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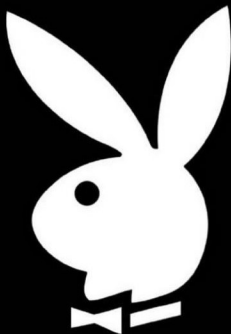
PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN



**HOLIDAY
ISSUE
FEATURING
FIVE-PAGE
PLAYMATE
PORTFOLIO**





PLAYBOY

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JONES

A BIG BUST of fine fiction is our gift to you in this time of holidays.

We open with *The Reason of Dark*, a yarn that has all the elements of exciting storytelling—suspense, ironic humor, a pip of a plot and a twist ending—written with flair and flavor by Gilbert Wright. Two more stories are contributed by a couple of the hottest writers on the current scene: James Jones, the author of *From Here to Eternity*—whose new novel, *Some Came Running*, is certain to be one of the most controversial of 1958—is represented by a sensitive story of weakening manhood, *Just Like the Girl*. Jack Kerouac—one of the “San Francisco poets” of contemporary notoriety—has caused a literary sensation with his recent novel, *On the Road* (Playboy After Hours, November 1957). The publication of this book was called “a historic occasion” by *The New York Times*, which further said, “*On the Road* is the most beautifully executed, the clearest and the most important utterance yet made by the generation Kerouac himself named years ago as ‘beat,’ and whose principal avatar he is.” Other reviewers likened him to Whitman, Wolfe, Twain and Hemingway. For the Holiday Issue of PLAYBOY, Jack Kerouac has written *The Rumbling, Rumbling Blues*—a story every bit as beautifully executed as his prize-winning novel. On the lighter side, Frederick Visting’s *The Best Job in Television* and J. A. Gato’s translation of *The Plaster Saint* provide sophisticated amusement.

Speaking of fiction bonuses, it is time again to award our annual thousand dollar fiction bonus to the author of the past year’s most entertaining story. The decision was a tough one to make, for in 1957 PLAYBOY was filled with excellent original fiction by such talented gentlemen as Budd Schulberg, Al Morgan, Charles Beaumont, Ray Bradbury, John Collier, Herbert Gold, Gerald Kersh, Harvey Swados, Arthur Koher and Nelson Algren. But the story that kept



WRIGHT

us avidly reading well past office hours when it first was submitted in manuscript form, the story that drew more enthusiastic reader mail than any other fiction we have ever published, the story that 20th Century-Fox recently purchased for big-budget film treatment—that’s the one we finally settled upon: *The Fly*, from our June 1957 issue. A check for a thousand claims is now on its way to Paris, the current home of the story’s author, George Langelaan. Langelaan is a man of deceptively ordinary appearance who has led a life more adventurous than a barrelful of Alan Ladd movies. British by birth, his boyhood was largely spent shuttling between London and Paris, his adulthood spent as a newspaperman, working for journals both French and English, as well as for AP, UP, INS and *The New York Times*. During World War II, he did the cloak-and-dagger gambit, underwent facial surgery more than once to change his appearance, was caught by the Axis forces, sentenced to death, escaped, returned to England just in time to get in on the Normandy beachhead landing and became one of the first in Paris with the American Psychological Warfare Branch. Somehow, this busy “bilingual monster” (his own description) has also found time to write books, essays and hizzupulating stories like *The Fly*. There will be more fiction by Langelaan in future issues of PLAYBOY.

In the way of non-fiction, PLAYBOY

PLAYBILL



DRESSLER

diasqueant Ray Russell this month contributes *The Postpaid Poet*, an amusing excursion in nostalgia; and David Dressler is on hand with *The False Confessions*, a fascinating study of those strange folk who, though innocent, profess themselves guilty of the most heinous crimes, hoping thereby to “pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow, raze out the written troubles of the brain, and cleanse the stuff’d bosom of that perilous stuff which weighs upon the heart” (to quote a few lines from *Macbeth*). Mr. Dressler is the author of the book *Parole Chief* (among others) and spent 17 years with the New York State Division of Parole, the last nine as Executive Director.

An actor of stage and screen, operating under the proscriptive coloration of the nom de plume “Kelton Holloway,” discourses on *How to Avoid Making Out in Hollywood*, surely a topic of interest to all right-thinking persons; and our authorities on dress and drink go into formal wear and the basic bar—the latter being a capsule reference work which strips away the ritualistic embroidery from the subjects of booze, barmanship, glassware and bar gadgetry, gives you the brief low-down on how to be the hih-bec’s best friend.

Pictorial pleasures abound, too, in this first PLAYBOY of 1958. A dozen darlings play a reuven engagement in *Playboy’s Playmate Review*; snapping her fingers at superstition, a 13th Playmate, teenager Elizabeth Ann Roberts, does a turn as Miss January; Shirl Silverstein fills seven pages with his incomparable impressions of inimitable Paris.

Happy New Year.

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stylist's dream which probably had never turned a serious speed lap in its whole short life.

John A. McGeorge
Greenwich, Connecticut

Twice, Purdy refers to the Chevy six as a flat-head! The only flat-head connected with this article is directly north of Purdy's ears.

Bill Coleman
Glendale, California

Please, oh please, tell me where I can procure one of those "flat-head six-cylinder 150-horsepower" Corvettes! One of these beasts should be a real collector's item, since any Chevrolet that I have ever heard of has its breathing system inspired by overhead valves.

Murlew Strandlund
Bozeman, Montana

Blushes Purdy: "I don't know what to say except the truth—which is that I goofed. It's one of those inexplicable goofs: I know like I know my own name that Chevrolet has always had an OHV engine, and I can't imagine why I said flat-head, except that I wanted a comparatively derogatory term and that one came quickly to mind."

KAPPA SIGMA PLAYBOY

Behold members of the Kappa Sigma fraternity preparing Homecoming decorations around the theme of the PLAYBOY rabbit here at the University of Denver. It was a highlight of the Homecoming celebration.



More Saltzman
University of Denver
Denver, Colorado

PRESLEY AND THE POLL

Man, like what is with you? You include Elvis (right) Presley in a poll of jazz singers and leave out a swinging artist from the bass section by the name of Ron Crotty. I protest—I mean, make the entire scene, man!

Tony Armandy
Urbana, Illinois

Now hear me good! I dig most of the selections in the poll and I didn't have to go far to pick my choices for the most in each category listed, but man, like WOW, you successfully bug me when

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you include cats like Presley, Mathis, Boone, Sands, etc., in the male vocalist listing. These cubes are from hunger and are just too far in. But it's a swingin' poll and I will dig the results in the February issue.

Ray Boyce
Fort Benning, Georgia

The inclusion of Elvis Presley among nominated male vocalists in the *Jazz* Poll speaks well for the democratic process, but not for the nominating board. If this is truly a "jazz" poll, then why not Little Richard? Come, I'm afraid you goofed on this one. Leave us show some discretion.

Mort Sheinman
New York, New York

A wide field of performers was purposefully nominated for the poll to give readers a real chance to choose their favorites. For whom they chose, see next month's issue featuring the 1958 *PLAYBOY* Jazz All-Stars.

BEATON BEATEN?

I fail to see how Cecil Beaton's ridiculous piece of trash managed to be included in your otherwise perfect October issue. His attack on America's Cellophane Society was as biased as it was unwarranted. Beaton describes himself as a "perennial English visitor" to America. I suggest that if our nation's habits annoy him so, he might do himself a favor and spend next year feeding pigeons in Piccadilly.

Stanford M. Teller
Brooklyn, New York

Perverse we may be; gaudy, even thein'—

But Cecil, chum, we never have been Beaton!

Sally Latham
Oak Ridge, Tennessee

Why the hell do you print such tripe?
Taylor Kraft

New York, New York

MISS OCTOBER

The Hungry Four (crew members of the submarine *Barracuda*) have agreed that Colleen Farrington (Miss October) is the most perfect female specimen yet portrayed in your excellent magazine.

The Hungry Four
c/o FPO New York, New York

Gads! This Colleen Farrington!! What an inspiration for homework! But can't you print these masterpieces without the soapbuds?

Vaden Parminter
Knox College
Galesburg, Illinois

Soapbuds, Bah!

W. K. Sidley
Indianapolis, Indiana



PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



Newest variation on the "See you later, alligator—After a while, crocodile" badinage goes like so: "See you tonight, satellite." Your out-of-this-world reply: "In the void, asteroid."

Until just now, we'd believed it would be impossible to equal the excruciating dismemberment of English as exemplified by those New Yorker squibs which run under the heading "The Mysterious East." But it's been done, by a gal named Fran Kelley, billed (on the liner of a record called *Zen: The Music of Fred Katz*) as a West Coast poetess and musician. The following quotes are from Fran on the subject of Katz: "A glimpse of Zen in method, i.e., absolute concentration on two opposite, black and white (the literal success of which is impossible) frees the subconscious, the gray meditative source, for release. Here, the Zen principle and the one of jazz is shown in relation . . . So through Chico [Hamilton], Fred was showcased and full-blown with freedom from his jazz-transfusion . . . It adequated, completed his needs." In Fred's *Suite for Horn*, Fran continues, "you are wonderfully opportunity to dig all his forms . . . Fred is funky. Simple, beautiful funk." Couple months ago, you'll recall, we told you—*what?*—all about Zen (West Coast Division). Having read the above, you now know even more about it. Don't you? *Whop!*

Out for an evening's relaxation in Chicago not long ago, we bumped into PLAYBOY JAZZ POLL nominee Shelly Manne between sets at a downtown jazz spa. Shelly was chuckling about our recent roundup of anti-Philadelphia gags in these columns, then confided to us that frankly, he doesn't think Philly is half so bad as New York. "New York," says Shelly, "is nothing but one big confidence game. You send a bellboy out

after a deck of cards and he makes 52 separate trips."

British television audiences recently watched a 15-minute filmed report on life inside a nudist camp, with nary a squawk from the millions of viewers who saw it. The only person clad in anything but birthday duds was the show's interviewer, who appeared in baggy tweeds; the others wore big smiles and that's all. As one British TV critic wagsidly pointed out, the show probably did much to pioneer the shape of programs to come.

RECORDS

Modern but unrefrigerated swinging distinguishes *Art Pepper Meets the Rhythm Section* (Contemporary 3532), a fruitful encounter which lets Art's alto work out with the piano of Red Garland, Paul Chambers' bass, and the drummy-drum-drums of Philly Joe Jones. It's fitting that rhythm and alto get equal billing in the title, for the honors are about even most of the way, with maybe just an edge in favor of the rhythm. Recorded about a year ago, this LP leads off with a nifty *You'd Be So Nice to Come Home To*, all the way through some other standards and some Pepper originals, to a fine Gillespie tune called *Birks' Works*.

Sarah Vaughan and Billy Eckstine mingle mellow pipes on a knocked-out disc titled *The Best of Irving Berlin* (Mercury 20516). Gloomily, the best of I. B. can be crashingly cornball at times (remember *Remember, Easter Parade, Always?*), but Sarah and Billy's vocal alchemy hoists the chestnuts straight to the moon . . . You probably recall Eydie Gorme's thrashing on the old Steve Allen *Tonight* show; if so, you also recall her

neat way with a tune: show stuff, blues, ballads and up tempo jobs. There's a fine sampling of all on her first two LPs, *Eydie Gorme* (ABC-Paramount 150) and *Eydie Swings the Blues* (ABC-Paramount 192). A real passer on the former is a wildly swinging, mint-fresh version of *I'll Take Romance*; on the latter, listen especially to her peppy, pretty offerings of *When the Sun Comes Out* and *The Man I Love*.

If, at this time of year, you're up to here with saccharine carols and electric organs and Rudolph of the rufus schmo, we urge on you one of the loveliest LPs we've ever heard, *Christmas Eve in Eighteenth Century Montserrat* (London 1617), a holiday service beautifully recorded on the spot, sung by the Montserrat choir with a solemn fervor seldom matched . . . Speaking of unusual music: those who (like us) tire from time to time of the standard orchestral and vocal repertory of the concert hall—and of the major labels—might try LPs available under the Archive tag, a simpler handle to remember than its full name, which is History of Music Division of the Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft, distributed here by Decca. We've been listening to several of these discs presenting music of the High Renaissance, recommend especially the limpid, expertly performed songs and madrigals of *Ondine Louise* (ARC 3076).

A treat for cosmopolitan ears can be gleaned from *Fashiko Akiyoshi* (Storyville 918), easily this Japanese doll's most stunningly impressive set to date. The peppy pianist is aided by Boots Mussulli's alto and two alternating rhythm sections, each just about flawless . . . We salute the disc debut of a 24-year-old oricle named *Misa Tani Jay* (Bethlehem 5001), a Washington State lass of Japanese, French and Peruvian descent who

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manages to combine the brashness of Kay Starr, the earthiness of Dinah Washington, the vibrato of Eartha Kitt plus a soul all her own. And her choice of tunes is the end: *Easy to Remember*, a great old blues called *Since I Fell for You*, and *Deed I Do*, one chorus of which she delivers in Japanese. Teal Joy, gentlemen, is a real joy.

FILMS

Operation Mad Ball is a kind of land-locked *Mister Roberts* that has to do with a U.S. Army Medical Center set up outside a liberated French town in 1945. Staff members include a clutch of whistle-bait nurses and a sharp, shrewd gang of enlisted men, one of whom is gaga over a certain Florence Nightingale but can't make out because she's an officer. To give the kid a hand, his buddies arrange an off-limits ball ("It's going to be a mad ball, man!") to provide the soft lights and hard drinks calculated to get the lady's hair down. Preparations for the ball grow frantic, the guest list is stretched to the breaking point, and the brass smell a rat. Much of the infectious fun is supplied by Jack Lemmon who turns in a deliciously droll performance as a private. The heavy is played by Ernie Kovacs, an intelligence captain slated for the Senate once the war is over, and looking for all the world like a khaki-clad Mephisto—all sneers, smiles and smirks—as he stuffles through the footage monomaniacally attempting to foul up the proceedings. The day is ultimately saved by Mickey Rooney as a master sergeant who speaks only in jazzed-up rhyming couplets as he dashes back and forth thinking out a solution to the men's woes. Backing them up is a fat cast of atypical G.I.s, all of whom make Bilko's bunch look like pink-cheeked ROTC cadets. It's a happy, screwball film with a lot of belly laughs.

Payton Place brings just enough of Grace Metalious' *success de scandale* to the screen to give non-readers of the book a fairish idea of what all the shouting was about. But those who have read the tome (*Playboy After Hours*, Dec. 1956) will again spot the disparity of license granted the book and film media: because the flick is sugar-coated for the censors, the author's behind-the-scenes proings into the sexual peccadilloes of a small New England town come through on the screen only in a summary by the town doctor rather than in the incisiveness of straight exposition. To be sure, there are episodes loaded with shock: a stepfather's rape of his daughter, a suicide, a mother's confession of her daughter's illegitimacy, a murder trial—and these scenes are handled well. But in the

the scotch mist

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this
side of Astor

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main, this is a lukewarm version of the red-hot book and might better have been dubbed *Pallid Place* than *Peyton Place*. The acting—by Lana Turner, Betty Field, Arthur Kennedy and Lloyd Nolan—is competent throughout, and the shots of rural New England with the local citizenry employed as authentic color are superior, so you might just give this a whirl if there's nothing great around.

Italy sends us *Cobino*, a must-see follow-up by the director and star of last year's notable *La Strada*—Federico Fellini and Giulietta Masina; this time the impish unit is an impish *file de jour* trudging along the streets of Rome and proving the indestructibility of the human spirit . . . Mlle. Brigitte Bardot gnashes her thighs all over the place in a flimsy Cinemascope yarn called *And God Created Woman*, and if you live in a state without censorship, you will have the unalloyed pleasure of seeing the bracing Brigitte stretched out nude in an opening scene, certainly worth the price of admission.

BOOKS

Stage-struck sons (that's us) are bound to reap heaps of happy hours from Jerry D. Lewis' *Great Stories About Show Business* (Coward-McCann, \$5), a fat anthology of grease-paint sketches by Bradbury, Bend Sin, Bendley, both Shaws (Irwin and G. B.), Maugham, Runyon, Schulberg, O'Hara, Hecht, Thurber and, like they say, many-many-more. As Irving Berlin puts it in that song: "Everything about it is appealing; everything the traffic will allow."

A lot of English critics have turned handspindles over John Braine's first novel, *Room at the Top* (Houghton Mifflin, \$5.75), and one of them called it the "hunger of youth really smiling." Well, it certainly is a crackler, stacked high with vigor and vitality. Told in first person, it is the story of an opportunist, an ambitious, handsome, intelligent, aggressive young man, the son of a Yorkshire millworker, who moves in another town and begins to better himself socially. In an amateur theatrical group, he meets the two women who are to affect his life: one considerably older than he, married, unhappy and fading fast; the other a ravishing blue-eyed virgin, daughter of the town's richest citizen. His youthful ego is gratified by the violence of his love affair with the older woman, and under the spell of their rumpled-sheet relationship, he manages to reach his full maturity. But he only has eyes for the pound sterling, so he dumps his mistress and marries the callow heiress who can

There'll always be a Playboy!



PROSERPINE GETS CARRIED AWAY!

It was pretty dead around the underworld. Then Pluto muscled in on another territory. ¶ He was getting the lay of the land when he saw her. She was picking lilies and violets. ¶ "YOU are for ME!" he said kindly. ¶ Proserpine went into shock. ¶ Ma came running but not in time to stop Pluto from carrying the child off. "Woe," sobbed the bereaved woman, "a chin like that would scare off goose bumps. Poor Scraps." ¶ Finally she asked the ward boss for help. And The Greek sent "the word" along the grapevine. ¶ "Tell that grab artist to use that extra-dry golden lotion with the 'prop-up' motion. If he knows what's good for him—he'll get extra-clean, extra-close shaves with New Mennen Electric Pre Shave Lotion." ¶ Pluto, no fool, he—plugged in. And found that no matter what kind of electric shaver he used—he got cleaner, closer, faster shaves with Mennen Pre Shave. ¶ Right away he was a new man. Proserpine felt it, too.



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give him what he really craves. Too late, the impact of his wasted life crashes around him with the news that his mistress has committed suicide; he hears the empty words of his friends. "She'd have ruined your whole life. Nobody blames you... nobody blames you." But there is no comfort for him. We found this work a compelling portrait of befuddled youth coupled with a way-above-average love story, and we predict that John Braine is a novelist in the ascendancy.

"Not just one more grab bag of old chestnuts yanked from the public domain" (in the words of its editor, Ray Russell) is *Playboy's Babel Classics* (Waldorf, \$3), a nifty roundup of 41 racy tales by Boccaccio, De Maupassant, Casanova, Voltaire, et al., tastily retold in brisk new language and profusely illustrated by Leon Bellin. . . . *Playboy's Party Jokes* (Waldorf, \$5) is just that: a gaggle of gags going all the way back to *One of America's* most popular magazine for urban men. . . . Rounding out the trio, *Third Playboy Annual* (Waldorf, \$4.95) is a peppy package of prose by P. G. Wodehouse, Charles Beaumont, Erskine Caldwell, Herbert Gold, Ray Bradbury and many others, provocatively punctuated by scads of full-color cartoons. Three musts for the *bon vivant's* bookshelf, even though it's we who say it.

It takes a courageous reader to tackle *Some Came Running* (Scribner's, \$7.50). James Jones' long-awaited second novel, for it comprises an overhelming 1280 pages. In fact, on the score of length alone, his expectant audience may divide into two groups: Some Went Floeing, and Some Prepared to Read from Now to Eternity. The scene is a small town in Illinois; the time is the three years from 1947 to 1950. Focal character is Dave Hirsch, a former infantryman returned home from war. Pulling this way and that at his body and psyche are: Gwen, a virgin schoolteacher with whom he becomes involved; Frank, his hated older brother; Ginnie, a dim-wit round-heels slob; and a group of other somewhat depressed and depressing drifters. Gwen encourages Dave to write. Ginnie offers him more direct and physical self-expression. Gwen walks out, and then rapid disintegration seems to overtake all hands. Throughout, Jones spares neither the reader nor himself: power, drive and the determination to gut and cauterize the wounds of experience, no matter what the monstrous issue, seems to be the motif dominating both author and work—iterated at times to the point of irritation. One has the uneasy feeling, slugging through the pages and pages of *Running*, that it was written more in anger than in passion, more to shock than to awaken, more by dogged plugging than

creative outpouring—and that sadistic morbidity is too frequently called upon to masquerade as stark realism. If you do fight your way through it all, you're apt to think of Mailer's *Deer Park* as kiddie fodder by comparison.

THEATRE

The dramatization of Meyer Levin's best-selling novel, *Compulsion* (Levin howlingly disclaims any association with the play), is a morbid, shocking reprise of the "perfect" murder committed by Richard Loeb and Nathan Leopold in Chicago 38 years ago. Head shrinkers and sociologists raze still want to know the "why" of the deed, but neither they nor lay theatergoers get any sort of answers: the information furnished in the play is both baffling and inconclusive. To give *Compulsion* its due, it does boast flashes of uneasy excitement as well as several incisive scenes that probe clinically into the labyrinth of mental illness and homosexuality; and there is a stunning courtroom session in which Michael Constantine, as the lawyer who defends the killers, pleads for leniency based on reason. Alex Segal, who directed, manages miraculously to keep a sprawling, ponderously documented case study within theatrical bounds, and Dean Stockwell and Roddy McDowall, as the young psychopaths, turn in a pair of brilliant performances in what must be Broadway's most difficult roles in recent years. At the Ambassador, 49th St., West of Broadway, NYC.

If Lena Horne were not the bright star of *Jamaica*, the Broadway astronomers might just not bother with the show. But there she is, rocketed up there by Harold Arlen's versatile score and witty words by E. Y. Harburg. Miss Horne never looked better, even in classy night clubs and *déclassé* movies; and when she warbles high and sweet with *Pretty to Walk With* in love and sexy with *Push the Button* and *Take It Slow*, Joe, time stops, and so does the show. Lena plays a lady by occupation and a dressmaker by trade, and her muscular swim is Hollywood dandy Ricardo Montalban, who captains a fishing fleet and has a normal aversion to buying a wedding ring. The fluffy plot is in public domain, and can very well stay there if you sniff at mackerel, black pearls, hurricanes and a cupid who sings calypso. Nevertheless, *Jamaica* is a glistening showcase for the lovely Miss Horne, and the only other player who comes close to sharing the kudos is Josephine Premice as a rival dazzler with dynamic hips and a dynamic voice. At the Imperial, 249 W. 45th, NYC.



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THE ROOM OF DARK

*a good fellow in one corner,
a bad fellow in the other,
and a rattlesnake in between*

fiction By GILBERT WRIGHT

IN MY COUNTRY when two fellows become angry enough to kill the other because of a lady, or some matter, it is the custom to arrange a duel. From such a duel as we arrange, the trouble between these two fellows will be settled, believe me.

The committee for duels prepares a house of one room so that, on the closing of the door, the room is dark. Fine sand, without little stones, is spread over the floor to the depth of a span. The bare feet of a man make not the smallest sound walking on such a floor.

The two fellows are made naked. Each has his knife, nothing more. The committee puts one fellow in a corner of the room and across from him, in that corner, the other fellow. And in one of the other two corners the committee puts a live rattlesnake of good size. The committee retires, the door is shut quickly, the duel now begins.

Outside, the people wait for the half of one minute. If the winner has not come out by that time, the committee piles empty oil cans against the door completely over the top. The people now go about their affairs because it may be many hours, even two or three days, before the winner opens the door and makes the cans crash down. The crashing down of the cans will be heard, day or night, all over the village and the people may now go to see which fellow has come out.

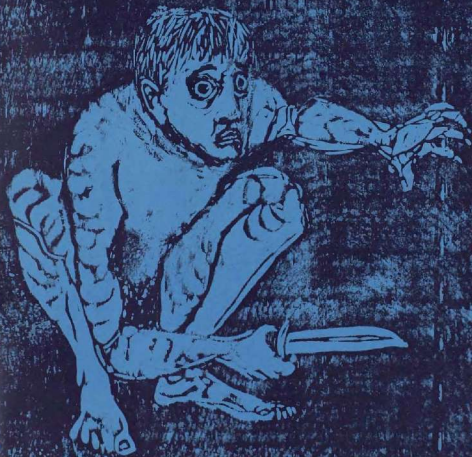
If it should happen that the duel is over in the half of one minute it will be because one of the fellows rushed. You see, on the closing of the door there will be a very short time when you still have the image of your enemy in the mind's eye. You can rush straight across the room to his position and perhaps finish him. But you must act very fast before the image goes. Both fellows could rush, but I have not heard of it.

Most often the rush is not made and so the cans are piled up. The duel is now an affair of patience, great care and much thought. Each fellow seeks to find the other without making his own presence known. One smart fellow may think of a method to work a trick on the other, but if the trick is not completely successful it will be the smart fellow who remains behind in the Room of Dark. Much will depend upon the control of the mind because, after some hours in complete dark, the mind can grow unreliable and a fellow may do something foolish and so inform his enemy of his position. Because of the thirst and the growing bad air, after three days one of the fellows is pretty sure to lose control. He may talk to himself, or even sing. And, should this happen, it will not be that fellow who crashes down the cans.

There are reasons for putting the rattlesnake into the Room of Dark. It is of great danger to both men equally, not caring who it might bite. We also believe that the snake will make the fellow who is most afraid even more fearful, so that the braver fellow has a better chance to win. Many times, we believe, the snake will prevent a duel. Fellows quick to fight if the snake were not to be with them, may think of a way to settle their quarrel without the duel.

But if the anger of two fellows to kill the other is strong enough they will duel, even if more than one snake would be put into the room.

Such an anger was between Damundo and Pito. Both these fellows were my cousins because, in our village, if a fellow is not your brother he is certain to be your cousin.



Damundo is a cousin not liked by me and others. He is more than 50, dark, strong and rough, much hair, and a moustache that he trims like a lady's little eyebrow. Damundo has the strong belief that he is a great victor over men and girls. In this, there is truth. Five times in not two years he has ducked and each time it was he who crashed down the cans. Never did he receive even a small wound and the times of his winnings were never more than an hour, often less. A thing unheard of in history! He brags that only cows take the time of two or three days. Ridiculous! Damundo gets hungry! Damundo misses his girl! Every year he goes working on a ship for two months and on his return from foreign places he brings presents of bracelets, necklaces, shining chains to hang from the waist, ribbons, combs, candies, lipsticks, perfumes and other delights.

Pito is a cousin much liked by me and others. He is slim and has a moustache of first growth which he does not yet trim or it would be gone. Pito is three years older than me and the feeling has come upon him that he is no longer a boy. His voice has become deep, but is not yet dependable to remain so. Several girls of our village notice him, but when we all go out upon the beach at low tide to gather the harvest of the shore, Pito dips with Angia and their hands meet together under the sand. Angia is some younger than Pito and has much charm. She smiles softly and does not scream and produce silly laughing like these young girls who want only to bring you embarrassment.

This day Pito and Angia and I dug together. Damundo came up to stand, looking down at Angia. We did not show we knew that he was there, but dug, putting the small clams into our one basket.

Damundo dropped a little bottle of shining glass and gold into the sand before Angia's hands. She looked at it, but did not look up. She then dug to one side of the little bottle. We dug, putting the clams into our one basket.

Damundo squatted. He took up the bottle and twisted out the stopper. There was a strong, sweet smell; the smell of some foreign flower. Damundo held the little bottle close to Angia.

We stopped digging and sat back from our knees because something would now happen. Angia took the bottle and put back the stopper. Then she gave it to Pito.

Pito stood. Damundo stood. Pito offered him back the little bottle and Damundo struck it from his hand. He said, "I, Damundo, gave that foreign perfume to Angia for a present, little boy."

"I give the presents to Angia," said Pito. "I, only." His voice began very deep, but went suddenly like a young boy's. Pito's face was red with shame, but he stood looking Damundo hard in the eyes.

Damundo laughed and laughed at Pito. He laughed loud and others around us who were digging, looked. Soon, many stood.

Damundo stopped laughing, his face was now strong with anger. "So," he said, "so you think to give the presents to Angia. Only you! Listen, little boy. I will tell you something. Angia has come to the notice of a man!"

"I am that man," said Pito, and his voice remained deep.

Pito's mother came hurrying and scolding as if she did not know of the growing trouble. She ordered us home. We had enough clams. It was late. Pito should go to hunt the cow. She took his arm and pulled. "Make haste, my child."

Pito shook away her hand, looking straight at Damundo.

Damundo stepped close to Pito and placed his hand on Angia's shoulder. "So," he said to Pito, "so you are that man?"

And Pito was. He spat into Damundo's face.

Then, as was the custom, a friend of Damundo's led him one way and I, being Pito's friend, led him another way. Angia stood where we had dug, looking down at the little bottle shining in the sand. She put down her hand for it.

I and some of my family were at the house of Pito. I began to sharpen his knife, a thing at which I am good.

Not much was said and the duel, which would begin next day at noon, was not talked of. We had come to be with Pito and his people to show friendship.

Then came Pito's father with three old uncles. Each, long ago, had been winner in a duel and it was hoped that Pito might learn a little from them. You see, it is not right to ask a young man who has crashed down the cans how he did his winning. He may have to fight again and so does not want his method known. But with old men, they will not fight again. They do not mind to talk of their winning.

"When the door is shut, Pito," said old Uncle Chaco, who is thin and trembles, "squat down quickly in your corner. Hold your knife point up, thus. If Damundo rushes, the image in his mind will see you standing. He will strike too high. Then you may rise into him."

Old Uncle Cantu, who is blind, said strongly. "No, Pito, you must leave an image of more deception. As the door closes, move the left foot. Damundo will

think you are stepping out of your corner. He will rush to the left of it, but you will remain in your corner. You can get him when he arrives."

"Damundo will not rush," said old Uncle Juan who speaks thick because the right side of his mouth does not move. "Damundo has never rushed."

"But he will do something very soon," said old Uncle Chaco. "He is known for the short times of his winnings. He will not lessen his reputation by delay. Not Damundo."

"Then, if he does not rush," said old Uncle Cantu, "he will come along the wall. He will count his steps by placing the heel and toe together. There are 15 of such steps to each wall of the room. He will come quickly and without sound. When the count of his steps brings him to where he thinks you to be, Pito, he will strike."

"But because Pito moved his left foot," said old Uncle Chaco, "Damundo will expect him to be a little out of his corner to the left. He will strike at that count. You, Pito, will hear nothing but you may feel the little fan of air stirred up by his empty blow. Strike in the direction of the air. To the right of it, my boy."

"Do not forget the snake," said old Uncle Juan. "Damundo will not come by way of the corner where the snake was put down."

"You may be sure of that, Pito," said old Uncle Cantu. "If Damundo comes measuring steps along the wall, he will come by way of the corner across from the snake. You will then know the direction of his approach to you."

"Never delude yourself, Pito," said old Uncle Juan, "that you know what Damundo will do. It is good to leave an image of deception, but how can you know you have left it? The door might close so quickly that the movement of your foot will not be seen by Damundo. My advice to you is to stay close to the wall at all times. Then you will at least know where something is. That will be a comfort."

"What?" said old Uncle Chaco, trembling greatly. "Stay close to the wall? Oh, not The snake will come along the wall. He will go all the way around the room keeping close to the wall. He seeks a hole through which he may escape. The snake will meet you if you stay close to the wall, Pito. Then he will rattle and Damundo will know your position."

"To see, any eye must have some light," said old Uncle Cantu. "The snake will rattle, not because he sees you, Pito; but because he feels the heat from your naked body. This frightens him and the trembling of his tail sends forth the rattle. At any time you hear

(continued overleaf)



"I ain't got no bod-ee . . ."

ROOM OF DARK (continued from page 14)

the rattle you will know that either you or Damundo is close to the snake."

"This need not be so," said old Uncle Juan. "Lie down, Pito, your feet against the wall and your body into the room. You will know where you are, with your feet against the wall. Now cover your feet, legs and all but the chest and arms with sand. When the snake comes along the wall he will crawl over you without rattling. The heat of your body will not come through the sand. And, should Damundo be close by, the snake will rattle at him."

"More can be done with sand," said old Uncle Chaco. "Mound the sand against one ear. It will happen that if Damundo moves by stepping, crawling or in any manner, he will disturb the grains of sand under his weight. These grains will pass on the disturbance to other grains and they to still other grains so that the disturbance will come to the grains mounded over your ear. You will know that Damundo moves."

"But not where he moves," said old Uncle Cantu. "To discover Damundo's direction both ears must be mounded over with sand."

"With both ears in the sand," said old Uncle Juan, "you will not hear the rattle of the snake. His tail is in the air and does not disturb grains of sand. The rattle may bring you information of importance, Pito. Surely, do not cover both ears with sand."

"It is important, Pito," said old Uncle Chaco, "to keep account of the time. This may be done by the sound of the village, cows asking to be milked at sundown, dogs howling at moonrise, roosters calling at dawn. In this way, my winning was helped. After the second calling of the cows I thought it reasonable to try to deceive my enemy by sounds of sleep. I came back along the wall a little way from my corner and, facing the corner, cupped my hand around my mouth and against the wall leaving a small opening to direct the sound. I made sounds of sleep, not too often, not too loud. The sounds echoed from the opposite wall of my corner. My enemy came to snub there, his knee brushed me. I had no confusion in placing my knife."

"On the second day," said old Uncle Juan, "my enemy began to talk to me in whispers. He said that we were fools. That the trouble between us was not of the importance to cost the life of either. He proposed that we go along the walls, find the door and crash down the eans together. I did not accept his proposal, neither did I altogether reject it. In this way we came to the door and I had my success. I have often wondered if he made his proposal with honest intent."

"Never believe," said old Uncle Cantu, "that the snake must rattle before he strikes. Always, if you move, keep the body low. More heat will go to the snake and he will rattle the sooner. If you move standing, the snake may feel the small, quick heat of your stepping foot and strike before he has time to grow fearful and rattle. I believe it was thus that I came to crash down the eans. Never did I hear the snake rattle, but at the first calling of the roosters I began to hear the dying of my enemy. After some hours these sounds ceased. I came out of the Room of Dark because I no longer had an enemy."

The old uncles thought for a time, thinking if more could be said. By now I had made Pito's knife very sharp with the stone and with the leather. I honed it upon my palm. I looked to see if Pito had received confidence from the wisdom of the uncles. I could not see that he had.

"If the duel should continue to the time of the bad air," said old Uncle Cantu, "stand tall and lift the face. There will be better air above than below."

"You are young, Pito, and therefore supple," said old Uncle Chaco, "still, do not remain long without some small movement of the limbs. The knee joints give snaps of sound if allowed to become set."

"If it happens that you make some such sound," said old Uncle Juan, "move quickly from the place where you made it."

"The boy is young," said old Uncle Cantu. "He has not defiled his body by smoke and drink and the numberless dissipations of Damundo. Pito's senses are alert and clear. In this he has great advantage."

After a long thinking old Uncle Chaco said, "Five times has this Damundo won. Never with a wound. Never with more time than an hour."

"Damundo," said old Uncle Cantu, "is a foolish and reckless man. Too much confidence. In addition, he has had much luck."

"To have had such luck," said old Uncle Juan, "seems beyond the possible."

"But if not luck, what then?" said old Uncle Cantu.

"A method," said old Uncle Juan. "Damundo has a method of perfection."

After this, the old uncles said nothing, not thinking of more to say. Old Uncle Juan went to sleep a little.

Pito looked to me and we stood and walked away together. I gave him his knife and he whistled at its sharpness. Indeed, I can sharpen a knife. I had

twice seen the knife of Damundo, an evil foreign thing with a jeweled handle and a hooked blade. I told Pito I believed that Damundo would not strike down with such a knife, but rip up with the hook. Also, to cheer Pito—and this was true—I said that his knife was longer than Damundo's. By a finger's breadth at least. I was certain of it.

Pito smiled a little. "Of one thing we may be sure, good friend of mine, you have made my knife sharper than any knife in the world. There can be no doubt of it."

We came to the tall tree by the village well. Many times I have climbed this tree with Pito. From the high branches one can see the tops of the distant mountains that rise from the far edge of the sea.

"Pito," I said, "do you truly feel yourself to be a man?"

He was angry. "Did I not show it upon the beach?" On the last word his voice changed into the voice of a young boy. Ashamed, Pito ran off.

By noon the committee had prepared the room. The sun was bright and shone fully on the house and all who desired went in and closed the door to inspect if the room was truly dark. Two sparks of sun were seen in the roof and a boy was sent with soft mud to the top of the house. Those inside tapped with a cane at the places where there was light and the boy stopped them with mud.

All came out, saying that the room was now truly dark. A fellow had come with a rattlesnake of good size in a sack. A member of the committee shook the sack roughly. The snake rattled well.

Damundo stood with two friends at the north of the door. He was laughing and talking, not so all must hear, but so all could hear. He said that he would be glad to go into the Room of Dark. It was cool there, away from the sun. He would take a nap, because he had drunk much the night before. After awakening, he would take a moment for the business of the day, and then crash down the eans. Damundo had plans for the evening.

Pito and his friends stood to the south of the door, as was the custom. None of us talked one word.

Angia came, beautiful in her best dress. Naturally, she had not been seen by anyone since Pito had insulted Damundo on the beach. She had remained in her house, as was the custom. But now, it was also the custom that she must come and look long at Pito and then go and look long at Damundo also.

When she came to Pito she did not come very close. She stood looking at him. And it was as though she had

(continued on page 22)



pre- and post-prandial potables and paraphernalia

THERE'S MANY A MAN who pays meticulous attention to his wardrobe, his little black book, or the ordering of a holiday feast, who is woefully and paradoxically indifferent to the state of his equipment and inventory in the bar department. Such a man, after returning to his apartment from an afternoon spent carefully selecting an ulster or greatcoat, may greet a guest with, "I drink gin, but I think there's some Scotch here, if you'd like that." Or, if he has more than two or three visitors, it might be, "Wait a bit, I'll rinse out the bathroom glass so we'll have enough to go around."

These are admittedly aggravated examples of an all-too-common failing—being inadequately prepared to serve the right drinks, in the right way, at home. The fact is that for the price of a suit or two, or maybe a topcoat, you can have what the bar of the good urban host requires, to wit, the basic glassware, liquor supply and accompanying gadgetry to make your hosting memorable. Of course, we're not sug-

gesting for a moment that you stint on your apparel and haberdashery. We are suggesting that you take your Christmas bonus, or that nice fat check from your maiden Aunt Harriet—or a modest stipend from your bank account—and start out properly to equip and stock your bar from scratch. Make a New Year's resolution to throw out the questionable gift bottle of peppermint schnapps left over from last year and the odd assortment of glassware you've somehow accumulated (plus the jelly and peanut butter jars which have been pinch-hitting at your parties). Resolve to get rid of the corkscrew that crumbles corks, the opener that slips its grip on a bottle cap. Start fresh, we say, and do it right. Use the following pages as your guide to the basic needs: in spirits, glassware, gear. Turn the page and—*Cheers!*

For where-to-purchase information, write Janet Pilgrims, *Playboy Reader Service*, 212 East Ohio Street, Chicago 11.



POTABLES

Left: Portrait of the basic stock for the bachelor bar in recommended quantities and types, arranged by groups in the preferred order of their acquisition.

THE FINE ART of hosting at the home bar should be part of every well rounded gentleman's repertory of social graces and accomplishments. Alas, 'tis not always so. One compelling reason for this dismal shortcoming is that the self-appointed in-group that has made bar-manship a finicky specialty has duped too many of us into thinking that it is an arcane and intricate subject requiring, at the least, genius and years of study. They have reinforced this false front with jargon and lore, much of it interesting, little of it essential. (We heard one such authority announce, with unctuous condescension, that the sharp edges of ice cubes should be melted to gentle curves before stirring the martini. "Otherwise," said he, "you bruise the gin.")

Nonsense. Expertise can be fun, and it *should* be fun—not a scholarly pursuit nor complicated ritual. By the time you're through reading these lines, you'll be as expert as need be.

First things first, then, to wit, spirits. Ranged in the picture on which your left thumb is resting, are choice bottled beverages which comprise a pretty full stock for the bachelor's bar, with each type represented in the recommended initial quantity, about which more in a minute. You'll have favorite brands in some types; you'll probably be an ignorant dolt about others. In such cases, our advice is to stick to the best-known, national brands from major distilleries.

What you'll need for your minimum basic booze supply (top three shelves in the picture) will depend to a large extent on the personal tastes of your friends, and on regional (continued overleaf)



HAND TOOLS OF BARMANSHIP

1 Cutsize, tusk chrome bottle opener, \$2.75; 2 Sterling bottle topper with its own handled cork and no-drip pouring tip, \$3.50; 3 Hand citrus squeezer with integral strainer, \$2.25; 4 Thumbcrew bottle sealers for charged mixes, \$1.25 for box of three; 5 Chrome measurer (half jigger on one side, jigger on the other), back handle, \$10.70; 6 Colwood professional bartender's cocktail strainer, \$1; 7 Chrome folding knife, opener, corkscrew combination, \$3.50; 8 Chrome never-full corkscrew, employs lever action to gently, firmly, evenly draw cork, \$2.50; 9 Chrome pincer cap measures exactly one jigger, \$2.95; 10 Double-ended glass muddler, \$1; 11 Glass muddler-strainer, \$1; 12 Push-button tong opens its jaws to grab one ice cube, \$7.50; 13 Long-handled chrome bar spoon-strainer, \$1.10; 14 Chrome bottle decapper has magnet which keeps air from dropping, \$3.50; 15 Chrome cocktail strainer, \$1.25; 16, 17 Danish teak and stainless steel knife-cup-opener, bar spoon, \$2.55 for both; 18 Push-button olive or cherry grabber, \$2.50; 19 Extra-long Swedish glass muddler, \$1.25. Take your choice.

BASIC GLASSWARE—KIND AND QUANTITY



6 STANDARD OLD FASHIONED

4 DOUBLE OLD FASHIONED

6 BEER MUG

6 PITCHER



THE BASIC SIX. Top row, left to right—Whiskey Sour: ½ jigger lemon juice, 1 jigger whiskey, 1 teaspoon sugar, shake with cracked ice, strain, garnish with cherry, ½ orange slice. Manhattan: 1 jigger whiskey, ½ jigger vermouth (French or Italian for dry or sweet), dash Angostura (optional), stir with ice, strain over cherry. Bloody Mary (Eastern style): 1 jigger vodka, 2 jiggers tomato juice, ½ jigger lemon juice, 2 dashes Worcestershire, dash Tabasco; shake with cracked ice, strain. Bottom row—Old Fashioned: 1 lump sugar, 3 dashes Angostura, 1 jigger whiskey, ½ jigger water; muddle sugar with bitters and water in glass, add two ice cubes, whiskey, stir or stir, twist lemon rind above glass, garnish with cherry, ½ orange slice. Screwdriver: 3 jiggers or more (to taste) orange juice over ice cubes, stir in 1 jigger vodka. Daiquiri: 1½ jiggers light rum, juice ½ lime, 1 teaspoon sugar; shake with cracked ice until shaker frosts, strain. Glenlivet, top row 1 to 3; Steuben, Boda "Colonade," Steuben. Bottom row: Fostoria, Heiny "Country Club," Boda "Colonade."



12 STANDARD HIGHBALL



4 DELMONICO



8 HOLLOW-STEM CHAMPAGNE



8 COCKTAIL



4 BRANDY PONY



4 CORDIAL



4 SHOT GLASS



4 WINE GLASS



4 BRANDY SNIPPER



8 BRANDY INNALA

GLASSWARE

DOZENS OF FASCINATING volumes have been written about the arts of producing and acquiring glassware. There isn't a reason on earth, though, for you to read any of them—unless the subject happens to be your hobby. The lore of the drinking vessel is rich, too, and products such quaint oddities—germine or apocryphal—as these: 1) Your ancestors probably drank mead from the skulls of their enemies; 2) Roman nobles had their wine cups molded from the breasts of their most beautiful heterae, hence the shape of the modern wine glass. (If that one's true, the Roman cups must have been bigger than ours—or the Roman women must have been remarkably deficient in the pectoral region.) But you don't have to know these things, either.

All you do need to know about glass is that fine glassware makes drinking that much more pleasurable, and that if you confine yourself (as you should) to handsome, functional, elegantly shaped glass, you can purchase all you'll require for the modest sum of less than \$100. See the chart and let it be your guide.

There was a time when all pressed glass was cloudy and lumpy, when only hand-blown glass was considered worthy of a gentleman's use, when delicacy and decoration were the criteria, when the best glass was imported, when equip-

ping yourself with good glassware could cost the price of a fine car. Not so today. American glass—and imported, too—is less expensive and better than it's ever been. What you'll get from that \$100 stipend we mentioned is not a "budget beginner's set," but ware worthy of you and your most honored guests, much of it hand blown. Of course, when you get into the area of crystal, prices go forward—like a kite. But a well-washed glass of good design and structure can be a thing of beauty despite modest cost. PLAYBOY's recommended clutch of glassware should be purchased from open stock so that matching replacements or additions may always be had.

A few tips and we're through: wash all glassware carefully and separately in warm suds; rinse extremely thoroughly; dry with a lint-free towel; never stack in stowing. Instead, rank your glassware on your shelves in front to back rows by sizes (not with smaller ones in front of tall ones—a sure road to breakage).

You'll notice that the only wine glassware shown here is for such pre-mealtine sips as sherry, or such post-gustation gazelles as port. Come March, we'll give you the story on wine and other wineware—but these, too, are subjects susceptible of sensible abbreviation.



DECANTERS, CONTAINERS, SHAKERS AND SUCH

1 Soda King charges liquids with CO₂ cartridges, \$15; 2 Crystal and sterling blenders, \$9 each; 3 Laminated cutting board, magnet holds matching knife, \$4.50; 4 Oak baby wine barrel (with cream sherry or tawny port), personalized name plate, about \$13; 5 Chunky martini maker and stirrer, \$6; 6 "Fire extinguisher" cocktail shaker, brass and copper, \$22.50; 7 High-polish Britannia metal water pitcher, built-in strainer, \$27.50; 8 Brass pouring caddy, \$15; 9 "Milk bottle" shaker, \$2; 10 Chrome and bamboo ice bucket, \$45; 11 Martini maker and stirrer, \$25.00; 12 Two-piece professional's cocktail shaker, glass and chrome, \$4; 13 Capacious ice keeper in brass and copper, \$35; 14 Pitcher-shaker, built-in ice cube, \$11; 15 Brass and crystal padlocked decanters with labels and siphon tops that measure one jigger, \$100; 16, 16A Blender and adapting ice crusher, \$44.95 and \$16.95.

POTABLES

(continued)

drinking customs. Scotch, for example, isn't very big in the South. Bourbon has more devotees in the Midwest than in the East. But, allowing for these variations, your founding liquor supply (based on national average purchases) should consist of this minimum stock in these proportions: 8 fifths blended American whiskey, 4 fifths straight or blended bourbon, 2 fifths Scotch, 3 fifths gin, 2 fifths rum, 2 fifths vodka, 1 fifth each straight rye, sweet vermouth, dry vermouth, brandy, three liqueurs (for example, green crème de menthe, Southern Comfort, Pernod)—a total of 23 bottles which can cost you as little as \$100. (If you live in the East, halve the bourbon, add 2 fifths each of American whiskey and gin.)

Next, increase your basic stock by diversifying within types and by adding new varieties of potables—a fifth of each for a starter. If, for your basic bar, you selected London gin, get yourself a Holland; if it included Cuban and Jamaican rum, add a Puerto Rican. Etc. Thus, on the basis of your starting house repertory, you can expand from the following (pictured, left to right, from the wrapped champagne split on the fourth shelf to its mate on the sixth):

Gin—English, Holland.

Rum—Cuban, Puerto Rican, Jamaican.

Bourbon—Kentucky bonded, Tennessee sour mash.

Scotch—light, heavy bodied.

Vodka—80 proof, 100 proof.

Brandy—calvados, cognac.

Liqueurs—Drambuie, Cointreau, white crème de menthe.

Add to these:

A Canadian whiskey.

An Irish whiskey.

6 splits of champagne (for champagne cocktails).

(continued)



Roughly, another \$80 will cover these additional purchases.

(A good rule is to purchase a replacement for each bottle from which a second drink or a second round has been poured; that way you keep ahead of the game painlessly and never run out.)

Now that you're really on your way, you may want to keep going, as occasion and lettuce permit, acquiring the best available with which to gratify discriminating palates and pay the ultimate compliment to your most honored guests. If so, glom on to these (see the final grouping in the picture):

30-year-old Scotch (about \$35).

10-year-old bourbon (about \$13).

100-year-old brandy (about \$40).

Special reserve rum (about \$9).

These additional liquors: aquavit, crème de cacao, green Chartreuse, kirsch, kümmel, Grand Marnier. Plus anisette, benedictine, triple sec, and any others that take your fancy.

From here on out, you're on your own.

Planning a party? Want to know how far your bottled goods will go? Figure this way: using the standard jigger (1½ ounces) you'll get 17 servings per fifth, 21 servings per quart.

So much for spirits. You will, of course, want mixes and other makings, to wit: bitters, splits and pints of club soda (unless you're giving a party, quarts are apt to go flat before they're used up), cola, ginger ale, 7-Up, tonic. For service before or after meals you'll also want sherry, port, Dubonnet, beer, ale, stout,

screwdriver juice and bloody mary juice. And, of course, the groceries: olives, cherries, pearl onions, oranges, lemons, limes.

Four suggestions and that does it:

1) Learn to make these six drinks, the most popular nationally: manhattan, old fashioned, daiquiri, screwdriver, whiskey sour, bloody mary. (You already know how to make a martini and liquor-on-the-rocks.) And play them cool: pre-chill glassware and remember—the more ice, the slower the dilution.

2) Don't pretend to an expertise you don't have: you'll be more endearing and your drinks will taste better if you look up the making of a drink you don't know how to assemble. Part of your basic bar equipment should be a book; we recommend Duffy's *The Official Mixer's Manual*.

3) Equip your bar with ample tools, functional and attractive gear and gadgets like that shown on these pages, which lend style and ease to your bar-manship.

4) Ponder these words of H. L. Menckens: "All of the great villainies of history have been perpetrated by sober men, and chiefly by teetotallers. But all of the charming and beautiful things, from *The Song of Songs* . . . to the martini cocktail have been given to humanity by men who, when the hour came, turned from well water to something with color to it, and more in it than mere oxygen and hydrogen."

And be guided accordingly.



Nothing happened. Then began the piling of the empty cans against the door. But before the cans were halfway, a scream came from the Room of Dark. It was the voice of Pito.

I went away and came to the tree Pito and I had climbed so many times. I looked into the high branches and I swore to the tree that I would kill Damundo. I could kill him when he slept. I could kill him when he lay drunk. I could kill him on a dark path at night. Oh, I would find a way to kill him. And soon. And I also swore that the day I had a son, that day my son would be called Pito.

After a time I went back. Damundo had not come out. No one had come out. There had been no more sounds. The cans were now piled fully over the top of the door.

People talked of Pito's scream. Some said that it was a scream of pain. Others were not sure of this. Another boy and I thought that Pito had given more of a yell. A cry of angry hate. Our talk decided nothing.

Many people beside Pito's family stayed all night before the door. Angia watched too, but apart from everyone and no one spoke to her or took notice of her presence.

When morning came, I went with my mother to our house, she to get us something to eat, I to put our cow into the field.

Our house is a little distance from the village, but as I was fastening the wire of the gate I heard the crashing down of the cans.

I ran with all my power, but when I got to the Room of Dark, Pito was already dressed and the committee was examining the method of Damundo.

The handle of his knife was hollow and the jeweled plate at the butt unscrewed. It was in the handle that Damundo kept a light of electricity. The light was no bigger than a thumb but, in the Room of Dark, strong and blinding. There is no trouble to kill a man if you are behind such a light.

The flashing on of the light had caused Pito to scream out in anger. Then he had reached down quickly and thrown a handful of sand at the light. The sand went into Damundo's eyes. He turned off the light because, being now blinded, the light was of danger to him.

Also it was believed that he dropped the light. It was found in another part of the room from where Pito and Damundo at last met.

Of the meeting, Pito had not much to say. The snake had rattled for him, as he thought. He had not moved. The snake went away, not rattling hard. Then suddenly it had rattled loud

(concluded on page 66)

ROOM OF DARK (continued from page 16)

put something in her face for him to understand. There was something there to see, if one knew. I did not. She did not smile. Then she went to Damundo.

Her back was toward us and her face could not be seen as she looked at him. Damundo suddenly smiled big and put both his hands on her shoulders. And she put both her hands on his head. Then she turned and went back to her house.

Damundo called, "Tonight, little one! Do not change your clothes; I like that dress."

We, with Pito, were most sick to the heart. We could not believe what we had seen. On Pito's face was a very strange look. A look of anger, of not believing, of thinking.

For with us, when the man puts his hands on the girl's shoulders and she smooths her hands on his head, it is a greeting of lovers. It means, "I am glad you are here." It can also mean farewell, as when lovers part for a time.

For her to make such a greeting with Pito was expected by all. It was because of his love for her that he was now to

fight Damundo. But she had stood back from Pito, then gone to Damundo and made the greeting with him. Unthinkable! What thing is a woman! It was bitter to believe what must be believed. Angia, like all of us, thought that Pito would be killed soon. So now, she chose Damundo because it would be he who would come out of the Room of Dark. But what cruelty to let Pito see! Now he must go in with no hope of her, no strength of love to fight with. Pito would be killed for nothing.

Damundo, waving and kissing his hand, went into the room with the committee. Then they came out and put his clothes to the north of the door.

Pito went in, with one smile for his mother and for us. The committee came out and put his clothes to the south of the door.

One man, the head of the committee, now went inside with the snake. Soon he came out and tossed the empty sack aside. He put his hand on the door and called in, "Farewell to one of you." He shut the door.

All waited for the half of one minute.



That's me, John thought, they're talking about me.

JUST LIKE THE GIRL . . . *that married dear old dad*

fiction By JAMES JONES

"NOW LISTEN CAREFULLY," John's mother said, and her voice was rushed and breathless.

She took him by his left arm, and her skinflaky hand—which, as she said, was "ruined" from washing dishes—went clear around the thinness of his arm. She pulled him close to her and talked into his ear as if they were

not alone in the house.

"He'll be home in a minute," she said to him, her eyes bright and nervous. "It's after six now and he never stays at the office later than five. He's been somewhere drinking. I could tell by his voice over the phone. He'll come home with that great big ugly nasty belly tight as a drum with beer again."

"Yes, Ma'am," John said. He was scared by the intensity of her voice, and she was gripping his arm so hard he

could hardly keep from wincing.

"Here is what I want you to do for me, John. I want you to do this for your mother who loves you. When he brings the groceries in, you run out and get in the car. You understand?"

"Yes, Ma'am," John said. "All right, Mother." He knew this was important, because she was shaking his arm hard. "But what for?"

"Be still. Listen to me. I asked him
(continued on page 34)

*it was a minor post with a minor station,
but the sensuous sharman made it all worth while*

THE BEST JOB IN TELEVISION

I WISH I could tell you about her, her beauty and her bitchiness. The way she could make you feel like a god, and then laugh to herself at your clay feet. Like that first night she and her husband, Joey, asked me out for drinks. Joey was mixing them in the kitchen, and Sharman, in her low-necked gown, asked me for a cigarette.

"Oh, don't get up . . . please," she said, and bent over me, her hands on the arms of my chair. She waited for me to light a cigarette for her and place it between her lips. Then she laughed softly and blew a short breath of smoke in my face.

"That's for looking," she whispered, and ran her finger down the front of my shirt to the fourth button.

Being conventional about other men's wives had never been any problem for me, but anyone with male in him could have only one idea about Sharman. You couldn't help it. It was all over her, from her blonde hair all the way down. Her legs were nylon ads. And the way she crossed them made you twist. I was hoping she was going to send Joey out to mail a letter or something, but she didn't. And when Joey came in with the drinks, she turned wifely. She even crossed her legs differently.

Joey handed us each a glass and offered a toast to me and my future with TV station WWXY. Joey was WWXY's chief announcer. The title may not sound like much, but every other announcer was after the job because it meant first crack at the commercials. They were the money, and Joey got them, and the rest of us got what he was too busy to handle. It didn't bother me. I was willing to wait it out and see.

"Old man Holiday really likes our boy, Martin," Joey was telling Sharman and nodding at me. "Says he sees great things for him . . ."

Joey's voice was warm and chuckling. He always talked as if he were selling soap, and, at the moment, he was talking about me as if I came in the big economy size.

". . . yes, Marty, boy, that's the pitch. In Holiday's book, you're better than Tomkinson, the lad whose job you got. And Sharman will tell you the old man had some plums lined up for ol' Tomkinson. I wouldn't be surprised if you latched onto them."

I knew Mr. Holiday liked me. After my audition for the job, he took me out to lunch and told me I would make out all right. The luncheon with Mr. Holiday im-

"Do I really puzzle you that much?" she said.



pressed the other boys, so I knew it meant something.

"Odd thing about of Tomkinson, though," Joey was chortling. "No one knows the pitch on why he left. Just didn't show one day. Scrammed out. Got lost." Joey shook his head. "He's the second lad who's pulled that in a year." Joey cackled and slapped his knee. "Announcers are a screwy bunch. A buddy of mine, only 23, 24, and he's been shackled up with a dozen stations already."

"Darling," Sharman said, "don't moralize. Especially about business." She patted his wrist. "I'm sure that you and Martin have something in common besides television. Joey lives his life. Martin . . ." She was smiling at him.

Joey covered behind his hands. "OK. OK."

Sharman suggested a game of darts in the playroom, and Joey was a bull's-eye man with darts. We wound up the evening listening to Joey's collection of early jazz records, with Joey blackboard-ing the finer passages for us. She showed him off like that all night.

Sharman called me the next weekend. Joey did a lot of sports work, the commercials and color, baseball, football, whatever was in season. It was fall, and Joey was following the Ivy League around. Sharman phoned that Joey was in Boston setting up the Harvard-Dartmouth game, and would I like to take her to dinner. I let myself ask her where to meet her.

She picked me up in her car on the corner she had suggested, and in 15 minutes, we were out of town. We rode along the shore drive, and the radio was playing one of Jackie Gleason's albums, and there was the pull of her perfume, and it wasn't hard at all to imagine that there wasn't any Joey, just the two of us. Sharman and me, in a brand-new little go-to-hell motor. We stopped off at one of those summer places that stay open late in the season. It was built on a rock, overlooking the ocean, and we had it all to ourselves. A man and his wife ran it, and they seemed pleased that we had dropped by. The way Sharman was looking at me, I think they thought we were honeymooners. We ordered steaks, and the man brought us our cocktails and told us about the veranda. He said we might like to watch the ocean from it. Wonderful view of the ocean, he said. He said he'd call us when the steaks were ready. He opened the door for us, and we stepped out. They had taken in the tables for the winter, and there was just the weather-beaten floor and railing and a sharp wind. It gave you the feeling of standing on the bridge of a ship, the way the whole ocean lay before you. If you looked straight out, you couldn't see land at all. If you looked down, you saw the spray hitting against

the rock, and the gulls gliding and dipping, hovering, and sandpipers skimming across the sand, skirting the black beaches of washed-ashore seaweed. Sharman's cheeks were reddening in the wind, and her eyes were beginning to water. There's something tender to me about a girl's eyes watering, and I wondered what she was thinking about. Maybe Joey. Maybe not. Maybe trying to find the quirk that had led her here, now, with me. That's what I was thinking about, but nothing figured.

"What are the odds," I said, "that Joey is someplace like this with a doll who works for some account executive?"

"They're high, I think."

"Care?"

"Of course. No wife wants to think there's another female more attractive to her husband than she."

"Other than that, what's Joey to you?"

"A good life."

"Because he buys you what you want?"

"Because he gives me what I want."

She paused. "There's a difference, you know."

"The certificate with the doves on it that says so?"

The way she smiled made me feel she suddenly thought of me as 10 years younger. "Do I really puzzle you that much?" she said.

"Ever since that first night," I said.

"I wanted you to call me," she said simply.

"It's hard to believe that I'm so irresistible."

"It's just that you were so proper that first night. So . . . polite. Not a look from you. Not even when I crossed my legs so prettily for you. I wanted to see if you'd still be proper if you thought I'd rather have you . . . different?" She let her eyes run up and down me, and strolled a couple of steps away and looked out over the water.

We went inside. I dropped two quarters into the jukebox, and we romped through a couple of thumbras with aid lips in them that Joey wouldn't have liked. We had the steaks, and afterward, a cordial. Then we left.

On the ride back, she sat as close as if there were three of us in the front seat. The headlights of the car brought out the white lines around the curves in the road and I followed them, and I passed cars, and I slowed down at intersections, but I wasn't conscious of any of it. I wasn't thinking of anything but Sharman, and the way the length of her leg was touching mine, and how when we swerved, it would go away for a moment, and how I would wait for her to move it back. And I thought about what she had told me, and it didn't make much sense. Her risking the good life, as she called it, that Joey gave her for a haystack inside with me. But then we came to a break in the curbing where we

could pull in on the beach, and I cut in and stopped. I pushed the button on the dash and we watched the top fold back, and she lay her head back against the seat, and I kissed her. It was a first kiss, and fresh, and I felt her fingers working on the back of my neck and the movement of her mouth against mine.

"It's cold, darling," she said softly, "but you can come back for a nightcap if you want to."

She gave me her key, and I turned it in the lock. The hallway was dark, but she stepped surely inside, and she was waiting for me when I closed the door. I held her by the arms, not close yet, and tried to find her eyes. Her fingers were working at the buttons of her coat. She opened it, and I felt her arms pulling me into her, and she lifted her head, and I put my mouth against hers. It was good to stand like that, no leash, knowing it was going to be whenever we wanted it to be.

"Drink?" She nodded to a decanter of Scotch on the coffee table.

"I'd like one. You?"

"Yes."

I poured an inch into each glass. "Ice? Soda?"

"It's all right this way."

She took her glass, and we sat there, and she smiled and sipped her Scotch. I drank mine and splashed another inch into my glass. She reached for my hand. Then she kissed me, and I unbuttoned her sweater slowly and touched her.

"Have a cigarette with your drink, darling. Martin darling," she said softly, "then come and find me." And she ran up the stairs.

I began to live for the weekends with Sharman. Our second we spent in Atlantic City, the third in New York, and the fourth in the Pocono Mountains. We had only four. It was after the fourth, the Monday night after, that she came to my apartment. It was raining, and when I let her in, she was soaked. She had thrown a raincoat over something nylon and hadn't bothered to button it. She was wearing a pair of pink mules with the fur wet and matted. She was crying and trying to brush her wet hair from her face.

"Holiday knows about us. He knows!"

She was holding tightly to the lapels of my pajamas.

"He says he was in the Poconos last Saturday night, too. He saw us together. He checked with the desk clerk and he knows we were registered together. He said if his wife hadn't been with him, he'd have reported us then and there." She was shivering. "Joey doesn't know yet. Holiday says it depends on us whether he tells him."

"Christ! Where's Joey now?"

"With Holiday. At his home. Holiday (continued on page 68)



SILVERSTEIN in PARIS

*the wit with the whiskers falls in love
with the world's most romantic city*

SHEL SILVERSTEIN has visited and sketched some love-and-legend-haunted ports of call for these pages: Tokyo, Scandinavia and London are all atmospheric places packed with color, flavor and historic grandeur, and the antic Silverstein spirit responded to them with whimsy and warmth. But, to twist an old ballad, "no place on earth does he love more sincerely" — than Paris.

The same city that inspired Toulouse and Zola, Villon and Voltaire, Dumas, both *père* and *fils*; the city of Nostradamus and Notre Dame, Baudelaire and Brigitte Bardot, Fontaine and Fernand — this city inspired Silverstein as

well, and no wonder, for Paris (which more than one man has called the place good Americans go to when they die) is a city steeped in seductiveness, richly redolent of romance, a city few fellows of taste have been able to resist — not even sour Nietzsche who said, "As an artist, a man has no home in Europe save in Paris."

As an artist, Shel Silverstein had a wonderful time creating the labor of love that begins on this page — a pleasurable portfolio of zesty, winsome, finely funny impressions of a 2000-year-old city that captured his heart and swept him off his feet.



"Well, that depends, monsieur... If you face east, this is the left bank
... If you face west, that is the left bank... If you face south..."



"With all the American tourists arriving, monsieur, these small, dark, dingy garrets are quite expensive. However, if you'd consider a large, clean, well-lit room on the first floor..."



"A bottle of absinthe... a checkered tablecloth... a candle in a wine bottle..."



"Fellows, meet Shel Silverstein from Chicago. Shel, shake hands with Eddie Bell from Los Angeles, Charley Petersen from Boston, Steve Zimmerman from St. Louis and Jim Albright from New Jersey."



Shel takes part in a spirited conversation with two French wine merchants.



"Ten copies of 'Tropic of Cancer,' twelve copies of 'Tropic of Capricorn,' seven copies..."



"Tomorrow I'll take you to the bohemian quarter..."



"Listen to this: 'Good-bye Paris, old friend, old comrade, old drinking companion, with your flaky green trees and your warm, playful sun and your friendly open-arm cafés, with your busy Seine and buzzing streets and bustling shops and children's laughter and lovers... lovers... lovers... You'll not miss me, Paris, although you were a good friend. The publishers doubted me, Paris, and the landlords and shopkeepers rejected me... and Arlette... Arlette... Arlette deserted me. But you remained loyal... you were a good friend, Paris... adieu... mon ami... adieu...' Man, that's what I call writing!"



"Er... darling, je vous aime beaucoup... je ne sais pas what to do... morning, noon and nighttime, too... toujours wondering what to do... er... chérie..."



Assuming the famous hat, cane and stature (by kneeling on his shoes) of another artist inspired by Paris, Shel makes striking Toulouse-Lautrec.



"You let Gene Kelly dance in the street... you let Fred Astaire dance in the street... you let Audrey Hepburn dance in the street... you let..."



"Look at this place, Paul—no heat, no electricity, crawling with bugs, no icebox, no ventilation, no bathtub, no toilet, nothing to eat but a few scraps of bread and cheap wine. Frankly, I don't see how you manage to stay alive, Paul...Paul?...Paul?..."



"What is this thing called an American kiss?"



Silverstein makes friends easily. Here a long-tressed Parisienne kibitzes as he sketches in street café.





"—Your American women — they think of sex as something dirty — something to be ashamed of — they hide their desires — they frustrate their instincts — they deny that they are human. We French — we realize that sex is good and clean and natural and beautiful — we follow our instincts. When I feel like going to bed with a man, I go to bed with him!"

"—Well, how about it?"

"I don't feel like it."

JUST LIKE THE GIRL (continued from page 23)

please not to go back downtown in his condition. I asked him to stay home. I only just hope the operator was listening. Mrs. Haddock says they always do. God knows I've lived with it long enough and tried to hide it and hold our heads up," she said. "And he just laughed at me. Like he always does. But I've always done my duty, in the eyes of God and society. I've done all I could be expected to do."

John was nodding his head. His arm hurt and his mother was still shaking him; he was wondering how, if he was to go in the car, they would be able to go to the Sugar Bowl and the show. This was Saturday and Saturday night his mother always took him and Jeannette to the Sugar Bowl and they ate coney islands or barbecues and they had a malted and then they went to the show. And the malteds at the Sugar Bowl were thick, boy. It was their Saturday treat and he hated to miss it, even if his mother always did make them sit with her at the show instead of down front with the other kids and she stopped outside the show to talk to the other ladies and always made them stand right beside her because, as she told the ladies, John was grown up and taking his father's place like a little man. But then that was what you had to do if you wanted to go.

"Aren't we going to the show tonight, Mother?" he said.

"No we're not going to the show tonight, Mother. Aren't you listening to me? I want you to go in the car with your father. I want you to get in the back seat and keep out of sight. Get down on the floor and stay hid. You watch where he goes and when he comes home you tell me every place he went. I want you to do this for me." "I don't care about the show, Mother," John said.

"Maybe we'll go tomorrow. If you love your mother like you say, you'll do this for her. You'll hide in the back of the car and find out who it is your father meets, and find out what her name is if you can, and then when I go away I'll take you with me and we'll go away for ever."

"Will Jeannette go too, Mother?" John said.

"Yes. We'll take Jeannette with us too," she said to him and there were tears in his bright eyes. "He isn't fit to have children. Him with those great big arms and strong as a bull. He hurts everything he touches, he'd kill any woman. We'll go far away where he can never find us, with his big talk of education and making fun of my Science and Mrs. Eddy, making everybody think he's so intelligent and sad-

died with a dumb wife."

"You're not dumb, Mother," John said. "You're smart. You're my mother." He blinked tears from his own eyes, he felt very sorry for his mother. A divorcee, he thought, we're going to get a divorce.

"I've given my whole life to you children." His mother let go of his arm and he was glad of that. It was a little numb, but he didn't rub it because his mother put her hands on his shoulders. "You're all I have left now. You and Jeannette. Since your brother Tom grew up and left me. Everybody said I was the most beautiful woman in this country and he was lucky to get me. Now he's cast me aside, for any hot-awed bitch that walks the streets."

John nodded, memorizing the phrase. He learned lots of good swearwords the other kids never heard, listening to his mother and dad when they were mad, although he never said them around her, except when he forgot, because she always washed his mouth out with soap, holding him by the back of the neck, and turning the washrag around wrapped over her fingers and rubbing it hard over his tongue and the roof of his mouth, whenever she heard him swear.

"Someday women will be free," his mother said. She knelt down on the floor beside him and put her arms around him. "Your mother loves you, Johnny, even if she is the ugliest old hag in town."

"You're not ugly, Mother," John said. "You're beautiful and you're my mother." He patted the cook-sweating broadness of his mother's back. It was almost like the game where someone asks the question and you have to give the right answer or pay a forfeit, except he always got so scared it wasn't any fun.

"If you really love your mother, you'll stand by her."

"Sure I will, Mother," John said. "I'll do anything for you. Someday, Mother, I'll make a million dollars and I'll give it all to you."

"No," his mother said. "No, you won't. Someday you'll do just like your brother did. You'll grow up and forget all your mother ever did for you. You'll remember the money your father gives you and I don't have to give you and you'll turn on your ugly mother just like your brother did and go over to your father."

"No I won't either," John protested, feeling guilty. He knew his mother didn't have the money to give him quarters and half dollars like his father did. He knew how hard up they were be-

cause his father threw so much money away on beer and whiskey, and then tried to buy his son's affection with quarters and half dollars. Every time he sneaked up in the garage loft to play with his secret collection of extra soldiers and guns, he felt guilty.

"I'll always stand by you, Mother," he said. "I won't be like Tom. Honest I won't. I'm not like Tom."

"Will you prove it to me? Will you find out who your father goes out with tonight?"

"Sure I will, Mother. Didn't I say I would?"

His mother stood up. "All right. You wait out on the front porch where he won't see you. When he brings the groceries in you run out and get in. But be careful! He bought groceries for over Sunday and he'll probably have to make two trips to the car."

"All right, Mother," John said. "You can trust me, Mother."

His mother was on her way back to the kitchen. "Don't let him see you out on the porch."

"OK, Mother," John said.

He went out the front door and sat down in the porch swing to wait for his father to come home. The moon was full, and it reminded him of the quarters and half dollars his father tried to buy his affection with every now and then. It was so bright it made shadows under the trees just like daytime. It made everything busy like a lace curtain. He sat and swung the swing and listened to the chain creak and rubbed his arm where it still hurt and watched the lace curtain of moonlight.

I'll fool him, he thought. I won't let him buy me away from mother with quarters and half dollars like he did Tom. I'll take the quarters and half dollars, but I won't let him kid me. It made him feel a little better, a little less guilty, but still he knew, guiltily, that he shouldn't take them, any of them.

Once his father had given him a half dollar right in front of his mother. It was the time she hit him with the kitchen fork when she was frying chicken. He was standing by the stove bothering her with questions and making a nuisance of himself, and it was a hot day long, long years ago, and she just got mad and hit him with the fork. The fork cut his forehead and broke his glasses and the blood ran down into his eyes. It did not hurt much but the blood in his eyes scared him because he couldn't see and thought maybe he was going to die. His mother threw the fork down on the floor and started crying and that scared him worse because then he was sure he was going to die and he did not want to die yet,

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At eighteen, Elizabeth Ann makes a refreshingly fresh college freshman.

SCHOOLMATE PLAYMATE

*miss january is a
bouncy teenager*

READING AND WRITING AND 'RITHMETIC are the subjects that occupy button-bright Elizabeth Ann Roberts—a student in her teens—even though most other girls her age are occupied with different subjects, such as Boys and Boys and Boys. Her mother, with whom she lives, feels she is too young to "get serious" about the male animal, you see, so little Liz has never had a real date, so date. Homesa.

Instead, she buckles down to the above-mentioned three Rs and spends her leisure hours with girlfriends and mother (over the holidays, she and mom took a trip to Bermuda, where Elizabeth picked up a tasty tan).

Though an unrelenting chaperone, mother is no prude: she's a broad-minded and charming lady who accompanied Liz to the PLAYBOY offices and fully approved of her teenage daughter becoming the first Playmate of 1958.

PLAYMATE PHOTOGRAPH BY ARTHUR JAMES

OTHER PHOTOGRAPHY BY MIKE SIEGA







MISS JANUARY PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH









Above, after classes, Liz waits for the school bus with her classmates; below, her evenings are occupied with homework.





MISS JANUARY PLATON'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The dean of women at a large midwestern university recently began a speech to the student body with these memorable words: "The president of the university and I have decided to stop petting on campus."



"Dear Dad," read the young soldier's first letter home. "I cannot tell you where I am, but yesterday I shot a polar bear . . ."

Several months later came another letter, "Dear Dad, I still cannot tell you where I am, but yesterday I danced with a hula girl . . ."

Two weeks later came yet another note, "Dear Dad, I still cannot tell you where I am, but yesterday the doctor told me I should have danced with the polar bear and shot the hula girl . . ."

In Hollywood, when a movie star tells a child a bedtime story, it usually goes like this: "Once upon a time, there was a Mama Bear, a Papa Bear and a Baby Bear by a previous marriage . . ."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *chafing dish* as a girl who has been stood up on a date.



It was Tracy's first crossing, and he was assigned to a table with a suave Frenchman. The first night out, the Frenchman rose, bowed slightly, and said, "Bon appetit."

Tracy got to his feet, bowed and said, "Tracy."

The following morning, at breakfast, then at lunch and again at dinner, the ceremony was repeated and Tracy found his politeness wearing a little thin. "It's beginning to annoy me," he told a companion in the lounge. "Same thing over

and over; he tells me his name, *Bon Appetit*, I tell him mine, and we do it all over again at the next meal."

His companion, a bit more worldly than Tracy, laughed. "He's not introducing himself. *Bon appetit* is French for 'good appetite.' He's hoping that you enjoy your meal."

Tracy felt pretty silly. The next morning when he appeared at breakfast, the Frenchman was already seated. Tracy bowed and said, "Bon appetit." Whereupon the Frenchman jumped up, bowed and answered, "Tracy."

A yachtsman we know told us that he brought his bountiful girl a bikini and anticipates seeing her beam with delight.

"Gee," exclaimed the breathless coed, telling her wide-eyed companion all about last night's big party rind. "This bruiser from the football team got me cornered, so I had to fork over my panties. What else could I do? Later," the miss went on, "I gave him the slip."



For every girl who has the curves, there are a dozen men who have the angles.

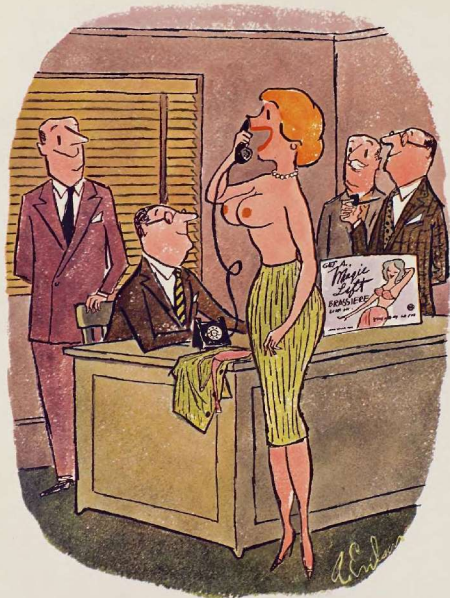
The abundantly endowed starlet had just stepped out of the bathtub in her hotel suite and was about to reach for a towel when she caught sight of a window washer taking in all of her charms. The starlet, too stunned to move, stood staring at the man.

"Whatcha lookin' at, lady?" he finally asked. "Aintcha never seen a window washer before?"

A pink elephant, a green kangaroo and two yellow snakes strolled up to the bar.

"You're a little early, boys," said the bartender, "he ain't here yet."

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



"Guess what, Mom. I'm Miss Magic Lift of 1958!"

JUST LIKE THE GIRL (continued from page 34)

when he was still just such a little boy. She phoned the doctor and his father, and she kept wringing her hands and crying "O what have I done! My poor little boy! My darling son!" and he had felt very sorry for her and put his arms around her and told her it was all right and it didn't hurt much and for her not to worry. He did not really mind dying when he was still such a little boy, but it only made her cry worse. He knew she did not really mean to do it because she cried so much and she sacrificed everything for him and Jeannette and loved them better than anything in the world. So when the doctor and his father came, he and his mother told them he felt down and cut his forehead on the edge of the table. His father gave him a half dollar right in front of his mother and squatted down and put his arm around him. If he had been cut over both eyes he bet his father would have given him a whole dollar.

Other kids' fathers didn't give them whole dollars when they got cut over both eyes, and his father really looked tough when he got mad. He bet there wasn't anybody would tackle his father when he got mad, even if he was a drunkard and ran around with hot-assed bitches and had those great big arms and belly and strong as a bull and would kill any woman. Sitting in the swing he wondered what the hot-assed bitch looked like. He hoped he would get to see them doing it.

Suddenly in his mind he saw his father sitting at the kitchen table, all alone, holding the divorce, drinking a bottle of beer, playing with a pile of quarters and half dollars that he did not have anybody to give them to, that was the way it would be when they were gone. He blinked tears from his eyes, he felt very sorry for his father. A divorce, he thought, we're going to get a divorce.

When his father drove in the driveway he got down on his hands and knees behind the brick railing and watched through the four-cornered hole like a diamond while his father opened the back door of the big square Studebaker and took two huge paper sacks of groceries in his big arms and carried them to the back door. Looking through the trees into the clearing Hawkeye leveled his cap-n-ball-long-rifle and let the big Indian have it, right in the chest, and the two big paper sacks of dynamite tumbled unhurt to the ground. Hawkeye had fired between them carefully because the dynamite was needed to blow the Indian village up the river. He aimed over his finger and fired; and his father walked on to the house.

Then he waited, just as his mother

had told him, grinning at how he was outsmarting his father. After the second trip he ran lightly out into the yard, carrying his rifle at trail and loading her as he ran, the Indians called him "The Man Whose Gun Was Always Loaded," opened the back door of the car and hit the dirt. It was dusty on the floor and the dust got in his nose and choked him up but he did not mind because he had made it across the clearing unseen and had slipped into the enemy general's limousine.

He heard them talking loud in the kitchen and guessed they were having another big argument. His father came out and slammed the door and got in the car and he lay, laughing to himself, very excited.

His father drove down toward town and every corner John concentrated hard on which way they turned and tried to see the corner in his mind. There was a place on the road through the forest the enemy general's truck was following that it was of the greatest importance he jump out the back of the truck unseen. Some enemy soldiers were holding Priscilla Jenkins captive and going to torture her with red-hot irons. In his mind he saw Priscilla, a great lady now, standing tied to a tree, her clothes torn clear off of her and the enemy soldiers stepping up to put a red-hot iron against her thigh—just as he leaped into the circle of firelight wearing his fringed buckskins of a scout and the two enemy soldiers were draders and Priscilla was very happy to be saved from a fate worse than death and they did it there in the firelight with the two draders staring open-eyed at the sky.

When his father stopped the car it was the spot, and it was of the greatest importance that he know where it was, and he picked Meeker's Restaurant. He waited till his father got out and was gone and then peeked over the bottom of the window. Instead of Meeker's Restaurant they were in front of the old American Legion. It was very bad, because Priscilla was a dealer unless he could figure something out.

He lay there on the floor a long time, wishing his father would hurry up and come back with the hot-assed bitch so he could see them do it, he had never seen anybody do it, but he was tired of laying on the floor and he was getting sleepy. He lay with the sleepiness and the Saturday night noises coming loud suddenly, then going far away, and coming and going and coming and going and he heard his father speak from behind a curtain and far away the car doors opened and his father and someone else got in. Then

suddenly he was back inside himself again and listening hard. None of the kids had ever really seen anybody do it. They wouldn't care if he was a drunkard's son or not, if he told how he had seen them do it and just what they did.

"Give me the bottle," he heard his father say. "You mark what I'm saying, Lab. It won't be 10 years."

John recognized with disappointment the other voice that answered. It was no hot-assed bitch at all, it was only old Lab Walkers from the American Legion, and he felt he had been cheated of a great adventure.

"I still say she wouldn't want you to go, Doc," it said.

"I don't know," his father said. "Sometimes I think she would. I know she would. She'd be damned glad to get rid of a no-good like me. And I guess I don't blame her any. Anyway," he said, "I'll be too old."

"There won't be another war anyway," Lab Walkers said. "That way we won the last one, so there wouldn't be no more. Wilson was a good man, and he knew what he was doing."

"He couldn't do anything with a Republican congress," his father said.

"Well, he was smarter than this Coolidge. Doc, you don't want your boys to grow up and get drug into something like we did," Lab Walkers said.

"Hell, no," his father said. "But there's no way out. Give your son luck, and throw him into the sea. That's what the Spaniards say. That's all any man can do. I tell you it won't be 10 years."

That's me, John thought, they're talking about me. He was a little surprised because everybody knew there wouldn't be any more war. He had always been sorry when he thought how he would never get to be in a war like his father. He lay there, excited, thinking how he would save Priscilla Jenkins from the enemy just as they were about to burn her thigh with the red-hot iron. He would come home a great hero and everybody would think he was a fine upstanding man. He wouldn't drink at all, and maybe he would marry Priscilla Jenkins.

Following the pictures in his mind the sleepiness came back and the voice talking began to come and go, loud and faint, like the band concert across town sounded in a shifting summer wind.

"She's a fine woman, Doc," Lab Walkers said. "They don't come any finer. My wife's always talkin' about how fine she is."

"I know she is," his father said. "Everybody knows it. Nobody has to tell me that. I know it's my fault. I

(continued on page 69)

suspect. Had a burglar been surprised, he might have struck once or twice in panic, but Mrs. Sheppard had been hit at least 35 times: her face and skull were pulp. Dr. Sheppard pointed out that his medical bag was open, suggesting that the killer was an addict, desperate for a "fix." But no drugs were missing.

A week later a woman telephoned police to confess that she had killed Mrs. Sheppard in order to revenge herself on Dr. Sheppard for poor medical treatment. A routine investigation established that she had been drunk when she made the call, and that she knew no more about the case than she had read in the newspapers.

Four days later a man called from Baltimore to admit that he had done the job. He had done it for a fee—\$1000. This one turned out to be an ex-convict, also drunk, who wanted "to impress a girl."

Thereafter, the police had to listen to a long line of confessions, each insisting that he or she had wielded the fatal bludgeon, each furious at the skepticism of the gendarmery.

One reason for the calm the police maintained in the face of all this was that they had decided to arrest Dr. Sheppard. There were fatal implausibilities in his story. When the visiting neighbor left that night, Sheppard was wearing slacks and a T-shirt; when police arrived he was bare-chested and the T-shirt was nowhere to be found. All fingerprints, even those that would normally have been about the house, had been carefully wiped away. A pair of bloody gloves belonging to Sheppard were found in the garage. He refused a lie-detector test. He conceded intimacies with various women, and he admitted that he and Mrs. Sheppard had pondered the desirability of a divorce. After a trial notable even by American standards for the amount of slushy sentimentality that went into the newspaper coverage, he was sentenced to life imprisonment for murder in the second degree, still protesting his absolute innocence. The case was closed.

It would not stay closed. The shrill cries of new "confessors" rang in the land. One Billy O'Williams confessed in Trenton. It was established that he hadn't been within a thousand miles of Cleveland when Mrs. Sheppard died. A Henry Fuchler proclaimed in Cincinnati that it was he who had entered the premises, intent upon burglary, and killed the woman when she awoke. Since he had been in the workhouse in Knoxville, Tennessee, that night, his tale was viewed as rather unlikely by legal authorities. Altogether 23 men and women pleaded guilty and were proved innocent.

The Court of Last Resort, an *Argosy* magazine feature that had proved convicted men innocent in several cases, became interested in the Sheppard matter. Eric Stanley Gardner, chief investigator and presiding justice of the "court," pointed to unexplained aspects of the case, wondered whether Dr. Sheppard's cheating on his wife had unduly influenced the jury. But he was unable to produce any new evidence that might overturn the conviction.

Then, on July 16th, 1957, confessor number 26 came to the front. Donald J. Wedler, 22, resident in a Florida prison for robbery, told Sheriff Rodney Thursday that he had come reluctantly to the conclusion that it was really he who had killed Mrs. Sheppard. Reading old newspaper accounts of the murder had, he said, convinced him. He said he had been in Cleveland at the time, on heroin, and badly in need of money for a fix. He had selected a house at random, ransacked a bedroom, was caught in the act, struck "a woman" with a length of lead pipe. He ran out of the bedroom, encountered "a man," struck him, raced outside and away.

But Wedler said the front door had been unlocked, whereas other testimony indicated it had been bolted. He claimed he had left dresser drawers open, but police had found them closed. He said he had hit Mrs. Sheppard "a couple of times"; but she had been struck very many times more than that. He claimed only one towel with the man; Dr. Sheppard claimed two.

Still, Dr. Sheppard, shown Wedler's picture, said he had a vague feeling that this was indeed the man. He announced suddenly that he was now willing to take a lie-detector test—Wedler had already had one, given by the Court of Last Resort, that proved favorable to his story, according to the operator—providing no police officials be present. This condition was naturally unacceptable to the authorities. And Cleveland was not sufficiently impressed with Wedler even to extradite him, a circumstance that annoyed the Florida robber. "That's my story," he said. "It's up to you to prove it isn't so."

The Cleveland prosecutor's office has filed Mr. Wedler's name away with the other bag-ridden neurotics who pop up in the backwash of every well-publicized crime, murders in particular. The New York City police know that they will have to bar the gates every year to at least 2000 eager citizens fighting to tell all, and in Los Angeles, naturally, twice that many petition to be locked up for something they didn't do—didn't do and, usually, couldn't have done. How does this strange plague run nationally? A noted crime statistician has said, "If every person in the United States who confesses to a crime he hasn't committed

were recorded on an IBM punch card, I venture we'd have at least 400,000 a year showing up in the Uniform Crime Reports."

Because they clutter up a case, cost money and man hours, and because of the danger that they may cause a false conviction, policemen take a dim view of the compulsive confessors. Viewed more objectively, some of them are weird and wonderful indeed. Consider, for instance, the Case of the Two Bangors.

Several years ago the police of Bangor, Maine, found this in the morning mail: "Exposing who killed Edith Ford. It was Frederick Harder of Spokane, Washington. Edith deserved to die, but only God has the right to that irrevocable decision. Knowing about it has been on my conscience a long time but I would not speak out. A murderer may strike twice. I will not sign my name. Let justice be done!"

Bangor, Maine, had no record of such a homicide, but Bangor, Pennsylvania did. Edith Ford's body, well wrapped in baling wire, had been found at the bottom of a well and the case had lain unsolved for two years. The Spokane police were asked to chat with Mr. Harder. They found him to be a high school teacher of 51 years and excellent reputation. He was furious. He had never known an Edith Ford. He hadn't set foot out of Spokane for 11 years, and who the devil had written the letter? The answer came soon enough. Shown a photostat of the letter, he recognized the script instantly. It was his own.

Shaken to his shoes, Harder sought a psychiatrist and, a good many 50-minute hours later, remembered that about the time the letter had been written he was confined to bed, recuperating from pneumonia. He had read a précis of the Ford case in a magazine. That was all he remembered. But beyond doubt he had written the anonymous letter, after which his unconscious mind had blacked out the entire episode. A crossed wire in his unconscious recollection had brought him to address the letter to the Maine Bangor instead of the Pennsylvania one.

Harder's dreamworld approach to self-incrimination sets him apart from the run of punishment-seekers, most of whom go about their strange business in a more direct fashion. Jim McGill comes closer in fitting the pattern. McGill began his career by confessing to a murder in Washington, D.C. He didn't make the sale. In the next 15 years he tried in Florida, Illinois, Indiana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon. One would expect such persistence ultimately to be rewarded, and McGill finally found success. His was a set routine: in metropolitan centers he claimed the rights and

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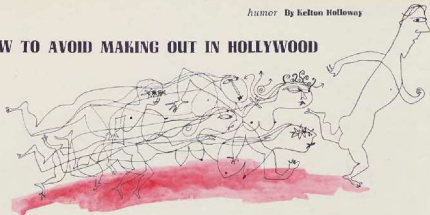


"Well, there's history repeating itself."



*"I think if you ask Mr. Osborn for that raise right now,
dear . . . you'll be pleasantly surprised."*

HOW TO AVOID MAKING OUT IN HOLLYWOOD



a pseudonymous actor discusses a vital problem of our time

FUNNY THING happened to me on the way up with the window shade the other morning. I flapped around up there a few times, telling myself, "This cannot go on, Young Man, this cannot go on!"

Now I've been riding window shades for a long, long time and I'm certainly not knocking it, but *I am exhausted!*

You see, in Hollywood we have a problem that is rather special and, I'm sure, not to be duplicated anywhere else in the country. The women here suffer from a very rare speech disorder. They cannot negotiate the word "no." The closest they come to it is a somewhat similar word, "now."

This puts an enormous strain on the men, who are outnumbered by single women 5:7 to 1.

The very air in Hollywood seems laden with sensuality, and the golden rule here is "Do unto others . . . they like it." Obviously something had to be done about this. A group of the more sensitive bachelors who were still func-

tioning rather well put on smorrels and held a secret meeting at the bottom of the Hollywood Knickerbocker pool. I was elected chairman of the board—oops—board, and we worked out a *modus operandi* for handling this exacerbating situation.

The severer cases would be moved east, behind the beaded curtain. Those of us who were left drew up a *Manual for Survival*, some excerpts from which I am passing on to you now:

CASE A. The Beautiful Type. A girl you once met casually comes to Hollywood to test for a movie contract. Granted she is a Great Beauty and an Exciting Creature, but she's also extremely nervous and high-strung and she "just has to get it out of her system" but she's a "nice girl" and she's not going to get into the movies "that way," so you are elected. After a week of this you're crawling on your knees and begging for some time off.

HOW TO AVOID MAKING OUT WITH CASE A.

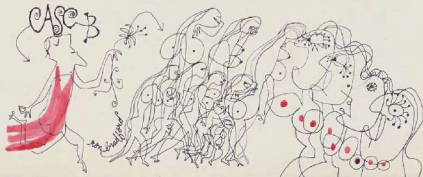
(1) Feign a fatal illness. Try gargling

with warm tomato juice and then coughing on her. She will get the point quickly.

(2) Use the last weekend approach. Keep all your liquor bottles filled with weak tea or apple juice. This, of course, requires great acting, for you drink heavily and steadily until you seemingly pass out. The girl may become a problem here by being a bonzer herself, in which case you'd better run down to the liquor store, get some real sauce and belt away until you *really* pass out.

(3) Employ the cuisine technique. Invite her over for dinner and serve the following menu: vichyssoise sprinkled lightly with mustache trimmings; chicken breasts served in brassieres; and for dessert, fresh strawberry shortcake topped by a mound of Rapid Shave (89 cents in the Aerosol can).

CASE B. You will, at one time or another during a Hollywood stay, run across an Old Type. Perfectly nice girl but she's just ten years older, that's all. Ten years older than *anybody*.





HOW TO AVOID MAKING OUT WITH CASE B.

(1.) Take her for extremely long walks in the hills (always walk *uphill*) and be careful to state many times beforehand how well her legs look in those spike heeled, open toed shoes.

(2.) If this doesn't do it, take her back to your digs, excuse yourself, step to the bedroom and don a long red satin negligee. As you return to the living room, tell her how much you enjoyed Copenhagen.

CASE C. A singularly dangerous type is the Name Digger. She digs making it with names. This is the next step after autograph collecting (where she just collects people). You are thinking, "Well, that doesn't bother me, I'm not a celebrity." Ah, but you may *know* a celebrity, friend, and there's the rub. You may have been entertained by Bob Hope in the army, you may have flown to Los Angeles on the same plane with Gary Cooper's barber or gone up in the elevator at The Alcatraz Hilton with Yogi Berra's mist stitcher, or you may

have even gone to school with Rochelle Hudson's chiropractor. This makes you immediately vulnerable.

HOW TO AVOID MAKING OUT WITH CASE C.

(1.) When she says, "But you said you knew Tyronc Power," you deny it. If she threatens to produce witnesses, your only out then is to say, "No, no, dear, I said I knew Pyrene Tower . . . Tower." To make this more convincing, you break into several sentences which should make her doubt her hearing. For instance, "What time is sinner being derved?" or "You're a gice nirl and I leally rike you."

(2.) There is no 2. You'd better make the worst one terk — uh — first one work.

CASE D. The Woman with a Child. This classification is extremely desperate. Her personal need for a man is only superseded by the child's need to rub freshly whitened buckskin shoes on a man's dark suit which has just come back from the cleaners.

HOW TO AVOID MAKING OUT WITH CASE D.

(1.) Crush a few benzedrine tablets in

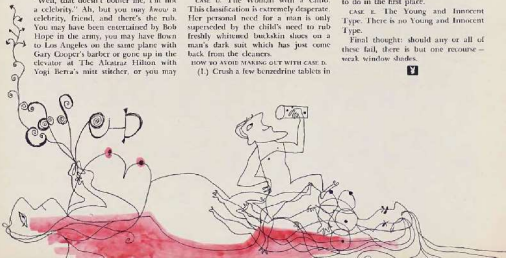
the child's glass of milk at dinner. If you can keep him out of bed, he'll do the same for you.

(2.) Get in touch with your family doctor at once and ask him for a list of children's diseases which you've had. Then go to the contagious ward of the nearest children's hospital and hug several of the wrens that you are immune to. Go straight to the woman's home, call her child to you and envelope it in a warm embrace.

(3.) There is a probability that your family doctor gave you the wrong information. Apply calamine lotion generously to the itchy areas and avoid contact, which is what you were trying to do in the first place.

CASE E. The Young and Innocent Type. There is no Young and Innocent Type.

Final thought: should any or all of these fail, there is but one recourse — weak window shades.



PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW

a portfolio of the past delightful dozen

THE MOST ATTRACTIVE task for the editors of PLAYBOY is the selecting of Playmates every month. The next most attractive task is revisiting all twelve temptresses of the preceding annum every January. In 1957, the temptresses were tempting, indeed. They included a ballerina, an airline stewardess, a seller of lingerie, a private secretary, a blossoming Broadway actress. 1957 was the year in which David Cort, customarily a trenchant critic of American manners and mores, took a shine to the concept of the PLAYBOY Playmate and wrote about it thus in the columns of *The Nation*: "Instead of being an unattainable and in that sense undesirable mannequin . . . she is the girl next door or at the next desk with her clothes off and looking very well, thank you." On these pages (looking very well, thank you), the dozen delightful damozels of the past pulchritudinous year prettily await your pleasure.



A Siren in Search of an uncertain something was December's Linda Vargas, up above. Right: in September, Jacquelyn Prescott was a Girl Friday for an ad exec and a pretty hot prospect herself.





Left: Broadway hopeful Carrie Radison was our Stage Door Playmate for June. Above: swingin' Sally Todd appeared as our date in a picture story shot in Las Vegas, then returned in February so we could go on a Date with a Playmate. Below: Maytime Playmate Dawn Richard rollicked with us through a sylvan glade, and proved so charming we later invited her to a well-remembered yacht party.





Above: airline stewardess Jean Jani shot us up to Cloud Nine in July. Left: Miss November was *Small Town Playmate* Marlene Callahan, a five-foot-two colleen, green of eye and few of years.

Below, April's winsome Gloria Windsor was found behind the counter of a lingerie shop, tied us up in Windsor knots.



Above: sensationally configured Colleen Ferrington posed in a bathtub in October and was gently joshed for dyeing her hair so often. Below, right: Dolores Danton was *The Girl Next Door* in August—next door, that is, if you happened to live adjacent to her big, two-story, eight-bedroom Beverly Hills home.



June Blair, above, was our Birthday Girl in January, for she posed for our camera on the 23rd anniversary of her natal day.





Budding ballerina Sandra Edwards extended an *invitation to the Dance* as our Playmate for March.



FALSE CONFESSORS (continued from page 44)

prerogatives of a murderer; in rural territory, aware that barn-burning is the boondocks equates with murder in Manhattan, he plumped for arson. If McGill were within 20 miles of a farm fire, he could be counted on to buttonhole the sheriff before the ashes were cold. Usually a few questions showed him up and after a night or two in the local jail he'd be pointed toward open country and told to scat. But one day in Lodi, California, he heard of a barn-burning and instead of merely making the claim, he set his limited imagination to work. He was, he told the law, not only an arsonist, he was a labor organizer, intent on gathering the farm hands of America into one big union. When a farmer proved dubious of the benefits of organization, McGill burned his barn, he said — just as a warning.

Nine times in ten this tale would have brought him his usual invitation to leave town forthwith. But it happened that there had been efforts at organization of farm hands around Lodi, and there had been several suspicious fires. The Lodi authorities decided McGill was telling the truth. They thanked him and sent him to San Quentin tagged for 15 years. Tucked away in peace and quiet, McGill meditated and made the discovery that comes to so many men: once his heart's desire had been gained, he wanted no part of it. He began to scream his innocence. "Let me out of here," he said with fervor. He succeeded in having an investigation begun, but he died before it was completed. He had really made the grade: a life sentence for a crime he hadn't committed.

California's Black Dahlia case has probably attracted more self-incriminators than any other in our history. The Black Dahlia was one Elizabeth Short, inevitably referred to in newspaper accounts of her demise as "beautiful." She was in fact not actually ugly, a brunette of no steady occupation who had done a good deal of sleeping around. Her body, not very neatly cut in two, was found in a Los Angeles vacant lot in 1947. Veteran police officers, marking the sexual and macabre aspects of the crime, braced themselves for the onslaught. Langley Lewis, 29, of Englewood, N.J., was first under the wire. "I did it," he said. "I killed her with a knife. I bisected her — do you know what I mean by bisecting?"

One Alvin Turnbow was next. He surrendered in Dallas, and recorded for the police of that municipality a confession studded with torture and perversion. They threw him out. A woman telephoned from Fullerton, California: "I'm the killer of the Black Dahlia. Come and get me." A woman in San

Diego, notable only because she was a former WAC, got into line, but her story held up no better. In Chicago a lady admitted lesbian persuasion confessed killing Beth Short because she'd been cheating. "They think a man killed the Black Dahlia, but I did . . ."

Pharmacist's Mate John Andry told Long Beach police that he had killed Beth Short, all right, but that it was up to them to prove it, he wouldn't help them. The task proved beyond their capabilities.

It's a long list, over 200 names, and still growing. Of the total, 38 convinced the police that their stories warranted investigation. Not one proved worth the trouble.

Why do they do it? When normal impulse makes a man twitch nervously when he's pulled up for speeding, how can another man walk calmly up to a police officer and hold him firmly by the arm while he enters a false claim to homicide?

In a few cases the reason is not difficult to find. Some false confessors take the blame out of love for the truly guilty. A father may confess his son's crime, a woman her lover's. There are those who do it for hire. A small businessman who has burned down the store for insurance and finds the insurance company's sleuths on his trail may, if he knows the right people, engage a professional time-server. For perhaps 25 percent of the insurance money this worthy will admit to setting the fire — an accident, he'll say; he broke in to rob and dropped a cigarette — and he'll deny to doomsday any connection with the store's owner. Five years, say, with two off for good behavior — it isn't bad if you like the cozy feeling of a cell, or are a connoisseur of prison cuisine. Some men like to hide in prison. Guilty of a felony, let us say, and sensing the ring closing, they confess a misdemeanor, hoping to draw a sentence just long enough to keep them out of circulation until the heat dies down. This used to be a better dodge than it is today, by the way, because a few men have been caught in the deception, and wardens are currently apt to be curious about even their casual guests.

But these are comparatively normal folk, and there are comparatively few of them. The majority of self-incriminators are mentally out of round. Some of them are psychotic, insane. Most are not. They can earn their own livings, get along with people, are frequently charming, intelligent, sensitive. They are emotionally disturbed, but in a fashion that is not overt. They are hysteroids, compulsive neurotics. Authorities such as Dr. Marcel Frym of the Hacker Founda-

tion for Psychiatric Research reject the off-the-cuff dicta of many police that the false confessor merely wants public notice, or is demonstrating the aberration of drunkenness. Granted that some false confessors are drunk, still not all drunks are false confessors. Some people seek notoriety by eating 980 oysters in an hour (the world record, if you care). Why do others profess to be felons? The answer lies deeper than even the depths of ego — or the bottom of a fifth of rye.

Ponder the case of a man we'll call Thomas Hardinge, 27 at the time the sad tale began, strong and heavily built, with a college education. One night, no doubt in the full of the moon, he staggered into a New York City station house and drunkenly mumbled that he had killed one Beulah Limerick. A detective who'd been trying to calm him remembered Beulah Limerick: 19, pretty, made dead in Washington, D.C. by a person or persons unknown. He was interested. But Thomas' story was vague, and in the vital matter of the date of the girl's death, he was a full year out. He was steered to the drunk tank, screaming "I'm gonna run! Shoot me! Finish me off! I don't want to live!"

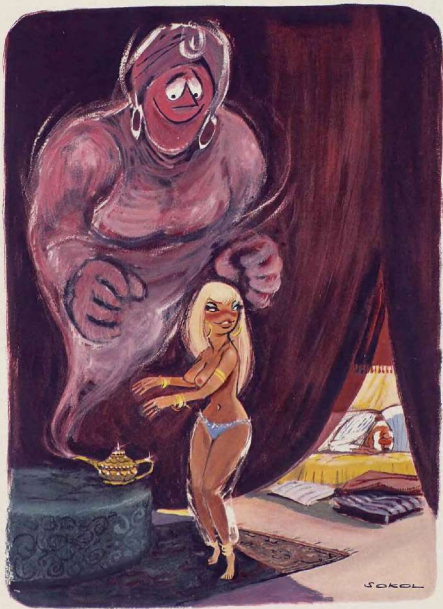
Next morning, hung over but rational, he expressed disappointment at finding that he was not on Page One of the New York newspapers. "I was drunk," he said, quite unnecessarily. "I just wanted a little publicity." New York police practice being a bit more advanced than the general run, Thomas was given a psychiatric examination. The doctors found him in a state of "emotional panic." His wife, a telephone operator seven years his senior, established the background:

Shortly after their marriage Thomas lost his job. A week later he woke in a sweat and hysterically begged his wife not to leave him alone. Finding irrefutable her argument that their sustenance depended upon her job, he begged her to lock him into a clothes closet. He had, he said, an uncontrollable impulse to steal, and he was afraid. As much to humor him as anything else — he was suffering from a second-degree hangover — his wife put him into a closet, stuffed a sandwich and a bloody marm in after him and locked the door. When she came home that afternoon he was seated on the sofa, sobbing hysterically and surrounded by useless articles taken in burglary.

He had gnawed his way through the closet door panel.

Each day Thomas found a new device to prevent his leaving the apartment. Each afternoon his wife found him on the sofa, weeping, pointing helplessly to his loot. His panic mounted in inten-

(concluded overleaf)



FALSE CONFESSORS (continued from page 54)

sity, in durance. He lived in terror. One afternoon when his wife returned, braced for the daily horror, he was not on the sofa, nor in the apartment. That night he confessed the Limerick murder. He could not have committed it, for on the day Beulah Limerick died he had been in Sing Sing, doing a term for forgery. I established his alibi, incidentally. At the time of his "confession" I was executive director of the New York State Division of Parole, and Thomas was under parole.

The examining psychiatrists believed that the fact of Thomas' inebriation at the time of confession was not significant. He made the false confession while drunk, but not because he was drunk. His stated desire for publicity was subterfuge, whispering in the dark. The real reasons were prised out of the dark corners of his psyche in the course of psychiatric treatment, and the pattern followed the theory of behavior first laid down by the noted psychoanalyst Theodor Reik. Simply stated, it is this: all of us at times do things considered wrong or immoral by the society in which we live. Some of us feel guilty afterward. Recollection of the "sin" may be buried in the unconscious, but the guilty knowledge struggles to work its way back to the conscious level. The unconscious cries, "You have sinned!" and the conscious self answers, "I don't hear you!" With some people, repressed material must be heard.

How does one get rid of the sense of guilt? By following childhood's pattern: when a child sins, he experiences anxiety, fear, apparent withdrawal of love and finally physical punishment. After that, normalcy is restored. The pattern is sin, spanking, serenity. Suffering is a means of regaining love and acceptance. "We derive reassurance from paying the price," Reik says. Repressed material over which we feel guilt nags at us, leads us into seeking expiation, until an individual may be driven to confess something he didn't do as atonement for something long forgotten which he did do. Even false confession may be good for the soul. It was post-confession serenity that Thomas was looking for, the night he screamed that he had killed Beulah Limerick.

The psychiatrist asked if he knew of any secret anxiety. He said, "Absolutely not," but he did, and in time he admitted it: almost immediately after his marriage he had become impotent, psychically impotent. "It was devastating," he said. "I'd think about Irma and that minute, I could do it, no question. But when we got into bed, it was gone. I'd lie there, calling myself every kind of hell."

He tried a prostitute. He was potent,

"I was impotent only with my wife," he told me. "Feeling that way, I should never have married her."

"Feeling what way?" I asked him.

"I felt I was committing bigamy when I was in bed with Irma."

"Bigamy?"

"I fought the damned thing for months with the doctor. I wouldn't face it. Then I did. Subconsciously, I'd been feeling that I had no right to be married to Irma, because I was married already. To my mother."

His father had died when Thomas was an infant. His mother never remarried. It was the old story: she devoted herself completely to her son, and when he began to manifest an interest in girls, she threw herself between him and the harpies who would tear him from her. When he dated a girl she didn't like, he returned to find his mother "unconscious" on the floor. She'd had a stroke, she said, but she wouldn't see a doctor. Finding this approach ineffective on too-frequent repetition, she changed her strategy. She announced that she would find a wife for her son. She invited girls to dinner: "Pigs! Gargoyles, they were!" Thomas told me. "After dinner, she'd leave us alone and go to the movies. I'm sure now that she hoped I'd boy these girls. She figured that if I got laid now and then I wouldn't rush into marriage. I'd be satisfied. Of course I met girls she didn't know about. I had no trouble. I got mine. But I always felt guilty. I was cheating, you see. I was mama's boy, her baby, her boyfriend, and by God, in all ways but one, her husband! When I was in bed with some nice girl, I'd be calling myself names: no-good bum, ungrateful son. Even years later, it was still true."

He met Irma, fell in love, told his mother he was going to marry. She announced migraine headaches, fainting spells and heart palpitations. He married, anyway, whereupon her symptoms vanished. She visited the happy couple every day, rendering sage advice on every aspect of married life save one. It took time and a certain amount of brutality, but Thomas eventually told his mother to keep quiet or stay away.

"Right then I became impotent. I hadn't been before. Even before we were married Irma and I had been to bed together and I was all right then. Being impotent scared me and made me do those crazy things, the burglaries... You see, sleeping with a girlfriend, that was OK. But then I married her, and subconsciously I decided I'd committed a crime against my mother. To make matters worse, I put my mother out of my house. There was this feeling, 'You've got no right to sleep with this

girl.' It killed my ability to perform sexually."

Thomas by now was in emotional chaos. He loved his mother and hated her for having kept him a boy. He loved his wife and hated her for having taken the place of his mother. He sought punishment, expiation. The burglaries were unconsciously designed to attain that end. His hidden guilt drove him toward disgrace and retribution, but his wife and his conscious self fought exposure.

"If I couldn't destroy myself by real crimes," he told me, "Then, by God, I was going to invent one. It makes sense, you see. Because I believed I killed that girl."

Thus the broad, general pattern of self-incriminators. There are specific common denominators, too. Homicide with a sex angle attracts most false confessors. Why? Lieutenant Oak Burger, psychologist in the Los Angeles Police Department, answers: "Murder, because it's so positive, so unequivocal, demanding punishment... murder with sex because in the sex area we find vast submerged feelings of guilt."

Some self-incriminators know they are innocent. Others, like Thomas, are convinced of their guilt. Some believe in their guilt until after confession, when, tension receding, they are able to think more clearly. They will then look for an acceptable rationalization: they were drunk, or they wanted publicity. The relief will probably not be permanent. A renewed buildup of tension will result in another self-incrimination. The offense the confessor chooses usually reflects wishful thinking. He writes in poorly concealed sexual ecstasy as he talks. During confession, both men and women may come to orgasm.

When the neurotic (as opposed to one who is incurably psychotic) self-accuser cries out, "I can't live with this secret any longer," he doesn't mean the crime to which he is falsely testifying. He means the secret he carries within himself. Psychotherapy can usually discover that secret, and lift the burden of it. Unfortunately, psychiatric service is not uniformly available in American police departments, and so the fate of most self-accusers in the future will be what it has been in the past: they'll be thrown out and they'll go off to present themselves as candidates for imprisonment or death in some other jurisdiction. Some, like Jim McGill, will ultimately succeed—and rue the day. But most will wander about for the rest of their lives, pleading to be punished for sins they cannot name, nor even remember.

The Rumbling, Rambling Blues

fiction By JACK KEROUAC



the singer roamed an endless road and sang an endless song

I HAD BEEN WORKING in the railroad diner in Des Moines about five months when one night an old Negro hobo came to my counter.

He was an old southern Negro hobo and he came from those swamps. I was curious about the story of his life but he wouldn't talk about himself, just sang. In his pockmarked black skin, all white bristles, there gleamed enormous eyes that had grown larger since he left home. The bayou was his home town, the world was madder to see, he had been around, all 48 states, Canada and Mexico several times. He scared me when he first came in — not all customers spend three hours in the dark watching from across the street, as he did before he slid the doors in an empty

hour to join me in a spate of time.

He made a strange remark about my secretest thoughts, which were about leaving Des Moines because I'd been there too long, only I was short of money and kept hesitating.

"You settle down this town, native boy? Or is you just goin'?"

"You mean if I don't live here, no."

"And is you goin' someplace, or just goin'?" He showed me yellow teeth and wheezed a remnant laugh.

"No sir, Pop, I guess I'm just going." I said it too anxiously. He wrapped himself up in an evil old smile and didn't believe it.

Like the grimy white brakemen who came in to eat their gloomy meals, he was a man possessed of a suffering that

was seamed into the flesh, face and neck; but who sang about it, made no bones; after all had suffered just a little more than they did, by a shade exactly; and whose suffering compared to mine was as the rings of an age-oak and the rings of a sapling tree. Worse, a thousand winters had caked his skin, and summers cracked it. Around him the fog was a palpable shroud; its cold, gray exhalations seemed to breathe about his mouth; so were it not for his warm eyes he would have shrove his songs and put a blanket round him. But he walked the American night just as he was: the bur-lap pants, the rope, and the shapeless tarpaulin apron, all greasy and dark like Beelzebub in hell, fit for every jail that

(continued on page 71)



"Hereafter, Mr. Forsythe, I'd prefer that you shower at home even if you are late."

Ribald Classic

THE PLASTER SAINT

A newly translated
story from the *Fabliaux* of
Medieval France



With a terrified shriek, the bursar ran from the house.

IT WAS TWO O'CLOCK one chill November afternoon. The bells in the monastery chapel were chiming vespers, which meant that the good people of Picardy had eaten their midday meal and were catching a short nap. In the monastery the brethren were already in the choir—all, that is, but Paul, the bursar, who was after all a layman who could come and go at will.

Even so, it was strange at such a time, the very hour when most husbands were sitting before their fires, that he should be seen stalking purposefully along the cobbled streets toward the little house of Pierre and Jeanette Sorel.

The neighbors watched him and shook their heads. It wasn't Pierre's excellent plaster images of saints and devils that took Bursar Paul to that house. The monastery sent a brother of artistic bent to choose the images needed in the various pageants and services. Bursar Paul stayed at the monastery and paid Pierre when they were delivered. No, Paul had not ventured into the November wind to look at plaster images.

"Poor Jeanette," said the old woman across the street. "Such a pretty, decent girl, and so in love with Pierre, her husband."

"So would I be," replied the old lady's daughter, "if I had a husband as strong and handsome as that. But it is a pity. Pierre will hardly be able to cope with Bursar Paul. No other husband has been successful in protecting his honor. One word of criticism from that ugly Paul to the bishop, and *poof*—another tradesman loses his position or his contract. Pierre must allow Paul to visit Jeanette and pretend not to notice what is going on, or he must forfeit his contract to make images for the monastery, which means for all the monasteries in the province."

Jeanette saw the bursar, but this time she did not tremble and feel ill. She even smiled a smile born of desperation. This time, she told herself, when he eased his gross body into the box chair before the fire, she would accept his sweetcares. When he patted her knee in a way no longer paternal, she would not flinch. Even when he tried to kiss her she would let him. Pierre

would not lose the monastery contract if she could help it.

The bursar knocked, and Jeanette let him in, keeping her eyes on the floor and blushing. He made her sit close to him and he was much more bold than ever before. This time he had her promise. His words and hers buzzed shamefully in her ears.

The bursar felt exceedingly confident, believing that her husband had gone to the capital and would not be home until after dark.

"Pierre did go, my dear?"

"Oh, yes, Bursar Paul. He went early this morning."

"Jeanette!" murmured the bursar.

"Jeanette!"

She made herself smile coyly as he pulled her to his knee. "Not yet, Bursar. See what a fine bath I have prepared for us. How fine the hot water will feel on a cold day like this!"

The bursar pricked his ears at what might be a new thrill. "Did you say 'for us' my dear?"

"Why not? But you undress and get into the tub first. I must lock the door and window."

She watched in fascination as he threw off his cassock and climbed into the tub, which was really a great vat Pierre used for mixing plaster.

"Hurry up," he said with satisfaction at the feel of the water. "Hurry up, Jeanette, before the water cools."

Jeanette pulled the window open a little, as if to stave it the harder. "*Mon Dieu!*" she cried. "Some men are coming up the walk and Pierre is one of them!"

Bursar Paul stood up in the vat, looking like nothing so much as a fat, white hog, red from a scalding. "What?" he shrieked. "Men coming here? Why?"

"I can't imagine," said Jeanette softly. "It's hardly two o'clock."

"Hide me!" cried Bursar Paul in panic.

"Into that barrel!" she said. "They'll never think to look there."

He had no more than leaped into it than he was out, shaking with cold and covered from chin to feet with white dye. "I'm freezing!" he said. "There must be a better place!"

Jeanette looked at him. "Stand here

beside the statues," she said. "Now let me rub the dye on your face and head and no one will be able to tell you from the statues."

If Bursar Paul doubted the efficacy of the maneuver, he did not say so, and a moment later he was standing between life-sized images of a saint and a devil.

"Hold these arrows in your hand," said Jeanette. "They'll take you for St. Sebastian transfixed."

A moment later she opened the door and the men trooped in noisily.

"Break out the new wine, Jeanette," called Pierre, winking. "I have sold an image to St. George's chapel."

They drank the whole bottle before one of Pierre's friends looked at the row of images and exclaimed, "Pierrel! What's the bishop going to say when he sees that fat statue of St. Sebastian? It's so realistic, and you forgot to put on a fig leaf!"

Pierre pretended to be concerned, and Jeanette said, "I told him not to make it that true to life, or at least to give it a fig leaf, but he wouldn't listen."

"Well, Pierre," said one of the men, "you'd better do something. If the bishop ever caught a glimpse of what is exposed, he would close your shop."

"Do you really think he would, Jean-Daniel?"

"I know he would. You'd better add the fig leaf."

Pierre shrugged helplessly. "I can't," he said. "After the plaster hardens, you can't make anything stick to it."

"Well, you'd better do something."

"There is a way," said Pierre, after a little thought. "Where you can't add on, you can take off. Jeanette, bring me that sharp chisel and the heavy mallet."

As he walked to the image, it suddenly came to life and made for the door, leaving behind it a set of white footprints, a stream of profanity, and seven people so convulsed with laughter that they could not stop.

A week later the monastery had a new bursar, and all the husbands in the province joined with relief.

—Translated by J. A. Goto



FORMAL FORECAST: THE RETURN TO BLACK

dinner jackets and tailcoats are fashionably stark after dark

AFTER A BRIEF excursion into gaudier evening plumage last winter, the cocks of the walk who know their formal fashion are reverting to black, and depending on the niceties of fabric, tailoring and accessories to point up their individuality.

Now we said black. Not midnight blue, not maroon, not burnt ochre. Just black. Black looks and feels right for all formal occasions, which is why it has been firmly entrenched among the knowledgeable for nearly 100 years, ever since an inconsolable Queen Victoria prescribed mourning for her court after the death of Albert. We recommend wearing it today for the very good reason that dramatic black, coupled with the tasteful crispness of white, lends an elegance of uniformity to dress-up affairs that no (concluded on next page)

Comfortably correct for a formal ring are, from left to right, a dinner jacket and trousers of dull-finish, flubbed black Dupioni silk with satin shawl collar, by Lord West, \$100; Lord West tie and cummerbund of matching satin, \$12.95; Hathaway shirt of imported broadcloth with stitched tucks, \$15.95; Stetson oxfords of highly polished calf, \$29.95 • After Six tails by Rudolfer in a fine tropical worsted, \$87.50; bird's-eye pique wing collar shirt, \$10; waistcoat, \$12.95, and white tie, \$2, also by Rudolfer; Johnston & Murphy patent leather pumps, \$29 • Lord West's Lo Scola model dinner jacket of jet black imported mohair and worsted with a framed shawl collar of satin and cuffs outlined in satin, \$110; cummerbund and tie in matching satin, also by Lord West, \$10.95; Arrow shirt with soft knife pleats, \$6.50; Florsheim low-cut shoes of black calf, \$26.95 • Linett's lightweight black tropical worsted dinner jacket with peaked lapels of ribbed faille, \$85; tie and cummerbund of matching silk also by Linett, \$12.95; pleated-bosom shirt by Gant of New Haven, \$9; square-tongue slip-ons of smooth calf by British Walkers, \$26 • After Six's Playboy dinner jacket with narrow satin shawl collar, \$45, also available with striped lining at additional cost; Manhattan's Ivy pleat shirt has a small button-down collar, \$6.95; black calf bludgers by Nettleton, \$28.

color can match. So leave your rainbow-hued jackets to the funny-type entertainers on TV. You can distinguish yourself in other ways.

Cut, for instance. Dinner duds you'll be partying in this season have happily followed the common-sense trend to natural styling you demand in your day-to-day raiment. Unpadded shoulders, uncompressed body lines, and unbaggy pants tapering cleanly to your instep are just a couple of the features that make for extra-easy comfort at the bar or on the dance floor. (One exception, though, is the tuxcoat: when your schedule calls for white tie and tails, there's simply no getting away from the slightly squared shoulders and closely fitted waist of full dress. Tails look right that way and only that way, but, of course, you'll want to avoid exaggeration.) Another fillip for formal wear is the welcome light weight of the new fabrics, including tropical worsted and even flubbed silk. In America, Land of Central Heating, this is indeed a worthy innovation.

The dinner jacket, or tuxedo, is now

standard fare for all but the most formal after-dark windings, and you have your choice of several lapel types, with facings of satin or ribbed silk, matching cuffs on the sleeves or none at all. The sweeping shawl collar is the leading favorite, lean in shape and faced with gleaming satin, but many knowing lads prefer the newer short-pointed peaked lapels of grosgrain silk. A piping of suit fabric outlines some satin collars, while silk dinner jackets employ the same fabric throughout, with no change of texture on the collar facing. Underneath your jacket, the cummerbund can be folded into flat horizontal pleats, or cut with points and buttons to resemble a waistcoat. A bona fide waistcoat is obligatory with tails but it must never show below the slanting front of the jacket.

The shirt you wear can make every difference in how you look. Of course, no business shirt would ever be tolerated for formal attire. The special dress shirt you choose may have either wide or narrow pleats, and the cuffs should be long enough to show half-an-inch of crisp

white below your jacket sleeve. The collar should be a semi-wide-spread held in place with stays; starching is neither necessary nor recommended. A new and nifty innovation in dress shirts is a handsome jacquard stripe, alternating sliver thin, wide-spaced vertical stripings of black and gray on a white plenteous bosom. The collars on these shirts are semi-spread and solid white. Wing collars, unattached and sensibly starched, are worn only with tails. Your jewelry should be smartly and elegantly simple and as good as you can afford. Gold studs, set with small stones or pearls, can be an intelligent lifetime investment; cuff links should match studs and be neat and small; outsized links or bediamonded ones look unquestionably gauche. Handkerchiefs are invariably worn by the better-dressed formalgoers: they should, of course, be solid white and of a top-quality linen. A word of caution: do not square your handkerchief in your breast pocket; rather, it should be jammed in with just a few of the points showing. Posies for the buttonhole are strictly optional, but if you dig that sort of thing, make sure you keep the carnation small and white and wear it only with a tailcoat or peaked-lapel dinner jacket.

Black is the rule-of-the-evening for shoes and headgear too. Toppers are rarely seen except with tails, for which no other hat is permissible, but with dinner jackets, any number of brim-up or brim-down models are fine. No, you can't wear a derby under any circumstances. Patent leather predominates in the footwear picture, but other leathers are also coming into acceptance because of patent's notorious tendency to crack (try rubbing some Vaseline on yours after a difficult evening of terpsichore—it helps preserve the finish). Men's evening pumps with grosgrain bows are OK for your night heat, too, and practically regulation with tails.

As a final note to your rules of formality, we'd like to tell you about a Pyrrhic battle that has been raging a number of years over whether a dinner jacket is properly called a dinner jacket or a tuxedo. Ever since the young bloods at New York's Tuxedo Park first donned these tailless garments for an autumn ball in the Eighties (and thereby shocked the gardenias right out of midately's pompousness), there have been those who insist that dinner jacket is the *only* correct term. Those who call it a tuxedo, they claim, are a breed of corn-fed yahoos who are worthy of nothing but scorn. The tuxedo coterie, on the other hand, holds that the dinner jacket crowd is composed mainly of stuffy, drawing room fops who are as dated as spats and pomaded hair. We take no stand. The choice, gentlemen, is yours.

FORM CHART FOR FORMAL WEAR

	FORMAL EVENING	SEMI-FORMAL EVENING
DRESS SUIT	The continental tailcoat and trousers.	Single breasted dinner jacket and trousers.
WAISTCOAT OR CUMMERBUND	White pique, single breasted waistcoat.	Black cummerbund.
SHIRT	White pique starched bosom.	White soft collar with plain pique or pinsted bosom.
COLLAR	Wing collar.	Semi-spread.
TIE	White bow, to match shirt or waistcoat.	Bow to match cummerbund.
JEWELRY	White or pearl studs and links.	Black, gold or silver studs and links.
HOSE	Black silk or nylon.	Black silk, wool or nylon.
SHOES	Black patent leather pumps.	Black patent or calf dress shoes.
HAT	Black opera or high silk hat.	Black or midnight homburg or black snap brim dress hat.
COAT	Black or midnight, flyfront overcoat.	Black or midnight single or double breasted overcoat.



The Postpaid Poet

A MAGICAL CATALOG TRANSPORTS US DOWN MEMORY LANE WITHOUT A PADDLE



NOSTALGIA BY RAY RUSSELL



AT A LITERARY TEA to which I was recently invited as ballast or something, the subject of childhood reading kept coming up, like radishes. The learned folk on hand retailed, at some length, the pleasure and profit they had gained from reading, at impressionable ages, *Hans Brinker*, *Black Beauty*, *Treasure Island*, *Heidi* and other familiar works (familiar to them, that is—I had never heard of half of them, or knew them only as the titles of those depressingly wholesome volumes put into my hands on birthdays and Yuleides by heavy uncles and grandparents, and then, still crisp and unopened, sold by the ungrateful recipient to junkmen and second-hand bookdealers for the wherewithal to purchase *Big Little Books* and an occasional issue of *Spicy Weird Western Horror Stories* or whatever it was called).

When it came my turn to reminisce about the literature that had molded my innocent young mind, I'm afraid I did a bit of hemming, followed by hawing and a brief display of shilly-shallying. What could I say? Could I fondly recall the happy boyhood hours spent with *Flash Gordon* and *The Witch Queen of Mongol*? Could I extol the noble periods of *Popeye in Quest of His Poopdeck Pappy*? Not if I wanted to be

invited to another literary tea I couldn't, and I do so love the tea they serve at literary teas: it comes in chilled steamed glasses with olives at the bottoms. And so, perspiring freely (no inhibited perspirer, I) and stammering a veritable cadenza of unmanly sounds, I managed to smile hideously and spit out the name "Smith, Johnson Smith" when asked to name my childhood's favorite author.

"Ah yes," hissed my inquisitor, a lady with extravagantly intense neck cords, "dear old Johnson Smith; someone like L. Frank Baum, was he not?"

He was, though she had no way of knowing that. He had opened to me a world of fantastic wonders far outstripping Mr. Baum's land of Oz. Johnson Smith was a mail-order firm: Johnson Smith & Co., with headquarters in Racine, Wisconsin for 15 years prior to 1936, and then in Detroit, Michigan. The Johnson Smith advertisements appeared on the inside covers of most of the more perish pulp magazines of my monage, along with those of Charles Atlas and *The Rosicrucians* ("What Strange Power Did This Man Possess?"). The last two are still in business, to the best of my knowledge, but dear old Johnson Smith, I greatly fear, has gone the way of the dodo and the dinosaur: dead for a ducat, dead. Or, if he is indeed still

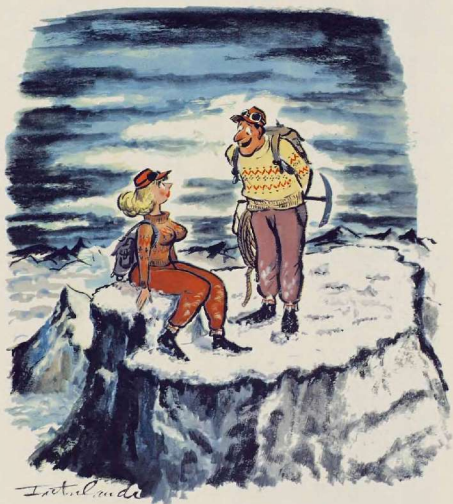
active, he must have gone underground, for I have not seen his advertisements for 10 these many years.

The day I wrapped up a worn dime in toilet paper and sent for Mr. Smith's Complete Mammoth Catalog ("Only book of its kind in existence; nearly 600 pages of all the latest tricks in magic, the newest novelties, puzzles, games, sporting goods, rubber stamps, unusual and interesting books, curiosities in seeds and plants, etc."), that day I fell heir to untold hours of reading enjoyment. Fabulous Johnson Smith! What strange power did this man possess? Come with me down memory lane (that's two blocks west of easy street and just this side of the boulevard of broken dreams) and let me share his *meisterwerke* with you.

"Like having EYES IN THE BACK OF YOUR HEAD" was the way that "Wonder of the 20th Century," The Seelackroscope, was described. These words were accompanied by an ancient cut of a Gay Nineties couple necking shamelessly on a park bench, while near them, on another bench, sat a solitary character who, though not facing the torrid twosome, gave the impression of receiving the well-known eye-fel. These vintage illustrations, by the way, were part and

(continued overleaf)





*"It lies entirely in our province, Miss Templeton, to establish
an altitude record of sorts right now . . ."*

POSTPAID POET

(continued from page 63)

parcel of the Johnson Smith catalog. Though I became an enthusiast as late as the mid-Thirties, the "only book of its kind in existence" persisted in illustrating its wares with turn-of-the-century drawings of mustachioed, celluloid-colored men and bustled belles. Likewise, the typesetters were often of the style printers call "Buffalo Bill" and which are seen nowadays only in the bedeviled, Bournesque speeches of Pierpont P. Bridgeport in Pogo. With typical childish cynicism, I at that time attributed this phenomenon to thrift, even parsimony, on the part of Mr. Smith; but now, my eyes clear and wide with the dewy innocence of adulthood, I am beginning to suspect the old cuts and period typesetters may have been a conscious attempt to flavor the catalog. Conscious or not, flavor they did. But back to the Seebachoscope: "The instrument is made of hard rubber and is placed over the eye in much the same way as the magnifying glasses used by jewelers and watch repairers. Persons are often anxious to see who is following them without attracting attention by turning around, and this instrument does the work for you." A remarkable gadget for 15¢, though it has always been hard for me to grasp just how a person could tote around with an instrument made of hard rubber "placed over the eye in much the same way as the magnifying glasses used by jewelers and watch repairers" and yet avoid "attracting attention."

Music was not neglected by Johnson Smith. The Rotomonica was "A Mouth Organ that Plays with a Music Roll." "All you have to do is insert a roll and turn the handle while you blow. That is all there is to it. Nothing could be simpler." There were hundreds of rolls to select from, "All the latest Broadway Hits" including *I Faw Down & Go Boom*. Only \$1.10, with a free roll thrown in. The Magic Flute, or Hummatone (10¢), was "a unique and novel musical instrument that is played with nose and mouth combined." It was said to "produce very sweet music that somewhat resembles a flute. . . . The effect is charming, as it is surprising." In a rather different musical category was the little box you could buy for 15¢ and which bore the label **WORLD'S SMALLEST WIND INSTRUMENT**. There was a solitary bean within.

Practical jokes were a staple of the Johnson Smith line of merchandise. There was the inflatable Whoopce Cushion "or 'Poo-Poo' Cushion, as it is sometimes called. . . . When the victim unsuspectingly sits upon the cushion, it gives forth noises that can be better imagined than described." There was

the Elec-Trick Push Button ("Gives a smart 'shock' as soon as the Button is pressed . . . can be better imagined than described"). There was the bar of Surprise Soap which contained a chemical that acted like a dye upon coming into contact with water: "The result," Smith apprised his readers, "can be better imagined than described." The Whoopce Cushion sold for 25¢, the other two items for 15¢ each, and all were delivered postpaid. Nearly everything was delivered postpaid by the generous Mr. Smith, with the exception of "a few special articles" such as **REVOLVERS, FIREARMS, STINK BOMBS, SNEEZING POWDER, ITCHING POWDER, FIREWORKS, EXPLOSIVES.**

A revolver of more than routine interest, perhaps, was the Young America Revolver (A Good Pocket Gun), which was let go for \$7.50 to any and all interested parties. "The 'Young America' weighs approximately 9 ounces, and is one of the lightest weight revolvers of its type on the market," young Americans were assured. For a dollar less, Americans young or old might procure The Baby Double Action Hammerless Revolver, which was "produced to meet the ever increasing demand for a revolver that would combine small size and light weight with the essential features of Efficiency and Practicality." Mr. Smith was of the opinion that "Every lady should have a revolver and should know how to use it." Ladies with tender consciences, however, probably turned to the Silent Defender, or Aluminum Gloves, which went for two bits each ("You should buy one for each hand") and which were more popularly known as brass knuckles.

Of the "curiosities in seeds and plants" offered by Johnson Smith, surely among the most curious were the Gigantic New Guinea Butter Beans, the New Edible Vegetable Wonder. "Grows to an astonishing size, the Beans measuring from 5 to 6 feet long, and weighing anything from 10 to 16 lbs. and even more. One Bean is sufficient for a family for several meals." A package of seeds, "with full directions for cultivating and cooking," could be had for a quarter. It was my boyhood dream to grow one of these six-footer beans, place it in a huge crate, and label the crate **WORLD'S LARGEST WIND INSTRUMENT**, but somebody talked me out of it every time I satoped together 25 coppers.

The prosodic powers of the postpaid poet were nowhere more evident than in his Get Acquainted Cards. "SAY, Boys!" he enthused: "Why don't you make up to the girls? They come out to meet you and look nice to please you. They are only waiting for you to speak. Get some of these Acquaintance Cards and give one to that jolly girl.



How to throw a jolly Bali Party

If just through "idol" curiosity you decide to jolly up a party with a Bali friend or two, here's a suggestion:

To underwrite the fun, be sure you have enough Champale on hand. As "one who knows," you surely recall that Champale Malt Liqueur adds a very special spirit to any party.

All you do is open the well chilled bottles of Champale, and pour into stemmed glasses. This sparkling bubbly beverage is certain to spark a joyful response in your guests—for that's how Champale is.

Best of all, you can leave your folding money at home, and buy Champale with pocket change. It costs but little more than beer.

Take out now for your favorite restaurant, bar or grocery . . . wherever beer is sold . . . and learn with your first delightful sip of Champale why, it's "the malt liquor you serve like champagne."



FREE! For clever new drink recipes, including the fabulous Champale Cocktail, write to Dept. 7, P. O. Box 2230, Trenton, N. J.



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She will love you for it." A set of cards sent a dime and included such diametrically opposed messages as:

How about a little kiss? For both it'll be bliss. Just one you'll never miss, and I won't make you do that or this.

Dear Miss, I feel lonesome and dejected. I fear my heart you have affected, and if I don't get rejected, I'll take you home and you'll get everything you expected.

When it came to books, no library could hold a candle to Johnson Smith. *The Tragedies of the White Slaves*, for instance, was a collection of true stories, "each one dealing with a different method by which white slavers have lured their victims to destruction." Perhaps to allay any suspicions that this was a handbook of hints for budding white slavers, the catalog was quick to add, "If one mother or father may be warned in time, if one single life be saved from the traps men make and the lures they bait for the enslavement of the flower and the innocence of the nation, this book will not have been in vain." *From Dance Hall to White Slavery* offered more in the same juicy genre: "The schemes to lure are devilish and the experiences of girls ensnared and held prisoners and what they are forced to endure is heartrending. Your heart will burn [I've often wondered if this phrase did not properly belong with the Gigantic New Guinea Butter Beans] and you will wonder how such awful things can be and you will want to become a crusader and go out and warn others against the dangers." These books sold for 25¢ each. Johnson Smith, though he faced the more profane aspects of life squarely and without flinching, was not insensitive to the gentler manifestations of the age-old urge: "Every normal being is at some period of his or her existence susceptible to love's tender passion. When love's young dream comes to youth or maid the lovers in despair realize how inadequate is the

language at their command to express the depths of the consuming passion that is gnawing at their hearts. It is at such ecstatic periods that lovers crave for some book that will put them in touch with all that the world's great men have sung, said and written. It is to soothe the souls of the lovers that this work [*How to Love and Be Loved*, 10¢] has been compiled." Beats there a heart so calloused as to remain untouched by lofty sentiments thus eloquently expressed? Not one, I trust!

But to me the most intriguing of the books Johnson Smith had to offer—more intriguing, even, than *The Confessions of Marie Monk and The Sixth & Seventh Books of Moses, or Moses, Magic, Spirits, Art* ("Published for the Trade")—was *Old Secrets and New Discoveries*, "containing information of rare value for all classes, in all conditions of society"—in other words, not published for the trade. On its cover, which was reproduced faithfully in the catalog, was one of the mustachioed gentlemen previously mentioned: he was gesturing dramatically with his right hand while a pompomaded Gibson Girl grew glassy-eyed under his spell. This probably illustrated the process called "Electrical Psychology," by which it was possible "to hypnotize any person, and make him, while under the influence, do anything you may wish him to do. . . ." On the other hand, it may have illustrated "How to Mesmerize," another chapter in the book: "Knowing this you can place any person in a mesmeric sleep, and then be able to do with him as you will. This secret has been sold over and over again for \$10." The entire book sold (over and over again, I have no doubt) for 10¢, so if any carpenters or cavaliers were tempted to point out that Electrical Psychology and the mesmeric sleep had points of similarity, not to say complete duplication, surely the fairness of the asking price would seal their lips. And *Old Secrets*

and *New Discoveries* offered more:

"... How to make a person at a distance think of you—something that all lovers should know. . . . How to charm those you meet and make them love you, whether they will or not. . . . How to plate and gild without a battery; how to make a clock for 25¢; how to banish and prevent mosquitoes from biting; how to make cologne water; artificial honey; how to make large noses small. . . ."

But don't go 'way. Cast your eye on the extensiveness of the book's equine lore alone: "It tells how to make a horse appear as though he were badly fendered; to make a horse temporarily lame; how to make him stand by his food and not eat it; how to cure a horse from crib or sucking milk; how to make a young coltsman on a horse; how to cover up the heavens; how to make him appear as if he had the glanders; how to make a true-pulling horse balk; how to nerve a horse that is lame, etc. These horse secrets are being continually sold at \$1 each." Let's see; nine horse secrets, even without the "etc.," at a dollar each, plus the mesmeric sleep which was worth \$10 on the open market. . . . it begins to become apparent why Smith is no longer as omnipresent as once he was. Anybody who would let \$19 worth of secrets go for a dime could not, with accuracy, be described as the world's best businessman.

Perhaps Johnson Smith did not look upon himself as a businessman, however. I certainly never did. I looked upon him as a creator of evocative words, a stylist with a broad and vivid spectrum; and his catalog was not a catalog to me—indeed, I seldom ordered any of its items—but, rather, a book of marvels, each page of which was a magic carpet to a world of daring assumptions, fantastic claims and ancient secrets that could be had for the asking (porkpie).

Even though I considered Smith's magnum opus as a literary work and not a mail-order list, recent years have frequently given me pause to reflect on the powers I let slip through my grasp. There is a tide in the affairs of men, spake Brains, which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune. Had I but acted, heeded destiny's call, answered the knock of opportunity, struck while the iron was hot, what greatness might not be mine today?

What towered cities might I not see; what men and maidens hold in thrall? What eyes might I not have in the back of my head? What six-foot beams might I not grow; what mosquitoes banish; what heavens cover up; what huge noses make small? Prince, healer, lover, secret. . . .

But why go on? The results can be better imagined than described.

ROOM OF DARK (continued from page 22)

again. The snake must now be rattling at Dammodo. This was all that Pito would say.

"But you were close to the wall, Pito," said old Uncle Juan.

"Your senses were alert and clear," said old Uncle Cantu. "Dammodo was close. He moved because of the snake. You heard him."

"It is plain that you were close together and that you knew his direction because of the snake," said old Uncle Chorn. "But how, Pito, could you know just when to strike? Just where to strike?"

"When I am old, my Uncles," said Pito, "I may speak of how I came to crash down the cans if the occasion is

of importance. But that will be many years."

He went to where Angia stood, beautiful with smiles, and only I heard what they said.

"It was long, Angia," said Pito, "before it came to my mind why you made the greeting with him." He brought her hands to his face, then smiled, "You have washed them well."

"Very well, man of this heart."

"Good," said Pito. "The perfume of that foreign flower I never want to smell again."

And they walked away toward the sea.

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		FOR OFFICE USE	
Full Name _____		City _____ State _____	
Home Address _____		City _____ State _____	
Home Phone _____		Rent Home _____ Own Home _____ Years _____	
Company Name _____		Nature of Business _____	
Address _____		City _____ State _____	
Business Phone _____		Years with above firm _____ Position _____	
Bank and Branch Address _____		If company discount desired, indicate company bank.	
Charge accounts at _____		Reg. Checking <input type="checkbox"/>	
		Spec. Checking <input type="checkbox"/>	
		Savings <input type="checkbox"/>	
		Loan <input type="checkbox"/>	
CHECK ONE ONLY		Have you applied previously? _____	
COMPANY ACCOUNT <input type="checkbox"/>		If addition to existing account, show number _____	
BILL TO OFFICE ADDRESS <input type="checkbox"/>		\$5 FEE: ENCLOSED <input type="checkbox"/> BILL ME <input type="checkbox"/> covers twelve months'	
PERSONAL ACCOUNT <input type="checkbox"/>		membership from date card is issued and includes one	
BILL TO HOME ADDRESS <input type="checkbox"/>		year's subscription to <i>Diners' Club</i> Magazine at sixty cents.	
PERSONAL ACCOUNT <input type="checkbox"/>		Card holder assumes individual responsibility with	
BILL TO OFFICE ADDRESS <input type="checkbox"/>		company applicant	
Signature of individual applicant _____			
Signature of executive authorizing company account _____ Title _____			

BEST JOB

(continued from page 26)

set it up. Joey thinks he's there to talk over a new show. But Holiday said if you were still around tomorrow, he'd . . . he'd . . . tell Joey . . . and see that . . ."

I knew what she wanted me to say, and I didn't want her to have to say it. "Don't worry about it," I told her. "I can pack in half an hour."

She started to cry again, and there

was her wet hair brushing against the side of my face and I could feel her sobs heaving. "Martin, I'm sorry . . . I'm so . . ."

"Sure, Me, too. The Ivy League will never be the same."

She laughed back a sob, and I held her. She kissed me, squeezed my hand, and was gone. I stood there looking at the door, with part of her wet silhouette all over my pajamas.

It wasn't until two years later that I

finally understood about Shorman. I was covering a presidential speech for one of the networks, and after it was over, a group of us, TV and radio, were having drinks in a hotel bar. One of the men was introduced as Tomkinson. I remembered Joey's talking about a man named Tomkinson, and I asked him if he had ever worked at WWXY.

" . . . about two years ago?"

"Yes," he boomed. "Did you?"

I nodded.

He laughed. "She's quite a girl, isn't she?"

"Who?"

"Shorman, of course. Who else? . . . bless her."

He saw the look on my face, and he was grinning. "I imagine Joey told you about me. How I took off so suddenly. Joey would say, 'got lost.'"

"Matter of fact, yes."

He nodded. He was enjoying himself. "Did she come to you in the middle of the night with a coat draped over her nightgown and give you a song and dance about old man Holiday?"

"Yes . . . it was raining like hell. She was soaked."

"Raining! Say, that was effective. She's improved. Dear, dear Shorman."

I couldn't talk. I think I looked at him as if he were a fortune teller who had just told me the name of the first girl I had ever slept with.

"Well, don't look so crushed!" he laughed. "Not that I blame you. I imagine I looked about the same when I got it from the chap who preceded me. Met him a bit later. Only he was more cautious about it. He wasn't quite sure. You see, he was the first." He bowed his head toward me. "Though by no means the last."

"Are you telling me that Shorman . . . with you . . . with him . . ."

"I'm afraid so," he smiled. "We've been duped. The lot of us. It's her way, poor thing, of saving Joey. Only way she knows, I suppose, but damned effective. The other chap and I figured it out, and I rather think you'll agree. You see, she adores her life at WWXY. I guess she had a rather rotten time of it before. But at WWXY, Joey is the big dog. Gets all the top commercials, and they have it rather nice. Only she knows Joey isn't the best announcer in the world. And she's made up her mind that no one is going to get their little gold mine away from them. The instant she sees a new announcer is better than Joey and stands a good chance of getting Joey's job, she goes into her little act."

He finished off his drink and rotated the empty glass between the palms of his hands.

"You know," he said. "I rather envy the next good man who gets a job at WWXY. In a way, it's the best job in television."

FEMALES BY COLE: 43



Fickle

JUST LIKE THE GIRL

(continued from page 42)

know I'm a bum and a drunk."

"We don't deserve the women we got, Doc," Lab Wallers said, his voice thick. "Neither one of us. None of us."

"If it wasn't for the kids I'd fight out tonight," his father said. "Give her a chance. But it's awful hard to leave your kids, your own kids. What you've done lives on in your kids, if nowhere else."

"She loves you though," Lab Wallers said. "Don't you forget it."

"No she doesn't," his father said, "and I don't blame her. I know what I am," he said. "I know what I've done."

"Give me the bottle," Lab Wallers said. "I don't know where I'd be if it wasn't for my wife. Or you either. Where would the world be, without the wives? Where would our kids be, if it wasn't for their mothers? Where would this nation be, if it wasn't for the women?"

"She was the most beautiful woman in this part of the country when I married her," his father said. "I was lucky to get her. Everybody says so. If she just wouldn't devil me so. Goddam it, Lab, someday the men will be free."

"What time is it? I have to be back in town by 10. I have to see somebody. Goddam it, a man has to live, Lab..."

John didn't hear the rest. He was very sleepy and none of it made sense. He just shut his eyes for a minute, only a minute, because he really had to stay awake.

He woke up surprised, because he wasn't in the car any more. As he came awake he realized he was being carried. His father was carrying him in his arms. John noticed sleepily that his father was wearing some funny new kind of sweet shaving lotion. He did not know where they were at first, but then he saw they were at home at the house. His father carried him inside.

Upstairs, his father laid him down on his bed in his own room and began to undress him, fumbling the buttons. He lay very still, his eyes shut, letting his father undress him and put him to bed. It made him feel good. When he was under the covers, he opened his eyes and smiled at his father. His father smiled back, and John could tell by his eyes that he was pretty drunk.

"Here," his father said, reaching in his pocket. "Put this under your pillow. You earned it. You're a damned good man. You've got a lot of guts and I'm proud you are my son."

John reached out his hand and took it. He rolled over sleepily in the bed. Gee, he thought, a quarter and two half dollars both. Gee. But he held them in his hand and did not put them under his pillow, because he was suddenly thinking of his mother. I really oughtn't



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to take them, he thought, thinking guiltily about his brother Tom. I ought to give them back.

"Guts are what a man needs," his father said. "You're going to need a lot of guts, Johnny boy, someday. Someday you'll need guts bad."

His father paused and patted him on the head and then he rubbed his strong, stubby-fingered hand over his chin that needed a shave. He got up from the bed slowly. "Always remember: If a man's got guts, he'll come out all right. You got to have the guts to stand up for yourself, even when you're bad and wrong," he said, "or you're dead. You'll never be a man again." He stood beside the bed looking down and smiling sadly.

There was Priscilla, the soldiers getting ready to put the iron against her head; and there was the general and he was handing him \$2000. to go away and forget he seen it, like every good spy should. And it wasn't even Priscilla. It was just some woman. And a good spy had work to do at the front.

But this time it didn't work, because over the scene in the forest John could see his mother's face with her bright eyes looking at him. He wished it would work, because he wanted to keep the money. But this time it was not real. It wasn't a real game at all. It was only playlike. It wasn't \$2000 at all, it was only a quarter and two half dollars both.

And there was Mother watching him who didn't think he loved her anymore. He could almost see her. Mother thought he was going to be like Tom. He could almost see her looking at him if he took the money.

"Dad," John said, looking at the silver moons. "Here, Dad," he made himself extend his arm. "I don't want your money."

His father stood looking down at him, his big face and the muscles around his eyes getting a crinkled look that frightened John, and his eyes seemed to go out of focus and swing around back and forth behind themselves, from one side of John to the other. Then he took the coins and looked at them and put them in his pocket.

"All right, buddyboy," he said in a voice John could hardly hear. "Good night, old man." Carefully with his big hands, gently, he turned off the light and went out of the room and slowly shut the door.

That look on his father's face still scared John a little, but it gave him great pleasure to know he was not like Tom. Mother would be proud of him. He can't buy my affection, John thought proudly. I'm not like Tom.

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Rambling Blues

(continued from page 57)

gives no supper; and the saddest, best old bum of all old bums I've seen.

He had one lead nickel for a coffee. I picked at the chopped meat and rolled him a hamburger dinner, with the works, free. With this I gave him a strawberry shortcake I paid for on the sly. He said it was the best dinner he ever had and sat content.

He sat, or half sat, at the very end of the counter, near the door, so no new-comer could accuse him of really frequenting the dining room, and if so, the door was his. From that position, which I did not quarrel for, he began singing like he knew I would really enjoy it and for his own reminiscence pleasures. His songs were those mysterious rambling, rambling blues that you hear with low-register guitar and unknown words rising out of the Deep South night like a groan, like a fire beyond the trees. He pronounced his words so darkly I had to ask him what they meant: "nine tummy-na," that was nineteen twenty nine, "polan-may" was Portland, Maine, "tun-see" Tennessee, so on. Print can't read like he sounded, so mournful, hoarse and whumpy-like. He started with a record of what evidently was his youth.

*Left Louisiana
Nineteen twenty nine
To go along the river
'Tbout a daddy-blame dine.*

*Up old Montana
In the cold, cold Fall
I found my father
In a gam-balin hall.*

*Father, father,
Wherever you beent
Unloved is lost
When you so blame small.*

*Dear son, he said,
Don't be wavy 'bout me,
I'm 'bout to die
Of the misery.*

*Went south together
In an old freight train
Night my father died
In the cold, cold rain.*

I counted the years and figured he left home for the first time when he was almost 30, to go look for his father up the river, and he said that was so, adding, pointing, "He was way up that river, yander Rag Muddy go."

Then he sang the general lament of his life and I died to hear it.

*Been to Butte Montana
Been to Portland Maine
Been to San Francisco
Been in all the rain
Lord, Lord,
I never found no girl girl.*



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*Cross the Brazos river
Cross the Tennessee
Cross the Niobrara
Cross the Jordan sea
Lord, Lord,
I never found no li'l girl.

Home in Opelousas
Home in Wounded Knee
Home in Ogallala
Home I'll never be
Lord, Lord,
I never found no li'l girl.*

He suddenly said to me, "Slim, you've a river log ain't rolling?"
"What do you mean?"

He only said he had a song for me that nobody had ever heard except a few witch doctors and himself. "Witch doctor sing this when he feel sad and gotta leave the bayou. It's a sign." He granted.

*Down — yim — down
Down — yim — down
Roll — faw — log
Roll — faw — log
Well — tha — snake
Well — tha — snake
LOOKAT!*

He whistled shrilly through his teeth, and smiled to show the song was over. Suddenly his gnarled finger was pointed at me in advice. "In Nawlins the log roll faw way from the top-big-muddy that ain't got CAUGHT in a snag where witch doctor lie down with the snake."

I understood those logs he was talking about—I had seen them from the decks of ships in New Orleans at night, wandering logs all riven, water heavy, sunken and turning over that come with the Missouri rushing hugely into the floods of the Mississippi all the way from top-big-muddy, which is lonely old Montana in the North, Odyssean logs, stately wanderers, moving slowly with satisfaction and eternity down wide night shores out to sea—but I never knew what he meant about the witch doctor and the snake. He wheezed that laugh.

It was a prophetic night for me. I watched him go across the railyards—said he was going to "Sanacisca" right soon, or "Aug'n", which are San Francisco and Ogden, in Utah. I know—a tarpaudin ghost aimed for the nearest empties on the track, to fold inside the dryest reeders or find his bed of paper, in any old gunkola, any box, even the rushing cold rods themselves. "Just long as they ball that jack!" as he yelled when he left. So he was gone.

In the morning I collected my pay, packed my old torn bag, and rode a bus to the edge of town. I'd never get caught. I'd roll far too. I got on that old road again. I knew I would see him somewhere at least once more.

**for
the
forgotten
man...**



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