

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JULY 1963 SIXTY CENTS

PLAYBOY

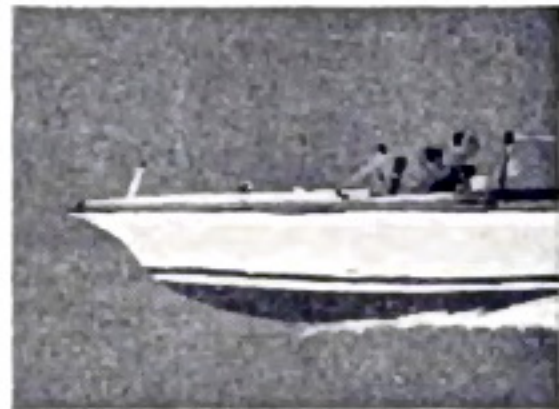


THE BUNNIES—A 12-PAGE COLOR PORTFOLIO • 1984 AND BEYOND—PREDICTIONS
BY THE WORLD'S TOP SCIENCE FICTIONEERS • SMALL BOATS FOR FUN AFLOAT

PLAYBOY



Summer Robes P. 84



Small Boats P. 61



Playboy Bunnies P. 90



Byzantine Palace P. 52

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"Gee, I'm awfully sorry!"

SUMMERTIME IDYL

july playmate carrie enwright is an unspoiled, happy homebody

WHILE IT MAY NOT NECESSARILY BE TRUE, as the song says, that happiness lies under the skies back in one's own back yard, there are occasions when back-yard life definitely has its attractions. Take, for example, a lazy July day, replete with wind-rippled greenery, fat bumblebees and warm, dappled sunlight, the type of day during which one may relax and observe at leisure the growing wonders of nature — such as Playmate Carrie Enwright, whom we here present at her simple but engaging back-yard pursuits. Like the best of mid-July days, Carrie seems to be destined expressly for the informal, easygoing pleasures of life, and is, as a consequence, a refreshingly unaffected companion. "I am," says she in thoughtful self-summation, "a very healthy, well-adjusted, fun-loving kind of girl." No close observer could quarrel with the buoyancy of her health: 5'5", 123 lbs., 39-24-36. Nor is there any disputing her natural enthusiasm for life, an upbeat attitude which can best be conveyed by quoting her own observations on the short, happy life of Carrie Enwright: "I am 19 years old and have lived in California all my life, the last 11 years in Hollywood, California, where I went through high school and where I have had at various times various not-so-odd jobs. For a while I was cashier at the Hollywood Paramount, which was my closest fling with the movie business. Then I worked as a salesgirl in a candy store. Trouble was, I have this terrible sweet tooth and pretty soon I was eating more candy than I sold. Right now I'm living with my mother and studying like mad



Stretching lazily in the grass, Carrie says, "Like these trees, my roots are here in West Hollywood. I'm happy here. But, of course, I haven't really been to very many other places."

to take my state boards in cosmetology. My most active hobby involves artwork, from making seed mosaics of Siamese cats to painting wild, wild oils. I get excited over my finished products – but then, I'm not critically minded. I'm crazy about progressive jazz, lasagna, and playing practical jokes on people I like. For instance, I have been known to secretly put in cold mashed potatoes as the bottom scoop of someone's root-beer float, which is a terrible thing to do, but fun. I am not the type who always has a book going. I rarely read novels, but occasionally I get on a self-improvement reading kick, the most recent of which was plowing through Hayakawa's *Language in Thought and Action*. In movies, I'm a sucker for anything romantic or touching – *The Miracle Worker* was just perfect for me. As for entertainers, I love Nina Simone, Miles Davis, Frank Sinatra, Jerry Lewis, Jonathan Winters, Victor Borge, Joan Sutherland – oh, so many more. I'm very congenial toward most performers, and I enjoy nearly all. That probably relates to my main shortcoming as a person – too much of the time I use my heart and not my head. I'm really a very gullible girl. I wish on first stars and believe in miracles. When I go out with a boy, it really doesn't make any difference what we do – for me it's a successful date if I get the feeling he appreciates being with me. If we like each other, I would just as soon run through the park in Levis as have a fancy dinner at Frascati's with the opera to follow. And I don't much care whether I eventually live in a mansion or in a tree house, so long as the man I'm married to is fun to be with. Of course it's a trite observation, but what I want most in life is happiness. What else is there?" Such an end in life can be persuasive – especially when pursued with the magnificent means apparent in our gatefold, where lush Playmate Carrie is shown sensibly doffing her duds prior to a swinging session in her secluded back-yard hammock.



Carrie describes a back-yard training session with her Alsatian, Nikki: "She knows I'm a lousy disciplinarian and therefore gets away with murder. Here, for example, I'm trying to teach her to lie down and play dead."

MISS JULY
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





Carrie prepares to feed the inner woman at Los Angeles' Farmer's Market. "I hate to admit that my tastes are so ordinary," she says, "but I get absolutely ravenous over cheeseburgers and fudge sundaes."



Our July Playmate philosophizes on board her hammock: "Any attractive girl who says her looks haven't been a benefit is a liar. The great danger is when she begins to depend too much on surface values alone."

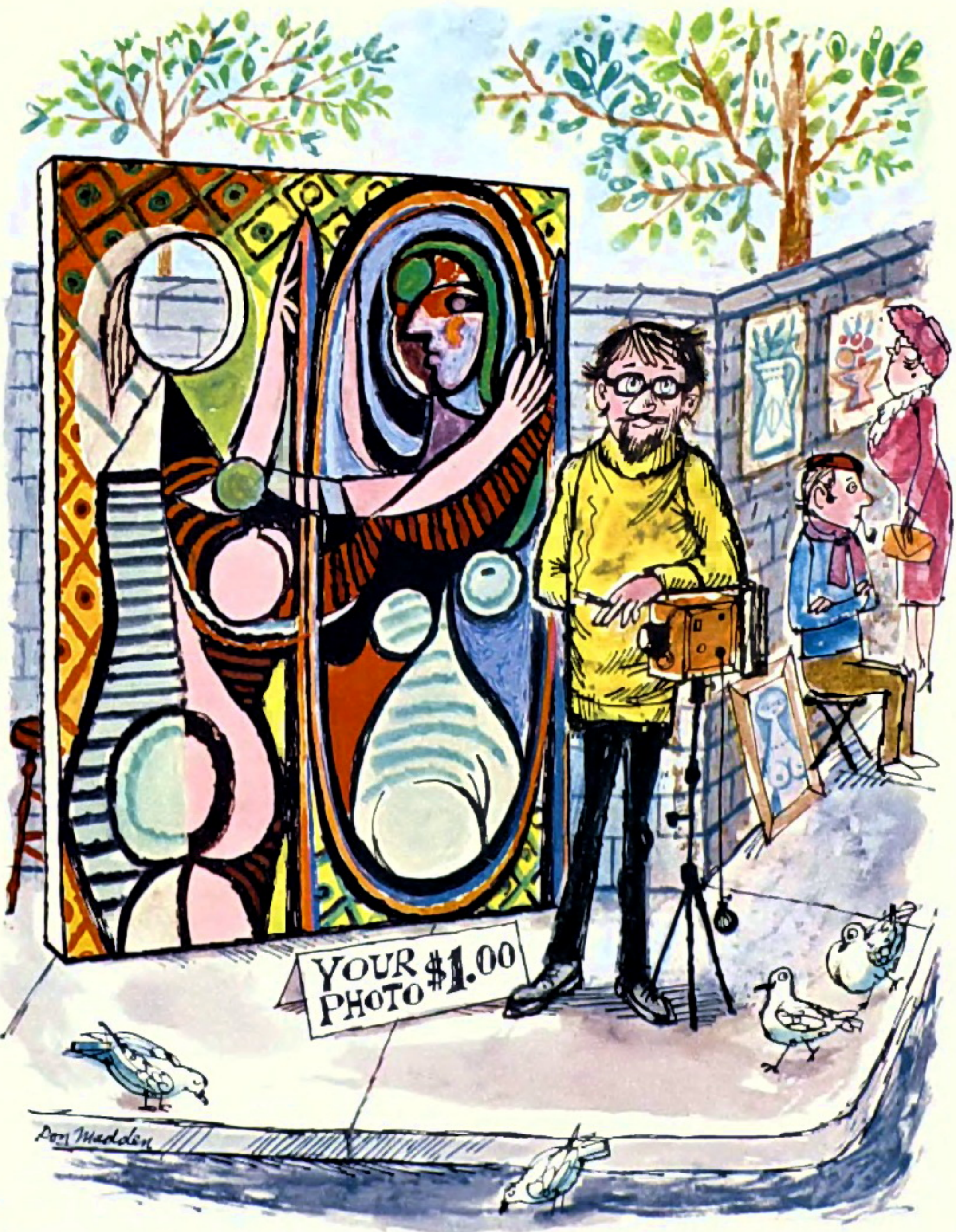


"You'll play the part of a simple country girl. Ted, here, will give you a ride in the country tomorrow."



Intarlandi

"I like it. It's very Ivy League . . . !"



Don Madden



Bunnies Virginia, Ashlyn and Kiko

THE BUNNIES

*an appreciative salute
to playboy's cottontailed beauties*

BUGS BUNNY AND PETER RABBIT, you've had it. We're sorry, fellows, but nobody out of knee pants is apt to think of you anymore when Bunnies are mentioned — as they are, almost daily, from Iceland to India.

Overnight, it seems, the word "Bunny" (or "Boni," as they now say in Ecuador) has become an international synonym for any good-looking, lively young girl, and the Bunnies' tale has been chronicled in virtually every major newspaper and magazine.

"One of the more agreeable innovations of the Sixties," wrote McKenzie Porter in a recent issue of Canada's *MacLean's* magazine, "is the Bunny, a new species of cocktail-bar waitress. The Bunny was invented three years ago by Hugh Hefner, publisher of *Playboy*, an American magazine for both thwarted and jaded Lotharios. . . . Canadian Bunnies, who are employed by imitators of Hefner's policy, claim to be more decorous than the American originals." More decorous? Doubtful, and certainly not as *decorative*. Even our imitators know that their ersatz "Bunnies" (Bunkies, as we call them) are merely a grudging tribute to the original Playboy Bunny idea.

Not since the Ziegfeld Girl of the Twenties has the concept of the all-girl girl so completely captured the public eye and imagination. (And Flo, for all his dough, never had as many beauties on his payroll as we have now. Nor did Hollywood's starlet-strewn studios at their peak.) Bunnies have been contemplated in a dozen or so television documentaries, scores of cartoons, a way-off-Broadway musical comedy, at least two pop songs, countless jokes, and, incongruously, a pinball game



Bunny Lynn

Playmate-Bunny Lynn Karrol (December 1961), a spare-time aviatrix and sky-diving buff, elevates both herself and the decor at the New York Club. Accelerating their curves, Virginia Hirschfeld, Ashlyn Martin and Kiko Margon twist piano-topside in the Chicago Club.



Bunny Terry



Bunny Virginia

called "Slick Chick." They have been lauded, applauded, debated, berated, explained, evaluated, and even exposed.

Noisiest of the "exposés" came from *Show* magazine, which obliterated a large part of its handsome May cover with a too-too tasteful fluorescent orange banner screaming "THE BUNNIES TAILED: Our Girl in THE PLAYBOY CLUB." What appeared inside wasn't so noisy. (Sample: "Could a sneeze really break a costume? 'Sure' [the Club's wardrobe mistress] said, 'Girls with colds usually have to be replaced.'")

But *Show* was a latecomer to the Bunny-buster biz. Practically every Gotham news medium had sent their best-looking Lorelei into the Bunny hutch. Some of them came wistfully close to staying. Concluding her I-went-to-Bunny-School report on NBC's *Today* show, Bunny-costumed staff reporter Barbara Walters told Hugh Downs and several million viewers: "Later, when I left the Club, the doorman asked if I wasn't taking off early. 'Well,' I replied, very grandly, 'after all, I'm not a Bunny, I'm a reporter for the National Broadcasting Company.' 'Gee,' he said, 'you could have fooled me.' And you know something, Hugh, I must admit that secretly I think I was kind of pleased." Replied Downs, "You should be pleased. You make a very cute Bunny."

Overseas, enthusiasm for Bunnies has fallen only slightly short of idolatry. In Paris,



Bunny Pat

Candlelight, crystal and Continental Bunnies (like Latin lovely Terry Jennings) are all part of the elegant service in the New York Club's V.I.P. Room. In the Chicago Club's celebrity-filled Playmate Bar, Bunny Virginia Hirschfeld, a former Ice Follies skating star, cuts a fine figure as she curves past columnist Irv Kupcinet (left) and playwright Dore Schary to the table of comedian Joey Bishop. Backstage in the New Orleans Club, Bunny Pat Chavanel, a part-time model and movie hopeful, adjusts her satin ears a French-Quarter-of-an-inch before going "on set."



Bunny Terri



Bunny Gloria



Bunnies Judy and Edie



Bunnies Elka, Virginia and Bev



Bunny Sheila

Up from St. Louis, Terri Kimball tarries for a portrait while the glories of Gloria Price also attract spotlight attention. Judy Lewis compares her funny Bunny suit with Edie Winchester's rig after a New York judge ruled that Bunnies needn't don "middy blouses, gymnasium bloomers, turtleneck sweaters, fisherman's hip boots or ankle-length overcoats" just because a cabaret commissioner didn't dig their bunting. In New York, Elko Hellmann, Virginia Habel and Bev Grissom pose on the world's largest Rabbit rug while Sheila Winters table-hops in Chicago.



Bunny Mother Sheralee



Bunny Peggy



Bunny Sophia



Bunny Sharon

She looks so young—and she is. But at 21, Sheralee Connors (our July 1961 Playmate and December 1962 cover girl) is both a highly paid television model and part-time Bunny Mother of our New York Club. Peggy Vidas swings low as she cottons to the twist at a wee-hours Celebrity Party in the Chicago Club's Playroom. As city lights flicker far below, Sophia Sipes (once a deejay) emcees a show in the Penthouse of Phoenix' skyscraping Playboy Club. Bright-eyed and bow-tied, Sharon Rogers, a former Seattle model, greets guests at the Chicago Club.



Bunny Jan



Bunnies Kelly, Kitty and Bea

At Great Lakes Naval Hospital, Playmate-Bunny Jan Roberts (August 1962) distributes autographed copies of *PLAYBOY* and collects an appreciative smile in return. Models by day and Bunnies by night, Kitty Kavany, Bea Payton and Kelly Collins (all charter members of the Bunny brigade) met keyholders in St. Louis last winter at the opening of Playboy Club number four. Bea stayed on as the Club's Training Bunny, Kitty is now at the New York Club, and Kelly, cover girl of our April 1963 issue, was recently named Chief Training Bunny for all Playboy Clubs.



Bunnies Kitty, Bea and Kelly



Bunny Bonnie



Bunny Nancy



Bunnies Geri, Sandy and Terri

Bonnie Jo Halpin, our October 1962 cover girl, keeps the bubbly flowing for keyholders on a Miami Club Bunny Hop flight. One of our original 31 Chicago Bunnies, Bonnie has table-hopped at nearly every Club in the Playboy key chain. Phoenix Bunny Nancy Dusina figures prettily in American International's *Operation Bikini* with Tab Hunter and Frankie Avalon. Backstage in the Chicago Club's Bunny Room, Geri Rock and Sandy Kaye take ten to repair their hair while Terri Tucker, formerly an airline stewardess, nails down a last polish job.



Bunny Sandy

when *Le Hérisson* devoted a full page to the Bunny craze, predicting a Playboy Club for the City of Light, the paper's roving correspondent dreamily told suave Frenchmen, "If you have never seen one of the beautiful 'Playboy Playmates' from the Chicago Playboy Club twisting in her 'bunny' costume on a grand piano, I can tell you that you haven't yet lived."

In jaded Japan, considered by many Westerners to be *the* mecca for males, the editor of *Woman's Self*, a popular weekly magazine, enviously informed his readers that "A Playboy Club is a male dream world: imagine being surrounded by beautiful young, semi-nude 'Bunny' hostesses."

Other foreign reports have pointed up the one great difference between Ziegfeld's fillies and Playboy's Bunnies: "I want them beautiful but dumb," said Ziegfeld. In contrast, the Playboy Clubs want no dumb Bunnies.

"Bosoms, education and a good reputation," ex-



Bunnies Wanda and Geri

Sandy Lawrence seems all eyes as she checks the New York Club's celebrity-studded guest roster. Before becoming a Bunny, Sandy majored in English lit at Detroit's Wayne University, now studies voice and modern dance, and paints for a hobby. Getting into the swing of a Breakfast Jam Session at the Chicago Club, Wanda Owens and Geri Rock rock up a storm. Geri, a Chicago lass, attended Northwestern and worked as an executive secretary before hitting the Bunny trail. Wanda, who hails from Kennett, Missouri, used to teach dancing for Arthur Murray.

plained Hamburg's *Kristall*, "are what young ladies must have if they want to work as Playboy Club Bunnies."

Proclaimed *France-soir*: "A new institution in America has dethroned the myth of airline hostesses and has replaced it with that of the 'Bunnies' . . . endowed with exquisite shapes, peach complexions, faultless education and with a morality beyond question."

(Myths sometimes become reality: among the 421 Bunnies in our six Playboy Clubs, we now have 35 ex-airline stewardess — more than the total number of Bunnies we started with in the first Club three years ago.)

Back on the home court, Bunnies have been fair game for some very funny spoofs. In Weston, Connecticut, last summer, 14 top ad execs and their wives whopped up an S.R.O. musical farce called *Playboy of the Weston World*. The plot: Ladies of a suburban is-that-soing circle, worried about the lure of Gotham's glittering Playboy Club on their commuting hubbies, don satin ears

THE PLAYMATE-BUNNIES



Carrie Radison, who thinks thespic, made her Gotham stage debut at 13, has snagged a bagful of Broadway and movie credits since appearing as a Playmate in June 1957. Forever footloose, Carrie has Bunny-trailed to our Chicago, New Orleans, Phoenix and New York Clubs, and is looking forward to overseas assignment soon.



June Cochran, an obviously gifted Gift Shop Bunny at our Chicago establishment, reigned as Miss Indiana in both the Miss Universe and Miss World contests. A Playmate in our December 1962 issue, June is now on tour as the current Playmate of the Year.

Pam Gordon was listed by Canada's Liberty magazine as one of that country's celebrities of the year after becoming our first north-of-the-border Playmate in March 1962. Formerly a Vancouver receptionist, she's now a Bunny-ombassador in Chicago.



Foyce Nizzari serves up a bountiful buffet amid the elegance of Miami's Playboy Club. A PLAYBOY cover girl (July 1958), Playmate (December 1958) and Playmate of the Year, Joyce is currently on leave — and location — for her second big film with Frank Sinatra.

Linda Gamble, a chic Chicago Bunny and Playmate of our April 1960 issue, first caught our eye in a Pittsburgh antique shop. Linda still collects curios and compliments but, as the delightful photos above clearly indicate, she certainly isn't old-fashioned.

and sexy costumes to create a domestic Bunny Club of their own. The wild Weston show produced a \$2500 profit for the local P.T.A.

For wives who might actually worry about their mates falling into Bunny clutches in Playboy hutches, *Ladies Home Companion* served up in its May issue an open letter, *From an Eastern Bunny: The Playboy Club*, wrote the author, a New York Bunny, "has been designed with men and their wives, bachelors and their dates, in mind. . . . It's really a country club in the city."

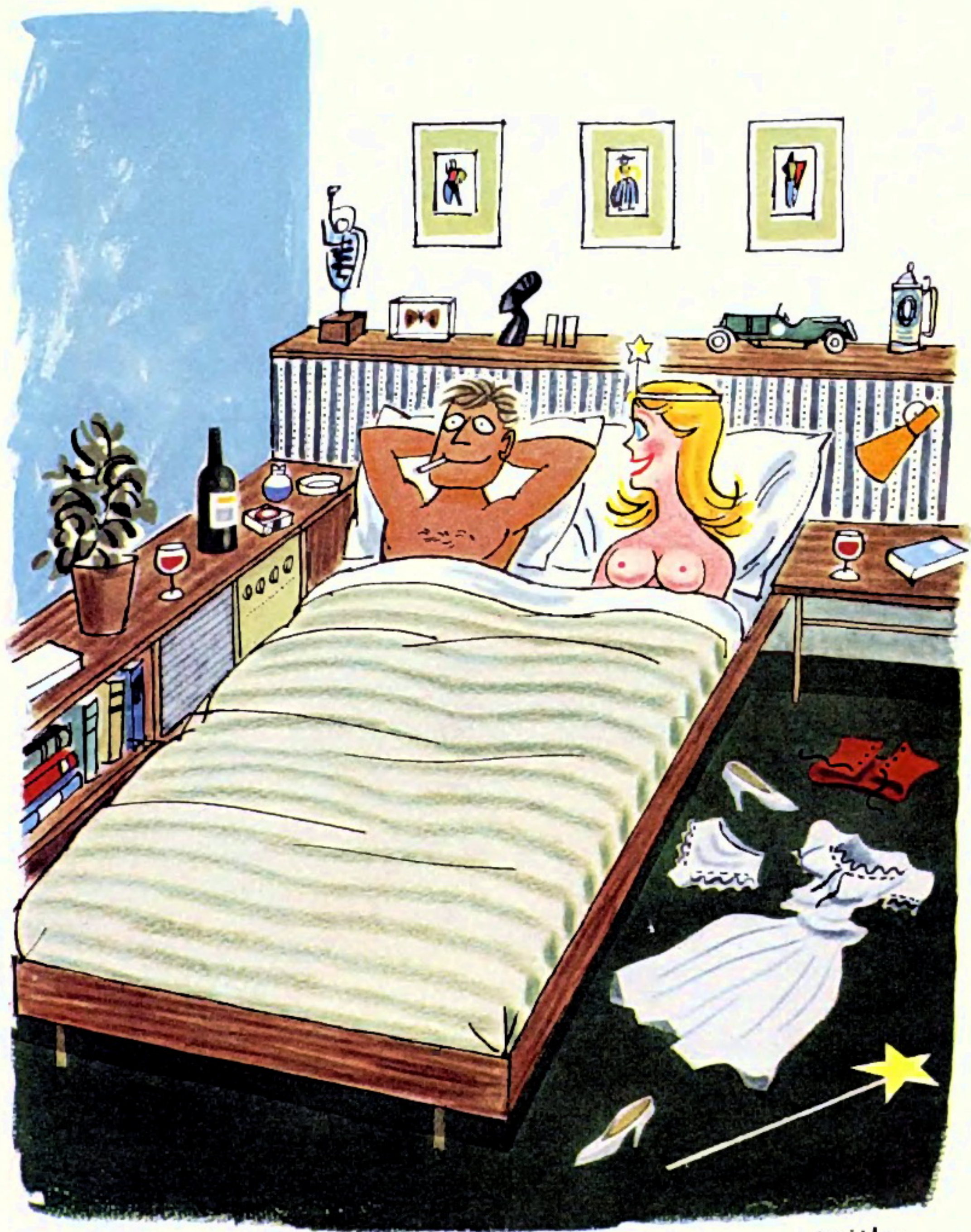
Predictably, Bunnies have become the new dream girls of trend-conscious Tin-Pan Alley. Country-and-western singer Sandy Renda scooped the field in April with a twanging ditty titled *My Playboy Bunny* (sample lyric: "She's makin' money—my Playboy Bunny. . ."). A bit more imaginative is Todd Music Company's rock-'n'-roll entry, *I Fell in Love with a Bunny (at the Playboy Club)*, in which a Bunny-struck buck tries several heavy lines to rope a date, but fails. (continued on page 119)



Christa Speck, popular Playmate of our September 1961 issue and 1962 Playmate of the Year, admiringly discusses one of the many Neiman paintings gracing the Chicago Club. But her fellow art connoisseur seems more intent on his vista of Christa.

*"He loves it . . .
he loves it not . . .
he loves it . . ."*





Smilby

"Uh — what are your other two wishes?"

professional dancers, all with credits from leading night clubs or Broadway musicals. Five of them — Dorrie Geoffrey, Patti Burns, Jonni Lynn, Pam Murphy and Walli Elmark — kicked at the Copa.

Playmate-Bunnies Delores Wells (June 1960) and Joyce Nizzari (December 1958) have had more TV and film credits than you can shake a contract at. Both now live in Los Angeles, but still enjoy the Bunny bit between acting engagements. Delores will soon appear in Paramount's *Beach Party* and Joyce appears in Frank Sinatra's latest, *Come Blow Your Horn*.

Many of the top-name comics on the Playboy Club circuit also like to work two or three Bunnies into their acts and the girls come on like troupers. "The Clubs are always willing to audition talented Bunnies as new acts," says comic Joe Conte, "but what Bunny would want to trade her money for mine?"

Modeling is still another career route that parallels the Bunny trail. Hundreds of requests for models come through the Clubs each year and are passed on to the girls. (Plans are underway now for a nationwide Playboy Modeling Agency and School as a training ground for future Bunnies and a model bureau for present ones.)

Because many Bunnies are pretty enough to become one of PLAYBOY's famed Playmates of the Month, many of them do. Thus far, six Playmates have been discovered in our own hutches and more than 30 of our Playmates have gone from the centerfold to the Bunny business.

Job mobility between departments is standard practice in the PLAYBOY organization, and several shapely secretaries from our offices have forsaken shorthand for long satin Bunny ears. Reversing that route, cover girl Cynthia Maddox (March

1963 and February 1962), bounded from the Chicago Club two years ago and is now our Assistant Cartoon Editor. Similarly, doe-eyed Bunny-Playmate Teddi Smith (July 1960) has switched to a receptionist's post at PLAYBOY and is now taking night courses in journalism and English lit for the avowed purpose of trying to crack our all-male editorial ranks.

Several alluring extras to Bunnydom are now in the works. Among them: big Bunny discounts on a national line of Playmate Apparel; special dramatic and dance training for interested Bunnies; a monthly Bunny newspaper; and a National sorority for Bunnies. Additionally, the Clubs are now conferring with several national cosmetics firms who propose to become the Bunnies' official hairdressers and make-up artists at little or no cost to the girls.

And, testing an idea that may later be used in other Club cities, the Chicago Club has established a handsomely furnished Bunny Dorm on the top floor of the Playboy Mansion. Designed as temporary quarters for new and transferring Bunnies, the Dorm offers many unique privileges, including use of the Mansion's indoor swimming pool, steam room and sun deck — all for a modest \$50 bunk fee a month.

At this point, if our calculations are correct, some 50,000 young women who have been pecking at their gentlemen's copies of PLAYBOY will ask, "Yes, but who can be a Bunny?"

The answer: Any girl between the ages of 18 and 26 who is attractive, personable, intelligent and of good character may qualify. Eligibility extends to single, married or divorced women, with or without dependents, and no girl is ever turned down for religious or racial reasons. (We

presently have more than 25 "Chocolate Bunnies" and our 11 Oriental Bunnies are particularly in the limelight this year which, according to the Chinese calendar, is "The Year of the Rabbit.")

Statistically, the average Playboy Club Bunny is five-feet-four, weighs 116 pounds, and tapes in at 36-22½-35. All Bunnies are high-school graduates and 41 percent of them have had some college study.

Once a Bunny applicant has been screened and accepted for training, she is sent to Bunny School, often referred to by the girls as "Bunny Boot Camp" — a week-long professional finishing course guided by an experienced Training Bunny.

On her first day in B. B. C. she is given a *Bunny Manual*, the bible of her business, and is checked on poise, posture, make-up and speech.

Home for an evening with the *Bunny Manual* the trainee learns, among other things, that she is far safer working in a Playboy Club than she was in whatever job she came from. If a keyholder gets overly affectionate with her, he stands to forfeit his Club key. She is not permitted to date Club keyholders or employees, or to give her last name or phone number to them — and outside personnel consultants periodically check to make sure that she doesn't. (The management isn't anti-romantic — we just want the Clubs to maintain their good reputation; and while at her job, a Bunny's concern is the welfare of every keyholder.)

On her second school day, the Bunny-to-be is introduced, probably for the first time in her life, to a fully laden service tray and quickly learns how *not* to carry it. (Very few Bunnies have had previous bar experience and the Clubs prefer it that way, since "old hands" generally must be broken of poor service habits picked up in wattle-you-have establishments.)

During the rest of the week, she practices every aspect of the specialized service techniques that make Playboy Club keyholders the most pampered patrons, and Bunnies the highest paid hostesses in night-club history. She learns, for instance:

How to light a guest's cigarette without obstructing his view of the lady at his table.

Where to go if her tail droops. (Section 521.7 of the *Bunny Manual* states: "The wardrobe mistress has a supply of cotton-tails, and will replace . . .")

Why Table Bunnies never have to ask that conversation-ruining question: "Now folks, who gets what here?" (Section 521.14.3, Paragraph A: "Enter each drink beginning with the guest to your immediate left and proceeding clockwise . . .")

What the Clubs think about green nail polish. (Section 521.8: "Avoid extremes in make-up styling. Do not use white lipstick, or gold, green and other far-out-colored nail polishes.")



"You may show in the union delegates now."

Why Bunnies may not drink water in front of Club guests. (Section 521.2.2: "Guests are unable to distinguish whether a girl is drinking lemonade or a tom collins . . . Bunnies may drink nonalcoholic beverages 'backstage.'")

How to garnish 20 types of fancy drinks. (Section 521.15, Paragraph B.: "Flamingo—Cherry, orange or pineapple, lime circle; tall straws. Sidecar—Rim glass with lime and frost with sugar.)

How to identify 143 bottled brands, including 31 Scotches, 16 bourbons, and 30 liqueurs. (Section 521.15, Paragraph A.: "In case your party asks for his drink by name, it is your job to know these liquors.")

Why there are so many rules in the *Bunny Manual*. (Section 521.2, Paragraph A.: "The rules and regulations in this booklet have been designed to make absolutely sure that Playboy Club Bunnies will always enjoy excellent reputations . . .")

Yes, Virginia, there's more than beauty to being a Bunny.

Finally, after written exams, fittings for her Bunny costume, a medical check-up, make-up and hair-styling appointments, the Bunny trainee is, at week's end, ready to make her first appearance in the Club.

She may start on straight salary as a Checkroom Bunny, Gift Shop Bunny, or Door Bunny. Or she may work as a Photo Bunny or Bumper Pool Bunny (if she knows the game). Or, if she is one of the Club's 67 foreign-born Bunnies, she may tend tables in the elegant V. I. P. Rooms (for Very Important Playboys) of the New York and Chicago Clubs.

While much has been said about the "Bunny image"—both by us and the press—anyone who has ever worked with Bunnies is immediately struck by their irrepressible individuality, as a look behind the following press clips on three Chicago Bunnies proves:

Item: "Shapely Chicago Bunny Carmita Carrion owns her own completely furnished home in her native city of Guayaquil, Ecuador. It was one of the prizes she won as 'Miss Ecuador.'"

Background: Carmita, 26, is the daughter of a well-to-do family and heiress to Bim, Bam, Boom, Guayaquil's answer to Coney Island. Educated by private tutors, she speaks Spanish, French and Italian. (More than a hundred Bunnies are multilingual.) Adventurous, she became a Bunny because "It was unlike anything I'd ever done."

Item: "One Chicago Bunny plans to retire at 30: she has already bought an \$80,000 apartment building on her tips."

Background: When she had to drop out of De Paul University for lack of funds, Sue Gin, 22, took two jobs—one as a secretary, one as a Bunny. She now owns not one, but three apartment buildings and looks forward to resuming her academic pursuits. She speaks and reads Spanish

and Chinese.

Item: "Most embarrassed guy we know is world's pocket billiard champ, Willie Mosconi. He was trounced five times by shapely Bunny Kathy Greenlee, champ of the Playboy Club's unusual bumper pool table set."

Background: Pretty, serious Kathy, 21, graduated tops in her class at Fort Mason, Iowa, became a Bunny to help put her twin sister Kelly through college, plans to take a degree in music later. Off duty, she manages a modern apartment house on Chicago's Near North Side, shares a unique bilevel pad with two other Bunnies. A voracious reader and chess buff, she learned pool for kicks during Bunny breaks, chalks up her incredible skill at the game to a "fault"—"I'm a chronic achiever."

Other Bunnies have equally varied backgrounds and interests.

Chicago Bunny Terri Tucker, 19, is trilingual (English, Spanish, Italian), was a professional singer, airline stewardess, model and nurse.

New Orleans Bunny Ruth Iwersen, 25, was born in Hamburg, Germany, attended the University of Hamburg for two years, is a former dental assistant.

In St. Louis, Bunny Sharon McCarty, 22, is a former department-store detective; and Bunny Vicky Quinton, 23, wrote a column for an Oklahoma weekly 10 years ago.

At the Phoenix Club, Bunny Nancy Dusina, 22, is a former head bank teller, and is appearing in American International's *Operation Bikini* with Tab Hunter and Frankie Avalon; Bunny Georgi Edwards, 22, a former airline stewardess, toured with a dance troupe for a year and was Miss New Mexico in the 1961 Miss Universe contest; and Bunny Sandy Ferguson, 25, has been a movie double for Barbara Stanwyck and Janet Leigh.

Among Miami Bunnies, 21-year-old Jean Cannon is a former Playmate (October 1961), acrobatic dance instructor, and professional dress designer; British-born Carole Collins, 24, was a professional swimmer and played the Pigalle Theater Restaurant in London for a year in her own underwater act; Judy Curry, 23, has one year to go on a teaching degree, is an expert sports-car mechanic; Nanci Lee Furnish, 22, is a former dancer, and "bid man" for a construction firm; and Rosemary Jones, 23, holds a B.A. from Leeds College, England, has traveled extensively, and worked on a *kibbutz* in Israel.

In the New York Club, Bunny Marta Anderson, a native of Norway, is part owner of a Long Island beauty salon, and previously worked as a traveling governess; Bunny Nancy Blair, 20, is a Dean's List junior at Barnard College; Bunny Sheralee Connors, 22, was a Playmate (July 1961) and PLAYBOY cover girl (December 1962), has taught modern

dance, plays classical piano, does TV modeling, was recently promoted to part-time Bunny Mother; Oriental Bunny Sienna Wong, 25, a graduate of Barry College, is a former actress, and a serious student of Yoga.

If our sampler makes Bunnies seem too good to be true, their quiet endeavors in the field of charity and social work seem even more so. To begin with, every Bunny contributes a dollar each week (plus a dollar for every night she earns more than \$50) to support 26 European and Asian orphans through the Foster Parent Plan. "They're like little kids about *their* little kids," observed Chicago Bunny Mother Adrienne Foote. "They pore over letters from or about these children, and now hope to bring some of the older ones over to the U. S."

Further, in every Club city, Playboy personnel are consistently 100-percent contributors to annual combined charity drives and donate freely of their time to fund-raising events held in the Clubs.

Individual examples of responsible social work abound among Bunnies. New York Bunny Marilyn Aguiar does volunteer work in Bellevue Hospital's psychiatric section; St. Louis Bunny Marilyn Shaw organized and runs a toys-for-tots project; Chicago Bunny Sheila Winters is a Junior Gray Lady with the Red Cross; New Orleans Bunny Pat Phillips works at St. Vincent's Infant Asylum in her spare time; Miami Bunny Juliet Buttita is an off-hours nurse's aide.

Considering all the remarkable attributes of Bunnies, both on and off the job, it is hard to believe that anyone could dislike them. Yet there are people who do. In fact, there are a few individuals who practically have made a career out of Bunny baiting.

Among them are a handful of sadly confused housewives who automatically equate youthful beauty with sin and whose complaints about those "lewd and obscene" Bunny costumes prove they are out of touch with modern fashions in beach and streetwear. Naturally, few of them have any firsthand knowledge of our "dens of iniquity."

Lamentably, there are also a few highly placed politicians who, in turn, equate the hue and cry of self-appointed watchdogs with the voice of the people. Their impulse is to vote blue—"noes" first, get the facts later.

As a result, the Clubs have been forced to institute a number of bothersome—but ultimately victorious—court actions to override licensing denials in Arizona, Maryland and New York. Also, not surprisingly, Bunnies, like books, have had the honor of being banned in Boston.

In the Boston case, members of the state's Alcoholic Beverage Commission—or most of them, at any rate—took one look at a costumed Bunny and down went their thumbs. One commission member

didn't even dare to look. Instead, he turned his chair around and stared at a wall during the presentation. But he voted against the Bunnies just the same.

It remained, however, for still another commissioner to make *the* classic statement on Playboy Clubs; they are, he said darkly, "definitely not a place to take children."

After plans were announced for a San Francisco Club, the local police chief, Thomas Cahill, came on like a Wild West sheriff of bygone days, warning the hombres at the Club to expect trouble in *his* town. "I'm concerned about a club with flimsily dressed girls operating behind closed doors," said Cahill. "The police couldn't get easy access to check the action."

To this, S.F. columnist Jim Elliott good-naturedly added: "Mr. Hefner says the police would not have to buy a key to get in. All they would have to do is identify themselves. So maybe Chief Cahill is not so worried about getting his officers in as he is about getting them back out again."

Fortunately, impartial judges, not Bunniphobes, have the last word on Club licenses. Thus, after Arizona's licensing commissioner vetoed a local decision to transfer a license to our Phoenix Club, Superior Court Justice Fred J. Hyder emphatically overruled the commissioner and ordered the license granted. "The public convenience," Judge Hyder opined, "does require and the best interests of the community would be served by the transfer of the license."

Similarly, when New York City's license commissioner refused to grant our Gotham Club a cabaret license because he objected to "its scantily clad waitresses" he was reversed by New York State Supreme Court Justice Arthur G. Klein. Declared the judge: "If the license commissioner, in his own mind, equates the Bunnies' work clothes with seminudity and . . . even progresses to the point where they become synonymous with nudity, that too, is at most merely unfortunate. To satisfy his personal moral code, it is not incumbent upon the petitioner to dress its female employees in middy blouses, gymnasium bloomers, turtleneck sweaters, fisherman's hip boots or ankle-length overcoats."

Interestingly, the innocence of the Bunny business has driven would-be exposé artists to resort to the "scandal switch," as it's called in the trade. Finding nothing evil or improper, the exposé writer simply pulls the switch and "exposes" the fact that there is nothing wrong. Hence, all the finger-pointing at our look-but-don't-touch policy concerning Bunnies—as if the finger pointers really would prefer our policy to be otherwise. Thus *tsked* *Cue* magazine of the New York Club: ". . . it stands as a

monument to peculiarly American fears and yearnings. Our ambivalence toward sex is accommodated in the acres of tantalizing flesh undulating before us, hardly a pinch away—but mustn't touch."

But what about those controversial Bunny costumes? Do they really leave too much to be desired? "Not as much," observed *Time*, "as the waitresses at Kansas City's prewar Chesterfield Club, who wore no clothes at all."

Far from being a Chesterfield coat of tan, the Bunny costume actually covers more square inches of decidedly unsquare femininity than would the average bathing suit. "On the French Riviera," quipped Dick Gregory, "they'd be considered Brooks Brothers." (In fact, Gregory, who got his start through the Playboy Clubs, sees the Bunny outfits as a devilish instrument of efficiency: "You see those cotton-tails on the southern end of the Bunnies? They're not there just to look cute. They keep the girls from sitting down on the job!")

More seriously intended, but equally far out, is the theory propounded by one unnamed psychologist who feels that Playboy Club guests are in real danger of confusing Bunnies with bunnies: "The girls are dressed symbolically as bunnies and it appeals to a kind of animalism lurking in the male. Unconsciously, there is a feeling that the girls are pets. . . ."

Top contemporary writers have also felt compelled to ponder the Bunny bunting. Nelson Algren, who devotes a chapter to criticizing the PLAYBOY concept in his new book *Who Lost an American?* viewed the costume with alarm: "Abstinence makes the heart contemptuous, and PLAYBOY combines both by pinning a tail on a girl's behind. This is not to make her cute, but to encourage contempt for her. . . . The force behind Hefner's image of woman is one of contempt born of deepest fear. What he is selling is Cotton Mather Puritanism in a bunny outfit."

Norman Mailer, writing in *Esquire*, disagrees. He also finds the Bunny suit suggestive, but in a harmless, magic sort of way: "The Bunnies went by in their costumes, electric-blue silk, Kelly-green, flame-pink, pinups from a magazine, faces painted into sweetmeats, flower tops, tame lynx, piggie, poodle, a queen or two from a beauty contest. They wore a Gay Nineties rig which exaggerated their hips, bound their waists in a *ceinture*, and lifted them into a phallic brassiere—each breast looked like the big bullet on the front bumper of a Cadillac. Long black stockings, long long stockings, up almost to the waist on each side, and to the back, on the curve of the can, as if ejected tenderly from the body, was a puff of chastity, a little white ball of a bunny's tail which bobbed as they walked . . . the Playboy Club was the place for magic. . . ."

PLAYBOY execs—and Bunnies—keep wondering why our friends and critics, in their search for the meaning of the Bunny outfit, always overlook the obvious: (1) PLAYBOY magazine's emblem is a sophisticated rabbit; (2) That's why Playboy Club hostesses are called Bunnies; (3) Their costumes were designed to follow through on the rabbit theme while serving as a figure-flattering and practical work suit. It's as simple as 1-2-3.

As for the peculiar complaint that the costume holds Bunnies up to contempt, anyone who has visited a Playboy Club may think otherwise. "The Bunny costume," says Hugh Hefner, "makes a plain girl look attractive and an attractive girl look beautiful." Bunnies agree.

Not that Bunnies aren't really attractive—and quite sexy—to start with. They are, of course, as their very vital statistics suggest. But there is as much difference between sex appeal and obscenity as there is between drinking and drunkenness. Neither extreme is permitted in any Playboy Club. In fact, the Bunny Dip, a graceful, back-bending style used by Table Bunnies when delivering drinks, was created to keep an interesting view from becoming a sensational one. As that martini-dry wit, Dick Haviland tells it to Playboy Club audiences: "These girls are so well-endowed that they have to be careful not to spill themselves all over the drinks."

Even without unsolicited plugs from license commissioners, the Bunny suit and matching satin ears comprise the most successful piece of image building in night-club history.

Hundreds of requests to borrow Bunny costumes are given a polite but blanket turndown every year.

The New Orleans Club prudently locks away all extra costumes during Mardi Gras, yet scores of ingenious copies pop up in rollicking parades all the same.

On network television, Bunny outfits have replaced floorwalker cutaways as *the* funny costume for comedy skits, with everyone from real Bunnies to Jackie Gleason's entire male chorus appearing in ears.

Bunny-ear chapeaux, priced upward of \$75, sprouted like rabbitweed along Fifth Avenue after *The New Yorker* ran a full-page cartoon of two women eying a Bunny-eared bride. The caption: "He met her in some Chicago key club, I understand."

If published cartoons are a gauge of public awareness, the world must be hip to our hoppers. Without mention of the Clubs that gave rise to the image, *Punch*—the great grandsire of all humor magazines—recently devoted a full page to captionless cartoons of "Nightlife Bunnies." (Sample: An irate diner complaining about a Bunny ear in his soup.)

Elsewhere, *MacLean's* pictured a Playboy Bunny sitting waiting attention

in a veterinarian's office; *Look* had a dumpy matron in Bunny costume, carrying a martini, greeting her husband on the doorstep, at the end of the day, with "Welcome to your private key club!"; *Post* featured a switch on the classic errant daughter cartoon—a Playboy Club doorman sternly ordering a huge bunny rabbit and her brood out into the cold, cruel world; *Panic Button*, a Canadian satirical magazine, ran a well-known photo of Hefner, surrounded by Bunnies, saying matter-of-factly, "It's a living"; several PLAYBOY imitators have put Bunnies on the moon, Bunnies on *New York Times* subway ads, fat Bunnies in two bit saloons, and little bunnies bouncing into, out of, and around Playboy Clubs.

Bunnies have also busted into political cartoons: A recent McNaught Syndicate sketch showed Europe as a Bunny locked behind the door to the "Common Market Key Club—Members Only." The Club's doorman, Charles DeGaulle, is shooing away non-member Harold Macmillan, saying, "Go get your own Bunnies."

The Bunnies have also made the funnies. The best: A Sunday strip of Miss Peach detailing the inside operation of malevolent Marcia's Kelly School Key Klub (Membership—5¢). When her fellow students discover that there is nothing inside the Klub but caged hamsters, Marcia snarls, "What didja expect for a lousy nickel—Bunnies??"

If you've caught the 4:40 to Westport, or the show at the Playboy Club lately, you already know that Bunny jokes, of low and uncertain origin, have been multiplying at an alarming rate. Stop us if you've heard the one about:

The little Texan who wanted a bunny for his birthday, so his daddy bought him the franchise for the Dallas Playboy Club.

Or, Hugh Hefner's space race against the Russians: he's crossing a stereo set with a sports car and plans to shoot a Bunny to the moon in it.

Or, the definition of a buxom Bunny cleaning up a spilled drink: A flopsy, mopsy cottontail.

Or the Bunny who failed her rabbit test.

Or, the English Bunny who rolled her r's, but only when she wore high heels.

Gags aside, famed columnist Art Buchwald summed up the whole Bunny business pretty well: "Since it's all in good American fun and there is no hanky-panky permitted, Hefner has one of the most successful night-club operations in the U.S."

We'll stand on that. And so will the Bunnies.

Bunny applications may be obtained from Playboy Clubs International, Personnel Department, 232 East Ohio St., Chicago 11, Ill.



no little woman's roll-on

gives the big protection, stroke for stroke, you get with Brake. It's the big protection a big man needs.

MENNEN

Brake

GLIDE-ON DEODORANT FOR MEN



"I've decided we'd get more work done around here if we were one big unhappy family."



Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER

IT'S TIME TO THINK ABOUT PHYSICAL FITNESS, WASHINGTON TELLS US-- WHICH IS WHY THIS CHAPTER SEES ANNIE OFF ON A 50-MILE HIKE. AND FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO ARE READYING FOR YOUR OWN FORCED MARCH, IT MIGHT BE WELL TO REMEMBER THE PRESIDENTIAL AIDE, WHO, ON REGARDING THE FIFTY-MILE HIKE, UTTERED THESE RINGING WORDS: "I MAY BE PLUCKY, BUT I'M NOT STUPID." -- PIERRE SALINGER, 1963

OH, RUTHIE-- AFTER A WORKOUT LIKE THIS, I FEEL SO POSITIVELY HEALTHY! I JUST LOVE IT!



IF NOT FOR RALPHIE TOWZER, I'D NEVER THINK ABOUT EXERCISE, BUT EVER SINCE THE PRESIDENT STARTED IN WITH THAT PHYSICAL FITNESS BUSINESS, RALPHIE TELLS ME I'M IN BAD SHAPE! -- BENTON, SOLLY AND RICHIE THINK MY SHAPE IS FINE, BUT RALPHIE TURNS EVERYTHING AROUND--



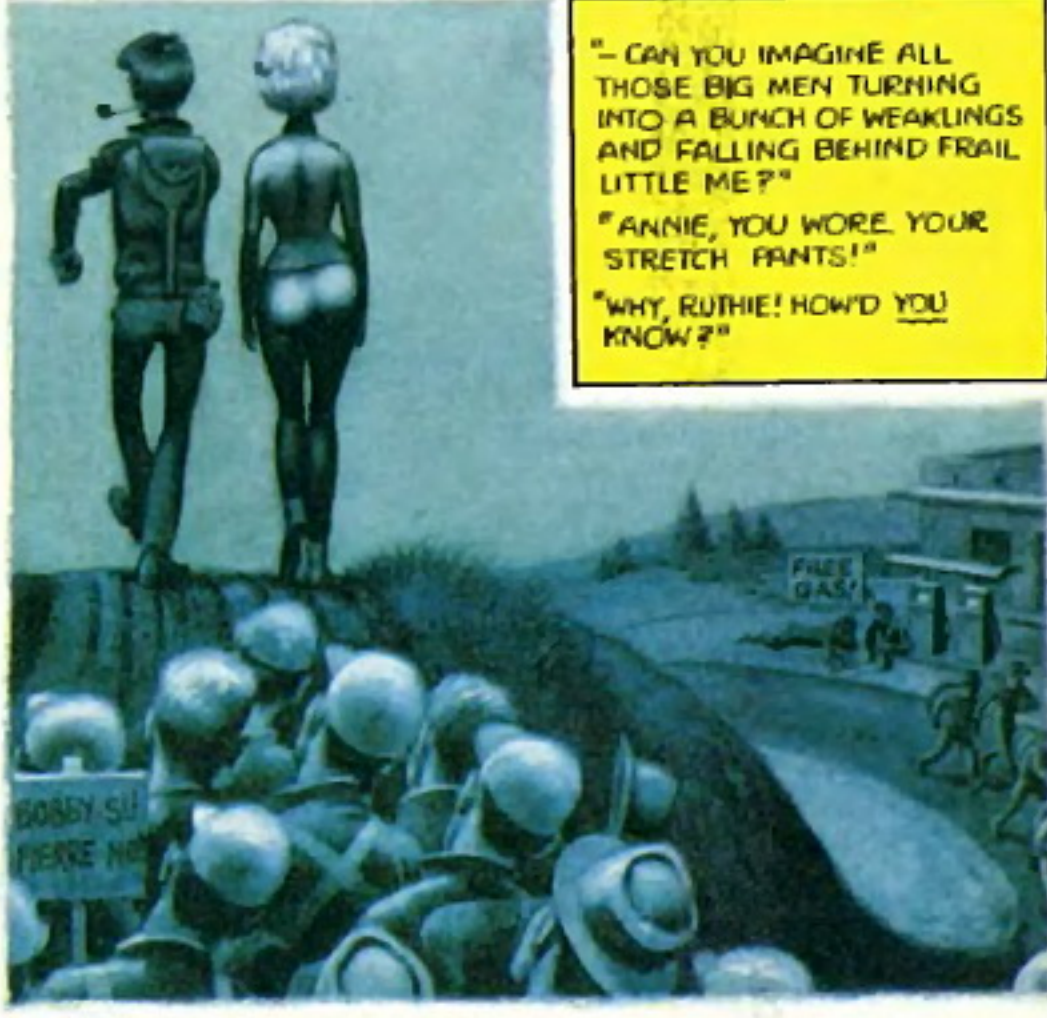
"-- WHAT I MEAN IS, WITH RALPHIE, WHEN HE ASKS ME TO COME EXERCISE AND ENJOY NATURE AND BIRDS AND BEES -- IT MEANS HE WANTS ME TO JUMP OUT OF BED AND RUN THROUGH THE FIELDS! -- BUT WITH BENTON, SOLLY AND RICHIE --"
 "I KNOW, ANNIE, HONEY-- IT MEANS THEY WANT YOU TO RUN THROUGH THE APARTMENT AND JUMP INTO BED!"
 "RIGHT! SO THE NEXT THING I KNOW -- I'M ON THIS FIFTY-MILE HIKE --"



"-- RALPHIE SAYS WE'RE SURROUNDED WITH SO MUCH LUXURY AND MACHINERY-- AMERICA IS GETTING WEAK AND FLABBY AND SHOULD GET BACK TO LIVING WITH NATURE ANYWAY-- THERE WE WERE, OUT IN THE COUNTRY WITH THIS HIKING CLUB. AND LISTEN-- -- IN NO TIME AT ALL, WE'D GOTTEN AHEAD OF EVERYBODY --"



"-- CAN YOU IMAGINE ALL THOSE BIG MEN TURNING INTO A BUNCH OF WEAKLINGS AND FALLING BEHIND FRAIL LITTLE ME?"
 "ANNIE, YOU WORE YOUR STRETCH PANTS!"
 "WHY, RUTHIE! HOW'D YOU KNOW?"



"-WELL, WE WALKED AND WE WALKED AND WE WALKED TILL MY FEET WERE FALLING OFF... AND PRETTY SOON I WAS READY TO SETTLE FOR SPENDING THE REST OF MY LIFE IN A BIG, SOFT, DOUBLE BED -"

"-WHICH GAVE RALPHIE IDEAS, BECAUSE WHAT DO YOU IMAGINE HE SUGGESTED THAT WE DO WHEN I MENTIONED 'DOUBLE BED'?"

"I CAN'T IMAGINE."

"-HE SUGGESTED THAT WE DOUBLE-TIME!"

"RIGHT THEN AND THERE, I'D HAD IT... AND WHAT SHOULD I SEE UP AHEAD BUT A BIG, SOFT, HAYSTACK!"

"-A DOUBLE HAYSTACK!"

"WELL, GEE WHIZ, RUTHIE, MY FEET WERE REALLY FALLING OFF -"



"-SO THERE I WAS, LIMP AND HELPLESS IN THE HAY... AND YOU KNOW RALPHIE - EVEN THOUGH HE'S FILLED WITH AFFECTION, HE NEVER LIKES TO SHOW IT. BUT LAYING THERE TOGETHER BY OURSELVES LIKE THAT - YOU'LL NEVER GUESS WHAT RALPHIE DID -"

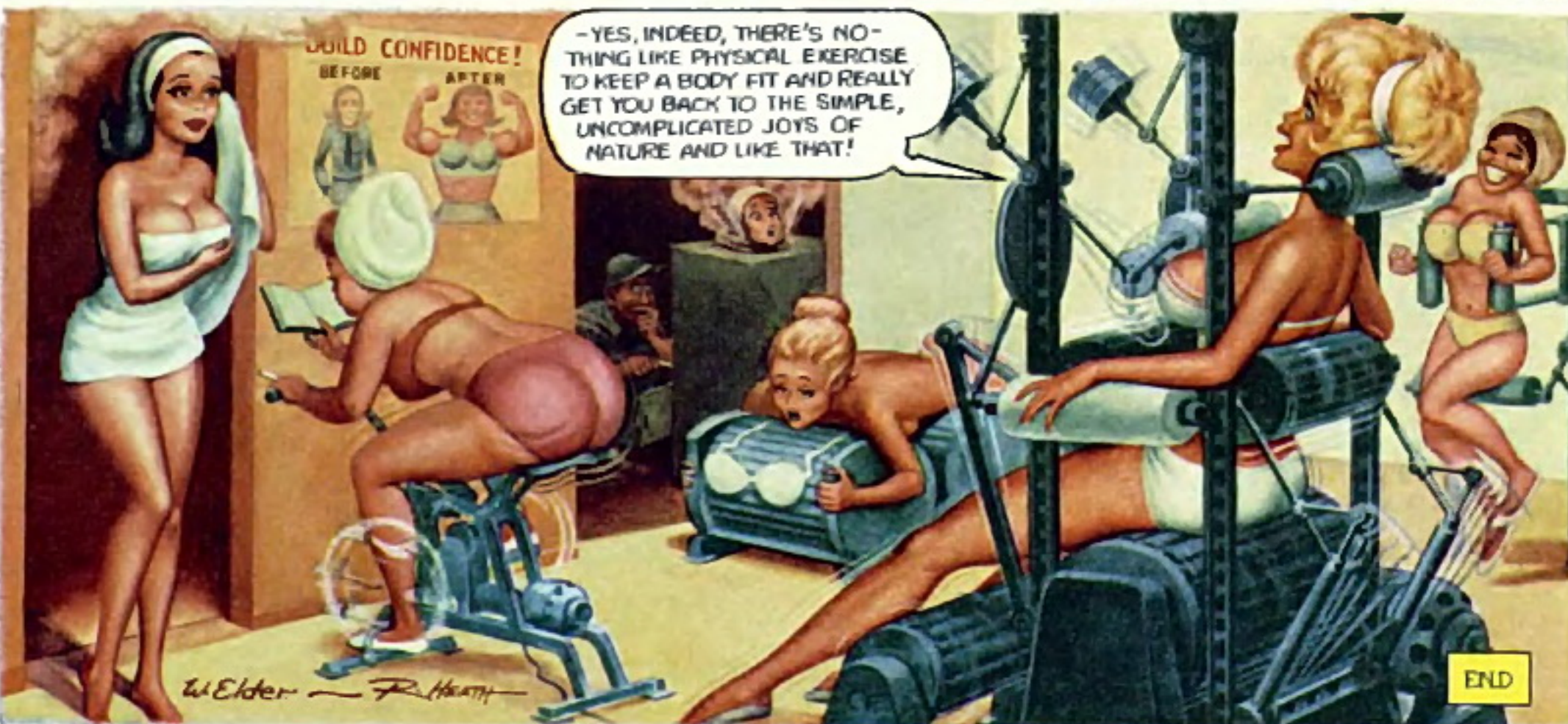
"LET ME CONCENTRATE! - WAIT! WAIT! IT'S COMING TO ME!... HE MADE PHYSICAL OVERTURES -"

- PHYSICAL OVERTURES? LEAPIN' LIZARDS, RUTHIE... WHEN YOU HIKE 50 MILES, YOU JUST FEEL NAUSEOUS AND ACHE ALL OVER! WHO FEELS LIKE MAKING PHYSICAL OVERTURES?! RALPHIE DOUBLE-TIMED TO A GAS-STATION FOR LINIMENT AND BAND-AIDS FOR MY BLISTERS. THAT'S REAL AFFECTION!

- BUT WE'VE ALL GOT TO KEEP EXERCISING BECAUSE, LIKE RALPHIE SAYS... AMERICA IS GETTING WEAK AND FLABBY WITH TV, AIR CONDITIONERS, WASHING MACHINES, DRYING MACHINES -



- YES, INDEED, THERE'S NOTHING LIKE PHYSICAL EXERCISE TO KEEP A BODY FIT AND REALLY GET YOU BACK TO THE SIMPLE, UNCOMPLICATED JOYS OF NATURE AND LIKE THAT!



W. Elder - R. Heath

END

PLAYBOY

READER SERVICE

Write to Janet Pilgrim for the answers to your shopping questions. She will provide you with the name of a retail store in or near your city where you can buy any of the specialized items advertised or editorially featured in **PLAYBOY**. For example, where-to-buy information is available for the merchandise of the advertisers in this issue listed below.

Black Watch	21
English Leather	37
Heathkit FM Portable Radios	139
Lanvin	5
Sea & Ski Spectaculars	49
Triumph Spitfire	9

Use these lines for information about other featured merchandise.

Miss Pilgrim will be happy to answer any of your other questions on fashion, travel, food and drink, hi-fi, etc. If your question involves items you saw in **PLAYBOY**, please specify page number and issue of the magazine as well as a brief description of the items when you write.

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076

PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

SEPTEMBER IN IRELAND, when the mists are light over the fields of Donegal and the lakes of the River Shannon, is the time of the hunter. One sure-fire source of the better game birds—wild duck and geese, snipe and woodcock—is the area about Woodhill Guest House, Ardara, County Donegal, a rustically simple inn where competent guides and dogs are available for about \$2 per diem. More luxurious quarters for the gamesman may be found at Cashel Palace Hotel, Cahir, County Tipperary, an elegant little village hostelry (13 rooms, \$10 a day) and a fine base for those who want to try their hand at coursing, a favorite sport in the country districts. An ancestor of greyhound racing dating back to the Second Century, coursing entails the pursuit of a live hare across open country either on horseback or on foot, depending on the hunt you pick (if the call is to horse, the secretary of the hunt will tell you where to hire a well-trained steed). The 85 recognized packs—eight of which are active in the Dublin area alone—include some which specialize in tracking stags or otters.

Newspaper headlines notwithstanding, outlanders will find that most of Africa remains a tranquil and receptive area to visit, especially during September's pleasant weather. We recommend making your entry by plane from Rome by way of Malta, Tripoli and Benghazi: Malta proffers reasonable hotels, excellent shopping bargains, and sightse-worthy battlements of the Crusade era, while Tripoli and Benghazi both contain swarming native markets and fine sparsely populated beaches on the North African coast; in addition, Tripoli boasts a thriving casino.

Another way to do the Dark Continent is to board a cruise boat at Cairo for a leisurely inspection of the snaking Nile. But for our money—and perhaps for yours—the most scenically rewarding section of Africa lies south of the Pyramids of Giza and the Valley of the Kings, from Addis Ababa to Zanzibar. The choicest base of operations in this untamed terrain is William Holden's Mt. Kenya Safari Club, an astonishingly sumptuous hideaway deep in mountain-side forest, where one may hunt and fish and climb mountains, splash in Africa's largest swimming pool, or enjoy such country-club amenities as horseback riding, golf, tennis and skeet shooting. Rates range from \$35 a day for a room with bath and fireplace (evenings are nippy at the 6000-foot level of massive Mt. Kenya) to a regal \$200 a day in a bungalow built for four. The tariff includes meals prepared by the Club's Viennese chef, as well as transportation to and from Nairobi in the Club's private plane or in a Rolls upholstered in zebra skin.

At home, one of the best deals in the burgeoning business of packaged weekends may be enjoyed under the auspices of the Treadway Inn at Canandaigua, New York. Pleasures covered in their \$34.50 tariff include boating in the holly-covered Finger Lakes area, hunting or fishing excursions, a sumptuous game dinner, a trip to a nearby winery, and, perhaps most appealing of all, the chance to revitalize body and spirits in the crisp, clean air of autumn in New York—State, that is.

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

NEXT MONTH:

"SILVERSTEIN IN A NUDIST CAMP"—OUR PERIPATETIC BARD UNCOVERS A NEW FACET OF HIS ART—BY **SHEL SILVERSTEIN**

"ENGLAND'S FAVORITE SON"—STIRLING MOSS EPITOMIZES THE VERY MODEL OF A MODEL BRITISH HERO—BY **KEN W. PURDY**

"PLAYBOY'S PATIO-TERRACE"—HIGH ABOVE THE CITY OR TUCKED AWAY BEHIND A TOWN HOUSE, A SHANGRI-LA FOR URBAN LIVING

GILLIAN TANNER—BY POPULAR DEMAND, A PICTORIAL RETURN ENGAGEMENT OF THE READERS' FAVORITE FROM "THE GIRLS OF AFRICA"

"THE IMP OF THE IMPOSSIBLE"—BUSINESS SUCCESS OFTEN DEPENDS UPON THE ABILITY TO DISTINGUISH BETWEEN THE DIFFICULT AND THE UNATTAINABLE—BY **J. PAUL GETTY**