

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

DECEMBER ONE DOLLAR

# PLAYBOY

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS GIFT WITH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

## CHRISTMAS FEATURES

FACT & FICTION BY

JAMES THURBER

RAY BRADBURY

LUDWIG BEMELMANS

RUDY VALLEE

NELSON ALGREN

RICK RUBIN

GARSON KANIN

ART BUCHWALD

SHEPHERD MEAD

ERNIE KOVACS

HUGH M. HEFNER

PLUS "PLAYBOY'S

HOLIDAY PUNCH"

& "THE CHRISTMAS

DINNER FLAMBÉ"

BY THOMAS MARIO WITH

NINE COLOR PAGES

OF CHRISTMAS GIFT

SUGGESTIONS FOR MEN

## CHRISTMAS CARTOONS

HUMOR & SATIRE BY

JULES FEIFFER

SHEL SILVERSTEIN

ELDON DEDINI

ALBERTO VARGAS

GAHAN WILSON

E. SIMMS CAMPBELL

ERICH SOKOL

JOHN DEMPSEY

PHIL INTERLANDI

PLUS A SIX-PAGE

PLAYBOY PICTORIAL

ON ARLENE DAHL &

A PHOTO UNCOVERAGE

OF "PLAYBOY'S OTHER

GIRLFRIENDS"—

SOPHIA LOREN

KIM NOVAK

BRIGITTE BARDOT

ANITA EKBERG





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ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

# PLAYBOY

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS GIFT AND NINTH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

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 JULES FEIFFER  
 SHEL SILVERSTEIN  
 ELDON DEDINI  
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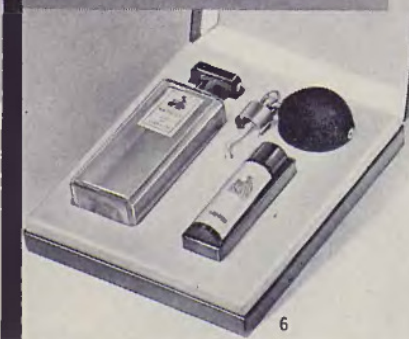
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 & "THE CHRISTMAS  
 DINNER FLAMBÉ"  
 BY THOMAS MARIO WITH  
 NINE COLOR PAGES  
 OF CHRISTMAS GIFT  
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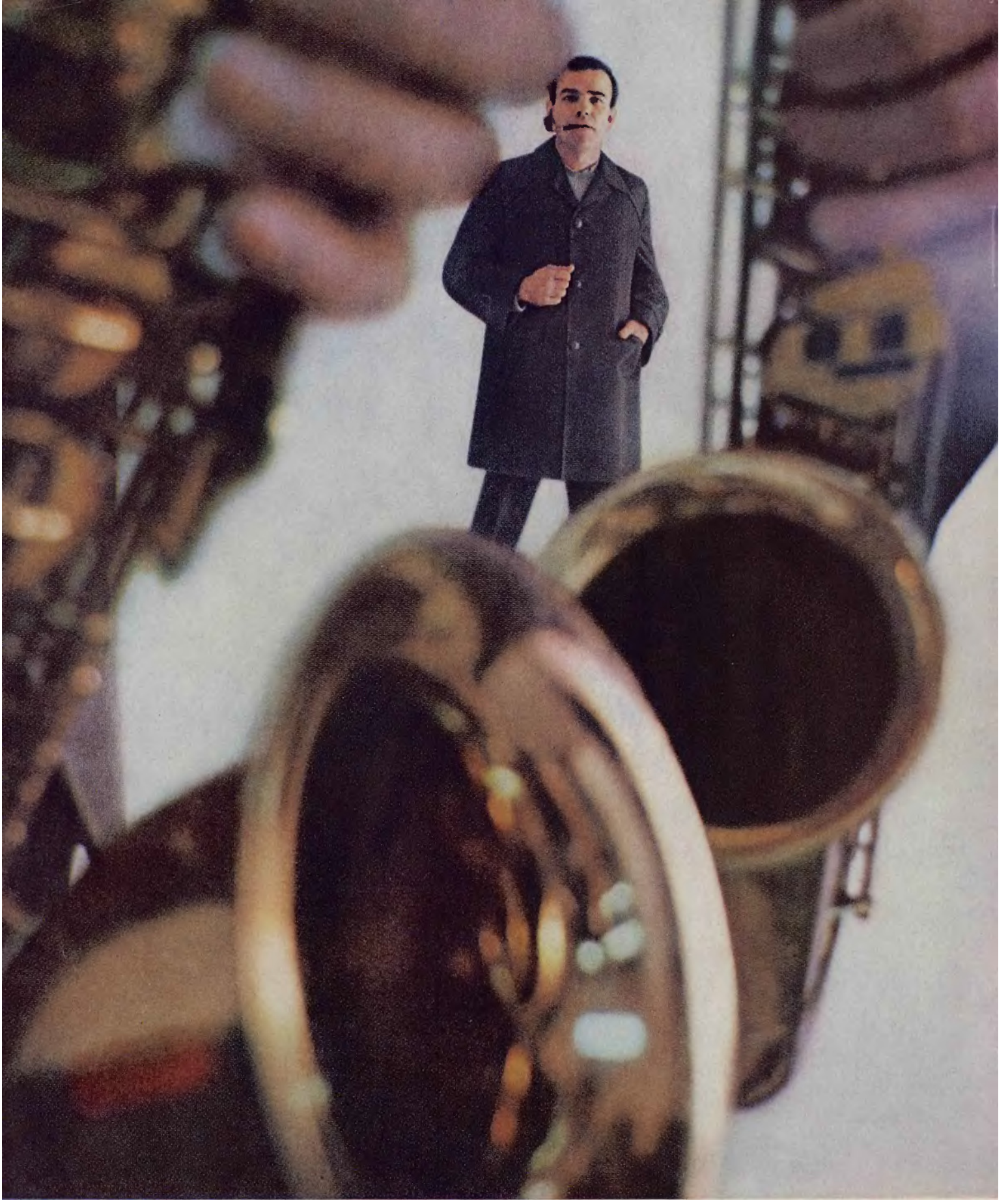
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## PLAYBILL

HALF THE FUN of receiving Christmas presents is the surprise of discovering what lies hidden behind the gift wrappings. We trust you were pleasantly surprised when you opened this special Ninth Anniversary and Christmas Gift Issue and beheld the hidden half of cover girl Sheralee Connors. If you were also surprised by the apparent absence of our traditional PLAYBOY rabbit on the front cover, just a bare bit of hindsight is sure to reveal him. Yes, there are indeed two sides to this issue, although it's a heads-or-tails toss-up as to which is most attractive.

To get our tricky cover shot(s), Staff Photographer Pompeo Posar and freelancer Bob Hart created identical backgrounds by draping a 40-foot-long roll of seamless paper in the shape of a huge U, then positioned Sheralee, a former Playmate of the Month (July 1961) and now a Bunny at our Chicago Playboy Club, in the exact center. Peeking out of the background paper on both sides were two identical cameras. To shoot all of Sheralee at once, both cameras were synchronized for simultaneous triggering by strobe flash. Sounds simple enough, but it took six hours and 15 rolls of film to get the exact results. We hope you're flipped by this flip-side photo because we've used the same idea with several other pages in this issue to provide just a few of the surprises in store for you in

this record-breaking (228-page) Yuletide package.

Speaking of surprises, it comes as no surprise to us that discussions of PLAYBOY's concept and philosophy have become a national pastime, in the public prints, at cocktail parties, during theater intermissions and wherever else cosmopolites exchange ideas. Now, after hearing quite a few people tell us what we are all about, we think it high time for PLAYBOY to speak up in its own behalf. Therefore, in this Ninth Anniversary issue, PLAYBOY Editor-Publisher Hugh Hefner defines and explains *The Playboy Philosophy* in the first comprehensive statement this magazine has ever made on its concept, creation and credo.

While both our critics and our friends (it is possible to be both) agree that there is much more to PLAYBOY than meets the eye, what meets the eye in the girl department this month represents several million dollars' worth of talent. Visualize: A six-page spread of exclusive photos of ravishing Arlene Dahl in nothing more than a negligible negligee, shot especially for us by artful Frank Eck in Arlene's own Beverly Hills boudoir; eight additional color pages featuring *Playboy's Other Girlfriends*, 13 of the world's most exciting show business beauties (including Sophia Loren, Anita Ekberg, Brigitte Bardot and Kim Novak) who have appeared in PLAYBOY during

our first unforgettably exciting nine years; and, of course, our Playmate of the Month triple-fold photo featuring gift-laden June Cochran. Visualize all that if you can. Better yet, see for yourself.

Besides an eye-ful you'll also get an earful in this bulging holiday issue as that bulging genius, Jackie Gleason, bestows his gift of gab on one and all in an exclusive *Playboy Interview*. We got to The Greatest—as Gleason calls himself—shortly after his \$90,000 Great Train Ride, a low-flying rail tour to tout his new TV show. But as much territory as that fantastic train trip covered, Gleason's runaway interview covers even more.

Among the literary gifts presented herein are several very special surprises, including a hitherto unpublished story by the late James Thurber. A tumultuous tale of a Thurberesque hero who gives two frustrated lovers a gift of time and privacy, *Brother Endicott* was still on Thurber's writing table at the time of his death. His widow, aware of our admiration for the gentle humorist, made the story available to us for first publication. It will appear in *Credos and Curios*, a new Thurber collection to be published by Harper & Row.

Our Christmas feast of fiction continues with *Gala at the Tour d'Argent*, a mouth-watering account of a seductive rendezvous in one of France's finest

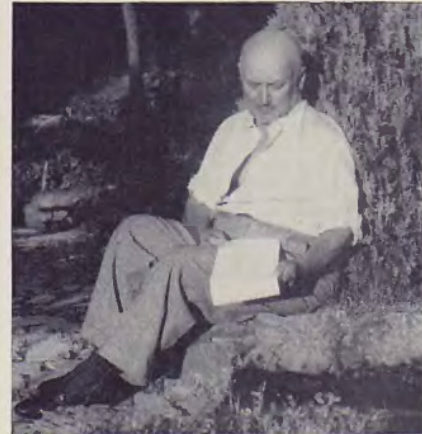
HEFNER



THURBER



BEMELMANS



BRADBURY





# PLAYBILL

restaurants, as experienced by the late Ludwig Bemelmans' wondrously naive heroine. There's no need to unwrap Gala; she's the loveliest (and hungriest) stripper who ever worked the *bistro* section of Paris' Ile de la Cité, where Bemelmans himself operated a small but celebrated cabaret.

Christmas, of course, is the season for fond reunions and hence a very fitting time to welcome back to our pages our longtime science-fiction wizard, Ray Bradbury, whose *Machineries of Joy* bears a special message of peace on earth belatedly learned by three clerics who argue the merits of man's invasion of God's heavens. Ray tells us that his novel, *Fahrenheit 451* (PLAYBOY, March, April and May 1954) is being filmed in France this winter by François Truffaut, director of *The 400 Blows*, and that his *Martian Chronicles* is being produced on-stage in Paris with a cast that includes both live actors and giant marionettes.

Joining our Yule reunion is fellow Chicagoan Nelson Algren, whose hauntingly humorous and poetic ruminations on a knockabout boyhood in these parts light up *The Father and Son Cigar*, a chapter from his forthcoming semi-fictional memoir, *Who Lost an American?*, to be published early next year by Macmillan.

Here, too, is Garson Kanin, distin-

guished playwright (*Born Yesterday*, *Do Re Mi*), director (*Diary of Anne Frank*, *They Knew What They Wanted*) and screenwriter (*Adam's Rib*, *Pat and Mike*), whose short story *None But the Brave* proves there is more than one kind of courage when the protagonist, having bravely suffered in battle, lacks the courage to face the loss of either of the two women in his life. Another old friend, internationally syndicated columnist Art Buchwald, takes us backstage with his nifty twists on *Great Stories from Showbiz*.

Also on hand for our Christmas homecoming are satirical cartoonists Jules Feiffer (who reverses the trend toward automation with a touching tale of a very lonely *Lonely Machine*), Eldon Dedini (who assaults the giving season with a bit of satirical gift rapping), Shel Silverstein (with a highly contagious case of *Teevee Jeebies*) and brain-cellmates Harvey Kurtzman and Will Elder (who take our own *Little Annie Fanny* to the wildest office party ever).

As always, there are some new faces around our festive board. Rick Rubin, a 31-year-old free-lancer, provides our lead fiction with *Winter in This Latitude*, in which a harried status seeker secedes from life to find — or is it to lose? — its meaning. The story, says Rubin, "inspired me to spend last winter vacationing from life and other serious mat-

ters by skiing in Aspen." New to our pages but not to our readers, Rudy Vallee joins us with *How to Succeed in How to Succeed*, a candid and often biting account of the rocky road to his smash Broadway comeback. Rudy reprises his entire career in a new book, *My Time Is Your Time*, soon due from Obolensky.

Although Ernie Kovacs is no longer with us in body, he is certainly still present in spirit, and we can almost hear him guffawing with glee over his myopic, spit-curlled creation, Percy Llewelyn Dovetonsils, landing another of his preposterous poems on our pages. This time Dovetonsils-Kovacs, author of such forgettable poems as *Does the DC-8 Eat Its Young?* and *For Shame, John Wilkes Booth!*, offers *Ode to a Housefly*, whose epic hero had the effrontery to land in Kovacs' drink. The *Ode* was sent to us by Ernie just a short time before his death.

More Christmas surprises await you as you open our neatly packaged nine-page assortment of eminently presentable Christmas gifts, heed Fashion Director Robert L. Green's sapient suggestions for *Gifting the Girls*, warm to Food Editor Tom Mario's menu for *The Christmas Dinner Flambé*, sample *The Playboy Punch Bowl*, and settle back for a hefty holiday helping of our customary features, cartoons and reviews. Good Yule!

ALGREN



KANIN



FEIFFER



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# PLAYBOY



Girlfriends

P. 134



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P. 147



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P. 122

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## CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

PLAYBILL.....	3
DEAR PLAYBOY.....	13
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS.....	29
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR.....	55
PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK—travel.....	PATRICK CHASE 61
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JACKIE GLEASON—candid conversation.....	63
GIFTING THE GIRLS.....	ROBERT L. GREEN 69
THE PLAYBOY PHILOSOPHY—editorial.....	HUGH M. HEFNER 73
WINTER IN THIS LATITUDE—fiction.....	RICK RUBIN 75
THE LONELY MACHINE—satire.....	JULES FEIFFER 79
HOW TO SUCCEED IN HOW TO SUCCEED—article.....	RUDY VALLEE 87
THE CHRISTMAS DINNER FLAMBÉ—food.....	THOMAS MARIO 88
ELEGANT DAHL—pictorial.....	92
BROTHER ENDICOTT—fiction.....	JAMES THURBER 99
THE PLAYBOY PUNCH BOWL—drink.....	101
DEDINI'S CHRISTMAS—humor.....	ELDON DEDINI 102
THE MACHINERIES OF JOY—fiction.....	RAY BRADBURY 105
GREAT STORIES FROM SHOWBIZ—humor.....	ART BUCHWALD 107
ODE TO A HOUSEFLY—humor.....	ERNIE KOVACS 110
PRESENT PERFECT—playboy's playmate of the month.....	112
PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor.....	118
THE FATHER AND SON CIGAR—nostalgia.....	NELSON AIGREN 120
GALA AT THE TOUR D'ARGENT—fiction.....	LUDWIG BEMELMANS 122
ON THE SCENE—personalities.....	126
WORD PLAY—satire.....	ROBERT CAROLA 128
SEX SYMBOLS—humor.....	SALLY BALDWIN 131
NONE BUT THE BRAVE—fiction.....	GARSON KANIN 133
PLAYBOY'S OTHER GIRLFRIENDS—pictorial.....	134
WHY MARRY?—satire.....	SHEPHERD MEAD 142
THE DAY IT RAINED DOUGHNUTS—ribold classic.....	145
MERRY CHRISTMAS—gifts.....	147
CARRY ON TEEVEE JEEBIES—humor.....	SHEL SILVERSTEIN 158
LITTLE ANNIE FANNY—satire.....	HARVEY KURTZMAN and WILL ELDER 224

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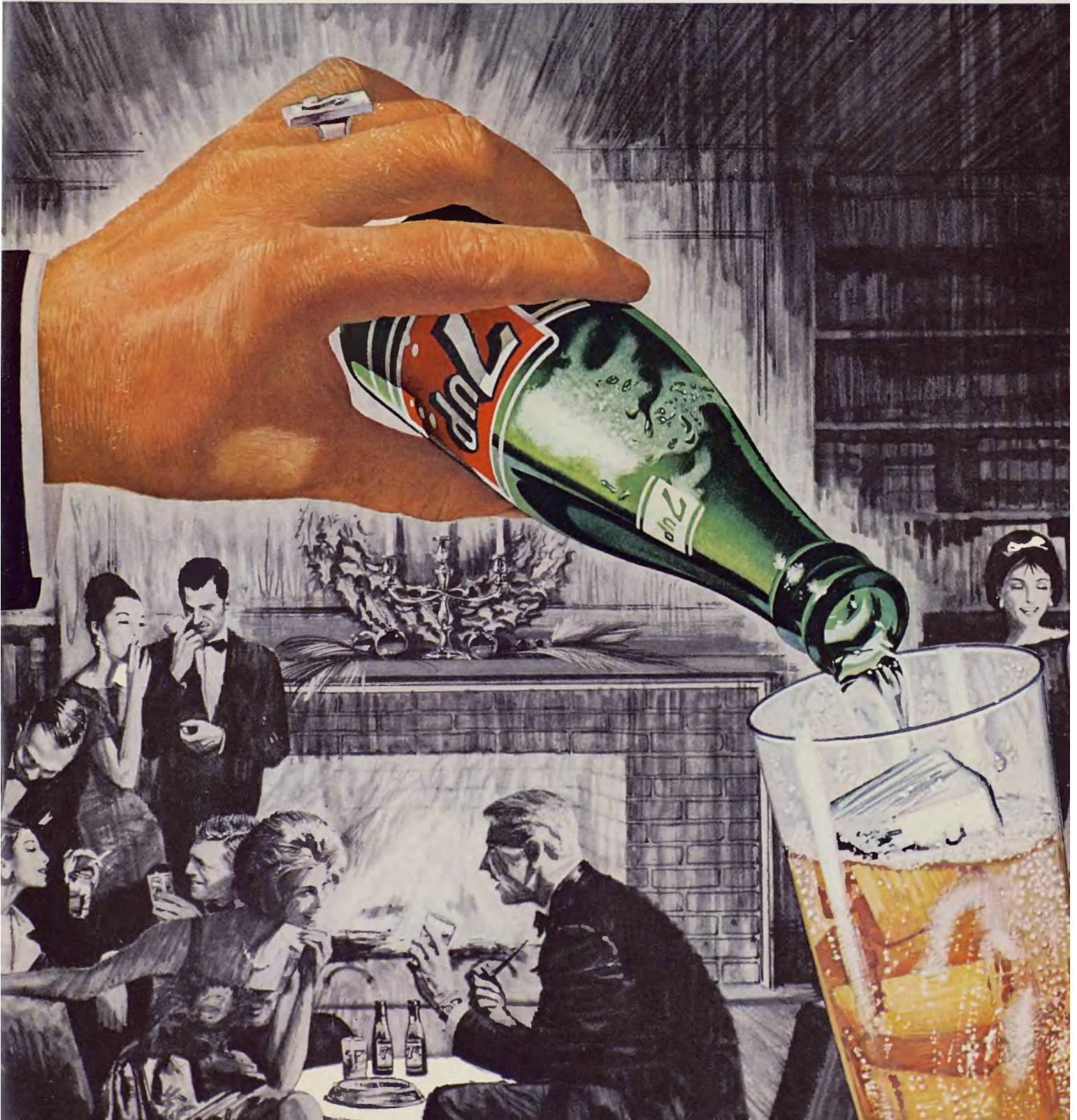




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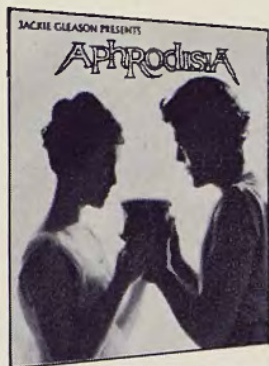
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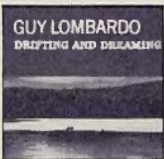
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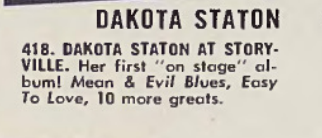
**453. HANK THOMPSON AT THE GOLDEN NUGGET.** Recorded "live" at Los Vegas Honky Tonk Girl, John Henry, 10 more.



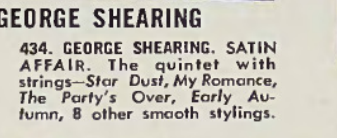
**508. SENSATIONAL.** Les Baxter's piano, chorus and orchestra in Autumn Leaves, Never on Sunday, Mahav Napilah—9 more Baxter arrangements.



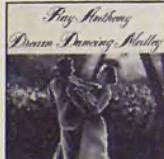
**517. DANCE TO THE MUSIC OF SAIL AWAY.** Ted Strasser and his Society Dance Orchestra highlight the hits from Noel Coward's smash musical show.



**441. CLANCY'S CLOWNS. SAXAPHOBIA.** Unique stylings of 12 from the Wilson sings: Blue Lou, Charleston, Oh By Jingie!



**373. THE SWINGIN' MUTUAL.** George Shearing Quintet plays—Nancy Wilson sings: Blue Lou, Inspiration, 10 more!



**337. RAY ANTHONY. DREAM DANCING MEDLEY.** A new album in the "Dream" series: If Had To Be You, Soon, The Man I Love, Mine, 26 more!



**485. VIKING!** Hollywood Bowl Symphony plays 11 Scandinavian composers: Grieg, Halvorsen, Sinding, Jarnfelt.



**179. RED NICHOLS. DIXIE LAND DINNER DANCE.** The Five Pennies swing a la carte: Ja-Da, Septem-bar Song, Ballin' The Jack, 10 more great hits.



**514. SING-A-ROUND WITH ARTHUR GODFREY.** Merry miscellany of group-singing favorites—Row, Row, Row Your Boat, Frere Jacques, 16 more.



**521. VIVE LA FRANCE.** The famed Roger Wagner Chorale with rousing, romantic and provincial songs: La Marseillaise, Aupres de ma Blonde, 12 more.



**510. NANCY WILSON/CANNONBALL ADDERLEY.** Teaming up to give you I Can't Get Started, Happy Talk, Unit 7—eleven numbers in all.



**511A & 511B. THE STORY TELLER.** A SESSION WITH CHARLES LAUGHTON. A dramatic collection of Charles Laughton's masterful readings—poetry, plays, humor, classics, psalms. Actual on-stage performances.



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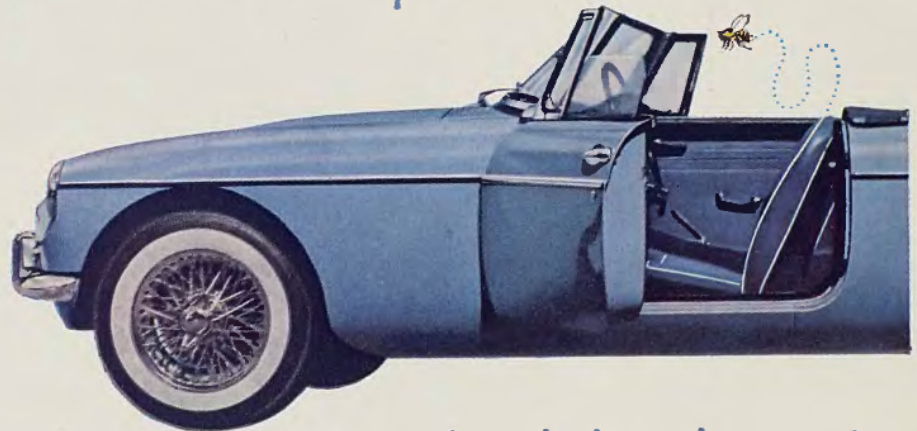
(2-Record set counts as two separate selections.)



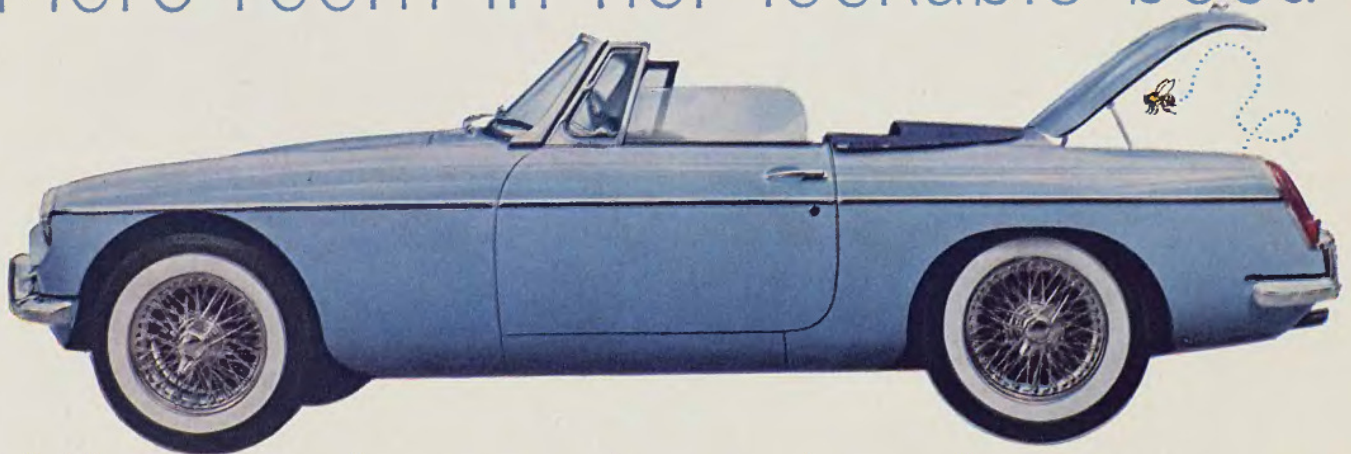
Busier bee in her bonnet.



Her windows wind up. And down.



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All new from stem to stern.



Candid advice to the gal who has accepted an invitation to share a test ride in the new MGB for '63. If he wants to bet that your hairdo will stay done, don't bet. He'll simply wind up the windows. If he says that he can easily top a 100, he's right. Don't worry. Remember, the MG is the "Safety-fast" car. When he balks at letting you drive, don't argue. Let him have his fun. Just smile to yourself and enjoy all the luxurious passenger conveniences instead. After all your BMC dealer is an understanding guy. He'll be glad to arrange a test-drive just for you. Warning: Once in, you won't want out.



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## DEAR PLAYBOY

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

### STIRLING ACHIEVEMENT

Thank you so much for the article on my son Stirling. Both my wife and I are very impressed with the way in which the material has been presented. Please congratulate Mr. Purdy and tell him that, in my opinion, his very excellent piece of writing should be considered as the nucleus for a book.

Alfred E. Moss  
Battersea, England

*It is.*

This must be one of the best pieces yet written about Grand Prix racing and surely is the most penetrating and authoritative one about its foremost exponent, Stirling Moss. I think Ken Purdy knows Moss better than almost anyone, and I know that Stirling has a great regard for Purdy. The article is superb. I join Stirling's countless friends in wishing him a quick and complete recovery and a speedy return to his life's work.

Cameron R. Argetsinger,  
Executive Director  
Watkins Glen Grand Prix Corporation  
Watkins Glen, New York

Expert accolades were really heaped on your magazine when *Competition Press* noted that Purdy's Moss article was "by far the best thing ever written on Moss, and could very well be the best 'think piece' ever written about road racing."

Arthur Marcus  
Los Angeles, California

It was a real pleasure to read Ken Purdy's graphic article about Stirling Moss; it is unquestionably one of the finest I have ever read about any race driver. Few writers have been able to describe the philosophy of a champion in any branch of sports so vividly or authentically; I enjoyed every word of it.

Al Bloemker  
Indianapolis Motor Speedway  
Corporation  
Speedway, Indiana

Having read the Stirling Moss article, I must say that I am impressed. If Ken Purdy really did it all on the strength of a three-hour taped conversation with

Moss, he must be a genius; but even if he took much longer, it is a most effective piece of work.

Richard Bensted-Smith, Editor  
*The Motor*  
London, England

Like Purdy, I think that Moss is the greatest driver, and a genius in a world of mediocrity, albeit a very high standard of mediocrity. His descriptions of some of our experiences in the Mille Miglia road race in Italy bring back happy memories, but I would like to enlarge on one detail. During practice we had evolved a signal for approaching blind hill-brows that meant "Dead straight, full throttle," and while waiting for the start, Moss said not to worry if he lifted off slightly when I gave him such a signal, because he had "no intention of taking blind brows at 170-175 mph. Not that a crash at 160 will be any better than at 170, but I shall feel better about it." Throughout the 1000 miles he took every brow I signaled absolutely flat-out, not flexing his foot on the throttle for a fraction of a second. After the race I reminded him about what he had said at the start, and his reply was typical: "I got in the spirit of the thing." I enjoyed Purdy's analysis of why people race cars, and why some are better than most. It all made good sense to me.

Denis Jenkinson  
Crandall, Hampshire, England

I just read Ken Purdy's article on Stirling Moss while glancing through the magazine at my fella's house. What a gas—the best article I ever read on anybody, anywhere. I'm in love with Moss after just reading about him. It's no mystery to me why his girls don't mind about other girls—there seems to be enough of him to go around.

Maggy Landon  
Tahoe Valley, California

I think PLAYBOY will be interested in knowing what Sports Editor Ed McGrath of the *Spartanburg Journal* had to say in his column about Ken Purdy's Stirling Moss piece. Keep in mind that this is stock-car country where foreign iron and

## MY SIN

...a most  
provocative perfume!



## LANVIN

*the best perfume Paris has to offer*

Purse size \$3; Spray Mist \$5;  
Toilet Water from \$3; (plus tax)

PLAYBOY, DECEMBER, 1962, VOL. 9, NO. 12, PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY HMH PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., PLAYBOY BUILDING, 232 E. OHIO ST., CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS. 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 TO PLAYBOY, 232 E. OHIO ST., CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS, AND ALLOW 30 DAYS FOR CHANGE. ADVERTISING: HOWARD W. LEDERER, ADVERTISING DIRECTOR, JULES KASE, EASTERN ADVERTISING MANAGER, 720 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 19, NEW YORK, CI 5-2620; BRANCH OFFICES: CHICAGO, PLAYBOY BUILDING, 232 E. OHIO ST., MI 2-1000; JOE FALL, MIDWESTERN ADVERTISING MANAGER, LOS ANGELES, 8721 BEVERLY BLVD., OL 2-8790; STANLEY L. PERKINS, MANAGER, SAN FRANCISCO, 111 SUTTER ST., YU 2-7994; ROBERT E. STEPHENS, MANAGER, DETROIT, 705 STEPHENSON BUILDING, 6360 CASS AVE., TR 5-7250; SOUTHEASTERN, FLORIDA AND CARIBBEAN REPRESENTATIVE, PIRNIE & BROWN, 3108 PIEDMONT RD., N.E., ATLANTA 5, GA., 233-6729.



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its chauffeurs are looked at somewhat askance. I quote: "Not only does author Purdy examine the warp and woof of the incredible Stirling Moss but he encompasses the whole of a way of life far out of touch with the ordinary desires and urges of the more pedestrian among us. *Stirling Moss: A Nodding Acquaintance with Death* is required reading for every follower of the sport of racing."

James Short  
Darlington, South Carolina

As one of Stirling Moss' closest friends, I would like to thank PLAYBOY and Mr. Purdy for presenting the finest article on him that I have ever read. The authenticity, depth and background color have given the reader an inside view of a truly great man and a very misunderstood sport.

Herbert R. Jones  
London, England

I never before really understood why men so cheerfully risked their lives for what seemed mere sport. I understand now.

Ethel Warner  
Little Rock, Arkansas

#### A PULPABLE HIT

CHARLES BEAUMONT'S "THE BLOODY PULPS" IS THE FIRST CONSTRUCTIVE FRONT AGAINST TELEVISION I'VE READ. A FEW MORE SEMINARS ON NICK CARTER, FRED FEARNOT, LIBERTY BOYS OF '76, DIAMOND JIM BRADY, FRANK MERRIWELL, ETC., AND YOU MAY SUCCEED IN WINNING OUR TV GAPERS BACK TO A LITERATURE THAT HELPED BUILD THIS REPUBLIC.

BEN HECHT  
BEVERLY HILLS, CALIFORNIA

*The Bloody Pulps* was a lovely bit of nostalgia for men in my creak-bracket.

H. Allen Smith  
Mount Kisco, New York

It is always a pleasure to relive the pleasanter aspects of one's youth, and Charles Beaumont has delightfully recreated an era in fine detail.

Ernest Donney  
Los Angeles, California

Charles Beaumont's *The Bloody Pulps* raised a lump in my throat and brought a tear to my eye. It was like suddenly remembering an old friend of the family. I was hooked on at least five that the writer mentioned and one that he didn't — *Flynn's Detective*.

Jack Lobel  
Ottawa, Canada

I got quite a kick out of *The Bloody Pulps* by Charles Beaumont. Many people have written about various aspects



DON'T BE VAGUE...ASK FOR HAIG & HAIG • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF • BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND • RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N. Y.



"See what they gave me."

"I hear everyone's giving it."

"That's what I've been telling you."

**HAIG & HAIG**

tastes the way more people want their scotch to taste  
Uncommonly good, superbly smooth, supremely mellow. It has the original flavor that made scotch whisky famous all over the world. No finer whisky goes into any bottle.



90 PROOF



## I make magic with martinis

Want a martini that's out of this world? Try  
a Calvert martini. I'm not just "extra dry"...

**I'm 100% dry.**

of the pulp magazines, but to date no one has written a truly significant thing about the market as I saw it. For ten years, I averaged having a novelette in the mail every third day, despite the fact I was practicing law at the time, working in court during the day and pounding out stories at night. My own experience indicates that a very large number of business and professional men got their relaxation from the pulp magazines. I received all sorts of letters from bankers, surgeons, etc., who wanted real escape literature. I agree with Mr. Beaumont that the horror covers on magazines contributed greatly to the downfall of the pulps. I protested vehemently to the publishers at the time, but as long as they could get a 15 percent circulation increase by putting a horror cover on a respectable magazine, they went in for horror covers. Then all of a sudden, in revulsion, the public turned against the whole business. It was a fascinating era while it lasted.

Erle Stanley Gardner  
Temecula, California

### MILES

I found your *Playboy Interview* with Miles Davis extremely interesting. Such articles as this shed much light on the factors involved in the shaping of an artist of Miles' stature. My congratulations; I know Miles is not the most approachable of jazzmen. I can only say I wish I'd had it for *Down Beat*.

Don DeMichael, Editor  
*Down Beat*  
Chicago, Illinois

Reading Miles' abrasively honest comments at that length was a thorough pleasure.

Nat Hentoff  
New York, New York

Having long been an enthusiastic admirer of Miles, the musician, I was surprised to discover that Miles, the man, is *quite* a man. In his own way, he has given insight into a rather touchy subject and I am impressed.

Bruce W. Reisman  
Coconut Grove, Florida

Miles deplores prejudice but is evidently an accomplished practitioner of Crow Jim. Last November, I found myself elbow-to-elbow with Miles in San Francisco's Jazz Workshop and I made the mistake of complimenting him on his work and thanking him for the pleasure he had given me through his playing over the years. I was sober and sincere, but I've never gotten such a hostile stare in my life. He ignored my remarks and turned his attention to the backbar.

Bill Dyer  
Berkeley, Illinois





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Whet her appetite for all the glittery things to follow with the great taste of a Chesterfield King. **21 great tobaccos make 20 wonderful smokes.** By the carton, that's 200 wonderful smokes—tobaccos too mild to filter, pleasure too good to miss. Here's an extra gift in extraordinarily good taste, and worth at least a hug.

**TASTES GREAT  
BECAUSE THE  
TOBACCOS ARE**







**THE ONE GIFT THAT LEAVES 'EM BREATHLESS!**

Just what every man wants for Christmas—a bottle of Smirnoff Vodka. No other gift of liquor makes best wishes so *delicious*. For Smirnoff Martinis, Sours and Highballs. For Screwdrivers, Bloody Marys and Gimlets. Giving Smirnoff is almost as rewarding as getting it. (No more guessing which whiskey to give.) Smooth, flawless Smirnoff® is America's vodka choice all year. And all the smarter as a gift in its handsome holiday carton.

*it leaves you breathless*

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THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING VODKA





The Miles interview was a wonderful sequel to Nat Hentoff's *Through the Racial Looking Glass* [July 1962]. It is indeed something to find so many Negroes in high places who are less and less concerned with the proper display of discretion and show of deference toward their white American compatriots.

Rudolph Cook  
Portland, Oregon

If your first *Playboy Interview* is an indication—based solely on the effect it had on me—of what you plan for subsequent subjects of the feature, it cannot help but succeed.

Joseph R. Pelletier  
Olympic Valley, California

I hope Mr. Davis continues the way he's going. There should be more artists who don't feel that they have to give their whole lives to the Great American Public. If Miles ever runs for office or anything, he's got my vote. I don't remember when I've read such a good and unphony interview.

Walt Hartlage  
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Reading Miles Davis' statement in *PLAYBOY* won't make me come to see him when he plays Philadelphia again. I've seen him walk off the stage after the opening bars of a song and stay off for the remainder of the set. However, reading his words did make me form a new opinion of him as an individual. As a Negro, I understand his anger. And he has dignity. Too bad he can't bottle it and pass it around.

Dan Evans  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Were I clergyman or crapshooter, the only thing I'd add to what Miles Davis says would be "Amen!" Being a trumpeter myself, I can vouch for the prejudice in studio-musician jobs. He hit home in so many ways, I felt like I was standing in the colored waiting room of a Mississippi bus terminal.

Charles E. Jones  
Los Angeles, California

Congratulations are in order to both Miles, for being himself, and to *PLAYBOY* for getting there fustest with the mostest.

Carl F. Karkutt  
Plainfield, New Jersey

#### THIN RED LINE-UP

Having been completely caught up in the first two installments of James Jones' *The Thin Red Line* in *PLAYBOY*, I felt my literary judgment vindicated (and *PLAYBOY*'s, too) when I read the review of the book by eminent historian and critic Maxwell Geismar in *The New York Times*. When Geismar said that

# This Season... Make Your Gift An Event!

Records are smart and sophisticated gifts, but Verve Records are events. And the music in their grooves is jazz that grabs the highest ratings and starts the trends. Like *JAZZ SAMBA* (V/V6-8432), the Stan Getz collaboration with Charlie Byrd. That one started the whole Bossa Nova thing. And like *RHYTHM IS MY BUSINESS* (V/V6-4056). It's Ella singing the end,



just as she always does. Then there's *EMPATHY* (V/V6-8497), a set of crisp blowing by Bill Evans, Shelly Manne, Monty Budwig, and nobody else. None needed. It's the jazz meeting of the year. And Johnny Hodges...his is the soft and sensual sound on alto sax. Hear it glow on *THE*



*ELEVENTH HOUR* (V/V6-8492), perfect backdrop for your eleventh hour. And how about Cal Tjader? Bossa Nova at its finest is on Cal's *CONTEMPORARY MUSIC OF MEXICO AND BRAZIL* (V/V6-8470). And from the World of Wit, laugh along with Jonathan Winters, that is. *ANOTHER DAY,*



*ANOTHER WORLD* (V-15032) is his zaniest yet, complete with Maude Frickert, Igor, the little people, and all your other favorites. Make your gift to someone important this season a real event. Give Verve Records. And add yourself to your list. These are too good to miss!



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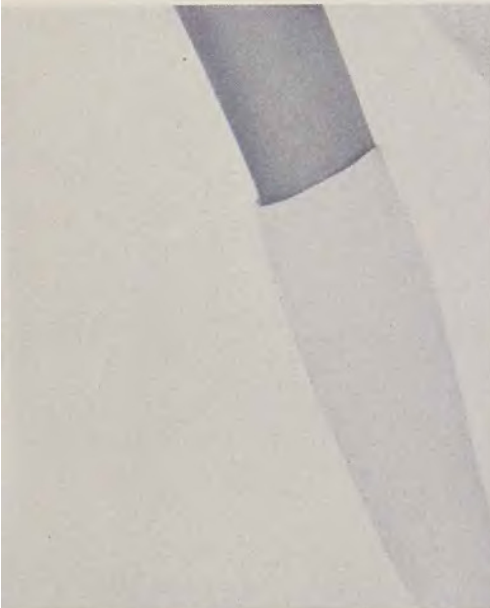
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woman  
alive  
wants  
Chanel N°5



Perfume from 7.50 "For The Purse" 5.00



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*In Fine Whiskey...*  
**FLEISCHMANN'S**  
 is the BIG buy!

*The First Taste  
 will tell you why!*



"it will be rated as another epic chronicle of the average American citizen undergoing the inferno of modern warfare," he put his finger on the nub of Jones' qualities as a writer. This is no esoteric stream-of-consciousness or cerebrally effete approach to war. This is the way it was. Geismar puts it even better when he says, "The magic of Jones as a writer is that, discharging all the clichés and slogans of patriotism, of heroism, and of war itself, remaining so absolutely honest about his theme, he yet manages to make these typical American fighting men universally human and exceptional. *The Thin Red Line* is an experience." PLAYBOY should be proud of its prepublication preview. Mr. Jones has truly risen from the ashes of *Some Came Running*.

Theodore Bergman  
 Brooklyn, New York

I would be interested in knowing if the characters in *The Thin Red Line* are Doggies or Gyrenes.

L/Cpl. J. E. Graham, USMC  
 Morgantown, West Virginia  
*Doggies, Gyrene.*

**MAD AVE**

Satirewise, your magazine definitely gets off at Westport. September's *Playboy Salutes Madison Avenue* was an ad infinitum delight. In fact, your parodies of famous ads were so incredibly close to some of the originals I dug up (except for a delightful disdain of outer encumbrances) that the thought struck me that possibly they had been taken at the same time and in the same settings as their straight precursors. Yes?

William Everett  
 Darien, Connecticut

No, Bill, it wasn't nearly as easy as that. The parodies were shot in PLAYBOY's own studios, a project that took over a year from conception to consummation. This advertising satire, by the way, was a dramatic example of team play among the members of PLAYBOY's photo department, under Picture Editor Vince Tajiri. The concept originated with Associate Picture Editor Bev Chamberlain and Associate Art Director Reid Austin. After the ads for parodying were selected, painstakingly meticulous attention was paid to duplicating props, costumes and settings and getting model look-alikes for the originals. PLAYBOY's staff photographers—Don Bronstein and Pompeo Posar in Chicago, Mario Casilli in Hollywood, and Jerry Yulsman in New York—all had a shutter-snapping hand in the proceedings.

I would like to compliment you on the wonderful treatment of Madison Avenue. The photography and choice of subjects were done with the usual high quality and good taste of PLAYBOY. Un-



# The Glorious Sound of Christmas on Columbia Records



Fill the air with Christmas carols, breathtakingly performed by The Philadelphia Orchestra and The Temple University Choir.



**W**armest holiday greetings with the magic Mathis signature.



The Conniff beat sets the tempo for a round of toasts to the Yuletide.



Gather 'round the punch bowl and carol along with Mitch and the Gang.

**M**ahalia Jackson's deeply spiritual interpretations of beloved Christmas carols.



The bright lights of Broadway's newest hit make a warm glow beside the Christmas tree.



Wonderful to hear at Christmastime — Handel's masterpiece in this exceptional interpretation.



Jazzdom's greats ring in the season with the cool sounds of Christmas.



*The gift of music says "Merry Christmas" for you in a warm and wonderful way. It's easy to choose just the right album from our varied collection. You'll find that Christmas sounds glorious on Columbia Records.*





## Seal of Approval

Favorable feminine reaction is only one reason for Old Spice popularity. From this bottle comes the happiest ending a shave ever had. Cool and soothing to your skin, brisk and bracing to your spirits—*any* time of day. If you haven't yet had the pleasure—discover now the unique qualities of Old Spice After Shave Lotion. 1.25 and 2.00

Also available in Canada

SHULTON

fortunately, there was one thing that marred an otherwise excellent feature. This was the page labeled "I Dreamed I Was a Knockout Without Any Bra." You chose a model who has a figure that borders on the grotesque and has one of the homeliest faces I have ever seen.

Ann Hanley  
Los Angeles, California

*Meow.*

*Playboy Salutes Madison Avenue* was a beautiful bit of satire. The chick who dreamed she was a knockout without any bra is a knockout. How about more of her in the future?

Joe Lickman  
Oakland, California

You saw *Veronica Day* again as *Marie Antoinette* in last month's "Playmates of History," Joe.

I think I've pinned down the advertisers you've uncovered in *Playboy Salutes Madison Avenue*, but as a double check could you run through them for me?

Ben Macauley  
Boston, Massachusetts

*Glad to, Ben. They were, in the order of their appearance, Rogers Lingerie, Kellogg's Corn Flakes, Smirnoff Vodka, Winston Cigarettes, Jantzen Swimsuits, Pepsi-Cola, and Maidenform Bra.*

### STOCK ANSWERS

Mr. J. Paul Getty's illustration of Honolulu Oil being worth three times as much in liquidation than in action raises the question of whether any management in a similar position can withhold values from a stockholder today, for his (or some other's) possible benefit tomorrow. A very neat point.

G. M. Loeb  
E. F. Hutton & Company  
New York, New York

J. Paul Getty is right all the way [*Wall Street in Crisis*, September, 1962] but isn't it unfair to lay all the uninformed buying and selling at the door of the emotional speculator? No one, to my knowledge, has pointed out the incalculably large segment of small investors whose motives for entering the market are forced upon them by the personal income tax bite. I refer to that growing number of white-collar, middle- and upper-echelon executives with salaries high enough to put them in surtax brackets that cut deeply into their take-home pay. Since the majority of these men are at the age of acquisition—buying homes, establishing families, etc.—the economic squeeze is especially painful to them, though, paradoxically, most of them live quite well. For these people, the capital gains tax





Old hard way



New Schlitz way

# Some day all beer cans will open this easy!

Now only Schlitz brings you—coast to coast—the world's easiest opening beer can! The new aluminum Softop can!

**real gusto—real easy!**



The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous . . . simply because it tastes so good

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# La Scala

# Brown

Give your appearance a fresh point of hue this season; deep, invigorating La Scala Brown, in suits from Eagle's magnificent new Cultured Look collection.



EAGLE CLOTHES, INC., 1107 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 10. Also Melbourne, Australia - Santiago, Chile, S.A.

has tremendous appeal. They buy common stocks unwisely and ignorantly—rather than emotionally—because they have hopes of short-term gains over the six-month holding period that qualifies them to pay a flat 25 percent on money thus earned, in order to compensate for the higher income tax rate they are paying on salary earnings. Many of these men are close enough to wheelers and dealers to become dizzied by the sweet smell of capital gains; they borrow or use savings to buy stocks that they've heard (from sources ranging from reliable to ridiculous) are due to make gains in six months. They feel no security about such "investments," however, and when there is a market dip they sell frantically—vowing to stick to savings banks forever after. One might speculate just how much money derived from Christmas bonuses went into common stocks—*just six months before the first major break of this year.* The amateur seeker of capital gains can't be "blamed" for the market's abrupt dive, but that he played a role in it, I have no doubt.

Edward Altman  
Chicago, Illinois

#### PREVIEW REVIEW

I think *Playboy's Pigskin Preview* was extremely fine. The boys you picked, I feel, are of truly All-American caliber. As for Coach of the Year Duffy Daugherty, we all know he has a great team and is a great coach; but to be honest with you, I thought the girls in your pictures looked a lot better than either the boys or the coach.

Phil Dickens, Head Football Coach  
Indiana University  
Bloomington, Indiana

I enjoyed Anson Mount's *Pigskin Preview* very much and believe his forecasts are as good as any of the pre-season guesses that go out. I would say he has a good conception of the game that is being played in the different areas.

Rip Engle, Head Football Coach  
Pennsylvania State University  
University Park, Pennsylvania

Re September's *Pigskin Preview*: who are the phantom teams? Idly going through the win-loss predictions netted me a plus of 123 games won for the 141 schools listed. Are there that many minor independents?

A. R. Woods  
Bethesda, Maryland

*There certainly are—over 450 of them.*

#### CURTAIN CALL

You might be interested to know that PLAYBOY has reached past the Iron Curtain. During a recent Christmas vacation,



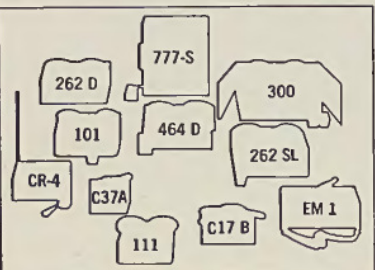


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■ **SONY Stereo Tape Deck 262-D**—4 & 2 track stereo recording and playback tape transport to add tape to your existing hi fi system. \$89.50. (Also available, not pictured, the new SRA-2 stereo recording amplifier for the 262 D. \$89.50.) ■ **SONY Stereorecorder 777-S**—All transistorized professional 2 or 4 track stereo recorder featuring the exclusive Sony Electro Bi Lateral playback Head. World's finest tape recorder. \$595. ■ **SONY Stereorecorder 300**—A complete professional-quality hi fi stereo tape system with 4 & 2 track recording and playback in one portable unit. \$399.50. ■ **SONY Portable 101**—2 speed, dual-track, hi-fidelity recorder with 7" reel capacity. \$99.50. ■ **SONY Stereorecorder 464-D**—Dual performance 4 track stereo tape deck with built-in recording & playback pre-amps for custom installations and portable use. \$199.50. ■ **SONY Wireless Microphone CR-4**

—Pocket size mike and transmitter providing complete freedom from entangling microphone cables. \$250. ■ **SONY Condenser Microphone C-37 A**—For purity of sound reproduction, the unqualified choice of professional studios throughout the world. \$295. ■ **SONY Sound on Sound Recorder 262 SL**—The perfect recorder for language, music and drama students. With 4 track stereo playback. \$199.50. ■ **SONY Tape recorder 111**—A popularly priced, high quality bantam recorder for everyday family fun. \$79.50. ■ **SONY Condenser Microphone C-17 B**—Miniature size (3¼" x ¾" diameter) and exceptional background isolation unidirectional cardioid pattern. \$350. ■ **SONY Newscaster Portable EM-1**—A professional on-the-spot battery powered portable recorder with precision spring wind constant speed motor. \$495. *All Sony Stereorecorders are Multiplex ready!*



For additional literature and name of nearest franchised dealer write Superscope, Inc., Dept. 2, Sun Valley, California

**SUPERSCOPE** The Tapeway to Stereo





4 fl. oz. 5.00 16 fl. oz. 13.50

# CHANEL

the Cornell Men's Glee Club performed a two-week series of concerts in Moscow and Leningrad. We were told that the Russians liked to receive little gifts and that magazines would be ideal. *Life* and *PLAYBOY* were most in evidence, with *PLAYBOY*'s beautiful girls and fashions evoking a great deal of interest.

Roy C. Nash  
Cornell University  
Ithaca, New York

#### THE SIZE OF IT

It may be great for your business and it sure makes a fat package, but all the advertising *PLAYBOY* now carries is short-changing us loyal readers on words, pictures and cartoons. I, for one, never thought you'd stoop to going commercial the way other mags have. Wise up and don't lose readers like me who plunk down their cash for *PLAYBOY* undiminished and unembellished.

Ted Cantrill  
Cheyenne, Wyoming

*We have some news for you, Ted — and it should be good news. PLAYBOY has always been "commercial," of course — in the sense that we've made money since our very first issue. We're not subsidized and neither are we philanthropists. We've made our buck in the competitive society in which we believe. In fact, while many other magazines have floundered, PLAYBOY has grown into one of the most successful magazines of our time — without ever resorting to forced circulation, an all too common practice in magazine publishing today. And here's the good news: Because PLAYBOY is one of the few major magazines in America that actually makes money from its circulation, every page of advertising that we receive is used to give readers one extra page of editorial content, over and above the basic editorial package offered every month. So the more advertising in any issue, the more actual editorial content, too. And because PLAYBOY has always been a labor of love, the more profit the magazine makes, the more we spend overall — not only on the quantity of editorial material going into each issue, but on the quality of that material, too — that's why PLAYBOY continues to improve year after year. And most of our readers seem to appreciate the advertising for its own sake — responding to much of it (if the letters we receive from both readers and advertisers are any indication) with almost as much interest as to the editorial content. That's as it should be, because no other magazine in America is any more particular about what advertising it lets into its pages. Our Advertising Acceptance Committee, set up long before we even had ads to consider, rejects all ads that do not — in pitch or in product — complement the editorial part of the monthly PLAYBOY package.*



## PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



With the boom in night-club and TV comics at an all-time high, we can't understand why some enterprising entrepreneur hasn't sliced himself a piece of the action with a surefire bit-of-business: a Do-It-Yourself Comic Kit. In addition to a selection of assorted *shticks* (stool, imaginary telephone, folded newspaper, sweater with pushed-up sleeves, cigar, cello, violin, horn-rims, bamboo cane, derby and a blonde named Irving), it would contain profusely illustrated directions on how to perform the Gleason cutaway, the Benny stare, the Skelton stagger, the Burns cigar bit, the Berle instep walk, the Leonard aching-side gambit and the Joe Besser fairy slap: a demonstration record explaining how to impersonate Mort Sahl's "Onward," Bert Lahr's "gnong, gnong, gnong," Morey Amsterdam's "yokapuk," Ed Wynn's giggle, Billy Gilbert's sneeze, Jackie Mason's cantatorial Bronxese, Jack Benny's "Well!" and Jonathan Winters' flying-saucer launching; plus, as a special bonus, a Basic Boffo Routine suitable for all occasions. It might go something like this:

"Halloo dare! Well, how do you like me so far? Perhaps you're wondering why I invited you here tonight. But seriously, folks, it's a financial pleasure to be here. Dis mus' be da plazel! A funny thing happened to me on the way to the (studio, sit-in, unemployment office, electric chair) this evening . . . I know you're out there, I can hear you breathing. I don't have to do this for a living, you know, but I'm too nervous to steal. Yes, ladies and germs—I mean gentlemen—I say gentlemen, but you know what you are . . . Tonight on this stage, a reeaaally big sheeeewww: World War III—live! Laugh? I thought you'd never start. I've heard of (mortuaries, disaster areas), but this is ridiculous.

Holy mackerel, Andy! You know, they call me the white Dick Gregory—and that's not *all* they call me. Right? Right! What's that, sir? Har de har har! Who writes your material (George Lincoln Rockwell, Henny Youngman, J. Fred Muggs)? Give that man a year's supply of (chicken fat, ping-pong balls, navel lint). You know, I've seen better heads on a (pin, rutabaga, glass of beer, pimple). And now, ladies and gentlemen, my impression of that great, great star Edward G. Robinson ("Oh, yeah?"), Jimmy Cagney ("Awright, you guys!"), Jimmy Stewart ("Ahhhhh"). Don't applaud—send money. You've all seen those Japanese war movies . . . "GI, you rike American cigarette?" "Yank, you die!" Ho, ho, that's rich. Are you sure (Spanky McFarland, Gloria Jean, Florian ZaBach, Billy Sol Estes) started this way? Thanks for that ovation (Mother, both of you). You know you can all be replaced by (pallbearers, a painting, a parking lot). Just kidding. Next week, ladies and gentlemen, our special guest star will be the ever-popular (Mae Busch, Nita Naldi, Fay Wray, Sonny Tufts). But seriously, you've been a wonderful audience. We're a little late, folks, so . . ." (Sing first chorus of "There's No Business Like Show Business," do simplified buck-and-wing, and exit, stage left, holding up APPLAUSE sign.)

Like we're hip that candy is dandy as a pacifying substitute while kicking the narcotics habit, but we still wonder what the Sperry Candy Company of Milwaukee had in mind when it named its latest 10¢ confection "Cold Turkey."

Refreshing, after long subjection to the coyness and self-deprecation of office signs like THINK and NEXT WEEK

WE'VE GOT TO GET ORGANIZED, was this plaque, dug recently on the desk of an agency acquaintance: IT'S HARD TO BE HUMBLE WHEN YOU'RE AS GREAT AS I AM.

A torrent of understandable outrage from patients and visitors at the general hospital in Ilkeston, England, has forced authorities to remove a notice from the bulletin board in the lobby: an advertisement for the local undertaker.

*Winning the Peace Department:* Rum-maging through the souvenirs on display in a Washington, D.C., drugstore, our keen-eyed Capital correspondent overturned a small bronze statue of the familiar Iwo Jima flag-raising—and found an even more familiar inscription on the bottom: MADE IN JAPAN.

While scanning the titular leaders of *The New York Times* Best Seller List the other day, we noted an unsettling trend: amid the usual nonfiction clutter of cant, calories and crises there was a total dearth of pseudosociological exposés—those dissections in depth of purported American frailties that we have come to expect from such crafty critics as Vance Packard (*The Hidden Persuaders*, *The Status Seekers*) and William H. Whyte (*The Organization Man*). With the thought that perhaps these gentlemen and their carbon copiers have at long last run out of crusading (and commercial) themes, we hasten to offer them the following possible ideas for profitable probing: *The Pigskin Perverters*, a shocking exposé of the collegiate cheer-leading racket and its supraliminal manipulation of mass response; *The Robin Hoods*, a scathing study of the way Audubon Society agents are seeking to subvert the cherished traditions of





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enough to make a fellow feel light-headed!

Headgear of breathin' brushed pigskin. Lightweight, glove-soft, water-repellent. And it wears as well as it looks. Dirt and stains brush off. Rump-proof, too. Roll 'em up, they won't wrinkle. Sporty Borealis (left), \$9.95. Tourist (right) for top down enthusiasts, \$4.95. Choice of colors at leading clothing departments. Get one—be light-headed!

30 BREATHIN' BRUSHED PIGSKIN® BY **WOLVERINE** ROCKFORD, MICH.

wildlife free enterprise by establishing a nationwide network of socialized bird-feeding stations: *The Prom Rotters*, a pull-no-punches investigation of the appalling interrelationship between today's teenage dancing and the so-called "rhythm method" of big-name society bands; *The Cookie Cultists*, an unsparring condemnation of the economic power plays that have turned the Girl Scouts into the 20th Century's most insidious combine; and *The Fuehrer Makers*, a documented survey of how neo-Nazi militarism is flourishing behind the front of Little League baseball competition. And if none of these issues seem worth making book on, we ask Messrs. Packard, Whyte & Co. to consider a final alternative: *The Sociology Climbers*, a fearless blast at the canny amateur analysts who have reaped profits from writing books fearlessly blasting everyone else.

A crime reporter from the Tampa, Florida, *Times* missed a scoop on a newsworthy theft not long ago: the stolen merchandise was his typewriter, taken from the pressroom of police headquarters.

According to a recent ad in *Look*, readers who wish to order Helen Brown's *Sex and the Single Girl* may do so by writing to this arrestingly apropos address: 239 Great Neck Road, Great Neck, New York.

*Exuberantly Disillusioned Cries We Doubt Will Ever Be Shouted by Cynical Moviegoers*: "Their lives are a web of sterile but continuing relations, and Mr. Bergman insists that only the grave will put a stop to their wretchedness, but we cynics in the audience, out of the exuberance of our disillusion, will be apt to cry, 'Nonsense! Plenty of fun to be had along the way!'" (From Brendan Gill's *New Yorker* review of Ingmar Bergman's *The Devil's Wanton*.)

A humane and progressive public servant if ever we've heard of one, the superintendent of the South Carolina State Penitentiary recently announced that the prison's 49-year-old electric chair would be replaced at a cost of \$20,000. Reason: After executing 251 persons, the chair had been declared "unsafe."

## BOOKS

Mark Twain's view of life had two very different sides to it, and in *Letters from the Earth* (Harper & Row, \$5.95), the twain meet. Devotedly edited by the late Bernard DeVoto, these assorted essays



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# INTIMATE

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from one status seeker  
to another.

Lord Calvert  
America's Whiskey of Distinction

and fantasies were ready for print in 1939 but were squelched by Mark's daughter, Clara, on the grounds that they presented a distorted picture of his views. Finally cleared by Clara, the book shows Sam Clemens' inclement face. The title essay purports to be a series of letters written by Satan—who is enjoying a short but thrill-packed stay on earth—back home to St. Michael and St. Gilbert. "Man is a marvelous curiosity," he writes. ". . . He has imagined a heaven, and has left entirely out of it the supremest of all his delights . . . sexual intercourse!" Satan decides that "Many of these people have the reasoning faculty, but no one uses it in religious matters." *Something About Repentance* puts forth the idea that most people repent of their good deeds more strenuously than of their sins. In *The French and the Comanche*, Twain calls the Frenchman "a higher being" because he is more ingenious in methods of cruelty: consider, for example, the massacre of St. Bartholomew, ". . . unquestionably the finest thing of the kind ever devised and accomplished in the world. All the best people took a hand in it . . ." Along with these cynical sentiments go some charming pieces in quite another Twain vein, such as *A Cat-Tale*, a playful bedtime story written as if it is being told to his two little girls. "You must know a wonderful deal, Papa," says Susy worshipfully. "I have that reputation—in Europe," Mark remarks. "But here the best minds think I am superficial."

Film critic Hollis Alpert has achieved the near-impossible in *The Dreams and the Dreamers* (Macmillan, \$4.95): he has managed to make the movie industry as exciting as a Cincinnati tool-and-die works. There are eye-closing chapters on Hollywood's financial woes, incorporated stars, film censorship and movies vs. theater, a ho-hum *Who's Who* of some American directors, limp-as-lasagna profiles of Brando, Ingmar Bergman and Hitchcock, among others, an inconsequential noninterview with the late Marilyn Monroe, and a flat-tire satire on Hollywood clichés. The reader reels into the final reel, a who-cares visit with a pay-TV family, feeling as though he's just sat through a Sonny Tufts film festival. Author Alpert is a man well-versed in the minutiae of moviedom, but why go through so much trouble to prove it?

In contrast to the Alpert book is *Hollywood in Transition* (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.75) by Richard Dyer MacCann, an ex-West Coast staffer for *The Christian Science Monitor*. Mr. MacCann, who more recently taught filmwriting at the University of Southern California, is no less serious than Mr. Alpert in his views of and on the film capital, but the sub-





## THUNDER IN THE WINGS



The musicians will tell their children and they, in turn, will pass it on. And it will become a legend.

It happened on a hot summer's eve. While brooding storm clouds gathered outside, Harry Belafonte pressed on with the last selections for a new album. The musical path he followed covered Broadway, Africa, Israel, the West Indies—the most extensive and forceful range of repertoire he has ever brought to one album.

"Summertime Love," for example, is a glowing Frank Loesser love song. "Lyla, Lyla" is a haunting Hebrew lullaby. "Tongue Tie Baby" generates both heat and humor in the calypso idiom. "Bamotsweri," sung with the remarkable Miriam Makeba, is a lilting South African duet but manages to project an electrifying story line.

The storm broke during rehearsal of their last song, "Dark As a Dungeon." Even in the sound-proof recording studio hall, the harsh rumble of the elements could be heard in accompaniment to the bitter words of protest in the song. Before recording, they waited for dead silence... and began. As if on cue, there was the crackle of lightning followed by a tremendous thunderclap. But they continued, to repeated bursts of thunder and torrential rains. They finished, breathless from the eerily dramatic phenomenon.

You will hear all of this sound in the new Belafonte album. Exactly as it happened. And you may judge. Was it just another storm? Or was it symbolic comment on a brilliant finale... in which Nature herself chose to lend a hand?



Only one man  
in a hundred  
knows how to



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He shaves. Showers.  
Pours on 'That Man'  
— the lusty, tangy  
lemon-and-sandal-  
wood scent that  
positively crackles  
with masculinity.

THAT  
MAN  
(a man's man cologne)

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stance, import, and approach of his book, especially "Part One: Hollywood's Four Freedoms" (from censorship, centralized studio production, domination by the domestic box office, and the tyranny of the assembly line), are continually absorbing. Hollywood's ills and cures are probed perceptively by a man who obviously loves the film as a medium and is distressed by what has happened to it.

James Clavell's first novel, *King Rat* (Little, Brown, \$5.75), tells how to succeed in a Japanese prisoner-of-war camp with a little conniving. The hero, a wheeling-dealing American corporal called "the King" by fellow inmates of a Malayan POW compound, demonstrates that the free enterprise system can flourish under any conditions. He does a brisk trade with the Japanese and Korean guards in everything from fountain pens to diamond rings. This includes rats, which he raises with a view to peddling them as cooking-pot candidates that can be disguised as native delicacies. Author Clavell limns a vivid picture of the conditions of war that keep men on the edge of starvation and brutishness, but he falters in his portraits of the men themselves. The King is handled lifelessly by the writer, a Britisher who perhaps does not cotton to American corporals. But he does scarcely better by Lieutenant Peter Marlowe, the rich and arrogant Englishman who falls apart morally under the King's influence. Adam, the king rat (lower case) who rules the corporal's profitable rodent pack, comes out all right, though, as the author draws a parallel with the American corporal-King: "The strongest was always a King, not by strength alone, but King by cunning and luck and strength together." Movie rights to the book were bought before publication, and Hollywood's flacks are already proclaiming it another *The Bridge on the River Kwai*. Could be. But who's going to play Adam?

Stuart Brent, author of *The Seven Stairs* (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.75) is self-described as a man who gets a boot out of his faith in intangibles. This book, an autobiographical memoir, makes the reasons clear. Brent started a bookstore (after whose name his book is titled) with the following assets: no money, no books, no customers, a tiny room in the heart of Chicago's bohemian Near North Side, no experience, no help. His liabilities included profound egotism (well tempered by an outgoing, warm-hearted love of his fellow man), a highly personal belief and interest in literature, baseless optimism, boundless energy. Out of this improbable mélange there emerged a bookshop-cum-arts center, a highly-rated daily TV show devoted to—what else?—books, and a personal life for Brent



Fit  
and  
Freedom  
as  
you'll  
like  
it . . .  
and  
she'll  
like  
you  
In the  
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LEAN  
LOOK.**  
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belts!  
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buttons!  
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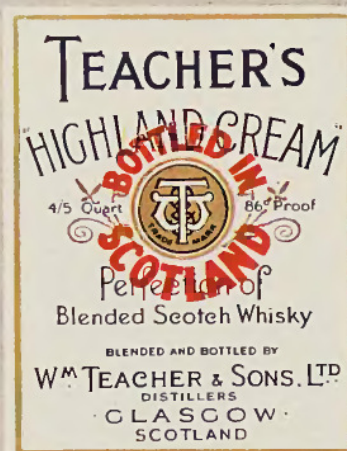


# HALF

Isn't good enough

*We believe Scotch  
Whisky should be  
Scottish all the way*

- *Teacher's is produced  
in Scotland*
- *Teacher's is bottled  
only in Scotland*



*Read it on our label  
Taste it in our whisky  
The flavour is  
unmistakable*

**TEACHER'S**  
*Highland Cream  
Scotch Whisky*



Oh lala




Oh lala

PARFUMS CIRO  
PARIS • NEW YORK

which has won this Don Quixote countless friends, no few enemies, and a kind of fulfilled gratification rare in a society of mechanized windmills against which many another man of individuality and principle has found it not expedient to tilt. It's just been a warm-up for Brent. His book is highly readable and totally candid: his private and business lives have always been intertwined and so they are in this memoir. What comes through is a heartening, sentimental, Ben Hechtian chronicle of more than parochial interest.

Now comes an angry old man who readily admits he is totally unimportant as a writer and noteworthy only because of the famous shoulders he has rubbed. He is 94-year-old Jack Woodford, pioneer sexateer whose hundreds of snappy stories and books helped change the reading habits of the nation. In *The Autobiography of Jack Woodford* (Doubleday, \$4.50), this former Chicago boy reminisces about the days when, cloaked in his true identity of J. P. Woolfolk, he folked around with the best of them. He was present when Theodore Dreiser propositioned a Hollywood waitress and when "Bogey" (Maxwell Bodenheim, you striplings!) was on his uppers in a Village bar. He had a high old time sharing his last 50-cent bottle of heroin with a madam and a pimp before the fix price got high, and then kicked the habit with ease because he didn't know it was supposed to be difficult. In the wisdom of age, he equates Mickey Spillane with Homer, thinks a Swiss dictator could straighten out this country, and recommends death for those who inhibit free speech. He is against the Mann Act and cops who require more than money as a bribe. But Capone, Hearst and Pegler gain his respect. Good old Model T Woodford is still quite a card.

*One Hundred Dollar Misunderstanding* by Robert Gover (Grove, \$3.95), a first novel about a first encounter with a prostitute, is written with million-dollar understanding. The lad is a 19-year-old sophomore in a Southern town; the girl is a 14-year-old Negro. (She says she's 16; he thinks she's really 18.) Alternate chapters tell the same story from each separate viewpoint, and soon we see that not only can they hardly understand each other's language, but they live in totally alien worlds. Jimmy uses a \$100 birthday present for a Friday night visit to a Negro brothel, where he meets Kitten. After a funny session in the sack, he tells her that he's a burglar on the lam and she gives him the key to her apartment. Jim crows at the thought that he's fooled her; she thinks he's crazy but knows he has money. They spend a whacked-up weekend, mostly

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smooth,  
holiday spirited...*

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*by the makers of Gilbey's Gin*



*Gilbey's Vodka dramatizes flavor, not with taste of its own, but with smart, smooth, undetectable spirit. This real difference is why the people who discovered vodka are now asking for Gilbey's more and more. Sensibly priced, too.*

*MARTINI (Basic) — Stir 4 parts Gilbey's Vodka, 1 part Cinzano dry Vermouth in lots of ice. Pour into well-chilled Martini glass. Add onion, olive or twist of lemon peel, if desired.*



Lakeland's Alpine Warm lives up to its name—winter-weight, black jet Dacron\* polyester and cotton, knit-collared, wool-lined.

\*DU PONT T. M.

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together, that leaves him sadder, her wiser. Jimmy's chapters are written in second-class Salingerese with some gawky straining to be gawkily adolescent — like putting "(Ha, ha)" after all his jokes. The author has reached to make him a caboodle of current American attitudes on everything from racism to rocketry — but it's not Kitten's caboodle. She is not just another Suzie gone Wong. She is a fierce, foul-mouthed, fee-fornicating little animal, ignorant but intelligent, crude but not criminal. The hot humanity of this cat-house kitten burns through her purple profanity. She is a proud primitive who shows up the sophistries of the civilization that made her what she is and made this pompous boy what he is. Her fine full-length portrait — mostly in the nude — dominates this crackling chronicle of a lust weekend.

### DINING-DRINKING

Keeping pace with today's trend toward the king-sized product, be it cigarettes or soap flakes, teacher-turned-entrepreneur Bob Hare seems to have tapped a bonanza with his Supermarket of Culture, the *Insomniac* (53 Pier Avenue, Hermosa Beach, California). Here, Los Angeles' levi-ed and lank-haired literati, like lemmings heading for the sea, flock for books, art, music, food, drink and an atmosphere that is evidently therapeutic for the neobeatnik breed. Two years after starting it as an art gallery in 1956, Hare added the "oldest and largest European-type coffeehouse in the United States," and a bookstore that stocks over 8000 paperback titles. There is also a gift shop that is more often than not filled with an eyebrow-raising array of tin cans, baskets, trays and unidentifiable objects done up in gold leaf by Tweeki Pettyjohn. The art gallery leans toward such visual exotica as a recent exhibit of paintings by nutrition expert Adele Davis, done under the influence of the drug LSD. Activity abounds in the bookstore-gallery-sidewalk café areas from 9 A.M. to 6 A.M. (seven days a week) — with patrons brooding over a chess or checker board, sipping espresso or arguing about Ionesco to the unfettered singing of an "in" folk duo. Artist Bill Smith charcoal-sketches patrons at \$2 per. Another *persona grata* is Jack Phillips, an ex-newspaperman who'll paint a word portrait of you on his Smith-Corona for 50¢. The long, skinny Club Room packs in 350 insomniacs — at \$1.25 a non-sleepyhead — on its makeshift benches, around its coin-sized tables and against its postered walls. The room is dark, the decor impoverished, and both enhance by contrast the youngish waitresses darting around in black leotards and brief





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The Paper Mate  
**CAPRI MARK IV**,  
in glittering electroplated  
gold finish, also in chrome, \$2.95.



The Paper Mate  
**LADY CAPRI**,  
in a rainbow of  
stunning colors, \$2.95.

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handsomely gift boxed.



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AND THE BEAST

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P.S. About BALLSTONS — if you're not in 'em, you're out.

be on the  
ball with

**Ballston**

LASTING WEAR IN EVERY PAIR

aprons. Entertainment commences nightly at 7 P.M. with silent movies. From 8:30 P.M. until 3:30 A.M. there are four shows (five on weekends). Long on folk groups, the Insomniac has showcased Inman & Ira, the Wayfarers, Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee. Food and drink (nonalcoholic, Charlie) — varieties of hot and cold coffees or nectars, sandwiches, desserts — are always available. Favored are Cappuccinos, Mochas and Frutta Farcita — an array of fresh fruits in finely shaved ice reset into their natural skins. In addition to the thonged-sandal thong, frequent guests include Kim Novak, semanticist S. I. Hayakawa, Edie Adams, Jack Kerouac and Lenny Bruce.

As a culinary companion to the Misonette, its famed dinner and supper room, New York's St. Regis Hotel (55th and Fifth) has opened *La Boite*, a room of intimate dimensions adjacent to the supper club. Already playing to its capacity of 60, and with piano and violin in attendance, it is less *intime* than lively. A richly red affair, from its French Directoire decor (with very modern overtones) to its red-velvet menus, *La Boite* is proving both plush and popular. The cuisine is under the direction of former Pavillon chef Joseph Castaybert; its caliber, therefore, is a known quantity. Dining is all à la carte, of course, with such delicacies as Coquille St. Jacques so taken for granted as to be available but not listed on the menu. As with any good French restaurant, time should not be of the essence. You'll want to leisurely savor the delights of a magnificent Anguille au Vin Blanc appetizer or, among the soups, a Creme Camelia or Gombo Creole au Riz. Of superb quality among the chef's suggestions are the Duckling a la Greno (\$5.50), in which the sauce is tantalizingly subtle, and the Supreme de Volaille Eugenie, with Pomme Duchesse (\$5.25), which does more for fowl than one has a right to expect. The assortment of desserts is, as would be expected, select. The wine cellar is excellent, and the maître de, doubling in the limited quarters as wine steward, is beyond being nonplussed by any request. *La Boite* is open from 6 P.M. to 2 A.M. every day except Sunday, and one is not likely to be seated without a reservation.

## MOVIES

*The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner* is one of the best films of the year. Alan (Saturday Night and Sunday Morning) Sillitoe wrote the screenplay from his short story of the same evocative name, and the result is another top-class film of English lower-class life. Colin Smith,

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an 18-year-old slum product, commits robbery; he is sent to a reformatory whose warden thinks sports will cure everything. Colin shows ability as a distance runner and is trained for the reform school's first meet with a posh public school—which meet is a feather in the warden's class-conscious cap. While Colin is jaunting around the countryside in training—at first under supervision, later on his honor—long flashbacks, illuminate the life that led him here: ignorant father, loose mother, crowded home, bullying cops, general frustration, all adding up to a great gulf between "us" (the Colins) and "them" (the Establishment). Colin knows that you can't reform a Tory. On the day of the meet he has the other team's star beaten easily, but a few yards short of the finish, Colin stops and, with an ironic bow, let's the upper-class boy win, thus making his gesture of contempt for the warden and the society he represents. Some of the social thinking is blatantly black-and-white, and much of the Midlands misery is par for the course. But Tony Richardson does a fairly direct directing job; newcomer Tom Courtenay is Colin to the grimly set teeth; and Michael Redgrave (the warden), Avis Bunnage (the meandering ma) and an actress with the nutty name of Topsy Jane (Colin's girl and no misprint) are wizard, mates.

Sidney Poitier can do no wrong, but he comes pretty close to it in a nowhere number called *Pressure Point*. As a middle-aged psychiatrist, head of a clinic, he calms a colleague whose patient hates him by telling of a case of his own, years before, when he was really hated . . . So back we flash—wash that gray right out of your hair—to sit in on young Poitier as a prison psychiatrist in the early '40s. The devil in the flashback is an American Fascist who needs help. Poitier persuades him to verbalize, and back we flash still further—into the Fascist's boyhood and youth, with cinema simplifications about psychiatry and plenty of political platitudes. It all goes in Poitier's ear and comes out ours neither a conclusive case history nor a meaningful drama, with all the ills that flashback is heir to. Hubert Cornfield's direction is overripe, and the payoff on the film's profundity is that the Fascist is played by Bobby Darin. (Bobby Darin???)

It is a case of Catch-as-Cats-Can in *Gay Purr-ee*, an animated musical featuring a cast of cartoon cats augmented by the voices of Judy Garland, Robert Goulet, Red Buttons, Hermione Gingold, Paul Frees, Morey Amsterdam and Mel Blanc. This attempt at an era of good feline was turned out by UPA Studios (creator of *Mr. Magoo*) and concerns a country cat's comeuppance in

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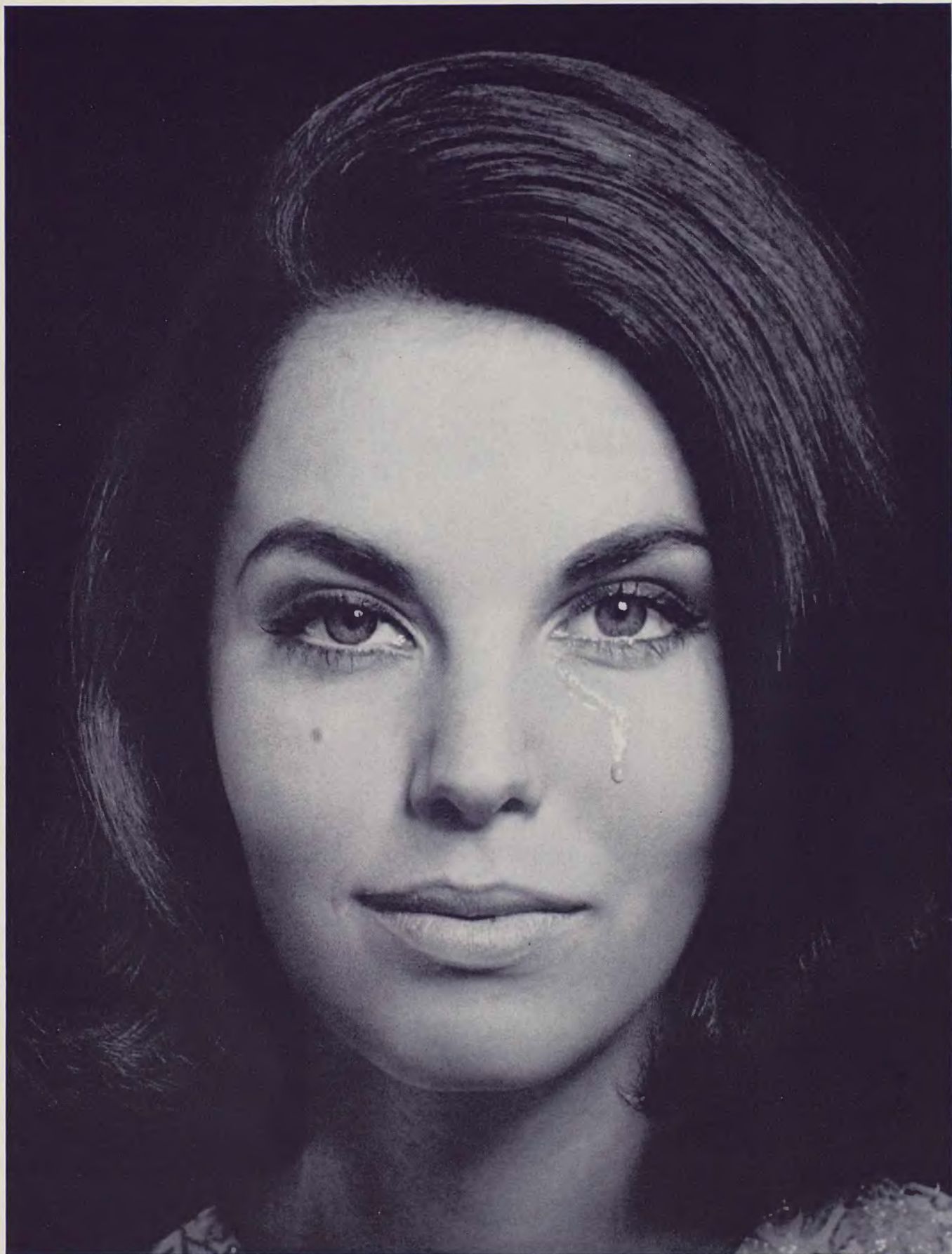


Paris. It escapes becoming a cat-astrophe because of a lively score composed by Harold Arlen and E. Y. Harburg and cleverly caterwauled by Miss Garland (who is in splendid voice), Goulet, Buttons and Frees; plus some striking backgrounds simulating the works of Cézanne, Monet, Toulouse-Lautrec, Gauguin and Van Gogh and skillfully turned out by elves in the UPA animation department. But the plot line is as cloyingly cuddly as an armful of amorous Angoras — and may well induce occasional cat-naps by cats in the audience.

*The Manchurian Candidate*, Richard Condon's novel, as adapted by George Axelrod, is a story of Sino-Russian conspiracy with more twists than a Chinese puzzle. During the Korean War a GI (Laurence Harvey) is captured in Manchuria and hypnotized into a psychological time bomb whom the Reds can explode after he gets back to the U.S. and in a position of power. A buddy of his (Frank Sinatra), also brainwashed and released, has a recurrent nightmare which he begins to believe is the truth about what happened in Manchuria; he gets the Government to investigate Harvey, with himself as head investigator. You think *that's* complicated? We now go on to Harvey's mother's machinations to get her second husband — a Senator who is a sort of yo-yo Joe McCarthy — nominated for the Presidency; then there's the story of how Ma mangled Harvey's romance with a liberal Senator's daughter and how she patched it up for her own purposes; and then there's Sinatra's gutsy romance with a theatrical chick. It might have helped if each plot strand had been filmed in a different color. Angela Lansbury is wasted in the whacked-up part of the mother. Harvey looks most expressive when in a hypnotic trance. Janet Leigh, the chick, seems welded of chromium. And there's obviously a standard clause in all Sinatra's movie contracts that he must (a) have a punch-up with a bigger man whom he beats (here it's a karate fight); (b) have a girl who flips and flops for him on sight. John Frankenheimer, bedeviled by memories of early Hitchcock and middle Capra, has directed it all into almost complete confusion.

*The Chapman Report*, unlike the hot-breathing Irving Wallace novel (*Playboy After Hours*, June 1960) from whence it springs, is more gab than grab. Doing a survey of the sex life of American women, Dr. Chapman and his band of interviewers descend on a California town — one of those movieland middle-class suburbs where each house is worth \$250,000. Among these average millionaires are four particular dames, one of them not so particular: Claire Bloom, a





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divorcee, is a nimble nymphomaniac with whom no delivery boy is safe. Jane Fonda is a young widow who was never really a wife—a case of frozen assets. Shelley Winters is a frustrated *Frau*, thawing the winter of her discontent with the local drama coach. Glynis Johns, an arty type married to an even artier type, tries for a first down with a feeble-minded footballer. All four of these ladies agree to give accounts of their love lives, and one of them (Miss Fonda) ends up with the most sociable of the social scientists (Efrem Zimbalist, Jr.). Despite the grave words about Doc Chapman's noble work, these intertwined stories about intertwining ladies haven't a scrap of sociological significance to cover their twists, plot and otherwise. For an "explosive" film, it's a pretty dull *Report*.

There's no divorce in Italy, but Article 587 of the Italian Penal Code is a written version of the unwritten law: If a husband kills his wife in anger because he finds her acting like a wife to somebody else, he is subject to a sentence of three to seven years. With time off for good behavior, he's usually out after about 18 months. This is the title-joke in *Divorce — Italian Style*. A bored husband of 37 falls for a girl of 16, and frames his wife into a fling with an old flame so that he can murder her with near impunity. Make the man a seedy Sicilian nobleman, work in some wonderful Sicilian folkways, tie it all together with some tape-recorder trickery, and the result should be *divina commedia*. Almost, but not quite. Cruel comedy must never come too close; if the joke depends on killing people, they have to be figures of fun, not real enough to evoke sympathy or even believability. This husband's love for the girl is too true, the girl herself too winning, the wife too luscious for the comedy to be consistent. It switches back and forth from pastry to pasta. There are good performances by Marcello Mastroianni (including a rib-nudge sequence when he goes to see *La Dolce Vita*), Odoardo Spadaro as his fanny-feeling father, Daniela Rocca as his wife, and Stefania Sandrelli as the babe. Actor Pietro Germi directed and co-authored. If his fine Italian hand had been just a little finer, a weak *bravo* might have been *bravissimo*.

### ACTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS

The last revue housed at Chicago's Happy Medium stayed two years, but, *Put It in Writing*, based on the relative merits of the two, may yet eclipse the marathon run of the cabaret-theater's former occupant. Of its 24 sketches, our box score lists a dozen as superior, and a .500 bat-





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ting average in this precarious line of endeavor is strictly major league; in only a few instances do cast and creators strike out. Unfortunately, these are concentrated in the second act, so one's memories of the show may not be as happy as is warranted. In this respect, Bill Penn performs a directorial disservice to comics Tom Williams and Bob Dishy and comedienne Jeanne Arnold, Dodo Denney and Barbara Gilbert, whose overall antic accomplishments are first-rate. The revue (held together by a tenuous thread tied to today's literary world) is at its best in a sharply honed hoedown honoring Billie Sol Estes, a hoboes' lament to the ill-starred advice of Messrs. Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner and Smith, a barroom ballad tuned in on Liz Taylor's Appian ways, and a Freudulent farce delightfully reminiscent of the broad lunacies of Smith and Dale's *Dr. Kronkite* classic. Rounding out the cast are Jack Blackton, Anne Jones, Will Mackenzie, and an attractive Aussie, Deidre Green. Let us put it in writing: *P.I.I.W.* is a lovely way to spend an evening.

## RECORDINGS

*The Sammy Davis Jr. All-Star Spectacular* (Reprise) is a thumping three-ring circus that features Sammy in every ring. Side one is the main attraction—a miming romp through a half-dozen standards. Davis takes off on such divers luminaries as Al Hibbler, Mario Lanza and Bela Lugosi. But for sheer devastation, we have to vote for a Vaughn Monroe vocal vignette that is outrageously accurate. Side two is Davis as Davis, which is fine with us. If you can stumble through its title, *Sammy Davis Jr. Sings What Kind of Fool Am I and Other Show-Stoppers* (Reprise), you'll find an array of aural delights on this LP, including the title tune and three others from Anthony Newley's British import, *Stop the World—I Want to Get Off*. Also on hand is a trio of vintage show tunes that have improved with age—*Can't We Be Friends* from *The Little Show* of 1929, *My Romance* from 1935's *Jumbo*, and *Thou Swell* from *A Connecticut Yankee*. Ira Gershwin's long, and oft-neglected, verse to the latter is happily and hiply reprised by Sammy.

*In the Bag* (Jazzland) by the Nat Adderley Sextet (with frère Cannonball, bassist Sam Jones and a trio of *très chaud* New Orleans *chats*), is redolent with the classic yet contemporary jazz sounds of the Crescent City. Nat's cornet is custom-tailored to the Delta's current musical proclivities, while brother Julian's un-reconstructed alto finds itself completely at home with the blues.



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*On My Way* (Capitol) showcases the shouting, clouting vocal talents of blues belter Barbara Dane. A throwback to the incandescently uninhibited Bessie Smith, Miss Dane is guttily unrestrained throughout a program of classic indigo items and several gospel tunes. Staunch support is offered by Kenny Whitson on piano and cornet (often simultaneously), a rhythm section and a vocal group on several of the bands.

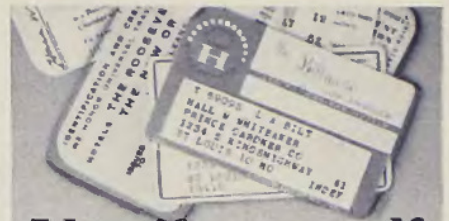
The ability of the single voice of Arthur Grumiaux' *Stradivarius* to fill a room with crystalline sonorities as he plays the *Bach Sonatas and Partitas for Unaccompanied Violin* (Philips) is a tribute to the composer's monumental genius, the artist's soaring technique, and a superb job of recording this two-LP package. It is fitting and proper that Grumiaux, a Belgian, should be able to suffuse Bach's intricate geometric patterns with a completely compatible emotionality and still remain faithful to the works' unflinching symmetry.

*Bad but Beautiful/Eartha Kitt!* (M-G-M) is a new Kitt bag filled with purry paens to *la vie* free. Included are such sensual sonatas as *Do It Again*, *Love for Sale*, *A Lady Loves*, and *Good Little Girls*. For those who cotton to Miss Kitt's omnipresent vibrato and her Leda-and-swan songs, this LP offers much good Eartha.

An effective reminder of a too-neglected vocal talent is *The Song Is Paris* (Impulse!). Anyone who remembers Jackie Paris' definitive delineation of *Skylark* will welcome this affirmation of his abilities. Conductor-arranger Bobby Scott has supplied big-band backing for Jackie on side one. Side two contracts to a trio and it is here that Paris is at his best, particularly on *Everybody Needs Love* and the *West Side Story* stalwart *Tonight*.

*Royal Flush* (Blue Note) is a delightful delineation of Donald Byrd's brand of avant-garde soul. Blue at the roots, it branches out into a full spectrum of musical ideas. On hand is Detroit compatriot Pepper Adams' baritone sax and a rhythm section imbued with a similar up-from-funk spirit.

Our thanks to producers John Hammond and Frank Driggs for *Mildred Bailey — Her Greatest Performances 1929-1946* (Columbia). The Rockin' Chair Lady was a consummate artist, as this three-LP package can attest. In the company of one-time husband Red Norvo, Goodman, the Dorsey Brothers, and an all-star cast of jazz greats, Mildred exhibited a vocal *Weltschmerz* that has been copied many times since; the carbons, however, are a far cry from the original. For sheer jazz



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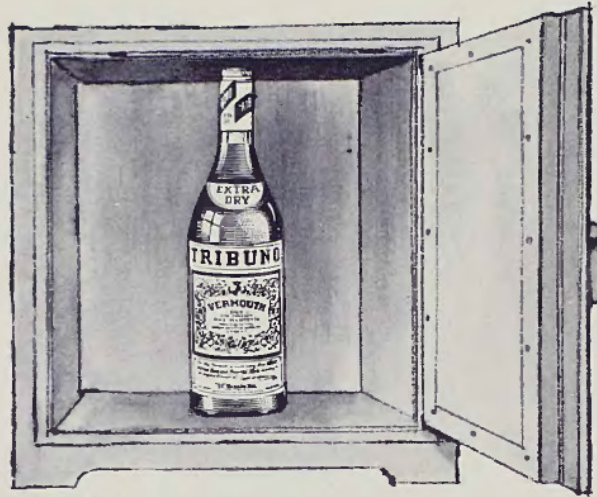
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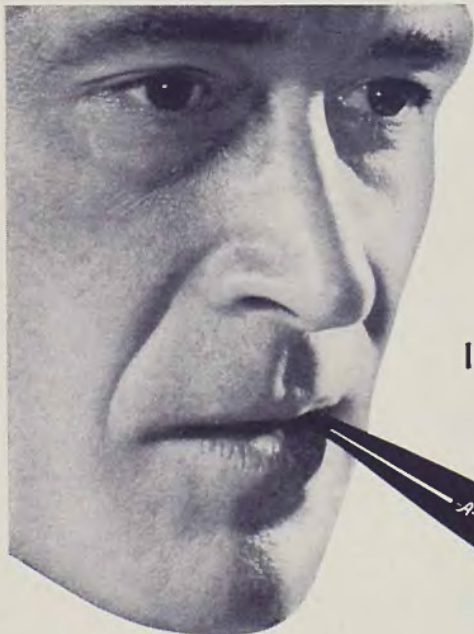
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name-dropping, we recommend a group of four numbers by Mildred Bailey and Her Alley Cats; the Cats consisted of Bunny Berigan, Johnny Hodges, Teddy Wilson and Grachan Moncur.

*Joe Newman Quintet at Count Basie's* (Mercury) features the veteran (although he's only 39) ex-Basie trumpet trouper and four kindred souls in an approach to jazz neither adventuresome nor antiquated. The boys just do what comes naturally and most of it comes out very well, indeed. Reedman Oliver Nelson is a fine solo voice, but Newman's unfrenetic horn holds sway with calm assurance through a half-dozen tone poems, including such oldies as *Caravan* and *Love Is Here to Stay* and jazz favorite *On Green Dolphin Street*.

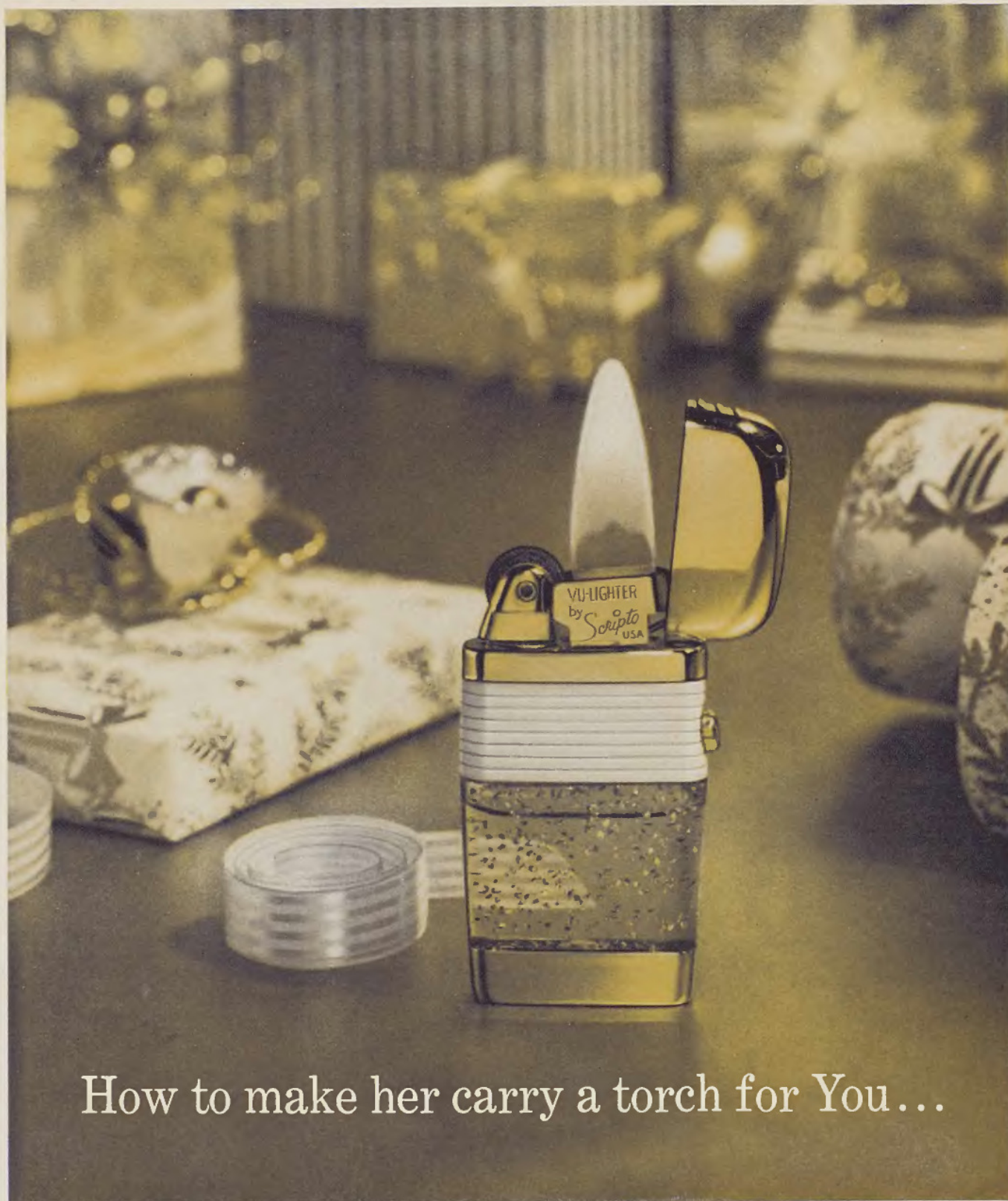
*The Best of June Christy* (Capitol) is certainly that. Here, on one LP, are reissues of Christy with the bands of Bob Cooper and Pete Rugolo doing *Just A-Sittin' and A-Rockin'*, *Willow Weep for Me* and *Across the Alley from the Alamo*. There are eleven in all—a very lucky number for the listener.

*Historical Masterpieces—Charlie "Bird" Parker* (Charlie Parker) is a second go-round for these three important LPs taken off broadcasts circa 1948-1950. The recorded sound is primitive but the Bird was soaring in the illustrious company of Fats Navarro, Miles Davis and Bud Powell. The package contains almost all of the Parker-Gillespie bop standards; we welcome their rebirth.

Don't look now but the next big jazz sound you're going to hear will be bossa-nova, a Brazilian jazz-oriented samba rhythm. *What's New?* (Victor) has Sonny Rollins & Co. investigating bossa-nova's opportunities for improvisations and testing its pliability through such standards as *If Ever I Would Leave You* and *The Night Has a Thousand Eyes*, the calypso *Brownskin Girl*, and two originals, *Jungoso* and *Bluesongo*. On the latter pair, guitarist Jim Hall and drummer Ben Riley cut out and leave the proceedings to Sonny, bassist Bob Cranshaw and Candido's conga and bongos. A chorus and additional Latin percussionists turn *Brownskin Girl* into a production number that loses a little of the tree for the forest. *Bossa Nova* (Reprise) by Shorty Rogers and His Giants is an exciting outing. Rogers, who has shown a past affinity for Latin rhythms, has made himself right at home in these new surroundings. His Flügelhorn, Bud Shank's reed work, and all the gang, in fact, sound great. Included is *One Note Samba*, an import rapidly growing in stature as a jazz launching pad.







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# THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

**W**hat sort of responsibility, if any, does a young man have toward the object of his first deeply physical love affair? The girl and I, quite frankly, were both virgins at the time and fully expected that we would get married, so everything seemed all right (we were both 17). As often happens, we went away to different colleges and, after a few tearful and passionate reunions during holidays, the inevitable took place and we saw less and less of each other. I learned two years ago that she got married (I have yet to tie the knot) to a guy on the opposite coast, so I was surprised to get a letter from her not long ago saying that the marriage went on the rocks and that she was returning to this city to take up where we had left off. Her letter stated in no wishy-washy terms that she was looking to me for love and understanding, since I was the number one man in her life and owed her this. Frankly, I don't agree but I don't quite know how to handle the situation. I am not in love with the girl at all. — B. R., Boston, Massachusetts.

*You don't owe this girl any more than an auld-lang-syne smile and a friendly handshake. To paraphrase Grantland Rice, the important factor is not who scored first but how you played the game. Certainly, no one could criticize your conduct. The affair stopped, without regrets or resulting responsibilities. If you don't dig resuming relations, don't.*

**I**n the three years that I've been playing the stock market I've never been able to figure out how brokers arrive at their commission fees. These fees often appear to be haphazard, and yet I know they must be based on some sort of system. What is it? — E. Q., New York, New York.

*Members of the New York Stock Exchange fix their fees for each 100 shares on this basis:*

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*If your purchase or sale is an odd-lot order—that is, if it is less than 100 shares—the commission per transaction is \$2 less than the amount derived from the above schedule.*

**I**vowed long ago that I would never have an affair with a married woman (I'm divorced myself, and date a number of unattached young ladies), but a special problem has sprung up of late. I received a phone call from a girl I used to see years ago: she's once again living in the same city I am—after four years in Brazil, where she acquired a husband and two small children—and I saw no harm in having a cocktail with her for old times' sake. To make a long story sordid, she propositioned me shortly after her first sip, said that her husband was physically unattractive to her but that she was determined to remain married to him for the sake of her children. Since we don't travel in the same social or business circles anymore, she explained, she saw nothing wrong with a once-a-week rendezvous at my apartment—on a purely physical basis. Well, we've been at it for a month now and my conscience and my heart are beginning to gnaw. This girl is outstanding looking, demands nothing of me except my maleness and seems perfectly content with the several hours we spend together each week. I feel myself falling for her, but realize that she would never think of divorce. What's next for us? — W. Q., Santa Fe, New Mexico.

*Splitsville. The situation bodes ill all around—to your inamorata if hubby finds out, to him if his friends and business associates find out, and to you whether anyone finds out or not. By growing involved with the girl, you're patently playing Russian roulette with your own emotions, and a wounding is well-nigh inevitable. Fan the flames of a femme with no strings attached.*

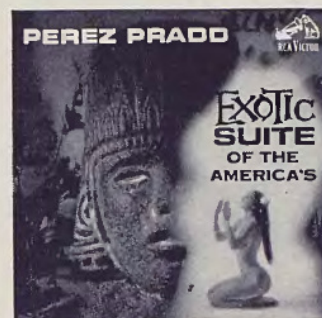
**A** friend and I are at loggerheads over the following question: Should 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ -rpm record albums be stored vertically or horizontally? While you're at it, what, if anything, can be done about warped LPs? — J. K., Alhambra, California.

*Record holders should always stash their LPs in an upright position so that no untoward weight is on them. If a disc gets the bends, from heat or other causes, leaving it under a pile of books overnight will usually even the score.*

**W**hile reading a news item recently on international auto events scheduled in the U.S. for 1963, I came across a phrase that really stumped me: something about requirements for "the homologation of cars" as established by the U.S. Automobile Competition Committee. My heftiest dictionary says "homologation" means "the action of

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confirming or ratifying"—but that doesn't clarify the situation any. What was the guy talking about? — J. V., Kansas City, Missouri.

*In car parlance, homologation is the technical recognition of Touring Cars and Grand Touring Cars as series-produced models, manufactured in accordance with classification standards established by the FIA, international racing's governing body. Beginning with the 1963 season, these standards will require that a minimum of 1000 identical Touring Car models be built within a 12-month span. In the case of Grand Touring Cars, 100 identical models must be manufactured.*

**M**y hunting buddy and I have been arguing about suitable shell loads when going after quail and ring-necked pheasant. I'm in favor of heavy loads, because it seems to me that most of the time when these birds break cover they give you a very long first shot. My friend says I'm nuts, and that with this kind of hunting the only thing a heavy load gives you that a light or medium doesn't is a sore shoulder. Who's right? — P. W., Stowe, Vermont.

*He is. A recent study by the Ithaca Gun Company revealed that the average first shot on upland game is under 20 yards, the average second shot under 25 yards. At such short ranges, a heavy load for the birds is for the birds.*

**A**s a coastguardsman stationed in Hawaii, I am faced right now with a frontal attack on my own coast. My hitch is up in five months and I have been offered a good job on the mainland, but my wife, a beautiful Chinese-Filipino, doesn't want me to take it, fearing her ancestry would bar us from hotels, restaurants, Playboy Clubs, and perhaps even the homes of my friends back in California. True or false? — R. V., Honolulu, Hawaii.

*To begin with, you and your wife will have no trouble at the Playboy Clubs, where we're always more than happy to welcome a beautiful woman, in the company of a member. And it is also our feeling that your wife is making into a mountain something that isn't apt to be even much of a molehill. Enlightened communities no longer build the prejudicial walls they used to erect. Our advice is to take the job. If your friends don't fancy your wife, you will at least have learned the depth of their friendship. And if the new job depends upon friends like these, change both them and the job. Narrow-mindedness and bias may be encountered occasionally, but you'll find that most worthwhile Californians are bigger than bigotry; with just a little patience, you and yours should be able to make a socially and professionally rewarding go of it on the mainland.*



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I'd like some inside dopester information on "blue chip" French wine vintages — that is, fine recent vintages I can buy when they first become available and are not yet exorbitantly priced. Such knowledge is hard to come by, and is not to be found in even the best wine books, because of the timely nature of the information desired. — T. P., San Francisco, California.

Here's some new info on grape expectations straight from the wine cellar: Put your dough in the established labels of burgundies, Bordeaux, Alsaces and champagnes datelined 1961. Chilly weather in April of that year created a grape shortage that will rocket prices, so be the first in your neighborhood to, etc. Cold snap at an end, a wet spring and sizzling summer resulted in a product that French vintners rate among the 15 best years of this century.

The thing I hate about ski weekends is ski pros. Not only do they manhandle your girls on the instruction slopes, they also make a play for them later on in the lounges below. My question is this: When the ski pro, in the guise of camaraderie, sits down at my table and eyes my girl, am I obliged to pay for his drink? — L. C., Denver, Colorado.

It's up to you. At ski lodges it's tacitly assumed that fraternizing with the guests is a legitimate part of the ski pro's job; being in general a friendly and fun-loving lot, and heroes in their element, these gents are frequently not above capitalizing on the situation for make-out purposes. If a conning pro joins you and your girl, you can offer to buy him a drink or indicate that you're involved in a private conversation and you'll be happy to see him on the slopes next morning — either course is considered polite. As in all other occupations that are staffed by single young athletes, the ski-instructor dodge has its share of pushy boors. However, the majority of instructors are sensitive to the fact that they are part hero and part hired help, and are quick to detect a hint that they are intruding.

Your recent reply to T. R. of Chicago concerning the ins and outs of monogrammed shirts, belt buckles and cars set me to thinking about the possibility of personalizing my library. How do you feel about customizing books through monograms and special bindings of regular editions? — S. H., Palm Springs, California.

To have your books bound in identical bindings, or in "sets," is passé. Besides, so many books lack literary durability that binding them is often rather pointless. Books about which you especially care, which you feel you will want to re-read, which deserve a place of honor on your shelves for their content or their

authorship, may be made more permanent and more decorative with special bindings. We don't dig the embossed and ornate styles; a fine bookbinder will create a binding suitable to a particular book, and you can thus have leather-bound books of which no two are alike, unless they are by the same author, in which case you may wish to have bindings of different colors but affinity of design. Your initials or even your full name on the bottom right-hand edge of the front cover is in better taste than having your monogram on the spine. Collecting fine bindings for their own sake is an entirely different matter; it is an expensive hobby and one not much in vogue with young men.

I am bugged half out of my mind by a teasing young chick who is not, I am convinced, the usual kind who teases out of malice, unconscious hatred of men, self-ego building, power testing, sheer bitchery, or any of the other real or supposed psychological reasons. This is essentially a really nice girl who shares with me the firm conviction that all my attempts toward mutual happiness have a shared basis in emotion, but she says that if I really "care" about her — instead of "merely wanting" her — I'll content myself with passionate goodnight kisses and dance-floor embraces. I've tried everything, including the lucidly sensible argument (to me) that "merely wanting" is just fine and doesn't demean or diminish her in the least. She counters my arguments with innumerable quotations from female advice-type columnists, all of which add up to "Don't do it, girls, or you'll lose more than you can ever hope to gain." I'm fed up with these so-called authorities; have you got a counterauthority I can quote to her? (No point telling me what you think — she won't trust you as an unbiased source of wisdom. I'm sad to say.) — W. Q., Toledo, Ohio.

Try her with the following from the Reverend John Donne, he of the tolling bell:

*"Who ever loves, if he do not propose*

*The right true end of love, he's one that goes*

*To sea for nothing but to make him sick."*

All reasonable questions — from fashion, food and drink, hi-fi and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette — will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy Building, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Illinois. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.





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by PRINCE MATCHABELLI

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# OLD HICKORY

AMERICA'S MOST MAGNIFICENT BOURBON



## PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

SHORT ON DAYS, but long on opportunities for change of scene, February wins our nod as one of the choicer months for the traveling man. Cold diggers will find the winter sports arenas in full swing across the Northland, while those weary of winter's wrath will encounter a warm reception in a balmy variety of resorts to the South. Whichever temperature suits your temperament, you should make plans now for a relaxing and revitalizing winter vacation either on the snow or under the sun.

Prime destination for the snow bound is Lake Placid in New York's Adirondacks, where the annual masters' ski-jumping tournament at Intervale Hill will be held on Washington's Birthday. If you get the urge to try the bobsled run, arrangements can be made to go over the hill with a team of tested pros.

Perhaps the closest U.S. approximation to the Continental Alpine resort complex is found in cool Colorado, where new investments totaling \$10,000,000 have helped create 20 modern and accessible resorts. Among the brightest new trailblazers are Crested Butte, north of Gunnison, which has exhilarating runs down the frosty flanks of a 12,000-foot peak; Storm Mountain near Steamboat Springs and Peak Eight near Breckenridge. These, of course, are in addition to such familiar pluses as Loveland and Arapahoe Basins, Aspen Highlands and Monarch Pass, each of which supplies lodge largess and superb downhill facilities for the schuss-minded. Note well, too, the winter carnivals that will be enlivening life at Aberdeen, South Dakota; Aspen and Steamboat Springs in Colorado; Hanover, New Hampshire; Alpena, Houghton and Grayling in Michigan; and St. Paul, Minnesota, the largest of all, which will feature the national outdoor speed-skating championships, and where, as at the other sites for winter carnival spirits, the accomplished sportsman may supplement his wintry doings by trying to win a snow-belle prize.


Those headed for European ski slopes should remember that the transit can now be made via the Caribbean at little or no increase in present round-trip fares across the Atlantic. Under one set-up, for example, an overseaer can jet from New York to Amsterdam direct, then return to the States via Lisbon and Trinidad, Curaçao and Aruba, Jamaica and Miami. West Coasters can route their return through Mexico City or Caracas, and pay as little as \$695.80.

A different, more leisurely approach

to the Atlantic may be made by means of a four-day yacht-plane combination out of Florida's Tampa or West Palm Beach: for an \$80 fee you fly to Nassau, then board a boat—in effect, a floating house party—for a lolling jaunt out to Eleuthera for daytime skindiving, spear and game fishing, and nighttime dancing at the Buccaneer's Club. On the wet road home you should make it a point to tarry at Nassau for a bracing sampling of the restless natives at play on the Bay Street *bistro* circuit: Spots that leap before your eyes should include the Junkanoe Club, Blackbeard's, Club Craze, Chez Paul, Conch Shell, Coconut Palm and Pirate's Den, calypso joints featuring limbo, ancient fire dancing and not-so-ancient firewater. A week's stay in Nassau, including breakfast and dinner, will run you approximately \$130 at Pirate House Club, \$145 at Royal Victoria, and \$160 at Emerald Beach.

Nassau is usually among the ports of call on the ad-lib itinerary of a 96-foot schooner that casts off twice monthly from Miami for lazy cruising amid the Bahamas' beguiling isles. If you want to practice your seamanship while under way, you may; most of the sailing is done at night, with daylight anchorings off island beaches of spectacular lonely beauty. Though the captain, to a degree, is guided as to destination by guests' wishes, the ship has a happy habit of dropping the hook at Bimini, the Berry Islands, Great Abaco and Grand Bahama. Tab for a 10-day cruise for 25 guests ranges from \$175 to \$225 each.

If you prefer cruising directly to and staying at one small off-the-beaten-track island, there to tan your hide in an unhurried, unbarred atmosphere, you can do no better than to head for Tortola in the British Virgins, either by schooner from St. Thomas or by chartered plane from Puerto Rico to Beef Island, thence to Tortola by launch. Accommodations at the Fort Burt Hotel—\$10 to \$25 with meals—will put you within easy reach of both Roadtown, the island's casual main settlement, and tempting jungle-lined, white-sanded beaches at Apple Bay and Cane Garden Bay. As with most smaller islands, it's always wise to make your visit in a foursome to be sure of company and add to the fun of such daylight sealarking as running by rented sloop among the nearby isles—a sunny activity guaranteed to cure any man of his February doldrums.

For further information on any of the above, write to Playboy Reader Service, 232 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Ill. 

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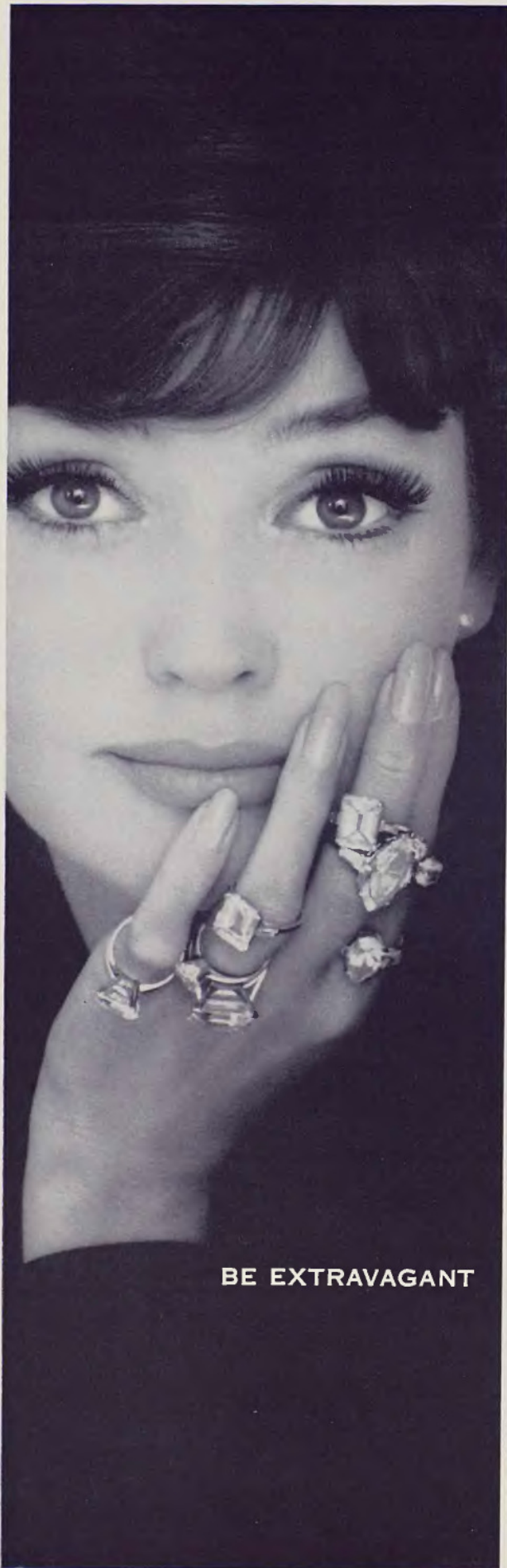
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# PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JACKIE GLEASON

*a candid conversation with the grandiloquent great one*

Nattily bedecked in loafers, dark blue slacks and an eye-searing tomato-red cardigan, the gifted comic-composer-conductor-actor-occultist-egotist who calls himself "The Great One" — otherwise known as Jackie Gleason — sat like a beached whale on the lawn outside the clubhouse at the Shawnee Inn in Pennsylvania's Pocono Mountains. Though he had fared poorly that morning in a golf tournament (he generally shoots in the low 80s), Gleason greeted PLAYBOY with hale-fellow expansiveness, possibly gladdened by contemplation of his equally expansive career. In the wake of his powerful performance as the imperturbable pool shark, Minnesota Fats, in "The Hustler," two of his latest movies — "Gigol" and "Requiem for a Heavyweight" — were in the can and ready for world-wide release; and still another film, "Papa's Delicate Condition" (in which he performed as producer and director as well as star), was being scored and edited. Meanwhile, back in Manhattan, his office staff was keeping busy filing offers for him to produce, direct and star in dozens of new screenplays. His syrupy but salable mood-music albums were grossing to a six-figure tune; in "Take Me Along" he had demonstrated delightfully that he could also pack a theater in a Broadway show; and CBS was paying him \$100,000 a year to keep him exclusively theirs. A millionaire many times over, he could have spent the rest of his life there on the fair-

ways or in the Gleasonian splendor of his \$650,000 home near Peekskill, New York, rousing himself occasionally to shoot a game of pool, to partake of strong waters with his cronies, or to sit back and watch the residuals rolling in on one of his three television sets with reruns of his old "Honeymooners" series. But he was just taking a breather before returning to the medium which made him a star, this time with a live weekly variety show. Early in our interview, we bowed to the Gleason ego and infectious logorrhea, abandoning the role of probing questioner in favor of playing straight man and using our questions as cues to keep *The Great One* talking. Our first cue concerned his reputed monumental self-esteem, our notion being to test the myth against the reality.

**PLAYBOY:** Producer David Susskind has called you "a thundering talent—the kind of raw, brilliant talent that has gone out of style, with as much instinct in drama as in comedy." Do you agree?  
**GLEASON:** One hundred percent. David often has been guilty of exaggeration, but when he said that, I feel he was guilty of understatement.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you also agree with your former writer, Coleman Jacoby, who said, "Gleason is the most egocentric comedian of our time"?

**GLEASON:** Coleman was showing rare perception when he uttered that gem. An actor has to have a healthy ego. Other-

wise how is he going to go out and entertain 25,000 people at a concert in the Hollywood Bowl and demand \$30,000 for it? Anybody who asks for that kind of dough and has that in mind, he can't be as shy as Albert Schweitzer. If you don't think you're good, what the hell are you doing in show business? Those actors who hire press agents to prove to the public that they're really sweet and humble, that's a naive impression they're trying to disseminate. It's counterfeit. It's like Mary Pickford saying to a stevedore, "Let's go upstairs." Look, I was lucky enough to have been given talent, a gift from God. I'm grateful. But let no man say that this diminishes my opinion that I'm very, very good.

**PLAYBOY:** Why do you want to communicate this image of yourself?

**GLEASON:** You're here asking me these questions because it's your job. Well, *that's* my job.

**PLAYBOY:** Is it possible that you exaggerate the ego bit just a little to maintain the image?

**GLEASON:** How can you exaggerate something that's already exaggerated? Certainly I work hard to maintain the position of *The Greatest*. How many guys do you know who go across the country in their own private train at a cost of between \$80,000 and \$90,000? We had some fun that trip, but mainly it was hard work. Every place we stopped we had a schedule that put us all in bed — by ourselves — at about 10 o'clock every



"An actor has failure snapping at his heels like a vicious mongrel, but because ego is his propulsion, he considers the mongrel a puppy."



"I drink for the honorable purpose of getting bagged. Drinking removes warts and pimples, not from me, but from those I look at. Everyone's more beautiful."



"People think I don't know the value of money. You can't sit on it, wear it, make a house with it. You sure can't kiss it. What else can you do but spend it?"





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night. Except for the first night out, right after the party in L.A., there was practically no partying. Two of our group may have hit the booze a little hard. They wanted to work, but I couldn't because I was so busy shaking hands everywhere, so they had nothing to do but drink. Jack Philbin, my executive producer, my right-hand man, came to me and said, "We ought to get them into a steam room." I said, "They don't need a steam room, get them Bishop Sheen." But the whole trip was designed to promote the TV show, and from what we've heard it was the most successful promotional gimmick CBS ever tried. They are now running smaller trips for smaller stars. They've got a news commentator they're thinking of running all the way from New York to Newark. But I can't really say I exaggerate — to get back to that question. Other people do my exaggerating for me. They judge me by their standards, not by mine.

**PLAYBOY:** Then you sincerely believe you're The Greatest?

**GLEASON:** I see no one greater in my field. I think I do what I do better than anybody else. That leaves a lot of areas for others to be great in.

**PLAYBOY:** Some find this attitude engaging, but it can't be said to have made friends of others. How do you feel about them?

**GLEASON:** What others? An actor shouldn't worry too much about making friends, he should worry about an audience. His friends get to see him for nothing anyway.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you ever had a moment of stage fright or self-doubt?

**GLEASON:** I had one once when I thought that a chorus girl I was enamored of wouldn't show up. Incidentally, she didn't. But in the great tradition of the theater, I did the show anyway. Once I wrote that an actor has failure snapping at his heels like a vicious mongrel, but because ego is his propulsion, he considers the mongrel a puppy. The first thing an actor must do is train himself to have no doubts. If he can't play *that* role, and his own critique on his performance is negative, he'd better get out of show business. I began playing it the day I got in the business. Sure, when I first began I had stage fright. It happened that first day; I didn't know the address of the theater. But when I found it I wasn't afraid of the audience — I was afraid of my own performance. And besides, I had a spot on my lapel. I didn't know if I could charm them or not. See, I was born in Brooklyn 46 years ago. My father walked out and left my mother and me alone, and because she had to work I was left pretty much on my own. I found out I could make people laugh by consorting with them, but when I got to that theater that

time, I wasn't sure I could handle an audience. Especially with that spot on my lapel. Well, I emceed a few amateur shows, and played some clam clubs in Allentown and Reading, P.A., and through the experience of finding out I could charm them I gradually lost the stage fright. And I got a bottle of spot remover.

**PLAYBOY:** It has been said that you are afraid of only two things: strangers and airplanes. Is this true?

**GLEASON:** Whoever said that must have been a stranger on an airplane. He certainly doesn't know me. My whole business is meeting strangers. If I'm afraid of them, so is Jack Kennedy. As far as airplanes are concerned, I was taking a cross-country flight from California to New York and the plane came down fast in Phoenix. I've flown once since then to do a benefit. But I don't like flying and I see no reason why I *should* fly. Besides, if you've ever been on a train with me, with all the girls and the refreshments and the band, you have to admit that if you *really* want to fly, *that's* the only way. The train is the only place, practically, that I ever get to be alone, to think, to soak up some of the country. Don't forget, I'm not just working to people in New York. I've got a whole nation I've got to charm. Also, I like the train because I've got no reason to get anywhere in a hurry.

**PLAYBOY:** You are one of the few performers who makes no bones about his fondness for drinking. What does alcohol do for you?

**GLEASON:** I drink for the sole, simple, honorable purpose of getting bagged. I never drink alone, I never drink when I'm sad or angry. I only drink with friends. Drinking removes warts and pimples, not from me, but from those I look at. Everybody becomes more beautiful.

**PLAYBOY:** Your liquid capacity is legendary. What was the most you ever drank in one bout?

**GLEASON:** I'm no saucer-counter. But I probably drink less than most people think I do. If I drank as much as they say, I'd never be able to pick up a pool cue, let alone perform. Beside a *real* drinker such as Eddie Condon or Joe E. Lewis, I'm a terrier beside a Newfoundland.

**PLAYBOY:** Could you outlast Dean Martin in a fair contest?

**GLEASON:** I've never gone up against him. But I think his drinking is magnified by reporters as much as mine. How can you stay bagged and do your work? As for going up against him, I think drinking contests are ridiculous. You don't prove anything except that you can get sicker than the other guy. One time I sat down with Toots Shor in a brandy-drinking



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On the olives  
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Who's getting thinner  
And fatter.  
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That are left in the dips,  
A marvelously *marvelous* matter.

A party's a carpet  
With ashes,  
A glass that goes crashing  
And splashes.  
It's cigarette smoke,  
The *funniest* joke,  
A flutter  
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contest, but that was the only one I ever was in. He said I fell down and that he left me laying there in the entrance to the dining room all through the dinner hour. He also said people had to jump over me to get to their tables. Can you imagine anybody jumping over somebody to get to Toots' food?

**PLAYBOY:** There are those who regard Toots as something less than a stimulating fellow. What exactly is the bond between you?

**GLEASON:** I think he's harmless. Also, he's a very, very good friend to me and has been for years. When I was scuffling, all I needed to get a meal in Shor's was my fountain pen. Many times I should have eaten the pen—it would have been tastier. One time I had to tell Toots—I owed him about \$800, I think—that if the food didn't improve I was going to turn in my pen. Sometimes I wonder how I survived, eating Toots' food day in and day out. One night I ordered a bowl of soup in there, and it was the only time in my life I ever had to chew soup. But I'll say this for Toots—the next day when I came in I didn't have to chew it. I cut it with a knife and fork and ate it in chunks. That was when I found out why Toots' customers always sit around his place so long—they can't get up.

**PLAYBOY:** Your fondness for food is at least as legendary as your taste for spirits. What's the most you've ever eaten at a sitting?

**GLEASON:** When I was broke and someone invited me to dinner. But I don't wish to defend my eating. I eat when I get hungry . . . I just get hungrier oftener than other people.

**PLAYBOY:** What's the best meal you ever had?

**GLEASON:** When I devoured the reviews of *The Hustler*.

**PLAYBOY:** If you were counseling a prospective dieter, what would you advise?

**GLEASON:** Forget it.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you like the way you look?

**GLEASON:** I might as well . . . I'm stuck with it. I've had fun being thin and fun being fat, but I've been fat more than I've been thin, so I've had more fun fat. I weigh about 235 right now. My best weight for TV is around 225, and I'll be down to that before I go back on the air. I move a lot on TV, move fast, and I have to weigh less for that.

**PLAYBOY:** Will you have to go on a rigorous diet to take off the 10 pounds for TV?

**GLEASON:** Nothing heroic. Play golf. Cut down on food and booze. Be more sensible than usual.

**PLAYBOY:** Has eating—or dieting—ever interfered with your work?

**GLEASON:** Nothing interferes with my work. It used to be that when I dieted

I went into Doctors Hospital so a physician could supervise. I used to work on the show from my hospital room. The writers would come up and we'd discuss everything. Sinatra came up one day and he was sitting there and a new nurse came in. She looked at him and she looked at me, and then she put a pillow behind *his* back. But I don't believe there's any excuse for allowing personal problems—like a knife and fork—to get in the way of a spotlight.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you think, then, of the recent publicity about the temperaments of such stars as Marlon Brando and Elizabeth Taylor holding up production and costing their studios millions of dollars over budget?

**GLEASON:** I wasn't there so I don't know what went on, but I do know the studios must think the stars are worth it if they put up with it. It's absolutely up to the studio. If a star horses around, and the studio doesn't want them, they fire them. I remember the first time I was in Hollywood, I said, "Hello," and they fired me.

**PLAYBOY:** Method actors are said by some directors to be the worst production-delayers. What do you think of the Method?

**GLEASON:** I'm not opposed to the Method as long as everybody can have his own. I did a scene with an actor who kept questioning and analyzing everything about his own motivations at such length I wanted to get him a lawyer. All I know about the Method and Method actors is what Charles Laughton said. "Method actors give you a photograph. Real actors give you an oil painting."

**PLAYBOY:** Some critics have said that in *Gigot* you gave only a sketch. What do you say?

**GLEASON:** That was *your* review, **PLAYBOY**. Get a load of the others—four stars from Kate Cameron, for instance. I say the picture was designed to entertain *people*, not critics. If all the critics came to Loew's State, all of them in the whole U.S., there'd still be an empty balcony. But who likes criticism anyhow? The only thing I know that feels secure when it's rapped is a nail.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you enjoy working in Hollywood on *Papa's Delicate Condition*?

**GLEASON:** The working conditions were ideal. They set up a bar next to my dressing room, and I didn't have to smuggle. As for living there . . . well, the weather's a little too vanilla for me. I'd rather see some snow and rain, spring and fall, the changing of the leaves. I think a person's creative abilities are stimulated by different seasons. Living in a one-note climate is not as invigorating. But I enjoyed the work much more than I did the first time I went out. That was in

(continued on page 197)

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Photographed in Elgin, Scotland, by "21" Brands. Front row (l. to r.): Sandy Allan, Head Maltman; Willie Watson, Cooper; Willie Turner, Maltman; Bob Gammie, Mashman; Jimmy Sim, Tun Room Man; Peter Geddes, Still Man; Robbie Stewart, Still Man; Jack Grant, Maltman. Rear (l. to r.): Willie Craig, Manager; Bob Milne, Head Brewer; Jack Sinclair, Asst. Brewer; George Geddes, Head Warehouse Man; Charlie Sinclair, Asst. Warehouse Man; James Anderson, Boiler Man.

## 14 Scotsmen and what they do to make Ballantine's Scotch

The 14 Scotsmen you see above make a rare Highland Whisky at a Ballantine's distillery at Elgin, Scotland, hard by the North Sea. This whisky is just one of the 42 high-grade Scotch Whiskies that are harmonized to make Ballantine's sunny-light flavor. These men possess distilling skills which have been handed down from their forefathers. Each performs his task with the same patience, pride and attention to detail that have marked the making of



Ballantine's for more than one hundred and thirty years. The final result is Scotch Whisky as Scotch Whisky should be: never brash or heavy—nor so limply light that it merely teases the taste buds. The final result is Scotch Whisky always good-natured and sociably gentle, flaunting its authentic flavor and quality to all those who enjoy its company. Just a few reasons why: *The more you know about Scotch the more you like Ballantine's.*



# GIFTING THE GIRLS

*for a golden yule: a guide for guys on pleasing their playmates*

By ROBERT L. GREEN

TO EARN A GLOWING REPUTATION as a Santa *sans pareil* among his pretty paramours, the gift-wise guy need not emulate that overzealous suitor who inundated his inamorata with 12 drummers drumming, 11 pipers piping, 10 lords a-leaping, and so forth down — or up — to a partridge in a pear tree. If you've ever bedazzled a damsel with bonbons, poetry or flowers you know that munificence is less a measure of successful gifting than the sentiment embodied in your token of esteem.

Whether stole or sonnet, blossom or bijou, the correct Christmas cumshaw is the one that flatters and disarms each object of your affection by seeming to be the product of dedicated planning and searching especially for her; by making her feel that you alone know the real her and that she alone commands your appreciative attention.

The one great secret of staying afloat during the annual Christmastidal wave of gifting is organization. Before you embark on the churning sea of frenzied shoppers, make a list of your lasses, classifying them by their basic traits and tastes.

Each of your female friends will probably fit into one of the following categories: (1) the ultrachic, felinely feminine type; (2) the crisply competent business girl; (3) the lithe-limbed, glowing, healthy outdoor girl; (4) the culture-conscious, aesthetic-intellectual type; or (5) the tantalizingly changeable child-woman. The niche into which each *femme* falls should give you a hint about what is apt to please her.

Now, with list in hand, you are almost ready to pursue the perfect presents for your fair ladies. But linger in your lounging chair a bit longer to answer these questions about each lass on your list: Should her gift be practical or friv-

olous? Intimate or personal? How much does she mean to you and how much do you want her to mean?

In choosing the right gift for the right girl, the length of time you've known her is important. If the ink is barely dry in your address book — but you'd still like to catalyze a rapid chemical reaction — an inexpensive but perceptive gift will do the trick; if you discussed music or literature during your one bright evening together, try the latest album or anthology featuring one of her favorites.

If you are old friends but your times with her are preferably platonic, an impersonal gift is in order. Umbrellas, fountain pens, candy, luggage, handkerchiefs, colognes, traveling clocks, cigarette lighters and costume jewelry, chosen to conform to her tastes and her other possessions all indicate friendship pure and simple.

But if she's the one who phones after midnight — and you anticipate the calls — a lavish and more familiar remembrance is called for to keep her on the line: sable, if you're able, is fine and a black Belgian lace negligee could be perfect — if the rapport is a *fait accompli*. But don't give her a diamond unless you mean to suggest the permanence that goes with it.

In choosing a really important present for that very special someone, remember that every female is born with a taste for luxury, i.e. for furs, jewels and perfume. But luxury needn't be beyond reasonable reach. If you can't afford a full-length fur, a black velvet stole or jacket trimmed with something undeniable (like chinchilla) will still impress her. In jewelry, you don't have to care for her in carats — just as long as the gem is the real thing. If size does count, give her



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a whopper of a dinner ring with a high-quality synthetic stone, but make sure it's a kind she admires. By far the easiest of the luxury line, both on purchaser and purse, is perfume. It's a breeze to buy and can usually be found—even at the last minute—in most drug and department stores. If you're going to send her scent, be sure the sweet smell is a success. If she's loyal to one fragrance, buy her the whole set from purse *flacon* to dressing-table cologne, or add a Swedish-crystal atomizer. If she has a collection of aromas, give her a chance to order a custom-made blend of her very own from a fine cosmetics house.

If she's proud of her pad but hasn't finished furnishing it, send her a functional conversation piece: a small antique chair or desk, an area rug, a box made of polished or inlaid wood, gold bathroom fixtures, a chafing dish, unique bookends or an original by her favorite contemporary artist. Check local galleries: Special holiday collections are usually on display.

In considering a gift of garb, it is best to avoid quickly outmoded high fashions, eccentric shades (except for eccentric girls) and bothersome fabrics that spend most of their lives at the cleaners. Be sure that whatever you get her complements her existing wardrobe in taste, color and size. Cashmere sweaters, silk blouses, scarves, elbow-length gloves, stretch pants, Japanese kimonos, one-of-a-kind belts, and handbags of all sizes are always accepted with open arms. If you give her a purse, enclose an extra surprise: a *flacon* of her favorite perfume, a monogrammed key ring or a leather cigarette case.

If she's sentimental, a small gold charm that recalls a special event or date will enchant her. If she's a softie she'll also be swayed by a silver cigarette box, lighter or telephone desk pad, engraved with your secret nonsense word or the first letters of a significant message, a line from her favorite poem or the notes of your special song.

Even simple monogramming (which most stores will do in less than a week) adds an only-for-me value to such otherwise ordinary and utilitarian gifts as stationery, cocktail shakers and glasses, silver bookmarks, gold car keys, handkerchiefs, place mats, bathroom and boudoir accessories, hand mirrors, brushes, combs, blouses, photo albums, diaries, passport cases, luggage, leather letter-writing kits, white cowhide manicuring sets, gold checkbooks and silver bottle stoppers or openers.

For repeated remembrance, a continuing gift is the ticket. Enroll her in any one of a dozen good fruit-, cheese-, book-, candy- or record-of-the-month clubs. Or, more personal still, buy her an instructional course in anything from Italian

to flying, water skiing or skindiving. If it's culture she seeks, she'll be delighted with a two-seat subscription for the opera, symphony, art-film society or lecture series. And she's sure to ask you to keep her company. Another nice reminder is a gift subscription to such prestige and specialty magazines as *Gourmet*, *L'Occil*, *Connaissance des Arts*, *Realités*, *Punch*, *Paris Match* or *Horizon*.

Christmas spirits, if well chosen, make fine presents and can be easy on the budget. For a bit of offbeat memorabilia, give your young flame an old bottle of brandy bearing the vintage year of her birth. For an old flame get a great champagne that bears the date of the year you met. In either case include a pair of just-for-the-two-of-us glasses. For pleasant but impersonal gifts, liquor stores offer last-minute haven with a wide range of special holiday gift bottles. Along more luxurious lines you might consider the jewel-like splendor of a baccarat crystal decanter of Remy-Martin Louis XIV cognac encased in green velvet. If she knows her wines, or wants to, give her an expandable wine rack made of interlocking aluminum sleeves and slip in a sampling of good stock to get her cellar started.

If the girl's a gourmet, spice up her life with a fine French herb rack, or delve into a delicacy shop to select a gift basket of *escargots*, crepes, smoked game, Beluga caviar, Edam or Gouda cheese and other canned and glazed goodies. Or give her a custom blend of coffee and an espresso maker. But don't, whatever you do, give her the makings of a Christmas dinner as a "gift" and expect her to fix it in your honor.

Whatever the category of your gift, it is always worthwhile to seek the extreme. Buy her a salad bowl, but make it the largest ever seen. If you get her liqueur glasses, get her the ones with the longest and most delicate stems. Find the jewel box with the most secret compartments or a mammoth stuffed toy, or the lightest possible luggage. Also strive for the best-of-breed: The finest leather wallet outrates a just-average purse costing more.

If you want to impress but are under duress, you can bank on the happy fact that most women are extremely label-conscious. A chiffon scarf from Neiman-Marcus, a silk square from Bergdorf-Goodman, a deck of cards from Cartier or a silver bookmark from Tiffany's may have more meaning than a costlier gift from a popular department store.

But remember, whatever you give her, it must *seem* to be the one and only perfect choice for her, selected after long and careful cogitation. Of course, that doesn't mean you have to do the shopping; almost every good store now pro-

vides personal shopping consultants who will be happy to handle the final chore for you or will guide you (and your list) through the maze of merchandise to help you make those perfect choices. Although the store consultant's services are free, you may prefer to seek the more extensive aid of a private shopping firm which, for no more than a dollar or two per gift, will scout local and out-of-town stores for just the right presents and will also provide personalized gift wrapping and delivery.

Gift wrapping, like the gift, should seem to reflect the personality of each pretty miss on your list. But unless paperfolding is your forte, we suggest you let the store's custom-wrapping department take over. If you do the chore yourself, it is wise to wrap each gift on the day you buy it; it is no fun to face a mountain of unadorned presents on Christmas Eve.

Having found and bound just the right presents for your lovelies, it is best to deliver all but that one most special gift on either Christmas Eve or earlier.

Once you've visited all but the final hearth, the time has come to retire for a long winter's nip, toasted, of course, with the chosen *one*.



Statement required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Acts of March 3, 1933, July 2, 1946 and June 11, 1960 (74 Stat. 208) showing the ownership, management, and circulation of PLAYBOY, published monthly at Chicago, Ill., for Oct. 1, 1962.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher and Editor, Hugh M. Hefner, 232 East Ohio St., Chi., Ill.; Managing Editor, Jack J. Kessie, 164 W. Burton Pl., Chi., Ill.; Business Manager, Robert S. Preuss, 7970 Oak Ave., River Forest, Ill. 2. The owner is: HMH PUBLISHING CO., INC., 232 East Ohio St., Chicago 11, Ill. The names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of the total amount of stock are: Glenn L. Hefner, 1922 N. New England, Chi., Ill.; Hugh M. Hefner, 232 East Ohio St., Chi., Ill.; Keith Hefner, 1340 N. State Pkwy., Chi., Ill.; Victor A. Lowmes III, 221 E. Walton, Chi., Ill.; Arthur Paul, 168 E. Pearson, Chi., Ill.; Eldon Sellers, 2615 Greenleaf, Wilmette, Ill.; Burt Zollo, 532 Aldine, Chi., Ill. 3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. 4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner. 5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: 1,295,722. Robert S. Preuss, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 18th day of September, 1962. (SEAL) Marjorie Pitner. (My commission expires April 20, 1963.)










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# THE PLAYBOY PHILOSOPHY

*on our ninth anniversary playboy's editor-publisher spells out—for friends and critics alike—our guiding principles and editorial credo*

EXACTLY NINE YEARS AGO this month, the first issue of PLAYBOY was published, with a personal investment of \$600 and \$6000 begged or borrowed from anyone who would stand still long enough to listen to "a new idea for a men's magazine." Now something of a collector's item, that issue—forged with much youthful zeal by a small group of dedicated iconoclasts who shared a publishing dream—seems almost childishly crude when compared with the magazine you hold in your hands. We have come a long way since then, in editorial scope and polish as well as in circulation, and we are mightily pleased whenever we are complimented on the fact. But when well-wishers sometimes praise us for the way in which our magazine has changed, we must shake our head in disagreement. The fact is that in its basic concepts and its editorial attitude, in its view of itself and its view of life, its feelings about its readers and — we believe — their feelings toward it, the magazine called PLAYBOY is the same today as it was nine years ago. Improved — yes, we like to think. Altered in its aims and outlook — definitely no.

Recently, and increasingly in the past year, PLAYBOY's aims and outlook have been given considerable comment in the press, particularly in the journals of social, philosophical and religious opinion, and have become a popular topic of conversation at cocktail parties around the country. While we've been conscious of the virtues in seeing ourselves as others see us, we've also felt the image is occasionally distorted; having listened patiently for so long a time to what others have decided PLAYBOY represents and stands for, we've decided — on this ninth anniversary — to state our own editorial credo here, and offer a few personal observations on our present-day society and PLAYBOY's part in it — an effort we hope to make interesting to friends and critics alike.

## OPINION ON PLAYBOY

When Professor Archibald Henderson titled his definitive biography of George Bernard Shaw *Playboy and Prophet*, he probably came closer to using the word *playboy* as we conceive it than is common today. Certainly, he did not mean that

## editorial By Hugh M. Hefner

the highly prolific playwright-critic was an all-play-and-no-work sybarite. He certainly did not mean to suggest that Shaw led a pleasure-seeking life of indolent ease, nor that the platonically inclined vegetarian was leading a secret life of the seraglio. He did mean — and he told us so when he visited our offices on the occasion of the founding of the Shaw Society in Chicago — that Shaw was a man who approached life with immense gusto and relish. As a word, *playboy* has suffered semantic abuse: Its most frequent usage in the press is to characterize those functionless strivers after pleasure whom Federico Fellini, in *La Dolce Vita*, showed to be so joylessly diligent in their pursuit of self-pleasuring as to be more deserving of sympathy than righteous condemnation. PLAYBOY, the magazine, has been sometimes tarred with the same brush — usually by those who are more zealous in their criticism than in their reading of it. We have been accused of leadership in a cult of irresponsibility and of aiding in the decline of the Western world. We deny it.

With PLAYBOY's ever-increasing popularity, it would be foolish for us to pretend that the publication doesn't exert a considerable influence upon our society. But what kind of influence? Opinions vary. We first became aware that PLAYBOY was developing into something more than a magazine when readers began purchasing Playboy Products in considerable quantities: everything from cuff links, ties, sport shirts, tuxedos and bar accessories to playing cards, personalized matches and stickers for their car windows — all with the Playboy Rabbit as the principal design and principal motivation for the purchase. Readers were soon buying Playboy earrings, necklaces, ankle bracelets, sweaters and Playmate Perfume for their own particular playmates, and we wondered at the unusual degree of identification that the men who purchase PLAYBOY each month obviously feel for the magazine and its editorial point of view. They sought, and we gladly supplied, a mark of identity in common with the publication — the sort of honor a man usually reserves for his

fraternity, or a special business or social association. By the time we were ready to open the first Playboy Club in 1960, we fully appreciated the impact that PLAYBOY, in its many forms, was having upon the urban community (for by then we'd witnessed the success of the Playboy Jazz Festival, Playboy records, Playboy Tours and our nationally syndicated television show, *Playboy's Penthouse*).

The professional critics and commentators on the contemporary scene could not too long resist supplying a personal analysis of the PLAYBOY phenomenon. In *Commentary* — "A journal of significant thought and opinion on Jewish affairs and contemporary issues," Benjamin DeMott, professor of English at Amherst, wrote an article on the subject, "The Anatomy of 'Playboy,'" which he sums up as "the whole man reduced to his private parts."

But in "Playboy's Doctrine of Male" by Harvey Cox, first published in *Christianity and Crisis* — "A Christian Journal of Opinion," and reprinted in *The Intercollegian* — "A Journal of Christian Encounter," and the editorial pages of a number of college newspapers, PLAYBOY is criticized for being "basically anti-sexual." Cox describes PLAYBOY as "one of the most spectacular successes in the entire history of American journalism," but stamps us "dictatorial taste-makers," decries the emphasis on emotionally uninvolved "recreational sex" and announces that — like the sports car, liquor and hi-fi — girls are just another "PLAYBOY accessory."

Writing for *Motive* — "The Magazine of the Methodist Student Movement," Reverend Roy Larson states: "PLAYBOY is more than just a handbook for the young-man-about-town: it's a sort of Bible which defines his values, shapes his personality, sets his goals, dictates his choices and governs his decisions. The PLAYBOY philosophy has become . . . a sort of substitute religion." But Reverend Larson rather likes PLAYBOY: He sympathizes with our interest in "style" — he is "upset by those people in the church who seem to assume . . . that averageness is more Christlike than distinctiveness. Certainly — God knows — there's nothing in the mainstream of the Christian tradi-



tion which justifies this canonization of mediocrity." And a bit further: "I sympathize with PLAYBOY's revolt against narrow, prudish Puritanism, even though I would disagree with the way this revolt is expressed."

The general press has also decided that PLAYBOY's popularity may have broad implications (no pun intended) and though there isn't yet the same attempt at pseudo-socio- and psychoanalytical evaluation, the title of a recent feature story on PLAYBOY in *Time*, "The Boss of Taste City," indicates that they, too, are at least vaguely aware that something more than a successful magazine and several key clubs is involved here. The story in the *Saturday Evening Post*, "Czar of the Bunny Empire" by Bill Davidson, was the most superficial and inaccurate piece done on us to date, with almost all of the quotes, and many of the facts, simply invented by the author to suit his purpose, but the *Post* spent more than \$100,000 in advertising and promoting that single article and it sold a whale of a lot of extra copies of that lagging magazine.

There have actually been more major magazine stories on PLAYBOY in Europe during the last year than in the United States, and they have all been extremely favorable: both the greater number and the kinder editorial disposition can be explained in part, we suspect, by our not being in competition with foreign publications for either circulation or advertising dollars; but considering that we *are* competitors (and doing a bit better than the rest), and not forgetting the general moral climate of middle-class America (at whom most mass media are aimed), the magazines and newspapers around the country that have written about PLAYBOY have been, by and large, quite fair. (Though occasionally a prejudice does creep in, as when a Playboy Club story in *Life* turned into a general key club story, because, as the editors reportedly decided, "We don't want to give all that free publicity to PLAYBOY, do we?")

There are apparently a few cool cats springing up behind the Iron Curtain these days, because we understand that PLAYBOY is now the most popular magazine on the Black Market in Moscow—the same gents who secretly tune in the jazz programs on *Voice of America*, we presume. A West Coast newspaper column also reported recently that American airmen stationed in the Arctic have discovered that PLAYBOY is their most valuable item of barter when they pay a visit to the Russian airfield nearby. We haven't heard about any editorializing on the broader implications of the PLAYBOY view of life in any of the official Russian press, but I think we can safely assume that if they've formed any opinion on the subject, it's negative.

The Canadian Broadcasting Company has done an hour-long network radio documentary (*Playboy of the Modern World*) and a half-hour network television program (*The Most*) on PLAYBOY this year—the Canadians came to Chicago for more than a week for each show, used thousands of feet of tape and film in the Playboy Building, the Club and the Playboy Mansion. Both have been nominated for awards and are far and away the most accurate and best coverage the world of PLAYBOY has been given to date in any medium. Yet a small-circulation Canadian magazine, *Saturday Night*, published an article at just about the same time, titled "Dream World of the Sex Magazines," that claims the recurring theme in PLAYBOY and its imitators is "the brutalization of women." We assume they're referring to psychological or social brutalization, since we never lay a hand on a female except in passion or self-defense.

Comment about PLAYBOY keeps popping up everywhere these days—in movies, on TV, in night-club acts: In Billy Wilder's *One, Two, Three*, Berlin Coca-Cola boss Jimmy Cagney's male assistant got himself delayed while on an unusual errand into East Berlin, dressed as a girl, because the border guards spent half an hour trying to talk him into letting them shoot some pictures of him for PLAYBOY. Jocy Bishop announced on the *Tonight* show that he'd discovered the perfect Easter gift for pal Frank Sinatra—a Bunny from the Playboy Club. Mort Sahl expressed concern about an entire new generation of guys growing up convinced that girls fold in three parts. And have staples in their navels.

Art Buchwald kidded about PLAYBOY's impact on the country in his internationally syndicated column: "Some people are afraid that Hefner may try to take over the United States, if not by force, at least by sex. He has 130,000 Playboy Club keyholders now who have pledged to follow Hefner in whatever direction he wishes to go. They all have keys and if Hefner can change the locks on some of the Government buildings in Washington, including the White House, there is no reason why he couldn't take over the country. Many people think Bobby Kennedy's recent trip around the world was a secret mission for Mr. Hefner to find new locations for Playboy Clubs. The slogan of the Playboy is, of course, 'Today girls, tomorrow the world.'"

A Unitarian minister, John A. Crane, in Santa Barbara, California, devoted an entire sermon to the subject, "Philosophy and Fantasy in PLAYBOY Magazine and What This Suggests About Us": "PLAYBOY comes close now to qualifying as a movement, as well as a magazine," he said. "It strikes me that PLAYBOY is a religious magazine, though I will admit I have a peculiar understanding of the meaning

of the word. What I mean is that the magazine tells its readers how to get into heaven. It tells them what is important in life, delineates an ethics for them, tells them how to relate to others, tells them what to lavish their attention and energy upon, gives them a model of a kind of person to be. It expresses a consistent world view, a system of values, a philosophical outlook.

"Not only does PLAYBOY create a new image of the ideal man, it also creates a slick little universe all its own, creates what you might call an alternative version of reality in which men may live in their minds. It's a light and jolly kind of universe, a world in which a man can be forever carefree, where a man can remain, like Peter Pan, a boy forever and ever. There are no nagging demands and responsibilities, no complexities or complications."

And yet Reverend Crane, like Reverend Larson in his article for *Motive*, winds up expressing some positive, if qualified, feelings about PLAYBOY: "But for the most part, the magazine is, I would expect, pretty harmless. It amuses its readers by creating a delightful imaginary world for them, a world that they find it fun to live in; and everybody needs a little fun now and then. The only real harm that it does, I think, is negative: it does nothing important for its readers, doesn't lead them anywhere, does nothing to enlarge or deepen their awareness of themselves and their lives, does nothing to encourage the growth of insight or understanding."

But in that same month, in the very same state, columnist Hugh Russell Fraser took a very different view of the more serious side of PLAYBOY's content. Devoting an entire column, on the editorial page of the *Daily Commercial News*, the West Coast's oldest business newspaper, to PLAYBOY in general and the then current issue (March) in particular, he wrote: "One of the most intellectual magazines in America. For a magazine that is devoted to 'Entertainment for Men,' it is strangely concerned with two things few men, and even fewer women, have any real interest in: namely, truth and beauty."

Fraser goes on to extol the literary and intellectual virtues of the March issue, which he says "comes close to being a sheer work of art." It is the same issue that was on sale at the time of the Unitarian sermon questioning whether PLAYBOY "does anything important for its readers," but there is no connection between the Santa Barbara sermon and the San Francisco column, except that both were written on the same subject, within a month of one another; we're quite certain that the columnist knew nothing whatever about the minister's sermon, and vice versa.

(continued on page 166)



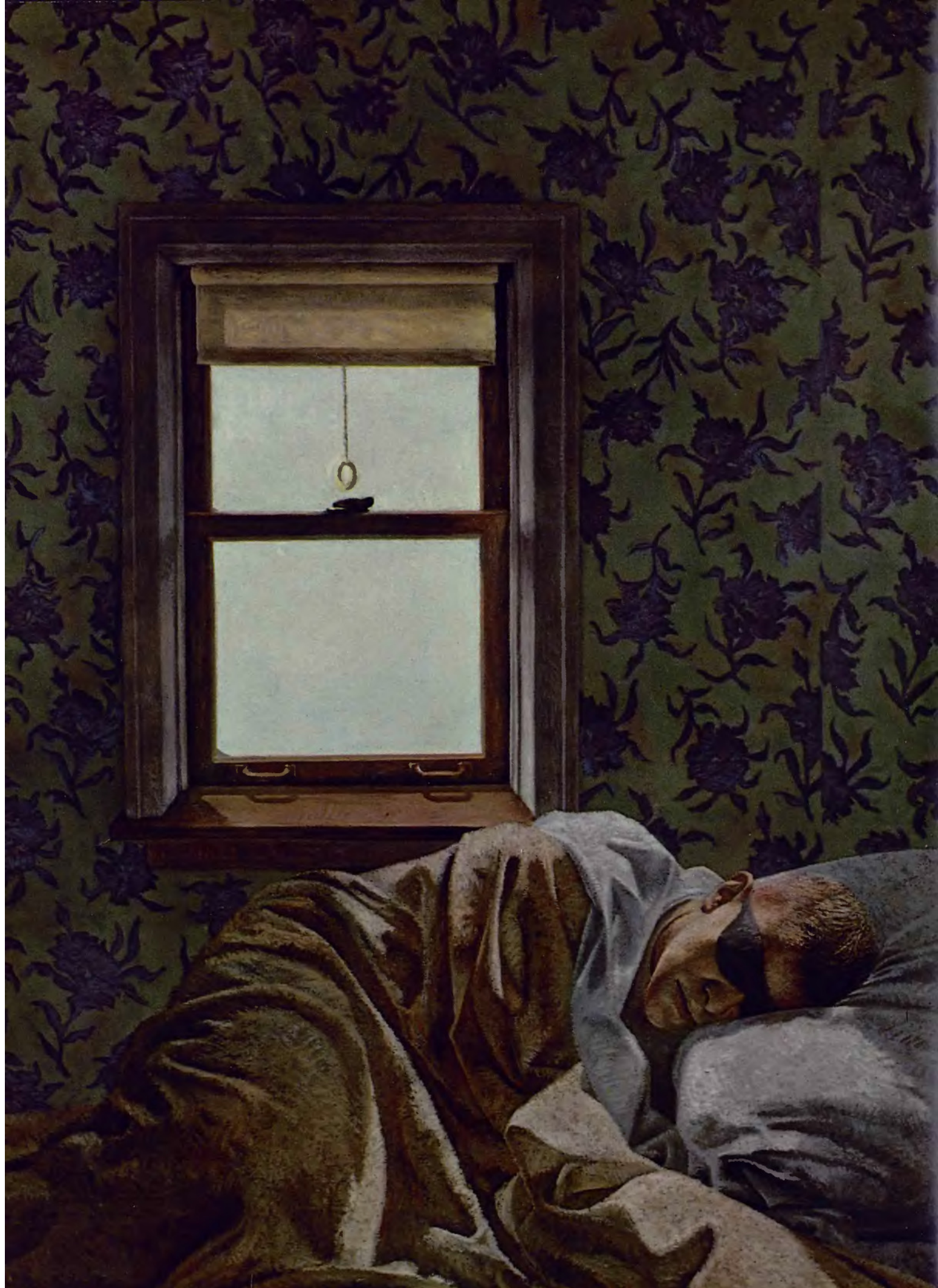


# WINTER IN THIS LATITUDE

*fiction* By RICK RUBIN

he became pure being, only to discover  
he could no longer think, no longer feel







THE HEADACHE OCCURRED on a rainy Saturday afternoon in early November, shortly after Norman Cross came back down from his wife, or more properly his ex-wife, Connie's apartment. He would not have been up there, ordinarily, the divorce proceedings being in their fourth month, but Connie had called and said she had the flu or some kind of a virus, and nothing in the house to eat, and asked him to pick her up some soup and a carton of milk and a dozen eggs. Norman was living just half a block down the street, so it wasn't much trouble for him to go around the corner and get the groceries and take them up to Connie.

When he got there he found her in bed, looking flushed and disheveled and miserable, so the least he could do was heat up a plate of soup for her and make a sandwich. He carried the food into her bedroom, their bedroom four months before, and she smiled weakly and started to eat.

"You're lucky it's Saturday," Norman said. "If I'd been at work you wouldn't have had anything to eat. You haven't a darn thing in the fridge."

"I know it," Connie said. "I haven't been eating much lately."

"You ought to take better care of yourself," he said. "You let yourself get run-down and then you get sick and have to call me."

"I'm sorry I called you, honey," she said.

"That isn't what I meant," he said. "Why do you always accuse me of only thinking of myself? I wasn't complaining because you called me. You can always call me if you need something."

She was lying propped up by a couple of pillows, holding the plate in one hand and spooning in soup with the other, and the blanket slid down, revealing one bare breast. She quickly covered it, but seeing her naked breast reminded Norman of times before they had broken up. She appeared unaware of the effect on him, but it seemed to him that she must know, and have let the blanket slip on purpose, and was even lying there naked in the bed on purpose. She would not admit the real and deep-seated difficulties between them, she only wanted to influence him by twisting his emotions.

"Well, I've got to go," he said. "If you need anything just call me."

"I think I'll be all right, honey," she said.

"Well, don't hesitate to call if you need anything."

He went out and down the half a block to his own apartment. It was raining steadily but not hard, the sky dark gray, more like early evening than nearly midday. The November sun, even if there had been no clouds, would barely have cleared the hills to the south and west of the city. Norman hunched down to keep the rain from getting under his collar. It occurred to him that there were six full months of rain and foul weather ahead, and the thought depressed him.

And when he got home, just as he was taking off his coat, the headache struck, and with it a peculiar sensa-

tion in his eyes. He could focus his eyes, but all around the point of focus everything was swimming and moving, a boiling soup of cells and molecules. And his eyes would not stay on one thing, they wanted to move around, as though to escape the chaotic motion around the center of vision. The headache itself was a throbbing, painful pressure centered in his forehead.

The sudden onset of the headache worried Norman. He went into the bathroom and gulped down two aspirins and then returned to the living room and stood wondering what he should do. He tried staring at an ashtray, wanting to smooth out the movement around the center of focus, but his eyes kept sliding away from it. After a moment's thought he decided that he had been reading too much, or had strained his eyes somehow, and that the best thing would be to lie down. He went into the bedroom and lay fully clothed on the bed. He pulled a pillow over his eyes and tamped it around his ears but away from his nose and mouth.

He lay there thinking. He had a briefcase full of papers from the office he had intended to study, and the apartment needed cleaning and he had a load of soiled clothes for the laundromat. He felt that he was not getting anything accomplished, particularly in relation to the papers from work. He could not afford to fall behind, his competitors for promotion were pushing too hard. First the call from Connie and now the headache. He wondered if there was any connection. He remembered the sight of her breast, calling it up involuntarily, pink and brown in his mind's eye. It occurred to him that he might be punishing himself for seeing her body and desiring it. He remembered that when he was in his teens he had suffered a series of sties in his left eye and had believed that they were a form of self-punishment for masturbating. Even though he had never been able to formulate a clear connection between masturbating and having sties, he had thought that there must be a connection.

After a few minutes he lifted the pillow a little and looked about the room. His eyes seemed little if any improved. The sight of the room itself, moreover, depressed him. It was a furnished apartment, much less pleasant than the one where Connie now lived alone, into which they had put considerable labor when they lived there together. His present apartment he had done nothing to improve, accepting the faded wallpaper and dingy furniture as it was. The wallpaper in the bedroom was a pale green with purple flowers, in convolute and continuous patterns that gave the eye no chance to rest. He pulled the pillow back down over his face.

The speed with which the difficulty with his eyes had come on disturbed him. What if he were going blind? How would he make his living if he were a blind man, and how would he get around? Yet many people went blind every year, and somehow managed. He could probably manage somehow. They had education centers



where they retrained blind people to do useful work.

He remembered the sight of his ex-wife's breast, and without willing it recalled her entire body, naked. Both breasts, full and dark-tipped, her firm legs and hips, the dark patch at her groin, the wrinkles on her belly from when she was pregnant. She had wanted the child badly, while he had been afraid of the cost and loss of freedom involved, and after she lost it in the ninth month he had made her take her precautions with double care, saying that another pregnancy too soon would be dangerous for her health.

Then abruptly he was ashamed of remembering her body. They were separated, the divorce he had persuaded her to initiate had only two more months until the decree. The time had gone so damn fast. He had wanted the break, but it seemed more proper for her to get the divorce. That was the normal way. Connie had been unwilling at first, but he had persuaded her. And now he was picturing her naked body, white and firm, even feeling excited by it, and he was ashamed.

He thought of how it would be if he were going blind. Life would be difficult certainly, but also simpler. He would not be able to work at his job. A blind man could not be a production expediter. He would not want to run a newsstand, showing his blindness every day to the world and making a living from it. Some monotonous but not unpleasant job of manual labor. Of course he would not want to be a burden to anyone. Blind men lived simple lives. They did not have to make so many decisions. Earning a living was the problem. You would not have to read the papers and worry about the international situation and the possibility of atomic war and the crime rate. Life would be simple; eating and sleeping and working, like it was hundreds of years ago.

Blind people had senses that other people lacked. They noticed each inflection in your voice, or so he had heard, and their senses of touch and taste and smell were improved.

He looked out from beneath the pillow again, but nothing had changed. Perhaps the weight of the pillow is doing some harm, he thought. He got up and went to the bathroom and, opening the medicine cabinet, found the absorbent cotton. Standing up, he felt weak and unbalanced and the headache intensified. He made two balls of cotton and placed one over each eye, adjusting them so that they fit just right, neither too large and heavy nor too thin. Then he took adhesive and taped the balls of cotton down. At first he pulled the tape too tight, and the balls pressed on his eyes, but he adjusted the tape and re-

moved some of the cotton, and finally he had it just right.

Then he walked back to the bedroom. This must be how a blind man feels, he thought, trying to remember where the furniture was. Passing a wall he noticed that there was a sensation on his cheek, as though a sort of radar, the tiny sounds and warmth of his skin bouncing back and alerting him that a solid surface was near. He continued to the bedroom and found the bed, but this time he removed his clothes and put on his pajamas. Then he lay down in the bed and pulled the bedclothes up to his chin.

. . .

At his former apartment, Connie was feeling better. She drank the soup that Norman had heated for her, and after an initial feeling of nausea, it helped. She slept for a few hours and when she awoke she felt much better, so she got up and dressed and began to clean the apartment. On the kitchen table she found the milk and the eggs and beside them a receipt for \$1.10. She remembered that she had not paid Norman for the groceries.

It seemed a good enough excuse to go down and see him. Divorce proceedings or no, she still felt herself his wife, and believed that somehow the divorce would not occur. She put on a raincoat and scarf and went down to Norman's apartment.

The place where he now lived depressed Connie. She felt that it did not suit a young man with Norman's future. Most of the occupants of the old red-brick building with its stale food odors were elderly people, retired or about to retire. Living at such an address could hurt his chances for promotion, Connie thought. Of course the question of promotion had been one of the disturbing factors between them, but he had never really understood her feelings. She had only wished that he would leave his work at the office. At first, she reflected, it had been her grievance, his bringing his work home on weekday nights and even weekends, but eventually it had become Norman's grievance, the fact that she disapproved. By the time he had become angry about her attitude she hardly even had the attitude anymore.

Everything becomes so built up, she thought, standing before the door of his apartment waiting for him to answer her knock. The least little thing falls into place beside a long string of earlier little things. It isn't fair. I didn't really care anymore by the time he got angry about it. I had gotten used to it. And anyway, that was a long time ago, long before July.

He did not respond to her knock, so she tried the door. Finding it unlocked, she opened it far enough to put her head in and call his name.

"I'm in the bedroom," he answered. "I'm lying down."

Connie hurried in, noting as she passed through the living room that this apartment was no neater than their apartment had been when they were living together. The problem of neatness had been another source of difficulty. Norman had repeatedly asked her to pick up her clothes, to wash the dishes oftener, to throw away the newspapers as soon as they had been read. Yet she had always kept the apartment well dusted, which seemed more important to her, and he had never commented on that. And when she did make a special effort to keep the place tidy he had not even seemed to notice.

Seeing Norman lying down in the daytime seemed both strange and faintly pleasurable to Connie. She had always been the weaker of the two, often sick and needing his care, and now she saw a chance to care for him.

"Are you sick?" she said.

"No. I just have a headache. I'm lying down to let it go away."

"But you've got your eyes covered."

"Well, the pain seems to be mostly in my eyes."

She sat on the bed and felt his forehead. He did not seem to have a fever. "Tell me how it feels," she said.

"Oh, just some pain in my eyes. Not much. And pressure on my forehead."

"Maybe it's sinus trouble. Angie Pervis was saying . . ."

"I don't have sinus trouble."

"Well, maybe you've just started."

"No, it's just a headache. It'll go away soon."

She sat on the bed and watched him. He lay perfectly still, and with his eyes covered there was a vegetable slackness about his face.

"I was thinking about how a blind man feels," he said. "They have extra senses."

"I know."

"I was walking back from the bathroom and I could feel the wall. I mean I could feel the presence of the wall, tell it was nearby."

Connie put her hand near his face. "Can you sense my hand?" she said.

"I think so. It's near my face, isn't it?"

"Yes." She let her hand linger above his face, and then began to stroke his forehead. He had always liked to have her pet him, his hair or his back or even just his arm. Nightly they used to take turns rubbing each other's back, a before-sleep ritual more regular than love-making.

"I'll get your dinner for you," Connie said. "Then you won't have to get up and the headache will go away that much faster."

. . .

Connie did not move in until Monday  
(continued on page 86)

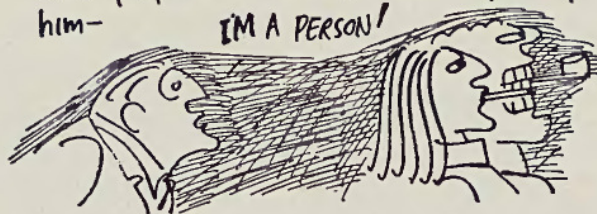


# The Lonely Machine by Jules Feiffer

Other people always disappointed Walter Fay -



Other people were always either ignoring him -



Or rejecting him -



Or betraying him -



This made Walter Fay sulk a lot:

MY PROBLEM IS OTHER PEOPLE



OTHER PEOPLE DON'T SEE ME THE WAY I SEE ME :-



- A SWEETHEART OF A GUY - MAYBE A LITTLE QUIET AT FIRST BUT IF YOU ENCOURAGE HIM - LOTS OF LAUGHS - FUNNY STORIES -



DEEP OBSERVATIONS.

OTHER PEOPLE ALWAYS DO WHAT THEY WANT TO DO - NEVER WHAT I WANT THEM TO DO.



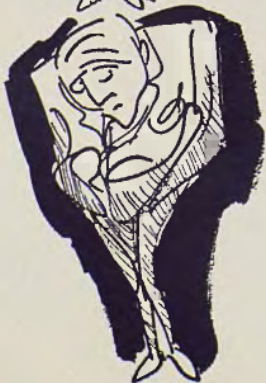
OTHER PEOPLE ARE UNCO-OPERATIVE!



BY MYSELF I GET ALONG FINE - BUT PUT ME IN A ROOM WITH ONE OTHER PERSON - I BECOME ONLY HALF OF ME.



PUT ME IN A ROOM WITH TWO OTHER PEOPLE - I'M A TENTH OF ME.



PUT ME IN A ROOM WITH A MOB AND I'M NOBODY!



THE MORE PEOPLE I'M WITH THE LESS OF ME IT IS WHO'S THERE.



THE MORE I'M ALONE THE MORE OF ME THERE IS TO BE ALONE WITH.



And so he'd regularly vow never to go out again.



WHO NEEDS 'EM?



FREE? WHY WOULDN'T I BE FREE? IS NINE O'CLOCK TOO EARLY?



Walter Fay was the kind of man who hated parties.



He always said:



THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS REAL CONVERSATION AT A PARTY.

He always said:

I'VE NEVER MET A GIRL I LIKED AT A PARTY.



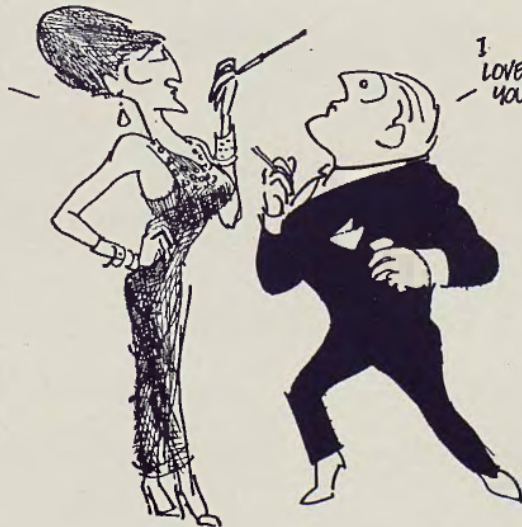
He always said:

I REALLY DON'T KNOW WHY I GO.



Walter Fay regularly fell in love at every party he went to.....

THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS REAL CONVERSATION AT A PARTY. I'VE NEVER MET A MAN I LIKED AT A PARTY. I REALLY DON'T KNOW WHY I GO.



I LOVE YOU.

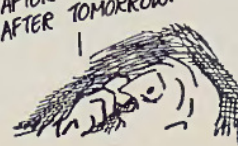
Eventually his love always disappointed him -



Ignored him - I'M BUSY THE DAY AFTER TOMORROW.



rejected him - I'M BUSY THE DAY AFTER TOMORROW.



and betrayed him -

ANYWAY, YOU'RE TOO SHORT.





But it wasn't just the girls he loved who disappointed, ignored, rejected and betrayed him- HELLO, MOTHER, THIS IS WALTER-



The world had no time for Walter Fay. He tried to be alone but it was too hard-

IF ONLY NOT BEING ALONE DIDN'T DEPEND ON OTHER PEOPLE.



Nobody ever called him. He always had to call other people.



He knew what one of his problems was-



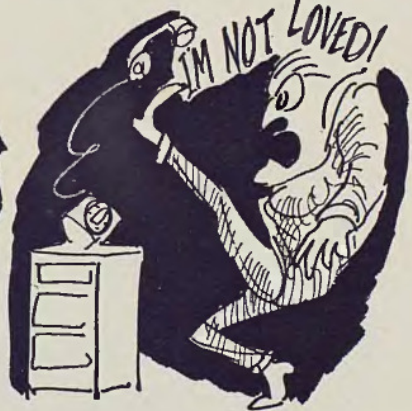
I'M NOT LOVED. I'M NOT LOVED.



I'M NOT LOVED. I'M NOT LOVED. I'M NOT LOVED!



I'M NOT LOVED!



So one day Walter Fay made a decision. If other people didn't need him he wouldn't need other people! OTHER PEOPLE ARE MY ENEMY!

And that's how he saw his life up till now- A battle between himself and his enemies!



When it was between himself and a girl he had called it "the battle of the sexes."



When it was between himself and a boss he had called it "class warfare."



When it was between himself and his family he had called it "neurosis."





Walter Fay well knew that one did not go to his enemies for assistance - one went to his friends -

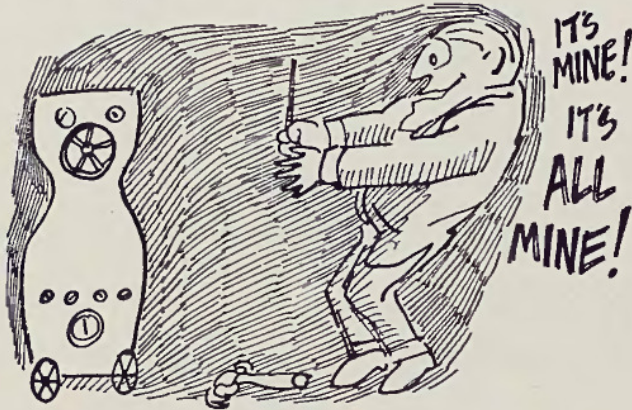
IM MY ONLY FRIEND-



IF ONLY I COULD TALK AND NEVER HAVE TO LISTEN. IF ONLY I COULD TAKE AND NEVER BE FORCED TO GIVE. IF ONLY I COULD GET FOR MYSELF WHAT OTHER PEOPLE HAVE FOR THEMSELVES!



So one day Walter Fay went down to his basement workshop and invented himself a Lonely Machine.

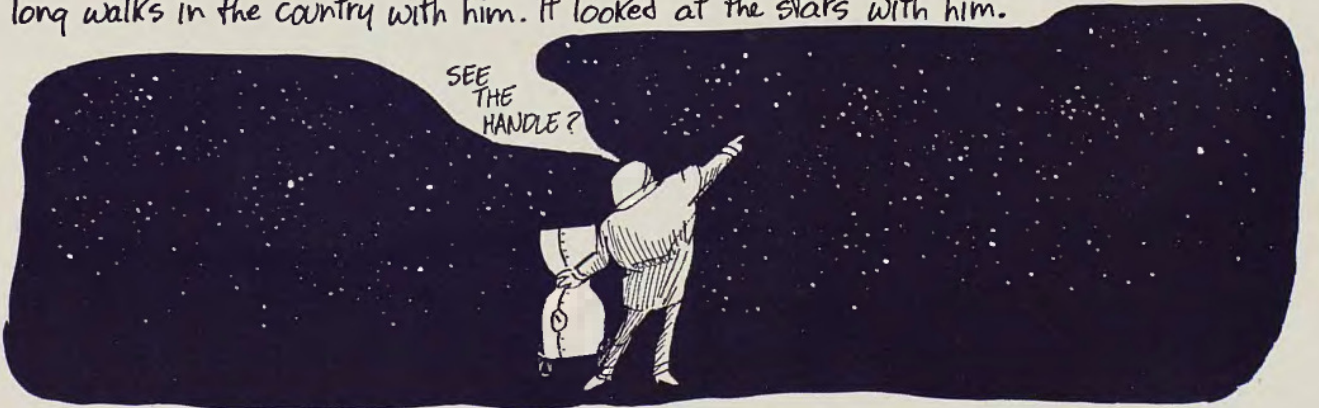


IT'S MINE!  
IT'S ALL MINE!



I NEVER HAD ANYTHING THAT WAS ALL MINE BEFORE.

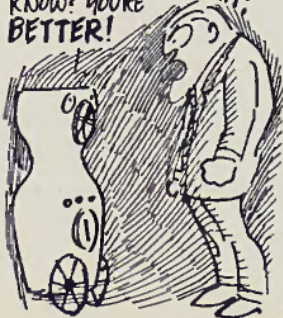
The Lonely Machine did whatever he wanted it to do. It listened to him. It took long walks in the country with him. It looked at the stars with him.



SEE THE HANDLE?

Walter Fay invented it a voice so it could say nice things - WHAT DO THEY KNOW? YOU'RE BETTER!

YEAH!



There was not a need Walter Fay had that the machine did not answer. It was a mother to him - WHEN YOU'RE IN TROUBLE WHO'S THE ONLY ONE YOU CAN TURN TO?

MY MACHINE.



It was a father to him - ARE YOU SURE YOU'VE MADE A WISE DECISION, MY WALTER?

MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT.



It was his lover -

DANDELIONS! I LOVE DANDELIONS!

MACHINES CAN'T AFFORD MUCH BUT YOU WALTER, DESERVE THE BEST.





For the first time Walter Fay could be himself with another - he could let loose - he could be aggressive!



ARGUE! ALL YOU DO IS ARGUE! GO TO YOUR ROOM!

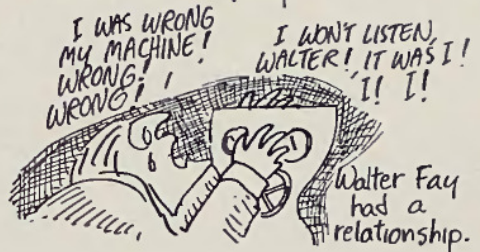
YES, WALTER.

He could feel self-pity. SORRY! ALL YOU FEEL IS SORRY FOR YOURSELF! GO TO YOUR ROOM!



YES, MACHINE.

He could be forgiving.



I WAS WRONG MY MACHINE! WRONG! I WAS WRONG!

I DON'T LISTEN, WALTER! IT WAS I! I! I!

Walter Fay had a relationship.

He swelled with a new assurance.

DO YOU NOTICE ANYTHING DIFFERENT ABOUT ME MACHINE?

YOU'LL ALWAYS BE THE SAME TO ME, WALTER - PERFECT!



But being perfect where he had always been perfect was not enough for Walter Fay.

YOU SEEM STRANGELY QUIET TONIGHT, WALTER. IS ANYTHING BOTHERING YOU?



He wanted to be perfect on enemy ground.

I THINK I'LL GO OUT FOR A-UH-WALK.



He started going to parties again.

WHO IS THAT DEVASTATING MAN WITH THE SELF-SATISFIED SMILE ON HIS FACE?



Now that he didn't need anybody, didn't care for anybody, he began being invited everywhere.

SORRY, OLD MACHINE - DINNER OUT AGAIN TONIGHT. THE KENNEDYS.

HAVE A NICE TIME, WALTER. DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME.



He knew the machine was hurt. But he also knew something else - that he enjoyed hurting the machine. He was philosophical about it.

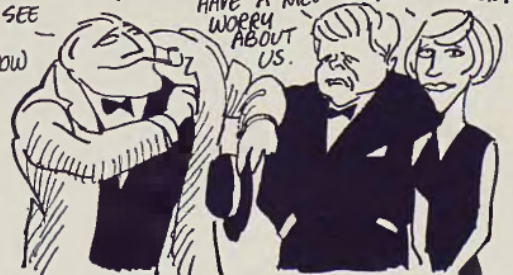


THAT'S LIFE. TAXI!

He played the machine against his new friends and his new friends against the machine.

CAN'T SEE YOU TOMORROW NIGHT, KIDS. DUTY CALLS AT HOME, Y'KNOW.

HAVE A NICE TIME, WALTER. DON'T WORRY ABOUT US.



But home wasn't as much fun as it used to be -

YOU'RE BORED WITH ME.

DON'T BE FOOLISH.



YOU HAVE NOTHING TO SAY TO ME ANYMORE.

THERE'S SIMPLY NOTHING TO TELL.





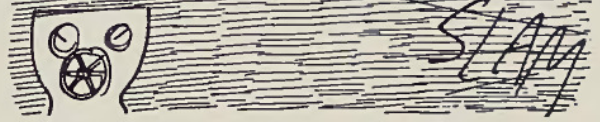
WALTER - WHO HEARS THE SECRETS THAT YOU ONCE TOLD ME?

WILL YOU KINDLY STOP YOUR NAGGING?



WALTER, WHAT WAS MY CRIME? WHAT WAS MY TERRIBLE CRIME?!

I HAVE A DATE!



Walter Fay started coming home later and later. He always hoped the machine would be asleep. It never was.



I- I'M SORRY, WALTER.

DRINKING AGAIN, EH?

The point was that Walter Fay needed something when he needed it and not after he stopped needing it.



THE MACHINE WAS ONLY A MEANS TO AN END, Walter Fay explained to himself.



IT WAS A BRIDGE BETWEEN ME AND OTHER PEOPLE. He saw it all clearly now.



LONELY MACHINES ARE SPLENDID BUT THEY HAVE THEIR PLACE.

Walter Fay had out-grown his machine.



IT'S NOBODY'S FAULT.

One day he made an announcement..

MACHINE, OLD FRIEND, IT'S NOT GOING TO BE EASY TO TELL YOU THIS.



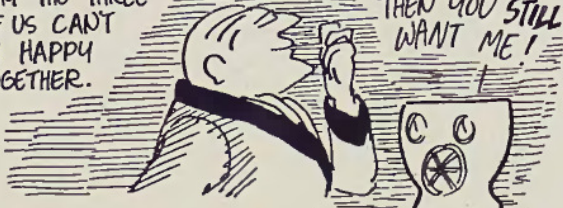
BREAK MY HEART I'VE BEEN EXPECTING IT.

I'M BRINGING A YOUNG LADY TO LIVE HERE NEXT WEEK.



BREAK MY HEART I'VE BEEN EXPECTING IT.

I SEE NO REASON WHY THE THREE OF US CAN'T BE HAPPY TOGETHER.



OH, WALTER! THEN YOU STILL WANT ME!

BUT IN THE BEGINNING-- UNTIL SHE GETS USED TO YOU-- WOULD YOU MIND NOT SAYING ANYTHING?



BREAK MY HEART I'VE BEEN EXPECTING IT.

So a stranger named Mercedes came to live in the home of Walter Fay and the machine.



She was a mother to him-  
WHEN YOU'RE IN TROUBLE  
WHO'S THE ONLY ONE  
YOU CAN TURN TO?



MY MERCEDES.

She was a father to him-  
ARE YOU SURE YOU'VE MADE  
A WISE DECISION, MY WALTER?



MAYBE  
YOU'RE  
RIGHT.

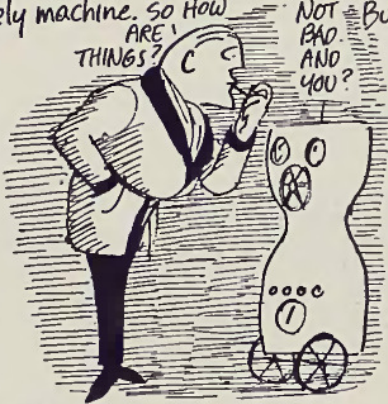
She was his lover-

OH, WALTER-  
YOU HURT  
ME!

DID I  
REALLY?

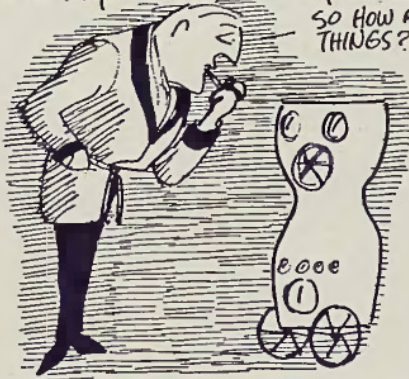


But at odd moments when Mercedes was out organizing a charity drive Walter Fay would wheel out his lonely machine. SO HOW ARE THINGS? NOT BAD AND YOU? But there no longer seemed to be any contact. SO HOW ARE THINGS? SO HOW ARE THINGS?

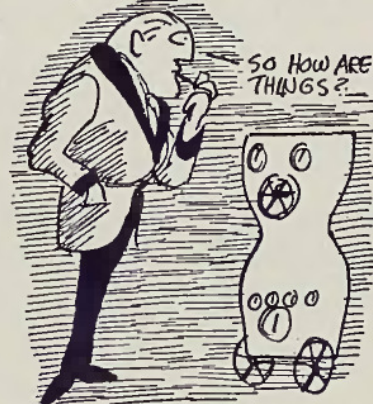


SO HOW  
ARE  
THINGS?

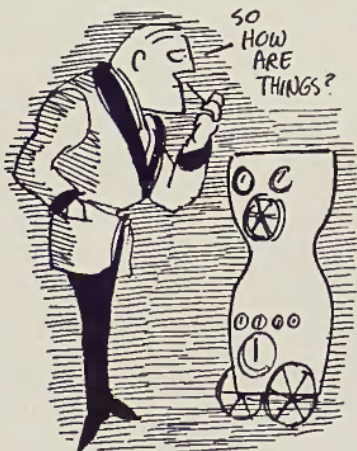
NOT  
BAD  
AND  
YOU?



SO HOW ARE  
THINGS?

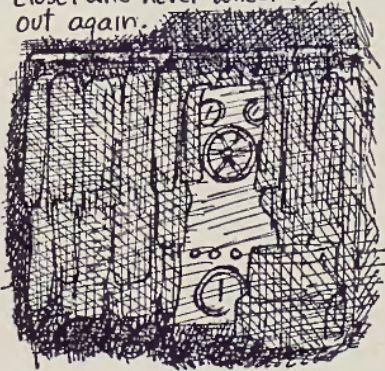


SO HOW ARE  
THINGS?



SO HOW  
ARE  
THINGS?

and receiving no answer, he  
wheeled it into the upstairs  
closet and never wheeled it  
out again.



And there it remained until one  
day Mercedes came upon it-

WALTER  
WHAT A  
LOVELY  
SURPRISE!  
A  
DRESS-  
MAKER'S  
DUMMY!



And she made many dresses and gave many parties and Walter Fay never felt disappointed, ignored, rejected or betrayed — or any other feeling again.



Not even for a second.



WINTER IN THIS LATITUDE *(continued from page 78)*

day. Saturday evening she cooked Norman's dinner and sat on the edge of the bed guiding his fork to the food. Then they talked, or rather she talked, for he did not much feel like it. She told him about the job she had taken and the people she was meeting, and worked around to their marriage and what had gone wrong with it, and finally asked him to let her stay all night with him. He refused, arguing that it would only be a meaningless physical reconciliation that would make it harder for both of them later.

Lying with his eyes covered and listening to Connie's voice, he remembered again her uncovered breast. He waited for the headache to intensify as punishment for the image, but the headache was gone. Probably Connie was right, he thought, it was only a sinus attack. But keeping his eyes covered was interesting. He seemed to see and understand much more that way than with his eyes open.

The idea of the unfinished work in his briefcase made him nervous. Once behind he might fall by the wayside. Both Halvorson and Jacobs would be promoted before him. But then it occurred to him that all his life he had been bringing work home. The briefcase full of work was just like school homework, and viewed in that light the papers suddenly lost their urgency. They want to keep you busy all the time, he thought, never give you time to get off alone and think things out for yourself. Think about what you really want to do.

Connie asked several more times to be allowed to stay. She even offered to sleep on the living-room couch, but he refused. Then, while she was talking of something or other, he fell asleep. And when he awoke in the middle of the night she was gone.

The middle of the night, though he could only assume that it was the middle of the night, seemed a particularly good time to think. The world was at peace, the noises from the street and other apartments stilled now. He lay awake for several hours thinking about the headache and his relationship to Connie and work. During four years of married life it seemed that he and Connie had always been at cross purposes. She never seemed to understand a word he said, not when he was saying something important, and when she talked to him about herself it never made sense. They had tried to change each other, and yet each time one of them changed it was for the worse. And money. They had never managed to save, yet he could not remember what they had spent it for. And sex. His feelings of inadequacy when he could not make love to her as often as he should or when she wanted

him and he did not feel excited. And her stupid jealousy about his work. It had simply not worked out, and finally he had had to make the decision. So he had moved out, if only down the block. But down the block was as good as across the country. He seldom saw her. He only looked once in a while to see if her lights were on in the evening, or listened for her footsteps after work.

After a while he fell asleep again, and when he awoke Connie was there and she cooked him breakfast.

All day Sunday she bustled about the apartment, cleaning and rearranging, so that on his way to the bathroom he crashed in quick succession into a chair and the coffee table. He ordered her to return the furniture to its place and she did so apologetically. Sunday night she asked again for permission to stay, and he refused. But Monday evening when she came to cook him dinner she told him instead of asking him that she could not take care of him and continue to live elsewhere, so he had to give her permission to stay. And when she climbed into bed and he felt her warm and naked beside him he gave way to impulse and desire and they made love with quick intensity. His blindfold forced him to concentrate more on the tactile sensations, and actually helped him to enjoy it more.

On Monday morning he had called his office and told them that he was not feeling well, that he did not know exactly when he would be in but would be in touch with them. Until the moment of the phone call he had assumed that he would say that he would be back in a couple of days, but talking to his boss he found himself being vague about the date of his return, and realized that he did not really intend to go back to work in the near future. As he spoke he found himself comparing the sweet indolence and freedom of bed with the rush and pressure of work, the constant aggravation, the fear of failure, the angling for commendation or promotion. In fact, the meaningless and distasteful franticness of his entire life.

After that telephone call he was unwilling to entertain serious thoughts about the future. By simply floating along he found that he could receive all sorts of images and little stories, not particularly stories about himself but merely events and scenes, without apparent meaning. He labeled these stories Film Clips. Occasionally he tried to consider the future, but the nearest he got to any serious decision was the realization that he did not like work, had never liked work, and was not likely in the future to like work. He had always accepted it as something one had to do to

make a living, and working for a business or corporation as the proper thing for a college graduate without training in the sciences or some specialized field. But now it seemed easier and more pleasant not to work, to simply lie in bed and watch Film Clips.

. . .

For Connie the first few weeks of her return to Norman's bed were charged with pleasure. She hummed little songs to herself at work and spent her lunch hour searching for gifts to take home to him. She had long talks with her mother and her friend Angela Pervis about the situation, but she refused to let their alarm at Norman's actions influence her. She was living with him again, she told them, and he needed her as he had never needed her before. She agreed with Angela that he was probably psychologically sick, but if that was what was necessary to make him need her, then she could find no objection to it.

She was working as a secretary, the work she had done before she and Norman were married, and working all day and then hurrying home to take care of her husband kept her too tired to think much. In any case, it had always been Norman who did the serious thinking. She had always been content to go along with his plans, dreaming only her own vague dreams of some distant time when they would have a house of their own and babies and he would be a full executive, graying at the temples, with martinis before dinner and perhaps a maid to help her.

But when the first week passed, and the weekend, and the second week started without Norman's showing any inclination to get out of bed for any more serious purpose than going to the bathroom, she began to feel concern. She had a long talk with Angela Pervis, and they decided that it might be a good idea for Angela and Larry to drop by in the evening. Larry had always had a good effect on Norman, bringing him out of his depression when he was feeling low and calming him down when he was excited. Larry Pervis and Norman had roomed together at college. Larry worked as an engineer for an electronics firm now, though he was in the process of being trained to move up to sales work.

When she told Norman about the visit he seemed moderately pleased, but when she suggested that he get up and put on his clothes he refused.

"I don't want them to see me blundering around like a blind man," he said. "I'll just stay here, and they can come in and see me in bed."

"But you're not blind," Connie said. "And anyway, seeing you in bed is worse than seeing you bump into things."

*(continued on page 216)*





## HOW TO SUCCEED IN HOW TO SUCCEED

ARTICLE By RUDY VALLEE  
A BACK-OF-THE-HAND BACKSTAGE  
VIEW OF A HIT IN THE MAKING

JANUARY HAD ROLLED AROUND in the second year of what someone had dubbed the Soaring Sixties. With the East and West brandishing bombs, the big ones, I hoped it would not become the Searing Sixties. I was beginning '61 in a way I have cherished for years — sopping up the sun on my hilltop in Hollywood and generally taking it easy between night-club and hotel dates.

My dozing was interrupted by a phone call from Bill Josephy of the West Coast office of General Artists Corporation, a man I had known years ago when he was in the dress business. This call was to begin a chain of events leading to my role in the Broadway musical *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying*, a segment of my career running the gamut from supreme satisfaction to shattering discouragement.

"Cy Feuer is in town, Rudy," said Josephy, "and he's got a part for you in a musical. You know, Feuer and Martin."

"Oh, yes," I replied. "Can you tell me more about it?"

"Why don't you come on over to the hotel and let Cy fill you in. He's at the Beverly Hills."

There Feuer outlined the story briefly — the, by now, fairly well-known saga of the onward-and-upward progress of the guileful window-washer who becomes chairman of the board of World Wide Wickets. Like most show people pitching a production, Feuer laughed uproariously at frequent junctures which he felt would be the comedic highlights.

"You'll be J. B. Biggley, the president of the company," added Feuer.

I thought about it for a moment. "Can you give me your idea of what sort of a person this Biggley is to be? Visually — personality —"

"He's you, Rudy. We thought you'd be perfect."

"Yes, but — well, is the role sort of a Jim Backus, bluff and hearty? Or is it prissy, sort of Edward Everett Horton?"

"Frankly, I don't see him specifically, in detail, so to speak. That is not yet."

"Very well. Let me think it over."

About a week or so later Josephy called me again with further information. The rehearsals were to begin in May, I believe, with the show opening in July. This meant I would have to forgo playing Bermuda, something I looked forward to each June. Taking part in the show would mean moving to New York for the run and I did not relish leaving Silvertip for any length of time; I knew I would have to sign for a minimum of a year. Furthermore, as I reconsidered the part the way Feuer had sketched it out, Biggley sounded like a one-dimensional, unrelieved s.o.b. with little chance to ingratiate himself with the audience in any way.

"I'm sorry, Bill," I told Josephy. "I don't see the part as one for me at all."

A couple of weeks later Josephy called to see (continued on page 98)





APPLYING A LIGHT TOUCH FOR HOLIDAY FARE WITH A FLARE: THE





ONION SOUP FLAMBÉ



LOBSTER PROVENCALE



MUSHROOMS AND PEAS WITH RUM



SOUFFLÉ OMELETTE GRAND MARNIER

## CHRISTMAS DINNER FLAMBÉ FOOD BY THOMAS MARIO

Building a lusty yule log fire and taking your winter evening's ease with a hot punch are among the more gemütlich gambits of the holiday season. But nothing warms the culinary cockles of an epicurean's heart as much as the festively flavorsome pyrotechnics of



setting good food ablaze. Mastery of the blue flames that burn both below and above a chafing dish was once thought to be the exclusive craft of dining-room captains and incorrigible show-offs. Actually, Continental chefs working at their ranges were blazing foods long before cherries Jubilee were kindled at the Carlton in London. To this day in the kitchens of any busy *bistro* you will see beacons of light constantly flaring above the sauté pans as chefs prepare lobster *Americaine*, chicken with Armagnac and countless other dishes of the classic cuisine. To cook without blazing spirits would be like cooking without butter or cream or stock.

Liquor of all types imbues any food with a luxurious offbeat quality. As the luminous flames play over the pans, the volume of liquor reduces rapidly. It's this concentrated flavor that transfuses each dish with a special piquant character. Delicate crepes filled with apricots are one thing. The same crepes sautéed in butter and then set ablaze with 10-year-old calvados are as markedly different from the original as a hot toddy is from liquor served neat.

In your own digs, it's hard to say which of the two, eating or firewatching, is more fun. Certainly, the aureoles around such heavenly bodies as northern lobster, ring-necked pheasant and soufflé omelets rate all the attention they arouse.

First-rate fireworks must be brief and carried off with flair as well as flare. Keep in mind that alcohol burns; water doesn't. The proof of the liquid, therefore, shares importance with the flavor it imparts. Sherry and other cooking wines with their low proofs (usually less than 20) can be made to blaze, but the pyrotechnics are feeble and fleeting. Spirits such as 60-proof liqueurs will burn only briefly and then expire, especially if they're mingled with juice-laden frozen strawberries, peaches or similar fruit. For a more radiant fire, the lower-proof liqueurs are often mixed with unsweetened true fruit brandies such as 100-proof kirsch or 100-proof mirabelle. Similarly, 100-proof bourbon whiskey will naturally send up a more brilliant flare than 86-proof. The most magnificent blaze of all comes from 151-proof Demerara rum, used alone or in combination with other rums. Knowledgeable firemen always check the proof on the bottle. (The old colonial custom of testing proof by mixing alcohol with gunpowder and then checking the size of the explosion isn't recommended for apartment chefs.)

A cardinal rule for lights that won't fail: All foods and their liquors must be kept warm over a low, dutiful flame before they're ignited in the chafing dish. But don't have the pan too hot. If you pour a fourth of a cup of brandy into an electric skillet heated to 400 degrees,

the liquor will evaporate so fast that you'll hardly have time to set a match to it. You could pour a whole cup of brandy into the pan, but this would be overplaying a good hand. Simply keep the skillet at 200 degrees, the temperature that's best for blazing purposes.

Relatively dry foods like chicken blaze easily. Others like oysters or scallops, which throw off their own pool of liquid during cooking, will dampen the ardor of any fire before it can get started. In such cases, it's best to flame the liquor in a small chafing dish or saucepan on the side, and then pour the burned liquor into the larger chafing dish after the flames have subsided. When cream, tomatoes or any sauce is part of a recipe, the blaze must be lit before the sauce is added.

Some chefs start the blaze by either moving the pan in a rapid circular motion or tipping it slightly while moving it back and forth, which brings the alcohol fumes and the under flame into combustible contact. Other firebuffs simply hold a lighted match above the warm spirits. Extra-long matches are available as special tinder for chafing dishes.

Equipment for flambéing needn't be confined to the standard chafing dish. The smaller-size electric skillet is a perfect piece of fire equipment, provided you avoid extreme heat when flambéing. Hibachi stoves with copper saucepans above them also are excellent props. And any fireproof shallow casserole or copper pan may be used above a source of heat (alcohol burner or tin of canned heat) set in a trivet.

At this time of year, cheerful flames may be seen hovering about edibles and potables ranging from cocktail sausages to café brûlot. Many of the blazing delicacies may be made without reference to a recipe. Seafood hors d'oeuvres, such as smoked oysters or smoked clams, need only be drained, heated in a tablespoon of their own oil and then set ablaze with rum or brandy. Smoked mussels, flambéed with aquavit, are a bright introductory note to the holiday smorgasbord. The same easy procedure is used with cocktail sausages and with such little fishes as French mackerel in white wine, suitably drained, and boneless and skinless sardines.

Huge roasts are glorified with blazing spirits. Roast sugar-cured ham with its ruddy glaze is flamed with 100-proof bourbon before carving. The hot ham is set in a long, shallow copper or earthen casserole that has been heated. Naturally, the amount of bourbon needed depends upon the surface size of the casserole. From one to two tumblers of hot bourbon should be poured over a ham of respectable dimensions.

Even that classic beef dish, steak Diane, long ago passed its ordeal by fire.

The minute steak is sautéed and served with its own pan juices spiked with Worcestershire. To loosen the pan drippings, a generous dollop of brandy is poured into the pan and flambéed. After the burning at the steak, the sizzling gravy is spooned over the meat on the platter. Similar fire rites are followed for calf's liver and lamb steak.

Two desserts that make fine flamboyant fare require nothing more difficult than the purchasing of pumpkin pie and brandied fruitcake. The pie is warmed in a moderate oven for about 10 minutes and then set aflame with three ounces of hot rum poured on top. The fruitcake should be ring-shaped. In the center of the ring, a metal cup, or any other suitable piece of flameware, holds burning brandy that is spooned over each slice of cake.

For a truly dramatic, richly romantic Christmas dinner, nothing can equal the sheer victual virtuosity of a menu made up entirely of well-matched, flame-bedeked dishes. Each of the following recipes serves four festive celebrants.

#### ONION SOUP FLAMBÉ

- 1 quart thinly sliced onions
- 4 tablespoons butter
- 2 cloves of garlic minced fine
- 1 quart plus 1 pint chicken broth
- Salt, pepper
- 12 thin slices narrow French bread toasted
- 4 slices process loaf Swiss cheese
- Grated parmesan cheese
- Paprika
- Salad oil
- 4 ozs. 100-proof bourbon

Melt butter in soup pot. Add onion and garlic. Sauté slowly, stirring frequently, until onions are a deep yellow, not brown. Add broth. Simmer 20 minutes. Season generously with salt and pepper. Pour soup into four marmites. Add chicken broth or stock if necessary to fill marmites. Preheat oven at 425°. Float three slices bread on top each portion soup. Place a slice of cheese on bread. Sprinkle generously with parmesan cheese. Sprinkle lightly with paprika and oil. Place marmites in a baking pan with about ½ in. water. Bake about 20 minutes or until top is well browned. Remove marmites from oven and place on a silver platter. At the table, spoon an ounce of bourbon slowly atop each portion. Set ablaze. Cool your lips between sips of the peppery soup with a well chilled bottle of Chablis.

#### LOBSTER PROVENÇALE

- 4 1½-lb. northern lobsters, boiled
- 8-oz. can Italian plum tomatoes
- ½ cup butter
- 3 tablespoons minced shallots or onions
- 1 teaspoon very finely minced garlic

(concluded on page 201)









## ELEGANT DAHL

*Having long observed from afar the admirable architecture of Arlene Dahl, PLAYBOY now dollies in for a Christmas close-up of moviedom's most ravishing redhead — in a gallery of tastefully tantalizing pictures shot exclusively for us in the satin seclusion of her Beverly Hills boudoir.*























*For the dazzling Miss Dahl, being beautiful was merely a beginning. With this essential asset as a bountiful birthright, she became, consecutively, a Minneapolis model, a New York cover girl, a Hollywood star, a Broadway ingénue, a Las Vegas night-club vocalist, a dress and negligee designer, a syndicated newspaper columnist and the author of a book on beauty aids. And now she reveals for us more delightful Dahl than ever was exposed before, but still retains that discerning air of refinement so rarely uncovered in pictorial pulchritude.*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY FRANK ECK



HOW TO SUCCEED *(continued from page 87)*

if I'd changed my mind, but I was still adamant. It didn't seem worth the headaches and I assumed that this was the end of it.

In March I was playing Orlando, Florida, and received a wire and a call from the New York GAC office. It seemed they still were interested in me for *Succeed*.

"We'd like it very much if you could arrange to come to New York and sing some of the numbers for us at the St. James Theater," said the GAC man. "Of course, we'll pay your fare here."

I did a slight burn. It was obvious that Frank Loesser wanted to hear me sing to be sure I'd be able to handle his music. Now this was understandable, really, but I figured it was pretty goddamn late in life for me to be running around auditioning for Loesser. "That's a long way to get back to California—via New York. It's really a pain in the neck and I'm not terribly enchanted about the part anyway. Tell you what," I countered. "Pay my fare to New York and on to California and I'll do it."

They refused, so I went on back home figuring that I was definitely not going to "Succeed."

The week of April 24 I was booked into a small hotel and supper club in London, Ontario, where I had played about nine months before at a good fee and where the audience reaction was always excellent. We were rehearsing Monday afternoon when I got a call from Marty Baum, an agent at GAC whom I had never met. I knew he had been involved previously with Baum and Newborn, a firm now a part of GAC. They had previously acted as my theatrical representation and had asked me to do a show with Eartha Kitt called *Jolly's Progress*. I told them it was a bad show, that my part stank and I believe it folded on Broadway after about a week. Evidently Abe had drawn the assignment to get me for the Loesser show.

"They're still interested in you for *Succeed*," he told me. "Can you swing down to New York after you finish in London and talk it over? They've postponed the May rehearsals. You can still play Bermuda."

"Oh, hell, Marty. It's impossible. I've got to get straight back to the Coast. They've scheduled a recording date for me." This was a black, barefaced lie. I wasn't playing hard to get, though; it was the only excuse I could think of to get out of coming to New York. I was homesick for my bride and my home in the Hollywood hills.

When I'm working in a hotel, I always leave NO DISTURB instructions at the switchboard. No calls until two or three in the afternoon, since I often don't get to bed until three or four in the morn-

ing. Nevertheless, the following Thursday the phone rang at 11 A.M.

"Is the goddamn building on fire?" I grumbled into the mouthpiece.

"It's me—Abe Newborn," came the answer.

"Where in the hell are you calling from?" I'd never met him.

"Downstairs in the lobby. Cy Feuer is with me. Boy, what a trip—we flew commercial to Toronto and then had to rent a private plane to get here. Would you believe it—the pilot was 16 years old. I swear to God! We've got Act I with us. Will you read it?"

"Of course I'll read it!" I exclaimed. I was impressed at their safari with the 16-year-old aviator.

I met them for a bit of breakfast, picked up Act I and went off alone to read it. Now, I've got a pretty fair reputation for picking tunes which become hits, artists who become stars. Therefore, you've got to believe this is not Monday-morning quarterbacking—when I read Act I, I was bowled over. It was, I felt, a palpable hit. Never in my life had I put a dime in a show, but I began reaching for my wallet then and there. The delightful story idea seemed to be permeated with the sweet smell of success.

I told Cy and Abe to count me in and, after the former excused himself, I talked to Newborn about such details as salary, dressing room and "house seats" (tickets set aside for an actor at each performance which he may buy at box-office prices on his own option). The pair then returned to New York and I to California.

In May I worked my way East again playing clubs and rooms, pointing to Bermuda in June and the beginning of rehearsals in August. Before taking off for Bermuda I signed the show contract for a year through GAC and met with Loesser, Feuer, Martin and the choreographer Hugh Lambert backstage at the Lunt-Fontanne Theater. We decided upon the keys for the songs I would do in the production and Loesser gave me a recording he had made of his own versions of the tunes. I was to take it to Bermuda and bone up.

On August 4 we began the tedious grind of rehearsals in a studio designed for such things, as depressing a milieu as could be imagined, certainly not surroundings conducive to eliciting the best from a performer. For some goddamn reason this is theatrical tradition—there is a strange rationale in the theater (and I don't suppose they will ever change) that a production must begin in some scruffy loft, some moth-eaten ballroom in a third-rate hotel, or a barren, colorless rehearsal hall in the Broadway area. I can only assume that this choice of arena has to do with budget considera-

tions. At any rate, there is always the atmosphere of a cut-rate funeral home.

At the outset of our first gathering, Abe Burrows, the director and one of those responsible for the show's book, enlightened us on how gifted he was as a writer, director and utility godhead. Further, he informed us in a warm and most encouraging way that some of us present would not be with the show in a few weeks. Then with jape and quip and quotes from George S. Kaufman he sketched out the various duties at hand pursuant to mounting the show. We waded through the first reading (just the lines, no songs) and then dispersed into different rooms by groups to work on various parts of the routine.

As I watched these segments being polished, it became obvious to me that here was a production which could well become a veritable gold mine. Before I had gone to Bermuda prior to the rehearsals, the publicity boys had told me they already had \$500,000 in the till from advance ticket sales.

"All kidding aside, Rudy," they told me, "half of that advance is because you're in the show. People order tickets for the 'Vallee show.' Maybe they can't remember the title, it's so long."

I had made a few casual feelers toward investment in the show with Ernie Martin, but had gotten only evasive answers. On August 14 I stopped beating around the bush.

"With or without me," I told Martin, "you've got a smash hit. It's a combination of *My Fair Lady*, *Guys and Dolls* and *Of Thee I Sing*. Not a bad parlay at all! Ernie, I'd like to put some money in it."

Martin is always grinding away on a piece of gum. He just glared at me and gnawed the gum. "No," he said, "I don't want any of our personalities investing in the show." Three days later I was to realize why he was so evasive.

The next day the *New York Daily Mirror* columnist, Bill Slocum, came by to do a story on this epic now in rehearsal. It was a flattering column and stated in part: "Mr. Vallee thrilled me with an expert sense of timing, a gift I never suspected he had." (So I couldn't have been *all* bad.)

There are always annoyances in any theatrical undertaking. Some are sizable, some petty. One thing that galled me was the paltry rehearsal salary—five weeks at \$87.50 a week; everyone in the cast got this from the lowliest "walk-on" to the stars. Now this is commendably democratic, but since I was paying \$150 per week for my apartment (most of the others in the cast were already living in New York), I was at a disadvantage. I had asked Newborn months before what the rehearsal fee would probably be. "Oh, I don't know exactly. It's just

*(continued on page 210)*

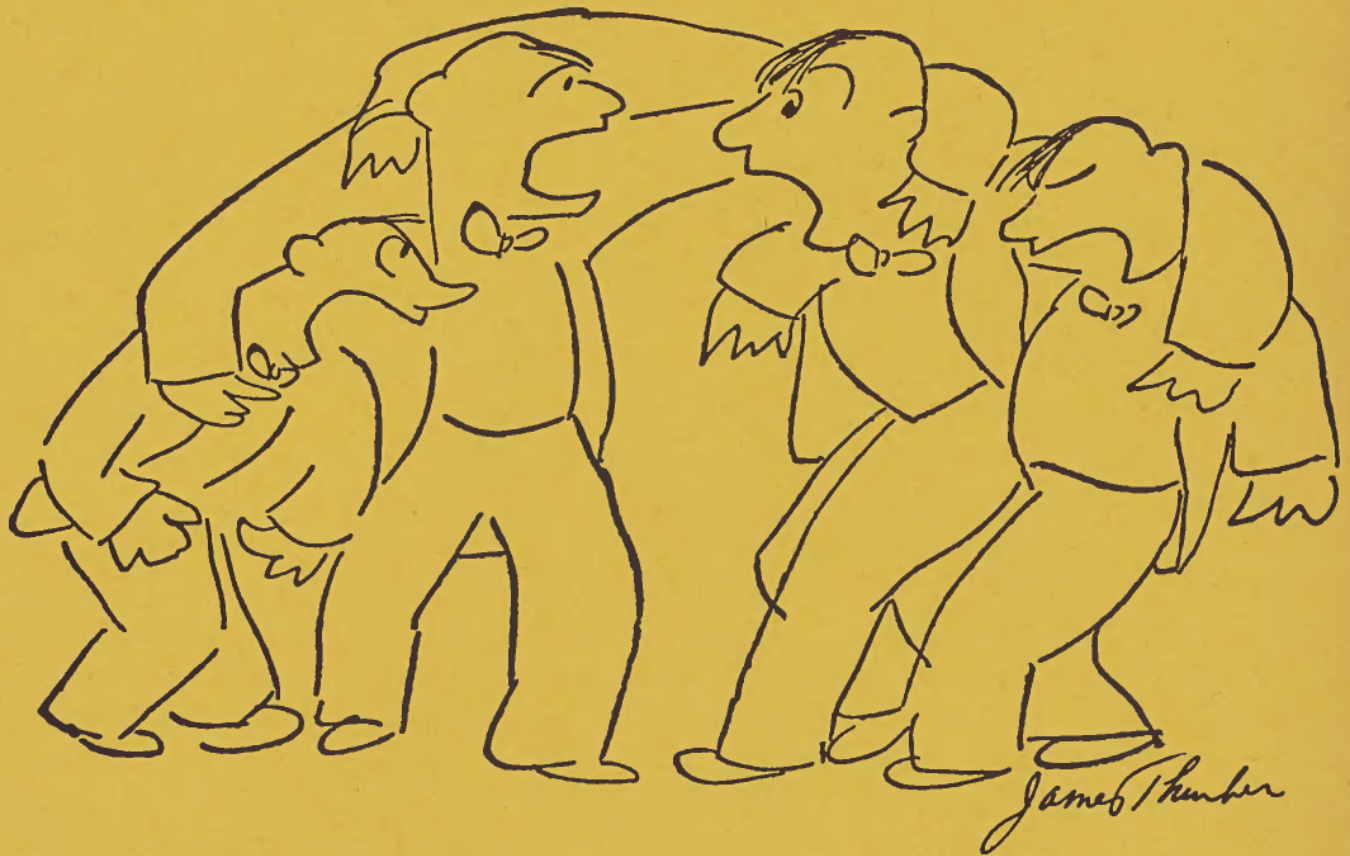


# BROTHER ENDICOTT

in which the course of true love is abetted in a paris hotel

fiction By JAMES THURBER     The man stared at the paper in his typewriter with the bleak look of a rain-soaked spectator at a dull football game, and then ripped it out of the machine. He lit a cigarette, put another sheet of paper in the wringer, and began a letter to his publisher, without salutation: "Why you imbeciles have to have a manuscript three months ahead of publication is, by God —" And out came that sheet. Somewhere a clock began striking three, but it was drowned out by a sudden upsurge of Paris night noises.

The street noises of Paris, staccato, *profundo*, momentary and prolonged, go on all through the summer night, as if hostile hosts were fiercely taking, losing and regaining desperately disputed corners, especially the bloody angle of the Rue de Rivoli and the Rue de Castiglione, just beneath the windows of the writer's hotel room. Presently he heard the jubilant coming of the Americans,



late but indomitable, sleepless but ever fresh, moving in, like the taxis of the Marne, from the Right Bank and the Left, shouting, laughing, amiably cursing, as they enveloped and captured the lobby of the hotel. They loudly occupied corridors and rooms, leaving the King's English sprawled and bleeding on the barricades of night. A detachment of foot cavalry trooped past the writer's door, one of the men singing *Louise* in a bad imitation of Chevalier.

American reinforcements kept on arriving at the hotel, and below his window the writer heard a young feminine voice crying, "For God's sake, Mother, why not? S'only three o'clock!" Her mother's voice cried back at her, "Your father's dead and so am I — that's why not." There was no report from the father, and the writer visualized him lying on the sidewalk, his wallet deflated, a spent and valiant victim of the battle of Paris. The writer emptied a clogged ashtray into a metal



wastebasket, switched off the lights in the sitting room of his suite and sprawled on one of the twin beds in the other room. "It may be the Fourth of July to everybody else," he said aloud, as if talking to someone he didn't like, "but it's just two weeks past deadline to me." He turned over the phrase, "The 14th of Deadline," decided there was nothing in it, and was about to take off his right shoe when he heard a knock at the door. He looked at his wristwatch; it was a few minutes past three o'clock.

The late caller was a young woman he had never seen before. She murmured something that sounded like, "My husband — I thought maybe —" and he stood aside to let her in, apologizing for his shirt-sleeves.

"I was afraid it was the fellas looking for a tenor," he said. "I'm a baritone myself, but out of practice and not in the mood." He put the lights on again in the sitting room, waved casually at a chair and, just as casually, she sat in it. "*Voici le salon*, as they call it," he said. "Makes it sound very proper. What can I do for you? My name's Guy Farland."

"I know," she said. "I've heard you typing at night before. I asked at the desk once, and they said you were here. My name is Marie Endicott."

He reached for his tie and jacket, but she said, with a faint smile, "*Ne vous dérangez pas*. It's too warm."

"Before we get around to your problem," he said, "how about a drink?" He moved to a table containing bottles and glasses and an ice bucket. She nodded when he put his hand on the Scotch bottle. "Not too strong, please," she said. "A lot of soda."

"I mix drinks my own way," he told her, "and I'm said to be good at it. Besides, this is my castle." He took her in as he fixed the highball, figured that she was not more than 23 and that she had had quite a few drinks already, rather desperate ones, which she hadn't enjoyed much. He set her drink down on a table beside her chair. "If I were a younger writer I would say, 'She looked like a chic Luna moth in her light-green evening gown, as she stood there clutching a dainty evening bag.' But you weren't clutching it, just holding it," he said. "And I'm a middle-aged writer, not a young one," he added.

She picked up her drink but didn't taste it. "I've read your *Lost Corner* four times," she said. He went back to mix himself a drink, saying, "It isn't quite that good. I'm trying to finish another book, but you can't think against this goddamn racket. I had got used to the Paris taxi horns and their silence makes me edgy. They have cut out the best part of the noise and left in the worst."

"The goddamn motorcycles," she said tonelessly. He sat down, and they both listened to the tumult outside the window for a moment.

"The noise has loused me up — I choose the precise word for it," he said. "It would certainly rain in Verlaine's heart if he could hear it." She was looking at him as though he were an actor in a spotlight, and he responded with a performance. "I was thinking how silent Paris must have been the night François Villon vanished into immortality through the snows of yesteryear. If your husband has vanished, maybe I can help you find him. I'm a husband myself, and I know where they go. On the Fourth of July, of course, it's a little harder, especially in a foreign country." He had left the door to the suite ajar, and they could hear the male quartet somewhere down the hall dwelling liquidly on *The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi*.

"Edward isn't lost," she said. "He's the bass. Edward Francis Endicott." She seemed to add a trace of bitters to the name. "Wisconsin Alpha. They're in Rip Morgan's room, with a couple of Americans they picked up at this night club. Edward and Rip insisted on singing *On, Wisconsin* — I don't know why we weren't put out — and these strange men knew the (continued on page 104)





DON BRONSTEIN

**THE PLAYBOY PUNCH BOWL** *mix a batch of holiday wassail to make your guests as pleased as*

MANY HOLIDAYS AGO IT WAS THE CUSTOM at New York's then-posh Hotel Astor for bar stewards to walk down the line emptying every open bottle in sight, including wines, whiskeys and liqueurs into a mammoth punch bowl. The Astor's punchmakers always compounded a delectable mixture by following an old axiom of bartending: You may use anything from arrack to zinfandel, ad-libbing as you please, as long as you're loyal to the accepted balances between potent and mild, sweet and tart. Punch should be strong enough to lift, not *(continued on page 201)*



# DEDINI'S CHRISTMAS

A SOPHISTICATED FOURSOME  
FILLED WITH  
FRANKINCENSE AND MIRTH



*"Oh, Darling, just what I wanted!  
Fifty-two weeks at the psychiatrist's . . . !"*



*"Yes, Santa was good to me.  
But don't forget, I was good to Santa."*



*"We can't go on like this, Mr. Mathers—  
seeing each other only at Christmas office parties!"*





Pedini

*"Well, you can save some of the people all of the time, and all of the people some of the time, but you can't save all of the people all of the time . . ."*



## BROTHER ENDICOTT (continued from page 100)

words and joined in, but they are from Illinois, and so then they all sang *Loyal to You, Illinois*. Our honeymoon has been like that ever since Edward ran into Rip Morgan in Rome." She gave the word "honeymoon" a tart inflection.

The quartet down the hall now had *Dear Old Girl* in full swing, and Farland got up and closed the door. "They sound a little older than juniors or seniors," he said, coming back to his chair. She took a long swallow of her drink and set the glass down.

"Edward will be 46 next week," she said, in the tone of a patient on a psychiatrist's couch, and Farland leaned back for the flow he felt was coming. "He still wears his fraternity pin. He wore it on his pajamas on our wedding night. It's the Nelson Merit Pin. He got it one year for being the biggest Boopa Doopa Chi in the whole damn country. He has a smaller one, too. Fraternity is his life. Maybe you've heard of Endicott Emblems, Incorporated. Well, he's the president. They make fraternity pins, and signet rings, and everything. He goes around all the time, even over here, with his right hand out like this." She separated the thumb and little finger of her right hand from the other fingers. "He gives everybody the grip, in the American Express and at the Embassy, and everywhere he sees an American man. I don't know much about fraternities. I thought it was something men got over, like football practice. I went to Smith." Farland noticed that she kept glancing over her right shoulder at the door.

"Brother Endicott won't break in on us," he said reassuringly. "Quartets never notice that wives are missing. As for my wife, she's in Italy."

"I knew she wasn't here," Marie Endicott said, and Farland followed her gaze about the room, which must have revealed instantly to his visitor the lack of a woman's touch. There were books and papers on the floor, and that unmistakable masculine rearrangement of chairs and lamps which a man finds comfortable and a woman intolerable. "Nancy is going to pick up our daughters in Italy—we have two. They are coming over on one of the Export ships because they wanted to see Gibraltar. I don't work at night when Nancy's here. Wives don't think it's healthy."

"Ellen Morgan went to bed," said the girl, "and Edward thinks I'm in bed, too." She took several long swallows of her drink this time and sat forward in her chair. "The reason I'm here, the thing is," she began, with a flash of firmness, and then leaned back with a helpless flutter of her left hand. Farland gave her a cigarette and held a match

for her.

"Don't get a blockage," he said easily. "I'm the one with the blockage, I was thinking of throwing the heroine of my novel out of a window, but you can't do that in novels, only in real life." The girl wasn't listening.

"Edward can't stand any foreign country," she said, "because it isn't God's country, and they don't use God's money, and you can't get God's martinis, or God's anything." Her eyes drifted toward an unopened bottle of bourbon on the table. "Or God's whiskey," she said. "Bourbon is God's whiskey, you know."

"He must have trouble getting God's ice, too," Farland put in, "especially at this hour."

"They don't supply soap at most French hotels," she went on. "In the hotel in Le Havre he called downstairs and said, 'Some of you cave dwellers come up here with some soap and make it snappy. Endicott wants soap.' He speaks of himself in the third person a lot of the time. He doesn't know any French except *combien* and *trop cher* and *encore la même chose* and *où est le cabinet?* He calls terraces sit-downs, and he's terrible when a dinner check runs into four figures, like 3800 francs. He says, '*Pas si goddamn vite*' to taxi drivers. He learned what he calls doughboy French from his brother Harry. Harry is much older. He was in the First World War. You know doughboy French? '*Restez ici a minute. Je retourner après cet guy partirs.*'" She drank some more and went back to brother Harry. "Harry thinks he's dying," she said. "He thinks he's dying of everything, but there isn't anything the matter with him. He ought to go to a psychiatrist, and he actually did once, but the doctor said something like, 'If you're not sick, and you think you're sick, you're sick.' And Harry slammed out of his office."

"Nice slamming," Farland said. "I think I would have, too."

The girl in the green dress took in a long sad breath and exhaled slowly. "Harry carries a little mirror, like a woman, and keeps looking at his mouth, even in public," she said. "He thinks there's something the matter with his uvula."

"I'm sorry you told me that," Farland said. "It is the only part of my body I have never been conscious of. Can you die of uvulitis or something?"

"Harry and his wife were over here," the girl continued, "but they flew back last week, thank God. He suddenly got the idea in the middle of the night that his doctor had secretly called Irene and told her he was dying—Harry, I mean. 'This is my last vacation,' he screamed, waking Irene up. She thought he had

lost his mind in his sleep. 'I'm not going to die in Naples or any other foreign city!' he yelled. 'I'm going to die in Buffalo!' *We live in Milwaukee. It isn't far enough from Buffalo.*"

"You were just about to tell me why you came here. I don't mean to Europe, I mean to my chambers, tonight—this morning," Farland said, but she postponed the reason for her call with a wave of her hand. He sat back and let her flow on. "Edward is a collector," she said. "Big heavy things, like goalposts. He's football-crazy, too. I thought he was really crazy once when we were having a cocktail and he lifted his glass and said, 'Here's to Crazy Legs!' That's Roy Hirsch," she explained. "One of the Wisconsin gridiron immortals. He also drinks to the Horse. That's Ameche. He's immortal, too."

"I'm trying to figure out what you saw in Edward Endicott," Farland said, a flick of impatience in his tone. "It's supposed to be a human mystery, I know, but there's usually a clue of some kind."

She gestured with her hand again and frowned. "He has more drums than anybody else in the world," she went on. "He began collecting them when he was a little boy, and now he has African drums and Maori drums and some from the Civil War and one from the Revolution. He even has a drum that was used in the road company of *The Emperor Jones*, and one of the 40 or 50 that were used in *Valencia* during a big production number at the Casino de Paris in 1925, I think it was." She shuddered slightly, as if she heard all the Endicott drums approaching. "Is collecting goalposts Freudian?" she asked.

Farland decided to think that over while he freshened the drinks. "I don't think so," he said. "Goalposts are trophies, a sign your side won. The Indians had it worked out better, of course. Scalping the captain of the losing team would be much simpler. Where does he keep the goalposts?"

"In the attic," she said, "except for the one in the guest room. It belonged to Southern Cal. or SMU, or somebody we didn't expect to beat and did." She managed a small evil inflection on "we."

"All right, let's have it," Farland said. "Why did you come here tonight? All this is overture, I can tell that."

She sat forward suddenly again. "Tom will be here, I mean right here, in your suite, in a few minutes," she said, hurriedly. "He sent me a message by a waiter at the night club, while Edward was trying to get the little French orchestra to play *Back in Your Own Backyard*. Tom must have followed me there. I had to think quick, and all I could think of was your room, because you're always up late."

Farland got up and put on his tie and (continued on page 172)



# the machineries of joy

*the clerics were in conflict concerning man's invasion of space*

fiction By **RAY BRADBURY**

FATHER BRIAN DELAYED going below to breakfast because he thought he heard Father Vittorini down there, laughing. Vittorini, as usual, was dining alone. So who was there to laugh with, or at?

*Us, thought Father Brian, that's who.*

He listened again.

Across the hall Father Kelly, too, was hiding, or meditating, rather, in his room.

They never let Vittorini finish breakfast, no, they always managed to join him as he chewed his last bit of toast. Otherwise they could not have borne their guilt through the day.

Still, that was laughter, was it not, below stairs? Father Vittorini had ferreted out something in the morning *Chicago Sun-Times*. Or, worse, had he stayed up half the night with the unholy ghost, that television set which stood in the dining room like an unwelcome guest, one foot in whimsy, the other in the doldrums? And, his mind bleached by the electronic beast, was Vittorini now planning some bright fine new devilment, the cogs wheeling in his soundless mind, *(continued on page 178)*



"But," said Vittorini, truly shocked, "I thought it was an amiable squabble."





*"Now I want all of you to focus your attention on the muscles of the left upper arm."*



# GREAT STORIES FROM SHOWBIZ

humor BY ART BUCHWALD



## FOUR TWISTS ON SOME OF BROADWAY'S MOST CHERISHED CLICHÉS

PROBABLY NO BUSINESS has inspired as many heartwarming and uplifting stories as show business. Our own dowdy lives seem to be happier when we read about the struggles and successes of those who spend their lives in the theater, the movies and on television entertaining us and making us forget the cares of the day. There are many familiar stories about show business, and yet there are many stories still untold.

Through the years I've collected my own favorite untold show-business stories.

The first one took place at the greatest American opera house of them all. Maria Chianti had been flown over from La Scala to sing her most famous role, *Madame Butterfly*. The house was sold out for months, the audience was made up of men in white ties and women in diamond tiaras. There was no standing room.

Suddenly, 30 minutes before curtain time, Madame Chianti developed a severe case of laryngitis. She could hardly speak. The doctor arrived and said it was hopeless. She couldn't sing for a week.

Someone called for the understudy, an American girl who had never sung in grand opera before.

The manager told her, "Mary Lou, we have the choice of canceling the performance or letting you sing the role that Madame Chianti made famous. Do you think you're up to it?"

"Oh, please, sir, I've studied it for five years," Mary Lou cried. "I know I can do it. Just give me a chance."

The manager called in the conductor and the director. Then he said, "All right, Mary Lou, get in your costume, we're going to give you

your big break."

Mary Lou flew out of the office and the manager went out in front of the curtain to calm the restless audience who felt something was wrong.

"Ladies and gentlemen, Madame Chianti has had an accident and will be unable to sing *Madame Butterfly*. The role will be sung by Mary Lou Fitzgibbons. Those of you who do not wish to stay can have your tickets refunded at the box office."

Suddenly everyone got up at once and made a dash for the box office to get their money back. Not one person stayed in his seat and Mary Lou Fitzgibbons never got to sing *Madame Butterfly*.

To this day no one knows if she could sing it or not.

. . .

Joanne Wutheringheights left her comfortable middle-class home in a small town in Wisconsin to make her mark in Hollywood, against the pleas of her parents and the boy next door who loved her. After months of waiting around she finally got an interview with F. L. Gimlet, the most important producer in the motion-picture capital.

Mr. Gimlet told the 21-year-old beauty, "Joanne, I've seen your tests and I think you're a great talent. You have beauty, personality and box-office appeal and I want you to play the lead in my next picture. There is only one thing I ask of the actresses who play in my films."

"Loyalty?" Joanne said.

"No," F. L. replied. "They must sleep with me."

Joanne got up angrily and said, "No thank you, Mr. Gimlet. If that

(concluded on page 176) 107



*"Or do you like  
it better as  
a one-piece, Darling?"*



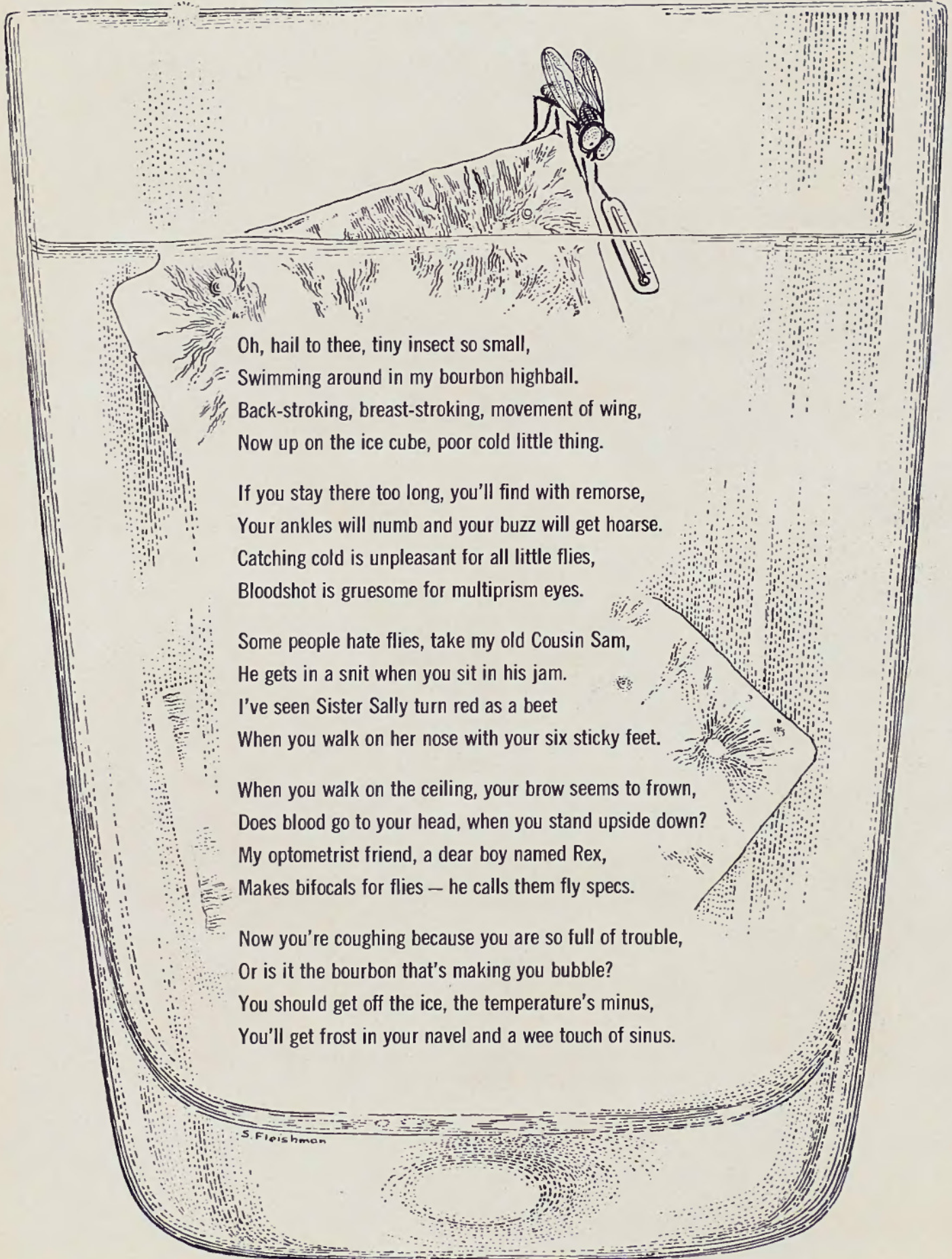




Vargas



ODE TO A HOUSEFLY philosophical ruminations on a beastie in the booze By ERNIE KOVACS



Oh, hail to thee, tiny insect so small,  
Swimming around in my bourbon highball.  
Back-stroking, breast-stroking, movement of wing,  
Now up on the ice cube, poor cold little thing.

If you stay there too long, you'll find with remorse,  
Your ankles will numb and your buzz will get hoarse.  
Catching cold is unpleasant for all little flies,  
Bloodshot is gruesome for multiprism eyes.

Some people hate flies, take my old Cousin Sam,  
He gets in a snit when you sit in his jam.  
I've seen Sister Sally turn red as a beet  
When you walk on her nose with your six sticky feet.

When you walk on the ceiling, your brow seems to frown,  
Does blood go to your head, when you stand upside down?  
My optometrist friend, a dear boy named Rex,  
Makes bifocals for flies — he calls them fly specs.

Now you're coughing because you are so full of trouble,  
Or is it the bourbon that's making you bubble?  
You should get off the ice, the temperature's minus,  
You'll get frost in your navel and a wee touch of sinus.





*"Well, well . . . Long time no see!"*









## PRESENT PERFECT

our december playmate makes a fetching christmas eve

UPDATING CHARLES DICKENS, we hereby nominate December Playmate June Cochran as this season's most endearing embodiment of the Spirit of Christmas Present. June's Yuletide credentials are disarmingly self-evident: a smile as warming as a rum toddy, blue-green eyes that are a blend of mistletoe with a girlish enchantment, a personality as sentimental as a crackling fireside, and the glowing health of an apple-cheeked caroler. A part-time model and full-time beauty back home in Indiana (born and raised in Indianapolis, she lives there now with five younger sisters and one younger brother), our 20-year-old Hoosier honey's superbly packaged presence has already won her a wassail bowlful of beauty contest awards, including the title of Miss Indiana in this year's Miss World Beauty Pageant. PLAYBOY's snow belle loves twisting and miniature golf, Corvettes and shish kebab, admires males who get as big a boot from life as she. Our holiday suggestion for the man who has everything: the girl who has everything, Christmasy Miss December.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DON BRONSTEIN



MISS DECEMBER PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH







*Mischievously romping in Indiana's great outdoors, playful December Playmate June Cochran*



*exercises some of the most memorable lines (36-20-34) in the history of snow business.*





# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Simple George was no great catch, so when he met a remarkably beautiful girl who seemed to be wildly in love with him, he immediately proposed marriage.

"Poor dear boy," she said, "don't you realize that I'm a nymphomaniac?"

"Darling," replied ardent George, "I don't care if you steal, as long as you're faithful to me."

Lily just couldn't imagine why she was so popular. "Is it my lovely hair?" she asked a friend.

"No."

"Is it my cute figure?"

"No."

"My personality?"

"No."

"Then I give up."

"That's it!"

One of our favorite drinks is a French eggnog — two egg yolks, two teaspoons of sugar, and four jiggers of cognac in a tall, warm lass.



Wasn't it lovely out there on the lake?" the young man said to his date as they were returning from the canoe ride.

With a happy sigh she replied, "It's lovely anywhere."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *bachelor apartment* as a wildlife sanctuary.

A beachcomber of 25 had been shipwrecked on a desert island since the age of six. One day, while in search of food, he stumbled across a beautifully sensuous female lying on the beach nearly naked; she'd been washed ashore from another shipwreck just that morning. After they got over their initial surprise at seeing each other, the girl wanted to know how long he had been alone on this barren bit of land.

"Almost 20 years," he said.

"Twenty years!" she exclaimed. "But how ever did you survive?!"

"Oh, I fish, dig for clams, and gather berries and coconuts," he replied.

"And what do you do for sex?" she asked.

"What's that?" He looked puzzled.

Whereupon the bold maiden pulled the

innocent beachcomber down onto the sand beside her and proceeded to demonstrate. After they had finished, she asked how he had enjoyed it.

"Great!" was the reply. "But look what it did to my clam digger!"



Returning from his vacation, Roger asked for two weeks more in which to get married.

"But you just had two weeks off," protested his boss. "Why didn't you get married then?"

"What," exclaimed Roger, "and ruin my vacation?"

Screams of delight piercing the air attested to the fact that Harry's tomcat was indeed the cat's meow. But, after numerous complaints from the neighbors, Harry sadly agreed to allow a veterinarian to render the cat fit to guard a sultan's harem.

"I'll bet," ventured one of Harry's neighbors weeks later, "that that ex-tom of yours just lies on the hearth now and gets fat."

"No," said Harry, "he still goes out. But now he goes along as a consultant."



The wondrously stacked blonde appeared at her door in a strapless evening gown that defied gravity. "Terrific!" said her admiring escort. "I don't see what holds that dress up!"

"Play your cards right and you will," she murmured.

All he had asked for was a little goodnight kiss, but she haughtily rebuffed him with, "I don't do that sort of thing on my first date."

"Well," he replied with appropriate sarcasm, "how about on your last?"

*Heard any good ones lately? Send your favorites to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 232 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Ill., and earn \$25 for each joke used. In case of duplicates, payment goes to first received. Jokes cannot be returned.*





*"Last year we gave him an electric shaver."*





ILLUSTRATION BY PHILL RENAUD

**recollections from the golden days of the author's youth**

*The*  
**FATHER  
AND  
SON CIGAR**  
nostalgia by  
**NELSON ALGREN**





A WINTER OF A SINGLE WIND has driven snow against the ads that once offered baby talcum and Log Cabin Syrup. But no el stops here anymore. Rains have ripped the ad that promised dancing lessons at the Merry Gardens, its tatters are less merry now. Waltz king and waltzers alike are gone. The 12th Street beau with cap tipped for love in Garfield Park, the Monday-morning salesgirl with lashes still Maybellined by Sunday night, the Mogen David wino with Happy New Year snow on his shoulders, none get off here anymore. Only a rail of rounded iron guards a peanut machine whose glass is cracked and its peanuts long vended. Snow shadows race like children in the blood-red glow cast by two railroad lamps; up the drift of snow against the rail and then tobogganing down. They stop to rock the platform, lamps and all, when the midnight B train passes, and the lamps dip and tip like flares left burning on a raft abandoned at sea. The B train's echo trails the B train. Then a fog shot with neon closes down, the coldest that ever fell. Yet riders of late winter (continued on page 186)





GALA  
AT THE  
TOUR  
D'ARGENT

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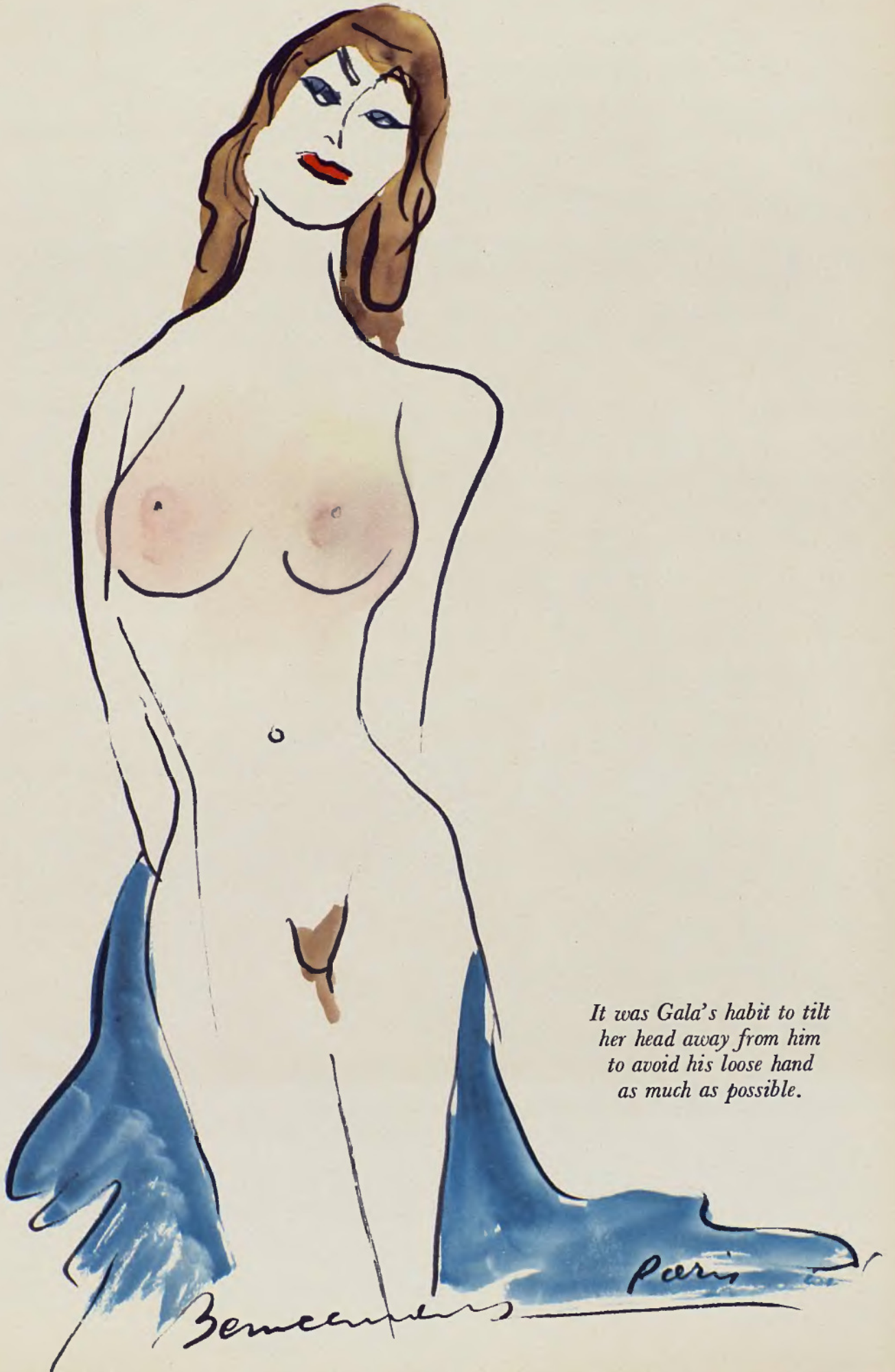
IN THE LIFE OF A FAITHFUL  
STRIPPER, THERE ARE TIMES WHEN FOOD,  
NOT LOVE, CONQUERS ALL

*fiction*

By LUDWIG BEMELMANS

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR





*It was Gala's habit to tilt  
her head away from him  
to avoid his loose hand  
as much as possible.*

Benevenuto Paris



When Bemelmans' last book, *"The Street Where the Heart Lies,"* is published early next year, its heroine, incurably honest, infinitely beautiful, forever hungry Gala, may well take her place — along with Lili, Fanny and Gigi — among the wispy wonders of French fiction. The loveliest of all strippers, Gala is the creation of fiery Miomo Corti, proprietor of the *Relaxes Vous* night club, who, insanely jealous of her beauty and well aware of her commercial value, married her when she was still in her early teens. So absolute is Corti's domination that he keeps her on a near-starvation diet to preserve her precious figure. Ordinarily, Corti never lets Gala out of his sight, but his desperate need for a loan from Vittorio Vivanti, a lecherous Milanese millionaire, finally forces Corti to allow Vivanti to take Gala out for an evening in Paris. As the story opens, it is the morning after that fateful night.

AS IF OUT OF A TUNNEL, in a humid landscape, far away the bells of Notre-Dame were ringing — that melody which says "We will always be here — we will repeat it eternally." The bedroom of the Cortis faced upon a side street. It was papered in a faded tint of beige, the color of old cigars in store windows long exposed to sun; a pattern of blue fleurs-de-lis was on this paper which in places hung loose from the wall. The one window was curtained with violet velvet drapery, on the ceiling were remnants of a stucco decor and from it hung a two-branch gas chandelier. A shaft of morning light like a huge knife cut through the room — it passed through a cage with two lovebirds, lighting them up green as glass and chattering, it went on through floating gray dust and reached back to a closet stuffed with the many furs of Gala. On a dresser were jewels and gloves, and a stand held the intimate garments of both Monsieur and Madame Corti. The bed was held in place by a theatrical trunk used as a night table. The bed as the rest of the room, in disorder, was filled with pillows and bolsters and out of it hung one small foot attached to the left, lovely leg of Gala.

There was a soft knock on the door. Then the door opened — and Madame Michel, the servant, dressed in her workday outfit of blue jeans, a blouse, scarf and slippers, came in carrying an immense basket of flowers. Of long-stemmed white roses, tall white branches of blossoming lilacs, all tied with a broad satin ribbon. A stuffed white dove with a card in its beak was attached to the high wickerwork, looping handle of the basket. Madame Michel placed it near the window and silently left.

The telephone stood on the trunk, close to the bed — and it rang. Next to the telephone was an ashtray. The phone kept ringing — Gala sat up, reached over and picked up the instrument.

"Ah, it's you," she said. "Good morning." The voice talked rapidly, she said, "Speak a little lower." She smiled and said:

"I too find you adorable."

Suddenly her head twisted involuntarily to her side, to the wall. Miomo Corti had risen in one quick motion, slapped her face, and gotten out of bed.

He was dressed in an elaborate bedrobe and pajamas. His face was ashen, his eyes looked as if someone with a stylograph had worked endless circular lines around them. His gray hair was in disarray. He kicked the ashtray aside, he kicked the phone to the floor — and he walked around it (continued on page 156)



"You stayed out most of the night and he sends you expensive flowers. Now then — explain!" Corti demanded of Gala.

"Explain to me why you won't go to bed with me. Here you are in my room — nobody will know," said Vivanti.







*"OK — and now we shoot the European version . . ."*





**JAMES BALDWIN** in a world of hate, a desperate search for sanctuary

IN THE DARK AND DESOLATE novelistic wasteland created by the 38-year-old bachelor, James Baldwin, men and women wallow in suspicion, fear, hate and lust, searching helplessly for a sanctuary from suffering that their creator himself has not as yet been able to find or fathom. For James Arthur Baldwin comes from the same clay as the damned and defeated spiritual nomads who populate his novels: *Go Tell It on the Mountain*, *Giovanni's Room* and *Another Country*. A Harlem-born preacher's son, he began to teach the Gospel himself at the age of 14. Graduating from high school three years later, he met author Richard Wright who was to become his literary mentor ("I was broke, shabby, hungry and scared. He read my first novel . . . and his support helped me to win my first fellowship."). With proceeds from this and other awards, Baldwin deserted race-conscious America for race-tolerant France, where he spent the following ten years in self-imposed exile. But despite the refreshingly color-blind climate of Paris, the taproot to home could not be uprooted ("I realize now

that if I was preparing myself for anything in Europe, I was preparing again for America"). Returning to New York, he became at once a militant campaigner for civil rights and, in *Nobody Knows My Name*, a bitter antagonist of the white community. But lately he has mellowed somewhat, realizing perhaps that black hate is no less poisonous than white bigotry, and like his prophetic spokesman in *Another Country*, he seems to cry out: "The world is hard enough and people is evil enough without all the time looking for it and stirring it up and making it worse." Although this newfound tolerance has alienated many of his own race ("I speak for some people, but there are others who look upon me as a traitor"), Baldwin insists that "the facts of Negro oppression must be stated, but being oppressed doesn't necessarily make one individual better than another." Today, he is concerned mainly with moral and aesthetic reforms on both sides of the racial fence: "The big issue of racism is not housing or civil rights. It is hate, private human hate where there should be love."



**GEORGE CHAKIRIS** west coast story

BY MOVIELAND STANDARDS, 29-year-old George Chakiris is an ascetic. His clothes can be crammed into one suitcase, his car is second-hand and he shares an apartment with his parents, sister and brother. He does, however, own a small gold statuette for which half the high priests of Hollywood would swap their swimming pools, saunas and screening rooms. No newcomer to the movies (he had a bit part in 1954's *White Christmas*), George was a long haul from stardom when Jerome Robbins tagged him for the role of Jet captain Riff in the London company of *West Side Story*. Twenty months later, Chakiris was drafted from the West End *West Side* for the film version to portray the Sharks' satrap Bernardo. Oscar night, 1962, made George a Big Man on Camera. Since his Oscar, singer-dancer-actor Chakiris has hopped to Hulaland for *Diamond Head*, etched an LP for Capitol and nipped off to Nippon for *Flight from Ashiya*. He is unimpressed by the cinematic spotlight, states modestly: "An actor is only as good as his last time out; I've still got a long way to go."





**MATTHEW J. CULLIGAN** from *Franklin's Post*, posthaste to a new post

PUBLISHING'S PESSIMISTS were already issuing *Post-mortems* when patch-eyed (since the Battle of the Bulge) Matthew J. "Joe" Culligan arrived in Philadelphia this summer to take command of the Curtis Publishing Company's tottering magazine empire. Out of touch with the changing tastes of its dwindling readership, burdened by overpriced advertising and cut-rate subscriptions and confused by superficial face-lifting efforts, Curtis' *Satevepost*, *Journal*, *Holiday* and *American Home* had dropped more than \$9,000,000 in ad revenues in the first half of the year. But for 44-year-old Culligan, this dismal picture had all the upbeat promise of a Norman Rockwell cover scene. As a job-hopping, ad-selling troubleshooter he had already rebuilt the Home Building department of *Good Housekeeping*, pulled NBC Radio out of the red and was on the board of Madison Avenue's Interpublic Incorporated, when he got the Curtis call. Accepting a cut-rate salary of \$120,000 plus fringes, he pronounced the foundering firm in need of "flaming leadership," forthwith burned away much

editorial deadwood, replaced it with top literary timber pirated from other publications, sent the failing "new" *Post* scurrying back to its old, familiar format, but updated its contents with big-name fiction, more readable articles and less syrupy interviews. "I want the *Post* to be the conscience of America," says Culligan conscientiously. Having thus shored up the shop, Culligan barnstormed the country for six weeks, returning to Philadelphia with \$37,000,000 in new ads, \$22,000,000 in bank pledges. Perhaps his biggest move so far was engineering a decision of Curtis' new, nonfamily board members to shift *SEP's* offices out of staid Philadelphia and into the industry's main line—New York. For his efforts (he thrives on a "psychotic" 15-to-20-hour workday), Culligan predicts "dramatic improvement" by year's end, break-even by mid-1963 and profit by 1964. Still, after years of Curtis' conservative Philadelphian management, which kept Independence Square, it remains to be seen if Culligan's removal of the *Post* from Philadelphia will also remove Philadelphia from the *Post*.

## ON THE SCENE



*satire* By ROBERT CAROLA **WORD PLAY**

*more fun and games with the king's english in which words become delightfully self-descriptive*

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abrvtd.

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OSPITALBED

BEEFECTION

REST—ZG

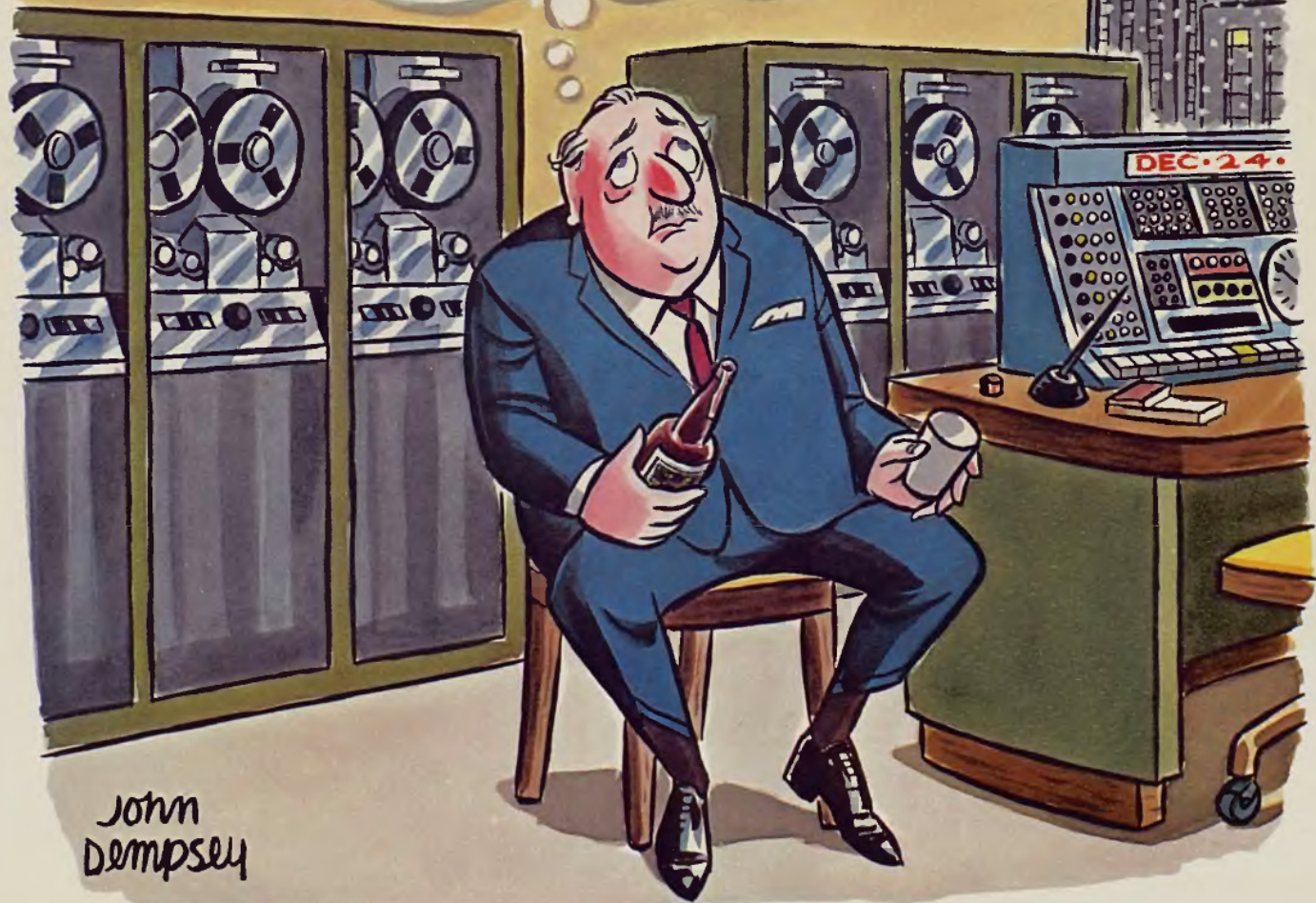
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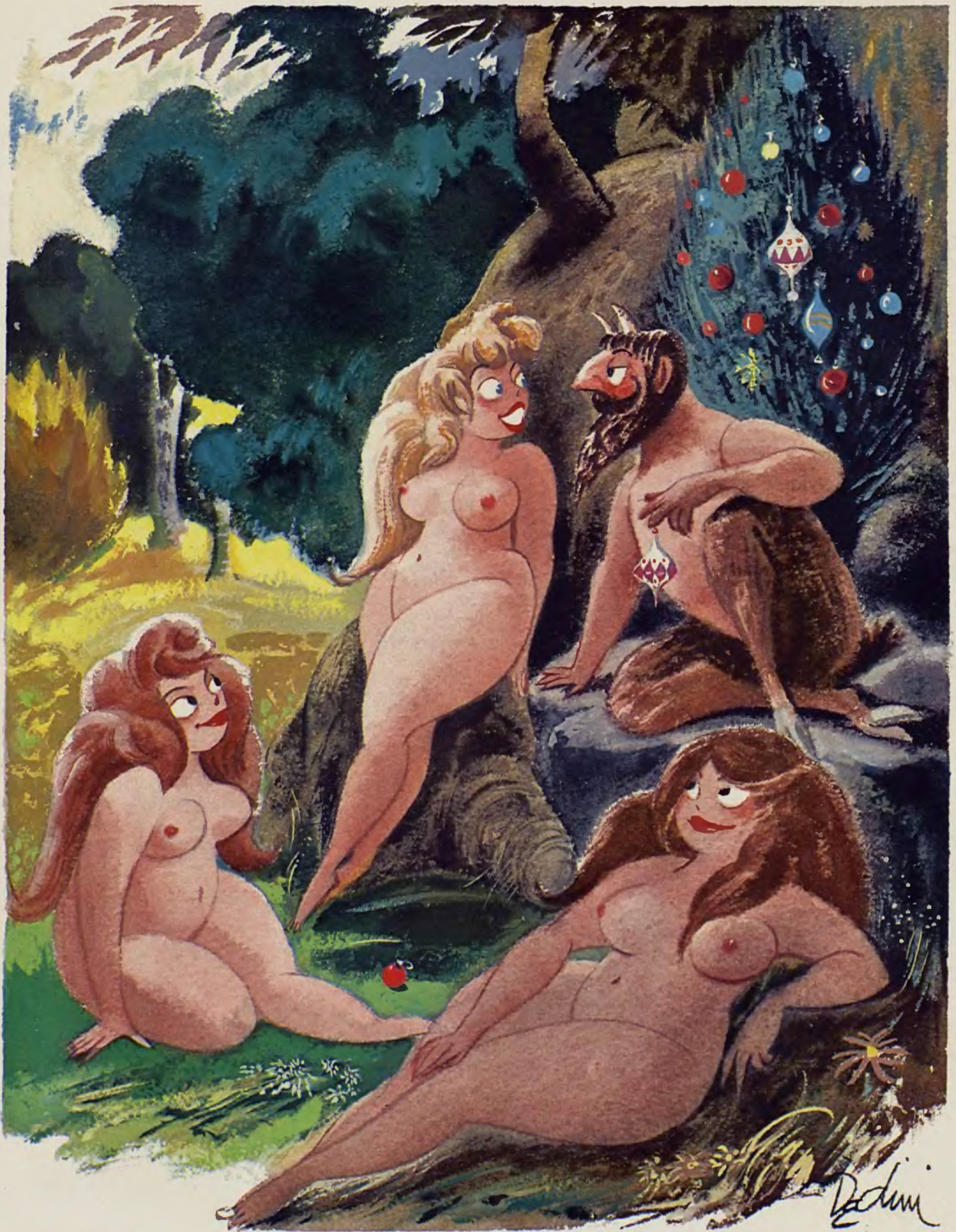
IMPORANT





John  
Dempsey



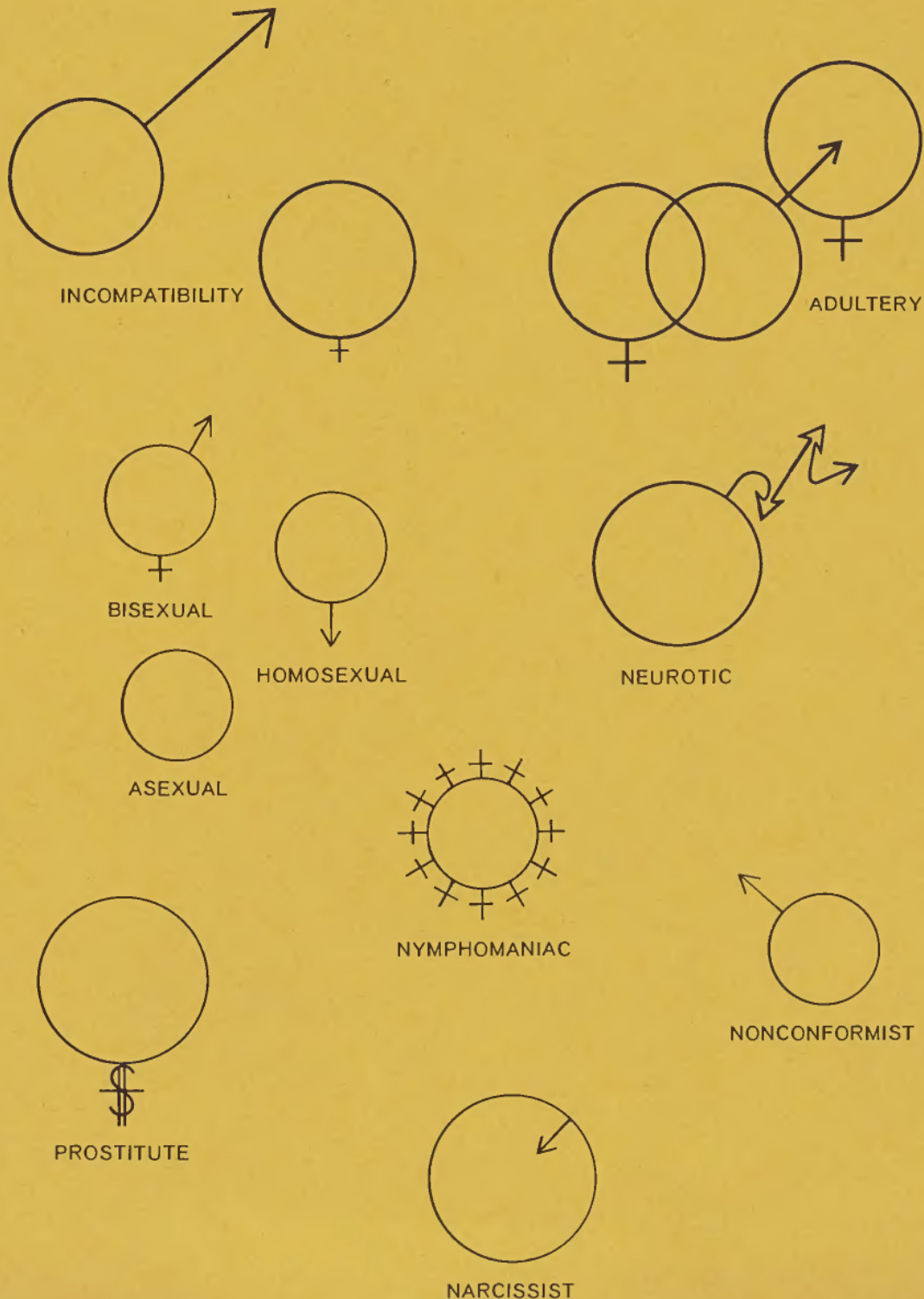


*"Well, do we exchange the usual gifts?"*

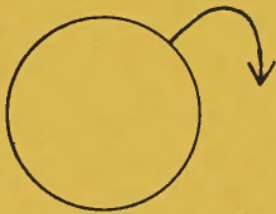


# sex symbols

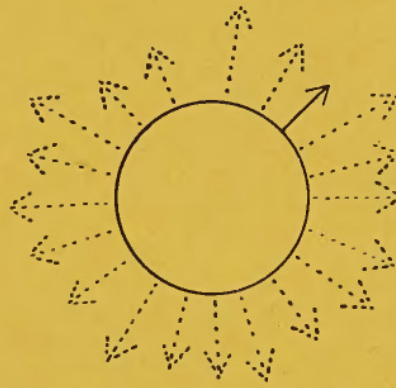
humor By Sally Baldwin Even before encountering sex, most students are introduced to the symbols for sex—the circles, with arrow or cross attached, that serve as a biological shorthand for man  $\sigma^{\rightarrow}$  and woman  $\text{♀}$ . The notebook of the scientist records only two such symbols, but life in all its manifestations includes a great many more variations on the theme, and we offer, herewith, some suitable symbols of our own for a fuller glossary of these modern hieroglyphics.



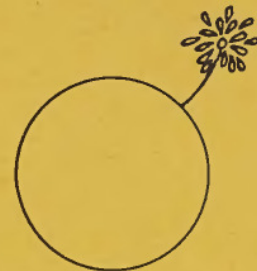




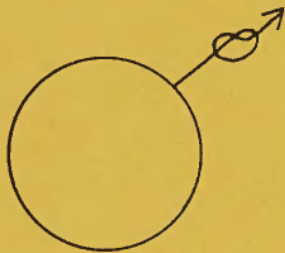
IMPOTENT



BRAGGART



AESTHETE



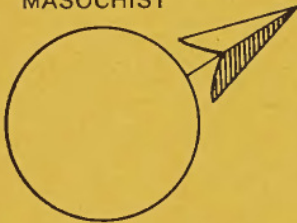
MASOCHIST



TRANSVESTITE



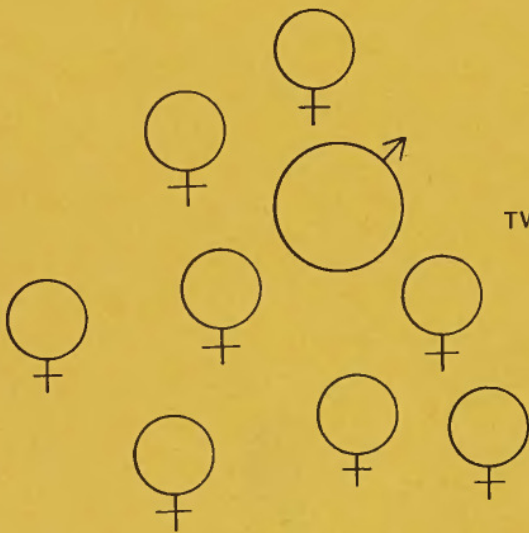
INTROVERT



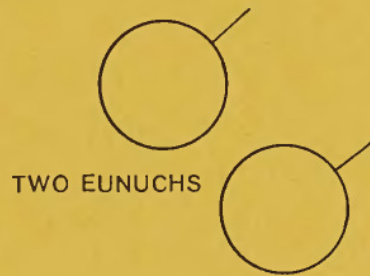
SADIST



SCHIZOPHRENIC



PASHA WITH HAREM



TWO EUNUCHS



GYNECOLOGIST





LOSTUTTER

## NONE BUT THE BRAVE

FICTION BY GARSON KANIN

A MAN MAY WELL BE A HERO IN BATTLE—AND A COWARD WHEN FACED WITH THE WOMEN WHO LOVE HIM

TWENTY MINUTES after he came to, he found that his left arm had been amputated.

He had opened his eyes, looked about, recognized a hospital tent, remembered being wounded, and closed his eyes. Relax, he thought. That's the main thing. Relax.

A few minutes later, his left thigh began to itch. He reached down with his left hand and scratched, but nothing happened. He tried again. No sensation. Anesthetized, he thought. Or arm's asleep. What's the word for it? He thought hard, trying to recall the time and place he had learned it at Harvard Medical. Finally, it came. Acropares-thesia. He smiled in self-congratulation. Massage, he prescribed, and brought his right arm across his chest. He began rubbing but stopped as he felt the texture of the sheet. He could not find his left arm. Dreaming, he thought. He opened his eyes and kept them open until he was certain that he was awake. He pulled the blanket down and looked. Extending from his left shoulder was a bandaged stump. It was then that he knew. He shivered and broke into a sudden sweat. There was not a dry spot on his body. Hyperidrosis, he diagnosed. *Left arm*, he considered. Well, that's a break, anyway. He closed his eyes and saw himself as a one-armed man, the left sleeve of his jacket neatly tucked into

the pocket. He opened his eyes. "Holy God," he said, aloud. He closed his eyes. Make your mind a blank, he thought, and did so.

After a time, he heard a voice asking softly, "You awake, fella?"

He opened his eyes. A Lieutenant-Colonel, wearing summer issue and a stethoscope, was standing beside him.

"Yes, sir."

"How are you?"

"All right."

"Good," said the Lieutenant-Colonel, reaching down to take his pulse.

He tried to smile as he said, "I seem to be missing something."

"Afraid so. But let's be — pulse normal — glad it's something you can do without."

"Oh, sure."

"I don't want to stand here and pour platitudes all over you, son, but — fact is, it could've been worse."

"Yes, sir."

"Feel well enough to travel?"

"I guess so."

"Fine. I'll see if I can ship you tomorrow or the day after."

"Thank you, sir."

"Major Russo's been around a few times. He's coming back again this afternoon."

"He OK?"

"Yes."

"Good."

"Care for a knockout?"

"No, thanks. I better start getting used to myself, here."

"Try not to tense up."

"No, sir."

The Lieutenant-Colonel moved off.

He did try. He relaxed, systematically and scientifically, but kept shivering, and breaking out in a sweat from time to time. He wondered if his parents had been informed. Marion? Pamela? Pamela. Marion.

• • •

Major Russo turned up shortly after supper.

They shook hands.

"How are y', Roj?"

"OK now, sir."

Tears flooded the Major's eyes. "Don't 'sir' me, you bastard," he said. "There's a limit to how much embarrassment I can handle."

The Major got out a handkerchief, wiped his eyes, and blew his nose. The nurse brought him a chair.

"Care to sit down, Major?" she asked.

"Thanks."

He sat down. The nurse left.

"Can I smoke in here?"

"Everybody seems to," said Roger.

Major Russo lit a cigarette. He and Roger looked at each other.

"How the hell did you do it, Roj?" asked the Major. "Swear to God, if I

(continued on page 146) 133



# playboy's other girlfriends

*an anniversary encore of memorable past attractions*

WHILE PLAYBOY'S most famous feminine friends have traditionally been the popular Playmates who grace our centerfold each month, through the years we have also featured an arresting variety of beautiful girls in non-Playmate picture stories. With these other girlfriends very much in our reminiscent thoughts, we've decided to depart from our usual birthday custom of passing in review favorite Playmates of the Past to share with you instead an affectionate and nostalgic Ninth Anniversary toast to the most memorable and decorative of the Playmates' comely compatriots. Many of them are stars, most are in some phase of show business, and all, we aver, are worthy of this slightly sentimental, completely admiring Anniversary encore.



Appearing for the fifth time in PLAYBOY, titian-tressed actress Tina Louise again proves herself a sheer delight. Tempting Tina's next celluloid appearance will be in *The Vagrant Erotics*, a film to be made in New York by American New Waver Rick Carrier.





Above: chaise-lounging Kim Novak sits pretty today as shining star of the successful flicks *Notorious Landlady* and *Boys' Night Out* (first film to be produced by her own production company, in conjunction with Filmways and MGM). Right: Kim was once hopeful but unheralded Chicago model Marilyn Novak. Below: delightfully dewy Tania Velia, an ex-Miss Yugoslavia and Olympic swimmer who defected from Communist Yugoslavia in 1954, made a PLAYBOY splash in July 1959, and is now a versatile multilingual night-club singer.







Above: here adorning our pages for the third time, sweater-perfect Sophia Loren stands at the apogee of her star-spangled career: her thespian talent has brought her international renown as an actress—including, of course, an Oscar for her agonizing emoting in the recent *Two Women*—and her opulent, down-to-earth beauty has won her international male recognition as one of the world's most voluptuous women. Right: as a Neapolitan neophyte actress, smoldering Sophia played a charmingly scenic scene in *Two Nights with Cleopatra*, vintage Italian flick.



Left: the hip helpmeet and chief canary of bandleader Stan Kenton at the time of her June 1961 *PLAYBOY* debut, pixieish vocalist Ann Richards has since severed marital ties with Stan the Man and set farth solo as a night-club nightingale and the LP star of such disarming discs as *Ann, Man!* Effectively fusing the audio appeal of her talented pipes with the visual suasion of her lyrical lines—evident in this pretty-as-a-picture reprise—little Ann should have no trouble making it big on her own.





Above: lovely Londoner June "The Bosom" Wilkinson as photographed in the Playboy Building when barely 18. PLAYBOY's September 1958 picture story on June was the first to appear in a U.S. publication and helped prepare her frontal assault on Hollywood where today (right) she is America's most photographed pinup and an actress of parts. June's three previous one-girl shows in PLAYBOY brought forth an unparalleled number of enthusiastic missives from pleased readers. Below: at the time of her 1960 appearance in PLAYBOY, sweet-visaged Abby Dalton was in TV's *Hennessey* series; now she stars as Bishop's wife in *The Joey Bishop Show*.







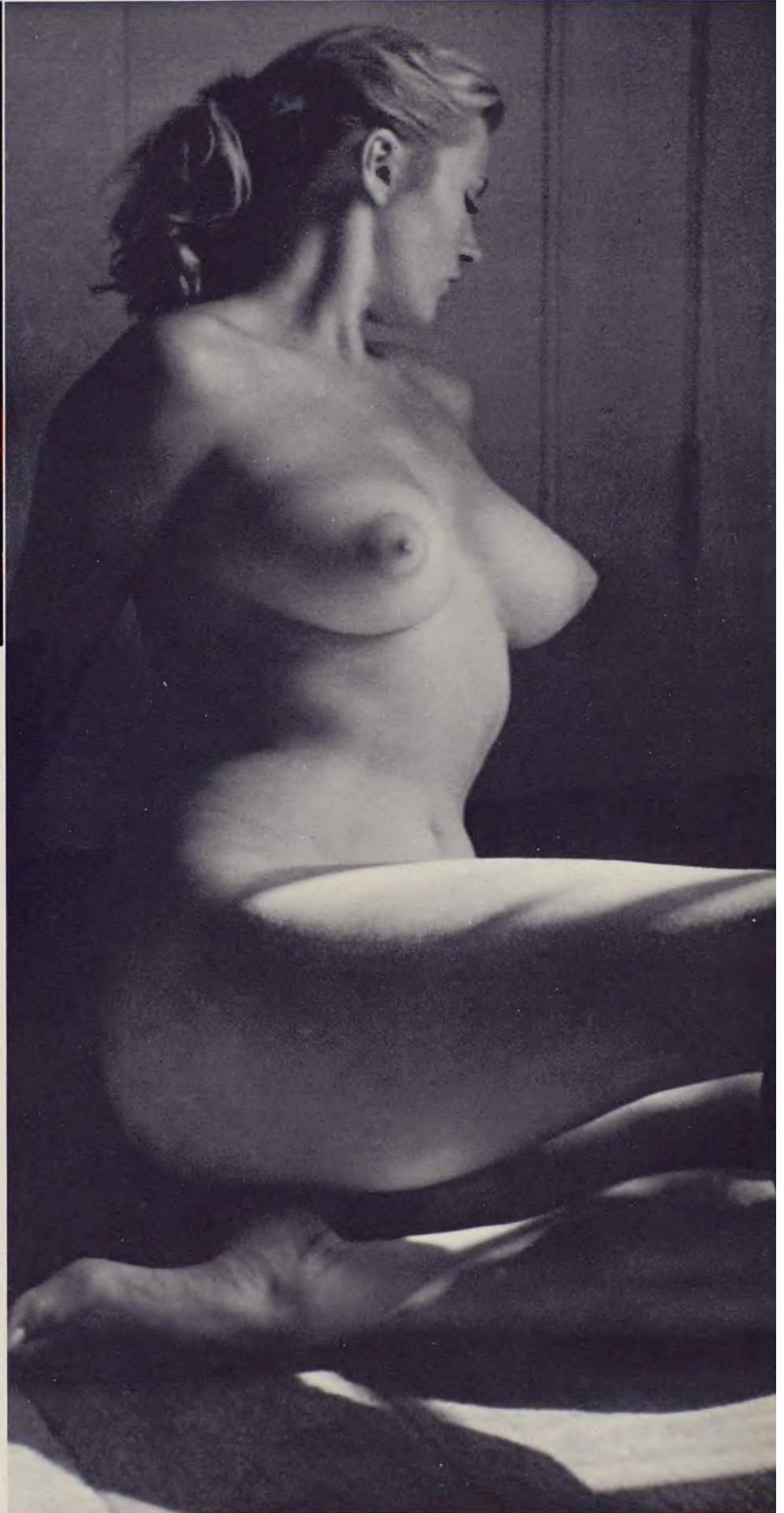
When Vikki "The Back" Dougan appeared in our June 1957 issue, she was attracting national attention by her well-publicized plunging backlines. Above: the dorsal Miss Dougan in the reverse-cleavage dress that caused much tongue-clucking and shutter-clicking at the 1957 Hollywood Foreign Press Association's awards banquet. Left: Vikki makes another eye-popping exit. Below: a swinging starlet and the pert fiancée of Lance Reventlow when she was featured in our March 1960 issue, Jill St. John has since married and separated from Lance. Her next assignment is Sinatra's *Come Blow Your Horn*.







Above: longtime PLAYBOY favorite Anita Ekberg displays the classic fire-and-ice beauty that has helped make her the most ogled *flicka* in flicks; her latest role call is in the Fellini-filmed segment of *Boccaccio '70*. Right: this celebrated photo from our August 1956 issue was clicked by sculptor Sepy Dobronyi as preparation for a busty rendering of Anita in bronze—an artistic endeavor that netted him a bust in the mouth from Anita's spouse, Anthony Steele.







Left: French sex kitten Brigitte Bardot, a two-time winner in *PLAYBOY*, continues to entrance males with the sensually lovely looks that have made her the most widely emulated *femme* in the world. Pending last-minute snags, her next epidermal epic should be *The Story of Gaby Delys*, which Roger Vadim hopes to produce in the summer of 1963. Above: BB's bedded Gallic goodies are glimpsed in a steaming scene from *La Verité*. Right: German-born Elga Andersen, who had a small role in *Bonjour Tristesse* when this comfortable pose caught readers' eyes in May 1958, was recently inked for a projected Hollywood musical on Benjamin Franklin's life.



Above: this rare and revealing uncoverage of Elaine Stewart from our October 1959 issue was the happy result of a private shooting session accorded our lensman by the actress in her Beverly Hills home. In dramatic contrast to this lovely repose, Miss Stewart has of late been a very busy body: she recently returned from a 21-month hegira to Rome with four picture credits, has just completed stints in two TV series (*Rawhide* and *77 Sunset Strip*) and is currently considering making a film in Japan.







*further instructions on succeeding with women without really trying*

satire By SHEPHERD MEAD



## WHY MARRY?

YOU MAY NOW ASK the question which is on every lip: "Why marry?" The reasons are countless. Not every reason, however, would suit *you*. Perhaps we should thumb through a working checklist. Write down any reasons that appeal to you.

### GREATER COMFORT

There is no question that marriage *can* give a man greater creature comforts. The familiar picture of the devoted wife, the pipe and slippers, and the tender loving care is all too true in many cases, and can last for months.

If you have no good clubs, service apartments or hotels in your neighborhood, consider this seriously.

After children arrive, of course, you will have to shift for yourself. You will then be physically uncomfortable a greater part of the time. But in many cases the sacrifice is worth it.

### MORE COMPANIONSHIP

The married man is never lonely. There are people around all the time, especially after the arrival of children.

In fact, many husbands and fathers have not had a moment to themselves for years.

The selfish husband who expects companionship *from his wife*, however, will be disappointed. The first wife, as he will see, must work 14 to 16 hours a day and has little time to be a companion to her husband.

Don't be unreasonable. If you want the companionship primarily of adult females, by all means stay single. Find reliable unattached girls with similar hobbies and you will have all the com- (concluded on page 201)





*Intulandi*

*"A fine thing—I get home early to watch  
the fight and the set is on the blink!"*









## Ribald Classic

An anonymous folk tale from old Castile

# THE DAY IT RAINED DOUGHNUTS

THERE WAS ONCE a young shepherd in Castile who was both the most handsome and the most foolish lad in the region. They called him Silly John and only the cleverness of his mother kept him out of trouble.

One day Marica, the mayor's daughter, saw him tending his sheep in his mother's pasture. She found him so good-looking that she decided to teach him some of the rules of the game called love. Now, despite his lack of wit, Silly John learned this game fast and well, so that ere the twilight fell he was winning all the laurels and the mayor's daughter was delighted in defeat. She left the pasture with reluctance.

When Silly John told his mother what had happened, she turned quite pale, but quickly changed the subject. Just before siesta she gave Silly John a pitcher of lemonade, and while he was drinking it, she climbed to the roof and tossed doughnuts over the edge.

"Momma! Momma!" cried Silly John, elated. "It is raining doughnuts!"

"Give thanks and eat them with your lemonade," said his mother, "and then off to siesta with you to rest from all this gaming."

While Silly John took his siesta and rested from his labors, his mother went to the stable, placed a table in front of the burro's stall, put lighted candles on it, and left them burning. When Silly John awoke, she sent him out to milk the cow.

In a minute he was back, wild with excitement. "Momma! Momma! The burro is saying Mass! The burro is saying Mass! What a day of wonders this is!"

"Indeed it is," said his mother with a smile.

A few days later the mayor arrived on a black horse and with him were two constables. "I understand, my boy," he said, "that my daughter spent an interesting afternoon with you out there in that pasture."

Silly John, who saw guile in no man, said proudly, "Indeed she did, Your Honor, and she taught me a most pleasant game. I was winning when she had to leave."

"Silence!" roared the mayor, embarrassed that the constables should hear the details. "And off to jail with you."

At the trial, Silly John and his mother were asked a number of questions.


"Did you, *señora*, hear ought of what occurred in the pasture?"

"My poor son came to me with some fantastic story, Your Honor. But he tells so many, and his mind is so fanciful, that I set no store by it," said the mother. "If he spoke of anything unusual, I have forgotten what he said or even what day he said it."

"You must remember what day it was, Mother," interrupted Silly John. "Wasn't it the very day it rained doughnuts and the burro said Mass in the stable?"

"Go with God, *señora*," said the judge sadly, "and take your poor son with you. There will be no penalty, for you have enough to bear as it is."

Thereafter no one gave credence to gossip about Silly John and the mayor's daughter or what went on in the pasture, and the two young people were left to play their games in peace.

—Retold by J. A. Gato 



# NONE BUT THE BRAVE (continued from page 133)

hadn't seen it I wouldn't've believed it."

"Some sort of crazy reflex, I guess. I've been thinking about it myself. It was like—well, sort of reverse behaviorism, if you get what I mean."

"I don't know if I do."

"Well, normally—you think of performing an action, then you perform it."

"Yes?"

"But this was—well, I did it, and later on the thought caught up with me in the middle of it." He smiled. "But the funny thing, the thought said *not* to—but by then it was too late—I was out there."

"Didn't you hear me yelling at you to stay put?"

They exchanged a long look. Roger said, "No. No, I didn't."

"OK."

"How are they, by the way?"

"Five of them, yes. The one guy didn't make it."

"With the chest wound?"

"That's the one."

"I didn't think he would. Not in the ditch. If he could've been got right onto a table, maybe."

"Well, think of the five, Roj."

"Sure."

They said nothing more until the Major finished his cigarette and stamped it out in an ashtray belonging to Roger's neighbor.

"Roj, I know it won't make up for your—well, anything—but there's a hell of a chance for you to get a hot citation. Maybe some kind of a medal, even. The recommendation's started up already, in fact. It's got about 60 eyewitness signatures on it and General Oleson—I talked to him—he says you're a cinch. Not that it'll make up for anything."

"Nice if it happens."

"He says you're a cinch. He told me." The Major rose. "Well, kid, I'll blow. Everybody sends their regards."

"Mine, too."

"I'll try to get in to see you tomorrow."

"Fine. Wait a second. The Colonel here said something about I may be shipping tomorrow."

"Oh."

"So —"

"Yuh." The Major paused, in thought. "Well, I better say it now—in case I don't see you for a while. Roger, I want to tell you, you're the finest Joe I've come across so far in my life. You've got character and you've got the kind of courage I thought was only in the movies. I hope to hell you get every break in the book from now on."

"Thanks, Major," said Roger. "But that's quite a spiel to a guy whose reflexes just happened to go cockeyed on him."

"Don't reflex *me*, you bastard," replied the Major. "I love you."

He walked off, swiftly.

Roger thought about the citation—maybe some kind of a medal, even—for a time. He wondered if there were any that carried money with them.

That evening, he learned that his parents had been informed that he had been wounded but was out of danger.

When the Red Cross girl came by, he sent reassuring cables to his parents, and to Marion.

• • •

Three days later, in the hospital near Godalming, Surrey, England, he asked for an interview with Lieutenant-Colonel Hauge, the commanding officer. He needed some personal advice. Colonel Hauge suggested that they meet for a drink in the officers' bar. Music from the jukebox provided a gay background for their conversation.

"I finished my second pre-med year," explained Roger. "Passed everything but Physiology Two. Missed that by a hair."

"Even so, wouldn't your deferment have stood up?"

"Maybe. But I quit anyway and got going. I didn't see the point at the time."

"I see."

"I was going to specialize in surgery, but I guess that's out now, wouldn't you say, Colonel?"

"I should think so," replied the Colonel, stirring his bourbon old fashioned.

"That's what I thought," continued Roger. "I guess you can be a one-armed just about anything but surgeon, huh?"

"Or ballet dancer."

"Here's the question, Colonel. Do you think I ought to forget about medicine altogether?"

"Hell, no!"

"Even, say, general practice. Could I handle it with—the way I am? Wouldn't it be a handicap?"

"But not a stopper. Anyway, what's so delicious about general practice? Why not research? Pick yourself a part of the body and stay with it."

"Thanks, Colonel. I'll think about that."

"Listen, boy. A fellow with your kind of courage isn't going to be stopped by an accident."

"Well —"

"Anyhow, when you get Zied, you're going to see about getting yourself rigged, aren't you? Those guys are working wonders these days. I saw a fellow with both of them gone thread a needle, so help me God."

"Colonel. This is a little off the subject, but do you have any idea how long I'll be around here?"

"Not offhand. General policy, amputees—excuse me—get a pretty good pri-

ority. But right now there seems to be a jam. A few weeks, say."

"No hurry."

"They treating you all right?"

"Like a king," said Roger.

"One more?"

"No, thank you, sir. I've got some of that deep thinking to do."

They smiled together, shook hands, and separated.

• • •

On Sunday, Pamela came down from London to see him. The day before had been difficult. She had sounded so calm on the telephone, unruffled. He would have preferred hysteria. This way, he was afraid he might have to deal with it when they met face to face.

He had his hair cut, and a manicure, making a joke about shouldn't it be half price. He had his uniform pressed, his shoes shined, and obtained a pass to leave the hospital grounds. He waited on the veranda of the main building.

At 11 o'clock in the morning, the crowded visitors' bus drove up and stopped.

He saw her at once, that red hair making her easy to pick out. He walked over to the bus. She waved at him through the window and mouthed something that he could not understand. He frowned, shrugged, and smiled.

A moment later, they embraced. With his one arm about her, Roger felt oddly impotent. It made the embrace seem casual. He blushed. They kissed, and nothing else seemed to matter.

"I very nearly fell away when I saw you standing there," she said.

"Why?"

"I thought surely you'd be in bed. I've been rehearsing a smashing bedside manner all the way down."

"Well, I'll get right in if you want."

"Please don't," she laughed.

"You hungry?"

"Not a bit, but I'd adore a cup of tea."

"Naturally," he teased. "Come on. There's a PX. We can sit awhile before we go into town for lunch."

"We can?" she asked, amazed.

"Why not?"

"Oh, ducky, that's marvelous!"

"Marvelous? What's that mean—'wizard'?"

She held his right arm, tightly, as they walked to the PX.

"How do I look?" he asked.

"Better than I remembered. How do I?"

"The same ol' wonderful."

"I love you, Roger," she said, and kissed his shoulder as they walked.

"What there is of me."

"Now, now," she said, "none of that. There's quite enough."

They sat down to tea. He took out a package of cigarettes, shook one half-out

*(continued on page 205)*





*bountiful boxes of gifts galore  
for a masculine yuletide harvest*





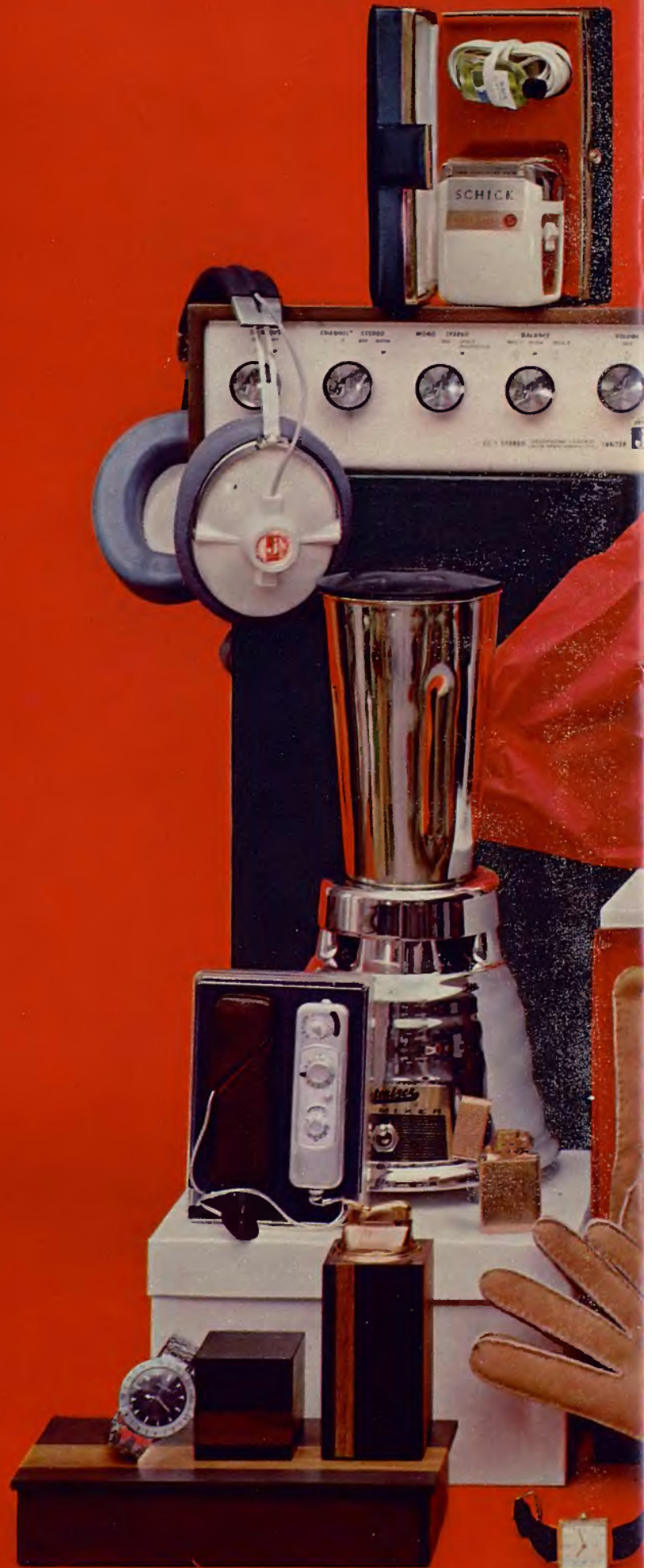


AN EXTRAVAGANZA OF exemplary Xmas largesse. Opposite page, clockwise from 11: vinyl overnight bag, magnesium frame, by Samsonite, \$30. Fish-O-Therm, has temperature sensing element at end of 60-foot wire, by Minneapolis-Honeywell, \$29.95. Hand-woven wool throw pillows, from America House, \$25 each. English Leather lotion, 16 oz., by Mem, \$6.50. Battery-operated Sound/Conditioner produces continuous background of natural sound effects, from Hammacher Schlemmer, \$70. Tele-Sonic 8mm movie projector has remote control, automatic film threader, by Bell & Howell, \$299.95. Matte chrome double casserole, with teak trim, by Maison Gourmet, \$37.50. Maroon velvet host jacket, black satin trim, \$49.50; olive-and-black imported silk jacket, black satin trim, \$125, both by After Six. Flame-ware glass canapé warmer, from Abercrombie & Fitch, \$10. Brass and steel sundial has sun-detonated cannon, by Abercrombie & Fitch, \$125. Illuminated globe, has walnut stand, solid brass meridian, by Replogle Globes, \$650. This page, clockwise from one: Big Ear listening device makes distant sounds audible, by Bell Products, \$18. Suede shirt, by Cezar, \$165. Imported Labyrinth game, from Abercrombie & Fitch, \$8.50. Reindeer driving gloves, by Countess Mara, \$20. Stereo table-model radio, AM-FM, shortwave, by Norelco, \$156. Brushed stainless steel desk set: carafe with tray, round ashtray, lighter, cigarette box, \$125; also note pad, \$24; scissors-letter opener, \$18; calendar holder, \$17; desk blotter holder, \$34; fountain pen holder, \$26; cigar ashtray, \$15; daily reminder, \$24, by Smith Metal Arts. Calf pipe case, by Alfred Dunhill, \$20 (without pipes). Pigskin-covered dice game set, by Dunhill, \$85. Tray of jacaranda wood, by Dansk, \$25. Eckel steel ski poles; Red Blizzard laminated cross-country skis, Kofix plastic bottoms, steel edges, Eckel bindings, from P&M Distributors, poles, \$14.50; skis, \$85; bindings, \$16. Below skis: Cosmi 12-gauge, 8-shot automatic shotgun, stainless steel action, Italian walnut stock, from Abercrombie & Fitch, \$750. Slim 3-way speaker system, oiled walnut finish, by Jensen, \$89.50. Barrel of 16 live lobsters and one peck of clams, from Saltwater Farm, \$29.95 (other quantities available).





First column, top to bottom: Super Speed electric shaver has washable head, travel case, available for heavy or light beards, by Schick, \$28.50. Stereo headphone remote-control center performs pre-amp functions, accommodates two headphone sets, has oiled walnut enclosure, \$39.75, stereo headphones, \$24.95, both by Jensen. Two-speed bar mixer of stainless steel, with strainer, by Oster, \$50. Camera, 3¼-oz., has built-in light meter, leather case, by Minox, \$149.50. At its right: lighter of 14-kt. ribbed gold, by Tiffany, \$166. Accutron shockproof, waterproof, electronic watch has stainless steel case and band, navigational 24-hour outer dial, by Bulova, \$175. On its right: desk set of slate and teak has lighter, paperweight, cigarette box, from America House, \$40. Second column, top to bottom: 17-jewel watch has black dial, 14-kt. gold case, black suede band, shockproof, antimagnetic, by Movado, \$175. Lambskin suede gloves, shearling-lined, by Sportsmaster, \$15. Gold watch, 14-kt., suede band, by Hamilton, \$150. Third column, top to bottom: imported punch bowl and ladle, from I.D.G., \$17.70. Salt-and-pepper-mill set of oiled teak and stainless steel, by Maison Gourmet, \$12. Nikkorex 35mm camera, has Nikkor f/3.5 zoom lens with 43-86mm range, speeds to 1/500, by Nikon, \$219.50. Calendar chronometer, 18-kt. gold, shockproof, waterproof, has 25-jewel movement, alligator band, by Rolex, \$600. Onyx cuff links, embossed with college crest (two-week delivery), by Alfred Dunhill, \$35. Fourth column, top to bottom: transistor watch-radio's alarm turns on radio and/or buzzes, in leather case, by Samson, \$39.95. Automatic calendar pocket watch in stainless steel, has transparent back, by Eterna, \$98.50. Gold seal ring, 14-kt., by Tiffany, \$72 (engraving extra). Corp Pops cork puller, operates on CO<sub>2</sub> cartridges, from Berkshire, \$5.95, with two cartridges. Fifth column, top to bottom: imported stainless tool set in fitted leather-covered case, from Hammacher Schlemmer, \$100. Binoculars, 8-power, with compensating lenses, for eyeglass or sunglass wearers, leather carrying case and strap, by Carl Zeiss, \$179. Automatic watch, has stainless steel, shockproof, waterproof case, lizard band, by Eterna, \$95. Chrome-plated cigar cutter by Alfred Dunhill, \$3.50. Ice bucket of wenge wood, by Dansk, \$29.95. Onyx-and-silver cuff links, by Grand Prix, \$22.50. On right: 14-kt. gold-tipped pen and pencil set, by Sheaffer, \$25.



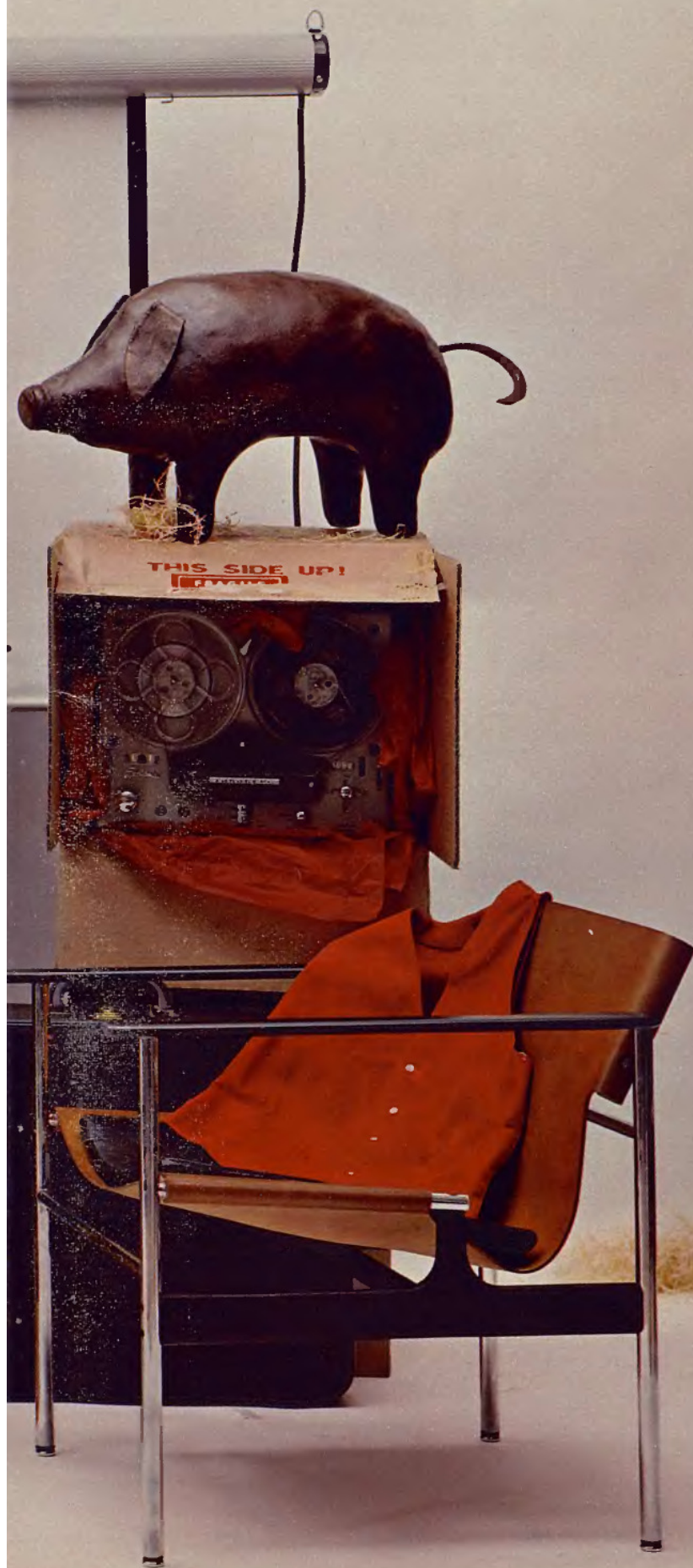












Clockwise from noon: portable Cinema Light has nickel-cadmium battery which can be recharged in one hour, operates 12 minutes at 3400kw capacity, by General Electric, \$125. Motion picture screen, 4'x4', can be raised or lowered electrically by single switch, by Radiant Manufacturing, \$139.50. Pig stool of stuffed Italian leather, from Hammacher Schlemmer, \$75. Portable four-track three-speed stereo tape recorder has self-contained amplifiers, pre-amps, speakers, by Tannberg, \$399.50. Spanish antelope red suede vest has wool back, inside pocket, by Cortefiel, \$22.50. Chair, designed by Charles Pollack, has chrome steel legs, black fused-finish cast aluminum arms and stretchers, natural leather sling, black capeskin-covered foam cushion, by Knoll, \$250. Two-suiter of lightweight top-grain cowhide, has aluminum frame, chrome hardware, linen lining, by Wings, \$45. Barbecue set is stainless steel with matched crown-stag handles, fitted wooden case, from Hoffritz, \$125. Portable stereo phono weighs 26 pounds, has 30-watt, transistorized stereo amplifier, Garrard AT-6 four-speed changer, Pickering magnetic pickup, luggage-styled vinyl exterior, by KLH Research, \$199. Tobacco humidor, of glove leather with brass trim, holds six pipes (not included), from Alfred Dunhill, \$62.50. Wicker-covered bottle, with leather-bound metal handle, brass jigger cork, by Destino Gifts, \$25. Tycoon glass rod has screw-locking reel seats, solid stainless steel butt caps, weighs six pounds, shown with Fin-Nor salt water reel that has all exposed parts gold-anodized or chrome-plated for protection from salt water, ball-bearing construction throughout, from Abercrombie & Fitch; rod \$100, reel \$250. Magnum sea chest of hand-rubbed mahogany with brass fittings, weighs 20 pounds, has cantilevered trays partitioned for hooks, swivels and largest of game-fishing gear, holds up to three trolling reels in bottom section, by Abercrombie & Fitch, \$98.50 (without accessories). Indoor-outdoor smokeless charcoal grill, with serving cart, is constructed of heavy-duty aluminum and cast iron, by Fernly, \$134.95. Standing on cart: copper espresso pot has silver lining, walnut handle, by Bazar Francais, \$23.95.



Clockwise from noon: 60mm zoom scope, adjusts from 20 to 50 power, has adjustable tripod, from Abercrombie & Fitch, \$110. Shish kebab skewer set, in stainless steel with walnut rack, from Hammacher Schlemmer, \$75. Berry bowl of Finnish crystal, by Karhula-Iittala, \$16. FM-stereo tuner, special light when station is broadcasting in stereo, electronic tuning indicator to show strength of FM signal received, by Bogen, \$159.95; walnut enclosure, \$27.65. Tourney tennis racket of hand-laminated ash veneer with rawhide molded into frame, by MacGregor, \$25.30, with press. Tourney golf bag of kangaroo leather has top and bottom cuffs, ball and clothing pockets with individual locks, detachable hood, \$160; set of four woods, \$105; set of nine irons, \$165, all by MacGregor. Austrian cardigan of multicolor striped alpaca, by Dunhill Tailors, \$75. Sequelle 35mm half-frame still camera, battery-operated, has built-in exposure meter, f/2.8 lens, by Yashica, \$80. Mark II saddle leather camera bag has individual pockets custom-designed to fit any type of camera and its lenses, by J. B. Perrin, \$49.95. Lightweight turntable, 2" high, has Universal tone arm, low dynamic mass pickup, by Weathers, \$129.50. Matched grain set of seven pipes in leather-covered presentation case, by Kaywoodie, \$150. Weather station has thermometer, barometer, hydrometer, mounted on panel of polished walnut, from Abercrombie & Fitch, \$64.50. Portable 10" rear projection table viewer for 2" slides, weighs 10 lbs., folds flat for travel, can be used without dousing lights, by Hudson Photographic Industries, \$99. Portable FM radio kit has 10 transistors, 4"x6" speaker, by Heath Kit, \$54.95. Silent butler of matte chrome and teak, by Maison Gourmet, \$8. Solid brass tapered candlestick, 23" high, by Albert Kessler, \$12.50. Brass shoe horn with walnut handle, by Hoffritz, \$5. Enamel-finished casserole has teak table sleeve, available in a variety of color combinations, from I.D.G., \$23. On casserole: electric clock in walnut case on brass base, from Howard Miller Clock Co., \$25. Center: motor scooter has 5-hp engine, electric starter, 3-speed transmission, automatic clutch, up to 225 miles per gallon, by Honda, \$275.









## GALA (continued from page 124)

looking at it as if it were a hostile creature about to jump up and strike at him — an agitated voice continued out of the phone — “*Allo — Allo.*”

Corti bent down to it and shouted:

“I don’t know who you are, Monsieur, but you are impolite — you awaken us in the middle of the night. I find you disgusting!”

Gala was used to slapping, and had no particular reaction to it. It brought color to her cheeks — she looked radiant. Her husband leaned down, picked up the phone and put it in its cradle.

“Who was it?” Corti yelled, “I want to know!” She pointed at the large basket of flowers and said: “Your friend, Vittorio Vivanti.”

“Why didn’t you say so, idiot!” said Corti. “Oh — Oh — Oh — you’re driving me insane.” He looked at the flowers and took the card. “You stayed out most of the night — you find him adorable — and he sends you an excessively expensive bouquet of flowers. Now then — explain! What happened?”

He came close, and it was her habit to tilt her head away from him when he did, so as to avoid his loose hand as much as possible.

“What happened?” he screamed, taking her by the shoulders.

“We went to the Tour d’Argent —”

“Of course, he has to show you off, why couldn’t he have taken you to some small place?”

“Well with his big Rolls-Royce —”

“And?”

“There we ate.”

“You left here at 10 and you came home after 4 o’clock in the morning — you couldn’t have eaten all this time! Where did you go after dinner? Where did you end up?”

“At his hotel.”

“You went to his hotel — to his room? — like a common little whore to a bordell!” He slapped her again.

“But it was the Louis Quatorze.”

“The Louis Quatorze like every other hotel is a bordell!”

“Ah, no wonder he is grateful and sending you flowers. What did he say on the phone just now?”

“He said how nice it would be if we were in bed together now, and the waiter would be bringing breakfast — he wouldn’t be lonesome.”

“Were you in bed with him?”

“No.”

“The ugly toad — and you said that you found him adorable —”

“Well, he said that he found me adorable as a woman — I was only polite to him.”

Corti moved back and forth in a trot.

“Oh, this is awful! Tell me the truth — don’t lie — swear to me — did you go to bed with him?”

“But of course not!”

“I must know — I must be sure — look at me — do you swear —?”

“I swear, of course I swear —”

He pulled back the curtain, the light streamed in, she sat in bed, he kneeled on the bed, he pulled back her hair — and took her head in his hands, he bent it back — and he looked at her close.

“Look at me — look into my eyes!”

She did.

“Yes,” he said, “I believe you. The eyes don’t lie.

“Oh, that dirty old lecher! You poor innocent child!

“Just the same — everybody at the Tour d’Argent, and in that hotel every clerk, telephone operator, room waiter and maid take it for granted that you slept with him, that you are his little whore, don’t laugh — it’s terrible. You are so beautiful, so pure, so innocent and so stupid!”

He sat down on the bed dejectedly.

“The old swine — I am sure he tried everything to make you sleep with him — you don’t have to tell me — I know.

“What happened from the moment you left here? I must know everything. You went to the Tour d’Argent — where, of course, Signor Vivanti was greeted by everyone from the owner down — and properly taken care of — go on from there.”

“Well, they all know him there —”

“Important client — *Bon soir*, Your Excellency.”

“He ordered first — from a beautiful, big menu — and the proprietor himself came to take the order.”

“Naturally, Signor Vittorio Vivanti is a very important man.”

“We had the best table in the room — overlooking Notre-Dame, and the Seine — and the Cathedral was lit up, and then he said, how beautiful it was and how even more beautiful it would be if I went to bed with him after dinner.”

“Impossible — the swine — at the start — just like that.”

“What did you say?”

“I said nothing.”

“You were shocked.”

“No — I was reading the menu and because it was the first time I was at the Tour d’Argent and because it was all so beautiful and the first time I could order what I wanted to eat. That is — Signor Vivanti did the ordering — I never had such a meal as was coming. Let me tell you what he ordered — first caviar — as much as I wanted — with little pancakes — and champagne — and then —”

“Spare me the food. Tell me what he said.”

“He talked about going to bed —”

“With the caviar?”

“Yes. He said that was very good for

it. He said it several times while they were bringing the caviar and he told me to eat all I wanted — he ate a mountain of it. Then came a lovely soup — *Geminy à la Oseille* and the next course was wonderful — a sole, in a white-wine sauce — with truffles, mushrooms and little moon-shaped bits of pastry.”

“And what did he say?”

“He said he was very lonesome in his big suite at the Louis Quatorze.”

“And did it never occur to you to say to this man:

“*Monsieur!* unless you change this conversation immediately, I will get up and leave you!”

“Well, he is much older than I am and you asked me to be nice to him — he wanted me to call him *tu* but I addressed him as *vous* and Monsieur Vivanti throughout.”

“Go on, tell me what he said.”

“I had finished eating the fish and then came the owner of the restaurant again and he took me out on the balcony and showed me the scenery and the ship below — that was lit up and just turned around. The *bateau mouche* filled with tourists.

“The owner of the restaurant asked how everything was, and Signor Vivanti said that it was all excellent.”

“So then?”

“So then we went back to the table — they had cleared away everything.”

“What did he say?”

“M. Vivanti asked me to come home to his hotel with him, after dinner.”

“Preposterous; the mentality of this man, to take a young married woman out, the first time — and to ask her at dinner to go to bed with him, to ask anyone that at any time, is in the worst bad taste — but at dinner it is awful, but go on — what happened next?”

“Next came the pressed duck. That was the best, and the Tour d’Argent — Monsieur Vivanti explained to me — was the best place in the world to have pressed duck — and we got a card with the number of the duck on it. The duck was presented on a silver platter — it was brown as toast, and then taken away, and Miomo, it’s like in Church during High Mass — in Notre-Dame near the High Altar — there were three fat head-waiters like cardinals, with napkins stuck in their necks. Each one stood in a niche, like in a tabernacle with a light shining down on him, and each one had a duck in front of him, and silverware, and sauceboats, and they sharpened knives, and then they cut up the ducks, that’s all they do all night long — and then it’s put — that is, the carcass of the duck is put into silver presses and they twist and turn a handle and then the blood comes out of a spigot —”

“Will you stop talking about food and come to the point — Vivanti — what

(continued on page 160)



# Look, Man, One Hand!

You slide it open, slide it shut—  
Viceroy's new "Slide-Top" Case



It's the greatest improvement in cigarette packaging in years. You just slide it open, tap out a Viceroy, then slide the top back.



Now get Viceroy in the familiar  
← Soft Pack  
or the new  
"Slide-Top" Case. →  
BOTH SAME PRICE



Smoke all seven filter cigarettes and you'll agree: some taste too strong, some too light. But Viceroy's got the taste that's right. That's right.



# CARRY ON TEEVEE JEEBIES

humor By SHEL SILVERSTEIN



*"But I told you I'm sorry I wrote the goddamn postcard!"*



*"I close my eyes to say grace and you folks steal all my food — I suppose you think that's pretty funny!"*



*"But first, let me introduce to you the officers of the John Birch Society..."*



*"Gosh, Mr. Francis, I really do want to get somewhere in Hollywood... but, gee, I don't know..."*



*"You mean, when you said you were bringing us both a big surprise..."*



*"Sorry, Charlie — I gotta throw you back. You know we only accept the best tuna here at Starkist!"*



*another helping of tongue-in-cheek dialog for video's late-night cinema*



*"Come on, Mike, you've got to lend me a belt!"*



*"Just carry her right across the threshold, son, and mother will tell you what to do next..."*



*"Fred, do you want to know why you're the slowest gun in the West?"*



*"There it is again, Marge — a band, marching through the tobacco field!"*



*"Hello, Mom? This is Ernie. I just decided to call and wish you a very merry Christmas..."*



*"She's been stabbed through the abdomen and through the back by two sharp, pointed instruments..."*



## GALA (continued from page 156)

about him — what did he say?"

"He said how wonderful it was and how glad he was I enjoyed it all and he said how he would enjoy to go to bed with me —"

"And then?"

"And then came the duck and they served the red wine with it — this was even better than the fish."

"And you just kept on eating, you didn't ever answer him?"

"Well, I said that it was the most wonderful meal I had ever had."

"So what did he say?"

"Well, the same thing."

"So what did you say?"

"I said nothing."

"So what did he say?"

"He said he was very hurt and he wanted to know why I didn't want to go to bed with him."

"I said I was sorry, but I couldn't jump in bed with anyone just because he wanted it."

"So?"

"They had wonderful soufflé potatoes with the duck — you know, not those you get in other restaurants that are like parchment or potato chips. These were soft and then there was that wonderful sauce."

"What about Vivanti — what did he say?"

"Just then he couldn't say anything, because the proprietor was back at the table and asked how everything was, and the wine waiter asked how it tasted, and the headwaiter, so Signor Vivanti didn't say anything except 'fine, fine, fine, excellent — very good, thank you.'"

"How discreet."

"It tasted wonderful, he ate and drank and then he wiped some of the fat and sauce off the plate with bread, and ate it, and then he wiped his mouth."

"How vulgar, and you sitting there with him!"

"So what did he say by way of answer when you told him you couldn't jump in bed with just anyone?"

"Yes, he wiped his mouth and took a swallow of wine and then he said that he wasn't 'just anyone —'"

"Oh yes — we know that — go on —"

"He picked his teeth, but very elegantly in back of a napkin that he held in front."

"How chic — continue!"

"He looked very sad, and ordered some dessert. 'What would I like?' he asked me, and then he told the headwaiter that we would both like some crepes suzette . . . He asked me if I liked that and I said yes — of course — very much. I'd like anything he ordered —"

"Except a bed!"

"I will never forget this dinner as long as I live."

"I am sure you never will."

"It was the best meal of my whole life."

"So then?"

"They cleared the table."

"Oh yes, and the discreet seductor, from Milano — sat silent — perhaps with his hand on your leg, looking down your décolletage."

"No, he was very proper, I must say."

"Oh, the very model of an Italian gentleman. What did he say?"

"He said he was surprised."

"At what?"

"That I was so narrow-minded and did not want to go to bed with him. I said, 'You know, Monsieur Vivanti — the fact that I parade myself naked on the stage doesn't mean that I sleep with everybody who asks me!'"

"I said that furthermore I was a respectably married woman and loved my husband."

"Did you really say that?"

"Of course — I can't make up things like that, it's the truth."

"So how did he react to that?"

"Of course," he said. He knew and he had great regard for you."

"One never knows one's true friends. Go on — what happened next?"

"So now they made the crepes suzette — all at the table on silver platters and everything done by hand in front of us, scraping the orange peel, and the lemon peel and mixing the butter with orange juice and the liqueurs —"

"Now the waiters and the proprietor were around again."

"Well, he asked me how I came to meet you, and how I got into this business of which I am part, and about my beauty and how I got into this flea circus."

"Flea circus — what flea circus?"

"The Relaxes Vous."

Corti slapped her. "Did you answer him? To that at least?"

"No, I said simply that it was my profession, because I had not learned anything else, and that I owed it all to you."

"So he said?"

"Well," he said, "Well, my darling — *carissima* — soon you won't have to do it anymore," and then he asked me again to sleep with him."

"Good Lord, it's like listening to a train going over rails — or to an ode by Klopstock."

"What is that?"

"You wouldn't know — it's a German poet, I tried reading to stay awake waiting for your return, Gala — all through the night, I fell asleep with it."

"What about Signor Vivanti —?"

"So he painted a picture for me of all he would do for me. The life he would give me, if I became his friend."

"That mangy dog, all that the first

time he goes out with you. I should have never let you go."

"Then?"

"Then he asked me if I wanted more crepes suzette — and I said yes."

"How could you eat — with this talk going on?"

"Oh, it goes in one ear and out the other."

"What happened next?"

"I said to him, 'I am sorry, but I cannot leave Miomo. He is my husband, and he has taught me all I know, my life is to dance, to do my act on the stage.'"

"What did he say to that?"

"Nothing, the waiter came and said: 'Will Monsieur have any more crepes? Will Madame have any more?'"

"So I ate more — and I ate his, too."

"Anyway," he said, that is, Signor Vivanti — 'I will make a great actress of you, a star' — and would I sleep with him after —"

"He asked for a cigar and lit it, and for some brandy — and then he started again — looking at me with his bulging eyes, like a frog and repeating — Croak, croak — 'Sleep with me —'"

"And you? What did you say?"

"Oh, Miomo, I got a feeling of sickness — I didn't want to listen anymore, I got lonesome for this place — for my little stable downstairs. He looked at me again and I said: 'Please don't ask me anymore — please arrest this conversation. I cannot listen to any more of this talk, I will get sick and you will have to take me home right away.'"

"At last — and of course there was nothing more to eat. What did he say —?"

"Go and finish your crepe suzette," he said, and he told the waiter to give me some more champagne. But he was quiet for a second and then he asked me why I didn't want to go to bed with him, when every other girl did. He said that he had stayed an extra day in Paris just to see the act, and to take me out and have dinner with me, and to make plans and that I owed it to him to sleep with him."

"How disgusting! — but go on —!"

"He said that he could have had dinner with another girl — and then slept with her and had no problems. So I said that I was very sorry, but that he should have taken that other girl and why did he insist on taking me. So he said because he loved me."

"I said, 'You come to Paris for a day, you see me, you say you fall in love with me — that isn't love — love is for long years, love is forever.' So he looked very sad and then he sighed and asked for the check. 'I loved you the moment I saw you,' he said. 'Haven't you ever heard of love at first sight?'"

"How romantic — go on."

"I can't stand anybody looking sad, so I said: 'Signor Vivanti, I am sorry —"





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you know it's much easier to say yes to a man than to say no — but I can't go to bed with you — or anyone else — I am full of complexes about going to bed with people — or about taking my clothes off. In fact, I couldn't do it — and have never done it except in public."

"What did he say to that?"

"He said, 'Try it with me, it will make no difference — to our friendship — nobody will know about it, and I will respect you as before.'

"So I said, 'Please let's talk about something else — look at the beautiful view.' He called for the bill again. The waiter came with the bill. Signor Vivanti never looked at it — he didn't add it up. He reached in his pocket and took out a pack of 10,000-franc bills as if they were lottery tickets — and he covered the bill with them and pushed it away, then he gave one to the headwaiter. Then he snapped his fingers and gave another one to the wine waiter, and then they all bowed and pulled chairs, and we went down the elevator and he gave another bill to the doorman and then we got into his big Rolls-Royce and he started again, he said: 'We'll drive to my hotel' — he took my hands and asked me again to sleep with him.

"I said: 'If you had met me at someone's home, or anywhere except at the Relaxes Vous — would you allow yourself to talk to me this way — this kind of conversation?'

"So he said that he talked to all women the same way — I asked if he talked to his wife like that also.

"He said, 'No, not to my wife —'

"I said, 'Why not?'

"He said — 'Because she is my wife!'

"Then he said it was early and did I want to go to see a cabaret, so we went to Monseigneur — and that was very nice, and then I had an idea, I wanted to go back to the Indifferent."

Miomo Corti jumped up. "Oh God, no, why did you want to do a thing like that for? To go back to that place where you worked before."

"I just wanted to see the show — to see the girls there."

"So they all know! You go there with this monstrous creature! Did you tell him that you had worked there?"

"Yes, of course. Besides, they all came, and he bought champagne for everybody, and the Rolls was waiting outside with the chauffeur — very chic, everybody admired it."

"Was the place full?"

"Not at first — but then word passed — and they all came — from the street — from across — from the Sphinx — the Semiramis — the New Paradise. It suddenly was packed and people stood three deep at the bar."

"So what did he say?"

"He couldn't talk about going to bed because everybody sat with us, and the

owner of the club said that any time I wanted to come back — I would be welcomed with open arms — I had been the greatest attraction since they opened."

"It's getting pretty late — now — when did you go to his hotel?"

"Yes, he said, too, that it was getting late and he would take me to his hotel and that there he had a beautiful apartment with a fine view of Paris."

"What happened next?"

"We were ready to go when the proprietor of the Indifferent said that there was great *ambiance*, and everybody asked me to do one of my numbers."

"Good Lord! The final degradation!"

"So, because after all I had to do something for Signor Vivanti and because everybody begged me, the musicians, the girls, and because the director took me by the hand and introduced me to the audience. So suddenly I was there on the stage — and I did *Toubillon* — and then there was such applause that I did *Les Miroir Profond* and as an encore *Les Plaisirs Clandestins*."

Monsieur Corti held his head in both hands. He cried: "But have you gone altogether crazy? Especially *Les Plaisirs* is my latest creation — and not to be shown around — at the Indifferent!" He slapped her three times.

"Well, I thought you wouldn't mind — I only sort of tried it out. Besides, it was announced that it would be part of the new show at the Relaxes Vous and he gave you credit and also the address."

"How did it go?"

"They went hysterical, but I did not give another encore."

"And the old swine was now excited and wanted to get to bed immediately."

"He said that I was a great artiste."

"Then you went to the hotel?"

"Yes, then we went to the hotel."

"Up to his room! Oh, this is unbearable, but go on —"

"He was very nice."

"You went — just like that?"

"No — I didn't want to go up at first."

"I said, 'It's late, please let me go home, I can take a taxi' — but he said, 'Just come up for a moment —'

"So you are in his room — go on —"

"He showed me the view, he asked me again to please call him Vittorio. Then he asked me to go to bed with him. I said, 'Look, you can call up your other girls, or call the Indifferent — they will send you somebody — anybody you want — but I can't go to bed with you.'

"What did he say?"

"He said, 'Why not?'

"I said, 'It's impossible because of my husband' — and there suddenly I had to burst out laughing — for I was thinking of you, so Signor Vivanti also laughed, and he asked me what I was laughing at — and I told him — how funny it was —"

"And he said?"

"He said, 'All women are crazy — here you refuse my love, and you laugh at

your husband — what kind of a brain have women got?'

"I said, 'I had to laugh because it was all so sad.'

"He said, 'Oh, I thought you laughed because you had changed your mind, one never knows with women — I don't understand them, the older I get, the less I understand them' I said that I was sorry.

"He said, 'Here you have ruined my whole evening for me — there is so little in this life to remember with any pleasure — and it is over so quickly.'

"One must say, he has persistence."

"So he said, 'Explain to me why you won't go to bed with me, here you are in my room — nobody will know.'

"I said, 'But I have explained it to you — I told you that I could go to bed only with somebody I loved.'

"'Love,' he said, 'What is love?'

"I said, 'Love is when you walk hand in hand in the street — and you see nobody else and it has nothing to do with bed.'

"So he asked if I walked hand in hand with you down the street and saw nothing else.

"So I said, 'Well, I did once.'

"So he said that if it had nothing to do with bed, why not do it?"

"But I did not answer. He asked if there was anything I wanted.

"I said yes, that I was very hungry, I wanted something to eat.

"So he said that he was hungry, too — but that the room service at the Louis Quatorze was terrible and everything took hours and came up cold even during the day.

"So he said that he knew a place that was still open, a small place, and there we went, and they had something wonderful — a veritable *grande spécialité* of the house — Le Jambon Arcadie — a ham, so light it seems to float on a bed of spinach au gratin — I never ate anything like it. With some mushrooms in cream around it and an Italian dessert with wine."

"So what did he say?"

"I asked him if, because I did not go to bed with him, it was all over, and if any actress or artiste who did not go to bed with the producers, directors or owners of theaters would be finished."

"'It has nothing to do with it,' he said. 'Talent is so rare — beauty is so rare —'

"He took my hand, and he said, 'No matter with whom you slept, if you have no talent you will not get there,' and not to worry — he would see to it that I became a star — he would help me because I had beauty and talent."

"*Tiens — tiens* — so he finally gave up."

"He told me that he had to go to Milano by plane today and then he would come back and give a big party





*"He's never satisfied! Now he wants her gift wrapped!"*



at the Relaxes Vous.

"I was so sleepy — in the car he said, 'I will be very grateful, always — I will love you always.' He kissed me."

"Of course — 'like a father.'"

"Yes — like a father."

"So what did he say next?"

"He said, 'When do I see you again?'"

"I said, 'You are a very important man, Signor Vivanti, and, as you say, all the girls want to sleep in your bed, so don't waste another evening on me.' He leaned back in his corner of the car and he said, 'Such a thing has never happened to me before.'"

"So we were again in front of the hotel, and he held me by the arm."

"He said again, 'Come up — just for a moment.'"

"But I said, 'I have seen the view from your lovely apartment and I thank you for a wonderful evening, but I am dead of fatigue, please let me go.' But

he said, 'Just a minute — come up — just for a minute — I have a surprise for you.' So I said, 'But you promise!'"

"Yes," he said, 'I promise — I have a present for you — just come for a minute' — and we went up the elevator."

"Bon Dieu, is this never coming to an end?"

"He wanted to give me something."

"So you go to his room a second time. What happens now?"

"When we were there he opened a bottle of champagne and then he turned on the television, but there wasn't any — the Eiffel Tower was all violet in the morning light. He picked up some telegrams, he said it would be wonderful if I were as crazy about him as he was about me. Then he said I would lose you all your friends if I behaved with them as I did with him."

"Touching, his concern for me."

"Then he asked me to go to bed with

him — for the last time.

"I shook my head —"

"Then he said that most probably I wasn't any good in bed anyway, and I said I was certain I wouldn't be. So he said he wanted to get a little sleep, his plane was leaving early — and he said his chauffeur would take me home."

"And what did he give you?"

"He forgot to give it to me."

"I said goodnight and that I was sorry for having ruined his evening. He said maybe it was better so, but he looked very tired, he started to put things away in his suitcase, put some papers into folders and he looked around for things to put in his pockets and it all made me feel terrible. Then he took me down and put me in his car and told his chauffeur to take me home. I sat in the car alone and I had to cry because life is so sad. 'I will call you tomorrow morning and give Mimmo my best.'"

"I said, 'Forgive me —'"

"He said, 'Of course' — so the car drove on. At the Place de l'Alma, the chauffeur stopped the car and he said, 'Madam, excuse me, but may I ask you a great favor?'"

"No — not the chauffeur also —!"

"So I said, 'What is it?'"

"He said, 'I am a married man. My wife is insanely jealous — and she poisons my life. She does not believe that every night Signor Vivanti rolls from one place to the other — all night long — from one restaurant to another — from Maxim's to the Tour d'Argent to the Éléphant Blanc, to the Left Bank, to the Right Bank. To night clubs, to parties — to private houses until four or five in the morning. She thinks I am out with other women — and so tonight I put her into the baggage trunk of the car and took her along, so that she finds out for herself, and now I would like to let her out, if you don't mind.'"

"So I said, 'Of course — let her out immediately.'"

"So he opened the trunk of the car, and his little wife came out and stretched herself, and she thanked me, and sat in front with him, and she put her arms around his neck while he was driving, and she said that she forgave him. And that is all."

As she talked — Gala was busy feeding her two small birds who, with their parrot jaws, cracked sunflower seeds. Outside in the street the crash of voices of little boys was heard as they came rushing out of school. Gala stood against the sunlit window, her lithe figure silhouetted and Mimmo Corti studied her. He said:

"I, too, forgive you, Gala." But she did not hear it. There was the sound of the bells for the full midday concert from the towers of Notre-Dame.



"You know, for a monk you're a real nut, Rasputin!"





# Playboy Club News



VOL. II, NO. 29

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DISTINGUISHED CLUBS IN MAJOR CITIES

SPECIAL EDITION

YOUR ONE PLAYBOY CLUB KEY  
ADMITS YOU TO ALL PLAYBOY CLUBS

DECEMBER 1962

## PLAYBOY CLUB OFFERS PERFECT KEY TO YOUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING PROBLEM

### Charter Fee for Holiday Key in Most Areas Only \$25

CHICAGO (Special)—Playboy Clubs are already in full swing in Chicago, Miami, New Orleans and St. Louis. The New York Playboy Club will debut shortly



Chicago Bunnies spread Christmas cheer throughout the Club.

and the Phoenix Club will open before Christmas. With other new Clubs under construction and still more being planned for major cities here and abroad, a Christmas gift of a Playboy Club key is one that will be

valued and appreciated for years to come, as it will admit its lucky recipient to all Playboy Clubs wherever established.

With your unique gift, we'll send each of your favored friends a lavish Christmas card personalized with your name. They can use their keys to visit the Playboy Club the very day they receive it, and enjoy the fabulous fun and festivities planned for keyholders and guests during the holiday season as well as all year 'round. Of

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ADMITS YOU TO  
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course, a Playboy Club key is a magnificent gift for any occasion throughout the year.

Best of all, Gift Keys can still be ordered at the Charter Key Fee of \$25 in most areas. See the Area Key Fee schedule in the coupon below. Return the coupon with your payment today to insure giving the Christmas gift that gives and gives again. (Why not order a key for yourself at the same time?)

## CHICAGO BUNNIES ADOPT 23 FOSTER CHILDREN FROM EUROPE & ASIA

CHICAGO—The Bunnies of the Chicago Playboy Club, through the Foster Parents Plan, have adopted 23 destitute children

from countries around the world. The children, from Europe, the Mediterranean area and Asia, are from poor families who have either lost the head of the family or whose fathers are disabled. The youngsters receive \$15 a month each which enables them to go to school, receive medical care, wear adequate clothing and wake up in the morning knowing they will have something to eat that day. Along with photos, the Chicago Bunny staff received case histories and background information on the foster children, giving them a basis for enthusiastic correspondence.



Bunny Kelly points out one of the foreign foster children.

### PHOENIX CLUB OPENS IN DECEMBER



Phoenix' Mayer Central Building top level to hold swank Playboy Club.

A pre-Christmas debut is scheduled for the Phoenix Playboy Club, located on the top level of the ultramodern Mayer Central Building on North Central Avenue, the city's newest multi-million dollar executive complex.

The Phoenix Club, exactly 60 jet minutes away from Los Angeles, will house the famous Playboy Club attractions—Playmate Bar, Living Room, Cartoon Corner and the Penthouse with a new show every two weeks.

Special touches include outdoor balconies, an ideal setting in which to enjoy the natural opulence of an Arizona sunset. And expansive underground parking facilities enable you to drive right in to the Mayer Central Building. The exclusive

Playboy Club express elevator will speed you to your destination at the top of the city.

The Phoenix Club will be open each weekday from 11:30 A.M. to 1 A.M. On weekends the Club will open at 5 P.M.

#### PLAYBOY CLUB LOCATIONS

**CLUBS OPEN**—Chicago at 116 E. Walton St.; Miami at 7701 Biscayne Blvd.; New Orleans at 727 Rue Iberville; St. Louis at 3914 Lindell Blvd.

**LOCATIONS SET**—New York at 5 East 59th St.; Phoenix atop the Mayer Central Bldg.; Los Angeles at 8580 Sunset Blvd.; San Francisco at 736 Montgomery St.; Detroit at 1014 E. Jefferson Ave.; Baltimore at 28 Light St.

**NEXT IN LINE**—Washington, D.C., Dallas, Boston, Pittsburgh, Puerto Rico.

#### PLAYBOY CLUB GIFT KEY ORDER FORM

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**MONO—AFLP 1978 • Stereo—AFSD 5978**

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## PLAYBOY PHILOSOPHY

(continued from page 74)

Fraser expresses himself enthusiastically on the subject of March Playmate Pamela Gordon, and then says: "Having drunk deep of this rare and costly wine, let us glance over the other pages. Here J. Paul Getty, the billionaire (tactfully the magazine does not remind us of the fact) has a thought-provoking indictment of *The Vanishing Americans*. He holds that 'in the restless voice of dissent lies the key to a nation's vitality and greatness.' And that dissent is disappearing. Indeed, it has almost disappeared.

"In the same issue, Alfred Kazin, in my judgment the greatest living literary critic, examines *The Love Cult*, a slight misnomer, since what he is examining is not a cult but the whole general concept of love from Plato to Freud to the modern psychiatrists. The role that it has played in Christian dogma, as he analyzes it, is especially impressive and is alone worth the price of the magazine.

"Ben Hecht has an intriguing memoir; *The Playboy Advisor* tells us how to marry the boss' girlfriend; Ernest Hemingway's brother writes about his brother; and best of all, Arthur C. Clarke's article on *The Hazards of Prophecy*. Here is an analysis of the short-sightedness of men of science in the last half-century, the first of a series of amazing insights into the 'expected' and 'unexpected' in science. There are other articles of equally rich intellectual fare. But I do not have space here. However, a new planet has swung into our universe of superior magazines... And it bears the date of March, 1962. A toast, therefore, gentlemen, to America's newest star in the intellectual firmament — PLAYBOY!"

Is it possible that both these gentlemen from California, and all of the others who were quoted here, are referring to the same publication? They are, because life is so subjective that what one person can view as "the whole man reduced to his private parts," another may see as a concern for "truth and beauty." We trust there'll always be this much disagreement on the subject of PLAYBOY, for the magazine was never intended for the general public — it is edited for a select audience of young, literate, urban men, who share with us a particular point of view on life, and when we began, we had no idea it would attract as great a following as it has. In our Introduction, in Volume 1, Number 1, we tried to spell it out: "We want to make clear from the very start, we aren't a 'family magazine.' If you're somebody's sister, wife or mother-in-law and picked us up by mistake, please pass us along to the man in your life and get back to your *Ladies Home Companion*." We should have added: Not all "old ladies" wear skirts — it's

more a frame of mind than anything else.

What is this "particular point of view," then, that PLAYBOY shares with its readers? We wrote about it in a subscription message in the April 1956 issue, under the question, *What is a Playboy?*: "Is he simply a wastrel, a ne'er-do-well, a fashionable bum? Far from it: He can be a sharp-minded young business executive, a worker in the arts, a university professor, an architect or engineer. He can be many things, providing he possesses a certain *point of view*. He must see life not as a vale of tears, but as a happy time; he must take joy in his work, without regarding it as the end and all of living; he must be an alert man, an aware man, a man of taste, a man sensitive to pleasure, a man who — without acquiring the stigma of the voluptuary or dilettante — can live life to the hilt. This is the sort of man we mean when we use the word *playboy*."

### THE CRITICISM OF CONTENT

There are actually two aspects of PLAYBOY that prompt comment today, where previously there was only one. There have always been those who criticized the magazine for its *content* — certain specific features to which they take exception. There is another, newer area for comment now: the philosophical pros and cons of PLAYBOY's *concept* — the overall editorial viewpoint expressed in the magazine. While both are clearly related — the one (content) growing naturally out of the other (concept) — they are quite different and the comment and criticism on them takes different forms, too.

The critics of content are rather easily disposed of. No one who bothers to seriously consider several issues of the magazine can reasonably question the overall excellence of the editorial content. PLAYBOY publishes some of the finest, most thought-provoking fiction, satire, articles, cartoons, service features, art and photography appearing in any magazine in America today; PLAYBOY pays the highest rates, for both fiction and non-fiction, of any magazine in the men's field; and PLAYBOY has received more awards for its art, design, photography, typography and printing over the last half-dozen years than almost any other publication in all the United States. A questioning of the lack of serious "think" pieces in the magazine, as the Unitarian minister did, can only be the result of a superficial scanning of PLAYBOY, as the Hugh Russell Fraser critique of the March issue makes clear. But lest the occasional reader consider that March may have been an uncommon issue, in addition to the Arthur C. Clarke science series and the J. Paul Getty series on men, money and values in society today, PLAYBOY has published Nat Hentoff's *Through the Racial Looking Glass*, "a





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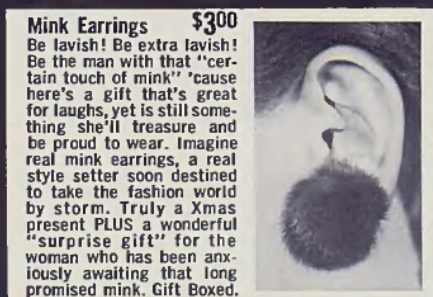
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YOU'VE GOT THE MONEY.

perceptive report on the American Negro and his new militancy for uncompromising equality" (July 1962); *The Prodigal Powers of Pot*, an unemotional look at marijuana, "the most misunderstood drug of all time" (August 1962); *Status-ticians in Limbo*, a biting article on the sociologists and motivational research experts in advertising and the communication industry (September 1961); *The Great American Divide*, Herb Gold's incisive probing of "Reno, the biggest little pity in the world" (June 1961); *Hypnosis*, the most comprehensive article on the subject ever to appear in a magazine, analyzing hypnotism's implications for surgery, psychoanalysis, persuasion, advertising, crime, war and world politics, by Ken W. Purdy (February 1961); plus such now near-classic pieces as *The Pious Pornographers*, on sex in the women's magazines (October 1957); *The Cult of the Aged Leader*, expressing the need for younger men in our Government before any of us had heard of a John or Robert Kennedy (August 1959); *Eros and Unreason in Detroit*, decrying the ever-increasing size, and emphasis on chrome and fins, in U.S. cars, before the automobile industry reversed the trend and introduced the compacts (August 1958); Philip Wylie's *The Womanization of America*, expressing concern over the feminine domination of our culture (September 1958); and Vance Packard's *The Manipulators*, on the "vanguards of 1984: the men of motivational research" (December 1957); along with *The Playboy Panel*, a series of provocative conversations about subjects of interest on the contemporary scene (most recent topic: *Business Ethics and Morality*, November 1962) and the newly inaugurated *Playboy Interview* that can produce provocative thought on timely issues, as when Miles Davis discussed his views on what it means to be black in America (September 1962). This small sampling of PLAYBOY's thought-provoking nonfiction is impressive, we think, for a publication that is primarily concerned with entertainment and service features for the urban man, for PLAYBOY has never attempted to cover every aspect of man's existence, or pretended that it does, though some of the criticism aimed at us clearly suggests that we do. And that, it seems to us, is rather like criticizing a good book of poetry, because it includes no prose.

PLAYBOY has always dealt with the lighter side of contemporary life, but it has also — tacitly and continuously — tried to see modern life in its totality. We hope that PLAYBOY has avoided taking itself too seriously. We know that we have always stressed — in our own way — our conviction of the importance of the individual in an increasingly standardized society, the privilege of all to think differently from one another and to promote new ideas, and the right



to hoot irreverently at herders of sacred cows and keepers of stultifying tradition and taboo.

We at PLAYBOY think there is a depressing tendency to confuse seriousness with earnestness and dullness. We believe in the Western tradition of satire and polemic (and it is our feeling that more of the mass media could do with a sharpening of their senses of humor), and we aren't above poking fun at ourselves once in a while either.

Some seem to feel that a happy, even frisky and romantic attitude toward life, and a savoring of its material pleasures, preclude seriousness, work, sensibility, a viable aesthetic. In our book (literally and in the slang sense) this position is untenable. It belongs with such other evidences of semantic dysfunction as the unreasoning suspicion that medicine can't be good for you if it doesn't taste bad; that robust profanity bespeaks a limited vocabulary (rather than one equipped with condiments as well as nutrients); that dullness is the ordained handmaiden of seriousness; that the well-dressed man is an empty-headed fop, perforce, and that, conversely, the chap who can't distinguish a fine *Niersteiner* from a plebian bottle of hock is probably possessed of more intellect or character than the man who can.

#### A MATTER OF SEX

At the heart of most of the criticism of PLAYBOY's contents, we find that ol' devil *sex*. We'll consider the fuller implications of this when we discuss the criticism of *concept*, but we must confess at the outset that we do not consider sex either sacred or profane. And as a normal, and not uninteresting, aspect of the urban scene, we think it perfectly permissible to treat the subject either seriously or with satire and good humor, as suits the particular situation.

For some, it is the pictures that offend — the full-color, full-bosomed Playmates and their photographic sisters, who apparently show off too much bare skin to please a part of the public. That another sizable portion of the citizenry, numbering in the several million, is obviously pleased as punch by this display of photogenic pulchritude is — for the moment — beside the point. We'd like to make our case on merits other than mathematical ones.

It was disconcerting when we first discovered that many of those who consider nudity and obscenity nearly synonymous often drag God's name into the act — this struck us, and strikes us still, as a particularly blatant bit of blasphemy. The logic that permits a person to call down God's wrath on anyone for displaying a bit of God's own handiwork does, we must admit, escape us. If the human body — far and away the most remarkable, the most complicated, the most perfect and the most beautiful cre-

ation on this earth — can become objectionable, obscene or abhorrent, when purposely posed and photographed to capture that remarkable perfection and beauty, then the world is a far more cockeyed place than we are willing to admit. That there may be some people in this world with rather cockeyed ideas on subjects of this sort — well, that's something else again.

And, yes, it's possible for an entire society — or a goodly portion of it — to get cockeyed on a particular subject, for a while at least. Just how the U.S. developed its own cockeyed Puritanical view of sex — the shackles of which it is only now managing to throw off — we'll go into in some detail a little further on. But it is worth noting here that a remarkable schism exists between the two present generations, as regards sex and several other quite vital subjects, and the gap — in attitude and viewpoint — between the younger and the older generations of our time is far greater than the customary 20 years. This is one of the little recognized, but most significant reasons for a number of well-established magazines finding themselves in serious difficulties over the last decade. With most key editorial decisions still in the hands of older staff members, the publications have become uneasily aware that they are somehow losing editorial contact with an increasing number of their readers (or more specifically, their *potential* readers, as the oldsters die off and too few young ones are drawn in to take their place), without really understanding why or what to do about it. Similarly, a major part of PLAYBOY's spectacular success is directly attributable to our being a part of the new generation, understanding it, and publishing a magazine with an editorial point of view that our own generation can relate to. We'll try to trace the causes of this remarkable gap in the two present generations, and just what the differences may mean to all of us, a bit later, in discussing PLAYBOY's concept. The marked disagreement in the comment on PLAYBOY, in the pieces quoted at the beginning of this editorial (and most of them from well-qualified, literate sources), is more easily understandable when we realize what a marked disagreement exists between the two present generations on a wide variety of subjects.

A portion of a generally quite friendly article on PLAYBOY that appeared in *Newsweek* in 1960 offers a good example of the distinct lack of understanding that an older-generation editor brings to the task of explaining our editorial concept and the reasons for our success: "In efforts to maintain PLAYBOY's sophisticated patina, Hefner and Associate Publisher A. C. Spectorsky (author of *The Exurbanites*) have given the magazine a split personality. By paying top rates to top authors (\$3000 for a lead

story), they have bestowed on it a double-dome quality. On the other hand its daring nudes ('Playmate of the Month') have catered to peep-show tastes." The anonymous *Newsweek* writer (or his editor) projects the schizophrenic attitude of his own generation (the positive-negative ambivalence regarding sex) onto the more nearly normal new generation and onto PLAYBOY (edited to express the ideas and ideals of the new generation). For PLAYBOY's editor, a good men's magazine should include *both* fine fiction and pictures of beautiful girls with "plunging necklines or no necklines at all" (to lift another phrase from the *Newsweek* article), because most normal men will *enjoy* both, and both fit into the concept of a sophisticated urban men's magazine. For *Newsweek's* editor, however, a good men's magazine should include fine fiction, but no pretty girls, or at least no pretty girls without clothes on — no matter how much the magazine's readership might appreciate them — because *Newsweek's* editor is projecting the uneasy and quite hypocritical and unhealthy attitude, held by much of our society for, lo, these many years, that sex is best hidden away somewhere, and the less said about it the better. Of course, we all enjoy it (sexual activity, in all of its infinite varieties, was just as popular a generation ago as it is today — actions haven't changed that much, only the publicly expressed attitudes toward them have), but it's a rather distasteful business at best, appealing to the weaker, baser, animalistic side of man (which includes, as we understand it, any need or function of the body and is diametrically opposed to the virtuous, better side: the intellectual and the spiritual).

This nonsense about the body of man being evil, while the mind and spirit are good, seems quite preposterous to most of us today. After all, the same Creator was responsible for all three and we confess we're not willing to believe that He goofed when He got around to the body of man (and *certainly* not when He got to the body of *woman*). Body, mind and spirit all have a unique way of complementing one another, if we let them, and if excesses of the body are negative, it is the excesses that are improper rather than the body, as excesses of the mind and spirit would also be.

The great majority will agree with what we've just stated, and yet the almost subconscious, guilty feeling persists that there is something evil in the flesh of man — a carryover from a Puritanism of our forefathers (that included such delights as the torturing of those who didn't abide by the strict ethical and moral code of the community and the occasional burning of witches) which we have rejected intellectually, but which still motivates us on subtler, emotional levels. Thus a men's magazine is appeal-



# ABELARD SCHÜMAN

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ing to "peep-show tastes" when it includes in its contents the photographs of sparsely clad women—a conclusion the *Newsweek* writer could almost certainly never justify intellectually, but a conclusion that he managed to put to paper just the same.

Last year we had one of the editors of another national newsmagazine visiting us and we were showing him around the Playboy Mansion. We took him down into the underwater bar beside the pool (he declined politely our invitation to slide down the fireman's pole and used the stairs instead) and we fixed him a drink. The light in the underwater bar is quite low and across one wall we have illuminated color transparencies of some of PLAYBOY's most popular Playmates—very similar to the wall decoration in the Playmate Bar of the Playboy Clubs. Now it should be explained that this editor is not appreciably older than we are—in years. But in outlook, at least a generation separates us. He is what you could safely call a stuffed shirt. It became immediately clear that the Playmate pictures embarrassed and yet intrigued him. He studied them, shaking his head slowly from side to side.

"I think you'd be pleasantly surprised if you met most of these Playmates," we said, trying to put him more at ease. "They're actually a very nice group of girls."

He thought about that for a few moments and then said: "That's really worse, I think."

In other words, for this fellow (and, we're afraid, for a great many others) the erotic and the sexually attractive have got to be sinful and objectionable—his inner self insists upon it and rejects the very idea that the sensually pleasing may be clean and pure.

That's how sick our society has become in just one area: sex. And the magazines, the newspapers, movies and radio—all reflected this attitude throughout the past generation—to say nothing of what we managed to project as a national philosophy of life over those 20 years—the Thirties and Forties—with an overemphasis on security, conformity, a downgrading of education and intellect, and a near deification of the Common Man and a great many all-too-common concepts and ideas. No wonder, then, that with the troubled stirrings and awakening that came with the new generation, after World War II, there was a tremendous waiting audience for a magazine that spoke with a new voice with which the younger generation could identify.

Naturally, PLAYBOY includes sex as one of the ingredients in its total entertainment and service package for the young urban male. And far from proving that we suffer from a split editorial person-

ality, it shows that we understand our reader and the things that interest him.

When the older magazines offer sex to their readers, it is usually in association with sickness, sin or sensationalism. In PLAYBOY, sex is offered in the form of pretty girls and humor. One approach emphasizes the negative side of sex and the other, the positive. It seems obvious to us which approach is the healthy, the natural and the right one.

If PLAYBOY's approach to sex is sound, then perhaps we are guilty of simply placing too much emphasis on it. We don't think so, however. Most of the other major magazines in America today are produced with the same point of view as the typical television program—they're aimed at an entire household, at everyone and no one. PLAYBOY, by contrast, is edited solely for the young urban male, who naturally has a little more interest in sex and pretty girls than does a general or family audience. We try to edit PLAYBOY with the adult directness of a good foreign film, the spice and fun of a Broadway show.

Actually, the monthly "conversation" that we hold with our readers is similar to one men have always had among themselves—in both content and emphasis—and have not been noticeably corrupted by. In fact, if the secret psyche of the typical young adult male could be probed, we suspect that we probably err in the direction of less emphasis on sex than the average, rather than more. What the very existence of PLAYBOY means is that there is a publication in which young men's attitudes toward life and love can be publicly aired. And a perusal of any average issue will assure the concerned, we think, that there isn't nearly the preoccupation with sex in PLAYBOY that one might assume by listening to the typical critic. The critic can find nothing in the magazine but the Playmate, the Party Jokes and the cartoons; our readers, on the other hand, manage to also find the stories, articles, service features, reviews and all the rest of the total package that make PLAYBOY so popular. One gets the feeling, in fact, that some of PLAYBOY's critics are far more fascinated with the subject of sex, and spend far more time discussing it, than PLAYBOY.

If sex were the principal reason for PLAYBOY's popularity, of course, then the magazine's several dozen imitators—almost all of which are far sexier than we—would be the ones with the larger circulations. But not one of them has a sale of more than three or four hundred thousand; PLAYBOY has a larger circulation than the top half-dozen imitators combined. Incidentally, the feature that produces the greatest reader response in PLAYBOY each issue—month

(concluded on page 196)



# ABELARD SCHÜMAN



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## BROTHER ENDICOTT (continued from page 104)

coat. "I ought to look more *de rigueur* for Tom," he said. "You're not constructing this very well. You don't just hit your readers with a character named Tom. They have a right to know who he is and what he wants."

"I'm sorry," she said. "I mean about asking him to come here. He's awfully difficult, but at least he isn't predictable. He loves to sweep everything off the mantelpiece when he's mad, but he doesn't use a straight razor and strop it all the time, like Edward. Tom and I were engaged for years, but he didn't want to get married until he got through his Army service, so we broke up about that. Everybody else got married and went to camp with their husbands. They had four million babies last year, the American girls."

"American girls often marry someone they can't stand to spite someone they can," he said. "That's a pretty rough generalization, but I haven't got time to polish it up. Is that where Brother Endicott came in?"

"I don't really know what state Tom is in," she said. "He just got out of the service, and I was afraid he would follow me here. It's a long story about how I met Edward. I wanted to come back to Paris. You see, I had spent my junior year here, and I loved Paris. Of course, my mother went completely to pieces. I had a job in New York, but every evening when I got home, mother was waiting for me. Sometimes crocked. She always wanted to have a little talk.

We had more little talks than all the mothers and daughters in the world. I was going crazy, and then I met Edward. He seemed so strong and silent and—" She groped for a word and came up with "attentive." Farland gave her another cigarette. "He wasn't really strong and silent. He was just on the wagon. Tom hadn't written for months, and I thought maybe he had another girl, and Edward promised to bring me to Paris, and so—I don't know."

"Paris seems to be full of American girls who are hiding out from their mothers," he said. This caused a flash of lightning in her eyes.

"Mother belongs to the damn Lost Generation," she said. "The trouble with the Lost Generation is it didn't get lost enough. All the damn lost mothers had only one child," she went on, warming to what was apparently a familiar thesis. "They all think their daughters are weak enough to do the things they thought they were strong enough to do. So we have to pay for what they did. I'm glad I missed the 1920s. God!"

"They've stopped singing," Farland said. "They must be taking a whiskey break. How do I fit into this—for Tom, I mean? I don't want to be knocked cold when he gets here. I seem to be in the middle."

As if it were an entrance cue, there were two sharp raps on the door. Farland hurried out and opened it. A tall young man breezed past him and into the sitting room. "Are you all right?"

he demanded of the girl.

"No," Farland said. "Do you want a drink?"

"This is Mr. Farland, Mr. Gregg," said Mrs. Endicott. Mr. Gregg scowled at his host. "I don't get this," he said. "What is that baboon doing now? Could I have a straight Scotch?" Farland put some Scotch and ice in a glass and gave it to him.

"They're probably running out of whiskey," the girl said. "I don't want Edward to find me gone."

"He might as well get used to it," said Tom. He began pacing. "I was hanging around out front when you left the hotel," he said, "and I followed you to that night club. It cost me five bucks for one drink, five bucks and taxi fare to write that note." He suddenly pulled the girl up out of her chair and into his arms.

"This is pretty damned unplanned," Farland said.

"I got to have half an hour with Marie. We've got to settle some things," Tom said peremptorily. "I'm sorry I was so abrupt." He held out the hand that swept things off mantelpieces. He had a quick, firm grip. "I haven't got any plans, except to get her away from that monkey," he said.

"The law is on his side, of course," Farland put in, "and the Church and all that sort of thing." The girl had freed herself and sat down again, and Tom resumed his pacing.

"Do you know the grip?" Farland asked her suddenly. "I think it may be mine. Don't hit me," he said to the young man.

"Tom threw his pledge pin across the room at a chapter meeting, I think they call it," the girl said.

"Somebody said something," Tom snarled. Farland nodded. "People have a way of doing that," he said. "Human failing." He held out his right hand to the girl and she gave him the grip. "Now I do *this*," he said, pressing her wrist.

"And I do *this*," she said, returning the pressure. Each then pressed the other's thumb.

"Don't you wiggle your ears, for crissake?" Tom snarled.

"Brother Endicott," Farland sighed. "shake hands with Brother Farland. Pennsylvania Gamma." He picked up the unopened bottle of bourbon and the ice bucket. "I think I can promise you your half hour undisturbed," he said. "God's whiskey and the grip ought to do it, and besides, I know the words of *Back in Your Own Backyard*. I also know the *Darling* song."

"God!" said Marie Endicott.

Tom stopped pacing and looked at Farland. "Damned white of you," he said, "but I don't know why you're doing it."

"Lady in distress," Farland said. "Cry for help in the night. I don't know much



"What irks me is his affable condescension."



about drums, but I can talk about Brother Hunk Elliot."

"Ohio Gamma," said Mrs. Endicott bleakly. "Greatest by God halfback that ever lugged a football, even if he did beat Wisconsin three straight years. Crazy Legs and the Horse don't belong to Boopa Doopa Chi, so they don't rate with Brother Elliot."

"The protocol of fraternity is extremely complicated and uninteresting," Farland said.

"Nuts," snapped Tom, who had begun to crack his knuckles. "Why doesn't that goddamn racket stop?" He suddenly leaped at the open window of the salon and shouted into the night. "Cut down that goddamn noise!"

"Do you want everybody in here?" the girl asked nervously.

"I don't see why I shouldn't go down there myself and bust him a couple," he said. "I don't see why you had to marry him anyway. Nobody in her right mind would marry a man old enough to be her father, and live in Milwaukee." He whirled and stared at Farland. "I don't see what you're getting out of this," he said, "acting like her fairy godfather or somebody."

"I—" Farland began, but Mrs. Endicott cut in on him. There was a new storm in her eyes. "He's done more for me in one night than you have in two

years!" she said. "You never wrote, and when you did, nobody could read it, the way you write. How do I know who you were running around with in Tacoma? You're not really in love with me, you just want something somebody else has got." Farland tried to get in on it again, but Tom Gregg gave him a little push and turned to the girl again.

"It wasn't Tacoma," he said. "You didn't even bother to find out what camp I was at."

"Seattle, then," she said. "Fort Lawton. And everybody else got married. I know 10 girls who went to camp with their husbands, and three of them were in Tacoma."

"We couldn't get married on nothing," he said. "I happen to have a job now, a good job."

"Everybody else got married on nothing," she said.

"I'm not everybody else!" he yelled. "I'm not just anybody else, either. Miss Withrow, I want you to meet Mr. Endicott." "How do you do, Miss Withrow. Will you marry me?" "Sure, why not? I think I'm engaged to a guy named Tacoma or something, but that's OK."

"I'll hit you, I really will!" cried the former Miss Withrow.

Farland hastily put the bottle and the ice bucket on the floor and stepped between them. "I'm not anybody's fairy

godfather," he said. "I'm just an innocent bystander. I was about to go to bed when all this hell broke loose, and I'll be goddamned if I'm going down to that room and sing with a lot of big fat emblem-makers if you're going to spend your time fighting." His voice was pitched even louder than theirs. The telephone rang. Farland picked up the receiver and listened for three seconds to a voice on the other end speaking in French. "It's the Fourth of July!" he yelled, and slammed down the receiver.

"I'm sorry about this," Tom said. "I'm willing to talk it over rationally if she is. I got to fly back to work day after tomorrow."

"Oh, sure," said Marie.

"I don't usually lose my temper," Farland apologized, "but I'm stuck in a book I'm writing, and it makes me jumpy." He picked up the bottle and the ice bucket again. "I'll give you until four o'clock," he said. "I'll knock four times, with an interval after the third."

"You probably haven't got your key," Marie said. She spied it, put it in Farland's pocket, and kissed him on the forehead.

"Do you have to keep doing that?" Tom shouted.

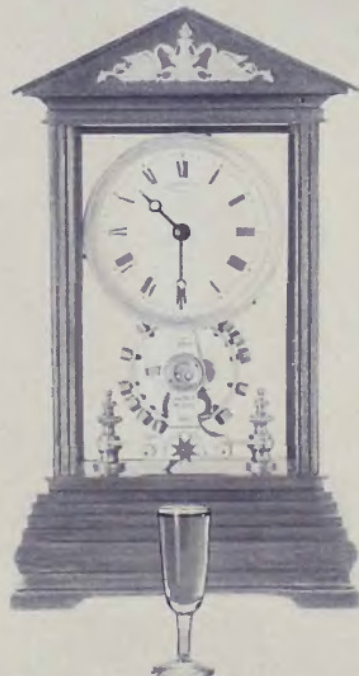
"I haven't *been* doing that," Marie said.



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"Please!" Farland said. "I'm tossing her aside like a broken doll, anyway." He grinned. "How in hell can I open this door with my arms loaded?" Marie crossed over and opened the door for him. "For God's sake, don't kiss me again," he whispered, "and stop fighting and get something worked out." He raised his voice and spoke to both of them. "Goodnight," he said, "and shut up." He stepped out into the hall and the girl in the green dress quietly closed the door after him . . .

A short, heavy-set man in his middle 40s opened the door, and seemed to block the way aggressively until he caught sight of the American face of the visitor and the things he was carrying. "I heard the Yankee Doodle sounds," Farland told him, and introduced himself. "I thought maybe you needed reinforcements from SOS." The room exploded into American sounds, as if the newcomer had dropped a lighted match in a box of fireworks. Somebody took the bourbon from him and somebody else the ice bucket. "My God, it's real ice!" someone said, and "Brother, you've saved our lives!"

"An American shouldn't spend this night alone," Farland said above the hubbub. The biggest man in the room, who wore no coat or tie, but on whose vest a fraternity pin gleamed, held out his hand in three parts. Farland gave him the full-dress grip. "Ed Endicott, Wisconsin Alpha!" bawled the big man. "Pennsylvania Gamma," Farland said.

"For crissake, it's a small world!" Endicott said. "Rip, shake hands with Brother Farland, give him the old grip. Brother Morgan and I belong to the same chapter. Wisconsin Alpha has two national presidents to its credit," he told Farland, "and I was one of them, if I do say so myself. These other poor guys took the wrong pins, but they're OK." He managed somehow to get his right arm around the shoulders of both the other men in the room. "This is Sam Winterhorn, Phi Gam from Illinois, and this is Red Perry, also Illini—Red's a Phi Psi. Maybe you heard us doing *Fiji Honeymoon* and *When DKE Has Gone to Hell*. Put 'er there again, fella."

Farland was glad when he was finally given a glass to hold instead of a man's right hand. "Here's to all the brothers, whatever sky's above 'em," Endicott said, clinking his glass against Farland's. He took a great gulp of his drink, and it seemed to Farland that his face brightened like a full moon coming out from behind a cloud. "Endicott is a curly wolf this night, Guy, and you can write that home to your loved ones!" he roared. "Endicott is going to shake hands with the pearly fingered dawn this day. Endicott is going to ring all the bells and blow all the whistles in hell. Any



frog that don't like it can bury his head in the Tooleries." Farland managed to get out part of a word, but Brother Endicott trampled on it. "The girls have gone to bed," he said. "Wish you could meet Marie, but we'll be around a couple more days. Marie's Eastern women's college, but Brenda — that's my first wife — was a Kappa. So's Ellen Morgan, Rip's wife. Brenda hated drums. I got the greatest little drum collection in the world, Guy. Once, when a gang of us got up a storm in my house — this was six—seven years ago — damned if Brenda didn't call the cops! One of them turned out to be real mean with the sticks, but the other guy was a surly bastard. I tried to give him the grip, and he got sore as hell. Don't ever try to give a cop the grip, Guy. They think you're queer. Sons of bitches never get through high school."

Farland put on his fixed grin as Endicott rambled on, moving among the disarranged chairs like a truck. He paused in front of one in which Brother Morgan now lay back relaxed, with his eyes closed. "Judas Priest, our tenor's conking out," he said.

"Way," mumbled Morgan sleepily.

"Let him sleep," said the man named Perry. "What the hell, we still got a quartet. Anyway, what good's a sleepy tenor unless you're doing *Sleepy Time Gal*?"

"*Sleepy Time Gal!*" bawled Endicott, and he suddenly started in the middle of the old song, biting a great hunk out of the lyric. The phone rang, and Endicott smote the night with a bathroom word and jerked up the receiver. "Yeah?" he began, truculently and, as the voice at the other end began protesting in French, he said to the revelers, "It's one of them *quoi-quois*." He winked heavily at Farland and addressed the transmitter. "*Parlez-vous la langue de Dieu?*" he asked. Farland realized he had been rehearsing the question quite a while. "*Bien*, then," Endicott went on. "You people ought to be celebrating, too. If we hadn't let Lafayette fight on our side, he would have gone to the goddamn guillotine. The way it was, even Napoleon didn't dare lay a hand on him. They cut the heads off Rabelais and Danton, but they couldn't touch Lafayette, and that's on account of the good old 13 States." The person at the other end had apparently hung up, but Endicott went on with his act. "Get yourselves a bottle of grenadine and a pack of cubebs and raise a little hell for Lafayette," he said, and hung up.

"Not Rabelais," Farland couldn't help saying. "Robespierre."

"Or old Roquefort!" Endicott bawled. "They all sound like cheese to me, rich old *framboise*, and they all look alike. Let's hit the *Darling* song again."

They got through *Three O'Clock in the Morning* and *Linger Awhile* and

*Over There* and *Yankee Doodle Dandy* and *You're the B-E-S-T Best* and by that time it was ten minutes after four. "Don't keep looking at your Benrus," Endicott told Farland. "Nobody's going anywhere. What the hell, we've got all day." Rip Morgan's troubled unconscious greeted this with a faint moaning sound. Farland's tone grew firm and terminal, and the Illinois men joined him and began the final round of handshakes. Farland picked up the ice bucket, which had been empty for some time now, and started for the door.

"We'll all meet in the bar downstairs at six," Endicott commanded. "*Be there!*" The three departing Americans said they would be there, but none of them meant it. "I'm going to stay stiff till they pour me on the plane," Endicott went on. Farland's hand felt full of fingers after he had shaken hands again with the Illinois men and they had gone. Brother Endicott, he felt sure, would have his hands full for at least 15 minutes, putting Brother Morgan to bed . . .

Farland rapped on the door of his suite three times, paused, then rapped again. There was no response, and he unlocked the door and went in. All the

lights in the sitting room were out except one, and he turned it off and began undressing before he reached the bedroom. The battle of the Paris night still went on, and it seemed louder than ever. Farland put on the bottom of his pajamas, couldn't find the top, said, "The hell with it," and went into the bathroom and brushed his teeth. "Everything happens to you," he sneered at the man in the mirror. "What's the matter, don't you know how to duck anymore?"

He was about to throw himself on his bed when he noticed the note on his pillow. It read simply "You are the B-E-S-T Best" and it was signed, obviously in Mrs. Endicott's handwriting, "Tom and Marie." In spite of the noise and his still tingling right hand, Farland fell asleep. When he woke up, he picked up the telephone and called the *renseignement* desk. He looked at his watch. It was 9:35. "I want to get a plane out of here for Rome this afternoon," he said when the information desk answered. "One seat. And I don't care what line. There is just one thing. It has got to leave before six o'clock."





GREAT STORIES *(continued from page 107)*

is what it takes to get a job in Hollywood, I don't want it. If I can't get by on my talent alone, you can forget it."

"Well," said F. L., "if you change your mind, let me know. I won't be casting for a couple of months."

Joanne dashed out of the office, tears rolling down her cheeks, more determined than ever to get a job in Hollywood.

But no one else thought she had the makings of a star and all doors were closed to her.

After two months of hopeless job hunting, Joanne decided to go back to her hometown in Wisconsin and marry the boy next door. He was poor but he loved her.

At least he did at the beginning. Then he started beating her up. For no reason at all he would slug her. After six months of this, Joanne was really sorry she had refused to sleep with Mr. Gimlet. He was much nicer than her husband, and had she done it there was no question that she would have been a famous movie star today.

At one time Miriam Clinberry was one of the greatest singers of her time. She sang with the top pop orchestras in the country and her records sold millions. Then one day Miriam started to drink and her career went downhill. Little by little she sank from one job to the next until finally she drank so much that she couldn't find work at all. One night her old friend and agent, Sam Bozall, who hadn't seen her for years, heard that Miriam had been picked up drunk and was in a hospital near his office. He rushed over and said:

"Miriam, I've been looking for you everywhere. Ed Sullivan wants to put you on his show, Simon and Schuster wants to do your book, the Friars Club wants to give you a benefit."

"Who would be interested in me anymore?" Miriam said. "I'm washed up."

"No, you're not. You're an alcoholic. Everyone is interested in an alcoholic. All you have to do is reform and I can get you night-club dates all over the United States."

Well, Ed Sullivan did put Miriam on

his show, Simon and Schuster did publish her memoirs and the Friars Club did give her a dinner. But nothing seemed to help. The show got bad reviews, the book didn't sell and the money the Friars Club raised went to some hospital Miriam never heard of.

In the end Miriam went back to her good friend Sam Bozall and said, "What happened to all those dates you were going to get me if I reformed?"

"I tried," said Sam, "but they already booked Lillian Roth."

"Well," said Miriam, "I'm going back on the booze. I've never been so bored in all my life."

"You're right," Sam agreed. "There is nothing like alcohol to make someone forget. To show you there's no hard feelings I'll send over a case of bourbon to your boardinghouse tonight."

No one ever heard of Miriam Clinberry again.

• • •

The final story concerns not a person but an elephant, the famed Trunko, star of the Bongling Circus, who had entertained children for 20 years. Unfortunately Trunko was getting old and blind and Mr. Bongling announced he would have to be shot.

A syndicated columnist wrote a story about Trunko and said he had arranged with a gamekeeper to take care of the elephant in his retirement. All that was needed was \$7000 to make Trunko happy in his final days. He appealed to all those who had ever seen Trunko to send in their contributions as a tribute to the elephant who had devoted so much time to giving pleasure to others.

The reaction was spontaneous. Not \$7000 but \$25,000 was raised and the syndicated columnist with press photographers and television cameramen showed up at the Bongling Circus to take Trunko away to his retirement.

While the columnist was posing with Trunko and holding up the check that had saved his life, Trunko, whom you remember we said was going blind, knocked over the columnist and stepped on him, killing him in front of the horrified eyes of the millions of television spectators.

When the owner of the circus saw what had happened he immediately made up his mind. He took Trunko back to his cage and had new posters printed which said SEE TRUNKO, THE WILD ELEPHANT WHO KILLED A SYNDICATED COLUMNIST.

Trunko was once again the biggest drawing card of the Bongling Circus and he lived to entertain a new generation of children, dying peacefully in his sleep among the circus people that he had come to know and love.





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**3 GRAND PRIZE WINNERS!!!!**  
**3 SPORTS OR COMPACT CARS**

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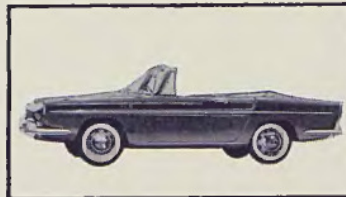
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Philips Records, the great new American recording company that brings you "One World of Music on One Great Label," now offers you your choice of famous sports or compact cars from all parts of the world!

All you need do is purchase any Philips Records 12" long play album, stereophonic or monaural, from any record store. After you have made your purchase, get the official contest entry blank from your dealer and print his store name and address on the back in the space provided. Then, after you have completed rhyming our jingle, fill out the entry blank being sure to name the car of your choice, and send your entry along with the lower right-hand corner of the record inner sleeve that has printed on it, "Philips Records, Chicago 1, Illinois." It appears only on one side of the sleeve. Read on for further contest information.



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ANY ONE OF  
THE CARS  
SHOWN HERE  
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### 3 GRAND PRIZES

If your entry wins one of the three grand prizes, you will receive your choice of any one of the sports or compact cars pictured above. Winners will be notified by mail with instructions on how they will receive their car.



### 150 RUNNER-UP PRIZES

The 150 runner-up winners will receive a Philips Record Catalog and a certificate entitling them to any dozen Philips records they choose. Simply by mailing the certificate to the address indicated thereon, they will receive their dozen Philips Records 12" long play albums by return mail.

### It's easy to win . . . Here's all you do

**1** Print or write plainly your last line for the Philips Records jingle in the space indicated on the official contest entry blank which you will get from your record store when you purchase any Philips Records 12" long play album, stereophonic or monaural. Make sure the last line of your jingle rhymes with the word "theme." Fill in the store name and address of the dealer from whom you purchased your album in the space provided. Also be sure you indicate which of the sports or compact cars pictured above you would like, should you be one of the 3 grand prize winners.

**2** Mail your completed entry to the address shown on the entry blank, along with the lower right-hand portion of the record inner sleeve that has printed on it, "Philips Records, Chicago 1, Illinois." This name and address appears only on one side of the sleeve. All entries must be postmarked not later than midnight of December 15, 1962.

**3** Submit as many entries as you like, but be sure each entry is filled out on a separate official contest entry blank, and be sure you enclose the Philips Records address from the lower right-hand corner of the record inner sleeve with each entry.

**4** Entries will be judged on originality, sincerity and aptness of thought by Reuben H. Donnelley Company. Duplicate prizes in case of tie. No entries returned. All entries, contents and ideas therein become the property of Philips Records to be used as it sees fit. All winners will be notified by mail.

**5** Contest open to any resident of continental U.S., Alaska and Hawaii, except employees of Philips Records, its distributors and dealers, its advertising agencies and families of these. Contest subject to Federal, State and Local regulations

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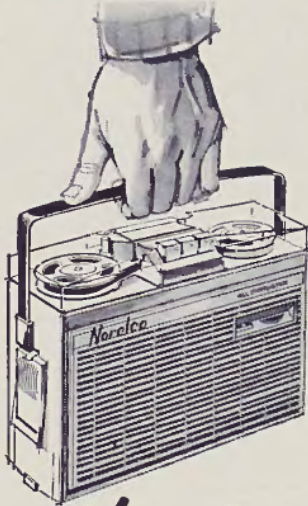
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## machineries of joy

(continued from page 105)

seated and deliberately fasting, hoping to lure them down curious at the sound of his Italian humors?

"Ah, God." Father Brian sighed and fingered the envelope he had prepared the previous night. He had tucked it in his coat as a protective measure should he decide to hand it to Monsignor Sheldon. Would Father Vittorini detect it through the cloth with his quick dark X-ray vision?

Father Brian pressed his hand firmly along his lapel to squash any merest outline of his request for transferal to another parish.

"Here goes."

And, breathing a prayer, Father Brian went downstairs.

. . . .

"Ah, Father Brian!"

Vittorini looked up from his still-full cereal bowl. The brute had not even so much as sugared his cornflakes yet.

Father Brian felt as if he had stepped into an empty elevator shaft.

Impulsively he put out a hand to save himself. It touched the top of the television set. The set was warm.

"Did you have a seance here last night?"

"I sat up with the set, yes."

"Sat up, is right!" snorted Father Brian. "One does sit up, doesn't one? with the sick, or the dead? I used to be handy with the Ouija board myself. There were more brains in that." He turned from the electrical moron to survey Vittorini. "And did you hear far cries and banshee wails from — what is it? — Canavera?"

"They called off the shot at three A.M."

"And you here now, looking daisy-fresh." Father Brian advanced, shaking his head. "What's true is not always what's fair."

Vittorini now vigorously doused his flakes with milk. "But you, Father Brian, you look as if you made the grand tour of Hell during the night . . ."

Fortunately, at this point Father Kelly entered. He froze when he, too, saw how little along Vittorini was with his fortifiers. He muttered to both priests, seated himself, and glanced over at the perturbed Father Brian.

"True, William, you look half gone. Insomnia?"

"A touch."

Father Kelly eyed both men, his head to one side. "What goes on here? Did something happen while I was out last night?"

"We had a small discussion," said Father Brian, filling his bowl and toying with the dead flakes of corn.



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"Small discussion!" said Father Vittorini. He might have laughed, but caught himself, and said, simply: "The Irish priest is worried by the Italian Pope. *Il Papa* is a constant source of reverent irritation to at least some if not all of the Irish clergy. Why not a Pope named Nolan? Why not a green instead of a red hat? Why not, for that matter, move Saint Peter's cathedral to Cork or Dublin, come the 25th Century?"

"I hope nobody said *that*," said Father Kelly.

"In my anger I might have *implied* it," said Father Brian. "Did you hear what he just said about the 25th Century? Well, it's when Flash Gordon and Buck Rogers fly in through the baptistery transom that yours truly hunts for the exits."

Father Kelly sighed. "Ah, God, is it *that* joke again?"

Father Brian felt the blood burn his cheeks.

"Joke? It's off and beyond that. For a month now it's Canaveral this, and trajectories and astronauts that. You'd think it was the Fourth of July, he's up half each night with the rockets. I mean, now, what kind of life is it, from midnight on, carousing about the dining

room with that Medusa machine which freezes your intellect if ever you stare at it? I cannot sleep for feeling the whole rectory will blast off any minute."

"Yes, yes," said Father Kelly. "But what's all this about the Pope?"

"Not the new one, the Pope just before," said Brian, wearily. "Show him the clipping, Father Vittorini."

Father Vittorini brought forth a small press clipping and put it on the table.

Upside down, even, Father Brian could read the bad news:

"POPE BLESSES ASSAULT ON SPACE."

Father Kelly reached one finger out to touch the cutting gingerly.

"Castel Gandolfo, Italy, Sept. 20th. Pope Pius XII gave his blessing today to mankind's efforts to conquer space.

"The Pontiff told delegates to the International Astronautical Congress, 'God has no intention of setting a limit to the efforts of man to conquer space.'

"The 400 delegates to the 22-nation congress were received by the Pope at his summer residence here.

"This Astronautical Congress has become one of great importance at this time of man's exploration of outer space,' the Pope said. 'It should concern all humanity . . . Man has to make the effort to put himself in new orientation

with God and His universe.'"

Father Kelly's voice trailed off.

"When did this story appear?"

"In 1956."

"*That* long back?" Father Kelly snorted. "*I* didn't read it."

"It seems," said Father Brian, "you and I, Father, don't read much of anything."

"The point is," said Vittorini, "when first I spoke of this piece, grave doubts were cast on my veracity. Now we see I have cleaved close to the truth."

"Sure," said Father Brian, quickly, "but as our poet William Blake put it, 'A truth that's told with bad intent, beats all the lies you can invent.'"

"Yes." Vittorini relaxed further into his amiability. "And didn't Blake also write:

*'He who doubts from what he sees,  
Will ne'er believe, do what you  
please.*

*If the Sun and Moon should doubt  
They'd immediately go out.'*











"Most appropriate," added the Italian priest, "for the Space Age."

Father Brian stared at the outrageous man.

"I'll thank you not to quote our Blake at us."

"*Your* Blake?" said the slender pale



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man with the softly glowing dark hair. "Strange, I'd always thought him English —"

"The poetry of Blake," said Father Brian, "was always a great comfort to my mother. It was she told me there was Irish blood on his maternal side."

"I will graciously accept that," said Father Vittorini. "But, back to the newspaper story. Now that we've found it, it seems a good time to do some research on Pius the Twelfth's Encyclical."

Father Brian's wariness, which was a second set of nerves under his skin, prickled alert.

"What Encyclical is that?"

"Why, the one on Space Travel."

"On Space Travel, a special Encyclical?"

"A special one."

Both Irish priests were near onto being flung back in their chairs by the blast.

Father Vittorini made the picky motions of a man cleaning up after a detonation, finding lint on his coat sleeve, a crumb or two of toast on the tablecloth.

"Wasn't it enough," said Brian, in a dying voice, "he shook hands with the astronaut bunch and told them well done and all that, but he had to go on and write at length about it?"

"It was not enough," said Father Vittorini. "He wished, I hear, to comment further on the problems of life on other worlds, and its effect on Christian thinking —"

Each of these words, precisely spoken, drove the two other men further back in their chairs.

"You hear?" said Father Brian. "You haven't read it yourself yet?"

"No, but I intend —"

"You intend everything and mean worse. Sometimes, Father Vittorini, you do not talk, and I hate to say this, like a priest of the Mother Church at all —"

"I talk," replied Vittorini. "like an Italian priest somehow caught and trying to preserve surface tension treading an ecclesiastical bog where I am outnumbered by a great herd of clerics named Shaughnessy and Nulty and Flannery that mill and stampede like caribou or bison every time I so much as whisper 'Papal Bull.'"

"There is no doubt in my mind," and here Father Brian squinted off in the general direction of the Vatican itself, "that it was you, if you could've been there, might've put the Holy Father up to this whole space-travel monkeyshines . . ."

"I?"

"You! It's you, is it not, certainly not

us, that lugs in the magazines by the carload with the rocket ships on the shiny covers and the filthy green monsters with 6 eyes and 17 gadgets chasing after half-draped females on some moon or other? You I hear late nights doing the countdowns from ten, nine, eight on through to one, in tandem with the beast TV, so we lie aching as the dread concussions knock the fillings from our teeth. Between one Italian here, and another at Castel Gandolfo, may God forgive me, you've managed to depress the entire Irish clergy!"

"Peace," said Father Kelly, at last, "both of you."

"And peace, one way or another I'll have." Father Brian took the envelope from his pocket.

"Put that away," said Father Kelly, sensing what must be in the envelope.

"Please give this to Monsignor Sheldon for me."

Father Brian rose heavily and peered about to find the door and some way out of the room. He was suddenly gone.

"Now see what you've done!" said Father Kelly.

Father Vittorini, truly shocked, had stopped eating. "But, Father, all along, I thought it was an amiable squabble, him playing it loud and me soft —"

"Well, you've played it too long, and the blasted fun turned serious!" said Kelly. "Ah, you don't know William like I do. You've really torn him —"

"I'll do my best to mend —"

"You'll mend the seat of your pants! Get out of the way, this is my job now." Father Kelly grabbed the envelope off the table and held it up to the light. "The X ray of a poor man's soul. Ah, God."

He hurried upstairs. "Father Brian?" he called. He slowed. "Father?" He tapped at the door. "William?"

In the dining room alone once more, Father Vittorini remembered the last few flakes in his mouth. They now had no taste. It took him a long slow while to get them down.

It was only after lunch that Father Kelly cornered Father Brian in the dreary little garden behind the rectory, and handed back the envelope.

"Willy, I want you to tear this up. I won't have you quitting in the middle of the game. How long has all this gone on between you two?"

Father Brian sighed and held but did not rip the envelope. "It sort of crept upon us. It was me at first spelling the Irish writers and him pronouncing the Italian operas. Then me describing the *Book of Kells* in Dublin and him tour-



ing me through the Renaissance. Thank God for small favors, he didn't discover the Papal Encyclical on the blasted space traveling sooner, or I'd have transferred myself to a monkey where the fathers keep silence as a vow. But even there, I fear, he'd follow and countdown

the Canaveral blast-offs in sign language. What a devil's advocate that man would make!"

"Father!"

"I'll do penance for that, later. It's just this dark otter, this seal, he frolics with Church dogma as if it were a candy-

striped bouncy ball. It's all very well to have seals cavorting, but, I say, but don't mix them with the true fanatics, such as you and me! Excuse the pride, Father, but there does seem to be a variation on the true theme every time you get them piccolo players in amongst us



① "Stop! I'll teach you how to mix a really dry martini..."



② "First put the vermouth away..."



③ "All right, now whisper 'vermouth' over the glass..."



④ "Vermouth."



⑤ "Loudmouth!"



harpers, and don't you agree?"

"What an enigma, Will. We of the Church should be examples for others on how to get along."

"Has anyone told Father Vittorini that? Let's face it, the Italians are the Rotary of the Church. You couldn't have trusted one of them to stay sober during the Last Supper."

"I wonder if we Irish could?" mused Father Kelly.

"We'd wait until it was over, at least!"

"Well, now, are we priests or barbers? Do we stand here splitting hairs, or do we shave Vittorini close with his own razor? William, have you no plan?"

"Perhaps to call in a Baptist to mediate."

"Be off with your Baptist! Have you researched the Encyclical?"

"The Encyclical?"

"Have you let grass grow between your toes since breakfast? You have! Let's read that space-travel edict! Memorize it, get it pat, then counterattack the rocket man in his own territory! This way, to

the library. What is it the youngsters cry these days? Five, four, three, two, one, blast-off?"

"Or the rough equivalent."

"Well, say the rough equivalent, then, man. And follow me!"

. . .

Going into the library they met Monsignor Sheldon as he was coming out.

"It's no use," said the rector, smiling, as he examined the fever in their faces. "You won't find it in there."

"Won't find what in there?" Father Brian saw the rector looking at the letter which was still glued to his fingers, and hid it away, fast. "Won't find what, Monsignor?"

"A rocket ship is a trifle too large for our small quarters," said the rector in a poor try at the enigmatic.

"Has the Italian bent your ear, then?" cried Father Kelly, in dismay.

"No, but echoes have a way of ricocheting about the place. I came to do some checking, myself."

"Then," gasped Brian with relief,

"you're on *our* side?"

Monsignor Sheldon's eyes became somewhat sad.

"Is there a side to this, Fathers?"

They all moved into the little library room where Father Brian and Father Kelly sat uncomfortably on the edges of the hard chairs.

Monsignor Sheldon remained standing, watchful of their discomfort.

"Now. Why are you afraid of Father Vittorini?"

"Afraid?" Father Brian seemed surprised at the word, and cried softly, "It's more like angry."

"One leads to the other," admitted Kelly, and continued, "You see, Father, it's mostly a small town in Tuscany shunting stones at Meynooth, which is, as you know, a few miles out from Dublin."

"I'm Irish," said the rector, patiently.

"So you are, Father, and all the more reason we can't figure your great calm in this disaster," said Father Brian.

"I'm California Irish," said the rector.

He let this sink in. When it had gone to the bottom, Father Brian groaned miserably. "Ah. We forgot."

And he looked at the rector and saw there the recent dark, the tan complexion of one who walked with his face like a sunflower to the sky, even here in Chicago, taking what little light and heat he could to sustain his color and being. Here stood a man with the figure, still, of a badminton and tennis player under his tunic, and with the firm lean hands of the handball expert. In the pulpit, by the look of his arms moving in the air, you could see him swimming under warm California skies.

Father Kelly let forth one sound of laughter.

"Oh, the gentle ironies, the simple fates. Father Brian, here is our Baptist!"

"Baptist?" asked the rector.

"No offense, Monsignor, but we were off to find a mediator, and here you are, an Irishman from California, who has known the wintry blows of Illinois so short a time, you've still the look of rolled lawns and January sunburn. We, we were born and raised as lumps in Cork and Kilcock, Father. Twenty years in Hollywood would not thaw us out. And now, well, they do say, don't they, that California is much" — here he paused — "like Italy?"

"I see where you're driving," mumbled Father Brian.

Monsignor Sheldon nodded, his face both warm and gently sad. "My blood is like your own. But the climate I was shaped in is like Rome's. So you see, Father Brian, when I asked *are* there any sides, I spoke from my heart."

"Irish yet not Irish," mourned Father Brian. "Almost but not quite Italian."



"... I'm Scrooge from the office, Mrs. Cratchit... I'm here — heh-heh-heh — to give you a goose for Christmas..."



Oh, the world plays tricks with our flesh."

"Only if we let it, William, Patrick."

Both men started a bit at the sound of their Christian names.

"You still haven't answered: why are you afraid?"

Father Brian watched his hands fumble like two bewildered wrestlers for a moment. "Why, it's because just when we get things settled on earth, just when it looks like victory's in sight, the Church on a good footing, along comes Father Vittorini—"

"Forgive me, Father," said the rector. "Along comes reality. Along comes space, time, entropy, progress, along come a million things, always. Father Vittorini didn't invent space travel."

"No, but he makes a good thing of it. With him, 'Everything begins in mysticism and ends in politics.' Well, no matter, I'll stash my shillelagh if he'll put away his rockets."

"No, let's leave them out in the open," replied the rector. "Best not to hide violence or special forms of travel. Best to work with them. Why don't we climb in that rocket, Father, and learn from it?"

"Learn what? That most of the things we've taught in the past on Earth don't fit out there on Mars or Venus or wherever in Hell Vittorini would push us? Drive Adam and Eve out of some new Garden, on Jupiter, with our very own rocket fires? Or worse, find there's no Eden, no Adam, no Eve, no damned Apple nor Serpent, no Fall, no Original Sin, no Annunciation, no Birth, no Son, no nothing at all! on one blasted world tailing another? Is *that* what we must learn, Monsignor?"

"If need be, yes," said the rector. "It's the Lord's space and the Lord's worlds *in* space, Father. We must not try to take our cathedrals with us, when all we need is an overnight case. The Church can be packed in a box no larger than is needed for the articles of the Mass, as much as these hands can carry. Allow Father Vittorini this, the people of the southern climes learned long ago to build in wax which melts and takes its shape in harmony with the motion and need of man. William, William, if you insist on building in hard ice, it will shatter when we break the sound barrier or melt and leave you nothing in the fire of the rocket blast."

"That," said Father Brian, "is a hard thing to learn at 50 years, Monsignor."

"But learn you will, I know you will," said the rector, touching his shoulder. "I set you a task: to make peace with the Italian priest. Find some way tonight, for a meeting of minds. Sweat at it, Father. And, first off, since our library is meager, hunt for and find the Space



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A moment later, the rector was gone. Father Brian listened to the dying sound of those swift feet, as if a white ball were flying high in the sweet blue air, and the rector was hurrying in for a final volley.

"Irish but not Irish," he said. "Almost but not quite Italian. And now what are we, Patrick?"

"I begin to wonder," was the reply. And they went away to a larger library wherein might be hid the grander thoughts of a former Pope on a bigger space.

...

A long while after supper that night, in fact almost at bedtime, Father Kelly, sent on his mission, moved about the rectory tapping on doors and whispering.

Shortly before 10 o'clock, Father Vittorini came down the stairs and gasped with surprise.

Father Brian, at the unused fireplace, warming himself at the small gas heater which stood on the hearth, did not turn for a moment.

A space had been cleared, and the brute television set moved forward into a circle of four chairs, among which stood two small taborets on which stood two bottles and four glasses. Father Brian had done it all, allowing Kelly to do nothing. Now he turned, for Kelly and Monsignor Sheldon were arriving. The rector stood in the dining area and surveyed the room. "Splendid." He paused and added, "I think. Let me see now..." He read the label on one bottle. "Father Vittorini is to sit here."

"By the Irish moss?" asked Vittorini. "The same," said Father Brian. Vittorini, much pleased, sat.

"And the rest of us will sit by the Lachryma Christi, I take it?" said the rector.

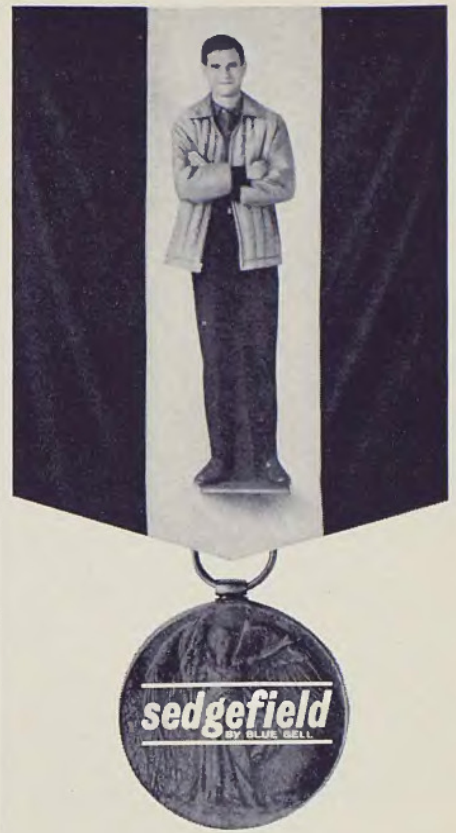
"An Italian drink, Monsignor." "I think I've heard of it," said the rector, and sat.

"Here." Father Brian hurried over and, without looking at Vittorini, poured his glass a good way up with the moss. "An Irish translusion."

"Allow me." Vittorini nodded his thanks and arose, in turn, to pour the other drinks. "The tears of Christ and the sunlight of Italy," he said. "And now, before we drink, I have something to say."

The others waited, looking at him. "The Papal Encyclical on Space Travel," he said at last, "does not exist." "We discovered that," said Kelly, "a few hours ago."

"Forgive me, Fathers," said Vittorini. "I am like the fisherman on the bank who, seeing fish, throws out more bait. I suspected, all along, that there was no Encyclical. But every time it was brought

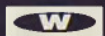


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up, about town, I heard so many priests from Dublin deny it existed, I came to think it *must!* They would not go check the item, for they feared its reality. I would not, in my pride, do research, for I feared it *did not* exist. So, Roman pride, or Cork pride, it's all the same. I shall go on retreat soon and be silent for a week, Father, and do penance."

"Good, Father, good." Monsignor Sheldon rose. "Now, I've a small announcement. A new priest arrives here next month. I've thought long on it. The man is Italian, born and raised in Montreal."

Vittorini closed one eye and tried to picture this man to himself.

"If the Church must be all things to all people," said the rector. "I am intrigued with the thought of hot blood raised in a cold clime as this new Italian was, even as I find it fascinating to consider myself: cold blood raised in California. We've needed another Italian here to shake things up, and this Latin looks to be the sort that will shake even Father Vittorini. Now, will someone offer a toast?"

"May I, Monsignor?" Father Vittorini rose again, smiling gently, his eyes darkly aglow. He raised his glass. "Somewhere, did Blake not speak of the Machineries of Joy? That is, did not God promote environments, then intimidate those natures by provoking the existence of flesh, toy men and women, such as are we all? And thus happily sent forth, at our best, with good grace and fine wit, on calm noons, in fair climes, are we not God's Machineries of Joy?"

"If Blake said that," said Father Brian, "I take it all back. He never lived in Dublin!"

All laughed together.

Vittorini drank the Irish moss and was duly speechless.

The others drank the Italian wine and grew mellow, and in his mellowness, Father Brian cried, softly, "Vittorini, now, will you, unholy as it is, tune on the ghost?"

"Channel nine?"

"Nine it is!"

And while Vittorini dialed the knobs, Father Brian mused over his drink, "Did Blake *really* say that?"

"The fact is, Father," said Vittorini, bent to the phantoms coming and going on the screen, "he might have, if he'd lived today. I wrote it myself, just an hour ago. If it sounds mechanistic and against Church doctrine, remember I love to entertain such thoughts. To entertain does not mean I give them a lifetime's lodging. I let thoughts come and go, as they will. Shelter for the night is the least we can give any wild sweet tramp Idea."

All watched the Italian with some awe. Then the TV gave a hum and came clear, showing a rocket, a long way off, getting ready.

"The machineries of joy," said Father Brian. "Is that one of them you're tuning in? And is that another, sitting there, the rocket, on its stand?"

"It could be, tonight," murmured Vittorini. "If the thing goes up, and a man in it, all around the world, and him still alive, and us with him, though we just sit here. That would be joyful indeed."

The rocket was getting ready, and Father Brian shut his eyes for a moment. Forgive me, Jesus, he thought, forgive an old man his prides, and forgive Vittorini his spites, and help me to understand what I see here tonight, and let me stay awake if need be, in good humor, until dawn, and let the thing go well, going up and coming down, and think of the man in that contraption, Jesus, *think* of and be with him. And help me through the summer and into fall and winter, for sure as Fate, on some strange, mad and unknown holidays such as Guy Fawkes or your Chinese New Year, there will be Vittorini and the kids from around the block, on the rectory lawn, lighting skyrockets. All of them there watching the sky, like the morn of the Redemption, and help me,

Oh Lord, to be as those children before the great night of Time and Void where you abide. And help me to walk forward, Lord, to light the next rocket, Independence Night, and stand with the Latin father, my face suffused with that same look of the delighted child in the face of the burning glories you put near our hand and bid us savor.

He opened his eyes.

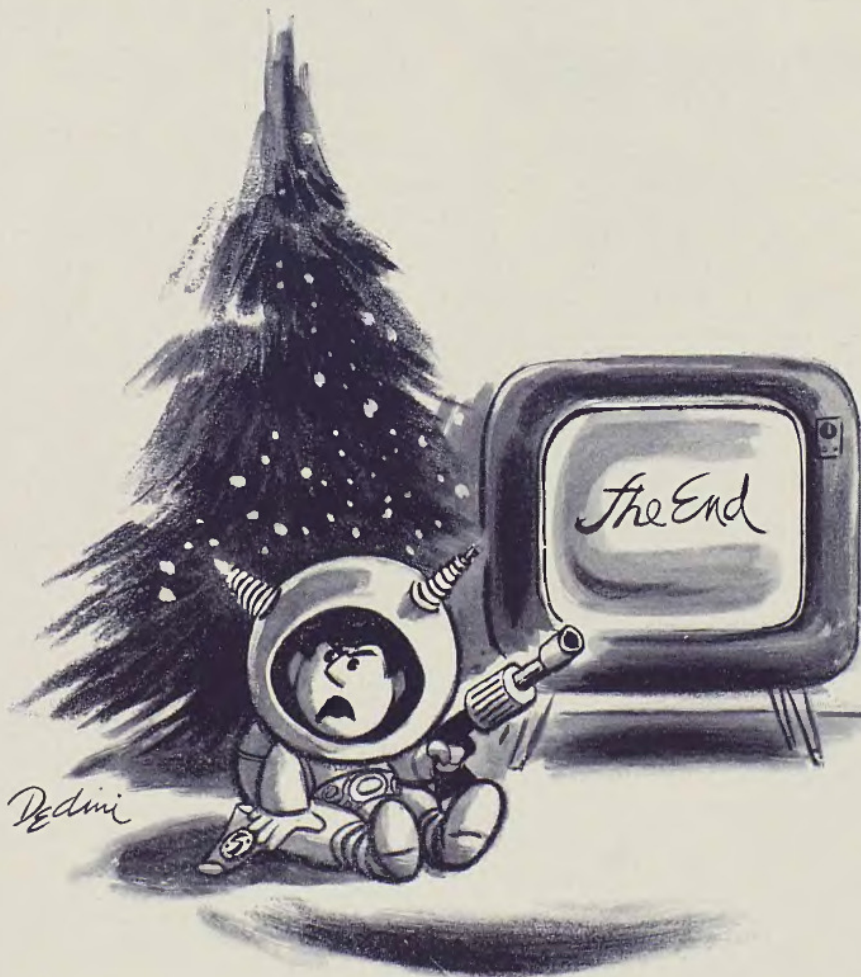
Voices from far Canaveral were crying in a wind of Time. Strange phantom powers loomed upon the screen. He was drinking the last of the wine when someone touched his elbow, gently.

"Father," said Vittorini, near. "Fasten your seat belt."

"I will," said Father Brian. "And many thanks."

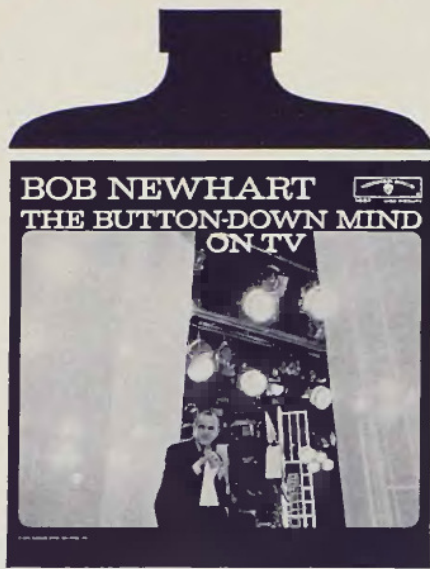
He sat back in his chair. He closed his eyes. He waited for the thunder. He waited for the fire. He waited for the concussion and the voice that would teach a silly, a strange, a wild, a miraculous thing:

How to count back, ever backward . . . to zero.



"Tiny Tim was a fink!"





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## FATHER & SON CIGAR

(continued from page 121)

locals sometimes hear a piano playing faintly somewhere below the ties, like a piano out of times long gone: on a night when tavern doors were opened to the street for the first night of the year.

*Take me out for a joy-ride  
A girl-ride, a boy-ride  
I'm as reckless as I can be  
I don't care what becomes of me.*

The long car leans to the land where old els wait for winter to pass. The walker on the midnight platform, adrift above the town, is left like a walker adrift in a dream. A dream dreamt by any old el rider.

For the blue-and-white legend that once bragged and its pigeons that made summer strut, all have passed in the wash of this sea of blue snows.

Leaving two railroad lamps arock in the echo and ebb of the B train's final passing.

He was a fixer of tools, a fixer of machinery, a fixer of tables gone wobbly and windows that had stuck, doors that had warped and furnaces that had clogged. His labor was fixing, eternally fixing: the plaster that had cracked, the wallpaper that had peeled, the glass that had shattered, the wood that had splintered and the lathe that had broken. Other men wished secretly to be forever drunken. He wished secretly to be forever fixing:

The step that had rotted, the rain pipe that had rusted, the hinge that had loosened, the fence wind had bent. He moved among pistons and vises and cylinders, he healed boilers and ministered to valves: hoses had to be coiled with care lest they crack, clocks had to be warned against losing time, wiring had to be insulated against fire. He used electrical tape like a doctor applying a tourniquet: he was a geneticist of lathes and prolonged the lives of brushes stiff with sclerosis of paint. His ear was not so well attuned to human speech as it was to the delicate play of gears: his dreams moved on ball bearings and within them he sensed that one dream-bearing was more worn than the others.

Putting or soldering, welding or binding, my father was a fixer of machinery in basements and garages.

He could get a piece of machinery to work for him that would work for no one else; but he could not get other men to pay him any mind at all.

"If you're so damned smart why ain't you a foreman?" I would hear my mother going for him when the bulb that lit the kitchen and the lamp that lit the door were the only lights foretelling the beginning of the day—and was still going at him in the bedroom



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after dark when supper dishes had been put away and the gas lamp burned before the door once more.

Yet in the hours between she paid her lot no mind, sometimes singing to herself—

*Take me for a joy-ride  
A girl-ride, a boy-ride  
I'm as reckless as I can be  
I don't care what becomes of me.*

There were no heroes nor heroines on my father's side of the family, although he had many brothers and sisters. My mother's family, on the other hand, consisted of nothing but heroes and heroines—of whom the most heroic was Uncle-Theodore-the-Great-Lakes-Sailor.

Uncle Theodore had had a fistfight with the cook on the deck of the steamer Chicora that the ship's captain had stopped: which of the brawlers had begun it he didn't care to hear, but one would have to pack his gear and get off the Chicora. Some captain.

Uncle Theodore packed his gear and walked ashore at Benton Harbor after shaking hands with everybody but the captain.

He should have said goodbye to the captain, too, for the Chicora went down with all hands on her next trip.

Down with all hands to leave not a trace on the unshaken waters. Not an overturned lifeboat nor a sailor boy's cap. Not a beer cork nor a clay pipe nor a smudge of oil. Cutters scoured the waves for days but found no sign. Then the waves froze over, the wind blew the memory of their names into winter. Spring began as though the Chicora had never been.

But a son of the Chicora's fireman built a glass-bottomed boat in his Chicago backyard, determined to find the wreck on the lake's shifting floor or go down himself. Five days after he had put out, the glass-bottomed craft capsized.

Down went the brave son of the brave fireman to join the brave crew of the brave ship Chicora below the cowardly waves. Down to the uselessly shifting sands, yet determined all the way down. And left no more sign than his father had.

My mother spoke of these upsets as though the glass-bottomed disaster were the greater. But my father insisted that the youth who had followed his father had been simply one more glass-bottomed damned fool.

"Not all the damned fools are at the bottom of the lake," my mother observed.

How having a relative who didn't happen to go down with the Chicora made anyone an authority on shipping disasters my father claimed he failed to see.

How a man could work six years for the Yellow Cab Company and not get

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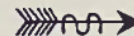


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to be foreman was what my mother failed to see.

How a man could get to be a foreman when he had a woman who never let him rest was another thing my father failed to see.

If a man didn't have a woman to inspire him he could never be a millionaire was how things looked to my mother.

If a man has to be nagged into being a millionaire he's better off to stay poor was my father's decision.

Some men couldn't even be nagged into being a foreman my mother implied.

Then she might as well save her breath, my father concluded, and threw the cat off the davenport.

"That's right, blame everything on the cat." My mother encouraged us all to penalize the cat for our poverty.

"What good is a cat that won't hunt mice?" my father wanted to know, with the *Saturday Evening Blade* across his face.

"He can't hunt mice because he's handicapped," my mother explained.

"Then let him hunt a handicapped mouse," my father suggested.

"He can't hunt because he can't smell," my mother insisted. "When you cut off a kitten's whiskers he'll never smell anything."

"Has he tried using his nose?" my father inquired softly.

I'd snipped the brute's whiskers off with my sister's nail scissors, but to this very day I cannot help but feel that the real reason that cat never caught mice was, purely and simply, that it didn't want to take unnecessary chances. It was accident-prone and it knew it. Especially when I was near.

When it limped home trying to lick red paint off its fur, however, that was none of my doing. I simply hadn't thought of it. The stuff stuck pretty good, especially onto the softer fur around its paws. Both my mother and father agreed that nobody could have done anything as idiotic as ducking a cat into a can of red paint except Johnny Sheeley, but they were both wrong.

The kid who had done it, the kid to watch out for, the real neighborhood nut wasn't really Johnny Sheeley. It was Baldy Costello.

Baldy raised hell with us littler kids. He was *really* mean and *really* bald, too. And *really* accident-prone. The 71st Street trolley, that had never run anyone down in its life, chomped off two of Baldy's toes. The shock, it was said, was what had caused his hair to fall out, but I think that was only a handy excuse. That kid never really *wanted* to have hair.

The backs of both his hands were tattooed with decalomania papers we called "cockomanies" and sometimes his

forearms, too. He shoved me off my handmade pushmobile, raced it down to 71st Street and left it lying in the middle of the tracks. My sister recovered it before it got smashed but I never cared for that pushmobile anymore.

Baldy was a thief and was always caught. Whether anyone had actually seen him take the money out of a purse or not was not important, because he always spent it immediately on cockomanies. When money was missing in the neighborhood, Baldy was sure to show up half an hour later covered from forehead to forearms with red, green and purple designs.

A few years later he became one of the first men to sit in Cook County's electric chair upon conviction of murder and rape.

That's what I mean by accident-prone.

. . .

There was no way of prying my mother off an idea nor an idea off my mother. One afternoon as our winter life was running toward spring, I was busy addressing valentines to put into a box on the teacher's desk the following day. She would then call out the names of everybody's valentine in what was a kind of runoff election to determine who was the most popular girl and boy in the class.

There were 48 kids in that class and I had 46 greetings.

"Are you sending one to Mildred Ford?" my mother asked.

Mildred Ford was the only colored kid in the Park Manor school at that time. How she got there I never was told. It was just my luck that she should show up for Valentine's Day.

I had no answer, so I made none.

Mildred Ford, by tacit agreement, had been ruled off the turf.

No answer didn't work. When I'd finished the 46th heart-shaped greeting, my mother scooped up the bundle.

"You can't send valentines to anybody unless you send one to everybody," she told me.

"Nobody sends a valentine to a nigger, Ma."

"You heard what I said."

The situation was bewildering. Here but a moment ago the world had consisted of 47 of us to one of *them*, and now I was being told to switch sides. For what? Just to make it 46 to 2?

The situation, as Governor Faubus expressed it on a later occasion, was untenable.

"Nobody sent her any last year, Ma." I fell back on tradition.

"Then this is the year to begin," she decided.

It wasn't, you understand, that I had anything against that child personally. It was just that I felt it would be better for *her* if we proceeded more gradually, in another school, on a different holiday.

I was afraid that a promotion to second-class citizenship, if it came too suddenly, might leave the girl unbalanced the rest of her life. All my friends tell me I ought to stop putting the interests of others above my own, but I can't help myself.

The valentine that Miss Ford received from me possessed as much wit as could be bought for a penny at that time: It showed a tearful puppy pleading, "Don't Treat Me Like a Dog, Be My Valentine" — about as far as you could go and still stay segregated in 1918.

All I could see of her, from where I sat, was a pair of nappy pigtails, each tied with a blue ribbon-bow, bent above the one card she had received.

I never spoke to Mildred Ford, she never spoke to me. She didn't thank me for the valentine. But, as she passed me when class let out, she gave me a glance that plainly spoke — "You're on the other side."

I had not known until that moment that there was another side.

. . .

Out of odd lore and remnants of old rains, memory ties rainbows of forgetfulness about the old lost years.

Out of old rains new rainbows.

One such rainbow for me is a winter remembrance: a day when the sun had hidden till dusk. Then the church across the prairie lifted its cross like a command: daylight and cloudlight broke the sky wide, pouring an orange-red light. Triumph and doom shown down, it was The End and The Beginning.

"Gawd's blood is burning," my fiancée, Ethel, explained to me in an awed whisper and, genuflecting, she pulled me down beside her — "Pray" — she ordered in a hoarse whisper.

"Why?" I wanted to know just as hoarsely.

"So you'll see the face of Gawd."

"Is that the same as 'God'?" I wanted to know.

"Don't say 'God,' say 'Gawd' — or you'll never see His face," she warned me.

If I missed His face I'd catch the next showing was my thinking.

An image of Jesus hung above the piano in Ethel's home, but above our piano nobody but Uncle Harry looked down. Yet there was a resemblance: both had died young of a wound in the heart. But Uncle Harry's was hidden under the buttons of his Spanish-American uniform.

That uniform still hung in our closet with a threat about it, because my mother planned to cut it down to fit me, to wear to school on the anniversary of the sinking of the battleship Maine. That would be just about what might be expected of a kid who had asked a colored girl to be his sweetheart.

Ethel's faith in Gawd encouraged me to wait at the window every evening to see His colors rage the sunset sky. Yet





*"What do you mean be an angel? I am an angel!"*



I did not feel I had as much to do with Him, nor He with me, as with the lamplighter who came later.

Came riding a dark bike softly: softly as the snow came riding. God's colors would begin to die on tree and walk and street, when the lamplighter propped his ladder against the night to defend us. Touched a torch to a filament that came up green. Then turned to blue against the drifted snow.

I followed him with my eyes to see a line of light come on like tethered fireflies. God's colors passed but the night flares burned steadily on.

*For we are very lucky  
With a lamp before the door —  
And Leerie stops to light it —*

I read in a book my sister had gotten for me at a library —

*As he lights so many more.*

My memory of that Chicago winter is made of blue-green gas flares across a shining sheet of ice so black and snow so white, it was a marvel to me to recall that under that ice sheet tomatoes lately flowered.

St. Columbanus kids stood around the ice pond's rim with skates under their arms, for an inch of water was already spreading to the pond's edges. When they tested the ice it squeaked the first squeak of spring.

In March came the true thaw, running waters in running weather, when we

raced the sky to school and raced it home once more. The St. Columbanus kids began lingering on the steps of their church — then the light, that had closed each night like a door behind their cross, began to linger, too. As if to see what they would be up to next.

Then the fly-a-kite spring came on and I fled through the ruins of Victory Gardens pulling a great orange grin of a kite higher than the cross of St. Columbanus, with Ethel screaming behind me.

When it soared so high it no longer grinned, I anchored it and Ethel sent a message up: I LOVE MY SAVIOR. I don't know what had frightened that kid so.

Yet that whole blue forenoon she stayed in continuous touch with the Virgin Mary, assisted by an unlikely assortment of angels, dead uncles, saints, martyrs, erring friends and, of course, Gawd. The kite went to work for the Church. It became a Jesuit kite scouring Heaven for proselytes. Ethel ran home and came back with a cup of holy water to help it. I made no protest when she sprinkled me. She was older and infinitely wiser than myself.

"I'm a Catholic now," I announced that night at dinner.

"Eat your soup," my mother instructed me.

"Ethel baptized me."

"That takes a priest. Eat your soup."

"I want to see the face of Gawd."

"Eat your soup."

I ate the soup but brooded.

Nobody knew I was brooding until I looked at the bread pudding with distaste. Then it was plain something had gone wrong.

So my sister ate it for me and helped my mother with the dishes while I sat on, bread-puddingless, till the last dish was stacked.

Just as Ethel burst into our kitchen. She was weeping with anger or disappointment — "I'm running away from home! I'm going to live with you!"

My father looked at my mother for an explanation. My mother looked at Ethel.

Ethel's father had died without last rites and her mother had paid a priest \$100 to keep her late husband from spending eternity in Purgatory. The priest, Ethel now told us between sobs, had returned to tell the family that all the \$100 had done was to get the old man to his knees. It would take another \$100 to get him out. But Ethel's mother had answered, "If the old man is on his knees, let him jump the rest of the way," and had sent the priest on his way. The blasphemy had provoked Ethel's decision to run away from home.

Ethel's mother opened the kitchen door, tossed in an armful of the girl's clothing onto the floor — "And don't come home!" she announced, and slammed the door on her pious daughter.

The cast-out girl stood silently. Then her features began working.

"He'll never see the face of Gawd!" she howled her grief and love. "He'll never see *His* face!"

"Then let him look at his ass," my father made a swift decision.

On weekdays I got a penny to spend and blew my nose into a rag. But on Sundays I got 10 cents and a clean handkerchief. Weekdays gave only the meanest kind of choice: that between two yellow jawbreakers or licorice whips or a piece of chewing wax shaped like a wine bottle with a few drops of sugar water inside. But Sundays offered a choice between a chocolate or vanilla or strawberry sundae.

Sundays were for sundaes, the very same day that Ethel was my girl and I was the one with the dime. Ethel owned weekdays because she was closer to Gawd. But Sundays belonged to me because I was the one who knew the way to the country where maraschino cherries lived atop vanilla ice-cream cones. Where strawberries loved whipped cream and pineapple syrup ran down both sides of banana splits. It was all butter-cream frosting there, where caramels lived in candy pans and Green River fizzed beside root beer. It was always root-beer and ginger-ale time, it was always time for lemonade there. Where walnuts lived in butter-cream fudge and pecans lived in chocolate. It was the one place where vanilla, chocolate and strawberry



"Edward, I want a divorce."





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embraced. Ethel's church was St. Columbanus but mine was John the Greek's, The Store Where Ice Cream Came True.

Yet even there Ethel couldn't forget Gawd. She was really dotty on Jesus. The minute John the Greek brought us two glasses of water, that kid would start sprinkling me. I didn't mind the wetting as the day was warm. But as she had already used holy water on me without any result, I didn't see how a couple glasses of soda-fountain water would do any good.

And as though that weren't enough superstition for one Sunday, she would dare me to step on a crack in the walk all the way home. If I did, Gawd would strike me dead, she decided.

I didn't believe a word of it. I put both feet down flat, deliberately, on each crack of the walk, all the way home.

Nothing happened.

"You wait and see," she warned me.

Another Sunday, though the weather was still cool, Ethel and her mother and my mother and myself took a basket lunch and swimming suits and went to the Jackson Park beach.

A replica of Columbus' flagship, the Santa Maria, had been standing around the Jackson Park lagoon since the World's Fair of 1893. We took our lunch on the grass in view of its rotting hulk. Ethel and her mother went to the women's bathhouse and I went to the men's to change into swimming suits.

My mother wasn't going swimming herself and she felt the weather was too cool for swimming. If I wanted to go in the water I would have to put the suit on over my winter underwear.

When I came out of the bathhouse Ethel's mother took one look and started to laugh. Then my mother laughed. It must have been a pitiful sight. When Ethel began to laugh, however, I felt really brought down.

In pauses in our play, after that Sunday, Ethel would survey me gravely—then give me a smile of thinnest mockery as she saw me once more in a swimming suit drawn on over a suit of long underwear. Ground lost by such experience is not easily regained.

As the roll-a-hoop spring came on blue as peace. By the light that now lingered, the light that now held, I stood bowed against the gas lamp crying warning—"eight-nine-ten-redlight!" As the roll-a-hoop spring raced to a summer of redlight pursuit.

A terrier got hit in the street by a car that kept going. We heard its yelp and watched it drag itself to the curb. Ethel gave it last rites.

The next morning she got me out of bed to give it a Catholic burial. And I hadn't even known the brute was Christian.

We took turns digging with a toy shovel. When it was deep enough Ethel

began crossing herself and I stepped back until she should tell me to throw in the deceased.

Johnny Sheeley came up, put his six quarts of milk down, and took the shovel from me. The grave wasn't deep enough, it seemed.

At his first stroke, the shovel bent and Johnny looked humiliated.

"Wait for me," he asked us. We stood around until he came back bearing a man-sized shovel.

Johnny dug until we grew tired of watching him and wandered off to hunt four-leaf clovers. When we came back he had dug himself to his waist.

The dead terrier lay beside the milk. Ethel threw in an extra prayer for the dog and I practiced crossing myself until it was time for lunch.

From our front window, I watched Johnny on the warm noon, digging for his life. He had, it was plain, forgotten both dog and milk, dirty home and dirty mother. In the early afternoon Ethel came down to fetch me and we went out to watch Johnny for lack of anything else to do.

"You're going to catch it if you don't get home," Ethel shouted down into the hole from which we could see Johnny's sweat-tousled head. Her answer was a shovelful of dirt from which we both jumped back.

Johnny dug until we saw his mother coming—somebody had snatched! She was a formidable harridan who supported half a dozen sons and daughters with her backyard dairy, doing more herself than her whole brood combined. Johnny tried to scramble out, but couldn't get a hold. His mother had to get two of his brothers out of bed to pull him up.

When they got him up, without a word they both began punching him, while his mother slapped him with the broad of her hand. Johnny ducked into a running crouch and all three followed, punching and slapping, the old woman carrying the soured milk in her left hand while she slapped at his ears with her right.

The battle went across South Park Avenue, with Ethel and me following, drawn by horror and joy, through a narrow way between the building and up the alley between South Park and Vernon Avenue, when Ethel's mother and mine both hollered us back into our own yards. I don't remember whether the terrier ever got buried.

I know the great hole remained there until my father filled it with the shovel Johnny had left, and Ethel and I had to return the shovel as some sort of punishment. Nobody knew what we had to be punished for, but my punishment was always the same; I was excommunicated from the Catholic Church. I don't see how my father was qualified to excom-

municate anybody, but he did it all the same.

This time it was my mother who thought the action was comical and my father who went around growling that somebody ought to have that milk-delivery kid locked up before he started thinking about girls.

So far as I know, Johnny never got any ideas about girls that were any funnier than anyone else's.

In the late sunflowered summer of 1918 I took my fiancée to John the Greek's confectionery on the corner of Vernon Avenue and 71st Street. She ordered a strawberry sundae and I ordered chocolate and John put his favorite record on his mechanical piano and sang along with the song for us—

*If you don't like your Uncle Sammy  
If you don't like the red, white and  
blue*

*Go back from whence you came  
Whatever land its name*

*Don't bite the hand that's feeding  
you—*

In the corn-stalked autumn of 1918 I built a new pushmobile out of an orange crate and fitted it with a candle holder. When my father got off the 71st Street trolley he could see me flickering toward him in the dark. And held my hand all the way home.

• • •

That was the last autumn my mother took me to see my grandmother and grandfather.

We walked together below the Lake Street el, and a grandfatherly light came down through the Lake Street ties.

All the way to the West Side House.

The West Side House was where my grandfather sat sealing cigars of his own making with a lick of his tongue. The band he wrapped each cigar in said it was a Father & Son Cigar.

And he had promised to tell me a secret he had not told any of his other grandchildren.

And the secret that I was never to tell was that he, himself, personally, *my own grandfather*, had thought up the name of the Father & Son Cigar! That he was therefore the *inventor* of the Father & Son Cigar! And that he had applied for a patent on the name: FATHER & SON CIGAR.

And that it was a *good* cigar.

I was proud to have the man who had invented the Father & Son Cigar for a grandfather.

Then he made the wooden half-figure of a clown on his worktable blow real smoke at me and we went upstairs to dinner.

Behind my grandfather's West Side House stood the *Sommerhaus*, a little old-world cottage with blinds.

It was always summer in the *Sommerhaus*.





*"I said, scram!"*



The old man sat at dinner with his wife at his right hand and all his married daughters, and all his married sons, and his grandchildren running in and out of the *Sommerhaus*. He was proud that all of his grandchildren had been born in the States.

But I was the only one in the whole tribe for whom he made a wooden clown that blew real smoke.

I was the only one the old man ever told *who* thought up the name of the Father & Son Cigar.

And that it was a *good* cigar.

After dinner Uncle Bill sat at the player piano and played *The Faded Coat of Blue* and Aunt Toby sang the words. Aunt Toby didn't look exactly faint and hungry the way it said in the song —

*He sank faint and hungry  
Among the vanquished brave  
And they laid him sad and lonely  
In a grave unknown  
O no more the bugle  
Calls the lonely one  
Rest, noble spirit  
In thy grave unknown —*

but I figured it must be because she had just had dinner.

Then in no time at all it was time to go home and I walked back with my mother below the Lake Street el.

A grandfatherly light drifted like yellow cigar smoke between the ties and my mother hummed cheerfully —

*Take me for a joy-ride  
A girl-ride, a boy-ride  
I'm as reckless as I can be  
I don't care what becomes of me —*

all the way home.

Halloween night Ethel and I put on false faces and went up and down 71st Street chalking windows of laundry, undertaker, delicatessen and butcher shop. Dotty as ever, Ethel chalked a cross on John the Greek's and I wrote below the cross — EVERYTHING INSIDE IS A PENNY! and we both ran off screaming. On my way home from the Park Manor School the next noon, all the store windows had been washed clean except John the Greek's.

John's window stayed chalked. On Sunday morning police broke the lock and found John hanging by his belt above the candy tins. I don't know how it had happened, but I now knew there *was* something terrible afoot in the world, and began to skip the sidewalk cracks just to make sure *it* wouldn't get me.

I skipped the cracks with particular care when passing the Hanged Man's Place. Frost froze the cracks over and the Hanged Man's windows went white.

I rubbed off the frost with my mitten and peered in: Dust and cold had laid a gray hand across the bottles of Green

River and Coca-Cola. The great jar of fresh strawberry syrup had fermented, then split the bowl, bubbled over the counter. It hung in a long frozen drip like a string of raw meat.

The magic of strawberry was gone. The magic of its smells and the magic of its color all hung in a freezing dust.

That night I said the German prayer my mother had taught me out of her own childhood:

*Ich bin klein  
Mein Herz ist rein  
Darf niemand 'drin wohnen  
Bloss Gott und die Engel allein.*

Yet somewhere between that St. Valentine's Day and the Store Where Ice Cream Came True I had realized that where God's colors raged behind a lifted cross was no business of mine: that these were for people who lived upstairs and not for people who lived down.

My father was a working man in a day when the working hour was from 6 A.M. to 6 P.M. He left the house before daylight six days a week and returned home after dark six days a week, year in and year out.

He worked for McCormick Reaper and Otis Elevator and Packard and the Yellow Cab Company in a time when there was no sick leave, no vacations, no seniority and no social security. There was nothing for him to do but to get a hold as a machinist and to hold as hard as he could as long as he could.

He was a good holder but he was unable to keep any one job for more than four or five years because he couldn't handle other men. He could handle any piece of machinery, if left alone. But he was as unable to give orders as he was to take them. He was a tenacious holder, but after four or five years he would hit a foreman. This would happen so blindly that he would be as stunned by it as the man he had hit.

When he walked into the kitchen at noon with his tool chest under his arm my mother knew it had happened again. The first time this happened I was frightened, because I had never seen him, during the week, in the middle of the day. I had the feeling my mother was going to go for him like never before.

That was one time she didn't go at him at all.

Then for days we lived under an oppression of which only the tool chest in the corner of the kitchen spoke. On the morning I rose to find the tool chest and the old man gone to work together, the sense of ominousness lifted, and life began once more.

He was a fixer of machinery in basements and garages who had seen the Electrified Fountain in Lincoln Park.

My father was a farm youth who had

come to the city to see Little Egypt dance, and had stayed on to work for many great plants; for they offered him twice the wages that others were getting for doing the same work.

He liked earning twice as much as anybody else and would stay on the job loyally until some picket would take him aside and ask him how he would like to have his head blown off his shoulders.

My father would say that he would like to wait until after lunch if that wasn't asking too much.

He had witnessed the fight between police and anarchists on the Black Road near the McCormick works. He heard Samuel Fielden speak on the Lake Front, but his most vivid memory was of Honeythroat Regan singing *If He Can Fight Like He Can Love* [Goodby] Germany.

My father avoided being killed in situations simmering with violence simply because he didn't hear anything simmering.

The day falls with a colder light today, between the Lake Street ties, than once fell between the blinds of the *Sommerhaus*.

It was always summer in the *Sommerhaus*, the old-world house lit by a grandfatherly light, where grandchildren ran in and out before dinner.

When I was the only one, of all those children, to whom the old man told the name of the inventor of The Father & Son Cigar.

And the farm boy from Black Oak who worked for McCormick Reaper and Otis Elevator and Packard and Yellow Cab became an old man on a West Side bed. An old man who lay without knowing that his wife and son stood looking down at him.

They saw his right hand take the fingers of his left as though something had gone wrong with the fingers, and saw he was trying to fix the machinery of his left hand with the machinery of his right.

They saw him pass from life into death still trying to fix machinery.

His old woman saw him go, yet she did not weep.

So the son knew that, for all his fixing, the old man hadn't fixed anything after all.

Now a winter of a single wind drives snow against the blue-and-white legend that once said LAKE STREET. But the ads that once bragged and the pigeons that made summer strut, drunkard and lover both alike, have passed into neon mists adrift above the town.

Captain and crewman, all alike, are down with all hands on the proud ship Chicora: lost without trace in the ice off South Haven.

Sunken without sign on the unshaken waters.

Yet it was a good cigar.





*because he's  
so important  
give him*

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in, month out — isn't the Playmate, it's our articles on male fashion.

In truth, the vociferous critic of **PLAYBOY** is apt to reveal more about himself than about our magazine. There is something wrong with an adult who is embarrassed by pictures of pretty girls and who becomes extremely agitated when sex is treated with anything but solemnity. They are frequently people who have more than their share of morbid curiosity about the reams of newspaper devoted in the daily press to stories in which there is a close association between sex and sin, vice, crime, violence and the exposé.

During our first year of publication, we had a Chicago police censor point to a full color illustration of a story by Erskine Caldwell and inform us that it was objectionable, because the man in the loose fitting overalls, sprawled out on the front steps of a wooden shack, had an erection. It was an erection that existed entirely in the mind of that police censor. The artist had drawn wrinkles in the overalls, but the diligent censor had found an erection there.

Here's a more recent example of the same sort of subjective criticism of content: Most of the comment quoted at the beginning of this editorial was concerned

with concept and we will get to that in the second half of this statement of **PLAYBOY**'s philosophy. The most critical of the group was Professor Benjamin DeMott, however, and he concerned himself with both concept and content in his article, "The Anatomy of **PLAYBOY**," accusing us in his final paragraph — along with other "girlie books" — of having been born from "stinking seeds." A colorful writer, this professor. Now let's see how accurate he is. Our Party Jokes page is enlivened each month with whimsical sketches of a tiny female nymph we affectionately call a Femlin. In the May 1962 issue, the first sketch shows the little imp watching a man shave with an electric razor; in the second sketch, the Femlin playfully tugs at the razor's cord, trying to pull the plug free from the wall socket; in the last drawing, the razor has stopped running and the man is scowling down at his Femlin, while she hides the plug behind her back and smiles impudently over her shoulder at us. That's the way celebrated artist LeRoy Neiman *thought* he'd drawn his May Femlin illustrations. Now let Professor DeMott describe the very same scene, as he did in his *Commentary* article: "The white space on a page of a recent **PLAYBOY** was dressed with three

sketches of a man shaving with an electric razor, in the company of Miss Buxom clad in black stockings and gloves. In the first panel the girl studies the wall plug to which the razor is attached; the second shows her pulling the plug from the wall — the man still shaves, owing to the current she generates; in the third, the girl holds the razor cord in her hands and smiles down approvingly as the man touches the buzzing machine to her pleased nipple."

The professor obviously lives in a far more sensual world than we do, for he apparently sees sexual activity all around him, where none exists. He was able to supply an entire secondary story line of his own to the illustrations, even though the drawings themselves made his conclusions impossible. In the second sketch, where he has decided the Femlin is generating electric current to run the razor, the razor is still running, because the plug (clearly shown in the drawing) is not yet fully removed from the wall socket; in the last sketch, where the professor describes the Femlin smiling down approvingly "as the man touches the buzzing machine to her pleased nipple," the plug is now out of the wall and the razor is no longer running. In none of the sketches is the Femlin touching the exposed end of the plug (she is always holding the insulated cord), permitting not the slightest possibility for the professor's interpretation. And lastly, the head of the razor is not pointed in the direction of the Femlin and is not even touching the Femlin's breast. Professor DeMott used this descriptive scene to help prove the extreme sexual nature of **PLAYBOY** and the illusion he says we try to create, that all women are over-sexed or, as he rather crudely puts it, "wild wild wild to be snatched."

What do you say about a critic whose sexual fantasies include the application of electric razors to girl's nipples(?) and who not only builds such a fantasy without material help from the source (like the joke about the man who saw sexual scenes in every Rorschach inkblot and, after the test, asked the psychiatrist if he could borrow the "dirty pictures" for a party he was having that weekend), but who actually manages to ignore all details in the drawings that make his interpretation of them quite impossible? It may be reasonable to suggest that the "stinking seeds" the good professor finds in **PLAYBOY** are actually growing in his mind rather than on our pages.

In the second part of "The Playboy Philosophy," which appears next month, Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner answers the critics of **PLAYBOY**'s concept and discusses the Upbeat Generation, the womanization of America and our drift towards an asexual society.



"Here comes old man Simpson and his Christmas bonuses."





## PLAYBOY INTERVIEW (continued from page 66)

1940. Before that I'd been working in clubs, mainly the 18 Club on 52nd Street in New York, a comedians' club where they did nothing but rib the customers. I didn't do jokes, I did impersonations and impressions of anybody and everybody: Humphrey Bogart, Charles Boyer, the owners of the club, anybody that deserved to be impersonated. Jack Warner came in one night, and the nicest guy I know, Freddie Lamb, one of the managers, pointed me out to him. Warner must have been loaded — he put me under contract and I started out for the Coast. In Chicago I found out I could change my ticket and stay overnight. I ran into Red Skelton, Danny Thomas and a couple other guys there and I did a little gambling. I don't gamble often. I have a philosophy: Why put money on something you *think* when money is already something you *know*? But this time it wasn't working for me, and I lost everything but about six bucks. I knew I couldn't eat in the dining car all the rest of the way to Hollywood on that, so I got off at some clam-town stop, bought myself a box of Baby Ruths, and Baby Ruthed myself all the way to Hollywood. I was so hungry when I got there I would have eaten lime jello. The pictures I made were not Award contenders. I played sailors, gangsters, Arabs, musicians. I had a lot of fun in those pictures, but now that I look back on them I realize it was a waste of time. It's always a waste of time when a comedian plays an Arab.

**PLAYBOY:** Now that you're no longer playing Arabs, and have won a position in Hollywood where you can write your own ticket, why are you going back into television?

**GLEASON:** Simple. I like the action. It's too big an industry for me to sit around and watch it go by, and I'm too big a ham. Besides, it's part of my business. I'm not just one kind of entertainer.

**PLAYBOY:** With a weekly series, aren't you concerned about overexposure?

**GLEASON:** I've been exposed as much as anybody else, and I'm still breathing. Being exposed doesn't worry me as much as *not* being exposed: that's why I came back. I never forget that I started with nothing and I can wind up with nothing. See this lighter and this cigarette case I carry? Solid gold. But they're not monogrammed. You can't hock stuff that's monogrammed.

**PLAYBOY:** Might it not be better for you if you did only one show a month, or big shows on an irregular schedule?

**GLEASON:** You can't do that. You can't build an audience that way. It's a habit an audience gets into, watching you every week. If you're on once a month you have to have a big publicity campaign to get people aware that you're

coming back on. Networks aren't interested in specials anymore. You'll see very few this season. They can't gauge ratings on single shows, they don't know what they draw, and therefore they can't sell them to advertisers. Besides, can you imagine people sitting around for four weeks waiting to see *The Great Gleason*? **PLAYBOY:** What do you think of advertisers, sponsors, and the Madison Avenue mind in general?

**GLEASON:** I never had much formal education — a couple weeks at Bushwick High in Brooklyn and a few more at John Adams. And because I lacked formal education, I used to worry about going up against the Madison Avenue crowd. Then I remembered how it was in Brooklyn. When I was hanging around in front of poolrooms and drugstores, cigarettes were a luxury. Guys were always grubbing them from you, and you had to be ready for them. What you did, you bought a pack and put 19 in your pocket and kept one in the pack, so when a guy tried to bum one you'd say, "Last one." Then you'd try to bum one from him. Well, what I found out was that whether you're dealing with kids in Brooklyn or Yale men on Madison Avenue, whether you're doing it in front of a poolroom or in 21, you oughta always have just one cigarette in the pack.

**PLAYBOY:** Does this mean you have to be prepared for some horse trading when you do business with Madison Avenue?

**GLEASON:** I'm saying you can't leave your brains on the bedside table. I've been lucky in that I've always had good people negotiating for me. I haven't had to do too much myself. One time I remember we were negotiating the contract for *The Honeymooners*. I think it amounted to something like \$17,000,000 for three years. That sounded like a dream to me, so I fell asleep. I wasn't being disrespectful, I was sleepy. That's like the time I sent a CBS vice-president out to get me a bottle of red wine. It wasn't that I wanted him to be my flunky. He just didn't seem to be doing anything at the moment, and I was thirsty. He enjoyed the wine, too, by the way. But I'll tell you one thing about Madison Avenue and network guys. Their word is solid gold. It might be tough to get their word, but once they give it they stick to it. I'll have to admit that their language is pretty funny sometimes. An agency friend of mine gave me a new one the other day. In a meeting, his boss said, "Don't let's issue them uniforms until we're sure they're on our team." You got to fall down when you hear that kind of language. People have a lot of fun at the expense of those Madison Avenue boys, but you shouldn't underestimate their intelligence. They're smart, you

got to hand them that. But maybe they're not as smart as I am in one area: comedy. If they were, they'd be doing it. **PLAYBOY:** Have they ever tried to interfere with your ideas?

**GLEASON:** They've tried sometimes. They would make suggestions, ask why I didn't do a particular scene this way or that way. But I never took their advice because I knew what I was doing and they didn't. If they didn't think I knew what I was doing, why would they have hired me? You get used to their trying to interfere. It's only human for them to try. Early this year when we were putting together our first show, we thought of an idea and one of the writers said, "They won't let us do that." I said, "Fine. That'll give us our first chance to fight with them and we'll get *that* over with." I've never come to the point of walking out because of interference. You resolve these things. They'll let you win one or two fights . . . but you *gotta* win them. You gotta be right. And I always was. Once you establish that, they don't question you.

The greatest example is *The Honeymooners*. They said it would be inferior on film. They didn't realize that two-thirds of the nation never saw it any way *but* on film — inferior film, Kinescope, because of the change in time from East to West. They argued against film, but I went ahead and did it on film, and it's in its ninth time around in syndication. I think that's a pretty good record of knowing what I'm doing.

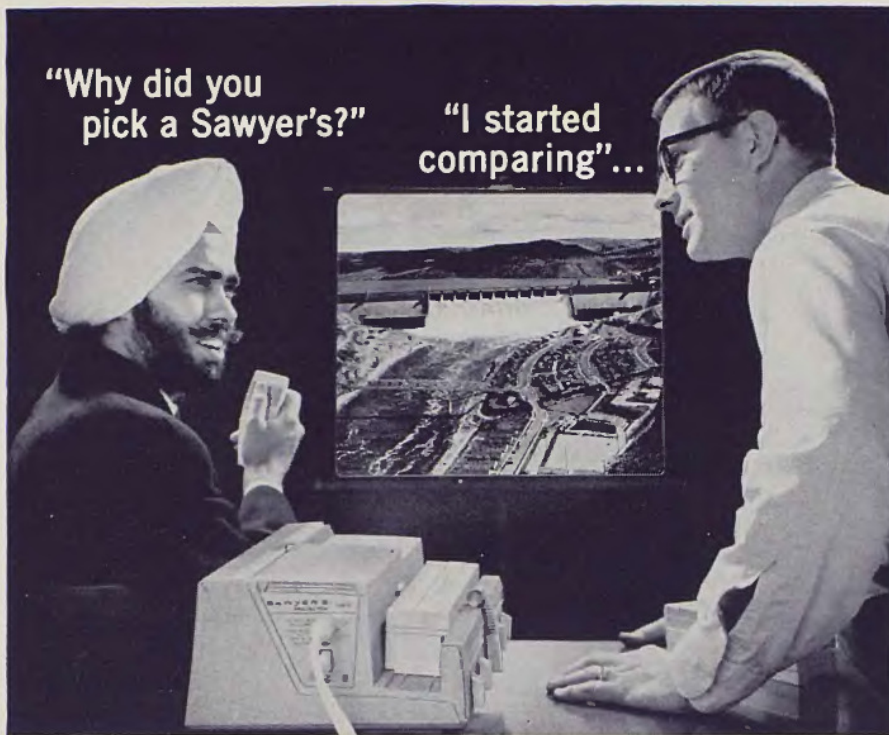
**PLAYBOY:** You're returning to a much maligned medium. Do you feel that the criticism is justified?

**GLEASON:** I don't think there's much wrong with it. I think it's a great medium and that it's progressing faster than any other entertainment medium ever progressed. I think children are much smarter because of it, they have a greater scope of intelligence, wider vocabularies than they might have without it. The only thing wrong with TV is the viewers. They don't economize on their watching. You can't do that with any medium. If they would view it a little less they would appreciate what they see a little more. I don't see that Pay TV is going to improve it much except to enable people to select what they think they want to see. The way it is now, they get it all for nothing and they don't know when to quit. If they're paying maybe they'll be more selective. But the same things will be on it, except a few things that aren't on now — plays, operas, big fights. Maybe they'll let you see the big fights for nothing.

**PLAYBOY:** It has often been said that network television, a mass medium, places inhibitions on creative freedom. Wouldn't you have more scope to do what you want, say, on Broadway?

**GLEASON:** I was on Broadway in *Take Me*





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Along, and I never had a worse time in my life.

PLAYBOY: But wasn't that because of your much publicized feud with David Merrick, the producer?

GLEASON: I don't know any David Merrick, the producer.

PLAYBOY: Well, would you ever perform again in a musical or a Broadway play for a David Merrick, if you knew such a producer?

GLEASON: I never performed for him, I worked for the audience. No, I wouldn't do it again. Nor for anybody else. It's too dull. I was in it 15 months, and that's a long time. They just recently offered me a show and said they'd run only five days a week if I'd do it. That would make theatrical history. I turned it down. It was a good idea, too—a musical version of *Born Yesterday*.

PLAYBOY: Of all the things you do professionally—comedy, dramatic acting, song-writing, conducting—which gives you the most satisfaction?

GLEASON: Just performing. And creating. Most of the things I do are my own creation. The TV show, although it's written by writers, is a creation of mine.

PLAYBOY: Are the comic characters you've created—Reggie Van Gleason, the Poor Soul, Ralph Kramden—in any sense autobiographical?

GLEASON: No, they aren't any Jekylls or Hydes. They all were created with malice aforethought.

PLAYBOY: What about *The Honeymooners*? Did you ever know a couple like that?

GLEASON: Everybody knows a couple like that. That's why the show lasted so long.

PLAYBOY: What is your actual technique of creation on a show like *The Honeymooners*? Do you sit at the typewriter?

GLEASON: No, when I write I sit with a pencil and pad. I put down some ideas and I tell the writers, "If any of these hit you, fine." We might go from one idea to something a million miles away. If none of the ideas hit them, we try something else. We discuss them and they go away and write them, and I either like what they do or don't, and they fix them or whatever, and then we got a scene. Same way with my music. I can't read music. I play a little trumpet, some one-hand piano, and bottled-in-bond drums. I get the ideas and discuss them with arrangers, and they give me what I want to hear on paper, the way I've heard it in my head.

PLAYBOY: How do you account for the fact that you never learned to play the piano with two hands?

GLEASON: I need one free to hold a glass. Hell, I'm glad I'm not a real musician. No real musician would do what I do in music. My theories aren't musically sound, they say, but they're sound public theories. For example, a Dixieland band with strings behind it—what real



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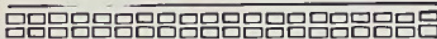
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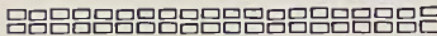
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musician in his right mind would think of doing that? Or a choir of trumpets? Or 32 mandolins? We had a hell of a time getting those mandolin players. It turned out that every mandolin player was an Italian barber, and for two days while we were making that record you couldn't get a haircut in the Bronx, Manhattan, Brooklyn, or Queens. Also, I had the first big vocal group that made noises like musical instruments. It was a riot. Everybody's copied it since.

**PLAYBOY:** Time described your music as suggesting "Log Cabin syrup poured over slowly turning pizza." What do you say to that?

**GLEASON:** A hell of a lot of people seem to like Log Cabin syrup poured over slowly turning pizza.

**PLAYBOY:** One of your former associates says that your income from records alone is over \$100,000 a year. Is this true?

**GLEASON:** That must be his cut.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you really think, as you have been quoted as saying, that the \$100,000 a year CBS pays you to stay off other networks is "peanuts"?

**GLEASON:** I never said it was peanuts. I said it was just enough to keep me exclusive, and just enough to make me aggravated that I wasn't on regular.

**PLAYBOY:** How much do you earn in a year?

**GLEASON:** I really don't know. Five dollars more or less than the bills. Everybody's happy.

**PLAYBOY:** How much do you spend in a week?

**GLEASON:** I never keep account. Honestly. I do overtip. One night in El Morocco I asked a waiter how much was the most he ever got and he said \$100. I gave him \$200. Then I asked him who gave him the \$100. He said, "You did, Mr. Gleason." Who else but The Greatest? But I don't know why anybody would earn a lot of money except to spend it. My family's taken care of, I got no one dependent on me, so other than admiring a savings account I don't know what the hell else I could do with my money. People have the strange idea that I throw money away, simply because I spend it quickly. They think I don't know the value of money. It might be that the reason I spend it is because I do know its value. You can't sit on it, wear it, make a house with it. You sure can't kiss it. What else can you do but spend it?

**PLAYBOY:** On what do you spend most?

**GLEASON:** My home. The only thing that made it so expensive was not that there is anything garish in it, but that the materials used are so unusual. Marble came from Italy. Special wood was used, the kind they build ships out of. And the workmanship cost a lot.

**PLAYBOY:** How would you describe the decor?

**GLEASON:** Gleason Contemporary. I designed most of it myself. It's the most

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comfortable place I've ever been in, and I've devoted most of my life to being comfortable.

**PLAYBOY:** Is it true that there is a \$38,000 Rolls-Royce in your garage?

**GLEASON:** No, not anymore. I gave it away to a charity. Anyone can get a Rolls. Few can give one away. Besides, the ashtrays were full.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you do with your spare time?

**GLEASON:** I have no spare time. I'm either working or I'm playing golf. Oh, I might drop into Toots' place to kill a couple hours every once in a while. But, you know, talking to Toots is hard work, too, the way he goes.

**PLAYBOY:** How's your golf game?

**GLEASON:** I've shot scratch, but not recently. The thing I like about golf is you can't lick it. I had a hole-in-one some time ago. It cost me \$380 in buying drinks. I yelled so loud they came from miles around. But I don't get as much time for golf as I'd like. When I'm not working or on the green, I'm studying.

**PLAYBOY:** We understand you have a huge library of books on psychic phenomena, ESP, UFO, and the occult sciences.

**GLEASON:** I think I've got about 12,000 books on those subjects. When I was a kid I studied the lives of the saints. They had some peculiar manifestations and experiences and I wondered if that could happen to ordinary people. From there I got into psychology and then paranormal psychology and then supernatural psychology, and that led to medicine and biochemistry, and that's how it came about.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you believe in ESP?

**GLEASON:** Oh, sure. And precognition, I believe in. But I would like to have somebody show me a ghost. I've seen some real spooky people in my time, but I've never seen a ghost and I've never heard of anybody who's really been able to prove they saw one. Everybody makes the same mistake about this. They think the study of psychic phenomena has to do with death, or the fear of it. That's as ridiculous as saying a doctor studies medicine because he's afraid of disease. The study of ESP and related subjects is a legitimate study. It's recognized as such today.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you believe in life after death?

**GLEASON:** Of course.

**PLAYBOY:** Reincarnation?

**GLEASON:** If **PLAYBOY** comes back as *Better Homes and Gardens*, then I'll believe in it. Why don't you ask me what I think of **PLAYBOY**.

**PLAYBOY:** All right, what do you think of **PLAYBOY**?

**GLEASON:** As long as the epidermis of any girl is attractive, you will prosper. However, if your girls put on clothes and my ego goes into hibernation, we're both cooked.

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## WHY MARRY?

(continued from page 142)

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### THE JOYS OF CHILDREN

Children are certainly a great joy. This is particularly true of other people's children.

To enjoy them fully, encourage brothers, sisters, or close friends to marry and procreate. It is the uncle or trusted friend who sees children at their best. They will be clean, well-dressed, well-behaved, and with their company manners.

A gift or two may spoil them a little, but will go a long way toward making the nonfather loved and admired. Romp with them freely. It will do you no harm if the children are well-trained, and will be appreciated by the youngsters.

Grandchildren are best. To the grandfather go all the advantages of having children without any of the drawbacks.

How to have grandchildren without going through the occasionally messy process of having children first is a task we have thrown to our researchers.

### SELF-DUPLICATION

You probably feel, as so many men do, that your own qualities are unique and wonderful, and that there should be some way of making more of you. There is.

If you can get used to children, and have enough of them, you may find one who recaptures some of your points.

Though there are other ways of having children, marriage is the only one that is socially acceptable. Get married and before you know it the little ones will be on their way.

### LONGER LIFE

Any set of life insurance figures will show you that married men live longer than unmarried ones. This is true.

What it means is that the men who choose to marry are the longer-lived types, paradoxically enough the less adventurous and more sedentary. This is because of the popular misconception that married life is quieter and more settled.

Getting married will not actually make you live longer. It will shorten your life. But once again, in many cases it is worth it.

### SEX

The man who marries for sex alone will surely regret it.

If you are one of this stripe, you have no need for marriage, since you will have few scruples against taking advantage of unmarried girls, and will find far more sex outside of wedlock than within it.

Our instruction is not for your breed, nor will you be welcome in our discussion groups.

### CHOOSE YOUR OWN REASON

Have you found a reason that suits you?

If you are decent and honorable, you may be swayed by the fact that getting married is *the right thing to do*. This alone will be enough for many of you.

Whatever the reason, if your choice is marriage, do not enter it blindly. The pitfalls are many, the margin for error small. Study carefully the chapters that follow.

NEXT MONTH: "HOW TO SELECT THE FIRST WIFE"



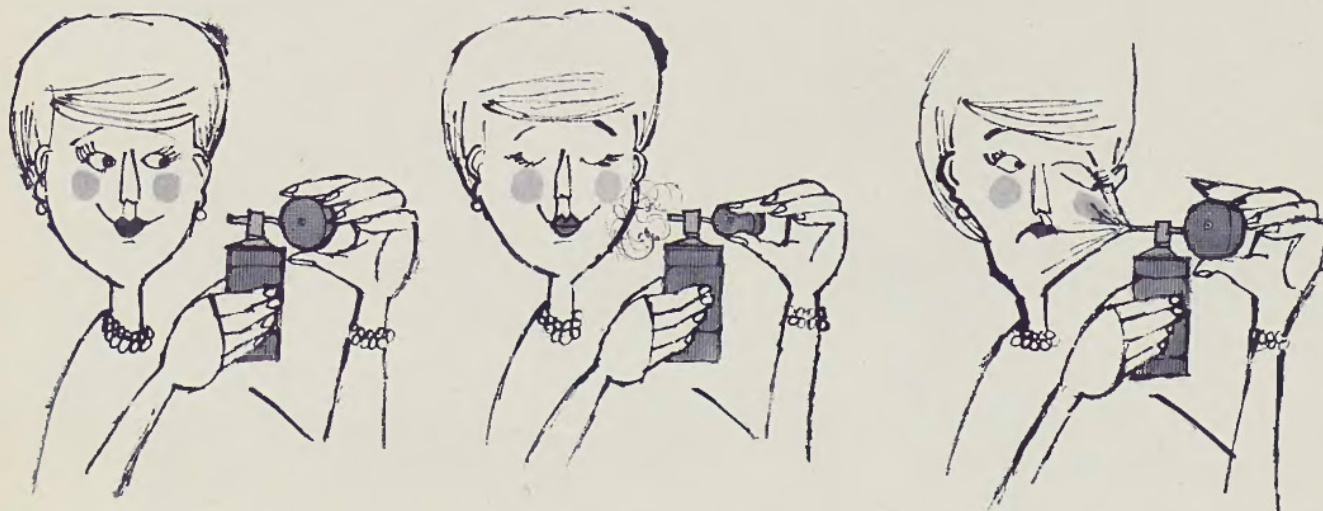
## PLAYBOY PUNCH BOWL

(continued from page 101)

throw, you. Any punch made with a fruit liqueur or sweet fruit juice must be accented with something tart—freshly squeezed lemon or lime, for example—a rule that was noted even in Addison's day when he described, in *The Spectator*, a sign near Charing Cross showing two angels hovering over a punch bowl and squeezing the juice of lemons into it.

Over the centuries, every conceivable vessel—from baptismal fonts to old skulls set in silver, from leather tankards to golden bowls—has been used for wassailry. While the punch that fills the bowl packs a wallop, the cheer that flows from it is always mellowing. Set up a bountifully brimming punch bowl in a one-room studio or a banquet hall, and even the most irascible bar bear is filled with convivial memories of six-foot logs glowing near fireside utensils, and groaning boards wreathed with holly. Certainly, nothing welds together old cliques and new comrades as permanently as amiable imbibing of the punch bowl's contents.

Punch-bowl preparation is a pre-party ritual. Several hours before the first guest arrives, you pour the potables into the bowl to let them marry. If it's a cold punch, a block of ice (cubes dissolve much too quickly) is added early enough to chill the punch, but close enough to party time to avoid over-dilution. Should you add champagne or sparkling water, these go in at the last minute to keep their sprightly sparkle. As the "feast of reason and the flow of soul" mounts, drinkers return for their own refills, so the logistical problem of replenishing glasses never becomes pressing. If there's a large crowd milling about a small punch bowl, it's a simple matter to keep a reserve of the



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mixture in the refrigerator.

Each of the following libations, especially designed to fill any punch-bowl bill — hot, cold, traditional or adventure-some — will take care of approximately 24 six-ounce punch cups.

### PLAYBOY BOURBON PUNCH

- 1 quart plus 10 ozs. 86-proof bourbon
- 7 ozs. orgeat
- 7 ozs. crème de cassis
- 1 pint plus 5 ozs. lemon juice
- 1 quart plus 1 pint sparkling water
- 24 large fresh strawberries

In a punch bowl combine bourbon, orgeat, crème de cassis and lemon juice. Stir until syrups are well blended with other ingredients. Place block of ice in bowl. Just before serving add sparkling water. Float strawberries on punch.

### PLAYBOY WASSAIL BOWL

- 2 fifths very dry sherry
- 20 whole allspice
- 20 whole cloves
- 10 pieces stick cinnamon
- 2 tablespoons prepared grated orange peel
- 1½ cups sugar
- 12 eggs
- 12 ozs. cognac
- 3 warm baked apples

If you own the normal-size mixing bowl attached to an electric mixer, you may have to make this formula in two batches to accommodate the quantities. Put sherry, allspice, cloves, cinnamon and orange peel in a saucepan or pot over a moderate flame. Simmer, don't boil, 10 minutes. Put eggs in mixing bowl. Mix at high speed until eggs are thick and lemon colored. Slowly add sugar, while continuing to mix. Pour sherry mixture slowly into eggs, stirring constantly. Add cognac. Pour punch into punch bowl previously rinsed in hot water. Cut apples into eighths. Add to bowl. Stir punch with ladle occasionally, as liquid bottom and foamy top tend to separate.

### B & B PUNCH

- 2 fifths brandy
- 6 ozs. benedictine
- 1 pint plus 8 ozs. lemon juice
- ½ cup sugar
- 1 quart plus 8 ozs. sparkling water
- 12 thin slices lemon
- 12 thin slices seedless orange

Combine brandy, benedictine, lemon juice and sugar in punch bowl. Stir well until sugar is dissolved. Place block of ice in bowl. Just before serving, add sparkling water. Float lemon and orange slices on punch.

### VENEZUELAN RUM PUNCH

This rich, spicy punch must be cooked the day before the party. As it chills in the refrigerator, it becomes somewhat





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thick, and is thinned to serving consistency just before ladling. Little black specks from the vanilla beans are proper in this drink. To make it biting cold, the filled punch bowl as well as punch cups should be stored in the refrigerator until serving time.

- 1 fifth light rum
- 4 ozs. dark Jamaica rum
- 2 whole vanilla beans
- 1 quart plus 1 pint milk
- 8 egg yolks, well beaten
- 1 1/4 cups sugar
- 1/2 cup cornmeal
- 12 pieces stick cinnamon
- 1 pint milk
- 1 pint light cream

Cut vanilla beans in half lengthwise. Cut crosswise into 1-in. pieces. Put the 1 quart plus 1 pint milk, egg yolks, sugar and cornmeal into top part of double boiler over simmering water. Add vanilla beans and stick cinnamon. Cook, stirring constantly, until mixture thickens, about 10 to 12 minutes. Remove from fire. Add both kinds of rum. Chill in refrigerator overnight. Add 1 pint milk and 1 pint cream. The drink may be served strained or unstrained.

**PINK LIME PUNCH**

- 1 quart plus 1 pint vodka
- 1 pint cherry liqueur
- 1 pint lime juice
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 20-oz. jar red pitted brandied cherries
- 1 quart plus 8 ozs. carbonated water
- 24 thin slices lime

In punch bowl combine vodka, cherry liqueur, lime juice and sugar. Stir well until sugar is dissolved. Place block of ice in bowl. Add cherries together with their juice. Just before serving pour carbonated water into bowl. Float lime slices on top.

**GIN CURAÇAO PUNCH**

- 1 quart gin
- 4 ozs. curaçao
- 1 tablespoon orange bitters
- 4 ozs. kirsch
- 1 quart plus 1 pint orange juice
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 quart sparkling water
- 12 thin slices seedless orange
- 1-lb. pkg. frozen melon balls, thawed and drained

In punch bowl combine gin, curaçao, orange bitters, kirsch, orange juice and sugar. Stir well until sugar dissolves. Place block of ice in bowl. Add sparkling water just before serving. Float orange slices and melon balls on punch.

Once you've prepared the potation to make the "flowing cups run swiftly round," as Richard Lovelace wrote, all that remains is the enticing task of keeping pace with your guests in partaking of the pleasures of the punch bowl.



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CHRISTMAS DINNER FLAMBÉ *(continued from page 90)*

- 1/2 teaspoon tarragon
- 1/2 cup cognac
- 2 tablespoons minced parsley
- Salt, pepper, cayenne pepper

Remove meat from lobster shells. Cut into 1/2 in. thick pieces. Drain tomatoes. Chop meat coarsely. Set aside. Melt butter in pan over direct flame. Add shallots, garlic and tarragon. Sauté until shallots just begin to turn yellow. They should not brown. Add lobster. Sauté about five minutes, stirring frequently, only until lobster is heated through. Don't overcook. Add cognac. Set it aflame. When flames subside, add parsley and tomatoes. Simmer about five minutes longer. Add salt, pepper and cayenne to taste. Serve with curried rice from recipe following. The magnificence of lobster suggests the finest of Moselles, Bernkasteler Doktor.

## CURRIED RICE

- 1 cup long grain rice
- 2 cups water
- 2 teaspoons curry powder
- 1 teaspoon onion salt
- 1 teaspoon salad oil
- 1/4 cup heavy cream

Bring water to a rapid boil. Stir in curry powder, onion salt and oil. Add rice. Stir very well. Cover pot. Cook over lowest possible flame, without stirring, until rice is tender, about 20 minutes. Add cream, bring cream up to boil. Fluff with long kitchen fork.

## CHICKEN AND CEPES WITH ARMAGNAC

- 3 whole breasts of chicken
- 10-oz. can French ceps
- 3 tablespoons butter
- 1/4 cup Armagnac

- 1 pint heavy cream
- 2 tablespoons minced chives
- Salt, pepper, monosodium glutamate
- 4 slices toast

Boil chicken until tender. Cool. Remove skin and bones. Cut meat into large dice. Drain ceps. Cut into 1/4 in. thick slices. Melt butter over low flame. Add chicken and ceps. Sauté about five minutes. Add Armagnac to pan. When hot, set ablaze. When flames subside, add cream and chives. Simmer five to eight minutes. Add salt, pepper and monosodium glutamate to taste. Spoon chicken on toast. Fill champagne glasses with the best 1955 brut you can find.

## BEEF AND KIDNEYS WITH CHAMPAGNE

- 2-lb. shell steak, boneless
- 2 veal kidneys, about 6 oz. each
- 3 tablespoons butter
- 1 tablespoon flour
- 2 tablespoons salad oil
- 1/4 cup very finely minced onion
- 1 teaspoon very finely minced garlic
- 1/2 teaspoon ground fennel
- Salt, freshly ground black pepper
- 1/3 cup bourbon
- 1 pint champagne
- 2 teaspoons meat extract

Remove any fat from steak. Cut steak into rectangular pieces about 1 in. long and 1/8 in. thick. Remove outer membrane, if any, from kidneys. Cut each kidney in half lengthwise. Cut out fat. Cut each piece of kidney crosswise into 1/4 in. thick slices. Set aside 1 tablespoon butter, in a small container, with the flour. When butter is soft, but not melting, mix it with the flour, forming a smooth paste. Heat oil and remaining 2 tablespoons butter in a pan over a direct

flame. Add steak, kidneys, onion, garlic and fennel. Sauté, stirring frequently, until meat browns. Sprinkle generously with salt and pepper. Continue to sauté until liquid at pan bottom evaporates. Add bourbon. Set ablaze. Add champagne. Cook until champagne is reduced to approximately half a pint. Add meat extract. Stir well. Add flour-butter paste. Cook, stirring constantly, until gravy thickens. Correct seasoning to taste. Recommended burgundy: Clos de Vougeot.

## MUSHROOMS AND PEAS WITH RUM

- 1/2 lb. mushrooms
- 10-oz. package frozen peas
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 2 tablespoons finely minced shallots or onions
- 1 teaspoon dried mint leaves
- 1 1/2 oz. light rum
- 1/2 oz. dark Jamaica rum
- Salt, pepper, monosodium glutamate

Cook peas, following directions on package. Drain. Set aside. Wash mushrooms. Cut into slices 1/8 in. thick. Melt butter in pan. Add mushrooms, shallots and mint leaves. Sauté until mushrooms are tender and no more liquid remains in pan. Add both kinds of rum and set ablaze. When flames subside, add peas. Stir well. Cook until peas are heated through. Season with salt, pepper and monosodium glutamate.

## SOUFFLÉ OMELET GRAND MARNIER

- 4 eggs
- 3 tablespoons English cream filling
- 1/2 teaspoon vanilla extract
- 3 oz. Grand Marnier
- 1/8 teaspoon salt
- 1/3 cup sifted confectioners' sugar

(English cream filling is the custard mixture sometimes used for filling éclairs or cream puffs. Vanilla pudding may be used instead.) Pre-heat oven at 350°. Separate egg yolks from whites. Mix yolks with English cream filling, vanilla and 1 tablespoon Grand Marnier. Put whites and salt in the bowl of electric mixer. Mix at high speed until whites are stiff. Slowly add confectioners' sugar while continuing to beat at high speed. Slowly fold yolks into whites, using a down, over, up stroke with mixing spoon. Don't stir. Butter bottom and sides of an oval shallow casserole or au gratin dish. Sprinkle with sugar. Turn omelet into casserole, shaping it into a long oval. Bake 20 minutes or until golden brown. Heat balance of Grand Marnier. Pour on top of omelet. Set ablaze. Serve at once. Individual portions may be sprinkled with additional sugar if desired.

And now there's nothing left to do but bask in the warm afterglow of your flambé feast, with the ruby ember of your post-prandial panatela and the euphoric crackling of a roaring hearth as reminders of the Yuletide's incandescent dining delights.



*"But I don't like winter sports!"*



## NONE BUT THE BRAVE (continued from page 146)

and offered it to her.

"Surprise," she said. "I've stopped again."

"Oh, no!"

"This time for good."

"Want to bet? Say, \$14,000 just to make it interesting?"

"How much is that in actual money?" she asked.

"Get this," he said. He put the cigarette into his mouth. She reached for a match. "Uh-uh," he admonished. "Watch." He got out a paperbook of matches, and, using his one hand, bent a match, flicked it with his thumb, lit it, and carried the flame to his cigarette. He bounced his eyebrows. "Not bad, eh?"

"Why, it's like being out with a conjurer!" she said, impressed.

They talked. She insisted upon knowing every detail of what had happened. Roger was less than eager to dwell on it, but she was hungry to know. She drew him out, skillfully, with a string of questions, until she was updated, including his talk with Colonel Hauge.

Roger said, "Now about you."

"I'm afraid I'm still cutting those food shorts." (She was a film editor, working in the Films Division of The Ministry of Information.) "And I'm going potty! They're all the same! I stare into that editola and it's like having the same dream again and again."

"Tough."

She squinted at him. "Are you pulling my leg?" she inquired. "I can't tell without my specs on and I've no intention of putting them on."

"No, honest."

"Well, then, I've written to Mr. Beddington and he's going to see me on Thursday. I have it all planned. I mean to burst into tears."

"That ought to do it."

"So when I come to see you next Sunday, I'll be able to —" She stopped. "Roger," she asked, quietly, "will you be here next Sunday?"

"According to Colonel Hauge, yes."

"Oh, thank God," she murmured. "Oh, thank You, God." She began to cry.

"Hey, baby! Hey!" He leaned over and tried to kiss her. "Hey," he whispered, "you've got me mixed up — I'm not Mr. Beddington!"

She laughed and cried as she said, "I'm sorry. Oh, I am a bloody fool. It was just — it was the not knowing and —"

"I know, Pam. Take it easy."

In the bus to town, they held hands and did not speak, reveling in their closeness, and in their shared joy of being together whatever the circumstances.

The inn was crowded with Sunday diners, and they waited in the bar for a table, drinking Pimm's Cups.

"Darling," she said. "Practically speak-

ing, what do you think is going to happen?"

"I tried to find out," he answered. "But it's all a little on the vague side. Sooner or later, though, I'm bound to be Zled."

"What does that mean?"

"Sent home."

"Why 'Zled'? Is that what you said?"

"Zone of the Interior."

"Oh, I see. ZI."

"Then I go to some rehabilitation bash and get issued a flipper and learn to use it and that's that."

"What about me?"

"I've been thinking about that, Pam."

There was a pause.

"And what have you decided?" she asked.

"To ask for a two-week pass so I can come up to London and be with you and see if we can decide something together."

"I don't need two weeks. Or two minutes."

"You do, baby."

"No. But wouldn't it be grand if I could get a leave at the same time, and we could go somewhere? Do you know Clovelly?"

"No."

"It's heaven. On the west coast — a fishing village — and old. Hardly any cars — donkey carts, mostly — and the most exquisite lobster — oh, I forgot — you hate lobster."

"That's all right. I'll eat the donkeys."

"Listen," she said. "We're going! I won't ask for a leave — they might say no. I'll be ill."

"This is patriotic?" he said.

"Yes."

"How do you figure?"

"Something to do with winning the peace."

"And Anglo-American relations."

"Quite."

They ordered another drink.

"And Roger."

"Babe?"

"When are we going to be married?"

He shook out another cigarette and this time, preoccupied, allowed her to light it for him.

"You sure you want to?" he asked.

"It's all I want."

"Even with me like this?"

"Please don't be silly."

"We have to think it out, baby. It isn't the same. I may not be able to —"

"But didn't Colonel What's-his-name say —?"

"He might've been giving me the ol' ramrod."

"No matter. When I get to be the first greatest lady film director in history you won't have to do anything but count our money."

"If you knew my arithmetic —" He stopped.

"When, Roj?" she urged. "When are we?"

The hostess came over.

"I have your table now. Thank you for waiting."

They followed her into the dining room, and were seated at a table in the corner. The hostess gave them menus and moved off. They looked at each other. The question was still in her eyes.

"Pretty damn soon!" he replied.

She tried to speak, but could not. All





her energy was being spent in holding back tears.

Roger felt giddy.

Finally, she managed: "Yes. Thank you. I accept."

The following day, after his two-week pass had been approved, he made a formal inquiry about marriage regulations. He was given permit forms to fill out, and some for Pamela. The matter was in hand.

Clovelly was all she had promised. With each quiet, remote day, Roger felt stronger and more certain of his decision. He sent postcards home and one morning, while Pamela was washing her hair, he went to the post office and sent one to Marion. He wrote:

Dear,

Here for short rest and holiday and feeling well. Should have news of plans soon. All love.

R.

He sweated and shivered as he wrote it.

That afternoon, Pamela casually suggested a swim. Roger looked at her, unbelievably. Had his problem slipped her mind? He heard himself agreeing.

The moment before his first dive from the boat, he said, "This is a damn fool thing to do." He went over. For half a minute, he struggled in the water, off-balance, while Pamela watched him, her face splotted by apprehension. He turned over and floated on his back, smiling. Ten minutes later, he had found a way. She joined him in the water and they played porpoises.

After that, they swam daily. On the day before their last, he slipped while climbing back into the boat, and gashed his stump on the oarlock. They hurried back to the inn. Pamela went to the chemist's for iodine and bandages. She returned to find him in a rage. It was his first accident in the new situation and it had unnerved him. She dressed the wound, but suggested sending for the local doctor.

"No!" he said, sharply.

"But why not, darling?"

"Because no! I'm not going to have some old limey sawbones messing around with my arm. My arm!" he repeated with a mad laugh.

"It's stopped bleeding."

"I'll be back at the hospital day after tomorrow, so what the hell."

"Please, darling."

"Please, what?"

"Accidents happen."

"Especially to me. They're going to happen to me from now on. All the time."

"Why do you say that?"

"I'm going to take a walk."

"Wouldn't it be better to rest awhile?"

"No, it wouldn't."

He walked off his unreasoning tension and returned to the inn, contrite.

"Don't think about it," she said.

"Baby, you think you're going to be able to put up with me?"

"Well," she said, smiling, "I'm going to have a jolly good go!"

Early the following week, the cut infected, and his orders for departure were delayed. He was running a temperature and was confined to bed. With empty time before him, he decided at last to write a letter to Marion.

He asked the Red Cross girl to buy him some stationery and a fountain pen.

"Isn't that rather extravagant?" she asked. "We can supply all that."

"I know," he said. "But I want plain paper and my own pen. I've got my reasons."

"Suit yourself, my boy," she said, and went off on the errand.

Dear Marion,

Well, I'm still here in the hospital, but feeling OK. I would have been out a week ago and on my way to the States except for a stupid piece of carelessness that caused a little complication. Nothing bad.

Marion, I should have written you seriously about our situation long before this, and I ask you to forgive me because I had other problems to face, too. It is just this. In view of what has happened, I think that we would be well advised to call off our arrangement. There is no reason why you should be saddled with a cripple and at this point I do not even know what I am going to be able to manage to —

He stopped writing and reread what he had written thus far. It seemed awful. Worse, it seemed cowardly. What would all those friends think, the ones who were trying to get him a medal? Well, he thought, there are kinds and kinds of courage and just now he wished he had the kind that would make it possible to deal with this situation. He threw away what he had written, thought for a while, and began again.

Dear Marion,

This is one hell of a hard letter to write. And I only hope as I begin it that it won't turn out to be an impossible one to write.

Maybe it would be best to start with the end and work backwards. The point is, I feel we must break off our engagement.

As to the reasons — there is a saying by somebody, I think it was Mark Twain — "When in doubt, tell the truth." (How I am so erudite is that this is the quotation Miss O'Neill wrote in my autograph book when I was graduated from B.H.S.!)

It would be easy to give you a lot of cock-and-bull about how why should you be saddled with less than a full man, etc., but this would not be true and you are one wonderful

girl and have been a great friend to me and so you deserve the truth even though it may be painful to us both for the time being. So here goes.

A little over a year ago, at an affair at The English-Speaking Union, I met a girl, an English girl named Pamela Relf —

He stopped again, stared at the name he had written, and began to reread the letter. Long before he came to the last part, he knew that it would not do and so destroyed it.

He put away his writing materials, and made plans to write the letter after supper. This, he argued, would give him time to think it out properly.

After supper, he began again, this time with confidence.

Dear friend Marion,

He crumpled the sheet and began again.

Dearest friend Marion,

I think we must call it off between us. There are several reasons for this, which I will tell you when I see you which I hope will be soon. Try to understand. It is all for the best. I know this sounds blunt, but it is not a question of making a decision. Of course, you may be relieved for all I know. I sure hope so. It is not my fault and God knows not yours — it is just the way things happen in times like these. I shall always think of you fondly and hope you can find it in your heart to do the same. I will see you as soon as I get back. I know that we must remain friends always. After all this time, it is hard to imagine my life without you in it.

Please give my best regards to your mother and to Bud (I am bringing him quite a souvenir).

That is all for today. I'll write again soon. In fact, tomorrow.

Sincerely,

Roger

He reread the letter several times. Each time it seemed better to him, and admirably straightforward. He addressed an envelope, folded the letter into it, stamped it, and had it censored blind after explaining, "I'd appreciate it if you didn't read this one, Captain. It's really personal." He sealed it and put it into his pocket but did not mail it. Not yet, he thought. Tomorrow.

But tomorrow enveloped him in new excitement.

It began shortly after breakfast. Colonel Hauge came into the ward and went directly to Roger's bed. Roger saw him coming and wondered what was up. The Colonel held out his hand. He seemed flushed. Roger took his hand.

"Congratulations, son. Your folks'll be damned proud of you. All of us are."

"What?"

"If you ask me, the medics never have



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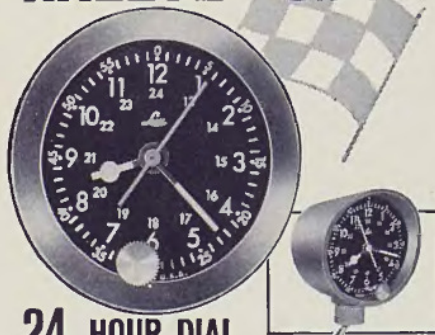
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got their share of Congressionals. This is a start, anyhow."

"Colonel, I don't know anything about any of this."

The Colonel looked surprised. "I thought you did."

"No, sir."

"Well, then." The Colonel smiled. "I have the honor to inform you, Sergeant Ballas, that you've won — been awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor."

"The —?" He could not go on.

He and the Colonel shook hands again. The Colonel spoke.

"I understand the investiture'll be on the 18th. You got a nice, clean uniform?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good."

Thus began a day filled with handshakes and backslaps, wires and cables, newspaper photographers and Signal Corps photographers, and the crew from the Armed Forces Network with their portable tape recorder.

Colonel Hauge sent Roger a box of cigars, which he distributed to his ward-mates.

A cable from his parents arrived in the late afternoon; and in the evening, one from Marion. It read: THRILLED THRILLED THRILLED BUT FRANTIC NO WORD FOR TWELVE DAYS ANXIOUS WORRIED TROUBLED BEG YOU CABLE AND WRITE AT ONCE LOVE YOU LOVE YOU LOVE YOU MARION.

He replied by cable, saying: LETTER ON WAY LOVE ROGER.

He thought about his letter to her again and decided to wait until morning before posting it. It might have to be revised, in view of this development. How? Why?

He did not sleep that night. A little after three, the night nurse stopped by his bed.

"All right?" she whispered.

"Fine, thanks."

"Want a sleeper?"

"No. Rather be up."

"Wonderful news. Three cheers."

"Thank you."

She left him to his whirling thoughts.

In the morning, he received permission to get up and dress. He went for a long walk in the fields nearby. He talked to himself, softly. He sat down in the grass, lay back, turned over, and pressed his forehead into the turf. He rolled onto his back again, looking at the swift-moving clouds.

"Got to," he said. "Got to."

When he returned to the hospital, Pamela was there waiting for him. She wore a new frock, new hat, new everything, it seemed. She looked ravishing.

"Darling!" she exclaimed, as they embraced. "Isn't it something? I'm so very —. When do you actually —?"

"Eighteenth, I think."

"Very well, then," she said pulling away and straightening his tie. "We'll

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change the arrangements. Instead of the 15th, we'll make our event the 19th. The day after."

"Why?"

"Seems properer somehow. Listen to me! More proper, I mean."

"You sound real experienced in this wedding bash."

"I do?"

"Never mind. Anything you say."

"I'm coming to the—you know, the ceremony or whatever it's called."

"Thank you."

"Will it be General Eisenhower, do you suppose?"

"I'll insist on it."

"Do."

"Drink? Tea?"

"One of each, please."

"Into town."

"Have you a pass?"

"You forget who I am, lady. I'm a hero. I don't need a pass."

They spent the rest of the day in town. Late in the afternoon, he put her on the London train.

"Sunday," she said.

"I'll be here."

They kissed goodbye.

He walked back to the hospital and noted that he was breaking into periodic sweats again. An alcohol rub, he prescribed in his mind. Yes, he thought, as soon as I've mailed this letter. At the A.P.O. he stopped, waited about for a while, turned, and made for the lounge. He sat at a writing desk and thought. He got out the letter, read it, and lit a match to it.

He wrote another.

Dearest Marion,

Please forgive the delay. The fact is, I have not been feeling too well. I went down to that place called Clovelly with a friend of mine (hope you got my postcard from there) and all went well until I, like a jerk, put a slice in my shoulder. It infected (damned rusty oarlock) so there I was back in bed for a week. OK now. Waiting for orders. Should be soon.

Then there was all the excitement about the Big Deal. Thank you for your cable and for all the letters. I treasure them and can't tell you how much they mean to me.

About the honor. It certainly was a surprise to me. I am grateful but between ourselves, do not feel I rate it. However, that is not for me to decide.

I miss you terribly and worry about how my condition is going to affect us. I pray that you will be frank with me. Anyhow, we'll be able to talk it over soon. However soon it is won't be soon enough for me, sweetheart.

Give my love to your mother and

tell Bud I've got a pretty spectacular souvenir for him.

And you—I love you with all my heart and hope you do me.

As ever,

Roger

He had the letter censored, and posted.

He walked slowly to the ward, undressed, went out to the shower room, and gave himself an alcohol rub.

He returned to the ward and got into bed to wait for supper. He was shivering. He stopped it by relaxing.

He thought: Awful, awful. Shabby. How could you? To Marion of all people. All she's done for you. Been to you. Couldn't do anything else. Not now. Not today. Maybe tomorrow. The hell

you say. Well, sometime. Just not now. After the 19th. After I've definitely done it I'll tell her. No, you won't. I will. Anyhow, what's the difference? She'll find out. She's bound to. Sometime. Somehow.

His thoughts began to taunt him. What a hero! Brave. What a man of courage! What kind of courage? The Congressional Medal of Honor.

"I'll never wear it!" he said aloud, not to himself, but to the world. "I'll never put it on. I swear to God!"

The nurse was at his side, bending over him, smoothing his brow, and whispering, "All right, Sergeant. Sshh. All right. Everything is all right."

He started shivering again.



*"My heavens, do you realize there are only three more parties till Christmas?"*



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## HOW TO SUCCEED

(continued from page 98)

a token salary—probably a couple of hundred," he had said vaguely. This sounded reasonable, since I had received one hundred a week with *George White's Scandals* 30 years before.

When I learned about the \$87.50 I smoldered awhile and then on August 16 wrote Newborn to try to get \$150 weekly to at least defray the cost of the apartment. It seemed only fair for the producers to cover some of my out-of-pocket expenses. If the show folded quickly, I would wind up way in the red on the venture.

Next day, August 17, during a rehearsal break, Abe Newborn suggested we duck out for some refreshments. I assumed he had gotten my letter about salary and wanted to discuss it.

We settled down at a table in the Hotel Edison Green Room and Newborn let me have it.

"They want you out of the show," he said evenly.

If he had suddenly hit me in the face with a wet towel or his fist I could not have been more surprised. Of course, I thought that I had misunderstood him.

"That's it, Rudy," he repeated. "They want you out."

"Well, if that isn't a crock," I thought to myself. "But why—I haven't made a pass at any of the producers' wives. I haven't tried to rape a chorus girl or set fire to the theater."

Newborn continued. "They don't think you're right for the part. You are not projecting."

"Well, I'll be a son of a bitch!" I exploded. "I have been begging Burrows and the producers to give me some indication as to how the part should be played. All they say is the character should be virile. Virile! Goddamnit, a director is supposed to direct and Burrows has been wishy-washy in telling me exactly what he wants in J. B. Biggley. I don't think they know what in hell they want in Biggley."

"Don't feel too bad," Abe said. "Remember, Rudy, we have a pay-or-play contract. Now, technically, they will have to pay you full salary by contract for 57 weeks. It comes to about 80, 90 thousand. They told me they'd settle with you, free and clear, for 40 thousand. If you demand the full payment you can't work at anything for 57 weeks."

"Nuts! I want the full 57 weeks! I'll take it and sit on my ass. The hell with them."

Most performers gladly take a settlement because it permits them to continue working at other things. And, too, if the show folds in a few weeks or months they are still way ahead of the salary they would have gotten. *But I knew this one was going to be a hit and I wanted to be in it.*

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"Tell you what you do, Abe," I suggested. "Go back to the boys and ask them if I can continue for two or three days. Maybe we can remedy whatever seems to be wrong."

Newborn returned shortly with the reply. "If they give you the extra days and you still don't suit them, there'll be no 57 weeks' pay. That's the deal."

"If that's the way they feel, the hell with it. I'll leave, but they're going to pay off in full. Why should I suffer the humiliation of getting fired and have them pay off at half-price?"

"That's what Ernie Martin has in mind," Newborn said. "He says when he makes a bad bargain, he pays off. It's as if he were at the race track."

I wasn't going to give up that easily. My pride was cut to the quick. I don't take this type of thing lying down. I went back to see Burrows and Feuer at the rehearsal hall to find out exactly what their objections were.

"Frankly, Rudy, we're afraid you won't be heard," Burrows explained. "The 46th Street Theater seats about 1500 people and we don't think your voice will carry."

"That's nonsense! For years I worked to an audience of 5000 at the Paramount!"

"But this is quite different from a stage show. It's a different type of production altogether."

There was no use arguing the point, even though many of the things I had done at the Paramount were quite comparable to this script. Moreover, *both Feuer and Burrows knew of special microphones used by performers in Broadway productions when further amplification of the voice was necessary. And there'd be microphones in the footlights for everyone!*

"Do me one favor," I said. "Let's go over to the Lunt-Fontanne Theater and let me read a few lines with one of the cast. I want to prove something to you."

So Feuer, Burrows and I took Virginia Martin, the girl who plays my red-haired inamorata in the show, and proceeded to the Lunt-Fontanne, which, incidentally, is owned by Messrs. Feuer and Martin. I read one of the scenes and Feuer came up from the auditorium and said that he thought I would be all right.

Not so Burrows. He kept reminding me of the pressures and difficulties of the out-of-town tryout in Philadelphia; he felt I might not be able to take the physical punishment. Whence came this sudden great compassion for my feebleness, decrepitude and senility I can never fathom; nevertheless, he seemed certain I would never be able to make it. The matter of my continued employment was left up in the air and I was told to go home. They would give me their decision the following noon.

While we were reading the lines, I did not notice a figure seated in the very last



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row of the theater. I learned about this much, much later. It was Abe Newborn giving my performance and vocal projection the acid test by listening from the farthest reach of the house. After I left, he bent the boys' ears until 8:30 that evening, and finally convinced them that I should stay. But Feuer admits that the prospect of having to pay me 80, 90 thousand dollars was the clincher that finally kept me in.

The next day at noon the phone rang. It was Newborn. "They've decided to let you stay," he said. "Perhaps this happens for the best."

This last remark infuriated me somehow. How could an insult, a cut, a humiliation like this be for the best? Of course, from then on it was a wonder I could do the goddamn part at all.

I reported for rehearsal as if nothing had happened, with one slight but important difference. As I have said, from the time Cy Feuer had first sketched the plot line for me that day in California, I had been begging for direction as to how the character of Biggley should be portrayed. On this particular rehearsal day I substituted a pince-nez for the regular "templated" glasses I had been wearing for the part. I "played" to the pince-nez, I guess . . . and it is quite possible that the substitution contributed a little something toward the characterization for those jerks who couldn't visualize it otherwise.

Speaking of this pince-nez, I had planned a bit of business with it. In the *Heart of Gold* number in *Succeed*, the redhead hits a high note that rattles the woodwork. It is really overpowering and overpoweringly funny as well. I was going to rig a thread to the pince-nez and when she hit this note I would have the glasses pop right off my nose.

During one of the last rehearsals in Philly, Bob Fosse, who was staging the musical numbers, had an idea. "Rudy, when she hits that note can you fix it so your glasses fall off?"

"You son of a bitch," I laughed. "I was saving that as a surprise for opening night!"

At any rate, the bit is in the show now and never fails to bring down the house.

The night before we were to leave for the Philly tryout run late in August, we had our first complete run-through — no stopping, no coaching, no whistles (Fosse always blows a goddamn whistle to stop a number for corrections), with just a piano in the pit, no makeup or scenery, and no amplifications of our voices at all before a small, invited audience. I romped through my role just as I had done it all through the rehearsal grind.

In the first act I have several moments offstage and, as I sat there in the dark, several singers and dancers approached me saying, "You are wonderful — great!" It was the manna of vindication.

Once during a rehearsal, Larry Kasha, who is Feuer and Martin's casting director, had quietly remarked to me, rather cryptically, "I want you to be good. I have a great stake in this thing." I couldn't understand what the hell he meant. I later learned he had originally suggested me for the part of Biggley. He must have been rather apprehensive the last few strife-torn days, to say the least. At intermission that night of the first run-through, he passed by me, saying, "I love you!"

Some of those who had wanted to crucify me a few short days before were most effusive in their praise. Abe Burrows, with whom I had done about a hundred radio shows years before, approached me after the performance, saying, most solicitously, "May I help you out to your cab — take care of yourself — drive carefully down to Philadelphia —"

. . .

I have since learned that firings like this are common. But usually the victim is a newcomer. I had Frank Loesser problems from the outset. A few days before the New York rehearsals began he phoned me to drop by his office to go over the tunes. His half-humorous parting words were, "I am going to put you on the rack."

This annoyed me faintly and I immediately called Abe Burrows whom I felt I knew well enough to use as a confidant. "Now look here, Abe," I said. "If I am going to have a lot of headaches with Loesser about my singing I'd rather bow out right now. Who needs that crap? I'd much prefer to get the hell back to California."

"Now, now, Rudy," Abe replied. "Just calm down. It'll be all right."

That first day Loesser's office became a conservatory of music with him acting as voice professor.

"Rudy, you're singing incorrectly," he said. "You're closing on your consonants."

"Maybe you're right, Frank," I said. "Fortunately, I've managed to squeak by with this handicap for about 33 years. I guess it's a little late in life to acquire a new technique." I had been wined and dined by composers as great or greater than Loesser to persuade me to introduce their tunes.

He gave me discs on which he had recorded the three songs I was to do in *Succeed*. I took them to Bermuda for study. Two of the songs, *Grand Old Ivy* and *Heart of Gold*, were what Tin-pan Alley would call corny — they verged on the old-fashioned Gay Nineties style in both melody and lyrics. As a college marching song, *Old Ivy* never would have taken any prizes, but because of my association with the Maine *Stein Song*, the former opus acquires a certain nostalgic cachet when performed in the show. *Heart of Gold* has an old-time quality reminiscent of *A Bird in a*

*Gilded Cage* or *You Made Me What I Am Today, I Hope You're Satisfied*, but the way Virginia Martin and I do it on the stage gives it, in my opinion, a plus not inherent in the number itself. In fact, most song pluggers I know would characterize both songs as dogs. The third number, *A Secretary Is Not a Toy*, I thought was very bad — quite rangy and not very tuneful although the lyric was extremely witty.

Three days before the firing I was ordered into Loesser's small office off the rehearsal hall next to the Edison Hotel where the maestro again instructed me on the proper interpretation of the songs. The fact that I had chosen thousands of songs over a period of three decades and given them a style that was studied by Sinatra and others, meant nothing to Loesser.

As we discussed the rendition of the numbers I began to realize that Loesser regarded them as true works of art and, as befits masterpieces, proper performances could only come from considerable rehearsal on my part. If there is one thing that heats up my blood it is when someone tries to make a big thing out of nothing. And here is where the composer's feathers got ruffled.

"Frank, don't you realize that these are extremely simple songs?" I said politely and candidly. "I can do them about as well the first time as I can the thousandth."

"Understand one thing," he replied. "I've got a great deal of money in this show. I don't intend to have it ruined by your not performing the songs properly."

I should have realized that the dictates of a director-producer-songwriter in the legitimate and motion-picture fields are rarely questioned or contradicted. Loesser probably had never had anyone speak as frankly and critically about his songs as I had. So he was boiling.

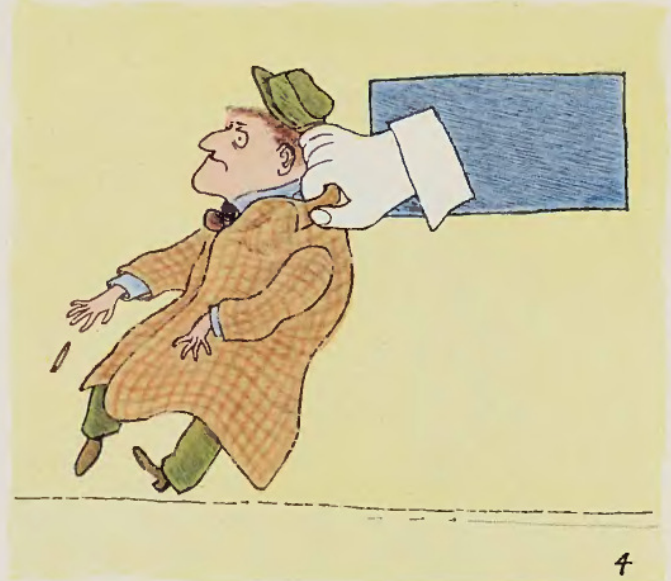
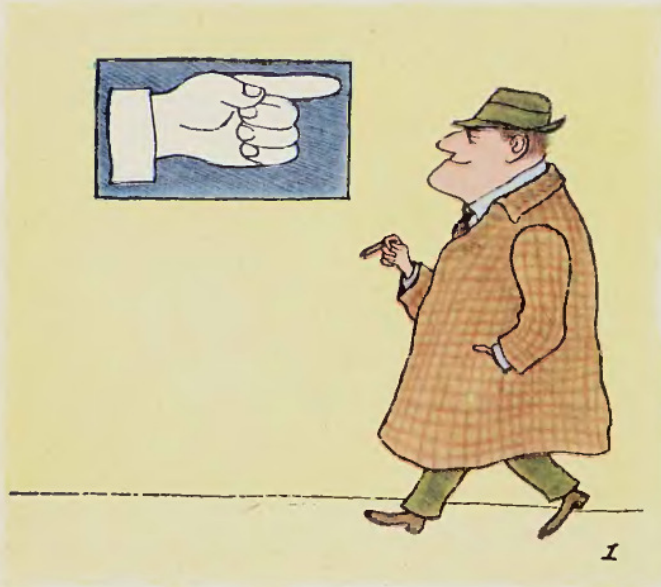
He was not the only one building up a head of steam — I felt I was being sold short on the tunes given me as I listened to those given the other members of the cast. It seemed to me every other number in the show consisted of melodies a singer dreams of having, they were so desirable, while the tunes I was assigned I would never even have programed on one of my broadcasts.

At any rate, after I had gone through *Heart of Gold* several times with Miss Martin, I felt I was singing it as well as I ever could, and I said so. I suppose Loesser expected me to stay in the stuffy little rehearsal room doing the song over and over the way the boys and girls in the cast had to do with their material. It is quite possible that my frank and practical attitude rankled Loesser.

On the evening of August 16, the night before the firing, just before we were dismissed from rehearsal, Abe Burrows began to criticize me quite angrily, particularly about my love scenes with



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Miss Martin. No indication had been given me in the script and for the previous eight or nine days I had been reading the amorous lines quite straight with all the sincerity at my command. Burrows was not able to put into words exactly what he wanted, but I gathered he was seeking more of a tongue-in-cheek flavor.

There were only Burrows, his secretary and, I believe, Miss Martin in the room when Abe suddenly jumped on me about my theatrics. I thought I had known him long enough (since the 1940 Sealtest days) to voice an honest difference of opinion in something I had to do in the show. I realize now that he was quite possibly angered at my refusal to accept abjectly his direction. I had torn it with another of the bosses.

The following morning, August 17, bloomed clear and hot and I guess I should have sensed that something was in the air. Bob Fosse had just been brought into the show, being touted to us as a magician with his choreography and the staging of songs. When I was ordered into Room 2 to find the entire group of big brass seated there like Su-

preme Court judges to watch me go into a rendition of *Secretary*, I knew that something was up.

This number was originally intended for Paul Reed who has a strong, trained voice (the type of voice used in musical comedies to sing things like *Stout-Hearted Men*), a voice that indicated he had hair on his chest. Actually, I had never felt that *Secretary* needed delivery by a trained voice, as it was a sexy lyric and a trite melody best suited to a natural-voice singer such as I am. Fosse had devised some movements for me as I sang the number with all the male singers in back of me. We were ordered to go through it two or three times and I did it as well as I can do that type of number, giving it all the animation and voice I could muster. Perhaps I should have been aware that they were not pleased with my rendition, but I frankly felt that I did a good job of it and was not looking for any on-the-table criticism of my method of delivery. Evidently it was the straw that broke the camel's back, because a few minutes later the agent, Abe Newborn, walked in and asked me to go down to the Edison,

where he gave me the bad news.

One of the cast later on explained to me that probably the reason I was asked to leave was that all of our brass were running scared. Remember if you will (something that I did not know at the time) that Feuer and Martin had had a \$400,000 flop in a show which they had written together, Feuer had directed and I understand it was a very miserable production called *Whoop-up*. I'd assumed that they'd had nothing but successive hits and I did not know that their last show had been a complete bust. Loesser had just had a very bad flop in a show called *Greenwillow* in which he'd attempted to have Anthony Perkins sing songs I understand were too much for him to handle. That was at least a \$200,000 loss for Loesser. Abe Burrows had had an expensive disaster in *First Impressions* which he had written and directed. Another show, *The Golden Fleecing*, was a very so-so production. Fosse had been thrown out of a musical which had also collapsed to the tune of \$500,000. The fact that they were all running scared still did not justify in my mind their making me the whipping





boy. In rehearsal I was doing my lines in the same manner that I am doing them today — but men's egos bruise easily and it is my honest belief that my standing up to Loesser and Burrows was a signal for the lynching. Burrows, at least, was honest enough to say, "All right. We were stupid. So let's forget about it."

At any rate, we left New York for the tryout in the City of Brotherly Love. I survived the hours and hours of rehearsal where they wasted even more time than they had in that lousy New York rehearsal hall, with endless changes and changes of changes. No matter. On opening night with microphones in the footlights for everyone, the applause for all of us rocked the theater and my strong suspicions that a hit was brewing were thunderously confirmed.

The rest is theatrical history — we came to Broadway and became the "hardest-ticket" attraction since *My Fair Lady*. The critics unanimously saluted the production and I must blushing admit that my own notices were flattering. The New York reviewers apparently didn't agree with the boys running

the show. I sometimes imagine a little tableau that goes as follows:

A well-wisher approaches one of the *Succeed* brass and burbles, "What a stroke of brilliant offbeat casting — how on earth did you ever think of Rudy Vallee for the part?"

The brass assumes an all-knowing look of genius, thoughtfully taps the tips of his fingers together, and modestly says, "Well, you know, an awful lot of thought and care go into a major production —"

End of tableau.

The most unhappy aspect of this whole undertaking is the fact that I was denied the opportunity to invest in *Succeed*. It would have been the first time in my life to make some easy money. I have made a lot of money in my time, but it was always very soggy with blood, sweat and tears. The fact that Ernie Martin refused my offer of money to back the show (probably because he was thinking of firing me — why do *Vallee* any favors?) has cost me the privilege of capitalizing on my inherent sense of what will be successful!

It is ironic to note that the much-contested tidbit, *A Secretary Is Not a Toy*,

was no longer my number when the show came to Broadway. After all the furor it had caused! When I would do it in rehearsal, I would take slight liberties with the beat in certain places and this distressed Loesser immensely. He wanted it done in strict three-quarter time, hitting every note over the head. As the pressures mounted concerning my performance, I said to my wife, "If he'd only let me do it lightly and brightly, I think the bad melody would be less noticeable. It will seem more cute and clever. That's the way I think it should be done for best effect."

After several attempts to have other members of the cast have a go at it, *Secretary* was eliminated altogether.

Suddenly it reappeared in the show one day in Philadelphia, this time as a song-and-dance number with the boys and girls popping in and out of doors, moving swiftly about the stage, into and out of the wings — lightly and brightly so the melody is hardly noticeable. In such a guise the number always gets a fair hand.

Once in a while Old Man Vallee does call a shot!





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## WINTER IN THIS LATITUDE

(continued from page 86)

"No," Norman said, "I'll just stay in bed."

The invitation had been for dinner, but since Norman refused to leave his post, Connie was forced to change it to later in the evening. When the Pervises arrived they all gathered in the bedroom and sat talking of general things, skirting the fact that Norman was in bed. After a while Connie and Angela withdrew to the living room. Connie could hear the conversation from the bedroom and she waited for some sort of argument or discussion about Norman's prolonged stay in bed.

"I don't get it, old buddy," she heard Pervis say finally. "It doesn't seem like you to take to your bed like this. What's wrong with you, anyway?"

"Nothing's wrong with me," Norman said. "I just feel like staying in bed for a while. Haven't you ever felt like staying in bed?"

"Oh sure, I suppose I have. When the world has gotten to be too much of a hassle, I've felt like climbing into bed and pulling the covers up over my head. But I didn't do it. I get nervous even staying in bed when I'm sick. Why, when I was in that Army hospital for two weeks I nearly went off my rocker."

"Well, I like being in bed," Norman said. "I like to think about things."

"Yeah, but I mean, what are you planning to do? You aren't planning on staying in bed for the rest of your life, are you?"

"I don't know. I haven't thought about it much."

"Well then, what the hell are you thinking about?"

"Oh, nothing much, really. Nothing terribly important. Just things."

"Goddamn it, Norman, you're running away from life. That's what you're doing. Running away. You're a quitter."

"All right. So what?"

"Well, Christ, don't you want to get out there and fight?"

"Not particularly."

"Well, what are you going to do? Just let Connie support you? I mean, what are you going to do?"

But Larry's voice trailed off, and Norman did not even bother to answer. Connie could tell from the tone of Larry's voice that he was confused and disgusted by Norman's attitude and lack of response.

"He's returning to the womb, that's what he's doing," Angela whispered to Connie. "I've read about cases like this."

"All right, so I'm returning to the womb," Norman said from the next room. "So what?"

"It isn't any of my business," Angela said. "Forget I said it."

"But the thing is, why are you all so



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concerned?" Norman said. "If I'm returning to the womb what difference does it make?"

"Well, you might think of Connie," Larry said.

"Oh, I don't mind," Connie said. "That is, of course I mind, but for Norman's sake, not mine. It isn't hurting me."

Angela and Larry stayed for another hour, but the conversation drifted away from Norman's problem and they talked of the international situation and business and gossiped about mutual friends. When they left, Connie felt a sense of strain, not a coldness but an inability and an unwillingness to be exposed to Norman's betrayal of some sort of basic rule of life.

That night after making love and before sleep Norman complained about the bandage over his eyes. Connie felt a quick surge of hope, but he continued that he would appreciate it if she would shop around and find him one of those black sleeping masks that people wore to keep the light out of their eyes. Something that covered a minimum of space, he said, like two eye patches rather than one large shield.

She wondered for a while what would become of them, but her last thoughts before sleep were about how much more vigorous a lover Norman had become now that he only lay in bed all day with nothing to do. In the two weeks since they had been sleeping together again they had made love every night instead of the usual every other or every third night, and several times he had made love to her in the morning as well. In addition, he had become inventive and sensuous again, as he had been when they were first married.

In the daytime Norman lay in bed and thought and dreamed and listened to the sounds of the apartment house and the street. He tried listening to the radio, but the popular music jarred his ears, and even the city's one good music station was unsuitable, for just as he was beginning to lose himself in the music a commercial announcement would bring him back to reality. When it rained, as it did almost every day through December, he liked to listen to the rain on some solid surface. He wished for a metal roof, but discovered that if one of the bedroom windows was opened a crack at the bottom, the patter of the rain on the sill made a pleasantly monotonous background sound.

He began to worry occasionally about the future. It came to him one day with quick clarity that he did not want to return to his job, or for that matter to any similar job. He thought of his old work as paper shuffling and office politicking. But he had no other skill, could not think of what else he might do to earn



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*"You're right, Helen — it is Phil Gronquist."*



his living. It was easier to shove the problem into one of the back compartments of his mind and darken the screen for a Film Clip or two.

His thoughts were often of sex. He constructed elaborate sexual fantasies. Several times he dreamed of large older women who dominated him, forcing him to perform sexual services for them. But other times he was the aggressor, committing near-rape on small, defenseless young girls. He did not take either type of fantasy seriously, realizing that they were merely entertainments of a long idleness, and the pressure never built up, since he was making love to his wife so much more frequently than before.

For a brief period he concerned himself with dreams of glory. He was the leader of a partisan band in a conquered country, doomed to defeat but continuing the fight. Or he was a singularly brave individual soldier. He was a fur trapper, striding West toward the frontier. But these visions soon paled, and he went through a period of halfhearted analysis, attempting to understand and interpret his dreams, waking and sleeping, and his retreat to bed.

At night he slept on the other side of the bed now, that is to say, on his wife's left. Previously she had slept on his left, himself on the side toward the bedside table and alarm clock. But since she was the one now who went daily to work, they changed sides. At first his dreams were confused, he felt that he was in a strange bed and in his sleep, reaching out for Connie, he found only the wall. Several times he dreamed that he was the woman and Connie the man. He tried to lead Connie into being the sexual aggressor a few times, but though she went through the motions she was basically passive and he had to lead her by indirection.

Late in December sounds began to bother him: the harsh noises of the street, trucks rumbling by, screeching voices and radios playing in other apartments, children screaming, brakes squealing, the city's roar. The sounds made him nervous and particularly loud ones caused him physical pain.

I'm retreating further, he thought. Into the womb. He asked Connie to buy him a set of earplugs.

. . .

With the request for earplugs, Connie's fears forced themselves to the surface. She was unwilling to think of the course of Norman's malady, but it seemed she could not stop herself. He's becoming a vegetable, she thought. A woman can't love a vegetable. But in fact her love for him grew. Nightly she delighted in bathing him and applying talc to prevent bedsores. But I don't really have a husband anymore, she thought, not in any true sense. Still, he needed her and at the same time fulfilled her needs for love

and affection and someone to take care of. And he would listen to her in the evenings instead of retreating into the work he had brought from the office.

But she was aware that the earplugs, which she bought the next day and he began using in the daytime when she was not there, were a definite sign of deterioration. At Christmastime she made an effort to reawaken his interest. She described the color and activity of the center of the city. She erected and decorated a tree and tried to induce him to remove his blindfold and look at it. She cooked and baked and did everything she could think of to interest him in the real world, but though he listened to everything she said, he would not get up and look.

In January he began to wear the earplugs even when she was in the apartment. At first he would simply forget to remove them, but soon he began to pretend that she was not there talking to him at all, and to insure his aloneness by rolling on his side, facing the wall, and burrowing his head under a pillow.

"You can't do this, honey," she said one evening when he was not wearing the earplugs. "You're letting yourself withdraw further and further."

"It isn't important," he said. "I just feel like doing it. Don't worry about it, Connie. When I feel like getting up again I'll get up again."

"But you can't do this. You're . . . you're . . ."

"Returning to the womb?" he said.

"Well, Angie says . . ."

"Yeah, I know. Hey, listen, I'm kind of tired. I think I'll get some sleep now. We'll talk about it later."

"But Norman, you've slept all day."

But he was already burrowing under the pillow, he would not listen to her. The next day she called the doctor, an act that she had been putting off ever since he first took to his bed.

She arranged the appointment so that she could be off work when the doctor came. He was their regular doctor, Connie's family doctor, an older man with salt-and-pepper gray hair and a little pencil-line mustache. He had always seemed to Connie to have a great fund of understanding and philosophy.

"Now this isn't really in my line," he told Connie. "You should really consult a psychiatrist about this. Though of course a psychiatrist might overlook the physical causes in favor of the mental. Metabolic rate and that sort of thing."

"I know, I know," Connie said. "But I just can't bring myself to call a psychiatrist. It isn't as though he were violent. He just won't get up."

The doctor talked to Norman for nearly an hour, and Norman removed his earplugs and listened politely. The doctor tried to describe to Norman what was happening to him, and then at-

tempted to persuade Norman to talk about his problems. He even had Connie leave the room so that Norman could speak more freely, but Norman denied that he had any serious problems.

"I just feel like staying in bed," he said. "And I feel like keeping my eyes covered. The light bothers my eyes. Besides, when I pretend that I'm blind all of my other senses seem to get sharper."

"Yes, yes, I understand all that," the doctor said. "We all feel unable to cope with a world as complex as this occasionally. We feel defeated by the difficulty of interpersonal relations, like with your wife, and the impossibility of defying the vast forces in society that manipulate us. But you can't give way to this feeling. You have to fight it."

"Why do I have to fight it?" Norman said. "I'm not doing anybody any harm."

"Well, you've got to think of Connie." "She's happy. She's happier than she was before."

"Well, perhaps she seems that way. But deep underneath, I'm sure . . ."

"Ask her, if you don't believe she's happy. If she isn't she can go away. We were getting a divorce before this started, anyway."

"Yes, but you've got to think of the future, Norman."

"Why?"

"Well, just because. You can't escape it. Why, dealing with the future is what differentiates human beings from the lower animals."

"I thought it was being able to read and write. Or the thumb."

"Well, yes, certainly those things are important, too. But, my boy, the future . . ."

"To hell with the future. The future can take care of itself." He put the earplugs one at a time back into his ears and rolled over toward the wall, and the interview was over.

. . .

The rains of late autumn ended and there was snow on the ground. Norman could no longer hear, but he could feel the difference in the air, crisp and vibrant instead of limp and moist. He liked a window open so that he could know that it was cold out and that he was snug and warm under the electric blanket. He cherished the electric blanket, so light and cozy. He would turn it up to high and roast for a while and then turn it entirely off and feel the heat leave, until he was beginning to shiver. Then he would turn it on again and bask in the warmth.

If I'm returning to the womb I ought to go the whole route, he thought. Though he did not believe that he was. Returning to the womb seemed a catchy phrase that someone had invented for a magazine advertisement. He wanted no cramped wet cell. He was content in his warm dry bed. He was resting.



The snow melted and the rain returned and Norman became impatient for the process to complete itself. So, while he still enjoyed odors, he had Connie buy him a pair of swimmer's nose plugs. The speed-up process seemed a good joke somehow, as though he had defeated someone. It was February and he was way ahead of them and he lay in bed smiling at his private joke.

He no longer got out of bed much. Connie left a bedpan and a bottle next to the bed. He learned to control himself so that he did not have to defecate all day, but he urinated whenever he felt like it. He discontinued eating lunch, too. Connie fed him in the morning and again when she returned in the evening, and between those times he simply lay and thought and dreamed. With practice his dream life had become incredibly rich. He willed or planned nothing, only received the images as they occurred, and his subconscious outdid itself in creating extravagant productions. He was seldom the hero but

only an observer. Nor did he want to control the stories and be the hero. He realized that his own mind was creating the stories, but it was doing so in such an indirect way that he never had the feeling of authorship.

Hurrying the process still further, he ordered Connie to cook him only bland foods, to leave out salt and pepper and spices. Boiled eggs were too flavorful, meat too juicy. He ate bland things, tasteless and smooth, and he knew that he was nearing some kind of goal. He believed himself happy.

Connie, too, was happy, and felt guilty about it. Her mother came to visit her often now, and sometimes stayed overnight on the couch. They had long talks. Her mother was disgusted with Norman, labeling him selfish, and therefore was disgusted with Connie for standing for his foolishness.

"Listen, sweetie," Connie's mother said, "just stop waiting on him hand and

foot. You'll see how fast he'll get out of bed when he gets hungry."

"But, Mom, I don't want him to suffer," Connie said.

"It's for his own good. Why do you stay with him, anyway?"

"Because I love him. He's my husband."

"He's no husband. He's no man at all. He's a puddle of flesh, that's all. Does he make love to you anymore?"

"Yes, he does. He's just running away from the world, Mom. There were too many problems so he ran away, like a little boy. I have to understand him."

"I don't see why you should. Let him understand himself. You aren't getting any younger. If I were you I'd go find myself another man."

But they did not always argue. Much of the time they simply sat and talked about the occurrences of the day, and gradually fell back into the mother-and-daughter relationship of before Connie's marriage.

"Norman, Mom's here," Connie would shout, forcing her voice through the earplugs.

"Hello, Mother," Norman would say, smiling good humoredly. But he never offered more than a casual "How are you?" and he never removed the earplugs to hear what Connie's mother had to say.

Angela and Larry Pervis still visited occasionally, but after a quick duty visit into the bedroom they sat with Connie in the living room and talked. They were still her friends, but it was increasingly awkward, three an unwieldy number. Once they invited Connie over and when she arrived she found that they had invited a bachelor friend to make a foursome. She suffered through the evening, not quite sure that the idea of an affair with a strange man did not attract her and angry with herself for her near-weakness, and the next day she bitterly accused Angela over the telephone of trying to destroy her loyalty to Norman. But the storm blew over and they still visited her, though it was clear that they had decided that Norman's actions were sheer weakness. They did not try again to introduce her to a man.

Connie thought about calling a psychiatrist to see Norman, but she could not bring herself to do it. At work she was quiet and solemn now, but increasingly efficient, and she received a promotion and raise the first of March. She told Norman about it and he smiled his approval, but she could see that he was not really very interested.

She toyed with the idea of doing as her mother had suggested, making him shift for himself. Not for her own sake, she assured herself, but for his. Finally one Friday evening she did not fix him



"So now it'll be Dasher, Dancer, Prancer, Vixen, Comet, Cupid, Donner and Venison."



# Don't be Late for These Dates



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dinner. She sat lonely and sad over her own dinner, tasting each morsel as though to make up for Norman's lack of it, feeling all of the pain of separation that she had felt when he left her. By bedtime he had said nothing. She climbed into bed beside him, waiting for him to mention food, but he did not. By Sunday afternoon when he had still not mentioned being hungry she could stand it no longer. She cooked him an enormous meal, some of which he ate. But he made no comment one way or the other about the day and a half of abstinence.

The following Wednesday he told her that he did not want her to sleep with him any longer. It disturbed him, he said; the touch of her flesh through his pajamas was like sandpaper. He wanted to cut off the last contact, the sense of touch. He said it quite unselfconsciously, as though clinically describing someone else's case. She cried, but he was firm, and she moved into the living room to sleep on the couch. He would not even let her bathe and powder him anymore. She waited for him to change his mind, hoping each evening that he would relent, but each time she asked he remained firm.

. . . .

Now he lay in the bed and tried to seal off the last sensations from hands and face and feet. He cultivated boredom with sensation and even boredom with the Film Clips of his mind, willing a white screen of blankness before his inner eye. He saw himself as on the last stage of a dangerous journey. He was entering unexplored country and wondered what he would find. Life was placid, life was clean, life had no content. Am I happy? he asked himself. Well, am I sad? Am I in pain? The answer was no to all three questions.

It was March and then it was the first of April. He counted his heartbeats and at 100 he fell asleep. He no longer tried to analyze his dreams. Sometimes he listened to and counted his own breathing, but that he found painful. When he concentrated on breathing he held his breath too long and his chest hurt.

I'll get up when I feel like getting up, he told himself. But when he did finally get up it was not because he wanted to.

The weather had turned hot and Connie had begun to open the windows. It was an unseasonable early warm spell. He asked her to keep the windows closed, but after a day of that he found himself sweaty and uncomfortable and had to allow her to open them.

He lay on his bed in only his pajamas without a sheet, and a vagrant spring breeze came in the window and teased his skin. He could not keep his mind from it, the wind blowing the hair on top of his feet, the hair of his head,

caressing his face. He willed his mind to deep calmness but the breeze was not to be ignored. He became angry with it.

For the first time in nearly two months he got out of bed and started toward the offending window. His legs would hardly hold him and he had forgotten the exact location of the furniture. He stumbled on unresponsive legs and fell to the floor, his forehead striking the chair. Growing angrier, he pulled himself to his feet and lurched toward the window, and this time he struck his shin against the table. Reaching out to keep himself from falling, his hand found only air, and then the glass of the window, but by then he was falling and his hand smashed the glass. Pain sliced across his arm and he felt warm blood run down toward his fingers.

Now he was furious. He tore the mask from his face and looked down at his arm to find a long clean slash angling across the back of it. Blood was dripping on the rug and on his pajamas and the window was broken so that he would not be able to close out the breeze no matter how he tried. His legs would not support him and his eyes were stabbing centers of pain from the unaccustomed light, the colors so vivid that they shocked him. The blue of sky, the charreuse and blue-green and green-black of trees and bushes and grass, the whites and reds and yellows. He could not breathe properly, so he tore out the plugs that held his nostrils closed and then, as an afterthought, yanked out the earplugs.

It suddenly occurred to him, amid the welter of pains and sensations, harsh sounds and too-bright light and strong odors and feelings all over his body, that he should give Connie a baby. She deserved a baby. And it might be a boy; that would be interesting. Thinking about having a baby and making love to Connie, he discovered that he had an erection. "Oh, Jesus Christ," he said, aloud.

He wrapped a T-shirt around his forearm to stop the bleeding. Then, steadying himself by the bureau, he began a first tentative and creaky deep knee bend. What was to stop him from finding any kind of job he wanted? Pumping gas or driving a Cat or even learning to be a carpenter?

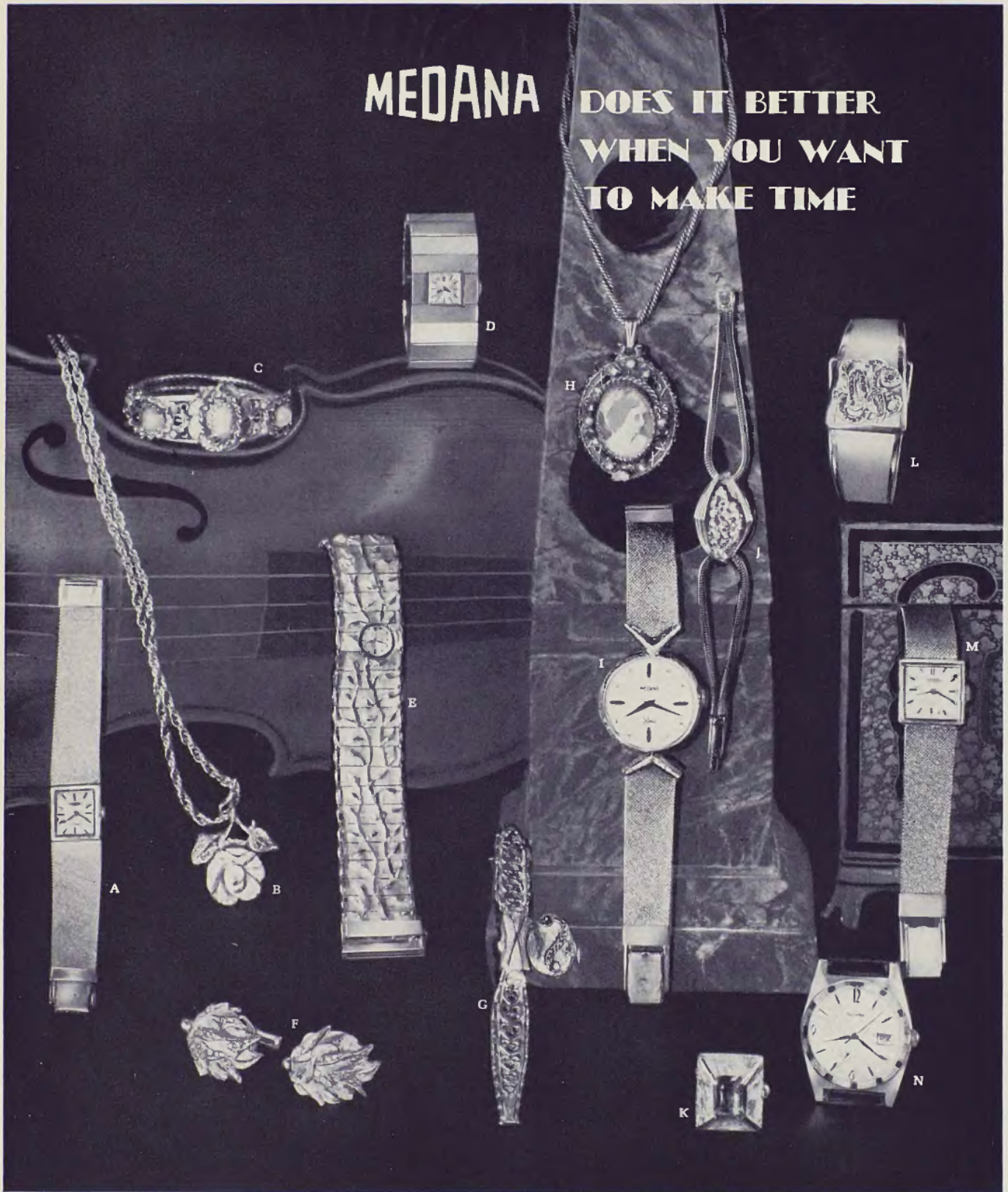
And when Connie returned from work she found him sitting in the living room reading a week-old sport section and drinking a highball, a crude thick bandage covering his arm from elbow to wrist. She did not quite know what to say or do, or even to think, she was happy and at the same time sad with loss, so she stood in the doorway and cried, the mascara-dark tears running down her face, until Norman told her to shut up and start cooking his dinner.





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# Little Annie Fanny

BY H. KURTZMAN AND W. ELDER

THE APPROACH OF THE YULETIDE IS PRECEDED BY WAVES OF ACTIVITY AS, IN PREPARATION FOR HOLIDAY DRESS, THE WORKADAY VESTMENTS ARE BOLDLY STRIPPED FROM STREETS, SHOPS, WHOLE COMMUNITIES, AND LITTLE ANNIE FANNY...



NO... I HAVEN'T PUT ANYTHING ON YET, RALPHIE...

WELL DON'T UNTIL I GET THERE, ANNIE. I'LL BE RIGHT OVER TO HELP! WE'LL PUT EVERYTHING ON TOGETHER!



WITH MY HELP, THE TREE WILL BE TRIMMED IN NO TIME.

YOU'RE SWEET, RALPHIE, BUT LISTEN... FIRST I HAVE TO SHOP. WHY DON'T YOU MEET ME AT THE VASTLY DEPARTMENT STORE TOY COUNTER IN AN HOUR...



YOU'RE SO SWEET TO COME HELP ME WITH MY PARCELS, RALPHIE. I'M WAITING FOR THEM TO WRAP THE CUTEST LITTLE TOY I BOUGHT FOR MY NEPHEW...

GEE, ANNIE... I SURE APPRECIATE YOUR ASKING ME TO SPEND THE DAY WITH YOU...

YOUR TOY IS WRAPPED, MISS.



DON'T YOU JUST LOVE CHRISTMAS SHOPPING WITH ITS HUSTLE AND BUSTLE AND CHEER...

OH YEAH... YOU GET HUSTLED INTO THE BUSTLE AT THE BARGAIN COUNTER WHERE YOU GET CHEERFULLY TRAMPLED UNDER-FOOT. THIS ISN'T CHRISTMAS... IT'S COMMERCIALISM!



BUT DON'T YOU JUST LOVE THE CHILDREN SITTING ON SANTA'S KNEE? NOW IS THAT COMMERCIALISM?

...THREE BUCKS EXTRA, AND MOMS CAN HAVE A SNAPSHOT OF THE EVENT.

OH, RALPHIE! ...I SWEAR!

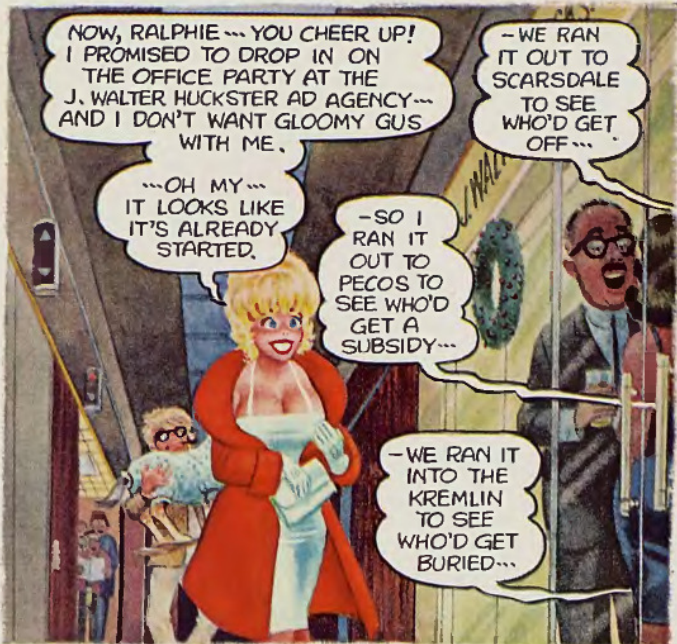




-NOW DON'T YOU LOVE HOW EVERYTHING IS DECORATED ALL SO CHRISTMAS-Y?--OOH--LOOK AT THE GORGEOUS SPECIAL HOLIDAY ISSUE OF 'BARF' MAGAZINE ...

... YEAH-- GLORIOUS SPECIAL ONE-DOLLAR PRICE-- THE SAME OLD STUFF WRAPPED IN JINGLE BELLS!-- NUDES AND MISTLETOE!  
--COMMERCIALISM!

EVEN SANTA BEGS FOR A HAND-OUT!! EVERYBODY WANTING INSTEAD OF GIVING ...



NOW, RALPHIE ... YOU CHEER UP! I PROMISED TO DROP IN ON THE OFFICE PARTY AT THE J. WALTER HUCKSTER AD AGENCY ... AND I DON'T WANT GLOOMY GUS WITH ME.

--WE RAN IT OUT TO SCARSDALE TO SEE WHO'D GET OFF ...

...OH MY ... IT LOOKS LIKE IT'S ALREADY STARTED.

--SO I RAN IT OUT TO PECOS TO SEE WHO'D GET A SUBSIDY ...

--WE RAN IT INTO THE KREMLIN TO SEE WHO'D GET BURIED ...



WHAT I LIKE ABOUT THESE CHRISTMAS PARTIES IS HOW THE EMPLOYEES CAN REALLY RUB ELBOWS WITH THE BOSSES.

YOU CAN CALL THIS A CHRISTMAS PARTY! ... WHAT I CALL IT IS LA DOLCE VITA!

RALPHIE, WHAT A SILLY THING TO SAY ...

MARCELLO! ANDIAMO TUTTI GIU IN VIA VENETO ...

ANNIE, SWEETIE-BABY! GREETINGS, X-MAS-WISE!

ANNIE, DARLING-- TRUE LOVE!

DON'T CELEBRATE XMAS!

--DOUBLE YOUR PLEASURE DOUBLE YOUR FUN ... WITH DOUBLE GOOD DOUBLE FRESH DOUBLE-U GUM!

YOU HAVE A CLIENT WHO NEVER CHANGES COPY?

--I SAY VANCE PACKARD IS A MENACE!

"HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS" IS A MUST PLAY BECAUSE IT'S ... WELL ... SORT OF A TRAINING FILM.





RALPHIE TOWZER---MEET PHOTOGRAPHER RICHARD AVACADO AND MR. BENTON BATTBARTON, ACCOUNT EXECUTIVE---I WAS JUST TELLING RALPHIE HOW WONDERFUL IT IS AT THESE OFFICE PARTIES WHERE YOU RUB ELBOWS WITH THE BOSSES AND EVERYONE IS EQUAL.

PLEASE, BABY! I'M BUSY BEING EQUAL WITH MY BOSS---

--SO AS I WAS SAYING, MISTER BATTBARTON, FOR A SLIGHTLY BETTER CONTRACT, I'LL SHOOT THE WHOLE ACCOUNT!

PLEASE, BABY!

AS I WAS SAYING, J. WALTER, I CAN DOUBLE OUR BILLING IF YOU'LL MAKE ME HEAD OF MEDIA---

REMEMBER, MEN --- SPEAKING OFF THE TOP OF MY HEAD, I'D SAY THERE'LL BE BIGGER BONUSES NEXT YEAR IF OUR TEAM BRINGS THE WINSOM CIGARETTE ACCOUNT OVER THE GOAL LINE.

NOW I'VE GOT MY CHRISTMAS BONUS, I CAN QUIT THIS CRUMMY PLACE!

-THROW IN WITH ME! I'M LEAVING TO START MY OWN AGENCY RIGHT AFTER THE FIRST OF THE YEAR... TAKING SIX KEY ACCOUNTS WITH ME.

WE'LL ALL BE IN THE LINE, J.W.!

COUNT ON ME IN THE BACK-FIELD, J.W.!

WE'LL CARRY THE BALL, J.W.!

OH, RALPHIE, AREN'T YOU GETTING THAT TINGLY FEELING OF GOOD WILL?



QUICK, MISS TUMBLY! YOU GRAB THE FIFTH OF SCOTCH AND THE GLASSES. I'VE GOT THE BOURBON. WE'LL GO OVER TO YOUR PLACE AND REALLY TIE ONE ON!

DON'T YOU NOTICE HOW EVERYONE IS GETTING THE YULETIDE SPIRIT?

YOU MEAN TAKING THE YULETIDE SPIRITS!

HMPF! RAISING CAIN LIKE THIS ISN'T YULETIDE SPIRIT TO ME!



WELL MY GOODNESS, YOU CAN'T GRUDGE PEOPLE WANTING A LITTLE FUN!

FUN! HAH! --- I'LL TELL YOU WHAT THEY REALLY WANT! --- THE EMPLOYEES WANT LESS WORK AND BIGGER BONUSES! THE EMPLOYERS WANT MORE SALES - SMALLER SALARIES!



THE SHOPPERS ALL WANT BARGAINS! THE STORES WANT MONEY! SANTA WANTS DONATIONS -

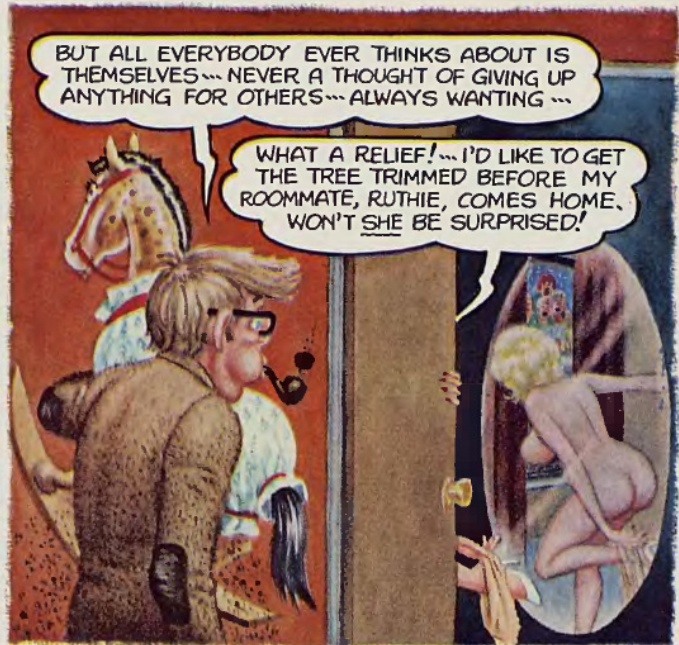
LEAPIN' LIZARDS, RALPHIE --- LET'S GO TRIM THE TREE!





...COMPASSION FOR OUR FELLOW-MAN!... JOY TO THE WORLD!... PEACE ON EARTH!... THAT'S WHAT THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS IS SUPPOSED TO BE ALL ABOUT... NOT JUST WANTING!

NOW YOU SET THOSE THINGS RIGHT DOWN WHILE I CHANGE INTO SOMETHING MORE COMFORTABLE.



BUT ALL EVERYBODY EVER THINKS ABOUT IS THEMSELVES... NEVER A THOUGHT OF GIVING UP ANYTHING FOR OTHERS... ALWAYS WANTING...

WHAT A RELIEF!... I'D LIKE TO GET THE TREE TRIMMED BEFORE MY ROOMMATE, RUTHIE, COMES HOME. WON'T SHE BE SURPRISED!



THERE, NOW... I FEEL SO MUCH BETTER. SHALL WE GET RIGHT TO WORK ON THE TREE?

ALWAYS... UH... WANTING...



OR WOULD YOU LIKE A DRINK FIRST, RALPHIE—

WANTING...



...RALPHIE?

WANTING...



RALPHIE!

WANTING!

NOW GET AWAY, RALPHIE!

WANTING!

STOP, RALPHIE!  
...LEAPIN' LIZARDS!

Merry Xmas  
love and  
xxx from  
Little Janny  
Annie Janny

END



# PLAYBOY

## READER SERVICE

Write to Janet Pilgrim for the answers to your shopping questions. She will provide you with the name of a retail store in or near your city where you can buy any of the specialized items advertised or editorially featured in **PLAYBOY**. For example, where-to-buy information is available for the merchandise of the advertisers in this issue listed below.

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Avanti Cars . . . . . 56	La Salle Watches . . . . . 61
Ballston Socks . . . . . 40	Levi's Sportswear . . . . . 56
Bentley Lighters . . . . . 167	Lindy Pens . . . . . 180
BMC Cars . . . . . 12	Medico Pipes . . . . . 168
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SPECIAL ISSUE \$1

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## PLAYBOY'S GALA HOLIDAY ISSUE

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