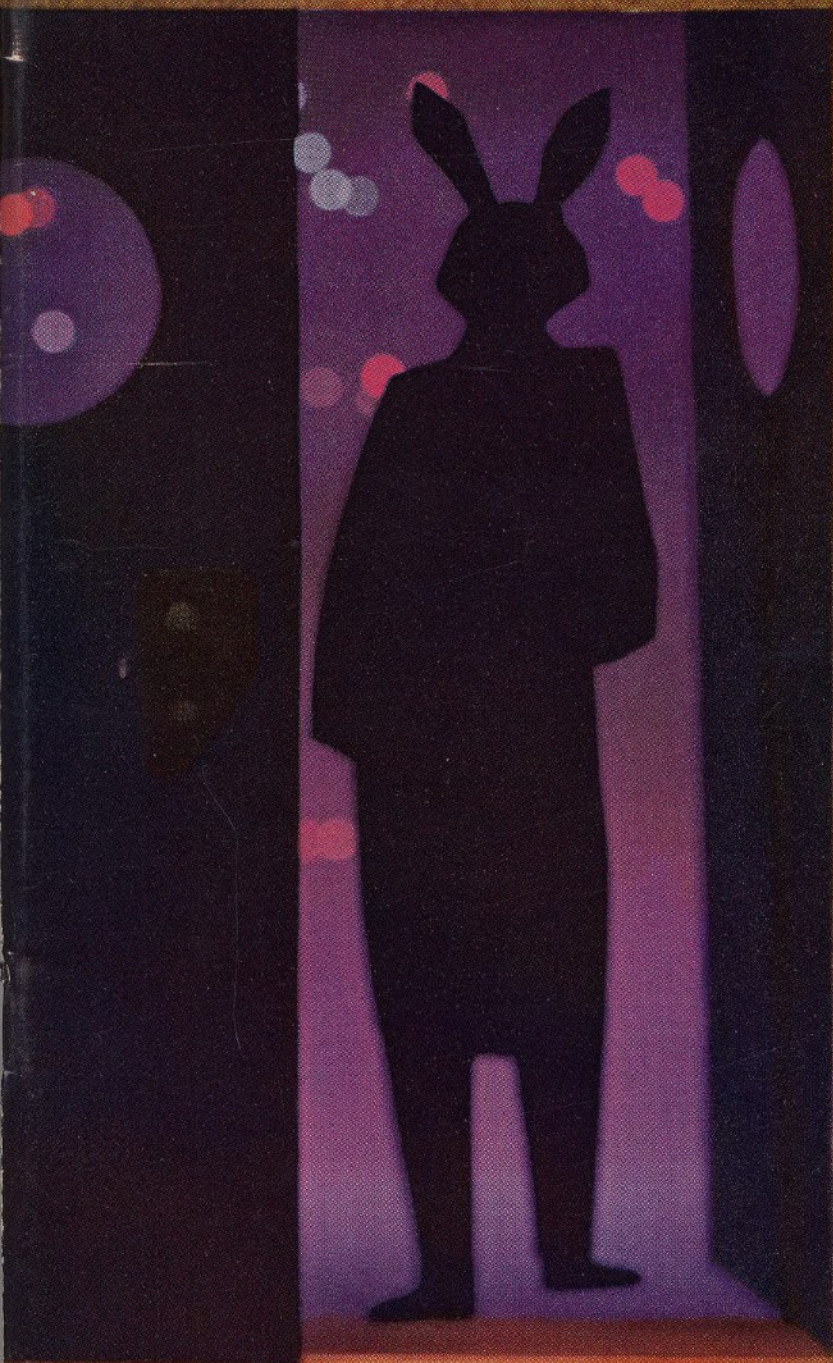


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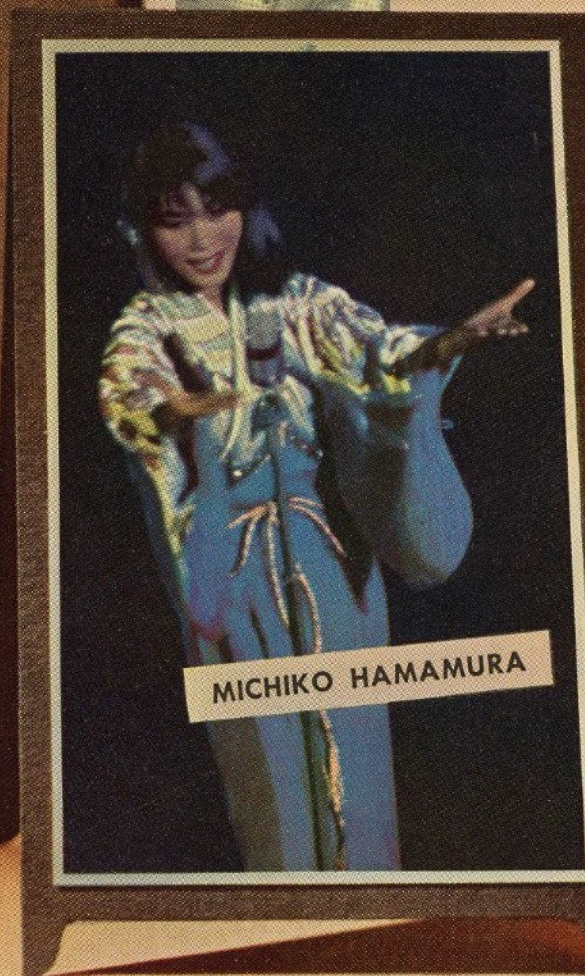
# PLAYBOY



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CHRISTIANSEN



WHO KNOWS WHAT EVIL lurks in the hearts of men? Not only *The Shadow*: Richard Matheson knows, too, and has set it all down in this month's disturbing lead-off story, *The Distributor*, illustrated by Robert Christiansen. Matheson (who authored *The Splendid Source* and *A Flowish of Strumpets* in previous PLAYBOYS) has just returned from England where he wrote a film script based on his own haunting novel, *I Am Legend*.

You like Brigitte Bardot? *The Best of Brigitte* is revealed herein, and the best of Japan's nude thrush, Michiko Hamamura, too, as well as the very best of Zahra (Miss Sweden) Norbo, who tells other magazines she never peels down past a bikini for photographers but who peels a bit further as our Miss March.

John M. Conly—the editor of that elite audiophilic journal, *High Fidelity*, and author of last October's PLAYBOY piece, *The Compleat Fidelitavian*—this month gives us *Music for People with Two Ears*, an excursion into the stunning world of binaural, or stereophonic, sound. (Next month, we will begin re-

viewing the latest stereo releases on tape and disc in *Playboy After Hours*.)

Thomas Mario outdoes himself in this issue with an appetizing essay on that succulent stalwart, roast beef. Ed Pazdur (author of the book *TV Boxing Guide* and the syndicated newspaper column *On the Boxing Beam*) returns once again to these pages with his forecast of fisticuffery for the year in PLAYBOY's fifth annual ring preview.

Humor? There's a peppery parody of a certain young novelist in Martin Scott's *Hickory, Dickory, Kerouac*; and Shel Silverstein's sketch-and-photo record of a visit to The Land of the Rising Sputniks is jolly to behold.

Also on the scene is *On the Scene*, the debut of an every-so-often feature designed to clue you in on exactly who is up to what and where.

There are many more excellent, elegant enjoyments we could tell you of, but if we mentioned everything we wouldn't have room to drop topical quotes about the winds of March that make our heart a dancer, etc., without which no *Playbill* would be complete.

CONLY





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## DEAR PLAYBOY

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

### THIS IS THE LIFE

Someone told me the other day the reason he liked PLAYBOY so much was that he felt the editors all lived exactly the way the magazine was written. What a pleasant idea!

Casey Allen  
New York, New York

### MIKE WALLACE INTERVIEW

Mike Wallace Interviews Playboy was certainly gratifying. It was a pleasure to find Wallace matched with his master, publisher Hefner, instead of some helpless babe like Lili St. Cyr whom he could browbeat into admitting that sex is dirty and the human body a shameful thing to be kept covered. Beauty is in the eye of the beholder and so also is filth; and Mr. Wallace seems to have a filthy eye—or is it just an eye for publicity?

Ronald Bollenbach  
Tampico, Illinois

Your Mike Wallace interview was the high point of the December issue. I agree 200% with everything you said. Sex is wonderful—don't put it in a dark corner somewhere.

Raymond Davioni  
San Francisco, California

### KURTZMAN

The Little World of Harvey Kurtzman, Rolf Malcolm's feature in your December issue, is the merriest, the all-around gosh-darned funniest humor you have ever printed! If it's true that "all the world's a stage," then Kurtzman is the little man who operates the hook. Kurtzman's humor is true wit, subtle and mature at the same moment it is rip-roaring. When America's taste in humor grows up (giving up the Easter bunny, so to speak, for the PLAYBOY rabbit) Harvey will be waiting. Till then—give us more Kurtzman!

Martin L. Pahls  
Kent, Ohio

Undoubtedly, *The Little World of Harvey Kurtzman* was the best article that I have read in many a month. Recognized by discerning readers everywhere as the absolute tops in satire and

adult humor, Harvey Kurtzman, surrounded by such excellent artists as Wood, Elder and Davis, provides the brand of magazine entertainment I seek. It certainly is to the credit of PLAYBOY to recognize the genius of Kurtzman.

John E. Martin  
Boston, Massachusetts

### THE DUKE

Although I have never written a letter to an editor of a magazine, I could not pass up this opportunity to congratulate you and Leonard Feather on the wonderful article on the life and work of Duke Ellington. I have long been an active fan of Ellington's, but have never seen such a fine tribute.

Skip Villerot  
Washington & Lee University  
Lexington, Virginia

I like much of what Duke Ellington has done and I don't mind that Leonard Feather likes all of it. But can't he build up Ellington without putting down Jelly Roll Morton in particular and New Orleans jazz in general?

Harvey Coe  
Brooklyn, New York

### SMORGASBORD

After having read and reread your most interesting article about *The Holiday Smorgasbord*, I want to take this opportunity to compliment you on a truly excellent job well done. I have from time to time read a great many articles on smorgasbord or read articles attempting to describe smorgasbord, but the article in the November issue of PLAYBOY is by far the most authentic and interesting report on this subject I have ever seen.

Jorgen Vilttoft, Manager  
Kungsholm Restaurant  
Chicago, Illinois

### LISA

Your December issue story of Lisa Winters, child of movie producers' scorn, is truly heart-rending. If you can reach her in her relative obscurity outside of Hollywood, offer her my condolences.

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# LANVIN

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Hers is the problem of many other charming girls in a heartless, sex-starved, mammary-mad world and we should do everything in our powers to protect poor little withdrawn creatures such as she. Insecurity and lack of self-confidence are definitely drawbacks in the lotus fields of Hollywood. I think you could do Lisa a genuine service by suggesting to her that she take a few dollars from the fee you pay her for her poses and see a good psychiatrist — obviously she will have to surrender either her inhibitions or her career. Isn't there some sort of paradox at work within the wench when she won't pose for a male photographer, but will allow (what are your circulation figures?) male readers to look upon her in the privacy of her bedroom? Please print more of these touching tributes to virtue — without them the poses are about as interesting and challenging as a needy prostitute is to a rake.

Fra. W. G. Herbst S. J.  
Kailua, Oahu, Hawaii

In my opinion, the article on Lisa Winters should never have been written. The whole idea of a Playmate who doesn't like to play is obscene. I must admit, however, that Miss Winters is by far the best Playmate you have ever published.

Perry L. Curney  
Spokane, Washington

Playboy Reader Service:

Please rush the "where can I find" info on Lisa Winters (December PLAYBOY, pp. 64-7). No matter how shy she may be, I'm sure that with the proper study and application I can learn to be brazen enough for both of us.

William O. Huttlinger  
Permanente, California

It is most refreshing to have the lovely Lisa Winters gracing your magazine again. I am sure that from your many, many letters electing her "Playmate of Any Year," you know that she is always a most welcome guest.

K. A. Smith  
Lancaster, Ohio

Can you imagine a shy female like Lisa ever making a good actress? I can't.

Will Saccoff  
Columbus, Ohio

Have read your magazine from the beginning, and appreciate it a great deal. But — I feel the words that were written about poor little shy Lisa Winters constituted the most insipid bunch of pure hanky-panky that your magazine has come out with to date. Oh come now men, let's get off that kick and get back to the PLAYBOY level! Say she eats 10 pounds of steak a day, wrestles alligators, or most anything, but get off this "so sensitive" kick. If a woman looks like

that and poses like that for a men's magazine, she is bound to have some aspirations. I do not mean this as a blast at Miss Winters' character, but *really!*

Gene Parsons  
Chapel Hill, North Carolina

Awww, is poor little Lisa Winters, hiding behind all that protoplasm, really, *really* too shy to become a star? Did she really cry (oh, the shame of it!) when some clod looked at her and came up with such a dreadfully unexpected response? And does Linda Vargas *really* go on and on, searching, like The Flying Dutchman, for ever and ever? Aww, cut it out, you guys, you're breaking my heart!

Walter Krennek  
Oberlin, Ohio

Who the hell wrote the copy for shy Lisa and searching siren Linda? Man, if those weren't the sneakiest appeals to the masculine ego in the first case, and to his daydreams in the second, I don't know what Motivation Research is.

Bernard Zemble  
New York, New York

It is certainly nice to find a woman as beautiful as Lisa who has managed to retain a little sweetness and can honestly be described as the "shy type." Tell Miss Winters, *thanks*, she has restored some of my faith in the opposite sex. I'm in the West Point Register, class of '57, so I'm one of those who will go when the time to go arrives. It's nice to have women like Lisa to think of when we march off to wherever it is. Any chance of writing her a personal letter?

2nd/Lt. Thomas A. Olsen  
Fort Benning, Georgia

*Letters addressed to Playmates, in care of the magazine, will be forwarded to them, Tom.*

Lisa Winters quite obviously does not have the temperamental qualifications of a star no matter how spectacular she is physically. Go home, Lisa, and marry some nice tall (I'm 6-foot-3) young (I'm 24) man whose likes are similar to yours (I'm a book collector with a sense of humor).

George Herre  
Bloomsburg, Pennsylvania

**WHEN IN NOME . . .**

I have just recently returned from Nome, Alaska, where I was delighted to find PLAYBOY on the top rack of a newsstand. Your magazine and I have been constant companions since Marilyn Monroe appeared as Playmate in your very first issue. Thanks to you for wide distribution — our friendship was not broken during my stay in Nome.

Don Post  
Spenard, Alaska





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braceable You*, 10 more.
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cordings of the famous  
European concert tour,  
10 numbers.
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*Romeo and Juliet*  
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12. Day By Day  
Doris Day sings *The Song Is You*, *Autumn Leaves*, 10 more.
13. Strauss Waltzes  
Bruno Walter conduct-  
ing New York Phil-  
harmonic. *Emperor Waltz*, *Blue Danube*,  
*Vienna Life*, etc.
14. Lure of the Tropics  
Andre Kostelanetz and  
his Orchestra play  
*Moon of Manakora*,  
*Poinciana*, 10 more.
15. Ports Of Call  
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works — *Bohème*, *La Valse*, *Escapes*, etc.
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*An American In Paris*.
18. The Elgart Touch  
Les Elgart and his Or-  
chestra. 12 numbers—  
*Street of Dreams*, *Sto-  
Rit*, *Where Or When*,  
*Autumn Serenade*, etc.
19. The Great Melodies  
of Tchaikovsky  
Philadelphia Orch.,  
Ormandy, conductor. 8  
romantic selections.
20. Suddenly It's  
The Hi-Lo's  
America's favorite  
quartet sings *Love Walked In*, *Stormy Weather*, 10 others.
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Quartet. *Ridin' High*,  
*Moonglow*, 9 more.
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The complete score of  
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Wonderful  
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# PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



Several readers were so appreciative of our encyclopedic, full-scale capsule coverage of Zen, that they've asked for enlightenment in the matter of the great war of words which rages around the in-group versus out-group stalemate. Here you are, then: — in the form of a game in which you can score yourself to find out where you stand.

People who are IN, according to their own accounting, are bound to be OUT. This puts them 2 points ahead of people who still think SHOE is an IN word, and 2 points behind (and slightly west of) people who think the opposite of SQUARE is COOL.

If you thought the opposite of COOL was SQUARE until you read the foregoing paragraph, but you are now unsure, you are more SQUARE than HIP, twice as FRANTIC as you are COOL, and probably NON-U to boot (we mean BLACK-SHOE). So subtract 4 points from your score and go directly to *Jail*, do not pass *Go*, do not collect \$200.

If you think it's IVY to consider people who say HEP less HIP than those who say U or SHOE, unbuckle the back of your cap and move three places down. If you deem it NON-IVY to worry about people who act so OUT that they're IN, add 3 points to your score and beware of codfish — it doesn't agree with you.

If you think BEAT ranks BOP, add 3 points to your score and help yourself to one gold star for your toothbrush chart — Mother won't mind. If you hate to part with your one hand-painted tie but won't wear it, deduct 3 points from your score or throw the tie away and go to the head of the In-Shoe-Cool-U-Hip-Ivy class — along with all the other upward strivers who aren't sure that it's more *chic* to be *outré* than it is frantic to be beat. Clear?

Speaking of IN, anyone who gives it

any thought will realize that by its very nature it can't be static; like the Queen told Alice, you have to keep running to stay in the same place. What's IN today is OUT tomorrow or the next day simply because IN-ness depends on exclusivity: the more people who dig the newest and latest, the less new and recent it becomes — for by the fact of their dawning awareness they kill the thing they seek. It's automatic. Happened most recently to sick jokes, which had a brief career as very inside indeed, then became dangerously popular for their own survival, were finally canonized as worthy of the national attention in *Time*, and promptly expired. To be replaced by what? The "well joke," of course. This is usually a simple-minded, childlike riddle with a sardonic-moronic answer. Sample: "What's shaped like a box, smells like lox and flies through the air?" Answer: "A flying lox box." Or, "What's red and green and eats rocks?" Answer: "A red-and-green rock eater." Simple? "What has four wheels, a steering wheel and an engine?" If the patsy you've asked this one answers, "An automobile," that's your cue to look crestfallen and say, "Oh, you've heard it before."

## FILMS

Poor Ernie Hemingway has never had one of his novels made into a really decent film, and *A Farewell to Arms* is no exception. You know the yarn: a grim account of the Italian-Austrian campaign during World War I laced with a love story between an American ambulance jockey and a limey Red Cross nurse who dies in childbirth. Through it all ran the author's contention that life is a sad, futile and meaningless business that can have only one end:

tragedy. To pound home the point, the film offers little more than spectacular mountain scenery and the grimacings of Jennifer Jones. Everything has been so spiffed up for the movies that now the ambulance driver (Rock Hudson) leaves the dead nurse not as Hemingway described it ("It was like saying goodbye to a statue. After a while I went out and left the hospital and walked back to the hotel in the rain"); he leaves her with a kind of elegiac, transfigured countenance, making the ending winsomely lyrical, which is earnest but not Hemingway. And Major Rinaldi, the cynical Italian army surgeon expertly played by Vittorio de Sica, is now shot by a firing squad instead of simply contracting syphilis as he did in the book. Throughout, the emphasis has been switched from the "constant, bullying, murderous, slovenly crime of war" to the secondary story of star-crossed lovers. OK. We're not slavish sticklers for book-into-film authenticity, but when the book happens to be among the best novels written by a living American, we do feel the moguls-in-charge, producer David O. Selznick, director Charles Vidor and scripter Ben Hecht, should have stuck to the pristine stuff.

"Whassa matter? Wha'd I do?" Anthony Quinn keeps asking his distraught bride in *Wild Is the Wind*. Quinn plays Gino, a well-meaning, prosperous Nevada sheep rancher who has wooed and won Gioia (Anna Magnani) by transatlantic mail. Unfortunately, he is a cataclysmic clod as her lover, mainly because he can't dismiss the memory of his first wife (Gioia's dead sister). He continually compares the two girls, with Gioia, who can't even speak English good, invariably getting the short end of the stick. Finally, he commits that unpardonable *gaucherie* in love-making:





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calling the object of one's ardor (in this case, Gioia) by someone else's name (the defunct sister's). Cheez. Coming as no surprise, there is a young, good-looking hired hand around, a sort of adopted son of Gino's, and he gets big eyes for Gioia. Miffed at her feckless husband, emotionally aroused by the snorting of wild horses, the birth of a lamb and suchlike juicy symbols, Gioia cuckolds Gino. He is not too pleased when he finds out. As his benefactor's traducer, Anthony Franciosa is almost as highly charged and purposefully inarticulate as the other two, and Miss Magnani is indeed a superb, volcanic, ragingly-uninhibited actress, well suited to the earthy background cooked up for her by director George Cukor.

Although the same-name film based on Graham Greene's book, *The Quiet American*, is somewhat bowdlerized and tamed, it's still notable for its incisive, intelligent dialog and stimulating—sometimes provocative—scripting. For these we can thank Joseph Mankiewicz, who produced the flick and hired none other than Joseph Mankiewicz to direct it and to pen the scenario.

The story is, in the net, a triangle job. Involved are a cynical British newsman named Fowler (Michael Redgrave), the quiet American (Audie Murphy), and an Indo-Chinese doll with the anti-euphonious solo handle of Phuong (Giorgia Moll). Time and place: the recent unpleasantness in Vietnam. In *The Quiet American* there's an almost compulsive preoccupation with guilt, as in all Greene's works. So, in addition to the human triangle, there's a political one to provide a vehicle for its exploration: Communism versus colonialism versus anti-colonial and enlightened nationalism, in which last the American believes. Phuong is Fowler's Vietnamese mistress but is romantically attached to the American. Fowler's machinations result in the death of the American at the hands of the Commies, but Phuong is true blue to true love and jilts the dastardly Britisher. Readers of the novel will recall that it was pretty anti-American—perhaps as a result of Greene's passport frustrations with our consul in Saigon. In fact, in the book it was Fowler who came through as a pretty sympathetic character while the American was a caricature of the dopey dogooder. The film changes all that around and it also cleans up some of the scenery (an all-girl argument about White arrogance is switched from a brothel to a restaurant, for instance), but it's still an interesting and unusual enough job to recommend. The cast performs nicely except for Murphy, who's not entirely believable. An extra pat of approval is earned by Claude Dauphin, who plays Inspector Vigot, the man who



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exposes Fowler's guilt. Most of the film was shot on location in Indo-China.

## DINING-DRINKING

The ancient Romans knew how to live it up. They imported their wine from Burgundy because they knew it was superb; they were the first occidentals to savor the delights of the oyster, and the first to develop a cuisine that in any way approached what we enjoy today. Thus, as a tip-of-the-hat to the lusty lads, *The Forum of the Twelve Caesars* (57 West 48th) opened recently in Manhattan, the first new dining hutch to sprout in Rockefeller Center in the last eight years. Highlights include a 48-foot bar, an international menu and a super-masculine clubby atmosphere topped by heroic-sized 17th Century portraits of the noble dozen (you know: Augustus, Tiberius, Caligula, Claudius. . .).

New Orleans' French Quarter continues to crawl with tourists, but few of them have ever heard of or bothered with a spot called *Toney's* (212 Bourbon), which is all to the good. Set in the center of a galaxy of peel parlors and jazz joints, *Toney's* draws the musicians between sets, the strippers between bumps and the local goateed painters most all the time. Reason: *Toney's* pizza, a Neapolitan Love Song to mozzarella, anchovies and tomato paste. If you can't see the stuff for dinner, you can always try Galatoire's across the street, catch a little of Al Hirt's trumpet at Pier 600, then drop by *Toney's* for a midnight snack. It's open every night till one A.M.

## THEATRE

One of this season's biggest Broadway bonanzas is a mother-lode musical called *The Music Man*, by Meredith Willson, the Iowa-born composer-conductor who turned out book, music and lyrics all by his lonesome. Kermit Bloomgarden's pleasantly cornfed production and Morton Da Costa's direction are in the tradition of enlightened showmanship. There is not one ounce of "Art" in this simple-simon yarn about River City, circa 1912, and a larcenous traveling salesman who hops off the train just long enough to peddle musical instruments and band uniforms to the yokels for their no-talent kids. Robert Preston, the sturdy Hollywood vet long buried under a melange of third-rate roles, emerges here as one of Broadway's most expert *farceurs*, with tons of vitality and personal appeal as the song-and-dance

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Across the floor,  
He was so tired  
He'd start—to snore!  
Poor Don Juan,  
His aching back!  
He worked so hard  
To hit the sack!  
Too much trellis  
And too many walls,  
Too many roofs  
And too many falls,  
Too many windows  
That slammed on his feet  
And too many beds  
Where he fell asleep!  
Poor Don Juan,  
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salesman. He moves with the athletic ease of the accomplished hoofer, and exhibits a canny sense of timing for the reading of lyrics he cannot quite sing. Barbara Cook acts and warbles winsomely as the librarian who ultimately converts the scoundrel, while the Buffalo Bills (a fine barbershop quartet) harmonize till the cows come home. The rest of the River City townfolk are a lovable lot, too, and the show is one of the happiest musical entertainments to come this way in years. At the Majestic, 245 W. 44th, NYC.

William Inge, who has scripted such hits as *Come Back, Little Sheba*; *Bus Stop*; and *Picnic* in the past, has turned out his most important work to date: *The Dark at the Top of the Stairs*. His story of the Flood family, their petty quarrels and enormous doubts about an uncertain future, is a poignantly moving document of human relationships, aside from a few moments that seem too hokey to believe. Pat Hingle gives a sturdy performance as an ex-cowpoke trying to hawk leather harnesses in the age of the automobile, and Teresa Wright suffers with dignity as his wife. Eileen Heckart turns in the best performance of her career as a visiting in-law who yammers brashly and incessantly to cover up the failure of her marriage. Never before has Inge demonstrated such an accurate eye for the specimens under his microscope, and never before has director Elia Kazan done so right by his material. At The Music Box, 239 W. 45th, NYC.

## RECORDS

Tributes, salutes and evocations are the order of the month: if it isn't *Sonny Rollins Plays for Bird* (Prestige 7095) one minute, it's *Ted Heath's Tribute to the Fabulous Dorseys* (London 1743) the next. It's always been our old-fashioned notion that the great men of jazz should be allowed to speak for themselves, even if the job has to be done posthumously. The latter approach has rarely worked better than in *The Charlie Parker Story* (Verve 8100-3), an elaborately produced three-disc set that does more for Bird's memory than a dozen synthetic tributes. Complete with a pictorial survey and biographical booklet, this offers glimpses of the Bird in every mood, from off-days to moments of soaring glory.

Both the camera and the mike have moved in on Julie London. An almost life-size head shot of the lovely lady adorns the cover of her latest LP, and its title, *Make Love to Me* (Liberty 3060), is printed significantly close to those awesome blue eyes. Inside, Julie whispers

*the scotch mist*

...merriest moor  
this  
side of heather

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her way through a dozen pulse-pounders to a catguttly Russ Garcia background that at times becomes annoyingly full-some. It's not her best effort, and we arched an eyebrow at her intonation on several tracks, though we'll concede that on *Go Slow* she finds a way of saying "oh-h-h, oh-h-h, honey!" that uncovers a multitude of sins.

If, like so many casual but emotionally susceptible listeners to classical music, you are just discovering the riches of Baroque composition, you owe it to yourself to learn about the Bach Guild (a division of Vanguard Records). This group has dedicated itself to the authentic re-creation on discs of J. S. Bach's music in particular and Baroque music in general. A fine example of their work — and of J.S.B.'s — is now available on *Magnificat in D* (Vanguard BG 555) which bears on its flip side the master's *Cantata 50*. Both are major works: the cantata employs double chorus and orchestra; the magnificat is huge in concept (though comparatively short) and joyfully rich. Alternating with the full, ringing choruses are lovely arias. We commend to your ears one in particular, *Qui respexit*, which is, in fact, a duct for soprano and oboe. Conductor Felix Prohaska and the choir and orchestra of the Vienna State Opera do the considerable honors.

Freddie Wacker, Chicago sportsman, corporation prexy, Near North Side fix-ture, and general *bon vivant*, is equally at ease behind a set of tubs, witness his *Windy City Seven* (Dolphin 9). The Seven's style is unabashedly Chicago, moving from the go-man-go school to light, intelligent swing at the drop of a down-beat. Freddie's first platter marks the group as one to watch.

For those who believe in the efficacy of the packaged set, *The Art of Mabel Mercer* (Atlantic 2-602) contains 28 tunes on two LPs made memorable by Manhattan's midnight muse. If you didn't know it before, Mabel is regarded by most everyone (including us) as the "singer's singer," and if you don't own her earlier discs (these are all re-issues with one exception: *It Happens All Over the World*), it's a sage way of getting all her recorded goodies in one high fidelity basket. . . The package to end all packages, a pictorial preview of which was proffered in last November's *PLAYBOY*, is *Ella Fitzgerald Sings the Duke Ellington Song Book* (Verve 4008-9), and a heady volume it is. This staggering four-platter set contains no less than 37 Ellington elegies, everything from *All Too Soon* to *Take the "A" Train*, plus an especially penned, four-movement biography in sound titled

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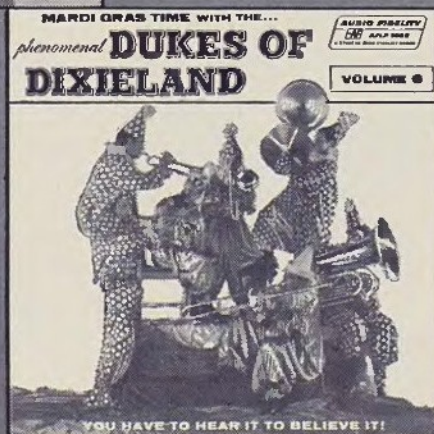
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*Portrait of Ella Fitzgerald.* No surprise in a venture of this magnitude, the results range from mildly OK to the absolute utmost, some of the standouts being *Day Dream*, *In a Sentimental Mood* and *Perdido*. For the most part, Ella scats and warbles delightfully to the Ellington crew, but some of the selections sound as though they were given just one take: a couple of howling clinkers, both vocal and instrumental, have wended their ways to the wax. But for those who like their Ella and Ellington in big, ululating chunks, this one's a must. . . . A little old single LP presents Ella singing a scant 12 love ditties by a variety of cogent penmen, but doing a uniformly knocked-out job. *Like Someone in Love* (Verve 4004) is potently pretty Fitzgerald from first band to last, features Frank DeVol's big ork and Stan Getz' doleful tenor wailing in the background. Listen closely to Ella's disarmingly beautiful *More than You Know* and *What's New*.

*Ritual* (Pacific Jazz M-402) brings us The Jazz Messengers in a mesmeric mit-full of tunes in which Art Blakey's drums are the featured attraction. It's a happy, dynamic trance the Messengers weave around you, too: Jackie McLean's tenor and Bill Hardiman's trumpet pave the way, Sam Dockery's piano and Spanky DeBrest's bass set the rhythmic pace—and Blakey pretty much blazes trail for the group. On the first side, we liked best the bouncy *Scotch Blues*; the other side is mostly Blakey's own compositions plus the title piece, nearly 10 minutes of inspired solo flight into sheer drum-mery, with Blakey's aides putting aside their usual instruments to blow cowbell, claves, maracas.

## BOOKS

If anything has been left unsaid about the fabulous Dumas family, *grand-père*, *père* and *fils*, it is definitely present in the rich pages of André Maurois' *The Titans* (Harper, \$5.95). Maurois has written a book bursting with hitherto unpublished material, and his triptych of the Dumas clan, each named Alexandre, is a fascinating portrait of spectacular talents, beginning with the giant mulatto who rose from a private to become one of Napoleon's generals, and was not above hurling his soldiers over enemy barricades by the seats of their pants. A legend in his own right, his most noteworthy act was the siring of the literary giant who wrote *The Count of Monte Cristo* and *The Three Musketeers*, and, by his own boast, fathered more than 500 kiddies throughout Europe. Nor is the third side of the Dumas panel over-

looked: a solid portion of the book is devoted to the author of *Camille*, Dumas *fils*, who emulated his father's novels, plays and romances, though there were some who blamed dad "for passing on to his son his worn-out shoes and his old mistresses."

Capitalizing on the sure-fire appeal of courtroom histrionics, Robert Traver's *Anatomy of a Murder* (St. Martin's, \$4.95) is a legal firecracker. With the focus on rape and murder, it comes through as tantalizing trial melodrama, with every cornball technicality faithfully tossed in: clashes between prosecution and defense, warnings from the bench, the rapid-fire "objection," "sustained" or "overruled," hamming for the benefit of the jury, and, of course, an acquittal as the triumph of the Small Town Lawyer on his First Big Case. The defendant is an Army officer being tried for the murder of the guy who raped his luscious wife, and a considerable hunk of the medical testimony is devoted to the blushing intimate details of sexual intercourse. Traver (a pseudonym for a Michigan Supreme Court justice) does a bang-up job at jockeying both testimony and characters throughout the trial, and the development of the case is suspenseful and absorbing, despite the writing (which seems to have been done with a pointy stick) and the fact that you know the jury's decision before book's end. But, as a tribute to its galvanic plot, *Anatomy* is being groomed as both a play and a movie.

Berton Roueché's uncommon ability to ferret out the unusual has provided *The New Yorker* for years with its Annals of Medicine series in which clinical curiosities are blended with crisp, dramatic human interest. *The Incurable Wound* (Little, Brown, \$3.50) is a collection of these fascinating tales, and particularly chilling is the title piece in which a woman's sudden, inexplicable demise is hair-raisingly traced to a vampire bat later proved to have been a carrier of rabies. In another, the deadly power of an overdose of acetylsalicylic acid, aspirin to us, is documented as the cause of 17,000 poisoning cases annually, chiefly among children. The chapter *Ten Feet Tall* not only yielded the ingredients for a Hollywood flick (*Bigger than Life*), but probably gave cortisone users an advanced case of jitters with its jarring description of how a full-blown manic-depressive psychosis developed in one cortisone-happy patient. Despite the strong urge to padlock our medicine cabinet, we relished this revealing recital of the medically macabre.





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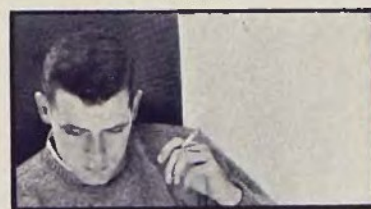
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*fiction* BY RICHARD MATHESON

# THE DISTRIBUTOR

*if a thing is worth doing,  
it's worth doing well*

July 20

TIME TO MOVE. The real estate office had found him a small, furnished house on Sylmar Street. The Saturday morning he moved in he went around the neighborhood introducing himself.

"Good morning," he said to the old man pruning ivy next door. "My name is Theodore Gordon. I just moved in."

The old man straightened up and shook Theodore's hand. "How do," he said. His name was Joseph Alston.

A dog came shuffling from the porch to sniff Theodore's cuffs. "He's making up his mind about you," said the old man.

"Isn't that cute?" said Theodore.

Across the street lived Inez Ferrel. She answered the door in a housecoat, a thin woman in her late thirties. Theodore apologized for disturbing her.

"Oh, that's all right," she said. She had lots of time to herself when her husband was selling on the road.

"I hope we'll be good neighbors," said Theodore.

"I'm sure we will," said Inez Ferrel. She watched him through the window as he left.

Next door, directly across from his own house, he knocked quietly because there was a NIGHTWORKER SLEEPING sign. Dorothy Backus opened the door, a tiny, withdrawn woman in her middle thirties.

"I'm so glad to meet you," said Theodore.

Next door lived the Walter Mortons. As Theodore came up the walk, he heard Bianca Morton talking loudly to her son, Walter, Jr.

"You are not old enough to stay out till three o'clock in the morning!" she was saying. "Especially with a girl as young as Katherine McCann!"

Theodore knocked and Mr. Morton, 52 and bald, opened the door.

"I just moved in across the street," said Theodore, smiling at them.

Patty Jefferson let him in next door. As he talked to her Theodore could see, through the back window, her husband, Arthur,





filling a rubber pool for their son and daughter.

"They just love that pool," said Patty, smiling.

"I bet they do," said Theodore. As he left, he noticed the vacant house next door.

Across the street from the Jeffersons lived the McCanns and their 14-year-old daughter Katherine. As Theodore approached the door he heard the voice of James McCann saying, "Aah, he's nuts. Why should I take his lawn edger? Just because I borrowed his lousy mower a couple of times."

"Darling, please," said Faye McCann, "I've got to finish these notes in time for the Council's next meeting."

"Just because Kathy goes out with his lousy son . . ." grumbled her husband.

Theodore knocked on the door and introduced himself. He chatted briefly with them, informing Mrs. McCann that he certainly *would* like to join the National Council of Christians and Jews. It was a worthy organization.

"What's your business, Gordon?" asked McCann.

"I'm in distribution," said Theodore.

Next door, two boys mowed and raked while their dog gamboled around them.

"Hello there," said Theodore. They grunted and watched him as he headed for the porch. The dog ignored him.

"I just *told* him," Henry Putnam's voice came through the living room window. "Put a coon in my department and I'm through. That's all."

"Yes, dear," said Mrs. Irma Putnam.

Theodore's knock was answered by the undershirted Mr. Putnam. His wife was lying on the sofa. Her heart, explained Mr. Putnam.

"Oh, I'm sorry," Theodore said.

In the last house lived the Gorses.

"I just moved in next door," said Theodore. He shook Eleanor Gorse's lean hand and she told him that her father was at work.

"Is that him?" asked Theodore, pointing at the portrait of a stony-faced old man that hung above a mantel crowded with religious objects.

"Yes," said Eleanor, 34 and ugly.

"Well, I hope we'll be good neighbors," Theodore said.

That afternoon, he went to his new office and set up the darkroom.

### July 23

That morning, before he left for the office, he checked the telephone directory and jotted down four numbers. He dialed the first.

"Would you please send a cab to 12057 Sylmar Street?" he said. "Thank you."

He dialed the second number. "Would you please send a repairman to my house?" he said. "I don't get any pic-

ture. I live at 12070 Sylmar Street."

He dialed the third number. "I'd like to run this ad in Sunday's edition," he said. "1957 Ford. Perfect condition. 789 dollars. That's right, 789. The number is DA 4-7408."

Then he stood by the living room window until the taxicab stopped in front of the Backus house.

As he was driving off, a television repair truck passed him. He looked back and saw it stop in front of Henry Putnam's house.

Dear Sirs, he typed in the office later, *Please send me 10 booklets for which I enclose \$20.00 in payment.* He put down the name and address.

The envelope dropped into the out box.

### July 27

When Inez Ferrel, the salesman's wife, left her house that evening, Theodore followed in his car. Downtown, Mrs. Ferrel got off the bus and went into a bar called The Irish Lantern. Parking, Theodore entered the bar cautiously and slipped into a shadowy booth.

Inez Ferrel was at the back of the room perched on a bar stool. She'd taken off her jacket to reveal a clinging yellow sweater. Theodore ran his gaze across the studied exposition of her bust.

At length, a man accosted her and spoke and laughed and spent a modicum of time with her. Theodore watched them exit, arm in arm. Paying for his coffee, he followed. It was a short walk; Mrs. Ferrel and the man entered a hotel on the next block.

Theodore drove home, whistling.

The next morning, when Eleanor Gorse and her father had left for church with Mrs. Backus, Theodore followed.

He met them in the church vestibule when the service was over. Wasn't it a wonderful coincidence, he said, that he, too, was a Baptist? And he shook the indurate hand of Donald Gorse.

As they walked into the sunshine, Theodore asked them if they wouldn't share his Sunday dinner with him. Mrs. Backus smiled faintly and murmured something about her husband. Donald Gorse looked doubtful.

"Oh, please," begged Theodore. "Make a lonely widower happy."

"Widower," tasted Mr. Gorse.

Theodore hung his head. "These many years," he said. "Pneumonia."

"Been a Baptist long?" asked Mr. Gorse.

"Since birth," said Theodore with fervor. "It's been my only solace."

For dinner he served lamb chops, peas and mashed potatoes. For dessert, apple cobbler and coffee.

"I'm so pleased you'd share my humble food," he said. "This is, truly,

loving thy neighbor as thyself." He smiled at Eleanor who returned it stiffly.

That evening, as darkness fell, Theodore took a stroll. As he passed the McCann house, he heard the telephone ringing, then James McCann shouting, "It's a *mistake*, damn it! Why in the lousy hell should I sell a '57 Ford for 789 bucks?"

The phone slammed down. "God damn!" howled James McCann. "Darling, please be *tolerant*!" begged his wife. The telephone rang again.

Theodore moved on.

### August 1

At exactly 2:15 A.M. Theodore slipped outside, pulled up one of Joseph Alston's longest ivy plants and left it on the sidewalk.

In the morning, as he left the house, he saw Walter Morton, Jr., heading for the McCann house with a blanket, a towel and a portable radio. The old man was replanting the ivy.

"Was it pulled up?" asked Theodore.

Joseph Alston grunted.

"So *that* was it," said Theodore.

"What?" The old man looked up.

"Last night," said Theodore, "I heard some noise out here. I looked out and saw a couple of boys."

"You seen their faces?" asked Alston, his face hardening.

"No, it was too dark," said Theodore, "but I'd say they were—oh, about the age of the Putnam boys. Not that it was them, of course."

Joe Alston nodded slowly, looking up the street.

Theodore drove up to the boulevard and parked. Twenty minutes later, Walter Morton, Jr., and Katherine McCann boarded a bus.

At the beach, Theodore sat a few yards behind them.

"That Mack is a character," he heard Walter Morton say. "He gets the urge, he drives to Tijuana; just for kicks."

In a while Morton and the girl ran into the ocean, laughing. Theodore stood and walked to a telephone booth.

"I'd like to have a swimming pool installed in my back yard next week," he said, "my name is Backus."

Back on the beach he sat patiently until Walter Morton and the girl were lying in each other's arms. Then, at specific moments, he pressed a shutter hidden in his palm. This done, he returned to his car, buttoning his shirt front over the tiny lens. On his way to the office, he stopped at a hardware store to buy a brush and a can of black paint.

He spent the afternoon printing the pictures. He made them appear as if they had been taken at night and as if

(continued overleaf)







## DISTRIBUTOR (continued from page 18)

the young couple had been engaged in something else.

The envelope dropped softly into the out box.

August 5

The street was silent and deserted. Tennis shoes soundless on the paving, Theodore moved across the street.

He found the Mortons' lawn mower in the back yard. Lifting it quietly, he carried it back across the street to the McCann garage. After carefully raising the door, he slid the mower behind the workbench. The envelope of photographs he put in a drawer behind a box of nails.

Returning to his house then, he phoned James McCann and, muffledly, asked if the Ford was still for sale.

In the morning, the mailman placed a bulky envelope on the Gorses' porch. Gorse's daughter Eleanor emerged and opened it, sliding out one of the booklets. Theodore watched the furtive look she cast about, the rising of dark color in her cheeks.

As he was mowing the lawn that evening he saw Walter Morton, Sr., march across the street to where James McCann was trimming bushes. He heard them talking loudly. Finally, they went into McCann's garage from which Morton emerged pushing his lawn mower and making no reply to McCann's angry protests.

Across the street from McCann, Arthur Jefferson was just getting home from work. The two Putnam boys were riding their bicycles, their dog racing around them.

Now, across from where Theodore stood, a door slammed. He turned his head and watched Mr. Backus, in work clothes, storming to his car, muttering disgustedly, "*A swimming pool!*" Theodore looked to the next house and saw Inez Ferrel moving in her living room.

He smiled and mowed along the side of his house, glancing into Eleanor Gorse's bedroom. She was sitting with her back to him, reading something. When she heard the clatter of his mower she stood and left the bedroom, pushing the bulky envelope into a bureau drawer.

August 15

Henry Putnam answered the door.

"Good evening," said Theodore, "I hope I'm not intruding."

"Just chatting in the den with Irma's folks," said Putnam. "They're drivin' to New York in the mornin'."

"Oh? Well, I'll only be a moment." Theodore held out a pair of BB guns. "A plant I distribute for was getting rid of these," he said. "I thought your

two boys might like them."

"Well, sure," said Putnam. He started for the den to get his sons.

While Putnam was gone, Theodore picked up a couple of matchbooks whose covers read *Putnam's Wines and Liquors*. He'd slipped them into his pocket before the boys were led in to thank him.

"Mighty nice of you, Gordon," said Putnam at the door. "Sure appreciate it."

"My pleasure," said Theodore.

Walking home, he set the clock-radio for 3:15 and lay down. When the music began, he moved outside on silent feet and tore up 47 ivy plants, strewing them over Alston's sidewalk.

"Oh, no," he said to Alston in the morning. He shook his head, appalled.

Joseph Alston didn't speak. He glanced down the block with hating eyes.

"Here, let me help you," Theodore said. The old man shook his head but Theodore insisted. Driving to the nearest nursery he brought back two sacks of peat moss, then squatted by Alston's side to help him replant.

"You hear anything last night?" the old man asked.

"You think it was those boys again?" asked Theodore, open-mouthed.

"Ain't sayin'," Alston said.

Later, Theodore drove downtown and bought a dozen postcard photographs. He took them to the office.

*Dear Walt,* he printed crudely on the back of one, *Got these here in Tijuana. Hot enough for you?* In addressing the envelope, he failed to add *Jr.* to *Mr. Walter Morton*.

Into the out box.

August 23

"Mrs. Ferrel!"

She shuddered on the bar stool. "Why, Mister —"

"Gordon," he provided, smiling. "How nice to see you again."

"Yes." She pressed together lips that trembled.

"You come here often?" Theodore asked.

"Oh, no, *never*," Inez Ferrel blurted, "I'm — just supposed to meet a friend here tonight. A girl friend."

"Oh I see," said Theodore. "Well, may a lonely widower keep you company until she comes?"

"Why . . ." Mrs. Ferrel shrugged. "I guess." Her lips were painted brightly red against the alabaster of her skin. The sweater clung adhesively to the hoisted jut of her breasts.

After a while, when Mrs. Ferrel's friend didn't show up, they slid into a darkened booth. There, Theodore used

Mrs. Ferrel's powder room retreat to slip a pale and tasteless powder into her drink. On her return she swallowed this and, in minutes, grew stupefied. She smiled at Theodore.

"I like you Misser Gor'n," she confessed. The words crawled viscidly across her lolling tongue.

Shortly thereafter, he led her, stumbling and giggling, to his car and drove her to a motel. Inside the room, he helped her strip to stockings, garter belt and shoes and, while she posed with drugged complacency, Theodore took flashbulb pictures.

After she'd collapsed at two A.M., Theodore dressed her and drove her home. He stretched her fully dressed across her bed. After that he went outside and poured concentrated weed killer on Alston's replanted ivy.

Back in the house he dialed the Jefferson's number.

"Yes?" said Arthur Jefferson, irritably.

"Get out of this neighborhood or you'll be sorry," whispered Theodore, then hung up.

In the morning he walked to Mrs. Ferrel's house and rang the bell.

"Hello," he said politely. "Are you feeling better?"

She stared at him blankly while he explained how she'd gotten violently ill the night before and he'd taken her home from the bar. "I do hope you're feeling better," he concluded.

"Yes," she said, confusedly, "I'm — all right."

As he left her house he saw a red-faced James McCann approaching the Morton house, the envelope of photographs in his hand. Beside him walked a distraught Mrs. McCann.

"We must be tolerant, Jim," Theodore heard her say.

August 31

At 2:15 A.M. Theodore took the brush and the can of paint and went outside.

Walking to the Jefferson house he set the can down and painted, jaggedly, across the door — NIGGER!

Then he moved across the street allowing an occasional drip of paint. He left the can under Henry Putnam's back porch, accidentally upsetting the dog's plate. Fortunately, the Putnam's dog slept indoors.

Later, he put more weed killer on Joseph Alston's ivy.

In the morning, when Donald Gorse had gone to work, he took a heavy envelope and went to see Eleanor Gorse. "Look at this," he said, sliding a pornographic booklet from the envelope. "I received this in the mail today. Look at it." He thrust it into her hands.

She held the booklet as if it were a spider.

"Isn't it hideous?" he said.

(continued on page 24)



# presenting MICHIKO



*little miss hamamura is japan's first sexpot songstress*

IF JULIE LONDON, for instance, suddenly showed up nude in a photo magazine, the resulting fuss might be somewhat parallel to that surrounding Japan's moody, miniature Michiko Hamamura, a *chanteuse* short on voice, long on *sexsu-appeal*. Craftily cadging only the most volatile of American hit numbers (*Banana Boat*, *Calypso Joe*, *Mama Look a Boo Boo* — most of them from the repertoire of Harry Belafonte), Michiko then invests these with her own peculiar yet universal trademarks: bumps, grinds and a studied insolence that all add up to a veritable Fujiyama of smouldering sensuality. Michiko was singing with moderate success in a Yokohama nightery until a wily photographer persuaded her to pose in the altogether. When the nude photos appeared in an art magazine, Michiko's voice took on new richness. Her first record, *Banana Boat*, sold 100,000 copies in one month — unique in Japan, where a 50,000 sale makes a best-seller. Last year, Michiko visited our shores long enough to appear on the CBS-TV show *The Big Record*, making Kipling's old twain meet via the most fundamental of mutual interests.







Michiko first refused to pose in the nude, because "I had no confidence in my body." She consented after being assured such photographs would help her singing career. Chris Connor is the singer Michiko admires most. Although she denies emulating the Connor style, she is an avid student of the recordings of the American thrush. One segment of her Japanese public calls her a female Elvis Presley. During an interview with our Tokyo correspondent, the only question Michiko declined to answer was: "What is your personal opinion of Elvis Presley?"







Above, the Hamamura fuselage is deftly separated from its gown by a nimble-knuckled backstage aide; below, quick-change Michiko glitters in action.





## DISTRIBUTOR (continued from page 20)

She made a face. "Revoltin'," she said.

"I thought I'd check with you and several others before I phoned the police," said Theodore. "Have you received any of this filth?"

Eleanor Gorse bristled. "Why should I receive them?" she demanded.

Outside, Theodore found the old man squatting by his ivy. "How are they coming?" he asked.

"They're dyin'."

Theodore looked stricken. "How can this be?" he asked.

Alston shook his head.

"Oh, this is horrible." Theodore turned away, clucking. As he walked to his house he saw, up the street, Arthur Jefferson cleaning off his door and, across the way, Henry Putnam watching carefully.

Mrs. McCann was waiting on his porch.

"Well," said Theodore, surprised. "I'm so glad to see you."

"What I came to say may not make you so glad," she said unhappily.

"Oh?" said Theodore. They went into his house.

"There have been a lot of . . . things happening in this neighborhood since you moved in," said Mrs. McCann after they were seated in the living room.

"Things?" asked Theodore.

"I think you know what I mean," said Mrs. McCann. "However, this—this *bigotry* on Mr. Jefferson's door is too much, Mr. Gordon, too much."

Theodore gestured helplessly. "I don't understand."

"Please don't make it difficult," she said. "I may have to call the authorities if these things don't stop, Mr. Gordon. I hate to think of doing such a thing but —"

"Authorities?" Theodore looked terrified.

"None of these things happened until you moved in, Mr. Gordon," she said. "Believe me, I hate what I'm saying, but I simply have no choice. The fact that none of these things have happened to you —"

She broke off startledly as a sob wracked Theodore's chest. She stared at him. "Mr. Gordon —" she began, uncertainly.

"I don't know what these things are you speak of," said Theodore in a shaking voice, "but I'd kill myself before I harmed a fellow human being, Mrs. McCann."

He looked around as if to make sure they were alone.

"I'm going to tell you something I've never told a single soul," he said. He wiped away a tear. "My name isn't Gordon," he said. "It's Gottlieb. I'm a

Jew. I spent a year at Dachau."

Mrs. McCann's lips moved but she said nothing. Her face was getting red.

"I came from there a broken man," said Theodore. "I haven't long to live, Mrs. McCann. My wife is dead, my three children are dead. I'm all alone. I only want to live in peace—in a little place like this—among people like you. To be a neighbor, a friend . . ."

"Mr.—Gottlieb," she said, brokenly.

After she was gone, Theodore stood silent in the living room, hands clenched whitely at his sides. Then he went into the kitchen to discipline himself.

"Good morning, Mrs. Backus," he said an hour later when the mousy little woman answered the door, "I wonder if I might ask you some questions about our church?"

"Oh. Oh, yes." She stepped back feebly. "Won't you—come in?"

"I'll be very still so as not to wake your husband," Theodore whispered. He saw her looking at his bandaged hand. "I burned myself," he said. "Now, about the church. Oh, there's someone knocking at your back door."

"There is?"

When she'd gone into the kitchen, Theodore pulled open the hall closet door and dropped the photographs of Inez Ferrel behind a pile of overshoes and garden tools. The door was shut when she returned.

"There wasn't anyone," she said.

"I could have sworn . . ." He smiled depreciatingly. He looked down at a circular bag on the floor. "Oh, does Mr. Backus bowl?"

"Wednesdays and Fridays when his shift is over," she said. "There's an all-night alley over on Western Avenue."

"I love to bowl," said Theodore.

He asked his questions about the church, then left. As he started down the path he heard loud voices from the Morton house.

"It wasn't bad enough about Katherine McCann and those awful pictures," shrieked Mrs. Morton. "Now these . . . filthy postcards!"

"But Mom!" cried Walter, Jr.

## September 14

Theodore awoke and turned the radio off. Standing, he put a small bottle of grayish powder in his pocket and slipped from the house. Reaching his destination, he sprinkled powder into the dog's water bowl and stirred it with a finger until it dissolved.

Back in the house he scrawled four letters reading: *Arthur Jefferson is trying to pass the color line. He is my cousin and should admit he is a Negro like the rest of us. I am doing this for his own good.*

He signed the letter *John Thomas Jefferson* and addressed three of the envelopes to Donald Gorse, the Mortons and Mr. Henry Putnam. The fourth he addressed to himself.

In the morning, he saw Mrs. Backus walking toward the boulevard and followed. "May I walk you?" he asked.

"Oh," she said. "All right."

"I missed your husband last night," he told her.

She glanced at him.

"I thought I'd join him bowling," Theodore said, "but I guess he was sick again."

"Sick?"

"I asked the man behind the counter at the alley and he said that Mr. Backus hadn't been coming in because he was sick."

"Oh?" Mrs. Backus' voice was thinly stricken.

"Well, maybe next Friday," said Theodore.

Later, when he came back, he saw the animal shelter truck in front of Henry Putnam's house. A man came out of the alley carrying the blanket-wrapped dog which he laid in the truck. The Putnam boys were crying as they watched.

Arthur Jefferson answered the door. Theodore showed the letter to Jefferson and his wife. "It came this morning," he said.

"This is monstrous!" said Jefferson, reading it.

"Of course it is," said Theodore. "Negroes indeed."

While they were talking, Jefferson looked through the window at the Putnam house across the street.

## September 15

Pale morning mist engulfed Sylmar Street. Theodore moved through it silently. Under the back porch of the Jefferson's house he set fire to a box of damp papers. As it began to smolder he walked across the yard and, with a single knife stroke, slashed apart the rubber pool. He heard it pulsing water on the grass as he left. In the alley, he dropped a book of matches that read *Putnam's Wines and Liquors*.

A little after six that morning he woke to the howl of sirens and felt the small house tremble at the heavy trucks passing by. Turning on his side, he yawned and mumbled "Goody."

## September 17

It was a trembling Mrs. Backus who answered Theodore's knock that Sunday morning.

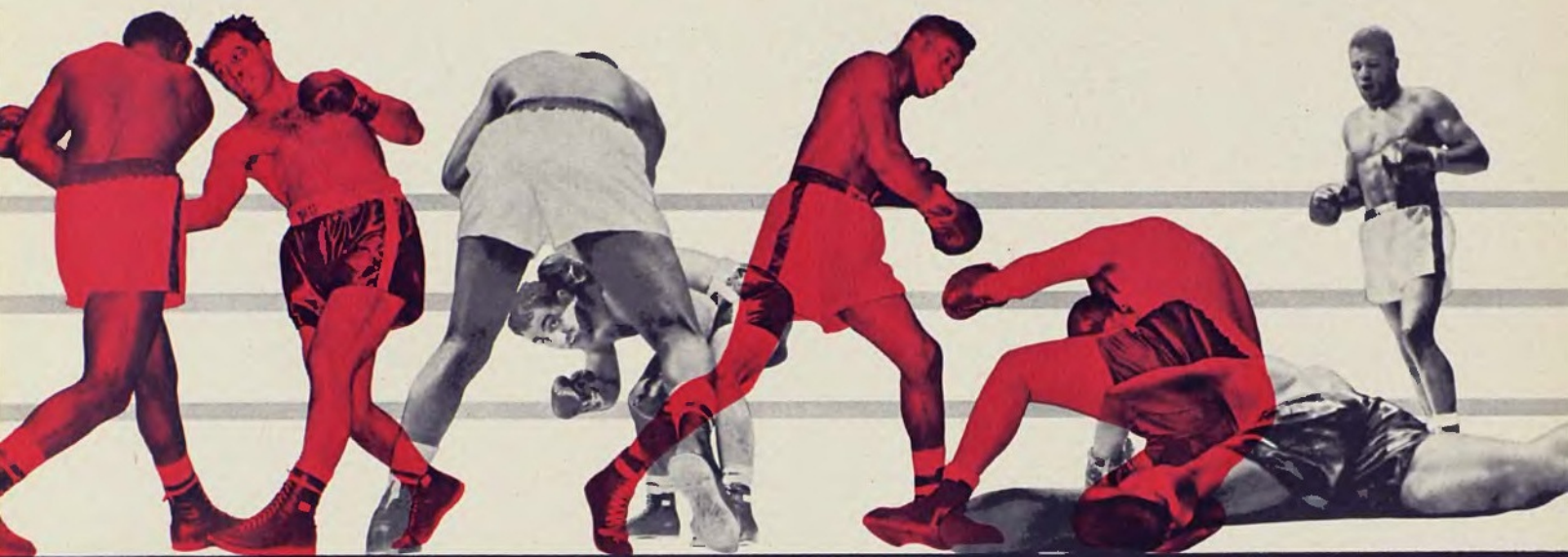
"May I drive you to church?" asked Theodore.

"I—I don't believe I—I'm not . . . feeling too well," stumbled Mrs. Backus.

"Oh, I'm sorry," Theodore said. He

(continued on page 34)





# BOXING 1958

*playboy's fifth annual ring preview*

By ED PAZDUR

IT IS ALWAYS great fun to pit a current champion against the champions of the past and try to predict the outcome of the imaginary bouts. Everybody's favorite fight of fancy right now is Heavyweight Champion Floyd Patterson versus Ex-Heavyweight Champion Rocky Marciano. This ringside reverie reached truly fanciful proportions recently when a popular men's magazine published an article titled *How We Would Whip Floyd Patterson*, written by Rocky Marciano and his trainer, Charley Goldman. Therein, trainer Goldman put forth the notion that if Mr. Marciano chose to come out of retirement the day after tomorrow, he could successfully retrieve his title by soundly thrashing the present champ. Goldman even went into considerable detail on how this could be done. He compared the two men for "strength, speed, endurance and defense" (more objective boxing buffs may have bridled a bit at finding Patterson rated superior to Marciano in only the second category), then went into a blow-by-blow description of this "dream fight," with Marciano the winner by a KO in the sixth.

We suspect Goldman has been reading too many press notices on the unretirable Sugar Ray Robinson, who keeps coming back again, and again, and again. By way of rebuttal, we think Patterson would not only win any future match

promoted with the retired Rock, it is our contention that Rocky Marciano could not have beaten Floyd Patterson on the best day he ever had.

Goldman actually dismissed Patterson in the first paragraph of his article as a great "potential" fighter, who has not yet proved himself against any strong contenders, but that objection could be raised about Marciano's entire ring career. Rocky was never defeated in a professional bout, but he fought at a time when there was simply no heavyweight competition. His toughest fight was against 40-year-old Jersey Joe Walcott, never a serious contender as a younger man, but made champion in his late thirties, because there was no one else around. Rocky beat the fat and flabby British boxer Don Cockell in a foolish fight for his second-to-last title defense. Marciano's win over Light-Heavyweight Champion Archie Moore was impressive until Patterson fought him, too, affording a comparison.

A full four years ago, when Floyd Patterson was still in his teens and fighting six-rounders, *PLAYBOY* picked him as the fighter to watch and predicted that he would "challenge and beat" Rocky Marciano for the title in 1957. Unfortunately a slipped disc forced the Rock to retire in 1956, so the two men never met.

Light-Heavyweight Champion Archie Moore is the only boxer both Marciano

and Patterson have fought, and therefore their bouts are the only ones that permit direct comparisons. The two matches were within a year of one another and the ageless Archie's successful title defense against Tony Anthony after the second match is answer enough to any who think that Moore had lost his steam before meeting Patterson. Moore put Marciano on the canvas early in their title bout and it took nine rounds of rough battle before the Rock was able to land the KO punch that saved his crown. When Marciano retired, Patterson met Moore for the heavyweight championship, and polished him off with an impressive TKO in the fifth, in a thoroughly one-sided go. There was never any question about Patterson having more style and speed than Marciano — the match with Moore proved he also carried a devastating punch — and it proved something about his durability, too: Archie hit Patterson with blows comparable to the one that put Rocky down, and they didn't phase the young champ.

Marciano was a slugger. He was strong, but he was also slow, awkward, and always an easy target. He won his bouts by pounding his opponents over and over again until they finally collapsed. This technique was satisfactory enough to keep Marciano undefeated during his professional ring career, but he never



met a challenger in a class with Patterson. Floyd is a cool and clever boxer—smart, steady, swift—and able to carry a powerful punch direct to its target. If Floyd Patterson had met Rocky Marciano in 1957 as expected, it would have been a fine fight, with both men bloodied and both men down at least once. Patterson would have won by a knockout—in or around the 12th.

#### HEAVYWEIGHTS

The heavyweight champion has traditionally been boxing's bellwether and as the heavyweights go, so goes the fight game. In 1958, however, the heavyweight division will go the way of one man's whimsey. The man is Patterson's manager, Cus D'Amato. His personal feud with the IBC produces matchmaking fiascos like the Pete Rademacher bout; Rademacher's title try was his first professional fight. Until D'Amato sets his grudge aside, no logical or worthwhile contender will have a chance at Patterson's crown. Cus may take the champ to Europe for a title fight against some nondescript European champion and return to the States for a second title bout around September. He should have generated enough publicity and animosity by then to be forced into a showdown with top contender Eddie Machen.

Machen is the only man around with any chance against the champ. He is undefeated in 25 professional bouts and looked very good in his one-sided victory over Tommy "Hurricane" Jackson. After Machen, the most deserving heavyweight is Zora Folley. Although he is a harder puncher than Machen, he lacks the stamina required to stand up against a fighter like Patterson. Folley will be exploited as a contender and he may even manage to get a crack at Patterson's crown this year.

The most promising rookie is Roy Harris of Cut and Shoot, Texas. In his last three bouts he has whipped Bob Baker, Willie Pastrano and Willie Besmanoff. Roy requires more experience and will not be ready for a title try for at least another year.

With Floyd Patterson securely situated at the top, here is how the heavyweight hierarchy shapes up:

**Champion: Floyd Patterson** of Brooklyn, N. Y.; age 23; 34 bouts; 33 wins; 1 loss; 0 draws; 24 knockouts.

1. **Eddie Machen** of Redding, Calif.; age 25; 24 bouts; 24 wins; 0 losses; 0 draws; 16 knockouts.

2. **Zora Folley** of Chandler, Ariz.; age 26; 42 bouts; 39 wins; 2 losses; 1 draw; 25 knockouts.

3. **Roy Harris** of Cut and Shoot, Texas; age 23; 21 bouts; 21 wins; 0 losses; 0 draws; 8 knockouts.

4. **Willie Pastrano** of New Orleans, La.; age 22; 54 bouts; 44 wins; 5 losses; 5

draws; 9 knockouts.

5. **Mike DeJohn** of Syracuse, N. Y.; age 26; 37 bouts; 34 wins; 3 losses; 0 draws; 25 knockouts.

#### LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHTS

Archie Moore has been at the head of the light-heavyweight division since we first began previewing the boxing scene early in 1954. The redoubtable, mustachioed veteran is a ring Methuselah of staggering years—41 by his own admission, but several years older by reliable testimony. Yet he proved his right to continue wearing the crown with a convincing knockout victory over upstart Tony Anthony, 20 years his junior.

Archie is being menaced by only one man at present—his perennial adversary, Harold Johnson. Johnson has returned to the ring wars after a two-year layoff following the doped-orange scandal connected with his defeat by Julio Mederos in 1955. Still a devastating puncher, he has fought his way back to the number-one contender's position in impressive fashion. Archie beat Harold several times running a few years back, but Harold has returned to haunt him anew.

After Johnson, Yvon Durelle appears the most likely candidate as a challenger, but his style is tailor-made for Moore. He's a robust slugger, but extremely awkward, and ring-wise as only a man with 189 fights can be, Moore would beat him handily. Pompey, the Trinidad campaigner, is an erratic performer, a champ one day and a chump another. Hoepner would probably find it difficult getting used to the complicated U.S. style of boxing, and Moore seems to be at his best against foreigners. That really leaves only fifth-rated Tony Anthony, and Moore has already disposed of him. The next light-heavyweight champion is probably a little-known youngster who will come into prominence later in the year. As for now, the light-heavyweights shape up like this:

**Champion: Archie Moore** of San Diego, Calif.; age 41; 189 bouts; 161 wins; 23 losses; 5 draws; 118 knockouts.

1. **Harold Johnson** of Philadelphia, Pa.; age 29; 64 bouts; 56 wins; 8 losses; 0 draws; 25 knockouts.

2. **Yvon Durelle** of Canada; age 28; 63 bouts; 46 wins; 15 losses; 2 draws; 23 knockouts.

3. **Yolande Pompey** of Trinidad, B.W.I.; age 28; 40 bouts; 33 wins; 4 losses; 3 draws; 24 knockouts.

4. **Willie Hoepner** of Germany; age 28; 57 bouts; 46 wins; 8 losses; 3 draws; 33 knockouts.

5. **Tony Anthony** of New York, N. Y.; age 22; 36 bouts; 30 wins; 5 losses; 1 draw; 23 knockouts.

#### MIDDLEWEIGHTS

Because of two great fighters, Sugar Ray Robinson and champion Carmen

Basilio, the middleweight class took the play completely away from the heavyweights this past year. The meeting of these two remarkable ringmen last summer was certainly the high point of 1957. In defeating Sugar Ray, Basilio not only gained considerable prestige, he is now charged with the confidence so necessary to beat Robinson a second time. His determination and driving energy should again overwhelm Robinson in their title rematch. Following his defeat, Sugar Ray will probably announce his retirement, but we suspect that financial pressures will probably bring him back still another time and that he will figure in more money fights in the future.

Basilio's second title defense in 1958 will be against either Gene Fullmer or Joey Giardello. Both are rugged fighters, capable of putting on a very good show, but we don't think either will be able to dethrone Carmen. "Spider" Webb should seriously threaten Basilio in the spring of 1959. The top middleweights look like this:

**Champion: Carmen Basilio** of Syracuse, N. Y.; age 30; 70 bouts; 52 wins; 12 losses; 6 draws; 24 knockouts.

1. **Sugar Ray Robinson** of New York, N. Y.; age 37; 148 bouts; 140 wins; 6 losses; 2 draws; 91 knockouts.

2. **Gene Fullmer** of West Jordan, Utah; age 26; 47 bouts; 43 wins; 4 losses; 0 draws; 20 knockouts.

3. **Joey Giardello** of Philadelphia, Pa.; age 27; 91 bouts; 73 wins; 13 losses; 5 draws; 25 knockouts.

4. **Charley Humez** of France; age 30; 98 bouts; 90 wins; 7 losses; 1 draw; 46 knockouts.

5. **Ellsworth "Spider" Webb** of Chicago, Ill.; age 26; 27 bouts; 25 wins; 2 losses; 0 draws; 13 knockouts.

#### WELTERWEIGHTS

For the second time in less than a decade, the welterweight division has been thrown into a round-robin tournament to produce a champion. In 1951, Sugar Ray Robinson abdicated his welter title in order to become middleweight champion. Title aspirant Johnny Bratton fought and defeated Charley Fusari and claimed the crown. His claim was disputed by Kid Gavilan and to settle the matter, the Kid met the Brat and thoroughly trounced him to become undisputed welterweight champion.

History is now repeating itself. When Carmen Basilio won the middleweight championship last summer, he gave up his welterweight title. A match was arranged between Virgil Akins and Tony DeMarco which the Massachusetts State Athletic Commission billed as a welterweight championship bout. Akins won by a knockout, but the National Boxing Association refused to recognize him as the official title-holder. A World Championship Committee was organized and

(concluded on page 34)





*"Other than that, they didn't touch a thing."*



attire

# VERILY, THE VEST

*spirited weskits  
for the upper man*

FASHIONABLE CAVALIERS of the 16th Century wouldn't dream of venturing forth in the chill spring breeze clad in anything save doublet, trunk hose and flowing cloak. Whether you dub it a doublet (now archaic), vest (the U.S. favorite), waistcoat (the British choice) or weskit (a dialectal variation of the latter), the short, snug, sleeveless, buttonable job worn beneath your 20th Century jacket carries on as an apparel item of singular distinction—perfect for adding a dash of color to your town suits, or that necessary bit of extra warmth for ides-of-March country wear. The re-emergence of the fancy weskit a few years ago saw some pretty wild stuff masquerading as acceptable fashion. No longer so: yesterday's elaborate brocades and flowered-wallpaper designs—complete with platter-sized ornamental buttons—are out as out can be. The news is clean conservatism with solid colors, quiet plaids and the traditional small checks like tattersall dominating the field. The four crafty clubmen taking their ease are sporting, from left to right, an all-wool tattersall weskit, \$22.50, a Black Watch tartan vest with silver buttons, \$19.50, a fire-engine red waistcoat with patch pockets, \$12.50, and a four-pocket suede doublet with wool plaid back, \$25.







LeRoy Neiman





*"Congratulations, my boy. I'm happy to say that according to the Court of Appeals of the State of New York, Judge Farthingale presiding, you are no longer a father."*



# story conference

NOW BEFORE THIS CONFERENCE gets started, the first thing my client says I should tell you fellows is that she thinks the script is great. "They've caught the real me," is the way she put it. And the thing she likes most about the story, she says to tell you, is how real it is. You know, honest and true to life.

Now, she has a couple of ideas. Not real changes. Just little touches. Now, you've got her as the spoiled society girl who is nursing the wounded over there wherever it is. You know that scene where she's sitting talking to the wounded soldier. Now, suppose he says, "Gee, you're pretty. Tell me what it's like back on Park Avenue." So, she starts talking, see. Low and soft, and we dissolve into a flashback. She's telling him about a party and we see her getting all dressed up. In one of them dresses she wears so good. She tells him about three or four parties, see, and that's three or four different dresses. She says it'll break up the monotony of them white dresses nurses wear.

She says that surgery scene is the greatest. You know where the doctor keeps snapping out orders and she hands him all different kinds of knives. Now, she knows it would be unrealistic she should play a nurse and have a lot of dialog in an operating room. But let's be realistic. How many people is going to buy tickets to see some guy sent over from Central Casting operate on somebody? So, here's the idea. This doctor, he's gray and distinguished looking, he calls for some kind of scalpel. She looks startled. There's a shot of her eyes clashing with the doc's. Then she shakes her head just a little bit, see. And reaches for a different knife. The doc

takes it and says something simple like, "You've saved this man's life . . . and my career, young lady." Later on she gets a medal for it, maybe. Them scenes pinning medals on her bosom is gonna be dynamite.

Oh, yeah. Another little idea. You know the scene where the four of them are out on the town? Paris or Seoul or wherever it is? Now, the way you got it, it's her and that new dame the studio just signed. That young chick outa Norway



or Denmark. I know you're both gonna laugh when I tell you the funny switch she has on the scene. Instead of two fellows and two girls it should be three fellows and just one girl. It'll make for laughs. You know, three guys after one dame. She's real good in that sort of situation.

And the finish, fellows. It's great, just great. You got it with the President of the United States, he's pinning the Congressional Medal of Honor on the hero while she looks on, proud like

with little tears in her eyes. Dynamite, she says. But, how about this slight switch? See, the hero he is dead. Killed in action. The President is awarding the medal to *her*. She's standing there real proud like and the President he grins the way he does and he says, "Boy, they do these things better in France." She looks puzzled, then she gets it, and smiles a little smile and says, "I know Johnny would be very proud." And the President he kisses her. See? She says you should shoot over the President's shoulder so you can get her mixed emotions while the kissing is going on. Maybe she raises one foot off the ground, like.

That's all. Practically the way you wrote it. And she says I should tell you fellows this: "You are going to get real big credits. On the screen and in the ads. The credits will say, 'Ly John Poindexter and you guys.'" Poindexter is that guide she met on location in Maine. He's really a college fellow. He's been out here for a month working real close with her on this story.

That's all. Oh, yeah, one little thing more. That scene where she and that new dame from Norway are in an argument. Instead of arguing with a kid, she says it's more effective if she argues with some tough old dame about 60 who's maybe the supervisor of nurses. And that close-up you got of the Norway kid watching her lover go off to battle. And she's crying. My client hates to be critical but she says if you think about it you'll agree that the scene is maudlin. It ain't true the way the rest of the picture is. You know, honest and true to life.



*glamor-puss requested just a few little changes in the script*

humor By Bill Slocum





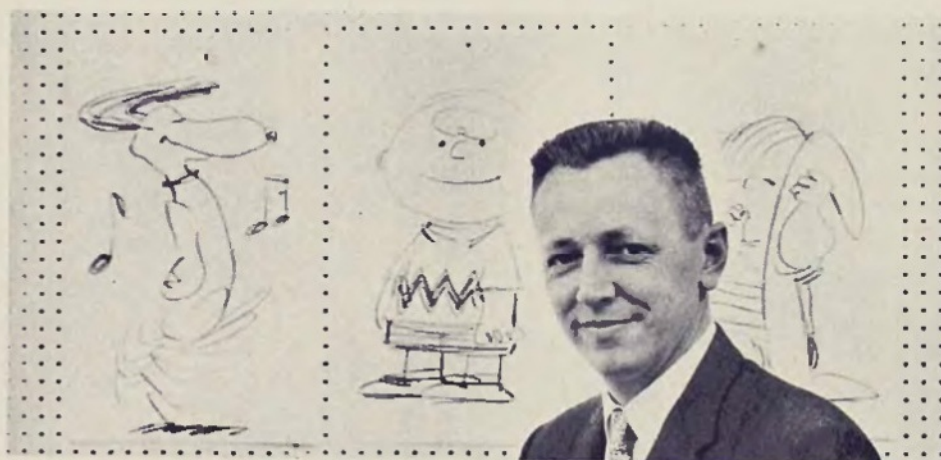
## too many cook books

A RUSSIAN PRINCE loaded with loot and a cutlass-keen editor out of Random House have merged their common interest—literature—into a puissant new force-to-be-reckoned-with in the book-publishing arena. Ivan Obolensky (perched on the desk, holding the book) is the prince and David McDowell (foreground) is the editor. Together, they form a two-headed *enfant terrible* that is striking fear in the hearts of some of the dodderers in a customarily dull and docile business. The latest coup of McDowell, Obolensky, Inc., is the posthumous publishing of James Agee's ultimate novel, *A Death in the Family*, which has been doing great in the book stores and has garnered extravagant praise from even the most niggardly reviewers. How does it happen that a comparatively small firm like theirs manages to scoop the industry? Simply because so many other publishers look upon their work as just that—an industry—while the Messrs. M & O do not. Restricting their output to just 20 books a year (10 each of fiction and non-fiction), they say: "Most book publishers are manufacturers who have shown an increasing lack of concern toward their basic commodity, the author. To cover rising costs, there's



been an over-emphasis on *merchandise*—cook books, dictionaries, westerns, and so on—and the result has been an outraged reader choking on quantity and starved for quality." McDowell is eminently capable of discerning that quality: he has been said to know more about the fresh young writing in America's literary reviews than any other man in the country, and as Senior Editor at Random House he labored with poet William Carlos Williams, novelist Paul Bowles, witness Whittaker Chambers and other pungent prosecutors of our time.

Obolensky, a finely bred art connoisseur, novelist (*Rogues' March*, 1956) and member of international aristocracy, manages to retain the glamor and glimmer of his lofty birth even in the midst of what his forebears would call "trade." Many a small, idealistic book publishing firm has hustled upon the scene with sound and fury, only to sneak off again with its tail between its legs—but publishing prophets see blue skies ahead for McDowell, Obolensky, Inc., because of the talent and zeal of its founders and the brimming coffers of Prince Ivan.



## just like in the movies

ONCE, NOT SO LONG AGO, *The Detroit Free Press* inadvertently omitted a certain syndicated feature from two of the day's editions. "Our switchboard lit up like a Christmas tree," said the editor. "We stopped the presses—just like in the movies—and got *Peanuts* back in the

paper." Modest, thirtyish Minneapolitan Charles M. Schulz, creator of the missing comic strip, commented: "It sure is nice to know that people enjoy your work." The peanuts of *Peanuts* are kids, approximately the same size and general shape as the goobers they're named after.

The cast of small fry includes miniscule actors yclept Schroeder (he plays Beethoven on a toy piano with painted-on black keys), Lucy (a female fuss-budget), Linus (who seeks solace in his security-and-happiness blanket), Charlie Brown (whose name is inevitably preceded by the approving label, Good Ol') and Snoopy (an unidentified breed of canine with protean powers of mimicry). They are precocious folk, afflicted with Hamlet-like frustrations and Werther-like *Weltschmerz*. Their favorite *cri de coeur* is "Good grief!" Schulz can—by sketching a quick circle, a dash, a loop and two black spots—convey facial expressions of exasperation and defeat unrivaled this side of Sophoclean tragedy. *Peanuts*, syndicated in newspapers throughout the world, has also been collected in a series of Rinehart books entitled *Peanuts*, *More Peanuts*, *Good Grief More Peanuts!* and *Good Ol' Charlie Brown*. Good ol' Charlie Schulz is therefore drawing not only *Peanuts* but a pretty fat salary check as well.



# ON THE SCENE

## *ocarina in the exosphere*

CLEARING THE HIGH-JUMP BAR OF singing success is a young, loose-limbed ex-athlete of San Francisco whose record for the honest-to-Pete high jump has been matched only four times in the history of the Olympic games. Johnny Mathis is the name of the boy on whom Columbia Records is banking to bring bales of the lovely long green into the cash register. He is a cunning stylist possessed of a voice which can soar high into the exosphere of the male range and which, at its best, shimmers with the delicate, pure, ocarina tone of a choirboy, yet at the same time throbs with a sure-fire sensuality that has the quail quaking in their bobby sox. Three major film companies are reputed to be dickering for his services as an actor-singer, and already he has recorded the title song for the sound track of *Wild Is the Wind* and appeared briefly in a night club scene in *Lizzie*, singing two songs, one of which — *It's Not for Me to Say* — actually outgrossed in platter sales the box-office returns of the movie. Last year, over five million dollars changed hands over U.S. record counters in the eager acquisition of Mathis discs and *Billboard* bestowed upon him the resounding, redundant title of The Number One Most Promising Male Vocalist of 1957. At year's end, Mathis returned to his home town to receive yet another citation: San Francisco's Outstanding Citizen of the Year. Not exactly without reason, then, is the smart money close to cocksure that Johnny will catapult right to the top of the pop vocal bracket — and catapult he surely should, for under a heavy coating of the usual commercial banana oil, high-jumping Johnny Mathis has the stuff and savvy stars are made of.





# BOXING 1958 (continued from page 26)

they announced that Akins, along with George Barnes, Isaac Logart, Vince Martinez, Gaspar Ortega and Gil Turner, will have to participate in an elimination tournament to determine the new champion.

The committee may have been a little short-sighted in overlooking Charley "Tombstone" Smith. This plucky contender has racked up 27 wins against four losses and should become an important figure among the welterweights later this year, probably challenging the new champion to his first title defense.

Our choice to win the title and emerge as Carmen Basilio's successor is Isaac Logart of Cuba. Our list of top contenders coincides with the World Championship Committee's, except for George Barnes, the British welter champ from Australia. He is an unspectacular fighter and made a poor showing in 1957.

1. **Isaac Logart** of Cuba; age 24; 64 bouts; 52 wins; 7 losses; 5 draws; 19 knockouts.

2. **Virgil Akins** of St. Louis, Mo.; age 29; 63 bouts; 45 wins; 17 losses; 1 draw; 25 knockouts.

3. **Vince Martinez** of Paterson, N. J.; age 28; 63 bouts; 58 wins; 5 losses; 0 draws; 30 knockouts.

4. **Gil Turner** of Philadelphia, Pa.; age 27; 71 bouts; 55 wins; 15 losses; 1 draw; 35 knockouts.

5. **Tony DeMarco** of Boston, Mass.; age 25; 65 bouts; 54 wins; 10 losses; 1 draw; 31 knockouts.

## LIGHTWEIGHTS

Joe Brown of New Orleans, who has

held the lightweight title for a little over a year and defended it twice in that time, chooses his opponents with a great deal of care: he picks the weak ones. Brown has carefully avoided meeting southpaw Kenny Lane, generally conceded to be the most formidable of the challengers in the lightweight division. It is doubtful that Brown will be successful in avoiding Lane too much longer, however, and when they meet the title will change hands. If Brown manages to side-step a showdown with Lane this year, he could probably hold onto his title. Duilio Loi limits his fighting to Europe and it is unlikely that Brown would go out of his way to invite the Italian over here for a crack at the championship. Because Brown must fight someone, if he is able to avoid Lane, he will probably take on Dupas, who is a comparatively light puncher. Hard-hitting, fourth-ranking Palo Rosi is a man to tab for the future. Here is how the lightweights line up:

**Champion: Joe Brown** of New Orleans, La.; age 31; 90 bouts; 67 wins; 14 losses; 9 draws; 29 knockouts.

1. **Kenny Lane** of Muskegon, Mich.; age 25; 55 bouts; 50 wins; 5 losses; 0 draws; 9 knockouts.

2. **Duilio Loi** of Italy; age 28; 84 bouts; 79 wins; 1 loss; 4 draws; 16 knockouts.

3. **Ralph Dupas** of New Orleans, La.; age 22; 82 bouts; 68 wins; 8 losses; 6 draws; 13 knockouts.

4. **Palo Rosi** of New York, N. Y.; age 29; 32 bouts; 27 wins; 4 losses; 1 draw; 11 knockouts.

5. **Willie Towel** of South Africa; age 23;

37 bouts; 34 wins; 1 loss; 2 draws; 21 knockouts.

## FEATHERWEIGHTS

This division has definitely declined since the exciting Willie Pep-Sandy Saddler era. It may perk up somewhat under the rule of the new champion, Hogan "Kid" Bassey of Nigeria. Bassey is the first world's champ to come out of that country and he's a scrapper. A buzz-saw sort of boxer, he upset Miguel Berrios of Puerto Rico and Cherif Hamia of France to win the featherweight title tourney staged by the IBC in 1957. A rematch with Hamia is possible, but this title bout would probably be staged outside the U.S. An enterprising promoter could stir up excitement in a Bassey-Chestnut or Bassey-Moore title go here. Both Chestnut and Moore rate as worthy opponents; Elorde and Jorgensen are also good boxers, to complete our list of challengers. The line-up looks like this:

**Champion: Hogan "Kid" Bassey** of Nigeria; age 25; 60 bouts; 49 wins; 10 losses; 1 draw; 17 knockouts.

1. **Cherif Hamia** of France; age 26; 35 bouts; 31 wins; 2 losses; 2 draws; 13 knockouts.

2. **Ike Chestnut** of New York, N. Y.; age 27; 41 bouts; 28 wins; 10 losses; 3 draws; 4 knockouts.

3. **Davey Moore** of Springfield, Ohio; age 24; 33 bouts; 27 wins; 5 losses; 1 draw; 12 knockouts.

4. **Flash Elorde** of the Philippines; age 22; 52 bouts; 37 wins; 13 losses; 2 draws; 15 knockouts.

5. **Paul Jorgensen** of Port Arthur, Texas; age 22; 67 bouts; 59 wins; 5 losses; 3 draws; 22 knockouts.

## BANTAM AND FLYWEIGHTS

The Alphonse Halimi-Raul Macias bantam championship match held in Los Angeles in November aroused considerable interest in the 118-pound class. It was a spirited battle and Halimi, a young Algerian-born Parisian, whipped the Mexican gamecock to win universal recognition as champion of the division. But Halimi will likely do most of his future fighting in Europe and Asia, since that's where the top bantams live. The champion of the flea-sized flyweights (112 pounds and under) is Argentinian Pascual Perez and he probably ranks, pound for pound, as one of the best fist-fighters in the world today. He has won 41 of his 42 professional fights (one draw) and scored 32 knockouts, a truly impressive record, as a knockout for a flyweight is an unusual feat. Perez draws big crowds wherever he fights in South America, Europe or Asia, but he is unknown in this country where flyweights are conspicuously absent.

## DISTRIBUTOR (continued from page 24)

saw the photographs of Inez Ferrel protruding from her apron pocket.

Theodore went to church with Donald Gorse who said that his daughter Eleanor was feeling ill.

"I'm so sorry," Theodore said.

That afternoon, he spent a while at the Jefferson house helping clear away the charred debris of their back porch. When he saw the slashed rubber pool he drove immediately to a drug store and bought another one.

"But they love that pool," said Theodore, when Patty Jefferson protested. "You told me so yourself."

He winked at Arthur Jefferson but Jefferson was not communicative that afternoon.

September 23

Early in the evening Theodore saw Alston's dog walking in the street. He got his BB gun and, from the bedroom window, soundlessly, fired. The dog nipped fiercely at its side and spun

around. Then, whimpering, it started home.

Several minutes later, Theodore went outside and started pulling up the door to the garage. He saw the old man hurrying down his alley, the dog in his arms.

"What's wrong?" asked Theodore.

"Don't know," said Alston in a breathless, frightened voice. "He's hurt."

"Quickly!" said Theodore. "Into my car!"

He rushed Alston and the dog to the nearest veterinary, passing three stop signs and groaning when the old man held his hand up, palsiedly, and whimpered, "Blood."

For three hours Theodore sat in the veterinary's waiting room until the old man staggered forth, his face a grayish white.

"No," said Theodore, jumping to his feet.

He led the old man, weeping, to the car and drove him home. There, Alston

(continued on page 68)





ILLUSTRATION BY SEYMOUR FLEISHMAN

# WHEEL OF FORTUNE

*fiction* By JOHN OGHAM

*just one more chance, prayed gary, while there is still time to find my heart's desire*

"THE EARL OF DARA raises the best horses in Ireland, for all that he is an Englishman," said Terry as he led me into the pasture. "And you'll not deny that the Irish Thoroughbred makes the best hunter in the world."

I stood in the deep, wet grass on the lord's demesne while Terry, my taxi driver, waved his checked cap and shouted, "Whoosh!" to make the foals and brood mares run.

As the herd swept past, I took particular notice of one young stallion

whose spirit soared above the others'. "Now *there*," I said, pointing, "is a horse!"

"He is that," rejoined Terry. "A horse with the heart of a lion, just like his da."

"Who is his father?" I asked.

"Wheel-of-Fortune he was," said Terry. "A horse whose name will never be forgotten here in Dara, for he shook up the lives of more than one of us."

Though he said no more, I knew Terry had a story inside him, and I

paid my debt to courtesy by inquiring whether or not my suspicions had a foundation.

He nodded. "If it's a story you want," he said darkly, "then it's a story I'll tell you, sir."

"That calls for putting our feet up and a pint of stout," I said. "We've had a long day."

My plane to New York had been grounded at Shannon Airport by bad weather, so I had hired Terry to show  
*(continued on page 54)*



IT MUST BE A GREAT satisfaction to Englishmen to realize that although they have gone unchallenged as the world's worst cooks, their roast beef has been the envy of gourmets everywhere. For centuries, the English cook, fully conscious that he couldn't tell sauce from 7-Up, has treated his mighty roast beef with a kind of affectionate humility, simply placing the plain ribs carefully on the fire — unseasoned, ungarnished and unmolested. In this courtly kitchen gesture, the Englishman has been perfect; for good roast beef should be manipulated as little as possible.

Logically enough, while the cooks of Merrie England were doing right by their ribs, sirloins, barons and haunches, British cattlemen were busy developing the world's best beef on the hoof. Merely the names Aberdeen Angus and Hereford show the origin of the blue-ribbon beef we eat today.

English carvers were also instrumental in establishing the reputation of English roast beef. Unlike the non-interventionist cooks, these carvers were a breed of learned craftsmen who as early as the 16th Century were avidly reading the procedures in the *Boke of Kervynge*. At the table of Edward IV there stood four official carvers, especially trained knights of the high order known as bannerets, famed for the skill with which they lifted their mighty Sheffield blades and delivered the king's roast beef.

With good reason, then, did the poet Richard Leveridge write:

*When mighty roast beef  
was the Englishman's food,  
It ennobled our hearts  
and enriched our blood;  
Our soldiers were brave  
and our courtiers were good.  
Oh! the roast beef of old  
England!*

Today it's a generally accepted fact that Britishers no longer enjoy the world's best beef. American cattle are

better fed and better shaped.

No matter how diverse your guests may be, they will all form an *entente cordiale* when roast ribs of beef are carried to the board. Nonconformists who may be argumentative about steaks, fidgety with chicken, or suspicious of fish will unbend and welcome the majestic tender slices of roast beef, brown-edged and rare, oozing as from a limitless spring their own pink juices *au naturel*.

Fortunately, you can now buy rib roast without worrying too much about such criteria as marbling, grain, conformation, porosity of bone, hues of fat and other professional guides that frequently confuse the amateur chef. First of all, look for the U.S. Department of Agriculture (USDA) stamp, indicating the quality, which is printed on the back of the roast. If the meat is stamped *prime*, you're buying the best grade of beef available. Normally the quantity of prime beef available for retail stores is rather small. If prime isn't obtainable, you'll want the next best grade, which is *choice*. Now, admittedly, with these grades, professional meat men detect minor differences usually not discernible to the untrained eye, but by and large you will have excellent beef if you confine yourself to these two top echelons. Don't buy beef marked *good*, *commercial* or *utility*. Some of the big meat packers use their own nomenclature for grading, and you can follow them if you're familiar with their meaning. The chances are, however, that the packer's self-imposed standards are hardly as objective as those of the government graders. In some parts of the country, beef which is slaughtered locally and delivered locally may not be graded at all. In such cases you must depend upon the good judgment of your butcher, and you should select him with the same care with which you choose a decorator, an architect or any of the other experts who advise you in the art of not just living

but living intelligently and pleasurably.

Finally, beyond the ranks of prime and choice there remains the very highest caste in the animal kingdom — *aged beef*. This is beef kept on the butcher's hook for several weeks where it becomes more tender and more juicy through the friendly action of enzymes. During the aging process, the meat changes from a cherry red color to a dull red. Veteran beefeaters want their meat aged not only to maximum tenderness, which takes about three weeks, but even beyond this stage until the meat acquires a sharp, almost gamy, flavor. Don't try to age beef in your own refrigerator. It must be kept under controlled temperature and low humidity which only the trained meat-cutter can manage effectively. Now, if there's one kind of man the butcher hates more than the vegetarian, it's the man who demands aged beef. The reason for his hate is simple. Aging shrinks meat. The fresher it is, the more it weighs and the more the butcher collects. If it were possible, he'd love to sell his meat even before *rigor mortis* has set in. There are, however, in some cities, gourmet butcher shops where aged beef is available at premium prices. Sometimes, wholesale butchers who store aged beef for fine hotels and taverns will sell it at retail prices. Certainly for the best of all possible beef blowouts, you should make every attempt to buy well-ripened beef.

The best ribs for roasting are sometimes known as The First Three Ribs. Anatomically, these are the ribs farthest from the neck and may also be called the 10th, 11th and 12th ribs. In order to avoid confusion, simply tell the butcher that you want three ribs cut from the small end right alongside the short loin. These ribs will contain the large, solid center piece known as the "eye," and will be relatively free from gristle, excess fat and the tough end known as the flank. The ribs should be no more than seven inches long. Tell the butcher to

*food* By THOMAS MARIO

# ① Rare Roast Beef

*it ennobles our hearts and enriches our blood*







cut off any meat beyond the seven-inch goal line. Use these ends for boiling or braising. Tell the butcher also to cut off the backbone (not merely separate it) for easy carving.

Undergraduate carvers are often partial to boned rib roasts. These are sometimes called Spencer or Newport roasts. Offhand, they would seem to be easier to handle, but actually they present some difficulties which should not be overlooked. Boned roasts take a longer cooking time per pound than roasts with the bone left in, because the meat is much more compact and chunky after it is tied. The butcher, in boning and tying the meat, will sometimes include the tough flank which would otherwise be eliminated. Then, when you go to carve the boneless meat, the cord used to hold the meat together will sometimes drop off prematurely and the wobbly, unsupported meat will actually be harder to slice than a roast in which the stalwart bone remains.

For handling a rib roast properly, there is certain basic equipment you should own. First of all, you want a shallow, uncovered roasting pan at least 10 by 14 inches. You'll want a carving board, and it should be a thick, hard maple board, not the thin, warped affair used for slicing bread or buns. The widely used spiked board is helpful to some carvers and a damned nuisance to others. The spiked board is particularly bothersome when you stand a rib roast on its end for carving, and the meat stubbornly bends like a leaning tower. To set the roast aright it may be necessary to place a saucer or other supporting object beneath the meat. This is rather difficult on a spiked board.

The best knife for carving is known appropriately as the roast beef slicer. The long, narrow weapon of uniform width is rounded at the blade's end, making it easy to swing the knife up to, and around, the bones. For steadying the meat and lifting the slices, you'll need a carving fork with genuinely sturdy prongs and handle.

Before any tenderfoot chef places his roast in the oven, he should take heart and understand that the interior of roast beef isn't a deep, dark continent full of mystery but something which can be easily gauged at every stage of the roasting procedure by the use of a meat thermometer. Insert the meat thermometer, and you'll be able to tell whether the meat is rare, medium or well done. A word of warning, however: for some years now, the manufacturers of meat thermometers have held a somewhat naive idea of what constitutes "rare." Most meat thermometers indicate rare as 140° (the internal temperature of the meat). In PLAYBOY's opinion, beef is rare at 130°. Let the temperature go to 140° for medium and 160° for well done.

Usually there's someone at a roast beef party who asks for the crisp, well-done end pieces, but most adult roast beef lovers will not tolerate beef that isn't rare.

Never buy a roast containing less than two ribs. Small roasts are subject to excessive loss of flavor in the oven because the cut sides may be just as large in a one-rib roast as in a four-rib roast. A three-rib roast is a good average size.

Raw beef for roasting which has been stashed away in the deep freeze is never equal to unfrozen beef roasts because of the huge flood of juice which is unloosed when the large cuts are thawed prior to roasting. If you roast frozen beef without thawing it beforehand, you must allow from 15 to 20 minutes more cooking time per pound than for the unthawed roast. This additional cooking time varies with the shape and size of the roast. You should insert the meat thermometer as soon as the meat is soft. In either case there will be a pronounced loss of juice with a corresponding loss of flavor.

Butcher shop browsers will discover a number of other cuts which are used for roasting. Plain sirloin of beef, that which is called "boned shell" by the butcher, is luxurious eating and quite expensive. The real potentialities of this cut, however, are best realized when the meat is cut into steaks for broiling. Top sirloin or sirloin butt roasts are semitender and must always be roasted quite rare or they lose their savor. They are sold boneless, and while the meat can be quite succulent at times, they lack the robust flavor of the ribs. Top round roasts are quite coarse in texture, semitender at best, and while containing very little waste, they are definitely of hash house calibre. Lastly, roast filet or tenderloin of beef is the most expensive and most tender cut of all. In French restaurants, roast filet of beef is usually featured with a lush wine sauce. The sauce is added because, while the winsome meat melts in your mouth, the flavor is flat alongside the unmatched palatability of the roast ribs.

The amount of beef to buy naturally depends upon the capacities of your guests. For instance, if you're entertaining the unabashed when-do-we-eat sort, you may want to provide oversize portions, and you should allow a pound of raw beef per person. Thus a three-rib roast, weighing 9 pounds trimmed and ready for the oven, would satisfy nine such hefty appetites. Naturally, after cooking, the meat will weigh considerably less. If your guests, on the other hand, are noted for the slim waistlines they keep, you might allow from ¾ to ½ pound of raw beef per person.

No supporting dish has ever upstaged roast ribs of beef on the table. Before the roast is ushered in, you might serve some plump oysters on the half shell or offer a cup of clear green turtle soup. Under no circumstances would you dull

your palate with a heavy purée soup. Along with the roast beef itself there are some alluring time-tested consorts — fluffily baked, stuffed potatoes flavored with chives, the youngest of green baby string beans, the natural gravy of the meat known as *jus*, and Yorkshire pudding, a thin, tender shell of crust baked with the drippings of the beef itself. Certainly with roast beef it would be hard to imagine a more buoyant or more amicable beverage than cold beer or ale freshly poured into oversize tankards.

#### ON THE FIRE

Remove beef from refrigerator at least an hour before roasting in order to bring it as close as possible to room temperature. Preheat oven at 425°. Place ribs fat side up in an uncovered roasting pan. Insert meat thermometer through the fatty side of the roast. Don't salt or pepper the meat. Salt only penetrates meat to about ½ inch from the surface. Excess salt draws off beef juice. Roast beef slices may be sprinkled with salt after they're carved. Roast the meat at 425° for 20 to 25 minutes. Then lower temperature to 325°. Roasting at a constant high temperature causes excessive shrinkage. Keep the roast on the fire until it is done as indicated by the meat thermometer. From time to time you may have to pour off the light beef drippings for Yorkshire pudding. If you don't have a meat thermometer allow about 18-20 minutes per pound for rare roast beef, 20-22 minutes per pound for medium and 25 minutes for well done.

#### AU JUS

The thin roast beef gravy, with no thickening whatever added, should look like a dark consommé. To give it an authentic roast beef flavor, two steps are necessary. First, you must use the dark drippings on the pan bottom or sides (not the light melted fat of the beef). Then you must carefully capture the pink juices which flow out as the roast sets after it is removed from the oven. If possible, the beef juices that flow out as the meat is carved should be added to the gravy boat too. In starting the job, first pour off all fat from the pan. Add (for a three-rib roast) 1½ cups boiling water. Scrape the pan bottom and sides to loosen the drippings. Add 2 bouillon cubes and a dash of Kitchen Bouquet or Gravy Aid for color. Add 2 teaspoons sweet butter, ¼ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce and salt and pepper to taste. Bring to a boil. Reduce flame and simmer 3 minutes. You may have to use two top burners to simmer the liquid in the large pan. Strain the *jus* if necessary.

#### AT THE CARVING BOARD

Before taking your command post at the head of the table, be sure that the  
(concluded on page 76)



**S**PRING IS HERE. Just about. Though many a coat collar may still be turned up and many a mug of mulled wine may still be quaffed to help calm clacking teeth, the calendar, stubborn to the last, insists that spring begins on March 20. Time, then, to begin thinking of outings in the open air . . . getting next to Nature . . . dusting off the rod and reel and matching wits with our finny friends who inhabit the fresh flowing streams of our native woodlands wild. No true sportsman, of course, would ever consider partaking of these pleasant pastimes all alone; a jolly feminine companion is just as necessary as the creel, the waders, and the hat with the hooks in it. Our candidate for such a companion is Zahra Norbo. After copping the Miss Sweden title three years ago, Miss Norbo came to the U. S. of A., and appeared briefly in a couple of movies and several TV shows, notably the Groucho Marx slot, where her tape-busting measurements so unsettled Groucho that he couldn't remember his ad libs. It has been reported, in another magazine, that Zahra, though she will oblige photographers by peeling down to a bikini, definitely will disrobe no further. "I would feel uncomfortable," she was quoted as saying. Miss Norbo's discomfiture dissolved when we approached her with the notion of being our Miss March, so, as you unbend this gatefold, you'll find all five-feet-seven of her fabulous frame blithely bared to the bracing breezes of the vernal season.



## IN LIKE A LAMB

*playmate zahra norbo could tame the most leonine of march winds*







MISS MARCH PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH













# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

I just examined Sophia Loren," said the bug-eyed doctor at the Hollywood film studio.

"And how is she?" his fellow physician wanted to know.

"My only wish is that the whole world should be in such good shape."



The newlyweds entered the elevator of their Miami Beach hotel. The operator, a magnificent blonde, looked at them in surprise and said, "Why, hello, Teddy, how are you?"

A frosty silence prevailed until the couple reached their room, when the piqued bride demanded: "Who was that woman?!"

"Take it easy, honey," said the groom, "I'm going to have trouble enough explaining you to her."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *sympathy* as that which one woman offers another in exchange for the details.



"Are you sure this is your house?" the cop asked the thoroughly sozzled gentleman.

"Shertainly," said the drunk, "and if you'll jush open the door f'me, I'll prove it to you."

"You shee that piano?" the drunk began. "Thash mine. You shee that television set? Thash mine, too. Follow me, follow me."

The police officer followed as he shakily negotiated the stairs to the second

floor. The drunk pushed open the first door they came to.

"Thish ish my bedroom," he announced. "Shee that bed? Thash my bed. Shee that woman lying in the bed? Thash my wife. An' shee that guy lying next to her?"

"Yeah," said the cop suspiciously.

"Thash mel"

She knew that these were to be her last few hours on this earth, so she called her husband to her side and in a halting voice told him her last request.

"I know," she said, "that you and Mother have never gotten along. But would you, as a special favor to me, ride to the cemetery in the same car with her?"

"All right," replied the unhappy husband, "but it will spoil my whole day."



We know a broad-minded miss who will go out with men of any denomination, but prefers those with fifties and hundreds.

"Don't you know, young lady," said the irate policeman, "that two piece bathing suits are not allowed on this beach?"

"All right, officer," replied the well-built miss, "which piece would you like me to remove?"

The modest maiden had just purchased some lingerie and asked if she might have the sentence "If you can read this you are too damn close" embroidered on her panties.

"Yes, madam," said the clerk, "I'm quite certain that can be done. Would you prefer block or script letters?"

"Braille," said she.

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





*"I can get you a couple of weekend engagements in Atlantic City and Buffalo. Then, who knows, maybe something later in showbiz."*




# MUSIC FOR PEOPLE

**A** LITTLE BOY, asked by a school psychologist what his ears were for, answered, "To wash." This indicates the low esteem in which we have too long held these excellent conch shells which stand out on either side of our brain, and which serve it so well. Poets make much of our eyes, calling them the windows of the soul and similar fanciful names. Scientists, for their part, seem much taken with the opposable thumb, a device undeniably useful for hoisting cocktail canapes or for wielding stone axes, depending on what stage of civilization you live in. But no one seems to have been much interested in the ears — until 1958.

A rectification of this neglect now is vigorously under way. Several thousand of your most ingenious fellow-citizens suddenly have become keenly aware of the fact that you have ears — *two* ears — that you bring them home with you each evening, and that you still are wearing them when, after dining, you suddenly conceive a desire for some music and go flip a switch to bring it into being. And nothing could agonize them more — these well-wishers of yours — than the thought that the music you propose to enjoy could as well be enjoyed by a one-eared man. It isn't stereo. Hence, sonically speaking, you are only half-living.

Stereo is icumen in. No doubt about this could abide with anyone who visited the Chicago or New York audio show late last autumn. Only a pathetic minority of exhibitors tried there to demonstrate their wares as media for the conventional single-source variety of sound reproduction. All the others had dual-channel stereophonic setups, wherein sound recorded by two separate sets of microphones, on two separate tracks of a magnetic tape, was reproduced over two separate amplifiers and two loudspeaker systems, the latter spaced apart as the microphones had been. Because of the listening conditions which bedevil such exhibitions, held in hotels and trade halls, most of the sound was wretched, but an occasional chord reached out, to perceptive pairs of ears, making clear the incontestable virtue of stereophony. The flute was plainly upstage left, the first fiddles almost visibly in front of it, the trombones clearly over to the right, and the percussion in the space behind them. As if a flashbulb had gone off, the whole orchestra stood revealed. This was no simulacrum; it approximated the real thing, three-dimensional, solid and true.


The theory of stereo is very simple indeed. Its basis lies in your possession of two ears, attuned through eons of evolution for important precision work. You, yourself, may be here to read this today because, 30,000 years ago, a pair of human ears accurately located and identified the sound of a saber-toothed tiger pushing through the underbrush. Now — saber teeth being extinct — you listen with an urgency that is different but not necessarily less. If you attend, let us say, a jazz concert graced by Mr. Lionel Hampton, you perform the same process your ancestor did. The vibraphone is somewhat to your right. Its direct sound will reach your right ear more loudly and a trifle sooner than it reaches your left ear. And what does reach your left ear, later by a fraction of a second, will be tempered by a larger admix-



*through darkest  
stereoland with  
tape and disc  
modern living*

**BY JOHN M. CONLY**





## WITH TWO EARS

ture of sound reflected from the wall of the hall. The result of this, even with your eyes closed, is that you will have no trouble turning your head to face Mr. Hampton's vibraphone. The fractional second of time differential gives your ears no trouble.

Obviously, then, I am not saying that dual-channel stereo sound, conveyed by two point-source loudspeakers, actually will fool your listening apparatus. It won't. Nothing could, short of a whole wall of loudspeakers, each fed by its individually microphoned sound channel. But your ears have still another virtue. They will abet an illusion, if you really want them to (you have found this out, of course, if you have tried good single-channel high fidelity).

Give them, from two sound sources, the proper timing and lateral spacing of music generated by a group of musicians on a stage, and they will give you a startlingly real three-dimensional picture of the ensemble. It will be a picture more than twice as real as a single-channel reproduction of equal sonic purity, even if the single-channel sound be delivered through a spread array of loudspeakers. Why this should be so I don't know. I think the ears are dissatisfied unless they can perform their whole function, which includes a sort of judgment of distance, direction, and sound-distribution.

Granted, this is not always musically important. An Art Tatum solo or a late Beethoven quartet gains little from sonic perspective: with them the *idea* is the whole thing. But a musical comedy or an opera, or a march by the Scots Guards, or a Richard Strauss tone poem is enormously more effective when another dimension of hearing is added. You can see why without explanation.

The reason an organ or a concert grand piano should sound better in stereo than in single-channel reproduction is subtler. An organ is not an especially directional instrument: you never can tell which pipe is sounding. *But* — an organ is not of itself a complete instrument, either. Part and parcel of its musical personality is the church or hall into which it is built (you hear the hall, you see, instead of the pipe). And what stereo's paired microphones can do is open some of the sonorous space of the hall to your constricted listening room. You get sonic vista. There is no other way you can get it, except by going to a concert (which is not a bad idea, by the way: keeps your ear tuned and keeps you modest about your sound system).

Until now, the only important medium of stereo has been tape. Further, I think tape will survive as the purist's medium. But disc stereo is, technically, an accomplished fact already. Last autumn I heard demonstrations of three disc stereo processes, and any of them — though not quite so good as the best tape — was quite good enough to be considered marketable.

The one deemed likeliest of adoption by the record industry was developed by Westrex, a subsidiary of Bell Telephone. It employs a single stylus tracking a single groove. The groove is cut by a stylus which has two driving elements, working at right angles to each other. This is old stuff in



laboratories, but in most earlier systems one sound channel is engraved simply side to side (like your present records) and the other straight up and down (like the early Edisons). In the Westrex system the two sets of modulations still are cut at right angles to each other, but neither is purely vertical nor horizontal. Instead, both are partly both, being cut at an angle of 45 degrees to the record's surface. This is hard to visualize, but it works. Its great industrial virtue is that a record so made can be played as a non-stereo record by a non-stereo pickup cartridge. Thus, when a company wants to go stereo, via Westrex, it can simply discontinue its monaural or single-channel discs. The dealer needn't carry two versions of each recording.

As this was written, only Fairchild had come out with a stereo pickup cartridge. However, Columbia and Brush Electronics were each rumored to be readying one using ceramic elements, and among the makers of magnetics, G.E., Pickering, and Electro-Sonic had let it be known that they will be ready when the discs come forth—probably next autumn. (As a matter of piquant fact, in mid-December of 1957 the first "commercial" stereo disc came on the market. The producer was Audio Fidelity, and I enquote the word commercial, since the shrewd if obvious objective was to secure a copyright on the trademark "Stereodisc." The record, probably good even if no equipment existed to prove it, was a Westrex-cut disc offering on one side selections by the Dukes of Dixieland, on the other, railroad sounds.) Certainly some of the makers of magnetics also will produce inexpensive preamplifiers, probably transistorized, for the pickup's second channel.

For the enthusiast, the really burning question is whether to wait for stereo discs or tool up now for tape, which can be bought right away, or both.

Most will wait for discs. Discs are easier to play, and they will cost less. A plastic-backed raw tape of symphonic length costs at least \$1.50 more than the vinyl biscuit on which a disc is cut, and no manufacturer, however clever, can make this fact disappear. Further, tape copying, which requires a play-through for each duplication, is costlier than disc pressing. The common home tape speed may go down from  $7\frac{1}{2}$  inches per second to  $3\frac{3}{4}$ , effecting an economy (without any great sacrifice of fidelity), but I should still predict that in, say, two years, the price of a tape stereo symphony still will be at least \$7.50, while a disc of the same content will cost about \$5—up a little from present levels, but not much.

On the other hand, sliding a plastic ribbon coated with iron oxide past a smooth-gapped recording head is in-

herently a better method of reproducing sound than making a polished diamond stylus, however compliantly mounted, ride the convolutions of a plastic groove. Moreover, tape stereo is finished with its growing pains. The disc-stereo pickup is going to be a pretty capacious beastie for a year or so: to get near-perfect, low-distortion compliance in even one dimension has been a dreadfully hard job for designers. If you really want good stereo sound in your living room before 1959, and are willing to pay for it, I advise getting a tape player. When the disc machinery comes out, and divests itself of its bugs, it will be compatible—as to input, and the like—with what you have bought to play tapes. And you'll have another year's savings to spend, won't you?

Which is another way of saying that disc stereo may get to be good, but tape stereo is good right now.

There is something else I'd like to see happen, too, and which tape, if it finally furnishes any sizable part of the public's listening, may bring about: we may at last get rental music library service. During the vinyl LP disc era, we couldn't. One play-through with a bad stylus ruins an LP, and that will apply to a stereo LP just as it does to a monaural LP.

With the foregoing I have more or less covered the case for tape stereo, and will proceed now with the equipment needed to play it. For the real gone high fidelity enthusiast, of course, the whole problem is no problem. He is going to equip himself with two amplifiers and two loudspeakers anyway, since stereo of any kind will require these. And he is going to buy a two-channel tape recorder now, because he can't wait. And he is going to buy a stereo phono-pickup cartridge when stereo discs come on the market, because he is curious to hear them, and because there are some recordings of music or other sounds (steamboats, sports cars, thunderstorms, and the like) which he will not feel the need to keep inviolable on tape, as he does the music he most cherishes. I think this is a very sensible attitude, because it is my own.

How to equip yourself for stereo tape listening depends on what you own already, and the field seems to divide up logically three ways. Mr. A has no sound system at all. Mr. B has a single-channel high fidelity system without a tape recorder. Mr. C has a single-channel sound system including a monaural (single-channel) tape recorder.

Mr. A is likely to emerge from the process having spent (for his whole system) the least money, since he will be shopping for amplifiers and speakers in pairs, and undoubtedly will indulge more modestly in these items than if he

were buying only one of each. Mr. B will spend the *most* money, since he must buy not only a tape recorder, but a second amplifier and speaker not too very different from those he owns already, which may be pretty good. Mr. C's expenditures will be somewhere in between. He has the same amplifier-and-speaker problem as Mr. B. However, he has a monaural recorder which he can either sell, to help pay for a stereo model, or have converted for stereo use.

Mr. A's way may be beset with temptation. Various manufacturers, among them Webcor, VM, and RCA Victor, have put on the market complete, packaged stereophonic tape phonographs, priced at less than \$350. They deliver true three-dimensional sound—in fidelity equivalent to that available in table-top record players. Which is to say, the realism is convincing enough for the average listener whose ears are not "educated" enough, or sufficiently sensitized, to discriminate those differences which are dear to the man who demands the height of fi. I am sure they will sell—and so they should, to those whose aims are adequate realism plus the convenience of ready-to-play equipment. But they are outside the province of this article, just as ready-made suits would find no place in an article on custom tailoring.

The heart of Mr. A's stereo assembly—or anyone's—will be his tape-recorder mechanism. This will incorporate a tape-transport deck, not too complicated, and underpinned with a precision motor thoroughly guaranteed against speed fluctuation. Further, it will have a "stacked" (or in-line, meaning side-by-side) pair of reproducing heads to play stereo tapes, one of which also can be used for the owner's own single-channel recording and playback.

It will also incorporate two preamplifiers, to beef up the tapehead's output enough for a power amplifier to go to work on it, and to equalize the signal tonally (tape recordings need equalizing just as discs do) in compliance with the standards set up by the National Association of Radio and Television Broadcasters (NARTB).

Currently the criterion by which all other high fidelity stereo tape players for home use are judged is the Ampex, dubbed A-121 or A-122 according to its covering, and priced (on the same basis) from \$480 to \$500. This you should look at—and listen to—even if you can't afford it, as a standard for judging more economical recorders. It is a variant of the company's professional portable stereo machine, the 601-2 (\$1000), from which it differs mainly in the latter's heavy-duty con-

(continued on page 77)









On the set of *And God Created Woman*, Brigitte's real-life boyfriend, actor Jean-Louis Trintignant, cuddles close to the Bardot bosom in preparation for a torrid love scene, while Brigitte's ex, Roger Vadim, who wrote and directed the film, guards her modesty with a bed sheet.

# The Best of Brigitte

*offscreen, la belle bardot is even more bewitching*

WITH THE RECENT RELEASE in this country of roughly half a dozen Brigitte Bardot films, Americans can now see what the proverbial 50 million Frenchmen have been pawing the ground about of late. Miss Bardot is the kind of cutie who is continually being referred to as a *gamine*. That's one good reason why we won't refer to her as a *gamine*, but there's a better reason: a *gamine* is a street urchin, and from what we can tell from her films,

Brigitte spends very little time out of doors. Enchanting as she is on the screen, though, our Paris correspondent tells us the camera captures only a fraction of her qualities and that, to be fully appreciated, she must be observed in the intimacy of the film studio.

When he dropped by to visit her during working hours (hers as well as his), he found her gabbing gregariously with technicians, grips, actors, cameramen,

writers and assorted assistant directors, clad the while in what looked like a trio of cocktail napkins plus, in austere moments, shoes. Good spirits and carefree camaraderie prevailed, and the general atmosphere was one of friendly chaos.

"Depravity?" She blinked when the word came up during our between-takes interview. "That has something to do with sin, no? I know what sin is."

She should. She has put more sin into



*pictorial*



Above: Brigitte, half-clad and casual, chits during a break for lighting adjustments. Below: a cooperative assistant director helps her down from a perilous perch after a take.





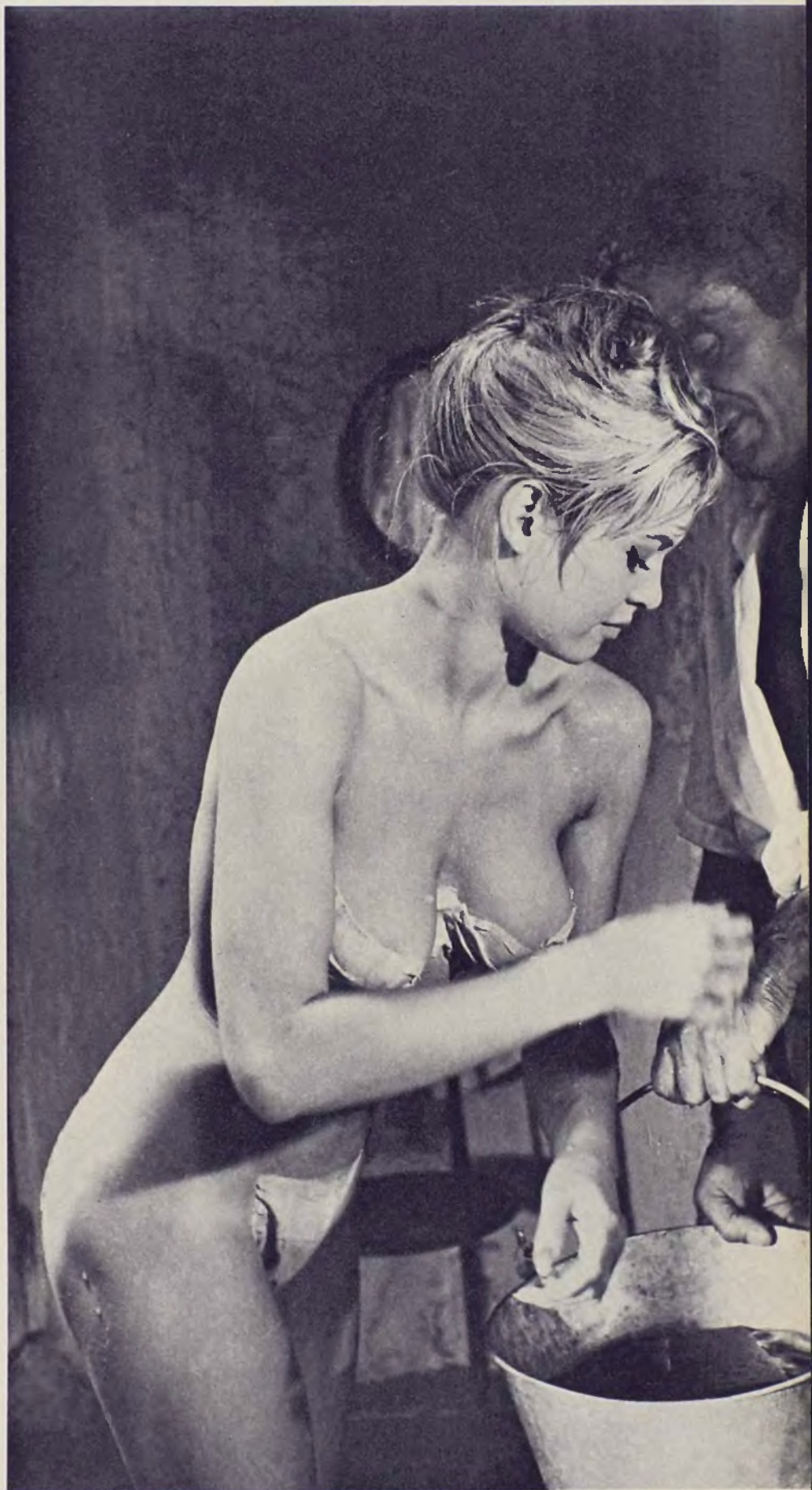
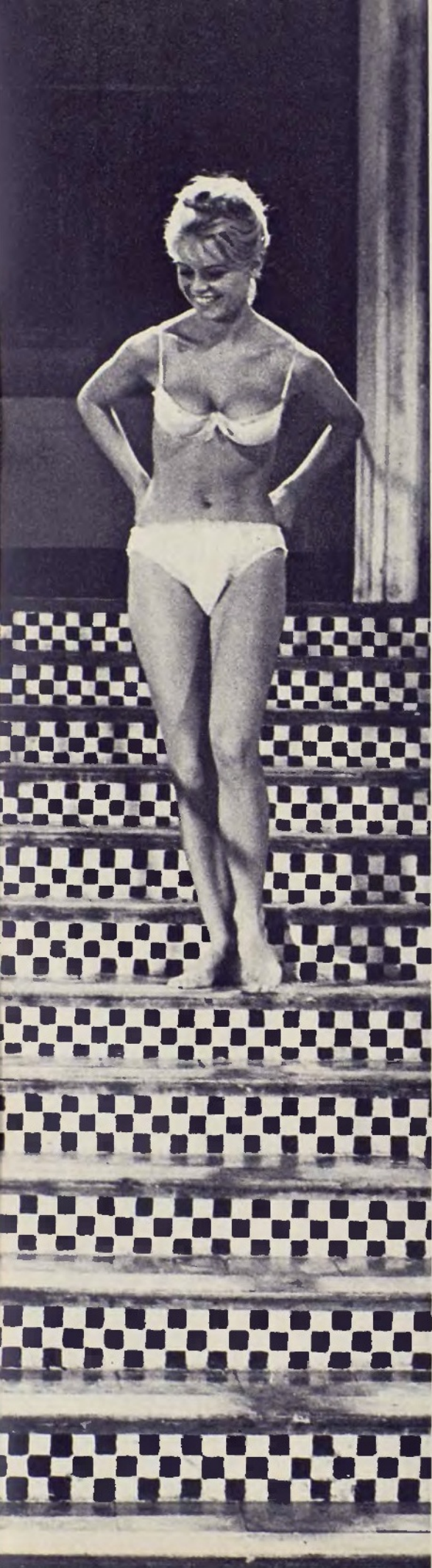
more cinema than any other recent film femme we can think of offhand, or even onhand. In such movies as *The Bride Is Much Too Beautiful*, *And God Created Woman*, *The House Across the Road*, *Mademoiselle Striptease* (also known as *Please! Mr. Balzac*) and one or two others, she has invariably played the Spanish fly in the filmic ointment, fomenting ferment in the yesty males of her supporting cast and causing an epidemic of heavy breathing all around. The Bardot body has a good deal to do with all this, *naturellement*, but don't sell the face short: though not "much too beautiful" by the classic yardstick, it nevertheless has a direct appeal for all fellows who savor cuteness-cum-carnality.

Our interview didn't get much further than the depravity discussion, for soon someone in authority clapped his hands loudly and called for order, and Brigitte, murmuring "*Excusez-moi*," walked off to be wetted down for a bathing scene by an obliging young man with a waiting pail of warm water.



A bare Bardot stretches out in preparation for shot used as background for title and credits in *And God Created Woman*.





Above: wearing only a cache-sexe or three, BB is doused for a bath scene.





## WHEEL OF FORTUNE (continued from page 35)

me some of the countryside around Limerick.

He had driven me to Dara, a picture-book village in the greenest valley of Eire, a place so small, peaceful and old-fashioned you would suppose nothing had happened there since the Franciscan Friary burned down in 1464. We had strolled the single, unpaved street between two rows of whitewashed cottages with thatched roofs, earth floors and flower-filled window boxes. We had tramped the woods and lush meadows of the lord's estate and, from a respectful distance, had viewed his 14th Century castle.

"Let's go back to Austin's Inn in the village," Terry said now. "I must have a splash of something or other, or such a long story would destroy me surely."

Gary Roche was as steady as any man in Dara (Terry began, after we were comfortably settled in the old coaching tavern with pots of the black brew before us). Gary kept the village store and lived peaceably with his wife and four children. He got decently tight with his friends in this very pub of a Saturday night and attended Mass often enough at St. Mary's Church on Sunday mornings. Except for a wedding trip to Dublin, he probably had never roved a hundred miles from home in his life.

Yes, a steady, respected man was Gary Roche—until Kathryn Hess came up from Rathkeale to work as a maid in the earl's house at Dara. She walked into his store one day to order some groceries for the cook.

"Or should I say she appeared to him there one day," Terry said, "for that was the magical effect upon him."

Gary was bending over a sack of potatoes in the rear of his little shop, as though this were an ordinary day, when he heard her step and the rustle of her starched uniform. He looked up and gasped at first sight of the girl.

She stood in the brightness of the doorway, with the back light glowing out around her golden hair and white dress, like an angel in one of those old Italian paintings.

"She was not one of your County Limerick women, you know, dark and skinny," said Terry with a touch of malice, for he was a Kerry man himself.

Kathryn came of German stock, one of those Palatinate families brought over as refugees from French rule in Queen Anne's time. She had the yellow hair, blue eyes, rosy complexion, and sturdy figure typical of her race. Gary thought he had never seen anyone so young and beautiful and sweet.

"Mr. Roche?" she said. "I have a list here."

"You'll be the new girl at the

manor," he managed to say.

"I am that. How did you know?"

By now, he had recovered a little and answered as an Irishman should.

"I heard there was a disturber of the peace among us, and after one look at you, I knew it could be no other."

She laughed merrily at his gallantry. "Have they moved Blarney Castle to Dara now? There was no riot in Rathkeale when I departed."

"Well, a thousand welcomes."

"Thank you," she said. "Now, please, Mr. Roche, my list. Cook will have every hair out of my head if I keep her waiting longer."

It was so pleasant driving back in his cart to deliver the groceries that Gary let his horse just amble along. She was an orphan, Kathryn told him; that was why she had left her married sister's home to go into domestic service. She thought she would like it here, Dara was so pretty.

"It rains half the time and threatens rain the other half," Gary grumbled.

But the rain made the fields lovely. Kathryn went on. And look at the lichen growing over the white wall of the ruins of the medieval abbey. Wasn't that a picture post card now?

"Yes, but I'm tired of it," Gary said. "I'd like to see how the rest of the world lives before I'm through."

She was glad they raised horses here. The foals were so sweet, coming up in the fields to lick your hand.

"That's for the salty taste of the sweat," said Gary factually.

She laughed at him again. "You're not a romantic man, I see."

"I'm a lot more romantic than people think," Gary protested, and was surprised at himself. It seemed quite true, now that he came to think of it.

They drove over an ancient stone bridge arched across the sparkling Cleath River.

"There are 30-pound salmon in that water," Gary pointed out.

"Are there now? Have you caught any?"

"Killed any. You don't catch salmon; you kill them."

"What's the difference?"

"No difference. Just a way of speaking. Would you care to see how 'tis done? I'll fetch my rod and we'll kill a salmon one day."

"I'd like that," she said. "Good-bye, Mr. Roche, thank you."

She jumped down off the cart and went into the house, pausing at the door to wave back to him. Gary gazed after her until she disappeared.

When he arrived home for supper, his wife, Nora, said, "You're late." She meant no harm, but Gary was irritated.

"So I am," he replied shortly. Possi-

bly whatever she had said at the moment would have irritated him. He was feeling the pricks of a guilty conscience already.

Nora was a good wife to him, but you know how husbands are, Terry said, in Ireland or America or the wide world over. A man may love his wife as much as ever, but 'tis only human for him to feel somewhat calmer after some years.

And after some years, poor Nora, who was rather plain even as a young girl, was worn with motherhood and housework and old habit. Furthermore, Gary was almost 40, a dangerous age for many a man, when his spirit briefly blossoms forth in a kind of second spring, Terry said. One more chance, he prays secretly, just one more chance, while I still have time to find my heart's desire.

Of course, 'tis an illusion, Terry went on. Does any of us truly know what his heart's desire is? Even if we got it, would we be satisfied? Or would we soon be crying for the moon again . . . "just one more chance". . . ?

Well, that's how the story of Kathryn and Gary began, an old story, as old as men and women.

Kathryn came to town frequently, or he found some pretext to call at the back of the big house. They talked and talked, always about themselves, of course, about their childhood, what they liked and disliked. Naturally, they never admitted out loud they could be anything more than friends.

But one afternoon, Gary happened to spy Kathryn embrace a stranger who was leaving on the bus from Austin's. Immediately he felt a stab in the chest like an attack of heart disease. After the bus left, he ran to overtake her. Grabbing her arm, he wrenched her around to face him, right there in the high street, no matter who might be watching.

"Who was that man?" he panted in fury.

"Why, 'tis only my brother-in-law, who was passing through Limerick and stopped to see me." She stared at him in dismay. "You never thought . . . ?"

"Sorry," he mumbled. "Sure, I've no right to think anything at all."

Gary and Kathryn saw each other nearly every day after that, looking forward joyfully to each meeting as the whole purpose and meaning of the day.

One Sunday afternoon, Gary took his fishing rod and stopped at the back door of the manor house on the way to the stream. Kathryn got a few hours off to go with him.

It was not what we call a soft Irish day; in other words, it wasn't raining, for once. The air was hard and bright as a diamond. The sunshine brought out the gleam of the grass and early

*(continued on page 64)*





Gahan Wilson



# THE RIGHT HONORABLE HIDE

*leather combines*

*versatility with traditional elegance*

**M**EN WHO SAVOR life's richer delights have long recognized the regal elegance and amazing versatility of leather. It can tote your whiskey, keep your ice cubes frosty, offer you a spot to sit down, protect your Francotte shotgun, cart your stockholder's reports, your Shetlands or cuff links, keep your pipe cool, your cigarettes firm, your feet dry, your money crisp and your pants in place. It's tough, durable, pliable, warm, rugged and good looking. Among organic materials, it may well be the one least susceptible to successful imitation and displacement by synthetics because for functionalism and prestigious appeal, it can't be equaled.

Leather has figured large in man's history; as a toter and wearer of it, it behooves you to know something about it and its various types. Tanning, the process of converting animal hides into leather, is probably the first craft man learned on his way up from the apes. Certainly it antedates weaving. After centuries of protecting (concluded overleaf)

A hidebound haul, bottom row, l to r: English fawn leather humidor, \$25; harness leather firebucket catchall, \$35; deerskin traveling slippers, \$10; long john pigskin shoehorn, \$14; cowhide poker chip case, \$35; leather-covered game chest, \$49.50; cowhide dice cups, \$6.50 each; gold-tooled leather cord box, \$18.95; saddle leather gadget bag, \$37.50; butt hide zippered document case, \$32; ostrich cigarette case, \$40; English pigskin posscase wallet, \$16.50; Hickok letter opener and library shears in colfskin, \$8.95; cowhide wastebasket-umbrella stand, \$50; collapsible cowhide kit bag, \$32.50; zippered pigskin one-suit, \$110. Second row, l to r: German fine grain calf liquor case and accessories, \$95; coshmere-lined colfskin gloves, \$18.50; lamp made from leather ammunition carrier, \$55; Swiss clock-barometer-thermometer-colendar in pigskin, \$148.50; 8-oz. hipflask covered in pigskin, \$20; saddle-stitched leather ashtray, \$10; cowhide-covered bulldog pipe, \$6.50; ostrich tobacco pouch, \$7.50; cowhide sling chair with wrought iron frame, \$50; English cowhide seat cone, \$25; Kendall umbrella with pigskin-bound handle, \$10; belts: saddle leather with S-shaped brass closure, \$7.50; calfskin with double brass buckle, \$8.50; black calf with stirrup buckle, \$8.50; Hickok olligator with detachable gold buckle, \$50; Paris cowhide with Cordova closure, \$5. Top row, l to r: Hickok cowhide stud box, \$10; coach hide brief bag, \$75; harness leather wastebasket with brass eagle, \$50; pigskin attaché case, \$52.50; black cowhide brief bag, \$65; morbleized cowhide writing portfolio, \$25; cowhide liquor case with bone-handle accessories, \$42.50; golden hide attoché case with file pockets and morocco lining, \$85; saddle leather ice tub with aluminum liner, \$38.50; top groin cowhide shotgun case, \$50; zipper front suede weskit, \$27.50.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MORTON SHAPIRO









himself with the pelts of beasts he had slaughtered, primitive man discovered that he could improve the quality of these skins in several ways. Soaking them in water, wood ashes, the tannic acid of tree bark or simply chewing them (as the Eskimos persist in doing to this day) were some of the methods used in turning hides into serviceable leather.

Og, son of Oog, used leather flagons to store water; he lived in leather tents to keep the wind and rain out of his hair; he warded off enemy blows with leather shields, crossed rivers in leather canoes and beat out messages on leather tom-toms so that his mate knew he'd be late for dinner. And interest in the good looks of leather came early, too: when archeologists opened King Tut's tomb, they found a perfectly preserved pair of leather sandals, brightly painted and jazzily trimmed in gold.

Helmets, breastplates, hammers, axes and other weapons bound with leather gave man both offensive and defensive power far beyond that of his own hands and shoulders. Right down to Napoleon's time, leather cannons laced with iron were formidable indeed, a sort of

collateral descendant of the giant leather slings used by the Roman legions in besieging enemy strongholds. Wilderness scouts who explored our own frontiers were clad in fancifully fringed buckskin, and Fenimore Cooper immortalized them in his series of novels called *The Leatherstocking Tales*. About the same time, fashionable dandies in the capitals of Europe hit on just what was needed to swank it up among the ladies of the day: tight breeches of pastel buckskin. These *culottes de peau* were made even tighter by dampening them after they were on the wearer, so they would shrink to the tautness of a second skin. The effect of the breeches—together with collars that reached the ears and hair worn in wind-blown Byronic ringlets—was so bizarre that the best-dressed gallants of Paris came to be known as *Les Incroyables*, the Incredible Ones. What is really incredible, of course, is how they ever managed to sit down.

Today, the roster of animals whose hides are converted to leather reads like the line-up on Noah's Ark: goats, deer, cattle, sheep, lambs, calves, kangaroos, horses, snakes, lizards, alligators, frogs,

ostriches, seals, sharks, whales, water buffalos, elephants and pigs. As a result, leather terminology can be misleading. We won't bore you with the lowdown on *Cowhide*, *Calfskin*, *Alligator*, etc., the origins of which the canny pelutian may already have discerned, but here's a short glossary on the not-so-obvious types, where they come from and what they are:

*Scotch Grain* refers to the pebbled pattern embossed on cowhide or calf to resemble a heavy-grained leather that originated in Scotland. *Cordovan* takes its name from the Spanish town of Cordoba which grew famous for fine leathers during the Moorish occupation, now describes the tough, hard-wearing hide from the hindquarters of a horse. (What happens to the forequarters, you ask? They're used for baseball coverings. This digression naturally brings up the subject of footballs, which were traditionally made of pigskin but are today made of embossed cattlehide.) *Suede* is not really a type of leather but refers to a process for achieving the familiar napped finish by abrading the surface of kidskin (and other leathers), usually the flesh side. *Capeskin* is the excellent glove and garment leather processed from the hair sheep of South Africa, once known as the Cape Colony. *Cabretta* comes from the hair sheep native to Brazil, while *Chamois*, originally gotten from the Alpine antelope, now comes from the inner layers of sheepskin, oil tanned and suede finished. *Patent* is made from cattle and other hides by applying successive coats of varnish and letting each one dry. *Mocha* for fine gloves is the product of African or Arabian sheep, sueded to a luxurious texture. *Peccary*, the best kind of pigskin, is the durable leather of the Latin American wild boar. The pitted look, incidentally, that is characteristic of all hog leather is due to the pulling out of bristles early in the processing. *Morocco*, of course, was said to originally have been made by the Moors, is a fine, flexible leather prepared from goatskin and tanned with the dried and powdered leaves of the sunac. The phrase *Top Grain* indicates the outer, or hair, side of cattlehides cut to a specific thickness according to a standard gauge used by the leather industry.

Armed with this scholarship, you may now use bits of it in an offhand and erudite manner for conversational gambits. You *can*, we say, but perhaps you'd do better sticking to your usual scintillating talk and using your newly acquired leather lore to abet you in the purchase of some fine accoutrements like those shown on the preceding page.

## A LOOK AT LEATHER: TYPES AND TEXTURES



pigskin



grain suede



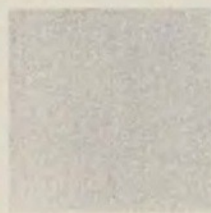
alligator



scotch grain



calfskin



buckskin



patent



morocco



peccary



pinseal



chamois



cowhide



mocha



cabretta



cordovan



capleskin





pictorial

# SILVERSTEIN IN MOSCOW



"When is the next Sputnik scheduled to take off?"



*behind the iron curtain with playboy's unguided missile*

**P**ERIPATETIC SHEL SILVERSTEIN, having amiably ambled into many a country and many a clime during his sketching tour of the world, started to amble into Moscow and stubbed his toe on a certain Curtain. Undaunted, he resorted to subterfuge and tried to get in as a tourist. No deal. He then tried again as a journalist. *Nyet*. Finally he passed himself off as a member of an American youth rally (despite his luxuriant chin-spinach), whereupon the editors of *PLAYBOY* received a collect phone call from a "Mr. Wilkinson" in Moscow, who told us in a suspiciously familiar voice that his mission had been accomplished and then hung up. Not too long after, we received

a bulky package of Moscow cartoons and photos, accompanied by a letter from Shel, scrawled on a gigantic page of his sketch pad. It read, in part:

"... As far as my personal adventures in Moscow are concerned, I have been bothered by no one and nothing—except amoebic dysentery, which I found to be scientifically no more advanced than American amoebic dysentery. The people on the streets of Moscow are the friendliest and warmest I've met on my travels... prices are tremendously high... the girls are lovely (photographic proof of this enclosed). I talked with the editors and cartoonists of *Krokodil*, Russia's biggest humor magazine, and had a chance to meet many young artists.

Nothing very funny is happening to me here. Moscow is a pretty serious place."

Meanwhile, back at the *PLAYBOY* building, the staff sweated out some anxious moments when it was learned that a dozen members of the youth rally had accepted an invitation into Red China, minus State Department blessing, and were in danger of losing their passports. Might Shel be one of these reckless youths? we wondered. Assurance was forthcoming in good time: no, said Shel in another letter, the temptation had been easy to resist because he needed that passport to get him into all the other faraway places with strange-sounding names ripe for sketching by Silverstein.





"Just think of it, comrade—under the Communist system of equal distribution, once every eight years the White Sox would win the pennant!"



A Soviet army officer's interest is piqued. Soon after, Shel was surrounded by a curious crowd.



"Gee, Natasha—you mean you Russians invented this?!>"







Shel sketches changing of the honor guard in front of Lenin-Stalin tomb.



"Well anyway, there aren't any hidden microphones."

A truckload of girls from a collective farm near Moscow came to the big city on a visit and stopped long enough to dance the gopak with Shel right in the middle of the street.



"You got any of that imported caviar?"





An old policeman out of a Chekhov play gets a drawing lesson.



Wherever he goes, even to a Russian railroad station, Silverstein finds pretty girls.



"We Russian cartoonists have the same freedom as you Americans—you're allowed to criticize America in your cartoons, and we're allowed to criticize America in ours."

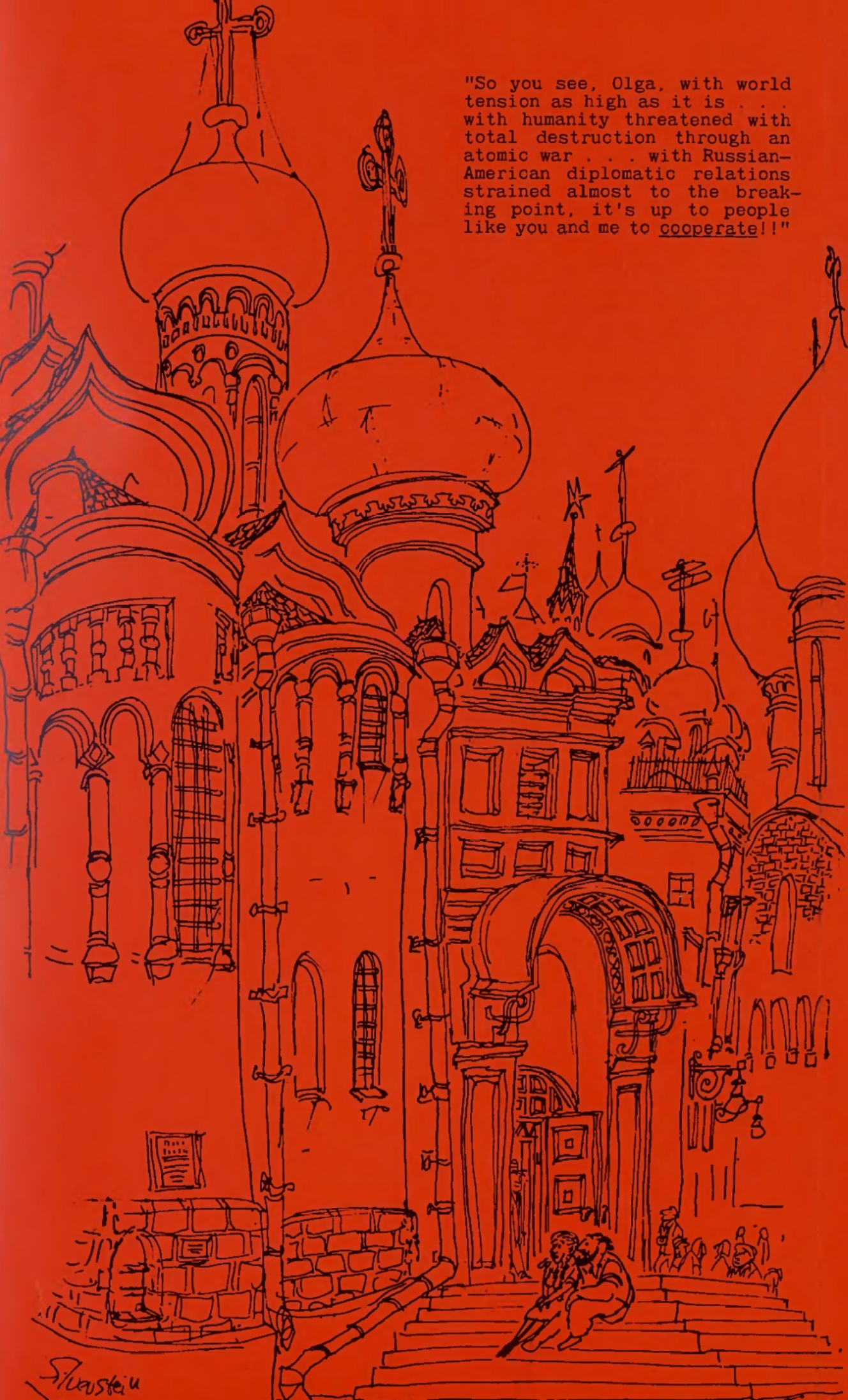


"What's so dangerous about this...?"





"So you see, Olga, with world tension as high as it is . . . with humanity threatened with total destruction through an atomic war . . . with Russian-American diplomatic relations strained almost to the breaking point, it's up to people like you and me to cooperate!!"





# WHEEL OF FORTUNE (continued from page 54)

wild flowers, and the whole landscape seemed to dance. On such a day, you wanted to live as much as possible, to gulp down every minute like wine and not spill a drop.

Gary and Kathryn strolled through the fragrant fields, smiling and silent, because there were no words for the content they felt. He helped her over a stone wall, then kept her hand in his as they walked on.

At the stream, he demonstrated how to cast and soon hooked a good-sized salmon. As he played the fighting fish from the bank, Kathryn stood on the old bridge joshing him.

"He's running under the bridge," Gary called to her. "Scare him away or he'll break the line."

"How can I scare him?" Kathryn shouted back.

"Yell and wave your arms. Hurry now!"

"Shoo, shoo!" Kathryn flapped her apron absurdly.

"There he goes under," Gary yelled. "Wave lower, close to the water."

"Shoo, salmon!" Kathryn leaned far over the parapet to wave a kerchief. A crumbling stone gave way beneath her knee, and she fell.

The river is deep and swift enough to drown you there. The current carried her to the other side of the bridge, dragged her under. She was in serious danger. But Gary reached her in a minute, flailing the water with clumsy strength, and pulled her to the shallows. After he carried her out, she lay in his arms in the grass, choking and scared.

"Are you all right? Are you all right, Kathryn, darling?" he kept asking.

"I can't swim," she gasped.

"Neither can I," Gary confessed.

"But you dove in after me," she said. He shrugged and looked away.

"Why?"

"Must I say why?" he demanded harshly.

She did not insist, but gazed at him tenderly. He groaned and put his face down to hers. "I must speak to you," he whispered.

"No," she said in panic, "please don't."

"I've got to," Gary rushed on. "I've never been so happy and so miserable at the same time."

"I, too."

They clung together like two lost children.

"I love you, Kathryn."

"You mustn't say that," she moaned.

"I love you more than anything in the world or above it," he cried recklessly.

"Hush." She put her fingers across his lips. He kissed her palm.

"Do you love me?"

"Don't ask me," she begged. "I vowed I would not say that."

"It would give me much happiness."

She shook her head, while the tears flowed from under her closed eyelids. They then kissed on the mouth, long and hard, not at all like children. When she could speak, she murmured in his ear, "If I don't answer, it's for your sake, dear."

\* \* \*

"Now, Terry," I objected, "were you there? How do you know what two lovers whispered to each other alone?"

"Sure, 'tis not a word-for-word quotation, you understand," Terry admitted cheerfully. "But 'tis the sense of it I have. I am intimately acquainted with Gary and Kathryn and everybody connected with the matter. Besides, I have been crossed in love myself once or twice, and it's always the same. Has it never happened to you, sir?"

"Please go on," I said. "What happened after that?"

\* \* \*

After that, Gary and Kathryn rode a roller coaster, soaring to the skies one day and plunging in sick despair the next. They strove to break off their affair, but that was very hard to do.

Many a night, after the store was closed, Gary would pace in the orchard behind the manor house, whistling *My Dark Rosaleen* so Kathryn would know he was there. Most times, Kathryn would shut her window and, covering her face with her hands, pray hard not to hear him. But sometimes she couldn't help it; then she would throw on a cloak and slip out to him, burning with shame.

The apple trees were coming into bloom and lighted the night like phosphorous. Gary would be waiting in the glow as she turned the end of a hedge-row, and they would fly into each other's arms.

"I can't live without you, darling," Gary would plead.

"You can't live *with* me," she would correct him sorrowfully.

"They say there are butterflies in Australia as big as my hat," Gary said once, for there were dreams inside him none of us suspected. "And there are not enough men for all the work to do there. Couldn't we just be off to Australia and live happy together?"

"No," she said. "What about your wife and children? We could never be happy with a mortal sin on us both."

"I'll risk it," he offered, but she shook her head.

"Then what are we to do?"

"We mustn't see each other any more." It must have scorched her like fire to say that.

"I'll destroy myself!" he cried desper-

ately.

She hugged him in fear.

"I love you, Katy," he said. "I love you. I love you."

"Don't," she sobbed, struggling against herself as much as against him.

They would kiss good-bye as though it were their last hour on earth. Then, of course, a week, two weeks, three weeks later, they would say farewell forever again.

So they dragged themselves painfully on, only half-alive, never daring to run away together and never able to snap it off clean.

In a village of only 396 people, such a scandal could not long be hidden. The gentle parish priest lectured Gary on the subject. Gary listened sullenly and said, "All right, Father." But he remained away from church afterwards.

Nora went to church every morning, she was that worried. She must have had some idea what was going on, but held her tongue.

Once she said timidly, "Must you go out again tonight, Gary?"

He replied, "And what if I do?" so belligerently that she was afraid to have it out with him, lest he be goaded into leaving home.

At last the housekeeper at the manor complained to the countess.

"'Tis a disgrace to the house, milady," she declared righteously, with her hands on her hips. "A disgrace to the whole village, so it is. Walking out until all hours at night with that man, and him with a good wife and four children at home. They ought to be ashamed of themselves."

Gary was summoned to the manor. He was not told why, but he could guess.

Dara was still a bit feudal. In the old days, the lord owned the village and everyone in it. He holds most of it yet, and certainly could oust a tenant for misbehavior, for you know how we Irish are about the sanctity of the home, Terry said.

Gary had never been in the main part of the manor house before. He gaped about curiously as he followed the butler through the baronial halls. The earl received him in the trophy room, which was lined with cases of silverware won by his horses. Gary had thought it proper to put on his Sunday suit, but the lord wore riding clothes, as usual. Gary noticed with surprise that he rested one boot on a brocaded chair as though on a fence rail.

"Shall you break it off, Roche?" he commanded, not too sternly, for he was a man of the world. "The countess will not give me a moment's peace, nor you either, until you do. I shall be forced to send you packing and install another storekeeper, if you persist."

(continued on page 69)





IT WAS A SEASON of great restlessness and change for mice everywhere, a stirring time, a time of moods and urges and moves. The mouse felt it; his whiskers trembled in anticipation. One night there was a party in a stall, and an old badger came. He sat there drinking red wine and aspirin gravely, staring at a young and excitable squirrel who had been on cashews for months.

"It's the *time*, man!" the squirrel kept saying to the badger, but the mouse knew the message was for him. It had to be for him; the badger had fallen asleep after his third Sneaky Pete. That was the badger's Way of rebellion. No squirrel could bug him.

The mouse got the message. He was quite possibly the hippest mouse that ever crept. He dug. He dug everything—he dug with his sharp little eyes, he dug with his pointy little nose, he dug with his little claws (under each of which he kept a bit of dirt at all times, in case he might be invited to the Actors' Studio). The mouse dug the gray mice that lived in the universe that was his house, he dug the brown mice that were padded down in the vast unreachable reaches of the fields, and he dug the mice-colored mice that lived nowhere but stayed ever on the road. He even dug rats. Oh, how he dug; he dug the whole world, and he dug his hole-world. He was with it, he was of it, he was *in*.

This mouse was a *cat*.

He was well-known, too. He had eaten some pages of verse in some tiny magazines—*Trap*, *Silo Review* and *Barley*—and they had heard of him in San Francisco, where there was a small but pulsating and mysterious mouse revival swinging. But the season of restlessness caught him and he was hung, and although he had finished chewing three pages of a novel, he said to his mother, "Dad, I got to go."

There was reason enough; nothing charged him. He'd been on *pot*. Nothing. He'd gone on *pot* again; still nothing. He'd then gone on *pan*, *kettle*, *roaster*, *colander*, *soup spoon*; he'd tried everything in the kitchen cabinet. No kicks.

The word was out—he'd seen it in the squirrel's eyes that night at the party. The hipsters had a new kick. Go on *clock*, the word came. *Man*, get with the *clock-way*; *man*, it's *time*; *make it*, *man*, it's *timeless*.

The mouse rushed first to the First National Corn Crib, where all the squares kept their hoards. He started to spit—but he dug it too much, there was too much love in him for squares and everybody else, they were all Zenned up

like he was, and he could not do it. He changed his mind, then changed it again. He rushed on. *Man*, this was *living*! He rushed over to a haystack where a beetle had a pad and gnawed anarchist poetry. He seized six of the beetle's legs and shook them violently. The beetle opened three of his four eyes and regarded the mouse with utter serenity. He was stoned, but he had so many eyes he could be stoned and still see *everything*.

"Come on," the mouse cried.

The beetle said nothing. That was what was so great about him, the mouse knew; he dug and he never spoke, like the crazy old mixedup Zenners.

It was time to go again; time to go on time. The mouse ran and ran and ran and ran and finally he was there, at the clock. There it stood, wild as a skyscraper, tall and proud and like all America with a moon-face above it, waving its hands inscrutably and passively, cool as you please. The mouse wished he had a chick to dig it with him but knew that was childish; he was *himself*, he was with, in, of and *it*. The realization made his tail twitch. His ears rattled. Then the music came, long and mysterious, like some great old song chanted all the way from Tibet:

*Hickory, dickory . . .*

It was the moment of truth: reds and greens and blues crowded in and permeated his little red eyes, he broke out in a cold sweat, he broke in out of a hot sweat.

*Dock!*

That was it. He ran up, he ran down. Nothing happened.

*Hickory, dickory, dock!* the unearthly music came again.

"I dig!" the mouse screamed, and ran up and down again.

"I'm on the *clock*, Dad!" he cried to no one in particular. Breathless, he shouted it again. A spider, observing him icily from a corner, shrugged and wondered what the younger generation was coming to.

The mouse glanced at the spider. That second was when he knew the truth. *Pot* was no good, *pan* was no good, *clock* was just as bad. There was no escaping it. In the final analysis, he had to look inward. He walked home slowly and chewed up the rest of his novel. Today he is rich, a trustee of the First National Corn Crib, and is thinking of eating another book as soon as he can find the time away from his job. The badger is dead, the beetle has turned chiropractor, and only God digs. *Hickory, dickory, dock.*







*"I guess the young folks decided to go out after all."*



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

# THE POISONOUS KNIGHT

Ribald Classic

LONG AGO in Flanders, two knights, strangers to that land, came riding toward a town. Sitting in a meadow near the town they saw a beauteous young lady, dressed in mourning clothes. They learned from a passerby that many months before, her husband, who was a lover of all pleasant things, had left her for another lady. Since that time this lady had striven excessively to show her grief in public. Although her kinsmen and friends tried to comfort her, she would not heed them, but swore that she could nevermore take pleasure in any worldly thing; and that indeed, had she the courage to take her own life, she would gladly end her days, and would even thank him who helped her to this end.

One of the passing knights then spoke to the other, saying, "Women are quick to grieve excessively, even for little things, but they just as soon forget the cause of their sorrow. I shall make you a wager that before we leave this place I shall lie with that lady."

"What!" cried his companion. "A lady who yearns only for the embrace of death? How much will you wager?"

"Five pieces of gold."

"Done! Go to her; I will watch this undertaking from behind yonder tree."

Feigning grief greater than the lady's, the amorous knight set his steps toward her, saying courteously, "Dear lady, may you be blessed always with health and with joy."

"Joy!" she cried scornfully. "Rather I be granted a quick death. My life is now a worthless thing, for my love has fled from me many months ago, and I have no more joy in life."

"Sister," then spoke the knight, "this may well be. But I indeed have ten times more cause for sadness than you. I had put all my love on a beauteous

lady, courteous and wise, and although she was more to me than life, I killed her through excess of love."

"How can this have happened?" she then inquired.

"By sweet words I gained her heart, and persuaded her to lie with me that we might take our pleasure together. But alas, I bear in my accursed body a venom so strong that the very deed of love brought death to her. I am so wretched from this that I find no pleasure in life, nor would I dare again bestow my love on any lady, lest I bring about her death."

"Such a thing I have never heard before," said the lady, "and you must indeed be accursed to bear within you such a mortal poison. Long since would I have taken my own life, my lord, were this not forbidden. But since I would wish to die, kind sir, I now beseech you that you do to me as you did to her you loved, that I may have a hope of leaving this dreary world—although I do not fully believe this could bring death as you have claimed."

Then did she let herself fall down on the grassy meadow as though in a swoon, and the knight undertook to poison her, and did this not once, but several times. Soon, however, she spoke softly to him, and sighing said, "Do you think to kill me with such delights? Before I died thus you would yourself be worn away. Nevertheless, although the results seem to me just the opposite from what you led me to expect, let us now try just one more time."

Thus did the crafty knight put an end to her grief, and turn all her thoughts from death to life and love, for he is indeed a fool who gives great credit to a woman's words.

—Translated by John A. Rea



"I wish I were dead," she said.



## DISTRIBUTOR

(continued from page 34)

said he'd rather be alone so Theodore left. Shortly afterward, the black and white police car rolled to a stop in front of Alston's house and the old man led the two officers down the street, telling them that the Putnam boys had shot his dog.

September 27

"Good evening," said Theodore. He bowed.

Eleanor Gorse nodded stiffly.

"I've brought you and your father a casserole," said Theodore, smiling, holding up a towel-wrapped dish. When she told him that her father was gone for the night Theodore clucked and sighed

as if he hadn't seen the old man drive away that afternoon.

"Well then," he said, proffering the dish, "for you. With my sincerest compliments."

Stepping off the porch he saw Arthur Jefferson and Henry Putnam standing under a street lamp down the block. While he watched, Arthur Jefferson struck the other man and, suddenly, they were brawling in the gutter. Theodore broke into a hurried run.

"But this is terrible!" he gasped, pulling the men apart.

"Stay out of this!" warned Jefferson, then, to Putnam, challenged, "You better tell me how that paint can got under your porch! The police may believe it was an accident I found that matchbook in my alley but I don't!"

"I'll tell you nothing," Putnam said, contemptuously, "coon."

"Coon! Oh, of course! You'd be the first to believe that, you stupid —!"

Five times Theodore stood between them. It wasn't until Jefferson had, accidentally, struck him on the nose that tension faded. Curtly, Jefferson apologized; then, with a murderous look at Putnam, left.

"Sorry he hit you," Putnam sympathized. "Damned hoogie."

"Oh, surely you're mistaken," Theodore said, daubing at his nostrils. "Mr. Jefferson told me how afraid he was of people believing this talk. Because of the value of his two houses, you know."

"Two?" asked Putnam.

"Yes, he owns the vacant house next door to his," said Theodore. "I assumed you knew."

"No," said Putnam, warily.

"Well, you see," said Theodore, "if people think Mr. Jefferson is a Negro, the value of his houses will go down."

"So will the values of all of them," said Putnam, glaring across the street. "That dirty son-of-a —"

Theodore patted his shoulder. "How are your wife's parents enjoying their stay in New York?" he asked as if changing the subject.

"They're on their way back," said Putnam.

"Good," said Theodore. "And how is Mrs. Putnam's heart?"

Putnam shrugged. "About the same, I guess," he said.

Theodore went home and read the funny papers for an hour. Then he went out.

A florid-faced Eleanor Gorse opened to his knock. Her bathrobe was disarrayed, her dark eyes feverish.

"May I get my dish?" asked Theodore politely.

She grunted, stepping back jerkily. His hand, in passing, brushed on hers. She twitched away as if he'd stabbed her.

"Ah, you've eaten it all," said Theodore, noticing the tiny residue of powder on the bottom of the dish. He turned. "When will your father return?" he asked.

Her body seemed to tense. "After midnight," she muttered.

Theodore stepped to the wall switch and cut off the light. He heard her gasp in the darkness. "No," she muttered.

"Is this what you want, Eleanor?" he asked, grabbing harshly.

Her embrace was a mindless, fiery swallow. There was nothing but burning flesh beneath her robe.

Later, when she lay snoring satedly on the kitchen floor, Theodore retrieved the camera he'd left outside the door. Drawing down the shades, he arranged Eleanor's limbs and took 12 exposures.

## FEMALES BY COLE: 45



Persuadable



Then he retrieved the dish, went home and washed it.

Before retiring, he phoned the Putnams.

"Western Union," he said. "I have a message for Mrs. Irma Putnam of 12070 Sylmar Street."

"That's me," she said.

"Both parents killed in auto collision this afternoon," said Theodore. "Await word regarding disposition of bodies. Chief of Police, Tulsa, Okla. —"

At the other end of the line there was a strangled gasp, a thud; then Henry Putnam's cry of "Irma!" Theodore hung up.

After the ambulance had come and gone, he went outside and tore up 35 of Joseph Alston's ivy plants. He left, in the debris, another matchbook reading *Putnam's Wines and Liquors*.

September 28

In the morning, when Donald Gorse had gone to work, Theodore went over. Eleanor tried to shut the door on him but he pushed in.

"I want money," he said. "These are my collateral." He threw down copies of the photographs and Eleanor recoiled, gagging. "Your father will receive a set of these tonight," he said, "unless I get 200 dollars."

"But I —!"

"Tonight." He left and drove downtown to the real estate office where he signed some papers and sold his house.

When he returned home, there was a police car in front of the Backus house.

"What happened?" he asked Joseph Alston who was sitting quietly on his porch.

"Mrs. Backus," said the old man, lifelessly. "She tried to kill Mrs. Ferrel."

"But why?" asked Theodore.

"Dunno," said Alston. "Something about pictures."

That night, in his office, Theodore made his entries on page 700 of the book.

*Mrs. Ferrel dying of knife wounds in local hospital. Mrs. Backus in jail; suspects husband of adultery. J. Alston accused of dog poisoning, probably more. Putnam boys accused of shooting Alston's dog, ruining his lawn. Mrs. Putnam dead of heart attack. Mr. Putnam being sued for property destruction. Jeffersons thought to be Negroes. McCanns and Mortons deadly enemies. Katherine McCann believed to have had relations with Walter Morton, Jr. Morton Jr. being sent to school in Washington. Eleanor Gorse has hanged herself. Job completed.*

Time to move.



## WHEEL OF FORTUNE

(continued from page 64)

Meanwhile, the countess had Kathryn arraigned in her bedroom. The lady sat in bed, with a pile of mail on a breakfast tray in her lap, while Kathryn stood before her feeling as if her face would burst into flame.

Milady was more severe than her lord.

"I'll simply not have it, my girl, not for one moment more. Is that perfectly clear?"

"Now, I am told Griffin has been making inquiries about you at the back of the house. He is a most decent young man, and his lordship thinks he promises well as a trainer. He'll be back from a racing tour in a week or so. Why don't you marry Griffin? What? Does that interest you?"

Too upset to answer, Kathryn could only bite her lips and twist her fingers in misery until dismissed.

In desperation, Gary persuaded her to meet him "for the last time" (they were repeatedly meeting for the "last time") that night in the starlit ruins of the abbey.

"Oh, come away with me, right now, tomorrow, anywhere," Gary implored her, "or it will be too late forever."

Again she refused, although less firmly than before. "It's wrong, it's wrong." But then she added, "Besides, we have no money for the long boat trip to Australia."

Gary had the feeling that if only he had the cash in his pocket, he might carry her off then and there.

As it was, Kathryn met him no more in the orchard at night, although she could see him lurking there in the shadows. She sat alone in her room when off duty, depressed all the time. She was no longer the laughing, care-free, cheeky girl who had come up from Rathkeale only a few months ago.

Tending his store, Gary was morose and abstracted. After supper, he would hike for hours on the lonely roads. If the weather was too bad, he wandered about the house bored and idle. His children felt the tension and stopped their horseplay when their silent, frowning father entered the room.

Nora watched Gary out of the corner of her eye. She had never seen him like this before. Each morning she woke in panic that Gary was gone; then was relieved, but only momentarily, to see him lying in bed.

Gary still attended Austin's on Saturday nights, but sat alone, shunning conversation with his cronies. No matter how much he drank, he seemed unable to get adequately drunk.

In the middle of the spring racing



## Have you made merry with Maoris lately?

If you have, you must know what great parties they throw. So, when you want to outshine the Maoris, and gain a reputation as a great host, be sure to have a supply of *Champale* on hand. It's a sure way to add *joie de vivre* to any gathering.

Just open those aristocratic looking bottles of *Champale*—well chilled, mind you—and pour into stemmed glasses. This sparkling bubbly beverage quickly kindles gaiety among your guests—*Champale* is like that!

You don't need an aristocratic bankroll to buy *Champale*. It costs but little more than beer. So head right now for wherever beer is sold . . . your favorite restaurant, grocery or bar, and order a bottle of *Champale*.

You'll learn with your very first sip why *Champale* deserves its description: "the malt liquor you serve like champagne."



**FREE!** For clever new drink recipes, including the fabulous *Champale* Cocktail, write to Dept. 9, P. O. Box 2230, Trenton, N. J.



THE MALT  
LIQUOR  
YOU SERVE  
LIKE  
CHAMPAGNE

# CHAMPALE

MALT LIQUOR

A malt beverage specially served in a wide, shallow or sherbet glass. Metropolis Brewery of N.J., Inc., Trenton, N.J.



season, Tony Griffin came home for a bit between tours, triumphant, exuberant, confident, everybody's friend. He was a young man on the way up, a likable if cocky fellow, assistant trainer of a pretty good stable while not yet 25. Like every professional in the horse-racing game, he believed religiously in his own good luck, a faith that sometimes carried all before it.

Griffin held court in Austin's every night. Sitting on a table top in his good Dublin tweeds, he would entertain an admiring circle with anecdotes of the race-meetings and betting rings. The taproom buzzed with horsy talk. Shouts of delight applauded the end of each story, and everyone wanted to buy Tony a drink.

The first Sunday Griffin was home, he encountered Kathryn at church. After Mass, he strolled with her back to the manor. 'Twas no more than natural. But the village hummed with gossip.

Later in the week, Nora said to Gary, "Tony Griffin is home from the races, I hear." She was careful to sound casual.

"Is that so?" said Gary.

"He took Kathryn Hess from the manor to a dance in Limerick on Wednesday night."

Gary was at his desk, totting up accounts, with his back to his wife. He made no comment, but the pencil point broke under his hand.

"Matt Cogan saw them get off the last bus at Austin's," Nora went on.

"Now get along with you," Gary said. "How can I add against all this old woman's tattle?"

He had succeeded in keeping his voice from shaking, but he was glad she did not see his face. It was hard enough to go on, endlessly, hopelessly, but this last twist of the knife he could

not endure. He would perish before he heard the church bells ring out for Kathryn and Griffin.

On Saturday night, Gary sat at a little table in Austin's, pretending to be absorbed in the *Irish Independent* so people would let him alone.

Griffin stood in his usual place across the room, surrounded by hero-worshippers. At one point, Griffin looked over the heads of his friends and called out jovially, "Ain't that my old chum, Gary Roche?"

Gary raised his head from his paper, suspicious. He knew Griffin, certainly, but the two men were not "chums," had never even had much to do with each other.

"Excuse me," Griffin said to his circle. Smiling genially, he sauntered over to Gary.

"I've not seen you at all since I've been home," he began sociably. "How've you been?"

"All right," replied Gary, on guard.

Griffin invited the older man to have more whiskey.

The hell with this, Gary thought. He said, "Thanks, but I'll just finish this and be off home."

"Oh, come on," Griffin pressed hospitably. "There's no store to open tomorrow morning." And he gave the order to the barmaid. Well, Gary decided, I'll just see what his game is. The surprised customers in the café put their heads together to whisper excitedly. The two rivals for Kathryn Hess were standing each other treat! What do you make of that now?

"Slainte!" Griffin raised his glass in the Gaelic toast.

After the first sip, he lit his pipe, saying between puffs, "What's new with you, Gary?"

"What would be new in Dara?" Gary

parried. He wondered how much Griffin knew about his relations with Kathryn. "Tis yourself who has news. You've had a successful tour, I am told."

"Not half bad." Griffin recounted a few of the victories the earl's hunters had won in the meetings, thanks to Griffin's handling.

"Ah, that Wheel-of-Fortune is a grand horse," he said enthusiastically. "Now there's a young stallion that will win both Grand Nationals one fine day. He stands 17.1 and has the heart of a lion."

The Wheel was not one of your discreet hunters that skinned his fences barely, Griffin went on rhapsodically. No, he gathered himself way back on his great quarters and flew high and wide over the rails, like a bird, a rocket, a shooting star. The Wheel was as upcoming a steeplechaser as you'd find in all Ireland or England either today. He had a charmed name, too.

Sure that can't be all he wants to say to me, Gary assured himself. He knows I'm not a racing man. So, Gary bought the next round of hot whiskeys and waited for Griffin to come to the point.

"As a matter of fact—" Griffin paused to glance all around cautiously. Then, leaning toward Gary, he muttered behind his hand, "Can you keep a secret?"

"What?" asked Gary.

"I clocked him myself this morning over our course in 5:21."

"Who?" Gary asked stupidly.

"Why, the Wheel, of course. Have you been listening to me?"

"But what does 5:21 mean?"

"Why, Gary." Griffin was losing patience with the dullness of the man. "That means that if he does as well at Fairy House on Saturday a week, he will win in a walk."

"Oh," said Gary, still puzzled about what this had to do with him.

"We have kept him under wraps all season," Griffin went on in a low voice. "The touts don't know nothing about him. You might get 20 to 1."

"Might you now?" Gary knew nothing of horse racing, but, being a store-keeper, he understood pounds and pence.

"Whisht!" Griffin put an admonitory finger across his lips and winked.

The more Gary thought about it, the more it appealed to him. The idea was simple and bold, a real gambler's idea, an all-or-nothing idea.

He would sell everything and borrow to the limit to lay hands on every thrupenny bit; then plunk down the whole pot on Wheel-of-Fortune to win at Fairy House a week hence.

Figuring hard at his scarred desk in the back of the shop, Gary reckoned he could raise two thousand pounds by drawing out all his savings, cashing his



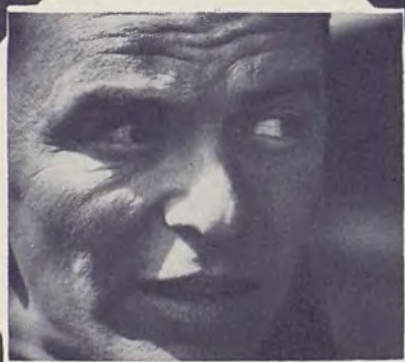
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life insurance, and mortgaging his store, stock and home to the eaves.

Griffin swore that if the Wheel did not crash at one of the terrifying hedges, and the jockey obeyed orders to let the horse alone, he could not fail. At 20 to 1, as expected, Gary would get back 40 thousand pounds, a fortune! He would leave Nora half, which would maintain her and the children in better style than he could by slaving the rest of his life.

With the remaining 20 thousand pounds, he would sail to Australia with Kathryn and live happily with her ever after. Sure, she'd not turn him down then. He counted on the pot to change her mind. It was because his situation was so impossible that she wavered between him and Griffin.

However, he decided not to consult her in advance about his plan. At the proper moment, he would go to her and say, "I have two tickets for Sydney and a nest egg of 20 thousand pounds for us to start on there. The boat leaves Cobh on Friday morning, so you'd best get ready."

Kathryn would stare at him in wide-eyed unbelief. "What about Nora and the children?"

"They are provided for," he would say. "Another 20 thousand pounds. They are better off with that than with me against my will."

Probably she would break down and weep. He would enfold her in his arms, saying, "Come now, dearest Kate." He could see them going off down the road with their arms around each other.

But suppose Wheel-of-Fortune did not win? It was a horse race, after all. What if Griffin were playing a trick, scheming to ruin him entirely, out of spite because Kathryn had loved him first?

No, not likely. Griffin would not have anticipated that so steady a man as Gary Roche, a man who had never gambled a ha'penny in his life, would put down every bob he could beg and borrow on a race. Griffin might reasonably have supposed Gary would risk only a couple of pounds, and that hardly seemed worth the trouble of a hoax.

Anyway, Gary had made up his mind what to do if the Wheel lost. In that case, he could not go on living. He would be penniless, no longer the support of his family. In the village, his good name would be lost for having taken such a mad chance. Never again would he be trusted to keep the store or any other responsible position. If the Wheel crashed, the whole world crashed for Gary Roche.

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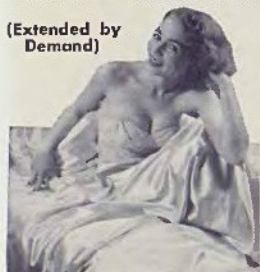
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home, business, family, reputation, his very life—on a horse race! A steady man, they used to say. Hah! What did they know of the passion that roiled inside him? Caesar or nothing! Wealth, a new girl, a new life—or death—on one turn of the wheel, Wheel-of-Fortune indeed!

He laughed aloud with exhilaration, as a duelist laughs although he may be killed in a moment.

And the sin, the damnation, as Kathryn would say? "Well, I'm damned if I do and damned if I don't," Gary told himself bitterly, "in this life or the next."

Therefore, on his next buying trip to Limerick, Gary bought nothing. Instead he bound himself, body and soul, to the bankers, Terry said.

Then, with shaking hands, Gary mailed to a booking shop in Dublin a bank draft for two thousand pounds, all on Wheel-of-Fortune to win. By the time he got his receipt, some tip must have trickled out, for the odds had declined to 18 to 1. Still, 36 thousand pounds would be enough for his purpose, and the fall in odds was a good sign, for it confirmed Griffin's tip.

Waiting for the race made Gary feel he would jump out of his skin. He slept not a wink nor sat still a moment the entire week. He could not look Nora in the eye. His temper exploded like gunpowder at the least friction. When his little Maureen was prattling a child's song, Gary roared, "Will you cease that bloody yowling!" The poor thing was frightened out of a month's growth.

Gary could not bear the silly talk in Austin's. He kept away, nervously tipping all day out of a bottle in his shop.

On the day of the race, Gary watched the clock as though it might run away. When post-time drew near, he locked the store and went to Austin's. Matt Cogan said afterwards that Gary looked like a sleepwalker when he entered the inn.

"Might I use the telephone?" His tone was demanding rather than asking. It was the only phone in town in those days.

"That you might," the manager replied. "Who do you want to ring up, Gary?" He wanted to be helpful, and was full of curiosity, too, you may be sure.

"Dublin, on business," Gary said through clenched teeth.

"I'll get your number," Cogan offered. "Important business for such a long call."

"I'll talk alone." Gary appeared so forbidding that Cogan retreated. Gary shut and locked the door of the office behind the manager.

"Here now!" Cogan turned to protest,

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then shrugged as he thought better of it.

Gary sat down at the desk in the little office, with his back to the window on the street. There were no radios then in Dara. Gary had timed his call to reach the booking shop in Dublin, 30 miles from the track, just as the race should be ending.

Now that he stood on the edge of the abyss, the nervousness of the waiting period had vanished. He wore a calm, absent expression. His hand did not tremble as he drew the pistol out of his pocket.

In those days, before he owned a taxi, Terry used to drive the local bus. "I had just arrived from Limerick and stopped in front of Austin's," he told me. "I happened to glance in the window of Matt Cogan's office and saw a man sitting at the desk with a telephone receiver to one ear and a revolver to the other.

"'Love of God!' I yelled. It's Gary Roche. Hey, Gary! Hello, Gary! I banged on the glass with the flat of my hand. 'Hold on, chum! Wait a bit, me boy-o!'

"He never heard me. He sat there in a trance. I ran into the tavern, bawling for Cogan, the porter, anybody.

"'Matt, quick! Gary Roche is in there with a gun to his head!'

"Cogan turned white and was no help at all. I leaped to the door of his office and rattled the knob. Cogan gasped, 'He's locked it. I've no other key.'

"'Open up, Gary, lad,' I begged him through the closed door. 'We're all your pals here.'

"A little crowd had gathered about us already.

"'Break down the door,' I shouted. 'Hand me the fire-axe, some of you.'

"'Half a moment, now,' Cogan said, recovering. He was not that shocked, you know, to damage his own property.

"'Stand away, Cogan,' I warned, swinging the axe. 'I'm going to save a man's life if I have to commit murder to do it.'"

A few blows broke the panel of the door. As the wood gave way, the rescuers heard the pistol fired. Terry and the rest burst in to see Gary Roche lying on the floor with the telephone dangling by its cord from the desk and a little puff of smoke rising.

"And that," I said, "was the end of the road for Gary Roche."

"The end of the road, was it?" responded Terry. "It was not. The bullet never touched him. He fainted when he heard the news, do you see, and the pistol went off in the air as he collapsed."

"That was a dirty trick of Griffin's," I said, "to give his rival a phony tip



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to ruin him."

"The tip," said Terry, "was straight, sir. Griffin felt pretty sure of Kathryn, he was that cocky, and she had bravely confessed to him her affair with Gary. Griffin was sorry for the man and wished to do him a little kindness, unbeknownst to Kathryn. Gary fainted, do you see, from the goodness of the news. Wheel-of-Fortune came in first, in a walk, just as Griffin had predicted."

"Ah! So Gary had his fortune and his heart's desire within his grasp at last."

"Oh, sir, as for the fortune, he had that, but as for the girl, he did not have her at all, at all. You know what women are, sir. An eye for the main chance, every one of them, and Griffin had begun to look like the better catch of the two men, entirely. He was younger, he was on the way up, and he had a way with him, as they say. Now, mark, I'm not sayin' that Gary's winnings might not have made her decide in his favor, but she married Griffin the day before the race, do you see?"

"And Gary?—"

"Why, this very minute he is living in high style in Australia, where the butterflies are as big as his hat."

"I'm glad to hear he used his winnings wisely," I said.

"That he did not!" countered Terry.

"It was to Dublin he went, the great boob, and lost it all on the horses, and if he had not run into that rich Australian widow there, the good Lord alone knows what might have become of him." Terry shook his head at the ways of Fate.

"At any rate," I said, draining my glass and preparing to leave the inn, "it's a happy story you've told me, Terry, and everyone found his or her contentment in the end." But then I caught myself. "Except, of course, for Gary's wife, poor woman. In these affairs, there is always someone who must suffer, it seems."

"Suffer she did, and long enough, sir, what with Gary's shameless philandering all the while with Kathryn. But are you thinkin' a woman of Dara would put up forever with such shenanigans and not find a little amusement for herself on the outside? Why do you suppose Gary went off to Dublin and lost all his money? Because his Kathryn chose Griffin? That was part of it, sir, to be sure, but the other part of it was this: that when he recovered from his fainting spell and wended his way home, he found that his wife could take no more of it and had run off with a horse dealer from County Cork, taking the little ones with her. A good life they are leading now, the lot of them, if the news from Cork is to be believed. And shall we have another small one before we go, sir?"



## Got a problem? Ask Aunt Vi

### Dear Aunt Vi:

Recently I started dating a mermaid and became enamoured of her. But salt water and fish-oil (we have been close) have made my hair a mess. Now she says I'm a slob. I'm all mixed up.

Forsyth P.

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ORRadio Industries, Inc., Opelika, Alabama  
Export: Morhan Exporting Corp., New York, N. Y.  
Canada: Atlas Radio Corp., Ltd., Toronto, Ontario

## Roast Beef

(continued from page 38)

roast has been removed from the oven at least 20 minutes. A 25–30-minute interval is even better. During this time the beef sets—that is, the internal juices stop flowing, the cooking subsides and the meat is now amenable to easy, clean slices. Usually a three-rib roast will remain hot during this time. If the roast should be cooled by a kitchen draft, you can reheat it by placing it in an extremely slow oven, 200°, for 5 to 8 minutes. Place the meat upright on the meat carving board with the rib bones on your left. Support the meat, if necessary, so that it is on a level plane, by placing a small plate or dish beneath it. Be sure your roast beef slicer is razor sharp. If necessary, sharpen it on a knife stone, and pass it over a knife steel to temper the edge. Keep a large-size napkin or towel handy. Steady the meat by inserting the meat fork between the top rib bones. Be sure to use a long, steady motion with the knife blade, not a short, staccato movement. Starting at the right side and carving toward the bone, cut off the end slice, making it fairly thick—about ½ inch. Cut down to free the meat from the rib bones. Lift the meat, using both knife and fork or fork and serving spoon. Cut the following slices about ¼-inch thick, checking frequently to make sure the slices are parallel. Cut away the rib bones when necessary. Pour escaped beef juice into gravy boat.

### YORKSHIRE PUDDING

This light, airy pudding rises in the oven and falls when it is cut. It's really a hollow shell like a popover since it's made from a popover batter. Since Yorkshire pudding is baked at 400°, and beef is roasted at 325°, you'll have a minor problem in kitchen strategy here. It can be solved as follows: Prepare the pudding batter. 10 to 15 minutes before the roast is removed from the fire, turn up the heat to 400°. Put the pudding in the oven for about 15 minutes. Remove the roast to let it set. Continue baking the pudding until it is done, about 25 minutes longer. To make Yorkshire pudding batter, beat 2 eggs in a deep bowl. Add 1 cup milk. Beat well again. Gradually add 1 cup sifted all-purpose flour and ½ teaspoon salt. Beat with a rotary egg beater until the batter is very smooth. Strain the batter. Pour ¼ cup light drippings into an 8- by 8-inch square baking pan. Add the batter. Bake at 400° 35–40 minutes. Serve at once, cutting the pudding into squares. This formula will make about six portions. A martini or two before eating is, as always, a grand idea; and on this occasion, you'll probably make them with that gin they call Beefeater, if you tend toward waggish ways.



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## TWO EARS

(continued from page 48)

struction and its ability to record (as well as play back) stereophonically.

Being able to record stereophonically is not now important to many home listeners, but it may be so as more and more radio stations with both FM and AM facilities begin broadcasts of live and/or recorded stereo music. To wit, you will be able to copy, direct from your tuners, with some loss of fi, but some saving of money.

No doubt in time Ampex will furnish an adapter attachment to take care of this. If you can't wait, though, there are alternatives. One is to buy a semi-professional recorder unit. I think my choice would be the British Ferrograph 88, a fine, low-distortion, high-precision machine which will cost (prices were not firm at this writing) about \$600. Slightly more elaborate is the American Electronics (Concertone) Model 60, priced at \$700 without trimmings. This is really professional field equipment that even takes 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch reels. Its speeds are 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  and 15 inches per second. The high speed gives you easy editing. On the other hand, when stereo discs come out, the tape companies will counter by producing 3 $\frac{3}{4}$  ips recorded tapes—more music for your money. Currently, of course, 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  ips is what everyone's using, but Ampex, Ferrograph and other caterers to the home market are giving you 3 $\frac{3}{4}$  as well, to insure you against the future.

The other alternative is to get one of the impressively inexpensive "modular" sets put forth by Viking, Pentron, or Bell Sound Systems (at this moment Bell has no stereo-record model, but it will). With these companies' units you assemble your own set from a basic tape deck (about \$110), and either playback preamplifiers (about \$30 each) or record-plus-playback preamplifiers (\$60 to \$80 each) or a combination of both. They are very simple to hook up. In long-term action I have heard only the Viking—the others are new—and can testify to its mechanical durability. In electronic merits (meaning mainly lack of distortion) I think the Bell products may have a slight edge. In versatility, Pentron would seem the leader by a slight margin. I think what your dealer likes, carries, and will promise to service may be your best guide in choosing. Always, with moderately priced equipment like this, you should listen to the actual item you are going to buy.

Ampex makes combined speaker-amplifiers into which you may feed your tape machine output. These are small, convenient, and good performers, but hard for me to see as especially economical buys. They cost \$200 apiece. That price could get you a very good

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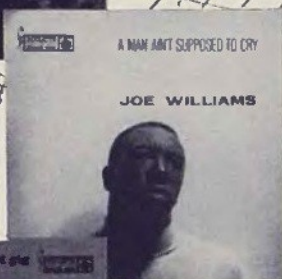
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20-watt amplifier—such as those by Pilot or Grommes, or the do-it-yourself Heath—and such a speaker as the beautiful little Acoustic Research AR-2 (\$96). For a little more your speakers could be a pair of the new, excellent Eicos (\$135 each), with their sweet-sounding, non-beaming tweeters, a great asset in stereo work, or twin KLHs (\$230 each), which are similar to ARs but incorporate more expensive tweeters. Any of a number of good single-unit speakers in modest enclosures can be had for about \$100; let your dealer be your guide.

Bell makes a good complete stereo amplifier, with controls—the 3-DT—for about \$150. It yields 12 watts per channel, which should be enough. However, it doesn't offer much in the way of equalization for an existing disc collection. Watch for new developments, like Grommes' up-coming mono-stereo preamp-control-unit, which is almost certain to be good and probably will sell for \$100 or so, and also one by H. H. Scott. The reason to have a control unit, of course, is so that you can play monaural discs and stereo tapes and stereo discs.

If you are adding a second channel, for stereo's sake, to an existing high fidelity rig, the main factor probably is speaker compatibility. It is nice to have truly twin speakers, but not a necessity. I have teamed a Tannoy in a corner-horn (the earlier acquisition) with an AR-1 (AR-2's big brother: \$180) and got excellent results. It is the coloration of the two speakers' sound that must match, rather than their size, price, or tone range. Put your better one on the left, where the first violins would sound. Spacing your two speakers is a matter for experiment; it depends in part on how far from them you listen, and on your room. The critical factor is sonic "fill-in"—the illusion of sound between the two units. Experiment till you get it, and till neither speaker dominates the other.

Conversion of an existing single-channel recorder for stereo use is worth while only if your recorder is a very good one. And if it is, your dealer or the manufacturer will be able to give directions on how to convert it. What will be needed is another head, or a pair of extra heads already stacked and aligned, and one or two tape-preamplifiers. Worth keeping in mind here is a neat little combined preamplifier-amplifier made by Bogen for \$52, the ST-10. (Bogen also has forthcoming a middle-quality stereo tape player engineered by Presto: about \$400.) But the stereo-conversion probably will require the aid of a serviceman, which adds to the price. Be wary.

Of course, for the well-heeled, there

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are preassembled stereo tape phonographs containing the complete shooting match. They include disc-changers and FM-AM tuners as well as stereo tape equipment. Fisher makes two, priced at \$1595 and \$2495; Ampex has one, priced according to cabinet at \$1495 and \$1795. Each is in one piece, beautifully cased, with speakers at the cabinet ends, about four feet apart. Bozak, by the way, has a speaker-only stereo cabinet: two Model 207A coaxials in the woodwork of your choice. Not cheap, but handsome in both looks and sound. The same comments apply to the James B. Lansing dual speaker enclosure, the Ranger-Paragon, which features a sort of projecting rotunda in front, to disperse the sound from the opposed speakers. It ought to be unsightly, but it isn't; quite the contrary.

The Ampex and Fisher stereo phonographs, and the Bozak stereo speaker system all settle for a distance between speakers of about four feet, and make up for the narrow separation by beaming the speakers out, or away from each other, slightly. This guarantees adequate sound separation and fill-in, but that doesn't mean you can't do better by experimenting with separate units. As a matter of fact, you almost always can, as long as you can keep firmly in mind that what you want is *naturalness*. And in that context, remember that not all stereo tapes have been made with this in mind. Some *cannot* be made to sound natural: they were intended to astound. Avoid them.

Avoid also the pitfall on the opposite side of the path, especially dangerous to Mr. A, the neophyte, in his pristine, untutored state. This is that stereo reproduction delivers a sort of surprise effect: you can be convinced by something that oughtn't to convince you. Your ears will be so happy at the chance to work properly teamed that—just for the nonce—they will ignore 5% intermodulation distortion. This tolerance won't last, believe me. If distortion is there, listening-fatigue will begin within the hour, stereo or no stereo. Stereo is not a substitute for high fidelity, it is just an aspect of it. Any component you consider buying for stereo use, you should first listen to with conventional monaural material. The old rule applies—the listening must be comfortable.

Lastly, remember music. Arturo Toscanini and Art Tatum both died before stereo recording became common. But both of these estimable gentlemen added a dimension to music that no second channel ever could. The possession and proper use of two ears is important, but what's between them is important, too.



## press comment

*"Atlantic"* (John M. Conly)

"The AR-1W woofer gives the cleanest bass response I ever have heard."

**AUDIO** (Edward Tatnall Canby)

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"Speaker systems that will develop much less than 30% distortion at 30 cycles are few and far between. Our standard reference speaker system,† the best we've ever seen, has about 5% distortion at 30 cycles."

\*Vol. 1 No. 9, Oct., '55. Authorized quotation #30. For the complete technical and subjective report on the AR-1 consult Vol. 1 No. 11, The Audio League Report, Pleasantville, N. Y.

†The AR-1W

*The Saturday Review* (R. S. Lanier)

"... goes down into the low, low bass with exemplary smoothness and low distortion. It is startling to hear the fundamentals of low organ notes come out, pure and undefiled, from a box that is two feet long and about a foot high."

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Prices for Acoustic Research speaker systems, complete with cabinets, (AR-1 and AR-2) are \$89.00 to \$194.00. Literature is available from your local sound equipment dealer, or on request from:

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## PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

If stateside skiing's still on your mind (now or even in the height of summer), you can always count on the powdery stuff on Oregon's Mount Hood. Timberline Lodge there furnishes snow cats to cart guests to the loftiest slopes if the nearby supply dwindles. Price is around \$80 for five days—with plenty of grub thrown in.

But if you've had a surfeit of slopes and now gaze wistfully at the sea and the European shores beyond, you'll certainly want to book passage aboard the largest, most luxurious cruise ship afloat: Cunard's Caronia, with ship-to-shore phone in every stateroom. Leaving Manhattan May 13, the Caronia romp offers 38 days and 16 ports of call around the Mediterranean—spots like Tangier, Malta, Dubrovnik, Sicily, the Balearics and finally Southampton, from which you can scout the rest of England and the Continent at your leisure. Your \$975 round-trip fare nets you return passage aboard another Cunarder whenever you say the word.

A cruise ship that leaves you free to return by ship or plane is the yachtlike Stella Polaris, leaving New Orleans May 20 with a limited passenger list of 165. She calls at Havana and the Virgin Islands, thence to Madeira and Lisbon, with ample time ashore for everything from rum quaffing and skindiving to gambling in the company of exiled kings at Estoril. The 24-day run at \$550 one way eventually drops you at the Belgian port of Zeebrugge, which is just fine. From there, the obvious stopover is Brussels for the whopping big 1958 World's

Fair, which is a lot more than just a static showcase of goods and artistry. Over 50 countries are strutting their stuff in just about every area of human endeavor, and it can't help but be a wildly glittering ball.

Other goals for your European roving in May: Denmark, for the May 1 reopening of the riotous Tivoli amusement park in Copenhagen, followed two weeks later by the Royal Danish Ballet festival; southern France, for the starlet-bright to-do at Cannes' International Film Festival; Spain, for fireworks, firewater, lovely ladies and brave bulls at spring festivals in Madrid and Jerez de la Frontera, this last being the spot where the hot-eyed girls arrive on horseback in tandem behind their swains.

Add an offbeat isle to your next Caribbean caper. Every Saturday, a sloop sails from Caneel Bay Plantations on St. John in the U.S. Virgin Islands, cruises across the blue waters of Sir Francis Drake Channel, and drops you at the low-lying speck that's Tortola, in the British Virgins. It's market day at Road Town there, and the smiling populace converges on donkeyback to barter tropical produce and native handicrafts, thence to drink, dance, sing calypso and act colorful as all getout. The entire day's round-trip run—passing Dead Man's Chest ("Fifteen men on a . . .") with a stopover for lunch at Cinnamon Bay—costs a paltry \$5.

For further information write to Janet Pilgrim, Playboy Reader Service, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Illinois.



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# WIN THIS SON OF COUNT FLEET

**PLUS \$1,000.00**

## Kentucky Club Annual Derby Day Contest

### JUST NAME HIM AND HE'S YOURS

Ted Atkinson,  
Hall of Fame jockey, helped  
select this colt.



**Ted says:**  
"This individual  
has the  
conformation and  
pedigree that  
promise  
top potential."

### FIRST PRIZE GIVES YOU ALL THIS

1. Bay Thoroughbred colt sired by *Count Fleet*. *Count Fleet* won the Triple Crown, plus The Withers and Wood Memorial.
2. All expenses for board and training your prize colt by the experienced trainer, L. K. Haggin, at War Horse Place, Lexington, Ky., to July 1, 1958 paid by Kentucky Club.
3. Two choice seats for 1958 Kentucky Derby—plus hotel room for four days—plus \$1,000.00 in cash for expenses and to shoot the works at the races.

The 1958 Kentucky Club Derby Day Contest brings you a golden opportunity to win a son of fabulous *Count Fleet*. *Count Fleet* has sired eleven performers each of which has won over \$100,000.

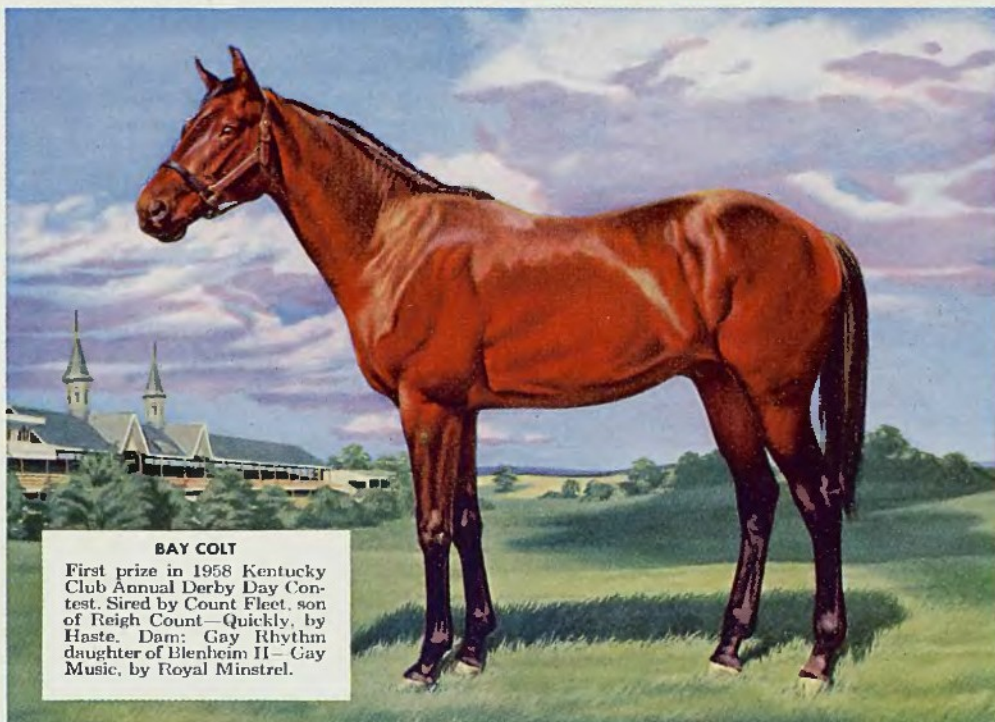
This prize son may be another big winner. Just name him and he's yours—plus choice seats to Kentucky Derby on May 3—plus \$1,000.00 for expenses and to shoot the works at the races.

Don't worry about how you would take care of a race horse. Kentucky Club pays the bills for board and training to July 1, 1958. You get all the fun and thrills of owning a race horse without spending a dime. Later, you can race your prize colt or sell him, as you wish. We hope he will bring you a fortune.

It's easy to win. Awards will be made for the best names for this son of *Count Fleet*. Send in all the entries you want. For example, a name might be *Count Dollars*. Don't send in this name. Think of better ones. Start now.

#### KENTUCKY CLUB'S 9 QUALITY BRANDS

You're so right to switch to a pipe! It's the wise and satisfying way to enjoy tobacco. And you're doubly right to switch to one of Kentucky Club's 9 choice brands. All packaged in genuine Kenseal Pocket Pouch that's filled at the factory—comes ready to use. Keeps tobacco fresh, mellow and cool-smoking to the last pipeful.



#### BAY COLT

First prize in 1958 Kentucky Club Annual Derby Day Contest. Sired by *Count Fleet*, son of *Reigh Count*—Quickly, by *Haste*. Dam: *Gay Rhythm* daughter of *Blenheim II*—*Gay Music*, by *Royal Minstrel*.

Previous Kentucky Club prize race horses have been won by a grandmother, a college professor, a housewife and a business man. This may be your year to win. Total of 500 great prizes in this contest.

#### CONTEST RULES

1. In not over 16 letters nor more than three words, write a name for the Kentucky Club prize colt. Count punctuation or space between words as letters. For example, *Count Dollars* counts as 13 letters. Use plain paper or entry blank. Print your name and address.
2. Send as many entries as you like to "Kentucky Club Derby Day Contest," P. O. Box 3-C, Mt. Vernon 10, N. Y. Each entry must be accompanied by front of outer wrapper from any of Kentucky Club's 9 brands of pipe tobacco: Aromatic Kentucky Club Mixture, London Dock, Whitehall, Brush Creek, Christian Peper's Pouch Mixture, Crosby Square, Donnellford, Kentucky Club White Birch, Wiloughby Taylor. Entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, April 7, 1958. No entries returned. All become property of Kentucky Club—Division of Mail Pouch Tobacco Co.
3. Prizes will be awarded as listed elsewhere on this page. Entries will be judged by the Reuben H. Donnelly Corporation on the basis of originality, aptness of thought, and sincerity. Judges' decision final. Duplicate prizes in case of ties. All members of a family may compete, but only one prize to a family.
4. Everyone in United States and possessions or Canada may enter the contest except employees of the manufacturers of Kentucky Club's Tobaccos, its advertising agencies and members of their families. Entries must be the original work of contestant. Contest subject to Federal, State and local regulations.
5. Top winner will be notified in ample time to attend the Derby; other winners will be notified by mail approximately six weeks after close of contest. Prize colt will be presented to winner at Churchill Downs during Derby Day week. If, because of accident or other reason, it is necessary to withdraw the colt described above, another Thoroughbred of comparable value will be awarded. List of winning persons available to those requesting same and enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

**2nd to 16th Prizes:** Westinghouse "Fontainebleu" AM-FM High Fidelity Radio-Phonograph. Electronically balanced amplifier. Four matched speakers; 15" bass, 7" intermediate, two 4" treble in acoustically designed cabinet. Dual diamond-sapphire stylus. Automatic changer shutoff. Separate bass and treble controls. Advanced AM-FM radio. Auxiliary jack for tape recorder. Speaker output terminals.



**17th to 500th Prizes:** 8 "Derby Day" highball glasses specially created for winners of this contest.

#### ENTRY BLANK

Just write name for Kentucky Club prize colt in not over 16 letters and not over three words. Count punctuation or space between words as letters.

NAME FOR HORSE

Mail to "Kentucky Club Derby Day Contest," P. O. Box 3-C, Mt. Vernon 10, N. Y. Dept. PL

Send with each entry front of outer wrapper from any of Kentucky Club's 9 brands of tobacco illustrated below. Please state brand name of wrapper with this entry.

Entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, April 7, 1958.

PRINT YOUR NAME

STREET

CITY

ZONE

STATE





## WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?



S. H. ARNOLT SHOWROOM—CHICAGO

A young man who is apt to exclaim "*Vive la Différence!*"—the PLAYBOY reader looks for qualities in a car which will set him apart on the superhighway or in front of a supper club. But it isn't just his trend-setting enthusiasm for the new and different that makes him an ideal prospect in the automobile market—it's his proven ability to buy the car of his choice. Facts: According to the leading independent magazine survey, a larger percentage of PLAYBOY families bought an automobile during the last 12 months than those receiving *any* other magazine. (58.1% of PLAYBOY households purchased a total of 446,261 automobiles during the past year.) And 6.3% of PLAYBOY's readers are able to ride high, wide and handsome in 3 or more family-owned cars, again a figure unmatched by *any* other magazine. (Source: Starch 52nd Consumer Magazine Report, June 1957 and Starch Supplement on PLAYBOY, January 1958.) Want to know more about the PLAYBOY audience? Write:

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