off her robe, let it fall to the floor and slipped in under the covers.

"That's great," said Steve. "Now what do you do with your arms?"

"Whatever you tell me."

"I mean usually."

"Different things. Sometimes like this—or like this—or this."

"Let me have one of each."

She moved gracefully from position to position while he moved about to capture the ideal angle each time.

"That does it," he said finally and hopped off of the bed. She remained under the covers breathing steadily. "You sleeping?" he whispered.

"Wish I was," she whispered back.

He went to her dressing table and picked up his drink. He took a swallow and said, "Good day's work."

"If I could just stay here," she said from her pillow, "I'd give anything. Almost anything."

The phone rang.

"I don't know what time it is," she said, "but whatever, I'll never catch up now, anyway. And for all I know he canceled everything."

The phone rang.

"So why shouldn't I?" she asked.

The phone rang.

"Answer it, for God's sake! We did the nerve-testing bit before."

The phone rang.

"What if we weren't here?" she asked.

"If we weren't here it wouldn't be ringing."

"Don't be so sure," she said sagely.

The phone rang for the last time.

"Next thing you know," he said



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"they'll be pounding up here to see if I've murdered you."

"Who?"

"I don't know. The management. Somebody."

"The management," she said, "couldn't care less."

"But if they know you haven't gone out and they keep ringing . . ."

She sat up, slowly. "I think the thing is to lock the door," she said.

"You do?"

"From the inside."

"It's a thought," he said, and started out.

"And the **DO NOT DISTURB**," she called softly to his back.

When he returned a minute later, he found the lights in the bedroom readjusted.

"How'd you make out?" she asked.

He sat beside her, on the edge of the bed.

"Well, it was a fascinating experience. I went out there and I opened the door and I hung that sign on the knob and I closed the door and I locked it and I came back."

"That's the most fascinating experience I ever heard of," she said.

"I'm thinking of writing a book about it."

"With pictures?"

"No, no, I've stopped taking pictures."

"You're so right!"

He stood up and unfastened his left cuff link.

"You're not worried *now*, are you?" she asked.

"What about?"

"About somebody thinking you've murdered me."

"They wouldn't think that. They wouldn't *dare*," he said, unfastening his right cuff link.

The phone rang.

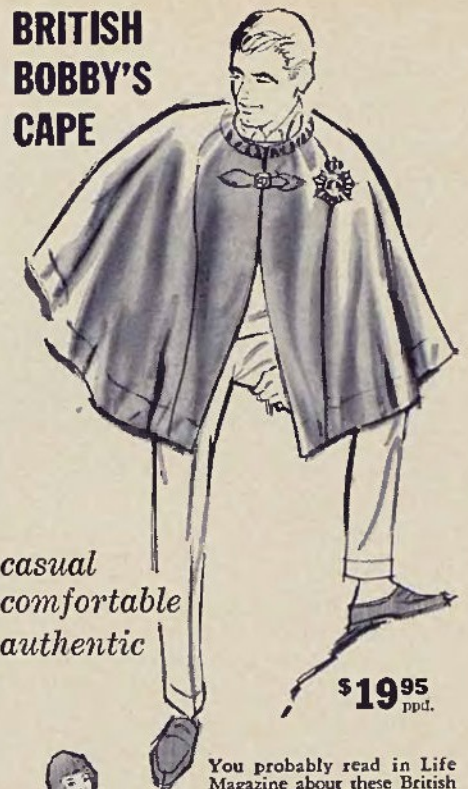
She reached for it and answered. "Hello."

"*Now* she answers it," said Steve to the dressing table.

"Quiet," she said, and put her attention on the telephone. "Yes? . . . Yes, this is she . . . I'm terribly sorry, but it was unavoidable." To Steve: "Open the window a little, will you? Get some air in here?" To the phone: "I'd love to, but it's just a question of working it in. I'm leaving on Friday." To Steve: "Other side, dopey, and close this door first." To the phone: "I'll do my best, but I can't promise. You'll have to call Mr. Tremaine on that." To Steve: "Hello! Wait a second." To the phone: "No, I doubt it." With the phone dangling and gurgling between them, she and Steve exchanged a long, remembered, familiar and equitable kiss, after which she spoke into the phone once again. "I have to go now," she said. "We're running a little late."

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## PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

IF AUTO RACING'S your cup of tea, you can get it either hot or cold in February: on the beach and International Motor Speedway at Daytona, where NASCAR's annual stock car race is held, or on the ice at Muskoka Lake, Ontario. And if you beat the rush to the Florida contest (it draws a real crowd) chances are good that you can stay at nearby Ormond Beach where Ellinor Village, a relaxed, sprawling, cottage colony, consumes a considerable number of beachside acres. Prices for a cottage run \$12-\$27 a day, and from there you can try a boat trip up the jungle-banked Tomoka River. Yachting bugs make a note right now: early February is the Miami-Nassau run; later on, the Nassau Cup races.

Should you plan on visiting the land of the orange and the palm tree by car, shortest route down from New York and much of the East follows the Jersey Turnpike to the Delaware Memorial Bridge, then along U.S. 17 to Jacksonville. En route you might plan to pull off 17 on U.S. 158 to Nags Head, on the North Carolina coast, for a rousing Valentine weekend of fox hunting from the Carolinian Hotel there. The tab is a gentle \$10 a day. The chase (by jeep, not nag) is a bracer in itself, but there's also everything from posh hunt breakfasts and on-the-beach oyster roasts to an elegant Saturday night hunt ball that doesn't end till Sunday morn.

From mid-February on, the brave bulls are in season in Mexico City, and if you're at all fascinated by flashing capes, *trajes de luces*, *Ole's* and all that jazz, you'll

want to be there for the bullfights and accompanying night life. Try an early evening snack at El Taquito, and chances are you'll find the afternoon's matadors unwinding at the table next to yours; then move on — afoot via Paseo de la Reforma if you crave company — for late dinner and dancing at any of the large hotel supper clubs. For the small hours of the A.M., go on to the Tenampa neighborhood for *mariachi* serenades and a bowl of *birria* soup (great medicine for the Morning After) at El Golpe, Tenampa Club or Los Arcos. After you've had your fill of night life, take a run up to Guaymas, an ancient Spanish-Mexican town where, like the Chamber of Commerce says, "desert and mountains meet the sea." Three days of yachting, riding, skindiving and dancing at or near the Playa de Cortes Hotel will run you a pleasant \$26.

When winging to or from Europe, you'd be pretty silly not to take advantage of the tax-free airports that dot the routes of the major lines: Shannon Airport in Ireland, Kastrup in Copenhagen, Orly Field in Paris, and Rhine-Main in Frankfurt. Here you escape all those irksome federal, sales and customs taxes on the likes of hooch, cameras, watches, perfumes, etc. But be sure to figure their cost within your \$500 duty-free exemption unless you want to pay Uncle Sam duty at your American port of entry.

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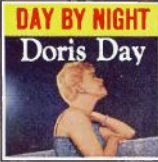
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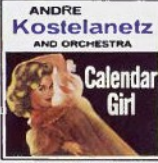
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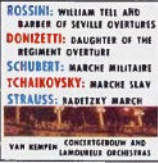
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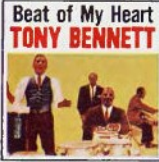
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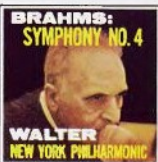
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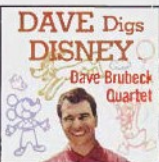
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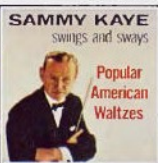
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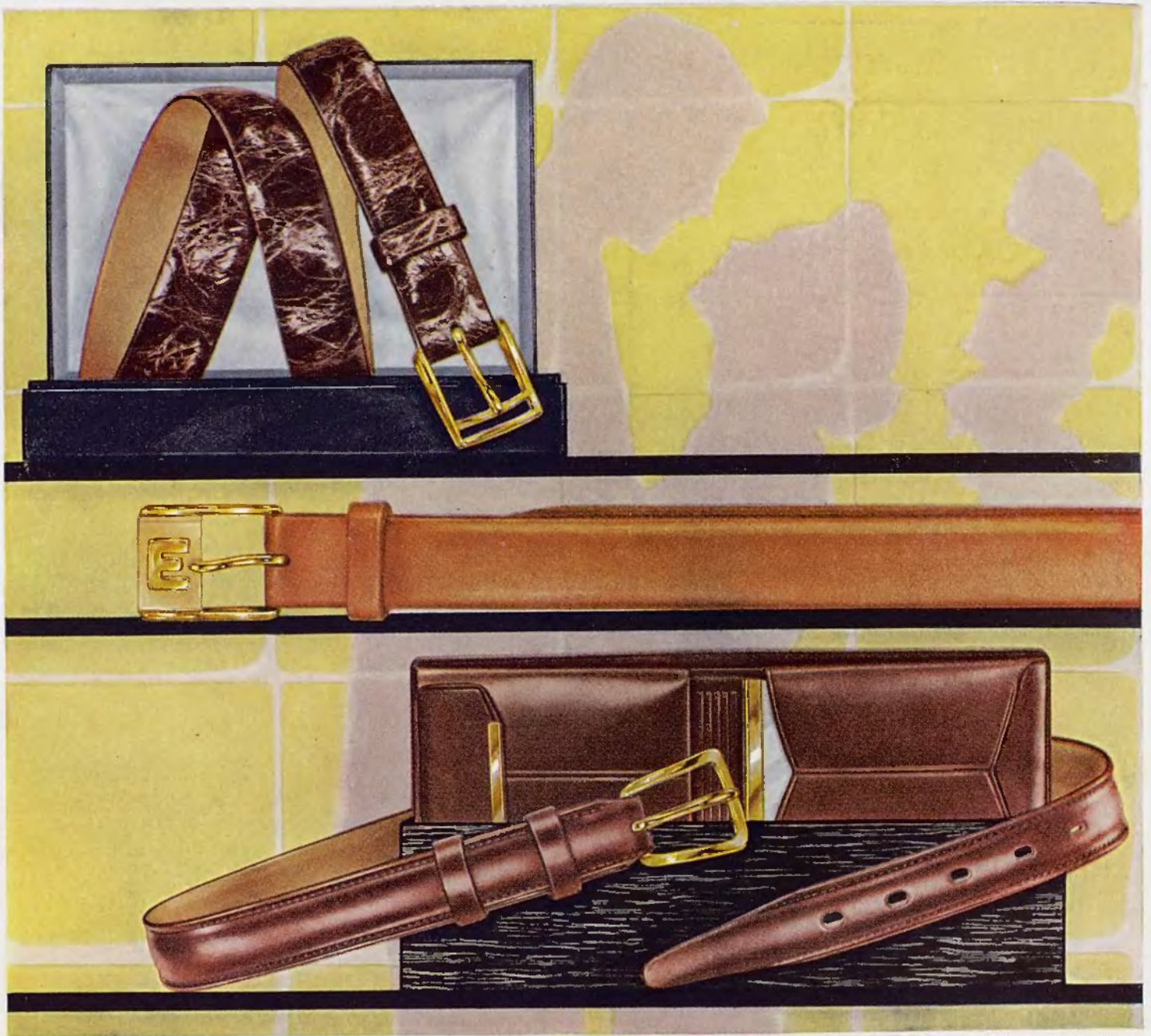
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| 6. Dvorak: New World Symphony           | 17. Vivaldi: The Seasons  | 27. Finlandia, etc.                  |
| 7. "3 Marvelous"—Ray Conniff            | 18. Eddy Duchin Story   | 28. Les and Larry Elgart             |
| 8. Erroll Garner—Other Voices           | 19. Lester Lanin at the Tiffany Ball                                      | 29. 64,000 Jazz                      |
| 9. Ressini: William Tell Overture, etc. | 20. Percy Faith—Gershwin Hits   | 30. Four Lads—On the Sunny Side      |
| 10. Ellington at Newport                | 21. Strings of Philadelphia Orchestra                                     | 31. Cugat Cavalcade                  |
| 11. Norman Luboff Choir—Just a Song     |   | 32. Sammy Kaye—American Waltzes L-21 |

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