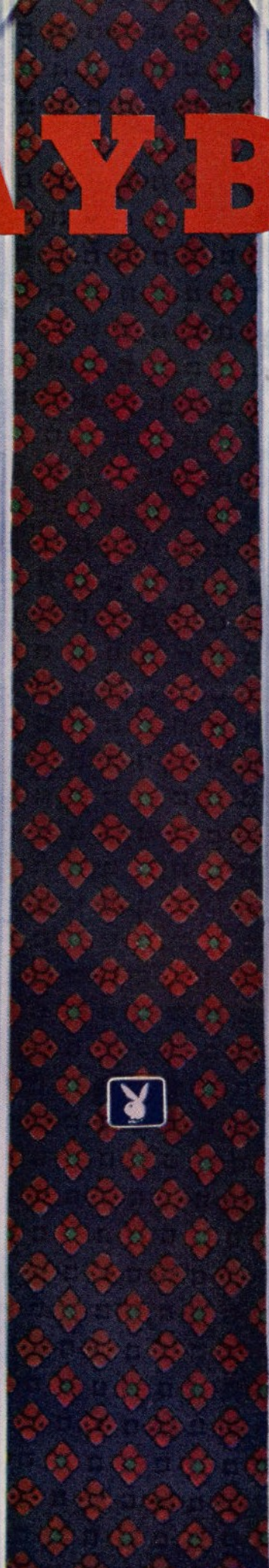


PLAYBOY

SEPTEMBER 50 cents

ENTERTAINMENT
FOR MEN



**PLAYBOY'S
COLLEGE
PLAYMATE**



MOUNT



WYLIE



NORTON



SHAARA



KARLIN

PLAYBILL

THE CREAM OF COLLEGE — all the fun and frolic — has been deftly siphoned for this September PLAYBOY, and the textbooks and cramming and other unattractive aspects of campus life have been carefully eschewed.

A college Playmate is Carnegie Tech's saucy sophomore, Teri Hope, a PLAYBOY Formal Party discovery. Undergraduate pranks are recounted in the hilarious article, *Howls of Ivy*. Anson "Smokey" Mount, Director of PLAYBOY's College Bureau, has put together this year's *Pigskin Preview* with the help of the nation's coaches, athletic directors and his more than 300 campus representatives. PLAYBOY's college reps also came to the aid of Fashion Director Frederic A. Birmingham, who conducted the first nationwide survey of campus wardrobes by interviewing undergrads and college store proprietors across the country. Completing the collegiate kick, portables for potables for 50-yard-line swigging are suggested in *Hip Hip Flasks*.

But the groovy groves of academe have by no means become an obsession with us this month — the pages are packed with non-varsity variety, too. Such as: *The Womanization of America*, a barbed and bristling essay on the encroaching matriarchy, indited by that arch-matriarchophobe, Philip Wylie. A spread of satirical cartoons on subliminal advertising, drawn by PLAYBOY regular Jack Cole, who goes from the subliminal to the ridiculous, with a few stops in between. *The Bosom* offers luscious June Wilkinson, Great Britain's gift to the

tape measure. And there's more:

PLAYBOY, being an urban journal, doesn't publish many stories with rustic backgrounds, but when Browning Norton's *The House of Hate* was delivered to our desk, the first couple of pages convinced us that this was a rule-breaking yarn: taut, powerful, steaming with life, aglow with bold colors and tingling with suspense. It leads off this issue. If *The Peeping Tom Patrol* seems to display an intimate inside knowledge of the workings of policemen's minds, it's because the story's author, Mike Shaara, was until quite recently a full-fledged cop. Now he's a full-fledged writer of fiction — as you'll find out when you read *Patrol*. Herbert Gold returns with a moving story of September love: *Sleepers, Awake!* Gold, who already has three novels under his belt, is now putting the finishing touches on a fourth, *The Optimist*, soon to be published by Atlantic-Little, Brown. "This is the big one," says Herb, "the *Meisterwerk*," and *Sleepers, Awake!* will be a part of it; thus PLAYBOY readers are offered a piece of writing that is not only a complete story in its own right but a provocative preview of a forthcoming major book. To illustrate the Gold story, Eugene Karlin was commissioned to do the sensitive picture that graces page 57. Karlin is the recipient of several awards and prizes for his fine art; his paintings hang in museums and private collections throughout the country.

Altogether, we think, a brimming basket of pleasurable provender.

DEAR PLAYBOY

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

GOLDENGATESVILLE

Your article on San Francisco was the greatest. It's my favorite town, I know it like the palm of my own hand, and you fellows really did right by it. It's the swingiest of swingiest cities.

William Setchitz
San Jose, California

Hats off to you PLAYBOY editors! As a native San Franciscan who spends most of his time in those clubs you mentioned, I must commend you on your accurate and authentic description of San Francisco night life. The article was fascinating; the photographs superb, and PLAYBOY deserves highest praise for capturing so well the excitement of this wonder city.

Steve Perata
San Francisco, California

Your article placed a great deal of emphasis on "where do San Francisco models spend their cocktail hours?" Being a member of this underpaid, over-rated profession, I was very much interested in your suggestions as to where to find us around 5:30. By following those suggestions, I hope to meet a typical playboy.

Sandra Rodgers
San Francisco, California

Your article on San Francisco was the best of its kind I have ever read. You pointed out the places to go if you really want to have yourself a ball. Most articles just point out the historical landmarks, museums, etc., and these get awfully tiresome after a while. How about some articles on different cities?

Jack Carlon
Omaha, Nebraska

Your coverage of San Francisco night life was almost as much fun as being there in person. How about a similar feature on New Orleans?

W. H. Newhouse
New Orleans, Louisiana

I'd certainly enjoy a picture-and-text take-out on Havana.

William Sullivan
New York, New York

How about showing us your own home town, Chicago?

Bob Kirby
New Haven, Conn.

We'll give On the Town treatment to a number of other cities in future issues.

SHADDAP DEPARTMENT

Open letter to Irene Holsen, who used your letters column to fulminate against Henry Slesar's fine story, *Examination Day*: Irene dear, the cover of PLAYBOY plainly states "Entertainment for Men." Therefore, rather than find fault with something that was never intended for your enjoyment and something you do not understand, please exercise a Hands Off — or should I say a Mouth Shut? — policy.

Franklin Laurent
New York, New York

CUTTING ROOM FLOOR

In your review of the film *The Young Lions*, your critic speaks of "Ackerman agonizingly self-conscious with his dying father." I saw the flick, and there's *no such scene!*

Gerald Goldstein
Yuma, Arizona

Our critic saw a New York pre-release press run, Gerald. That scene and several others were later cut to speed up a lengthy film.

PHOTOGRAPHY

The Well Equipped Lensman is, without a doubt, one of the best written articles of its kind I have come across... but who expected less of PLAYBOY? Although the June issue held special interest for me, I have yet to pick up a disappointing copy of PLAYBOY — and oh, that Silverstein!

Ken Molino
Sausalito, California

Perhaps Vincent Tajiri will tell me where I can purchase one of those Swiss-made Hasselblad cameras. The only ones I have ever seen, including my own, were manufactured in Sweden. Perhaps that explains why my pictures never seem to look like your Playmates.

Allan Bustol
Southington, Conn.



Stanley Blacker's

Piped Blazer

The blazer is back, here, braided. This one is tailored of a light weight blend of wool and Orlan in a hapsack weave. The collar and lapels are outlined with black Soutache braid; the whole coat in-lined with paisley foulard. Further fashion fine points: Rounded patch flap packets, overlapped seams, silver buttons. In grey, olive, burgundy, brown, black and navy. About 45.00 at all fine stores.

Far store nearest you write to:

stanley blacker

200 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

PLAYBOY, SEPTEMBER, 1958, VOL. 5, NO. 9. PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY HMH PUBLISHING CO., INC., PLAYBOY BUILDING, 232 E. OHIO ST., CHICAGO 11, ILL. ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER AUGUST 5, 1955 AT THE POST OFFICE AT CHICAGO, ILL., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879. PRINTED IN U.S.A. CONTENTS COPYRIGHTED © 1958 BY HMH PUBLISHING CO., INC. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN THE U.S., ITS POSSESSIONS, THE PAN AMERICAN UNION AND CANADA, \$14 FOR THREE YEARS, \$11 FOR TWO YEARS, \$6 FOR ONE YEAR. ELSEWHERE ADD \$3 PER YEAR FOR FOREIGN POSTAGE. ALLOW 30 DAYS FOR NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS AND RENEWALS. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: SEND BOTH OLD AND NEW ADDRESSES AND ALLOW 30 DAYS FOR CHANGE. ADVERTISING: MAIN ADVERTISING OFFICE, HOWARD LEDERER, EASTERN MANAGER, 720 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y., CI 5-2820; WESTERN ADVERTISING OFFICE, 232 E. OHIO ST., CHICAGO 11, ILL., MI 2-1000; LOS ANGELES REPRESENTATIVE, FRED E. CRAWFORD, 612 S. SERAHO AVE., LOS ANGELES, CAL., DU 4-7392; SAN FRANCISCO REPRESENTATIVE, A. S. BARCOCK, 605 MARKET ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., YU 2-3934.

PARIS

BELTS

in the new "Vista-dome" package



tallowed leather

Improves with age

This unique belt improves with age and wear. Superb bridle leather is rubbed with tallow to give it a soft, glowing sheen that becomes richer with time. "Personality-styled" by "Paris"*. 1" — \$2.50. ¾" — \$2.



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

The Swiss are noted for their precision instruments, but don't you agree that the Nordic pride of Victor Hasselblad over in Göteborg, Sweden was delivered a low blow by referring to his camera as being "Swiss-made"!

James E. Walczak
Washington, D. C.

- Yep.

The June PLAYBOY article, *The Well Equipped Lensman* by Vincent T. Tajiri, was terrific. The article reflects Mr. Tajiri's excellent photographic background, so we were very surprised to come across the statement, "a speck of dust or a tiny scratch on the lens of your 35 shows up as big as a boulder when your prints are made." This is definitely not so. A scratch on the lens could not possibly be brought into focus on the film. Therefore, except for a slight scattering of light, it would have no effect on the picture. The specks noted on prints are caused by dust and sand on the film or on the negative when it is being printed.

It is very likely that more people will read and study this otherwise excellent article about cameras and photography (and remember this point about lenses) than will ever read the articles in more technical photo magazines to the effect that bubbles and some scratches have no effect on pictures.

Al Taylor
Al Taylor's Camera Shop
Palm Springs, California

You're right, of course, Al. What the text should have stated was that dust specks or scratches on your 35mm negatives will be magnified when you make enlargements.

It is almost impossible for me to express my dismay at the photography article in your June issue. The reaction of the various American importers who represent the member companies of my Association has understandably been uniformly bad — and I've been hearing plenty from them. Your article is biased. You've suddenly discovered the Japanese camera industry — a seven-year old story. Your lead paragraphs sound as though they were dictated by the board of directors of the Japan Camera Industry Association.

A truly accurate report on what's new in photography would have given as much emphasis to the postwar Polaroid boom, the trend to exposure simplification (LVS) and automation (electric-eye cameras), lens interchangeability on medium priced cameras, the rise of the single-lens reflex camera *per se* — as you gave to the "exotic tongue twisters" and the Japanese camera boom. It is beyond belief that the six Japanese cameras you took the trouble to mention by name along with the GaMi, Hasselblad and Praktina are any more newsworthy and exotic than Vitomatic, Contaflex, Agfa

Automatic 66, Retina "C" and Leica M-3.

If the average PLAYBOY reader is interested mainly in the "show" camera, then the modern Rolleiflex, Leica, Contaflex, Hasselblad and Polaroid 110A are no less worthy than the Nikon and Canon, and far more suitable than the Mamiya, Minolta, Miranda and Asahi. In fact, in contrast to the general downgrading of consumer merchandising of all types since the war, the West German camera industry has done a unique job of maintaining and improving upon their top quality precision workmanship — a *sine qua non* of the prestige-minded camera carrier.

On the other hand, if you were interested in leading your readers into the photographic hobby or upgrading them from the box camera, then certainly the semi-automatic and fully-automatic electric-eye cameras are the news of today. And finally, if taking your own pictures of your own "Playmate" is the main purpose of PLAYBOY's photographic take-out, the story should have been pegged to Polaroid — its instantaneousness and its unique privacy which can calm the fears of the most reluctant model.

Norman C. Lipton
Camera Industries of West Germany
New York, New York

JUDY LEE

Judy Lee Tomerlin is the greatest. I didn't think it was possible for any Playmate to be good enough to cause me to take the September '56 Playmate (Elsa Sorensen) out of my locker, but I was mistaken.

Gene C. Snyder
East Tawas, Michigan

I would like to express my gratitude to you for using Judy Lee Tomerlin as Playmate of the Month. She is by far the most lovely Playmate you have yet published. She is the epitome of all the qualities a man could want in a girl.

William A. Burston
Mercersburg, Pennsylvania

Come on, fellows — be more liberal with the expense account. Allow your Playmate photographer to journey beyond your own fourth floor in search of future Playmates. Judy Lee has about as much contemporary sex appeal as a Rubens nude.

Jim Stewart
New York, New York

Don't get me wrong, I like girls and all that, and I think Judy Lee is the most, but that hi-fi unit in the background on page 35 of your June issue also caught my eye. Would you please send me all available information?

John R. Foran
Chicago, Illinois

The electronic entertainment wall similar to the one featured in "Playboy's Penthouse Apartment" (Sept., Oct., 1956)

5-RECORD GLENN MILLER ALBUM FREE

NATIONALLY
ADVERTISED
PRICE
\$19.98

with the first album you buy as a member of the **RCA VICTOR POPULAR ALBUM CLUB**

...if you agree to buy 5 additional albums from the Club during the next 12 months from at least 100 albums to be made available

THIS exciting new plan, under the direction of the Book-of-the-Month Club, enables you to have on tap a variety of popular music for family fun and happier parties . . . and at an immense saving. Moreover, once and for all, it takes bewilderment out of building such a well-balanced collection. This way you can "program" music for every mood and every kind of occasion.

You pay far less for albums this way than if you buy them haphazardly. For example, the extraordinary introductory offer described above can represent around a 40% saving in your first year of membership.

Thereafter you save almost 33 1/3%. After buying the six albums called for in this offer, you will receive a free 12-inch 33 1/2 R.P.M. album, with a nationally advertised price of at least \$3.98, for every two albums purchased.

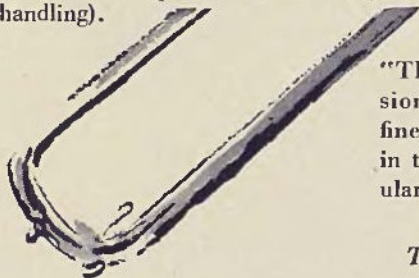
A wide choice of RCA Victor albums—enough to satisfy every kind of taste—will be described each month. One will be singled out as the **album-of-the-month**. If you want it, you do nothing—it will come to you automatically. If you prefer one of the many alternates—or nothing at all in any month—you can make your wishes known on a simple form always provided. You pay the nationally advertised price—usually \$3.98, at times \$4.98 (plus a small charge for postage and handling).



AN ALBUM OF FIVE 12-INCH 33 1/2 R.P.M. RECORDS
CONTAINING SEVENTY-FIVE DIFFERENT SELECTIONS



These recordings represent the high point as well as the final chapter in Miller's legendary career. Here are 75 selections played by the 50-man, star-studded Air Force Band, including definitive versions of Miller's biggest hits—*In the Mood*, *Tuxedo Junction*, *St. Louis Blues March*, etc. Johnny Desmond sings top ballads; Ray McKinley sings his *G. I. Jive* and performs drum specialties. Jazz stars Mel Powell, Peanuts Hucko—and many more—are featured.



"The highest precision, polish and refinement ever known in the playing of popular American music"

—IRVING KOLODIN
The Saturday Review

BEGIN MEMBERSHIP WITH ANY OF THESE . . . INDICATE TITLE IN COUPON

WE GET LETTERS Perry Como sings 12 standards: *S'posin'*, *Deed I Do*, etc.

BELAFONTE *Scarlet Ribbons*, *Matilda*, *Waterboy*, 8 more. Folk songs, ballads, spirituals, calypsos.

FRANKIE CARLE'S SWEET HEARTS Dancy piano, rhythm, on 12 "girl" songs: *Nola*, *Laura*, *Cecilia*, etc.

NEW GLENN MILLER ORCHESTRA IN HI FI Ray McKinley, new Miller-styled *Lullaby of Birdland*, *On the Street Where You Live*. 12 dance items.

BRASS & PERCUSSION Morton Gould Symphonic Band, hi-fi showpiece. 17 marches, with 8 of Sousa's best. Others by Goldman, Gould.

JAMAICA Original Broadway cast, starring Lena Horne. Complete Arlen-Harburg hit score.

MARIO LANZA—STUDENT PRINCE Hits from Romberg's operetta, plus Lehár, Rodgers gems, etc. 14 favorites by the exciting tenor.

BING WITH A BEAT A Crosby jazz lark with Bob Scobey's Dixielanders. *Whispering*, *Exactly Like You*, 10 more old-time evergreens.

TOWN HALL CONCERT PLUS Louis Armstrong collector's item, with Teagarden, Bigard, Hodges, Hackett, etc.

LET'S DANCE WITH THE THREE SUNS Forty show tunes, standards in "society" dance medleys.

SOUTH PACIFIC Original movie sound track recording of Rodgers-Hammerstein score. New, in highest fi!

THE FAMILY ALL TOGETHER Fiedler, Boston Pops, light classics: Ravel's *Bolero*, *Clair de Lune*, etc.

MUSIC FOR DINING Melachrino Strings in hi-fi mood music. *Tenderly*, *September Song*, *Charmaine*, etc.

PORGY AND BESS Highlights from Gershwin's classic. All-star cast featuring Rise Stevens, Robert Merrill.

SWEET SEVENTEEN Ames Brothers sing 12 standards. *Little White Lies*, *I Don't Know Why*, *For Sentimental Reasons*, etc.

LET'S CHA CHA WITH PUENTE Urgently rhythmic Latin dance fare in the modern, preferred big-band style.

THE EYES OF LOVE Hugo Winterhalter's lush orchestra in 12 standards: *Smoke Gets in Your Eyes*, *I Only Have Eyes for You*, etc.

MOONGLOW Artie Shaw. 12 all-time hits from '38 to '43. *Begin the Beguine*, *Frenesi*, *Star Dust*, *Nightmare*, etc.

THE RCA VICTOR POPULAR ALBUM CLUB

c/o Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc.
345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

P195-9

Please register me as a member of The RCA Victor Popular Album Club and send me, free, the five-record album, *Glenn Miller's Army Air Force Band*, with the first Club album I purchase, indicated below. I agree to buy five other albums offered by the Club within the next twelve months, for each of which I will be billed at the nationally advertised price: \$3.98 (at times \$4.98), plus a small charge for postage and handling. Thereafter, I need buy only four such albums in any twelve-month period to maintain membership. I may cancel my membership any time after buying six albums from the Club. After my sixth, if I continue, for every two albums I buy from the Club I may choose a third album free.

(Please print title of purchase record here)

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Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

NOTE: If you wish to enroll through an authorized RCA VICTOR dealer, please fill in below:

Dealer's Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

PLEASE NOTE: Send no money. A bill will be sent. Albums can be shipped only to residents of the U.S., its territories and Canada. Albums for Canadian members are made in Canada and shipped duty-free from Ontario.

Makes
you feel
like a king
every day!



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The best faces use
Kings Men
After Shave Lotion

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Plus
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Tax



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

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

FOR THE UNDERGRAD, THE OLD GRAD, THE YOUNG BUSINESS MAN.
THE SPORT JACKET: TRADITIONAL OLD CUMNOCH SHETLAND.
THE SUIT: FINE SAXONIES, CHEVIOTS, FLANNELS AND WORSTEDS.



LINETT

natural shoulder clothes 85 Fifth Avenue, New York

New York, Bloomingdale's University Shop • New York, Sir George, Ltd. • Hempstead, N. Y., Edw. Miller
Chicago, Beacon's Ivy Shop • Boston, Jordan Marsh Co., Town & Campus Shop • New Canaan, English Shop
Providence, Harvey, Ltd. • Summit, N. J., Root's Men's Shop • Rochester, N. Y., Ryan, Ltd. • Cincinnati, Squire's
Burlington, Vt., Miles & Riley • State College, Pa., Jack Harper's • Cleveland, Halle Bros. University Dept.
Bethlehem, Pa., Tom Bass • Peoria, Howard A. Heller • Columbus, O., Smith-Stevens • Nashville, Dix, Ltd.
Atlanta, Park Chambers Bachelor & Benedict Shop • Ann Arbor, Van Boven, Inc. • Kansas City, Woolf Bros.
Los Angeles, Bullock's Wynbrier Shop • Los Angeles, Livingston & Wickern • Berkeley, Cal., George J. Good
Norman, Okla., Harold's • Charlottesville & Richmond, Virginia, Eljo's • St. Louis, Boyd's • Hinsdale, Ill., Squire's

was built especially for PLAYBOY by Voice and Vision, of Chicago. It incorporates both monaural and stereo hi-fi record playing systems, FM, tape (including recorder), television, bookcase, clock and storage for 2000 LPs. The entire system is controlled by both a panel in the wall and a special set of switches behind the executive desk.

My husband likes Judy Lee and I like that sort of reddish-orangey contour chair right next to her on page 35. Where might I obtain it and he obtain her?

Mrs. Ray Mombelardi
Englewood, New Jersey

The chair is the Saarinen Womb by Knoll Associates, priced at around \$400. We'll let your husband know as soon as the other item is put into production.

HELLUVAN ENGINEER

We pre-engineering students here particularly appreciated cartoonist John Dempsey's proposal of a solution to relieve the critical shortage of engineers.



"Amalgamated Dynamics? I've got you another qualitative electronics engineer."

We only wish that the shortage was that critical!

Stewart Bowen
Harvey Mudd College
Claremont, California

A TOAST TO LEGS

Three cheers for the article on legs in your June issue! Long may they wave! Having been a confirmed leg man since the tender age of eight months (prior to that I was a bust man), I viewed with pleasure the photos of the very fortunate Miss Adland.

Major F. R. Saltus
Mitchel AFB, New York

The little wench in the June issue has a wicked set of stems! Where's the rest of her?

Vic White
Brooklyn, New York

All right, all right — what are we supposed to do, sit up on our hind legs and beg for more? Will you please let us see

what Beverly Adland has above those legs?

Walter J. Sargent
Richmond, Virginia

I've just perused *A Toast to Legs*, and if I know *PLAYBOY* readers you'll probably get several letters asking to see Beverly Adland's face, and if I know *PLAYBOY*, you'll probably print these letters and comply. To all this I say: Phooey; Let's see another photo of her legs!

Bob Stewart
Mobile, Alabama

To satisfy everyone, here's a photograph of Beverly Adland's face as well as her legs, plus the topography between.



THE SAPPHIRE RING

Your solution to *The Case of the Sapphire Ring* was correct, but there are several ways to skin a cat and there is another solution. After first weighing 1, 2, 3, 4 on the left against 5, 6, 7, 8 on the right and an unbalance is found, assuming that the scale sinks to the left, the following other method could give the correct answer: Second weighing of 1, 2, 5, 6 on the left against 4, 9, 10, 11 on the right. If the scale balances, we know the true ring is 3, 7 or 8. The third weighing 3 and 7 on the left against 9 and 10 on the right. If it balances the ring is 8. If an unbalance exists and it sinks to the left, the ring is 3. If it sinks to the right, 7 is the ring. In a similar manner, if the scale does not balance but sinks to the left, 1 or 2 is the ring. And if it sinks to the right, 5, 6 or 4 is the ring. If 4 and 5 on the left balance 9 and 10 on the right, the ring is 6. If it does not balance and the scale on the left sinks, 4 is the ring. If it rises, 5 is the ring. If this answer is correct, please send your June Playmate in payment. I'll be expecting to hear from you.

Gene Hirs
Detroit, Michigan

Don't call us; we'll call you.



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

Luxury is evident in the abundance of skilled details... the richness of fabrics. Thus attired, a man is just about duty bound to reflect an air of total assurance! Complete comfort's inherent, too. After Six adroitly matches elegance with the greatest of ease in fit... and feel. If your store is in the vanguard, your store has After Six!

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



For readers of Playboy
the most versatile suit is

CORDUROY

It's rugged but relaxed. It's comfortable and correct. It's just right for today's mood. And it's just \$25 at stores that appreciate value.

The jacket has narrow lapels and a leather tab that buttons back when desired. Natural shoulders. Leather-trim on all pockets. Genuine leather buttons. Foulard lining.

The slacks are Post-Grads, newest concept of the Ivy look. Two neat flaps on the back pockets (no buckle and strap). Leather-trim on front pockets. Slim tapered legs. Washable.

The jacket may be bought separately for about \$18; the Post-Grads for about \$7.



h.i.s
 SPORTSWEAR

Don't envy HIS...wear them

If you cannot find HIS sportswear at your favorite store write to HIS, 230 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



A delicious method for getting the girls sneakily sozzled is the single martini that packs a double jolt because the H₂O has been surreptitiously subtracted from the gin. What you do is mix up a double and set it in the back of your deep freeze for a couple of hours, at the lowest possible temperature. Come party time you reach into the freezer and drop a small shard of ice into the martini. The water in the gin, which is well below its freezing point but still liquid because it is mixed with the alky, solidifies before your eyes, leaving you with solid ice on top, and near 200 proof, very liquid, very lively vermouth-tinged gin on the bottom. Dump the ice, pour the now dehydrated drink into a standard size cocktail glass, add a twist of lemon, smile angelically, and serve to your nearest playmate.

Texans, it seems, are still titillated by their state's historical heritage, but at last they're wringing a yok from it. Printed under a long list of pies on the menu of a Lone Star eatery is the legend "Remember the à la mode."

When we ran the Trudi Gravers item (the lass who typed the piquant come-on — "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of Trudi Gravers" — on New York's outdoor Olivetti) in these columns in June, we did one small bit of editing: we changed the girl's phone number to a fictitious one, to protect the innocent, you see. Shortly thereafter, we received a bemused interoffice memo from our eastern advertising manager, who had this to say: "This great responsive PLAYBOY audience of ours can get too responsive. In the Olivetti write-up you guys gave Trudi's phone number as PLaza 6-6348. Now, there is no such number but if you dial it you get SLocum

6-6348. Last week we got a call from a reader who said he called the number and didn't get Trudi but an old German couple who are pretty sick of Trudi by this time and can't understand why they are getting all those phone calls for her. Well, some blabber mouth must have told them why because today we got a call from Mr. A. Feldman of 56 East 92nd St., Brooklyn, New York, who belongs to that phone number and who is hopping mad about all those good men who are coming to the aid of. He asks, implores, demands that we do something about it, and adds darkly that he is talking to his lawyer. I thought it might be a nice gesture if you would write Mr. Feldman saying that we're sorry he has been caused any inconvenience, and blaming the whole thing on Trudi. I talked to Mr. Feldman and he is plainly not a sophisticated, urban young man, so I don't suppose there's any point in offering him a free subscription. Poor Mr. Feldman. He doesn't know the issue has only been out a week."

Joseph Kaselow, who pens an ad column for the *New York Herald Tribune*, has come up with a clever little game called Ivy League Roulette for any adventurous men's clothing shop that cares to give it a whirl: pack six suits into boxes, mix them up and send them off to six customers. One of the suits has padded shoulders.

Publisher Henry Holt recently invited members of the press corps to meet the author of a new Holt book, *How to Stop Drinking*. The occasion, of course, was a cocktail party.

Boys and Girls Together Department: The "reason why" approach to seduction

received some attention in the letters column of a recent issue of *Madison Avenue*, the new magazine for New York ad men. The reader reported that he and quite a few of his bachelor friends enjoyed considerable success with the "reason why" approach when pitched with reasonable subtlety after about the third cocktail and he offered several variations for use with different types of women, which we pass along to you for what they are worth:

If she's avant garde: Let's defy middle-class morals.

If she's a faddist: Simply everybody's doing it.

If she's a health addict: It's invigorating, and helps to keep you young.

If she's intellectual: It will broaden your outlook.

If she's ambitious: How do you think girls get to be stars?

If she's already taken: Variety is the spice of life.

If she's fed up with the city: A quiet weekend in the country would be nice.

If she's romantic: Baby, it's bigger than both of us!

FILMS

The Fly, a marrow-chiller based on one of the most popular stories that ever appeared in PLAYBOY, sticks reasonably close to George Langelaan's original—an eerie and mystifying narrative, if you recall, mainly dealing with the problems of a scientist who suddenly finds himself wearing the head and leg of a fly. One problem: to track down the fly with the scientist's rightful appendages so that a switch can be effected. The mixup comes about through the efforts of André Delambre (Al Hedison) to build a machine that disintegrates matter, transmits

USHER'S

For outstanding merit



full flavored . . . yet mild



USHER'S
"GREEN STRIPE"
SCOTCH WHISKY

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it, and then reassembles it. After some successes, misfortune: a bluebottle buzzes into the machine while André is disintegrating himself, with the above-mentioned urpy result. Keeping his nauseating new acquisitions hidden, André asks his bewildered but loving wife, Hélène (Patricia Owens), to locate the fly in the ointment, then, when the hunt seems hopeless, despairingly orders her to kill him in a hydraulic press that will crush the ghastly parts out of all recognition so *The World Will Never Know*. Herbert Marshall plays a conscientious police inspector while Vincent Price adds a note of comfort as André's brother. In the way of plot changes, the locale has been shifted from France to Canada, and Hollywood softens blows: Hélène isn't clapped into a mental hospital (not right off, anyway), Price supplies wistful romantic interest and (naturally) Hélène doesn't commit suicide. All is not soft, however: the fly is finally found, trapped and screaming-scared, darting a green tongue, in a spider web. The spider approaches . . . You'll have nightmares.

William Holden, as brash Yank David Ross in *The Key*, turns up in 1941 England for a stint in the Salvage Service—a fleabitten fleet of unarmed tugs deployed to save cargo ships blitzed by Nazi subs. A nasty biz, and not to Holden's immediate liking, but considered a vital operation by his sea chum, aging tug captain Trevor Howard. Howard introduces Holden to Sophia Loren, whom he plans to wed, and unfolds a weird yarn: at war's outbreak, decent digs had been hard to come by and Miss Loren and a former, now dead, fiance, had been lucky to find a light and airy flat. The fiance, a Salvage Service man himself, was a cerebral chap thoroughly convinced of the tentative and wispy nature of wartime liaisons, and so he'd had a duplicate key to the apartment made, and passed it on to a buddy with the request that should he (the fiance) be bumped off in action, the friend would use the key and make himself at home. Sure enough, the fiance got his and the pal inherited not only the flat but Sophia to boot. The tradition was carried on and the duplicate key was given to Howard, who promptly moved in upon the death of tugboat man No. 2. Meanwhile (and this brings us up to the present), Sophia had begun to ruminate over the idea that she was sort of like a well-thumbed library book, and though she was still bestowing her favors freely on her parade of male roomies, by now she'd thoroughly given up on life. But Holden, the next in line, changes all that when—after some stormy sailing in emotional waters as well as action at sea—the two of them get to know each other, as well as bed each other. Throughout the movie, the philosophic,

symbolic and contemplative portions tend to be a bit pretentious, and director Carol Reed has done a somewhat better job, actionwise, on the open sea than in the flat, probably having been inhibited by the thought that—for the censors' sake—Sophia shouldn't have *too* good a time of it. Nevertheless, Holden and Miss Loren do mighty well by their parts, while Howard is magnificent.

Playing a bitchy, pitiable, deeply disturbed girl who works and wantons her way up to movie queendom, Kim Stanley is superb in Paddy Chayefsky's cruel and blunt *The Goddess*. Fear of rejection motivates her every act: she got dates in Depression-era Maryland by putting out, as they say; then wed a pair of neurotics in quick succession; abandoned her baby to her mother; metamorphosed into that tortured property known as the Vine Street starlet. At 31, she is a wealthy star whom her psychiatrist has given up on, lives (and tries to die) on pills, and fights her feeling of unbelonging loneliness with booze. Others in the cast are great, too, under John Cromwell's slow-paced, stark direction: Steve Hill as the goddess' wildly depressed first hubby; Lloyd Bridges as her feckless No. 2, a former pug; Betty Lou Holland as her self-centered, spirit-mangling mother; Elizabeth Wilson as her tough nurse-secretary whose main job is to keep the Idol Of Millions from killing herself. While Chayefsky's script has flaws—changes of mood of the principals are thrust at the audience with alarming abruptness, for instance—the frontal attack on parent-induced neuroses is so direct and the dissection of Hollywood mores so perceptive that the movie is one of the most gripping of the year. In forming his own company to shoot this low-budget (\$740,000) picture and transplanting Broadway actress Stanley to the screen, ambitious Chayefsky has boosted his stature a lot. That man can write; that girl can act.

Save for effectively savage riot scenes, including the passing out of pitchforks to scraggly, gat-toothed French peasants and the familiar Bastille-storming bit, the latest remake of *A Tale of Two Cities*, for all its fine intentions, is mighty slim Dickens. Dirk Bogarde's Sidney Carton—the self-pitying, overdramatic lush who's usually whining when he's not wining, and very often doing both at the same time—gets awfully rich at times. And director Ralph Thomas, in his zeal to bring the tome back to the screen, has sacrificed quality for tradition: there is a stilted, summer theater aura about the whole shooting match. Bogarde and Paul Guers (playing Charles Darnay, who's supposed to resemble Carton closely) look as much alike as Rock Hudson and Jack Oakie. Doll-like

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Hammer Film Productions, the "give-'em-what-they-want" British outfit that did the well-bred *Curse of Frankenstein* (*Playboy After Hours*, Oct., 1957), is back again with *Horror of Dracula*, the old Bram Stoker chestnut warmed over a friendly funeral pyre and served up with quivers, cadavers, coffins, capes, cleavage, fangs, stakes-through-the-heart, Technicolor blood, loud sudden music, a vampire who crumbles into vacuum-cleaner fuzz, etc. Fun for the whole family. Hammer Films considers itself "the company that is putting fresh blood into the film industry" and is reportedly readying a switch on *And God Created Woman*, to be titled *Frankenstein Created Woman*. Says showbiz bible *Variety*: "If not Brigitte Bardot, at least a Bardot type will be sought for the lead." We can hardly wait.

In *Guendalina*, a kind of unpretentious paean to the throes and woes of adolescence, young Gallic actress Jacqueline Sassard (a live ringer for Susan Strasberg) plays the title role with rare poignancy. She's the haughty, mixed-up product of rich, combatable parents, whose marriage is on the skids. While her mother (Silva Koscina) is busy snapping at her, the old man (Raf Vallone) is making googoo eyes at every signorina from Naples to the Road to Pompeii. At a summer spa near Pisa, Guendalina meets a bumbling young sensitive student (Raffaele Mattioli) who eagerly gives chase. It isn't until Guendalina topples into a fetid drainage ditch that she learns humility. She follows this with a dash into the ocean, where her dress comes off, but there's a raincoat handy when she steps out. Ironically, it's not until the lovers return from a trip to the top of the Tower of Pisa that they are straightened out. Fortunately, the sentiment is always intersticed with humor, so the film rarely gets gucky. Director Alberto Lattuada keeps things moving nicely and does a convincing job of showing youngsters and grownups in heat. His camera rolls so caressingly over limbs and tight apparel, that occasionally the English titles steam. Come to think of it, so did we.

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fresh faces and, even more important, fresh new material. *Take Five* (Offbeat 0-4013) offers a fine sample of the doings on this Scotch-and-soda circuit. And, happily, just about everything that fits on the tiny stage in Julius Monk's Downstairs at the Upstairs Room in New York, where *Take Five* is in its second year, fits very nicely on an LP. That includes three hilarious sketches and 10 assorted musical numbers. While uneven, all of the material is at least refreshingly adult and, at times, damn near great. All five members of the cast do justice to their assignments. Special honors to Ronnie Graham in the sketches: he's perfect as a hostile beat generation poet reading one of his epics, "We are the youth, yuh dirty bastards." Then, as an idiotically cheerful victim of a Mike Wallace interview who reacts to the news that Mike's researchers have dug up evidence that he is a murderer: "Did you ever have one of those days?" And, best of all, Graham's Harry the Hipster bit, the bop-talked graduation ceremony at a school for progressive jazz musicians. *Take Five* is both witty and sophisticated listening.

Travlin' Light/The Jimmy Giuffre 3 (Atlantic 1282) teams Jimmy — playing clarinet, tenor and baritone — with Bob Brookmeyer on trombone and Jim Hall, guitar. Eight selections are offered, all very tightly counterpointed and very clearly composed and rehearsed. This is "head" music, collected, icy, rather quiet. It is also very full of complex sound (for a trio). The title piece is coolly romantic; *The Swamp People* shows the influence of Balinese temple belles — we guess; *The Green Country*, subtitled "New England Mood," sounded more like Singapore to us; *Forty-Second Street* is rendered as it might seem to a stroller on that scene alone at five A.M., high and quiet; *Pickin' 'Em Up and Layin' 'Em Down* is gently funky in spots, bluesy in others; *The Lonely Time* is jet-age Elizabethan; and so it goes. The only boner is a hokey, juiced-up *California Here I Come*. All the rest is musingly musical intellection — but is it jazz?

Two ex-Kenton larks — gone chicks both — warble wonderfully on *This Is June Christy* (Capitol T1006) and *A Jazz Date with Chris Connor* (Atlantic 1286). June's tunes range from the cozy (*I'll Remember April*) to the crazy (*Bei Mir Bist Du Schön*) and a more free-swinging, felicitous effort by the misty Miss Christy just hasn't been cut yet. Chris' collection in our opinion is one of her best to date, too — a crisp combination of literate ditties (*Lonely Town*, *Poor Little Rich Girl*, among others) given a glossy, tasteful, behind-the-beat reading by the finest phraser in the biz. At the risk of dropping two zeppelin-sized platitudes, the

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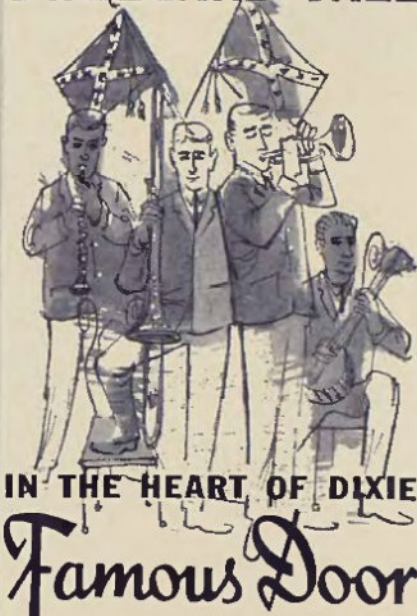
One of the most unpretentious and easy-to-take West Coast jazz sets in recent months has been produced by Howard Lucraft, the composer and guitarist. The groups assembled include such stalwarts as Conte Candoli, Bud Shank, Art Pepper, Shelly Manne and Bob Cooper. Four of the nine tracks are Lucraft originals; of the others, the exotic treatment of *Midnight Sun* stands out. Howard strums rhythm guitar on a couple of tracks, but modestly turns the plectrum work over, on most of the tunes, to a cat listed as John Doe. Our first exclusive: it's Howard Roberts. LP title is *Showcase for Modern Jazz* (Decca DL 8679).

It's seldom easy, though always pleasant, to find somebody on whom you can give a sincere comeback report. Such, happily, is the case with the amazing Billie Holiday, who after a series of LPs and public appearances that convinced many of her hardiest fans she was washed up, has sprouted a pair of sides that manage to a large degree to recapture the rapture. On *Lady in Satin* (Columbia CL 1157) the edges on the tones are rougher than of yore, but the wonderful, warm feeling is there, beautifully cushioned by 20 strings in an orchestra for which Ray Ellis functions effectively as arranger and conductor. Best of all, instead of the rehashes to which she has so long confined herself, *Lady Day* doles out a dozen great ballads, none of which she has ever recorded before—tunes like *You've Changed* and *The End of a Love Affair*.

One of the neatest packaging jobs of recent times is called *Have Blues, Will Travel* (World Pacific JWC 509) in which eight combos, as small as the Russ Freeman Trio and as huge as the Charlie Mariano-Jerry Dodgion Sextet, extol in instrumental outings the virtues of the blues. Among those present are also the Chet Baker-Art Pepper Sextet, the Bob Cooper-Bud Shank Quintet and the hard-swinging Elmo Hope Quintet. Lots of kicks here.

Although Billy Eckstine's *Imagination* (EmArcy 36129) almost runs away with him, there is a smooth, satisfying quality in the big Eckstine baritone on nearly all the numbers. Worth a particular listen are *A Faded Summer Love*, *That's All*, *Ghost of a Chance* and the title tune. Billy launches a series of ad libs on *I Cover the Waterfront* that comes off less than dandy, but where Billy goofs, Don Fagerquist's biting trumpet counterpoint spreads joy . . . Another joy spreader is the perpetually breathless *Julie* (Liberty 3096)—Miss London, of course—who herein smolders through the lilting likes of such goodies as *Somebody Loves Me*,

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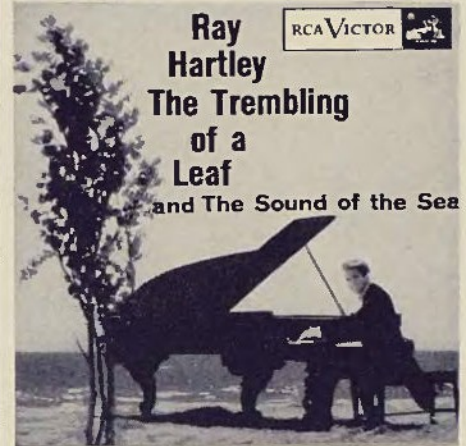
Some quickie comments on prize picks from coolsville: *Blues and Brass* (Decca DL 8686) presents a big band of headliners playing big city music composed, orchestrated and conducted by Elmer Bernstein (who did the tracks for *The Man with the Golden Arm* and *The Sweet Smell of Success*, among others); by us, this disc deserves to be a best seller. We especially commend as a high point a flute duet followed by a Candoli brothers muted horn duet on the same theme . . . *Ahmad Jamal at the Pershing* (Argo 628) shows off the virtuosity of this gifted lad (accompanied by bass and drums) in a continuously happy and surprising set of eight . . . *The Modern Jazz Quartet and The Oscar Peterson Trio at the Opera House* (Verve 8269) gives one side to each group, was recorded at the Chicago Opera House, nicely contrasts the studied frigidities of the quartet with the trio's rolling drive.

"You may call me a singer of folk songs," Theodore Bikel tells us, "or a folk song singer," but not a folk singer — because "a folk singer is one who sings the traditional songs of his own people." whereas Vienna-born, Palestine-reared, widely-traveled polyglot Bikel sings the songs of Ireland, Israel, Scotland, Russia, Mexico, France, Yugoslavia and all points west, east, north or south. In cozy clubs all over the world he sings them (betwixt acting stints: on Broadway with Julie Harris in *The Lark*; in the films *Fräulein*, *The Little Kidnappers*, *The Pride and the Passion*, *The African Queen*) and he also sings them on the Elektra label, his latest batch being *Songs of a Russian Gypsy* (150), tunes by turns tender, tempestuous, tipsy, tortured, studded with troikas and nichevos and nyets, sung against a thick, cabbage-soupy background of balalaikas, accordions, guitars and gypsy violins. Bikel's voice — as big and beefy as his person — is also captured on Elektra's *A Young Man and a Maid* (109; *Playboy After Hours*, February 1957; a bare-bosomed entry in our July '58 *Music to Make Your Eyeballs Pop*), *Jewish Folk Songs* (141), *An Actor's Holiday* (105) and *Folk Songs of Israel* (132) — this last a thumping, thrilling, savage clutch of hummable, tappable, eternally repeatable melodies. It's our favorite.

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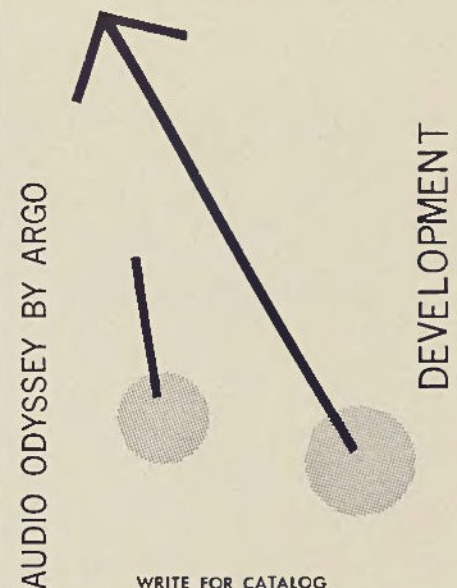
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and the Philadelphia Orchestra; and Ravel's *Ma Mère l'Oye* (Mercury MS 5-22), which is lucidly and charmingly played by the Detroit Symphony under Paul Paray. An added goodie on this stereo tape is Chabrier's *Bourée Fantasque*; its bounce and vivacity make a pleasing contrast to the Ravellian ramblings.

Beethoven's "Eroica," *Symphony Number 3 in E flat* (VRT 4003) is the most recent stereotape to come our way from Vanguard's Beethoven symphony series, and a fine, noble reading it gets from the Philharmonic Promenade Orchestra bated by Sir Adrian Boult. Only slightly less successful is the same ork's and leader's rendition of *Symphony Number 7, in A* (VRT 3020); the same job as done by the Pittsburgh Symphony with William Steinberg conducting (Capitol ZF-22) seems a somewhat better reading to us, but unless you're a Beethoven purist the Boult will do you fine and cost you an even three clams less.

Six discs in search of a stereo pickup, all previously available monaurally and commented on with favor in these columns: *Music to Listen to Barney Kessel* By (Stereo Records S 7001); *The Leroy Vinegar Sextet* (Stereo Records S 7003); *André Previn and His Pals* (Stereo Records S 7004) — the pals being Shelly Manne and Red Mitchell, helping Previn play songs from Pal Joey; *Firehouse Five Plus Two Goes to Sea* (Stereo Records S 7005); Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony* (Vanguard VSD 2004) and Vivaldi's *The Four Seasons* played by I Solisti di Zagreb (Vanguard BGS-5001).

BOOKS

John P. Marquand, who broke in as a writer of whodunits, didn't really hit big until he devised the whydunit. Formula: take a middle-aged hero, face him with some soul-shaking crisis, then send him scurrying back into his New England past to find out how he got that way. In *Women And Thomas Harrow* (Little, Brown, \$4.75), the hero is a highly successful playwright who's lost his silk shirt backing a Broadway musical. But money is only Tom Harrow's surface problem; underneath, it's women. He's currently working on wife No. 3, an ashblonde actress who refers to No. 1 as "that woman" and No. 2 as "that bitch" — and who, apprised of the disaster, now refers to Tom as "a conceited, washed-out, middle-aged has-been, and not even much of a lover." So back he goes into the past, and, in the course of his self-service psychoanalysis, he discovers that he's still in love with wife No. 1 — small-town Rhoda of the "financial face" (his broker's description) and the "beautiful pelvis" (her doctor's). She offers to come

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back to him, but he turns her down. His puritan conscience satisfied, he joins the other Marquand heroes, facing the future with a new calm, chagrin-and-bear-it outlook. Of course, this is all done with superior craftsmanship, but Mr. M. seems to be reaching the point of no return, where one of his yarns sounds just like all the others.

When Wilma Montesi's half-clad body was found on the beach near Rome in 1953, nobody but her family paid much attention. But within a year, her poor corpse had been postmortemed 18 times, her virginity (or lack thereof) was Subject A from press-room to espresso-shop, and the Government's fate hinged literally on what had happened to her garter-belt. All this because it was claimed that she had been lured to a nearby estate—the site of evil orgies—by the son of a Cabinet-minister, then killed because she knew too much. The ensuing hub-bub is reprised by Wayland Young in *The Montesi Scandal* (Doubleday, \$4). There were trials and re-trials, suits and countersuits, and the parade of witnesses included magicians, madams, ministers, mistresses and medicos. Yet when it all subsided, nobody was convicted, and there was nothing to prove that Wilma hadn't drowned accidentally, as her family claimed, while dipping her tootsies in the sea. Mr. Young, quondam correspondent for London's staid *Observer*, recounts it all in a curious mixture of sober documentation and tabloid sensationalism. Though he tries to relate it to world politics, insisting that it provided an escape valve for pressures which might otherwise have fomented revolution, the total effect is somehow that of a bad *verismo* opera, sung in English.

André Maurois, who normally writes biographies that sound like novels, has, in *September Roses* (Harper, \$3) written a novel that sounds like autobiography. It's not, of course, but Guillaume Fontane, the distinguished fiftyish French belles-lettres-man whose story it is, could easily be mistaken for the author. Perhaps that's why there's so much fervor and flavor in this account of Fontane's efforts to recapture the first, fine, care-less rapture which, as a poor young professor, he once knew with an undemanding girl named Minnie—and which inspired his best work. Once he left her for Pauline, the rich, widowed salon-keeper who married him, his work suffered, but his fame (stage-managed by Pauline) grew. There were compensations, and their marriage rocked along; but now, at 57, he meets a sexy young portraitist who persuades him that "a married man is only half a man—and not the best half." Pauline fixes her wagon, but on a lecture-tour in South America, he meets Latin Lolita (blonde

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hair, seagreen eyes, generous mouth) and he is lost. At his age, the ensuing rapture isn't exactly careless, but it's delightful nonetheless, and the following fireworks provided by Lolita and Pauline add a fine ironic fillip to this sad, sensitive and superlative novel.

Jerome Weidman's first novels (*I Can Get It For You Wholesale*, *What's In It For Me?*) hit the public like a one-two sock on the button. Raw, raucous, rowdy, with seamy themes and free-heeling heroes, they were vital and alive. There followed a period of dalliance in the pastel pastures of Hollywood, but now with *The Enemy Camp* (Random House, \$4.95), his former force and vigor are again evident, and, in his maturity, he has directed them to a theme of universal import — a man's search for himself. In one hectic 1950 weekend, George Hurst, successful exurbanite, is kicked out of his false paradise and finds his way into the true one via an agonizing self-appraisal. George is a Jew. He was raised on New York's lower east side by orthodox Aunt Tessie, who gave him a built-in shoulder-chip towards the *shkutzim*, the Gentiles — *The Enemy Camp*. His playmates were Danny Schorr and Dora Dienst, also Jewish. Danny soon joined the "enemy" and after a what-makes-Danny-run career, became a rich hotel tycoon and married Dora, who was also loved by George with an Of-Human-Bondage obsession. Their repeated betrayals of George during his long, stubborn and often bitter climb to success and, with a Gentile wife, to a surface acceptance of the *shkutzim*, form the framework of Mr. Weidman's plot. In the end, he is able to get his childhood friends off his back — and Aunt Tessie's chip off his shoulder — and stand erect, his own man, looking a whole world in the eye. Mr. Weidman, after a too-long count down, shows that he has the fire-power to get this ambitious undertaking into orbit. It wobbles somewhat, but it stays right up there.

Peanuts addicts are hereby alerted that another book of Charles M. Schulz' smallfry sophistication is out, this one starring the precocious pooch, *Snoopy* (Rinehart, \$1), "the only dog in the world who can retrieve a soap bubble," swoon over Chopin, walk with nonchalant ease on his hind legs and philosophize thus: "I wonder why some of us were born dogs while others were born people? Somehow, the whole thing doesn't seem very fair. Why should I have been the lucky one?" *Cave canum*.

Those who remember Alberto Moravia's *The Woman of Rome* will doubtless expect to find in his new novel the same melange of hot tomato, crust and cheese (cake). They will be disappointed.

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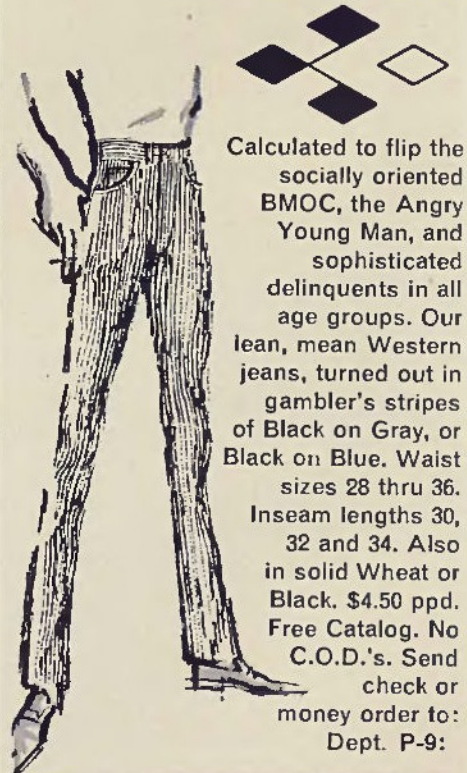
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Tribulation, not tiillation, is the keynote of *Two Women* (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, \$4.95), in which the titular duo are mother and daughter who flee Rome with the coming of the Nazis. Mamma is an earthy peasant type (Anna Magnani is playing it in the upcoming film version) who married young, had no true sex experience until after she was widowed; her Rosetta is gentle and religious (busty, lusty Sophia Loren)—at least at book's beginning—and her mother's efforts to keep her so in a time when food and sex are the only marketable commodities provide a touching sub-theme in Moravia's threnody. For a time it looks as if Rosetta will find true love with Michele, a university graduate (though his failure to react when he happens on her in the bathtub lowers Mamma's opinion of higher education), but he's bumped off by the Germans. Ironically—for this is Moravia—Rosetta remains chaste until mother and daughter seem safe with the invading Allies, but then Rosetta is brutally raped in a church and for a time takes leave of her senses. Only as they near Rome, and home, once more does she find both song and tears after days of frozen silence, and this scene is Moravia at his best. In fact, with *Two Women*, Signor Moravia sets a new high in relentless *neo-realismo*, and any who come to leer will remain to cheer.

"Once upon a time," says John Keats, author of *The Insolent Chariots* (Lippincott, \$3.95), "the American met the automobile and fell in love. Unfortunately, this led him into matrimony, and so he did not live happily ever after." Thus begins a book which is the portrait of that marriage, a dissection—sometimes with scalpel and sometimes with guillotine and buzz saw—of an obsessive-compulsive union, the caustically hilarious story of how the darling sweetheart became the nagging, fat, expensive, overdressed, bejeweled wife.

Keats (as readers of *Eros and Unreason in Detroit* in last month's *PLAYBOY* are aware) is not the aloof critic; his method is to wade into the attack, armed with facts and passion, and to flail about him with barbarian relish and the energy of a hashish-crazed zealot. Fortunately for the reader, his prose style is entertaining, imaginative, impudently witty. As one reads about such aggravated topics as built-in obsolescence, rising costs, dealer practices, financing, the dominance of styling as opposed to engineering, the rocky, rocketing rise of the automobile industry and its effect on the economy and social fabric of the nation, one's respect for the author's marshaling of facts and his original, iconoclastic interpretation of them grows. Some of his basic assumptions are a bit hard to take: he suggests, for exam-

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ple, that most Americans should consider economy and safe transportation the major criteria in a car — and that those who are influenced by zing and prestige may be a bit unsound upstairs. But for the most part this explosively corrosive study of the Detroit product is enlightening, enjoyable and devastatingly convincing. We're tempted to wonder — now that Keats has demolished development housing (his best-selling *The Crack in the Picture Window*) and the motor moguls and their work — what he'll take on next. Whatever it is, we predict this scholar with a sword will chalk up one more OK KO.

Shepherd Mead has proffered, in the form of a novel, a typical week in a big Madadvertorium (you know: booze & bosoms, layouts & lays, ratings, ruttings, rantings) with sharp focus on a hardnose, softsell smoothie who goes on the make for the agency head's neglected young wife and on the take for the agency itself. And so on. The stricture as before. It's all very slick and readable, but the sum total makes one think the tome should have been called *The Rover Boys in Their Sinseersucker Suits*. Mead calls it *The Admen* (Simon & Schuster, \$4.50).

In *The Violated* (Dial, \$4.95), Vance Bourjaily, who's a dues-paying, blues-playing (but balding) member of the Beat Generation school, has produced a kind of split-level "beat" book — in which the hero, Tom Beniger, never quite realizes that he's basically a cool cat, and tries to make his way in suburban squaresville. By failing to get on the road and dig the most, all he digs is his own grave — for in trying to steal some vegetables from a neighbor's garden (he's broke), he gets plugged. Around him in his tragic trajectory orbit his two pals — priapian Guy, who keeps book on his conquests, and tough little Eddie, who for years is locked in a loveless sex-fixation on Tom's sister. There are many others, all of them wantonly violated by life, each other, or themselves. It's a valid theme and he hits it hard; many of his episodes have unforgettable bitterness and bite. But he blows the blue note so long and loud that he occasionally hits a clinker. Too bad, because, when he's at his best, this boy can really fly.

Heretofore available only in the paperback edition by the Olympia Press in Paris, Vladimir Nabokov's *Lolita* (Putnam's, \$5) is now published in the States. Brow-creasing news, because this novel, which has been called a masterpiece, has also been called an obscene, pornographic and subversive work. The first-person plot concerns the passionate adventures of one Humbert Humbert, who is addicted to the love of what he calls

"nymphets"—sensuous young girls who are not yet women, no longer children. He describes his pursuit of these nymphets, particularly of a pretty pouter named Lolita, in extensive, pathetic, comic and horrendous detail. Humbert marries Lolita's widowed mother just to be near the youngster; mama gets herself killed; HH tours the motels of the U.S. with the libidinous little orphan. At book's end, Lolita reaches a ripe old age (17) and our hero murders his great rival, a "practically impotent" pervert, in a Grand Guignol scene which recalls the richest of Rabelais, Dostoevsky and Spillane. Nabokov, the author of all this, is in his own quite different way almost as extraordinary as his protagonist. He has written novels in French, Russian and English; taught Lit in a number of universities; dashed off a series of amiable *New Yorker* sketches published under the title *Puin*; enjoys an international rep as a butterfly collector; and once perpetrated an avant-garde novel about a blind voyeur, *The Real Life of Sebastian Knight*. Like the Abominable Snowman, his *Lolita* has had an underground fame in the tales of travelers. Whether she expresses "the myth of the contemporary American passion for youth," as some "advanced" thinkers have argued, or whether her history is merely one of the most touching and amusing of the century, it is a book to buy, borrow or heist. Putnam's swears they've published the gamy Paris version intact "except for typographical corrections," and it is a consummation devoutly to be wished, for poor Humbert's Lolita deserves to be seen in all her sugar-plum sweetness, outrageous sportiveness and astonishing schoolgirl lechery.

DINING-DRINKING

As soon as the Labor Day traffic crush is over, it's a good notion to drive out of the city for some sundown swigging and a spot of food. If the city in question is New York, we urge on you such exurbanite eateries as *Boni's Inn* at Fishkill, New York; Connecticut's *Red Barn* (Westport, of course); *Emily Shaw's Inn* at Pound Ridge, New York (which has nifty nibbling despite its tearoom-type title), and, on Long Island, *Frank Friede's Riverside Inn* (Smithtown). All have, in addition to grub and grog, pleasing decor, good service, a relaxed but quite elegant air. Best phone ahead for reservations.

At *Dave Chasen's* famous L.A. eatery (9039 Beverly), the reservations are hard to come by, but the gourmet will find that the couple of days of advance planning he may have to allow himself to make sure of obtaining one are worth it. Chasen's is so notable for its notable

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clientele that its cuisine hasn't won the acclaim it deserves. Dave features food prepared in a synthesis of styles, the predominating influences being French and Jewish. It's a heavenly combination; try, for example, a cup of ice-cold borsch with a gorgeous glob of sour cream, followed by sliced rare tenderloin with sauce Béarnaise. The tab isn't prohibitive for what you get, the decor is largely chophouse, the bar is jammed with celebs.

Johnny Dante deliberately located his new pub, *Dante's Inferno* (57 W. Huron), on a dingy Chicago sidestreet instead of the brightly lit Windy City thoroughfares that draw the conventioners. Near enough to the Loop to be a convenient must for the hip traveler, Dante's entertainment policy is what puts neon-light-years between this intimate grog shop and the gaudier hot-spots surrounding it. Currently spotlighted is Frank D'Rone, a young singer whose stature is reflected by an established female clique which comes nightly to dig—alone in twos and threes when they can't find escorts. D'Rone accompanies himself with guitar on the likes of *I Like the Likes of You*, *Wee Small Hours* and *I'm Glad There Is You*. In this world of ordinary bistros, dim-lit Dante's is a refreshing retreat—until two in the A.M., three on Saturdays.

Up in the American Northwest, where you can embark from Seattle for Alaska, the Orient, or a cruise among the islands of Puget Sound and out to the Pacific through the Straits of Juan de Fuca—yeah, way up there, right in Seattle—is one of the best restaurants in these United States, its territories, Guam and the Phillipines. It's named, simply, *Canlis* (2576 Aurora)—after its owner-founder—and its success formula is simple, too: superb service of fine food in a spectacular setting. About the first, Mr. Canlis told us something of the care he lavishes on selecting, then training, his waiters and waitresses, maitre dcs, bartenders, wine steward, etc.; they must be letter perfect before he allows them to have any contact with his customers—and there are just enough of them to assure promptness and personal attention without that claustrophobic hovering we happen to find irritating in some of the better traps around the world. About the second: you can get fabulous pepper steak as you've never had it before. Pacific Coast delicacies, super salads, and like that—but the specialties are charcoal broiled. And of these, we recommend a hefty hunk of salmon: if you've never had it broiled just done enough, tender and juicy and firm, you owe it to yourself to make a special trip to Seattle for it. There's a fine wine cellar, too. The decor is lush contemporary, the view from the window walls

is sensational, the prices are upper moderate, and reservations are a must.

Dixie devotees in St. Louis dote on *The Tiger's Den* (5607 Delmar Boulevard), where Sammy Gardner and His Mound City Six pulverize the people. Sporting vests as loud as its gutbucket jazz, Sammy's sextet is one of the best young Dixie ensembles in the land, punctuates its playing with good clean fun (after belting out *Bourbon Street Parade*, the thirsty gentlemen of the orchestra pause for a shot of the fermented corn). Jim Haislip and his tailgate trombone and a cornetist with the musical handle of Muggsy Sprecher are top-notch tooters; Sammy's own clarinet, particularly in the upper register, is brilliant. Decor is dandy, drinks are potent, tab is reasonable. Grubless.

"Bringing to Chicago the atmosphere, food and splendor of the South Sea Islands" is *The Traders* (in the Palmer House), a larger, multichambered offshoot of San Francisco's Trader Vic, created and supervised by the West Coast restaurateur. Relentlessly White Cargo in decor (nets, shells, masks, Easter Island-type statuary, visible drumlike well-deep ovens, tantalizing Tondelayos in those tight, slit, Chinesey dresses), it naturally draws the Babbitts and rubber-necks like a lodestone, but one foot-high Fog Cutter under your belt buckle puts them pleasantly out of focus and lets you enjoy the theatricality of the place. Other potations: *The Suffering Bastard*, *The Colonel's Big Opu*, *Dr. Funk of Tahiti*, *Dr. Funk's Son*, *The Scorpion* (a brimming birdbath of light rums with a gardenia floating on the surface: it caresses and calcifies the ladies). The excellent food matches the exotic setting: curries and sambals; Chinese, Hawaiian, Indonesian, Javanese, Malayan, Tahitian dishes; a barbecued whole pig wearing a coronet of gardenias and an apple in his mouth (feeds 15 and requires a week's notice). We gleefully put away a couple of Fog Cutters followed by an appetizer plate of spareribs, crab Rangoon and sliced pork; went on to a gigantic single sautéed Mimosa shrimp plus a salad of limestone lettuce; then stopped fooling around and massacred a barbecued squab, its liver, wild rice, creamed chicken dipped out of a coconut shell, stringless string beans and a few unidentifiable delectables; polished it all off with Strawberries Puiwa and a liqueur; punctuated the entire orgy with tea and Euphrates bread; wiped our fingers on steaming scented towels. The bill was staggering and so were we, but as we wobbled out with canoe-paddle swizzle sticks in our pockets and gardenias in our teeth, we were unalterably convinced that We Had Lived.

*out there one night at the end of the lane,
lust, greed and death held a rendezvous*

IT WAS A DAY in early fall, one of those rare days with the delicate flavor of good dry wine, the soft air a thin sea of pale diffused gold. In a fold of valley, at the end of a dirt lane that sloped down from the ridge road, Abner Huck's place lay silent, graying in the sun.

The house was old and sturdy, weathered and wanting paint but otherwise in good repair, an oblong story and a half with a porch running across the front and facing the lane which flowed past and pooled into farmyard — gray barn, stable, sheds. A bleak repressed aura, as of poverty, hung over the place; but there was none of the shiftlessness of poverty, everything was neat.

Lottie Huck stepped out onto the porch, a broom in her hand, and stood for a moment, savoring the singing quality of the day. From the stables came the plaintive bawling of calves. Black hens with wicked eyes and arrogant red combs strutted the barnyard, scratched dirt theatrically and voiced thin, harsh peacocks of self-importance. High over the cup of valley a chicken hawk hung lazily on disdainful wings.

Lottie began to sweep the porch, lips pursed, her odd green eyes intent. She was not exactly pretty. Her face, with its high cheekbones, small pinched nose and soft unformed mouth, was like the face of a child; but her body was lithe and long-limbed with a hint, in motion, of voluptuousness, and her skin was fresh and ripe.

The Joyen twins from Pike's Crossing up above the tavern appeared suddenly in the lane and stood silent, watching her with relish. They were a rangy, unkempt pair and offensively alike, long of hair and jaw, small of eye, greasy, unshaven, grinning. A big black and tan cur that in some vague way resembled them trotted up and began coursing nearby.

Lottie swung round and saw the pair. She gasped and shrank back. Their grins broadened, their evil little eyes grew bolder, darted here and there and returned to go over her in a slow, insistent way. No doubt they'd come from south way, cross country, headed for their home place. And she knew what they were thinking, that Abner Huck was away somewhere about his business of buying and selling cattle.

Cal Joyen spoke to her mockingly now, a remark, a suggestion that was an obscenity, and Lunk Joyen laughed with delight.

Just then Abner Huck stepped around the corner of the house with a pump gun in his hands and at that instant the black and tan cur exploded into action, hot after one of Huck's hens. He might not have caught it, but he gained in wild long-legged leaps and Huck came

THE

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HOUSE OF HATE

fiction
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up smoothly with the shotgun. The blast was a shocking sound in the thin singing air. The charge caught the dog in the head and whirled him. He spun in the dust, showering blood, all legs and frantic agony, and thumped out his life with a savage reluctance.

Abner Huck pumped his gun, bringing up a fresh shell and ejecting the spent one, and stood with the piece over his arm, staring impassively at the Joyens. Huck was a tall spare man of 50 with a hard jaw, thin lips and pale blue eyes. The aura of neat bleakness that lay over the place seemed intensified in him; rather, seemed to originate in him; it was as if, seeing him, you understood at once the farm's deliberate meagerness.

Lunk Joyen stared at the dog. "Why in hell'd you do that? Herky wouldn'a caught that hen, he —"

Cal Joyen took a step forward. "Lay down that gun, Ab Huck," he said thickly, "and by God I'll —"

Huck brought the gun up a little. His voice was even and as cold as his eyes. "You'll *what*? Don't tempt me. You think I'd hesitate? You think folks hereabouts ain't got the number of you two thieving no-goods? You think the sheriff ain't just waiting to catch you red-handed, think he don't know where Jim Blackmarr's calves went, and Russ Westover's Plymouth Rocks and the harness out of Widow Shanower's barn?"

"Ab Huck, you —"

"Don't tempt me! The sheriff'd shake my hand. You got no business on my place. If I was to say you jumped me and I shot you, that'd be that — and you know it! Now take your cur, get off my place and don't never come back!"

The twins looked at Abner Huck, hate in their eyes. Cal Joyen made as if to take another step, but Lunk stopped him. The brothers had courage. Abner Huck's face said they had reason to be afraid but they showed no fear.

"We'll shove," Cal said softly, "but you made a mistake this time, Huck. We'll get you if it's the last —"

"Threatening me?" Huck lifted the gun. "Shut up and git!"

They swung without a word and shambled along the lane.

"Hold it!" Huck yelled. "I said take the dog!"

They turned briefly. "Naw," Cal said, "we ain't taking him. You can bury him. Shoot us in the back, if you want, and see what you tell the sheriff about that."

When they were lost to view in the trees Huck took his gun back to the shed where he'd been trying to outwait the chicken hawk and returned to the porch. He went through the kitchen door, banging the patched screen, and stepped into the dining-sitting room to confront Lottie.

"Where'd them Joyens come from.

Lottie?"

"I—I ain't got no idea."

He eyed her keenly. She was trembling and looked scared. Maybe from seeing the dog shot, maybe not. There was a shadow on her face, like she was trying to hide something.

She's about as bright as an eight-year-old kid, he thought with contempt and cold anger. He was dead sick of her after a year. A bad bargain. Sure, she kept his house good and she could cook; but she'd cheated him, that lithe smooth body was a fraud, there wasn't no fire in her, not for him anyway, and like all women she wanted things. Not much, she said. But that was what they all said. The starter, the first wedge. Just some cretonne for window curtains, she said, a couple pieces of porch furniture. Porch furniture! And wanting him to dam the brook. What the hell!

"Why was them Joyens here, Lottie?"

"I don't know nothing about it," she said in a rush. "I was just sweeping the porch and I looked up and there they was." Her eyes scurried, refusing to meet his glance. Her fingers plaited her apron, the shadow on her face deepened.

He was sure it could mean only one thing. "They figured I was away, figured you was alone. Damn you, Lottie, you got the likes of them hanging around when I'm gone?"

"No . . . no . . . no!"

"They said something to you. I didn't catch it, but they said something. What'd they say?"

"N-nothing. They didn't say nothing."

"Hell they didn't! *What'd they say?*"

She put her hands to her face and shrank away from him. Not for her life would she have repeated the foul words. "Didn't say nothing."

He grabbed her arms savagely, forcing her hands down. The look on her face was enough. He saw shame there, and fear.

"You cheap slut —! Behind my back!"

He hit her. She cringed away and fell behind the table, taking half the cloth with her.

His breath whistled. "I'll get shet of you! By God, I'll divorce you!" Then he stamped out.

Presently Lottie made a whimpering sound and pushed herself up to a sitting position on the worn carpet. She touched the line of her jaw gingerly and winced. Then, slowly, huddled there in the silence, she began to take comfort and strength from the house, she felt that the house was trying to help her. She hadn't been able to do much for the house, Abner Huck wouldn't let her; but what she could do, of cleaning, scouring and polishing, she'd done; and that was something the house hadn't known for many a day. She had a strange

feeling about the house. It was as if the house appreciated what she'd done even though Abner Huck didn't, as if the house in some cryptic way acknowledged her presence and accepted her, might even in time love her as she had come to love the house.

I'll get shet of you! By God, I'll divorce you!

Could he do it? Turn her out of the house? She'd almost come to think of it as her house. It wasn't, though, it was his! *Hate you, Abner Huck, hate you, hate you!* She sat there, staring into space and hating him, not with a mature woman's writhing sex-leavened hate, but with the thin intense hate, the deadly hate of a ravished child.

He hadn't no call to hit her, it wasn't her fault about the Joyens being there, wasn't *her* fault! The very thought of the Joyens was like stepping into a strangling clammy fog, a mist of shrieking fear before which even her hatred of Abner Huck paled. Thinking of the Joyens and that night at the tavern, she wanted to yell out and stamp wildly, the way a person stamps slithery nameless things, slimy critters that defile the earth. She thought about the white powdery stuff out on the shelf under the sink that Abner Huck had brought home and showed her and warned her about, the stuff in the bottle with the skull and bones on it that he was going to use in rat bait. She'd like to feed *that* to the Joyens, spoon it down their slimy throats.

Slowly, heartbeat by heartbeat, the house soothed her. Now she thought again of Abner Huck's parting words. Maybe if he turned her out Gert would take her back to work at the tavern. But then a great pang of misery hit her. If he turned her out she'd lose the house, she'd be forever separated from the house. She couldn't bear the thought of losing the house; for if, in a year, she'd learned to hate Abner Huck, she'd also learned to love this old house that she knew was there.

I shouldn'a married Abner Huck, she thought bitterly; then I wouldn't never seen the house, wouldn't know about it at all.

Before she married him she hadn't had any feeling about Huck one way or the other. She'd noticed him, like the other men who frequently came evenings to drink beer at Gert's Tavern up below the crest of the ridge road, but that was all. One morning when she and Gert were cleaning the tavern Gert had said:

"Set down, Lottie. Let's see, you been here four months —"

It sounded like Gert was going to fire her! Lottie put her work-coarsened hands on the table edge and leaned

(continued overleaf)



"I've got it! Let's all get dressed and play strip poker."

HOUSE OF HATE (continued from page 26)

forward, her green eyes blinking, mouth slack. *Maybe Gert found out about them Joyens, she thought in sick dismay, maybe she found out.* She was on the point of blurting out the whole thing, how it happened, but the words refused to pass her lips.

Instead, she said in a burst, "Don't fire me, Gert! If I ain't suiting you, nor doing right, I'll do better. I ain't a fast thinker, but I'm willing. Don't fire me, Gert!"

Gert Jensen took the cigarette from her mouth and stared slack-jawed. Gert was a heavy woman, tough as an Aire-dale, with a square alert face under a mop of weird red-henna hair. "Why, blast you, girl!" she said. "What you talking 'bout? *Me*. fire you? Why would I do that?"

A little color returned to Lottie's cheeks. She settled back. "I—I don't know. I guess 'cause I never hold a job very long."

"Like to know why not?"

Lottie looked at her hands. "Ain't nothing I do, Gert. But I don't know, someway . . . things always happen."

Staring, Gert suddenly understood. Sure, it would be men! In a few words Lottie had unfolded the pattern of her life; caged in an opulent body that didn't suit her childlike nature . . . a succession of drab jobs . . . When Lottie was new at the tavern, Gert had checked her closely and she knew that Lottie never flaunted her body. But Lottie's body flaunted itself and there was nothing anyone could do about that. Gert had watched her customers for signs of over-interest in Lottie and had nipped such signs in the bud.

Now Gert said, "Forget them other places! Why, you're the best girl I ever had, Lottie. Work like a horse, cook like a damn angel—look how the men gobble your victuals. It makes me laugh. Before you come, why all they ever done was guzzle beer; couldn't go *my* cooking! Your cakes and pies and stews and such is a drawing card, Lottie. Look how them shiftless Joyens'll come in and set drinking beer, and along with it wolfing your chocolate cake. Tell you, it's a laugh. Beer and cake! Hate to admit how much cake I've sold that worthless pair at a quarter a throw."

Lottie's eyes flickered, she shivered as if an icy blast had touched her, but Gert didn't notice.

"No, Lottie, I'd hate to lose you, but what I'm going to say's for your own good and it may mean I'll lose you. How old are you, Lottie?"

"Twenty-five."

Gert stared. "Get out, you're joking!"

"No I ain't."

"Well you ain't twenty-five no more, you're twenty! Remember that. I know

you're a good girl, Lottie. That's what I told Abner Huck. What would you think if I said Huck maybe had a hankering to marry you?"

"Marry me? That there tall man with the pale eyes that —"

"Yes, Ab Huck."

"Why would he want to marry me?"

"He's a widower, Lottie. Now I ain't claiming Abner Huck's no great catch—they say he's close—but I guess he ain't so bad. Pays his debts and minds his business. Got a place right down here off the road a piece, nothing fancy, but solid. Maybe you could fix it up some. You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

"—I reckon."

"Huck don't farm, he buys and sells cattle. Don't guess he makes much out of it, just a plain living, maybe, but you'd have a home. That's what you need, Lottie."

A little glow came into Lottie's face, a look of soft wonder. Then, unbidden, the Joyens drifted across her mind and she shivered. Maybe it wasn't fair, now, not to tell Gert. How they grabbed her that night a month ago, one night after tavern closing when Gert had already gone to bed and Lottie'd just stepped out for a walk around in the green moonlight. Grabbed her, hand over mouth, and hauled her kicking and clawing across the road and into the brush. No knowing how long they kept her. An endless time of jagged fear and horror till they let her go and she staggered back across the road away from their foulness, the harsh whispers singing in her ears . . . "Tell and we'll cut your throat! You tell and we'll kill you!"

After that, whenever the Joyens came to the tavern, she quivered in fear and stayed as far from them as she could get; but their eyes followed her. She couldn't shake off their eyes.

Maybe she ought to tell Gert now. But if *Gert* was to tell, then Abner Huck wouldn't marry her. And if she married Abner Huck she'd have a home—no more wandering from place to place—and she'd be safe from the Joyens. She'd be Mrs. Lottie Huck.

But that first conjugal night in the house at the end of the lane she began to find out about Abner Huck. He scared her almost as bad as the Joyens, with his violent, too-quick, stored-up passion, and in the morning at breakfast she saw hardness in his face, contempt in his pale eyes.

Abner Huck was away a lot and it was at such times that she got acquainted with the house and grew to love it and talk with it. She liked to sit on the porch steps and look across the lane at the little cup of meadow through which a brook flowed, falling away down a

slope nearby. It wouldn't take much to dam the brook right there, make a pretty little pond in the meadow. Maybe Abner Huck would do it.

But when she asked him he laughed sourly. "Dam the brook? What in hell for? I ain't got time for foolishness like that."

Another time she showed him a catalog and pointed out two cheap pieces of porch furniture. He knocked the catalog aside with an oath. "Can't you get it through that thick skull I'm a poor man? D'I ever tell you I got money? Well I ain't! I work hard for enough to scrape by. You don't like that, mistress, you know what you can do!"

It was a long time before she got up the courage to mention cretonne for curtains. She didn't realize he was in an ugly mood over a calf deal that had gone awry, and his hard slap sent her staggering back, hand at her cheek. His eyes were as cold as stone.

"Told you before! I ain't got money for folderol! Don't you hector me no more. When I figure we need something I'll buy it!"

Once when Huck was away she found a stray mongrel puppy and took it in and fondled it for two days. When Huck came home he gave the pup one swift look.

"Where'd that thing come from?"

"H-he come down the lane. Kinda cute, ain't he?"

Huck didn't answer. Next morning when she took scraps outside the pup was gone. Huck backed his jitney from the shed and held up a moment in the lane.

"I'd forget that pup. Likely he's wandered off again. That's the way it goes with stray curs."

But after he drove away she began calling and hunting and she found the pup. Out behind the barn on the manure pile, its mangled head bearing the marks of the axe. She got a spade from the shed and buried it. She cried a little, but not much. Digging the grave, she wished it was a longer, deeper grave; and something within her hardened then and sealed off, like a steel door sliding shut. From that moment on she had no room for fear of Abner Huck. She had only room for hate.

Now, feeling dizzy from his blow, she staggered to her feet and fumbled to straighten the tablecloth her fall had pulled askew. Could he divorce her, like he said, turn her out of the house? *Oh, I don't want to lose the house!* she thought. *Wish you was dead, Abner Huck, wish you was dead!*

Suddenly she saw the Joyens again as they stood there in the lane, venom in their eyes, heard Cal's soft words:

(continued on page 38)

MUNDY CUT THE LIGHTS and the patrol car glided down silently through the trees onto the beach. The moon was high and full; they saw the car parked back under the trees just about the same time the people in the car saw them. Mundy swore and jumped out, grabbing for his flashlight. Redmond came out the other side, feeling ridiculous.

Mundy lunged heavily through the sand up to the parked car, blazed the powerful flashlight beam through the window. The boy and girl were both up, both clothed, blinking in the light. The boy had taken his arms away from the girl, but the girl was startled and was hanging on to him tightly.

"All right, son," Mundy grunted. "You have to get out of here." Redmond could hear his disappointment and grinned cheerfully into the dark.

"This ain't no public beach," Mundy said, "you kids go do that stuff somewhere else. You never know what can happen out here."

"Yes sir," the boy said instantly. He was about 18.

"Never can tell. Lots of queer characters hang out around places like this. One of them jump out on you one of these nights, be hell to pay."

"Yes sir," the boy said. He started the car.

"So get on home."

The boy nodded, the girl still hang-

ing on to him, and drove off. Mundy watched them go, kicking fretfully at the sand.

"Crap," he said. "They must of seen us coming."

Redmond said nothing. Mundy was senior man. Mundy made all the decisions. But Redmond felt very good. They went back to the cruiser.

"Well," Mundy said after a while, his optimism coming back, "I know lots more spots. We'll see who else is diddling who."

He ran down the beach, then up a dirt road through the woods. He followed the road for a long while, occasionally slowing to a crawl and cutting his lights. He found absolutely

fiction By **MICHAEL SHAARA**

the girl's whole body stood transfixed in the beam of the copper's flashlight

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT CHRISTIANSEN



THE PEEPING TOM PATROL

nothing. After a while Redmond said: "Shouldn't we better get back downtown? What happens if we get a call?"

Mundy shrugged. "Don't worry about it. This is Wednesday. Nothing happens Wednesday. And if we get a call and we're too far away, they call somebody else."

They turned down another short road leading to the sea. They flushed another couple but did not catch them in the act. When they came out and headed for still another spot Mundy knew, Redmond was irritated.

"Listen," he said, "we going to do this all night?"

Mundy chuckled. "You got a better idea?"

"Well, what the hell, this is no way —"

"Relax."

"But it's none of our business. These people aren't hurting anybody."

Mundy swung the car down another lonely road.

"You never can tell," he said cheerfully. "Couple times I found suicides this way, sneakin' up on parked cars. One guy in there been dead a week. Hell of a note, a guy lays out here dead all that while and somebody else finds him. Makes the cops look bad. We got to investigate. How do you know what's goin' on in them cars? People could be murderin' people."

"Sure," Redmond said.

Mundy went on whistling absently. After a while he said without concern:

"You'll learn, after you been around awhile. How long you been on the force?"

"Three months."

"Where they put you?"

"North Traffic Cruiser. Accident car. Last month they had me walking Ninth and Central."

Mundy chuckled. "Man, that Ninth and Central. That's the beat, hah? More quiff down there than a man could use in a hundred years. Bet you went for that stuff, hah?"

Mundy waited for him to say something, but he didn't.

"Best damn beat in town," Mundy reaffirmed fondly, remembering. "All the girls in them stores, the bank. Man, when I walked that beat I was busy all day. I had coffee with five hundred different women on the city's time. And then on my time —" He laughed fatly, then went on to tell some highly unlikely sexual adventures.

Bored, Redmond let his mind wander. But it was true what Mundy said about the downtown beat. There were women all over the place, and most of them happy to talk to you. He wondered why. The uniform, yes, but it was more. The gun. Authority. He stared thoughtfully up at the moon. He remembered vague tales some of

the men told about the way women acted around the gun. How one of them had even wanted the man to wear it to bed. The gun, yes. And all the power it represented. Authority. The Law.

He glanced at Mundy. The Law, he thought. This is the Law.

Mundy was sighing reflectively. "But that was a good beat. Yes sir. Few good months of that could kill a man." He chortled, then broke it off. "Crap," he said with feeling. "I could sure use a little of that. They ain't had me on that beat in three years."

"Wonder why," Redmond said wryly.

"Ah, they don't know what they're doin'." Mundy brooded. He said some very brutal things about the brass upstairs. He told Redmond to stick with him, that he would learn something.

"Too bad you only ride with me one night a week," he said. "You'd learn fast, boy. But ridin' relief is all right. Who else you ride with?"

"I only ride two nights a week. Other nights I walk, four to midnight."

"Walk? Ninth and Central?"

"Yep. I walk that tomorrow."

"Jesus," Mundy breathed heavily and wagged his head. "You must know somebody."

They rode on for a while in silence, Mundy brooding about the injustice of it, Redmond hoping there weren't many more cops like this. Mundy took it out on the next couple they flushed.

The girl was badly flustered. She had buttoned her blouse before they got there but she had done it too quickly and when Mundy's light shone in, her two middle buttons had come back open. Mundy gave the two kids a vicious lecture. Redmond turned away from it and went back to the cruiser.

"Listen," he said, when Mundy was done, "you keep at this long enough, and one of these days you're gonna run across somebody you know."

"Nah," Mundy said, grinning. "Only the kids come out here. Only the amateurs. The smart money finds a motel or stays home. The old pros got their own places. All you get out here is the ones that don't know their way around. Sometimes you get *old* couples. Jesus. And I got a doctor once, *him* I knew. He and his nurse, goin' at it hot and heavy. And him married with four kids. You should've heard the way I give it to *him*."

Mundy glowed with satisfaction. Redmond looked away from him.

"There's one more good spot up ahead," Mundy said. "I've been savin' it 'til it got late. We check that out and then we go home. Best place I've got. Always get somebody there."

He turned off down another dirt road. He cut the lights again and when he could see the ocean gleaming beyond the trees he stopped the car. He grinned

excitedly at Redmond.

"From here we walk. Take no chances this time. Keep damned quiet."

"I'll stay here," Redmond said.

"The hell you will." Mundy's voice was quietly ugly. "Suppose that son of a bitch decides to get rough? You're my partner, boy. Where I go, you go."

"All right," Redmond said. He got out of the car.

"Keep good and goddam quiet," Mundy whispered.

They walked off down the road. Redmond breathed deeply in the cool night air. "Watch your senior man," he thought. He remembered the captain saying it: "Watch your senior man, boys. *learn* from him! Watch him in action!" Redmond grunted in disgust. Mundy in action!

He looked up ahead and watched Mundy in action. The older man was stepping lightly down the ruts in the road, lightly and ridiculously, walking on eggs. Redmond could not bring himself to be careful. He couldn't help it. He told himself that Mundy up there was the Law, old John Law, and he giggled aloud. A twig snapped. He saw Mundy's angry turn. He grinned back, knowing his face couldn't be seen. Then he saw the car.

It was parked out in the open, on the beach. Real amateurs, Redmond thought. It was facing the ocean and Mundy was going in on it from behind. The moonlight was very strong and Redmond could see straight through the car and see the ocean through the windshield, but he could see nobody in it.

Mundy went in very close, beginning to crouch. Redmond walked more silently without realizing it. He watched Mundy go up to the car. He knew this one was it, that Mundy had them this time, cleanly and without hope, and a shiver went through him. He thought of shouting. He didn't. He walked in close and waited.

He saw Mundy waving him down. Obediently, he knelt. He waited for Mundy to shine the light, but the older man didn't; he rose slowly and looked in the rear window. Redmond could not see his face. But he was in close enough now and he could hear the car moving, hear the people moving inside it. Jesus, he thought, chilled. He did not go up to look. He waited by the rear of the shaking car.

After a very long while Mundy exploded the light. It blasted into the car and the couple inside jumped frantically. Redmond felt his face grow hot; he had to look down at the ground with shame. He heard Mundy begin to speak.

"All right now," Mundy was saying happily, "come on out of there. *Now*."

(continued on page 36)

THE WELL-CLAD UNDERGRAD

*a sartorial survey
sets entrance require-
ments for the
collegiate wardrobe*

attire By **FREDERIC A. BIRMINGHAM**

WITH THE AIM OF PUBLISHING a realistic guide to the complete collegiate wardrobe, we consulted the available sources of information, discovered nothing but spotty reportage and the armchair predictions of "authorities." Whereupon we seized an opportunity uniquely ours. PLAYBOY maintains a corps of campus representatives, some 300 young men at leading colleges and universities, who keep us in constant touch with the campus scene. Through these campus reps we launched a national two-part field survey. For Part I, we devised an ex-

haustive questionnaire with which we sent our reps to survey their fellow classmen's wardrobes, thus determining what clothing today's collegian owns and what he plans to purchase. Part II entailed a separate questionnaire with which PLAYBOY reps interviewed 163 managers of major campus men's wear stores on what collegians buy. The results — charted on the following pages — constitute the first factual report on today's college wardrobe and thus a practical buying guide for the man who would be dressed with the best on his campus.



Playmates Lisa Winters, Linda Vargas and Janet Pilgrim look on approvingly through the shop window of PLAYBOY's Ivy Center, while a lucky collegian considers autumn garb (suits, in this instance) from the Center's selection of forthcoming fashions supplied by leading tailors.



Above: Lindo and Jonet help in the selection of one of the three sports jackets which PLAYBOY's nationwide survey of collegiate wardrobes indicates the suitably supplied collegion will own. Below: All three girls are obviously smitten with the new vertical stripings of another, less conventional, jacket.



SUITS

4

QUANTITY

KIND

COMMENTS

The overwhelming choice in styling is Ivy. In selecting suits, plan on at least one tweed, one gray flannel and one glen plaid. In the fourth, look for dress-up elegance in dark, smooth-finish worsted, sharkskin, or one of the new mixtures in man-made fibers. Save brighter colors and bolder patterns for sports jackets.

Although your suits will be Ivy, you might bear in mind that it is not as favored in other areas as on the Eastern Seaboard. In any case, avoid the extreme interpretations of Ivy. Many men use the tweed and glen jackets of their suits as sports jackets, a good idea in moderation, since otherwise the two parts of suits wear unequally. Give a thought to spring temperatures where you'll be—you may want to select one or even two of your suits in lightweight material.



SLACKS

3 or 4 pairs

At least one pair should be gray or Oxford flannel. Two pairs should be washable, in denim or china—and the likelihood is that you'll want to stretch the total in this category. In slacks, the styles are all Ivy. Legs are tapered and are cuffed long enough to meet shoe tops (not ankle length—a prep school nation).

In warmer climes, you may want to substitute Bermuda walking shorts for some of your slacks. Check first to find out whether they are permitted on your campus. Knee-length socks must go with the Bermudas unless your campus custom defies this quite proper style and decrees white ankle socks as same do. Remember, an odd pair of pants is not a pair of well-tailored slacks, so save the old clothes for roughing it.



SPORTS JACKETS

3 sports jackets
1 blazer

The tweed or Shetland jacket is the mainstay of your campus wardrobe. Look for color and texture interest, consider the vertical stripes, give serious thought to one houndstooth check and to one large plaid pattern. The style is Ivy with such extra touches as leather piping, change pocket, hacking pockets, decorative buttons, etc.

Although you may occasionally use your sports jackets with contrasting slacks, bear in mind that in selecting a sports jacket, you will require of it that it be indubitably of its breed, and not the upper half of a suit. Some campuses reserve blazers for seniors or class officers—check before buying. The navy blue flannel blazer with brass buttons is a classic, and quite dressy. You might also try contrasting tones in very narrow or very broad stripings.



SHOES

4 pairs



DRESS SHIRTS & NECKWEAR

9 shirts
2 evening shirts
10 neckties



SOCKS

7 pairs regular
6 pairs white athletic socks
2 pairs black silk or nylon for formal wear



SWEATERS

4

Fairly standard campus footwear comprises loafers in black or dark brown with simple last, the chukka or desert boot and the wing tip in black or cordovan, or one of each, for dress. The slipper-style moccasin is gaining acceptance, but avoid fancy tooling or extreme styling.

In shirts, the Ivy taste calls for buttondown collars by a very wide margin, then tabs or rounded points. The standard, plain collar, with short points or long points, while perfectly all right, has little appeal for the college man. White is largely preferred, colors being mostly solids or fine stripings or checks. The button cuff is preferred.

Shoe-filling wools are preferred, usually in dark solids, small patterns in low-key colors, or clocks. Dacron mixes and nylons also get the nod, in much the same patterns. If you like socks with plenty of color, Argyles are best. On most campuses, athletic socks are acceptable under almost every condition except for dress occasions.

Sweaters are a must on every campus, and they are predominantly crew neck, always with long sleeves. You can wear them heavy or light, but the important thing is that you can wear them anywhere, except for dress. Shetland and cashmere sweaters never fail. Cable stitches are widely worn. Try mixes in lovat shades, off-blacks, greens.

You will note that we haven't mentioned dirty white bucks or sneakers. The former—once definitely shoe—are now considered square at certain Eastern campuses, whereas elsewhere you still have to have them. This is one area where local custom will have to be your guide. As for sneakers, they're seen everywhere. Yours, if you're going to wear them, should of course be the tennis-shoe variety, not basketball sneakers.

The evening shirt recommendation is conservative: you may need three or four, depending on how active you are, since formal dates usually bunch together seasonally, and laundry service isn't always fast enough. Buy the comfortable evening shirt with soft collar and pleated or plain bosom front. In your neckwear, concentrate on black knits, club stripes, small figures and checks, or foulard patterns. Select bows only in the club shape with square ends.

The best advice we can give you about socks is that you can never have too many of them. There's plenty of walking on campus, and mortality is high. You might buy one ultra-heavy pair for stadium wear, sports-car, or general outdoor use under extreme weather conditions. Anklets are permissible, but avoid the very-low-cut ones which inevitably show bare skin when you walk or sit cross-legged.

There are many handsome sweaters about in the shops which are pick-ups from skiwear, and others simply ingenious adaptations of Breton or other European motifs. But interesting as they are, and nicely suited for resort wear, boating, and the like, they should be shunned on campus as a rule. This is one area where the classic is de rigueur; to avoid classification as an oddball, you should hew right to the line on your sweater wardrobe.



Lisa's modeling of a husky pull-over makes it difficult to resist.

WELL-CLAD UNDERGRAD

(continued)

BEHIND THE STATISTICS pictorialized on these pages are some fascinating data on college attitudes toward dress. Nationally, we learned, collegians are far more interested in appearance than previous reports might lead one to believe. Our survey showed that even on campuses where casualness is the vogue, it is a very studied casualness indeed, with its own rigid rules of order.

We learned, for example, that in state schools—which are virtually all coed—there is an almost belligerently casual casualness of garb on campus. This is the conformity of non-conformity, a symbolic statement by the men that they'll be damned if they'll dress especially for the girls—and, of course, the girls prove to be romantically responsive to jeans and sneakers.

We learned that, conversely, in the smaller and older men's colleges the approved attire is almost defensively conservative, exhibiting the kind of masculine *esprit* that leads a lone British sportsman to dress for dinner in the veldt.

Nationally speaking, the Ivy tradition for campus wear diminishes as one moves outward from its hard core in the Ivy League colleges. But for off-campus wear, for dress-up occasions and special dates, it's the Ivy influence coast to coast. In this sense, there are no real regional differences; there are climatic variations, but they're all within the Ivy sphere: if the climate is warm, the men wear less clothing; if it's cold, they wear more—but it's almost all Ivy dominated when the men want to look their best. There are other climatically dictated variations from the national norm: at Dartmouth and Middlebury, for instance, ski jackets enjoy wide acceptance; in the far West there are forms of "westernized" garb with light flourishes straight out of Hollywood; some schools in semi-tropical resort areas show a marked beach-wear influence in campus casual clothes, with Bermudas predominating over slacks. And there are strictly local fads to ponder. But fads they are: from a fashion viewpoint, from the practical viewpoint of the correct collegiate wardrobe, Ivy still dominates the campus scene. And this is interesting to note, for it was the young college men who established Ivy as a national mode of masculine attire, and it is college men who are resisting attempts to woo them to Italianate and draped Continental fashions, despite their acceptance by some of their older brothers.

Lest we've given the impression that we think all collegians are monotonously conformist and slavishly similar, we'd like to quote here some observations

(continued on page 70)

ACTIVE
SPORTSWEARTOPCOATS,
RAINCOATS, Etc.

SPORT SHIRTS

QUANTITY

2 pairs tennis shorts
1 pair tennis sneakers
6 T-shirts
1 golf jacket
1 golf cap

1 topcoat
1 raincoat
1 heavy weather
coat (optional)

7

KIND

You'll know how to outfit yourself for your favorite sports: skiing, riding, etc. Whatever they may be, though, you will want the above items, too. Tennis shorts are preferably white; half your T-shirts should be white; your golf jacket should be wind and moisture resistant, yet light and flexible; your cap should be lightweight but water repellent.

The lightweight raincoat is a top campus fashion. If you're in the Ivy League, your topcoat can be a Chesterfield with velvet collar, for weekend wear, or if that's too dressy, a single-breasted fly-front tweed, olive brown or olive black, with natural shoulders and notched lapels.

Most of them will be long-sleeved (unless the climate is extra warm) and all will have buttondown collars worn with the buttons buttoned and the collar open. In patterns, you have some leeway, but vertical, contrasting stripes in narrow bands are most popular, with small checks, foulard patterns and solids following in that order.

COMMENTS

In the classification of sportswear, you'll want to add to your outfits for organized sports—and for the more sedate and sedentary campus activities—plenty of jeans or denims (but avoid the horsy kind with the juvenile delinquent touches), several sweat shirts (not for class wear, please!) and—depending on climate—a pair of pretty rugged outdoor gloves for cold weather and a hefty wool muffler.

If you are in a stiff winter climate, look into the matter of detachable interlinings. You can get them for tweed topcoats, and for many raincoats. In raincoats, topcoats and lined trench coats, avoid as you would the plague the foreign-correspondent-type which is double-breasted, belted and adorned with straps and buckles. You may want a toggle coat for rugged weather, and you might want to add to your wardrobe a sports-car coat.

Bear in mind that the name sport shirt belies the use to which it is now quite frequently put on campus; i.e., it is really an informal dress shirt when worn with a solid color, knit or very subdued striped or patterned tie. No matter what your campus, avoid the huge prints which are affected by square tourists. Flannel sport shirts are fine for colder climes, but remember that if they're too heavy, they'll make you uncomfortably hot in lecture hall.



HATS AND CAPS

- 1 hat
- 1 cap

FORMAL WEAR

- 1 tails (optional)
- 1 dinner jacket

If it's to be just one hat for you, select a sport model in rough-textured finish for all-around wear. Lovats and deep-color mixes with black are best. If your campus is at all fashion conscious, you'll want another, more formal snap brim for town wear, in very dark brown or gray. The cap may be in tweed, cord, leather, suede, cotton, silk.

Every collegian needs at least one dinner jacket. In the East, black is again in vogue though midnight blue is still OK. Everywhere the choice is single-breasted with shawl lapels. You won't need tails unless yours is a high-style campus where weekends might take you to a debutante cotillion or such.

While we can't applaud the fact that most men on campus own but one hat, that is the fact. We're well aware that most college men go hatless most of the time, but a good many of the better-dressed ones concede that it's foolish to get all dressed up for a date and then appear hatless.

With the exception of the basic dinner jacket, the amount of formal wear you should have will depend more on your personal social life than on what particular campus may be yours. In warmer climates, naturally, you'll need summer formals. Some Eastern college men manage to get South during winter vacations, and they, too, own summer formals.



Above: The correctly accoutered collegian selects a campus outercoat which is not only ideal for cooler climes but—judging by the praiseful posture of the girls—renders him well-nigh irresistible. Below: His other gorb assembled in the variety and quantity chorted on these pages, the well-clod collegian turns his attention to haberdashery, an important aspect of his wardrobe, since it affords greater range for expressing individual good taste than do other elements of attire. Open admiration accompanies his choice of ties.



PEEPING TOM PATROL (continued from page 30)

He pulled the door open wide. "I said *now*. Or do you want me to run you in?"

The commotion inside the car stopped. A man got out the front door. He had his pants on but nothing else. Redmond felt himself irresistibly drawn around to the other side of the car.

He watched the girl get out in the glare of Mundy's light. She was clutching her clothes desperately to the front of her, her face an agony of shock. She was completely nude.

"All right, sister," Mundy said, "you can put your dress on now."

The girl turned to face the car. They all watched, all three men. She dropped all her clothes, her fingers horribly nervous, and bent to separate her dress from the rest. She raised her arms and put the dress on over her head and for an instant her whole body was gleaming and bare in the light of Mundy's flash. Nobody said anything while she put the dress on. When she was done she turned and the light fell again on her face, and Redmond realized dumbly that he knew her.

Mundy let the man put his shirt on, beginning to question him. When the man told who he was and who the girl was and showed his driver's license, Mundy asked him for one good reason why he shouldn't run him in. The man asked for a break. Redmond watched the girl.

She worked in the insurance office on the corner of Ninth and Central. She was about 20 years old and so pretty she made him shy. He had seen her every day when he was walking the downtown beat, seen her coming to work and going home and stepping out now and then for coffee, but he had never spoken to her. He knew all the girls in her office, he had had coffee dates with most of them and dated some of them, but never her. She was too pretty. He remembered that the other girls had not liked her for it, but they had never said anything against her. She was too remote. Cold and remote, and beautiful. He continued to stare at her, unable to move.

Once she had her dress on, Mundy took the light away from her. She had her head down, she did not see him. The dress was still open at the neck; she began to button it slowly, fumbling with the buttons. Her hair was wild and hung down in black streaks across her face. Without shoes she looked smaller than he remembered her. He wanted suddenly very much to help her. But he did not move.

He went on watching her, looked down once at the soft white pile of underclothes around her bare feet. He

could feel his heart beat violently under his badge. She knelt in the sand and began to gather her clothes, lifting one hand to brush the black hair from her eyes, and then looked up and saw him.

She recognized him. She froze with her hand in her hair, on her knees, staring at him. It was the first time in his life Redmond had ever seen anyone look at him with terror.

He turned his eyes away. He heard the man trying painfully to be friendly with Mundy, asking him please to be a regular guy. Redmond began to want badly to kill Mundy. After a while Mundy turned toward him.

"Well," he said slowly, drawing it out, sucking it, feeding on it, "well, Red, what do you think? Should we give 'em a break? Hah?"

You son of a bitch, Redmond thought, oh, you lousy son of a dirty bitch. Because Mundy knew already he would let them go—he always let them go. Because then afterward, when he thought back on it and saw the girl naked and in agony and felt the thrill of it, he could still be virtuous, still be clean, because he had been a good joe, he had let them go. And I ought to take you, Redmond thought, I ought to open you up right here and now, you son of a bitch. But there was a kind of sick paralysis in his belly, and he could not move. He had to stand looking at the girl and he said finally, huskily, "Yes, let them go."

He listened while Mundy turned back to the man and told him how rough it would be if he got pulled in on a charge like this. He might lose his job. And how about the girl's reputation? He ought to think before he did a thing like this again. The man waited, smiled sickly, sweating. Redmond looked again at the girl's face.

She was standing now, her underclothes held crumpled in her hands, against her breast. He could not see her face clearly, but her eyes were wide and dark in the moonlight, and he understood. She thought he would talk about it. She thought he would tell it all over Ninth and Central. The paralysis was going away, he began to feel ugly. He thought this business better end quickly. She waited in front of him, unbearably tense, the white silk shining in her hands, like an offering. Something broke in him and he turned to Mundy.

"All right," he said. "That's enough." He spun and walked away, his feet thick and heavy in the sand.

Mundy was left alone. He did not like it but he had to break off. He told them both to get the hell out of there

and came stalking back down the road. Redmond watched him come and behind him watched the soft light flowing down the girl's body.

"Now just what the hell—"

"You," Redmond said. "You. Listen. Nothing, you son of a bitch, nothing. Don't say anything. I'm telling you, I'm telling you this one time, don't say anything. Not a word. Not a goddam other word."

There was this thing in his voice, this cold and enormous thing, that Mundy had heard before. He was an old cop and patient and not a fool. He said nothing. They checked off duty and Redmond went home and thought about the girl standing with her underwear in her hands.

• • •

The next day was his day at Ninth and Central. He checked on at four and went over to the corner by the bank and waited. He had thought about it all day and the more he thought the worse it got. Because no matter which way you looked at it, it had been sexy. It was a damn dirty thing to do but he had felt the thrill and it shook him to admit it. Now it was necessary for him to make it right. He had to talk to her, to apologize, to make her see that he would never tell anybody.

She came out of the bank. She looked up to the corner and saw him and stopped, staring at him.

She was neat and small and shockingly pretty. She wore a light pink dress which swirled around her legs as she moved. She looked toward him for a long moment and he could see no expression on her face, no expression at all. She came and walked straight to him and stopped.

"Got time for a cup of coffee?" he said.

She gazed at him blankly, her eyes cold and clear. After a moment she nodded. They went silently across the street into Sam's and sat down in a booth. He had trouble beginning it. She was older than he had thought, more woman than girl, and it startled him to see that she was more composed than he was.

"I just wanted to tell you," he began, "about last night . . ."

She watched him calmly, still without expression, lighting a cigarette as he talked. A cool customer, he thought admiringly, a cool, cool customer. He saw her eyes go down to his badge and then back up to his face and an odd, thoughtful look came into her eyes. He became suddenly and joltingly aware of her body. He could not help thinking of how she had looked last night.

But he went on with it. When he was done he told her he would feel a

(concluded on page 70)



"And it converts into a full-size bed when Arthur presses me in a certain place."

HOUSE OF HATE (continued from page 28)

"... You made a mistake this time, Huck. We'll get you if it's the last —" With a strange flash of insight she gauged the extent of that threat. Sooner or later the Joyens would kill Abner Huck! They'd crawl through the brush, lie in wait with a gun and — why, right now Abner Huck was as good as dead! Fierce exultation swept her, then a greater fear swept it out and moved in. If the Joyens killed Abner Huck she'd have the house. But, then, some night the Joyens would come creeping —

"What can I do?" she asked the house. "What can I do?"

She took a stumbling step backward and reached high on the wall to steady herself. Her hand hit the books on the clock shelf and brushed them to the floor with a crash. She stared, then leaned down to pick them up.

No reader, Lottie. She read painfully when she had to, by preference not at all. Abner Huck read the headlines in the weekly paper and the livestock quotations. Few people in that end of the county were much for reading. The three books had belonged to Abner Huck's dead wife and he'd told Lottie more than once to throw them out; but she'd put off the day, thinking they looked kind of artistic up there on the clock shelf.

The first was *Quo Vadis*. She put it back on the shelf, wondering what it meant. The second was *Beverly of Graustark*. That sounded kind of nice. She put it beside the other. The third was *Tom Sawyer*. She had a thumb awkwardly in that book and it fell open to the place near the end where her thumb was, the place where Tom Sawyer tells the company at the Widow Douglas' that he and Huckleberry Finn have found Injun Joe's treasure.

The first words that hit Lottie's eyes were: "Huck don't need it. Huck's rich." She stared in disbelief, lips moving stiffly. And then, slowly, "Huck's got money. Maybe you don't believe it, but he's got lots of it. . . ."

Huck's got money! Abner Huck? That's a good one, she thought, he ain't got nothing! But if somebody was to think he had . . . She held the book and stared into space. At last in the silence she heard a faint breath of sound. The house seemed to be whispering to her, softly, insinuatingly. Trying to tell her something. She listened. It came to her slowly, piece by piece, so daring, so alien to her nature, so breath-taking that she trembled with fear. At last, like one in a dream, she put the book down on the table and went numbly in search of her sewing basket.

Before she found it the phone on the wall rang.

"H-hello?"

"Well, now," Gert Jensen's voice boomed over the wire. "How we getting on, Lottie?"

"Gert? Oh, all right."

"Been meaning to get down to see you. Don't know where the time goes. Most a year, ain't it? Kinda shamed I ain't stopped in but once. Got a man working now, so I can get away a little more. Let's see, this here's Friday . . . how about Monday night, Lottie? Maybe I'll hoof it down there Monday night a spell after supper."

"That'd be fine, Gert."

"Good! See you then, Lottie."

It wasn't Monday, however, but the very next day, Saturday, that Lottie saw Gert. Abner Huck had to go to Monarchville, four miles down the ridge road, and took Lottie along to buy groceries. Lottie stepped into the post office and was just turning away from a letter drop when a familiar voice boomed.

"Lottie! Hey, there, Lottie!"

Lottie started and whirled.

"Ain't no ghost," Gert chuckled, "it's me. What you doing?"

"A — a letter . . . my sister."

"Well, now. What I mean, what you doing in Monarchville?"

"Abner Huck, he had some business. Brought me along with a grocery list."

"Declare, you look kinda peaked, Lottie. You OK?"

"Sure, sure."

They talked awhile — that is, Gert talked and Lottie listened, nodding. At last Gert said, "Glad I run into you, Lottie. Can't make it down to your place Monday night after all. How would Thursday night do?"

"Thursday night? All right, I guess."

"Look here, Lottie, sure you want me to come?"

"Course I do, Gert. Real bad."

"All right, Thursday night for sure."

They did their visiting in the kitchen on Thursday night, because Lottie was baking and Abner Huck sat in the dining room, listening to a battered old radio. The kitchen was warm and fragrant. Presently Lottie made Gert a cup of tea and took an unfrosted cake from the cupboard, cut her a slice and put it back.

Gert said, "Ain't that *cake* I smell baking? How come you're baking more when you already got —"

"Ssh!" Lottie's eyes darted to the dining room door. "I — I just got a hankering to bake. That cake you're eating I baked last night. Wednesday, wasn't it? Baked something every night this week. Tuesday I —" She stopped and got lost somewhere behind her green eyes.

"Well," Gert said, "anyhow, this sure

is good."

After awhile Lottie opened the oven and tried the two layers with a broom straw, grabbed a dish towel and took out the pans. Gert chattered away and watched her as she began to prepare frosting to go on the wood stove to cook.

About 10 o'clock Abner Huck snapped off the radio, went to the door from the dining room to the porch and remarked in a pointed tone he thought he'd look at the weather before he turned in. Gert took the hint and got up, standing for a moment in a blind corner of the kitchen.

Suddenly the sound of Abner Huck's footsteps on the porch ceased. Then he backed slowly into the dining room. A gaunt man with a flour sack over his head, holes cut for eyes, moved close to him, prodding him along with a nickel-plated revolver. A second man, equally gaunt, identically masked, slipped in behind them, shut and locked the door and began pulling shades.

"The sheriff'll hear about this!" There was a shrillness in Abner Huck's tone. "Better drop this and git! If this is your idea of gitting even for the clash we had last week the sheriff ain't gonna like it!"

"Ain't he, now?" Cal Joyen hauled off his flour sack. "Might's well come outa the bag, Lunk, he knows us."

At that instant the two took in Gert's presence. "What the hell you doing here?" Cal yelled.

"Just visiting," Gert said tightly.

"How you get here?"

"Walked."

Cal thought about it. "You picked a right good night! Well, can't help it now. Herd 'em in here, Lunk."

Lunk Joyen took clothesline from around his waist and the two bound Abner Huck securely in a chair, hands twisted hard behind him. Huck grunted with pain; he was sweating now, with a pinched look around the nostrils.

"Now the women?" Lunk asked.

"Yep, tie 'em."

"D-don't tie me up," Lottie whispered, kneading her apron. Her face was chalk white, eyes dilated. "I got a cake just coming out of the oven. I'm making frosting. If you don't let me finish it'll be all spoiled."

The Joyens sniffed the air like hounds. Cal grinned. "Smells like one of her cakes, all right. Ain't et one since she quit Gert. Go look, Lunk."

Lunk went to the kitchen and returned. "Yep, she taken a chocolate cake outa the oven. She got frosting in a dish."

"It's got to cook," Lottie whispered. "It ought to go on the stove."

"Let her be, then," Cal said. "She won't hurt." He stepped close to Lottie.

(continued on page 74)

HERD-RUNNING collegians who vent their exuberances on such unimaginative monkeyshines as panty raids, water fights and the crowning of campus spires and public monuments with chamber pots, among recent phenomena, are several cuts below those sparkling wits who, a few years back, had the brilliant audacity to sign up a milk-wagon horse for several courses at a small midwestern university. Nor are they likely to attain the

stature of that college's dean of men when the hoax was revealed. "This is the first time," he said, wryly, "that we have enrolled a whole horse."

College men with a predilection for pranking have been at it at least since the Middle Ages, when roistering undergraduates at the University of Paris discovered the myriad uses of the stink bomb. While many of the early pranks (a tack on the chair, a freshly baked pie

in a bed) had no more subtlety than a flung tomato, the undergraduate has at times revealed a genius for japey that goes far beyond the everyday genius he displays in the classroom.

Shrine to the cerebral caper in this country is Cornell University, venerated as the site of many of the tricks of the great Hugh Troy. Muralist and illustrator, Troy is well known today, but as a devilishly clever prankster he's prob-

howls of ivy



ably immortal. Troy's gags were marked by notable originality and great flair. For example, he once borrowed a rhinoceros-foot wastebasket, trophy of some mighty hunter's safari to Tanganyika. Late one night when new snow lay thick on the Ithaca ground, he and a buddy climbed into their raccoon coats, and slipped outside with their ungainly prop. The rhino foot had been weighted with scrap iron, and they held it between them on two 15-foot lengths of stout rope. Remembering that a running animal does not plant his feet straight down, but drags them a little, they went to work artfully duplicating the beast's footprint pattern and carefully erasing their own tracks in the snow.

They were snoozing peacefully next morning when the bedlam began. A crowd of wild-eyed students had assembled at the first footprint, and it wasn't long before a professor learned in zoology was excitedly sent for. "*Rhinocerotidae*," he hissed as he peered at the tracks. "Beyond any doubt, *Rhinoceros unicornis* — and a fat one, to judge from the depth of his prints." With the pince-nez professor in the lead, the mob bayed down the trail that led to Beebe Lake, source of Cornell's drinking water. The lake was frozen over, and covered with snow, and the prints ran straight out to a jagged hole in the ice 50 feet from shore. Even today, undergraduates stoutly maintain that Cornell's drinking water has an odd, rhinocerosy kind of taste.

Professors were often the butt of Troy's spirited shenanigans. One of them, a calculus mentor capable of intense concentration, invariably wore high rubber overshoes whenever it rained. Troy "borrowed" the gentleman's galoshes one sunny afternoon, painted large, lumpy bare feet on them, then covered his art work with lampblack. The first good rain washed the lampblack off, and the professor, deep in concentration, ambled about the campus oblivious to the stares, giggles and guffaws that attended him.

Troy was the first American to employ the street-digging ruse, one of the most imitated and successful of all practical pranks. During spring vacation, Troy appeared on Fifth Avenue in New York early one morning with a crew of men, picks, shovels, pneumatic hammers, barricades and lanterns. With Troy supervising, the men dug all morning. The men dug all afternoon. They worked hard. They made a tremendous excavation. At dusk, they collected their tools, put up the barricades, lighted the red lanterns, and walked quietly away. That was that.

(Troy's genius found expression at a tender, pre-college age. As a stripling, he used to delight in an original game he called "Getting Grandma Behind." This was a painstaking process involving

rigged calendars, fake newspapers and other bits of subterfuge designed to convince Grandma that Thursday was really Sunday and she better start making the fried chicken.)

The undergraduate cutups at America's oldest university belie the classic picture of the Harvardman as an unimaginative, proper sort. When Rudy Vallee's star was brightest, it was a Harvard frosh who lobbed mushy mangoes at the matinee idol as he crooned the lyrics to *Something to Remember You By*. Another undergraduate, Edward Reed, president of the Harvard *Lampoon*, disguised himself as a cute little coed, with wig, skirt, blouse, falsies, cotton stockings and a touch of lipstick, then joined the May Day hoop-rolling race of the Wellesley College seniors in 1939 — and won handily. As he stood before the class to claim his reward, seniors crowning him with a wreath of spring hibiscus accidentally knocked his flowing blonde locks askew. The jest discovered, the astonished Wellesley girls promptly tossed the imposter in a nearby lake.

Some 25 years ago, when pranksters acting suspiciously like Harvardmen made off with Massachusetts's Sacred Cod — the five-foot symbol of the Bay State's most important industry — the theft aroused all of Boston, Cambridge and the surrounding countryside. Gendarmes — liberally supplied with phony tips by Harvard students — dragged the Charles River basin for the valued relic and came up with nothing. Then they charged into the basement of an M.I.T. Building and ripped open a large, mysterious crate which had been smuggled inside only to discover an open can of sardines in the bottom. Finally they had to haul down a clever paper counterfeit fluttering atop the Lowell House tower. After college and state officials threatened fearful punishment to the miscreants, an anonymous phone call directed the Harvard campus police chief to an isolated intersection on the outskirts of Boston. In a dead-of-night, no-questions-asked deal, the Sacred Cod was dumped at his feet — Chicago style — by the occupants of a speeding Stutz Bearcat. Harvard's undergraduate publications, the *Lampoon* and the *Crimson* — traditional antagonists — have to this day accused each other of the dastardly deed.

Members of the antic *Lampoon* staff were old hands at campus horseplay directed at their arch rival, Yale. In 1929, in a carefully planned maneuver, they made off with a section of the Original Yale Fence which, in hallowed tradition, had been used as background in every official photo of a Yale letterman or athletic team since the 1870s. Because the fence was conservatively valued at \$10,000, the frolic constituted nothing less than grand larceny. Yale officials

received a flood of telegraphed clues (from Harvard students, of course) suggesting the whereabouts of the fence. One wire from Niagara Falls reported that the ancient structure had been seen "taking the plunge." Another informed the harried searchers that the famous fence was now guarding the premises of a notorious brothel in New Orleans. When a bag of soggy ashes marked "Yale Fence" was delivered to the authorities, ostensibly from a local crematorium, Harvard's president brought firm pressure to bear on his charges. Harvard *Lampoon* staffers confessed the theft at a dinner tendered the Yale *Record* men, and reluctantly returned the missing fence.

Some 50 years ago, when saloon-smashing Carrie Nation visited Yale, the coltish undergraduates dreamed up a special prank with a built-in Bronx cheer for her. At the very height of Mrs. Nation's fame as an agitator for temperance, a genial group of students founded the Yale Temperance Society, a howling misnomer if there ever was one. Pretending to be dedicated disciples of the lady with the hatchet, the society's happy hypocrites wrote wry letters to various newspapers on "the horrors of hooch" and even carried on a beery correspondence with Carrie on "the shame of the universities."

With the strategic suddenness that made saloonkeepers tremble at an unfamiliar step, the formidable lady swept down upon the president of the society in person one day. Undaunted, he immediately made arrangements to have Carrie address the student body informally, from the steps of Osborn Hall, and the word was quickly passed.

Mrs. Nation looked down on a sea of happy, well-scrubbed faces. A group of carolers greeted her with a stirring chorus of *Here Comes Carrie Nation*. Hardly acknowledging the tribute, she promptly sailed into her attack on the Devil's Brew and at each pause in her oration, solemn choristers would lift their voices in harmony. Their selections ranged from *Give Us a Drink, Bartender* to such ephemeral ditties as *Show Me the Way to Go Home*, done up with hymnlike embellishments and sweeping harmonies that had Carrie nodding her head in approval.

After the lecture, while stalwarts of the Yale Temperance Society flanked out to the city's leading saloons to warn the proprietors of Carrie's presence, Mrs. Nation herself was whisked to an afternoon tea hosted by the officers of the Society. A photographer was produced and Carrie agreed to pose with the officers in a final burst of understanding and unanimity of purpose. Those in her sight posed in attitudes of rapt respect, their outstretched hands

(continued on page 50)

*a frater's date
at a playboy party
becomes a
college playmate*



SAUCY SOPHOMORE

PLAYBOY FORMAL PARTIES have become an institution at a number of institutions of higher learning across the country. This past year, over 25,000 students and faculty members of both genders attended such shimmering shindigs at Cornell, UCLA, Wisconsin, the U of Florida — from coast to coast, in fact, and including the exclusive University Club in Chicago. At these poshifests, PLAYBOY is the theme and keynote, the PLAYBOY rabbit is the mascot, PLAYBOY covers and cartoons serve as decorations, and — not infrequently — the highlight of the evening is the selection of a university or fraternity Playmate.

Not long ago, at Carnegie Tech, the Zeta Chapter of Beta Sigma Rho threw a PLAYBOY formal. From the assembled fraters' prettiest dates, a party Playmate was chosen: she was Carnegie sophomore Natalie (Teri to her friends) Hope. Teri is 19 and a dedicated student of dramatics. Her blue eyes and blonde hair, in conjunction with the even 100 pounds distributed delightfully up and down her petite 5'2" frame, prompted one of the Techmen to submit a snapshot of her to PLAYBOY, along with a letter that asked, "Is there any possibility you might be interested in Teri as a real Playmate of the Month?" The snapshot and letter appeared in our July 1958 issue, followed by our reply, in which we went overboard and admitted there was "more than a possibility." The possibility has become refreshing reality, as you will see when you open the gatefold of this September PLAYBOY.

Teri Hope, student of drama at Carnegie Tech.



The PLAYBOY Formal Party: a grand gala on the PLAYBOY motif that has captured the fancy of collegians country-wide.



Bradley



Texas Christian



Southern Methodist



Bowling Green



George Washington



Drake



University of Iowa



UCLA



University of Kansas City



Northwestern



Syracuse



Beloit



University of Chicago



University of Illinois



Minnesota



Rutgers



Georgia Tech



Columbia

PLAYMATE PHOTOGRAPH BY DON BRONSTEIN. OTHER PHOTOGRAPHS BY MIKE SHEA

Named fraternity Playmate at Carnegie Tech's PLAYBOY Formal, Teri Hope is also our September gatefold girl.





MISS SEPTEMBER PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH







"The party's over," as the song says, and a wonderfully weary Teri toddles off to dreamland.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Over morning coffee the three shop girls were considering what kind of man they'd prefer being shipwrecked with on a desert island.

"I'd want a fellow who was a wonderful conversationalist," said the first.

"That would be nice," said the second, "but I'd rather have a guy who knew how to hunt and could cook the things he caught."

The third smiled and said, "I'd settle for a good obstetrician."



An undergraduate acquaintance of ours discovered a way to cut classes at the correspondence school he's attending. He sends in empty envelopes.

Our Research Department has just come up with a stack of statistics proving that a considerable number of college students do *not* make love in parked cars. In fact, the report continues, the woods are full of them.

Don't ask us where we've been, but we just heard about the two nudists who decided to stop dating because they felt they were seeing too much of each other.



A retired four-star general ran into his former orderly, also retired, in a Manhattan bar and spent the rest of the evening persuading him to come to work for him as his valet.

"Your duties will be exactly the same as they were in the army," the general said. "Nothing to it—you'll catch on again fast."

Next morning promptly at eight o'clock, the ex-orderly entered the ex-general's bedroom, pulled open the

drapes, gave the general a gentle shake, strode around to the other side of the bed, spanked his employer's wife on her bottom and said, "OK, sweetheart, it's back to the village for you."

After two years in the New York headquarters of a large advertising agency, the stunning steno was transferred to the company's Chicago office. The morning she reported to her new desk, her boss invited her into his office and said, friendly-like, "I hope you'll be happy working with us, Miss Carson. We'll expect about the same of you here as you've been accustomed to in New York."

"Yes, sir," said she efficiently, "that's what I'd anticipated. Do you mind if I hang my blouse over this chair?"



The proprietor of a combination dude ranch and resort hotel, the Westward Ho, found his business, which had been slow, suddenly booming after he hired a new bus driver to meet all incoming trains. Curious as to how the man managed to bring in so much new business, the owner questioned him about it.

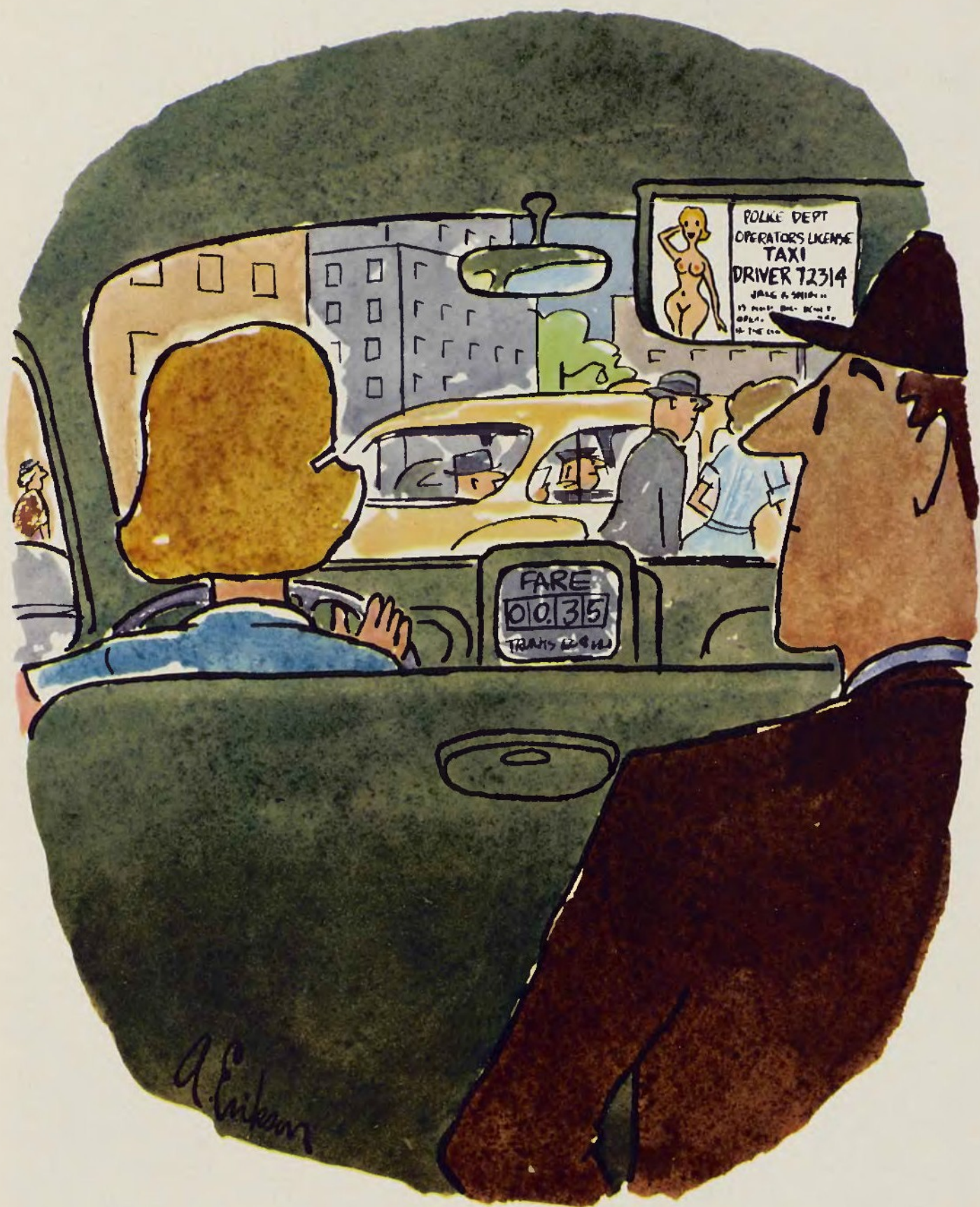
"Ah really don't know," answered the driver, a gentleman just up from the deep South. "When that train comes chuggin' in, all ah do is hollah, 'Free bus to the Westward Ho House' and they all come pilin' in."

"Oh, I had a wonderful time," cooed the coed to her sorority sister. "Everybody said that Tommy and I were the cutest couple on the floor."

"I thought you said you weren't going to the Senior Dance," puzzled her friend.

"We didn't," said she, smiling. "Tommy took me to a pajama party."

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.



howls of ivy (continued from page 40)

proffering naught but glasses of water, but behind Carrie, leering drunkenly and holding uptilted bottles to their lips, low comics gave the scene all the fun and frolic of a Roman revel. The prized photos were later doctored to add the rich foam of "Hellbroth" to all the water glasses, and cigarettes were distributed freely, even between the unstained fingers of the famous prohibitionist herself.

A nimble-witted fellow with the unlikely name of O'Grady Sezz and a zany turn of mind used to liven the passage of time at fair Columbia. In his senior year, Sezz copped the competition for a new baccalaureate hymn, which was promptly set in type in that year's graduation program before anyone—assembled mothers, fathers and the full faculty—noticed that the first letter of each line made up a stunning series of four-letter acrostics. No one could disprove O'Grady's indignant claim that it was all due to purest chance.

O'Grady understood the blatant effrontery necessary to the successful carrying off of a ruse. Once, when he had put off writing a term paper for philosophy until deadline time, he whistled up his courage, typed a title page reading "Schopenhauer's Hidden Motives" and clipped it to a dozen sheets of blank paper. Next day, as he was about to hand the work to his professor, a half-sob snuck from his lips. He hung his head and mumbled, "I can't do it. It just isn't my best work," and then proceeded to rip the manuscript into strips. The professor, much moved, extended Sezz's deadline.

Several of the most notable and pungent collegiate pranks fall into the no-such-person category: the creation of a fictional student, Ephraim E. Di Kahble was a famous Princeton phony of 1935, the brain child of five undergraduates who undertook to make him the most talked-about freshman on campus and get him elected class treasurer. They got him a room. Just before the Princeton-Dartmouth game, a sellout, they bought several newspaper ads: Di Kahble was willing to pay a stiff premium for a couple of ducats to the game. A surprising number of students found they had an extra ticket on their hands and hurried around to his digs. But Eph was always out. Neighbors in on it insisted that he was over in the library cracking the books.

Another time, Di Kahble advertised for "congenial company" to ride with him in his new car to New Haven for the Yale game. At least 50 undergraduates descended on his room that time. When Di Kahble advertised in a New York paper for an orange-and-black guinea pig, reporters, intrigued by the

ad, soon had him on the wire. He quietly explained that he thought the Princeton Tiger mascot too ferocious a symbol for an Ivy League school, wanted to replace it with a gentle guinea pig of similar coloration. Princeton alumni all over the world wept at this evidence of hopeless decadence among the younger generation.

Di Kahble was succeeded at Princeton by the flagrantly fictitious Adelbert l'Hommedieu X. Hormone, the creation of one Harvey Smith, secretary of the Princeton senior class and the fellow who provided the *Alumni Weekly* with glowing accounts of the mythical Hormone. Placed among that vaguely remembered group who, for one reason or another, drop out at the end of the freshman year, Bert Hormone was remembered by Smith for "his unruly thatch of flaming red hair, his endless supply of dirty limericks, acquired from cowhands on the King Ranch where he spent his boyhood." As told to alumni everywhere, Bert was shanghaied into the Foreign Legion after a night of roistering in a Marseilles bordello, then kicked around the Malay Straits for a while. Now, Smith wrote, Bert was running his own saloon in Bali, with a floor show of Balinese belles "that would make what I remember of the Folies-Bergère look like Miss Spence's girls putting on a performance of *Peter Pan*." A notable number of alumni wrote in to say that it was sure swell to hear news of old Addie l'Hommedieu, whom they all remembered so well.

For sheer explosive deflation of pompous authority, one Hugo Frye may have been the most effective of all ghostly students. Frye was breathed into life by two editors of *The Sun*, Cornell's student newspaper, and their yarn was a simple, dignified one: a Cornell graduate years ago. Frye had been the founder of the Republican Party in Upper New York. He had been a pillar of the G.O.P., one of its foremost theoreticians, and a giant of a man in every way. *The Sun* proposed a dinner in his honor and dispatched elaborate invitations to bigwigs of the Republican Party. They bit. Vice-President Curtis congratulated the assembled straight-faced students on "paying respect to the magnificent memory of Hugo Frye." Secretary of Labor Davis extolled him as "that sturdy patriot who first planted the ideals of our Party in this region of the country." State Senators, Representatives and squads of lesser luminaries climbed on the bandwagon with similarly inspired expressions of devotion to the great Hugo Frye. They never caught on.

Political skulduggery on a lesser scale a couple of years ago brought about the election of "Lamont Dupont" to fresh-

man office at Harvard. Touted by his backers as "handsome, debonair, and wealthy beyond belief," Dupont's name was speedily accepted by the nominating committee. The candidate's letter of acceptance, impressively formal and heavy with sealing wax, came in from Jamaica, B.W.I., where he reportedly idled as an honor guest at Government House.

Dupont's arrival at Harvard was as impressive as his letter. His campaigners had worked hard, and a large crowd awaited a close look at the gilded youth whose favorite sport was falconry, and whose sponsors had suggested the futility of voting against him "since he owns us all anyway."

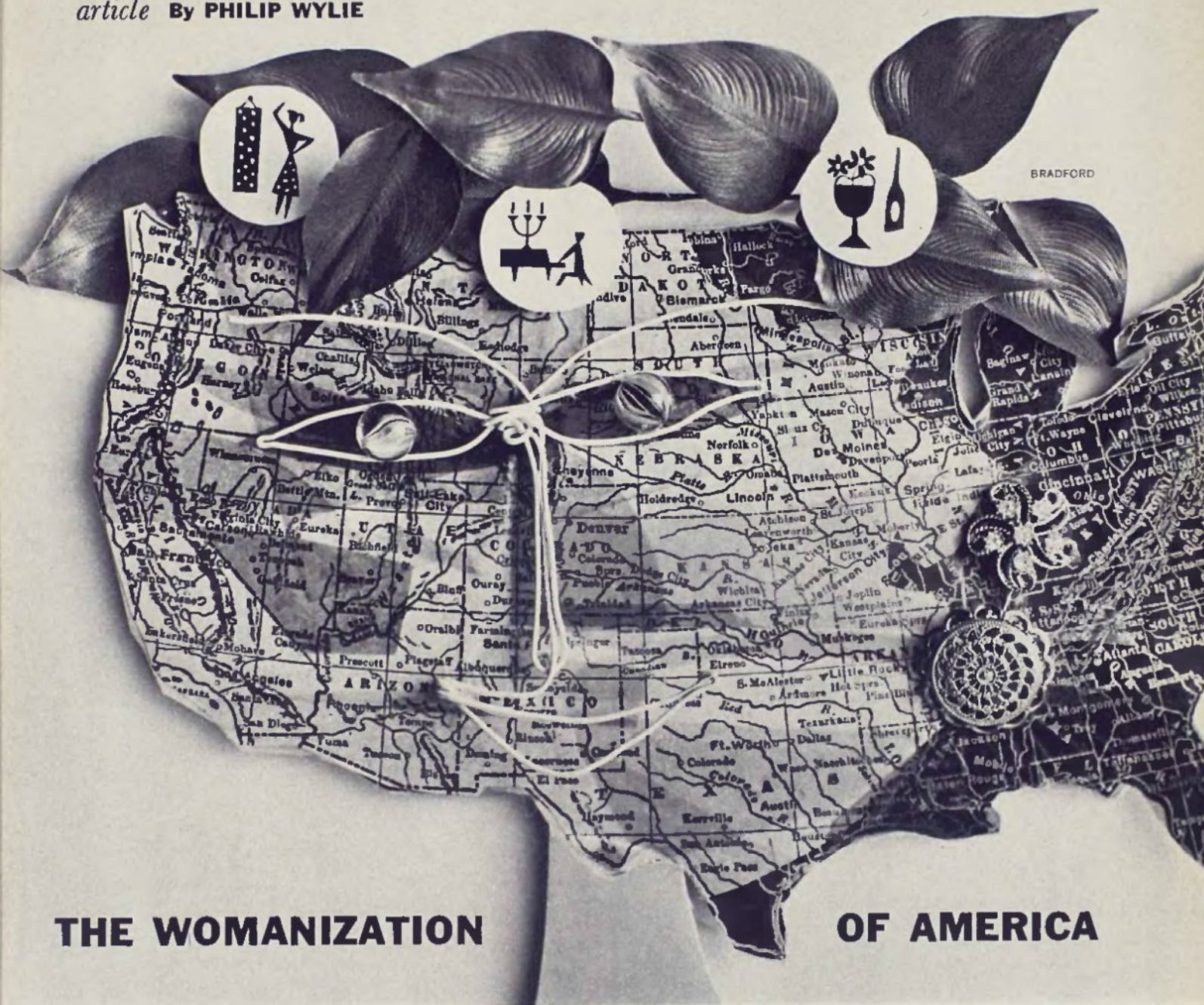
Flanked by two trench-coated bodyguards who communicated in French, Dupont's big black limousine rolled right into Harvard Yard, long forbidden to motorcars, and the candidate alighted. He was dressed in impeccable morning attire and he addressed the gaping serfs from the steps of Widener Library. He was firm: "Good blood may not, as some would suggest, be an absolute requirement for common office, but certainly a gentleman's appearance, if not his substance, is necessary in even the meanest candidate. . . . In spite of the vulgarity which has characterized the campaigning of my opponents, I will not be deterred. . . ." "Lamont Dupont" won easily. He did not serve, however. He was Robert Hathaway, Yale '60. His backers were prep-school friends who had chosen Harvard.

William Horace De Vere Cole, a student at Trinity College, Cambridge, was a great British master of the practical joke. He boasted that he had engineered 95 major buffooneries and was never once gulled himself, although H. Allen Smith, the noted American authority, considers Cole only technically correct in the brag: a Sicilian, victim of one of Cole's pranks, pulled a revolver and blew a hole in Cole's leg one time. The master prankster took it philosophically. "What an absurdity, using a real gun," he murmured as they carried him off. "The fellow obviously has no imagination."

Cole was the inventor of the beautifully simple string ploy. He was taking to his rooms a ball of twine one day in London when he noticed a foppish, pontifical man approaching. Unrolling a length of twine, Cole stopped the man and asked him if he would mind helping him in an important engineering project. He handed the man the end of the string, and moved rapidly down the street and around the corner. There Providence had provided just such another chump, to whom Cole gave the other end of the twine. He then ducked into an alley and went along home.

In 1905 the Sultan of Zanzibar and

(continued on page 80)



THE WOMANIZATION

OF AMERICA

AS A MAN who has been verbally clubbed and clobbered for talking out vigorously against anything that seems to me wrong with our national life, I see no reason to pull any punches in what follows. I do feel, though, that for PLAYBOY readers, certain cautionary and qualifying words are required. What I am about to describe is a historical process and its current manifestations. In large part, I'll be talking about the men of my generation—some 15 years older than most of the readers of this magazine. In large part, I'll be talking about what happened to a lot of them—and a lot of the women in their lives. But not all

of either. Gladly I concede that there are millions of my generation, both men and women, for whom what I say is, blessedly, not true. Happily, I note that the kind of alert and vigorous young men who will read me here, and who read this magazine, are largely immunized against much of the social sickness I'll describe—and so are lots of the girls in their lives.

The facts remain, though. Enough men have abnegated and enough women have won to dominance so that a broad picture of our national life, especially as it's reflected in middle-class marriage (which is the dominant mode of exist-

ence in our society) shows it to be in the sad condition I analyze herewith, a deadly distaff encroachment of what started as feminism and matured into wanton womanization.

On some not very distant day I expect to see a farmer riding a pastel tractor and wearing a matching playsuit. And as he ploughs, I'll realize with horror it's not a contour job; he'll be fixing his fields so the crops will match an "overall design-feeling" incorporated in his home by the little woman. If, anywhere, he runs his furrows straight, it will not be because of level land, but owing to the fact that the drapes on the windows

an embattled male takes a look at what was once a man's world

overlooking that area are "busy" and Mrs. Farmer wants a view that will counteract them.

Farfetched? Not so very. Functional reality is so softened and maleness so subdued that the only inanimate object I can think of offhand which still has masculine integrity is the freight car, and even some of these are being glamorized. I would have added the steam roller, but today on the way to my office I passed one which our local Department of Streets—doubtless bowing to some woman's club—had transformed from factory yellow to chartreuse and beige.

This calamity has befallen us in a mere quarter century. Before that the male aura dominated a society dreamed up by males, by males pioneered, made free and kept united by males—a culture still sustained by males in the main, but men whose sweating effort nowadays lops a decade off their lives that the damsels do not sacrifice. The reason man now dies young is evident: what's life without manhood worth to him? He struggles against the taffeta tide—and, failing, throws in the sponge at 50 or so.

That grievous, gruesome circumstance commenced with industrialization and was completed by feminism. Consider the latter. Our ladies demanded equal rights before the law, including the right to vote. "Equality" was their slogan—and it sounded just. "Emancipation" was another rallying cry. All men of good conscience felt that if the ladies truly desired to live unfettered, like themselves, everybody would have more fun. The expressed feminist ideal of "free and equal partnership" sounded fine. American men were somewhat hampered even a quarter century ago by Puritanism and Victorianism. It drove them underground. But they assumed the ladies' lust for liberty would restore their proud, male being so they could openly associate with females once again in open pride of *their* sex, its classic nature, demands, fantasies and lusty amenability.

It didn't work out that way. The ladies won the legal advantages of equality—and kept the social advantages of their protected position on the pedestal. To them, equality meant the tyrant's throne. Some alert men perceived it even before Prohibition ended.

I myself recall the transition as experienced from that outpost of fad and fashion, Manhattan in the mid-Twenties. Saloons had been abolished; speakeasies had replaced them. The fresh-freed fair sex thereupon switched from nostrums for female complaint (which were laced with grain alcohol) to the honest beverage. But the beverage was not kept honest. Prior to those days, the thirsting male consumed a martini, manhattan or bronx—if he did not prefer straight whiskey with or without a beer chaser. After a few dozen months of Prohibition,

however, speakeasy waiters would hand you an alphabetical list of cocktails beginning with apricot ambrosia and running through orange blossom and pink lady eventually to zombie.

America thereafter annually consumed enough grenadine and syrup to dye Manhattan pink and flood its streets with sweet stickum. Drink became feminine—alcoholic substances with the hues and flavors of cake frosting. To say nothing of the fruit that was wasted in it.

Simultaneously, the speakeasies, now femme-thick, lost all resemblance to historic male drinking places. Little Chinese-red tables you could tip over with a mere emphatic gesture were placed in front of banquettes upholstered in the hides of African beasts. Illumination was reduced to tearoom level.

If drinks began to taste like perfume, the interior of the speakeasy began to resemble the inside of jewel boxes. And the floor show was added. Hitherto, a large and candid painted nude above the bar had satisfied male esthetic requirements for drinking establishments. If the man wished to view the form divine itself, he could barge on to burlesque. If he wished for more than the motile vision—something palpable, for delight designed—there was always a sumptuous mansion of good, pre-feminized design, usually Victorian, called Gertie's, Miz' Lee's or Polly's.

I suppose the floor show (a scaled-down version of burlesque) entered the speakeasy with the lady customers because, at first, they wanted to show they were "equal" to men. And the ladies thought "equal" meant "identical" in the days before they decided "equal" meant "in full charge." And I further suppose that stripping, the close-cozy chorus, and other once-solely-male enjoyments, are now accepted as America's most popular coeducational entertainment because the ladies, now in charge, can sit there with a sharp eye on their husbands, heartmates and other slaves.

At any rate, by the time Prohibition ended, the American male had lost his authority as symbolized by the places where he drank. Sawdust vanished and the stand-up bar was rare; the new saloons were like tea shoppes, with modernistic decor. The jukebox made this change possible even in the sleaziest gin mill, where it was often the only light-source as well as the continual fount of ultra-sentimental, she-oriented song. By then, the one remaining masculine redoubt was a man's club.

For this, American males struggled earnestly. There even are, still, here and there, men's clubs for men and only men—places where the hunted, haunted masculine sex can actually be sure that no woman can get nearer than a phone call. There are even a few men's clubs where stewards will tell women, tele-

phoning as if their very voices were warrants for arrest, that Mr. So-and-so is not at the Dragon Club—when he's sitting right there sipping a bourbon and water.

But those clubs are under siege. One by one the last guerilla strongholds fall. I've watched it happen to my clubs. In some, we began to have Ladies Nights. We had previously foregathered to drink, eat, lie, trade stories, play poker and bridge—and, not incidentally, be enough alone among ourselves to renew and give zest to our joy in the opposite sex. Often, we entered a club to establish a rock-solid alibi for an evening. An importunate female would be stalled for hours by any member who picked up the phone: "He's around here somewhere—just saw him." But we now hold dances instead of Stag Nights. This the women have done, unaware (or uncaring) that compulsory consorting daunts the ardor of even the most concupiscent male.

The sacred male purlieu was also compromised by the addition of a Ladies' Dining Room. Pretty soon, the ladies had got a door cut through from there, somehow—and were wandering about the billiard rooms, the bars, the steam baths. Nor were these interlopers panting beauties in search of mates, you may be sure. The beauties—ageless adepts at pleasuring man, stayed away; the battle axes moved in. In all such luckless clubs, the traditional decor soon vanished—the big stone fireplaces, the vast, dim, peaceful libraries and the heavy, wonderful chairs. Those chairs furnished not merely comfort but proof of man's inner sense of male importance, male dignity, majestic function and peculiar prowess. All that was soon replaced by bright chintzes and magazine racks. The oil paintings of the founders went, too. The inspiration of their cupmanship and florid philandering went with the canvases. In their places, the invading ladies hung the pastel works of whatever nitwitted, flimsy painter held their awe, in Indianapolis or Birmingham, that year. The men paid, of course, for this redecoration of their clubs.

Women had always been allowed *their* sanctuaries. A wife whose husband could afford it provided her with a boudoir. Even the Moguls invaded but one or two apartments of the hundreds in their harems, on a given evening. Men have never tried, so far as I am aware, to crash sewing circles or any of the myriad federated cultural clubs of American women. But it never occurred to America's females that they were outrageously abusing their new "equality" as they probed, cajoled, pushed and heckled their way into every private male domain—while keeping their own sundry privacies inviolate.

They had said they wanted to be part-
(continued on page 77)



PLAYBOY'S
PIGSKIN
PREVIEW

sports

By ANSON MOUNT

pre-season picks for the top teams and players in the country

FOOTBALL IS TWO GAMES, not one. Take equal parts of school loyalty and regional chauvinism, add a few dashes each of academic architecture, pennant colors, brisk autumn air and Sousa marches, plus a peppering of old grads

and delectable dates, mix them all together in a hip flask with some good sour mash, and this is Game Number One: football, the spectacular spectator sport.

Game Number Two — football, the

participant sport — is played down on the field by 22 well-padded young men. Exactly what goes on down there may not be wholly understood by each and every living-it-up individual in the stands, but that doesn't make a hell of

PLAYBOY'S 1958 PREVIEW

ALL-AMERICA TEAM



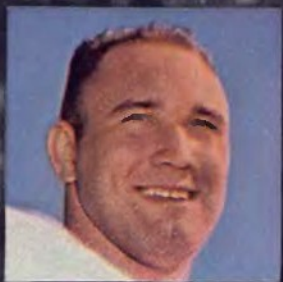
COACH OF THE YEAR:
Darrell Royal—Texas



END: Jerry Wilson—Auburn



GUARD: Al Ecuver—Notre Dame



TACKLE: Bob Reifsnnyder—Navy



BACK: Bob Anderson—Army



TACKLE:
Ted Bates—Oregon State



CENTER: Bob Harrison—Oklahoma



GUARD: Rodney Breedlove—Maryland



BACK: John Herrnstein—Michigan





END: Tom Franckhouser—Purdue



BACK: Fran Curci—Miami (Florida)



BACK: Lee Grasscup—Utah



a lot of difference, really, because partisan strife can be a ball as long as it can be witnessed in comparative comfort and congenial company. Nonetheless, a peck at pigskin prognostications now may come in handy later as a source of solace when the flask runs dry, so here we go:

This year, it's the same old calcified bones of contention — rules and recruiting. The NCAA Rules Committee, meeting in Fort Lauderdale last January, succumbed to the brain-frying Florida sunshine and came up with the first revolutionary scoring change in 52 years. Fortified with tall rum concoctions, they set the ball back to the three-yard line after touchdowns and awarded two points for conversions scored by a run or pass, one point if scored on a boot. Fritz Crisler, whose idea this was, explained that it will add drama to the dullest and most stupid play of the game, and we agree. It will also feed unlimited fodder to the professional coach-damners and Sunday-morning quarterbacks who always know how it *should* have been done.

Another rules change passed by these worthies, though until now less talked about than the extra-point innovation, is apt to produce many more howls and screeches once the contestants start living with it: blockers can no longer use both arms, only one. If officials call this one conscientiously, they may spend the full afternoon tooting their whistles.

But the sorest issue this year is recruiting and its accompanying abuses and penalties. Since the NCAA started getting tough with its members in 1952, 42 institutions have felt the whip. This year SMU and Auburn are prohibited from Bowl games until further notice. Frank Gardner, the Chief Keeper of the Morals in the NCAA, had his tender sensibilities shocked when the University of Pittsburgh rented its stadium (on Sundays) to the pro football Steelers for this season. Creeping professionalism, he yelled.

But a number of coaches around the country have been groaning about certain recruiting practices that, though letter-of-the-law, are still unfair. These are controversies which, because of their very nature, seldom if ever creep into the press; but they are real enough, and a lot of people are getting hot under

(continued on page 64)

THE ALL-AMERICA SQUAD

(All of whom are bound to make someone's All-America eleven)

Ends: Wallen (UCLA); Doke (Texas); Houston (Ohio St.); Stover (Oregon); Stickles (Notre Dame); Dial (Rice); O'Pella (Villanova); Norton (Iowa).

Tackles: Leeka (UCLA); Lanphear (Wis.); Diamond & Greaves (Miami, Fla.); O'Brien (Michigan State); Blazer (North Carolina); Cesario (Denver); Barbee (Stanford); Floyd (TCU); Karas (Dayton).

Guards: Deiderich (Vanderbilt); Ruslavage (Penn State); Guzik (Pitt.); McGee (Duke); Benecick (Syracuse); Smith (Auburn); Healy (Holy Cross); Wooten (Colorado); Horton (Baylor).

Centers: Burkett (Auburn); Kirk (Miss.); Teteak (Wis.); Chiappone (Calif.); Scholtz (Notre Dame); Szvetecz (Princeton); Thomas (Clemson).

Backs: Clark (Ohio State); Cannon (LSU); Stacy (Mississippi State); Pietrosante (Notre Dame); Lorino (Auburn); Austin (Rutgers); Baker (Oklahoma); Lasater (TCU); Meredith (SMU); Parrish (Florida); Duncan (Iowa); Carlton (Duke); White (Ohio State); Steiger (Washington State); Peterson (West Virginia); Flowers (Mississippi); White (Clemson).

TOP TWENTY TEAMS

National Champion:

OKLAHOMA 10-0

2. Auburn	10-0
3. Michigan State	8-1
4. Miami (Florida)	9-1
5. Clemson	9-1
6. Iowa	8-1
7. Notre Dame	8-2
8. Texas	8-2
9. North Carolina	8-2
10. Washington State	8-2
11. Ohio State	6-3
12. Penn State	8-2
13. Navy	7-2
14. UCLA	7-3
15. Georgia Tech	8-2
16. TCU	7-3
17. Oregon State	7-3
18. Mississippi	8-2
19. Pittsburgh	7-3
20. Purdue	7-2

Possible Break-Throughs: Army 5-4; SMU 7-3; Rice 7-3; Arizona St. 8-2; Miss. St. 7-2; VMI 9-1; Wisconsin 6-3; Illinois 6-3; Oregon 6-4; Florida 7-3; Colorado 7-3.

SLEEPERS, AWAKE!

*those girls,
those girls,
those lovely
seaside girls*

BEACH, LAKE AND SKY rich with deep late colors, with Indian Summer prosperity and only a few crisp leaves blown out onto the sands, which were white, tended, raked and heated by a long season — he thought it must mean good luck. Why not believe in ease and health? Why not believe in reviving ways? He sat up, feeling the hot September sun on the sunburnt bridge of his nose, and decided that they had won their risk of a week's vacation after Labor Day, when on another year a thin September rain might have kept them quarreling in the hotel off the lake. It was a good omen. An optimist still, he piously took good hope from good omens although not bad hope from bad ones.

"This sand *looks* clean," his wife remarked, turning fitfully at his side, "but it's really just crawling." She lay stretched out, eyes closed, wide awake, trying to court sleep by pretending. It would be a nice surprise if she found it. Her thigh twitched and Burr Fuller brushed away a sandfly.

"Maybe you put on too much lotion," he said. "They don't seem to be attracted to me."

She sat bolt upright. "Do I look greasy to you, Burr?"

"No," he said very precisely, "no, you do not look greasy to me, Laura."

She fell back into the little trough formed between her two thin wings of shoulder blades; she closed her eyes, working hard at getting a tan, one of her several anxious enterprises. Just when you have a good one, it begins to fade, and where are you then? Merely yellow. She covered her eyes with the little pads of cotton she kept for that purpose. Now that she could not see him, he felt emboldened to look at his wife, this angry, dieting, sun-bathing and distant creature with whose life he had been joined since their college days. Yes, the oil on her thin flanks probably did draw flies. Her skin twitched under them and she scratched idly. He saw on her thighs the punishment of her mistrust of flesh: a stringy looseness replacing the firm health of first youth. Of course, it was still true that she wore clothes well. She dieted for that, and got what she dieted for. But in a bathing suit (or undressed for the great dance — he thought with an ache of anger and of love) her bones were as sharp as her discontentment. In winter she had a resenting gray face, masked by the sun-lamp which reddened it; now there was the bronzing of a long summer over what was gray within, needing seconal to sleep.

And yet they had rolled and wept with pleasure sometimes, and fine sleep afterward — or perhaps with desire of pleasure, with planning and plotting of pleasure.

It was why they were here. They had arranged this vacation alone in one more effort to bring back their good times and make good days to come. The peace of the after-season resort, a few children, beach balls and driftwood, the slow movements near the lake, lazy, easy, a bit tired, much sleeping — this gave them hope of focus on each other. The attendants at the hotel were grinning and indifferent, ready to quit for the winter after tips and a good summer. To be alone like this was to be on a wedding trip. They had wished to make it together again.

Laura was really sleeping now. Her narrow girlish breast rose and fell regularly. Good. If she slept in the afternoon, she would be relaxed and able to sleep later. And thus no seconal. And she would be pleased about the almost effortless sunburn she had acquired during the hour of oblivion. And no guilt about seconal.

He got up carefully, straightening his boxer trunks, watching to see if Laura stirred to notice while he left her side, and began to walk down the long beach.



Eugene Karlin

There were a few children running about, and parents studious of the children, and fond fat grandparents. It was not the time of the year for frolicking young people like Laura and him. He grinned wryly at the word "frolicking" and glanced back to where she dozed on the sand, her bottles and tubes piled by her side on a towel, her glasses and watch in a slipper. She needed to lie flat, to become irritable under the sun, flesh quivering when a fly pricked, anxious and compelled by her ideals to get deeply tanned, even at the cost of trivial discomfort and boredom and the yellow which inevitably followed her few days of brown success. He went to the edge of the water where the stiffened, wavelapped sand made a springy path for him.

"Lucille!" a voice cried out.

But he did not see who had called, because instead he saw Lucille herself wave to someone back on shore, climbing and jumping into the feathered waves, a flashing happy girl with droplets of water glistening on her shoulders in the sun. An instantaneous physical recollection of joy flooded his body—she was lovely. In the next moment Fuller was running and hurling himself into the lake, bathing luxuriously in the warm late summer water, in the same lake in which the girl named Lucille happily swam. He swam toward her, thinking the old song: "Those girls, those girls, Those lovely seaside girls..." Of course she did not notice him. He did not try to speak, but for the time was satisfied simply by taking these pleasures with her—sand bottom, then backstroke, then crawl, hissing foam against bared teeth in a last rapid spurt before coming out blowing and breathing deeply onto the beach. She did not see that he had imitated her frolicking maneuvers. She was a sleek girl in a finely fitted black swimsuit, shaking her long reddish hair loose out of her bathing cap as she ran up the beach, laughing and dancing on one foot with water in her ear, and then he lost her among the little crowd at the hotdog stand. He even wanted to lose her and averted his eyes as from the sun. He did not dare to lose her.

But moving toward his wife, who was sitting up and watching him, he went on imagining Lucille; she was a college girl on a dutiful weekend outing with her parents before returning to her senior year at Oberlin. All right, back now, enough, he thought, and waved and grinned at Laura.

She hugged her knees and said, "Why didn't you tell me you were going in?"

"I thought you were sleeping. I didn't think you'd want to."

"Well, no," she said, "but I wondered where you were, that's all. Not that it made much difference, since there aren't

many places to go. Is the water nice?" "Marvelous!"

"It looks all right, but it's probably brackish. I'd rather just admire from a distance."

"Did you really sleep?"

"Dreamed, Burr,"—and all at once miraculously she smiled and showed her small fine buds of teeth (the sun!) and he remembered her abandoned gaiety at parties, her dancing fling and laughter on the excuse of one drink; and then how they held and clutched and plucked at each other's flesh afterward. She stood up, stretched, took his arm. She yawned. They lurched through the sands toward the Breakers Hotel a few steps from the beach. "Let's have a big dinner and a big time doing nothing tonight," she said. She brushed her hand across the hairs on his arm. The contrary touch of her fingers on his skin made it rise and tingle. There was that warm, marvelous, and secret detonation between them.

His heart seemed to leap toward her. As they passed Lucille, licking the mustard from her finger after the hotdog, he looked away. He wanted to see no one but Laura. She wanted him, too. He wanted nothing but their good marriage.

. . .

By the time they showered and dressed for dinner, the rapidly shortening September afternoon was over and there were blue shadows on the gravel walk outside their window. They were hungry, but not with the alert pang of appetite; they suffered under a dull, starved, cocktail-needing boredom. His bored exasperation with assigning too much duty to love had always been the weak side of his feeling for her; her passive refusal to be assured was the other side of her clutching, clinging passion for him. Their unstable good spirits passed while he threaded new laces into his shoes and Laura put on her girdle.

"Why wear a girdle here?" he asked her.

And she answered: "I'm not a college girl any more, and anyway, it's only a light summer thing. Just a little elastic to hold up my stockings—"

They walked toward the bar through the echoing, almost empty corridors of this ramshackle resort hotel, all of sagging wood and peeling paint, splendor turned economical. The smart people traveled further. The Breakers at Cedar Point on Lake Erie had once been a watering place to which carriages came from Sandusky and Toledo and special trains from Cleveland. Now the carpets on long slanting corridors had been sanded into threads; the halls echoed with the slapslapping of slippers below jellylike or stringy bodies; children ran shrieking; dark faces, blotched by age

and sun, ignored the signs about PROPER DRESS IS SUGGESTED GOING AND COMING FROM THE BEACH. Into this quiet of off-season brooding, economy, and last hope of summer in the week after Labor Day, Burr and Laura Fuller emerged to walk toward the bar. Grandfathers and widows turned to look at them: Such a nice young couple!

"Make sure you have matches," Laura was saying to her husband.

"Don't worry, they'll have them at the bar," he answered.

"Yes, but what if I'm caught without?"

He assured her that this cataclysm would almost certainly not break over them. They had their drink. Since there was still time, they had another. Laura was silent in the crisis of incomplete devotion, although Burr lit her cigarette. Since they did not speak very much, and consequently drank too fast, they had a third. Fuller regretted the last two because they meant that he was still sitting there with his wife in the cool dark bar when the girl, Lucille, came in on her father's arm. Dressed in a light summer frock, her hair pulled tight against her head and her mouth flagrantly lipsticked, she looked older than on the beach. She had a frosted drink, probably a daiquiri, over which she bobbed and ducked her head as if it were a chocolate soda—and with the delight of the daughter having a drink with her father. The man was ruddy, thick, smiling and triumphant in his daughter's pleasure. Burr wondered how many happy families like this one existed—what percentage of all families, say—and if it really did exist or merely looked that way with father and daughter smiling, touching, toasting each other. Lucille put on glasses to look about, and as her eyes behind the slanted frames briefly rested on him, he felt that she was really lovely, really ready for happiness, a really grown-up girl of 20 or 21. She sat alertly without her back touching the chair.

"I guess we'd better be getting along to dinner," Laura said. "What are you thinking about?"

"Nothing. You?"

"I have a little sprain, I think. Not serious—just from falling asleep on a lump in the sand. It's really nothing, Burr. Don't be concerned."

He resolved not to be, but made a solemn face so that she would not read his thought. She was only a few years older than Lucille, but she had always, even at Lucille's age, worn that fret of unhappy self-love between the eyes, and had never known Lucille's elegance of stance and movement. His wife was slightly stooped at the shoulders, narrow at the back: "petite" was her word for

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cole cocks a skeptic's eye toward a new advertising technique

THE SUBLIMINAL PITCH

Before we sanction national exposure of our gray matter to electronic innuendo, observes cautious cartoonist Jack Cole, let us consider the possible consequences of indiscriminate subliminal advertising in TV and the cinema. Let's consider, too, how some might misuse this latest phenomenon in hidden persuasion to achieve mischievous and Machiavellian ends.







SLEEPERS, AWAKE! *(continued from page 58)*

it. Now he turned again, hopelessly, thinking that even Lucille's name — not Lu or Lucy, thank God, but Lucille! — spoke with a confident grace. Resounded unspoken in his head. *Lucille, Lucille.*

But despite everything, the years were with Laura, his years and hers. He sat with her in the overlarge dining room, insects thumping against the screens, moths circling the chandeliers high up, in this place once chic and wild, now calmed under the grandparents and blurred by the children. From one corner of the room came a rhythmic cry: "I want some, I want some, I want some." From another, behind his back, Burr could feel the pressure of Lucille with her sweet, nice, ordinary parents glowing in the presence of their daughter. The waiters brought the food, took away the plates. Dessert was vanilla ice cream, grainy and starchy.

"I want some, I want some, I want some." said the greedy unformed mouth.

Why did they have no children after five years of marriage? He remembered another childless couple's explanation. They had been drawn together at a ski resort in the strange intimacy of bereavement, of lack — they had played bridge. Their new, passing friends had finally confessed, putting down the cards and staring at them across the table: "We're cousins and we're afraid." Laura and Burr were not cousins, but they were afraid.

They thought they were being rational. Like all those pseudo-rational, irrational men and women who count overmuch on romantic love, they waited for some impossible perfection between them before they could dare to have children. This romantic perfection had once seemed in their grasp, as they wrestled together on the beach of their first summer together, and then was forever retreating, retreating, called back by a moment, a day, a breath of feeling, then retreating again. Still Burr hoped about this vacation. He had an idea for Laura about giving themselves a child. After their time of marriage the idea was ordinary, although it seemed to him fantastic and needing schemes and plots and preparations: Let's just go on, Laura!

Perhaps he should not have waited; perhaps he should just have said it.

But he had learned to be a cautious romantic. And he had superstitious worries about Laura's knowing how he looked at Lucille, how he looked at fresh and healthy girls, and how this might corrupt the health and desire which he wanted for her — for the mother-to-be. Tonight, in the sweet dark, if she felt well, if her back had stopped hurting, he would talk with her

about it. He would not look at Lucille at all. He would imagine Laura, his delicate and quiet Laura, and only Laura. He would not taste, smell, imagine the skin of Lucille, to whom he had never once spoken. He would think only of Laura. She would sleep very well. She had strong ankles, strong hips: the blood was good to her, despite her back and her insomnia: she could do for him, and he for her, and they would have a greedy lovely child, too. He would leave the dining room before Lucille could cross before his eyes.

"That was a lot of sun today," he said. "Let's turn in early, OK?"

"I'm willing," Laura said. "That's what we came for — the rest."

She took his arm, and like a solemn, satiated pair of pensioners they retreated from dinner. Fuller felt a muscle twitching in his leg because he was still young and willing to run, swim, work and make love.

. . .

When Laura said that she wanted to bathe again before bed, he recognized her acknowledgment that they would make love tonight. She said "bath" casually, and with a dark, sideways, challenging glance from her very dark, smudged eyes. She was signaling willingness and preparation. She would spend a long time in the tub, scrubbing, relentlessly cleaning herself in water almost too hot to stand, and emerge wan and soaked and her fingertips spongy. The thought of so much foaming effort, so much ferocity spent on cleanliness, inexplicably isolated him and he could not wait for her in their little room. He wanted to fold her in his arms just as she was, warm after the sun-soaked day, only partly undressed, and he would help her the rest of the way, carrying her to bed, warming her, warming himself to her; but she slipped away, saying, "Wait!"

"But you had a bath before dinner, darling."

"Wait, wait!"

He was alone in a hotel room. Warped pine and lake dampness. He went out to walk in the corridors of the hotel, feeling for his pack of cigarettes, cramming it unnecessarily back into his pocket so that he could go to buy another and talk with someone. Did he need excuses? He felt ashamed of his loneliness. He was not looking for Lucille. He was just looking for someone. He was just waiting until his wife would be ready to receive him. Then why the deep drawing pain of anxiety and anticipation in his belly? It was the pain of excess and indulgence — it was lower than his belly. No, it was for his wife, not Lucille, and it was not pain. His wife too had those

marvelously abandoned, beautifully irresponsible moments that he read into the girl's slim, unhurried, smiling ease. (Charm means to be certain-sure of yourself. To be sure of yourself means to be able to let go, to cut loose, to hold on.) And he did not find Lucille either at the tobacco stand or at the desk, where he went to ask if there were any messages for him. He expected none. He was just asking. He needed a human voice to answer him.

The desk clerk was used to loafers, gossipers, men afraid of their four walls. He was a narrow-chested old bobo in a blue nylon cord suit and a red paper flower in his lapel from some celebration to which he had been invited. He believed himself skilled in "handling people," sizing them up with his eyes, measuring them down, and he wore his eyes frowning and smiling at the same time, crumpled with the labor of telling all: I know, I know, I see through you! It takes head! — and he tapped his skull. What didn't just come to him by innate knowledge he filled in by questions. He figured it that Laura was abed, that Burr had the wandering insomnias. "The little wife sleeping? They sure like to get their rest, don't they?" He didn't need answers, not him. His own questions gave him all the information required. "Those pretty little mothers now, they come to the lake for a vacation from the kids."

We don't have any yet — but he did not say it.

"It's hard on the grandparents, but you need some fun once in a while, too, don't you? I see lots like you. It's swell. Don't worry, you'll hear from them if the kids are lonesome. It's really swell to have a little peace and quiet."

Burr returned to his room. By this time Laura would surely be ready, scrubbed, oiled and bedworn in the shortie nightgown he had given her the day they left Cleveland. But when he opened the door, the bottle of pills was out on the dresser and she was ostentatiously, challengingly sipping water. "Laura, no!" he cried out. "Did you take them tonight?"

"Shush, I have a fright of a headache. Burr. Too much sun — you were right." She must have waited until she heard him at the door. "I knew I wouldn't sleep without them."

"But you wanted to break the habit, and you thought that if you could just relax, have a relaxing week —"

"I know, I thought so, but I knew I couldn't."

"But Laura!" And he flushed deep red, felt it like a jilted swain, murmuring, "I wanted to talk to you. I wanted . . ."

As if this meant that he didn't care
(concluded on page 82)

COME THE FINE FALL DAYS and the breaking out of sweaters and tweeds — and even the raccoon coat — it's a good notion to round out your autumn outfit with a hip flask. For, though the air may be winey, the inner man will want something of somewhat higher proof to warm the cockles of his and his date's hearts as they sit on the 50-yard line or park the Porsche atop a sun-drenched hilltop to admire the smoke-hazed hues of the season.

The flask, as we all know, is one more of those lightsome legacies of the Roaring Twenties which are back in fashion. The modern ones shown here have the traditional, functional elegance of their forebears, but are more cannily concocted, making best use of new materials as well as old, providing ample volume for your pet potation, and assuring that it will flow untainted from flask to gullet. Shown here is PLAYBOY's representative selection of these gentleman's companions—and one for the fair ladies.

HIP HIP FLASKS

*canny canteens for
a dollop of wet*

Top row, left grouping: Two 8-oz. clear plastic flasks with hide covers and metal tops cost \$5.50 for the skinny one, \$8.50 for the squat one. To the rear are paired 8-oz. plastic flasks covered in stitched-together two-tone hide with attached tabs for toggling their contents; \$12. Right: Bridle leather carrier totes a pair of pint glass flasks; \$19.50. A black cowhide case houses an 8-oz. glass flask, has a snap flap to hold the jigger cap, two extra cups; \$9.50. Bottom left: A fivesome in Britannia metal fits a range of thirsts, to wit and from forward to the rear, march: 2, 4, 8, 12 and 17 ozs.; \$4.50, \$6, \$8.50, \$10 and \$12 in the same order. Right: The circular purse-size lady's flaon holds a ladylike 6 ozs., is made of tin-lined chrome covered with red Morocco leather, houses two cups in its center, à la a plugged doughnut; \$15. Behind it, a classic stadium standby, the pigskin-covered Britannia flask, 8 ozs.; \$17.50.

PIGSKIN PREVIEW *(continued from page 55)*

the shoulder pads about them.

One concerns the religious clout allegedly administered by some church-affiliated institutions. This takes the form, so the story goes, of the local clergyman visiting a beefy young prospect's parents (after he has already signed a scholarship agreement with a state institution) and impressing the folks with the benefits of a good Christian college education in a church-affiliated school which can, incidentally, also make use of the kid's football know-how. The church schools, on the other hand, vigorously deny the use of any religious coercion in their recruiting. It is only natural, they point out, for a spiritually inclined 200-pound tailback who can scoot the hundred in 10 seconds to want to go to a college of his own religious leanings.

Another controversy surrounds the service academies, which legally offer a prospect room, three squares, tuition, a snappy uniform, laundry, a salary and promise of a good job (complete with gold bar) upon graduation. Some of the non-service schools around the country (those with both lofty scholastic standards and big-time football) complain that they play bird dogs for the fantastically well-organized recruiting forces of the service academies. How? It seems, according to the complainants, that once they have signed a prospect to a scholarship commitment, the academies make big eyes at the boy because they know he can probably pass their entrance exams. Also, it seems, the service academy alumni groups maintain scholarship funds ostensibly to provide "cram" courses at private schools for deserving young men who otherwise would flunk the entrance exams. These cram sessions, however (according to those who have lost many a recruiting contest with our First Lines of Defense), are mostly peopled with speedy halfbacks and gargantuan tackles.

Not so, say the academy people, who moan (with some justification) that they are at a disadvantage. Not only must their boys snag a Congressional appointment, but they must be mental wizards to survive academically. Not only that, but the service schools can't actively go after a prospect unless he has first expressed, in writing, personal interest in attending the academy. Any way you look at it, it's a big headache that the NCAA will have to set straight by legislation before tempers get all out of hand.

For us, the most sensible solution to these and a lot of other recruiting-scholarship misunderstandings is a letter of intent, whereby a prospective athlete who has signed a scholarship agreement with any school is off limits to recruiters from other schools and, in fact, cannot attend any other school without losing

his football eligibility.

THE EAST			
FIRST FLIGHT INDEPENDENTS			
Penn State	8-2	Army	5-4
Navy	7-2	Syracuse	5-4
Pittsburgh	7-3		
SECOND FLIGHT INDEPENDENTS			
Rutgers	9-1	Lehigh	5-4
Villanova	7-3	Boston College	4-6
Boston U	5-4	Colgate	3-6
Holy Cross	5-4		
YANKEE CONFERENCE			
Connecticut	7-3	Massachusetts	3-5
New Hampshire	4-4	Rhode Island	3-5
Maine	4-4	Vermont	2-5
IVY LEAGUE			
Princeton	7-2	Brown	4-5
Dartmouth	7-2	Penn	4-5
Yale	6-3	Cornell	3-6
Harvard	6-3	Columbia	1-8
THE REST			
Amherst	6-2	Brandeis	4-3
Tufts	6-2	Delaware	4-4
Williams	6-2	Norwich	4-4
Wesleyan	5-3	Temple	3-5
Springfield	5-4	Trinity	1-5
Buffalo	5-4		

Time was when Eastern teams reeked with tradition and the Old School Spirit, but little else. This year, power is burgeoning in many of the Ivy institutions, like Rutgers and Dartmouth, that haven't tasted national prominence since dad drove a Stutz.

Take Penn State. Rip Engle is assembling a pride of Nittany Lions that can make '58 the finest football year at University Park since he took over in '50. The Lions have a well-balanced schedule, more experience than usual and speed to spare. Success depends largely on developing adequate depth at end and guard positions and digging up a brainy quarterback to run Engle's wing-T.

Navy, on the other hand, lost 13 of its first 22 men last year. The Middie squad is rarely very deep, so this would be a real blow if the remaining material didn't look so good. Coach Erdelatz has come up with a zippy quarterback in Joe Tranchini (replacing Tom Forrestal) and the Middie line sports a fantastic tackle in Bob Reifsnyder. Big, fast, smart and fabulously aggressive, Reifsnyder terrorized opposing backfields all last year and Erdelatz says he was 20% better in spring practice. If the line jells in time, Navy could be a power again in '58.

Pitt's big problem may be recovering from a psychological hangover caused by last year's disappointing 4-6 record. The Panthers have the material and experience, plus a whiz-bang passing attack, to make them the dark horse in the East.

It's the old problem at Army: a quarterback. Lack of a really superior signal-caller has hamstrung Coach Earl Blaik for most of his tenure at West Point.

This year's most promising answer is Joe Caldwell. If he comes through, and Bob Anderson repeats last year's phenomenal performance at left half, the Cadets will be hard to handle. But matching last year's 7-2 record will be rough.

Rutgers and Holy Cross are both deep and experienced and either could make their best showing in years. Rutgers, in addition, claims national prominence in the person of tailback Billy Austin.

The Ivy League looks better balanced than it has in years, largely because the perennial underpups are showing muscles. Princeton, Dartmouth and Yale are the top trio, but Harvard and Penn each lost only four men from their first two teams, and will have the depth and gray matter to make miseries for opponents this year. Brown and Columbia will lack depth in the front line. But Columbia is on its way back and could improve last year's record by two or three wins.

THE MIDWEST			
INDEPENDENT			
		Notre Dame	8-2
BIG TEN			
Michigan State	8-1	Illinois	6-3
Iowa	8-1	Michigan	4-5
Purdue	7-2	Indiana	2-7
Ohio State	6-3	Minnesota	2-7
Wisconsin	6-3	Northwestern	1-8
THE REST			
Louisville	8-1	Wabash	5-4
Butler	8-1	Dayton	5-5
Bradley	7-1	Xavier	4-6
Washington U	6-2	Kent	3-6
DePauw	6-2	Bowling Green	3-6
Detroit	6-3	Ohio U	2-7
Toledo	6-3	Marquette	2-8
Miami (Ohio)	5-4		

The stories that drifted out of South Bend during spring practice told about how the Irish were battling overconfidence. But things looked suddenly different after the annual Old Timers game when the alumni walloped the "overconfident" varsity for only the fifth time in 30 years. The Irish displayed a precociously leaky defense that allowed the has-beens to run up 37 points. So Terry Brennan, though richer in men than last year, has problems to solve. The Irish are lacking in team speed, to mention one. We asked Charlie Callahan, the Notre Dame Publicity Director, about the high optimism on the part of Irish partisans and he told us, "A year ago Notre Dame won seven and lost three. Folks remember that we beat Army 22-20 and Oklahoma 7-0, but they seem to forget that Navy beat us 20-6 and Michigan State beat us 34-6. If a couple of miraculously good breaks hadn't pulled a couple of games out of the fire for us, it would have been a 5-5 season."

(continued on page 83)



HOLLYWOOD, which has given us *The Body and The Back*, has also given us plenty of bosoms, starting with Lana Turner's besweatered charms, continuing through the delightful double features of Marilyn Monroe, and reaching an appetizing apogee in the mighty measurements of Mansfield. But all of these were lower case bosoms. The first Bosom worthy of a capital B has only recently reached Tinseltown. She's an import, but not from Sweden or Italy — climes seemingly most conducive to such classic cultivations. It — or they — are from staid old England and are the perky properties of a pretty young Londoner named June (43-22-36) Wilkinson.

Recognizing that sex appeal is more than a simple matter of statistics, we invited Miss Wilkinson to the *PLAYBOY* Building to discuss her unique claim to fame. And we must confess in honesty that we were thoroughly smitten by this Briton kitten. We found June to be a quiet, well-mannered girl with a charming personality and a figure that, in the words of the postpaid poet Johnson Smith, can be better imagined than described. A bit later in *PLAYBOY*'s photo studio, June proved to everyone's satisfaction that she's not a girl to put up a false front.

With disarming candor, she said of her success, "I know being a girl with a big bust has done all this for me. I realized some time ago that as long as there were men in this world, I'd make good." One man interested in helping her make good is Howard Hughes, who discovered Jane Russell, Janet Leigh and several other ladies who are not exactly busts in the bust department.

Now just turning 18 and, by her own admission, "still growing," there is every reason to expect big things in the future from the British beauty rightly titled *The Bosom*.

THE BOSOM

*introducing june wilkinson:
a buxom british beauty with
simply sensational statistics*



In our photo studio, June shows off a swim suit custom-made to her proportions and an off-the-bosom negligee.



Interviewed on an afternoon TV show, June was a charming but enigmatic guest, since the camera remained focused firmly on her head and shoulders, and the interviewer never got around to saying what her chief claim to fame was, apparently judging it too rich for mom and kids.

June lends enchantment to a sport shirt.



Compared with the mighty measurements of Miss Wilkinson, Hollywood's most full-blown beauties must go to the foot of the class.



PEEPING TOM PATROL

(continued from page 36)

damn sight better if she would say something. A slight smile came over her face, along with the odd look still in her wide, dark eyes. She said simply that she believed him.

He relaxed and was able to grin. The coffee came and they sat making conversation and it was gradually and surprisingly very pleasant. She chatted briefly about nothing, but her voice was low and warm and her smile delightful and he began to wonder just what in hell was behind that puzzling look in her eyes. The vision of her in the night kept coming back. He passed through one of those moments when it was absolutely necessary to reach out and touch her. But he didn't move. And you can't ask her out, he thought. How the hell could he ask her? She'd think it was blackmail.

"It must be very interesting," she was saying, "being a cop."

"Yep," Redmond said. He started to rise. "Well, I better get back to the beat."

She made no move to go. She sat looking up at him, smiling, something rare and delightful dancing in her eyes.

"I feel very peculiar about you," she

said. "You know all about me."

"Not all," Redmond said.

"You know what I mean. I . . . don't have to hide anything from you. We're not trying to . . . well, *hid* each other. You see? It's odd."

He didn't quite understand. His eyes went automatically down the front of her dress and she leaned back suddenly and moved her arms away from in front of her and smiled at him softly, lazily.

"I know what you're thinking," she said.

"I'll bet you do."

"Why don't you ask?"

"You know damn well why."

"Why?"

"You'd think it was only —"

"And it wouldn't be?"

Redmond took a deep breath.

"So you won't even ask?" the girl said. She was still smiling but her eyes had closed slightly and there was no mistaking the look in her face, and it came to him in that moment with an enormous shock how little he knew about women.

"All right," she said softly, "if you won't ask. When you get off duty tonight, Mr. Policeman, why don't you come on by and pick me up?"



WELL-CLAD UNDERGRAD

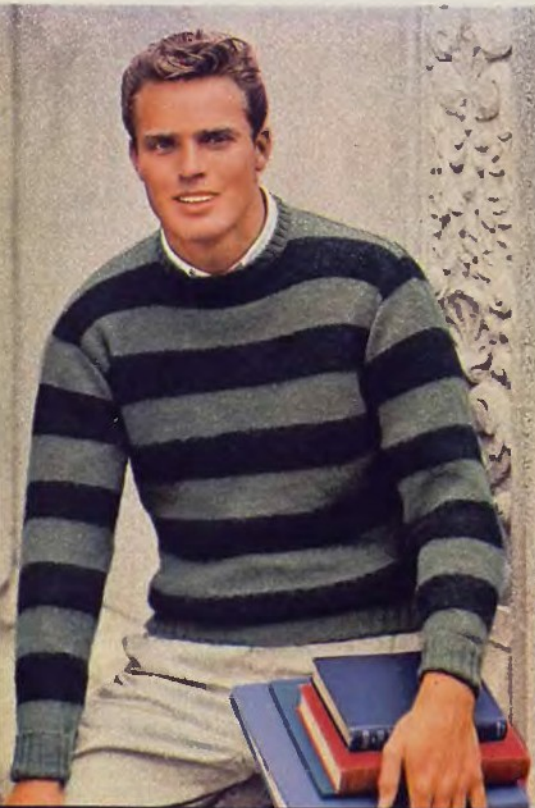
(continued from page 34)

culled from the copious notes and commentary that accompanied the stacks of filled-out questionnaires which flowed into our offices from PLAYBOY reps across the nation. These show that, though Ivy is the arbiter and criterion, *group* individuality does exist — which is not surprising, since young men are innovators and are jealous of their right to be different, but still enjoy membership (and the sartorial badges of membership) in their own groupings. Note, however, that the eminence of Ivy seems undisputed, despite its ebb and flow from campus to campus.

From a student at the University of Colorado: "The style here is possibly more stereotyped Ivy than anywhere else in the West — we're sort of an Ivy outpost, I guess."

But, from another Western college: "Jeans and T-shirts rate over Ivy here. Some think we're the victims of a cultural time lag, others say it's our way of showing our independent resistance to the Ivy League."

From a mid-South state college: "You can tell the fraternity men more easily by their clothes than by their fraternity pins: strictly Ivy. But the other men



Campus action calls for stripes — and the bolder the better. Here they are in a smart classic crew-neck. Sizes: S/M/L/XL \$10.95



There's active design in this exclusive Catalina cable knit. A versatile vest, to be worn alone or under a jacket. Sizes: S/M/L/XL \$10.95



When bound for snow-action, choose this trim, crew-neck cardigan of 100% lambswool. Full zipper, slash pockets. Sizes: S/M/L/XL \$17.95

make up for it by sporting sloppy non-Ivy outfits."

From Virginia: "I'd say we're more formal, in an Ivy-tweedy way, than most Eastern Ivy colleges. . . . There is great pride in personal appearance."

At Reed College, in Oregon, a school noted for its high academic standing, "We go in for Bohemian individuality, beards are common, clothing ranges from nondescript casual to outlandishly original."

By contrast, at the University of the South, in Tennessee, "You must wear jacket and tie at all times except to sports events (or for sleeping) and if you're a high-ranking upperclassman, you will wear academic robes to class."

From a small, conservative college not much farther south: "All the men are up in arms about restrictions on Bermudas."

And from a small Eastern school: "Extreme Ivy is on the way out, but honest, conservative Ivy is stronger than ever. We believe it is here to stay and is not just a long-term fad."

And so it goes. On one campus you achieve cachet by wearing pink Oxford buttondowns by Brooks — but they have to be frayed conspicuously at collar and cuffs to show that they're *old*, of course. Michigan, Wisconsin and Northwestern are solid Ivy encampments, as are a few

of the larger West Coast colleges, thus proving by exception our statement that the Ivy influence diminishes proportionately with distance from the Eastern Seaboard fountainhead.

To us, however, the most compelling and interesting fact to be learned from a synthesis of all the comments and questionnaires is the spelling out — the formulation — of the college men's attitude toward Ivy and non-Ivy fashions. They buy Ivy in both senses of the word. But, for them, Ivy is not a slavish following of a fad dreamed up by Yale or Harvard. It is not the tightly tapered peg-leg trouser, infinitesimal lapel and ludicrous proliferation of straps and buckles which this generation's equivalent of zoot suiters mistakenly label Ivy. (In fact, though honest Ivy is collegiately correct, there are detectable misgivings about the word itself — as though it were becoming a debased coinage.) Good Ivy — we'll use the word until a better comes along — means today no more and no less than good, conservative dress, which evolved — on and off the nation's campuses — many long years ago. It was the college men who — during the postwar fad for padded shoulders, wide lapels, drape shapes and hand-painted wide ties, which were then being widely touted as

the "new look" for men — led us *back* to the good conservative dress which had always been popular in Eastern schools. Hence, of course, the name "Ivy."

And so, subject to local fads and climatic differences, our charted recommendations for a college wardrobe are a fair picture of what the undergraduate will need to be adequately and appropriately clad. As for the fads, they're seldom more than adjuncts to the Ivy wardrobe and not-too-costly ones at that. Considerations of climate should introduce the same common-sense variations from the temperate standard that affect all clothing selection. Geography will influence the college wardrobe in the ways we've indicated: a Yale man, for instance, might do well to have a number of caps and at least two hats, one for dress and one for sport — whereas at Southern California, one hat for dates in town might well do the trick.

A final word. Our campus survey suggests to us that not even in the business world is attire more significant in establishing social acceptance than in college. That's why we invited the college men of America to supply the information on which this article and its recommendations are based.



Focus on action in this three-button rib-stitch cardigan with contrasting trim. Lambswool and orlon. Sizes: S/M/L/XL \$11.95



The hunt for action is on — in a bold masculine knit with bright man-sized stripes. 100% fine wool. Sizes: S/M/L/XL \$15.95



Geared for action — a bulky rib-stitched pullover with warm fleece-lined hood. Hers is a perfect match. Sizes: S/M/L/XL \$15.95

of **Catalina®** sweaters



Catalina, Inc., Los Angeles 13
 Creators of fine Swimwear, Sweaters and Sportswear
 A division of Julius Kayser & Co.



"Oh, don't mind him. He's just my roommate's new boyfriend."

The PRINCESS and the MONSTER

The first transcription of a tale from the folklore of ancient Ireland



"'Tis a fair daughter you have," said the hideous brute.

LONG, LONG AGO in the very olden time, before the good St. Patrick took his staff to the serpents, there lived two kings in Ireland. One was a man stout and strong, like a good Irishman ought to be. They called him the Good King. He had one daughter, and it was beautiful she was.

The other king was hardly a man at all, for he was of the breed of monsters. Hairy and huge and hideous he was, and no man had stood against him and lived. Men called him the Giant.

One day the Giant came calling upon the Good King, and by chance—and sure you'll be saying it was a black chance—his eyes fell upon the Princess, and his mouth watered.

"'Tis a fair daughter you have," he said to the Good King. "I'm thinkin' maybe 'twouldn't be such a bad thing to be married to a lass like her."

"There's never a better girl in all Erin," replied the Good King. "And I'd best be tellin' you here and now that I've betrothed her to Ewan of the Dark Hair."

The Giant frowned. "It's myself she'll be marryin'," he roared, "or it's war we'll have between us! Call this Ewan and let me have a word with him. If there's half a brain in the lad's dark head, he'll be leavin' off all claim to her."

The Good King sent for Ewan and told him all the Giant had said, and Ewan answered like any good young Irishman would have under the circumstances.

"So that's the trim of it, is it?" he said, looking straight into the eyes of the Giant. "There'll be no war between the kingdoms, but between me and this Goliath there'll be mortal combat."

"So be it," said the Good King. "But get to your prayers, lad, and set your affairs in order. There's never any knowin' and 'tis a good thing to be ready in case . . ."

Ewan knew well enough what the Good King meant, and he trembled in his brogans. The Giant towered above him, was twice as broad and 10 times as strong, and his sword was as long as a

boatman's oar. But then Ewan looked at the Princess and found her smiling. As she passed him on her way to the palace, she had time to whisper a few encouraging words.

"If it's life you're yearnin' for," she murmured, "and my own true love, see that your back's to the royal pavilion and that the Giant is facing it."

And with that she was gone.

The next dawning, not a man in the whole city but was turned out for the fray, and not a woman either. Ewan and the Giant faced each other, a mere man and a great monster. They then turned and faced the Good King as he sat in the royal pavilion ready to state the rules. His daughter sat to his right and somewhat behind him.

"Draw swords," said the King, "fight fair like good Irishmen, and may the best man win."

A bugle sounded, the Giant raised his blade, and if he'd hit his mark, Ewan of the Dark Hair would have gone to glory then and there. The next cut was even

closer, and Ewan knew that his time was near.

Then he remembered the words of the Princess: *If it's life you're yearnin' for, and my own true love, see that your back's to the royal pavilion and that the Giant is facing it.* Ewan decided to give it a try. He worked the Giant around until the big one's face was toward the spectators and his own was toward the trees beyond the meadow.

The Giant shouted with glee. "There's no tellin'," he bellowed, "just when I'll cleave you, lad. And you'll not make me hurry, either. I'll not finish you off 'till the Princess sees what a man she's gettin' in me and how poor lookin' you can be even before you're cut in pieces."

Ewan gritted his teeth and said to himself: "It's a tight corner you're in, Ewan my boy. And I'm thinkin' that if the Princess is out to help you, she'd best be at it."

Suddenly the Giant looked past Ewan and dropped the point of his sword ever so little. Ewan saw his eyes open very wide and his mouth fall slack. The sword's point dropped a little lower.

Ewan should have run him through then and there, but his eyes pulled around to the pavilion in spite of him. What he saw made his own eyes open very wide.

Behind the King, unseen by the spectators because they were all watching the field, stood the Princess. A flood of golden hair rippled over her naked shoulders and fell to her waist. She had opened her robe. Her breasts were perfect and as white as a summer's moon on a clear night. She pivoted slowly on her chair and displayed the graceful curve of her hip. All the way round she turned until her back was toward them. The robe fell down around her feet and mother nude she was for them to see. The Giant's sword's point dropped until it touched the grass.

Then Ewan understood. He tore his eyes away.

"'Tis the moment I was needin'," he said, and with one swift thrust he passed his blade through the Giant's thick neck.

As the monster fell, no one but Ewan heard him cry, "'Twas the woman killed me, little man, not yourself."

And that was how the Princess saved Ewan of the Dark Hair and escaped the embraces of the Giant. And that was why Ewan set an even higher value on the Princess' weapons than young men are accustomed to set upon such things. And all his life he cherished them and kept them bright and keen through use.

—Retold by J. A. Gato



HOUSE OF HATE

(continued from page 38)

"You won't cause no trouble, now will you?"

Lottie shrank back in terror. "No, no!"

Cal laughed and turned to Lunk. "Take 'em to the kitchen. Lock the door to the porch and tie Gert in a chair right smack agin the door. That way we can see her, and Lottie can't get out. Pull the window shades and get back in here so's we can tend to our business. You, Lottie, get that cake fixed! I'm a mind to eat cake!"

In the kitchen Lottie moved methodically between shelf and stove, took off the cooked frosting and prepared to stir it while Gert sat bound and numb, staring at her in fascination.

Cal Joyen's soft words drifted out from the dining room. "All right, Huck, we know you got money here. Where is it? Tell and save grief."

Abner Huck said tightly, "Money? I ain't got no money!"

Cal Joyen laughed. "Some thinks different. How about this: *Huck's got money. Maybe you don't believe it, but he's got lots of it. . . .*"

"Don't know what you're talking (concluded overleaf)



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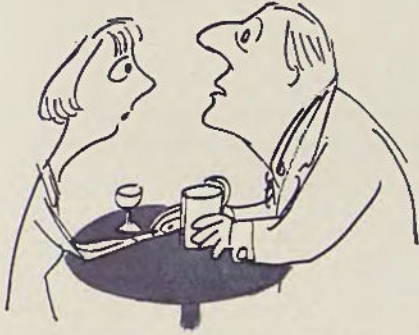
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I CAN'T ASK
YOU TO HELP.
IT'S MY
PROBLEM -

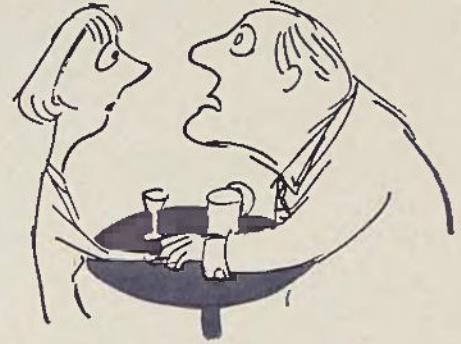
YOUR PROBLEM?
WHY YOU CRAZY,
SWEET LITTLE
KID!



THERE YOU WERE
SITTING IN YOUR
RAINCOAT AND
BLACK STOCKINGS
ON THE LIBRARY
STEPS AND YOU
SAY IT'S YOUR
PROBLEM -



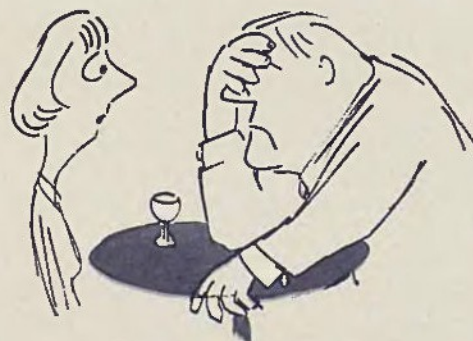
I ASKED YOU TO HAVE
A DRINK - PROBABLY
THE FIRST DRINK
YOU EVER HAD - AND
YOU SAY IT'S YOUR
PROBLEM -



I TOOK YOU DINING
EVERY NIGHT FOR A
WEEK - THE BEST
PLACES! I KNEW
IT WOULD OVERWHELM
YOU - AND YOU SAY
IT'S YOUR PROBLEM



OH, I PLAYED IT SMART
ALL RIGHT - I BOUGHT
YOU CLOTHES -
JEWELRY - AND THEN
I PUT YOU UP IN
YOUR OWN APARTMENT.



AND WHEN I KNEW
YOU WERE DAZZLED -
DID I TELL YOU IT
WAS ALL IMPOSSIBLE?
DID I TELL YOU I
WAS MARRIED?



NO! I CAME UP LIKE A
THIEF IN THE NIGHT AND
USED MY DUPLICATE KEY!
HOW ROTTEN OF ME!
HOW LOW! AND YOU
SAY IT'S YOUR PROBLEM -



PLEASE
GEORGIE -
DON'T
BLAME
YOURSELF -



IM
NOT
EVEN
SURE
IT'S
YOURS.



JULES
FETTER

about. What is that you got? There's 25 dollars in my wallet upstairs."

"25 dollars, hell!" Cal snarled. "You got a pile hid. Where?"

Abner Huck let out a screech of pain. Then he gasped out, "Don't . . . I tell you, I ain't got no money!"

Gert hissed a whisper. "Lottie . . . Lottie! Has Ab got money in the house?"

Lottie tiptoed to peek into the other room, jerked back. "No," she whispered, "h-he ain't got nothing. He always said he ain't. They're gonna kill him, ain't they, Gert?"

Sweat dappled Gert's face. "I'd hate to bet they wasn't gonna kill us all! Here, Lottie, get me loose. Get a knife. Maybe I can do something."

"Won't do no good," Lottie whispered, backing away. "They'd see me, and then —"

Abner Huck screamed. A rising scream ending in a choked gasp. His breathing was audible now, spaced and labored sobs that drifted out to the kitchen, pearls of agony.

"No . . . money. Ain't got . . . no . . . money."

"You fools!" Gert bellowed. "Let him be! Can't you see he's telling the truth?"

They paid no attention. This time Abner Huck didn't scream. A gurgling, groaning sound came from the other room, a horrible sound that went on forever. When it stopped it was as long before Abner Huck got breath enough to whisper.

"Don't . . . I'll tell, I'll tell! It's —"

He mumbled something and Cal Joyen let out a yell of triumph. "Hold it just like you are, Lunk, till I look."

He banged at the fireplace, prying stones. "By God, here's a tin box . . . It's here, Lunk, it's here! Go ahead!"

Then silence, a straining silence across which the two women in the kitchen stared at each other, between them the sure vision of Lunk Joyen's grisly hands at Abner Huck's throat.

Lottie whispered, "Gert . . . Gert! Look!"

Lottie smiled, took a small bottle from a shelf beneath the sink, giving Gert a confused glimpse of a familiar symbol. Lottie unscrewed the cap and poured the white flourlike stuff into the dish of frosting, poured half the contents. She stirred it in with slow, maddening care, put back the bottle and began spreading frosting on the first layer with a knife.

In the dining room Cal Joyen let out another yell. "God, there's thousands here, Lunk! More'n 10 thousand, anyhow! Tie Lottie now and we'll count it."

Lunk stuck his grinning head in the kitchen. "She got the cake frosted!"

"Well, tie her, man, and fetch the cake! We'll eat it while we're counting. Then we'll figure what to do with them two."

Lunk tied Lottie in a kitchen chair, picked up the cake and a knife and went into the dining room where Cal was yelping excitedly and banging the tin box around. They sat down at the table, gorging cake and gabbling through stuffed mouths, their fingers gloating over the thick piles of money. Beyond, in the shadows, Abner Huck's dead body sagged against its ropes.

The pair finished the cake, shoved

the platter aside and went on counting and mouthing in a high excitement. Cal leaned forward slowly, as if to examine something more closely. He kept on leaning, he slid from his chair. His chin banged the edge of the table and then he was down on the floor in a heap.

Lunk jumped up, staring. "Cal —!"

That was all he ever said. He stood for an instant, swayed slightly, then fell full length like a crashing tree.

The two women looked at each other in a thickening silence. Slowly, then with growing assurance, they worked at their bonds.

In 20 minutes Lottie got loose and cut Gert free. Lips close to Lottie's ear, Gert breathed, "What was that? The stuff you put in that frosting! What was it?"

Lottie got the bottle. Staring at the label, Gert silently formed the words with her lips: Po . . . tas . . . sium Cy . . . a . . . nide.

"It's for the rats," Lottie whispered.

But when they crept into the dining room they saw at once that there was no need to whisper. The Joyens had quit breathing, their faces were bluish and ghastly, their eyes set.

"Lottie, you saved us!" Gert babbled.

"You used your head and saved us!"

"Abner Huck, he's dead too."

"Poor Ab! Best not to look at him, Lottie. Go back in the kitchen. I'll call the sheriff," Gert strode to the wall phone and cranked.

Lottie stared at the sagging thing that had been Abner Huck. Then, glancing at Gert's broad back, she slipped over and picked up a piece of paper and an envelope in the shadows at his feet. She went to the kitchen and dropped them into the fire. When she stepped back into the doorway Gert was turning from the phone.

"Lord!" Gert said shakily, wiping sweat. "Got the sheriff at home. He'll start, soon as he —" She broke off. Lottie looked queer, like a case of hysterics. A secret listening look.

Lottie's voice was funny too. "It wants blue cretonne."

"What?"

"The house. It don't like red or green. . . . and a brown and white puppy. Is it much work to dam up a brook?"

"Dam up a —! Here, now, Lottie!" Gert drew her forcibly into the kitchen and closed the door between, shutting away the bodies and Huck's money, the cake platter and the smell of death. "We'll load some good hot tea into you! Get ahold of yourself, Lottie, try not to think of poor Ab nor nothing. You all right?"

Lottie nodded without speaking. She was making plans with the house.



John
Dempsey

"Then I buried his head in the sports page. He would have liked that."

WOMANIZATION

(continued from page 52)

ners with their males, and to "share everything." That turned out to mean that the ladies wanted to invade everything masculine, emasculate it, cover it with dimity, occupy it forever—and police it.

I suppose the broaching of the saloon and the men's club truly meant that everything was in jeopardy. For—in his favorite places for retreat, solitude or drinking and converse—the American male gave expression to that aspect of his true self which, elsewhere, was culturally taboo. Current taboo had already driven him to cover, as I've said; but while he had abundant cover, he and his fellow men could mutually revive that integrity which Victorian prissiness, superimposed on Puritanism, elsewhere sabotaged. He could talk and think of himself as a sportsman, a lover, an adventurer, a being of intellect, passion, erudition, philosophical wisdom, valor and sensitivity. In sanctuary he could openly acknowledge that his true, male feelings did not, in his opinion, make of him the beast that 19th Century Western Society claimed he was. He could, furthermore, discuss females as other than the virginal, virtuous, timid, pure, passionless images that constituted the going female ideal. Indeed, if he was tied to such a saintly acting, sex-terrified spouse (as millions were, and are), he could obtain in his redoubts the telephone numbers of certain young ladies who had not been emotionally mouse-trapped by current "morality"—ladies who were especially joyous over their femininity when aided in its proper celebration by male ardor.

Alas! It is not so possible or easy to obtain and employ such telephone numbers now. The little woman sits at the clubman's elbow, bending hers in chummy unison. She sits, also, on his coattails.

The American home rapidly followed the nihilist trend. It was, I agree, improved—in some ways. But those domestic improvements which reduce labor—machines that do dishes, dispose of refuse, cook automatically, ventilate, heat, vacuum-clean, air-condition, mow lawns, harrow gardens, preserve food and so on—were, all of them, invented, perfected, manufactured and distributed by males.

The rest of home design fell into the hands of women and decorators who were women or, when not, usually males in form only—males emotionally so identified with the opposite sex they could rout reluctant husbands because their very travesty made men uncomfortable. Sundry special magazines took up the cause. They were edited by women and by women-identified males (also, in a few cases, by normal men trying to make an honest living but unaware they were betraying their sex).

These homemaking magazines brought forth a welter of counsel on how to convert normal residences into she-warrens. Special jargon was invented for the new, all-distaff decor. Special articles were published which disclosed in the simplest terms every form of psychological treachery whereby a woman could force a man to assent in the emasculation of his home—if not himself.

Where once man had had a den, maybe a library, a cellar poolroom, his own dressing room—and good, substantial floors and walls to protect his privacy—he now found himself in a split-level pastel creation with "rooms" often "created" by screens his wife moved about as often as she changed her flower arrangements. He thereafter hardly ever knew where he was, in his own home.

All he knew was that the beloved old place now looked like a candy box. Every indirect-lighted square foot was now vaguely identifiable as part kitchen, boudoir and nursery—with not even an attic for his skis, and his humidior gone with the hunting prints. Indeed, the cost of the new abode prohibited his previous indoor and outdoor pleasures: overtime work, required to meet the mortgage on the remodeled house, kept him at the office till the late train brought him home in darkness—too weary for fun.

What "his" woman sought in this modernistic, kaleidoscope-hued domain was definitely not convenience, or comfort, from his point of view, but adulation from other women. Yet—the male found—other women, though invariably at first ecstatic over the "Japanesie" (a common decorator's word) effect of the new home, invariably also had additional suggestions. "How utterly dreary, darling!" they would murmur, eyeing the undersized, overstuffed, unsittable furnishings and feeling the turquoise drapes (because of which the old rug had to be thrown out and the new one re-dyed to match exactly). "How divine!" they'd cry—and then add, "But—you must get one of those giant poufs for your love-seat-coffee-table corner! I saw one at Winkle and Waterhouse today! Eight feet in diameter—and only three hundred and ninety-five dollars! Uncovered, of course! But they also have some really celestial mauve Italian silk that would go with your swags! Only eighteen dollars a yard! . . ."

The American home, in short, is becoming a boudoir-kitchen-nursery, dreamed up by women, for women, and as if males did not exist as males. Some homes, like some women, may be predominately cute—even "cuddly," others may reflect their she-owners' softness and vagueness; a house may be the gingham type—spic and span, with painted aluminum furniture; it may also be a home with a gaudy living room bar, brilliant drapes, poufs big enough to lie on and



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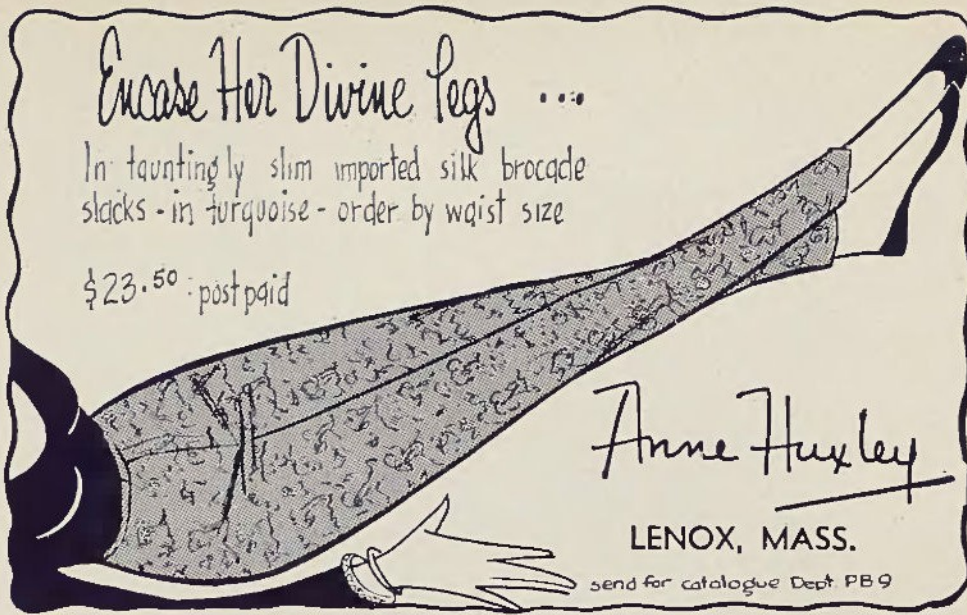
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ankie-deep rugs — resembling the parlor of a lavish brothel. But, always, it is female. It seldom says, "A man and woman live here," or, "A man occupies half this place." Not any more.

And here a yet more somber word is indicated. Time was when most of the world's beauty in all the arts was the work and the joy of men. Indeed, that authority once vested in our sex rested finally upon the fact that men — when they were men — were expected to know and appreciate art, to admire and comprehend science, to revere, seek and achieve learning, and wisdom, also. The intellectual and esthetic attainments of *genus homo* historically have been male endeavors and triumphs. In the days of Egypt, Rome, Greece, Carthage, Alexandria — and in Europe down to modern times — these were regarded as masculine concerns, as evidence of maleness equal to or surpassing man's deeds in sports, war, merchandising and business. Philosophy and its branches — along with the arts — had the highest regard of most men. Poets were as renowned as politicians, generals or discus-throwers. Merchants usually fell far below in the classic list of public esteem. Education was esteemed above riches. "Authority" was male because the male used his brain to become the "author" of art, music, literature, science, government, philosophy, military campaigns.

Behold now, the average contemporary American male, turning on his own kind as he squirms in the female net. Too often, to him, the arts are sissy. A serious discussion of color values and form relationships would be beyond his compass — something he deemed for the birds, for eggheads, for women. As for literature, he does not read, on the average, one good, new book a year. That is one area in which "male authority" perished.

Masculine authority is vested in the male *brain, intellect, mind, spirit, soul* and *gonads* — and in his esthetic, intense emotions. When all those aspects of maleness are defaulted or ridiculed by the captive male majority — their sex has lost its meaning. So America's current anti-intellectualism, together with its anti-sexuality, is evidence of a general male emasculation both of function and mind.

But there are still a few American women — some of them young and not yet married — who have the innate respect for manhood shown whenever they meet an example worthy of respect. That lovely quality, complimented by a proper appreciation of femininity by the male, alone gives to relations of the two sexes their intended meanings, their glamor, their excitements, their love. Most American women, by now, however, are as confused about masculinity as the addled men. *Why not?* Most of the men they see are — first of all — security-seekers, in a world where security doesn't exist and

would not be desirable if it could be created. Most American husbands are, or soon become, flabby parodies of the physical male. Nearly all lack — even sneer at — those qualities of body and spirit wherein true masculinity has its being. This, too, women have done to them.

Even in the appreciation of masculine sports, the women get ahead. They go to the prize fights now. Many a woman, like one I know who irritably began to accompany her husband to the ball games has, in her greater leisure, become more of an "authority" than he on his favorite sport. (And, of course, whenever he talks baseball now — even with male friends at home — his wife's chief delight is to correct his misstatements or to amplify his claims. She sits on her chair-edge — in fact — waiting to surpass him.)

I know some women of the other sort — the ever-scarcer kind of woman who respects men as males. To her, "independence" does not mean freedom to invade any part of a man's life he might wish to keep to himself. "Partnership" is not, from her viewpoint, a license and even a compulsion to deprive him of his male prerogatives. "Equality" doesn't mean identity to her. She has no desire to become a pseudo-male by phonily engaging in male concerns.

The confusion of women about their sex and ours is most evident in the changing character of the entertainment hero. A quarter of a century ago he was either virile or the embodiment of male passion — as Valentino, for instance. There was no law against the possession of authority by a hero. The ladies still look for stimulus, for excitement, for that vanished "something" that once gave males an arousing authority. But — having befemaled all America — they no longer know *what* to look for. Their hero, now, has either to be plainly woman-dominated, like Liberace, or else (because all they remember of the male image is its excitement) that new sort of juvenile who seems mama's-boy-sweet, much of the time, but is also a misfit, unhappy delinquent, or — now and then — a dope fiend, killer or degenerate.

There is also, in rock and roll, a newer note on the horizon. Perhaps, in time, whole choruses of young men will step onto stages in theatres filled by women. These males will then begin to grind and bump. From the wings a mop-haired cowboy will step forward — oscillating lasciviously. And as he undoes the bull's-head clasp of his scarf, the femmes will set up a scream: "Take it off!"

The men, by then, will be doing all the housework; and women biologists will be furiously experimenting to find out how males can be caused to gestate and bear human young.

Freud, looking at his day, pronounced men aggressive in sex matters and women passive. The women have thrown the book in the sage's face. But the great

she-tyranny and pink-sequin shambles that is Sex in America today is not only the fault of women. For, when it became evident that technology could provide myriads of families with luxuries and comforts always hitherto restricted to the few, America's leading men, more than males elsewhere, abandoned the arts, sciences and so on — for business enterprise. And when the ladies saw what goodies even a middle-income husband could furnish — they put the heat on men for more, and the men accepted the burden.

Simultaneously, the fair sex had won long-needed rights — and then used its gains unfairly. How? When pop went all-out in business, he defaulted as a father. His sons grew up without paternal guidance and adult male companionship. Pop also largely abandoned another principal previous concern: the teaching of the young. Our ladies had to fill that gap. And — heady with their social gains — they moved into a realm where male authority had previously been exhibited and engendered in the only way possible: *by men*. Most American men, as a result, have now been indoctrinated in the authority, absoluteness, wonder, marvel, miracle, superiority, dominance and will power of females. They are thus made she-pawns by age 12. For the ladies who took over father's home job — and the male schoolteacher's — chose to regard themselves in the Victorian, Puritan way — and so they

taught the boys. Mom, for most boys, was pop. And her schoolteacher conspirator, whom mom carefully kept underpaid, was a spinster, a virgin — with the result that American boys became men who believed there was more virago than Venus in women.

Some of those robbed males rebelled. Others believed that in adulthood they could regain a sense of masculinity they knew to be lost, by a ceaseless string of female "conquests." That idea's now pretty widespread, in fact. But women were by nature designed not for *conquest*, but *cooperation*. Every man still male enough to be able to regard the other sex with love will know exactly what I mean by that. He'll know how many *more* lovely ladies will cooperate, with how much more mutual satisfaction — than that admittedly large number who can be finally out-maneuvered against their inclination, or bribed by jewelry, furs and sports cars. Such a man may even find one woman who is woman enough to bring permanent love into his life — woman enough to accept the fact that the most endowed and doting husband — if truly male — will once in a while observe and even celebrate the appeal of other women. She will understand that in men, brain, libido and authority act as one and absolute fetters destroy their harmony — hence all harmony.



"I wonder whose wife that was!"



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howls of ivy

(continued from page 50)

his royal entourage visited England. Cole, studying more or less diligently at Cambridge, felt the old mazda light up over his head. He promptly dispatched a formal note to the school authorities telling them that the Sultan and members of his party would visit Cambridge shortly. On the appointed day, the topmost echelons of the university and the town, mantled and medaled, presented themselves at the railroad station. They bowed and scraped as the richly robed Sultan and his functionaries descended from the carriages and graciously surveyed the scene. They were given the number-one tour, feted at luncheon, and escorted to the railroad station in the evening after a gala champagne party. The Sultan had been pleased to leave a gift for the president of Cambridge (The Dorsal Fin of the Sacred Shark of Zanzibar). Eagerly looking for their pictures in the papers next day, the authorities choked on their breakfast kippers when they discovered that the Sultan of Zanzibar had spent the whole of the previous day in London. Cole and his friends split the cost of greasepaint and the rented theatrical costumes and went back to their studies.

Dartmouth students once humbled authority in an even more brutal fashion. The townspeople of Hanover, N.H., had voted to levy a poll tax on all students. Bristling with indignation, the undergraduates descended on the next town meeting. Heavily in the majority, they promptly seized control of the meeting and began to pass laws. One called for the city council to lay a canopied sidewalk from Hanover to Colby Junior College, a girls' school 40 miles away; another specified a new town hall to be an inch square and a mile high. Before the meeting was adjourned, the town had been bound to build an eight-lane concrete highway to Skidmore and a direct subway to Smith. The state legislature had to annul the laws, but no more was heard of the poll tax.

The most popular student pranks have always involved mischief in the bell tower, but even this warmed-over cabbage can reach memorable heights in the hands of inspired men. At Harvard some years ago a few perceptive folk began to notice that the clock bell was striking 13 times at noon. At midnight the orthodox 12 strokes were heard, but at noon it was always 13. Clockmakers could find nothing wrong with the mechanism, but every noon it rang 13 times. The student responsible was finally betrayed by the criminal's traditional Achilles' heel: he got careless and someone saw him sitting in his window with an air rifle, waiting for the 12th bong to die away, whereupon he took careful aim and contributed the 13th.

It was at Princeton that the traditional theft of the bell clapper was reduced, early in the 1950s, to mechanized madness. A pair of freshmen, deciding that a new tack was needed, elected to view the matter as a simple technical problem. They adjourned to New York and outfitted themselves at a war surplus store. Their approach was radical: they thwarted locked doors by climbing the outside of the tower. Once in the bell chamber they wasted no time with wrenches: they unlimbered their oxy-acetylene outfit and cut the clapper in two. They weren't satisfied to do it once, and they became so adept that they could have the clapper off 90 seconds after setting foot in the chamber.

This same pair—they did not, alas, survive to see their sophomore years, but departed Princeton under forced draft—spent many days in a survey of the underground heating tunnel system of Old Nassau. They wanted to find a central point from which many tunnels branched to many buildings. They found it. One dark night they dumped a truckload of industrial rags into the manhole nearest it. They set up enormous electric fans in the tunnel mouths leading away from the pile of rags, which they generously saturated with furnace oil. The next day was, of course, critical, but no one found the cache. It was a Friday. A major basketball game was on. At 8:30 the fun-loving freshmen dropped into the tunnel, plugged their fans in, tossed a cigarette into the rag pile and went up to watch the sport. Within minutes smoke was seeping out of buildings all over campus. It looked as if venerable Princeton, all of it, might burn to the ground. Fire apparatus was summoned from distant points. It was a big night. (Some authorities feel that the heavy expenditure involved in this gag—the big fans, for example, were not recoverable—argues against the amateur standing of its perpetrators, but others maintain that fun is fun, no matter what it costs.)

The elaborate mechanical funny has always been the engineering student's special province and some fairly hairy ones are on record. Some of them are universal, but the practice of stripping an automobile and then rebuilding it in someone's room seems to have originated at M.I.T. At CalTech, the seniors, by tradition, depart for the beach *en masse* on "Ditch Day" in the spring. Underclassmen amuse themselves during the day by filling senior rooms from floor to ceiling with pop bottles or water-soaked newspapers; they also brick up doorways with steel-reinforced cinder block. One senior returned to find his room largely occupied by a cement mixer, full of cement and running at full bore. Another discovered a meteorological balloon in his room filled with water. A current engineers' specialty is to hang a sheet of

19 APRIL 53

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
*	*	*	1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	*	*

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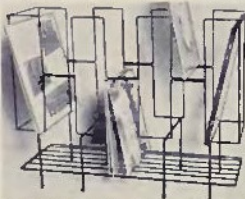
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metal outside some unsuspecting student's open window and activate the metal with a sound frequency below the human auditory range. As the sound waves ripple through him, the victim squirms and frets, cannot imagine what's wrong with him. If his symptoms have been described to him, in advance, as those characterizing sufferers from atomic fallout, so much the better.

The belled bed is an ancient engineers' gag. The Roman slide-rule kids probably pulled it first, to while away the long nights while the Coliseum was building. It was used in Colonial times, the method then being to drill a hole in the floor of a bridal suite directly under the bed, tie a string to the bed-springs and drop the free end downstairs, where a bell would be hung on it. Modern science has improved all that. Twenty years ago the gag was so popular at a big state university in the mid-west that some hapless senior, electing to be married in June, was nearly always nailed. The only difficult part was to find where the happy couple planned to spend their wedding night, and get access to the bed. Everything else was a snap: a battery-powered gong eight or 10 inches in diameter with an inside clapper was riveted to the bed. A pressure switch, set for the combined weight of the newly united couple plus five pounds, was wired to the gong through an armored conduit. All connections were flooded in hard solder. One good jounce would set it off, and almost nothing this side of an H-bomb would stop it.

(A variation on this gag was pulled on two famous Hollywood stars about 15 years ago. They were very famous indeed — they still are — and while they were considered among the kindest and pleasantest people in the business, they annoyed the crew on this particular location trip by disappearing into the girl's dressing room for an hour every day after lunch. Everyone had to stand around and wait until they appeared, flushed and contented-looking, to begin the afternoon's work. The electricians finally took the matter in hand. They knew the pair's exact weight, wired the bed with an on-off switch set for their combined weight plus the usual allowance for jounce. They led the wire a long way off, to the commissary hall, and connected it to a medium-sized bell. The idea was an interesting one: since the bell could be heard in the star's dressing room, but not loudly, how long would it take the pair to connect their activity with the distant tolling? Answer: two days. On the third day the steady tolling of the bell suddenly stopped. Tentatively, it rang again, once. Then, after another pause, twice. Then, no more.)

Students at a Scottish engineering school were permanently traumatized when they belled the bridal bed of one

of their professors, a man of middle age, great choler and massive strength. He was honeymooning in a small inn near the campus and his students ran their wire to a tolling bell in a nearby home. They sat around drinking beer and making witty remarks. Finally, the bell began to ring. It rang slowly, deliberately, regularly. There was much merriment. The bell continued to ring. It rang steadily for half an hour. An hour later, it had not stopped. No one was laughing. One hour and 47 minutes after it had started, the bell tolled its last defiant stroke. The students were speechless and thoughtful as they dismantled the bell, and envy rankled in them. They never did find out that the good teacher had anticipated them: he had re-rigged their rig with one of his own, a metronome making contact at one end of its swing.

Many a professor has given a similarly brutal comeuppance to the young in his charge. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, father of the noted jurist, was one. He taught Harvard medical students a century ago, and they learned to keep their

wits about them. One of his favorite drolleries was to dip a finger into a beaker of urine, taste for salinity, then ask his students to do the same. When the last pale and gagging lad had complied, Dr. Holmes would smile benevolently. "You lack observation, gentlemen," he would say. "And observation is an important factor in medical diagnosis. You neglected to note that while I placed my index finger into the beaker, I tasted my middle finger."

One giant of the pedagogical world, though departed from us these 200 years and more, can still serve the purpose of campus wags. A number of years ago, Harvard University, reveling in tradition and a whopping endowment, erected a group of structures named for the great presidents of Harvard's past: Dunster House, Eliot House, Lowell House. But to the eternal regret of those who persistently champion his cause, no house has yet been built for the man who was president of Harvard from 1709 to 1738. His name? Samuel Hoar.



"I think it's only fair to tell you that I was an accessory before the fact."

SLEEPERS, AWAKE!

(continued from page 62)

about her headache, she shrugged angrily, her tan and white and pink nakedness of breasts winking at him under her flimsy gown. "You can grab me quick before I fall asleep," she said, and brutally she stared at him.

Many times before they had fought at this moment in their lives, but they had resolved to make it good. He had put forward — hot, cold, frightened, determined — the news that seconal was more than a symptom: it was at moments like this an active agent in their trouble. It changed their life together. Could he hold in his arms a woman blunted and blurred and worrying only about her sleep?

"Why not? Seconal isn't all that effective," she had argued.

About what it means, then, he had said, and pleaded with her: "Why don't you at least wait to see if you can fall asleep?"

A pretty creature, too thin and frowning, but still shapely, fresh and pink in

her new nightgown, she stood there waiting for him to make up his mind. It would be decided within the next few seconds — everything, or the trip to the beach, which was now everything in their lives. He looked at the bottle on the dresser. He looked into her narrowed eyes above the feverish, painfully sunburned cheeks. "OK," he said, "let's go to sleep. I'll be with you in a moment."

"I really had an awful headache, Burr," she said, softening abruptly. She took a step toward him, and with a rising rush of relenting feeling, of desire and regret that almost swept him weeping against her, she moved forward and put her arms about him: "From the sun. But it was a mistake. Kiss me, Burr. You were right. You were right, but kiss me anyway."

But he turned his back and her hands fell away and he went into the bathroom. He ran the water for a while and sat on the edge of the tub, holding his head in his hands. When he felt that he had his control back, he got into pajamas (a gift from Laura — they had the same ideas) and went stealthily to

bed, stealthily because she had turned off the lights and was asleep, her face turned away, composed whitely, judging him by her white, still, angry sleep, or pretending to be asleep, no difference; and then he really was. It was as if he shared his wife's drugged retreat from the truth of their life together. He fell off into it with a great weight tied to his head.

In the dream that came to him almost at once he did whatever he wanted to do, she did whatever she wanted, and they wanted the same things. Her name was Lucille in the dream. He awoke with the top of his head hurting where it pressed against the headboard of the hotel bed. He looked at his wife and wondered whom she dreamt of and did not care anymore. He wondered if he were fated now to stop dreaming of Laura, to dream henceforth of Lucille.

Quickly he dressed and went out onto the beach. It was barely midnight, and a warm, starlit September evening, with only the few rustling leaves on the beach to suggest that this was no longer midsummer. He imagined meeting Lucille, also alone and walking on the beach — just like a boy he imagined it. He saw her asking him for a cigarette, telling him of her loneliness, and then finally he began to weep, for he remembered that this is the way a boy imagines finding miraculous perfect love. The tears swelled and burned like blisters in his eyes because he was unused to crying, and they said that it is bad to be nearly 30 years old and still have need of looking for love as the boy does. The boy never finds anything except, if he is lucky, the courage to go beyond himself, and then he abolishes this fantastic ideal love. The Lucilles can sleep undisturbed, patiently awaiting their chances for good and bad times, because a man has his own wife, his own children. He walked the beach, sinking deeper and deeper, secured by the heavy, thick, enveloping cold sands.

And stopped. He stood blinking, shocked awake on the beach with his ankles wet and the night breeze fluttering at him. Some sad creatures, unhappily wived, committed for better and for worse, for worse and for worse, sleep away their age, fearing their heart's secret lament: *Those girls, those lovely seaside girls.* But there is a better option than sleepwalking on the beach when a man's misery is complete. Poor Laura! At last Burr was ready to move the lesson of dream into the practical day. He would search out the girl whom he wanted in life, in flesh, the girl who wanted him.

All he need do next time is speak to Lucille. Why not wake her, wake himself entirely?

FEMALES BY COLE: 51



Holier-than-thou



PIGSKIN PREVIEW

(continued from page 64)

The Irish have two dependable war horses in fullback Nick Pietrosante and quarterback Bob Williams and a tough veteran line led by Al Ecuyer. But they also have the usual meaty schedule. Sure, the Irish will be strong, but they'll get creamed a couple of times, probably by the likes of Purdue and Iowa.

By consensus of opinion Michigan State should cop the Big Ten Championship. But it's not that simple. In recent years there's been a weird tendency for the Big Ten crown to go, not to the pre-season favorite, but to the team that managed to sneak up on the rest of the pack. This year it could be Iowa or Purdue.

One bleak spot in the Michigan State vista is the loss of Blanche Martin, probably the best back in the league, because of an injury during spring practice. But Coach Duffy Daugherty has backfield brutes aplenty, and the most Herculean line in the Conference. The Spartans are big, fast and deceptive, and if they escape their one-game-per-year letdown (last year it was Purdue), they could walk off with the national championship, Big Ten crown, Rose Bowl bid—the works.

Professional dopesters are foretelling a so-so season for Iowa, but that's just the climate that a gamy coach like Forest Evashevski likes. With a line built around stalwarts Bill Lapham and Dan Norton and a dependable quarterback in Randy Duncan, Evy won't be hungry for beef. The brainy type of coaching that the Hawkeys get should account for the rest.

Purdue is another strong dark horse. The Boilermakers have a way of pulling one or two fantastic upsets almost every year, but always seem to have trouble negotiating the long steady haul of Conference competition. This hot and cold running temperament has knocked Purdue out of the championship slot the last few years. Last fall the Boilermakers jelled late but finished strong. This year, led by a couple of tremendous linemen—co-captains Tom Franckhauser and Gene Selawski—the Boilermakers will be big (as usual) and a lot faster.

Great screams of anguish came out of Columbus, Ohio, last December when Auburn was awarded the Associated Press National Championship trophy. But Auburn deserved it: Ohio State plays a brand of colorless football that isn't likely to impress the scribes, regardless of won-lost records. Operating on a theory that nothing succeeds like excess, and utilizing the "three yards and a cloud of dust" style of offense, Coach Woody Hayes uses hordes of material to grind out his wins. And this year the Buckeyes' schedule is rougher than usual and they will be on the spot

as the team to whip. Although numerous knowledgeable prognosticators finger them as best bet for the national championship, we doubt it.

Illinois is always the most unpredictable team (and generally the most colorful) in the Midwest. Ray Eliot's wide-open speed-minded brand of football, combined with a tearful appraisal of his team's chances, makes preguessing the Illini hazardous. But Ray's material is plentiful in Champaign this year, his squad is bursting with experience, and if Eliot can turn up a quarterback to replace Tom Haller, the Illini will be plenty tough.

Wisconsin's fantastic crop of last year's sophomores has matured, senior losses were slight, and the Badgers have that lean and hungry look. Brightest lad in a brilliant line is tackle Danny Lanphear, who almost became a legend in his sophomore season. But their schedule is wicked and the no-letup pace may keep the Badgers from looking as sharp as they are. Watch out for '59.

The flashiest fellow at Michigan is fullback John Herrnstein. But loss of the first-string line from tackle to tackle will be costly for the Wolverines. Minnesota also suffered brutal losses from graduation and, like Northwestern and Indiana, is in the agonies of a serious rebuilding program. Don't expect much from them.

THE SOUTH

INDEPENDENTS

Miami (Fla.) 9-1 Florida State 5-5

SOUTHEASTERN

Auburn 10-0 Vanderbilt 5-5
 Georgia Tech 8-2 Kentucky 4-6
 Mississippi 8-2 Georgia 4-6
 Mississippi State 7-2 Louisiana State 3-7
 Florida 7-3 Alabama 3-7
 Tennessee 6-4 Tulane 1-9

ATLANTIC COAST CONFERENCE

Clemson 9-1 North Carolina 5-5
 North Carolina State 8-2 State 5-5
 Duke 6-4 Wake Forest 2-8
 Maryland 6-5 Virginia 1-9
 South Carolina 5-5

SOUTHERN CONFERENCE

VMI 9-1 Davidson 4-5
 The Citadel 7-3 Richmond 4-6
 William & Mary 6-3 VPI 3-7
 West Virginia 6-4 Geo. Washington 1-7

We'll step way out on a small limb by predicting that the Miami Hurricanes have a damn good chance of copping the national championship this year. All the elements are there: a brawny, rugged line, swell depth in material and a potful of experience (almost the entire first two teams are returning from last year), a dandy quarterback in mighty-mite Fran Curci (148 pounds), a general lack of preseason ballyhoo, and a balanced nationwide schedule. Check us out when the Hurricanes play Wisconsin, September 26.



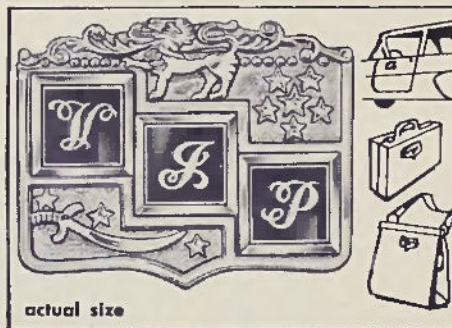
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Auburn looks like the kingpin of the Southeast Conference again. With a bit of luck, the Tigers could even repeat as national champs. Those who witnessed Auburn's spring practice game swear that Coach Jordan is knee-deep in grid-iron clover. Even more important is the probability that his boys will be nursing a slow burn all season about being reassigned to the NCAA doghouse for another three years. Bowl games for the Tigers are verboten, but the desire to spit in the NCAA's eye should give Auburn a definite psychological edge. In football there is no greater asset.

Myopic dopesters spying on Georgia Tech tell of a so-so season in '58, with energetic rebuilding toward a bang-up year in '59. Nuts. The green sophomore squad of last year is smooth and ripe now, and Coach Bobby Dodd has the knack for popping up with some unheralded new horses at just the right time. Winning is an ingrained habit with the Yellow Jackets, so look for them to raise a lot of hell around the south.

Ole Miss can tack up the best won-lost record in the Conference this year and still field far from the best team. It's the old wheeze with the Rebs: puny schedule. Other SEC teams eschew Ole Miss because of the limited seating facilities at Oxford. The Rebs have their entire second team returning intact plus good reserve strength, but they only play two top SEC opponents. As a result, they

could go all the way in their Conference. Just like Oklahoma.

After these three, what? Mississippi State is helmet high in good material (80 sophomores came out last spring) and boasts probably the finest quarterback in the South in Billy Stacy. But their thorny schedule may keep them from looking as good as they are.

Florida's tedious rebuilding job under Bob Woodruff is beginning to pay off: the Gators look stronger than ever and are the dark horse of the Conference. With a climactic win over Auburn, they could sew up the SEC and find themselves in the Sugar Bowl on January 1st.

Tennessee is an unknown quantity, even to themselves. They got clobbered by graduations, and greenness will be a problem in early games. Tulane, Georgia and Alabama, on the other hand, hardly noticed the seniors who left. All three are deeper in material than they've been in years and have the hunger that results from the thin victory soup of recent seasons. Particularly dangerous is Georgia's coach Wally Butts, perhaps the best (and certainly the most colorful) in the country, who runs his Bulldogs so hard during the week that they look forward to Saturday's game as a breather.

Vanderbilt's squad suffers from lack of manpower because of the school's lofty academic standards and the rather quaint insistence that football players

are no exception to these standards. But the Commodores will be tough and fast, and with their well-balanced schedule could surprise us all.

Clemson, burgeoning with material and dedicating a new stadium, is unanimously tagged by opposing coaches to stroll off with the Atlantic Coast Conference title and an Orange Bowl bid. Roughest opposition will come from North Carolina, where Jim Tatum, with a horde of snazzy quarterbacks, is well on his way to turning the Tarheels into a national power again. Maryland is also on the comeback trail and boasts a thundering line led by a fabulously talented guard with the silver-screen handle of Rodney Breedlove. The Terps will jockey with Duke for position as the Conference dark horse, although Duke has an extra-Conference schedule (including Illinois, Notre Dame, Baylor and Georgia Tech) that could sap too much of its strength.

North Carolina State lost much of the beef that helped it win the Conference crown last year, and it looks like a wobbly year up front for the Wolfpack unless the reserve line jells early. Wake Forest will be vastly improved and will crawl out of the Conference cellar leaving room, probably, for Virginia, which faces the season with a dearth of material and a completely untried coaching staff.

Last year, VMI surprised everyone in the Southern Conference with an undefeated season. They look even niftier this year, losing only five of their first 22 men. A terror of a tackle named Jim McFalls heads a big fast line and two smart quarterbacks run the show.

West Virginia looks headed for a rougher year than usual. The material, though inexperienced after the first unit, is good and plentiful enough, but a rough schedule against the likes of Oklahoma and Penn State may be too big a chew for the Mountaineers. Still, a Conference championship is likely, unless William & Mary or VMI get there first.



"Hold it! Hold it!"

THE MISSOURI VALLEY

BIG EIGHT			
Oklahoma	10-0	Kansas State	4-6
Colorado	7-3	Iowa State	4-6
Kansas	6-4	Nebraska	1-9
Missouri	4-6	Oklahoma State	8-2
MISSOURI VALLEY CONFERENCE			
Cincinnati	7-3	North Texas	
Drake	6-3	State	6-4
Tulsa	6-4	Houston	5-4
		Wichita	3-7

We asked a prominent Eastern coach for his choice of the top 10 teams in the nation this year. His answer: "Oklahoma's first team; Oklahoma's second team; Oklahoma's third team; after that, what difference does it make?"

The Sooners won't be *that* good, but they'll be loaded as usual with speed,

depth and skill. Although their schedule begins to show signs of a trend away from the patsy opponents of recent years, it looks like an undefeated season at Norman. Center Bob Harrison is the best in the country, and the Sooners will have inspired generalship from quarterbacks David Baker and Bobby Boyd.

Colorado looks deeper, faster and more aerial minded than usual, and if Oklahoma gets stopped at all, this is probably the team that will do it. Kansas and Missouri have new coaches and rough intersectional schedules, but Kansas at least has depth and experience. Missouri hasn't. Both Kansas State and Iowa State will field young and inexperienced squads with much latent talent, and either could look sharp by the end of the season.

Oklahoma State is loaded this year. They've been stock-piling talent for '60, when they officially join Big Eight football competition. Almost their whole squad is back from last year, and itching to have a go.

On the whole, the Missouri Valley is a better Conference than last year. Cincinnati had a tough sophomore team last year and this season they're tough, deep and experienced. So is Houston, but the Cougars have a rough schedule. Tulsa is also much improved with almost no manpower losses, and this can be their top season in years if they escape another rash of illness like the one that bedeviled them last year. North Texas and Drake will both unleash big strong teams, but Drake, like Wichita, will be hurt by lack of experience.

THE SOUTHWEST

SOUTHWEST CONFERENCE

Texas	8-2	Baylor	4-6
TCU	7-3	Arkansas	4-6
SMU	7-3	Texas A&M	4-6
Rice	7-3		

THE REST

Arizona State	8-2	Hardin-Simmons	5-5
East Texas	7-3	West Texas	5-5
Abilene		Texas Western	4-5
Christian	6-4	Arizona	1-8
Texas Tech	5-5		

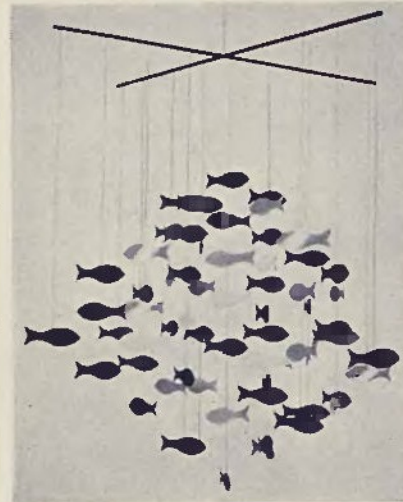
The Southwest Conference is quickly turning into the mightiest football circuit in the land, if it isn't already. Records of intersectional games of recent years give bruising testimony to this. The folks down here take their game seriously, and this year the excitement will be at an even higher pitch than usual: the Conference is so well balanced that a preseason ranking of the first four contenders, Texas, TCU, SMU and Rice, is impossible. They're as much alike in potential as four Sherman tanks. The next group, Baylor, Texas A&M and Arkansas, are only a shade behind. So the Conference championship will likely be decided by luck, schedule breaks, lack of injuries or canny coach-



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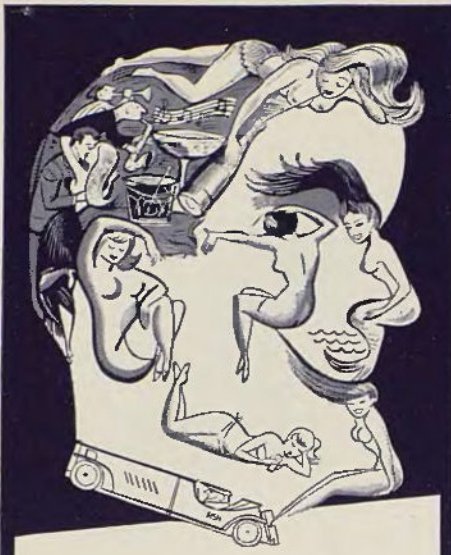
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ing. Because we think it's the latter that counts, we have to give our nod to Texas, where Darrell Royal, our coach of the year, is in charge. Royal is the nimble kind of athletic messiah who has led Texas out of the football wilderness in one short year.

Both Texas and TCU hitch their hopes to a bumper wagonload of juniors. Both will have largely inexperienced second units but should improve hugely as the season progresses. SMU's Conference fortunes may be seriously affected by fierce intersectional contests with Ohio State, Notre Dame and Georgia Tech; the Mustangs' mettle could be tempered or shattered in any one of these games. Much depends, also, on how quarterback Don Meredith comes through.

Rice could easily be the strongest team in the Southwest if they can find a fill-in for last year's two superb signal-callers, King Hill and Frank Ryan, both of whom got their sheepskins. If they do, the Owls will be hard to handle. We'll know by the Purdue game, October 4th.

THE FAR WEST

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Brigham Young	7-3	Utah	5-6
Denver	7-3	New Mexico	3-7
Wyoming	7-3	Montana	2-7
Utah State	5-5	Colorado State	1-9

INDEPENDENTS

Air Force	5-5	San Jose State	3-6
College of the Pacific	5-5		

PACIFIC COAST CONFERENCE

Washington State	8-2	Southern Cal.	5-5
UCLA	7-3	Stanford	5-5
Oregon State	7-3	California	3-7
Oregon	6-4	Washington	2-8
		Idaho	5-4

The Pacific Coast Conference's acute malaise has worsened, the final crack-up has come, and all hope for the patient's eventual recovery is abandoned.

As this last season of the dying PCC is played out, UCLA, USC, California and Washington are making preparations for pulling out on their own to work up independent schedules or perhaps to form a new Conference with other schools. The rest of the old circuit will retire to the nether regions of the Pacific Northwest and perhaps rename itself "The Purity League."

But this last go-round looks like it might be a dilly. With only a few well-timed breaks, either of the top six teams in the league could nail the PCC championship. Washington State looks likeliest from here because the Cougars return almost the entire squad that surprised hell out of everybody last year. An improved running attack and a fresh offense have been added, Bill Steiger has been returned to the backfield where his running, pass catching, and kicking ability can be utilized, and the squad is

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about 20 players deeper.

Eight of UCLA's best men are eligible to play only five games this year. If adequate replacements are not found, this could hurt seriously. But the Bruins have no lack of good reserves, and Red Sanders is still the most dangerous coach in the country when he's in an under-dog role.

Much of Oregon State's success will depend on how fast a group of fine sophomores can mature. The Beavers will have better depth than last year when they tied for the Conference championship, plus a top-notch line led by Ted Bates, a tackle of real All-America stature. Oregon looks as good this year as last, except that the oomph is concentrated in the line rather than the backfield. The Ducks' fortunes will rest largely on finding adequate replacement for last year's superb, but now departed, crop of backs.

USC is in the midst of a rebuilding program under Don Clark and will certainly improve last year's record. But depth is a problem with the Trojans, as it is at Stanford where Cactus Jack Curtice takes over from Chuck Taylor. Curtice will probably install his skyline variety of aerial circus.

Both Washington and California lost a slew of good men, but both are now in their second year with new coaching staffs. Either could surprise if the new material ripens early enough.

The Air Force Academy is in its fourth year of competition, and for the first time has a full crew of footballers with plenty of experience. But it also has a toughening schedule on the way to hoped-for national prominence. The Falcons are shedding their pin feathers, but they still have a long way to go before tackling the other service academy teams.

Things are getting tougher in the Skyline Conference every year. This season, four of the member schools return almost their entire squad intact. This unusual depth, combined with the fancy passing common to this territory, should make other sections begin to sit up and take notice. It's a three-way race among Denver, Wyoming and Brigham Young in '58, with our nod going to the latter purely on the basis of hardnosed depth. Utah will return the fabulous Lee Grosscup, last year's consensus All-America back and certainly the most skilled passer in the country. He'll be teamed with a good pair of ends, but the middle of the line suffered badly at graduation time. If the line gives him adequate protection, look for Grosscup to set all kinds of passing records.

Well, that's the way the ball bounces. And as every red-blooded American boy knows, when a football bounces, there's no real way of knowing which way it will hop.



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PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

COME NOVEMBER, the new jets can whiz you to Europe in a scant six hours from Manhattan. And while you're there, just for contrast in transportation, we suggest you glim the world-famous antique auto race that runs (or putt-putts) from London to Brighton, with frequent halts at bucolic old roadside pubs. Across the Channel, we think you'll be interested in the recent increase in Stockholm night spots following the waning of prohibition there. Try the underground, dim-lit and vaulted Club Bacchus, or the Trianon — exotically complete with tropical flora and caged parrots — set on an island in the harbor. The cover charge at each is about \$1.40 — little enough for a hide-away to take those gloriously emancipated Swedish dolls to (if you don't mind ending a sentence with a proposition). The doors stay open till three A.M. Another tip to brighten your nights in Europe: the gambling casino at Enghien is only 20 minutes from Paris (\$2.50 by cab) but if you don't want to waste all that time in transit, you can hang your Cavanaugh right there: next to the casino (and hard by the Enghien race track — if you don't drop your francs one way you can do it another) is a lovely lakeside resort hotel whose rooms start at a modest \$5 a day.

Stateside, mark down Borrego Springs if you're going to be out California way in early winter. It's a place you should try — rather less glittering (and happily a lot less crowded) than the better-known spas thereabouts. It's got the palm-lined

pools and the mink-lined knockouts, and it's also a take-off point for fascinating desert eye-openers: the tropical rain forest in Coyote Canyon, the super-salty Salton Sea and the Painted Desert. Rates at Borrego Springs resorts start around \$20 a day — for two.

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