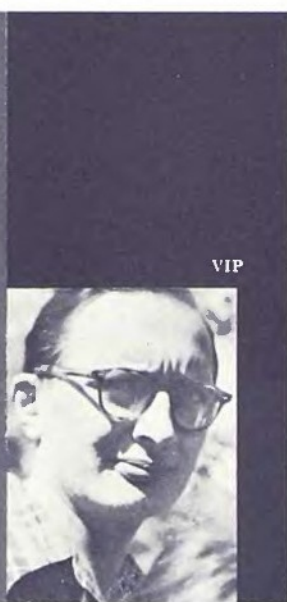


PLAYBOY

APRIL 50 cents

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN





PLAYBILL



WE WANT TO START out this issue of **PLAYBOY** with an apology to all our readers for the delay in handling subscriptions and getting copies to our newsstand dealers during the last three months. One cold morning early in December, a courier of the U. S. Post Office walked into our reception room and poured more mail onto the desk than we had previously received in a week. Ninety-nine per cent of those letters turned out to be newsstand and subscription orders and they've continued to come in like that ever since.

It takes a certain length of time for anything new to "catch on" — a new television show, a new brand of toothpaste, or a new magazine. At some uncalculatable point late last fall, **PLAYBOY** began "catching on" and though we've had everyone from receptionist to editors working nights since then, we haven't been able to keep up with the demand.

It took us a year to build our print run from an initial 70,000 to 175,000. **PLAYBOY** costs 50¢ a copy and is aimed at a rather restricted, sophisticated audience, so we were well pleased with that growth. But in two more issues (January and February) **PLAYBOY** jumped from 175,000 to 250,000, and this month we're printing 350,000.

We can't help but be pleased by this enthusiastic response to the magazine, but we are sorry about the delay in handling a number of the orders and we hope that those inconvenienced understand. Regular readers are probably con-

fused because this issue is dated April, since last month's issue bore a February date. We've advanced our dates by a month in order to have our sales periods more similar to our competition. No issue bearing a March date was published. Subscribers will receive an additional issue at the end of their subscriptions. Bigger sales will mean a bigger, better **PLAYBOY**. Those who keep track of such things know that we added four additional pages last month. There'll be more pages of color in forthcoming issues and some very special features that will be worth the price of the magazine all by themselves.

This March issue of **PLAYBOY**, carefully prepared and edited for your pleasure, includes fine new stories by Charles Beaumont, author of "Black Country" and P. G. Wodehouse, creator of the famous Jeeves. We think you'll be amused by "The Faithful and Obedient Servants" and "Modern Art As A Hobby" — "Servants" is based on the true experiences of American George J. W. Goodman when he tried to buy a suit of clothes at a very conservative English tailor's and "Art" is based on the much-too-good-to-be-true experiences of that artists' artist, Roger "Doodles" Price. You'll also find a collection of pithy proverbs illustrated by Arv Miller, another lovely Playmate photographed by Hal Adams, and a number of other entertaining features sandwiched in between that we're going to let you discover for yourselves.

DEAR PLAYBOY



ADDRESS PLAYBOY MAGAZINE 11 E. SUPERIOR ST., CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS

PLAYBOY FOR POLIO

PLAYBOY is going great guns in our territory and the only thing wrong is we sell out in about two weeks and have to stall until the next issue comes out. To illustrate just how great the demand is right here in Fort Collins, I received word from one of our dealers yesterday that a copy sold at the Lions Club Luncheon for a five dollar bill. The gimmick was that the dealer took a copy of PLAYBOY to lunch with him along with a donation cup for the March of Dimes and they passed the copy around the table and it cost the members 10c for a glance at the Playmate of the Month. Then they auctioned the copy of PLAYBOY off for \$5.00 and all the proceeds went to the March of Dimes.

Ray Schaefer, Mgr.
Poudre Valley News Co.
Fort Collins, Colorado

GOOD LOOKING WRITERS

My employer gets your magazine regularly and I manage to sneak a good look when he is out of the office.

I liked the pictures of the contributors in your January issue. Ray Bradbury is very good looking and Thomas Mario has the face of an angel. Can he really cook? And if so, is he married?

Angelina S.

New York, New York

"Angel Face" Mario has been a professional chef for a number of years, Angelina, but we're sorry to report he is married.

AUDIBLE ANNOUNCER

I have just read the January issue of your magazine and I think it's 100% sterling throughout. I enjoyed every story, but I was particularly intrigued with "The Stag At Eve" by Ray Russell. In it was a poem entitled *On Certain FM Announcers*, that ran:

"I will concede their lofty aim
Is eminently laudable
Their gentle comment none can
blame.

But must they be inaudible?"

Well, our aims may not always be lofty, but dammitall, we're audible.

Phil Painter

"An Audible Announcer"
Station WSOU-FM
South Orange, New Jersey

PLAYBOY PARODY

The Arizona Kitty Kat puts out a parody issue every year. Because we enjoy it ourselves and have heard so

much discussion concerning PLAYBOY around school, we would like to have permission to parody your magazine.

We would name our parody PLAYGIRL, using men instead of women to fill its pages. This, we thought, would be particularly appropriate since both the business manager and I are female.

Your immediate reply would be appreciated so we can plan the magazine. It will take a lot of time to do both PLAYGIRL and PLAYBOY justice.

Mary Ann Weaver, Editor
The Arizona Kitty Kat
University of Arizona
Tucson, Arizona

Permission is certainly granted, Mary Ann. Just send us a copy.

DISGRACEFUL PLAYBOY

My husband has just received his first issue of your magazine. To be brutally frank, I consider your magazine vulgar and a disgrace to readers. Personally, I do not feel I should allow it in my home, since I have children under ten. I suggest you think this over.

Mrs. N. A. Quasebarth
Arlington, Virginia

We've thought it over, Mrs. Q, and we think you'd better toss out hubby's liquor and cigarettes, too — the youngsters may take up drinking and smoking.

Your guy doesn't gripe about your Ladies Home Journal or the kids' comics, why don't you let him enjoy his own magazine in peace? Pity the poor man whose reading has to be reduced to the level of a ten year old's.

PLAYBOY VS. LADY GODIVA

I've just finished reading the January issue of PLAYBOY, cover to cover, for the second time. I don't know how a magazine can be so consistently outstanding and interesting. I usually get first turn at a new issue when my husband brings it home — that is, if I'm lucky enough to grab it first. I find everything in it humorous and enjoyable and my hubby's reactions are even more positive than that. The other evening I decided (after seven years of marriage) to be provocative for my husband, but it didn't do a darn bit of good, his nose was buried in one of your articles. I could have come in like Lady Godiva and he wouldn't have known the difference. That's just an example of the power of PLAYBOY.

Mrs. J. E. Mosier
Salinas, California

WELL DRESSED PLAYBOY

I have just read my February issue of PLAYBOY Magazine and as usual it was excellent.

I usually get a "kick" out of the Dear Playboy mail, but the letter from Lionel Samuelson sounds like a "pink elephant neophyte" (and Samuelson will know what I mean by that).

He suggests that Mr. Jack J. Kessie is a square peg in a round hole as far as men's clothing is concerned. That may be — I do not know the details of Mr. Kessie's complete taste in men's styling. However, I have seen the type of clothing Mr. Samuelson implies is the latest word in Texas "social circles" and in his own men's shop: key chains by the yard and flap pocketed slacks (not just one hip pocket but all pockets) with the flap a "contrasting color." If Mr. Samuelson believes flaps are so distasteful on suits or sport coats, then why are they popular with his "clientele" on slacks?

I'm sure that the loud clashing lines, helios and pinks will be a success in the shop Mr. Samuelson represents — however successful that may be — but, Mr. Samuelson, please do not set yourself up as the voice of the young men of Texas! I'm an ex-Houstonian and know that there are other "types" of clothing stores in Houston.

Closing with a word to Mr. Kessie, your article was in very good taste. I particularly appreciated your comments on shoes — omitting the dandy suedes. Continue the fine reporting.

Jack Davis
Tulsa, Oklahoma

Writing a letter to a magazine editor is a rare occasion for me, but your "Well Dressed Playboy" article forces me to sound off. Now don't get me wrong, your mag is tops with me and I practically haunt the newsstand till it shows up, but let us keep Playboy the smart, pioneering lad he's made to be, not a milksop who follows the every whim of fashion designers — this is for ladies, not for gents. I agree that saffron suits with an extreme drape are in bad taste. However, it's a well known fact that men are much too conservative in their dress — your well dressed Playboy's attire is the same as my grandpappy wore. Let's go forward, PLAYBOY, not backward.

If men want that "natural look" they can always join the local nudist colony. Unfortunately, the average male is not constructed like a Greek God and,

like the ladies, we can use a little padding to help the situation. I'm six feet tall and weigh 170 pounds and look like Sinatra's taller brother when I try on the natural look. So, please, give Mr. Playboy a little more snap and sparkle in his attire.

Gene Wilson
Silver Springs, Md.

I have just read Jack J. Kessie's article on "The Well Dressed Playboy." Here Kessie gives a running description of the Ivy League Look complete to the slight garish Edwardian waistcoat. Kessie's "man" is so stylish it almost hurts.

Being a regular reader of PLAYBOY, I remember an article by, I believe, Shepherd Mead, kidding the hell out of the Brooks Brothers style. And that's just exactly what Kessie is now prescribing. What's PLAYBOY doing? Recanting?

Richard Money-maker (No cracks)
Yale University
New Haven, Connecticut

The article kidding Brooks Brothers was by Julien Dedman. We often spoof the things dearest to us, Dick, and Yale Grad Dedman went right out and spent the check from that article on another addition to his Brooks Brothers wardrobe. PLAYBOY admits to a partiality to the "natural look." Admittedly, everyone doesn't look best in styles as extreme as BB's, but the basic lines are fundamental to good dress. You've got to make up your mind whether you want to look like a sporty cowboy or a young New York executive. The girls we know prefer execs.

TOO MUCH VARIETY

Why does PLAYBOY insist on including sports, fashion, jazz and theatre in its pages? Variety is fine, but why sacrifice enjoyment? In the January issue, "Johnny Bear," "The Stag At Eve" and "Ribald Classics" were great — "The Well Dressed Playboy," "Santa's Baby" and "West Coast Jazz" were not. Don't lose track of your goal — entertainment — not fashion and jazz.

Leland Elliott
University of Kansas
Lawrence, Kansas

PLAYBOY AT COLLEGE

I have just finished reading the January issue of PLAYBOY from cover to cover and the only thing I can say is, "Great!!" Steinbeck's "The Ears of Johnny Bear" was the most and Miss January was out of this world. Here at Old Mizzou PLAYBOY is gaining popularity fast. Five minutes after I purchased my copy, I was beset from all quarters with "Let me read it next." When the word PLAYBOY is mentioned around here, the fellows' eyes light up and the girls go green with envy.

Gayle R. Ludwig
Missouri University
Columbia, Missouri

PLAYBOY has hit the University of Oklahoma campus like nothing has ever hit it before. It is in the process of replacing women in the men's dorms and frat houses, since they've a rule about women dating back to 1892. Your first issue of the new year was the finest yet. It's hard to keep a copy of PLAYBOY around the house. As soon as I get a new issue, all the fellows develop the ears of Johnny Bear and come rushing to borrow, beg, or steal it.

Jack Welsh
Alpha Sigma Phi
University of Oklahoma
Norman, Oklahoma

PLAYBOY is undoubtedly the most popular magazine to appear on the Indiana campus in years. I was by my favorite newsstand today looking for the January issue and heard at least a dozen other guys bitching because it wasn't in yet.

R. D. Boyle, President
Pi Kappa Phi
Indiana University
Bloomington, Indiana

We recently acquired an eighth hand copy of the October issue of PLAYBOY. Orchids to you on the college drinking songs. Since we are both college drinkers, we wondered if you know of any collection of songs in the same vein. We are especially interested in a song called "Tice." We would appreciate any information you might be able to supply on how to acquire such a collection.

Tom Coulter
Buzz Summers
Stanford, Calif.

Sorry, fellows, we don't know of any such collection. We had to gather the ones we printed through personal research in college pubs from Yale to UCLA. Didn't come across a song called "Tice," though, or if we did, we were too far gone at the time to write it down.

PLAYBOY PRESCRIBED

Your book, THE BEST FROM PLAYBOY, was given to me during a siege of sickness this past month. Needless to say, it was very much enjoyed and aided my recovery greatly. On my way to the doctor's office last Friday, I discovered a copy of your excellent magazine on the newsstand. It was better than all the medicines the doctors have prescribed. So I'm enclosing subscriptions for myself and each of the doctors who helped in my recovery. I know they'll agree that PLAYBOY is better than pills.

Jack MacAllister
Syracuse, New York

LONDON PLAYBOY

I certainly enjoy my copies of PLAYBOY, but must confess that the knowledge that I receive copies, which seems to have percolated throughout this office building, has brought about three successful attempts at larceny. For-

tunately these took place after I had read the issues. It would seem that if one wishes to retain the copies, the safest thing is to take out an insurance policy covering replacement — and I would suggest that you might include such a policy in your subscription rates.

A. Conrad Tapster, Mgr.
Mirror Features
London, England

MISS DECEMBER

Just finished your Anniversary Issue (December) and have two compliments for you. First, PLAYBOY is the best, most entertaining magazine on the stands today. Second, your picture story on Photographing a Playmate was tremendous. That Terry Ryan is the most beautiful, sexiest girl I've ever seen.

Rocky McCoy
Sedalia, Md.

Have been enjoying your magazine since early last year. Cover to cover, every issue has appealed to me, except . . . the Playmates. That is until you hit the jackpot twice in a row with Terry Ryan and Betty Page. These two were terrific. Now when you give us Irish McCalla and Eve Meyer, I'll have to join your ever growing 100% club. Keep up the fine work regardless of the Armins, phantom or real.

Gordon Osborne
San Francisco, Calif.

We've voted Terry Ryan "The Girl We Would Like to Swab Down the Most."

Radio Gang
U.S.S. Power
% Fleet Post Office
New York, New York

If anyone doubts that your December issue is a "hot" one, please refer them to the enclosed envelope in which my copy was mailed. Not only did Terry Ryan sizzle her way through the envelope, but the top of the mag is scorched, too. Any other evidence of fire in the post office due to Miss Ryan?

Saul Z. Oppenheim
Beverly Hills, Calif.

The envelope Saul sent us had the top end burned off. We guess the next time we run a picture story like "Photographing A Playmate," we'll have to mail it in envelopes of asbestos.

Your Miss December, Terry Ryan, happens to be a very good friend of one of the guys in the house who subscribes to the magazine. All we've heard around here since the issue came out is "how much fun" he is going to have with her when he is home in New York for the holidays.

Jim Beckerich
Purdue University
W. Lafayette, Indiana

Your buddy is pulling your leg, Jim. Terry doesn't live in the east.

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Note: We have advanced the dating of our issues by a month in order to make our sales period more comparable to competing publications. No issue dated March was published. Subscribers will receive an additional issue at the end of their subscription.

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PLAYBOY

THE

hunger

By Charles Beaumont

NOW, WITH THE SUN almost gone, the sky looked wounded — as if a gigantic razor had been drawn across it, slicing deep. It bled richly. And the wind, which came down from High Mountain, cool as rain, sounded a little like children crying; a soft, unhappy kind of sound, rising and falling.

Afraid, somehow, it seemed to Julia. Terribly afraid.

She quickened her step. I'm an idiot, she thought, looking away from the sky. A complete idiot. That's why I'm frightened now; and if anything happens — which it won't, and can't — then I'll have no one to blame but myself.

She shifted the bag of groceries to her other arm and turned, slightly. There was no one in sight, except old Mr. Hannaford, pulling in his newspaper stands, preparing to close up the drugstore, and Jake Spiker, barely moving across to the Blue Haven for a glass of beer; no one else. The rippling red-brick streets were silent.

But even if she got nearly all the way home, she could scream and someone would hear her. Who would be fool enough to try anything right out in the open? Not even a lunatic. Besides, it wasn't dark yet, not technically, anyway.

Sitll, as she passed the vacant lots, all shoulder-high in wild grass, Julia could not help thinking. He might be hiding there, right now. It was possible. Hiding there, all crouched up, waiting. And he'd only have to grab her, and — she wouldn't scream. She knew that sud-



It grew inside him, bubbling like hot acid, howling to be released as he stalked through the terrified town



denly, and the thought terrified her. Sometimes you *can't* scream . . .

If only she'd not bothered to get that spool of yellow thread over at Younger's, it would be bright daylight now, bright clear daylight. And —

Nonsense! This was the middle of the town. She was surrounded by houses full of people. People all around. Everywhere.

(He was a hunger; a need; a force. Dark emptiness filled him. He moved, when he moved, like a leaf caught in some dark and secret river, rushing. But mostly he slept now, like an animal, always ready to wake and leap and be gone . . .)

The shadows came to life, dancing where Julia walked. Now the sky was ugly and festered, and the wind had become stronger, colder. She clicked along the sidewalk, looking straight ahead, wondering, why, why am I so infernally stupid? What's the matter with me?

Then she was home, and it was all over. The trip had not taken more than an hour. And here was Maud, running. Julia felt her sister's arm fly around her, hugging. "God, my God."

And Louise's voice: "We were just about to call Mick to go after you."

Julia pulled free and went into the kitchen and put down the bag of groceries.

"Where in the world have you been?" Maud demanded.

"I had to get something at Younger's." Julia took off her coat. "They had to go look for it, and — I didn't keep track of the time."

Maud shook her head. "Well, I don't know," she said, wearily. "You're just lucky you're alive, that's all."

"How —"

"You listen! He's out there somewhere. Don't you understand that? It's a fact. They haven't even come close to catching him yet."

"They will," Julia said, not knowing why: she wasn't entirely convinced of it.

"Of course they will. Meantime, how many more is he going to murder? Can you answer me that?"

"I'm going to put my coat away." Julia brushed past her sister. Then she turned and said, "I'm sorry you were worried. It won't happen again." She went to the closet, feeling strangely upset. They would talk about it tonight. All night. Analyzing, hinting, questioning. They would talk of nothing else, as from the very first. And they would not be able to conceal their delight.

"Wasn't it awful about poor Eva Schillings?"

No, Julia had thought: from her sisters' point of view it was not awful at all. It was wonderful. It was priceless.

It was news.

Julia's sisters . . . Sometimes she thought of them as mice. Giant gray mice, in high white collars: groaning a little, panting a little, working about

the house. Endlessly, untiringly: they would squint at pictures, knock them crooked, then straighten them again; they swept invisible dust from clean carpets and took the invisible dust outside in shining pans and dumped it carefully into spotless apple-baskets; they stood by beds whose sheets shone gleaming white and tight, and clucked in soft disgust, and replaced the sheets with others. All day, every day, from six in the morning until most definite dusk. Never questioning, never doubting that the work had to be done.

They ran like arteries through the old house, keeping it alive. For it had become now a part of them, and they part of it — like the handcrank mahogany Victrola in the hall, or the lion-pelted sofa, or the Boutelle piano (ten years silent, its keys yellowed and decayed and ferocious, like the teeth of an aged mule).

Nights, they spoke of sin. Also of other times and better days: Maud and Louise — sitting there in the belying heat of the obsolete but steadfast stove, hooking rugs, crocheting doilies, sewing linen, chatting, chatting.

Occasionally Julia listened, because she was there and there was nothing else to do; but mostly she didn't. It had become a simple thing to rock and nod and think of nothing at all, while they traded dreams of dead husbands, constantly relishing their mutual widowhood — relishing it! — pitching these fragile ghosts into moral combat. "Ernie, God rest him, was an honorable man." (So were they all, Julia would think, all honorable men; but we are here to praise Caesar, not to bury him . . .) "Jack would be alive today if it hadn't been for that trunk-lid slamming down on his head: that's what started it all." Poor Ernie! Poor Jack!

(He walked along the railroad tracks, blending with the night. He could have been young, or old: an age-hiding beard dirtied his face and throat. He wore a blue sweater, ripped in a dozen places. On the front of the sweater was sewn a large felt letter E. Also sewn there was a small design showing a football and callipers. His gray trousers were dark with stain where he had fouled them. He walked along the tracks, seeing and not seeing the pulse of light far ahead; thinking and not thinking, Perhaps I'll find it there, Perhaps they won't catch me, Perhaps I won't be hungry any more . . .)

"You forgot the margarine," Louise said, holding the large sack upside down.

"Did I? I'm sorry." Julia took her place at the table. The food immediately began to make her ill: the sight of it, the smell of it. Great bowls of beans, crisp-skinned chunks of turkey, mashed potatoes. She put some on her plate, and watched her sisters. They ate earnestly; and now, for no reason, this, too, was upsetting.

She looked away. What was it? What was wrong?

"Mick says that fellow didn't die,"

Maud announced. "Julia —"

"What fellow?"

"At the asylum, that got choked. He's going to be all right."

"That's good."

Louise broke a square of toast. She addressed Maud: "What else did he say, when you talked to him? Are they making any progress?"

"Some. I understand there's a bunch of police coming down from Seattle — of course, you can imagine how much Mick likes *that*!"

"Well, it's his own fault. If he was any kind of a sheriff, he'd of caught that fellow a long time before this. I mean, after all, Burlington just isn't that big." Louise dismembered a turkey leg, ripped little shreds of the meat off, put them into her mouth.

Maud shook her head. "I don't know. Mick claims it isn't like catching an ordinary criminal. With this one, you never can guess what he's going to do, or where he'll be. Nobody has figured out how he stays alive, for instance."

"Probably," Louise said, "he eats bugs and things."

Julia folded her napkin quickly and pressed it onto the table.

Maud said, "No. Most likely he finds stray dogs and cats."

They finished the meal in silence. Not, Julia knew, because there was any lull in thought: merely so the rest could be savored in the livingroom, next to the fire. A proper place for everything.

They moved out of the kitchen. Louise insisted on doing the dishes, while Maud settled at the radio and tried to find a local news broadcast. Finally she snapped the radio off, angrily. "You'd think they'd at least keep us informed! Isn't that the least they could do?"

Louise materialized in her favorite chair. The kitchen was dark. The stove warmed noisily, its thin metal sides undulating.

And it was time.

"Where do you suppose he is right now?" Maud said.

Louise shrugged. "Out there somewhere. If they'd got him, Mick would of called us. He's out there somewhere."

"Yes. Laughing at all of us, too, I'll wager. Trying to figure out who'll be next."

Julia sat in the rocker and tried not to listen. Outside, there was the wind. A cold wind, biting; the kind that slips right through window-putty, that you can feel on the glass. Was there ever such a cold wind? she wondered.

Then Louise's words started to echo. "He's out there somewhere . . ."

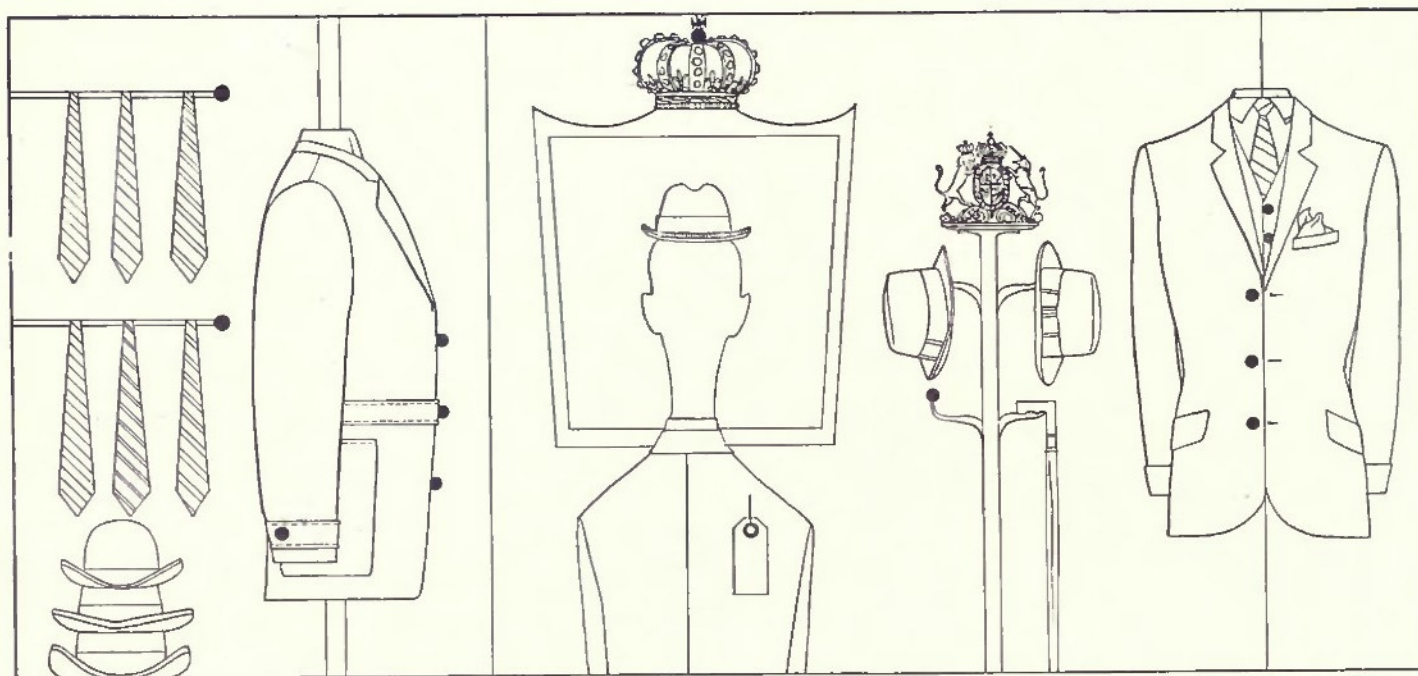
Julia looked away from the window, and attempted to take an interest in the lacework in her lap.

Louise was talking. Her fingers flashed along silver needles. " . . . spoke to Mrs. Schillings today."

"I don't want to hear about it." Maud's eyes flashed like the needles.

"God love her heart, she's just about crazy. Could barely talk."

(continued on page 10)



THE FAITHFULL AND OBEDIENT SERVANTS

BY GEORGE J. W. GOODMAN

*selecting a suit from conservative english tailors is
an experience an american isn't apt to forget . . .*

SAVILE ROW IS A PLEASANT Georgian street in London's West End, distinguished by the brass plates beside its austere elegant doorways. The names on the brass plates belong to tailors, some of whom have their premises blocks away but keep one room on Savile Row because that address has, like Rolls Royce on a car radiator, an aura of ageless prestige, impeccable taste, and bottomless wealth. My battle with Savile Row began half a decade ago, after my junior year at Harvard, and it cheered me tremendously until my final disgrace.

I came to the tailors I'll call S. Falconer's Sons equipped with the required two letters of reference from old customers, but dressed in the student-tourist costume of the day: battered rainhat, plastic raincoat, wrinkled seersucker coat, and army-surplus khaki pants. It may have been this costume which brought a face to the other side of the plate glass window I was contemplating. On the window there were seven royal seals; lions and unicorns gambled rampant amid symphonic declarations of

Ich Dien and *Dieu et mon Droit*. The face appeared between two of these seals — her late majesty the queen, *honi soit qui mal y pense*, 1887, and H. M. Alphonso of Spain, 1926 — and watched with some distaste as I strolled up the stairs to check the brass plate that read S. Falconer's Sons, Tailors and Breeches Makers. Mr. Bentinck-Cavendish hurried to the door, as if to explain quickly that this was not the American Express Company.

"Yes?" he said.

"Thought I'd get a suit," I replied.

Mr. Bentinck-Cavendish looked at my clothes and reached for my reference letters. We stood in the doorway while he read them, his long neck swivelling in owlsh jerks across each line and turning frictionless against his stiff wing collar.

"Well," he said finally, "a friend of Mr. Lansdowne. And of Mr. Attwood. Mr. Lansdowne had a very nice suit indeed. Come in, please."

We entered a dark, panelled room suggestive of old port and mellow cigars.

Several bolts of cloth lounged under a pair of stag's heads; each of the heads bore a metal date-tag and an unpronounceable Scottish name. At one end of the room there was a full-length portrait of Edward VII, presumably a patron saint. At the other end, a young woman perched on a three-legged stool, writing at a desk. The fountain pen in her hand seemed an anachronism. Mr. Bentinck-Cavendish introduced me to her, as he did to other members of the staff in the cutting and fitting rooms. Everyone inquired after the health of my referees. Then we returned to the main room, and Mr. Bentinck-Cavendish asked what sort of a suit I wanted.

"A gray flannel, kind of," I suggested. "If you think that's okay."

"I see," said Mr. Bentinck-Cavendish. "Something suitable for diplomatic receptions in the late afternoon, and yet correct for informal wear in the evening."

I said that was just what I had in mind. We selected a dark tweed and recorded the measurements, and then
(continued on page 21)

hunger (continued from page 8)

"God, God."

"I tried to comfort her, of course, but it didn't do any good."

Julia was glad she had been spared that conversation. It sent a shudder across her even to think about it. Mrs. Schillings was Eva's mother, and Eva — only seventeen . . . The thoughts she vowed not to think, came back. She remembered Mick's description of the body, and his words: ". . . she'd got through with work over at the telephone office around about nine. Carl Jasperson offered to see her home, but he says she said not to bother, it was only a few blocks. Our boy must have been hiding around the other side of the cannery. Just as Eva passed, he jumped. Raped her and then strangled her. I figure he's a pretty man-sized bugger. Thumbs like to went clean through the throat . . ."

In two weeks, three women had died. First, Charlotte Adams, the librarian. She had been taking her usual shortcut across the school playground, about 9:15 P. M. They found her by the slide, her clothes ripped from her body, her throat raw and bruised.

Julia tried very hard not to think of it, but when her mind would clear, there were her sisters' voices, droning, pulling her back, deeper.

She remembered how the town had reacted. It was the first murder Burlington had had in fifteen years. It was the very first mystery. Who was the sex-crazed killer? Who could have done this terrible thing to Charlotte Adams? One of her gentlemen friends, perhaps. Or a hobo, from one of the near-by jungles. Or . . .

Mick Daniels and his tiny force of deputies had swung into action immediately. Everyone in town took up the topic, chewed it, talked it, chewed it, until it lost its shape completely. The air became electrically charged. And a grim gaiety swept Burlington, reminding Julia of a circus where everyone is forbidden to smile.

Days passed, uneventfully. Vagrants were pulled in and released. People were questioned. A few were booked, temporarily.

Then, when the hum of it had begun to die, it happened again. Mrs. Dovie Samuelson, member of the local P.T.A., mother of two, moderately attractive and moderately young, was found in her garden, sprawled across a rhododendron bush, quite dead. She was naked, and it was established that she had been attacked. Of the killer, once again, there was no trace.

Then the State Hospital for the Criminally Insane released the information that one of its inmates — a Robert Oakes — had escaped. Mick, and many others, had known this all along. Oakes had originally been placed in the asylum on a charge of raping and murdering his cousin, a girl named Patsy Blair.

Now he was loose. After he had broken into his former home and stolen

some old school clothes, he had disappeared, totally.

Burlington, population 3,000, went into a state of ecstasy: delicious fear gripped the town. The men foraged out at night with torches and weapons; the women squeaked and looked under their beds and . . . chatted.

But still no progress was made. The maniac eluded hundreds of searchers. They knew he was near, perhaps at times only a few feet away, hidden; but always they returned home, defeated.

They looked in the forests and in the fields and along the river banks. They covered High Mountain — a miniature hill at the south end of town — like ants, poking at every clump of brush, investigating every abandoned tunnel and water tank. They broke into deserted houses, searched barns, silos, haystacks, tree tops. They looked everywhere, everywhere. And found nothing.

When they decided for sure that their killer had gone far away, that he couldn't conceivably be within fifty miles of Burlington, a third crime was committed. Young Eva Schillings' body had been found, less than a hundred yards from her home.

And that was three days ago . . .

" . . . they get him," Louise was saying, "they ought to kill him by little pieces, for what he's done."

Maud nodded. "Yes; but they won't." "Of course they—"

"No! You wait. They'll shake his hand and lead him back to the bug-house and wait on him hand and foot — till he gets a notion to bust out again."

"Well, I'm of a mind the people will have something to say about that."

"Anyway," Maud continued, never lifting her eyes from her knitting, "what makes you so sure they will catch him? Supposing he just drops out of sight for six months, and —"

"You stop that! They'll get him. Even if he is a maniac, he's still human."

"I really doubt that. I doubt that a human would have done these awful things," Maud sniffed. Suddenly, like small rivers, tears began to course down her snowbound cheeks, cutting and melting the hard white-packed powder, revealing flesh beneath even paler. Her hair was shot with gray, and her dress was the color of rocks and moths; yet, she did not succeed in looking either old or frail. There was nothing whatever frail about Maud.

"He's a man," she said. Her lips seemed to curl at the word. Louise nodded, and they were quiet.

(His ragged tennis shoes padded softly on the gravel bed. Now his heart was trying to tear loose from his chest. The men, the men . . . They had almost stepped on him, they were that close. But he had been silent. They had gone past him, and away. He could see their flares back in the distance. And far ahead, the pulsing light. Also a square

building: the depot, yes. He must be careful. He must walk in the shadows. He must be very quiet.

The fury burned him, and he fought it.

Soon.

It would be all right, soon . . .)

" . . . think about it, this here maniac is only doing what every man would like to do but can't."

"Maud!"

"I mean it. It's a man's natural instinct — it's all they ever think about." Maud smiled. She looked up. "Julia, you're feeling sick. Don't tell me you're not."

"I'm all right," Julia said, tightening her grip on the chair-arms slightly. She thought, they've been married! They talk this way about men, as they always have, and yet soft words have been spoken to them, and strong arms placed around their shoulders . . .

Maud made tiny circles with her fingers. "Well, I can't force you to take care of yourself. Except, when you land in the hospital again, I suppose you know who'll be doing the worrying and staying up nights — as per usual."

"I'll . . . go on to bed in a minute." But, why was she hesitating? Didn't she want to be alone?

Why didn't she want to be alone?

Louise was testing the door. She rattled the knob vigorously, and returned to her chair.

"What would he want anyway," Maud said, "with two old biddies like us?"

"We're not so old," Louise said, saying, actually: "That's true; we're old."

But it wasn't true, not at all. Looking at them, studying them, it suddenly occurred to Julia that her sisters were ashamed of their essential attractiveness. Beneath the 'twenties hair-dos, the ill-used cosmetics, the ancient dresses (which did not quite succeed in concealing their still voluptuous physiques). Maud and Louise were youthfully full and pretty. They were. Not even the birch-twig toothbrushes and traditional snuff could hide it.

Yet, Julia thought, they envy me.

They envy my plainness.

"What kind of a man would do such heinous things?" Louise said, mispronouncing the word, carefully, heinous.

And Julia, without calling or forming the thought, discovered an answer grown in her mind: an impression, a feeling.

What kind of a man?

A lonely man.

It came upon her like a chill. She rose from the pillowed chair, lightly. "I think," she said, "I'll go on to my room."

"Are your windows good and locked?"

"Yes."

"You'd better make sure. All he'd have to do is climb up the drainpipe." Maud's expression was peculiar. Was she really saying, "This is only to com-

(continued on page 14)

EXECUTIVE FLIGHT

BURNING THE CANDLE at both ends has been old stuff among top execs for some time. In the upper echelons of business, there's nothing particularly new or exciting in completing almost a full day of work in, say, Chicago, and spending the evening at a conference in New York. But, until recently, there was something very wrong with this way of life.

What was wrong was Hypertension, Nervous Collapse and Ulcers.

The busy business man can usually renew his depleted energies in the P.M. by either pipe-and-slippers it at the family hearthstone or relaxing in some quiet bistro. There's nothing relaxing, however, about working all day in Chicago and all night in New York. There wasn't, that is, until United Air Lines

*it's a club
in the sky
for the
man of affairs*





took pity on the poor tycoon and inaugurated its Executive Flight.

Basically, this is simply a special flight, restricted to male passengers, that leaves Chicago's Midway airport at 5 P.M. and lands in New York two hours and forty-five minutes later. But, in practice, the "Executive" is much more than just a means of getting from one place to another. The tired exec finds it a delightful interlude between important affairs, a combination hearthstone and bistro designed to restore the inner man. The special flight has made such a hit that United now gives West Coast VIPs a break by setting up the same arrangement between L.A. and Frisco.

What makes the "Executive" the only thing of its kind in the world is the atmosphere of masculine informality that prevails. After a day in a Chicago office, a man wants to pull off his shoes, shed his jacket and loosen his necktie.

On the Executive Flight, he can do just that without feeling like a social outcast. There are no female passengers to raise pencilled eyebrows in disapproval. The only girls aboard are a couple of unobtrusive stewardesses who encourage him to relax and even provide him with a pair of comfortable knitted slippers.

If he pulls out a hidden stogie or a pipe, she won't smile icily and ask him to drop it out the window — she'll light it for him. And, as a veteran of many cigarless airlights, our friend finds this a welcome innovation.

When the luxury airliner has been in the ozone about forty-five minutes, dinner is served. And before dinner, to sharpen his appetite, the flying executive has his choice of a Martini, an Old Fashioned or Scotch-on-the-rocks—served in a cruet that holds a potent four ounces. He finds this plenty, because a little liquor goes a long way when you're

sitting in a pressurized cabin in the sky. Dinner and strong coffee fortify him for the business stratagems ahead.

By this time, the male camaraderie is in full swing. Mellowed by food and drink, the exec may join his fellow passengers in a friendly game of poker. As he deals out the cards, he tells a party joke or two that evoke raucous laughter and more jokes from his new friends. If he prefers, he may bypass the poker and check the latest market quotations available in the late papers, put aboard just before takeoff.

Before he knows it, the New York skyline comes into view. He has one last cigar or cigarette, straightens his tie, puts on his shoes and jacket, and picks up his briefcase. Then the airliner lands and he steps out, relaxed and refreshed, ready for Big Deals. And, as a matter of fact, ready for a little fun when the Big Deals are consummated.

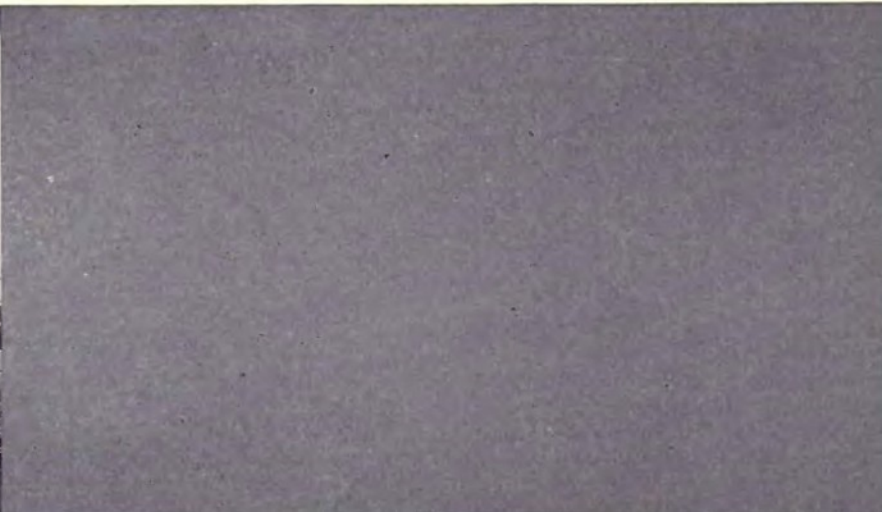




The "Executive" leaves Chicago's Midway Airport daily at 5 P.M. and arrives in New York less than three hours later. During the flight, passengers can smoke or drink, play cards or read stock reports in papers put aboard just before departure.



Above, left, a pretty hostess helps an exec slip his tired feet into comfortable slipper-socks. Below, passengers enjoy a dinner of filet mignon, with salad, green beans, potatoes, coffee and dessert before setting down at La Guardia in the east.



hunger (continued from page 10)

fort you, dear. Of the three of us it's unlikely he'd pick on you . . ."

"I'll make sure," Julia walked to the hallway. "Goodnight."

"Try to get some sleep," Louise smiled. "And don't think about him, hear? We're perfectly safe. He couldn't possibly get in, even if he tried. Besides," she added, "I'll be awake."

(He stopped and leaned against a pole and looked up at the deaf and swollen sky. It was a moment of dark shapes, a hurrying, a running.)

He closed his eyes.

"The moon is the shepherd,

The clouds are his sheep . . ."

He tried to hold the words, tried very hard, but they scattered and were gone.

"No. No."

He pushed away from the pole, turned and walked back to the gravel bed.

The hunger grew: with every step it grew. He thought that it had died, that he had killed it at last and now he could rest, but it had not died. It sat inside him, inside his mind, gnawing, calling, howling to be released. Stronger than before. Stronger than ever before.

"The moon is the shepherd . . ."

A cold wind raced across the surrounding fields of wild grass, turning the land into a heaving dark green ocean. It sighed up through the branches of cherry trees and rattled the thick leaves. Sometimes a cherry would break loose, tumble in the gale, fall and split, filling the night with its fragrance. The air was iron and loam and growth.

He walked and tried to pull these things into his lungs, the silence and coolness of them.

But someone was screaming, deep inside him. Someone was talking.

"What are you going to do —"

He balled his fingers into fists.

"Get away from me! Get away!"

"Don't —"

The scream faded.

The girl's face remained. Her lips and her smooth white skin and her eyes, her eyes . . .

He shook the vision away.

The hunger continued to grow. It wrapped his body in sheets of living fire. It got inside his mind and bubbled in hot acids, filling and filling him.

He stumbled, fell, plunged his hands deep into the gravel, withdrew fists full of the grit and sharp stones and squeezed them until blood trailed down his wrists.

He groaned, softly.

Ahead, the light glowed and pulsed and whispered, *Here, Here, Here, Here, Here.*

He dropped the stones and opened his mouth to the wind and walked on.)

Julia closed the door and slipped the lock noiselessly. She could no longer hear the drone of voices: it was quiet, still, but for the sighing breeze.

What kind of a man . . .

She did not move, waiting for her heart to stop throbbing. But it would not stop.

She went to the bed and sat down. Her eyes traveled to the window, held there.

"He's out there somewhere . . ."

Julia felt her hands move along her dress. It was an old dress, once purple, now grey with faded gray flowers. The cloth was tissue-thin. Her fingers touched it and moved upward to the throat. They undid the top button.

For some reason her body trembled. The chill had turned to heat, tiny needles of heat, puncturing her all over.

She threw the dress over a chair and removed her underclothing. Then she walked to the bureau and took from the top drawer a flannel nightdress, and turned.

What she saw in the tall mirror caused her to stop and make a small sound.

Julia Landon stared back at her from the polished glass.

Julia Landon, thirty-eight, neither young nor old, attractive nor unattractive, a woman so plain she was almost invisible. All angles and sharpness, and flesh that would once have been called "milky" but was now only white, dead white. A little too tall. A little too thin. And faded.

Only the eyes had softness. Only the eyes burned with life and youth and —

Julia moved away from the mirror. She snapped off the light. She touched the window shade, pulled it slightly, guided it soundlessly upward.

Then she unfastened the window latch.

Night came into the room and filled it. Outside, great clouds roved across the moon, obscuring it, revealing it, obscuring it again.

It was cold. Soon there would be rain.

Julia looked out beyond the yard, in the direction of the depot, dark and silent now, and the tracks and the jungles beyond the tracks where lost people lived.

"I wonder if he can see me."

She thought of the man who had brought terror and excitement to the town. She thought of him openly, for the first time, trying to imagine his features.

He was probably miles away.

Or, perhaps he was nearby. Behind the tree, there, or under the hedge . . .

"I'm afraid of you, Robert Oakes," she whispered to the night. "You're insane, and a killer. You would frighten the wits out of me."

The fresh smell swept into Julia's mind. She wished she were surrounded by it, in it, just for a little while.

A walk. A short walk in the evening. She felt the urge strengthening.

"You're dirty, young man. And heartless — ask Mick, if you don't believe me.

You want love so badly you must kill for it — but nevertheless, you're heartless. Understand? And you're not terribly bright, either, they say. Have you read Shakespeare's sonnets? Herrick? How about Shelley, then? There, you see! I'd detest you on sight. Just look at your fingernails!"

She said these things silently, but as she said them she moved toward her clothes.

She paused, went to the closet.

The green dress. It was warmer.

A warm dress and a short walk — that will clear my head. Then I'll come back and sleep.

It's perfectly safe.

She started for the door, stopped, returned to the window. Maud and Louise would still be up, talking.

She slid one leg over the sill; then the other leg.

Softly she dropped to the frosted lawn.

The gate did not creak.

She walked into the darkness.

Better. So much better! Good clean air that you can breathe!

The town was a silence. A few lights gleamed in distant houses, up ahead; behind, there was only blackness. And the wind.

In the heavy green frock, which was still too light to keep out the cold — though she felt no cold: only the needed heat — she walked away from the house and toward the depot.

It was a small structure, unchanged by passing years, like the Landon home and most of the homes in Burlington. There were tracks on either side of it.

Now it was deserted. Perhaps Mr. Gaffey was inside, making insect sounds on the wireless. Perhaps he was not.

Julia stepped over the first track, and stood, wondering what had happened and why she was here. Vaguely she understood something. Something about the yellow thread that had made her late and forced her to return home through the gathering dusk. And this dress — had she chosen it because it was warmer than the gray one . . . or because it was prettier?

Beyond this point there was wilderness, for miles. Marshes and fields, overgrown with weeds and thick foliage. The hobo jungles: some tents, dead campfires, empty tins of canned-heat.

She stepped over the second rail, and began to follow the gravel bed. Heat consumed her. She could not keep her hands still.

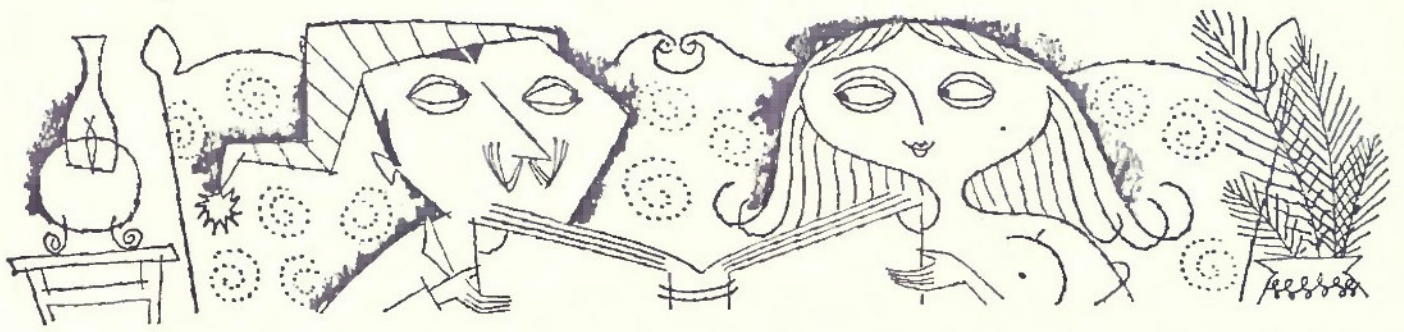
In a dim sort of way, she realized — with a tiny part of her — why she had come out tonight.

She was looking for someone.

The words formed in her mind, unwilling: "Robert Oakes, listen, listen to me. You're not the only one who is lonely. But you can't steal what we're lonely for, you can't take it by force. Don't you know that? Haven't you learned that yet?"

I'll talk to him, she thought, and

(continued on page 51)



humor

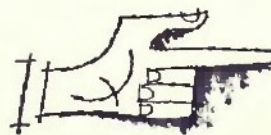


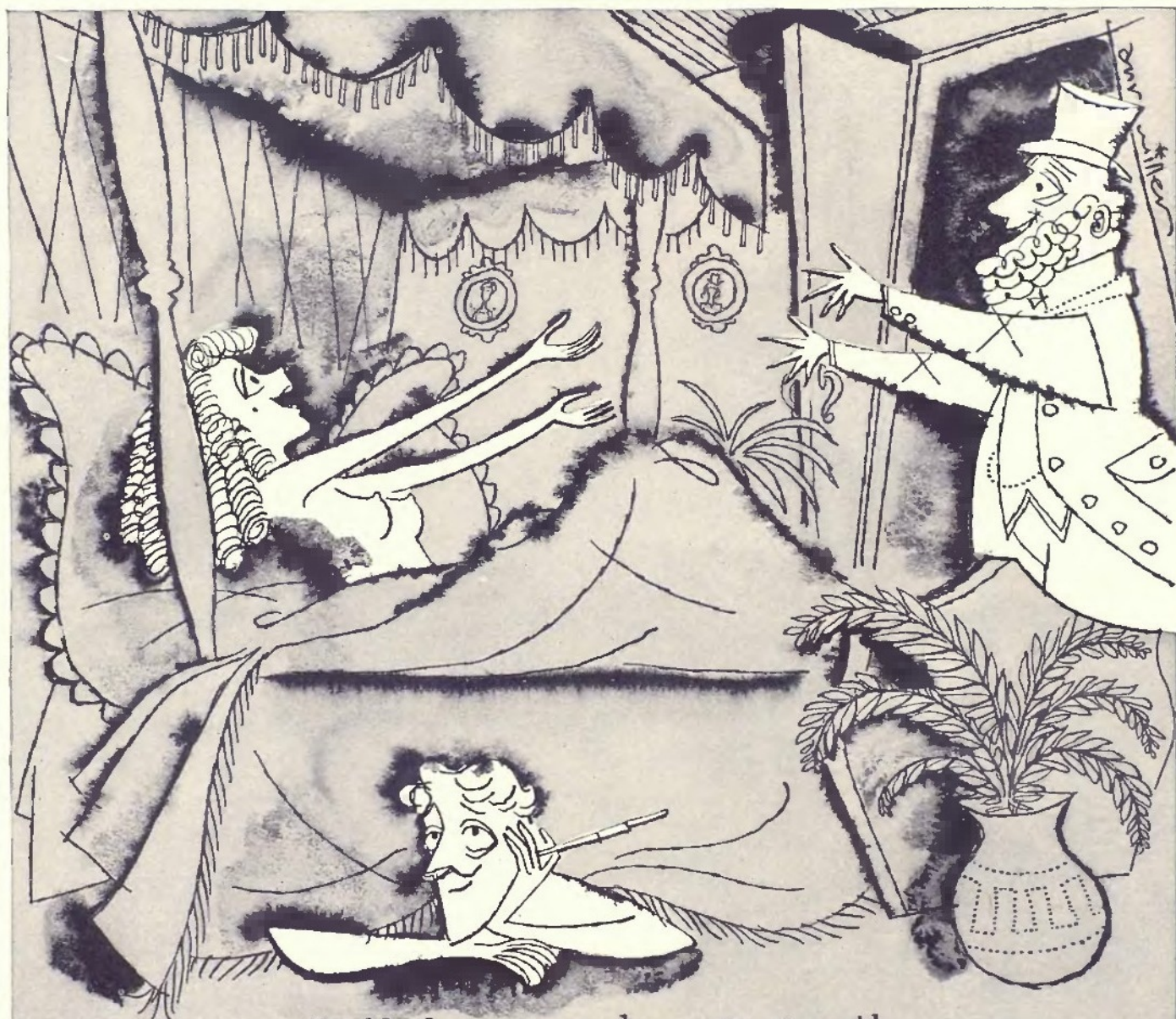
WORLDLY



WISDOM

THE HONORABLE ARV MILLER
ILLUSTRATES A PORTFOLIO OF
PITHY PROVERBS BY PLAYBOYS
OF THE PAST





One should always be in love. That is the
reason one should never marry.
— Oscar Wilde



When the candles are out,
all women are fair.
-Plutarch



Who marrieth for love without money
hath good nights and sorry days
- John Ray



It is a woman's business to get married as soon as possible,
and a man's to keep unmarried as long as he can.

— George Bernard Shaw



Mr. Bentinck-Cavendish brought out a large book for me to sign.

"The last gentleman was one of your compatriots. Had three very nice suits made, Mr. Pierson did," he said. Mr. Pierson had not written his address, but merely Chmn of Board, TWA. I signed under Mr. Pierson, giving my address as Dunster House, my Harvard dormitory.

"Only three names?" asked Mr. Bentinck-Cavendish. I stared at the three inadequate names and then sheepishly dredged up a fourth which had lain undisturbed for years on my birth certificate. Mr. Bentinck-Cavendish wrote it in with a flourish.

"George Jerome Waldo Goodman," he said. "Much better. I'm sure we're going to get along famously. And, Mr. Goodman, if you desire theatre tickets or train schedules or similar assistance, please call upon us — all our young gentlemen do." He ushered me to the door, glanced at my plastic raincoat, and added, "if you require a coat, we usually send our young gentlemen down to Burberry."

During subsequent fittings, I began to learn what was required of one of Mr. Bentinck-Cavendish's young gentlemen. The young gentleman, after frolicking the afternoon in Oscar Wilde banter, sallied forth to the theatre, because Mr. Bentinck-Cavendish always asked what he had been to see. He took trains, usually to Wiltshire and Gloucestershire, because Mr. Bentinck-Cavendish always bemoaned the deteriorating service on the Great Western Railway. Once, when I noticed several sets of heavy gloves, I learned that the young gentleman occasionally gardened.

"I thought," I asked, "that they live in London and go to the theatre."

"Our young gentlemen," said Mr. Bentinck-Cavendish, "live in London and in the country."

The young gentleman also rode (riding whips), exercised his pack of hounds (boots, walking stick, dog collars), got his haircuts by appointment, and never went around bareheaded.

"If you require a hat," Mr. Bentinck-Cavendish suggested reproachfully, "I will have a few words with Herbert Johnson, the hatter, and he will make you one very quickly."

Even though Mr. Johnson did not make me a hat, I began to feel like Cinderella dressing for the ball, and it was with some regret that I informed Mr. Bentinck-Cavendish I was leaving for Scotland.

"Ah, Scotland," he said. "Deer-stalking or salmon? The 3:12 is a good train, you'll find. Many of our young gentlemen take it."

I explained that unhappily I was leaving Britain from Prestwick Airport, Scotland, and that I would motor. (I hitchhiked up the Great North Road that afternoon.) I paid the bill and we arranged to send the suit to the airport. Three days later I paced at Prestwick's departure counter until the last possible minute, but the suit never arrived. I wrote from Boston and demanded its

whereabouts, receiving, two weeks later, the first of Mr. Bentinck-Cavendish's many communications, on stationery with the seven royal seals — three kings, two Princes of Wales, one queen, and one duke.

Your aircraft, he charged, departed before our suit arrived. The garment you ordered has now returned to the premises, and we request instruction as to its disposal.

We beg to remain, dear Sir, Your most faithfull and obedient servants,
S. Falconer's Sons

For a moment I wondered whether only Mr. Bentinck-Cavendish's American young gentlemen got the benefit of the seals and the extra I in faithfull. I asked for the suit again, and received, when it came, a bill for two pounds sixpence shipping charges, a bill I contested since the responsibility for getting the suit to the plane, I felt, rested with the senders. Mr. Bentinck-Cavendish sent two more bills. On the first, he addressed me as Waldo Goodman Esq., and deftly switched the D of Dunster into an M; on the second, he inserted a hyphen quietly between the names he liked best. That hyphen so slyly provided gave me a whole new identity. By the time he began to write letters, Mr. Bentinck-Cavendish had dropped both the Esquire and the House. My first day as Waldo-Goodman of Munster was a rainy Saturday in late fall; I remember spinning the combination on the mailbox and pulling out a baronial estate, the Palladian manor of Munster, A Georgian avenue of oak stretching from its fountain to the gatehouse, where a red-coated huntsman waited, calling "hounds, gentlemen, please."

Undoubtedly, wrote Mr. Bentinck-Cavendish, *you have been busy with the Season and have overlooked our Notice.* Mr. Bentinck-Cavendish was right; I was busy with the Season; the Duke of Dartmouth had just departed, leaving a sleeping bag and an empty gin bottle, and Viscount Princeton was due any moment with his whole pack. The Season at old Munster was a hectic thing.

In the months following, Mr. Bentinck-Cavendish sent not only Notices for two pounds six, but family news designed to keep all his young gentlemen in touch. Sometimes it was the Visit of a Representative, a missionary with a tape measure braving the plains of provincial America to spread sartorial grace among youths only potentially gentlemen. Occasionally there were the milestones of birth and death within the House of Falconer. ("It is with very deep regret that we have to advise you that Mr. Pulworthy has been taken ill, has been admitted to hospital, and has died.") Always with a servile wave of his plume, Mr. Bentinck-Cavendish begged to remain my most faithfull and obedient servant, each time reminding me that I was no ordinary citizen subject to everyday crises; I was Waldo-Goodman of Munster, serene, hyphenated; playgoer, hound-walker, rider of the 3:12. The letters and bills cheered

me long after I left the original Munster (death duties and Socialist government) and to keep them coming I wrote a little note to Mr. Bentinck-Cavendish every six months or so. I wrote from an Italian villa open to the public that I had lost old Munster House, but that his communications would be forwarded. Once I crossed the city of Paris to get some stationery from the Ritz Hotel, so that Mr. Bentinck-Cavendish might know I was still one of his young gentlemen staying where he would approve, in spite of my fallen fortunes. Mr. Bentinck-Cavendish wearied but held up his end.

Apparently, he wrote, you have been Travelling and have not received our Notices.

With that, he provided the way for another year's correspondence. Waldo-Goodman of Munster was Travelling, and the bills just never caught up. (Munster House was being converted to a bicycle factory and they were very sloppy about forwarding mail.) Friends of mine, impressed by the correspondence, entered the game. Mr. Bentinck-Cavendish received a letter headed Thirty-Eighth Parallel Hunt Club, posted from Yongdongpo. Waldo-Goodman of Munster had passed through for the fall shooting; now this Notice had arrived, but he was gone — should they send it on? A diplomatic courier sent Mr. Bentinck-Cavendish a postcard from Moscow. He had seen Waldo-Goodman of Munster outside St. Basil's, "still, as ever," he wrote, "in pursuit of truth." Mr. Bentinck-Cavendish continued to send his large, florid, ever-welcome bills, each with its seven royal seals and the proud inscription "Tailors and Breeches Makers, Savile Row," to Munster, with the request, in labored handwriting on the envelope, that it be sent on.

As the reports filtered in I realized suddenly that the game was up. Within the space of a week, Mr. Bentinck-Cavendish received letters from Hong Kong (Fleet Post Office), Arusha, Tanganyika, and Snow Bank, Labrador. Waldo-Goodman of Munster had passed through each, just three days ahead of the Notice which pursued him up and down the globe. With considerable misgiving I wrote out a check for \$5.67; it is not every day that a man cuts loose the servants who have been faithfull so long.

The reply was swift and stunning. There was something strange about the very envelope that carried it, and I read it nervously. The paper was thinner and smaller; it said, much too simply, "Rec'd £20.6". The lions and rampant unicorns had fled; the strains of *Dieu et mon Droit* died out. No one begged to continue to serve. I could hear the whispers along the stuffed-leather clubrooms of St. James' Square: "You've heard? Waldo-Goodman of Munster. Sacked. Drummed out of his father's regiment." Mr. Bentinck-Cavendish had dealt with disrespect and insubordination. Then I looked again at the envelope, in sudden terror.

He had taken away my hyphen.



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

"Blessed are the pure," a wagish friend of ours misquotes, "for they shall inhibit the earth."

The passionate young thing was having a very difficult time getting across what she wanted from her rather dense boy friend. Finally, she asked, "Would you like to see where I was operated on for appendicitis?"

"Gosh, no!" he replied. "I hate hospitals."



An elderly French playboy entered the door of his favorite sporting-house and asked the Madam if he might have an audience with Renee.

"Alas, Monsieur," replied the Madam, "Renee is visiting her dear Mother in Provence. Would you care to see Musette?"

The old gentleman smiled. "No, thank you, *chère Madame*, I will return another day. When do you expect Renee to be back?"

"Saturday next," said the Madam. "Your devotion is to be admired. But can you not find diversion in the company of Clothilde? Or Gaby? Or the lively Yvette?"

To each suggestion, the old man shook his head. Curious, the Madam asked, "Renee is, of course, charming, but what does she possess that the other girls do not?"

"Patience, *chère Madame*," he replied, "patience."

A much-traveled playboy we know says that in various stages of her life, a woman resembles the continents of the world: From 13 to 18, for example, she's like Africa—virgin territory, unexplored. From 18 to 30, she's like Asia—hot and exotic. From 30 to 45, she's like America—fully explored and free with her resources. From 45 to 55, she's like Europe—exhausted, but not

without points of interest. After 55, concludes the playboy, she's like Australia—everybody knows it's down there, but nobody cares much.

A playboy is a cagey guy
Who has a lot of fun.
He samples every pretty wench
And never Mrs. one.

Everyone was surprised when fastidious, virginal Percy lispily announced his intention to wed. "What, you, Percy?" was the amazed reaction. Some skeptics made bets that he wouldn't go through with it, but Percy fooled them. He even went on a honeymoon. Upon his return, one of the losers bitingly asked, "Well, is your wife pregnant?"

"I certainly hope so," said Percy with great sincerity. "I wouldn't want to go through that again!"

Two playboys were using adjoining booths in the men's room at an exclusive niter when one of them noticed an appalling absence of tissue. "Hey, George," he called, "hand me some paper, will you?"

A disturbed voice replied: "Gosh, there isn't any in here!"

"Any newspaper lying around?"

"No, don't see any . . ."

"Do you have an old envelope in your pocket? A letter, maybe? A handbill?"

"Sorry."

"Well, then—have you got two fives for a ten?"



Our research department informs us that the bathroom is no longer the room where the most household accidents occur. It's the bedroom.

Have you heard any good ones lately? Earn an easy five dollars by sending the best to: Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 11 E. Superior St., Chicago 11, Illinois. In case of duplicate submissions, payment will go to first received. No jokes can be returned.



HOW TO PLAY COMPANY POLITICS

satire

By SHEPHERD MEAD



MAINTAIN STRICT NEUTRALITY

IT GOES WITHOUT SAYING that you, as a rising young man, will live a clean life, rise early, work hard, and keep your employer's interests at heart.

These are all laudable traits, but of course they will get you nowhere without a thorough understanding of company politics.

Company politics should never be confused with national politics or political parties, though it is safe to assume that if you expect to rise rapidly to the top you will either *be* a Republican or *seem* to be one.

BE A POLITICIAN

Do not confuse this with being a politician in the ward politics sense. Businesses are governed, not by the majority, but by the men at the top, in a manner reminiscent of the medieval Italian city-state. Read Machiavelli—and then learn the following easy rules:

1. *Pick the Right Team.* In your company, as in all healthy, live-wire groups, there are bound to be areas of friction. Enter them with a will.

There are always two or more factions fighting for control, or for favor with the Big Wheels. It is essential to maintain neutrality long enough to determine which side is going to win.

No matter how well you do your work, if you choose the wrong side you will soon be in a sorry plight indeed.

2. *Be a Pussyfooter.* During this wait-and-see period others may try to force you to choose sides. Resist them!

For example, during a heated argument at a meeting you may be asked:

"Well, Finch, what do you think about it?"

The chips would seem to be plainly down, but a skillful pussyfooter need not be dismayed.

"Oh, it's obvious, sir!" (*Never seem to pussyfoot!*) "Mr. Bank's statement is so clear—" (*A smile here to Blank, who may still be in the running.*) "—that I would say by all means buy more wickets! On the other hand, Mr. Threep's point is certainly well taken!" (*Threep is far from being counted out, and you know his mother-in-law holds a big batch of stock.*) "I'd say buy sump pumps, too!"

In short, steer a bold path, right down the middle. After the meeting it is well to see both Blank and Threep, separately.

"Hope I didn't let you down, sir. Hated to hurt poor old Threep's (Blank's) feelings. Wouldn't want to

kick a man who's going down!"

3. *Make Your Move.* After it is clear that Threep, say, is going down, the humane thing to do is to finish him off as quickly as possible. Attack him freely, and preferably in Blank's presence.

"Threep's point is well taken,"

you say, with a condescending smile, "if we assume his information is correct. However, it looks to me as though he has been badly misguided." (*You pity the poor old devil, discredit his whole team, yet maintain an attitude of great magnanimity.*) "In line with Mr. Blank's figures, it would be disastrous to follow Threep's recommendations. Buy wickets, buy more wickets, and drop the whole sump pump line!"

If you administer the *coup de grâce* to Threep, Blank will soon make you his right-hand man. You are on your way up—well deserved reward for courage and clear thinking.

From this point on, follow Blank loyally. There is nothing like loyalty, as long as your man moves up fast enough to leave plenty of room behind.

If he does not, never fear. You must think first of the company's good, and if Blank is not Doing His Job, you must not let sentiment interfere. By this time

the subtler side of business success

you should be skillful at giving people the business. Give it to Blank, in a nice way, and afterwards do your best to find him another job. He will thank you for it. Care for your friends, and they will care for you.

4. *Stab the Right Backs.* Your manner at all times should be friendly, kind, and courteous. The good businessman is everyone's Pal.

But from time to time some selfish person will stand in your way.

Before dispatching him it is well to ask yourself: Is he married to the boss's daughter? Is he a fair-haired boy? Is he related to a customer or client?

If he has attained his position because of ability, a few disparaging remarks in the right ears will do for him quickly—but beware the man who has deeper roots!

5. *Guard Your Own Back.* You can assume that your assistants will serve you loyally and selflessly, as long as you keep your distance.

But the wise businessman always protects his rear. The surest way of doing this is to be careful in choosing assistants. It can be done in several different ways. Let us examine them all.

a. *The Happy-Moron Theory.* Your safest course is to hire only imbeciles as

the best men—but make them compete for your favor. You will find it an easy task to poison their little minds and turn them against each other—but in a constructive way. Make sure you are always the Great White Father to whom they will run in peril.

c. *The Ugly-Duckling Theory.* One chap with extremely modest ability and a glib tongue rose rapidly to the top by this method. He hired brilliant but unpresentable assistants, men with fine minds but repulsive personalities who sat behind filing cabinets doing superb work for which he took full credit.

Few would have had the courage to take so daring a step!

But you may find a fourth and even better way. At this moment experiments are going on in offices throughout our nation.

6. *Upward and Onward.* Clearly the best way, however, to keep ahead of your assistants is to blaze a bold straight path—forward! As you move rapidly ahead with giant strides your assistants will have enough to do filling the posts you leave behind. You will be an inspiration to those under you. It is only those ahead who need beware!

7. *Choose the Right Wife.* Remember, the American home is sacred, and it is a

Choose a wife who is adaptable and flexible, who will fit in well with the group. She should not, of course, have any definite opinions, or any special mentality, as these will soon rub others the wrong way. It is important above all not to offend.

A college education is of great value to the company wife as long as she is careful not to let it creep into her conversation or influence her reading. The social graces, skill at cards, and ability to dress well, all these real tangible attributes of the college graduate, will stand her in good stead.

Most important is to find a girl whom the influential wives will admire. She must be a good clean-cut American girl, ready to make many sacrifices to endear herself to the women around her.

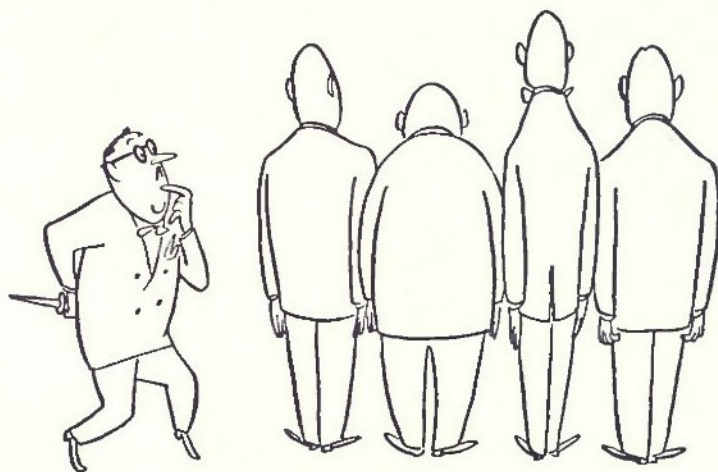
She must be prepared to perform a few simple services:

"Couldn't we pick up your little dears in the morning? After all, I'm used to getting up at six!"

Or:

"I'm so glad you admire Hilda's cooking. Ponty was wondering if you wouldn't like to have her."

And remember, soon the shoe will be on the other foot. As you rise in prestige and authority she will have her



STAB THE RIGHT BACKS

assistants. They will worship you—as assistants should!—and will never be able to threaten your position. If you are a good talker you should be able to convince management that they are doing a grand job, but only because they have you for guidance.

b. *The Divide-and-Conquer Theory.* This is no course for timid souls. Hire

shoddy fellow indeed who uses his wife to further his own selfish ends.

However, if you live in a small city or company town it is well to choose your wife carefully, as she, too, will have to play her part. Otherwise you may be forced to replace her, and this should not be done frequently, and then only between jobs.

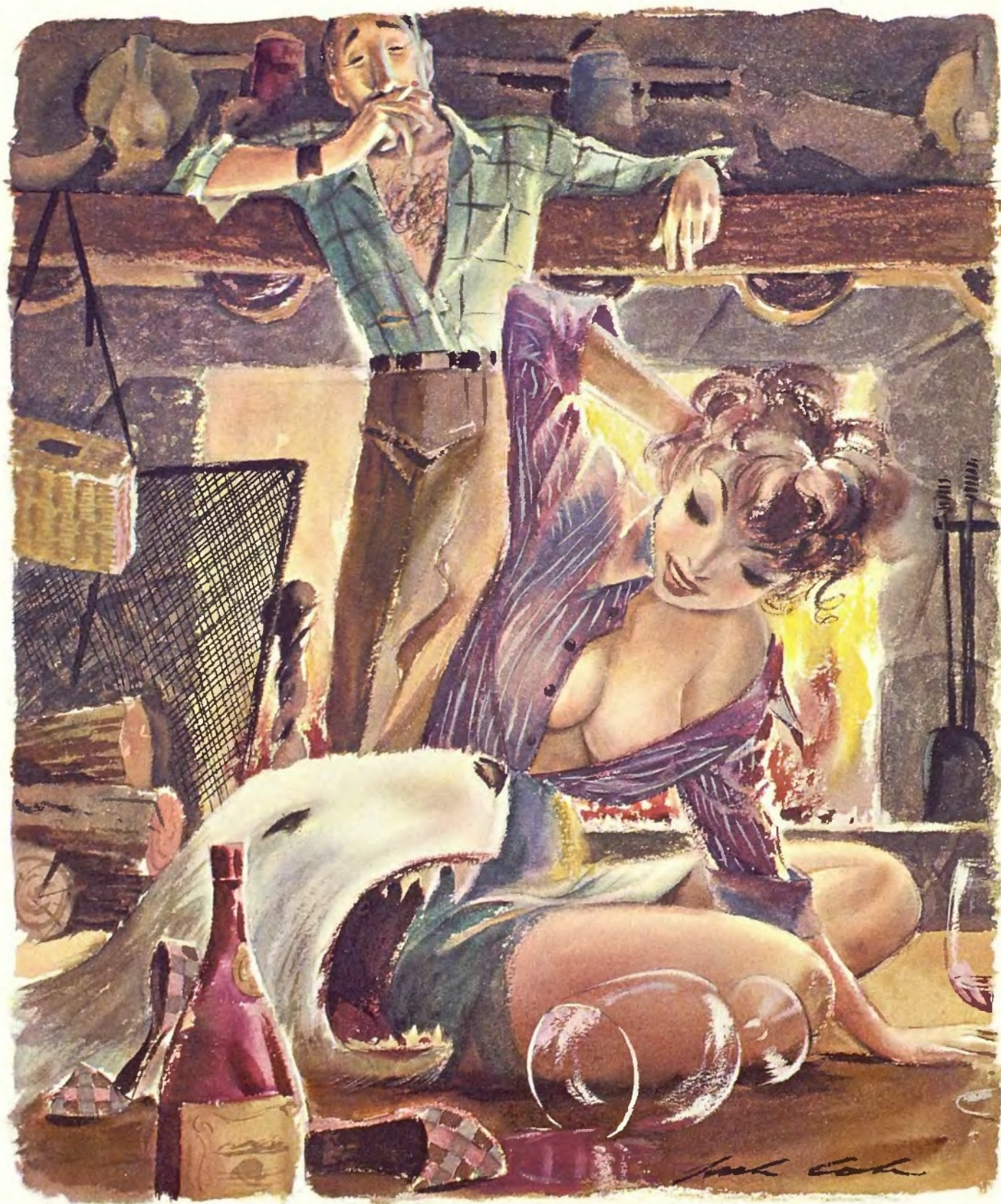


GUARD YOUR OWN BACK

innings—if you're still willing to put up with her.

8. *Pick the Right Suburb.* If your job is in a very large metropolitan area, it is most important to choose the right suburb.

Remember, it is almost as easy to go from New York to Chicago as it is to go (continued on page 51)



*"I'll bet you didn't trap him with a warm fire
and a couple of glasses of wine!"*

CONSIDER THE CRAB

BY THOMAS MARIO

playboy's food & drink editor



March is the month of the tasty crustacean

AMONG THE THINGS THAT get laid in March are the eggs of many North American birds.

Not only are the birds exhilarated by the first day of spring, but bees start buzzing, crocuses begin to pop, frogs begin to croak and young men's fancies lightly turn to thoughts of love.

March is named after the Roman god of war, Mars. It was the most propitious month, the Romans felt, to begin campaigns not only into the battlefields but into the boudoirs as well. The Romans adopted March, not January, as the first month of the year, and as late as the Eighteenth Century many countries observed March 1st as New Year's Day.

March 2nd celebrates the birthday of one of PLAYBOY's classical favorites, Francois Rabelais, whose fame does not exclusively depend on the fact that blue-noses have been trying for five hundred years to censor and suppress his writings. Rabelais, a brilliant sensualist, was a devout respecter of the human appetite. He was the man who said, "No clock is more regular than the belly."

That March comes in like a lion, PLAYBOY does not question. But that it goes out like a lamb is open to the gravest doubts. Walk into any frat house after the first day of spring and see how

lamb-like the denizens are. Most normal young men will be seen sliding down bannisters, breaking into liquor closets, dusting off spring suits, while telephones buzz constantly and arrangements are made with the opposite gender for the warm afternoons and evenings ahead.

Leave the frat house and go out to the campus to observe the kind of girl you meet in March. She may look lamb-like in the velvety spring air, but let her eyes meet yours and they are at once on what the French call the most intimate terms imaginable. Students of physiology and chemistry as well as students of language all confirm the ancient Latin proverb that, "In spring heat returns to the bones."

The amount of thermal activity which enters our bones during March often has a curious effect on our playing, our eating and drinking. There are many young warriors who, of course, never lose a great deal of incandescence during the winter months and in whom the added spring heat has the effect of fanning normal fire into wildfire. Plain desire becomes a fever, sometimes called spring fever, and normal appetites grow into gluttony.

A prominent symptom of this kind of spring delirium is the desire for change

including a change in diet. It is apparent in the fellow who not only wants to make love but must make it in half-a-dozen different ways. If his Cadillac needs a painting, he eschews the ordinary blues and reds, and paints it the color of wild flaming orchids.

When he takes his wench out to eat, he insists on travelling to the most different, the most unique eating place in the state. Not for this lathered up stripling are ordinary shrimp or roast beef or pie. No, indeed. He is determined to travel two hundred miles if necessary to find that eatery noted for its Polynesian sheep's brains with jellied liver sauce. "We must have something really different," he says as with sweating brow he jerks the menu out of the waiter's hands and begins to pore over the long list of *pièces de résistance*.

He shakes his head dubiously at dish after dish until he finally comes to an item that awakens his interest — *Piroshki Stroinska*. "What's that?" he asks, his face wreathed in a frozen March smile. When the waiter explains that it's merely a *Pâté a Foncée* in the shape of a turnover filled with cepes, truffles, duckling, basil and chervil, the young blade says, "Oh, the same old stuff! I thought it

(continued on page 30)

MISS APRIL

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





CRAB continued from page 27

was something different. Give us some breast of guinea hen *sous cloche* and get it over with."

This type of whooped up wastrel rushes through his guinea hen, his salad and his savory. The fact that the lassie opposite him prefers to linger over sauces and dream into her Benedictine does not retard him one bit. He gulps down his Drambuie as though it were a patent medicine and then drags his girl from the table and drives back home at ninety an hour.

The next night he does not even bother to take her to dinner but rushes the girl directly to his apartment. There, the bewildered darling discovers that his springtime restlessness extends even into the realm of amorous dalliance. Almost before she knows what's happened, he's donned his clothes and is announcing, "We'll now have something to eat. I know a restaurant where they make the damndest Iranian Kuftha you've ever tasted."

The girl, at this juncture, can only utter that singularly distinctive expression whose clarity has never been sullied:

"You can go to hell."

Dumbfounded, he sputters, "And where will you go?"

"I'm going to Kelly's seafood restaurant at the corner."

Her sudden assertiveness chagrins the super-charged Romeo and he follows the girl to Kelly's. Before he has a chance to argue with the waiter, the girl says, "I'm going to have a plain crabmeat salad with mayonnaise."

It's the kind of simple direct choice that no man can argue with. He orders the same thing. There isn't much delay because crabmeat salad can be assembled in a minute or two. Only when he tastes the icy cold jumbo lumps of light crabmeat, as tangy and refreshing as the coolest March breeze, does sanity return. He experiences the feeling of enjoying life and not merely chasing it. There's something about the texture of crabmeat that is indescribably perfect. It is a food worthy of the first day of spring. It is neither as firm as meat or poultry nor as soft as fish. It has a subtlety of flavor which almost forces you to eat it slowly in order to appreciate its delicate deep sea tang. It has a kind of luxurious after taste that compels you to scrape the salad bowl or casserole for fear of losing a single flake of its goodness.

If Kelly's waiter knows his crab lore, he can hold the playmates spellbound as he regales them with stories about the life of the short tailed crustacean.

For instance, there are the great king crabs of the northwest. It is during this month that millions of female crabs start to leave their bed and board at the bottom of the North Pacific to slowly scramble toward the warm shore water for you know what.

A few weeks later the male crabs follow the female. At first they scout around hunting for a suitable mate. The giant six foot, six legged bachelors go through a rhythmic dance to catch the eyes of their chosen ones. If male and

female crabs feel that they are compatible, they hold hands. Then the conquering male carries his intended bride about for three to seven days for all the other deep sea playboys to admire.

This ceremony makes it legal. Thanks to this great yearly formality now taking place we can enjoy at our tables the heavenly flavor of Alaskan crab meat all year long.

Ex-servicemen who spent some time around Australia's Great Barrier Reef will never forget the first time they saw armies of Aussie crabs lining up in mass formation, one row after the other, like companies on a parade ground. The whole group moves in unison, wheels to the right or left. Now and then you'll see a single squad in line formation marching in perfect discipline.

If a human invasion moves near, these West Pointers of the sand break into fast retreat, climbing pell mell over one another's backs. A dress parade review is all right, they figure, but if there is danger of their being converted into baked deviled crabs, they forget their military etiquette and disappear by burying themselves in the sand until peace reigns over all.

Other crabs are known for their high I. Q. Take the crabs of the Canton Island in the Pacific for example. These clever crustaceans shortly after birth crawl into sea shells which fit the unprotected rear part of their bodies perfectly. The fore part of the crab is hard and needs no protection. As long as they live, they crawl around with the small shell fixed like a trailer to their posterior. As the crabs grow older and bigger they find larger shells to serve as armor plate.

Fight fans love the pugilist crabs of the British Samoan islands. These hardy boys spar, jump, feint and then cut loose with rights and lefts that literally knock out their opponents. For boxing gloves, Samoan crabs use small anemones, one held in each of their claws. The sea anemones in this part of the world are equipped with sting cells which are discharged upon contact with an enemy. If you approach one of these crabs, he'll try to ward you off at first, but if you insist on coming closer he'll let go with a round-house blow that will send you flying in three directions at once. This may be hard for you but it's very easy for a crab who can walk forward, backward or sideways with equal ease.

The shell which a crab wears is a hard substance that cannot stretch. As the crab grows, its body tissue becomes too large for the shell to contain it. The crab then throws off its old shell and grows a new one. In the interim period, before the crab acquires a new suit of armor, the crab is known as a soft shell crab—one of summertime's greatest seafood delicacies.

Catching, boiling and cleaning a crab is a complex and bothersome business. For this reason almost every fish or seafood store sells crabmeat freshly boiled, ready for the table. Fresh crabmeat is put up in cans which are not hermeti-

cally sealed. The meat thus processed has no tinny flavor and is a wonderful food for bachelor boys or girls who love light but sophisticated fare.

The most popular crabmeat is taken from Atlantic coast blue crabs. The best quality is called jumbo lump. Smaller pieces are sold under the name of crab flakes.

From the Pacific northwest coast comes the famous king crabmeat put up in frozen packages or in cans. The individual pieces of meat are larger than the Atlantic coast crabmeat but the flavor is not as sweet or delicate as the eastern variety. Japan also packs crabmeat in cans. The pieces of meat are large but they must be broken in order to remove the small thin cartilage inside the meat.

When buying freshly boiled crabmeat be sure it does not have an off-odor or fishy odor or does not feel sticky. The best quality is free of small pieces of bone, shell or cartilage. When you buy fresh crabmeat ask the clerk to open the can and dump the meat to inspect it. It's an old fisherman's custom to sometime pack big lumps on the top and smaller flakes on the bottom.

Crabmeat is a perishable food and should be kept under refrigeration at all times. It should not be held more than a day or two in your refrigerator. At seafood stores fresh crabmeat is kept packed in cracked ice until sold.

For the beginning of the vernal season, PLAYBOY recommends the following easy-to-prepare crabmeat dishes. Before serving any crabmeat dish be sure your refrigerator carries a cargo of dry beer or ale.

CRABMEAT COCKTAIL

In a small mixing bowl combine $\frac{3}{4}$ cup catsup, 2 tablespoons horseradish, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon worcestershire sauce, 2 dashes tabasco sauce, juice of a quarter lemon and $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon celery salt. Mix well. Chill thoroughly.

Examine 1 pint freshly cooked crabmeat to remove any pieces of shell or cartilage. Line 4 champagne glasses or 4 fruit cocktail glasses with lettuce leaves. Divide the crabmeat among the 4 glasses. Pour the cocktail sauce on top. (Serves 4)

CRABMEAT SALAD

Cut into $\frac{1}{4}$ inch squares enough celery to make 1 cup. Put the celery into a large mixing bowl with 1 quart of freshly cooked crabmeat. Add 1 tablespoon vinegar and 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Add $\frac{3}{4}$ cup mayonnaise, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chili sauce, 1 teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon celery salt and 1 tablespoon grated onion. Toss all ingredients lightly using a salad spoon.

Line 4 dinner plates with lettuce leaves or leaves of romaine. Spoon the salad into the center of the plates. Cut two hard boiled eggs into quarters. Place two quarters of egg on each salad plate. Place two wedges of fresh tomato on each salad plate, alternating hard egg and tomato. Garnish each plate with extra large ripe olives.

To make avocado and crabmeat salad use 1 pint of diced avocado and 1 pint

(continued on page 43)



*"I struggled for years to get a coat like this.
Then I stopped struggling and got one."*

I MADE MME JADELLE'S ACQUAINTANCE in Paris this winter. She pleased me infinitely at once. You know her as well as I—no—pardon me—nearly as well as I. You know that she is poetic and fantastic at one and the same time. You know she is free in her manner and of impressionable heart, impulsive, courageous, venturesome, audacious—above all, prejudiced and yet, in spite of that, sentimental, delicate, easily hurt, tender and modest.

She was a widow, and I adore widows, from sheer laziness. I was on the lookout for a wife, and I paid her my court. I know her, and more than that, she pleased me. The moment came when I believed it would do to risk my proposal. I was in love with her and in danger of becoming too much so. When one marries he should not love his wife too much, or he is likely to make himself foolish; his vision is distorted, and he becomes silly and brutal at the same time. A man must assert himself. If he loses his head at first he risks being a nobody a year later.

So one day I presented myself at her house, offered her a small gift of costly verbena perfume, and said to her: "Madame, I have the honor of loving you, and I have come to ask you if there is any hope of my pleasing you enough to warrant your placing your happiness in my care and taking my name?"

She answered quietly: "What a question, sir! I am absolutely ignorant of whether you will please me sooner or later or whether you will not, but I ask nothing better than to make a trial of it. As a man, I do not find you bad. It remains to be seen how you are at heart and in character and habits. For the most part marriages are tempestuous or criminal because people are not careful enough in yoking themselves together. Sometimes a mere nothing is sufficient, a mania or tenacious opinion upon some moral or religious point, no matter what, a gesture which displeases or some little fault or disagreeable quality, to turn an affianced couple, however tender and affectionate, into a pair of irreconcilable enemies, incensed with, but chained to, each other until death. I will not marry, sir, without knowing the depths and corners and recesses of the soul of the man with whom I am to share my existence. I wish to study him at leisure, at least for some months.

"Here is what I propose. You will come and pass the summer in my house at De Lauville, my country place, and we shall see then if we are fitted to live side by side—I see you laugh! You have

a bad thought. Oh, sir, if I were not sure of myself I would never make this proposition. I have for love (what you call love, you men) such a scorn, such a disgust, that a fall is impossible for me. Well, do you accept?"

I kissed her hand.

"When shall we start, madame?"

"The tenth of May."

"It is agreed."

A month later I was installed at her house. She was truly a singular woman. From morning until evening she was studying me. As she was fond of horses, we passed each day in riding through the wood, talking about everything, but she was always trying to probe my innermost thoughts, to which end she observed my slightest movement.

As for me, I became foolishly in love and did not trouble myself about the fitness of our characters. But I soon perceived that even my sleep was put under inspection. Someone slept in a little room adjoining mine, entering very late and with infinite precaution. This espionage for every instant finally made me impatient. I wished to hasten the conclusion and one evening thought of a way of bringing it about. She had received me in such a way that I had abstained from any new essay, but a violent desire invaded me to make her pay in some fashion for this restricted regime to which I had submitted, and I thought I knew a way.

You know Cesarine, her chambermaid, a pretty girl from Granville, where all the women are pretty, and as blond as her mistress was brunette? Well, one afternoon I drew the little soubrette into my room and, putting a hundred francs in her hand, I said to her:

"My dear child, I do not wish you to do anything villainous, but I desire the same privilege toward your mistress that she takes toward me."

The little maid laughed with a sly look as I continued:

"I am watched day and night, I know. I am watched as I eat, drink, dress myself, shave and put on my socks, and I know it."

The little girl stammered: "Yes sir." Then she was silent. I continued:

"You sleep in the room next to mine to see if I snore or if I dream aloud; you cannot deny it!"

"Yes sir." Then she was silent again.

I became excited. "Well," I said, "is it fair for everything to be known about me, while I know nothing of the person who is to be my wife? I love her with all my soul. She has the face, the heart, the mind that I have dreamed of, and

I am the happiest of men on this account; nevertheless, there are some things I would like to know better."

Cesarine decided to put my bank note in her pocket. I understood that the bargain was concluded.

"Listen, my girl," I said. "We men—we care much for certain—certain details—physical details, which do not hinder a woman from being charming but which can change her price in our eyes. I do not ask you to say anything bad of your mistress or even to disclose to me her defects, if she has any. Only answer me frankly four or five questions, which I am going to put to you. You know Madame Jadelle as well as you do yourself, since you dress and undress her every day. Now then, tell me this: Is she as plump as she has the appearance of being?"

The little maid did not answer.

I continued: "You cannot, my child, be ignorant of the fact that women put cotton padding, you know, where—where—where they nourish their infants and also where they sit. Tell me, does she use padding?"

Cesarine lowered her eyes. Finally she said timidly: "Ask whatever you want to, sir, I will answer all at one time."

"Well, my girl, there are some women whose knees meet, so much so that they touch with each step that they take, and there are others who have them far apart, which makes their limbs like the arches of a bridge, so that one might view the landscape between them. This is the prettier of the two fashions. Tell me, how are your mistress's limbs?"

Still the maid said nothing.

I continued: "There are some who have necks so beautiful that they form a great fold underneath. And there are some that have large arms with a thin figure. There are some that are very large before and nothing at all behind, and there are some large behind and nothing at all in front. All this is very pretty, very pretty, but I wish to know just how your mistress is made. Tell me frankly, and I will give you much more money."

Cesarine looked at me out of the corner of her eye and, laughing with all her heart, answered: "Sir, aside from being dark, Mistress is made exactly like me."

Then she fled.

I had been made sport of. This was the time I found myself ridiculous, and I resolved to avenge myself at least upon this impertinent maid.

An hour later I entered the little room
(continued on page 52)



"My mistress is made exactly like me, sir," said the chambermaid.

Ribald CLASSICS

A BAD ERROR

one of the most sophisticated tales of the French storyteller, Guy de Maupassant

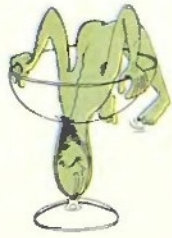


BY *VIP*

a bloodshot-eye view of the liquor pixie

DRINKING COMPANIONS





These little men live in every bottle of alcohol. You don't usually see them, but they're the fellows who knock over drinks and leave burning cigarettes on table tops when you've had one too many. Under the influence of an uncalculated number of very dry martinis, Virgil Partch managed to spot several of them scampering about his favorite bar, and being a quick man with the pen, he has given the soberer among us our very first look.



*guardian angels are all very well,
but only when they work full-time*

THE RUMOR, flying to and fro over the London grapevine, that Stanley Featherstonehaugh Utridge, that chronically impecunious man of wrath, was going about the metropolis with money on his person found me, when I heard it on my return from a holiday in the country, frankly incredulous. I scoffed at the wild story, even though somebody I met claimed to have met someone else who had actually seen him with the stuff. It was only when I ran into our mutual friend George Tupper in Piccadilly that I began to feel that there might be something in it.

"Utridge?" said George Tupper. "Yes, I believe he must have managed to get a little money somehow. I'll tell you why I think so. He called on me this morning when I was in my bath, and when I came out, he had gone. He left, in other words, without trying to extract so much as half-a-crown from me, a thing which has never happened before in the memory of man. But I can't stop now," said George, who, I noticed, was looking distraught and worried. "I'm on my way to the police station. I've had a burglary at my place."

"You don't say?"

"Yes. My man rang me up at the club just now. Apparently a suit, a hat, a couple of shirts, some socks, a maroon tie, and a pair of shoes have disappeared."

"Mysterious."

"Most. Well, goodbye."

"Goodbye," I said, and went off to see Utridge.

I found him in his bed-sitting room, his feet on the mantelpiece, his pince-nez askew as always, his right hand grasping a refreshing mug of beer.

"Ah, Corky," he said, waving a welcoming foot. "Home from your holiday, eh? Brought the roses back to your cheeks, I perceive. I, too, am feeling pretty bobbish. I have just had a great spiritual experience, old horse, which has left me in exalted mood."

"Never mind your spiritual experiences and your exalted moods. Was it you who pinched George Tupper's hat, suit, socks, shirts, shoes and maroon cravat?"

I make no claim to any particular perspicacity in asking the question. It was pure routine. Whenever suits, shirts, socks, ties and what not are found to be missing, the Big Four at Scotland Yard always begin their investigations by spreading a dragnet for S. F. Utridge.

He looked pained, as if my choice of verbs had wounded him.

"Pinched, laddie? I don't like that word 'pinched'. I borrowed the objects you mention, yes, for I knew a true friend like old Tuppy would not grudge them to me in my hour of need. I had to have them in order to dazzle this fellow I'm lunching with tomorrow and ensure my securing a job carrying with it a princely salary. He's a pal of my aunt's, this bloke,"—he was alluding to Miss Julia Utridge, the wealthy novelist—"and my aunt, learning that he wanted somebody to tutor his son, suggested me. Now that Tuppy has given of his plenty, the thing's in the bag. The tie alone should be enough to put me over."

"Well, I'm glad you're going to get a job at last, but how the devil can you tutor sons? You don't know enough."

"I know enough to be able to cope with a piefaced kid of twelve. He'll probably reverence me as one of the world's great minds. Besides, my task, my aunt informs me, will be more to look after the stripling, take him to the British Museum, the Old Vic and so forth, which I can do on my head. Did (continued on page 51)



A TITHE

fiction



"She sells sea shells by the sea shore," said Ukridge.

FOR CHARITY

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

NAKED ADVERTISING



Nearly fifty years ago, this nude in black stockings helped advertise a celery tonic that was "harmless, pleasant, magical."

*selling soap suds, shirts or simoniz,
it helps to have a nude in your ad*

ADVERTISING IS A SINGULARLY competitive field and the men who promote the products the public buys are blessed with unusually high salaries and blood pressures. An ad exec's ulcer can have an ulcer of its own while he's sweating out a successful way to sell a client's toothpaste or beer. A model using, wearing or sitting in the product usually helps and an unusual gimmick sometimes helps too. A shirt company's business boomed when their ads started featuring a man with a patch over one eye and an English commander with a beard helped make a big thing out of quinine water last year. The best gimmick, however, is to make the model female and take off her clothes.

An overexposed female epidermis can move an automobile out of a showroom or a bar of soap off a grocer's shelf. Interestingly enough, a naked female appeals to both sexes. A nude can interest a man in a

I feel I've got nothing on...when I'm in a

SCANDALE®

by Tru Balance®

France's most famous girdle now in America!



In 1954, this nude in black stockings helped advertise Scandale girdles to passengers of the N.Y. subway.

shirt or a car wax and a woman in jewelry, perfume or a deodorant.

Davis and Geck got plenty of bare breasts and behinds into their pictorial history of surgery to help sell surgical sutures and The Univis Lens Company tossed a naked lady to a lion in its promotion series on the history of eye glasses.

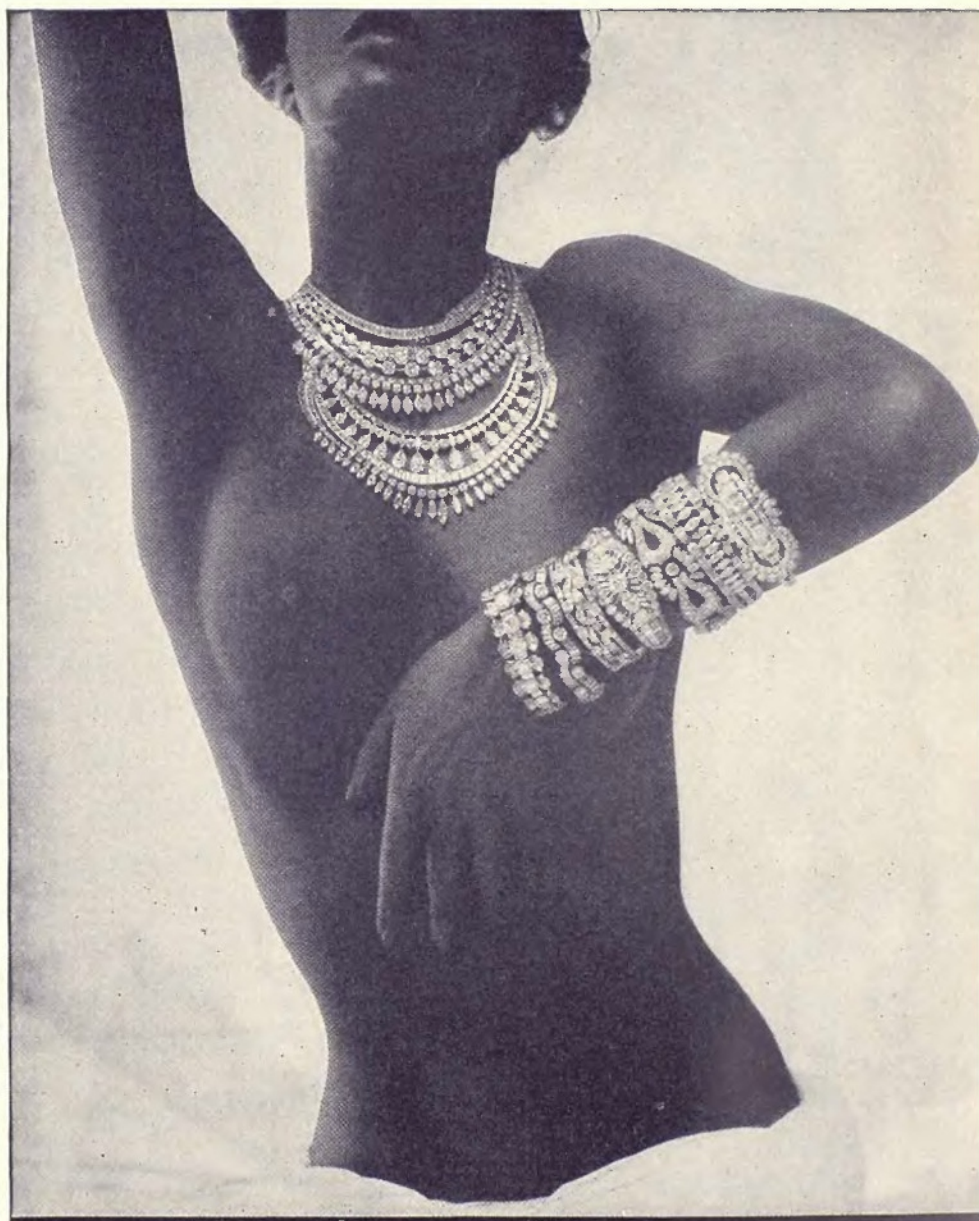
Advertising nudes aren't new. A beautiful, full color Gibson girl in a pair of stockings and nothing else helped sell Celery Tonic at the turn of the century that, according to the ad, was "harmless, pleasant, magical . . . the enemy of headaches . . . friend of the stomach"; in the thirties, Simoniz ran a series of magazine advertisements on the theme, "Don't let your car go nudist," featuring a car, a can of Simoniz and, of course, a nudist.

Actually, advertisers have only begun exploiting the possibilities in naked advertising. If we were the account executive in charge of some of the big ad budgets for the coming year, we think we could work out some rather unique campaigns with a few nudes and such familiar slogans as "The Skin You Love To Touch," "99 and 44/100ths % Pure," "Have You Had It Lately?" and "The
(continued on page 42)



Helena Rubinstein's Cologne Foam gives you both fragrance and body-smoothing—in one new whipped cream formula.

Helena Rubinstein's Cologne Foam is a new formula that gives you both fragrance and body-smoothing in one new whipped cream formula. It is a light, airy foam that is easy to apply and gives you a soft, smooth skin. It is a perfect formula for the summer months when you want to feel cool and fresh. It is a perfect formula for the winter months when you want to feel warm and cozy. It is a perfect formula for the spring months when you want to feel new and rejuvenated. It is a perfect formula for the fall months when you want to feel comfortable and relaxed. It is a perfect formula for the year-round use when you want to feel like a queen.



rare jewels of the world

HARRY WINSTON, INC.
7 EAST 51st STREET, NEW YORK

OWNERS AND EDITORS OF THE JEWEL, VAGABOND AND LIBERATOR DIAMONDS

Curiously, women react to the undropped female torso about as well as men — and these advertisements in national magazines helped sell a \$2.75 bath cologne and jewelry worth thousands. The girls like naughty ad copy too — particularly with their toiletries. Revlon once advertised a scent called "Tornado" with a wicked nude and billed it "A Divorcee's Parfum" for those "just back from Reno."



The Roman carnival pictured at left helped publicize glasses. A myopic monarch is holding an early lens to his eye to get a better view of the naked lady being devoured by lions.



Above, this charming collection of semi-nudes represents a Grecian medical meeting in Lejaren 'a Hiller's famous series on surgery. Photographer Hiller managed to introduce nudes into almost every phase of medical history to help sell the surgical supplies of Davis and Geck, Inc. At right, one of the Simoniz series on not treating your car like a nudist and below, "Tabu" has no taboos about nudity in ad suggesting their perfume after showering.



**DON'T ...
LET YOUR CAR GO NUDIST!**

Weather-proof the beauty of your car with Simoniz! If it is left naked, the weather, dirt, and ultra-violet rays soon dull, bleach, and eventually destroy the finish. Stop this damage now! Simoniz Kleener will quickly and easily restore the lustre. Then apply Simoniz. It, alone, contains the certain secret ingredient, which preserves the finish and its beauty for years! So, always insist on Simoniz and the wonderful Simoniz Kleener for your car. There's nothing like them!



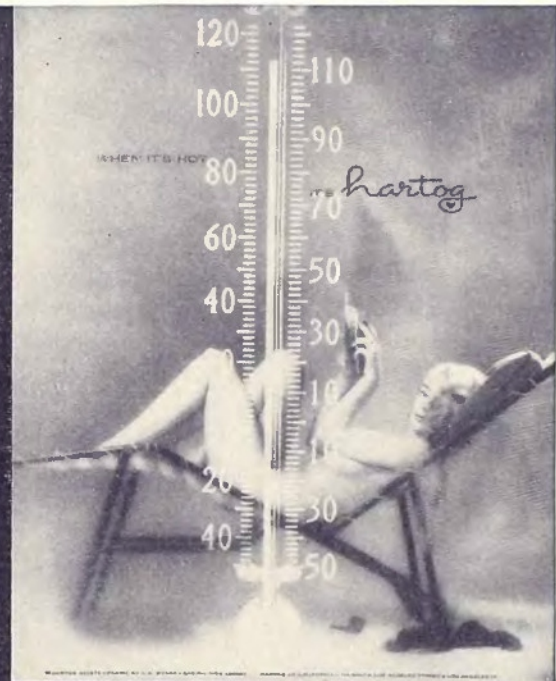
MOTORISTS WISE

SIMONIZ



Pause That Refreshes."

Only the bluest noses turn up at the idea of an attractive young lady undressing to help sell a few extra packages of corn flakes, but occasionally naked advertising does get a little out of hand. A while back, a Washington undertaker distributed a handsome, full color calendar nude with the slogan, "We Make The Body Beautiful."



The Carson-Roberts Advertising Agency planned a sophisticated advertising campaign for a California shirt manufacturer named Hartog, to appear in the trade publication "Men's Wear." It was built around bared bosoms and clever tag lines like "My Hartog Belongs To Daddy," with nary a shirt in sight. Hartog's sales skyrocketed and the Hartog girls proved so popular, they're now available as a calendar. Jack Roberts and Hal Adams, the gentlemen who conceived the Hartog series, are now busy preparing some future Playmates for PLAYBOY.



CRAB *(continued from page 30)*

of freshly cooked crabmeat instead of 1 quart of crabmeat. For those who like straight mayonnaise, omit chili sauce and add 2 tablespoons sweet cream before tossing salad. Chopped chives, if available, may be used in place of grated onion. (Serves 4)

CRABMEAT CAKES

Pick over carefully one thirteen-ounce can of crabmeat or $\frac{3}{4}$ pound of freshly boiled crabmeat, removing any bones, cartilage or pieces of shell. Separate yolks and whites of 3 eggs. Beat yolks well with a rotary egg beater or wire whip. Gradually add 3 tablespoons flour to yolks, beating well. Add 1 tablespoon grated onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon pepper and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon dry mustard. Add crabmeat, mixing well.

Beat the 3 egg whites until stiff and fold into mixture with a U-shaped motion, bringing the mixing spoon down, over and up in order to keep egg whites light.

Melt vegetable shortening in a heavy frying pan to a depth of $\frac{1}{4}$ inch. Drop crabmeat mixture by tablespoons into hot fat. Keep portions uniform. Brown lightly on both sides. Drain on absorbent paper. If cakes become cool, they may be placed in a preheated oven for 2 or 3 minutes just before serving. Serve with hot tomato sauce, using 1 eight-ounce can or serve with cold tartar

sauce. (Serves 4-5)

BAKED DEVILED CRABS

Ask the fish dealer, when you buy the crabmeat, for 4 crab shells. If he does not have them, you may use 4 very large clam shells or 4 small casseroles.

Chop 1 medium size onion very fine. Place the onion in a saucepan with 2 tablespoons butter or vegetable fat. Heat, stirring frequently, until onion turns yellow. Add 2 tablespoons flour mixing well. Remove pan from flame. Gradually add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of hot milk, stirring well. Return to a small flame. Cook, stirring frequently for 4 minutes. Add 2 cups of cooked fresh crabmeat or canned crabmeat. Add 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper, 1 teaspoon prepared mustard and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon dry mustard. Mix well.

Add 2 unbeaten egg yolks. Continue to cook, stirring constantly until mixture is very thick. Remove pan from the fire. Chill the mixture in the refrigerator until it is quite cold.

Place the crabmeat mixture into the 4 crab shells or large clam shells. Sprinkle with fine bread crumbs. Sprinkle lightly with paprika. Sprinkle lightly with salad oil. Bake in a hot oven, 450 degrees, 15-20 minutes or until crumbs are brown. (Serves 4)



CHARITY *(continued from page 36)*

Tuppy seem at all steamed up about his bereavement?"

"A little, I thought."

"Too bad. But let me tell you about this great spiritual experience. Do you believe in guardian angels?"

I said I was not sure.

"Then you had better ruddy well be sure," said Ukridge severely, "because they exist in droves. Mine is a pippin. He was on the job this afternoon in no uncertain manner, steering me with a loving hand from the soup into which I was on the very verge of plunging. Misled by my advisers, I had supposed the animal couldn't fail to cop."

"What animal?"

"Dogsbody at Kempton Park."

"It lost. I saw it in the evening paper."

"Exactly. That's the point of my story. Let me get the facts in their proper order. Knowing that it was imperative that I be spruce and natty when bursting on this tutor-for-his-son bloke, I hastened to Tuppy's and laid in the necessary supplies. I then went to Wimbledon to see my aunt, she having told me to be on the mat at noon, as she wished to confer with me. And you'll scarcely believe this, old horse, but the first thing she did was to hand me fifteen quid to buy shirts, ties and the rest of it, she having reached the same conclusion as I had about the importance of the outer crust. So there I was, in pocket to the colossal extent of fifteen of the best. And I was just

leaving, when Barter sidled up."

"Barter?"

"My aunt's butler. He sidled up and asked me out of the side of his mouth if I wanted to clean up big. Well, I had already cleaned up big, but every little bit added to what you've got makes just a little bit more, so I bade the honest fellow speak on, and he said 'Put your shirt on Dogsbody at Kempton this afternoon and fear nothing'."

"It moved me strangely, Corky. Already someone else — a man I met in a pub — had advised this investment, and Barter, I was aware, knew a bit. He follows form assiduously. Such a tip, coming from such a source, seemed to me sent from heaven and I decided to go a buster and wager my entire assets. My only fear, as I took the next train back to town, was that I might arrive at the offices of my selected bookie too late to put the money on. For the negotiations could not, of course, be conducted over the telephone. I am revealing no secret, Corky, when I say that my credit is not good, and I knew that Jim Simms, the Safe Man, on whom I proposed to bestow my custom, would want cash down in advance."

"The time was about twenty to one when I alighted from the train, and as it was the one o'clock race in which Dogsbody was competing, I had to look slippy. But all seemed well. I reached my destination with five minutes to spare, and I was just about to charge in, clutching the fifteen in my hot

hand, when the door opened and out came — of all people — a fellow to whom for the past few years I have owed two pounds, three shillings and sixpence for goods supplied. He recognized me immediately, and I don't think I have ever heard anyone bay more like a bloodhound on the trail of aniseed.

"Hey!" he cried. 'I've been looking for you for years. I would like to take up that matter of my little account, Mr. Ukridge.'

"Well, there was only one thing to do."

"Pay him?"

"Of course not. Pay him, indeed! A business man can't fritter away his capital like that, Corky. Strategic retreat seemed to be indicated, and the next moment I was gone with the wind, with him after me. And to cut a long story short, when I eventually shook off his challenge, the clocks were pointing to fifteen minutes past one."

"So you weren't able to back Dogsbody?"

"No. And that is what I meant when I paid that marked tribute to my guardian angel, who obviously arranged the whole thing. I was as sick as mud, of course, at the time, but later, when I saw the evening paper, I realized that this quick-thinking angel had had the situation well in hand. I was extremely grateful to him, and do you know what I'm going to do, Corky? I'm going to give a tithe of that fifteen quid to charity."

"What!"

"As a sort of thank-offering. I shall go forth into the highways and byways and seek out three deserving cases and slip them each a shilling."

"Three bob isn't a tithe of fifteen quid."

"It's as near a tithe as makes no matter."

"A tithe is a tenth. You ought to give them ten shillings each."

"Talk sense, old horse," said Ukridge.

...

I was late getting home that night for one reason and another, and was shocked when I woke next morning to find what the time was. I should have to move swiftly, I saw. I was supposed to be at the Senior Conservative Club at twelve to interview Horace Wanklyn, the eminent novelist, for the Sunday paper which gave me occasional jobs of that sort, and I knew that eminent novelists purse their lips and tap the floor disapprovingly if the dregs of society like myself keep them waiting.

I had just finished a hurried breakfast and was looking about for the umbrella which I kept for occasions like this — nothing makes a better impression than a tightly rolled umbrella — when Bowles, my ex-butler landlord, accosted me in his majestic way.

"Good morning, sir. Mr. Ukridge called shortly after you had left last night."

He spoke with the tender note in his

voice which invariably came into it when he mentioned Ukridge's name. For some reason which I had never been able to understand, he had always had a doglike devotion for that foe of the human species.

"Oh, yes?"

"I gave him the umbrella."

"Eh?"

"Your umbrella, sir. Mr. Ukridge informed me that he wished to borrow it. He desired me to give you his cordial good wishes and to tell you that he expected it — I quote his words — just to turn the scale."

...

It was with a hard, set face that I rang Ukridge's front door bell some twenty minutes later. Making the detour to his lair would render me late for Horace Wanklyn, but that could not be helped.

Informed that he was out at the moment, I was turning away, when I saw him coming along the street. He was wearing the Tupper hat, tilted at a jaunty angle, the Tupper suit, socks, shoes and shirt, and was swinging my umbrella like a clouded cane. I had rarely seen anything so dressy.

He listened to my reproaches sympathetically.

"I know just how you feel, Corky. The good man loves his umbrella. But I will take the greatest care of it, and you shall have it back a thousand-fold some time this afternoon. What do you want the damn thing for, anyway? It's not raining."

I explained that I needed it to offset the bagginess of my trousers and the general seediness of my appearance.

"I'm interviewing a big pot at the Senior Conservative Club."

"You are? Why, that's where I'm lunching with my bloke. Who are you interviewing?"

"Horace Wanklyn, the novelist."

He seemed stunned.

"Well, upon my Sam, old horse, this is the most amazing coincidence I ever came across in my puff. It's none other than old Pop Wanklyn who is the bird who wants a tutor for his son. My aunt got matey with him at the last Pen and Ink Club dinner. Gosh, the thing is beginning to develop. We must suck profit from this. Here's what you want to do, laddie. Having extracted his views on whatever subject you are proposing to discuss —"

"The Modern Girl."

"Having heard all he has to spill about the Modern Girl, you say 'Oh, by the way Mr. Wanklyn—' . . . You don't think you'll be calling him Horace by that time?"

"No, I don't."

"Mr. Wanklyn, then. 'Oh, by the way, Mr. Wanklyn,' you say, 'My old friend Ukridge tells me he is lunching with you today and that you are considering engaging him to ram a bit of education into your ruddy son's ivory skull. You could place the little blister in no better hands. I have known Stanley

Ukridge these many years, and I can confidently say —' . . . And then a lot of guff which I know I can leave to you. Pitch it strong, Corky. Let the golden words come pouring out like honey. Really, this is an uncanny bit of luck. I had an idea all along that I should reap some reward for that kindly impulse of mine."

"What kindly . . . Oh, you mean the tithe to charity?"

"That's right."

"When do you start scattering largesse?"

"I have already started. In fact, I've practically finished. Only one deserving case to go now."

"You've done the other two?"

"Yes. And I don't mind telling you, Corky, that it has left me weak. I hope mine host will not spare the restoratives at lunch, for I need picking up. It was the second deserving case that shattered my aplomb. The first was a cinch. I saw a shabby man standing by a car, evidently trying to touch the girl at the wheel. I just walked up, said 'Here, my good man,' and slipped a bob into his hand, turning away quickly to escape his thanks. But the next one . . . !"

Ukridge shivered. He removed George Tupper's hat and mopped his forehead with what I assumed to be one of George Tupper's handkerchiefs.

"Not so good?" I said.

"An ordeal, old horse, nothing less than an ordeal, from which I emerged, as I say, shaken. British Constitution, forsooth!"

"Eh?"

"And She sells sea shells by the sea shore."

"Are you tight?"

"No, but the cop thought I was."

"What cop?"

"It's a long story."

There flitted before my eyes a vision of Horace Wanklyn pacing the floor of the Senior Conservative smoking-room, looking at his watch and muttering "He cometh not," but I thrust it from me. However late I might be for the tryst, I had to probe this mystery of cops, British constitutions and sea shells.

"Get on with it," I said.

Ukridge straightened George Tupper's tie, flicked a speck of dust off the sleeve of George Tupper's coat, and prodded me impressively in the stomach with my umbrella.

"Corky," he said earnestly, "The advice I would give to every young man starting out in life is this. If you are going to yield to impulse, be careful before you do so that there isn't a blighter eight feet high and broad in proportion standing behind you. This one, I think, was more like eight feet six."

"Which one?"

"I'm telling you. At the post office. After slipping the shabby man his shilling, I remembered that I was in need of stamps, so—being well able to afford the expenditure—I strolled to that post

office at the corner of the Strand to purchase a few. I went in and found only one customer ahead of me at the stamp counter, a charmingly pretty girl of, I should say, the stenographer class. She was putting in a bid for a couple of twopence-halfpennies and, like all girls, was making quite a production of it. You or I, when we feel the urge for stamps, stride up, ask for them, disgorge the needful and stride away again, but girls like to linger and turn the thing into a social occasion. So as I stood there I had plenty of leisure to look about me and take in the various objects by the wayside. Among them was the girl's hand bag, which she had laid on the counter beside her.

"It touched me, laddie. It was one of those pathetic cheap handbags which speak eloquently of honest poverty. Her inexpensive frock also spoke eloquently of honest poverty. So did her hat."

"We can't all pinch our hats."

"My heart ached for the poor little thing. I knew exactly what a girl like that would be getting a week. Just about the three or four quid which you or I would spend on a single dinner at the Ritz."

The idea of Ukridge dining at the Ritz and paying for it took my breath away, and he was able to continue without interruption on my part.

"And I said to myself 'Here is where I do my second good deed of the day'. But this time, Corky, it was to be no matter of a mere shilling. I proposed to enrich her to the extent of a whole quid."

"Golly!"

"You may well say 'Golly!'. But that's me. That is Stanley Ukridge. Lavish, openhanded, not counting the cost where his emotions are stirred. The problem was —"

"How to give it to her?"

"Exactly. You can't go slipping pretty girls to whom you've never been introduced quids. At least, you can, but it may quite easily give rise to misunderstandings. However, I did not have to muse long, for there was a sudden crash outside in the street and the girl legged it to see what was happening, leaving her bag on the counter. To open it and slip in a Treasury note was with me the work of a moment, and I was just stepping back, feeling that this was a far, far better thing than I had ever done, when a heavy hand fell on my shoulder and there was this eight-foot-six bird. All unknown to me he had lined up behind me in the queue, and I could see at a glance that he was one of those public-minded good citizens who cause so much trouble.

"With a curt 'Gotcher!' he led me out into the street. Resistance was hopeless. The muscles of his brawny arms were strong as iron bands.

"Is this your bag, madam?" he asked the girl, who was standing drinking in the wreckage of a couple of taxis. 'I caught this man pilfering its contents.

(continued on page 46)

COCKTAIL QUIZ

By JOSEPH C. STACEY

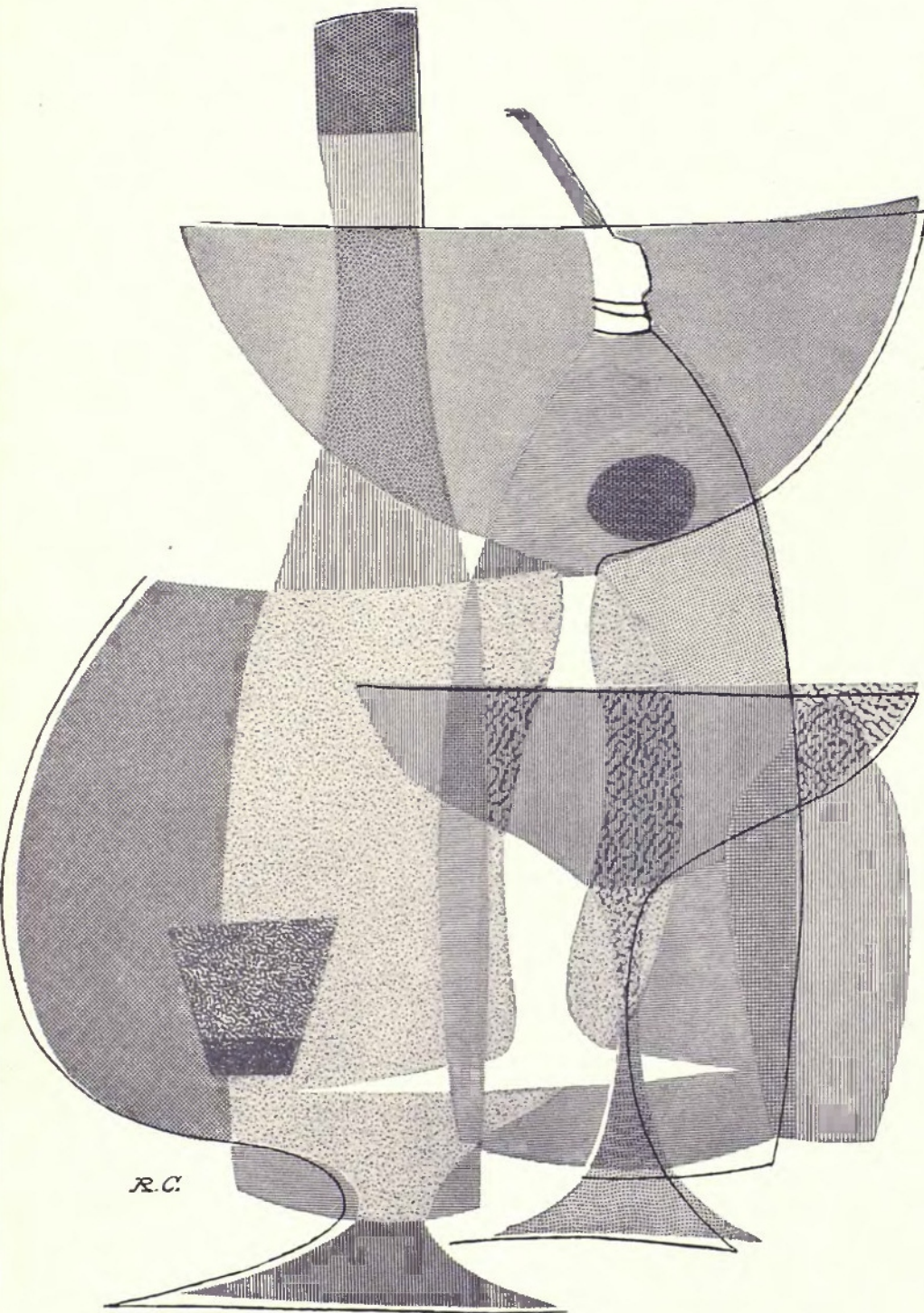
BEING A GOOD MIXER doesn't just mean keeping in circulation at parties. It can refer to the manly art of combining the proper ingredients into that tasty symbol of Twentieth Century culture, the cocktail. How good a mixer are you? If you don't know, here's your chance to find out. Try matching these twelve cocktails with the proper recipes. A score of 8 is great; and 10 to 12 ish simply fabulous.

- a 1 part sweet vermouth, 2 parts whiskey, 1 dash of bitters, with cherry.
- b 1 part sugar syrup, 2 parts lemon juice, 8 parts whiskey, with cherry.
- c Juice of 1 lemon, 2 jiggers whiskey, 1 tablespoon sugar syrup, add club soda, cherry.
- d 1 part grenadine, 2 parts lemon juice, 1 part orange juice, 8 parts whiskey, with orange slice and cherry.
- e 1 part grenadine, 2 parts lemon juice, 8 parts gin, add club soda, cherry.
- f 1 part dry vermouth, 5-10 parts gin, with olive.
- g 1 egg yolk, 1 teaspoon sugar, 2 oz. whiskey, with grated nutmeg.
- h Juice of 1 lime, 2 oz. gin, add club soda, half squeezed lime.
- i 1 part grenadine, 2 parts lemon juice, 2 parts apple brandy, 6 parts gin, egg white.
- j 1 teaspoon sugar syrup, 1 dash bitters, 1 oz. whiskey, with orange slice, cherry.
- k 1 tablespoon sugar syrup, juice of 1 lemon, 2 jiggers gin, with orange or lemon slice, cherry.
- l 1/2 part sugar syrup, 4 parts orange juice, 8 parts gin.

- | | | | |
|-------------------|---|---------------------|---|
| 1. WARD 8 | — | 7. OLD FASHIONED | — |
| 2. WHISKEY FLIP | — | 8. WHISKEY SOUR | — |
| 3. ORANGE BLOSSOM | — | 9. DRY MARTINI | — |
| 4. PINK LADY | — | 10. GIN RICKEY | — |
| 5. TOM COLLINS | — | 11. WHISKEY COLLINS | — |
| 6. MANHATTAN | — | 12. GIN DAISY | — |

ANSWERS

1-d, 2-g, 3-l, 4-l, 5-k, 6-a, 7-j, 8-b, 9-f, 10-h, 11-c, 12-e.



CHARITY *(continued from page 44)*

Constable!" said the eight-foot-sixer, addressing the rozzar who was presiding over the scene of the accident, and the rozzar came up.

"Well, there was nothing for it now, of course, but to outline the facts. I did so, and my story was skeptically received. I could see they found it thin. Fortunately at this point the girl, who had been checking up on the bag, uttered a sharp squeal and reported that she was a quid ahead of the game, so my innocence was established.

"But not my sobriety. These rozzars don't understand pure altruism. When they find someone shoving quids into the hand bags of perfect strangers, only one solution occurs to them. Mercifully, it being earlyish in the day and me rather saving myself up for that lunch with Horace Wanklyn, when I would be able to get it free, it happened that I had not partaken of alcoholic refreshment since the previous night, so when at his request I breathed on the constable, all he drew was the aroma of coffee and eggs and bacon, and it seemed to me that I had shaken him.

"But these cops don't give up easily. They fight to the last ditch. I was compelled to utter in a clear voice the words 'British Constitution' and 'She sells sea shells by the sea shore' and in

addition to walk a chalk line obligingly drawn on the pavement by the eight-foot-sixer, who since the girl's revelation had been showing a nasty spirit like that of a tiger cheated of its prey. And it is extremely humiliating for a proud man, Corky, to have to say 'She sells sea shells by the sea shore' and walk a chalk line in front of a large crowd. When at long last I was permitted to pop off, my nervous system was in a state of hash, and the whole episode has left me with the feeling that my next good deed, the concluding one of the series, has got to be an easy one, or I give it a miss."

It proved to be quite an easy one. Even as he spoke, there came shuffling along a ragged individual badly in need of a shave. I saw his eye light up as it fell on the splendor of Ukridge's costume. He asked Ukridge if he felt inclined to save a human life, and Ukridge said Yes, if it could be done for sixpence. The ragged individual assured him that sixpence would be ample, it being bread that he was in need of. He had not, he said, tasted bread for some considerable time, and sixpenceworth would set him up nicely.

The money changed hands, and I was a little surprised by the effusiveness of the recipient's gratitude. He pawed

Ukridge all over like a long-lost brother. I would not have supposed myself that sixpence justified all that emotion, but if you are fond of bread, no doubt you look on these things from a different angle.

"Touching," said Ukridge, alluding to this osteopathic exhibition.

"Very touching."

"Still, that lets me out. From now on, to hell with the deserving poor. You off?"

"You bet I'm off. I'm twenty minutes late already."

And I set a course for the Senior Conservative Club in Northumberland Avenue.

...

It was a relief to find on arriving at journey's end that the party of the second part had not yet shown up at the trust. I was accommodated with a seat in the hall, and after another quarter of an hour, pleasantly spent in watching Senior Conservatives flit by en route for the trough, I saw the hall porter pointing me out to a man in a glistening top hat who had just come in. From the fact that he headed in my direction I deduced that this must be the author of that series of powerful novels which plumbed the passionate heart of Woman and all that sort of thing and rendered him in consequence an ideal set-up for an interview on the Modern Girl.

"Mr. Er-Ah? From the Sunday Dispatch? How do you do? I hope you have not been waiting long? I am a little late. I—er—I had to go home for something."

Horace Wanklyn was a long, thin, stringy man in the early fifties with a long, thin, stringy neck concealed at the moment behind the highest collar I had ever seen on human shirt. It seemed to be giving him a certain amount of discomfort, for he wriggled a good deal, and I thought he seemed ill at ease in the morning coat and striped trousers which completed his costume. But there was no gainsaying their effectiveness as a spectacle. Solomon in all his glory and Ukridge in George Tupper's herringbone double-breasted gray tweed with the custom-made lapels had nothing on this superbly upholstered man of letters.

I said I would appreciate it if he told me how he felt about the Modern Girl, and his eyes lit up as if he were glad I had asked him that. He sat down and began to talk, and right from the start it became evident that he took an extremely dim view of the Modern Girl. He resented her bossiness, her determination to have her own way, her lack of proper respect for her elders and her habit of keeping on and on about a thing like — I quote his words, as Bowles would have said — a damned governess.

"Nag, nag, nag!" said Horace Wanklyn, plainly brooding on some episode in his past of which I knew nothing.

(continued overleaf)



"Well, well, well — Dotty Debber. What are you doing these days?"



"Shall we join them?"

"Nag, nag, nag, nag, nag!"

It was after he had spoken for perhaps ten minutes, giving me a wealth of rich material for my column and a quarter, that he paused and looked at me intently.

"You married?"

I said I was not.

"No daughters?"

"No daughters."

"Ah!" It seemed to me that he sighed a little enviously. "I see you're wearing a soft shirt."

"Yes."

"With a soft collar."

"Yes."

"And gray flannel trousers, baggy at the knees."

"Yes."

"Lucky young devill!" said Horace Wanklyn.

As he spoke, a young man came in from the street and started to cross the hall. Catching sight of my companion, he halted, spellbound.

"Golly, Uncle Horace!" he explained. "You look like Great Lovers Through The Ages. What's the idea of the fancy dress? Why are you disguised as a gentleman today?"

Horace Wanklyn sighed heavily.

"Patricia made me go home and put them on."

"Your child? Your daughter Patricia?"

"She and her sister have been after me for months about the way I dressed."

"And rightly."

"It isn't rightly at all." Horace Wanklyn stirred uneasily, whether from annoyance or because the corner of

his collar had jabbed him in the neck I was unable to say. "Why shouldn't I dress comfortably? I'm not a Duke. I'm not an ambassador. I'm a literary man. Look at this young fellow, who is also a literary man. Soft shirt, soft collar and baggy flannel trousers. Look at Balzac. He used to wear a monk's robe. Look at —"

"I can't look at anything but you. I'm fascinated. But aren't those things you're wearing comfortable?"

"Of course they're not comfortable. I'm suffering agonies. But I had to put them on. Patricia and her sister insisted," said Horace Wanklyn, and I thought what a good sentence that would have been for the constable to have used on Ukridge. "Patricia drove me here in the car, nagging the whole way, and I had just got out and she was saying that if I persisted in going about looking like one of the submerged tenth, someone was going to come up to me and say 'Here, my good man' and give me a shilling, when I'm dashed if someone *didn't* come up to me and say 'Here, my good man' and give me a shilling."

"Right on cue."

"Yes," said Horace Wanklyn, and brooded for a moment in silence. "Well, you can guess the sequel," he resumed, having passed a finger round the inside of his collar in the apparent hope of loosening it. "Patricia said 'There!' — you know how women say 'There!' — and the long and the short of it was that I was compelled to go home and change into these damned things."

"You look lovely."

"I know I look lovely, but I can't breathe."

"Do you want to?"

"Certainly I want to. And I'll tell you another thing I want" — here Horace Wanklyn gritted his teeth and there came into his eyes a cold, purposeful gleam—"and that is some day, somewhere, to meet that 'Here, my good man' fellow again and deal with him faithfully. The idea I have in mind is to cut him into small pieces with a rusty knife."

"Having first sprinkled him with boiling oil?"

"Yes," said Horace Wanklyn, weighing the suggestion and evidently approving of it. "Having first sprinkled him with boiling oil. I shall then dance on his remains." He turned to me. "There is nothing more I can tell you, Mr. Er-Ah?"

"Not a thing, thanks."

"Then I'll be getting along to the coffee-room and booking a table. I'm lunching with a nephew of Julia Ukridge's," he explained to the young man.

There I thought he was being too optimistic — or, it might be better to say, pessimistic. I had a feeling that when I had conveyed to him the substance of the recent conversation, Ukridge might deem it the prudent course to absent himself from the feast. Ukridge had always been a good trencherman, particularly when a guest, but it spoils the most lavish meal if your host starts sprinkling you with boiling oil and cutting you into small pieces.

(continued on page 51)

FEMALES BY COLE: 10



MODERN ART AS A HOBBY

humor **by ROGER PRICE**

THERE IS NO BETTER HOBBY than modern art. Modern art is easy to learn, it is not habit-forming, and it is a relaxing hobby, because you can draw a picture in five minutes and spend the next three weeks lying around admiring it.

A lot of people don't understand modern art. When they look at a picture they want to see something representational like a cow or a sunset or an ice-box. In order to understand art, you must understand the psychological significance behind the picture. On this page you will see reproduced an expressionistic painting I did last year of the popular entertainer, Arthur Godfrey.

The layman will see nothing here but a well-designed and beautifully executed portrait, but by studying the sym-

bolism in this picture the trained observer can tell quite a bit about the subject.

From the way the head is broken up into two separate masses of light and dark, we can tell that Mr. Godfrey is an epicure. From the dark areas surrounding the head we can tell he has a strong parental attachment (to his mother and father). And from the sharp, pointy shapes in the upper left-hand corner we can tell his underwear is too tight.

You may notice that the figure's left arm is abnormally long and the hand has six fingers on it. There is a reason for this, too.

Bad drawing.

But, to me, the most interesting thing

about this portrait is the series of little angular designs in the lower part of the picture, because they show the timelessness of all modern art. I shall explain.

When I was doing this picture, I made up those designs out of my head. Yet, only last week I was in the Metropolitan Museum, and in the Guatemalan Inca Indian Room, I saw some pottery pieces that were made by the Inca Indians over two thousand years ago. And these pottery pieces had that *same design* on them that I made up out of my own head. (See Figure I, next page.)

The pottery pieces also had an inscription on each one, which I translated, hoping to find some clue to the origin of the design. However, the translations were not particularly helpful.



Arthur Godfrey

They read, "His" and "Hers" (from left to right).

REPRESENTATIONAL DRAWING

If you wish, you may occasionally attempt a representational drawing as an exercise. It isn't as difficult as you think. The thing to remember is don't worry whether it (the drawing) looks like anything or not. Make this a rule.

Below is an example — a drawing of my uncle Parker. I have made innumerable drawings of Uncle Parker, who was a very vain man and always liked to pose for me. I recall that when Uncle Parker was young he was awfully vain about his blond, wavy hair. This is a picture of Uncle Parker as a youth:



However, when Uncle Parker got to be about twenty-five years old, all his hair fell out, and we learned his horrible secret. Uncle Parker's hair was really straight. It was his skull that was wavy:



LANDSCAPE PAINTING

Landscape drawings, either from life or memory, can be a source of many hours of fun and relaxation. Figure III is a landscape I recently completed, which I have entitled, *A Scene in Texas*.

This is one of the least difficult types of drawings and is recommended for the beginner.

LEONARD STERN, MODERN PAINTER

Leonard Stern is probably the very best, least known modern painter (with the possible exception of Grandpaw Moses). His paintings are very much worth studying. Figure II is an example of his style, which he himself chose as representative (reproduced full scale).

This particular picture, *Portrait of the Artist and Miss Patricia Delray*, is quite well known, principally because of the newspaper publicity it received when a Dr. Carl Gassoway formed a committee and attempted not only to have the painting banned from the Museum of Modern Art, but to have Mr. Stern arrested for indecency. He failed.

But all true artists are, of course, used to such blue-stockings carpings, and Mr. Stern took the whole affair philosophically, saying, "I can't make no concessions. I paint whatever's on my mind."

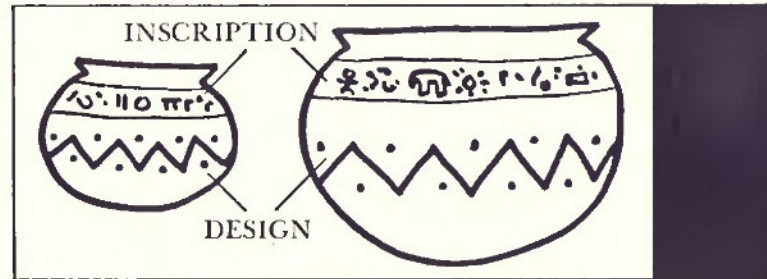


FIGURE I. Inca Indian Pottery Pieces



FIGURE II. Portrait of the Artist and Miss Delray

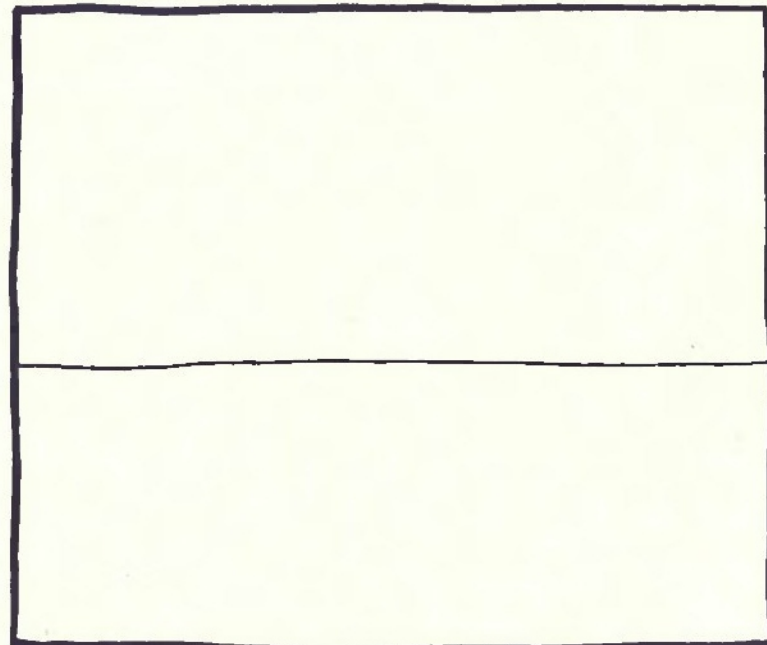


FIGURE III. A Scene in Texas

hunger (continued from page 14)

he'll go along with me and give himself up . . .

No.

That isn't why you're out tonight. You don't care whether he gives himself up or not. You only want him to know that you understand — isn't that it?

You couldn't have any other reason.

It isn't possible that you're seeking out a lunatic for any other reason.

Certainly you don't want him to touch you.

Assuredly you don't want him to put his arms around you and kiss you, because no man has ever done that — assuredly, assuredly.

It isn't you he wants. It isn't love. He wouldn't be taking Julia Landon . . .

"But what if he doesn't!" The words spilled out in a small choked cry. "What if he sees me and runs away! Or I don't find him. Others have been looking. What makes me think I'll —"

Now the air swelled with the sounds of life: frogs and birds and locusts, moving; and the wind, running across the trees and reeds and foliage at immense speed, whining, sighing.

Everywhere there was this loudness, and a dark like none Julia had ever known. The moon was gone entirely. Shadowless, the surrounding fields were great pools of liquid black, stretching infinitely, without horizon.

Fear came up in her chest, clutching. She tried to scream.

She stood paralyzed, moveless, a pale terror drying into her throat and into her heart.

Then, from far away, indistinctly, there came a sound. A sound like footsteps on gravel.

Julia listened, and tried to pierce the darkness. The sounds grew louder. And louder. Someone was on the tracks. Coming closer.

She waited. Years passed, slowly. Her breath turned into a ball of expanding ice in her lungs.

Now she could see, just a bit.

It was a man. A black man-form. Perhaps — the thought increased her fear — a hobo. It mustn't be one of the hobos.

No. It was a younger man. Mick! Mick, come to tell her, "Well, we got him!" and to ask narrowly, "What the devil you doing out here, Julie?" Was it Mick?

She saw the sweater. The ball of ice in her lungs began to melt, a little. A sweater. And shoes that seemed almost white.

Not a hobo. Not Mick. Not anyone she knew.

She waited an instant longer. Then, at once, she knew without question who the young man was.

And she knew that he had seen her.

The fear went away. She moved to the center of the tracks.

"I've been looking for you," she said, soundlessly. "Every night I've thought of you. I have." She walked toward the

man. "Don't be afraid, Mr. Oakes. Please don't be afraid. I'm not."

The young man stopped. He seemed to freeze, like an animal prepared for flight.

He did not move, for several seconds.

Then he began to walk toward Julia, lightly, hesitantly, rubbing his hands along his trousers.

When Julia was close enough to see his eyes, she relaxed, and smiled.

Perhaps, she thought, feeling the first drop of rain upon her face, perhaps if I don't scream he'll let me live.

That would be nice.



COMPANY POLITICS

(continued from page 25)

from Upper Hohokus, New Jersey, to East Squague, Long Island. This is an advantage. Use it! It will insulate you from those who might annoy you, and put you right into the laps of those with whom you would like to be cozy.

Beware the Commuter's Bridge Game. It is a rare man indeed who remains long on speaking terms with his "cronies" of the morning and evening bridge game. If you *must* play bridge, choose men in another company, preferably another industry. Some men are slow to forgive, and smoldering hatreds have blasted many a budding career.

Be a Nodder. The skillful Paper Reader (as opposed to the Bridge Commuter) soon learns to give influential acquaintances a warm, charming nod-and-smile as he passes their half-empty seats and sits *with a total stranger*.

This is to be recommended even if the acquaintance is important to you in company politics. It may seem a wasted opportunity, but it may prevent your being transferred abruptly to North Dakota.

Pick the Right Country Club. This, of course, is a *must*. The gay man-to-man *Gemütlichkeit* of the locker room, the rough-and-ready camaraderie of sand trap and water hole will stand you in good stead in the hurly-burly of the business world.

One keen young man made a smashing success by always managing to arrive first at his boss's ball when it lay in the rough. After deftly kicking it out of a rabbit hole he would say:

"Here it is, J. B., in the clear!"

"Good boy, Finch. Mighty lucky I'm not in that damned rabbit hole!"

"Yes, sir, mighty lucky!"

"Matter of fact, I always seem to have better luck when I go around with you, Finch!"

But this, as we will see, goes almost beyond the level of Company Politics — and approaches a higher one. We will take it up in our next article.

NEXT MONTH: "HOW TO BE
A FAIR-HAIRED BOY"



CHARITY

(continued from page 48)

And I was right. As I waited in the street outside the club, he came bustling up.

"Hullo, old horse. Finished your interview?"

"Yes," I said. "And you've finished your lunch."

As he listened to the story I had to tell, his mobile features gradually lengthened. A lifetime of reeling beneath the slings and arrows of outrageous Fortune had left this man's fibres toughened, but not so toughened that he was able to bear the latest of them with nonchalance.

However, after we had walked some little distance, he seemed to rally.

"Ah, well," he said. "*Oh, ever thus from childhood's hour I've seen my fondest hopes decay. I never loved a tree or flower but 'twas the first to fade away.* I always remember those lines, Corky, having had to write them out five hundred times on the occasion at school when I brought a stink bomb into the formroom. The son-tutoring job would appear to be off."

"If I read aright the message in Horace Wanklyn's eyes, yes."

"On the other hand, I've got this colossal sum of fifteen . . . no, it's a bit less than that now, isn't it? . . . this colossal sum of . . . perhaps I'd better count it." He reached for his hip-pocket, and his jaw fell like a drooping lily. "Corky! My wallet's gone!"

"What!"

"I see it all. It was that blister I gave the sixpence to. You remember how he pawed me?"

"I remember. You were touched."

"Touched," said Ukridge in a hollow voice, "is right."

A ragged individual came up. London seemed full of ragged individuals today. He took a brief look at the knees of my trousers, dismissed me as having ore-producing potentialities and transferred his attention to Ukridge.

"Pardon me addressing you, sir, but am I right in supposing that you are Captain the Honorable Anthony Wilberforce?"

"No."

"You are not Captain the Honorable Anthony Wilberforce?"

"No."

"You *look* very like Captain the Honorable Anthony Wilberforce."

"I can't help that."

"I'm sorry you are not Captain the Honorable Anthony Wilberforce, because he is a very liberal, openhanded gentleman. If I had told Captain the Honorable Anthony Wilberforce that it is some considerable time since I tasted bread —"

"Come on, Corky!" said Ukridge.

The love feast was over. Deserving Poor Ordinaries were down in the cellar, with no takers.



BAD ERROR (continued from page 32)

with precaution, where she listened to my sleeping, and unscrewed the bolts.

Toward midnight she arrived at her post of observation. I followed her immediately. On perceiving me she was going to cry out, but I put my hand over her mouth and, without too great effort, I convinced myself that if she had not lied Mme Jadelles was very well made.

I even put much zest into this authentication which, though pushed a little far, did not seem to displease Cesarine. She was, in very fact, a ravishing specimen of the Norman peasant race, strong and fine at the same time. She was

wanting perhaps in certain delicate attentions that Henry VI would have scorned, but I revealed them to her quickly, and, as a token of my affection, I gave her the next evening a flask of lavender perfume.

We were soon more closely bound to each other than I could have believed, almost friends. She became an exquisite mistress, naturally *spirituelle* and broken to pleasure. She had been a courtesan of great merit in Paris.

The delights which she brought me enabled me to await Mme Jadelles conclusion of proof without impatience. I

became an incomparable character, supple, docile and complacent. My fiancée found me delightful beyond a doubt, and I judged from certain signs that I was soon to be accepted. I was certainly the happiest man in the world, awaiting tranquilly the legal kiss of the woman I loved, in the arms of a young and beautiful girl for whom I had much fondness.

It is here, madame, that I must ask your forbearance a little; I have arrived at a delicate point.

One evening as we were returning from a horseback ride, Mme Jadelles complained sharply that her grooms had not taken certain measures prescribed by her for the horse she rode. She repeated many times: "Let them take care, I have a way of observing them."

I passed a calm night in my bed. I awoke early, full of ardor and energy. Then I dressed myself.

I was in the habit of going up on the tower of the house each morning to smoke a cigarette. This was reached by a limestone staircase lighted by a large window at the top of the first story.

I advanced without noise, my feet encased in morocco slippers with wadded soles, and was climbing the first steps when I perceived Cesarine bending out the window, looking down below.

Not that I saw Cesarine entirely, but only a part of Cesarine, and that the lower part. I loved this part just as much; of Mme Jadelles I would have preferred, perhaps, the upper. She was thus so charming, so round, this part which offered itself to me, and only slightly clothed in a white skirt.

I approached so softly that the girl heard nothing. The sweetness of her perfume engulfed me. I put myself on my knees; with infinite precaution I took hold of the two sides of the skirt and, quickly, I raised it. I recognized there the full, fresh, plump, sweet ischial tuberosities of my mistress, and with the utmost gentleness—your pardon, madame—I placed there a tender kiss, a kiss of a lover who dares anything.

Alas, madame! Too late I recognized the perfume as verbena, not lavender! I received a sudden blow, or rather a push in the face which seemed to break my nose. I uttered a cry that made my hair rise. The person had turned around—it was Mme Jadelles!

She was fighting the air with her hands, like a woman who had lost consciousness. She gasped for some seconds, made a gesture of using a horsewhip and then fled.

Ten minutes later Cesarine, stupefied, brought me in a letter. I read:

Mme Jadelles hopes that M. de Brives will immediately rid her of his presence.

I departed. Well, I am not yet consoled. I have attempted every means and all explanations to obtain a pardon for my misunderstanding, but all proceedings have been nipped in the bud.

Since that moment, you see, I have in my — in my heart a scent of verbena which gives me an immoderate desire to smell the perfume again.



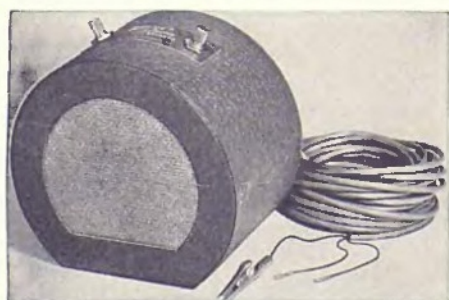
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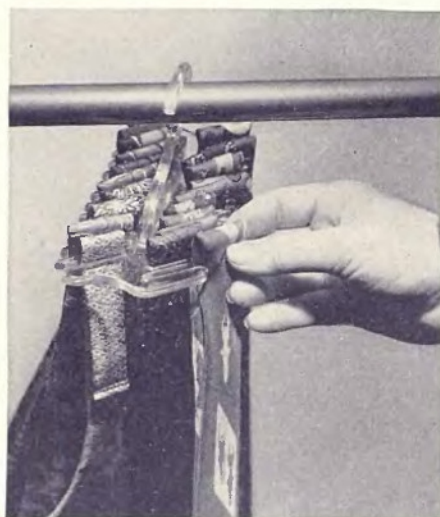
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