

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JULY 50 cents



PICNIC CAPERS



HEMINGWAY AND LYONS



WHITEHEAD



ARMOUR



BROWN

PLAYBILL

THE PLAYBILL PAGE this month is more whiskered than usual, what with the noble sproutings of Messrs. Hemingway and Whitehead, but all that broccoli is justified by two articles from the Remingtons of noted columnist Leonard Lyons (pictured here talking to a fuzzy friend named Ernest) and the aforementioned Schweppervescent Commander. Lyons has written about *The Beavers of Broadway* and Commander Whitehead has issued the stern pronunciamiento, *Off With Their Beards!*

"Writing is in my blood," Richard Armour tells us, "along with other impurities." Satirist Armour is, of course, the author of that whole caboodle of "Started" books (*It All Started with Eve*, —with Columbus,—with Europa) as well as the ingenious *Twisted Tales from Shakespeare* and the forthcoming *It All Started with Marx*, a satirical history of Communism. For PLAYBOY, he has written *Age of the Chest*, a wry essay directed against the hairy he-man torso

and its addleheaded advocates.

His Satanic Majesty, Lucifer, also known as the Devil, the Adversary, the Archfiend, the Tempter, the Prince of Darkness, the Son of the Morning, the Father of Lies, the Author of Evil, Old Scratch, Old Harry, Old Ned, Old Nick and other Nicknames, would seem to hold a certain diabolic fascination for our fiction editor: you will perhaps recall such Faustian fiction as *Burnt Toast* (November 1955), *Couching at the Door* (March 1956) and *Have Bargain* (as recent as May 1958). For this issue, Stephen Barr has given us still another such, *The Devil to Pay*—but this one, as you'll discover, is a devil's tale with a kinkier-than-customary twist.

Other fiction this month includes *The Sweet Sadness*, by Philip Lee Smith, a touching love story set in Havana, and *The Skindiver and the Lady*, by our old friend T. K. Brown III (author of *The Sergeant and the Slave Girl* and *The Double Cross-up*). T. K., when he writes

of skindiving, knows whereof he speaks, for it is a major part of this fun-loving Floridian's life.

In the way of non-fiction, *The Not So Tender Trap*, by Martin Abramson, is a fact-packed case against the paternity suit racket. *The Picnic Papers*, by Thomas Mario, is a treatise on treats, tasty and totable, for posh PLAYBOY picnicking—to which is appended a savvy-stacked spread of gadgetry to make outdoor eating all the more enjoyable. *Six Records in Search of a Penthouse* is PLAYBOY Jazz Editor Leonard Feather's roundup of the pet platters of Sinatra, Garroway, Basie, Steve Allen, Gerry Mulligan and Peggy Lee.

Telephonic comic Shelley Berman performs one of his mirthful routines for us; and, girlwise, portable Parisienne Agnès Laurent and lazy Playmate Linné Ahlstrand vie with each other and with a passel of nude LP jackets for your attention. Good things galore in a james-dandy July PLAYBOY.

DEAR PLAYBOY

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

UGH

We got a charge out of your April paragraph about "Spooky Foods" in *Playboy After Hours*, but think we can add to the list from our own well-stocked Oddity Section: Iguana Meat in Mole Sauce, Sea Urchin Paste, Smoked Sparrow on Skewer, Fried Golden Butterfly.

Richard Cahill
Vendôme Table Delicacies, Inc.
New York, New York

R-R

Congratulations on Ken Purdy's excellent April article concerning the Rolls-Royce automobile. It is gratifying to learn that not everyone has sacrificed quality and pride of workmanship on the altar of mass production. I am one of the disappointed people who believed Detroit's propaganda to the extent of buying a Continental Mark II, which turned out to be a glorified bolt bucket. We were also further rewarded by the company's cutting the quality of the automobile in the later model, and in turn devaluing the trade-in price of our automobile.

Ben H. Jenkins, M.D.
Newnan, Georgia

That article about the Rolls-Royce was, in my opinion, one of the finest that I have seen in *PLAYBOY* to date.

James D. Allan
Kingston, Ontario

After reading *Prestige on Wheels*, my late-model Detroitier seemed to rattle even more than before. Viva Purdy!

Johnny Schmon
Clifton, New Jersey

I wonder how much R-R paid you for putting down American cars?

B. J. Yanchenko
Syracuse, New York

THE DISTRIBUTOR

Although I have been gaping at your fabulous mag for some time, it was not until I read *The Distributor*, by Richard Matheson, in your March issue, that the spirit urged me to my typewriter. This story was, and still is for that mat-

ter, the best that has been published in *PLAYBOY* in many a moon. I shall continue to read your magazine with relish, in hopes of finding, among other delightful tidbits, more stories by Mr. Matheson.

Frederick C. Moore, Jr.
Ventnor, New Jersey

Congratulations on the most gripping story I have read in a long time—Richard Matheson's *The Distributor*. A new height in beastliness was etched therein. What a terrific TV play it would make!

Sally Ann Sessions
Washington, D.C.

Just wanted to say I think *PLAYBOY* really outdid itself with *The Distributor*.

Terry Cullinan
Claremont, California

... A masterpiece of supernatural depravity. The story is a eulogy to author Matheson's talent and a tribute to the good taste of your editors. May you continue to publish literature of equal quality.

Robert Hannaford
Seattle, Washington

... Fabulous!

J. M. H. Morgan, Jr.
Morgantown, West Virginia

... Simply great!

Eugene Alby
Pullman, Washington

Richard Matheson should be put in an asylum as quickly as possible. He is a sick, dangerous, demented person.

Robert Miller
Brooklyn, New York

"If a thing is worth doing, it's worth doing well," you say on the opening page of *The Distributor*. Is it worth doing? The story, I mean?

Greg Gunther
San Jose, California

The Distributor had a tendency to encourage any Communist readers. Let's keep *PLAYBOY* for the Americans.

David William Oliver
Indianapolis, Indiana

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MULTIPLE VITAMINS

There is no doubt in my mind that your April Playmate, Felicia Atkins, is an exceptional girl, but I doubt that even she is exceptional enough to "soak up a skinful of Vitamin C" by lying in the sun. Vitamin C is absorbed by the ingestion of citrus fruits.

Frank A. Oski
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

I am positive that the golden hue of Miss Atkins' "corpore sano" is due to Vitamin D from sunlight, not Vitamin C.

A. L. Capto
Tufts Medical School
Boston, Massachusetts

You mean Vitamin D . . .

Barney Gardner
College of Medicine
University of Utah
Salt Lake City, Utah

Oops. Would you guys believe us if we told you our Las Vegas Playmate soaks up her vitamins in a swimming pool filled with orange juice? No, we didn't think you would.

DOWN WITH PAZDUR

Though the ins and outs of IN and OUT are delightfully explained in your March issue, you let some terribly OUT stuff creep into the same issue. I'm referring to Ed Pazdur's article, *Boxing 1958*. First, Mr. Pazdur makes real points by justly ridiculing Charlie Goldman's mouthwash published in that other "popular men's magazine" where Cholly sagely predicts that his boy Rocky would have KO'd Floyd Patterson in the sixth round, had they met. But then Mr. Pazdur goes way OUT by making the same blunder himself, saying later in his article, with as much optimism as the silly Mr. Goldman, ". . . Patterson would have won by a knockout—in or around the 12th."

Kal Wagenheim
Elizabeth, New Jersey

Ed Pazdur's *Boxing 1958* has almost caused the banishment of PLAYBOY from my selected reading material. I believe this man would have accomplished more by discoursing on disabled parakeets. The whole article must have been used as an emergency replacement for an ad that failed to arrive.

A. J. Greenwood
Branford, Connecticut

Pazdur's ridiculous deprecation of Rocky Marciano does much to dim my enthusiasm for PLAYBOY.

Arthur Whiteman
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Who does this guy Pazdur think he is (and who is he, anyway?) to contend that Marciano could not have beaten

Patterson on his best day? I'm not saying Patterson is a bum, but look at Rocky's record—it speaks for itself! Pazdur is ignorant.

George Ciampa
Inglewood, California

THE ETERNITY LABEL

Your *Hickory, Dickory, Dock* satire of Kerouac is so much jazz. You have wronged The Poet. I pray for you. Man, this boy records on the Eternity label—I suggest you put him on the correct turntable.

Augustine Weeg
Tacoma, Washington

PLAYMATE PROSPECT

The Zeta Chapter of Beta Sigma Rho Fraternity recently held its annual formal here at Carnegie Tech and this year we used PLAYBOY as our theme. The fraternity house was elaborately decorated with rabbit posters, covers, cartoons and Playmates from PLAYBOY, and over 80 couples, including faculty members, attended. The brothers submitted the names of their dates for our Beta Sigma Rho Playmate Contest and the winner was cute Carnegie sophomore Teri Ronson. Teri is a 19-year-old, blue-eyed blonde—a petite 5' 5" tall, measuring 36-22-35 in the vital statistics department. Is there any possibility you might be



interested in Teri as a real Playmate of the Month in PLAYBOY?

Stan Harris
Beta Sigma Rho
Carnegie Institute of Tech.
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Judging from the photograph you enclosed, there is more than a possibility, Stan. Teri can expect a call from our Carnegie Tech College Rep.

GRIPES OF WRATH

I lay down my 50¢ at the newsstand expecting entertainment, and until reading *The Short-Short Story of Mankind*, by John Steinbeck, I have gotten it.

John A. Haley
Jal, New Mexico

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The Short-Short Story of Mankind by John Steinbeck is a labored attempt to assert that all cultures and civilizations are the same, whether they be Hittite, Mayan, Nazi, Elizabethan or Periclean; and that Adolf Hitler's policies were no better nor worse than Winston Churchill's and that Communist Russia in brutally suppressing the Hungarian patriots was no worse than America in suppressing the Whiskey Rebellion.

Loring Fiske
Los Angeles, California

The Short-Short Story of Mankind was not short enough.

Jack Murphy
Newport, Kentucky

THE SURVEY SURVEYED

If you wish me to continue buying and reading *PLAYBOY*, don't ever again print such a poorly disguised sales message to advertisers as appeared in your otherwise excellent April issue under the title *Meet the Playboy Reader*. I feel I was duped into reading it, thinking it another good article. I wasted my time, you wasted a full page and a half.

Gary King
Toronto, Ontario

Interpreting the survey of your reader in my own fashion, I have come to this conclusion: He is a 25-year-old college boy who leeches \$7,234 a year off his old man — not for education, but for the maintenance of three automobiles, a small clothing store, and monthly excursions to Venice, Papeete and Nogales.

Robert Ginter, Jr.
Los Angeles, California

Meet the Playboy Reader gave me a real good laugh. I don't make \$10,000 a year. I don't have a new car. I don't travel each year. I don't buy a new wardrobe each season. Nor am I able to afford the luxury of fine liquor, costly women or some of the other delicacies enjoyed by the "average" *PLAYBOY* reader. I can't. I teach school.

Robert Barnard
Seminole, Oklahoma

After reading your recent survey, I assume the majority of your readers are ultra-conventional, quasi-hip, pseudo-sophisticated.

R. F. Grady
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Dan Starch & staff did a helluva job. I have read *PLAYBOY* for almost four years, been a subscriber for over two. There's a startling resemblance between myself and your findings, yet I wasn't contacted by the survey.

Gene Sally
Rolla, Missouri



PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



We told you month before last about a sort of electronic BunaB, a self-powered, controlless, portable gadget which does no more than flash two banks of lights in random order. Or so we thought; but a friend of ours claims that it is, in fact, an amazingly efficient scientific instrument which he has named The Instant Personality Analyzer, because he can tell all he needs to know about a man from his first reaction to the blinking box. The guy who digs its charm at once—and wants one—is quick-witted, sociable, a secure neurotic who knows how to live with his problems, and a man likely to be volatile in temperament. The guy who doesn't dig it right off, who says, "Yeah, but what is it?" is apt to be literal-minded, self-righteous, rigid and, though comfortable within his milieu, rather unsure of himself outside of it. Then, there's the fellow who tries to work out a pattern for the flashes, scrutinizes the box on all sides, demands a screwdriver to take it apart and see how it works. "This man," says our friend, "has a latent streak of sadism which he has channeled into usefulness; he may be a surgeon or a demolition engineer. He's likely to be physically large, extroverted and aggressive."

We're anxious to get our friend's opinion of the personality structure of a telephone installation and repair walah who was working on our office intercom the other afternoon. Before he left, we pointed to our "Analyzer" and said, "Check it out, would you?" The telephone man looked at it in puzzlement, picked up the box gingerly, set it down again with a dazed frown and said, "Yep. She's OK. Shouldn't give you any trouble." And fled.

A two-fisted drinking buddy of ours—

fed up with the vogue of diluting perfectly good vodka with healthy-type mixes (tomato juice, orange juice, beef bouillon, etc.)—blew his top recently. Walking into a Rush Street watering hole, he asked the bartender for "A Bullshot—and cut the bull."

Exotics seem to be performing under some notably unexotic monickers these days: a couple of headline strippers in Miami are billed as Zsa Zsa Schwartz and Asian Flo.

Planning a junket to Manhattan? Here's some sight-seeing information that should prove invaluable. The Madison Avenue Pet Shop is at 1072 Lexington. The Fifth Avenue Card Shop is just off Third Avenue. The main office of the East River Savings Bank is just a couple of blocks from the Hudson, on Cortland St. (most of its branch offices are also conveniently located on the West Side). You can't miss the Forty-second Street Commercial Studio: it's at Fifth Avenue and 47th St. Now, if you want to go to the Uptown Agency, you'll find it downtown at 72 Fulton St. If you're looking for the Downtown Gallery, it's midtown—on East 51st St. And the Midtown Dental Supply Company? You guessed it: uptown, at 2129 Broadway.

BOOKS

In *The Cultured Man* (World, \$3.75), British-born anthropologist Ashley Montagu (full handle: Montague Francis Ashley-Montagu) has provided a sort of do-it-yourself \$64,000 Question for the upper-middlebrow set. Trouble is, no dough is paid. All you get is the satisfaction of knowing how enlightened you are. Can

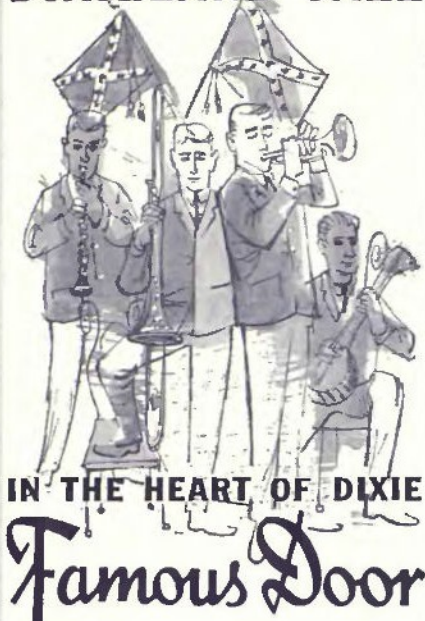
you define the word *word* (try it); do you believe that a *thespian* is a division of genus *lesbian*; do you know what a *nautch girl* is? If you can concoct the correct answers, you're rolling. But if you think *endogamy* is canine suicide; or the *excluded middle* is the chief charm of a bikini; or the *glottal stop* is what a Japanese girl says when you make a pass, then you might as well give up. What Montagu has done is assemble some 1500 such questions and divide them into categories from Agriculture to Words. Answers are in the back, and so is the scoring method. (We whipped through the first five categories, came up with three Excellents, one Good and one Above-Average.) What does it all prove? It proves that even though Professor Montagu has spent vast amounts of time and effort compiling this gnostic gallimaufry (learned hash), no truly Cultured Man would be caught azoic (dead) reading it.

PLAYBOY readers might like to know that three stories from these pages are included in Robert Oberfirst's *Anthology of Best Short-Short Stories: Volume 6* (Fell, \$3.95). They are *Victory Parade* by Henry Slesar, *The Lover of the Coral Glades* by Adrian Conan Doyle and *Last Will and Testament* by Ray Russell. The Russell and Conan Doyle yarns rate the "Honor Roll Story" citation and the Slesar piece is crowned "Best Science-Fiction Short-Short of the Year." Some other writers represented in the book: Bradbury, Saroyan, Moravia.

THEATRE

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christened the Lunt-Fontanne (205 W. 46th St.), is now the handsomest playhouse in town. You can see it any old time. But if you want to see the Lunts, you'd better move fast. They're threatening a limited engagement for *The Visit*, easily the best play to come their way in years. Its author, a Swiss by the name of Friedrich Duerrenmatt, is a craftsman with an original turn of mind and a mordantly medieval appreciation for the slow turn of the screw.

A woman returns to the whistle-stop town of Gullen in mythical Mitteleuropa; we learn that she had been forced to leave at the age of 17, slightly pregnant. Now she is Madame Claire Zachanassian, a much-married courtesan who made good in a brothel and accumulated more money than Babs Hutton. Claire arrives in a royal sedan chair, with a couple of American gangster bodyguards, a black panther, a butler and a horrible hunk of hate in her heart for Anton Schill, who seduced her in a hayloft and betrayed her by false witness. Her malevolent plan for revenge is to offer the townsfolk a cool billion marks for public works and private pockets if they will see simple justice done: the murder of her seducer.

It is disturbingly logical and blood-chilling to watch the locals waver from shocked indignation to greedy appreciation of her offer; to watch Anton Schill disintegrate when he realizes that his friends, and even his family, are aware of how much he is worth to them—dead. In a quiet way, the play is hair-raising in its relentless cynicism, and as entertainment it requires brilliant directing and acting. It gets the first from Peter Brook, who employs Teo Otto's imaginative sets for an exercise in frigid fantasy, and the best of the rest comes from the Lunts. Miss Fontanne, who admits to 71 and looks a fine 40, plays Claire like an icicle warmed by a candle flame; Mr. Lunt, who is and looks 65, is magnificent as a frowzy roué whose days are numbered. Peter Woodthorpe, Eric Porter and the rest of a fine Anglo-American cast help propagate the venality of man and the greater glory of the Lunts.

FILMS

The Matchmaker, based on the Thornton Wilder Broadway smash inspired by an 1842 Viennese comedy taken from the John Oxenford original of 1835, is about the funniest, perkier picture we've come on in years. While John Michael Hayes' screenplay carries over from the stage show every hoary slapstick device known to man—from scrambling into closets to transvestitism—the maneuvers are so spontaneously panicky that you don't mind one whit. The peppy and near-

the scotch mist



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perfect principals include Shirley Booth as the crafty, widowed matchmaker; Shirley MacLaine as the game, impulsive milliner; Paul Ford as the rich tightwad on the make for any sturdy young thing; Tony Perkins as the nutty Yonkers clerk dead set on a one-day fling in New York; and Robert Morse as his jumpy, girl-shy buddy. Joseph Anthony has directed the zany goings-on like he was driving fire horses, and the timing of lines and takes is exquisite. The only disturbing element is the actors' habit (transplanted from the play) of occasionally addressing a monolog right to the audience: although this charming violation of modern dramatic convention was refreshing on the stage, on the verisimilitudinous screen it's obtrusive and out of whack. But hell, you can't have everything.

Charging his cameras forward, then ordering them to retreat like Scipio Africanus, shooting high and shooting low, catching Jimmy Stewart's blue eyes in turn bewildered, misty and horrified, eliciting a remarkable performance from beauteous Kim Novak, pixy-pussed Alfred Hitchcock has made an unusually contrived but really great suspense movie in *Vertigo*. It is consistently mystifying, a little mystic, damned moving in spots and smashes away to an earthquake of a climax. Stewart plays a private dick who takes a job tailing his ex-school chum's wife (Miss Novak), whose psyche is said to be taken over by her dead grandmother. Stewart dogs her, finds that, by golly, she is acting loony—visiting an art gallery, a grave, showing memory lapses, eccentric behavior. The pair meet when Kim leaps into San Francisco Bay; after fishing her out, the shamus takes her to his house and chivalrously dries her clothes. From here on things get curi-ous and curi-ouser: it's obvious that Kim is twisted at least three ways, and Hitchcock wrings some masterful suspense mileage out of close-ups of prosaic items like necklaces and portraits, aided by a spooky musical score and special effects that fairly plunge the audience inside Stewart's mind. Working from the novel *From Amongst the Dead*, scribes Alec Coppel and Sam Taylor haven't prettied up the finish one iota, so you're left kind of stunned, but appreciative. Like they say, no one will be seated during the last 10 minutes.

The Confessions of Felix Krull follows Thomas Mann's picaresque novel faithfully except when it adds plot substance that actually improves upon the delightful original. It is the fantastic, feather-weight history of a draft-dodging, lady-killing, gem-heisting German Adonis, fatally attractive to young girls, mature matrons and elderly gentlemen alike, who leaves his native Berlin to pursue Dame Fortune first in Paris then in Lisbon, first

cutting boards



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as a bellhop then as a counterfeit blue-blood. The comedy is effervescent as a glass of Rhine and seltzer; radiates rococo, *fin-de-siècle* grace. Touchy episodes involving a masochistic lady novelist and a homosexual Scottish nobleman are handled with exquisite taste and true Continental sophistication. The performances (spoken in German; English subtitles) are all exactly right; young, charm-laden Henry Bookholt (*nee* Horst Buchholz) is Felix to the life and the sort of Living Doll who seems doomed to a Hollywood invite and steady descent into the abyss of fandom and the drooling of teenage werewolves all over. Let's hope not, for the kid is a polished and promising professional who deserves a better break.

RECORDINGS

Take seven men who have backgrounds in big-band swing, who have grown in stature and musicianship while they evolved with jazz itself, who now stand out as first-rank individual stylists. Get them together, have them play a set which has the best elements of jamming and of arrangement. If you're lucky, as well as real bright in having thought this up, you'll get an outstanding LP, one that rewards repeated listenings and makes some erstwhile favorites seem wan by contrast. You don't have to do it, though; it's been done. Title: *Jazz Giants '58* (Verve 8248). Personnel: Stan Getz, Gerry Mulligan, Harry Edison, Oscar Peterson, Herb Ellis, Ray Brown, Louis Bellson. Verdict: a classic.

Three of the most listenable pop platters of the month include the exciting Keely Smith's *I Wish You Love* (Capitol T914; also stereo tape, ZC-42), on which the Virginia-born lass ("Then ah don't care . . .") smolders her way through 11 luscious love lyrics. Keely's a comer whom Capitol thought enough of to couple with Frank Sinatra on a single a while back—the only time Frank has teamed with another vocalist since he became a Capitol star. Listen to Miss Smith, and you'll know why . . . Peggy Lee's *Jump for Joy* (Capitol T979) pits Peggy against a swinging background of Nelson Riddle scorings; add Peggy's infectious, get-happy chirping and you can't help come up with the fact that *Joy* is a joy . . . It's hard to believe that 17 years have gone by since a growing boy by the name of Sinatra cut such dewy ballads as *This Love of Mine* and *There Are Such Things* with the T.D. band. *Frankie and Tommy* (Victor 1569) is all about those wonderful early-Forties days when a big band, a vocal group (The Pied Pipers) and a skinny kid caught the fancy of an entire generation.

Almost all the good things they did together are herein most happily collected.

The Gerry Mulligan Song Book, Volume 1 (Pacific Jazz-1237) is a sax-fiend's special. Gerry leads the way through seven selections (all his own compositions) abetted by a foursome of the best sax men going (Zoot Sims, Al Cohn, Lee Konitz and Allen Eager) plus guitar, bass and drums, an odd combo that makes wonderful swinging-cool music which has both muscle and suavity.

Word of Mouth Department: Chaps who occasionally relish a solitudinous summer eve with none but a Pimm's Cup and a busy turntable for company will be richly rewarded by a whirling of *Sir Ralph Richardson Reads Joseph Conrad* (MGM E3618 ARC). It would be hard to imagine a better-mated pair of talents. Conrad wrote like nobody else about the glamor of the sea and the tropics, and Sir Ralph is, for our dough, just about the niftiest gumbeater in the English-speaking world. In these excerpts from *Youth* and *Heart of Darkness*, there is high adventure, unflagging romance and hints of deep horror: in short, a jolly good show . . . Richardson can also be heard on *Dr. Watson Meets Sherlock Holmes and The Final Problem* (London LL 1568), two ulster-tossing Conan Doyle yarns in which Sir Ralph assumes the character of the faithful medico. Sir John Gielgud plays the saturnine sleuth himself and Orson Welles portrays the warped and wily Professor Moriarty. Scripts and production are only fair, and that customarily rousing ranter, Welles, is yawningly casual, but the Sirs have a fine time for themselves.

The Southwest German Radio Orchestra of Baden-Baden doesn't do gooden-gooden enough with Stravinsky's *Firebird Suite* (Phonotapes-710) to justify your rushing out and buying it in stereo if you already have a good single-track recording. If you haven't, you might want this one, despite the fact that the spirited music of the composer occasionally comes through as oompah with a Ph.D.

The Kenny Drew Trio (Kenny's piano, Wilbur Ware on bass and Philly Joe Jones, drums) have taken six Rodgers tunes from *Pal Joey* and put together a fine, happy, exuberant taping of them on *Jazz Impressions of Pal Joey* (Riverside 21 F). Two of the numbers—*I Didn't Know What Time It Was* and *The Lady Is a Tramp*—follow the screen versions. The other four use the Rodgers thematic material and chord structure as a springboard for some solidly swinging improvisation. This could be dangerous; in this case it works.



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PLAYBOY

THE SWEET SADNESS

I WAS SITTING in the Fausto Bar on Colon Street in Havana one October night, feeling very sorry for myself.

I was 36 years old, a reasonably successful, recently divorced businessman. I had received a small legacy of land on the Isle of Pines, south of Cuba, and had come down to see what it was worth. It wasn't worth much. I sold it for \$900. I also had a legacy from the Emperor of Japan — eight wounds acquired trying to crash a beach party at Tulagi. I would have sold them for a lot less than \$900. On this night every one of them ached and quivered in the muggy tropical heat of Cuba's rainy season. I was determined to drink up my \$900 in Havana, and, since my doctor had warned that a week's binge might be too much for a fellow who had survived 11 wartime operations, I was wondering if that might not be the best solution to the whole goddamned situation.

I felt a small flick on my forehead, then another, and another. Somebody was spitballing me. I was annoyed and tried to ignore it. Then one fell in my drink. I was obviously the target of one of the three prosties sitting at the other end of the bar, all of whom were grinning at me.

I pushed the drink with the spitball in it petulantly toward Pepe, the bartender. "Otro, Pepe. Quién?"

"La chica, Maria," he said, nodding toward one of the girls. Her hair was black, curly, and cut short. She wore small, exquisite silver earrings and a hammered silver bracelet. She was of medium height, and her full, trim figure was tightly encased in a low-cut maroon dress made of some shiny material.

I scowled. She smiled. She had wonderful white teeth. My scowl faded into a grin. This chica was a beautiful animal.

Perhaps I should say that these Havana chicas are girls who sit in the night bars of the port and wait for men. They wear low-cut gowns, and when a man enters the bar they all smile and lean forward to demonstrate the abundance of their natural resources. They are young and pretty and some might even be called stunning. Technically they are prostitutes, but that is an inexact classification because they are not materialists, and, while they take the money, they do not always insist on it. If they like a man they will accommodate him simply *pour le sport*, as the French say, or because they are sad that he cannot afford to rent their bodies for a night. They do not think of themselves as putas, but as artistas. Which, come to think of it, most of them certainly are.

I nodded slightly to this chica, Maria, and she came sauntering up to sit beside me, her hips twitching like a cat's. This is a large order of female, I thought to myself. *Muy grande!*

Now, although I know enough key words in Spanish to do the necessary things, such as ordering a meal or insulting a bus driver, I don't really *hablo*. Since she did not *hablo inglés*, our conversation got off to a rather confused start.

She wriggled around on the bar stool, smoothed down her dress, took one of my hands in hers, and smiled. "Mejora," she said. That's better.

"Yes," I said, patting her hand reassuringly. I went on to say that I was not a guy to be prejudiced against a person because of the line of work they were in. "But I don't think I'm interested in you professionally at the moment," I added, "although you're very attractive."

To this inane little speech she merely replied languidly: "Fats Domino."

I thought she was trying to kid me with a Latin phrase she had picked up in church or somewhere. I laughed and started "Omnia Gallia," but I couldn't remember the rest of it and it sounded silly anyway.

The jukebox had switched to another record. She closed her eyes ecstatically.

fiction By PHILIP LEE SMITH

whore or not, she laid a finger on an empty heart



"Knocking Goal," she breathed.

"I didn't quite get that."

"Knocking Goal. Knocking Goal. You lige?"

"I never knocked one that I know of. Is it fun?"

"I lige Knocking Goal mucho!"

A familiar voice of liquid honey issued from the jukebox. Of course. Knocking Goal. Nat "King" Cole. Spanish was really very simple once you got the hang of it.

"And a happy Harry Belafonte to you," I said brightly.

She laughed and squeezed my hand against her breast. "I lige Harry Belafonte mucho!"

We had found a common language. Things were going great for me, Nat "King" Cole, and Harry Belafonte. I began to feel better. Mucho.

"Drink?" I asked.

"Bay-beh," she replied, as if tutoring a child.

I was with it now. "Beber," pronounced "bay-beh," means "drink" in Spanish.

"Bay-beh, baby?"

The bar rang with laughter.

"Sí," she said. She squeezed my leg companionably with her long fingers. "Absinthe, Pepe."

Absinthe, the *parfait d'amour*, which is so aphrodisiacal that it cannot be sold in the United States.

"Dos absinthe, Pepe," I said. I was beginning to feel really wonderful.

We sipped absinthe. I was slowly enveloped in a warm, sensuous drowsiness. She played erotically with my fingers. I bit the lobe of her ear lightly. She kissed me on the lips; her strong, half-parted red lips around the gleaming white teeth worked sweetly and with purpose against my own.

I knew then that I had never really been kissed before, with such a meaningful pressure of the lips, bringing into quivering awareness every nerve in my body.

Suddenly I wanted this magnificent jungle she-thing very much. I knew she was for rent, and I knew I would pay any price to get her, although I had never paid for a girl before.

"Cuánto?" I whispered.

"Ten dollah liddle wile, twenny all night." She knew the English for that.

"Dónde?" I didn't want to take her to my hotel.

She took me by the hand and we left the bar. She hailed a taxi and gave directions to the driver.

From a hundred bars and cabarets in the hot Havana midnight came the insistent rhythms of the bongo drums, and the olive and brown and black bodies swayed and twitched, came together and parted. Passion hung in the air, an almost tangible thing. We kissed and explored with a tender

ferocity. Forgotten now my dolor, my loneliness, the pain of my wounds. All the sensations of which my body was capable were concentrated. It had never been like this before. Never.

The driver wheeled the cab recklessly down the Avenida del Puerto toward the docks, then along Desamparados with its lounging sailors and neon-lit honky-tonks, and pulled up at last at a waterfront motel near the foot of Aguila Street. The proprietor, a smiling young Cuban, showed us into a room, turned on the lights, and backed discreetly out. The girl locked the door and turned to face me.

If an American tourist couple from Beloit or Evansville ever happened by some twist of fate to get lodging for the night in this "motel," they would undoubtedly be both shocked and mystified by the decor. The whole room was cunningly designed for erotic arousal. There were mirrors in the headboard and footboard of the big, low bed and mirrors in the ceiling and on all four walls and in the floor. Between the mirrors were photographs and paintings to excite the imagination and suggest all sorts of forbidden pleasures. At various points around the room were carved phallic and fertility symbols. There were backless chairs and couches and a variety of plumed and feathered instruments of amorous dalliance.

The immediate effect of all this was to depress me terribly. I could feel desire draining out of me under the impact of that diabolical room. Oh, sordid, sordid!

Maria must have sensed all this, for she came and sat beside me on the bed and stroked my hand comfortingly.

"Iz OK, hon-ee," she said. She smiled understandingly and kissed me, not passionately, but sweetly. Con triste.

"Iz OK." She reached for a light switch in back of the bed. The lights in the ceiling and in all the mirrors went off, leaving only the bed visible in a dim, soft glow. The hideous room was shut out; only the bed and the girl and the lonely, aging man were real.

She stood up and began taking off her clothes. It was a kind of refined but immensely suggestive striptease, and when she stood before me at last, completely naked, my desire returned with a rush and every nerve and cell ached for her.

For what stood before me was the most exotically beautiful woman I had ever seen. Her body was magnificently molded in shining bronze. Her nipples, erect with desire, were dark against the gold of her breasts, with just the faintest tinge of fire at the tips. She kept on her silver bracelet and earrings, and around one ankle was a silver anklet with a tiny bell. She had put a white gardenia in her hair, and its

scent, mingled with that of her own perfume, filled the air with a vague, delicate promise of delight.

She bore me down upon the bed and undressed me. Then, with every part of her golden body, she loved me as I had never been loved before, as I had never known a woman could love a man. Skillfully and with a delicious deliberation she used that marvelous body as an instrument of satisfaction that drew from me tortuously and tenderly every last spark of tension and desire and left me at peace. Floating serenely on that tide of satiety, we lay there for a long while. We stretched languorously and rubbed our toes together and she lit two cigarettes and put one in my mouth.

I reached out my hand and touched one of her breasts.

"Quién?" I said.

"Fats Domino."

"Quién?"

"Harry Belafonte."

My hand moved down her body. "Quién?"

"Knocking Goal."

"I lige Knocking Goal mucho!"

She laughed, delighted with the little game.

Slowly an irritating idea speeded into my mind. Any man with ten dollah for liddle wile or twenny for all night could play this game with her. Ten lousy bucks would make the night a sparkling thing for him, too. How many times had those obscene mirrors reflected that brazen torso twisted into the image of some lecher's imagination? After all, she was a whore.

So, because the idea hurt me and I wanted to hurt her, I said smugly: "For me, mucho por amor, primero por dinero." I had loved a great deal, but this was the first time I had paid for it.

It did hurt her. She averted her eyes for a moment. Then she took my hand, kissed it, and placed it on her breast.

"Para mí, mucho por dinero, primero por amor." She had done it many times for money, but this was the first time for love.

The word "love" in the mouth of a whore is supposed to be a lie and usually is, but somehow I could believe her. After all, she too had reached that breathless instant of tiny death in my embrace. And there was that something between us—there isn't any name for it. We had touched each other. I don't mean sexually. That, too, but also the other thing. We were simpático. Whore or not, she had laid a finger on an empty heart.

"Amor?" I said.

"Sí."

I kissed her hand and put it over my heart.

"Me, too," I said. "Amor."

She sighed and smiled, because it was

(continued overleaf)



SWEET SADNESS (continued from page 14)

amor, and nothing could ever come of it.

"Triste," she said. The sweet sadness.

I shook my head. "No. Dolor." The bad sadness.

She nodded. "Muy dolor."

• • •

That was the only time I paid her. We were together constantly after that. We took the 32 bus out to Playa la Concha, swam in the calm, turquoise waters of the Gulf, then got daiquiris from the bar and sipped them when we sunned on the yellow sand. We went to the movies and held hands like high school kids. We sat on benches in Parque Zayas and watched the small boys play baseball. We took the night boat from Batabano over to the Isle of Pines and spent a week there, taking the mineral baths at Santa Fe and riding horseback into the pine-covered, marble hills. And when I worked in my hotel room, she sat and watched me with a curious intentness or roamed restlessly about, smoking and waiting. And when she could stand it no longer she would come over and press her breasts against my cheek and begin the teasing that would bring us finally to the bed and a wild, wonderful joy.

Maria was more than my chica. She was my tender comrade, my girl, my lover. I did not ask questions about her past. I knew it must have been bad. And she did not question me. Never once did she ask me about my marital status. We had each other for the present. It was enough.

One day she invited me to come to her casa. She had never done that before. It was an address on Aguila Street near Colon, a neighborhood that had once housed the famous brothel Casa Marina which so fascinated Joseph Hergesheimer. Many chicas now lived in this area. 110 Aguila Street was far from being a fashionable address.

Her two-room walk-up turned out to be cool and spotlessly clean. A little statue of Saint Lazaro, the patron saint of prostitutes, pimps and the poor, stood in one corner of the combined living and bedroom with a votive candle burning in front of it. We sat down on the bed and embraced.

The door from the kitchen opened and in toddled a cute little boy of about four. He stood in front of me and smiled shyly.

"Papa," he said.

"Well, who are you?" I asked gaily.

But I needed only one look at those black eyes and fine, even features to know who he was, and I did not feel very gay.

Maria said simply: "Niño mio." My little one.

I had never thought of her as a mother. Or even as having been married. Or (Oh, God!) *being* married.

But the shock of learning that my chica had a four-year-old child was nothing to what came next. Placing her hands on her stomach, she said: "Otro niño." Another little one.

I couldn't believe it. I had noticed the soft fullness of her body but had thought it only that roundness of the lower midriff that Latins consider attractive but that American women go to great lengths to conceal.

"You mean you're pregnant? Preñada?"

She lowered her eyes. "Sí."

"How many months? Meses?"

"Tres."

"Husband? Marido?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "He go. Vamos! I don't know ware."

I was hurt. I was angry. I felt deceived. But gradually it dawned on me that she had paid me a great compliment by asking me to come to her casa and meet her little boy, and by telling me that she was pregnant. She trusted me. And she was in a terrible spot. I couldn't take her to the States with me. I couldn't stay in Havana and support her. I had contracts, commitments, and an unbreakable business date in New York the following week.

Her husband had vamoosed. And, pregnant, she could not much longer sit in the bars and rent her body to men. I began to feel the deepest compassion for her.

"Amor por marido?" I asked her gently.

Her eyes filled with tears. "No. Amor por usted."

She did not love her husband. She loved me.

"Marido borrachón," she said. Her husband was a drunk.

He was more than that, as it turned out. He was also a murderer. In Spanish and broken English and with many gestures and tears, she told me the story.

She and her husband, Felipe, had been married five years ago when she was 17. He was a professional boxer who fought under the name of Kid Gonzalez. Things had been fine at first. Then he had started drinking. When he was drinking he was ugly. He could get no more fights. Their money ran out. He got drunk and stayed away from home for days, weeks. That was when she began leaving the baby in the care of a neighbor's little girl and sat in the night bars to invite the rental of her body.

But when Felipe did come home, he was insanely jealous of her. He would

not let her sit in the bars. One night, about two months ago, he had seen her enter a hotel with an American. He had waited in an alley and when they came out of the hotel he had pulled the American into the alley and beaten him so badly that he had died. So now the police were looking everywhere for Felipe.

How, I asked myself bitterly, did I get into this mess? And how was I to get out? Felipe had killed an American who had slept with his wife. I was also an American who had slept with his wife. I must get out of Cuba right away, I thought. I must forget this Habana chica.

She sensed the revulsion in me. "Amor por usted!" she wailed. "Oh, hon-ec, don't go!"

"You didn't tell me you were married," I said virtuously. "Put a perfida!" Faithless whore.

She threw herself down on the bed and began a wild, uncontrolled sobbing. The little boy, watching her big-eyed and amazed, began to cry too.

But my shock, fear, and revulsion quickly subsided, and I felt for her the greatest and most tender affection. She had not deceived me. She had been courageous enough to tell me the truth. And I was being a real s.o.b. about it.

I began to feel ashamed. I stroked her hair and kissed her. "Amor," I said gently. "Amor and dolor." Love and the bad sadness.

We embraced for a long moment. The little boy, reassured, toddled out into the other room.

"What are you going to do?" I asked. "Qué?"

She pointed to her stomach. "Medico take out. Mañana."

"No!" I remonstrated. "Niño muy grande. Muerte!" The pregnancy was too advanced. She might die.

But she was adamant. She would have the baby "taken out." Then she could sit in the bars again. How could she support *two* children? And if she did not have the abortion, how could she support one?

Her logic was irrefutable. How, indeed? There are no jobs for women of her class in Cuba. In the Cuban scheme of things, her caste was as surely fixed as that of an Indian untouchable. She was an "artista."

We hadn't spoken of money since that first night at the waterfront end of Aguila Street. Now I opened my wallet and handed her two 10-peso bills. She threw them in my face.

I kissed her and left.

I didn't get much sleep that night. My poor, passionate, dear Habana chica, what will become of you? Yet, in the back of my mind, I could not help

(concluded on page 68)

THE PICNIC PAPERS



PHOTOGRAPHY BY OICK BOYER

grandioso grub and gear for fine al fresco feasting

food and drink **By THOMAS MARIO**

AS A RULE, when a couple contemplates a meal cooked in the city and toted to the wilderness, the sleeker sex automatically takes charge. A man, it's assumed, is capable of building a clay oven or pouring Scotch over rocks, but the woman knows better how to fill the thermos and pat the potato salad. The assumption is correct if you happen to be the kind who can tolerate cucumber sand-

wiches on thin bread or prune surprise salad with skim-milk punch. But if you want mugs of finnan haddie chowder, sliced rare steak sandwiches with their own beef juice trapped in great crusty slabs of French bread, wedges of mature stilton cheese, or coffee with cognac — if, in short, you pine for a picnic at once rural and urbane, a true *PLAYBOY* picnic, you'd best read this screed and take

matters into your own hands.

Your outdoor menu should reflect a certain easy harmony. If, for example, you're serving cold sliced Sauerbraten, then a German potato salad, onion rolls and Munchener beer would be the most natural menu mates. It isn't necessary, however, to go to ridiculous extremes and feel dismay just because you're unable to serve shark-fin soup before your





You can't see the trees for the picnic paraphernalia—a glittering gathering of gear to make your woodland repasts delicious and delightful.

TOP ROW, l to r: a lawdown, sturdily webbed aluminum armchair; \$10.95. N'Icer bucket totes 3 lbs. of cubes for your cocktails, is made of pliable plastic that can't break, can't dent; in wicker carrying cradle; \$9.95.

Long-handled salt and pepper shakers keep your mitts out of the flames; \$1 the set.

Gallon-size Thunderbird jug sports a swing-out spout for peddling potables; \$7.98.

Regency leather-covered transistor portable radio lets you listen to what's going on back in the stuffy city; \$44.95.

MIDDLE ROW, l to r: Thunderbird ice chest boasts fiberglass insulation, can't stain, corrode, scuff or rust; \$21.95. Mister Chef stainless steel cook-out set comes with super-long Pakkawood handles and rawhide thongs, includes tongs on center tree; \$24.95 the set.

The biggest frying pan an God's green earth is cast iron, 24" in diameter; \$12.95. Open your clams sans calamity with a Shuck-Em aluminum opener that won't damage the meat or carve up your thumb; steel blade divides shell, juices are trapped in pan below; sorry, won't do for oysters; \$6.95. That green Stanley thermos is unbreakable, is a whiz at keeping grub or grog hot or cold, has a seamless, stainless steel lining; one-gallon size with deftly shielded push-button faucet; \$23.

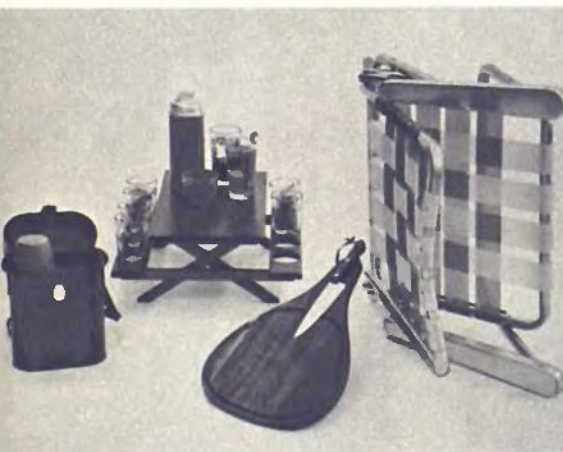
BOTTOM ROW, l to r: a sumptuous service-for-six British willow-wicker picnic basket with leather bindings, stainless steel cutlery, stainless thermos jugs, salad and relish containers; \$69.50. You've never munched a baked potato unless you've had one done to a mealy, magnificent turn in a Rosin Baker; this one comes with 10 lbs. of re-usable gum rosin; includes heavy steel charcoal pot, aluminum legs; with rosin kettle removed, it's a conventional grill; \$26.95. Succulent steamer clams and tasty clam broth can be perked in that metal clam steamer; juice drains into spigoted section for simple serving; \$11.95. The thingamabob that looks like a hair dryer is really a battery-powered brass fire blower that whips a spark into a blaze in a jiff; \$12.95.



Straw bottle basket lugs two jugs of your favorite mountain dew, plus light snacks on the other side; \$7.50. Folding steel table-and-bench opens like a book, seats four happy revelers, has no legs to get in the way of theirs; carries like a suitcase; \$32.50.



Super Hang-It-All, with versatile vertical design, can broil or rotisserie an either side, prepares complete meal plus coffee in one swoop; \$24.95. Fiberglass-insulated Thermo-Keep keeps hot grub hot, cold beer cold, in separate Koroseal compartments; \$12.95.



L to r: Cowhide case carries two glass-lined thermos jugs; \$17.50. No spilled drinks with this midget redwood picnic table and 8 embedded drinking glasses; \$11.95. Walnut carving board with magnetized knife; \$9.50. Webbed and low folding chair keeps your bottom off the grass; \$10.95.

lobster Cantonese. As a matter of fact, if you have access to a gourmet emporium, you can buy shark-fin soup just as you can now get French rooster combs or quail eggs if you're so disposed. In selecting these recondite foods, it's always a good idea to try them privately before you pass them along to your picnic partner. One costly imported shrimp paté, for instance, packed under a well-known label, is dull and hardly recognizable as shrimp. On the other hand, an inexpensive pack of smoked mussels, when sampled, may well turn out to be tangy, completely luscious seafood that tastes like seafood.

Perspicacious picnickers know that the main problem of portage is how to keep hot things hot and cold things cold. No vacuum container can maintain its original temperature indefinitely. Optimum heat or cold can be generally counted on for four hours. Naturally, if you open a thermos of daiquiris three or four times on the way to your picnic, the drinks will soon lose their icy snap. Resist the temptation. Before ladling or pouring hot foods into a thermos, be sure to fill it with scalding water for five to 10 minutes. For keeping foods cold, chill the thermos with ice water for the same period of time. If perishable food isn't carried in a thermos, but is transported in a portable freezer or insulated bag, and there is any doubt about keeping the edibles sufficiently cold, use refrigerants in generous quantities. You can get them in cans, or as gel in plastic sacks; stow them in your freezer overnight before packing with the picnic grub and they'll emanate an arctic chill for many hours. You can also get a few hunks of dry ice at most drug-gists and soda fountains; this, too, will do a lot more than ice to keep foods frigid, and there's no messy meltage to worry about. You'll want to tote ice too, of course—for drinks that demand it. For this noble purpose, a separate ice carrier, insulated, is recommended.

While a good basket party is relaxed and knockabout, it's never accidental. Before you draw a single anchovy from a can, you must take pencil and paper in hand and make out the picnic list, including drink, food and equipage. Unless you do this, you'll find yourself all prepared to serve gin and tonic minus the gin, or ready to devour the ham while the mustard pot reposes on a shelf 50 miles in the rear. Often, in concerning oneself with the niceties of *haute cuisine*, it's easy to forget simple accessories. You may be planning to eat right in your own air-conditioned car or on a flat rock beside an isolated brook, but you must nevertheless provide such items as tableware, including serving spoons, serving forks or carving equipment; a tablecloth; big napkins (take an extra batch because much of the eat-

ing is via the hands); salt, pepper and other condiments, including catsup, mustard or bottled meat sauce; bread or rolls, butter; fresh or powdered cream, sugar; cigarettes, matches—and every other accessory that comes to mind for a civilized expedition. Try, if possible, to assemble all food and utensils in one place for easy packing at the last moment.

Picnicking today is no longer confined to the old collation of fried chicken, cold sandwiches and the invariable hard-boiled eggs. Any man who owns a wide-mouth thermos jug can now serve hot terrapin Maryland just as easily as he can pour rum collinses or iced coffee. Hot chowders, cream soups and bouillons, even in the middle of the summer, always turn out to be wonderful picnic preludes. Salted foods, like Jordan almonds or Macadamia nuts, are especially pleasing.

With a little judicious shopping and some cooking—not a hell of a lot—it's easy to assemble the kind of outdoor meal that Pepys once described as "noble and enough." At stores with rotisseries, for instance, you can buy freshly roasted chickens, or, on special order, squabs, Cornish hens or turkeys. Delicatessens now provide anything from barbecued spareribs to kosher corned beef. In the gourmet sections of large department stores, like Macy's in New York or the City of Paris in San Francisco, you can choose freshly prepared appetizers, entrees and main courses. Frozen-food cases in stores everywhere are laden with ready-to-eat repasts from continental hors d'oeuvres to velvety cheesecakes. Finally, if you're still a member in good standing at your own club, or if you're recognized at a fine bistro, you can always order beforehand your own special hash, casserole or *bonne-bouche* ready to load in the wicker basket.

Here now for wayside epicures is a passel of PLAYBOY picnic menus, all tested under our very own apple tree:

PICNIC #1

Hot Clam Madrilene
Gold Shell Steak Sandwiches
Potato Salad with Chives
Dill Chip Pickles
Ale
Camembert Cheese, Bartlett Pear
Coffee with Cognac

A 13-oz. can of clam Madrilene will provide two portions. Open the can and bring the soup to a rapid boil before pouring it into the thermos. Tell your butcher to cut the shell steak (porterhouse minus the filet, flank and bone) at least three inches thick. Allow eight to 12 ozs. of boned meat per portion. Broil the thick steak under a strong flame until well browned on each side. Inside will be undone at this point.

(concluded on page 58)

THE DEVIL TO PAY

*the stranger's face was
as bleak and cold as
the surface of the moon*

fiction **By STEPHEN BARR**

SIR SWITHIN MONTROSS arrived at the door of his house in a mood of ultimate frustration. He had lost at cards and at the races, he had failed at love and he was about to fail at business if he didn't watch his step. His golf was shot to hell. He went in and walked heavily to his study and, approaching the decanter tray, resolutely picked up a bottle of whiskey.

"I shouldn't do that if I were you," a voice behind him said.

Sir Swithin put the bottle down automatically and, turning around, saw, sitting in his winged leather chair, a stranger with rather noticeable eyebrows set at different levels.

"Who the devil are you, sir?" he inquired, "and how did you get in?"

"Forgive me for not rising," said the stranger, "I am . . . tired beyond all comprehension. I came to see you, Sir Swithin."

"Well, you see me, and now get out!" said Sir Swithin Montross, "or I shall call the police!"

The stranger continued to look at him — not smiling, not frowning, but almost as though he were weighing him. The confounded blackguard had a little goatee. Some kind of foreigner? Evening clothes, though. Goodish cut. "Did Soames let you in?" said Sir Swithin. "Because if he did —"

"No one let me in," the stranger said. "However, I am here and you and I might talk business. You have something I want."

"The silver?" sneered Sir Swithin, "or
(continued on page 24)

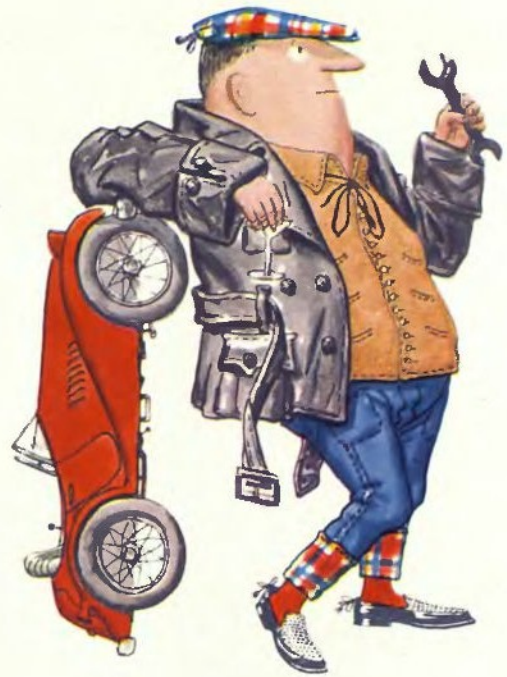


ALTSCHULER

it's time for men to reassert the
natural privilege of gaudy plumage

NEW GARB FOR THE NEW LEISURE

THE TIMID STEPS which have been taken by the designers of male fashions to give today's man equal sartorial status with women, have been pitifully inadequate. A few Italian frills, some French ruffles, a bit of Riviera coloring and Basque design—these are inept gestures revealing a paucity of imagination and a slavish fear unworthy of the new leisure and the new emancipation from Ivy. Why should women's magazines have a lock on *haute couture*? A rhetorical question; as these pages show, they no longer do.



Pour le sports car owner, the influence is rugged American. Note the rich adaptation of black leather jacket and blue jeans (a tribute to our J.D.s), the styling of the Western buckskin shirt (a tribute to TV), the backlacing of ventilated sports pumps.



Functional is the word for the duck-hunting coverall, with its off-the-Adam's-apple rolled collar, smart rear venting, wrap-around zipper. The red flannel origins of the garment are a tribute to red flannel.



What golfer could fail to make a hole in one when wearing the new plunging neckline sweater, as rugged as the Scottish heath whence it came; the snooded cap, adapted from the *Legionnaire* kepi; spiked sandals with their ever-so-British tongues.



The world has been scoured to bring today's continental beachcomber its leisure-time riches. From coconut scuffs to Pan-American hat, this toggery will take smart beaches by storm — or hurricane.



Adapted from the Lederhosen of Germany, the basic black gardener's romper gives the exurbanite the new "little boy" look, provides textural contrast to the gossamer shirt, smart foam kneeling pads.



Nautical niceties for the new man feature a daring use of hemp piping on shirt closure and cuffs, carried out in sandals modified from those sported by quaint, poverty-stricken Greek squid fishermen.



The new leisure finds its ultimate apotheosis of self-expression in color-coordinated formal wear. What damsel could resist the nostalgic revival of the pink shirt, the casually rolled Edwardian cuffs, or the subtle matching of bows at chin and toes?

DEVIL TO PAY (continued from page 21)

are you here to blackmail me?"

"Now please don't think anything so vulgar," said the stranger, "and *please* don't drink any more whiskey," he added as Sir Swithin reached for a glass and picked up the whiskey again. "It's very bad for you. Not that it's your body I'm interested in. . . ."

Sir Swithin poured himself an enormous amount of straight whiskey, and sat down. "Then, sir," he said, "what is it of mine you *are* interested in?"

The stranger smiled for the first time. "I really don't know how to answer you," he said. "Some things defy accurate definition." He let his voice stop and it echoed in the distant spheres.

"Sounds like a touch," Sir Swithin said, and drained his glass.

"No, I am not asking you to lend me money," said the stranger. "I am talking about something far less mundane—something you don't even know you have."

"Hah," said Sir Swithin, refilling his glass, "then I probably shan't miss it, eh?" He stood up, taking another glass. "Will you join me?"

"A little brandy, if you please," said the stranger, "neat."

Sir Swithin filled a glass and handed it to him. It went down the stranger's throat as though it had been poured onto a cinder pathway. "I think," said Sir Swithin, "that I know who you are."

The stranger nodded but this time he did not smile—his face was as bleak and cold as the surface of the moon.

"But you see," went on Sir Swithin, "you've come to the wrong shop. I have no soul." It was a pleasing thought and Sir Swithin forgot his troubles. "But supposing I had—what have you to offer me for it?"

"The usual things," said the stranger. "Not what you want, but what you think you want. Three things."

"Quite," said Sir Swithin, and refilled their glasses. "But tell me," he asked, "why is it always three wishes?"

"You have three things that trouble you, haven't you?"

"Well . . . Hm." Sir Swithin thought this over. The horses—yes, no one could be as good a judge of horseflesh as he and have such bad luck; and the same with cards—bad hands and worse partners. And his golf—it really came under the same heading, play, but here the trouble was different. He was the second best player in his club, and no effort on his part or variation in luck had ever caused him to beat Pillsbury. When the club champion was off his game so was Sir Swithin, and if Sir Swithin, owing to some vagary of the wind, achieved a three for the seventh hole, Pillsbury did an incredible two. Then Millicent, with her damned, beseeching come-on look

that meant nothing. And business—that was worst of all.

"I make this offer to you, Sir Swithin: free and with no strings I will give you your first wish. Will that convince you?"

Montross looked at him narrowly. "Very handsome of you, I'm sure," he said. "Have to think it over for a bit." The first wish . . . which would that be? The race track, or golf? No—ridiculous. Millicent? Again no—anyway, she must do the wishing.

"Business," said the stranger.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Sir Swithin. "You read my mind!"

"Absurd; cupidity was written all over your face. Make your wish."

Sir Swithin's mind spiraled amidst the unpromising possibilities of the stock exchange. He didn't need a wish—he needed information.

"Sell your mining shares," the stranger said. "All of them. Tomorrow morning, the moment the exchange opens."

"Then what do I do?"

"Get it in cash and be ready for the afternoon."

"What do I do in the afternoon?"

"Tomorrow is Derby Day—or had you forgotten? Put the money on Fox Fire—to win," said the stranger, and his eyes seemed to glow.

"But—but Fox Fire is a rank outsider!"

"Precisely," said the stranger, "17 to one. If you're careful and spread it around you shouldn't hurt the odds too much. And now I really must be going. I shall see you tomorrow evening." The stranger disappeared through the French windows into Sir Swithin's garden, and the sound of some exotic night bird came in from the darkness with the petrol fumes. Sir Swithin went upstairs to bed.

. . .

When he awoke the next morning he looked at his watch and jumped out of bed. Where was Soames? Why had he not wakened him? Where was his early-morning cup of tea? The answer—pinned to the door of the valet's empty bedroom—was quite explicit. "I cannot work for a man like you, Sir Swithin Montross," it said in cold type, "if you call yourself a man. You are not a person of whom I should care to have a reference from."

"The man's mad," Sir Swithin muttered, and went down to cope with the kitchen. Cook was on her day off and he would have to make his own breakfast, but he gave it up when he found that every egg in the larder was addled. After a cup of black coffee—the cream had soured—he started for the city in his little Bentley, but his heart pounded like a triphammer and he went instead to Harley Street. Here he was examined

and frowned over.

"Remember what I told you about the whiskey?" said the specialist.

"Shchah!" said Sir Swithin, and took the pill he was given. He drove to the city and his heart was calmer now—no doubt the pill. Selling his mining shares was rather fun, and so was getting the cash: everyone looked shocked. He was feeling pretty well and decided to ring up Millicent, the dear girl. He went to a telephone booth in Cornhill and called her number. She answered, herself—immediately.

"Hello, Millicent," he said to her. "this is Wuggy. . . ."

"Oh!" she replied, "ugh!"

"Why, what's the matter?"

"How dare you call me!" she said.

"You're the most heartless man I ever knew! You're . . . you're soulless!"

"But, Millicent!" Sir Swithin said anxiously, "I only wanted to —"

"I won't talk to you!" she said. "I never want to see you again, ever! Don't call me—ever!" The phone went dead, and so did Sir Swithin's spirit. He staggered out of the phone booth and drove unsteadily to the golf links. When he got to the clubhouse he looked around for Pillsbury and saw a tall, thin figure standing at the bar. He went to him and slapped him on the shoulder.

"How about a game, old bean?" he said.

"Why," said the other, turning around, "I should be simply delighted!" It wasn't Pillsbury, though. It was the club dud. They looked rather alike from behind, actually.

It was too late to draw back and Sir Swithin got his clubs from the locker room and followed him out to the first tee. Well, if he couldn't have a game with Pillsbury at least he could give this fool a lesson. But from the first to the 18th hole every shot he made went wrong. In driving he sliced, in his approach shots he hooked—nothing went right except the putting, but by then it was too late and the club dud beat him.

Back in the clubhouse he had a whiskey and soda, and made one more try at calling Millicent, but as soon as she heard his voice she hung up.

Then it was time for the Derby.

He got into his Bentley and drove to the track. Within half an hour he had placed his bets and the odds had dropped to eight to one. Within another half hour the favorite had run out and Fox Fire had won by three lengths. Sir Swithin collected his unseemly winnings and drove back to London, but what good to him now was all this money? Without Millicent to share his good fortune? And *what* had happened to his golf?

He drove to the garage to park the car, and the owner on seeing him came out

(concluded on page 70)



A pride of bristling beavers hoists the bubbly of Sordi's. Left to right: publicity poobah Jim Moran, Schweppesman Commander Edward Whitehead, musical director Lennie Hayton, record exec-band leader Mitch Miller, humorist Arthur Kober, octor-playwright Peter Ustinov, editor-critic Leo Lerman, author Gerald Kersh, caricaturist Al Hirschfeld and conductor of *West Side Story* Max Goberman.

THE BEAVERS OF BROADWAY

article By **LEONARD LYONS**

facial foliage for fun and profit

THE TWO MEN in the restaurant booth studied the dark-bearded one who had just entered. He was Robert St. John, the commentator and newspaper correspondent. Then one of the men left the booth, approached St. John and said, "Beg your pardon, sir; but my friend insisted that I ask you why you wear a beard."

Mr. St. John stared at the stranger, and replied, "Tell your friend that it's none of his business."

"Ah, but it *is* his business," the stranger said. "My friend is the president of the Gillette Safety Razor Company, and if this is a trend he'd like to know about it."

There are others, of course, in addition to barbers, cultists and manufacturers of razors, blades and shaving cream, to whom such a trend would be of vital concern. Advertising agencies, whose staffs usually include a Vice-

President-in-Charge-of-Studying-Trends, would deem it a matter of serious professional importance.

Burl Ives' agreement to endorse a popular brand of cigarettes was canceled when the photograph which he submitted for use in the testimonial display showed the minstrel wearing a beard. "A beaver!" was the lament of the account executive. "Sorry, but we can't use a bearded man in a testimonial for a cigarette. A man with a beard always looks as if he'd really prefer a pipe."

When Sir Ralph Richardson co-starred in the movie version of *The Heiress*, he played the role wearing a full-grown beard. The advertisements, however, showed him clean-shaven. Paramount Pictures' advertising executives decided that whenever moviegoers see a bearded actor in a film advertisement, they assume it's a period picture and avoid

the box office like the plague.

Hollywood's advertising experts recognize only two exceptions to this dictum. The first applies to Biblical films. Movie audiences *expect* to see Biblical figures sporting facial brush. Hence, the ads for *Samson and Delilah* showed Victor Mature wearing a beard, although in the movie he performed clean-shaven.

The other exception is Monty Woolley, whose white beard became an established trademark both on Broadway and in the movie capital. Woolley grew the beard long before he was catapulted into fame playing the title role in Kaufman and Hart's *The Man Who Came to Dinner*. From the day he determined to forego shaving, he urged his friends to enlist with him on a crusade: "It's our way of defying women, by raising something which they cannot do, outside of a circus."

Lloyd's of London insured Mr. Wool-

ley's beard against destruction by "fire, theft, hail or tornado," for \$5000. Both the appraised value and the unique character of Woolley's whiskers were diminished, in a measure, at a party he gave at the Ritz-Carlton in honor of his friend, college classmate and sponsor, Cole Porter. The songwriter came to the party escorting a lady who wore a long, gray and real beard—an exact duplicate of Monty's.

Woolley's name continuously showed up on the guest list for the annual Christmas party given by Hermann Oelrichs for the leading citizens of New York and Newport. Some of the guests insisted that Mr. Oelrichs was so preoccupied with party details that he never really noticed the people who came to his soirees. The actor decided to test this assertion: shortly before he was due at Mr. Oelrichs' home, Woolley gilded his beard. Then he went to the party, greeted his host and received a perfunctory reply.

Monty engaged Oelrichs in conversation, and almost stabbed the party-giver with his beard, but Oelrichs seemed unaware of it and merely asked, "Drink?" Woolley demanded, snappily, a Scotch highball, then shouted, "Hermann, don't you notice anything different about me?"

"Yes. You've gilded your beard," said Oelrichs, calmly pouring the Scotch. "Do you take soda or plain water?"

It was in the Champagne Room of El Morocco that a patron who was intrigued by the actor's whiskers asked him, "Mr. Woolley, what are you doing wearing that beard?" Monty, who had leading roles in three movies to his credit, replied: "What am I doing wearing this beard, you ask? Making considerably more money than you are, my good man—that's what I'm doing wearing this beard."

The trend, if any, toward beards also was of professional concern to Judge Ferdinand Pecora. In a lecture to law students on practical hints in practicing law, Judge Pecora advised them: "Never, but never, accept a bearded man as a juror." The budding Blackstones paid careful heed to the former Assistant District Attorney and Justice of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, who won national fame as counsel to a Senate subcommittee which exposed and effected reforms in the banking practices of Wall Street. "A man with a beard," Pecora told them, "is an individualist—and that's an undesirable trait when you're trying to get unanimity from 12 men."

One rapt listener asked if this admonition would include mustache-wearers. No, said the veteran court practitioner, a mustache is not necessarily an expression of individuality.

(continued on page 62)

OFF WITH THEIR BEARDS!

By Commander Edward Whitehead

AS YOU MIGHT have noticed by looking around you, beards are making a comeback, enjoying a modest but noticeable renaissance. This leaves me unmoved, as I do not advocate indiscriminate beard-growing.

I am an enthusiastic advocate of independence of mind, of individual initiative, of the wisdom of taking a line of one's own. I have noticed that successful men, in all walks of life, tend to possess not only strong character, but a high degree of individuality. Few, if any, are colorless conformists. I applaud the man who acts independently, questions the majority view, maintains his critical faculty, makes decisions, based on his own findings, and follows through. This independence of mind can be made manifest in many ways—in growing a beard, for instance. There are many reasons to support such action, but it so happens that I am against the idea for Tom, Dick and Harry.

Mitch Miller told me, when a few of us, all bearded, were gathered together to discuss the subject on his radio program, that he had grown his beard when he had played the oboe in an orchestra. His friends ridiculed his efforts to express himself in this way and he would have shaved it off but for his wife, who said, "You are a very good oboe player; you should keep it." This provided me with a first-class illustration in my argument against indiscriminate beard-growing. A man must have at least *begun* to assert himself, to prove his metal, before he lays down the gauntlet quite so obtrusively. Perhaps I should give you a little personal background.

I can now put up arguments for whiskers that I didn't dream existed when, in September 1939, I heard that war was declared and I threw my razor over the side, vowing not to shave again until victory was ours. My beard kept the cold out in northern latitudes, and the mosquitoes and prickly heat at bay in the South Pacific.

I retained my beard when I eventually left the service, because I'd become attached to it—or it to me. My wife, who liked it, and my children, who grew up swinging on it, wouldn't hear of my shaving it off, and I, not caring much what other people thought, hung on to it.

During the postwar years in England beards were not especially common, but no one saw fit to question my right to retain mine. It was not, so to speak, a conversation piece; and, in all truth, it was not until I arrived in New York, in January 1953, that my whiskers can be said to have come into their own. During my first few weeks in New York I was mistaken, variously, for Thor Heyerdahl, the Deity and others well known for such hirsute adornments. But, once I had been persuaded to participate in my own Schweppes advertising, there was no occasion for mistaken identity.

Finding myself cast in the role of judge at various beard-growing competitions, on TV and elsewhere, I discovered that my prejudice against indiscriminate beard-growing slowly but surely strengthened. I am now firmly of the opinion that such adornment should be reserved for those men who are prepared to back up their challenge. The cap, so to speak, must fit.

Nowadays, thankfully, the conformist beard is obsolete—though it has come perilously close to being a group badge of identity, rather than an individual one, among some avant-gardists. Avaunt! I say in anger to these angry young men. Only the individual, defiant beard should be permitted to exist, the beard against the wind.



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③



④

CHANE



THE SKINDIVER and THE LADY

fiction By T. K. BROWN III

*like the well-known fountain pen, eddie functioned
at optimum efficiency even under water*

IT ALL STARTED when I found the girl's bathing suit on the floor of the ocean, four miles out, with a conch shell on it to keep it from drifting away.

I had gone out to French Reef for a little spear fishing, taking my boat out from Rock Harbor, on the Florida Keys, where I live. When I got to the spot I wanted I put on my gear — tank of air on my back, mask, flippers, spear gun, weight belt, mouthpiece in place — and went over the side. There was a swarm of bait fish there, I knew, and where the little ones are the big ones come for lunch. I'd seen the other skiff about a hundred yards away, empty, and hadn't given it much thought: another bunch of skindivers, tourists who didn't know what to look for.

So I swam down into that fantastic world. I've been doing it for years, but it gets me every time: the way you hang weightless over that dream landscape of coral, with the gaudy little fish scooting among the sea fans and the coral heads looming up from the white sand, with the canyons between. It's like nothing else on this earth, and you know that it promises adventure.

Especially if you find a girl's bathing suit with no girl in it, 30 feet down.

That's what I found on this trip. I was swimming through one of the canyons and there it was on the sand, with the heavy shell on it; and while I was getting over my first amazement the shell sprouted a couple of eyes on stalks and began to move away. Whoever had put it there had picked a live conch for a weight, and not very long ago. The bra drifted off in one direction, the pants in another. I realized that this was a time for gallantry. I recovered the garments and put a rock on them. I also realized that this was a time for sentiment: I drew a heart in the sand around the



little pile to frame the charming picture. And then, of course, I set off to find the girl.

There was no sign of her. I swam on down the canyon and around the huge coral head at the end of it. There below me, in a pocket of the reef, were the bait fish, tens of thousands of two-inch glass-fish, like a bowl of milk under water. When I swam into them they faded aside in front of me, and closed in behind, until I was totally cut off from the rest of the world. This is all right, I said to myself, but it is no way to find that dish.

But I was wrong. I was still near the top of the bowl of fish, and now I noticed a sort of chimney of clear water through them, with bubbles of air coming up it; and when I put my head over the edge of this chimney and looked down, there was my mermaid.

Now it is perfectly obvious that a guy who finds an empty bathing suit under such circumstances is going to fill it in his imagination with a perfect specimen of the female animal. Of course, there is not a chance in a thousand that the specimen in question is perfect, or anywhere near it; but that's the way the mind works, and what are you going to do? So you can understand my delight on discovering that this girl—well, words fall short; you wouldn't believe me if I spelled it out. She was exactly what fitted into that underwater dream landscape. Lying on the sand, reaching up into the fishes to see them dodge away, she was laughing, despite her mouth-piece; and there just wasn't anything wrong with the shape of her.

I hung there awhile, peeking over the chimney and wondering what to do. I thought of taking off one of my weights and dropping it down the chimney onto her tummy, by way of a calling card, and then swimming down to introduce myself. But there were a number of other choices and some of them seemed wiser. I flatter myself that I chose the wisest: I quietly withdrew. I swam back to my boat and took off. The place to meet this girl, I figured, was ashore, and it shouldn't be too difficult to find out who she was.

It wasn't. There are only a few places in this part of the Keys where you can rent equipment or get air for diving tanks, and I knew she would have to patronize one of them. So the next morning I drove into Charlie's place, on Key Largo, and asked casually whether he was doing much business.

"Hell," he said, "I haven't cranked up the compressor in two weeks. No rentals, either. Those jokers in Miami are siphoning off all the trade."

"No skindivers around?" I asked.

"Believe me, not a one," he said. "Not one. You can take my word for it."

"I believe you, Charlie," I said, and

took off down the road to Ralph's place. Now this guy Ralph is a "Conch"—a born-and-bred native of the Keys—which means that he is just naturally an ornery character. In addition, he fancies himself as God's gift to womankind, simply because he happens to have a profile of such classic perfection that he makes John Barrymore look like Jimmy Durante. He is so proud of this profile that if you are to the north of him, he faces east so you'll be sure to see it and admire it. In short, a disgustingly vain individual. Also, he is not exactly addicted to doing favors for people. I knew I'd have to sneak up on him, so to speak, so I was very subtle in my approach.

"Hi, Schnozzola," I said. "Beautiful day, isn't it? Sold any air lately?"

"What do you care?" he asked. (See what I mean?)

"Oh, I'm doing some important research," I said. "For the Chamber of Commerce."

"In other words," he said, "you are trying to track down that gorgeous piece who filled a couple of bottles here yesterday."

"Oh, is there a gorgeous piece around?" I asked. "I didn't know that. Now, the Chamber of Commerce—"

"Can it," Ralph said; and suddenly he got quite pugnacious. "Listen, buster, I don't want you in here raiding my preserve. I have that quail all staked out for myself. In a couple more days I got that dish on my table. So don't go sticking your head in where somebody is likely to take a poke at it."

"You live in a dreamworld, Apollo," I said, getting a bit angry. "You take a poke at me and I'll change that nose of yours from Greek to Roman."

"These juveniles!" Ralph hollered. "No breeding, no good sense! Just stay out of my way, First Little Pig, or I'll blow your house down."

Imagine—that gigolo trying to intimidate me!

I still didn't know where she was staying, but I remembered she had a boat from the Ship-n'-Shore Motel. If she was holed up there that was a big break for me, because the Ship-n'-Shore is the only big motel in this area, with a restaurant and bar—in other words, a place where you can informally move in on people. So that evening I dropped in there for a drink, and the very first thing I saw in the cocktail lounge was my mermaid—it was as easy as that; and the next thing I saw was that the guy at the table with her was Ralph. I bought a drink at the bar, and cast a look or two in the girl's direction. Out of the water, with that mane of auburn hair lying on her shoulders and without a mask over her face, she was even more beautiful than before.

"I know what you're thinking," my

friend Joe, the bartender, said. "But watch your step, boy. Her name is Flame Dawson, and Ralph is keeping a very sharp eye on her. What a cookie! But watch out for that Conch—they play rough and dirty."

"Well, I guess I can handle old Ralph," I said, and strolled over to their table with my drink. Now, I don't want to boast, but I am a big, husky boy, all covered with rippling muscles, and I radiate lusty animal spirits. I have noticed that girls usually take a long look at me and sort of gulp for air, and then start shivering. Sure enough, that's what happened this time. Needless to say, Ralph saw it, and he jumped up from the table as if someone had put a firecracker under him.

"Excuse me, Miss Dawson," I said—suave, you know—"for breaking in on you this way. My name's Ed. I noticed you were sitting here with my friend Ralph, and I thought maybe you were one of our select fraternity of skindivers."

"That's right," Ralph said. "She dives. And she is in very good hands. Now move on, creep, before you get to be a nuisance."

"Well, that's very interesting," I said, easing myself into the other chair at the table. Ralph was furious, but all he could do was to sit down too. "Matter of fact, I thought maybe I could give you a few pointers on the reef—likely spots, and so on."

"How awfully kind of you," Flame said, still sort of gasping for breath. "Yes, I do need someone to show me—"

"And she has just the person she needs," Ralph put in. "She has me. She is quite well provided for."

"She sure is!" I exclaimed, forgetting myself. Then, turning to her: "It is fascinating out there, isn't it?"

"Oh, indeed it is!" Flame said. "Why yesterday—"

"I'll bet you found the swarm of little fishies," I suggested.

"Why, yes!" she said. "And the amazing thing is, they let you right in among them."

"Fascinating, isn't it?" I said. "And those big queen conchs out there—one minute they look like a shell, and the next minute they look just like any old piece of coral rock. Isn't that astonishing?"

Flame gave me a big long double-take. "Oh, sweet day a-dawning!" she whispered.

"I guess we'd better be moving along, Flame," Ralph said, and signaled to Joe.

"Yes," she said slowly, fixing those big gray eyes on me. "It's amazing. And they make such curious tracks in the sand, don't they? Oh, mercy me!"

"Yup," I said.

She stood up and held out her hand.

(continued on page 34)

*jacket art hath pulchritude
to soothe the savage breast*

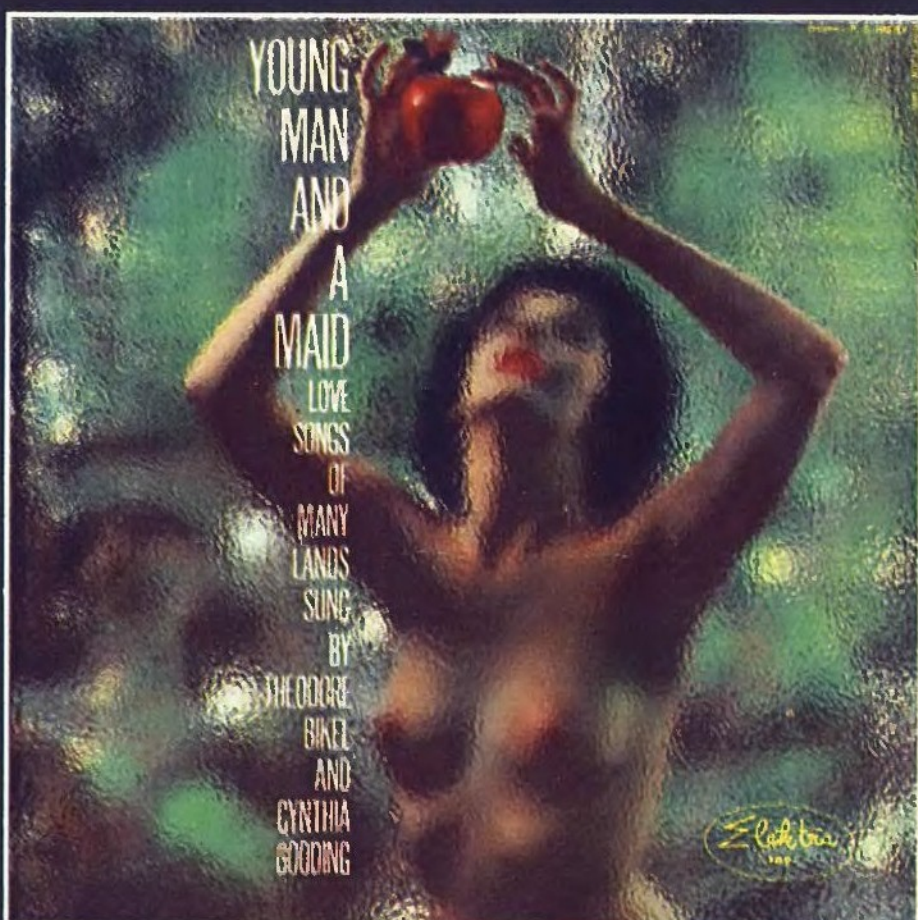
MUSIC TO MAKE YOUR EYEBALLS POP

DURING THE LAST half decade, LP manufacturers did a lot to pep up the product — outside as well as in. They called on top-notch artists and designers to turn out genuinely jazzy jacket art (we reproduced a batch of the better efforts in May 1956) that helped sales to soar. They also turned to a discovery made by the paperback publishers before them: that a seasoning of sex on covers could jack up the sales curve still higher.

Playing a fast game of one-up-womanism, cagey record manufacturers quickly outstripped the paperback boys at their own game — so much so that today's well-stocked record dealer disarmingly displays more nudes than the Louvre. As a matter of piquant fact, several of PLAYBOY's Playmates of the past have put in recent appearances as LP lovelies (June Blair, Dawn Richard, Alice Denham, Jayne Mansfield), with wide-open arms and blouses to match.

Like a lot of paperback art, sexy LP jackets often bear little relationship to what's going on inside. Thus, to illustrate the Mendelssohn *Concerto for Two Pianos and Orchestra in A Flat Major*, two filmy-gowned fillies are perched atop two pianos. On another LP, Debussy's drowsy little

pictorial



Reflets dans l'Eau carries a fetching photo of a frolicsome femme—sans souci, sans panties. Firmly eschewing any hint of false pretense, another record manufacturer chooses to come straight to the point: he pictures a bare-bottomed blonde lolling in a hammock beneath a no-nonsense *I'm in the Nude for Love*. Inside, the songs are sweet and syrupy. A Steve Allen disc, *Tonight at Midnight*, shows off Steve's sugary piano and orchestra, plus a sugary bru-



Songs of the Sea

SUNG BY LUSHER GERMAN SALOPE THORUS



LUSH LIFE



JOE MOONEY'S SONGS • Atlantic 1255

nette clad in blue moonbeams.

Provocative packaging such as this is employed not simply by the small independent labels, as you might expect. Such solid and conservative giants as Capitol, London and RCA Victor have released a covey of LPs featuring pensive and/or perky pretties—in mostly birthday duds. Bona fide music lovers everywhere seem to love them.



SKINDIVER (continued from page 30)

"I appreciate your interest, Ed," she said. "Somehow I feel that you know me much better than I know you."

"It's just that I know the reef better," I said modestly as I took her hand. Her middle finger was curled under.

"We really do gotta go," Ralph said angrily, and went to the bar to pay up.

"Tomorrow?" she asked in a whisper.

"About two," I whispered back.

Ralph returned and took her possessively by the arm. "Scram, bum," he hissed at me. "Are you looking to get hurt?"

"Well, that's life," Joe said, when I got back to the bar. "Like I told you, he has that girl under lock and key. And listen, Eddie boy, take the word of an old pro and go back to your butterfly collection. You haven't got a chance."

I was out on the reef the next day long before two. I couldn't wait until two and I was hoping she couldn't either. But she could. It was a quarter past when her boat passed the light and came within hailing distance. I stood up and waved. Instead of coming on she circled around and then cut the motor, a good 300 yards away. She stood up and made a pointing motion down toward the water. I'm pretty fast on the old I.Q., so I understood right away what she meant. This was going to be a strictly submarine romance. I gave her another wave of the arm and dropped over the side.

My boat was anchored right where the bait fish had been before; but this day they weren't there—they move around from place to place. This part of the reef is like parallel descending streets of sand with high cliffs on either side and with deep pockets penetrating the cliffs at their base. The sand floor was about 40 feet down, and I couldn't see any point to getting into one of those caves: after all, nobody else was around. I went down to the bottom and waited, in that incredible scenery; and while I was waiting, of course, I sort of prepared myself for what was coming. I figured that Flame would see my bubbles coming up, and would find me there in the canyon.

Which is exactly what happened. The little reef fish were swimming back and forth, and once or twice a stupid blue angel, about the size of a serving platter, would nose up to me. Then I heard Flame's motor, and a few minutes later they all scooted off. I looked up. Flame was coming down toward me, beautiful, naked, her hair flowing behind her: a dream coming true. She put her arms around my neck, and I put my arms around her; and there we were, with the rest of mankind as far away as it could be, in an altogether different di-

mension, in a different world.

The mermaid, as you know, is one of the most ancient fantasies in human lore. Mermaids have sat on rocks, slithered into the water, combed their hair, seduced sailors, sung sweet songs, broken up marriages, and driven men insane since time immemorial. They are elusive, tantalizing, and unutterably desirable creatures. There is only one thing wrong with them, and you know what it is as well as I do. And therefore you also know how gratifying it would be to find yourself on the most congenial terms with a mermaid who did not have this thing wrong with her.

Since I, for the first time in history, have crashed through the mermaid barrier, so to speak, I think the least I can do is to give you who will follow a few pointers on the manipulation of present-day mermaids:

1) To whatever your normal weight belt carries, add about five pounds. Breathing is greatly accelerated and the tendency is to rise, so that you either scrape against the rock above you, if you are in a cave, or, worse, bob to the surface, where random fishermen wonder what the hell is going on.

2) Never seek a mermaid with less than 70 cubic feet of air. With a really spirited mermaid like Flame, even this will prove insufficient.

3) Avoid areas infested with fire coral, sea urchins, and stinging jellyfish. You may not notice the contact at the time, but you will become painfully aware of it later.

4) It's more fun with your flippers on.

But I don't want to sound cold-blooded about this event. It was a tender, beautiful, and even solemn occasion. Each of us knew we were making history. Clinging to each other, thrashing up the sand, bumping into the sharp coral, we were in that wonderful rapport that the "married love" books talk about—so much so, in fact, so perfectly attuned to each other, that we ran out of air together! What a perfect climax!

We hastened to the surface, of course, and dangled from my boat—hers was about 20 feet away.

"Don't talk," Flame whispered. "Don't say a thing. Just let me remember it for a while."

So we hung there for a few moments and remembered. Then she put her hand on my shoulder. "Ed, you may think this is funny, but the only time we're going to see each other is down there in that coral."

"You mean we're not pals except under water?" I asked. "But I want to talk to you."

"Darling," she said, "don't you see how much better it is if you don't have

to talk—if you *can't* talk? Then it's nothing but the real thing. So you be a good boy and don't come messing around, and I'll see you here tomorrow, same time."

I thought about this for a minute. "Mermaid complex," I said finally. "You have a mermaid complex. I suppose if you see me ashore you'll cut me dead?"

"I'm afraid so, darling," she said.

"And Ralph?" I asked. "You'll cut him dead, too?"

"Oh, Ralph," she said, and her tone of voice told me all I wanted to know about how she felt toward *him*.

"OK," I said at last, seeing no other way out of it, but determined to find one sooner or later. "You win. We'll keep it aquatic. Tomorrow, then." And we kissed on it.

I let her make her getaway, and then I motored back to the dock where I keep my boat. And who was waiting for me but old classic-profile Ralph. He was mad, and he got right to the point. "Listen, junior, I want you to stay out of my cabbage patch. What were you doing out there on the reef with that gal?"

"Wasn't that a coincidence?" I said. "Just happened to run into her."

"Yeah," Ralph said. "Well, I'm warning you for the last time. If I see you out there with her again, you're going to find yourself in a mess of trouble. I'm closing in, and I don't want to be stumbling over no juvenile delinquent." And with this he stomped off.

"Adios, old Idle-Threat," I called after him.

But I have to admit I underestimated Ralph: he showed more initiative than I had given him credit for. I met Flame on the reef the next day, of course, and we renewed our friendship. I believe Ralph must have followed me out and got a peek at the party while my attention was elsewhere. Because the day after that, when I met Flame on the reef—she in her skiff, I in mine—there was Ralph ahead of us, innocently fishing.

"Well, hello!" he called out, when we threw out our anchors close together, about 60 yards from him. "Fancy meeting you way out here!"

Flame gave me a questioning look and I said to her in a low voice, "Get your gear quick and wait at the anchor. I know a place he'll never find us."

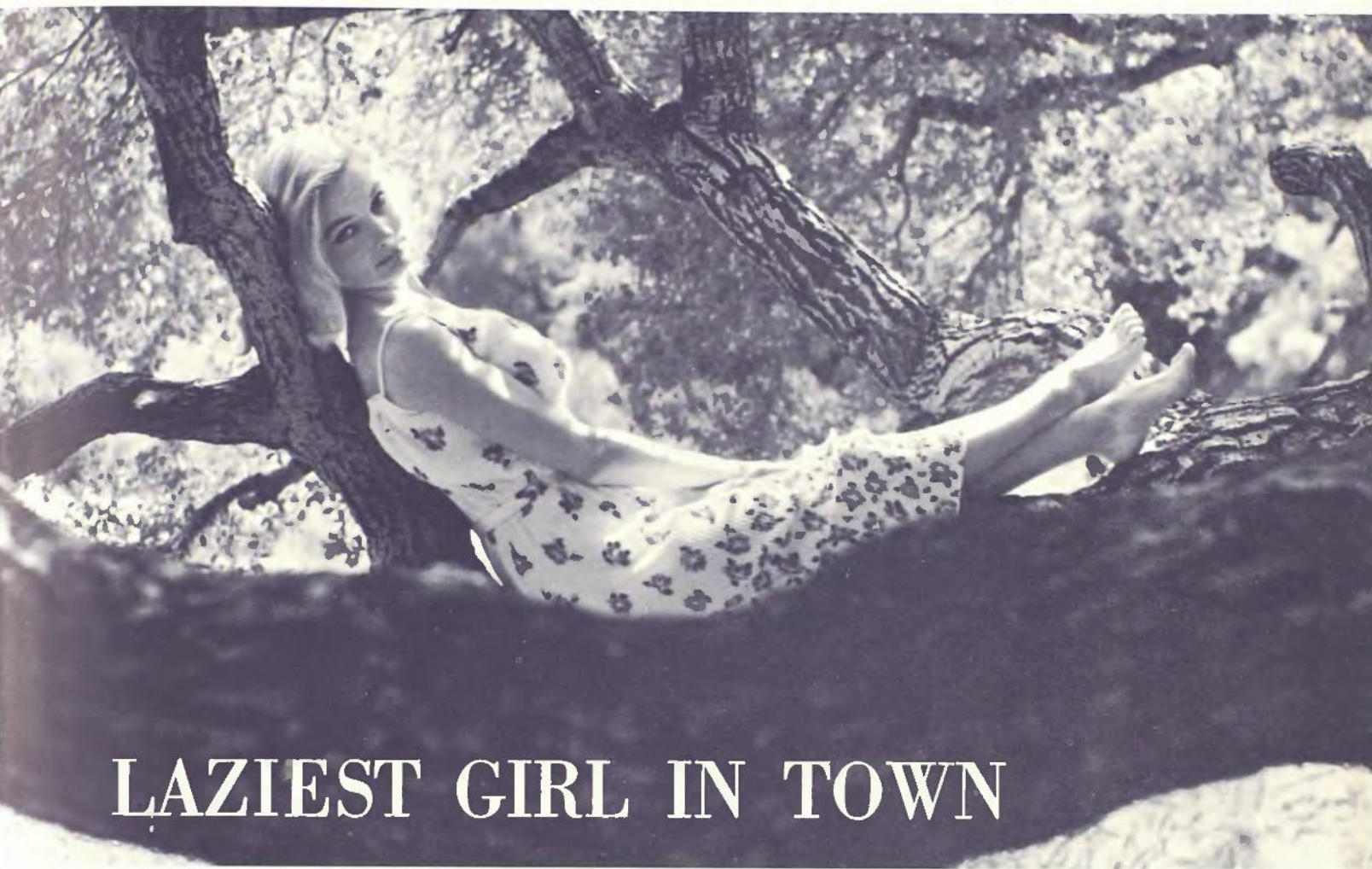
Meanwhile, Ralph was pulling up his anchor and preparing to join us. "I was hoping somebody would come along so I could do a little diving," he said, trying to get his motor started. "Buddy system, you know. Never dive without a buddy."

Flame dropped over the side of her skiff and went down the anchor rope. Ralph's motor fired and he raced over to our boats.

"This time you sit it out up here,

(continued on page 42)

languorous is the word for linné



LAZIEST GIRL IN TOWN

FIRST TIME WE SAW the girl, she was stretched out on a half-deserted beach, becomingly bikinied, a big hat over her eyes. We nudged her gently with a sandy toe and pointed out that the sun had gone down and a wind was coming in off the water and could we give her a lift someplace? In disarming confusion, she murmured her thanks, gathered together sunglasses, lotion, sandals, book and terry beach blanket, and stood up. She was shorter (5' 2") than she looked lying down. "I fell asleep," she said.

In the convertible, purring down the freeway, we asked her name. "Linné Nanette Ahlstrand," she said, and immediately following that lengthy discourse, she yawned.

A few days later, we called on Linné to spring the Playmate question. She said (slowly) that she'd think about it. While she was thinking, we whipped out notebook and pencil and asked her,

as we ask all potential Playmates, a few questions regarding her likes and dislikes. She liked to sit down to a big meal of succulent seafood, she said; she liked to sit in jazz dens, digging the sounds, and in concert halls, digging those sounds; she liked to settle down to an evening of excellent theatre or a good foreign film; she liked to play chess. As we already knew, she also liked to loll on a sandy surf, taking the sun. What about dancing? we asked. No, she wasn't awfully fond of that. Tennis? Hiking? Not a prayer. We began to get the picture: Linné just didn't want to do anything that involved standing up. We softly suggested she was a wee bit lazy, maybe? She admitted it. Having settled that, we returned to our original question: how about being Miss July? Yes, she said, she'd like to. Very much, in fact. But on one condition.

If she could pose lying down.

Putting pawns through their paces on a chess board provides lovely, lazy Linné with just about the only form of exercise she can stand.





MISS JULY PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Over gibsons, two animated gentlemen were having a rousing battle about the charms of Kim Novak.

"I say she's overrated," said one. "Take away her eyes, her hair, her lips and her figure and what have you got?"

"My wife," said the other with a heavy sigh.



The new bank employee in the finance department was dictating to his comely secretary. He paused, uncertain about the proper use of a word in his next sentence.

"Do you 'retire a loan'?" he asked the girl.

"Not when I can help it," she replied with a demure smile.

A twist on a well-known safety poster goes like this: IF YOU DRINK—DON'T PARK. ACCIDENTS CAUSE PEOPLE.

Word is in from the Middle East about the sultan who left a call for seven in the morning.



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *alcoholic* as a guy you don't like who drinks as much as you do.

A curvilinear young secretary, just returned from a magnificent vacation in a South American republic, walked into the foreign exchange section of her New York bank and dropped a wad of foreign currency on the counter. The teller counted it carefully and gave her 53¢ in exchange.

"Do you mean to tell me that's all I

get?" gasped the lovely thing.

"I'm afraid so, miss," said the teller.

"That's the legal exchange rate."

"Damn," the girl hissed. "And like a fool I gave him breakfast too."

If you must get married, it is always advisable to marry a ravishing beauty. Otherwise, you'll never find anybody to take her off your hands.

As the cop helped the bruised and battered bibber up from the pavement in front of the bar, he asked, "Can you describe the man who hit you?"

"Oh, yes," said the drunk. "That's just what I was doing when he hit me."

We really don't believe the nasty rumor floating around that Vikki Dougan's fame is spreading.



A much-married Hollywood leading man was confronted by a pretty brunette at the premiere of his latest picture.

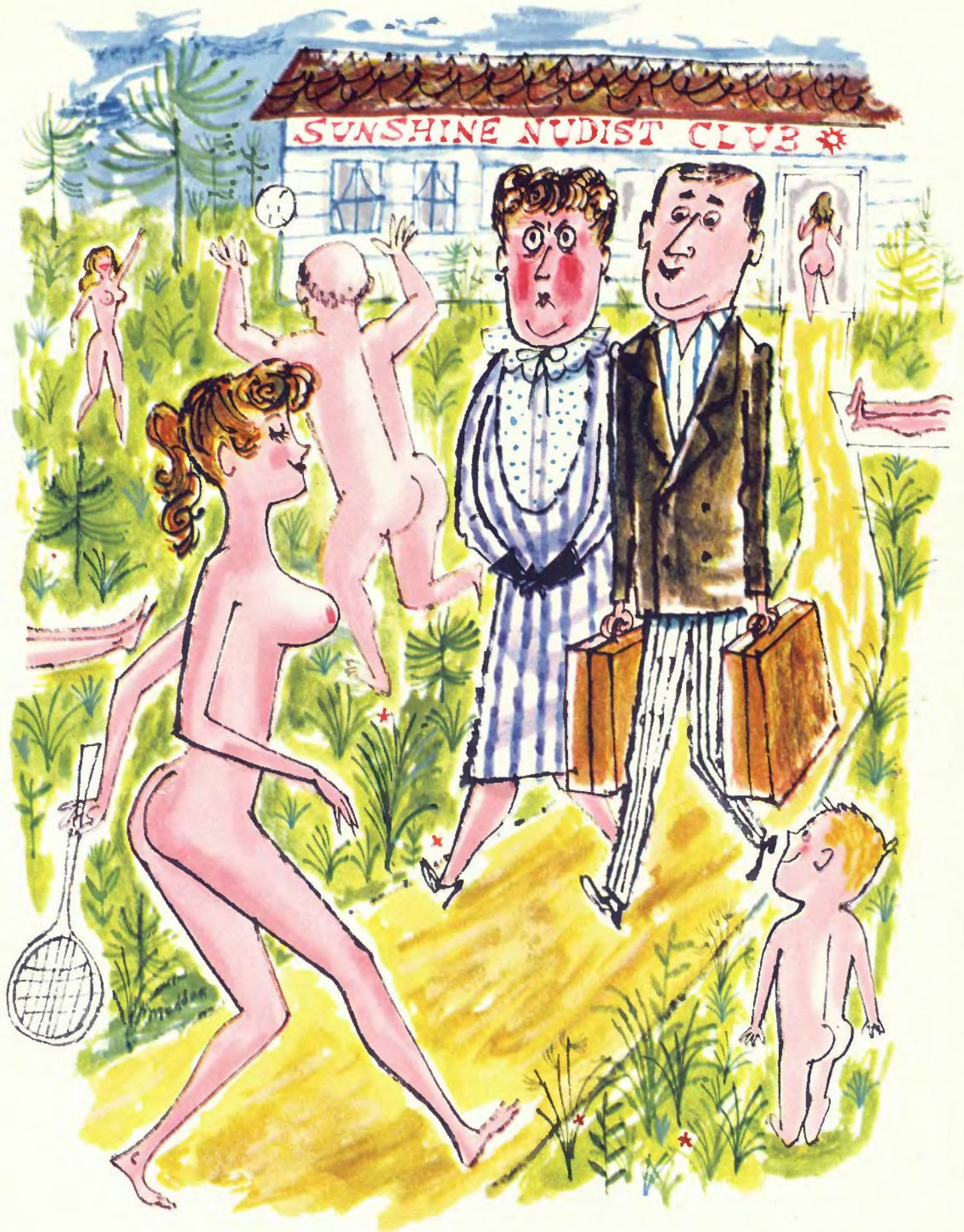
"Don't you remember me?" she enthused. "Three years ago you asked me to marry you."

"Oh, really?" said the blasé actor. "And did you?"

A gallivanting friend of ours has confided to us that women don't really look for too much in a husband: just someone to spend with the rest of their lives.

The coed cutie returned to the sorority house after her first breakfast date at a neighboring fraternity with her steady boyfriend. Asked what she had, she replied dreamily, "Him and eggs."

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.



"Well, you know how late we got in last night. How was I to know it was anything other than a tourist lodge?"

SKINDIVER (continued from page 34)

twerp," he said, with an ugly leer. "This time a man is going to show the lady a few tricks."

At first I thought he had gone crazy. But no — this was just Ralph, God's gift to women. He had no doubt at all that he was the one Flame really wanted.

"Ralph," I said, tying on my weight belt, "you just haven't got good sense."

Ralph was frantically putting on his gear too. "You go in that water, boy," he snarled, "and you won't come out of it."

"Oh, drop dead," I said, and went over the side. Ralph's face turned purple. He grabbed up an oar from his boat and took a swing at me. If I'd been a foot closer I'd have been done for. But just at that moment I wasn't interested in getting into a fight. I went down quickly and joined Flame. Through her mask I could see her eyes wide with anxiety. I beckoned her to follow, and we swam down the canyon between the high cliffs, close to the bottom, to a place I knew where we could squeeze through a passage under the cliff to the canyon adjoining. I knew that our bubbles, as they broke the surface, would mark our position; but I also knew that Ralph, when he got into the water, would lose this bearing. And I also knew — or so I thought — a place where no bubbles could possibly betray us.

I took Flame down the second canyon about 20 yards, and again we wiggled our way under the coral rock and into the parallel formation. We were deeper than we'd been before — about 60 feet — but now we were close to the place I had in mind. After a few seconds I could turn to Flame and point it out to her: an opening, larger than the others, in the cliff that towered above us. We swam in. After about 10 feet we had to make a sharp turn to the left, and there we were in my secret grotto — faintly lighted from the passage we had come through and from the passage that led out the other side; high-vaulted, completely private, with its own population of improbable little fish, some of which swam upside down along the top of the cave. I showed Flame how our bubbles rose to the roof, where they formed a silver ceiling, and she got the idea right away: we were absolutely safe from detection.

What I did not know then — but know now — is that the air was not staying in the cave. It was percolating slowly upward through the porous rock and was coming out over a wide area as a fine cloud of little bubbles, advertising our presence to anyone who wanted to find it out. And of course Ralph, full of rage, was doing his best to find it out.

But, as I said, I didn't know this at the time. And the scene and setting were

simply too perfect for us even to think about Ralph. What we experienced in that hidden underwater cavern, festooned with coral, decorated with spectacular fish, was the greatest ever. It left us shuddering.

And then I started shuddering for another reason. Flame had her eyes closed and didn't see him, but I did: Ralph, who had discovered our whereabouts. He had his spear gun with him, and at first I had no doubt that he intended to use it on me. Then I saw that he had already shot it, and that he had on the end of his spear the biggest green moray eel I ever hope to get close to.

Now, the moray eel is a peaceable creature until you molest him. If you stick a spear in him he feels that he has been molested, and then he goes crazy. He bites anything and everything: the spear, the empty water, himself; he will make great efforts to writhe up the spear and bite the person on the other end of it. It takes a good deal of nerve to spear a moray, and even more nerve to drag him through the water; and I guess I have to give Ralph credit for the courage it took to try what he intended, namely, to feed me to that eel. When Flame saw him she scooted out the other passage, embarrassed at being caught so *déshabillé*, but with the presence of mind to take her suit with her. Ralph came toward me with the eel and I backed away — what else could I do? I got out of the cave and made for the surface. When I got there I saw Flame just climbing into her boat, and a pretty sight it was. I waved to her violently to take off and be gone; this promised to be something that might get into the newspapers and her involvement would only complicate matters. She got the idea: she had the anchor up and was headed for shore in a jiffy.

When I stuck my head under the water again I found Ralph between me and my boat, still brandishing the eel. He was wearing one of those Pinocchio masks, in which the glass covers the eyes only and the nose protrudes in its pliable rubber casing; and it crossed my mind that he had brought his profile fixation right into and under the water with him. However, there wasn't much time for such pleasant conceits. That goon was obviously going to keep me from reaching my boat without getting bitten. I dived down again and tried to get around him. He hung to my anchor rope, a few feet below the surface, waiting for my air to run out, while the moray writhed and gnashed its many teeth at the end of the spear.

The only weapon I could think of was the anchor. I went to the bottom and disengaged it: then, holding it in front

of me, I swam back up the rope. In the midst of my realization of how futile a defense it was, my air gave out and I had no choice but to go on up. Ralph was howling with triumph into his mouthpiece as he held the spear down toward me. He had about four feet more reach than I had; he was on top; and I was out of air. It would take a small miracle to get me out of this in one piece.

That this miracle took place I attribute, in all modesty, to my blameless mode of life, my charitable spirit and my avoidance of all impure thoughts.

I struck out at the eel with the anchor and it caught him just right. The spearhead slid the rest of the way through him and came out the other side. The enraged creature was pushed up the shank of the spear until it ran into Ralph's hand. Ralph let out a yell and dropped the spear — but not soon enough: the moray lunged around and removed some important meat from him in one magnificent snap. I was out of range by then. While the gun, spear and eel sank slowly to the bottom, Ralph and I reached the surface and grabbed the gunwale of my boat, which had drifted a hundred yards or so from his.

"Your boat's over there, you murderous bastard," I said, with notable self-control. "You're not getting into mine."

Ralph held his hand to his wound, from which blood was pouring forth. The barracudas were already gathering round, clacking their incisors, and Ralph was hysterical.

"My God!" he hollered. "I'm bleeding to death! They'll eat me alive!" He tried to heave himself into the skiff. I punched him in the side of the head.

"Down, lover-boy," I said. "Your boat's over there. You might be able to make it."

That big grown-up man busted right out crying. "Eddie boy," he blubbered, "pal, old buddy, you wouldn't send me out there to get et by them 'cudas. Save me, friend, save me!"

Well, I took pity on the poor bugger and let him get in the boat with me. Then I remembered what he had tried to do to me and got mad all over again.

"Listen, Adonis," I said, "I want the right answers to a couple of questions. First of all, whose girl is Flame?"

"Yours," he mumbled.

"And who is not going to make a nuisance of himself any more?"

"Me," he said.

"And you're sure you don't want to get into your own boat?"

"Yes, yes, for God's sake!" he cried. "That's the leastest thing I want. Eddie, pal, I'm losing blood fast. Let's get back to shore, OK?"

"Sure," I said. "But, since you don't want your boat, we might as well cut it
(concluded on page 69)

SIX RECORDS IN SEARCH OF A PENTHOUSE

jazz By LEONARD FEATHER



IT'S FRIDAY NIGHT, about 7:25. Suppose you live in a 31st-floor penthouse in Gramercy Park, and you're due at Le Pavillon for cocktails and dinner in 20 minutes. You bonk the elevator button but the little red light doesn't come on, nor do you hear the rumble of machinery like you usually do. You step over to the phone, ring up the building manager and ask him what in blazes is up, because it certainly isn't the elevator. He says, good god, didn't my secretary call and

tell you it's on the fritz and the repairmen can't possibly get over until Monday morning?

So you're stuck. You make your beg-out phone call and realize that for company, you've nothing save a case of Veuve Clicquot, 1947, a fridge full of *Noix de Boeuf à la Gelée*, and a half-dozen phonograph records — along with, of course, a \$3000 rig to play them on.

Anthroposociodiaphysiogenetically speaking, it's not the ideal setup. But for

our purpose, it makes a good hypothetical situation, one that will enable us to examine the musical tastes of several friends on the jazz and pop scene, posing as our reluctant recluses. Which six discs, I wondered, would Gerry Mulligan choose for such a pent-up penthouse weekend? What about Dave Garroway? Or Frank Sinatra? I wasn't looking for the six finest records ever cut, just the offhand reactions of some hip people to

(continued on page 46)

music to while away a weekend—selected by a half-dozen hip people

A FASHIONABLE MUTATION of the U.S. nightclub scene is the small, smoky, sometimes-subterranean oasis that parlays low lights and high humor into big business. In the intimate atmosphere of Julius Monk's Downstairs Room and the Blue Angel in Manhattan, Mister Kelly's and the Black Orchid in Chicago, the Hungry i and the Purple Onion in San Francisco, ringsiders (there is often little room to put tables anywhere else) are fed the special, inside humor for

highbrows doled out by the likes of Mort Sahl, Irwin Corey, Elaine May and Mike Nichols.

A bright new wit at such watering holes is Shelley Berman, a fey-faced ex-gagwriter, ex-dramatic actor turned monologist whose prop-in-trade is usually the telephone. Shelley's bits of monkey business consist of harried, one-way conversations ("I want to speak with Phyllis Johnson . . . P-H-Y-L-L . . . no . . . P as in pluvial . . . no . . . pluvial

. . . P as in polemic . . . O as in orthochromatic . . . no . . .").

Imagine that you are seated in your favorite little club right now as Shelley Berman presents a caricature of a late-rising reveler bedeviled by an enormous hangover and no recollection of what occurred at the party he attended the night before. He pampers his head, then dials his host; the humor builds, bit by bit, as Shelley pieces together the events of the previous P.M.

entertainment

BERMAN ON THE TELEPHONE

1. Oh. Oh. Oh. Oh. Oh. My tongue is asleep. And my teeth itch. Where is my Alka Seltzer?



4. It's Sam! That's what it is, it's old Sam! . . . What? Well, how many Sams do you know? . . . Uh. Spiral! It's old Sammy Spiral . . .



2. Oh, my God, don't fizz! Don't be mean, Alka Seltzer. Dissolve! Oh, the hell with it, I'll drink the pieces.

3. Hello, Dave Boy. Howya doing there, David boy? . . . Dave, would you please whisper. Howya doing, kid? . . . This is me. . . . It's me. . . . It's your old buddy. . . . It's me, it's old—uh—it's, it's. . . . Just a minute, Dave, don't press me. . . . Dave, if you nag at me I'll never get it. Isn't that ridiculous! I just got a letter addressed to me this morning. I know my own name as well as I know my own—uh . . .



5. How you doing there Dave, how you feeling, fella? . . . Good, I'm glad to hear that. . . . Not so hot, Dave, I'm a little under the weather from last night's party. That's what I called you up to thank you for—that wonderful party you threw last night. . . . Of course we brought our own liquor, but you provided the electricity and you should be thanked for that. . . . Tell me Dave, did I have a good time? . . . No, I don't know, Dave. . . . Well, from a certain point in the evening my mind is a complete blank. . . . A few minutes after I arrived. . . . What did I do? . . . What? . . . Oh, no. . . . Oh, gee, I'm sorry, Dave. . . . The whole window, eh? . . . Just came right out, eh? . . . Gee, it's a lucky thing there was nobody walking under it at the time, eh? . . . Oooooooh. . . . Got him edgewise, eh? Oh, well, they'll put him back together, Dave, those plastic surgeons are wonderful.

7. . . . I wish you wouldn't be quite so descriptive about the cat, Dave. I'm not a well man. Dave, I wonder if you'd mind changing the subject to something a little more pleasant. Tell me, Dave, how did your wife enjoy the party?



6. Gee, Dave, I can't imagine how I managed to break a window. I don't have any cuts or bruises on my hands. . . . I see. Were you very fond of that cat? . . . Gee, those things are supposed to land on their feet, aren't they, Dave? . . . Poor little fella, how did I manage to do that? . . . Oh yeah, yeah, I get the picture. I must have been playing some sort of stupid parlor game there or something. . . . What was I doing? . . . I see, and I guess the window was supposed to be Goliath. Well, gee, Dave, you'll probably want a new cat, right? . . . Yeah—well, sounds like he's a goner all right.



9. Listen, Dave, the reason I'm calling, see I'm having these business associates in town for the weekend and I'd like to throw this little shindig and you know how small my place is. So I was wondering if I could use your place this Saturday night. Few drinks, couple of laughs, know what I mean?

8. . . . What do you mean, I ought to know? . . . I did not. . . . I did not. . . . Dave, it was a long, hard party; does it occur to you that I just might have gotten tired and stretched out for a bit in the bedroom? . . . Well, I must have thought she was a pile of clothing, Dave, you know how she's built. . . . No, no Dave—I didn't mean it like that. You know I think the world of Myrna—why, I love your wife, Dave. . . . No, no, Dave, you know I didn't mean it like that. Well, Dave, when you came right down to it, the only real damage I caused was a broken window, right? . . . No, I won't forget the cat. Dave, in the shape I was in it's lucky that the only thing I threw through the window was a cat. . . . Oh—really? Who? . . . Oh, gosh, I hope she isn't angry. . . . That's swell. She was always a pretty good sport, your mother.

10. Dave? Dave? . . . Come on, boy, pull yourself together. . . . Dave, stop that now. I can't bear to hear a man cry. . . .



SIX RECORDS (continued from page 43)

an unusual musical question. I didn't foresee that some would take "six records" to mean six tunes, while others would interpret it as six LP albums, but that didn't matter a great deal either, because it was the individual responses to the query that would make them interesting.

I went to the Starlight Roof at the Waldorf-Astoria, where Count Basie's Band was coming on like cool thunder, and broached the topic with the *One O'Clock Jump* man himself.

"Bill," I said (only the squares address him as Count, and I had to make a good impression), "Bill, I know you have a top-floor suite in the hotel while you're here. Now suppose the elevator got all shook up and you had to choose —"

"Easy," said Basie as soon as I'd explained. "I'll take Louis Armstrong's *Confessin'* . . . Tommy Dorsey's *I'm Getting Sentimental Over You* . . . Fats Waller doing *Honeysuckle Rose* . . . Ella in the number she sang in *Pete Kelly's Blues* —"

"Which one — *Hard Hearted Hannah*?"

"You got it. And Sarah's wild *How High the Moon*, and my favorite by the greatest of them all — Duke Ellington's *Warm Valley*."

"Fine, Bill," I said, "thanks."

"Goodbye."

"Goodbye," I said, and rose.

"I don't mean goodbye," said Bill. "I mean that's the seventh of my six records — Billy Eckstine's *Goodbye*. And for an eighth I'll take Les Brown's *I've Got My Love to Keep Me Warm*, and —"

"Hold it, hold it," I started to make for the door. "Pen just ran dry. Thanks, Bill."

It was easy to corral my next victim, Dave Garraway, before his television show got on the NBC air at seven A.M. All I had to do was stay at Birdland one night until closing time at four, then run right over to Dave's rehearsal at the RCA Exhibition Hall at 49th St. and Rockefeller Plaza. I went down the inside ramp to the lower level, where the *Today* staff and crew were having their daily breakfast buffet, and joined right in.

As befits a man who talks to millions every day for a living, Dave was explicit in his answer. He started with Bix Beiderbecke's *I'm Coming Virginia*, waxed in 1927 — "One of the purest, most thoughtful and refreshing choruses in all of jazz — I've heard it hundreds of times and still look forward to every hearing." Next came Woody Herman's *Bijou* — "the finest side," he added, "by what was in its day the greatest of the jazz bands. The imagination of Ralph Burns, who wrote it, and the pagan sounds from Bill Harris' trombone make this one a must."

His third choice, Ella Fitzgerald's *Lady Be Good*, is the disc that once saved Dave's career for him. "I had a midnight show in Chicago to which the NBC sales department didn't think anyone was listening. I got a bootlegged acetate of this side two weeks before its release and started to plug it regularly. Mail began to pour in and NBC's switchboard lit up like Univac with happy people who wanted to own the disc. It made me feel pretty good. Even before the record was released, bootleg copies had gone up to 10 dollars. The record is, of course, the greatest thing of its kind ever done."

The nostalgic mood continued as Dave turned to Sarah Vaughan's *If You Could See Me Now*: "Cut while she was still pretty much a nobody, it has the marvelous freedom and warmth and simplicity that her recent records have generally lacked."

Next, a tribute to the creativeness of pianist Barbara Carroll: "I don't know how she does it. A painter works a few hours a day, finishes at his leisure and puts his work aside. But what a tremendous burden we put on our modern jazz artists! They've got to be always on, dynamic and vigorous enough to keep creating new ideas six days a week, six hours a day. Barbara does this with grace and precision, always fresh, never trite or hackneyed, and manages to keep her sense of humor too. I'll take her recording of *You Took Advantage of Me*."

And finally Benny Goodman's immortal 1938 Carnegie Hall concert album: "The joyous verve and life poured into this one made it stand out from all the other jazz concerts. None of the musicians ever played better in their lives than on that night. Play the studio recordings they made of those same tunes and you'll be convinced: they sound formal, stiff and stodgy compared with the swinging freedom of this album."

I didn't give my phantom penthouse any further thought until three weeks and three thousand miles later, when the sounds of a Bach partita were being wafted via Peggy Lee's hi-fi rig to the sun-drenched patio of her mountain-high Beverly Hills home. Friend and neighbor Frank Sinatra was there. Frank conducted Peggy's recent Capitol album, *The Man I Love*. We got to talking about musical settings as applied to personal settings: "Bach," said Peggy, "is to me the symbol of a well-organized universe. I see things, when I hear Bach, that are utterly beyond my comprehension, though somehow I seem to understand. How the sky changes . . . how the seasons change . . . you get a feeling of rhythm about the whole universe."

To the background of Bach I elicited from Peggy an alternative LP list (alternative, that is, to six boxes of Bach) and

this is how it looked: Nat Cole's *Love Is the Thing* set, Sinatra's *Songs for Swingin' Lovers*, Nelson Riddle's *Hey! Let Yourself Go*, a Jackie Gleason album called *Ooooo!*, the original-cast album of *My Fair Lady* ("If you've seen the show you can never tire of this!") and the Count Basie set that includes Joe Williams' wondrous blues *The Comeback*.

Having been forewarned about the question, Frank said: "I would like to hear why you decided to ask us to choose these records."

I pointed out that a round of sabotage or a spate of technological breakdowns might leave an inordinate number of citizens stuck in penthouses.

"Anyhow," said Sinatra. "I've been thinking about it. Now first, I'd rather concentrate mainly on the human voice, because under those conditions, with nobody to talk to, it would be preferable to instrumentals. So I'd like four albums: one each by Ella Fitzgerald, Peggy Lee, Nat Cole and Perry Como."

"Then I'd like to have one album specially made up, if possible, of the following: Nelson Riddle, Billy May, Les Brown and Les Elgart. I don't want to get into the jazz field, because once I start there'll be no stopping — I'll wind up with 60 albums."

"The other instrumental is the Vaughan Williams *Job*. I pick that because it has great variety; it's a sort of potpourri of all kinds of music. There's even syncopation, and suggestions of jazz with an alto sax. It's a most interesting piece of music."

"Of course," Peggy added, "when it comes to artists who are currently performing, my selections might change, as they do something fresher and better."

"Hold it a minute!" said Sinatra. "I got a seventh album. This seventh album I would like made up of Elvis Presley, Johnny Mathis, Johnnie Ray, Lawrence Welk and Sammy Kaye."

I looked up from my note-taking.

"I'll tell you why I'd want that album," grinned Frankie. "I'd play it occasionally, just to remind me how good the other people are."

Back in New York a few days later, I tackled an old friend whose hip inclinations as musician, writer and general human being had convinced me that he would produce a provocative and thoughtfully compiled list: Steve Allen.

"Steve," I began, "suppose you were all pent up in a penthouse and . . ."

Sure enough, Steve deliberated carefully before answering. "I think I'd take *The Charlie Parker Story on Savoy*," he said, "and I don't believe I need bother to explain the why of this one: it's Bird at his greatest and that's that."

"Then *Music for Sleepwalkers* by Murray McEachern. This album should have been a best seller. Murray has one of the

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AS MOST OF US KNOW, the fortunes of commerce sometimes come into conflict with the pursuit of a man's private amours; and when this happens, the unhappy choice between the two must frequently be made on the basis of practical dollars-and-cents judgment. When the owner of a printing concern in Alabama — Alfred Arnoe — found a partner who was willing to invest in his enterprise if he moved it to Philadelphia, he moved forthwith, abandoning a love affair with a comely lingerie buyer. The parting was tearful, but he soon found northern attachments and forgot his southern past.

Recently, however, his past gave him a rude jolt in the form of a suit by his former ladyfriend, charging him with fathering her illegitimate child. Arnoe's first impulse was to pay the piper, but

when he found that she had taken up with other bedfellows since their parting, he decided to make a fight of it. He sent an investigator poking through Alabama hospital records and was able to prove at the subsequent paternity trial that the love child had been born a full year after Arnoe's last contact with his erstwhile bedmate. That, of course, should have been the end of it, except that a jury still ruled the printing executive guilty of imprinting this new issue, and condemned him to pay support money till the child reached its majority. There is nothing in law, it seems, that says a baby can't be carried by the mother for as long as a year — and never mind all those fairy tales about storks bringing babies in nine months.

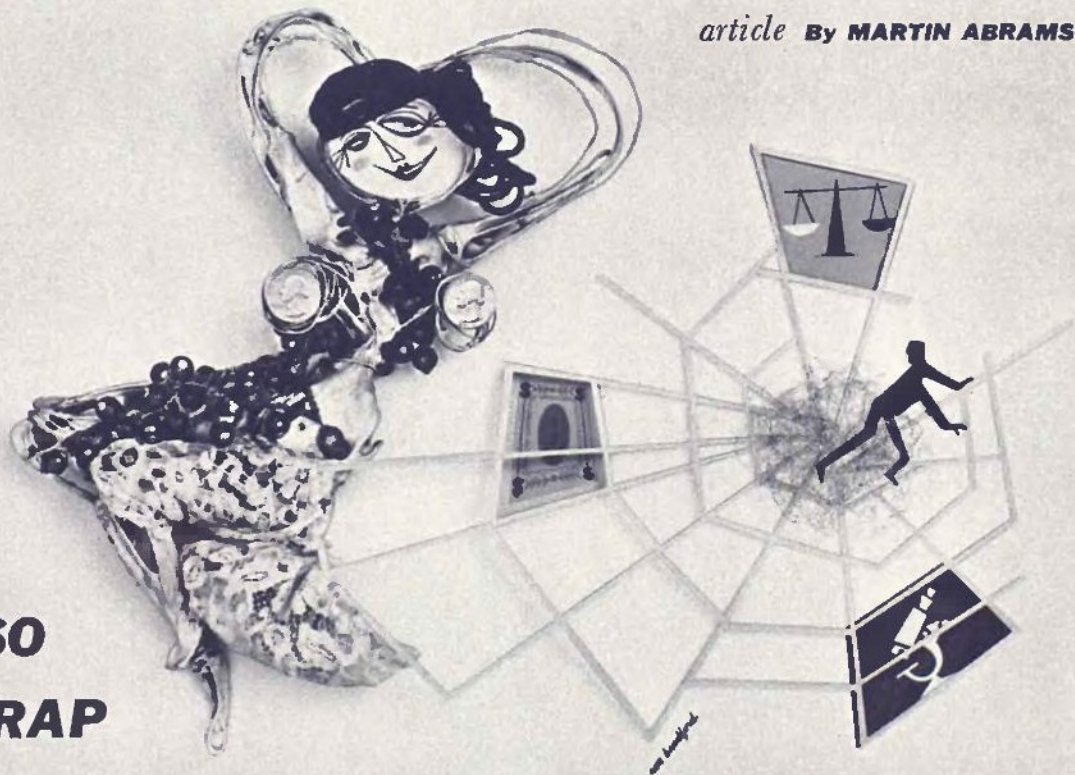
What befell the printing executive is no once-in-a-lifetime, struck-by-lightning

kind of happenstance. Paternity swindles have become one of the most widespread scourges ever directed against the American male. The number of illegitimate births in this country now reaches a lofty 350,000 a year. Over 100,000 suits charging paternity are filed annually, with more or less dire results for the male, and countless others are settled out of court by threats that amount to blackmail. Yet judging by results of scientific tests in New York City courts, at least one-third of these paternity suit claims are out-and-out frauds. Our society is so hagridden on this question of paternity and so easily gulled by the plaints of the "poor, defenseless woman," that we have cases of men being adjudged fathers when they never even had a sexual introduction to their ac-

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article **By MARTIN ABRAMSON**

THE NOT SO TENDER TRAP



when the charge is bastardy, the wily woman wins



OPPENHEIM

AN IMAGINATIVE GUY might feel cleanly cool and crisply comfortable just thinking about summer suits made of those fabricated fabrics with the chemical-type names. He might also get hot under the collar trying to figure out which is which — and why one's righter for his purposes than another. If this describes your situation, feel no shame. Even women — who are credited with knowing all about material things — usually can't tell you the difference between Verel and Creslan, or Jetspun and Fortisan. And if they could, would you listen? Of course not. You'd tell them to go soak their heads (a courteous bit of advice in hot weather), and you'd peruse the following for all you need to know.

And what you need to know is merely what is meant — in terms of appearance, lightness, durability and comfort — when you read a maker's label giving the pedigree of the stuff from which a garment's made. A bit of background and a chart

(coming up, next page) will do the trick.

The miracle about the so-called "miracle fibers" is that although many — or most — are made of organic ingredients and hence can't properly be called man-made, they *are* put together in ways not revealed to the lower animals and plants, on whom man had been dependent for his clothing for quite a few years — like back to prehistoric times. Wool, cotton, flax, silk, hemp, jute, sisal, kapok, ramie (a Chinese nettle more useful for crossword puzzles than for clothing), all got in their sartorial innings — along with the hairs and hides of hundreds of beasts, and a few feathers to boot — long before DuPont. And each, in its way (even ramie, like we said), did its given job well.

Rather recently, historically speaking, some inquisitive types asked themselves and each other why man should restrict himself to these naturally-produced materials for his garb — fine though they

were, alone and in cunning combinations. Why not do for clothing what had been done, ages earlier, for food? (Most of us prefer bread — a man-made wheat product — to nibbling a handful of grains of wheat.) But even man's laboratory technique, when he essayed to improve on nature by combining organic stuff in his own way, was borrowed from nature. The first successful man-made fabric was the work of an assistant of Louis Pasteur, Count Hilaire de Chardonnet. Pasteur was working on a disease of silkworms; his assistant enviously watched the little blighters chew on mulberry leaves, expectorate a juice from two spinnerets on the side of the mouth, and weave this juice into long, silk filaments as it hardened in the open air. So the Count did the same. (No, not harden in the open air.) He took solid cellulose and changed it into a liquid. He forced it through a spinneret — a thing like a thimble, with fine holes

Those Fabricated Fabrics

before you buy, know which is which and why

attire By FREDERIC A. BIRMINGHAM

drilled in it — and hardened it into solid filaments, or threads, as it emerged into warm air which evaporated the liquid solvents. Then he wove these threads into a glistening dress which his wife wore to the Paris Exposition. OK, so it was only rayon. But at that time it was deemed a miracle fabric and was called "artificial silk."

From then on, the progress of synthetics was downhill and faster and faster all the way to this day. In the interim, truly all-man-made fibers were developed. Like DuPont's Nylon, for instance (on which a purported 20 million clams were expended to produce the first pound). Nylon is composed of a wholly new chemical compound not found in nature. On its non-organic heels came Orlon, Dynel, Acrilan and Dacron. And there were and are more man-evolved fibers from such organic and natural raw materials as cellulose,

milk, glass, corn, peanuts, coal and even rock (asbestos — not recommended for casual wear).

Anyway, while few lab-made fibers are miracles — in the sense that spooky teams of bifocaled Merlins and Mandrakes waved wands to produce summer suits — the fact is that you no longer have to go nudist to feel cool. Lab-produced fibers can be made to order, spun thick or thin, smooth or shaggy, soft or hard, shiny or dull, heavy or light. Nature's not through with you, though: the most successful fabrics are usually compounded of natural and man-made fibers in various proportions, designed to exploit the best qualities of each. Here's an example.

The Raeford Worsted Corporation, a member of Burlington Industries, has long made summer fabrics for all the best labels. This year, they've announced a summer-weight fabric that is part worsted, part Dacron. It weighs in at a

mere 5½-6 ounces per yard as compared with the 8 to 9 of most of last year's summer fabrics. And it's not only cooler because it's 20% lighter: the fabric has millions of air-conditioning pores: comparing the new fabric with the old under a microscope is like comparing a screen door with an old log wall that's got a wide scattering of small holes. Furthermore, there are better wearing qualities in the new fabric. We all know about wool and how good it is, even in summer, don't we, class? The Dacron is just as elastic and much stronger. In this new material, the natural and man-made fibers in combination give you ease of fit and retention of shape and press, because Dacron is a smooth, crisp fiber that won't wilt or droop. Not only that: dirt and stains only rest on its surface and won't sink in; it's insensitive to moisture; and it is "thermoplastic" — once set into a certain shape by the application of heat, it stays that way. Moths pass it by, too — tastes awful. What more do you want in a suit? Washability? You can get that, too — though we recommend dry cleaning and pressing as simpler and surer.

The purely visual fashion importance of the new synthetics and combinations is the interesting patterns they make possible. Raeford, for example, with a weather eye on the popular herringbone weave, has reduced the design with the aid of extremely fine Dacron-and-wool thread to a smooth and highly elegant pattern they have buoyantly and accurately labeled the "guppybone" weave.

So much for background; now let's get practical. On the accompanying chart you'll see that the new fibers comprise just five basic types, each with its own set of characteristics. Various manufacturers have their own names for these fibers, and a listing of the most widely used of these trade names is also given. Armed with the chart, you should be able to gauge fairly whether an article of clothing made of any one of them, in whole or in part, will give you the qualities you seek.

One hidden value you may find in this chart is that it should serve to educate you sufficiently to determine whether a clothing salesman knows what he's talking about when he pitches a particular suit. If he doesn't — if your questions about comparative coolness, wrinkle resistance, washability, etc., elicit some fast double talk — find another salesman or another store. Knowing what qualities you want in a suit's fabric, knowing enough to find out if you're getting them, you can then make your sensible selections (within the chosen fabric group) of those colors, textures and tailoring details which please you most.

SYNTHETICS: WHAT GOES IN, WHAT COMES OUT

FIBERS	RAW MATERIALS	CHARACTERISTICS	TRADE NAMES
ACETATE	Cellulose — Wood pulp or cotton linters.	Sleek or fuzzy, heavy or light. Does not absorb moisture readily. Pliable. Supple. Resilient. Thermoplastic. Resists moths, perspiration, mildew. Dissolves in alcohol or acetone. Luxury drape.	Arnel Celanese DuPont Acetate Chromespun
ACRYLIC	Elements found in coal, air, water, petroleum and limestone.	Resilient. Fluffy look but strong. Resists sunlight, soot, smoke, fumes, chemicals. Thermoplastic. Low moisture absorbency, dries quickly. Warmth with little weight. Wrinkle resistant.	Acrilan Creslan Orlon Dynel Verel
NYLON	Coal, oil, water, corn cobs, oats, rice hulls, bran, gas, petroleum.	Very strong, elastic. Smooth, non-absorbent fibers. Dries quickly. Dust does not cling. No attraction for moths and other insects.	DuPont Nylon Caprilan Firestone Nylon
POLYESTER	Coal, air, water, petroleum.	Very springy. Will not wilt or droop. Dirt does not penetrate, rests only on surface. Insensitive to moisture. Thermoplastic. Resists abrasion, sunlight, moths, mildew.	Dacron
RAYON	Cellulose — Wood pulp or cotton linters.	Reacts in cotton-like way. Very absorbent, dries slowly, very receptive to variety of dyes and special finishes. Versatile—may be dull or lustrous, heavy or light.	Avisco Bemberg Fortisan Jet spun DuPont Rayon





"My new boss has a very liberal vacation policy — he's going to take me to Palm Beach four times a year."



agnès laurent plays a portable pretty in a new french film

POCKET-SIZE PARISIENNE

pictorial

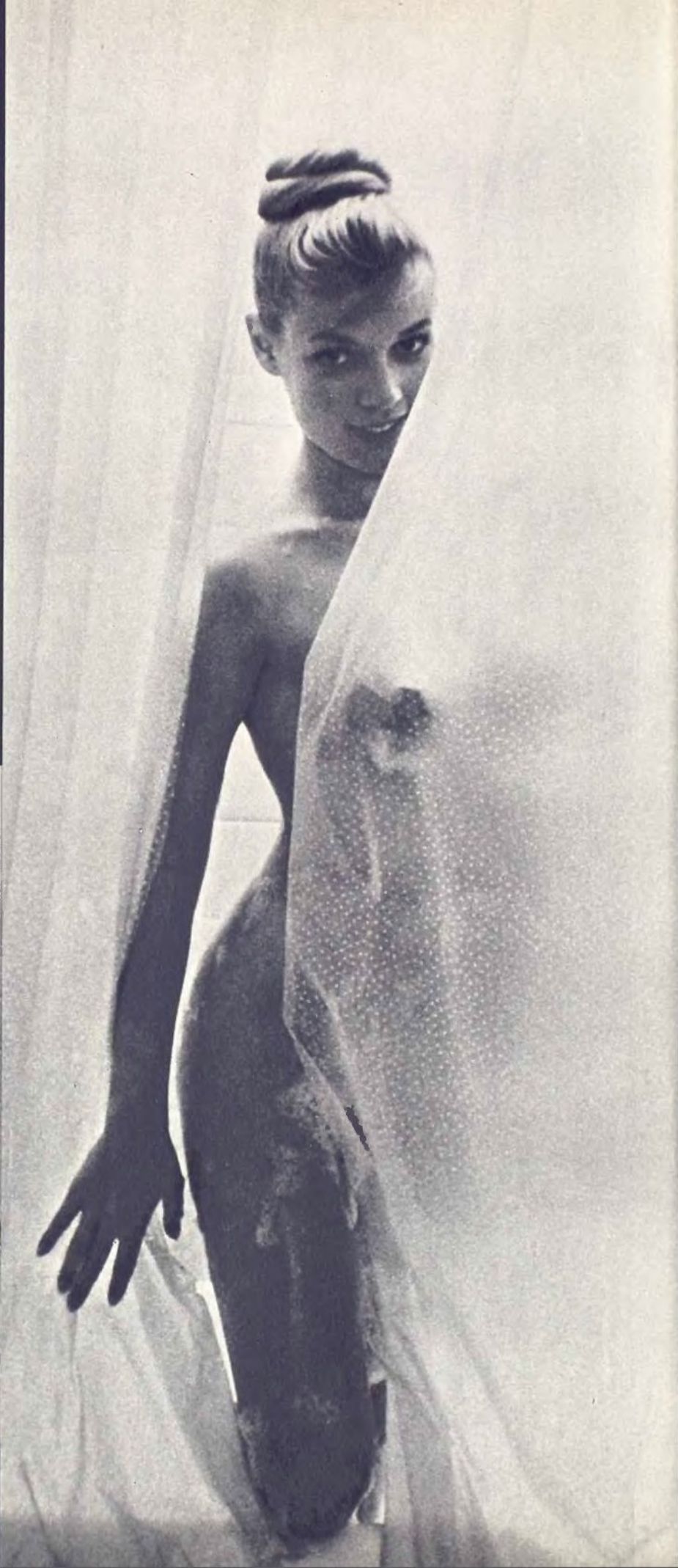


Biology prof Jean Marais hides his diminutive darling from his class in the film *Pocket Love*.



WOULDN'T YOU KNOW IT? Here in the U.S., the best thing the moviemakers can come up with in the Incredible Shrinking Department is a Man; it took the French, *naturellement*, to discover the added appeal of an Incredible Shrinking Girl.

The girl is blonde Agnes Laurent, whose crackling combination of kittenish



pertness and pantherine sensuality is somewhat reminiscent of her compatriot, Brigitte Bardot. In *Un Amour de Poche* (*Pocket Love*), she plays the illicit innamorata of handsome-thought-married Jean Marais, a biologist. Marais, who has been having a lot of luck as a mad scientist, making little dogs out of big dogs, performs the same service for Agnès so he can carry her around in his pocket *à la ballpoint* and thus keep her hidden from his jealous wife.

We felt sorry for Agnès, cooped up there in the dark with all that lint, so we've restored her to her normal size and given her several pages to stretch out in. You'll agree, we trow, that when a girl is this exciting, it makes more sense for her to be courttable than portable.



NOT SO TENDER TRAP

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users, when they have never even had a sexual introduction to any woman, when they are actually sterile.

In Columbus, Ohio, a 16-year-old bobby-soxer who left town to visit relatives came back with a new relative—a five-pound offspring. The guilty man, she claimed, was a well-fixed owner of a specialty shop who used to play with her in the back of his store. The man admitted to a little playing, but said it was all hugs and kisses, and none of what the law refers to as “penetrations.” The court refused to believe him. A year later, the girl admitted that she had tagged the wrong man, that the real father was another teenager who had disappeared into overseas service and who had proved impossible to trace.

In Jacksonville, Florida, a 30-year-old divorcee accused a 17-year-old boy in a paternity case. The boy had been badly smitten with her and she had teased him along for a year, while she had bona fide affairs with at least five adult males. Apparently, she decided to elect the youngster as the father of her love child because his family had money. After a settlement was made, it turned out the boy had not yet enjoyed intercourse either with her or any other woman.

In Rockland County, New York, a wily female accuser introduced a tape-recording of a phone conversation with the defendant as proof that he had sired her bastard. The recording, in part, went like this:

WOMAN: “Would you at least let me give the baby your last name?”

MAN: “Would I what?”

WOMAN: “Would you let me give it your last name?”

MAN: “I told you I would.”

WOMAN: “Because you know it’s your baby?”

MAN: “What?”

WOMAN: “I said, you know it’s your baby . . .”

MAN: “Yeah . . . yeah . . .”

WOMAN: “I figured maybe you would marry me . . . You wouldn’t marry me after you found out I was pregnant. I can give the baby your last name?”

MAN: “Yeah.”

The defendant’s lawyer, far from admitting that the recording proved his client’s paternity, insisted his client had been entrapped by a secretly recorded conversation which only proved that the female in the case was a schemer and the male was a bit easy-going. His client could not be responsible for implanting any seeds for the simple reason that he was sterile. This statement was borne out by medical witnesses. The jury swallowed the phone conversation, repelled the unshaken medical testimony and invested the defendant with the dubious legal honor—and the financial responsi-

bilities—of fatherhood.

In a Kentucky case, a former minor-league ballplayer who had romanced a baseball-nutty manicurist, insisted he could not have fathered her child because he always took the customary precaution. His lawyer trapped the girl into admitting that as far as she could remember, the accused had indeed insisted on employing contraceptives. The jury went to sleep on this testimony and damned the man anyway.

How can such outlandish verdicts by man’s peers be handed down in an era we choose to call enlightened? How can so many other legalized paternity persecutions be countenanced every day in our courts in cases not nearly so unique and unusual? The answer lies in the fact that paternity cases are technically not criminal prosecutions. Therefore, the defendant is not presumed innocent until proven guilty, nor is there any need to prove his guilt “beyond a reasonable doubt.” You can be trumped in a paternity suit simply on the uncorroborated statement of a woman complainant. Such testimony can’t convict in crimes such as rape, abortion or abduction; it can’t even win a civil suit such as divorce; but when the charge is bastardy, it sticks. Sidney B. Schatkin, assistant corporation counsel of New York City and the country’s foremost expert on paternity suits, says flatly that if it’s a case of a man’s word against a woman’s, the court will invariably take the woman’s. And New York Special Sessions Justice Louis I. Kaplan points out that in most states, a jury will side with the woman even if the weight of testimony is heavily against her. This includes “carnal knowledge” testimony, in which assorted males testify about the complainant’s sleeping around. The same states which require no corroboration of a female’s charges demand corroborative proof of statements by the “carnal” boys. What it comes down to is that if you are able to get a buddy to testify in your behalf that he had “carnal knowledge” of the complainant, his testimony probably won’t do you any good unless he can actually produce pictures of himself committing the sex act with her.

The credo that generally obtains in paternity cases, at least in English-speaking countries, is one that was laid down in 1938 by an English magistrate named Claude Mullins. Testifying before a Parliamentary committee, Judge Mullins said that his rule of thumb was to “hold as the father of the child any man who had intercourse with the mother around the probable time of conception.” The man who *may* be the father must pay, whether he is in fact the father or not, the judge said.

By setting the standard that inter-

course—or for practical purposes, the mere charge of intercourse—was to be the determining factor in these cases, Judge Mullins was issuing an inadvertent, but explicit, all clear for extortionists. In his authoritative legal text, *Disputed Paternity Proceedings*, Schatkin points out that there have been a great many recent cases in which unmarried women have deliberately brought accusations against the wrong men. And in many other cases, he says, the mother honestly doesn’t know which of several men is the father, and so selects the richest, or the one least likely to arouse the sympathy of a judge and jury, or the one most vulnerable to publicity and therefore most likely to settle generously out of court. “The man who denies sex relations [in a paternity case] will probably be disbelieved,” says Schatkin. “If he admits intimacies, his legal position is vulnerable. He is defenseless!”

Some of our courtrooms turn out paternity-case verdicts with startling speed and uniformity. On a single afternoon in Jersey City recently, there were three cases in which the defendants introduced platoons of males willing to swear that the plaintiff’s bed was the most heavily trafficked in town. It made no difference—the defendants were convicted anyway. One woman admitted that in addition to her present illegitimate child, she had three others, all fathered by different men. One might assume her uncorroborated statements to be suspect, but the court swallowed them nonetheless. One male defendant even brought a female to testify for him. She described herself as his “true love” and insisted he could not possibly have impregnated his accuser at her conception time because “he was with me every day and night during that whole month.” “What happened during the few days you had your period?” the judge leaned down to ask her. “Kept him right with me, found other ways to satisfy him,” the woman snapped. She made an excellent defense witness, but the result was another cut-and-dried guilty verdict.

What about the theory long popular in gentle society that no woman would stoop to the embarrassment of a paternity suit unless she had been, in fact, cruelly victimized by the ogre haled into court? This is a ridiculous belief, according to Dr. Nah Brind, Los Angeles psychologist and expert on the habits of litigious females. “Most women who give birth to illegitimate children are not unsophisticated and naive maidens, but rather those who have had a great deal of sexual experience. They are apt to be exhilarated rather than embarrassed by the notoriety of a paternity case, because it gives them a sense of importance. If they’re good-looking, it may even make them important enough to get a booking

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*breathe deeply, men:
taut, tawny torsos are
de rigueur this season*

SOCIOLOGISTS AND HISTORIANS, most of whom are men, are beginning to write of our epoch as The Age of the Bosom. Vital Statistics, which used to be, for example, b. 1885 — d. 1952, are now more likely to be something on the order of 38-24-36. Of these latter figures, the statistic that is really vital is the first, which is also a pretty good score for nine holes of golf. Unfortunately, what was originally functional is now largely ornamental and frequently artificial, as is so much of modern society.

But this may also be known in some circles as The Age of the Chest, for the upper part of the male torso has begun to catch on. The chest may never equal the bosom as a topic of conversation, fascinating to artists, photographers, and persons who, despite the hubbub of 20th Century life and 20th Century-Fox, have not lost their sense of proportions, but it is indubitably coming into its own. A man may not be tersely described as 44-32-34, but his chest may do more (concluded on page 65)

PICNIC PAPERS (continued from page 20)

Finish the steak in a moderate oven, allowing 20 to 30 minutes more cooking, depending on rareness preferred. Let the shell steak cool to room temperature before putting it in the picnic cargo. Carry it unsliced, but wrapped in aluminum foil, in a pan to save drippings. Carve diagonally. Salt slices well. Present slices on open French bread brushed with drippings. Test jar of pickles before embarking so that it may be opened without the usual critical struggle at the last moment. Ale should be moderately cold, not glacial. Remove camembert cheese from portable freezer, if possible, about a half hour before eating, to release its mellow flavor. Provide crackers or French bread with the cheese. Be sure fresh Bartlett pears are creamy-yellow ripe. For coffee with cognac, pour hot coffee from thermos into mugs. Hold a tablespoon over the coffee, place a lump of sugar in it, then fill spoon with cognac and set aflame. Let it burn a moment or two and then stir into coffee.

Potato Salad with Chives. Four Portions. Boil four medium-size new potatoes in jackets 30 minutes or until tender. As soon as potatoes are cool enough to handle, peel and cut them lengthwise into four strips. Cut strips into 1/4-inch-thick slices. Cut 1/2 cup celery into small dice. Combine 1/4 cup mayonnaise, 1/4 cup dry white wine, 1 tablespoon minced chives, 1 tablespoon salad oil, 1/2 teaspoon dry mustard, 1/2 teaspoon salt and 1/4 teaspoon white pepper. Pour mayonnaise mixture over combined potatoes and celery. Chill well.

PICNIC #2

Vodka Martinis
Smoked Eel
Cold Glazed Duckling
Beet Relish
Pumpernickel
Brandied Apricots
Turkish Coffee

Twirl martinis in ice before pouring into thermos. Don't forget pitted olives. Swedish smoked eel in a four-oz. can will serve two. To make beet relish, put the contents of an 8 1/4-oz. can of diced or julienne beets, drained of all juice, in an electric blender. Add 2 teaspoons horseradish, 1 tablespoon lemon juice and 1 tablespoon sugar. Blend until smooth. Chill thoroughly. Be sure pumpernickel is cut thin. Spread bread with sweet butter and put slices together. Cut in half. Chill brandied apricots. A 20-oz. jar will provide three servings, a 38-oz. jar will be sufficient for six. Try instant powdered Turkish coffee, now available in a 12-oz. jar. It's very handy, quite potable—as well as portable. Follow directions on jar.

Cold Glazed Duckling. Two-Three Portions. Since almost all ducklings are

sold frozen nowadays, and since duckling cannot be split for broiling while the bird is still frozen, it should be ordered from the butcher a day or two in advance. You will need a four-to-five-lb. duckling. Tell the butcher to thaw it and split it for broiling, removing neck and backbone. Place duckling, skin side down, under a moderate broiler flame. Broil 20 minutes. Turn. Pierce skin in six or eight places with a kitchen fork to permit fat to escape. Broil, skin side up, until duckling is golden brown, about 20 to 25 minutes more. Place duckling, skin side up, on a wire rack, in an uncovered roasting pan. Combine 3 tablespoons honey with 3 tablespoons dry sherry and 1/8 teaspoon ground cinnamon, mixing well. Roast duckling at 325°. Brush skin about every 10 minutes with honey mixture. Roast until drumstick separates easily from second joint, about one hour. Cool to room temperature before chilling in refrigerator.

PICNIC #3

Paté de Foie Gras
Cold Sliced Ham and Turkey
Onion Turnovers
Sour Rye Bread
Watercress and Tomato Salad
Planter's Punch
Fresh Mangoes
Earl Grey Tea

A 1 1/2-oz. terrine of *paté de foie gras* will serve two. It should be well chilled and spread on crisp crackers or melba toast just before serving. Buy cooked turkey and ham, sliced thin, allowing three to four ozs. cooked meat per portion. Transport the sliced meat just as it comes from the delicatessen well wrapped in wax paper. Arrange slices on an attractive platter for serving. Provide one bunch of watercress and two large beefsteak tomatoes for four portions of salad. Cut tomatoes into wedges. Carry salad dressing in bottle. Mix planter's punch with ice before leaving. Drain and pour into cold thermos. To serve, pour over ice in tall glasses, adding at the last moment a splash of soda water. Be sure mangoes are soft and ripe. Take along a paring knife to peel mango skin from top down, petal fashion. Brew Earl Grey tea five minutes before pouring into hot thermos. Don't forget sugar.

Onion Turnovers. 12-14 Small Turnovers. Boil one medium-size peeled potato. Mash through potato ricer. Cut one slice of bacon into small dice. Mince two medium-size onions and 1/4 medium-size green pepper. Put 2 tablespoons butter, bacon, onion and green pepper in a saucepan. Sauté slowly until onion turns yellow. Combine mashed potato and onion mixture. Mix well. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Prepare a package of piecrust mix, following directions on

package. Roll dough to 1/8-inch thickness. Cut dough into four-inch circles. An empty No. 2 1/2 can may be used as a cookie cutter. Beat one egg, and brush the rim of each circle of dough with egg. Place 1 tablespoon onion mixture on each circle of dough. Fold dough over, pocketbook fashion, pressing ends together. Bake in hot oven, 450°, 12 to 15 minutes. Wrap turnovers in aluminum foil and transport in insulated bag to keep warm. If turnovers are baked beforehand, they may be reheated just before packing the picnic hamper. They may be eaten cold if desired.

PICNIC #4

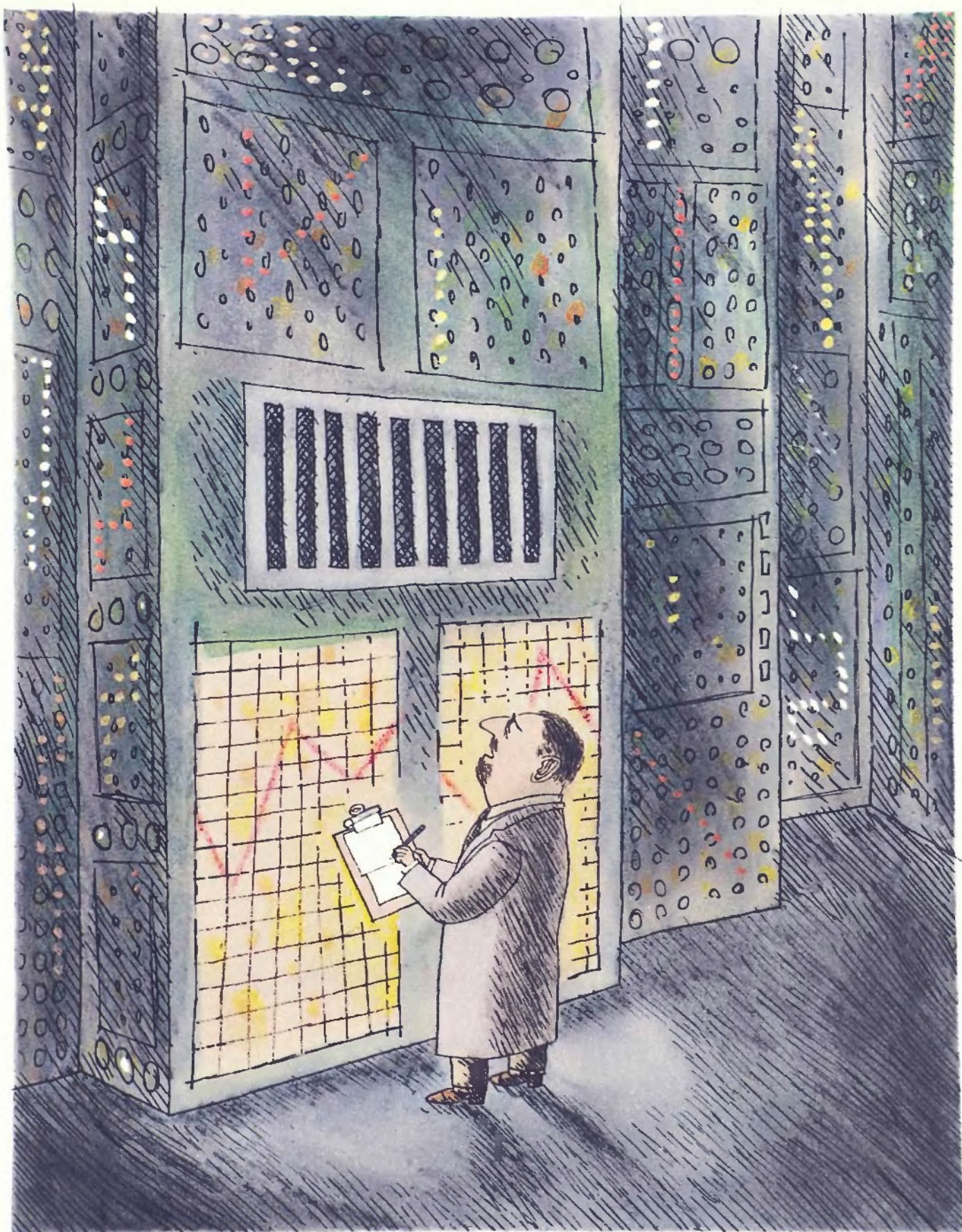
Claret Consommé on the Rocks
Frogs' Legs Provençale
Julienne Potatoes
Buttered Rolls
Alsatian Wine, Sylvaner
Baba au Rhum
French Roast Coffee

Open a 13-oz. can of claret consommé, serving two, and spike with two ozs. dry red wine. Do not chill. To serve, pour over rocks in old fashioned glasses. Julienne potatoes, variously identified as shoestring potatoes or matchstick potatoes, are available in either cans or cellophane bags. Slice and butter rolls before wrapping in wax paper. Luscious Sylvaner wine goes well with practically every food known to man. Serve it well chilled. Baba au rhum, small rum cakes, are available in 14-oz. cans which will serve four to six persons. Be sure can is turned upside down five minutes before opening so that the syrup can drizzle over the babas. If French roast coffee isn't procurable, prepare the instant espresso instead. Either the French roast or the espresso should be served black.

Frogs' Legs Provençale. Four Portions. Wash, disjoint and bone 1 1/2 lbs. fresh frogs' legs. Mix in a large paper bag with 1/4 cup flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1/4 teaspoon monosodium glutamate and 1/4 teaspoon paprika. Place meat inside and shake bag well to coat meat thoroughly with flour mixture. In a heavy saucepan melt 3 tablespoons butter. Add 2 tablespoons oil. Sauté frogs' legs until light brown. Add 1/2 cup dry white wine. Simmer three minutes. Add 3 tablespoons minced parsley and 1/8 teaspoon garlic powder. Drain a No. 2 can tomatoes, chop meat coarsely and add tomatoes to pan. Do not include tomato juice. Simmer five minutes longer. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Spoon into wide-mouth thermos jug.

One final tip: though preparing the hearty masculine edibles is *your* job, once you arrive at the picnic site, delegate the serving chores to *her*. Wilderness, like the man said, will be paradise enow.





Gahan Wilson

"Anything else, boss?"



"Goodness, Mr. Baxter, you are a friendly travel agent!"

A TWO-LOVER WOMAN

The first transcription of a tale from the folklore of West Africa



Mobamba's husband regarded her with suspicion.

THEY SAY AND TELL that one old man was very jealous of his pretty young wife. Oh he was very, very jealous. Jealous to a fault. But who can deny that he had his reasons? His wife, called Mobamba, had not one, but two young lovers, and the husband knew about them.

When he could stand the knowledge no longer he decided he would have to kill both the lovers if he could. All he had to do, he believed, was to catch one of them at his hut. Later he could manage to put away the other. So he told his wife one morning that he had to go off to a nearby town on business. Instead he only crossed the road and took up a watching post in one of the huts facing his own.

Before he began this spying he had told his wife, in a fit of anger, that he knew of her unfaithfulness and intended to punish it. Therefore, she was very much afraid and suspected that he might try to catch one of her lovers. But she had no chance to warn either of them that her husband might be on the watch, and she knew that certainly when they learned that he had gone away, one or the other would make her a visit.

Sure enough, he had hardly let his departure be known, when the first lover visited Mobamba. The woman was in panic. She said, "You should not have come! He has not really gone away. I think he must be hiding."

"But they said he had set out. Five friends told me they saw him leave the village. Surely you are imagining things."

The woman looked over his shoulder and up the road. "If you think it is my

imagination," she whispered in terror, "look who is coming across the street."

"It is your man," said the lover. "What do we do now? He is carrying a spear and a long knife. I am unarmed."

Quickly she unrolled an old *kinja*, one of those stiff mats seen in every hut. She made her lover roll up in it and she propped it against the wall. Then she turned to the door to face her irate husband.

His eyes quickly took in the *kinja*. "Why is a *kinja* standing against the wall?" he asked.

His wife thought a minute, and because a woman in trouble is as wise as a serpent or a crocodile, she found an answer.

"A salesman came here with it this afternoon," she lied. "He left it here for me to try out, and said he would be back tonight to get his money or to take it away if I did not want it. I can't understand why he hasn't returned, and I wish he would, for I do not want it. It is not well made."

Just then, the other lover pushed aside the door curtain and stepped into the hut. Seeing her husband, his eyes widened with fright. Before he could speak or bolt, however, the woman spoke from the depths of her serpent-wisdom.

"What kept you so long, man?" she asked. "I have had time to wear out the *kinja* you left, let alone examine it. Here, take it and go. We do not want it."

The second lover was no fool, and he quickly realized what his paramour was up to. He managed a smile and a bob of

the head. He found he could face the husband without blanching or letting his eyes linger on the long knife.

"I am sorry you do not like it," he said. "Perhaps I can sell you a better one some day."

After he had carried the heavy mat for some distance, the man inside spoke.

"You can put me down now," said the muffled voice. "I am about to smother in here."

The second lover set the *kinja* down, untied the cord that held it, and allowed the first lover to step out.

The second lover looked a little sour. "Are you Mobamba's lover, too?" he growled. "Maybe I should choke you to death."

"Why?" asked the first lover. "You owe your life to me, you know. If I had not been in the *kinja*, the old man would have certainly given you the knife."

The second lover scratched his head. "That is true," he replied. "I suppose I do owe it to you. But, come to think of it, you owe me *your* life as well. Had it not been for my carrying you away from that house, he would have soon discovered you and the knife would have tasted your entrails, too."

After that they were silent for a long time pondering the matter.

Then, without saying a word, each extended his right hand and laid it upon the other's chest over the heart.

"Brothers?" asked the first lover.

"Brothers forever," said the second.

—Retold by J. A. Gato



BEAVERS OF BROADWAY

(continued from page 26)

although sometimes it may be over-curved and overlong like the Terrible Turk's, or overwaxed and oververtical like Salvador Dali's. Those are exceptional cases, where hair is employed in lieu of a neon sign, to attract attention to the wares.

Unlike a beard, a mustache usually expresses a desire to conform, to correct or distract from fancied imperfections in facial symmetry, or to balance a deficiency in the semblance of dignity and maturity. In fact, the mustache is so commonplace that often its presence is hardly noticed.

Reginald Gardiner's soup strainer was evident in every scene of *The Show Is On*, except the *Hamlet* sketch—where heavy make-up was applied over his mustache to make it invisible. Yet no one ever commented on this on-again, off-again, on-again mystery. Eddie DeLange, the songwriter-bandleader, once won a \$50 bet that he could shave off the left side of his mustache and nobody, in the dozen nightclubs he visited before dawn, would mention that half his cookie duster was missing.

The fact that a mustache is a sometime thing, a temporary habit born of whim, a doodle of little consequence, was recognized by Groucho Marx when he was invited to endorse a brand-name toothpaste. He was assured that, in return, his photo would appear in every railroad and subway station in the land. "No, thank you," Groucho said. "I already have a mustache."

When Russel Crouse embarked on a long cruise to Europe, he decided that a mustache would make him look like a Pulitzer Prize playwright, which he is. After six weeks of careful cultivation of his upper lip, he abandoned the project in Naples, because he discovered that most of the local belles had mustaches thicker than his.

After Judge Pecora, in his lecture, had successfully dismissed the matter of mustaches, a law student asked if the jurist's warning against selecting bearded men as jurors would apply to monocle-wearers as well. "That question is academic," Pecora said. "Any man who'd wear a monocle into a courtroom obviously is trying to avoid jury duty. Besides, he couldn't qualify anyway, because he's probably not an American."

But some American men do wear monocles. George Jessel has been sporting one for the past 10 years. He insists that it saves him a good deal of time, when his photo is about to be taken: "I use a monocle because only my left eye is weak. If I wore eyeglasses, I'd have to tell the cameraman to wait until I took them off. This way, I either drop the monocle or turn my profile, and the monocle isn't in the picture."

Mr. Jessel takes pride in his monocle because he feels it enhances his program to be accepted slowly but surely as another George Arliss.

Jessel was taught the proper way of wearing a monocle by the world's foremost practitioner, Charles Coburn. "All you have to do, George," said Mr. Coburn, "is imagine that the sun is always shining in one eye." Neither the monocle nor his distinguished bearing was sufficient, however, to get Mr. Coburn past the headwaiter's rope at Chicago's elegant Pump Room. The film star wasn't wearing a tie. He'd gone to the Pump Room during a train stopover, en route from New York to Hollywood. The headwaiter offered him a tie. "Thank you," Mr. Coburn said, pointing to his monocle, "but isn't this formal enough?"

No, neither a monocle nor a mustache expresses the same assertion of individuality as a beard. At best they are timid, half-hearted efforts—a dipping of the toe into the pool before daring to make the full plunge.

John Steinbeck took this plunge a few weeks before he was introduced to Ernest Hemingway at the 21 Club. A mutual friend saw the two bearded novelists at the same table and asked Hemingway: "Why the beard?" Mr. Hemingway, who'd grown it as protection for his sensitive skin against the sunburn acquired on his fishing trips, replied: "Obviously, to cover a rash."

Mr. Steinbeck then was asked: "Why the beard?" He answered: "Obviously, an affectation." The truth, however, was that Steinbeck started to grow a beard the day an obstetrician informed him that he was about to become a father. He suspected that his wife might become self-conscious if people began noticing her approaching motherhood. "I grew the beard," he confided, "so that people would stare at me instead of at her."

When Steinbeck's son was born, the author distributed cigars, then went to a barbershop and had his beard shaved off. He grew a second beard while awaiting the birth of his second son. Steinbeck raised no other children, but he did raise a third beard, last year. He shaved it, after a month. "I found out," he said, "that when you're at a nightclub or restaurant table where everyone asks for the check, the waiter always gives it to the one with the beard."

Gerald Kersh, the British novelist, has always steered himself against comments about his dark beard. In Lindy's one night a man who walked by Kersh's table asked, "Say, what's with that beard?" Kersh eyed him coldly, and replied, "Sir, would you have said that to Abraham Lincoln?"

One night, at a supper party in New York, Kersh was seated at the same table with Al Hirschfeld, the bearded artist. They glanced at each other with curiosity at first, the way two duckbill platypuses would in a hutch of rabbits—outnumbered, but instinctively recognizing the feature which set them apart from the others. Kersh spoke first, stating that he had just been invited by the *New York Post* to review a book about beards. Hirschfeld said that the *Christian Science Monitor* had asked him to review the very same tome.

Kersh then added that he was busy writing his own book. "So am I," said Hirschfeld. The Englishman suddenly called to a waiter to bring him a glass of water, so that he could swallow some pills. "I've had malaria," he explained. Hirschfeld nodded, sympathetically, and said, "I've had malaria too. Got it in the South Seas."

Kersh glared at him, then took a dime from his pocket, placed it between his teeth and, with thumb and molars, bent the coin in two. This feat is Kersh's specialty and has produced more loosened teeth—among envious competitors in bars all over the world—than Jack Dempsey ever did in his prime. Hirschfeld studied the bent coin, and said, "Mr. Kersh, if there's been a contest going on between us, you win."

Kersh writes his stories by dictating them to his wife, who records his words in shorthand and then types them. Sometimes, while waiting for his wife's typing to catch up with his prolific thoughts, the novelist trims his beard or shaves it off completely. This temporarily satisfies his whims but presents a problem when he travels and has to submit identity papers to the immigration and customs officials. Kersh therefore carries an old and a new passport: one shows him with a beard, the other shows him clean-shaven.

Hirschfeld's passport shows him bearded, of course. A few years ago he accompanied S. J. Perelman on a trip around the world, gathering material for two books on which they later collaborated. During the long cruise across the Pacific, on a slow boat, Perelman started to grow a beard while, simultaneously, Hirschfeld trimmed his own beard daily. By the time they reached the first foreign port and submitted their passports as identification, the immigration officials were somewhat bewildered at seeing Hirschfeld clean-shaven and his beard apparently transferred to Perelman.

Hirschfeld lives in a private house on E. 95th Street, where his bearded influence is so dominant that the block has become the only Amish-looking community in Manhattan. June Havoc and her husband, Bill Spier, bought a

(concluded overleaf)



*"Well, it's your fault — you wouldn't let me out to
mail the first payment."*

BEAVERS OF BROADWAY

(continued from page 62)

house on that street, and soon Mr. Spier grew a beard. Maria and Bill Riva, the Alfred Drakes and Viveca Lindfors and her playwright-husband, George Tabori, bought homes on that block and all the men promptly grew beards too.

Alfred Drake grew his to simplify his make-up problem when he starred in *Kismet*. It is traditional in the theatre that actors who ordinarily shave twice a day to present a well-groomed appearance never hesitate about sprouting the scraggiest of beards, once they're told that it will enhance their performance on-stage.

Charles Boyer first became a star in Paris, in roles written for him by Henry Bernstein, the late playwright. Even when Bernstein was in his seventies he fancied himself the romantic equal of any of the matinee idols he employed. Once, however, his confidence was shaken by a lady he was wooing: she expressed admiration for Monsieur Boyer, who was busy rehearsing in a Bernstein play. The playwright took protective measures. He told Boyer: "Charles, I want you to grow a beard for this role."

In the ensuing weeks the young star never shaved, and his handsome face soon was masked by an itchy, unattractive bush. On the day the play was scheduled to open, Bernstein's romance with the lady had run its natural course and he was concentrating his attentions upon another beauty. Two hours before the premiere, when he no longer was concerned with possible competition

from his star, he told Boyer, "Shave the beard, my dear Charles. It's really not necessary for the plot or the characterization."

Peter Ustinov grew a beard for his starring role in the play he wrote, *Romanoff and Juliet*, and cultivated it — not only for its realistic effect but also because it served a useful family purpose. "Whenever I lean over my son's crib or carriage, he grabs my beard and lifts himself up," said Ustinov. "My beard helps strengthen my baby's back."

When the color photograph accompanying this treatise was being taken, Ustinov was carrying on a running conversation with his table partner, Commander Whitehead, president of Schweppes. Ustinov said, "You know, just as there are different shapes and varieties of beards — Van Dykes, Dundrearies, etc. — so there are historically contoured beards. Take mine; it is so late-Victorian that a great uncle of mine whom I had never seen, upon coming on me unexpectedly in a Paris street, was so stricken by my resemblance to his great uncle, only because of the shape of my beard, that he almost had a seizure right then and there. He thought he was seeing a ghost, a Victorian ghost. Now, Commander, take your beard. It's absolutely Elizabethan, and I don't doubt that it influences your behavior in that direction. In fact, I think it would look the cat's whiskers above a ruff."

On the day Orson Welles started rehearsing his ill-fated production of *Five Kings*, he and his co-stars, Burgess Meredith and John Emery, began to cultivate beards for this period production.

Tallulah Bankhead knew that the venture had been canceled when, one evening, her husband at that time, John Emery, came home clean-shaven. Tallulah felt the temporary loss of her husband's employment was compensated for, in a way, by the disappearance of the beaver to which she was constitutionally allergic.

Tallulah's aversion to beards was further expressed in a Broadway supper club where she was introduced to James Mason, who was wearing a beard. When the waiter asked for her order, Tallulah glanced at Mr. Mason's facial decoration, then said, "One ham sandwich, one coffee — and one razor, please."

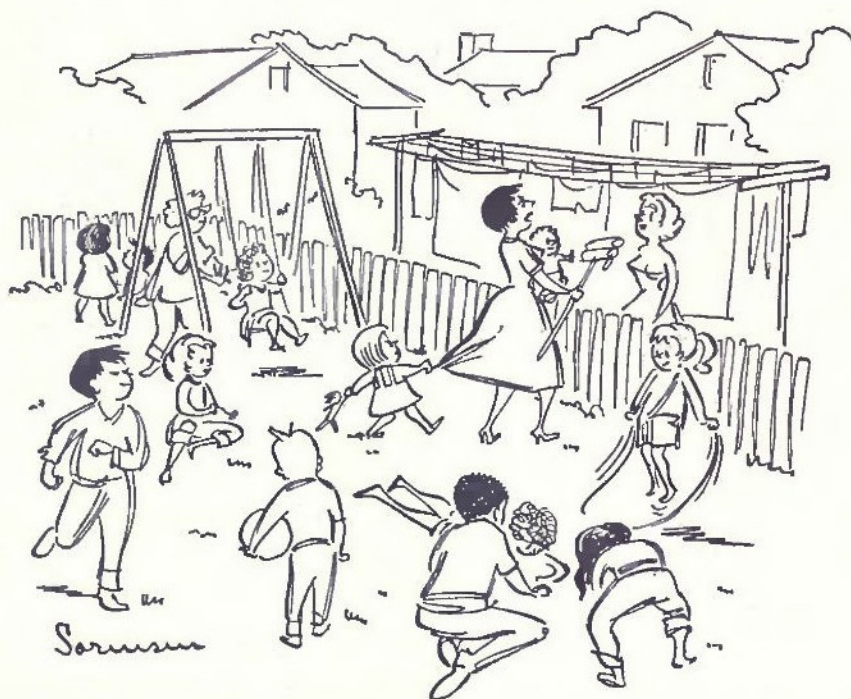
Kenny Bowers, a young singer, signed a contract with Columbia Records last year. Bowers, whose hair is red, grew a red goatee before his first recording session, which met with the full approval of Mitch Miller, the bearded head of the popular music division of Columbia Records. "Kenny's beard is an added advantage," Mr. Miller said. "If he fails with his first record, we can change his name, cut off his beard — and try again with a new face."

John Vandercook, the bearded commentator, wisely decided to do away with his facial shrubbery as soon as his broadcasts were sponsored by the electric razor division of Remington Rand. "Frankly," he shrugged, "my pointed beard was not at all becoming. When I wore a straw hat, it made me look like a thumbtack."

Franchot Tone's family wealth, plus his own Hollywood savings, gave him security enough to be able to keep his beard in the face of commercial pressures. Tone grew the beaver last season for his off-Broadway performance in *Uncle Vanya*, and fell in love with it. Then he was offered a coveted role as leading man on TV's *Playhouse 90*, but a role which would require him to shave his beard. He rejected the offer and said he'd wait until the producers of the program had a bearded part for him. A few weeks later the TV producers found a bearded role, and Tone played it with whiskers intact.

But it was Ernest Hemingway who uttered the definite statement expressing man's measure of devotion to a beard. It was in Havana, during his visit aboard the yacht owned by Billy Leeds, heir to a tin-plate fortune. Leeds commented on Hemingway's beard, and said, "If I got four members of my crew to hold you down, while my barber cut your beard off, what would you do?" Leeds had his finger on the buzzer which would summon the crew.

Ernest Hemingway drew his knife, and calmly replied, "I would kill them."



"I've never been able to say no to a salesman!"

AGE OF THE CHEST

(continued from page 57)

for him, on the beach or in Hollywood, than merely serving as the outside of his lungs.

The Age of the Chest is thought by some scholars to have begun with the appearance of Marlon Brando in *A Streetcar Named Desire*, an appearance that many ambitious young men have imitated since. With or without a T-shirt, the Brando chest was the focal point, and some critics say the only point, in the film. Certainly it was much more in evidence than the streetcar, and was the sturdiest chest, with or without drawers, amongst all the ramshackle furniture in that decadent New Orleans apartment. Indeed Brando may be said to have done for the chest what John Barrymore a generation earlier did for the profile, a feature now largely neglected. Barrymore, however, had a good side and a bad side, which kept him sidling up to the camera, whereas Brando looked good from either side, front or back, though he probably took care not to be photographed just after exhaling.

If Brando made America chest conscious, Burt Lancaster in recent cinema roles has brought the chest to its height, as well as its breadth. The Lancaster chest is a thing of rugged beauty, possessing some of the rocky grandeur of the Sierra Nevada, but without fish or game. It is unmistakably male, and suggests brute strength, virile passion, and a tendency to perspire under the hot sun or in a warm embrace.

Speaking of brute strength, it may be that not Brando but Johnny Weismuller and the other portrayals of Tarzan should be credited with initiating The Age of the Chest. However, the Tarzan costume (an off-the-shoulder leopard skin) is inferior, chest-wise, to the more civilized bareness of the present era. Unlike the bosom, which often benefits from being seen piecemeal, the chest needs to come on one with overpowering completeness. The chest, in other words, should leave nothing to the imagination and should simply be itself, there being little chance that it will be mistaken for anything else.

When Victor Mature began to appear in roles that called for a brave show of chest, many felt that this was going a little too far, though it rarely went more than a couple of inches below the navel. The Mature chest, as distinguished from the immature chest, indicates that ripeness or fulfillment has been reached and decline may be setting in. But in a coat of chain mail, even with narrow lapels and natural shoulders, Mature displays remarkable chest expansion and an understandably pained

expression.

Certain chests, such as those of Frank Sinatra, Fred Astaire and Jerry Lewis, have never been exploited by Hollywood. Some shrewd producer, however, may get the idea of putting one or all three of these gentlemen into a film, stripped to the waist and gleaming with artificial sweat. Such a picture would have tremendous box office appeal, especially to the Average Man, now hunched self-consciously in his seat while his best girl drools over the massive chest muscles of Marlon or Burt.

What the sweater is to a girl, the T-shirt is to a man, and he too wears it as tight as possible and pretends to be unaware of admiring glances. A man wearing a loose-fitting T-shirt probably has something to conceal, or he is only half a man, and not the upper half at that. Usually a man possessing a so-called barrel chest, with staves instead of ribs, will buy a T-shirt that is a couple of sizes too small, and then return it to the store if it fails to shrink. One of the worst things about winter is that some men find it no longer possible to go around without a coat and shirt. For several months, at least January, February and March, they are quite without C.A. (Chest Appeal), looking no better than undeveloped chaps in heavy tweed sports jackets. The flower blushes unseen, the light is hidden under a bushel, and there is a great longing for summertime.

But of course the chest is best displayed *au naturel*, which is French. Then the pectoral muscles stand out in stark relief and ripple like the flanks of a fly-bitten horse every time their owner makes the slightest motion, such as coughing gently to be sure everyone is looking. Then too, observers are able to behold the beautiful mat of hair, with "Welcome" across it, hair that is curly and vibrant and would make superb filling for an invalid cushion or a softball. In a T-shirt all of this is lost, save perhaps a few inquisitive hairs peeping over the top of the collar and providing, at most, fringe benefits.

Considering what a hunk of male chest does to the heroine in the movies, men are going to have to develop themselves with bar bells, push-ups, or at least deep breathing. Then whenever the opportunity arises, they will say, "Isn't it stuffy in here? Mind if I take off my shirt?" Also they must demand new styling in clothes, with plunging necklines. There may not be much cleavage, but for muscles and hair, there's nothing like it. Anyhow, it seems to be what women want these days, and, in The Age of the Chest, one should keep abreast of the times.



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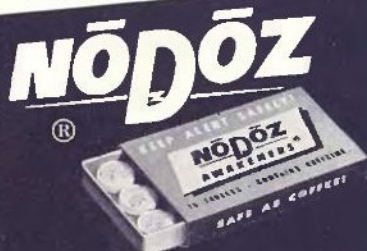


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NOT SO TENDER TRAP

(continued from page 56)

in Las Vegas or Miami Beach."

The threat of headlines that can torpedo a man's career and at the same time glamorize a frilly, conscienceless accuser, automatically makes prominent businessmen and celebrities prize whipping boys. Usually, when tagged with a paternity summons, they elect to pay up and duck out. In the infrequent cases in which they have chosen to make a public fight, they have taken a bad beating.

There was, for example, Hugh Casey, the big-league pitcher. A model charged him with paternity. He insisted he was innocent and would not submit to any shakedowns. She sued, won her case, and destroyed Casey's reputation in a blaze of newspaper headlines. Casey lapsed into a fit of depression. A few months later, he called his wife, swore again that he was an innocent man, then blew his brains out.

It is interesting to note that Casey's accuser had been engaged to another man at the time she filed her suit, and that this man escorted her to court every day the trial took place. The two were married immediately after Casey was adjudged her child's father.

Millionaire sportsman Alexis Thompson was another victim of a model's paternity suit. He died while his suit was in progress and his attorney bitterly accused the girl of contributing to his death by her campaign of blackmail against him. Later, the model sued another man as the father of a second illegitimate child.

The Charlie Chaplin case deserves special attention because it spotlights the question of blood tests, which have become an increasingly important factor in the tricky business of determining paternity. A discussion of the Chaplin case requires a digression on blood tests, which provide the physically able male with scientific armor—rather than mere evidentiary armor—to contest phony claims of paternity. It was the tests made in recent disputed New York cases which led to the discovery that at least one-third of all paternity suits are frauds. Despite sporadic attempts to challenge blood tests as unclear or imperfect, they are recognized by the American Medical Association as being foolproof as fingerprints and matters of fact beyond dispute. We know, for instance, that whatever the blood group of the mother, the laws of blood-group heredity preclude a male with group O blood from ever fathering a child with group AB blood. Similarly, a male with an M factor in his blood can't father an N factor child; nor can a male with an Rh negative factor sire an Rh negative child. (The vice versas in these cases all apply too—an AB male can't father an O child, an N male can't father an M child,

an Rh negative male can't father an Rh negative child.)

Now since fingerprints, ballistics tests, X rays and other scientific aids are accepted as incontrovertible items of evidence in even the most horse-and-buggy American courtroom, it would be logical to expect that technical tests of the blood would be accorded the same status. Unfortunately, logic and common sense seem to have little bearing on bastardy proceedings. Only 12 states—Connecticut, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Dakota and Wisconsin—require that blood tests be taken in disputed cases. Only two of these states—New York and Maine—insist that these tests be accepted as binding by a paternity court.

This brings us back to the currently self-exiled Charlie. Although Charlie may be open to criticism on some levels, in the one important lawsuit in which he was involved in this country, he was unmistakably victimized. Chaplin's courtroom nemesis was Joan Berry, former actress of sorts, former protégée, former bedmate. The two did their romping in California, which was a mistake for Charlie and a boon to Berry. California allows blood tests to be taken into consideration in a paternity case, but it doesn't clothe them with any special recognition that would set them apart from other less-scientific evidence or even mere testimony. Furthermore, by virtue of a ruling of its Supreme Court, California specifically permits jurors to ignore the tests. Some lawyers feel that this actually encourages juries to exclude the consideration of blood tests from their verdicts.

Shortly after the birth of Miss Berry's illegitimate progeny, blood tests showed that Chaplin was group O, and the baby AB. Hence, scientifically, there was no doubt that Chaplin could not be the father. Miss Berry said she'd been robbed and another test was arranged. Three impartial pathologists peered into their microscopes and came up with the same result. Charlie not only had science going for him, he also had the asset of Miss Berry's dubious testimony.

Chaplin contended that his intimate relations with the actress had stopped four months before her child was conceived. Miss Berry admitted this breakup with her lover, but insisted she'd gotten back into his bed again at the time of conception. She testified that she broke into Chaplin's house nine months before her baby's birth, raced into the master's bedroom, and threatened him with a loaded gun. They had a bitter argument about money, she said, during which she kept the gun pointed at him. For a brief interlude, they stopped hurling insults and began making love. When that was out of the way, she again confronted Charlie with the gun.

The defense introduced evidence to show that Miss Berry was involved with three other men in addition to Chaplin. She insisted she had no sex relations with them, however. One of these men, J. Paul Getty — recently headlined as one of the richest men in the world — was disclosed to have been nightclubbing with her a number of times and to have taken her back to her hotel at a late hour. She admitted receiving money from Getty's attorney before she became pregnant. A letter from Miss Berry to Chaplin was introduced into the record. It read: "Charlie, I'm so sick of it. Why am I here having to go through with a cheap intrigue for a few stinking dollars . . . Why do we have to grow up into cheap little gold-digging bitches?"

It was impossible, of course, that any jury could size up the results of blood tests, the raft of damaging admissions by Miss Berry, plus the incidental testimony, and bring in a verdict against Chaplin. It was impossible — but it happened.

One of the reasons why it might have happened — in Chaplin's case and others — is offered by psychologists, many of whom maintain that men serving on juries may feel self-righteous about the acts the defendant has allegedly committed, or they may feel outright jealousy at the fact that they did not share the lady's bed. Female jury members may harbor unconscious envy — especially if the defendant is wealthy and good-looking. Together, jury members have a tendency to damn the defendant, whether he is guilty or not, for being a fun-loving fornicator.

What also happens in some of these paternity cases is that the man not only has to pay, but has to pay and pay again on subsequent go-rounds. Many men who either admit, or are forced to admit, to the conception of bastards, prefer to make lump-sum settlements in the belief that they are permanently crossing these obligations off the books. But if the female who gets the settlement chooses to dissipate it on the horses, on dice games, or on plastic surgery to get herself a new face, the court will come after the legally adjudged papa again. When a wealthy banker named Joseph C. Bancroft was haled before a New York court to support his "destitute" child, he cried out, "But I made a complete settlement to the mother long ago." The court tsk-tsked in sympathy, but said it didn't matter what the mother had done with the settlement money. All that mattered was that the child had to be supported and the city relief agency wasn't about to do it as long as the man listed as the child's father had a decent income.

To the late Samuel H. Hahn, a prominent California trial attorney, this concept that the male is never rid of responsibility is a "rotten kind of medieval torture that invites the mother of the

child to throw her settlement money away, instead of forcing her to use it for the specific purpose for which it was intended."

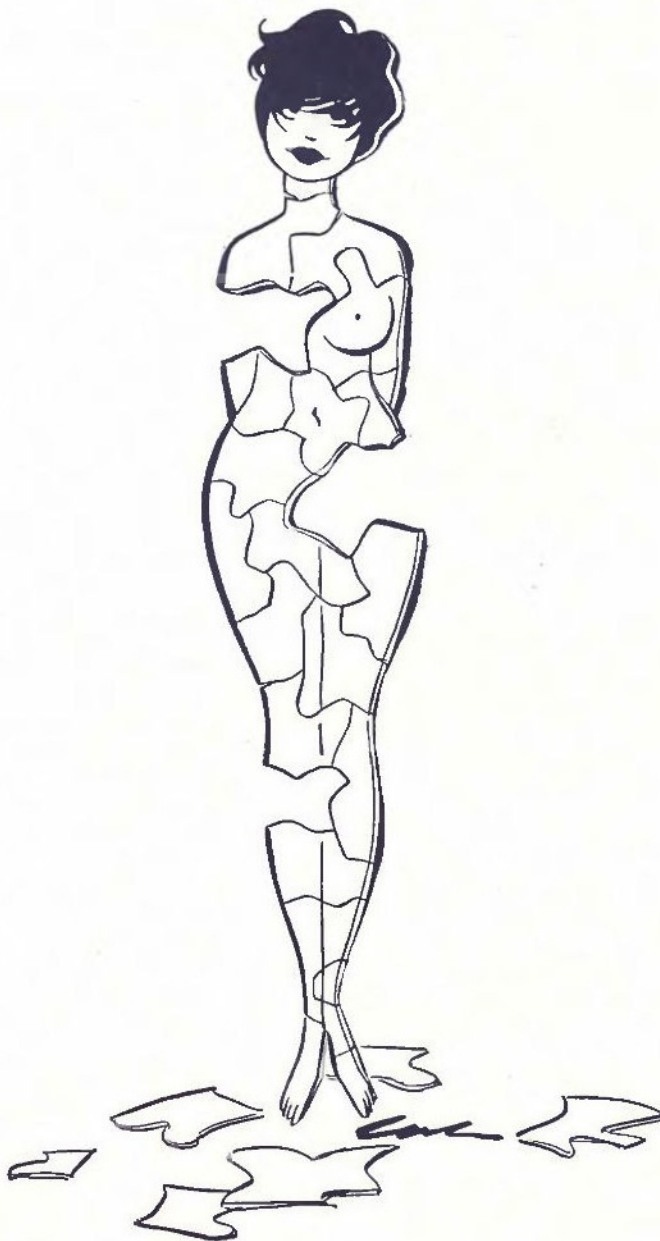
What can be done by the men of this country to protect themselves and their fellows from the kind of paternity racketeering which the present laws and their interpretations seem to condone? A minimum program would encompass the following four points. (1) State legislatures everywhere must authorize blood tests, pay for them if the defendant can't, and accept their results as binding on all contested cases. (2) All paternity cases should be tried before judges — they're not as easily vamped as juries — and should be tried in secret, so the inherent threats of blackmail-by-headlines won't work. (3) Legislation is necessary that would force complainants in false pater-

nity suits to pay damage money; this would scare off designing women who deliberately accuse innocent men on the theory that they have everything to gain and nothing to lose. (4) Some kind of arrangement should be made whereby money paid for child support would go into a trust or controlled fund so it can be used solely for child support.

Failing these things, there is one way out of the paternity trap — but it is not widely available. In a Virginia case, one Paul Hufford was charged with seduction and paternity and was about to be adjudged guilty in both particulars when he asked for an examination by a court-appointed physician. The physician thereupon announced that Hufford had the ultimate defense — "he" was a female.



FEMALES BY COLE: 49



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SWEET SADNESS

(continued from page 16)

but wonder — how much of what she tells me is the truth? Am I being set up for something? Is it all some kind of a con? Does she really love me? Or does she really love her husband? Can a whore really love anybody?

I had the answers very soon.

For three days I did not see Maria. She did not come to my hotel, nor was she in the Fausto Bar. I went to 110 Aguila Street; she and the child were not there and an old woman informed me that they had moved and left no forwarding address. I got very drunk.

One afternoon, just two days before I was due to fly to New York, I was trying to do some work in my room when there was a knock on the door. It was Maria.

Two things had happened, she said. First, I was right about the abortion. The pregnancy was too advanced. She would have to have the baby.

Second, Felipe had returned. He was sober and he had money — a lot of money. He would not say how or where he got it. He was still running from the police. He said he wanted to live with her and their son again, and he promised to stay sober. He sounded very contrite. But, because of the police, they would have to move.

So they had moved, and she would not tell me where. She did not love him any more, she said sadly, but what was she to do?

I held her dear face in my hands. "Yo te amo," I said.

"Yo te amo!" she cried. "Siempre!" Forever. It is the oldest lie in the world, but we do not mean it to be.

We cried, we kissed, we embraced, we went to bed.

"Magnifico!"

"Si, muy magnifico."

It was dark by the time we got up and dressed. "To the Fausto," I said. "Bebamos." When you don't dare think, you drink.

The Fausto was four blocks down the street from my hotel. You walked down Agramonte to Trocadero, across Trocadero to Morro, down Morro to Colon, then across Colon toward the Prado.

Morro, after six P.M., is deserted on its lower stretches. One side of it runs along Zayas Park, and this park, a pleasant enough place in the daytime, is a forbidding jungle at night.

As we neared the corner of Morro and Colon, a man leaped suddenly out from behind the line of palms in the park and ran toward us.

Maria gasped. "Felipe!"

He was on me like a leopard, his dark, ring-scarred face livid with rage. He'd been drinking. Without a word he slammed me into a litter-strewn alley

and drove his fists into my face. I went down as if I had been pole-axed. I had no chance with him. He hurled himself at me, snarling like a beast. Blood gushed from my nose and mouth. His knee crashed into my groin. I felt myself blacking out.

It was then that Maria answered all my questions.

She picked up an empty rum bottle that was lying on a refuse pile. She could have hit Felipe over the head with it and perhaps saved my life and his skin, but she didn't.

The Havana branch of the Royal Bank of Canada was located on the corner of the alley and Morro Street. Maria hurled the bottle through the side window of the bank.

Bells, alarms and buzzers went off with a roar like that which ensues at the stroke of midnight on New Year's Eve. Before Felipe could get to his feet a night watchman, gun in hand, bolted through the bank's side door and covered him. In not more than five seconds the alert Havana policia were swarming in the alley. They were very glad to see Felipe. They handcuffed him and took him away. An ambulance lugged me off to the Anglo-American Hospital.

To save me, Maria had sent Felipe to prison for life. She had chosen to bear another child in loneliness and poverty rather than let me be hurt. The word "love" is not always a lie in the mouth of a whore.

I never saw her again. They patched me up in a couple of days. I canceled my plane reservation, broke my "unbreakable" date in New York, and stayed in Havana for a week to look for her. I couldn't find her. I called the police. They couldn't find her either. They had no record of an "artista" named Maria Gonzalez. She simply and deliberately dropped out of sight. Because it could come to nothing, our amor.

Whatever happened to her? I wish I knew. Sometimes, over a martini in the Yale Club, I close my eyes and hear again the bongo drums in the midnight streets of La Habana, and see the sinuous brown bodies swaying to the torrid beat, and feel again on my lips that kiss that was like no other kiss ever. And in some night bar of the old port I see a golden girl with silver earrings and a silver bracelet, throwing spitballs into the drink of a lonely American. And this golden girl is the sole support of two niños, and oh, how I wish I were that lonely American!

I will never see my Habana chica again. But — we touched.

Fats Domino.

Harry Belafonte.

Knocking Goal, hon-ee.

Triste. The sweet sadness.

SKINDIVER

(continued from page 42)

loose, don't you think? Otherwise it's a hazard to navigation. You agree?"

There was an offshore wind, and I could see Ralph visualizing a thousand bucks worth of boat and motor drifting off into the wide Atlantic. There was a long pause, toward the end of which I stood up and made as if to heave him over the side.

"Great idea," he whispered.

"I'm glad you see it my way," I said. I handed him a knife, holding the anchor in my other hand. "You cut it loose."

I taxied up to his skiff and he cut the anchor rope. "Brand new motor, too," I said. "What a pity." We watched it move out toward the Gulf Stream, on its way to England.

"And stop dripping blood into my boat, will you?" I said. "Get yourself overtop of this bucket." Which I kicked over to him.

He hung himself over the bucket, and all the way back to the dock he nursed his wound and moaned. "Might as well be dead," he kept wailing, over and over.

The next day we went to see him in the hospital. Flame and I.

(That was the one good thing about the incident: it got Flame and me together on land. There was no longer any of that nonsense about only meeting under water. We're very chummy on land now, and we never run out of air.)

Actually, we didn't see him. We got as far as the door of his room, but the room was full of doctors. We stood outside, peeking in, and listened to what was going on. What was going on was a most abominable conspiracy: the docs were kidding Ralph, making tremendous long faces and shaking their heads sadly, and Ralph was swallowing the bait whole.

"Listen, doc," Ralph was saying. "will you give it to me straight? How bad am I hurt?"

"Oh, not bad, son, not bad," he said. "You'll probably recover."

"Dammit!" Ralph shouted. "I'm not worried about that! The question is, how much will I recover?"

"Well, now, that's hard to say," the doc said, putting on a solemn face. "We'll just have to see how the lesion heals. But I feel pretty certain we won't need surgery."

"Surgery?" Ralph hollered. "You mean maybe you'd have to cut off the rest of it?"

"Oh no, nothing like that," he reassured him. "Maybe a little trimming around the edges, to ward off the possibility of gangrene. You wouldn't want it to be turning green, would you?"

"Doctor!" Ralph pleaded, sitting up in the bed. "Tell me you're just kidding!"

"OK, I'm just kidding," he said, pushing him back.

"Now you're just kidding," Ralph said, "to quieten me down. My God, isn't there anything we could do? Shouldn't we put it in traction, or something?"

This sent the doctors off into hoots of glee.

"Traction?" the doc said. "No, my boy. No, traction is not called for. Now, gentlemen," he continued, turning to the others. "I want you to see this. A most instructive case."

They all bent over and studied Ralph. "The wound resulted from the bite of a moray eel. I want you to notice first the superficial striations —"

"What do you mean, 'superficial'?" Ralph hollered. "If this bite was on you, you wouldn't be calling it superficial."

"— the superficial tooth marks leading up to the actual lesion. As you know, the moray does not secrete any poison. However, sepsis usually results from all the slimy deposit in the eel's mouth."

"Just took the tip off," one of the doctors murmured. "Of course, we can make you a new one out of gum rubber or something. Always look a bit peculiar, though."

"Won't have much sensation," the man next to him added thoughtfully.

"I wonder whether it will ever resume normal function," another of the visitors said. "So often, you know, the psychic trauma is so great that normal responses are impeded, despite the negligible anatomic damage."

"I'd like to do a paper on it," an elderly doctor said, "for the medical

journal. Son, would you mind if I took a few snapshots tomorrow?"

"No pictures!" Ralph shouted. "Listen, why don't you ghouls just go away and leave me alone?"

I looked at Flame, and she looked at me, and we both smiled. By common consent we turned away and tiptoed down the hall.

"I guess he wouldn't want to see us," I said, putting my arm around her.

She turned those shockingly large and searching gray eyes on me. "Ed," she said, "I don't understand. Ralph in there, hooting and hollering that way. Why is he making all that noise? He told me he was the strong, silent type."

I had no answer for that. I opened the door for her and we went out on the street.

"I mean," she went on, "what is he so upset about? After all, the eel only took off the end of his —"

A passing truck backfired at that moment and I couldn't hear how she finished the sentence. "I didn't quite catch," I said.

"I said," she repeated, "only took off the end of his nose. What is he so excited about? With what they can do in plastic surgery nowadays it just isn't that important."

"Oh, it's important to old Adonis," I said. "Why, that classic schnoz is his most cherished possession. When he blows that bugle, the girls come running."

"Not this girl," Flame said.

We were at her car. I kissed her and she got in.

"Tomorrow, darling?" I asked

"About two, lover," she said.



"Don't worry about my cigarettes, Miss Cunningham — I have a crush-proof box."

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DEVIL TO PAY

(continued from page 24)

with a piece of paper in his hand. "Your bill, Sir Swithin," he said with repugnance.

"But it's not the first of the month yet!" said Sir Swithin.

"No, sir. But I want no more of your trade," replied the owner, turning away. "Keep your car elsewhere," he added over his shoulder and slammed the door. Sir Swithin blinked and drove to a parking lot. Then he went to his club on foot—perhaps a game of bridge would soothe him.

As he walked into the noble Georgian hallway the porter looked at him with dismay and disappeared into the office. In a moment he reappeared, accompanied by the club secretary who glared at Sir Swithin as though he were a filterable virus.

"Why have you come here, Montross?" he said coldly.

"Why have I . . . But . . ." Sir Swithin felt dizzy.

"Since you are no longer a member of the club, I think you had better go," said the secretary, and turned away.

Sir Swithin found himself on the pavement outside. He felt crushed and abandoned and his heart was pounding again. Too unsure of himself to hail a cab, he walked miserably home. The cook was not yet back—instead he found a note for him on the kitchen table when he went in search of her, but he could not bring himself to read it. When he got to his study he made directly for the whiskey decanter.

"Only a short one," said a voice behind him.

He turned and saw the stranger, who looked at him with the compassion of a vivisectionist. "I see Fox Fire won," said the stranger. "Did you get your bets down all right?"

"Yes," said Sir Swithin Montross, "Fox Fire won—and so have you." He sat down and covered his face with his hands. "I won't go through with it," he said between his fingers. "You must let me off."

"My dear sir," said the stranger, "your first wish was granted, was it not? So let us proceed to business."

"No, no!" cried Sir Swithin. "I won't. You . . . you must cancel it! I don't want any more wishes, I want to go back to the way things were!"

"I think things have gone a little too far for that, don't you?" said the stranger. "Play the man, Master Montross; at least now you must be convinced you have a soul."

"I tell you I don't care whether I have or not!" Sir Swithin said. "You said there'd be no strings attached—take back the first wish, and set me free."

"The strings applied to your soul, you know," said the stranger, "and I shan't

take that; but I can't very well cancel the past."

"You can, you must!" said Sir Swithin desperately, and, getting up, he drew his swollen wallet from his pocket and threw it on the table between them. "Take it—take back the money and give me back my life as it was! It was bad—it had its little defects, I grant you, but it wasn't as bad as this!"

"Well," the stranger said with reluctance.

"Take it, I beseech you!" Sir Swithin pushed the wallet toward him. The stranger stood up and shrugged, and his shoulders seemed like those of a bat. He took the wallet and shook his head, then without another word he walked out of the room. Sir Swithin heard the front door open and close, but there was no sound of footsteps from outside.

• • •

"Well, here's the cash," the stranger was saying a few minutes later to two friends. "If I'd only had the capital I'd have done it myself—but I hadn't. Anyway, this was safer: no risk. All right now—one share for you," he handed a packet of currency to one of the men. "That takes care of fixing his golf clubs. Have any trouble?"

"Nah. I opened the locker with a hairpin. Tilted the heads a little—that's all there was to it. Thanks."

"And one share for you, Joe. I must congratulate you on your ingenuity with the, er, servant problem."

"Thanks, boss. The cook's visiting her married sister in Brixton who's going to turn out to not be sick, and his valet's sleeping it off at a friend's."

"Poor fellow," said the stranger approvingly, "he'll be all right tomorrow morning. And the remaining three shares I will take. Now, gentlemen," he said, as the others looked up with resentment, "take it easy! Who thought up this scheme? Who wrote the notes from Soames and the cook? Who wrote the letter of insulting resignation to his club? Who had the idea of the indecent phone call to the garageman's wife—and in Sir Swithin's voice? Could either of you have imitated him well enough?"

He looked at his friends, and it was plain they could not have.

"Could either of you have written so convincingly caddish a letter to his girl? Absurd! And the rotten eggs and the spoiled cream? Clever little touches, those. No, my friends, I am not grasping, but I think I have earned my three shares." He got up and looked at himself in the mirror appraisingly.

"When are you going to shave off that lousy beard?" one of his friends said. "You look like hell in it."

"D'you know, I think I'll keep it," the stranger said, turning this way and that. "I've rather grown to like it."



SIX RECORDS

(continued from page 46)

greatest trombone sounds in this world, and the arrangements are the kind that will never go out of style.

"Next, *Ella Fitzgerald Sings Cole Porter*. Actually, of course, anything by Ella would do the trick; she's just the best there is, and she never lets her style overpower the song.

"Then an old Columbia LP called *The Voice*. This is early Sinatra and it includes his recording of *She's Funny That Way*, which isn't too well known, and which I think for sheer tenderness of approach is unsurpassed.

"After that, I'd like *Mark Murphy Sings*. On his ballads I think Mark is just another very good singer, but when it comes to a rhythm number he deserves to be recognized as one of the top talents of our day. You catch him doing *Exactly Like You* or *Fascinatin' Rhythm* and you'll see what I mean.

"Lastly, any album by Erroll Garner is OK with me: he's the original Charles W. Mood when it comes to playing ballads, and of course he knows how to jump too. Care for a drink?" I did.

My final candidate was a musician I've always admired as one of the most articulate of jazzmen, Gerry Mulligan. But Jeru's immediate reaction was caution. "I'll have to give that some serious thought, Leonard. Mind if I write out my answer and mail it to you?"

The next morning a fat dispatch in the Mulligan handwriting arrived, lengthy and detailed enough to show that he is no less loquacious on paper than in person. Gerry wrote:

"Since being stranded in a penthouse is highly theoretical, my choice of records is assembled in a similarly unrealistic way. I'm making up six 12-inch LPs from tunes that have already been cut by a whole slew of musicians, and putting them together according to my own whims. I commence forthwith."

At this point Gerry proceeded to squeeze every last millimeter of music into the allotted space, using eight tracks per side. The first album, first side, would consist of Red Nichols' *Battle Hymn of the Republic* ("with Joe Sullivan, Adrian Rollini and others I don't know but like"), Jelly Roll Morton's *The Chant*, Coleman Hawkins' *Body and Soul* and Woody'n You ("the latter with Gillespie"), Georgie Auld's *Co-Pilot* ("also with Diz") and *Mo-Mo*, the old Billy Eckstine band in *Blowin' the Blues Away* ("with Dexter Gordon and Gene Ammons on tenors") and Woody Herman's 1941 chestnut *Three Ways to Smoke a Pipe*. Overleaf Gerry had Shaw's two-part *The Blues*, the Gene Krupa band in *Leave Us Leap*, the 1945 *Shaw Nuff* by Gillespie and Parker, Lester Young's *Let's Fall in Love*, Parker's *Mood* by Bird, and *Blues for Norman*

("a Jazz at the Phil track") with Bird and Lester.

Sprinkled through the next two discs were a half-dozen Ellingtons (*Jack the Bear*, *Do Nothing till You Hear from Me*, *Moon Mist*, *Main Stem*, *Johnny Come Lately*, *C Jam Blues*), three Benny Goodman's (*My Old Flame*, *A String of Pearls*, *How Deep Is the Ocean*), three Basies from the late 1930s (*Taxi War Dance*, *Texas Shuffle*, *Twelfth Street Rag*), two apiece by Harry James, Tommy Dorsey and Claude Thornhill (*Flash and Carnival*; *Not So Quiet Please* and *Well Git It!*; *Where or When* and *Lover Man*), and Glenn Miller's *American Patrol*.

Supplementing these vintage swing-era big-band items were the Vaughan and Holiday versions of *Lover Man*; Buzzy and Donna Lee by Bird; Miles Davis' *Godchild* and *Move*, and five items by some of Gerry's own groups: *Lover Man* ("Yes, again") with Lee Konitz; *Carioca*, *Line for Lyons*, *Ballad and Walkin' Shoes*.

"Then, Leonard, I'd like to include a couple of my favorite vocals, romantic style, such as Sinatra's *Wee Small Hours* or Jeri Southern's *When I Fall in Love* . . . but I'd better start on my classical selections before I run out of sides."

Gerry thereupon compiled an LP from Hindemith's *Kleine Kammermusik*, Stravinsky's *Ebony Concerto* played by the Woody Herman band ("And, what with microgroove technique, there should still be room on this side for, say, Ravel's *Pavane pour une Infante Défunte*"); and Rachmaninoff's *Fourth Piano Concerto* ("I'm afraid this might take up the whole other side, but if we could squeeze in Stravinsky's *Capriccio for Piano and Orchestra* I'd be very happy!")

The fifth album, on Side One, has Hindemith's *Mathis der Maler*, backed by Richard Strauss' *Till Eulenspiegel*.

Lastly, reported Gerry, "I'd like Ibert's *Ports of Call* or Stravinsky's suite from *Petrouchka* for gayer moments, and something of Alban Berg's, possibly his violin concerto, for more somber moods. Of course, these would more than fill one side of an LP, but I need the other for the remaining jazz things I'd want."

And for that closing side: two Mulligan items cut at concerts in Paris and Los Angeles respectively ("*Love Me or Leave Me* featuring Bobby Brookmeyer and Red Mitchell, *Blues Going Up* with Jon Eardley's trumpet"); two Modern Jazz Quartets, two Brubeck Quartets, and Stan Getz with Brookmeyer on *Have You Met Miss Jones?*

"Now, Leonard," Gerry concluded, "If you're any sort of fellow, you will include in this fantasy an amiable listening companion, about 5'4", 110 lbs., 35-23-35. And thanks for a nice vacation."



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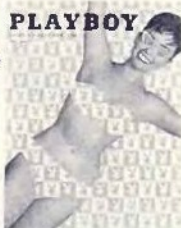
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PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

WE'VE ALWAYS SAID NIX to zipping through a trip abroad just to "see it all" in two or three weeks' time. With air fares dropping (one line has just lopped \$100 off its transatlantic flight fee, to \$350 round trip), you can plan on going back next year to pick up what you missed in sheer nuleage by restricting the scope of your visit. So ease off and live it up—in one or two countries at a crack. A boost in that direction is a slow-motion September tour through Spain running nine to 25 days at \$12 to \$15 a day including everything (even button-cute English-speaking girl guides). Instead of the usual day-and-a-bit in each town, the tour allows up to six days in Cordoba, five in Seville, four in Granada, and so on. A lovely, leisurely way to see a lovely, leisurely land.

If you can't get skiing off your mind, there's still time to make it to the mid-August International Championship meet at Farellones in the Chilean Andes—which currently offers a blanket of light powder snow atop a 12-foot base, four lifts to haul you skyward, including a 7000-foot twin-chair cable up Colorado Mountain. Skiers' accommodations start as low as \$7 a day—for two—including eats. Costs at nearby Portillo are somewhat loftier, befitting its greater Andean and social altitude.

Venice will be swarming with saucer-eyed starlets during the August 24–September 7 International Film Festival. Most of the fun takes place at the Lido (book hotel space quicklike) and we can tell you that no one has ever devised a more winsome way to enjoy the Queen of the Adriatic than by gondola at night,

complete with Verdi-spouting gondolier and a snugglesome Venetian chick.

An early fall weekend that's definitely our cup of tea (through mid-September, anyway) is an overnight cruise from Boston to Yarmouth, Nova Scotia. Round trip fare (a scant \$45) includes breakfasts and dinners for two days. If you take your auto (round trip \$75—but book space in advance), you might circle the southern end of the province, along the Bay of Fundy, through Evangeline country to Halifax and a picturesque sequence of quaint fishing villages and stunning seafood. Or follow Route 3 for 100 miles from Yarmouth for a charming log-cabin weekend at White Point Beach Lodge (around \$20, with meals for you and the lady) on the Atlantic side.

September on the Continent almost demands a halt in the Basque country to glim the startling pastime of dove netting in the narrow valley of the Pyrenees known as Col d'Osquich. Flocks of migrating ringdoves are driven close to the ground by wooden discs hurled from the hilltops by hordes of beret-topped Basques. At valley's end, the birds rise through a row of towering trees hung with whopper-sized fish nets and, presto, show up later as the sizzling *spécialité de la maison* at the Hôtel du Col d'Osquich, perched high on the edge of the valley. After a belt-busting repast, you can scoot over to nearby Biarritz, with its fashionable surf and newly rebuilt gaming casino.

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



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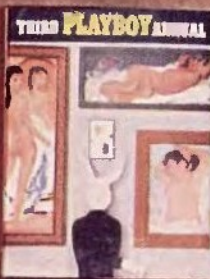
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