

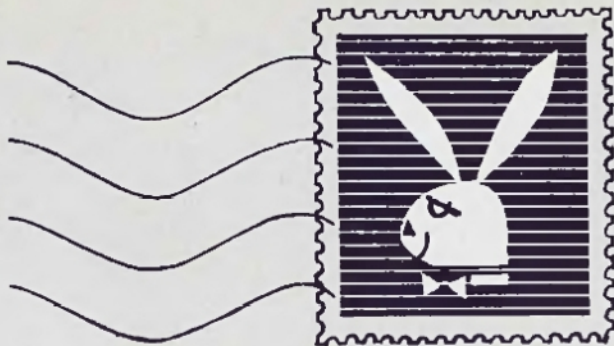
PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JULY 50 cents



the Evolution of the Bathing Suit



Dear Playboy

Address **PLAYBOY**

11 E. Superior St.

Chicago 11, Illinois

FAHRENHEIT 451

I think the joker who wrote "Fahrenheit 451" must be the publisher's brother-in-law, or something.

Angelo V. Graci, Jr.
New Orleans, Louisiana

LIKES AND DISLIKES

Congratulations on your magazine. I came across the first issue about a month after its original release and found it priced at \$1.50 in a used magazine store. The current issue was selling there for 75c and I confess I bought it for that—thinking it was not available anywhere else. A day later I saw PLAYBOY at the corner stand for the regular half-a-buck price.

I have had many reactions to that first issue I bought and to the subsequent ones, so I'll pass them along. First the bouquets: The Playmate of the Month in the February issue was the best of the Playmate pictures so far, barring none. It was sophisticated, in good taste, and the model was a dream in every respect. The picture was fresh and original.

Bradbury's serial "Fahrenheit 451" was superb—I waited for each new installment like Li'l Abner waits for *Fearless Fosdick*.

Of the pictorials, I preferred "Sex Sells A Shirt" to anything you've done, although the Folies spread was good. The pictures of Joanne Arnold in the

"Shirt" spread seemed, to me, to epitomize what PLAYBOY would do best to keep producing. They had just the right amount of informal sophistication, the perfect model, and a kind of picture series that can't be found in any other magazine I've seen; sex with good taste and an artistic touch. I think it was particularly fine of you to feature Joanne as your Playmate for May although that picture, good as it was, did not have the quality of the earlier black and white photos; the first pictures were much more natural.

So to the brickbats: the gags in the April and May issues were very stale—way below February's. For the most part, your humorous articles have seemed strained to me, but maybe they kill others. I won't quibble about them. Two page spreads like "Playboy's Progress" in the May issue are a waste of PLAYBOY's precious pages, to my way of thinking.

I'd be enjoying the Decameron selections more if I hadn't read the entire collection so recently, but they seem to fit into your mag and belong there. The pictures of your letters section mascot (let's bring her back or get another one—don't drop her entirely) in the April issue, while certainly luscious, were not, to me, in keeping with PLAYBOY's style. You can buy dozens of magazines with nudes and these had little to distinguish them. As for "Weegee's Nudes"—he should

drink Drano.

The surgery pictorial was interesting, but didn't begin to compare with "Sex Sells A Shirt".

I am pleased to see you eager to hear from your readers and quick to respond to their suggestions; I'm pleased, too, to see you using writers like Ray Bradbury. I think you are headed in the right direction and wish you the very best of luck.

H. Adams
St. Paul, Minn.

THE CHEERING SECTION

A twelve gun salute to PLAYBOY, one for every month of the year, for the only real man's magazine on the stands today. I checked a few places today looking for an extra copy of the April issue and each place was sold out. I wasn't surprised.

John H. Wood
Tempe, Arizona

I remember *Cap'n Billy's Whiz Bang* and the *Esqy* of the early thirties. Yours is the most refreshing mag to hit the stands since they passed away.

Dick Waite
San Antonio, Texas

To say that PLAYBOY is different would be stupid—you already have thousands of letters to attest to that fact. To say that PLAYBOY is good would be a lie—it isn't good, it's perfect!

Howie Lasseter
Ft. Worth, Texas

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE

Hi, Rabbit! We picked up a copy of PLAYBOY for the first time in January and found that we had missed a good deal (of Monroe) by not getting the first issue (December). Since then we have run all the news dealers in San Antonio completely wacky trying to get PLAYBOY before it comes out each month.

We were particularly interested in the March issue, because of the Playmate of the Month. Not for the reason you think, however. The fact is, her face is an exact resemblance of our roommate's best gal. Even she thought so, but neither she nor he had any comment about the rest of the comparison.

The "Playboy's Progress" double-page spread in the May issue fascinated all of us; the party jokes page is always hilarious.

To sum it all up, we've unanimously decided that PLAYBOY is not the best in its field—it's all alone in one of its own!

Bob Upton & Tom Bertsch
St. Mary's University
San Antonio, Texas

I have read every word of every

issue of your wonderful magazine. And since so many of your readers have been writing to congratulate you in your efforts to produce an entirely different magazine, I thought I would add my words of cheer.

My favorite feature is PLAYBOY's Playmate. They've all been great — from "Marvelous Marilyn" in December to "Joyful Joanne" in May. If I might make a suggestion, in choosing "our" Playmates in the future, will you give Eve Meyer some very serious consideration? Also Gloria Pall and Barbara Osterbane. With any one of these three girls, your magazine will break all records as far as sales go, and make a life long friend of me. Keep up the good work.

Roger Van Doyle
Monterey, California

FOOD AND DRINK

I have just come across your April issue. What a magazine! I never thought I would enjoy a food article as much as the one on the oyster. This is top in its field. I'm looking forward to the next issue.

Sandy B. Goldman
Camden, New Jersey

In this issue, Food Editor Mario spends some time on the pleasures of cooking out-of-doors.

SIMONE SILVA

To say that yours is the best of the men's magazines on the market today is putting it mildly. The stories, pictures, and jokes are in a class of their own.

"Fahrenheit 451" is about the best fiction I've read in years. And your unpinned pin-ups get better with every issue.

How about a feature on British actress Simone Silva who created headlines when she doffed the bra of her swim suit for the photographers at the recent Cannes Film Festival?

C.G.L.
Parkersburg, W. Va.

Try page ten of this issue.

RIBALD CLASSICS

PLAYBOY, to my mind, takes precedence over any other mag for men that I have ever read. I enjoy your tales from the Decameron, which makes me wonder what you could do with Zola, Balzac, or DeMaupassant.

Hubert L. Stone
Alexandria, Virginia

"Ribald Classics," a new feature beginning in this issue, will include choice tales from not only the Decameron, but the Pentameron, the Heptameron, The Arabian Nights, The Golden Ass, and the works of Rabelais, Balzac, and the other lusty masters.

FOR BETTER OR WORSE

I liked the first issues of your magazine very much. I feel, however, that issue by issue, your magazine has been steadily on the downgrade.

Bill Scymer
Champaign, Illinois

I have enjoyed all of the issues of PLAYBOY very much. In fact, I think your magazine gets better each month.

B. E. Ellis
Little Rock, Arkansas

APPAREL

I enjoy your magazine very much. Liked your articles on Brooks Brothers and Hartog Shirts. As you can see by my letterhead, I'm in that business. How about some features on men's fashions?

Joel S. Cohn
The Pants Store
St. Paul, Minnesota

WEEKLY PLAYBOY

Your magazine is tops. My only regret is that it is not issued weekly. Why not try issuing it twice a month at least? It would be a sellout.

G. O. Davis
Arlington, Va.

THE PLAYBOY ANNUAL

I'm a subscriber to your wonderful magazine PLAYBOY. I particularly enjoy your "Party Jokes" and "Tales From The Decameron" and wonder whether these features might be available in book form?

Gordon Weaver
Reno, Nevada

This fall, the Waldorf Publishing Company will publish a hard-cover PLAYBOY ANNUAL featuring, not only the best Party Jokes and Tales From The Decameron, but all the most enjoyable stories, articles, humor and cartoons from the magazine.

PLAYBOY IN KOREA

I'm in Korea and don't get much chance to come in contact with good books and magazines. I was fortunate enough to come in contact with your February issue, however, and I have never enjoyed anything so much in my life. It's terrific, to say the least, but I cannot properly tell you how great I think it really is. I do know that I won't be happy until I'm getting copies regularly. I sincerely hope you will continue to make it as enjoyable as the issue which I read. I couldn't put it down until I'd read every article, from cover to cover, and the pictures are colossal. Well, I could write all night about your wonderful magazine, but I'll say it by enclosing \$6 for a year's subscription.

PFC Eugene L. Peruchietti
% Postmaster, San Francisco, Calif.

I managed to get hold of one of your magazines the other day and that was it! Here's my subscription.

PLAYBOY is the greatest morale builder since Marilyn Monroe came to Korea! Would appreciate it if you could send the magazines Air Mail.
Pvt. Joseph B. Chai
Puson, Korea

TREASURE CHEST

In the April issue of PLAYBOY, you ran a picture of Evelyn "Treasure Chest" West and her famous, insured with Lloyds of London, bosom. However, you only gave us a \$25,000 view; how about a shot of the full \$50,000 worth?

Donald L. Schatz
Baker, Oregon

You'll get a fifty grand view of Evelyn in next month's feature on burlesque gimmicks.

Wow! PLAYBOY is sure a popular magazine. Since the April issue hit the stands, my mail has been full of wonderful letters about PLAYBOY.

I'm enclosing a check for \$13 for a three year subscription.

Evelyn West
Los Angeles, Calif.

JUST HIS TYPE

As you see from the letterhead, I am with the finest typewriter company in the world. And being so, I have come to enjoy and want the best of everything. Your magazine is, without a doubt, the best of the men's magazines published. I first saw it when I called on one of our largest accounts this past February and have bought every issue since. I am inserting all my copies in a loose-leaf binder for safe keeping.

John A. Kaye
L. C. Smith & Corona Typewriters
St. Louis, Missouri

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

I have every issue of your magazine and all are worthy of being collector's items. Like your other readers, I, too, am very happy to see a men's magazine devoted to something besides guns, cars, and wild game hunts.

Dean Bolick
Cherokee, Kansas

AND MILDER, MUCH MILDER

Ran across a copy of your magazine on a newsstand the other day and was very favorably impressed. This is something this country has needed as long and as much as a good five cent cigar. It is light, interesting, and amusing.

J. S. Hoskins
Wichita, Kansas



PLAYBILL

IN JUNE The Art Directors Club of New York held its National Exhibition of Advertising and Editorial Art and Design. Art directors, publishers, advertising agencies, and artists throughout the country submitted their best work. From the more than 10,000 entries, a distinguished panel of judges* selected less than 375 as representative of the finest editorial and advertising art of the year. Franz Altschuler's illustration for the John Collier story "Bird of Prey" in the second issue of PLAYBOY was one of those chosen. Besides being included in the exhibition, the art received a Certificate of Merit, and will appear in the famous *Art Directors Annual*. We're more than a little pleased by this honor so early in PLAYBOY's publishing career.

Artist Altschuler illustrates the frightening tale, "A Voice In The Night," on pages 20 and 21 of this issue. And this is probably as good a time as any to tip our stetson to Art Director Arthur Paul, whose art and design have helped make PLAYBOY one of the most exciting magazines being published today.

Recognition of another sort came to PLAYBOY in the pages of a recent *Yale Record*. This granddaddy of all college humor magazines was predicting the reading habits of the typical Yale man of the future, and we quote: "He will subscribe to *The New Yorker* and look at the cartoons. If he doesn't have a subscription to *Time*, it will only be because he prefers PLAYBOY."

This eighth issue of the new entertainment magazine for men includes much ado about almost nothing — a picture-story on female swimming attire — past, present, and



future. In the fiction department, we've a very funny story by that very funny sophisticate, Thorne Smith, author of *Topper* and *Turnabout*, plus a horror tale guaranteed to make your spine creep, and another classic by Boccaccio. You'll enjoy, we think, the word-profile on modern-day baseball and the picture-profile on Simone Silva.

PLAYBOY's food and drink editor, Thomas Mario, describes the pleasures of eating out-of-doors in a manner calculated to drive the most inveterate apartment-lover into the woods. This guy Mario turns out the most mouth-watering prose we've ever come across. He was the executive chef at an exclusive New York men's club, authored *The Face in the Aspic* and assorted books on fine cookery, and really knows his way around a cocktail and a chafing dish.

You're sure to recognize some fowl friends in PLAYBOY's guide for Indoor Bird Watchers. Then, of course, there are cartoons by PLAYBOY regulars like Cole, Denison, Draber, and Miller, a choice selection of Party Jokes, and another gorgeous, full color, double-page Playmate of the Month.

*Including illustrator Norman Rockwell, Charles Tudor, Art Director of Life Magazine, Bradbury Thompson, Art Director of Mademoiselle, illustrator Al Parker, Frank Eltonhead, formerly Art Director of Cosmopolitan and Ladies Home Journal, Juke Goodman, Art Director of Saks Fifth Avenue, Georg Olden, Director of Graphic Arts for CBS Television.

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PLAYBOY

humor: **The Boss's Breeches**

By THORNE SMITH



"For God's sake," Peter gasped. "Suppose someone should come in and find you here?!"

A jolly story about a boss who loses his pants and a secretary who wants to lose hers

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL PINSON

PETER DUANE VAN DYCK paid very little attention to his underwear. His shorts received almost no thought whatever. He disregarded them. He changed them automatically. Not every day, like other nice men of his station, but whenever the idea occurred to him. Sometimes he lost his shorts; that is, misplaced them, forgot where he had seen them last.

That is what had happened on this particular morning. With exasperated diligence he searched for his drawers, completely blind to the fact that he had lazily left them crumpled in his trousers upon retiring the previous night. It was not a Van Dyck trait, this leaving his shorts in his trousers. It was a habit characteristic of Peter, however — one of his little labor-saving devices which would have been revolting to the long line of Van Dycks from which he had sprung without any great show of agility.

Abandoning all hope of ever seeing his drawers again, Peter put on a new pair and dragged on his trousers after them. The fact that the old pair remained untidily wedged in his trousers caused him no discomfort at the moment. He ascribed the slight fullness on the right side—a tendency to bind, as it were — to some inexplicable caprice of his shirt tail. He would deal with his shirt tail later if in the meantime it did not adjust itself of its own accord. Shirt tails usually did in the course of a day, he had found. He hoped this one would, because he hated to trouble himself with such matters. It would have been wiser if he had done so.

He did things to his sandy-colored hair, decided after a quick scrutiny of his vaguely blue eyes that they had a peculiarly harassed appearance, wiped some dried soap off his right ear, and left the room wearing two pairs of drawers and carrying one towel. On the Van Dyck landing he became conscious of the towel still clutched in his hand. Draping it over the bare expanse of a statue of an Aphrodite seemingly seized with qualms or cramps in a near-by niche, Peter Van Dyck permitted his five feet ten inches of body to find its way downstairs unassisted by any mental effort.

He entertained hopes of filling this body with coffee and lots of breakfast. Peter was thirty-four. Also, he was hungry.

At about the same time, in another part of town, Miss Josephine Duval rolled a body of the most disconcerting loveliness out of its bed. It was Jo's own body, and she sat with it in lazy companionship on the bed's edge while she permitted several tremendous yawns to escape her recklessly red and rebellious lips. After this she stretched, and the effect was devastating. For a moment even the world must have paused in its revolutions. As the girl's small and not unbecoming feet sought with all their ten useless toes a pair of mules that were a sheer waste of time, her cool white arm automatically reached out and the hand on the end of it affixed itself to a pair of silken panties. Bending a dark red head of tousled hair over her trophy, she allowed her brown eyes to consider them none too favorably.

They were far from being the panties of her choice. However, many a girl would have thought herself fortunate to have been caught in a gale in such a pair. In a nutshell, which would nearly have accommodated them, they were good, middle-class business-like-looking panties without a great deal of foolishness about them, yet sufficiently attractive to do justice to their owner. Josephine's French blood cried for fairer panties, while her French sense of thrift assured her that for a hard-working secretary who spent most of her time sitting they were altogether adequate.

"If I didn't have to work so darned hard and scrimp so much," yawned Jo to herself, "I'd buy me some bang-up underthings, wouldn't I just! Regular knockouts. Black and very-very bad."

With a supple flexing of her body she shook off her nightgown and stepped into the silken undergarment.

"Pay day today," she gloated. "I'll buy a new pair of panties tonight as soon as the office closes. Black ones! Even though a girl should be good, she doesn't have to feel that way. Funny thing, I always feel at my best when I'm feeling thoroughly depraved. There's no use of a girl trying to tell herself anything different, either. Women are born that way."

It was then that Jo thought of Peter Duane Van Dyck. Peter was Josephine's employer — her boss. She was his secretary, and it would not have required much enterprise on his part to make her even more. As it was, he admired the young lady for her efficiency, but was alarmed by her bold eyes, which to his way of thinking had a suspiciously bad look about them. They were not good for business — he was certain of that.

"He's an old fud," Jo decided as she tightened up her stockings so that they gleamed on her well-turned legs. "Doesn't seem to know I have these. Not an eye in his stupid head. I'll make him know, doggone it."

And Jo deftly curbed her abundance within the delicate web of a brazen brassiere.

As Peter Van Dyck left his house in the West Seventies he was wondering vaguely why his eyes had such a harassed expression and his coffee such a comfortless flavor. The season of the year was propitious — late spring with summer lounging among the buds. Business not too bad when compared with that of his competitors. As a matter of fact, the morning paper had announced the untimely end of one of his closest rivals, yet even this gratifying occurrence failed to lend

(continued on next page)



zest to Peter's day. Something was radically wrong with him.

Then, suddenly, a thought rose bleakly from his subconscious mind and flopped down heavily on his conscious one, where it lay like a dead weight. This afternoon his Aunt Sophie, his statuesque and painfully modern Aunt Sophie who presided over his household, was giving a cocktail party for Yolanda Bates Wilmont. And at this party the cat which had long since been out of the bag was obligingly going to crawl back into it again to permit itself to be officially released. After today he, Peter, would no longer be a freelance in the courts of light dalliance. He would be irrevocably engaged to Yolanda with all her beauty and wealth and firmly rooted convictions. This knowledge somehow failed even more lamentably than had the sudden departure of his business rival to add zest to Peter's day.

Yes, there was no doubt about it. Something was radically wrong with him. His responsive faculties seemed to have become strangely atrophied by the thought of life and Yolanda Wilmont.

For a few brief moments Peter's troubled blue eyes dwelt on the lines of a well-formed girl sitting opposite him in the downtown subway express. Little suspecting the highly improper trend of his thoughts, Peter felt that he would like to lie down quietly somewhere with that girl and talk the situation over. He felt the need of a female confessor as well as entertainer. There had been too few women in his life. With a sense of panic he began to realize this as the imminence of his official betrothal confronted him. Quickly he averted his eyes. The girl was chewing gum. This girl, in spite of her lines, was definitely out of the picture. Well, was not life exactly like that? At its most alluring moments it suddenly began to chew gum in one's face. Revolting, Peter shrank slightly and returned to his paper.

It was not until he had reached the seclusion of his private office that the extra pair of shorts he was unconsciously wearing began to manifest themselves. Even then he was not aware of the exact nature of his difficulties. He experienced merely a sense of unwanted fullness — a growing sensation of insecurity. Suddenly, however, as the drawers gathered headway his alarm and discomfort became acute. In his anxiety forgetting that his office though private was not quite impenetrable, Peter allowed his trousers to descend several inches, the better to deal with the perplexing situation.

Miss Josephine Duval, armed with the morning mail, entered the room quietly and closed the door behind

her. For a moment she allowed her cool but curious gaze to dwell on the orange and black stripes decorating all that could be seen of the southern exposure of Mr. Peter Van Dyck's shorts.

"Looks like summer awnings," she observed more to herself than to her employer. "And to think I never suspected!"

With a low moan of distress, Peter's body went into a huddle as only a body can when plunged into such a situation.

"Haven't you got sense enough to get out?" he demanded, twisting a strained but indignant face over his shoulder.

"I have the sense, but not the power," Miss Duval retorted calmly. "Your condition has robbed me of that."

"For God's sake," the man almost chattered, "hurry! Suppose someone should come in and find you here?"

"I'm all right," said Miss Duval. "It's you who would give rise to comment."

Something was slipping farther and farther down the right leg of Peter's trousers, slipping stealthily but relentlessly to the floor. And the trouble was that Peter, not suspecting the presence of a stowaway, visualized the worst. What a fearful picture he must be presenting from the rear, yet the front view would not improve matters any. How could such a demeaning thing happen to a man in this day and age?

"Won't you please go away?" he asked in an agitated voice. "What would people think?"

"Well," replied Jo with dispassionate deliberation, "from the trouble you seem to be having with your trousers, people might get the impression you'd asked me in here to watch you do tricks with your shorts."

"What's that!" exclaimed Peter, more upset by the girl's attitude than by her words. "Oh, you're fired. There's no doubt about that. This time you're through for good."

"Do you realize that I could play you a decidedly dirty trick?" Jo inquired lightly.

"What do you mean?" asked Peter, his fingers furtively fumbling with various buttons.

"If I should scream now —" began Jo, but was interrupted by Peter's heartfelt, "Oh, my God!"

"If I should begin to shout and rush about," she continued, as if savoring the idea, "there's not a jury in the world that wouldn't convict you of at least breach of promise."

"Swear to God I never knew there was such a woman in the world," Peter Van Dyck replied in an emotional voice as if appealing to some unseen audience. "If you'll only go away and let me finish what I'm doing

you'll not be fired."

"How about all this mail?" she demanded.

"Am I in a condition to go into that now?"

"I should say not," said the girl. "You don't know how awful you are."

"Then don't trouble to tell me. I can very well imagine."

"Before I go," Josephine continued, placing the letters on the desk, "would you mind explaining what was in your mind when you got yourself into this terrible condition?"

"I don't know," Peter answered. "And I fail to see how it's any of your business."

"Well, it's a sight a young lady doesn't see every day of her life," replied Jo. "Especially in an office building and at this time of day."

"I don't make a practice of it," Peter retorted, with an attempt at dignity.

"I wouldn't," Miss Duval assured him. "There's an unpleasant suggestion of senility about it. And by the way, if you're looking for an extra pair of shorts you'll find them sticking out of the right leg of your trousers. Although why you want two pairs I can't for the life of me understand. The ones you have on are giddy enough."

As the door closed quietly on his tormentor, Peter Van Dyck reached down and, seizing the offending shorts, hurled them furiously in the general direction of the waste basket, upon the edge of which they sprawled unbecomingly.

"Damn my absent mind," he muttered, "and damn that woman's impudence. What a decidedly unpleasant occurrence! She actually seemed to enjoy it. These modern girls. . ."

A few minutes later Jo briskly followed her perfunctory knock into the room and found her employer wearily seated at his desk. He was gloomily scanning a letter. "Oh," exclaimed Miss Duval amicably. "Quite an improvement. All tucked in, I see."

Peter didn't look up. He mumbled something into the papers he was holding. Miss Duval seated herself beside the desk.

"Peter," she said.

"Yes." Grudgingly. "Mr. Van Dyck to you."

"Your father called you Peter."

"Well, you're not my father."

"But I helped to bring you up in the business. It's been three years."

"Seems longer."

"Does it? Well, it hasn't been long enough to make a business man of you."

"Is that so?"

"Yes that's so. You're a hell of a business man."

Peter looked pained. "It doesn't speak well for your teaching," he said.

"You never give me a tumble. Don't even call me Jo. Everybody else in the office calls me Jo."

"What do I call you?"

"You don't call me anything. It's 'Please take a letter,' or 'How do you feel today?' or 'Sorry to keep you late.' Never any name. To you I'm a nameless woman. Might just as well be a — a — little bastard for all you care."

"Don't use bad language," he said.

"Why not use bad language?" she retorted. "You flaunt your shorts in my face!"

"Is that quite fair?" he asked her. "You stormed in here. Didn't stop to knock. And there I was. That's all there was to it."

"You never notice me," she pouted.

"I notice you," he said, continuing to look at his papers.

"The old duffers that come in here — they notice me. The bankers, and buyers, and business tycoons."

Peter humphed into his papers.

"I've a good mind to sell my body to an international banker," she said.

"I wish to God you'd sell it to an international vivisectionist and have done with it," Peter asserted brutally.

"Why?" she inquired. "Does my body bother you?"

"Not at all. It means nothing to me."

"You mean you can take it or leave it — just as you please?"

"Will you kindly keep quiet? I've a lot of things to think about. If I could take it and leave it somewhere else I'd feel much better."

Jo's perfume was in the air. Peter liked that perfume, and the fact that he suspected he also liked its owner a little more than was seemly made him deliberately hostile.

"Take a letter," he said. Then, after a long pause, "Damn it — I can't think of any letters."

"Something on your mind?" she asked.

"Nothing definite," said Peter, allowing his gaze to rest on the girl for the first time since she had returned to his office. "I was thinking about — about a cocktail party I've got to go to — a stupid thing."

"Today?" she asked.

"After office," said Peter. "My aunt's doing it for Yolanda Wilmont. We get engaged at it — officially engaged and all that."

"All what?" she inquired suspiciously.

"Oh, just all that."

"I hope you don't mean what I'm thinking," said Jo.

"At my lowest moments," he replied, "I never could mean what you're thinking."

"Thanks," murmured Jo. "What's she like? Of course, I've seen her pictures in the society columns — at all the ritziest affairs. They've given me

a good laugh."

"You're just envious," retorted Peter, hardly spirited enough to be stung to a defense of his fiancée.

"I might possibly be envious about *all that*," she admitted, "but certainly not about being engaged to you." And then, "You don't look very happy."

"I am too," he snapped. "As a matter of fact, I'm very happy. I'm a decidedly lucky man."

"Of course you are, Peter," she assured him.

"An exceptionally lucky man," he reiterated with quite unnecessary emphasis. "Getting far more than I deserve, in fact."

"Now you're talking," said Jo. "Much more than you deserve!"

"What do you mean by that?" he asked.

"I don't mean anything, Peter. I'm agreeing with you."

"Well don't. I dislike the way you do it. Take a letter . . ."

. . .

Peter had lunch at the little coffee shop on the corner. Back at the office, he again thought of the engagement party and Yolanda Wilmont, but

for some reason his mind kept wandering to Josephine Duval. Damn it — he *knew* he was in love with Yolanda — had been in love with her for years. That was all settled, one of the established facts of life. She was beautiful, she was cultured, and she seemed to find nothing especially wrong with him. Of course, she had never allowed either herself nor him to become in any sense intimate on the strength of this engagement of their. She was not at all like that. Just the opposite of this Duval woman. That was something to be thankful for — but was it? Peter wondered. On the other hand he seriously doubted if one man could last long with an oversexed creature like Josephine without calling in outside assistance, which did not make for a happy married life. Josephine was impossible. He failed to know why he was thinking about her at all. What business had that brazen vixen preening herself in his thoughts? She was merely his private secretary, an efficient one but forward. She, too, had become a fixture in his life. His father had found

(continued on page 12)





WHEN English starlet Simone Silva pulled off her brassière at the Film Festival in Cannes, France, she exposed actor Bob Mitchum to more than a pair of breasts. Six photographers rushed to take pictures, and the resulting publicity made Mitchum's studio and Mrs. Mitchum blow their respective tops.

As for Simone, she thought it was grand, and hoped it would attract enough attention in Hollywood to win her a movie contract.

Nor was this the first time little Silva had done the unconventional in an attempt to crash the cinema. Four years ago on the French Riviera, she walked up to vacationing producer Walter Wanger and presented him with a live octopus. Wanger looked at the octopus and then looked at Simone. Simone looked pretty good in contrast and Wanger mumbled something about a Hollywood contract. Simone is positive she would be a California celebrity now, if Wanger hadn't been put in jail when he returned to the film capital; something about shooting holes in his wife's agent.

Undaunted, Simone showed up at this year's Film Festival in half a sun-suit, but Hollywood has given her the cold shoulder a second time and hasn't even bothered to produce a shot-up agent by way of explanation.

Nevertheless, our story has a happy ending. A couple of Las Vegas casinos, fresh from their successful showing of the Marlene Dietrich *mammae*, are busily bidding for Simone's services. And Simone is busily preparing a *Dance of the Seven Veils* with which to wow the casino customers, and which she happily previews here.





Hi-Yo, SILVA!

MINUS MITCHUM, SHE'S GALLOPING OFF TO LAS VEGAS



Boss's Breeches *(continued from page 9)*

her amusing, but then, the elder Van Dyck had been a loose liver after office hours. He had found any good-looking wench amusing. Peter was not like that. He had never had the chance. As he sat there thinking, he found himself rather envying his father's disregard of convention. Closer than had any other Van Dyck immortalized in the family record, the old gentleman had approached the open ground of disreputability. He had been keenly alert to every female leg in the office, and he had personally seen to it that every leg in the office was first-rate. Yet everyone had been fond of old Peter Van Dyck, including his son. Young Peter had been too greatly occupied fearing the consequences of his father's ambitious but questionable experiments to embark on any of his own. Many a father has lost his morals in saving those of a son, although it is highly problematical that the elder Van Dyck had this idea in mind as he tidily tottered among his vices. His interest in Jo Duval, however, had been restrained to one of fatherly admiration mixed with a little fear and respect, emotions few women had ever inspired in him.

Peter's thoughts were interrupted by the entrance of Josephine Duval. Without so much as favoring him with a glance, she marched up to his desk, smacked down on it an intra-office memorandum, then turned and retraced her steps. At the door she paused and fixed him with a pair of glittering eyes. Peter quailed before their malevolence. In the way she closed the door behind her there was a suggestion of a challenge.

Why was this creature so disturbing? Peter wondered. At times, when it so pleased her mood, she acted exactly as if she were in a play. It wasn't natural. Imagine! This stalking into a man's office, then stalking out again with never a word. And what a look she had left behind — what a downright sinister look! What had she meant by that?

With the least interest in the world in intra-office routine Peter picked up the memorandum and glanced at it. Quite suddenly his bored expression changed to one of consternation. He read:

To Peter Van Dyck, President:

The moment you consummate your marriage with Yolanda Wilmont I want my resignation to take affect. However, until that moment it's still anybody's game, catch-as-catch-can, and you're it.

*Respectfully yours,
Josephine Duval*

P. S. A carbon of this memorandum will be found in my files under "Unfinished Business."

As if it were scorching his fingers, Peter hastily destroyed the compromising slip of paper. This was going too far. He rang for his secretary. "Haven't you got any better sense than to start playing childish games with me?" he demanded.

"The games I intend to play with you will be far from childish," she assured him.

Peter began to think this over, then decided it would be better to leave it alone. "Sit down," he said in a reasonable voice, "and let's try to get things straight."

Josephine flopped down and recklessly tossed one silken leg over the other.

"In the first place," began Peter, "why have you selected today of all days to deport yourself in an especially hellish manner?"

"I'm like this every day, only some days I let go," she told him.

Peter considered this for a moment. "Do you mean you're like this with everybody," he inquired, "or just with me?"

"Just with you," she confided. "If I was like this with everybody I'd have a much nicer time."

"You don't mean nicer," said Peter. "You mean better, perhaps."

"It's too fine a distinction for me to understand," she replied. "But it's the truth just the same. I let go only with you."

"Why with me, may I ask? Do you regard me in the light of a small office boy — a person to tease?"

"Hardly," she said. "I regard you as a weak but adult male."

"Apparently," replied Peter. "But would you mind not letting go with me, or try letting go with someone else, for a change?"

She looked at him thoughtfully. "I'd rather not," she said.

"So would I," replied Peter, not realizing what he was saying.

"You mean you'd care if I let go with someone else?" she asked.

"Certainly not," replied Peter. "I don't care if you let go with Albert Einstein, with all due respect to that gentleman. But you'll have to stop letting go with me or I'll let go with you."

"I'd like that," replied the girl quite seriously.

"I mean, I'll have to let you go," he corrected himself.

"You haven't even got me yet," she answered.

"And I don't even want you," said Peter.

"How do you know?" she demanded. "You don't know anything about me. You don't know I live in New Jersey, that I support a drunken uncle, that I'm an orphan on both sides and sleep

on the left. You don't know that I love salted almonds and that I don't earn enough money here to keep myself in nice underthings. You wear pure silk drawers. Don't tell me — I saw them with my own two eyes. What sort of drawers do you think I wear? Answer me that. What sort of drawers do you think I wear? Pure silk? Bah!"

"I'm sure I don't care to know that," Peter interrupted. "And please don't keep repeating the question."

"No," she sneered, "you don't care to know. You're too much of a coward. Well, if you must know, I'll tell you. They're artificial silk — not all silk like yours — but the lace on 'em is real."

"Must I know all these things?" asked Peter weakly.

"Certainly you must," she snapped. "You're dealing in human souls."

"I had hoped to deal in stocks and bonds," he replied with a show of bitterness, "but you don't give me time to sell a share."

"I wouldn't be found dead in those things you have on," she continued. "Mine are better for less money."

"No doubt," Peter said coldly. "But did it ever occur to you that I have no desire to be found dead in yours?"

"Of course you wouldn't," she flung back. "Not dead."

Here she laughed significantly — suggestively, in fact. Peter Van Dyck was most unpleasantly impressed by the insinuating look that followed. Helplessly he turned his eyes to the window.

"I fail to see where all this is leading to," he said at length. "Haven't you better take a couple of letters?"

"All right," she retorted. "Give me a couple of letters. It's better than getting nothing. But while we're on the subject, there's another thing you don't know."

"I'm off the subject. Most definitely off it."

"Well, you've got to know this," she continued. "One of the last things your father asked me to do was to make a man of you."

"If you followed his ideas on that subject," said Peter, "you'd make a wreck of me instead of a man, I'm afraid."

"You're certainly not the man he was," she admitted with uncomplimentary readiness, "but I'm going to do my best with the little there is."

"That's very gracious of you. I'm sure. But let me get this straight. Do you intend to make a man of me or a wreck?"

"I'm going to wreck you," said the girl, "and enjoy myself doing it."

"A nice young girl!" murmured Peter Van Dyck. "An admirable character all round!"

"And while you're talking of nice young girls," said Jo, "you might as

well know your father wasn't any too fond of that nice young girl of yours with the name of a fairy princess. And as for an admirable character — pish! I'd rather have a swell shape."

"Couldn't you strive to develop both?"

"I'm fully developed as it is," she asserted. "If anything, a little too much so in places, but you'd never know that."

"I have no desire to be further enlightened," Peter hastened to assure her.

"You have no ambition," said Jo.

"How about a couple of letters?" he asked.

"All right. How about 'em? I'd almost given those letters up."

"And will you take the carbon of that memorandum out of your files?" he asked her.

"If you don't hurry up with those letters," Jo replied, "I'll take it out of the files and tack it on the bulletin board."

This threat so upset Peter that he in turn upset a box of paper clips. As he bent over to pick them up, he came face to face with Josephine Duval's knee. Some artists claim that the knee of a woman is not an object of beauty. No such claim could be made against Josephine Duval's knee. If an artist lived who, upon seeing Josephine's knee, did not want to do something more than paint it, he was not worthy of his brush. And the wonder of it was that Josephine had two knees. Peter Van Dyck was gazing at them both. It was an experience he never forgot — a revelation. For the first time in his life he realized that a woman's knees and legs were capable of expressing personality. And with this realization came the explanation of his distaste for the cocktail party and what it represented. In the course of his life he had seen a lot of Yolanda's legs, but never once during the period of this long association with them had he been moved by a desire to do anything other than look at them, and not so strongly moved at that. As Peter sat half crouching in his chair, it came to him, with a sense of having been cheated, that Yolanda's legs had never meant anything more to him than something to separate her body from the ground, something to move her about on from place to place. They might as well have been a pair of stilts or a couple of wheels. In spite of their gracious proportions they were totally lacking in personality. They exercised no fascination, no irresistible appeal. They were cold but beautiful legs. Josephine's legs were different. The more Peter looked at them the more he wanted to see of them. He frankly admitted this. Not only were they beautiful but also extremely interesting — breath-taking legs, legs seen once in a lifetime. He

wondered what had been wrong with him not to have noticed them before. Why had he made this startling discovery at this late date, virtually at the very moment when he was going to become officially engaged to an altogether different pair of legs — to legs he would have to live with for the remainder of his days?

Josephine's voice cut in on his meditations. "Have you decided to conduct your business in that weird position?" she asked. "Or have you been seized suddenly by a cramp?"

"I'm not going to be like this long," he answered, "nor am I subject to cramps. I am merely thinking."

"Then I think you're overdoing it," said the girl. "First thing you know you'll be having a rush of blood to the head."

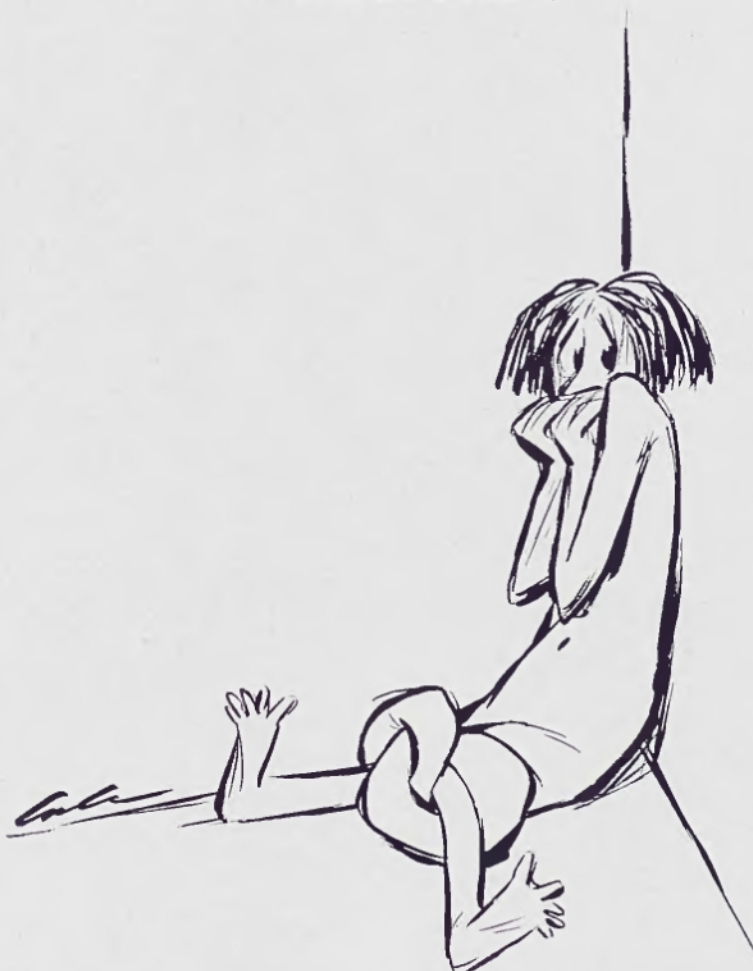
"I have one already," replied Peter in an odd voice.

Slowly he straightened up, then sank back in his chair. Almost immediately he fell into a brown study, and although he was looking directly at Josephine his gaze seemed to pass through and far beyond her. The girl eyed

him curiously. What had come over this man? Little did she suspect that what she had so often wanted to happen actually had happened without her knowledge or contrivance.

In the presence of this startling revelation Peter Van Dyck sat bemused. For the first time in his life he concentrated his mental forces on legs. How, he wondered, had a leg, a mere leg, the power to move a man so profoundly — to revolutionize his entire outlook on such matters? All legs were more or less alike, he argued, so much skin and so much bone. Take his own legs, for example. He had never derived any pleasure or satisfaction in contemplating their hungry contours, if they had any contours to contemplate. He supposed they had, yet he was not in any way moved when he cast his eyes on them unless it was by a feeling of distaste. As a matter of fact, he preferred not to look at his legs at all. He rather avoided them. Yet wherein were they so different from those of Josephine Duval? They were composed of the same elements, served the same purpose, and

FEMALES BY COLE: 2



Craven

reacted to the same external influences — heat, cold, kicks, and bites. Certainly mosquitoes did not differentiate between legs. About Jo's legs there was something impudent and piquant, a devil-may-care attitude. She had, morally speaking, a wicked pair of legs.

"Take a couple of letters," he began in a dull, preoccupied voice.

"That would be amusing for a change," said Jo sweetly.

"Almost anything would be amusing for a change," he agreed. "Get on with it. This is to Mr. Benjamin Clarke. You have his address. Dear Ben." Peter's eyes strayed downward.

"Dear Ben," he resumed.

"Dear Ben twice?" asked Jo.

"Once or twice," replied Peter. "It doesn't matter. He knows who he is. Dear Ben: Referring to our recent conversation about knees and legs—"

"Pardon me," smoothly interrupted the girl. "Did I understand you to say knees and legs?"

"Means and ways," corrected Peter.

"Were you and Ben discussing means and ways to knees and legs?" she asked him. "You've got me all mixed up."

"That doesn't matter either," said Peter. "I never discuss such subjects. You should know that."

"It would do you a world of good," she assured him.

"Please keep such advice to yourself."

It was at this moment that Jo became aware of the direction of her employer's intent gaze. "Are you, by any chance, looking at my legs?" she inquired in a pleased voice.

"Yes," he answered. "One can scarcely look at anything else."

"You mean they're so attractive?"

"No. I mean they're literally all over the place."

"If I'm not being too bold," said the girl, "would you mind giving me a rough idea of what you think of them?"

"I don't think of them," he answered coldly. "I look at them the same as I would look at a chair or a desk or — or — the Pyramids."

"Go on," she said in a dangerous voice, "Why bring up the Pyramids?"

"I am trying to explain to you the impersonal attitude I take to your legs."

Jo sprang from her chair. Her face was flaming, and from her eyes fire flashed through two angry tears. "And I'd like to explain to you," she said in a low voice, "the personal attitude I take to your words. You may criticize my typing as much as you please, but I won't allow you to say a word against my legs. Your Yolanda may be able to afford better stockings, but taking her leg for leg she's a hunchback compared to me."

"Aren't you getting your anatomy

a trifle scrambled?" asked Peter in a collected voice.

"I'd damn well like to scramble yours all over the map," she retorted. "Hitting below the belt."

"Quite," replied Peter, coolly measuring her figure with his eyes. "I should say about twelve inches or more."

"I'm going to get out of this room," she declared, "and never come back into it again. If you want to hurl insults at me and talk in a low, lewd manner you'll have to do it outside where everyone can hear what a lecherous creature you are."

"On your way to your desk," he called after her pleasantly, "will you be so good as to ask Miss Bryant to stop in?"

"Sure," she flung over her shoulder. "I suppose you'll compare hers to Pikes Peak or the Empire State."

"I'll have to consider them first," said Peter.

The sound the door made when it closed had in it the quality of a curse.

• • •

Betty Bryant was not a bad-looking girl. Peter realized this when, a few minutes after Jo's impassioned exit, the young girl entered his office and stood waiting expectantly before his desk. Since the demoralizing revelation of his secretary's knees and legs Peter had begun to feel that he was looking at women through an entirely new and improved pair of eyes. Now, when it was almost too late to take advantage of his clearer vision, he was beginning to regret the opportunities he had missed in the past as well as those he would have to forego in the future. The situation was nothing less than tragic. Life owed him many unclaimed women. The reprehensible blood of the elder Van Dyck throbbed rebelliously in his veins.

"Miss Bryant," he said, protecting sections of his features behind a letter, "I wish you would toss on your hat and buy half a dozen pair of stockings at one of the smarter shops in the district. Would you mind?"

Miss Bryant certainly would not mind. She would be glad to go to even greater lengths for Mr. Peter Van Dyck. She would, however, have been interested to know what clearly impure motives lay behind this unexpected request. From the little she could see of Peter's features she was convinced they did not belong to a thoroughly honest face.

"Have you any particular shade in mind, sir?" she asked him.

"Shade in mind?" repeated Peter. "Er — oh, yes, of course. Naturally." He laughed for no reason. "Flesh," he announced, coloring slightly. "I mean all shades. You know. All the fashionable shades. Youthful. They're for my Aunt Sophie. She has rather silly ideas

— ambitions, one might say."

"Oh," said Miss Bryant. "So they're for your aunt."

"Yes," retorted Peter. "I said they were for my aunt. Why? Is it funny?"

"No. Oh, no. Not at all. I was wondering what size stocking your Aunt Sophie wears, that's all."

"Any size I give her," replied Peter, striving to maintain a casual note in his voice. "I should say about the same size as that Josephine Duval or any other girl her size."

"I think I understand," said Miss Bryant thoughtfully.

"I was very much afraid you would," remarked Peter as he handed the young lady several crisp notes. "And while you're about it, treat your own legs to a pair on the house," he added. "Fine feathers make fine birds, you know. Ha, ha! Capital!"

With her employer's false laughter ringing in her ears, Miss Bryant departed, wondering why she had never suspected him before of being mentally unsteady. These old families got that way in spots. Too bad.

When she had successfully fulfilled her mission and delivered the stockings to Peter, he summoned his secretary. Although she had flatly announced her intention of never entering his office again, Josephine Duval appeared almost immediately. "What improper suggestions have you been making to that Bryant thing?" she demanded. "She's gone light in the head all of a sudden."

"I know nothing about that," said Peter. "She struck me as being an uncommonly sensible and willing young lady."

"Willing, no doubt," snapped Josephine, and laughed disagreeably.

"I particularly dislike the sound of that laugh," said Peter, "as well as the coarse implications behind it. Here are half a dozen pairs of stockings — pure silk stockings — all silk stockings, in fact. Yank a couple of them over your legs and let's hear no more on the subject. This has been a fruitless day, and it's not going to get any better."

Josephine took the extended package and tore off its wrappings. For a moment there was silence in the office as she examined the contents with an experienced and rapidly calculating eye. Presently she turned and looked darkly at Peter Van Dyck. "And for this," she said, "I suppose you expect to own me body and soul."

"I'm not interested in your soul," Peter informed her curtly.

"Oh," said Josephine, momentarily nonplussed. "All right. It's a bargain. We'll let it go at a body."

"I have no idea what you are planning on letting go," Peter replied uneasily, "but I strongly advise you to hold everything. And please get

it into your head that I have no desire to own either your body or your soul."

"How about a little loan?" Josephine suggested.

"Will you now go away and stop talking wildly," said Peter. "After all, I am your employer. You're supposed to be working here, you know, and not paying me little visits throughout the day."

Josephine looked at him furiously. "You're going to own my body," she said between her teeth, "if I have to ruin yours in the struggle."

"An edifying picture," Peter dryly observed. "However, I shall keep on the alert."

"If they weren't pure silk I'd cut these stockings to ribbons."

"Glad you like them," said Peter mildly. "If I were you, I wouldn't carry them about with me in the office. People might talk."

"I'll stick 'em down here," she declared, thrusting the six pairs of stockings down the front of her dress, where they produced an interesting, not to say scandalous effect.

"If you go out there in that condition," observed Peter, "people will do more than talk. They'll swoon in

your face. Even I, in full possession of all the facts, cannot suppress a pang of uneasiness."

"You're responsible for my condition," she flung back.

"Granted," replied Peter reasonably. "But I'm not responsible for what others might erroneously conclude was your condition."

"Anyway, here I go," said Josephine. "We have a secret between us now."

"It looks as if we have a great deal more than that," Peter replied.

"Nobody will notice anything if I go like this," the girl explained, placing her hands across her stomach.

"Oh, no," agreed Peter. "They'll merely think I kicked you in a moment of playfulness, that's all. Please hurry. It upsets me to look at you the way you are."

At the door Jo turned and glanced back at him. "You can't tell me," she said, "you didn't have something else in your mind when you gave me these."

The door closed behind her, and Peter leaned back in his chair. He was wondering himself exactly what he had in his mind in regard to Jo Duval. Time passed while Peter sat thus steadily accomplishing nothing. He had contributed very little to the

success of the Van Dyck coffee business that day. Presently he stirred and reached for his watch. After thoughtfully considering the time of day it announced, he compared it with the clock on his desk.

To make assurance doubly sure, he rose and, opening the door, glanced at the office clock. As he closed the door he got the impression that Betty Bryant was studying him with new interest. Perhaps there were others, he unhappily decided. Crossing the room to the window, he stood looking down on the narrow street. People were already turning their released expressions homeward. They were looking forward to a few hours of personal living, a few hours of individual freedom. Five p.m. was for them a daily declaration of temporary independence. Not so for him. He had to go home presently and let that damn cat out of the bag. He would much rather wring its neck. Was he not voluntarily thrusting his own neck into a noose for life? It was still not too late. Why not take a ferryboat to Staten Island and live among the trees somewhere? Why not cross a bridge and lose himself in a swarm of unfamiliar streets? Why not scuttle through a subway and



"I don't know when I feel the most guilty—when I'm sneaking into your apartment, or when I'm sneaking out."

seek oblivion in a waterfront dive? There were any number of things he could do. As he stood there by the window, he became uneasily aware of the fog drifting through the street. Figures of men and women were cutting through it, zigzagging past one another, going north, going south, ducking down the side streets. Boys were whistling. Boys always were. Why? Why were they always whistling? From two rivers came the haunting voices of ships — tugs, liners, ferryboats, yachts going up to pleasant moorings. Foggy as hell somewhere. What sort of mooring was he going up to? An anchorage for life. Maybe something would happen. Lots of things could happen in a fog. He turned from the window, walked slowly to the hatrack, and collected his hat and stick. As he bade his office staff good-night, he felt he was saying good-bye. Josephine Duvzl had already gone.

The subway crowd was familiar, but not friendly. It was composed of individuals, each having tenaciously held ideas about his or her place on the platform. They knew where they wanted to go and how they wanted to go there, and nothing was going to stop them or change them or soften them. Looking slightly pained, Peter Van Dyck, with a delicate but nevertheless protesting arc in his back, allowed himself to be catapulted into a train in which he stood tightly wedged, suffering from a loss of both dignity and breath. He decided he was lucky to lose no more than that in such a frenzied stampede.

"If you don't stop doing that to me," said a woman's voice somewhere in the neighborhood of his chest, "I'll slap you in the face."

Peter's first reaction was to glance nervously about him to ascertain if the entire car had overheard the woman's intentions. Then he spoke in a low, reassuring voice in which was a note of appeal. "I'm not doing it," he whispered.

"Don't tell me that," said the woman. "Can't I feel? There you go, doing it again. You're getting a lot for a nickel ride, mister."

"My God," thought Peter, striving unsuccessfully to remove himself from the woman, "what a thing for her to say!" Crouching over, he muttered to the top of a small hat, "Madam, I can't help it. I'm —"

"Do you mean you've lost control of yourself?" the woman's voice cut in.

"No," he protested. "I can't think of what I'm doing."

"I don't like to think of what you are doing," the woman continued. "Lay off, that's all. Do you want me to scream for help?"

Straining his neck down and to the

side, Peter succeeded in getting a glimpse of his accuser. It was as he had been suspecting for the past few moments. She was there — Jo. Peter did not know whether to be relieved by this or alarmed.

"Don't go on like that," he pleaded.

"Don't you go on like that," she told him. "Should be ashamed of yourself. Of all the things to do."

"But what in God's name am I doing?" he asked in desperation.

"To explain what you're doing would be even more embarrassing than to submit to it," she told him with elaborate dignity.

"It can't be as bad as all that," he said.

"I'd hate it to get any worse," she replied, "at least with so much public about, I would."

"It is too close for decency," agreed Peter.

"You seem to find it so," she retorted. "Suppose they knew at the office?"

"Knew what?"

"Never mind about what. You know perfectly well. I hate that sort of thing — that type of man."

"So do I," replied Peter earnestly. "The very idea is revolting to me."

"Then obviously, you don't believe in letting your left hand know what your right hand is doing," she retorted.

"Both of my hands are busy," he declared.

"Don't I know that?" said Jo. "I'd call them frantic. Only married couples should be allowed to travel in the subway during rush hours."

"What did you do with the stockings?" he asked her, hoping to change the subject.

"You couldn't get closer to them unless you put them on," she assured him.

"Then they're still in the same place?"

"Either there or hanging on my backbone."

"How ghastly!"

"It's your fault if they are," she replied. "Do you still intend to go through that mock engagement announcement?"

"Why not?" demanded Peter.

"Shouldn't think you'd have the nerve after this ride."

"Don't be silly."

"I'm not being silly when I tell you," she replied quite seriously, "that I doubt very much if you get yourself engaged today."

Peter glanced quickly down into her upturned face. In her eyes he read an expression of grim determination. For some reason her portentous threat or warning did not strike the disagreeable note one might have expected. Peter received it almost with a feeling of relief. In fact, he found

in her words a fragile straw of salvation. If it would have served to delay the formal betrothal announcement, Peter would have welcomed a localized earthquake. So far as his engagement to Yolanda was concerned, he found himself strictly neutral. He was on the fence. It was not as if he wanted to call the engagement off definitely and forever. Peter simply did not know. Why had they not gone through with it several years ago, instead of waiting until the idea had grown stale? No. Yolanda had wanted to travel on the Continent unattached. She had wanted to develop her art. She had wanted to enjoy her position as a much sought after debutante. She was one of those young ladies who wanted Life with a capital L, yet who would not know what to do with it should it come to her. She had wanted ever so many things and she had got all of them. And in the background she had also wanted Peter, Peter in a waiting capacity safely packed in ice. She was such a glittering, assured sort of person, so certain to be right, so well versed in all the social amenities. She would be quite a comfort when people called, as they inevitably would call, in droves — dumb, well-dressed, well-nourished, chatty little droves of really nice people. Peter wondered unhappily in his increasing morbidness what they were going to do with all the people who called. Where were they going to put them? How deal with them? The years ahead presented themselves to Peter as pillars in an endless hall lined with nice people who shook hands and chatted delightfully about non-essentials.

And all the while he was puzzling over these things, Jo was looking up into his troubled, rather sensitive face from beneath the heavy lashes of her amused but devoted eyes.

"Hang it all," he said at last, "why do you like me, anyway? I should think you'd fall for a truck driver or a professional wrestler or a strong man, or for one of those great big silent chaps who make the maximum amount of empire on the minimum amount of words. The movies are full of them. Look at me — I'm virtually a physical and mental wreck. Might just as well be an idiot. I catch cold almost always, my nose gets red in the winter and even worse in the summer — frost and sunburn vie for honors — I probably snore enormously and, as you know for yourself, I don't even know how many pairs of shorts I'm wearing half the time, whereas during the other half I daresay I'm not wearing any shorts at all. I'm quite impossible any way you look at it."

"I realize all that," she said, "but I bet you know a lot of dirty stories,

(continued on page 18)

What's Happening To Baseball?

sports



A young sportswriter takes the old game apart and puts it back together again

YOU can find Buck Weaver in a saloon near 63rd and Cottage in Chicago almost any afternoon the horses aren't running. He won't be drinking—he'll be in the back room.

Buck is willing to interrupt his pinochle game to tell you about the good old days of baseball.

"We used to sit there with a file," he recalls, "and get our spikes as sharp as razors."

Buck will recount his pre-game conversations with big Heinie Zimmerman of the hated Cubs, which ran, roughly: "Why, you big %\$\$#!**-/¢ of a #-!*, if you \$!&\$":)¢ anywhere near third base, I'll **#!//¢\$ your :)!/%#!&! zoff!!" And he meant it.

Buck Weaver was one of the greatest third basemen who ever lived, but don't look for him in the Baseball Hall of Fame. He was one of the eight players on the Chicago White Sox who were ruled out of baseball for life when Judge Landis decided they threw the 1919 World Series to Cincinnati.

Buck never did collect a nickel from the gamblers. He wants to be reinstated in baseball, so he can die with a clear record, but the commissioner won't even answer his letters.

Buck Weaver is Old School baseball. Are there any like him today?

If a team of the ten best men in the majors today could play the ten best of two generations ago at their

prime, today's players would beat the ancients ten games out of ten—razor-spikes and all.

Today's ball players throw harder, hit farther, are meaner and bigger, throw more beanballs at batters and more blocks at second basemen than any athletes since Abner Doubleday decided to invent the national pastime.

The older the old time athletes get, the greater they become—the farther away they get from college, the more All American honors they won.

But in any sport where results are measurable, it's no contest. The fellows with the knee-length track suits and handlebar moustaches galloped the mile in 4:12. It took a 1954 athlete to do what they said was impossible—run the mile in less than four minutes. They run faster, jump farther, vault higher, and put the shot longer today than ever before. A young Californian named Bob Mathias mangled the Olympic records of heroic Jim Thorpe.

Basketball has come along so fast that fair-minded players who watch the dazzling play in state high school tournaments acknowledge that most state champions could have taken good college teams of a dozen years ago. If nothing else, they'd simply play over the old timers' heads. Today's kids would take a 2 to 4 inch height advantage into the game.

Football? Maybe 60 or 70 to 0,

favor of the atomic age. The game today is so fast, the passing so skilled, the linemen so large, the boys from the flying-wedge days would be as helpless as the College All-Stars are in that game with the pro champions every August.

Is there any reason for thinking baseball is any different than the other sports?

'54 can beat '94, '04, and '14 in every department—including getting plotted when they're supposed to be in their hotel rooms. Big difference is—you don't hear so much about such goings on these days.

Today's clubs have press agents with split personalities. They spend half the time trying to get propaganda into the papers, and the other half trying to keep the bad stuff out. They're pretty good at both.

In Boston they have an outfielder who chases fly balls with such abandon that Lou Boudreau asked the management to please pad the walls, and they did. Now Jimmy Piersall is the only outfielder in baseball whose equipment includes glove, bat, spikes, and a foam rubber outfield.

"Sissy stuff!" the old men will snort. But were bones harder in the old days? Would a skull bashing into concrete in 1954 crack, whereas a 1904 skull hitting the same concrete at the same velocity merely knock a few chips out of the wall? The 1954 game

(continued on page 46)

by jay arnold

Boss's Breeches *(continued from page 16)*

and I fairly wallow in those."

Peter groaned spiritually. This creature was beyond belief — literally incredible. And to think that he had been in the same office with her for three whole years, and before that his father had been subjected to the same demoralizing influence. Perhaps that accounted for the old gentleman's perennial bloomings.

"Furthermore," the girl's voice continued, "professional wrestlers and strong men and those silent birds you mentioned are notoriously moral. They hold deep-rooted convictions and have exceedingly piggish ways. Now you — you're quite another proposition. Without realizing it you are so morally flexible that you must have been born corrupted. I'd much rather live amid physical ruins than stagnate amid moral perfection."

"Your sentiments and opinions do us both credit, I'm sure," observed Peter Van Dyck. "What sort of life are you planning for me to live with you — one of pillage, rape, and arson?"

"Pillage and arson, perhaps," she said briefly. "The other will not be necessary."

"Aren't you getting off soon?" asked Peter.

"Yes," she replied as the train lurched into Times Square. "Right here. Good-bye, for the moment, and don't be surprised at anything that happens. Remember, I'm on your side."

Peter's gaze followed her through the door of the train and out onto the platform. As she looked back at him Josephine decided she had never seen a more lost and miserable expression in any man's eyes. Being of a primitive nature, she still had room for pity. Her scheme for helping this man and at the same time helping herself crystallized there in her mind as Peter's train drew out. Tossing her shopping expedition to the winds, she boarded the next uptown express.

On her way to 72nd Street she revolved many desperate remedies in her mind. At the same time she found occasion to congratulate herself for having come to a decision while still in the subway, for thus she had saved the price of another fare. Jo was passionate about everything — even thrift.

• • •

Peter wearily climbed the stairs to his rooms, unaware that they were already occupied. A small weasel of a man was busy going through Peter's dresser drawers. The man's name was Little Arthur, and he was a burglar.

Little Arthur heard Peter in the hall and was able to duck behind a window drape in the nick of time. Completely unaware of the visitor,

Peter began undressing in order to take a shower.

While this scene was working up to its inevitable climax, Josephine Duval was resolutely ascending the front stoop of the Van Dyck residence. Just what she intended to do when she got inside, she had not the slightest idea. However, Jo was one of the world's most successful opportunists. Something would be sure to turn up. Something always did. But what turned up at first was not any too reassuring. This was no less a personage than Sanders, the Van Dyck butler.

"Would you mind telling your mistress," said Jo, neatly slipping past the great man, "that there's a lady calling on her who is in an interesting condition?"

Now this form of announcing herself, especially in view of the fact that it was entirely misleading if not worse, might strike some as being particularly ill-advised. However, Jo found herself in the position of one suddenly called upon to speak when there is absolutely nothing to say, and so she very wisely decided that it really did not matter much what she said so long as she said something — anything. Furthermore it cannot be denied that her opening speech was not without an element of surprise. Even the impeccable Sanders found the information difficult to take in his stately stride.

"Thank you, madam," he replied, his suavity jarred a note off key. "Has my mistress any special reason to be interested in your interesting condition, may I ask?"

"No," snapped Jo. "but her nephew has. And while we're on the subject you might as well know that I'm not a madam yet. I'm still a miss, if in name only. And you'd better carry on with a click. My condition grows more interesting by leaps and bounds. Soon it may become engrossing."

Sanders had encountered many extraordinary young women in the course of a long and inactive career but never one quite so buoyantly extraordinary as Josephine. She impressed the astonished butler as being actually exuberant over a situation which any properly constituted girl would have considered, if not desperate, at least disturbing.

"I quite understand, miss," he replied soothingly. "If you'll pardon me a moment I'll withdraw to consult —"

"And if I'm not here when you get back," Jo broke in, "you can look for my body in the nearest river — which one is that?"

"The Hudson, miss," said Sanders hopefully. "About three blocks over to your left as you go out."

"You're almost too eagerly explicit,"

Josephine observed as the butler turned a dignified back and departed.

As soon as he had gone, Josephine looked quickly about her. From a room opening off the hall about ten feet away came the hum of conversation. Also the sound of clinking glasses. The cocktail-tea party was already getting under way. Josephine was greatly interested. She yearned to see everything — how these people lived and what they intended to do to Peter, who by now had become in her illogical mind irrevocably her man. Regardless of the laws of decency and self-respect, she must prevent this engagement. The door to what appeared to be a clothes closet presented itself as the most obvious means to this end. As she slipped into this closet and closed the door behind her, she was still assuring herself that something would turn up to delay the formal announcement of Peter's betrothal to that snake-hipped Yolanda Wilmont. The closet was fairly commodious, but without light. Innumerable unseen coats were hanging on all sides of the girl — fur coats, storm coats, top coats and overcoats. Thinking how grandly the rich lived, she disappeared behind the coats and temporarily withdrew from active participation in the destiny of the Van Dycks.

Abovestairs, in his room, Peter was wondering if the shower bath he fully intended to take was going to improve matters any. Did condemned men take showers before they faced the firing squad or marched to the chair? The only condemned man he knew anything about was himself, and what little he knew about him was hardly interesting enough to be told. However, things might be worse. He was not actually getting married today. There was always poison as a last resort. He wondered if he should take it himself or give it to Yolanda.

And while these speculations were passing through Peter's mind, equally perplexing ones were engaging the mind of Sanders as he stood in the hall below and looked round for signs of the vanished Jo. Presently he shrugged his shoulders as if to dismiss the incident. Evidently the young lady had decided in favor of the river. Under the circumstances that was probably the most tactful arrangement for all concerned. In spite of her bold manner the young woman must have had some sense of the fitness of things. Had he said the river was three or four blocks over? He did not quite recall. Too many things to think about. By now she should be quite definitely drowned if she had not changed her mind. She had seemed like a determined character, if a little callous. There were other things to be done.

(continued on page 36)



"Notice how the stripes make you appear slimmer!"



of Franz 54

IT WAS a dark, starless night. We were becalmed in the Northern Pacific. Our exact position I do not know; for the sun had been hidden during the course of a weary, breathless week, by a thin haze which had seemed to float above us, about the height of our mast-heads, at whiles descending and shrouding the surrounding sea.

With there being no wind, we had steadied the tiller, and I was the only man on deck. The crew, consisting of two men and a boy, were sleeping forward in their den; while Will—my friend, and the master of our little craft—was aft in his bunk on the port side of the little cabin.

Suddenly, from out of the surrounding darkness, there came a hail:

"Schooner, ahoy!"

The cry was so unexpected that I

gave no immediate answer, because of my surprise.

It came again—a voice curiously throaty and inhuman, calling from somewhere upon the dark sea away on our port broadside:

"Schooner, ahoy!"

"Hullo!" I sung out, having gathered my wits somewhat. "What are you? What do you want?"

"You need not be afraid," answered the queer voice, having probably noticed some trace of confusion in my tone. "I am only an old—man."

The pause sounded oddly; but it was only afterwards that it came back to me with any significance.

"Why don't you come alongside, then?" I queried somewhat snappishly; for I liked not his hinting at my having been a trifle shaken.

fiction

THE VOICE IN THE NIGHT

BY WILLIAM
HOPE HODGSON

Illustrated By Franz Altschuler

"I—I—can't. It wouldn't be safe. I—" The voice broke off, and there was silence.

"What do you mean?" I asked, growing more and more astonished. "What not safe? Where are you?"

I listened for a moment; but there came no answer. And then, a sudden indefinite suspicion, of I knew not what, coming to me, I stepped swiftly to the binnacle, and took out the lighted lamp. At the same time, I knocked on the deck with my heel to waken Will. Then I was back at the side, throwing the yellow funnel of light out into the silent immensity beyond our rail. As I did so, I heard a slight, muffled cry, and then the sound of a splash as though someone had dipped oars abruptly. Yet I cannot say that I saw anything with certainty; save, it seemed to me, that with the first flash of the light, there had been something upon the waters, where now there was nothing.

"Hullo, there!" I called. "What

foolery is this!"

But there came only the indistinct sounds of a boat being pulled away into the night.

Then I heard Will's voice, from the direction of the after scuttle:

"What's up, George?"

"Come here, Will!" I said.

"What is it?" he asked, coming across the deck.

I told him the queer thing which had happened. He put several questions; then, after a moment's silence, he raised his hands to his lips, and hailed:

"Boat, ahoy!"

From a long distance away there came back to us a faint reply, and my companion repeated his call. Presently, after a short period of silence, there grew on our hearing the muffled sound of oars; at which Will hailed again.

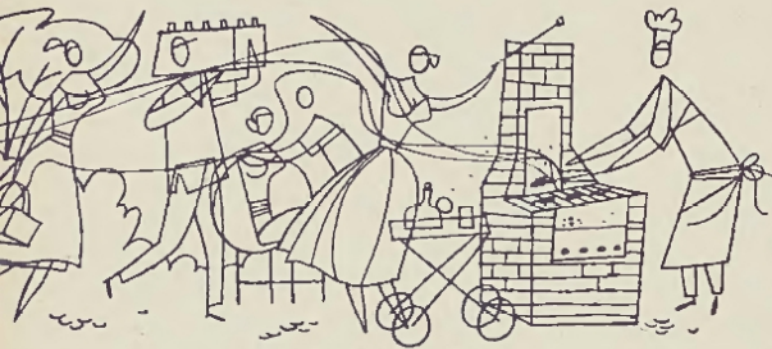
This time there was a reply:

"Put away the light."

"I'm damned if I will," I muttered;

(continued on page 24)

"On the seventh morning, my sweetheart woke to find a small patch of it growing on her pillow, close to her face."



**Hark to the crackling
hickory fire and the
pleasures of cooking
outdoors!**

By Thomas Mario

playboy's food & drink editor



ILLUSTRATION BY JUSTIN WAGER



HOW TO PLAY WITH FIRE

The manly art of outdoor cooking was never intended for party-waists.

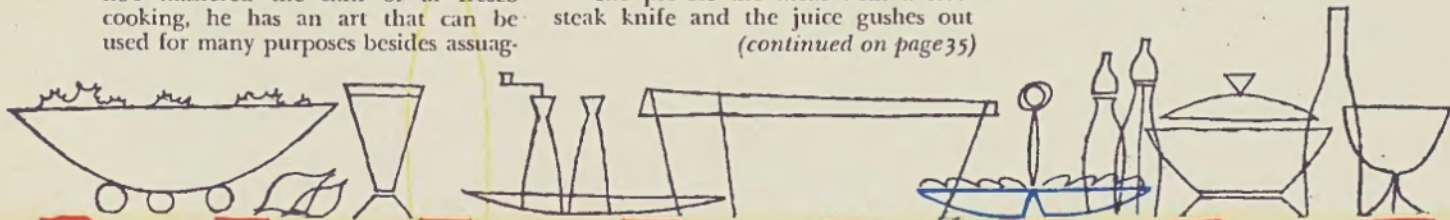
A man who invites his lady fair out to the terrace to impress her with his own idea of grilled *filet mignon marchand de vin* may find himself suddenly in the midst of a bruising brawl. A fight is on—not with one but with a whole arena of redoubtable opponents. He is burned with hot charcoal, walloped with grills, cut with knives, jabbed with forks, stained with grease and groggy with smoke. His dream of making a wonderful impression with skewers of flaming shish kebab winds up with the backyard chef howling for first aid.

Only after the amateur chef first learns how to ward off these chin busters can he introduce a note of romance via the lady's stomach. When he's mastered the skill of *al fresco* cooking, he has an art that can be used for many purposes besides assuag-

ing hunger.

—it's summertime. You and she have been splashing around in the lake for a few hours. Evening is approaching and you feel the first sign of hunger gadding about. You take the picnic basket and proceed to build the fire while she sets the big slab stone that serves as your table top. You pour a few dry martinis from a thermos and your appetites are sharpened into definite focus. The smell of burning apple wood and the crackling fire beneath the thick prime steaks makes her secretly swoon. There is another round of martinis. Both of you feel an almost unbearable craving to sink your teeth into solid food. And then you deliver the thick browned steaks, charred and crisp on the outside, rare inside.

—she pierces the meat with a steel steak knife and the juice gushes out
(continued on page 35)



VOICE IN THE NIGHT (continued from page 21)

but Will told me to do as the voice bade, and I shoved it down under the bulwarks.

"Come nearer," he said, and the oar strokes continued. Then, when apparently some half-dozen fathoms distant, they again ceased.

"Come alongside," exclaimed Will. "There's nothing to be frightened of aboard here!"

"Promise that you will not show the light?"

"What's to do with you," I burst out, "that you're so infernally afraid of the light?"

"Because—" began the voice, and stopped short.

"Because what?" I asked quickly.

Will put his hand on my shoulder.

"Shut up a minute, old man," he said in a low voice. "Let me tackle him."

He leaned more over the rail.

"See here, Mister," he said, "this is a pretty queer business, you coming upon us like this, right out in the middle of the blessed Pacific. How are we to know what sort of a hanky-panky trick you're up to? You say there's only one of you. How are we to know, unless we get a squint at you—eh? What's your objection to the light, anyway?"

As he finished, I heard the noise of the oars again, and then the voice came; but now from a greater distance, and sounding extremely hopeless and pathetic.

"I am sorry—sorry! I would not have troubled you, only I am hungry, and—so is she."

The voice died away, and the sound of the oars, dipping irregularly, was borne to us.

"Stop!" sung out Will. "I don't want to drive you away. Come back! We'll keep the light hidden, if you don't like it."

He turned to me:

"It's a damned queer rig, this; but I think there's nothing to be afraid of?"

There was a question in his tone, and I replied.

"No, I think the poor devil's been wrecked around here, and gone crazy."

The sound of the oars drew nearer. "Shove that lamp back in the binnacle," said Will; then he leaned over the rail and listened. I replaced the lamp, and came back to his side. The dipping of the oars ceased some dozen yards distant.

"Won't you come alongside now?" asked Will in an even voice. "I have had the lamp put back in the binnacle."

"I—I cannot," replied the voice. "I dare not come nearer. I dare not even pay you for the—the provisions."

"That's all right," said Will, and

hesitated. "You're welcome to as much grub as you can take—" Again he hesitated.

"You are very good," exclaimed the voice. "May God, Who understands everything, reward you—" It broke off huskily.

"The—the lady?" said Will abruptly. "Is she—"

"I have left her behind upon the island," came the voice.

"What island?" I cut in.

"I know not its name," returned the voice. "I would to God—" it began, and checked itself as suddenly.

"Could we not send a boat for her?" asked Will at this point.

"No!" said the voice, with extraordinary emphasis. "My God! No!" There was a moment's pause; then it added, in a tone which seemed a merited reproach:

"It was because of our want I ventured—because her agony tortured me."

"I am a forgetful brute," exclaimed Will. "Just wait a minute, whoever you are, and I will bring you up something at once."

In a couple of minutes he was back again, and his arms were full of various edibles. He paused at the rail.

"Can't you come alongside for them?" he asked.

"No—I dare not," replied the voice, and it seemed to me that in its tones I detected a note of stifled craving—as though the owner hushed a mortal desire. It came to me then in a flash that the poor old creature out there in the darkness was suffering for actual need of that which Will held in his arms; and yet, because of some unintelligible dread, refraining from dashing to the side of our schooner, and receiving it. And with the lightninglike conviction, there came the knowledge that the Invisible was not mad; but sanely facing some intolerable horror.

"Damn it, Will!" I said, full of many feelings, over which predominated a vast sympathy. "Get a box. We must float off the stuff to him in it."

This we did—propelling it away from the vessel, out into the darkness, by means of a boathook. In a minute, a slight cry from the Invisible came to us, and we knew that he had secured the box.

A little later, he called out a farewell to us, and so heartfelt a blessing that I am sure we were the better for it. Then, without more ado, we heard the ply of oars across the darkness.

"Pretty soon off," remarked Will, with perhaps just a little sense of injury.

"Wait," I replied. "I think somehow he'll come back. He must have been badly needing that food."

"And the lady," said Will. For a moment he was silent; then he con-

tinued:

"It's the queerest thing ever I've tumbled across, since I've been fishing."

"Yes," I said, and fell to pondering.

And so the time slipped away—an hour, another, and still Will stayed with me; for the queer adventure had knocked all desire for sleep out of him.

The third hour was three parts through, when we heard again the sound of oars across the silent ocean.

"Listen!" said Will, a low note of excitement in his voice.

"He's coming, just as I thought," I muttered.

The dipping of the oars grew nearer, and I noted that the strokes were firmer and longer. The food had been needed.

They came to a stop a little distance off the broadside, and the queer voice came again to us through the darkness:

"Schooner, ahoy!"

"That you?" asked Will.

"Yes," replied the voice. "I left you suddenly; but—but there was great need."

"The lady?" questioned Will.

"The—lady is grateful now on earth. She will be more grateful soon in—in heaven."

Will began to make some reply, in a puzzled voice; but became confused, and broke off short. I said nothing. I was wondering at the curious pauses, and apart from my wonder, I was full of a great sympathy.

The voice continued:

"We—she and I, have talked, as we shared the result of God's tenderness and yours—"

Will interposed; but without coherence.

"I beg of you not to—to belittle your deed of Christian charity this night," said the voice. "Be sure that it has not escaped His notice."

It stopped, and there was a full minute's silence. Then it came again:

"We have spoken together upon that which—which has befallen us. We had thought to go out, without telling any, of the terror which has come into our—lives. She is with me in believing that tonight's happenings are under a special ruling, and that it is God's wish that we should tell to you all that we have suffered since—since—"

"Yes?" said Will softly.

"Since the sinking of the *Albatross*."

"Ah!" I exclaimed involuntarily.

"She left Newcastle for 'Frisco some six months ago, and hasn't been heard of since."

"Yes," answered the voice. "But some few degrees to the North of the line she was caught in a terrible storm, and dismantled. When the day came, it was found that she was leaking badly, and presently, it falling to a calm, the sailors took to the boats, leaving—leaving a young lady—my fiancée—and myself upon the wreck."

(continued on page 28)



"No thanks—just looking."

MISS JULY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





VOICE IN THE NIGHT *(continued from page 24)*

"We were below, gathering together a few of our belongings, when they left. They were entirely callous, through fear, and when we came up upon the decks, we saw them only as small shapes afar off upon the horizon. Yet we did not despair, but set to work and constructed a small raft. Upon this we put such few matters as it would hold, including a quantity of water and some ship's biscuit. Then, the vessel being very deep in the water, we got ourselves on to the raft, and pushed off.

"It was later, when I observed that we seemed to be in the way of some tide or current, which bore us from the ship at an angle; so that in the course of three hours, by my watch, her hull became invisible to our sight, her broken masts remaining in view for a somewhat longer period. Then, towards evening, it grew misty, and so through the night. The next day we were still encompassed by the mist, the weather remaining quiet.

"For four days we drifted through this strange haze, until, on the evening of the fourth day, there grew upon our ears the murmur of breakers at a distance. Gradually it became plainer, and, somewhat after midnight, it appeared to sound upon either hand at no very great space. The raft was raised upon a swell several times, and then we were in smooth water, and the noise of the breakers was behind.

"When the morning came, we found that we were in a sort of great lagoon; but of this we noticed little at the time; for close before us, through the enshrouding mist, loomed the hull of a large sailing vessel. With one accord, we fell upon our knees and thanked God; for we thought that here was an end to our perils. We had much to learn.

"The raft drew near to the ship, and we shouted on them to take us aboard; but none answered. Presently the raft touched against the side of the vessel, and, seeing a rope hanging downwards, I seized it and began to climb. Yet I had much ado to make my way up, because of a kind of gray, lichenous fungus which had seized upon the rope, and which blotched the side of the ship lividly.

"I reached the rail and clambered over it, on to the deck. Here I saw that the decks were covered, in great patches, with the gray masses, some of them rising into nodules several feet in height; but at the time I thought less of this matter than of the possibility of there being people aboard the ship. I shouted; but none answered. Then I went to the door below the poop deck. I opened it, and peered in. There was a great smell of staleness, so that I knew in a mo-

ment that nothing living was within, and with the knowledge, I shut the door quickly; for I felt suddenly lonely.

"I went back to the side where I had scrambled up. My—my sweetheart was still sitting quietly upon the raft. Seeing me look down she called up to know whether there were any aboard of the ship. I replied that the vessel had the appearance of having been long deserted; but that if she would wait a little I would see whether there was anything in the shape of a ladder by which she could ascend to the deck. Then we would make a search through the vessel together. A little later, on the opposite side of the decks, I found a rope side ladder. This I carried across, and a minute afterwards she was beside me.

"Together we explored the cabins and apartments in the after part of the ship; but nowhere was there any sign of life. Here and there, within the cabins themselves, we came across odd patches of that queer fungus; but this, as my sweetheart said, could be cleansed away.

"In the end, having assured ourselves that the after portion of the vessel was empty, we picked our ways to the bows, between the ugly gray nodules of that strange growth; and here we made a further search, which told us that there was indeed none aboard but ourselves.

"This being now beyond any doubt, we returned to the stern of the ship and proceeded to make ourselves as comfortable as possible. Together we cleared out and cleaned two of the cabins; and after that I made examination whether there was anything eatable in the ship. This I soon found was so, and thanked God in my heart for His goodness. In addition to this I discovered the whereabouts of the fresh-water pump, and having fixed it I found the water drinkable, though somewhat unpleasant to the taste.

"For several days we stayed aboard the ship, without attempting to get to the shore. We were busily engaged in making the place habitable. Yet even thus early we became aware that our lot was even less to be desired than might have been imagined; for though, as a first step, we scraped away the odd patches of growth that studded the floors and walls of the cabins and saloon, yet they returned almost to their original size within the space of twenty-four hours, which not only discouraged us, but gave us a feeling of vague unease.

"Still we would not admit ourselves beaten, so set to work afresh, and not only scraped away the fungus, but soaked the places where it had been, with carbolic, a canful of which I had

found in the pantry. Yet, by the end of the week the growth had returned in full strength, and, in addition, it had spread to other places, as though our touching it had allowed germs from it to travel elsewhere.

"On the seventh morning, my sweetheart woke to find a small patch of it growing on her pillow, close to her face. At that, she came to me, so soon as she could get her garments upon her. I was in the galley at the time lighting the fire for breakfast.

"'Come here, John,' she said, and led me aft. When I saw the thing upon her pillow I shuddered, and then and there we agreed to go right out of the ship and see whether we could not fare to make ourselves more comfortable ashore.

"Hurriedly we gathered together our few belongings, and even among these I found that the fungus had been at work; for one of her shawls had a little lump of it growing near one edge. I threw the whole thing over the side, without saying anything to her.

"The raft was still alongside, but it was too clumsy to guide, and I lowered down a small boat that hung across the stern, and in this we made our way to the shore. Yet, as we drew near to it, I became gradually aware that here the vile fungus, which had driven us from the ship, was growing riot. In places it rose into horrible, fantastic mounds, which seemed almost to quiver, as with a quiet life, when the wind blew across them. Here and there it took on the forms of vast fingers, and in others it just spread out flat and smooth and treacherous. Odd places, it appeared as grotesque stunted trees, seeming extraordinarily kinked and gnarled—the whole quaking vilely at times.

"At first, it seemed to us that there was no single portion of the surrounding shore which was not hidden beneath the masses of the hideous lichen; yet, in this, I found we were mistaken; for somewhat later, coasting along the shore at a little distance, we descried a smooth white patch of what appeared to be fine sand, and there we landed. It was not sand. What it was I do not know. All that I have observed is that upon it the fungus will not grow; while everywhere else, save where the sandlike earth wanders oddly, pathwise, amid the gray desolation of the lichen, there is nothing but that loathsome grayness.

"It is difficult to make you understand how cheered we were to find one place that was absolutely free from the growth, and here we deposited our belongings. Then we went back to the ship for such things as it seemed to us we should need. Among other matters, I managed to bring ashore

(continued on page 48)

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The young reporter was interviewing a woman who had just reached her 100th birthday.

"To what do you attribute your remarkable good health?" he asked.

"Well," she said, thoughtfully, "I've always eaten moderately, worked hard, I don't smoke or drink, and I keep good hours."

"Have you ever been bedridden?" the reporter asked.

"Well, sure," said the elderly lady, "but don't put that in your paper."



This is old, but it has always been one of our favorites.

The young playboy took a blind date to an amusement park. They went for a ride on the Ferris wheel. The ride completed, she seemed rather bored.

"What would you like to do next?" he asked.

"I wanna be weighed," she said. So the young man took her over to the weight guesser. "112," said the man at the scale, and he was absolutely right.

Next they rode the roller coaster. After that, he bought her some popcorn and cotton candy, then he asked what else she would like to do.

"I wanna be weighed," she said.

I really latched onto a square one tonight, thought the young man, and using the excuse that he had developed a headache, he took the girl home.

The girl's mother was surprised to see her home so early, and asked, "What's wrong, dear, didn't you have a nice time tonight?"

"Wousy," said the girl.

The talkative lady was telling her husband about the bad manners of a recent visitor. "If that woman yawned once while I was talking," she said, "she yawned thirty times."

"Maybe she wasn't yawning, dear," said the husband, "just trying to say something."

A little girl answered the knock on the door of the farm house. The caller, a rather troubled looking, middle-aged man, asked to see her father.

"If you've come about the bull," she said, "he's \$50. We have the papers and everything and he's guaranteed."

"Young lady," the man said, "I want to see your father."

"If that's too much," the little girl replied, "we got another bull for \$25, and he's guaranteed, too, but he doesn't have any papers."

"Young lady," the man repeated, "I want to see your father!"

"If that's too much," said the little girl, "we got another bull for only \$10, but he's not guaranteed."

"I'm not here for a bull," said the man angrily. "I want to talk about your brother, Elmer. He's gotten my daughter in trouble!"

"Oh, I'm sorry," said the little girl. "You'll have to see Pa about that, 'cause I don't know what he charges for Elmer."



"I'm sorry, George," she said, "I can never learn to love you."

"Gee, that's too bad," said George, "and after I'd saved nearly ten grand, too."

"Give me one more lesson."

The young Georgia miss came to the hospital for a check-up.

"Have you been X-rayed?" asked the doctor.

"Nope," she said, "but ah've been ultra-violated."

"I'm awfully sorry, miss," said the store clerk, "but this five dollar bill is counterfeit."

"Damn it," she exclaimed, "I've been seduced!"

Our grandmothers believed there was a destiny that shaped their ends, but modern girls put their faith in girdles.





THE FLAT-FOOTED FLYCATCHER
(*Pedalis Dragionis Rookiensis*)

Male, plumage tends towards uniformity, commonly observed in flocks of nine, found in major flocks early in Spring, migrates to minors as season progresses.

CALL: *All mine!*



THE FULL-BREADED PUSHOVER
(*Easihadiensis Communita Chesta*)

Female, friendly bird, plumage gaudy, inclined to molt completely at slightest suggestion, migrates along bars greater U.S.

CALL: *Yes! Yes! Yes!*

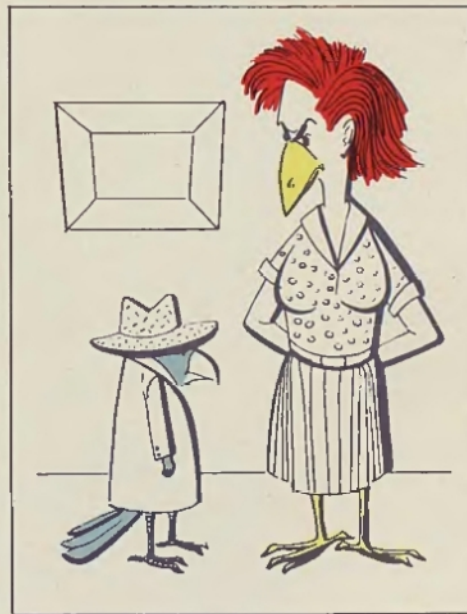
OUR



THE BLUE-NOSED KILLJOY
(*Antifunus, Antisnortus, Antiomnium*)

Male, form spare and gaunt, plumage dark, funeral, elongated beak area, holds great antipathy toward any form of relaxation, serves as mascot of W.C.T.U., gloomy bird.

CALL: *Sinner! Sinner!*



THE RED-HEADED HENPECKER
(*Spousiosis Dominorum*)

Female, generally mated to much smaller bird, domineering, given to emitting loud squawks when commands are not obeyed instantly.

CALL: *Where are your rubbers?*

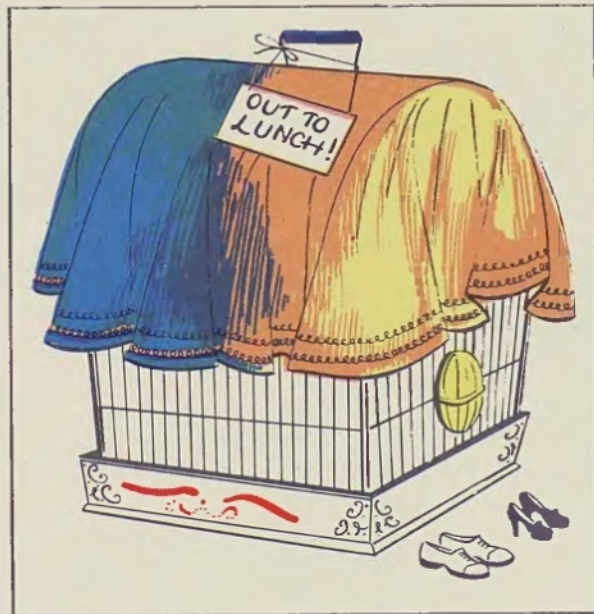
SPECIES FOR INDOOR BIRD WATCHERS

BY
H. FERRIL
AND
A. FOLSOM



THE MARINATED HERON
(*Cocktailis Loopendensis Plasteridis*)
Male, plumage generally in disarray, "eye" area bloodshot, voice muffled and indistinct, flight unsteady and confused.
CALL: *Wha' shay?*

FEATHERED FRIENDS



THE EXTRA-MARITAL LARK
(*Frolicus Furtivus*)
Male and female, always found in pairs if visible, inclined to mate often, co-habit in cottage camps, hotels, also nest of Hard-working Cuckold, migration abrupt under certain circumstances.

CALL: *Quick! Get in the closet!*

fiction



Ricciardo climbed into her waiting arms.

Ribald CLASSICS

A new translation of one of the choicest stories from Boccaccio's Decameron.

THE FEATHERLESS NIGHTINGALE

What? You have never heard of that prince of birds, that paragon of creatures, the nightingale without feathers? You do not know that ladies find his song much sweeter, his beauty more splendid, than those with the gayest of plumage? Then listen:

When Lizio of Romagna was quite old, his wife bore him a daughter who grew up to be the loveliest and most charming young lady in those parts. Her name was Caterina. Lizio guarded her diligently against the advances of the local blades.

One of these blades, however, went unsuspected by the old man, even though he often visited Lizio's home, for he was the son of an honored family and was treated as a member of the household. The young man was called Ricciardo and he was as handsome as Caterina was pretty, so it was not surprising that a strong attraction sprang up between them.

This went unvoiced for some time, for Ricciardo was fearful of offending Caterina and Caterina did not wish to appear forward. At last, however, the boy's desire loosened his tongue and he blurted out:

"Caterina! Do you want me to die for lack of love?"

"No, indeed," she replied. "But how may I save your life and my reputation at the same time? Father insists that I sleep with Mother every night."

This was truly a problem, but Ricciardo answered, "Your father, noble man, guards you well. Yet if you could persuade him to let you sleep out on the balcony, you might save me from being consumed in my own fires."

"I will try," Caterina promised.

That evening, while the girl and her mother were sewing in the mother's chamber, Caterina stopped to fan herself, breathe heavily, and say, "How insufferably hot it is, Mamma!"

Since the weather was cool, her mother was surprised at this observa-

tion, and said as much.

"Ah, Mamma," objected Caterina, "you know full well that the blood of young girls is far warmer than older matrons'. To me, the night is hot."

"I am sorry," said her mother. "But nothing can be done about it."

"Nothing? Why may I not make a bed on the balcony? It would be much more comfortable there, and the nightingale who sings in the garden would lull me to sleep."

"I will speak to your father, but I'm sure he will not agree to it."

The lady was right. Lizio would not hear of such a thing. That night, Caterina tossed and turned in bed so much that her mother could not get a wink of sleep. In the morning, the lady said to her husband, "For goodness' sake, let the girl sleep on the balcony. I could not live through another night like the last."

"Very well, very well," grumbled Lizio. "Prepare her a bed out there and let her listen to the confounded nightingale to her heart's content."

And so it was done. A curtained bed was moved onto the balcony that night and Caterina, attired in her prettiest nightgown, climbed into it and pretended to sleep. As soon as she was sure her mother and father were sleeping, she signalled to the waiting Ricciardo below. He, with some difficulty and danger, but spurred on by his great love, climbed up upon the balcony and was soon in Caterina's bed. She was overjoyed to receive him, and after exchanging uncountable kisses, she removed the nightgown and saved his life. Indeed, had Ricciardo possessed nine lives like a cat, the generous girl might have saved them all.

But life-saving is exhausting work and the two young people fell fast asleep after a time. Caterina slept with a smile on her lips and her hand on the staff of life.

Alas for them! Their sleep was so long it lasted until daybreak, and so deep they did not hear the approach of Lizio who went out upon the bal-

cony to see how his daughter had fared during the night.

Drawing aside the bed-curtains, he found Caterina and Ricciardo still in the position in which they had fallen asleep. Though his rage was boundless, Lizio said nothing. He went directly to his wife's chamber and roughly shook the sleeping lady.

"Awaken, wife," he cried, "and see how the nightingale has lulled your daughter to sleep!"

"What are you saying?" she asked.

"I say arise and see how your clever girl has caught the nightingale in her very hand!"

"How can that be?" the lady marvelled. "No nightingale will allow himself to be grasped in that way."

"Say you so? Then come and learn, foolish woman, that of all nightingales, the one without feathers may indeed be caught thus!"

The puzzled lady arose and followed Lizio to their daughter's bed, and as he held aside the curtains, she saw that what he said was true. Feeling Ricciardo had betrayed their trust, she was about to rail at him, but Lizio silenced her.

"Say nothing. Things ill begun may sometimes turn to good. Reflect: Ricciardo is of a rich and ancient family. Has our daughter shown a fondness for the nightingale? So be it! Let her have it often, then—in holy wedlock."

Suddenly the lovers awoke. Caterina let loose the nightingale. Ricciardo prepared himself for the death stroke of a righteous father. But when they heard Lizio's proposal, they rejoiced and almost leaped from the bed, naked as they were.

"No, do not rise," smiled Caterina's mother. "You doubtless can use a few more hours' sleep."

Thus did things end happily for Caterina, Ricciardo, and their families.

And the nightingale? He was happiest of all.





"The way they stare makes me feel positively undressed."

Playing with Fire *(continued from page 23)*

forming a quick pool of gravy with the sweet butter on the plate. There are a few minutes of delicious silence broken only by the sounds of soft oohs and aahs and the clatter of knives and forks crossing each other. You interrupt the steak fest for a moment to hand her an ear of roasted golden bantam corn on the cob. Both of you aim for the butter at the same time and then, moving your jaws in the well known rhythm from left to right, you slowly demolish the sweet golden kernels. The charred steak and the salt sprayed on the corn create a thirst and this you slake with bottles of ice cold pale dry ale.

— as she sips the ale you detect in her eyes a kind of yielding rapture. Are any further stratagems necessary? Your battle, of course, is won.

A man-about-town going on an outdoor picnic is not the old-fashioned type whose idea of fun is to build a primitive trench fire in the Andes or to construct a mud reflector for a rough stone barbecue on a mountain side. He's not in the habit of going into rhapsodies over grilled porcupine or marinated saddle of buffalo. He wants his beef steaks cut from the best blue ribbon beef, unmasked with pretentious sauces or phony garnishes. Fun should be fun and should be easy.

To become adept at the barbecue you should know something of the equipment you'll need. If you are building a permanent brick or stone outdoor fireplace, you should remember to locate it so that the fire faces in the direction of the prevailing wind. This will prevent your guests from suffocating with smoke when you build your blaze in the outdoor galley. It's also a good idea, if you're building a permanent dining table, to place it sufficiently far from the fire so that your guests are not inadvertently grilled to a medium brown while the hamburgers are on the fire. Finally the fireplace should be surrounded with a wide flagstone or brick walk to handle the traffic of cooks and hungry customers and to stack wood or charcoal.

Portable outdoor stoves come in an infinite variety of shapes and sizes. There are small collapsible stoves that can easily fit into the trunk compartment of your car. They are easy to carry and set up. But they are low and you may develop a semi-permanent kink in your back from bending over them. There are higher grills of both light and heavy metal, some with horizontal fires, others with vertical fires, many of them fitted with revolving spits.

PLAYBOY particularly recommends the portable brazier stove. This is a shallow round metal container with a wire rack above it. Some braziers are

equipped with a small forge making it possible for you to build a sturdy fire in a few minutes without fanning, tinder, liquid fuel or other fire feeders. Frequently they are built wheelbarrow style with rubber wheels. They are not easily knocked over and are extremely simple to handle.

Cooking utensils needn't be elaborate either. All outdoor utensils, however, should have extra long handles so that you can approach the fire without searing your arms or face. First of all you should own a sturdy double wire broiler into which you can fit your steaks or chops for easy turning. You should have a kitchen fork and spatula, both with long handles. A cook's French knife should be razor sharp. Finally you should own a pair of long tongs — not the cute chromium affairs used for lifting ice cubes but the sturdy tongs that professional cooks use for turning steaks, chops and cutlets. Go to a store selling restaurant equipment to buy the tongs. They are a wonderful aid in placing and transferring hot food. Always have a couple of rough kitchen towels and a pot holder within easy reach. A pair of asbestos gloves are a protection against burns but they are a prime nuisance when you have to handle raw meat, rolls or other food.

Don't dress up like a man who has just arrived from the Outer Spaces when you go to grill a hamburger. Pretentious epicures will urge you to wear a high chef's hat, a fancy neckerchief, butcher's or asbestos apron with fancy pockets and fancy sayings, goggles, asbestos gloves and cuffs — everything including war ribbons and epaulets. If you go for such donkeyshines, and they mean fun, all right. Otherwise a pair of clean work pants and an easy-to-laundry outdoor shirt that has known a stain or two in its history are very adequate.

To play with fire properly you should never attempt to cook while the fire is being built. Let the initial wild flames and the smoke drift away and when you have a bed of quiet red hot coals, you should begin to broil your steaks. Any hard wood such as hickory or apple may be used as fuel. But better than wood are charcoal or charcoal briquets. For starting the fire you may use dry wood shavings or dried twigs as tinder. A liquid preparation, charcolite, is very handy if you have difficulty starting the blaze. If you are using charcoal, however, a half dozen sheets of crumpled newspaper are sufficient to start the fire.

If there is a good draft in your stove or if there is a forge, you wait until the tinder bursts into flames and then slowly add the charcoal. Don't add so much fuel that the fire is smother-

ed. If the charcoal seems to take very slowly, fan the fire with a newspaper or use the forge. Don't abandon the fire for 15 or 20 minutes while you're quaffing a bottle of beer. You may return to find no fire left at all.

When you have established your bed of red hot coals, you may commence to broil. Don't use meat with excessive fat. The fat melts into the flames and soon both the wire broiler and the meat are wrapped in a sea of fire. Lamb chops are particular offenders in this respect. Trim them of almost all outer fat before broiling. To help the meat seal quickly and brown quickly brush it with cooking oil before exposing it to the fire.

If, in spite of your precautions, the flames become whipped up to an uncontrollable fury, remove the meat and douse the fire with a sprinkling of water, using a rubber water spray if possible. Don't flood the fire, or you may have a minor explosion followed by a burst of steam and then have to start the fire all over.

The meat should be four or five inches away from the fire. If it is too close, the meat may be charred to a black leathery mass. Raise the meat away from the fire, if necessary, using several bricks or large stones to increase the distance between the hot coals and the food.

Here are some rules of thumb for the fire game. Brush the wire broiler with cooking oil or salad oil before placing the meat in the broiler. This will keep the meat from sticking to the wire. Clean the wire broiler after each use to remove food particles and to prevent rancidity. Use a wire hair brush or copper scouring pads.

Outdoor broiled foods are only good if you know when to stop broiling. The idea in broiling is to expose as much of the surface of the food as possible to the flame so that the meat has a crisp outer crust while remaining juicy inside. Don't overcook. You can tell whether a steak or chop is rare, medium or well done by pressing it quickly with your fingers or with the back of a spoon. Meat that is rare will rebound quickly when touched. As it becomes more well done, it becomes firmer to the touch. Overdone meat will feel as firm as a stone slab. If you're broiling a steak or chop with a bone, you can cut alongside the bone and see the color of the exposed meat.

Season broiled meat with salt and pepper *after* broiling, not before. The salt retards browning.

One of the biggest offenses of outdoor cooking is panfrying. The prime purpose in grilling over an outdoor flame is to impart the sturdy but delicate flavor of the charcoal or wood to the food. Hickory smoked salt is often used by cooks as a flavoring in-

(continued on page 49)

Boss's Breeches *(continued from page 18)*

Cocktails to serve. Sanders moved away, leaving the hall deserted.

Several times while undressing, Peter had approached dangerously close to the drape behind which Little Arthur stood concealed. Altogether too close for the peace of mind of that small burglar. Now that his uninvited host was completely naked, there was the possibility he might be prompted by modesty to draw the drapes entirely. That was what Little Arthur would have done had he been in the same condition. Maybe the rich were different. Maybe they did not care. If he could only create some diversion, thought the man behind the drape, some little distraction sufficient to occupy the other's attention long enough to enable one to get out of that fateful room.

What could he do? Peter had turned and was looking intently at the drapery. Had he noticed anything, any slight, betraying movement? Little Arthur broke into a gentle sweat. Those eyes — those probing eyes. As soon as Peter looked away, the burglar's arm slid from behind the drape and withdrew with a drink siphon. Little Arthur had not the vaguest idea what he intended to do with the bottle, but at least it was better than having nothing at all, better than facing with bare hands an infuriated and naked property owner. Once more Peter's eyes strayed toward the drapes. Why did he look at the one drape always instead of some other? Surely he suspected something. Yes. He did suspect something. He actually knew something. Once more he was approaching the drapery. He was halfway across the room, and naked as a primitive man. Little Arthur was as much unnerved by what he saw as by what he feared. His grip tightened on the object in his hand. Two thirds across the room Peter stopped and, turning his bare back, reached down and meditatively scratched his leg as men will. This was a trick, Little Arthur decided. No man, unless fired by some sinister determination, would permit himself to appear in such an unfavorable light. Furthermore, the rich, if they took advantage of their opportunities, should have no occasion thus to scratch themselves. Little Arthur was not to be deceived. This was a trick. If Peter Van Dyck had been hoping to rattle the small criminal, he had virtually succeeded. To witness these preparations was even worse than facing the attack itself.

It was at this moment that Little Arthur was seized by a mad impulse, an uncontrollable desire to squirt the contents of the siphon on the exposed back of the busily scratching

man. It was an impulse not difficult to understand. Virtually everyone is visited by it at least once in the course of his life. Some persons never outgrow it. To them a siphon and a naked back mean only one thing—immediate contact. At the moment Little Arthur had not sufficient mental stamina to resist any impulse. He raised the siphon, drew an accurate bead on the exposed surface, then pressed the lever. The liquid missile splashed smartly against Peter Van Dyck's back and broke into little cascades along the ridges of his spine. The effect was instantaneous. Peter snapped erect and looked wildly about him. Astonishment, shock, and indignation fought for ascendancy in his eyes. But his gaze encountered nothing enlightening. For a moment he feared for his reason. Was it possible that in his spiritual turmoil he had imagined himself under the shower? The water trickling down his flanks annoyed but reassured him. Then anger mounted within his breast. A Van Dyck would stand for no nonsense, especially a nude Van Dyck. The perpetrator of this outrage against his privacy and person must be concealed somewhere within the room. Probably behind one of those drapes. Almost slithering with excitement, Peter warily advanced upon one of the hangings. That he had selected the wrong one did not rob his activities of interest. Little Arthur was interested and also a bit relieved. As a matter of fact he was even faintly amused. The idea of a naked man stalking an empty drapery had its lighter side.

As Peter, quivering with purpose, sprang upon his drape, Little Arthur, quivering with no less purpose, sprang from behind his and sprinted to the door. Reaching this before Peter had time to turn, the flying burglar dashed out into the hall and slammed the door behind him. The sound of the door brought Peter back to action. Passionately cursing the drape, he sped across the room and threw open the door. The intruder was gone, obviously having succeeded in putting the front flight of stairs between himself and pursuit. This time Peter was right. Little Arthur, tossing discretion to the winds, had nipped down the first flight of stairs that offered itself to his frantic feet. For a brief moment Peter hesitated in the doorway, then, adding decency to discretion, he tossed them both to the winds and took up the chase.

On the landing he ran into the maid.

"Gord, Mr. Peter!" she gasped. "Whacha doing?"

"Running," said Peter briefly. He had no time for explanations.

"I should say," murmured the maid after his bare back. "Running wild like Adam hisself."

Peter's descent into the front hall fortunately went unnoticed. More guests had arrived, and more guests were due to arrive. It was this latter possibility that brought Peter to a full and blinding realization of his position. For the first time he saw himself as indubitably he would appear in the eyes of others. He saw himself not as an innocent man seeking justice, but simply as a stark naked stock broker dazzlingly greeting his guests at the doors of his ancestral home. The picture was somewhat too vivid for his nerves. He delivered the soul of his craven attacker into the arms of divine retribution and flung himself into the clothes closet a split second before Sanders appeared to answer the summons of the doorbell.

Reaching out in the darkness, Peter's hand groped horrifyingly over a face. Now this is a decidedly disagreeable experience, perhaps one of the most disagreeable in the world. It is especially so when one is under the impression that there are no faces about. Even married people, after long years of propinquity, are frequently revolted when in the still hours of the night they inadvertently extend a hand and find themselves fumbling drowsily with the face of a mate. The same holds true even of one's mistress. One receives quite an unpleasant shock. With other parts of the body it is not so bad, but with the face, yes. It was certainly so with Peter. Had it not been for his nakedness, he would have emitted scream upon scream. Little Arthur, too, was far from well.

"Who are you?" demanded Peter, his voice hoarse with consternation.

"I'm Little Arthur," chattered a voice in the darkness. "You know, mister, the guy you was chasing."

If it had not been for the fact that every instinct in Peter's being cried out against further association with any part of Little Arthur, the man would have been strangled there and then in the darkness of the closet.

"Sorry I squirted the water on you, mister," the little crook began in mollifying accents.

"It doesn't matter really," said Peter with false politeness. "I was going to take a shower anyway. May I ask, though what you were doing in my room?"

"I'm a burglar," replied Little Arthur, too depressed to be other than truthful.

"What are you doing in here?" Peter demanded.

"The same thing as you, sir. Keeping out of the public eye."

A moment's silence then Peter's voice, nervously: "You seem to be in

(continued on page 41)

THE EVOLUTION OF THE BATHING SUIT



In the beginning, women didn't wear bathing suits at all . . .

Modern times brought prudery, and bathing suits that covered the ladies from stem to stern.



But in the 1930's, social restrictions began shrinking, and so did the girl's swim suits.



The '40's brought one-piece beach attire.

Then came a major change: the two-piece suit. Midriffs saw the light of day as bathing suits became briefer . . .



And briefer . . .



And briefer . . .



And briefer!



What next . . . ?



In 1955—back to the one-piece suit, perhaps



And in 1960 the cycle is completed.



Boss's Breeches (continued from page 36)

front of me, and yet I distinctly feel you breathing heavily on my back. How do you manage that?

"I'm not doing it mister," said Little Arthur. "I ain't got strength enough left to do any breathing at all."

"No?" replied Peter, turning. "That's funny. Oh, my God! I'm surrounded." He had thrust one of his fingers into Josephine's mouth, and she had instinctively bitten it for lack of anything better to do.

"Remove your finger from my mouth this instant," she gabbled furiously.

Peter's hand was quicker than the eye. "What are you doing in here with Little Arthur?" he demanded, nursing his damaged finger.

"I hadn't thought of doing anything with Little Arthur," Jo retorted. "Don't even know what to do with myself much less with anyone else. He must have come in here after me."

"The dirty little crook!" said Peter. "I'll strangle him with these two bare hands right here in cold blood."

Little Arthur closed his eyes, yet still saw two bare hands floating through the darkness.

"Go on and do it," urged Josephine. "There are too many of us in this closet already."

"I don't want to be in here with you alone," Peter told her. "And the dead body of a criminal, perhaps."

"It won't make any difference so long as the body is good and dead," Jo explained.

"Oh, what a terrible woman," Little Arthur chattered from his corner. "Where did she come from?"

"Don't know why you followed her in the first place," said Peter.

"I won't ever again," vowed the little man. "Didn't even know she was here."

"He's a nasty little liar," whispered Josephine. "He deliberately came in after me."

"Don't you believe her, mister," Little Arthur pleaded. "She's trying to turn you against me just as we were getting along, like I know her game."

"Shut up, you rat!" the girl flung at him. "I'll claw your wicked tongue out."

"Don't let her at me, please, mister," Little Arthur put in. "She wants to get us both in trouble."

"We are in trouble," Peter reminded him. "Terrible trouble. Suppose someone should come barging into this closet?"

"I'll swear I was lured in," said Jo.

"On what pretext?" Peter demanded.

"A fur coat," she answered readily.

"Wouldn't speak well for your morals," he snapped.

"Nor any better for yours," she replied. "But if you don't like that, I'll say that the two of you dragged me in."

"Wouldn't put it past her, mister," warned Little Arthur. "She's a bad one, she is. Glad I can't see her."

"You horrid little crook!" shrielled Jo. "Where do you get off?"

"I'll have to ask you both to shut up," said Peter. "You'll be having the whole damn house in."

"Oh, dear," murmured Jo. "Here I am cooped up in a closet with a naked man and a thief. I don't know which way to turn."

"Well, don't turn this way," said Peter. "And how do you know I'm naked? Oh, for God's own sake, is that your hand? I've been thinking it was mine all the time. I'm so upset. No wonder you know how I am."

In the darkness Jo laughed evilly. "I saw your impassioned entrance," she gloated.

"If you don't keep your hands off, you'll see my impassioned exit," he retorted.

"All women seem ter be loose these days," observed Little Arthur. "Weren't like that when I was a boy."

"You're no bigger than a nipper now," retorted Jo.

"Perhaps not," said the burglar, "but I got more sense. Why don't you keep your bold hands off the gentleman? He don't understand your common ways."

"I'll make them unmistakable," said the girl.

"What are you going ter do, mister?" Little Arthur asked hopelessly. "There ain't no good in her."

"Why don't you do something?" demanded Peter. "You got me into this."

"No, I didn't," the burglar protested. "I was trying to get away and you insisted on following me."

"Naturally," replied Peter.

"Must have wanted me mighty bad," observed Little Arthur, "to have followed me in your condition."

"I wanted to kill you," admitted Peter, "and I'm not at all sure I won't."

"Don't think about it any more," said Little Arthur soothingly.

"My, you're thin," said Jo in a surprised voice.

"Take your hand from my ribs," Peter commanded. "Haven't you any shame?"

"No," answered Jo promptly. "Not since you started in. This morning in the office you try to take off your pants. On the way home you practically assault me in the subway. And now to cap the damn climax you fol-

low me nakedly into a dark closet. How do you expect a girl to have any shame left when you act like that?"

"Is that right, lady?" asked Little Arthur, thinking that indeed he had got himself into bad company. "Did he do all them things, taking off his pants and all?"

"Sure, I'm right," said Jo. "It was just his pants this morning. That seemed to satisfy him. Now it's all or nothing. Don't know what he'll think of doing next."

"Hope he stops thinking altogether if he's going ter carry on like that," said Little Arthur, making no attempt to disguise his disappointment in Peter.

"Someone will have to do some inspired brainwork to think us out of this place," Peter announced to his unseen companions.

"Does your spine begin there?" Josephine suddenly asked in an interested voice.

"No," replied Peter passionately. "That's where it ends."

"Oh," said the girl rather hurriedly. "I'm sorry."

"Then why don't you keep your hands to yourself?" demanded Peter.

"Thank Gord it's dark in here," murmured Little Arthur. "I wouldn't know where to look if it wasn't."

"Throw the little beggar out on his car," urged Jo.

"Think I'll get out myself, naked as I am," declared Peter. "It's better than staying in here and being explored like a map."

For some minutes Sanders had been evincing an unusual interest in the closet. Aunt Sophie, sailing from the drawing room with a group of guests at her elbows, chief among whom was Yolanda, actually saw the man with his ear almost if not quite pressed to the door.

"What on earth are you doing there, Sanders?" she inquired fussily. "You look as if you had seen a ghost."

Sanders nodded his sleek head wisely.

"I believe I'm hearing them, madam," he vouchsafed in a low voice. "This closet suddenly seems to be endowed with the gift of speech."

"Nonsense!" the splendid lady tossed out. "You're running down, Sanders. Closets don't talk."

"This one does," Sanders assured her. "It carries on a three-cornered conversation in as many different voices, madam. One sounds strangely like a woman's."

"What?" exclaimed Aunt Sophie. "A woman in that closet? That is queer."

"Perhaps Sanders had better look," Yolanda Wilmont suggested. "Sneak thieves, you know."

"Sneak thieves are not given to holding animated conversations in

closets," objected Mr. Prescott Gates who, because of his remote connection with a law firm, felt that his knowledge of sneak thieves was more extensive than the others.

"We're not acquainted with the habits of sneak thieves," Yolanda contributed coldly. "However, I do believe that closet should be investigated. There are several valuable furs inside."

"By all means," agreed Miss Sophie Van Dyck. "Open the door immediately, Sanders."

But the door, when Sanders endeavored to carry out this order, seemed inclined to argue the point. For several moments it quivered elastically like a thing of life and purpose in the hands of the butler; then, with a groan of utter despair which sounded hollowly in the hall, it flew partly open. Sanders recoiled as if from the pit of hell itself. Instantly the door closed of its own volition with a bang of remonstrance. Inarticulate sounds issued from the closet, sounds of whining protest.

"What on earth is it, Sanders?" Aunt Sophie demanded in a strained voice. "Sounds like an animal."

"Must I say, Miss Van Dyck?" asked Sanders in a cornered voice.

"Certainly you must," she retorted. "What would Mr. Peter think if he came home and found his closet full of strangers? He dislikes things like that."

Wondering in a dazed sort of way what things could be even remotely like the things he had momentarily glimpsed, Sanders looked speculatively at the door.

"Hurry, Sanders. What's inside?" Yolanda Wilmont asked insistently.

"Well, madam," said Sanders reluctantly, "there seems to be more in there than valuable furs at the moment. Looked like quite a gathering to me."

"Tell them to come out this instant," Miss Van Dyck commanded.

"I'd hardly suggest that, madam," said Sanders in a shocked voice.

"Here, Sanders," put in Prescott Gates. "I'll handle this situation. I'll jolly well make them come out, wherever they are."

"I strongly advise against it, sir," said Sanders. "Not with the ladies present, if I may say so."

"What on earth, Sanders?" exclaimed a young and rather swagger looking maiden whose eyes gave the impression of having seen about all there was to be seen in life. "Just for that I'll never leave until that closet has given up its dead."

"Why not tell us, Sanders," remarked a stout lady in cascades of lace, "exactly what you saw, and then let us decide?"

"Yes," agreed Aunt Sophie. "We're

growing decidedly impatient with all this beating about the bush. Speak up, man!"

"Well," began the butler in a voice of academic detachment, "you see, there seems to be an entirely naked gentleman in that closet—"

"Impossible!" exclaimed Miss Van Dyck.

"I very much wish it were, madam," Sanders continued piously. "But that's not all. This gentleman has either been undressed by a lady or, having undressed himself, is about to undress her."

"Need you be so graphic?" inquired Yolanda.

"The picture was remarkably vivid," explained the butler.

"I wonder where they think they are?" Aunt Sophie wondered aloud.

"Certainly not at a private reception," observed the lacy lady, regarding the door with thoughtful eyes. "That is, not at a nice reception."

"What can they be doing in that closet?" Aunt Sophie continued, bemused.

"Practically anything by now," said the girl with the worldly eyes. "Especially if the gentleman has succeeded in carrying out his intentions."

"You mean in that closet?" Yolanda demanded incredulously.

"What's wrong with the closet?" demanded the other girl philosophically. "Many have managed with less."

"What a shocking situation!" murmured the lace-bedecked lady. "Shouldn't something be done? Can't you speak to them, Sanders—admonish them?"

"Certainly, madam," replied Sanders his suavity regained. "How would you suggest wording it?"

"Why, tell them to stop, of course," Aunt Sophie snapped irritably.

"Stop what, madam?" the butler inquired.

"You can be most exasperating at times for a man of your age, Sanders," Miss Van Dyck complained. "Tell them to stop whatever they're doing."

"But, madam," the butler patiently explained, "we're not sure just what they are doing. It would be pure speculation."

"Not so pure at that," put in the girl, "but it does seem logical, doesn't it, Sanders?"

"I must confess, Miss Sedgwick," said Sanders with becoming modesty, "I have never been in the same situation."

"No more have I," the girl retorted, "but I can use my imagination."

"I wish you wouldn't," Yolanda remarked frigidly.

Mr. Prescott Gates now felt called upon once more to display his greater knowledge of the seamy side of life. "If they are professional sneak thieves," he advanced weightily, "I

hardly think they'd endanger their chances by that sort of nonsense."

"What sort of nonsense?" Miss Sedgwick inquired with disarming innocence. "And what makes you call it nonsense?"

"Don't answer her, Prescott," said Yolanda.

"And all this time we're talking here," Aunt Sophie burst forth in a tragic voice, "God only knows what is going on inside that closet."

"Perhaps only God should know," replied the stout lady with the resignation of a true believer.

"I have an idea," Miss Sedgwick offered. "Perhaps a man and wife wandered into that closet and not being able to find their way out became so exhausted—you know, so discouraged about it all—they just decided to go to bed."

"Don't be childish, Madge Sedgwick," Aunt Sophie scolded.

"Well, at least, I've got 'em married," said the girl. "That's more than any of you have done."

"You said a 'gentleman,' Sanders," Aunt Sophie went on in a worried voice to the butler. "Are you sure he was a gentleman?"

"That's difficult to tell, madam," said Sanders. "He didn't have a stitch on."

"I can well understand that," Madge Sedgwick agreed sympathetically. "Without any clothes on there's not a scrap of difference between a sneak thief and a gentleman."

"I should think all naked men would look a little sneaky," the lady in lace unhelpfully contributed.

"There should be some distinction," Miss Van Dyck protested indignantly.

"Yes. It would be convenient on occasions to be able to tell at a glance," Madge Sedgwick remarked as if to herself.

"What did he look like, Sanders?" Yolanda Wilmont demanded. "Did you recognize his face?"

"I didn't see his face, Miss Yolanda," the butler explained.

"What did you see?" asked Madge with interest.

"His back, miss," said Sanders. "He turned it rather briskly, I thought."

"At least he had the instincts of a gentleman," remarked the stout lady.

"Oh, I don't know," Madge Sedgwick countered. "Even a sneak thief might have his little qualms."

"Did you recognize the woman?" Prescott Gates inquired.

"I got the impression I'd seen her before, sir," admitted the butler. "Looked very much like a young woman who was here a little earlier announcing she was in an interesting condition."

"Sanders, you keep the most extraordinary things to yourself," Aunt

(continued on page 45)

HOW TO STOP BEING A JUNIOR EXECUTIVE

BY
SHEPHERD MEAD



MORE TIPS ON HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING

satire

A JUNIOR EXECUTIVE is any male in an office who sits down. If you have carefully followed our detailed instructions on applying for a job and rising from the mail room in the last two issues, you are now a Junior Executive.

At first you will make considerably less money than the men who run the elevators, wash the windows, and shine the shoes. But remember—you are being paid not in money but in experience. You are learning! Some men spend their whole lives doing this, and when they finish they may have little in the bank, but they are rich indeed.

However, you are headed for the Top, so don't overdo this. Learn the business, yes, but you have other far more important things to learn, too.

YOUR MISSION

As a Junior Executive you are the very pillar on which modern business rests.

It is you who must shoulder the load while Top Management *thinks*. Yes, this is what they are doing, thinking. They may not look it, but they are.

It will be your job, as a Junior Executive, to take over as many of their worries as you can. This will leave them as little as possible to think about.

YOUR APPEARANCE

The keynote now is one of maturity, and of cheerful suffering.

Clothes. You need buy few clothes, since the Junior Executive does not dress as elegantly as the mail room boy. Simply have your brighter, more dashing items dyed mouse color or Oxford gray, and sprinkle lightly with dandruff.

Look Older. But don't be too obvious about it! Do not wear highbutton shoes, green eyeshades, or sleeve protectors.

Never exaggerate the importance of a few gray hairs, especially in the temples. This will mark you as a man of judgment. There are a number of good commercial preparations which are inexpensive and easy to apply.

Mustache. A mustache, well cultivated and closely cropped, will add years and a look of sly cunning. This latter, though undesirable as we have seen in job applicants, is a real Plus in the Junior Executive.

The Look of Suffering. The Junior Executive is expected to suffer, and if you cannot manage it, you must at least *appear* to. An ulcer is excellent. Grow one if you can, but if you cannot, a bottle of milk placed conspicuously on the desk will do nicely, if

accompanied by a slightly pained smile.

YOUR OFFICE IS IMPORTANT

The caste of a Junior Executive is determined by the size and magnificence of his office. In fact, when your office is indistinguishable from that of the Senior Executives you will *be* a Senior Executive.

Your first step will be to get *any* office. Few will listen to a man who sits at a hall desk. When you see an opportunity, go quickly to the office manager:

"I see that Mr. Grabble is leaving, sir."

"That's right."

"Do you mind if I move my things in there until the new man comes?" (Note: Never say "have the office!" It is always: "move my things in.")

"Is there a new man?" (There isn't). "Hadn't you heard? Should be in any day now."

You will be allowed to "move your things in" temporarily. After a few months everyone will forget it isn't your office and it *will* be.

The Head Cold Approach is equally successful:

"Frideful code in the head," you say to the Office Manager, sneezing violently.

"Oh, too bad, Finch."



There is a Magic Time to pick up really suitable furnishings

"Wonder if I could sid in the ebty office for a few days. Draft out here is derrible."

"Well, for a few days I think it'll be all right."

Such a cold can hang on for weeks. By this time it is wise to administer the *coup de grace*:

"I don't like to cobplain, but my office is fridefully drafty." (Note "my office.")

"Oh!"

"The one in the corner sees to get the sun. This code, you know. Maybe you could swidge O'Brien in here. Strong as an eggs, O'Brien."

"We'll see what we can do, Mr. Finch."

After the transfer, the office will be yours until it no longer suits you.

Continue the process until you have

at least four windows. A fourwindow man is one to be reckoned with!

The Furnishings. It is a careless man who neglects these! You will have to decide first what mood you want to create. Some prefer the severe and monastic, with straight chair and table instead of swivel chair and desk; others favor soft lights, oriental rugs, and incense; others, rococo; and still others, the tooled leather and old gold nothing-is-too-good-for-me approach.

Decide for yourself. Fit your personality. Your office is a frame for *you!*

In most cases you will want a generous supply of sofas, easy chairs, portable bars, credenzas and bric-a-brac. The company will supply these.

But remember that a caste system

governs all office furnishings as well as offices. Furnishings are handed down until — by the time they reach the Junior Executive — they are a sorry sight indeed. It is simple to beat this unfair system, if you remember the *Magic Time*.

There is a Magic Time to pick up really suitable furnishings. First, prepare a list of the different items you would like, in various offices. Then, as their occupants leave the company or are transferred, simply summon the porter:

"Oh, John, sometime today will you pick up that breakfast in Crabtree's old office?"

"I thought the new man was coming in Thursday, Mr. Finch."

"He is. Crabtree wanted me to have the breakfast, though. He mentioned it specially. When you bring it in, move it against this wall, please, next to the bar. You can take this old thing here and move it in for the new man. He may like it, you know."

Soon you will have a real show place.

But always remember — you are not doing this for yourself.

"It's quiet," you will say, "that's the important thing. These six windows are a distraction, but I don't really mind. Just give me a desk, a pencil, and a piece of paper. I can work anywhere."

DESK MANAGEMENT

You will soon have to decide whether to adopt the very full or very empty desk approach. There is no middle ground. A few papers on a desk look messy and inefficient. The keen young man keeps either a polished expanse of bright wood, or a great overflowing mass of work. The one indicates cleanliness and efficiency, the other herculean effort and overwork.

Both are good. Decide now which course you will follow.

CALENDAR MANAGEMENT

The same reasoning applies to the notations on your desk calendar, which is on top of your desk, for all to see. Confine yourself to one or two simple notations, such as:

"J. B. — All Day.

Lunch — Stork. B.S."

The "Lunch, Stork" — "Lunch, Colony" — or "Lunch, 21" is advisable in all cases, even if you plan to duck out for franks and beans at a lunch counter.

Or, you may prefer the Cluttered Calendar approach, with dozens of appointments, scores of notations, appointments scratched out and replaced with others. This is especially effective if combined with the absolutely clean desk. It creates an impression of feverish but antiseptic activity — and will win you admiration everywhere.



Boss's Breeches (continued from page 42)

Sophie said with severity. "Do you mean to say you put this person in that closet to bear her child?"

"No, madam," Sanders smoothly replied. "I rather concluded she'd left to commit suicide. She was inquiring about the rivers. I gave her adequate directions."

"Maybe she came back to find out which was the deepest," Madge Sedgwick suggested.

"Heavens on earth!" exclaimed Aunt Sophie distractedly. "What are we going to do? Here we have a naked man in the closet and a woman going to have a baby or commit suicide or something even worse. Prescott, you're a man. Why don't you suggest something?"

"I'm going for a policeman," Mr. Gates replied with surprising decision as he hurried to the door.

"Should think a preacher or a doctor would do better according to the circumstances," Madge flung after him, but Mr. Gates was already gone.

"That does it," whispered Peter Van Dyck to his companions in the closet. "That unweaned ass has gone to get a cop."

"Gord!" breathed Little Arthur.

"I'm afraid I'm going to have to leave you two," said Peter.

"Don't mean ter say you're going out there in front of all them people the way you are?" the man inquired in an awed voice.

"Almost," Peter told him. "With the addition of this coat."

Fumbling in the darkness, he seized the first coat his hands encountered and squeezed himself into it. Fortunately for Peter's self-assurance he was unable to see how he looked. He was wearing a fur coat belonging to his Aunt Sophie. It was short but luckily full.

"Wait a second," said Josephine. "You're not going to leave me alone in here with that crook. I'm going to disguise myself, too."

"No fear," shot back Little Arthur. "I don't associate with the like of you."

"Oh!" cried Josephine, enraged. "I'll strip him to the buff."

"What's that?" asked Arthur anxiously.

"I don't know," the girl replied, "but it must be awful."

"Will you two please stop bickering?" cut in Peter. "Or wait until I've gone."

"I'm ready," said Jo. "Go right ahead. I defy recognition."

"What have you got on?" Peter was interested enough to inquire.

"A storm coat that's three sizes too big and a pair of dark glasses I found in one of the pockets," the girl replied.

"Let's change!" Peter suggested.

"Too late now," she told him. "We've got to hurry right along."

"Don't leave me here alone," Little Arthur pleaded.

"I'd like to leave you lifeless," Jo informed him.

"Almost wish you would," bleakly Arthur replied.

The policeman, followed importantly by Prescott Gates, arrived just in time to witness the emergence of Peter Van Dyck. What struck the officer as being especially remarkable about this odd affair was the length and bareness of Peter's legs. In real life Peter's legs were not really so bad. Though long and slim they were at least not distorted. They were just ordinary male legs, which are never much to get excited about. Now, however, protruding as they were from a woman's fur coat, they fairly screamed for attention. The officer's eyes responded. He could not recall ever having seen such peculiar-looking legs on either man or beast. In spite of this they seemed to carry their owner along busily enough as he made for the front staircase. Behind him trailed a strange object which at first glance did not appear to be entirely human. Josephine in dark glasses and oversized storm coat hurried to the front door where she was stopped by the officer, who told her, "Oh, no, you don't!" in what can only be described as a nasty voice. Little Arthur, apparently preferring arrest to being left alone with his thoughts, brought up a shrinking rear. Walking nervously on tiptoe, he started to follow Peter. Aunt Sophie's voice stopped him. Aunt Sophie's voice stopped everybody in fact.

"Peter!" she cried. "Peter!"

"Yes, Aunt Sophie," Peter replied in a natural tone which contrasted strangely with his attire and which almost stupefied the policeman, who had expected something entirely different from such an object. "Yes, Aunt Sophie. Were you calling me?"

"Peter," continued the outraged lady, "what in the world have you been up to?"

"Nothing at all, Auntie," he assured her, growing more uncomfortably aware of a sea of upturned faces. "Merely getting ready, you know. Making little arrangements."

"Is that person following you?" Miss Van Dyck demanded, pointing a quivering finger at Little Arthur, shaking as unobtrusively as possible on the stairs.

Peter started visibly. He found himself extremely nervous.

"What person?" he gasped; then, glancing back and encountering the mute appeal in the miserable little

creature's eyes, his heart melted. "Oh, that person," he said hastily. "Yes. He's following me—how do you do, everybody." Here Peter thought it best to bow carelessly to those below him. "Yes, Aunt Sophie," he hurried on. "He's following me. I asked him to. He's helping me to get ready. My new valet. Do you like him?"

"Decidedly not!" exploded Aunt Sophie. "He has the face of a born criminal."

"Say," put in the policeman, "How many more of you are there in that closet?"

"What, officer?" said Peter. "How many more of me are there in that closet? No more at all. I'm the only one."

"Does your nephew happen to be nuts, lady?" the policeman asked Miss Van Dyck.

"No," Yolanda answered for the stunned woman, "but I fear he's suffering a little from overwork."

"Thank you, Yolanda," called Peter with a fearful smile. "But if you want to know, I'm suffering hideously from overexposure."

"The coat! The coat!" shouted Madge. "It's slipping, Peter. Look out!"

Peter snatched at the coat in the nick of time, then waved lightly to the girl, who of all the group had not averted her eyes. "Thanks, Madge," he called. "Wouldn't want that to happen."

"I wasn't anxious about it for myself," she replied. "I was thinking of your aunt and Yolanda."

"Thanks," Yolanda told her. "We are quite able to think for ourselves."

"Oh, very well," said Miss Sedgwick. "I don't care if he takes it off altogether and dances like a savage."

"No doubt," said the other sweetly.

"If it's all the same to you ladies," called Peter, "I'd prefer to keep it on. And I don't feel like dancing."

"My stockings! My stockings! They're gone!" burst suddenly from the object behind the goggles, making a frantic dash for the closet, only to be brought up in midflight at the end of the officer's arm.

"None of that," he said rudely. "You're staying here."

"Oh, am I?" Jo replied dealing him a clever Gallic kick. "I want my stockings."

"Ah-ha," observed Madge Sedgwick, triumphantly. "Then he did undress her."

Probably because they assumed it to be a part of a policeman's duty, no one seemed to pay the slightest attention to the officer doubled up in anguish. That is, no one save Little Arthur, who, for the moment forgetting his own troubles in the pre-

sense of those of the law, was laughing weakly upon the stairs.

"Did it hurt much?" solicitously asked Peter, who from his Olympian height had witnessed the incident.

"Hurt?" gasped the policeman, stung by the inadequacy of the word. "It's ruined I am to the grave."

"See what you've done to our police force," said Peter, looking down on Josephine clawing in the closet.

"Can't help that," she answered. "No low cop can come between me and my stockings."

"Oh, this is too disgraceful," Sophie Van Dyck informed all present. "Too disgraceful for words."

"Not disgraceful enough for my words," muttered Josephine. "Ah! Here they are — my stockings!"

As the girl rose with a wad of stockings in her hand, Sophie Van Dyck directed on her the full force of her attack.

"Young woman," she demanded, "did you tell my butler you were going to have a baby?"

"After being cooped up in that closet with your naked nephew," Jo replied indignantly as she stuffed the stockings back in their tender concealment, allowing one of them to dangle untidily down the front of her coat, "after being in there like that, I wouldn't be a bit surprised if I had a male quartet. Would you?"

Miss Van Dyck saw no good in being dragged into this discussion.

"May I ask if you have anything on beneath that coat?" she asked.

"What do you think?" replied Josephine. "What has he got on beneath that fur coat?"

As she pointed to the odd figure on the stairs, everyone looked up and decided it did not have much. Before the direct fire of so many calculating glances Peter shrank a little. By this time the injured officer had discovered he could stand erect.

"What are you laughing at?" he demanded reproachfully of Little Arthur.

"At them," said Little Arthur, pointing to the legs above him.

"What!" cried Peter, turning fiercely upon the pickpocket. "You lying little—"

"Don't say it, mister," Arthur pleaded. "I wasn't laughing at all."

"You'll be hysterical when I get you up before the boys," the assaulted policeman promised him.

"Aunt Sophie," Yolanda said in a low voice. "there can be no announcement today. This has spoiled everything."

"I agree with that," Aunt Sophie replied. "But just the same we'll carry on as if nothing had occurred. Take our dear guests back to the reception room."

"Hoorah!" cried Jo, tossing up her

arms, the hands of which lay concealed well down in the sleeves of the storm coat. "You're saved, Peter. You're saved."

"Saved for what?" he asked her.

"Another day?"

"For us, of course," she replied.

"For me!"

"A living death," he answered.

"Gord spare you, sir, from that one," put in Little Arthur piously. "No matter what you've done."

The bell rang, and Sanders, as if arising from a long illness, admitted several guests. With startled eyes they regarded the group on the stairs, then transferred their gaze to the enigmatic figure lurking within the voluminous folds of the storm coat. It was peering at them like a strange bird from behind a pair of goggles.

"What's that?" asked a tall gentleman, his face growing pale beneath a fresh massage.

"Don't know," gasped a lady with him. "It's awful. And Peter Van Dyck is almost . . ." Her voice trailed away.

"It's charades, my dear," Aunt Sophie smoothly explained. "It's been such a lark, Yolanda, take them directly to the drawing room. Cocktails."

Yolanda did.

"Now, young lady," Aunt Sophie continued severely, "your conduct has been most disgraceful. I don't know what to do with you. Obviously you are a thief — perhaps even worse. You must leave this house at once, quietly and without further violence. You will, of course, leave our stolen articles behind."

"They're not so hot, anyway," said Jo.

"And they're not stolen," said Peter, suddenly feeling very sorry for the small defiant creature looking a little lonely in the great hall. He came back down the stairs, slowly. "I'll explain everything, Auntie. You see, I'm sending those things over to one of my friends. He's going on a trip. Wanted to borrow them. Sent one of the maids — a fresh piece, I admit — but that's how she got here."

"But why is she wearing them in that ridiculous fashion?" Aunt Sophie persisted, her curiosity overcoming her eagerness to believe in any comfortable explanation.

"Oh, that," replied Peter, thinking quickly. "More convenient, you know. Doesn't have to carry them. Perhaps it even amuses her."

"Well, it doesn't amuse me," declared Aunt Sophie with conviction.

Peter looked at Jo, who had snatched off her dark glasses and was standing gazing up at him like a child about to be sent to bed; a child, Peter decided, who certainly should not be allowed to sleep alone.

"Good-bye, mister," she said. "And

thanks for all the things you've done—even though you shouldn't have."

"Wait — wait!" Peter exclaimed, in a voice that surprised even himself. "This nonsense has gone far enough. Aunt Sophie, the truth is—this girl's name is Josephine Duval, and she's the girl I plan to marry, if she'll still have me."

"Awk!" said Aunt Sophie.

"Hold on!" said the officer. "Don't I get to make no pinch?"

"Pinch yourself," exclaimed Jo, throwing her arms around Peter Van Dyck, "and I'll do the same — to make certain I'm not dreaming!"



Baseball

(continued from page 17)

is guilty only of being a little colder, more businesslike. In the industry of baseball, Mr. Piersall is worth approximately \$500 a pound on the open market, and if the Boston management wants to protect its chattel by padding the corral, they would seem to be displaying good business sense.

Early this season a rookie had the nerve to accidentally cut the hand of Giant second baseman Davey Williams in a play at second. The following inning the rookie, defending second base in a double play, was kayoed when one of Williams' teammates, a husky catcher named St. Claire, plowed into him. Anybody who thinks ballplayers are getting soft should sit in the stands and watch second base, or close plays at home.

The beanball is as much a part of a pitcher's equipment today as a curve ball and a cold stare. One mid-west fan got so worried about beanballs, he wrote the sports department of a newspaper suggesting that when a batter is hit on the head and knocked unconscious, he automatically scores a run. It would be a noble gesture toward gentlemanly sport, but it wouldn't work. In a month, every bench in the majors would have brought up a hard-headed rookie from Ashtabula with the sole assignment of getting his noggin in the path of fast balls.

Baseball is more skilled and fierce than ever. What, then, is happening to attendance? Millions fewer are seeing games now than in the years after the war. Only a few clubs are making money. More people watch horse races than big league baseball, although if you put mutual windows in the ball parks the customers would knock down the gates to get in. Gambling is illegal everywhere but in churches and horse parks. We can't vouch for the philosophy behind

church bingo games, but as far as the horses go, they're too smart to be fixed or to bet on themselves, so they may be gambled upon by Homo sapiens. Accent sap.

Two hours used to be unusually long for a baseball game. They used to start at 3:00 in the afternoon, and the old man could be depended on to get out of the park and home by 5:30 or so, even allowing time to stop at the corner bar for a slug of sarsaparilla or something.

Now they start at 1:30 or 2:00, and you get home about the same time as when they began at 3:00. The men who run baseball could speed up the game any time they wished, but they don't wish. They sell more grog at long games. The concessions mean the difference between black and red ink at many ball parks, and they're going to bleed those hot dog and beer sales for every last nickel, even if they kill the game doing it.

Promotion minded club owners try to sell the ball park as a great place to take the family. In the fifth hour of a double header on a hot Sunday afternoon, your family would be safer in Herman's All-You-Can-Drink-For-Two-Bucks Bar and Grill. Ask the ball clubs why they have dramshop insurance. One recent Sunday in Wrigley Field in Chicago there were three gang fights going on in the park simultaneously—one in the bleachers, one in the \$2.50 seats, and one on the field in front of the Cardinal dugout. The game stopped, and the television cameras turned their innocent little eyes on the American flag, while the announcer whistled *Yankee Doodle*. Mustn't show the naughty men fighting in beautiful Wrigley Field or the TV cameras will get booted out of the park right on their image orthicons.

In spite of the skill and spirit of the players, games are so slow they get downright boring. Pitchers dawdle interminably over the resin bag, pawing the ground, glaring at the batter, shaking off signals, throwing to first, taking off their gloves, massaging the ball, and conferring with the catcher. Managers are allowed to stall. Batters hold up the game by stepping out of the box. When Mickey Cochrane was catching and managing his Tigers to a championship, if a pitcher wasn't performing up to snuff, Iron Mike would fire the ball back with everything he had. The player on the mound had to pitch well or risk having his head taken off. Now the catchers stop the game, stroll out to the hill and have a good heart to heart chat with the hurler. A good catcher can use up forty-five seconds saying, "Pudid iniz eer!"

Doubleheaders are abominable, but the newest invention of the baseball

moguls, the twilight doubleheader may drive all but the hardest baseball nuts out to the race tracks. If nothing else, the human seat isn't up to that kind of abuse.

The ball players today are as colorful as they were in any age of baseball, but they're operating behind an iron curtain called public relations. It may shock Little Leaguers to learn that some of their heroes get tanked with surprising regularity. If a player happens to become indiscreet and somebody's jaw busts their throwing hand, public relations takes over. The hero either fell out of bed or was the victim of a "locker room accident."

The PR boys aren't always successful, of course. A Milwaukee god named Eddie Mathews, who hits more home runs than anybody, made one bad mistake at 3:00 A. M. one night this summer when he was barrelling through the outskirts of his adopted city. He was picked up by the only traffic cop in the state of Wisconsin who was completely indifferent to the fortunes and misfortunes of the Mil-

waukee Braves.

With the players safely tucked under the motherly wings of front office public relations, the owners and managers of major league teams have assigned themselves the task of creating color and controversy. Thus, instead of Roy Campanella saying what he thinks of Sal Maglie, President O'Malley may be quoted. Leo Du-rocher will give the reply. Maglie's reply will be to throw another fast one at Campanella's head.

Casey Stengel of the Yanks and Frank Lane of the White Sox have the assignment of creating a feud between their respective clubs. Publicly, each rates scorn and derision from the other; privately, each thinks the other is a great baseball man.

Players never indulge in personalities today—any more than they sign autographs on the field. They let their elders do the talking.

Does it help the game? Look at the attendance.

Television may hurt attendance. In Milwaukee they broke every crowd



record in the majors in their first season, and there is no TV at any time in that town. But Milwaukee also has a huge advantage over the older clubs, whose parks are built near the centers of their cities. Milwaukee has a huge and inexpensive parking lot. Parking is a problem in most big league cities.

There's one more element to be considered in the sliding attendance. That element is the New York Yankees. The cash customers are tired of seeing the Yanks waltz away with the pennant year after year. They're sick of it in New York, too, where the more they win, the less they draw.

This is another case of the rich getting richer. The more the Yankees win, the better that World Series money looks to promising young players, and the easier it is for the

Yanks to sign them up.

Even with Yankee home attendance dwindling, the club is one of the richest in the history of baseball.

Stop the Yankees and you'll have a dog fight in the American League and World Series. It would be the greatest gate stimulant the game could have.

How do you stop the Yankees? By breaking them up? That would be the worst possible step. Baseball could take a lesson from pro football, and adopt the draft system. The lowest clubs would get first choice of the top minor league players each year. A look at the balance of power in the pro football leagues for the past twenty years proves the value of the draft. A draft would equalize the pennant races, and it would do away with

the asinine system of paying teen-age kids huge bonuses to sit on the bench and vegetate for two years.

Something's got to be done to stop the slide in baseball attendance. We'd like to make some suggestions we think might do it.

Move a few clubs to other cities, starting with the Philadelphia Athletics. Get Los Angeles and San Francisco into the majors.

Tighten up the game by eliminating stalling.

Put in a player draft.

Put in more parking lots.

Get the drunks out of the parks.

Let the player say what they think.

You might even get a picture of some of them filing their spikes.



THE VOICE IN THE NIGHT

(continued from page 28)

with me one of the ship's sails, with which I constructed two small tents, which, though exceedingly rough-shaped, served the purposes for which they were intended. In these we lived and stored our various necessities, and thus for a matter of some four weeks all went smoothly and without particular unhappiness. Indeed, I may say with much of happiness — for — we were together.

"It was on the thumb of her right hand that the growth first showed. It was only a small circular spot, much like a little gray mole. My God! how the fear leaped to my heart when she showed me the place. We cleansed it, between us, washing it with carbolic and water. In the morning of the following day she showed her hand to me again. The gray warty thing had returned. For a little while, we looked at one another in silence. Then, still wordless, we started again to remove it. In the midst of the operation she spoke suddenly.

"What's that on the side of your face, dear? Her voice was sharp with anxiety. I put my hand up to feel.

"There! Under the hair by your ear. A little to the front a bit." My finger rested upon the place, and then I knew.

"Let us get your thumb done first," I said. And she submitted, only because she was afraid to touch me until it was cleansed. I finished washing and disinfecting her thumb, and then she turned to my face. After it was finished we sat together and talked awhile of many things; for there had come into our lives sudden, very terrible thoughts. We were, all at once, afraid of something worse than death. We spoke of loading the boat with provisions and water and making our

(continued on page 50)



"Maybe if we drop something."

Playing with Fire (continued from page 35)

redient in order to convey this fascinating treat to the taste buds. When you fry your meat in a pan, you achieve no more flavor than you can get from ordinary indoor kitchen cookery.

STEERS ON STEAKS

At least half the success in broiling steaks is in buying the right meat in the first place. There are tender, semi-tender and tough cuts of beef. Tender steaks, following the nomenclature used in retail butcher shops, are porterhouse, club, rib, delmonico or filet mignon. Filet mignon is the tenderest of all beef cuts, very expensive and not obtainable in many meat markets. It lacks, however, the flavor of porterhouse. Semi-tender beefsteaks are the sirloin or hip steaks and the T-bone. Chuck steaks or round steaks are tough and should not generally be used for outdoor broiling. Buy, if possible, beef which is stamped U. S. Prime or U. S. Choice. You should allow from one half to one pound of meat per person. The steaks should be at least three-fourths of an inch thick to permit thorough browning on the outside without overcooking inside. The best beef has a good layer of outer fat. But you should cut away the outside fat in excess of one-fourth inch before broiling. Gash the sides of the steaks in two or three places to prevent curling. The double wire broiler will also help to prevent curling when the meat is grilled.

As soon as the steaks are done brush them with butter or softened butter mixed with a few drops of lemon juice. Or place a lump of butter on the serving plate and put the steak on top of the butter to make a natural gravy.

Many beef eaters will tolerate no variation on this simple method of cooking. There are some gourmets, however, who are unafraid to look their beef straight in the eye and alter its flavor. For instance, you may dip the steaks in soy sauce for a five minute period before broiling to give them a salty oriental soupcon. Or you may sprinkle the steaks generously with freshly ground black pepper before broiling. Force the pepper into the meat by smacking the steaks with a cleaver or the side of a heavy knife. Or mash several large cloves of garlic and steep them in a cup of salad oil overnight. Brush the steaks with this garlic-flavored oil before broiling. Or mix chopped chives with butter and brush the mixture on the steaks after broiling.

GETTING HEP TO HAMBURGERS

Don't buy the chopped beef in the butcher display case. It may be half fat and may include veal or pork besides beef. Buy a piece of inexpensive beef like chuck and ask the butcher

to grind it to order. A pound of chopped beef will yield four moderately large patties or six to eight sandwiches.

Chopped beef should be put through the coarse blade of a grinder only once. If it is ground twice, as some butchers insist on doing, it will be pasty and mushy. Hamburgers will be tough and dry if the meat is handled too much before cooking or if the meat is overcooked. To each pound of chopped beef put one teaspoon salt, 1/8 teaspoon pepper and one-fourth cup of milk or light cream. The liquid insures that the burgers will be moist after cooking. You can grate a very small onion into the meat if you like onion flavor. But if you want to preserve the natural beef flavor, add as little condiments as possible. Prepared barbecue sauce may be brushed over the hamburgers during cooking if you like this piquant, catsupy flavoring.

Shape the hamburgers into uniform portions. Separate them with wax paper. Chill them well before broiling. Cold chopped meat will not tend to break apart during cooking.

Brush the hamburgers with butter after they are browned. Serve them on freshly toasted split buns. Within arm's reach keep your arsenal of catsup, onion rings or hot pepper relish. Pour the beer steadily into big glass steins.

SKEWERED LAMB (SHISH KEBAB)

Meat on a skewer may be high class or low class. It depends on the continent in which you are romping. In Greece they eat meat lollipops — meat grilled on a wooden skewer — just like we eat hot dogs here in busy lunch stands. In America the dish is definitely of epicurean standing. Any meat, as long as it is a tender cut — beef, chicken livers, sweetbreads or lamb, may be fastened to a metal skewer and broiled over an outdoor grill. One of

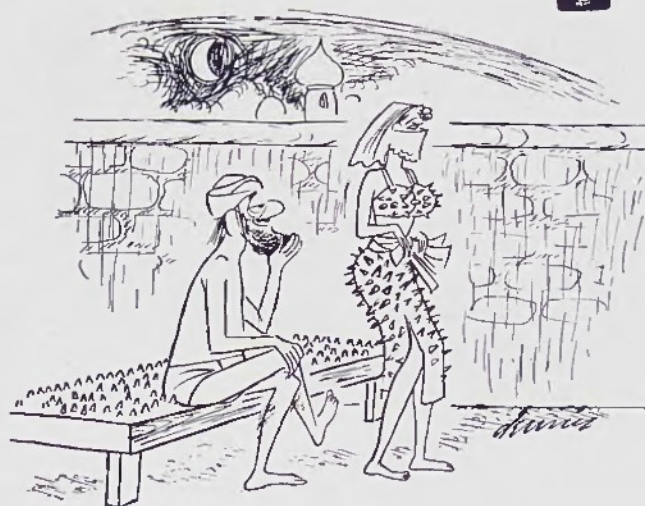
the most delicious of these skewered dishes is marinated lamb or shish kebab. The skewers should be turned during broiling for even browning. For four portions you will want: 2 lbs. leg of lamb cut into 3/4 inch cubes, 1/2 cup red wine, 1/2 cup cider vinegar, 1 cup water, 1 bay leaf, 2 teaspoons salt, 1/4 teaspoon pepper, 1 sliced onion and 1 smashed clove of garlic. Put all of these ingredients in a large mixing bowl. Let the meat marinate for approximately 3 hours. Remove the meat from the liquid. Drain well. Fasten the meat on 4 skewers. (You may alternate the meat with wedges of tomato, squares of green pepper or large cooked mushrooms if you prefer.) Brush the skewered meat with salad oil. Broil over a red hot fire until brown on all sides. Use long tongs or a long kitchen fork for turning the skewers.

Just before serving the shish kebab, brush it with melted butter. Cold dry wine, red or white, should be quaffed before, during and after the shish kebab.

UNADULTERATED CORN

Corn on the cob should never be more than one day old. At its best it is rushed straight from the cornfield to the outdoor grill. Dip it in cold water unhusked. Place it over the fire at least four or five inches away from the flame. Let it cook until the green husk turns black. Turn it frequently, babying it constantly, until the husk is charred all around. This will take about 10 minutes. Remove the husks with a quick pulling motion. Use gloves if you can't stand the heat of the corn.

There should be enough sweet butter on the corn so that the butter trills slowly from each side of your mouth. Spray the corn generously with salt. Play the music sweet. Don't attempt to talk any more than Benny Goodman would try to talk when he has his clarinet in his mouth.



THE VOICE IN THE NIGHT (continued from page 48)

way out on to the sea; yet we were helpless, for many causes, and — and the growth had attacked us already. We decided to stay. God would do with us what was His will. We would wait.

"A month, two months, three months passed and the places grew somewhat, and there had come others. Yet we fought so strenuously with the fear that its headway was but slow, comparatively speaking.

"Occasionally we ventured off to the ship for such stores as we needed. There we found that the fungus grew persistently. One of the nodules on the main deck became soon as high as my head.

"We had now given up all thought or hope of leaving the island. We had realized that it would be unallowable to go among healthy humans, with the thing from which we were suffering.

"With this determination and knowledge in our minds we knew that we should have to husband our food and water; for we did not know, at that time, but that we should possibly live for many years.

"This reminds me that I have told you that I am an old man. Judged by years this is not so. But — but —"

He broke off; then continued somewhat abruptly:

"As I was saying, we knew that we should have to use care in the matter of food. But we had no idea then how little food there was left, of which to take care. It was a week later that I made the discovery that all the other bread tanks — which I had supposed full — were empty, and that (beyond odd tins of vegetables and meat, and some other matters) we had nothing on which to depend, but the bread in the tank which I had already opened.

"After learning this I bestirred myself to do what I could, and set to work at fishing in the lagoon; but with no success. At this I was somewhat inclined to feel desperate until the thought came to me to try outside the lagoon, in the open sea.

"Here, at times, I caught odd fish; but so infrequently that they proved of but little help in keeping us from the hunger which threatened. It seemed to me that our deaths were likely to come by hunger, and not by the growth of the thing which had seized upon our bodies.

"We were in this state of mind when the fourth month wore out. Then I made a very horrible discovery. One morning, a little before midday, I came off from the ship with a portion of the biscuits which were left. In the mouth of her tent I saw my sweet-heart sitting, eating something.

"What is it, my dear?" I called out as I leaped ashore. Yet, on hearing my

voice, she seemed confused, and, turning, slyly threw something towards the edge of the little clearing. It fell short, and a vague suspicion having arisen within me, I walked across and picked it up. It was a piece of the gray fungus.

"As I went to her with it in my hand, she turned deadly pale; then a rose red.

"I felt strangely dazed and frightened.

"My dear! My dear!" I said, and could say no more. Yet at my words she broke down and cried bitterly. Gradually, as she calmed, I got from her the news that she had tried it the preceding day, and — and liked it. I got her to promise on her knees not to touch it again, however great our hunger. After she had promised she told me that the desire for it had come suddenly, and that, until the moment of desire, she had experienced nothing towards it but the most extreme repulsion.

"Later in the day, feeling strangely restless, and much shaken with the thing which I had discovered, I made my way along one of the twisted paths — formed by the white, sandlike substance — which led among the fungoid growth. I had, once before, ventured along there; but not to any great distance. This time, being involved in perplexing thought, I went much further than hitherto.

"Suddenly I was called to myself by a queer hoarse sound on my left. Turning quickly I saw that there was movement among an extraordinarily shaped mass of fungus, close to my elbow. It was swaying uneasily, as though it possessed life of its own. Abruptly, as I stared, the thought came to me that the thing had a grotesque resemblance to the figure of a distorted human creature. Even as the fancy flashed into my brain, there was a slight, sickening noise of tearing, and I saw that one of the branch-like arms was detaching itself from the surrounding gray masses, and coming towards me. The head of the thing — a shapeless gray ball, inclined in my direction. I stood stupidly, and the vile arm brushed across my face. I gave out a frightened cry, and ran back a few paces. There was a sweetish taste upon my lips where the thing had touched me. I licked them, and was immediately filled with an inhuman desire. I turned and seized a mass of the fungus. Then more, and — more. I was insatiable. In the midst of devouring, the remembrance of the morning's discovery swept into my amazed brain. It was sent by God. I dashed the fragment I held to the ground. Then, utterly wretched and feeling a dreadful guiltiness, I made

my way back to the little encampment.

"I think she knew, by some marvelous intuition which love must have given, so soon as she set eyes on me. Her quiet sympathy made it easier for me, and I told her of my sudden weakness; yet omitted to mention the extraordinary thing which had gone before. I desired to spare her all unnecessary terror.

"But, for myself, I had added an intolerable knowledge, to breed an incessant terror in my brain; for I doubted not but that I had seen the end of one of these men who had come to the island in the ship in the lagoon; and in the monstrous ending I had seen our own.

"Thereafter we kept from the abominable food, though the desire for it had entered into our blood. Yet our drear punishment was upon us; for, day by day, with monstrous rapidity, the fungoid growth took hold of our poor bodies. Nothing we could do would check it materially, and so — and so — we who had been human, became — Well, it matters less each day. Only — only we had been man and maid!

"And day by day the fight is more dreadful, to withstand the hungerlust for the terrible lichen.

"A week ago we ate the last of the biscuit, and since that time I have caught three fish. I was out here fishing tonight when your schooner drifted upon me out of the mist. I hailed you. You know the rest, and may God, out of His great heart, bless you for your goodness to a — a couple of poor outcast souls."

There was the dip of an oar — another. Then the voice came again, and for the last time, sounding through the slight surrounding mist, ghostly and mournful.

"God bless you! Good-by!"

"Good-by," we shouted together, hoarsely, our hearts full of many emotions.

I glanced about me. I became aware that the dawn was upon us.

The sun flung a stray beam across the hidden sea; pierced the mist dully, and lit up the receding boat with a gloomy fire. Indistinctly I saw something nodding between the oars. I thought of a sponge — a great, gray nodding sponge. The oars continued to ply. They were gray — as was the boat — and my eyes searched a moment vainly for the conjunction of hand and oar. My gaze flashed back to the — head. It nodded forward as the oars went backward for the stroke. Then the oars were dipped, the boat shot out of the patch of light, and the — the thing went nodding into the mist.





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