

PLAYBOY

ANNIVERSARY
ISSUE

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

DECEMBER 50 cents





PLAYBILL

PLAYBOY IS ONE YEAR OLD. It has been an exciting year — far beyond anything we anticipated when we began.

With our tongue planted firmly in our cheek (where we've tried to keep it ever since), we introduced the first issue of PLAYBOY as a publishing event only slightly less important and world shaking than the Kinsey Report.

Actually, we do consider PLAYBOY rather important, in its way. Most magazines are edited for women; most men's magazines are concerned almost exclusively with action, adventure, and the great out-of-doors. PLAYBOY is an entertainment magazine for the indoor man — a choice collection of stories, articles, pictures, cartoons and humor selected from many sources, past and present, to form a pleasure-primer for the sophisticated, city-bred male.

We never intended PLAYBOY to be a big circulation magazine; we've never edited it to please the general public. We hoped it would be welcomed by that select group of urbane fellows who were less concerned with hunting, fishing, and climbing mountains than good food, drink, proper dress, and the pleasures of female company. There are more of that species around than we realized.

We originally planned on printing 35,000 of the first issue, but before we got the magazine to press, we had orders for 70,000. We're printing 175,000 copies of this issue.

Hundreds of readers wrote to say they had been looking for a magazine like PLAYBOY since the thirties; a few said they had been waiting a lifetime. Other editors, writers, and artists wrote complimenting the magazine on its freshness and the unusual quality of its art and design . . . *Writer's Digest* wrote that PLAYBOY "is executed by men of obvious education and cultural discernment" . . . *The Yale Record* good-naturedly predicted that the Yale man of the future "will subscribe to *The New Yorker* and look at the cartoons, and if he doesn't have a subscription to *Time*, it will only be because he prefers PLAYBOY" . . . *Cartoonist News Letter* told its cartoonist-readers: "Anybody who hasn't seen PLAYBOY had better dash out and grab a copy. Your eyes will pop. It is so far ahead of the old *Esquire* that there is no comparison. Reports on unsolicited cartoons are slow, but this plush 50¢ worth isn't!" The Chicago Art Director's Club hung several PLAYBOY pages in their annual exhibition of outstanding advertising and editorial art, and the New York Art Director's Club awarded the magazine an award for Merit. Before we had produced our fourth issue, a New York book publisher was suggesting a hard-bound volume of the best material from the first year, and shortly after that the biggest paperbound book company in the world wanted to publish a collection of PLAYBOY's cartoons.

It has been, as we said, a year far beyond anything we anticipated when we began. Thanks to all of you who've helped make it that way. We'll continue to edit PLAYBOY especially for you — for the indoor man, who likes his entertainment served up with humor, sophistication and spice.

DEAR PLAYBOY



ADDRESS PLAYBOY MAGAZINE

11 E. SUPERIOR ST., CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS

PLAYBOY AT COLLEGE

As I was burning my Econ book this evening, I happened to notice a strange magazine lying on one of the brother's desks. I had never seen it before and as you guessed, it was the College (October) Issue of PLAYBOY. I don't know if I should have burned my Econ book, but it did give me the opportunity to read that issue cover to cover, and having just fed my Algebra book to the dying flame, I've time for a short letter, too.

I've worked on the *Flativons* (Colorado University's humor magazine) and Kansas' *Sour Owl*, and read all the best national magazines, but I've never seen a publication as great and versatile as yours. As a P.C.M. (Perpetual College Man), I predict that PLAYBOY will become "the magazine" for the college students of America. Like most of your other readers, I'd like to send you \$120 for a 20 year subscription, but I spend all my money on booze and women, so consequently I'll have to be satisfied with stealing each issue from my roommate.

Don Hellbusch
Univ. of Kansas
Lawrence, Kansas

As a college student here at State, I'd like to compliment you on your fine magazine. It can be found in almost every room here in the dorm and the fellows here enjoy it very much. Your college edition was great.

Tom Kwosny
Michigan State College
East Lansing, Michigan

We want to add our names to that long and growing list of your ardent admirers. The students here at Duke apparently really "go" for your magazine, since the newsstands are usually sold out of PLAYBOY a few days after it arrives.

Another testimonial supporting your popularity can be seen in the rooms of the undergrads; the walls are covered with PLAYBOY Playmates. The boys here at "Methodist Flats" really appreciate your efforts and we hope they will continue.

Jerry Darling
Ned Kerstetter
Duke University
Durham, North Carolina

I really enjoyed Julien Dedman's cartoons in your October issue. Nothing could be more typical of college life.

Don Sherman
San Diego State College
San Diego, California

There's no point in repeating all the praise you receive each month from readers about the unique superiority of PLAYBOY. Your magazine is certainly a welcome refuge from medical text books when I can afford to take refuge, for though some of the features in PLAYBOY cover the same basic material as my texts, your magazine makes it so much more enjoyable.

I thought you might be interested in a letter I just received from my brother who is overseas. I buy two copies of PLAYBOY each month and send him one. He writes: "I've sure enjoyed the PLAYBOYS and, as I told you before, I've been trying to keep them where the Colonel wouldn't see them. Well, he walked in unexpectedly a few days ago and spotted the last issue on my desk. He flipped through it and asked me if I minded his reading it a while. Of course, I said, 'No, sir.' Then he showed it to the Major, who also borrowed it for a while. That night, the Captain came to the barracks looking for it. I'd already shown it to the Lieutenant and the rest of the guys in the barracks. When will the next issue arrive?"

Carlos Guzman-Perry
University of Kansas
Lawrence, Kansas

Your magazine is tremendous. When my present subscription ends, I'm going to renew it for three years. By the way, do you have lifetime rates?

Alan R. Sundeen
University of Iowa
Iowa City, Iowa

TEACHER'S PET

Contrary to the popular notion that all school teachers — past, present and future — are prim, frustrated old maids who get shocked and blush at anything "naughty," my October issue of PLAYBOY has been the most popular and most demanded piece of literature in all Campbell Hall, which is a Sen-

ior, Junior, Freshman dorm at Iowa State Teachers College. We all unanimously agree that you have a wonderful magazine. Keep up the good work.

I'm enclosing a two year gift subscription for my boy friend stationed in Korea.

Betty Gay Swan
Iowa State Teachers College
Cedar Falls, Iowa

MAMA LOVES PLAYBOY

I like PLAYBOY, my wife likes PLAYBOY, and to my surprise, Mother likes PLAYBOY. We surprised her one evening, and there she was under her favorite reading lamp, her reading glasses on, perusing the latest issue.

N. A. Batchelder
Wayne, Michigan

EXECUTIVE SECRETARY DEPT.

A few days ago this office received your magazine addressed to my employer. I must admit that the cover was deceiving, but there was no masking the utter filth contained within its pages. It is beyond my comprehension, when there is so much need for good in this world, why you feel it necessary to promulgate the evil that exists. This type of literature appeals only to those with distorted minds, and I cannot help but think that those who run this outfit must be of the same general nature. It might further interest you to know that my boss never saw your magazine.

An Executive Secretary
New York, New York

If you were our secretary, you'd never see another pay check.

BLACK COUNTRY

I've been reading PLAYBOY more or less irreligiously for some time, for Bradbury's stuff among other things, and last week at the Science Fiction Convention in San Francisco, I picked up a copy of your September issue. Charles Beaumont's "Black Country" is a superb job!

Robert Bloch
Weyauwega, Wisconsin

Thanks to famous fantasy writer Bloch. There's another unusual Beaumont story coming up in a couple of issues.

You struck a fresh spark with Charles Beaumont's "Black Country." I felt the story's power. I suppose it is natural that something fresh, young and growing, like PLAYBOY, should attract other fresh and vibrant ideas and people. More power to you.

Hal B. Goldberg
General Manager
Writer's Digest
Cincinnati, Ohio

Charles Beaumont's lyrics to the song, *Black Country*, sound legitimate up until: "Black Country may not be the Most . . . But, Lord! it's sure the End."

I assume Spooft and his band are playing old style dixieland jazz, but "most" and "end" are bop expressions.

William P. Taylor
Los Angeles, California

Spooft was no bopper, but the language of bop has found more universal acceptance with jazz men than the music, and a musician might say, "Man, that's the greatest," and never think of messing around with a flatted fifth.

ART DETECTIVE

Just a word of thanks for the story on me in your October issue. It was handsomely laid out and I enjoyed reading it.

Sheldon Keck
The Brooklyn Museum
Brooklyn, New York

BEST FROM PLAYBOY

Herewith please find a check for \$26.25 for seven copies of *The Best From Playboy*. These are intended as Christmas presents for my assistants; plus one I plan to send to a friend in England.

As your records will show, I'm a Charter Subscriber. Your statistics were very accurate as far as I'm concerned—college, executive and attorney—and mustn't let my subscription lapse. Will you please let me know when the renewal is due as I want to take a three year subscription.

I've just returned from a vacation in Paris. I thought you might be interested—I just saw the film "Rasputin" mentioned in your October issue and there were a great many scenes that I'm sure would be deleted in any American showing. Some of the smaller night clubs are rather more revealing than the Paris pictures in my November PLAYBOY. Really enjoyed myself.

James W. Cooper
Battle Creek, Michigan

FOREIGN FILMS

As a minister I like to keep up with what America reads. After reading several issues of your magazine, I can't say that I agree with everything in it, but many of the stories are interesting. As an avid movie-goer, I particularly

enjoyed the article on "Nudity and the Foreign Film." I saw "One Summer of Happiness" and thought it was a good story.

Sex in the mind of the average American is either nasty and taboo or over at the other extreme—common and vulgar. There seems to be no middle ground. I personally think God created sex to be good and natural, but I guess that's old fashioned.

I agree with the French Information Ministry official quoted in your article: I'd rather see a person nude on the screen, than one person taking another's life with a knife or gun.

Should you print this letter, please withhold my name for professional reasons.

(Army chaplain's name
withheld by request.)
Ft. Bragg, North Carolina

I agree completely with your comments in "Nudity and the Foreign Film." The American "adult" attitude towards sex is a sham. Europeans consider Americans sex maniacs because of their puerile demonstrations in European brothels, night clubs, etc.

A friend of mine spent two years in French Morocco, and states that American G.I.'s led the natives to believe that they all arrived as virgins, and were injected with daily supplies of sex hormones by the U. S. Air Force.

One objection to your article, however: while stationed with the army in Washington, D. C., I saw a full length uncut version of "One Summer of Happiness," including the scenes you showed of Ulla Jacobsson that were supposedly cut out. The same film was supposed to bow in at the World Theatre in New York City a few weeks ago, but as yet has not made an appearance.

Robert M. Ingrassia
Flushing, New York

Your article on censorship in the movies was interesting. It doesn't apply to Salt Lake City, though. I've seen the uncut version of "Ecstasy" and "One Summer of Happiness" here. Perhaps it's because they need sex to build up the population in a desert state like this.

T. M. Husbands
Salt Lake City, Utah

You need sex to build up a population anywhere, Tom. Since most censorship, movie and otherwise, is on a local level it's plenty inconsistent and what's acceptable in one city may be verboten in others. Censors are just naturally inconsistent, anyway. The bunch in New York City cut the birth of a buffalo out of Walt Disney's "The Vanishing Prairie" until someone threatened to go to court. Then they decided maybe the scene was all right after all.

PLAYBOY BINDER

Do you intend to have a binding service for the individual volumes of PLAYBOY? I would like very much to preserve your publication in this manner if possible.

Bob Czarnecki
Belleville, Illinois

Do you plan to offer or can you direct me to a source which can provide a binder for each year's issues of your magazine? I am trying to keep every issue and feel that binding is the answer.

J. R. Kendrick
Seattle, Washington

In response to numerous similar requests, we've prepared a handsome cordoba simulated-leather binder for the magazine. "PLAYBOY" and the rabbit insignia appear in gold-leaf on the cover; the binder will hold twelve issues and may be ordered from PLAYBOY for \$2.50.

LATER-COMMA

In his first example of the *later-comma*, Mr. White missed a much better explanation for the paragraph: "Later, lying on his bed in his maroon robe, smoking, with Cynthia's head on his shoulder, Owen felt a magnificent cloak of ease and fulfillment about him." Owen has obviously just murdered the girl, dismembered the body and burned it except for the head, which he is saving to have mounted in his trophy room. His robe is maroon from all the blood and gore and is smoking because he stood too close to the incinerator.

R.K.G.
Granite City, Ill.

But of course, how obvious. Don't know how we missed it.

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATES

Wow! 'Miss October' (Madeline Castle) was really the most. She can be my Playmate of the Month every month, every year, every con. How about an encore for Mady? Who's Marilyn Monroe? Wow!

Pete Wolf
(No pun either)
Urbana, Illinois

Any chance of getting New York model Betty Page as a Playmate some issue soon?

James Weeks
Ventura, Calif.

How about a story on Betty Page? I think she is the second most beautiful girl in the world.

Sam Perry
New Bedford Mass.

Betty will be next month's Playmate, Sam. And who's your first choice?





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PLAYBOY





I got my mouth over hers and smashed her up against me . . .

"I THOUGHT you were only going to take one an hour," I said to Ben as he reached for the bottle for the second time in ten minutes.

"That's right, I am," he said. "Only I'm takin' this one for an hour from now." He threw it down. "And this one,"—he did it again—"is for the hour after that."

He pushed the shot glass away from him and filled up a highball glass about half way. "This here," Ben explained, "is for the next five hours or so. Thought I'd just get a little ahead. Can't tell, the time might come around and I'd forget. Where would I be then?"

"You might be on your way to getting sober for a change," I pointed out.

"That would be fatal," Ben said, looking at his glass. "That there's one thing I can't afford to do no more. Get sober."

His weathered face was slack like an empty saddle bag. There was the memory of toughness in it, and strength, but the man in back of the mask seemed to be facing away from the eyes, leaving them empty and strange. Ben was no older than me. About thirty-seven, I'd say, if I remembered rightly. When I left Ashley eight years before to go into the real estate business in Fall River, Ben had the top lumber mill in town. Now he didn't have a dime. According to what I'd been able to learn from the folks around town, he'd drunk it all up in the past year.

"Look, Joe," he said. "You were always my best friend. When I get about two more of these inside me," (he nodded toward the empty highball glass) "I think I'll be able to tell you the whole story."

"You could probably tell me better if you weren't gassed up," I suggested.

"No, I couldn't," Ben said. "She wouldn't let me." "Who the hell is she?"

Ben filled his glass almost to the top this time. He put it down empty and stared across the table at me. The eyes seemed familiar again and the face was vital.

"You ain't gonna believe it, Joe," he said. "There ain't nobody would believe it. They wouldn't believe it about Charlie Newfield either when they clapped him in the loony bin." Then he asked, "How much do you think I weigh, Joe?"

"Somewhere around one-eighty, what with that beer gut and all."

"I weigh," Ben said quietly, "three hundred pounds, naked."

"You're drunk."

"I've *been* drunk," he said, "for about fourteen months. Some men drink because they fail at somthin'—like Jud Thomas when his girl threw him over. But not me. My girl didn't throw me over. God, no."

He put his horny hands over his ears and just sat there like that as if somebody was yelling at him and he didn't want to hear it. Then he reached quick for the glass. "Guess I ain't got as much of this stuff in me as I thought," he said desperately, choking on a huge swig of whiskey. Some of the tightness went out of his face then and he settled back again.

"You remember Sophie Lambert, Joe?"

I remembered her as a plump little girl of fifteen, with big black eyes. She was beautifully developed for her age, and all of us boys used to stare at her when we went by her house up on Black Hill. But Sophie Lambert was not for any of us. Her father watched her too close. Never let her out after school. Never let any of us on his place. Then one day we all missed her. She didn't appear in the front yard afternoons to laugh at our capers. Her father let out the story that she had gone on a long visit to an aunt in Chicago.

Ben said, "There was a lot of gossip about what happened to her. Some said she took up with a salesman and run off with him. Some said her father did away with her and buried her on the place. Sheriff Mosley sniffed around up there for a while, but couldn't find nothin'. Well, she came back here to Ashley about five years ago.

I'M YOURS

BY CHARLES SCHAFHAUSER

"Joe you never seen such a tasty-lookin' girl as she growed into. She was all eyes and her face was shaped like a heart. She wore her hair pulled flat back on her head and it gave her a kind of foreign look. She never wore any make-up except on her lips; painted 'em cherry-red. And what a body! You've seen girls with so much in front and behind that it just made you hungry? Well, Sophie Lambert was like that. She had a waist I could nearly touch my hands around and a pair of legs I could just stare at all day. I'm tellin' you, Joe, I never seen a girl I ever wanted so much in my life. And when I'd pass her on the street, she'd kind of give me the eye—like she was hankerin' after me, too.

"I got all dressed up one night and sharp as a tack goes up to Black Hill to the Lambert house. Thought maybe I'd call on old man Lambert and just accidentally visit a while with Sophie. Now this was only the third day she was back in town, so you can imagine my surprise when I find Sophie sittin' in the shadows on the porch, holdin' hands with Charlie Newfield.

"All of a sudden I felt all twisted up inside. I could have swore out loud right there on the porch. But instead, I just nodded to Charlie and went inside the house.

"I almost fell over Lambert. He was sittin' and rockin' in the half dark room, his ear propped close to the screen door so he could hear everything goin' on out on the porch. It was hot as the hinges of hell that night, but old man Lambert sat there all dressed up in a black suit and a white collar. And I remember thinkin' how young he looked sittin' there. I figured he must be close to sixty-five, but he didn't look no more than his late thirties. If he was glad to see me, he hid the fact pretty well. Didn't get up or nothin'. Just sat there like the only thing on earth was that little hand-holdin' scene on the porch.

"'Evenin', Mr. Lambert,' I said, real polite. He didn't say a word. Just gave me a dark look and stared at me under those thick eyebrows of his. So I sat down and talked about this 'n' that—the weather and the prices of corn and fertilizer and how hard help was to get down at the mill. He just said 'yes' or 'no' or 'maybe' or some such thing. Then all of a sudden I started to get a very funny idea about this guy.

"Now, mind you, he was big and solid lookin'. His face was rugged, his hands were big and tough. But somehow I got to thinkin' like—I don't know how to put it—like he wasn't real—like he might dissolve away into the shadows.

"I started to feel uneasy, so I got up to leave. I said 'Goodnight' real

nice and everything, but, Joe, I was never so glad to get out of anyplace in my life. When I got out on the porch, Sophie and Charlie were gone. Just as I reached the road, I could see them goin' hand in hand 'round the corner of the old house, out toward the orchard. I felt pretty terrible then."

Ben killed the bottle and began to peel the plastic strip from the neck of a fresh one.

He filled our glasses and gripped ahold of his like he wanted to smash it. He had a real struggle getting it to his mouth, but when he did, he almost drained it in one gulp. I never saw a man drink so much before. He started talking again.

"Actually, I had two good warnings," he said. "One was that night when I stood there in Lambert's parlor and got that feelin' about him not bein' real. The other came the night I helped carry Charlie Newfield out of the Bugle Bar and Grill and load him into the nut wagon. But I wasn't listenin' to any warnings. I can't say I enjoyed cartin' Charlie off to the asylum, but I do remember kind of lickin' my chops when I thought how I had a clear field with Sophie. Yeah, that was a big night for me, all right, the night I sat on Charlie Newfield's chest in the bug wagon. If I'd done the thing he told me to do that night I'd have been a happy man today. Anyway, Charlie kicked off a couple of months later. His liver, they said. His whole insides. I'll tell ya!"

"What did Charlie tell you to do that night?" I asked.

"The same thing I'm goin' to tell you to do before this night's over," Ben answered. He closed his eyes and I saw the jaw muscles tighten on the sides of his face. He grabbed the bottle.

"Well, I went after Sophie Lambert like I never went after nothin' before. I'm no greenhorn about women, and right away I realized this was goin' to call for all my tricks. I went out and bought one of the finest chestnut mares I could find. Then one day I put on the suit I bought in Chicago, and one of them nylon shirts, cuff links and all. Sophie had just got back from the big city.

"It was a hot summer afternoon when I walked up to the Lambert place with that mare. Just as I got to the front of the house, Sophie herself came out. I'm tellin' you it was all I could do just to look at her without reachin' out and grabbin'. 'Sophie,' I says, 'I come up with this horse here.' 'That's nice,' Sophie says, real smart-like, 'I'm glad to see you travel around with good company.' 'What I meant was,' I told her, 'I

brought this mare for you and your dad.' Well, she claps her hands and those eyes of hers they light up like big stars. I could see right away that she knew what I was after. She ran into the house and came out in a minute with her old man. He looked at the mare and he looked at Sophie, then he looked at me. 'Come up on the porch,' he said, 'and have some root beer.' Then he took the mare and led her around to the barn.

"Me and Sophie sat on the porch all that afternoon. But I didn't get nowhere with her because right inside the screen door I could hear a rockin' chair goin' back and forth, back and forth . . ."

Ben's voice was growing hoarse. He didn't look a bit drunker than when I first saw him, but a slow numbness seemed to be slipping over him.

"She told me he was part deaf," Ben continued. "He could hear voices, she said, but he couldn't make out words very well. I grabbed her and kissed her some, but she wouldn't let me do much. She said that if the old man heard the voices stop for very long, he'd hop right out on the porch quick as a flash.

"She was like a ripe apple," Ben said. "Smooth and cool and sweet. Her face was tanned a little and she had freckles on her nose, but down below the neckline of her dress, her skin was like the flesh of a new-peeled apple. She made me hungry and excited. We used to sit on that porch whole long afternoons and sweat in the sun. I think I'd get most hungry for her in the deep end of the afternoon when the long shadows were creepin' all around the house. She'd let me take the tip of her ear between my teeth and bite it. I wouldn't bite it hard or anything—just enough to feel my teeth sinking into the flesh while my tongue pushed under the tip and bent it up a little. And all the while, on all those long afternoons and again in the nights, the chair would go on rockin' inside the front door.

"One night I couldn't stand it anymore. I told her I had to have her. That she had to be mine. I told her I wanted to take her to my shootin' cabin up on Eagle Mountain some night just when the sun was goin' down. I said I wanted to close all the shutters on the cabin and nail them up. Then I wanted to take her inside and put her on the bed in the dark and put one lighted candle on an arm of a chair by the bed and just stay there with her for about a week and never come out.

"And all the while I was tellin' her this, that damn rockin' chair just kept goin'. 'I'm goin' to stop

(continued on page 14)



THE OPTIMISTIC FROTH-BLOWER.

LIMERICKS



A deep baritone from Havana
While singing, slipped on a banana.
He was ill for a year,
Then resumed his career
As a promising lyric soprana!

A corpulent maiden named Kroll
Had a notion exceedingly droll:
At a masquerade ball,
Dressed in nothing at all,
She backed in as a Parker House Roll.

The model ascended the ladder
As Titian, the painter, had bade her.
Her position, to Titian,
Suggested coition.
So he climbed up the ladder and had her.

There was a young girl from St. Paul
Who went to a newspaper ball.
Her dress caught on fire
And burned her entire
Front page: sports section and all.

There was a young lady of Thrace
Whose corset grew too tight to lace.
Her mother said, "Nelly,
There's more in your belly
Than ever went in through your face!"

A pretty young maiden of France
Decided she'd just "take a chance."
She let herself go
For an hour or so.
And now all her sisters are aunts.

There once was a lady from Exeter
Who made all the men crane their nexeter.
And some who were brave
Would take out and wave
The distinguishing marks of their sexeter.

A cross-eyed old painter named Jeff
Was color-blind, palsied and deaf.
When he asked to be touted,
The critics all shouted,
"This is art with a capital F!"

There was a young maid from Madras
Who had a magnificent ass:
Not pretty and pink,
As you probably think—
It was gray, had long ears, and ate grass.

There was a young lady of Erskine
Who had a remarkably ferskine.
When I said to her, "Mabel,
You look fine in your sable,"
She replied, "I look best in my berskine."

There was a young girl from Dubuque
Who went sailing one day with a duque.
He remarked, "I am sure
You are honest and pure,"
And then leaned far over to puque.

There was a young lady named Wilde
Who kept herself quite undefiled
By thinking of Jesus,
Contagious diseases,
And the bother of having a child.

WHEN A DETACHMENT of Irish brigadiers returned to their home county of Limerick after serving with the French army, they brought back with them a repertoire of snappy rhymed epigrams that made the colleens blush and the young bucks burst with bawdy laughter.

That was back in the late Seventeenth Century. Before long, these ribald verses had taken on the name of the

county, and the catchy rhythmic lilt of their five short lines were earning them an underground reputation all over the world. In 1846, nonsense-poet Edward Lear cleaned up the limerick and introduced it into polite circles, but the best and most popular limericks are still the salty variety that men recite over their beer or brandy when the women aren't around. PLAYBOY has rounded up a few of the choicer limericks for your holiday enjoyment.

A BRACE OF RACY RHYMES

A masculine girl of Khartoum
Asked a ladylike boy to her room.
They spent the whole night
In a hell of a fight
As to which should do what, and to whom.

There was a young lady from Kent
Who said that she knew what it meant
To be asked out to dine
On lobster and wine.
She knew what it meant—but she went.

A clever commercial female
Had prices tattooed on her tail;
And below her behind,
For the sake of the blind,
A duplicate version in Braille.

There was an eccentric young lass
Who wore panties constructed of brass:
Said she, "They have uses,
Like staving off geese
And pinches and pins in the grass."

There was a young warrior of Parma
Who got into bed with his charmer.
She, naturally nude,
Said, "Don't think me rude,
But I DO wish you'd take off your armor!"

A sturdy young fellow from Ransome
Had a girl seven times in a hansom.
When she asked for some more,
Said a voice from the floor:
"My name, ma'am, is Simpson—not Samson!"

A lass named Veronica Mapes
Sported mammae the size of small grapes.
She started to scratch 'em
In the hope she might hatch 'em,
But all that remained were the scrapes.

There once was a man from Racine
Who invented a loving machine.
Both concave and convex,
It could serve either sex,
Entertaining itself in between.

There was a young maiden named Hoople
Whose bosom was triple, not duple.
She had one removed
But it grew back improved.
At present, Miss Hoople's quadruple.

There was a young lady of Worcester
Who dreamed Marlon Brando sedorcesther.
But she woke up to find
It was all in her mind:
Just a lump in the mattress that gorcesther.

She wasn't what one would call pretty,
And other girls offered her pity:
So nobody guessed
That her Wassermann Test
Involved half the men of the city.

There was a young lady from Senn
Who said, "Let us do it again
And again and again
And again and again
And again and again and AGAIN!"

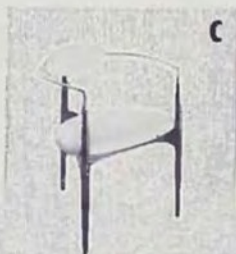


ONE WONDERFUL CHAIR

IT CAN BRING SMART COMFORT TO YOUR QUARTERS



design



FUNCTION



ECONOMY

IT WOULD BE overstating it, perhaps, to suggest that the proper chair can serve as a throne in a man's castle, but one wonderful chair can certainly complete a man's quarters, and give him a comfortable corner that is very much his own. On these pages are six contemporary chairs of excellent design, all eminently well suited for doing the things that a chair must do.

It is important that the prospective buyer understand what he is getting when he selects "contemporary." Such furniture is more than a sleekly modern combination of metal, wood and fabric. The elements of good design are not original to this generation. Clean, uncluttered lines and fine craftsmanship have been traditionally sought out by discriminating buyers. Within recent years, though, new materials like laminated plywood, plastics and lightweight but strong metals have permitted designers to produce the exciting lines now available.

The matter of selection is up to you. No one should dictate your choice of a chair anymore than he picks out

your clothes. The piece that fits you and your surroundings best is the one that merits your cash.

Don't be afraid to add a contemporary chair to a room that may be otherwise furnished in a somewhat haphazard fashion. A college frat or dorm room, your 1½ room walk-up or a penthouse apartment take, with equal grace, to the neat chair of good design.

It will soon be obvious that such a chair is more than just a static piece of furniture. In a carefully planned room, it can be just the right touch — a focal point of interest; in an otherwise barren room, one wonderful chair is like a piece of sculpture, to be viewed from all angles, and enthusiastically appreciated.

Though actual selection is a personal matter, this one rule of thumb will help: If you have a small room, look to the lighter chairs with thin lines. Use a large, fully upholstered piece in a more spacious room where you can give it the area it requires. The chair should be a center

(continued on page 35)

I'M YOURS (continued from Page 8)

that rockin' for good some night,' I told her. 'I'm just gonna reach the point where I can't stand it anymore.' She didn't say nothin' . . . just gave me a sort of sly look out of the corner of her eye and giggled a little. I could see I was gettin' to her, so I made up my mind real sudden about what I was goin' to do.

"Ever since that first afternoon, I had been bringin' Lambert presents when I came to see Sophie. I brung up loads of food: hams and fish and fancy bread and stuff. Lambert was a lazy, no-account farmer and I think I was just about keepin' both of 'em.

"The next mornin' I went down to Elmer Cooper, the lawyer, and got some papers drawn up. I always figured everything had its price and so I was goin' to make a real bid for the girl I wanted. With Lambert's land goin' to pot and him just about dependin' on the stuff I was bringin' up there, I thought he'd be in no position to refuse the proposition I was gonna offer. Sure, I know it wasn't a very honorable thing to do, tryin' to buy my way in like that. But neither was what those two were doin' to me on that porch.

"That very same day I took the papers up to the Lambert farm and slapped 'em down on the table in front of the old man. After a lot of shoutin' I finally made that deal son-of-a-bitch understand that if he signed the papers he would have a tenth interest in my lumber mill. This would give him a couple of thousand clear each year plus a fair sized expense account. He just stood there stony-cool and unruffled in his black suit and white collar, and he looked at me. Then he picked up the papers, shoved 'em at me without sayin' a word, and lumbered out of the room. By God, I stormed out of there mad as a hornet. Brushed right past Sophie on the front lawn. She called out askin' where I was goin' and I told her I was goin' to a cat house and wouldn't be back no more.

"And I meant it, too. Or thought I did."

"That night I got pretty sad and lonely. I went out for a walk along Main Street, lookin' at the women, but none of them meant a thing to me. Next mornin' I was a busted man. No appetite, no interest in work, no interest in nothin'. Moonin' around my house (I had a house then), I sort of gave up. Down I went to Elmer Cooper again and had more papers drawn up. This time the papers made Lambert a full partner in my business. Equal in everything. I knew that's what he wanted, and

that's what I gave him.

"I went up to the Lambert place that afternoon determined to make Sophie mine. If the old man refused me this time, I was goin' to kill him.

"But that wasn't necessary. He signed the paper as soon as I laid it in front of him. Didn't even read it or nothin'. Didn't even look at it. He knew what it said without lookin'. Next second Sophie comes out of the kitchen all shiny and happy lookin'. Her lips were new painted bright red and she was beautiful. She came over and kissed me and said, 'Oh, Ben, we've been waitin' for you all day. What kept you?' Right then I should have wondered how she knew I'd be back, and how her dad knew what was on that paper without even lookin' at it. I should've wondered, but I didn't."

Ben hadn't drunk anything for quite some time. His eyes were wide and staring.

"The old man walked out of the parlor," Ben said, "and Sophie sat on the couch. And suddenly I knew that this was it. All the achin' and hankerin', all the crazy desire that had been inside of me boiled up and came to a head. I went over and gave that old rockin' chair by the door a good stiff kick, knockin' it over on its side. Then I grabbed her hard and dug my hands into her body. But she shoved me away.

"Don't grab like that," she said. 'I wanna give it to you.'"

"Then she smiled and stretched out her arms to hold me. I took hold of her and squeezed her up tight so's I felt her against me from her lips all the way down to her toes almost. 'Don't you want me?' she whispered.

"Like nothin' ever before,' I whispered back and squeezed her tighter.

"You're absolutely sure?' she asked. 'Absolutely.'

"Be careful what you say,' she whispered. 'You gotta want only me. You gotta want all of me. Forever.'

"God damn it!' I said. 'You know I want you.'

"Say it.'

"I want you. I want you! Forever and ever!"

"I'm yours,' she shouted at the top of her lungs. 'I'm yours!' I got my mouth over hers and smashed her up against me till it felt like her mouth was actually inside of mine. I imagined I felt her teeth behind my teeth, her lips around the roots of my tongue. She locked her arms around my back and crushed herself against me till her breasts burned into my chest and I couldn't tell

her ribs or thighs or belly from mine, and she kept on screamin' 'I'm yours! I'm yours!' like she was out of her head with passion.

"For a minute everything went black. Then I came out of it and realized what a crazy thing I was doin'. Joe, I was standin' there *huggin' myself*.

"Sophie was gone. I looked all around the room, half crazy. 'Sophie! Sophie!' I yelled. 'I'm here, dear,' her voice came back. Then she started screamin' again. 'I'm yours, I'm yours!' I rushed around that place like a madman. Out on the porch, out in the kitchen, up into the bedrooms. There wasn't a soul in that house, Joe! But still I kept hearin' her voice.

"Where are you?' I yelled. And she answered:

"I'm here, dear. Inside of you where I belong. I'm yours. All yours!"

Ben rose to his feet, veins standing out on his face and his neck.

"That's where she is now," he croaked. "That's where she's been since that day. *Inside of me*. And now I want you to kill us this minute while I've got her good and drunk. Like Charlie Newfield asked me to do that night. Kill me and her before she sobers up and drives me stark ravin' mad!"

Ben tore a pistol out of his pocket and clapped it on the table. He stood looking at me and yelling "Kill us!" while the cold sweat broke out all over my body. Then he gave one last snort and collapsed to the floor.

All that booze he was drinking must have hit him at once. When I put my ear to his heart, I could hardly hear a beat. I called Doc Trotter and then went back to haul Ben over to the couch.

Now, I'm no weakling, but I swear I couldn't move that man. Tug as I might, he wouldn't budge. It was like he was screwed to the floor. Then I remembered what he told me about him weighing three hundred pounds. I had guessed he weighed about one-eighty. That left one-hundred-an'-twenty — the weight of a young girl . . . a well-stacked girl like Sophie Lambert . . .

I ran out of there and drove my car like hell out of town. I planned to go back next day but I never got quite enough nerve to do it.

The other day I got a note from Jessie Armstead, Ben's ex-landlady. She said that Ben died in the State Asylum two weeks ago and that his lumber mill has been taken over by old man Lambert. She also mentioned that Sophie is back in town.

Been visiting some relatives in Chicago, she said.





humor

BY MAX SHULMAN

THE PASSIONATE POETESS

Her technique was wonderful, but I ran into trouble when I tried to use it myself!



"You're a normal man with normal impulses," she said. "Why deny them?"

ON EVERY SECOND WEDNESDAY during the summer, Wrose Wrigley, the poetess laureate of our swank section of town, held intimate alfresco suppers, during which she favored guests with recitations of her verse and prose. Naturally only the most cultured were invited to these gatherings; one had either to belong to the Book-of-the-Month Club or to know somebody who did.

As a culture-conscious young man, I had long yearned to attend a Wrose Wrigley party, but never in my wildest dreams did I imagine that I would ever be invited. (My wildest dreams, incidentally, are pretty wild. The other night, for example, I dreamt I was attending a polo match aboard the *Queen Mary*. All the spectators ex-

cept me had pencil sharpeners with which they were putting points on frankfurters. So distressed was I at not having a pencil sharpener that I burst into tears, whereupon a nude young woman tapped me on the shoulder and informed me that I had just been elected lieutenant governor of Vermont. At this intelligence I became very excited and climbed the young woman, who had now turned into a ladder. Then I woke . . .) A psychoanalyst friend of mine (well, he isn't actually a psychoanalyst, but he had recently read the first volume in the *Works of Sigmund Freud*) told me, after I had described the dream to him, that its meaning was quite obvious: I had an unfulfilled desire to visit Yellowstone Park.

But I digress. I was explaining how a literary neophyte like myself happened to be invited to a Wrose Wrigley party. Actually, my wife was the one who received the invitation, and she told me I could tag along if I wanted to. This was doubly exciting. For on top of the thrill of attending a Wrigley affair was the no small pleasure of an evening with my sweet spouse. Following a series of minor misunderstandings, my wife had begun spending many of her nights away from our little home, and I looked forward to the opportunity of conversing with her, even in the presence of others.

As soon as we arrived at Miss Wrigley's, my wife began gulping
(continued on next page)

martinis. She was skunk drunk within fifteen minutes and I didn't see her the rest of the evening.

How shall I describe our hostess? Where to begin? Her eyes, perhaps, were her most arresting feature. Minute and milky, they seemed at first glance like a pair of ball bearings; in moments of passion, as I was to discover later, they rolled back into her head and quite disappeared. Her nose was piquantly kiltered. An inscrutable smile played over her dentures. Moles and related tumescences gave her face an attractive irregularity.

Her body can best be described as womanly. A peekaboo blouse revealed a full, checkered bosom (the result, I learned later, of sun-bathing behind a lattice). A multi-colored dirndl strained at her commodious hips. Her conical legs ended in the smallest adult feet in the Occident. It was difficult to guess her age, so I asked her. She replied with a tap of her fan that broke the skin on my forehead.

Beyond her, in the garden, I could hear the sounds of well-bred revelry. How the *mots justes* must be crackling, I thought, how delicious must be the badinage—a thrust here, a parry there, an endless contest of wit and literacy, endlessly delightful. I gave a little shiver.

Many of the guests were people I had met at the little revelries my wife had held in our own home. But although the cast of characters, so to speak, was largely the same as had graced those earlier events, the nature of tonight's gathering was entirely different. Where my wife's parties had frankly been vehicles for relaxation (orgies practically), this soiree, while no less pleasurable, had behind it a more serious purpose—to promote the arts, to instruct, to edify, to discuss, to shed light on those aspects of American culture that touched the lives of all us members of the upper-middle class.

I was a listener, rather than a participant, in most of the conversation that evening. I took notes on as much as I could. Let me quote an excerpt from my notes, a typical sample of the kind of talk that went on at Wrose Wrigley's party:

MR. OXNARD: I read a mighty interesting book last night.

MRS. HOLLOWAY: I just never get time to read any more, what with—

MR. HERWIG: (interrupting): What was the name of the book?

MRS. HOLLOWAY: Name of the book? Lord, I just never get time to read any more.

MR. HERWIG: I meant the book Ed (Mr. Oxnard) was reading.

MR. HOLLOWAY: Oh.

MR. OXNARD: I forget exactly. Mae (Mrs. Oxnard) would know. Mae?

MR. SUNDBERG: She went to the john.
MR. OXNARD: Well, when she comes back she'll know. (NOTE: *As it turned out, Mrs. Oxnard never did come back.*)

MR. ATTERBURY: I understand there's a lot of money in the book game.

MR. BENSON: The movie game, that's where the money is. Why, I hear Gregory Peck spends fifty thousand dollars a year on milk baths alone.

MR. BRADBURY: I've got a cousin in the weather-stripping game out in California, he tells me Rita Hayworth is bald as an egg.

MRS. MCEWEN: It's those milk baths. They clog your follicles.

MR. WHITE: Speaking of follicles, Leopold Stokowski is coming to the auditorium next Friday.

MR. KRAFT: I hear he's got a cork leg.

MR. ATTERBURY: I understand there's a lot of money in the cork-leg game.

And so it went all evening long, I sitting there listening avidly and regretting I had never learned shorthand so I could catch every word.

At midnight Miss Wrigley cried cheerily, "Soup's on!"—her charming way of indicating that supper was ready. The guests flocked to a gaily festooned table on which peanut-butter sandwiches were arranged to spell out: ARS LONGA, VITA BREVIS. "What the hell does that mean?" said several, feigning ignorance of this classic Greek phrase. With many a laugh and cheer, the tasty repast was dispatched.

Supper over, Miss Wrigley lighted candles and announced with a blush that she would now read her latest work. "Good heavens, look what time it's getting to be!" cried everyone, glancing at his watch. Hastily they made their good-bys and departed.

Thus it became my privilege to be the sole member of the audience at the first reading of Wrose Wrigley's latest work.

"Dear me, this always happens," said Miss Wrigley, watching the last of the guests leaping over the hedge. "Well, no matter," she smiled. "I'll read to you," she said to me.

"Sweet," I murmured.

"It's a poem," she said, "called *My Garden*."

"Sweet," I murmured.

She read in her ringing baritone:

*"My garden it is fragrant,
The blossoms they do bloom,
So wild and free and flagrant
Out of the earth's sweet womb.*

*"When you pass it, neighbor,
And see the flowers grow
Do you realize the labor
It took to make it so?"*

*"The hoeing and the weeding,
The spraying and the work,*

*For the art of flower breeding,
It never lets you shirk.*

*"A gardener is wiser
The moment that he knows
It takes a heap of fertilizer
To make a rose a rose."*

"Jolly!" I cried. "Capital!"

"I write prose too," she confessed. "Stories, essays, mottoes."

And now I had a confession to make. "I'd give anything to be able to write," I said, rubbing my toe in the turf.

"But you can!" she exclaimed. "I'm sure you can."

I smiled bravely. "No. I've tried a million times. I just never know how to start. I think if I could get past the beginning, the rest would come easily."

"I know, I know. Beginnings used to be difficult for me, too, until I learned the secret." She slipped her hand inside my shirt and tapped my chest to emphasize her words. "The beginning of a story must excite the interest of the reader, must make him eager to know what is coming."

"Ah," I said, comprehending. "You mean the beginning of a story must be arresting and startling."

"Exactly."

"Now let me see if I can think of one." I knit my brows in thought. Miss Wrigley gripped my upper thighs to help me concentrate. Suddenly a perfect beginning occurred to me. I leaped up excitedly, upsetting Miss Wrigley upon the lawn. I brushed her off—twice, at her insistence.

"I've got it, Miss Wrigley," I shouted.

"Splendid," said my hostess, drawing me down beside her on the glider.

"Don't you want to hear it?" I asked.

"Later," she said.

Suddenly—I could scarcely believe it—her lips were on mine and she was wrenching at my clothing.

I tore myself away. "You're mad!" I cried hoarsely.

"Yes. Yes. Mad for you." She resumed her advances.

"Miss Wrigley," I said coldly, "please desist. I'm just not that kind of a boy."

"Nonsense. You're a normal human being with normal impulses. Why deny them?"

"May I remind you that I am a married man?"

"But what has that to do with us?"

"Why, everything!"

"I know what you're going to say about fidelity and all that outmoded rot."

"Outmoded rot! Why, it's the very foundation stone of marriage."

"Silly boy! Have I suggested that you leave your wife?"

"No, but—"

(continued on page 28)

1954 WAS ONE LONG SEASON OF SPORTS SURPRISES, UPSETS AND THRILLS

IF EMINENT HISTORIAN Arnold Toynbee ever gets around to analyzing 1954 in one of his impressive volumes, he'll probably set it down as a rather unimportant, and not too interesting year. But in the world of sports, these have been twelve of the screwiest, thrill-packed months ever.

It has been a crazy, upside down year in which the unexpected became the expected and the impossible, almost commonplace. The fans loved every minute of it and professional bookmakers by the hundreds disappeared into the limbo of bankruptcy.

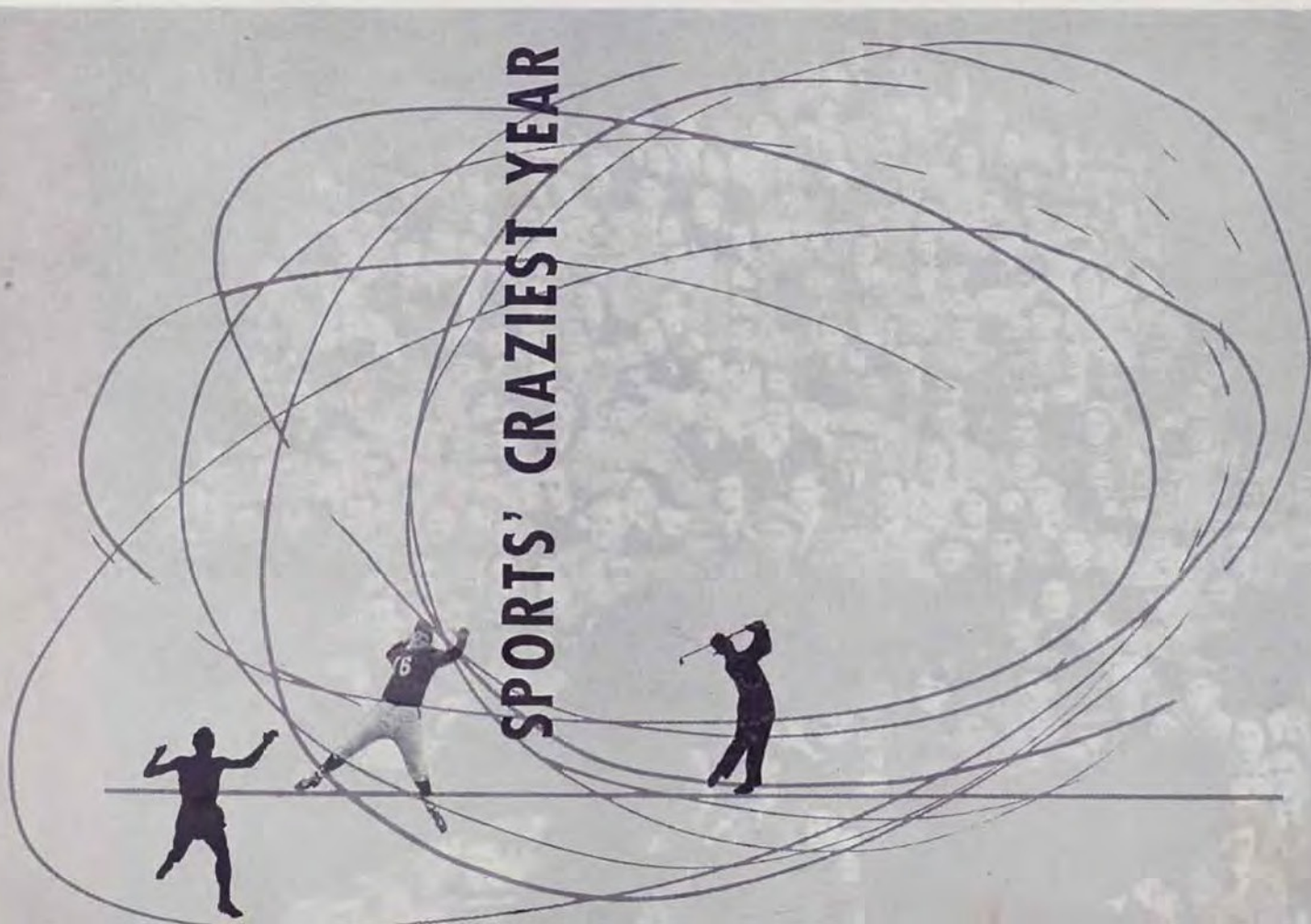
The greatest thrill of the year came in track. Man had chased the four minute mile for more than a quarter of a century. It was as awesome as the speed of sound, and many thought

it would never be broken. But early in 1954, the impossible was accomplished by two different men on opposite sides of the world. Britain's Roger Bannister broke through first, with a 3:59.4. Most experts expected that time to stand for years, but the ink was hardly dry in the record books, when Australia's John Landy set a new, though unofficial, mark of 3:58.

In August the two men met in what was called the "Mile of the Century" at the British Empire and Commonwealth Games in Victoria, British Columbia. Bannister won the race with a 3:58.8 and Landy placed with 3:59.6. In 1953 the four minute mile had been a golden dream; in 1954 a man ran the mile in less than four minutes, but failed to win the race.

The European games and a London-Moscow meet offered a preview of what the world could expect from the U.S.S.R. in the 1956 Olympics at Melbourne, Australia. The Russians dominated almost every event, but Chris Chataway saved some British face in the second meet, by beating Soviet sailor Vladimir Kuc, and establishing a new world record, in the 5000 meter race (slightly over three miles).

In the European games, Chataway had pressed Kuc to a surprise victory and new world's record over Czech runner Emil Zatopek, just as he had paced Bannister and Landy to record miles. It was typical in this crazy year, that the man who had gained greatest fame by always running second should win first honors in his last



meeting with his Russian rival, and set a new world mark of his own.

In baseball, the unbeatable Yankees won more games than in any of their last five, victorious seasons, but they were beaten just the same. Cleveland did it by setting an American League record with 111 wins. Then the Indians went into the World Series and left the bookies sitting in the bleachers with four straight losses.

The Giants came from a fifth place finish in '53 to win the National League Pennant. They entered the Series an 8 to 5 underdog and proceeded to take four out of four. Durocher and company could do no wrong; Willie "Say, hey!" Mays was a pleasure to watch and a pinch hitter named Dusty Rhodes seemed to score runs every time they handed him a bat.

The exciting new Milwaukee team walked off with every box office record around, and after the season ended, the powers-that-be decided to move the Philadelphia A's to Kansas City, which may spark that city with similar magic next year. Joltin' Joe DiMaggio won and lost Marilyn Monroe — big news to fans who never read the sports pages.

It would have taken a ball of the very finest crystal to predict early in 1954 that neither Ben Hogan or Sam Snead would receive any consideration for golfer of the year. That honor really belongs to two men, Ed Furgol and

Bob Toski, both relative unknowns at the year's beginning. Furgol, with a withered left arm, copped the National Open, and little Toski (5'8", 126 pounds) was the leading money winner, and world champion at the rich Tam O'Shanter tourney.

More traffic probably crossed the English Channel this year in grease and swimsuits than in ships. Everyone from the Shiek of Araby to Chief Dan Seagull tried to get into the act. Florence Chadwick, the first woman to ever make the crossing by grease-and-suit, decided to try Lake Ontario this summer. She found the water too cold and choppy, but a 16 year old Toronto girl named Marilyn Bell, who'd gone along just to get her bathing suit wet, stuck it out for the full 32 miles, and 20 hours and 57 minutes after leaving Youngstown, N. Y., crawled onto the beach in Toronto. A Canadian company, who'd sponsored Chadwick's swim with a guarantee of \$10,000 if she made it, quickly regrouped their publicity men when they learned that Florence had quit but an unknown kid was still swimming. They paid Marilyn the ten grand instead, and proud Canadians heaped the girl with gifts and prizes that eventually brought her total winnings to \$50,000. And the Canadian government, also very proud of their little Marilyn, declared she could keep it all, tax free.

Johnny Saxton upset bolo punching welterweight champ Kid Gavilan, and

the next morning while "The Keed" was crying "Fix!", Saxton mumbled his way out of a jail sentence for several hundred dollars worth of unpaid traffic tickets. Saxton's lawyer explained in court that his defendant had fought a lousy fight, though winning, because he'd been so worried about the coming jail sentence. The sympathetic magistrate gave Saxton his second unexpected decision of the week and Johnny went home a free and very happy champion.

Aging Ezzard Charles had his finest evening in a June bout with champion Rocky Marciano, and almost became the first heavyweight to ever regain the title. But in a September rematch, The Rock handled ex-champ Charles handily and it became obvious that unless '55 turns out to be a year of even bigger surprises than '54, Marciano will remain at the top of the heavyweight division for some time to come.

College football went through its second season of single-platoon ball with so many upsets the Monday morning quarterbacks were taking up canasta instead. Illinois and Michigan State, last year's Big Ten co-champions, were rated among the top ten teams in the nation at the beginning of the season, and picked to repeat as conference champs. With the season two-thirds over, both teams were in the Big Ten cellar, and Illinois was still looking for its first conference win.

Notre Dame was top team in the nation after impressive wins in its first two games, then Purdue upset the Irish 27 to 14. To keep the season typical, it was one of the few games the Boilermakers won all season long.

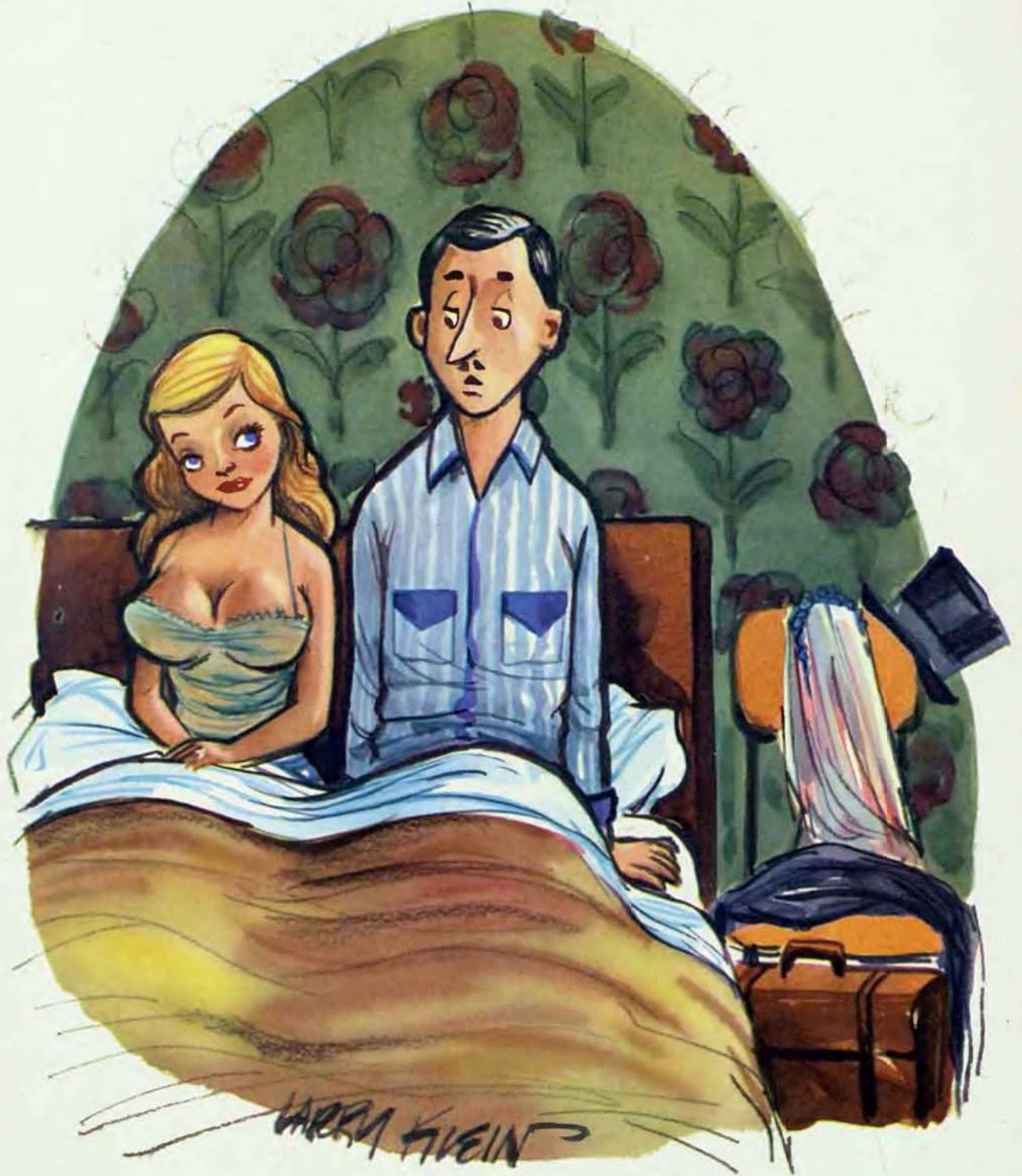
In the Southwest Conference, Texas had to hand its favored position over to an upcoming Arkansas team. Arkansas also upset Mississippi, picked by many early season prognosticators to go unbeaten and rate tops in the country.

Rice had Rapid Richard Moegle, last year's Cotton Bowl hero, but it managed to follow the upset trail by losing to Wisconsin and S.M.U.

California looked in September like a contender for the Pacific Coast championship and seemed a cinch for a bid to the Rose Bowl. But Oklahoma beat them in their first game, and after that came defeats from Ohio State, Oregon, U.S.C., and U.C.L.A. Meanwhile, U.C.L.A. was piling up scores that sounded more like basketball than any game played on a gridiron: 61 and 72, to their opponents' 0.

It's the upsets and surprises that keep all sports so exciting and that made 1954 just a little more exciting than any sports year in a long, long time.





"Now am I supposed to be the bird and you the bee or is it the other way around?"



pictorial

PHOTOGRAPHING A PLAYMATE

Miss December gets her picture taken



Model Terry Ryan arrives at our studio .



Photographers prepare for shooting.

Each month PLAYBOY devotes its center two pages to a lovely, full-color unpinned pin-up. This pulchritudinous Playmate of the Month is the most popular feature in the magazine. She is fast replacing wallpaper in the college fraternities of the nation, businessmen hide her in their desks, service men in their foot lockers. She is becoming the new American Love Goddess, and her admirable proportions have been credited with an assist in the early demise of Christian Dior's Flat Look. This is how one Playmate was photographed.



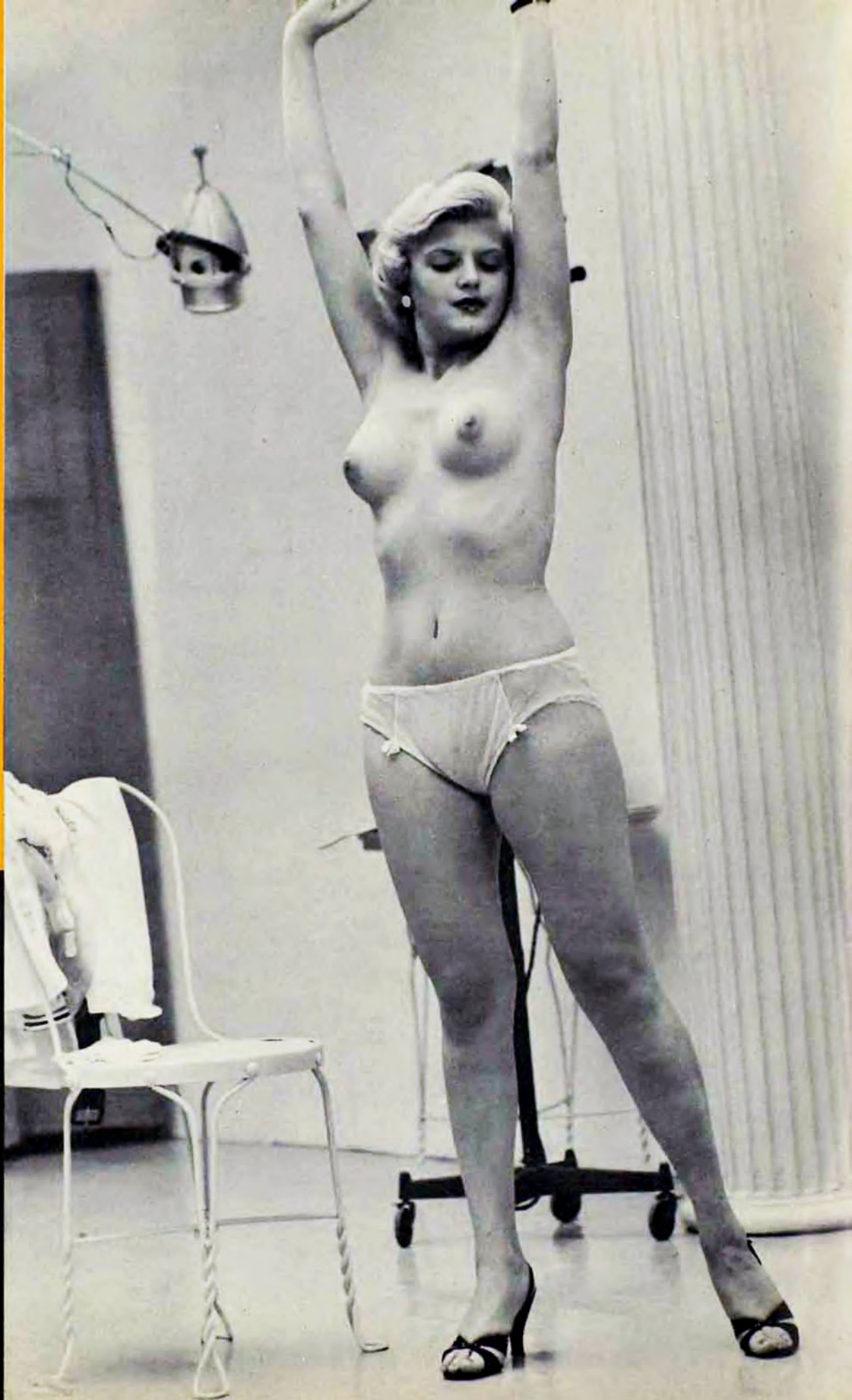
While Terry is undressing, assistants ready the lights, camera and props that will be used in the photographing of PLAYBOY'S December Playmate of the Month.



PLAYBOY art director Arthur Paul demonstrates admirable control by noting dull details like shoes.



Terry stretches in a tentative pose. Our model tries a number of poses, her own and those suggested by the photographer, before one is selected for the shooting.





Off with the panties and on with the body make-up; Photographer Norwin Bigelow applies the grease paint with a small rag, and for this he gets paid. Body make-up was required because of uneven tan from sunbathing in two-piece swim suit; because of this, a great many models prefer sunbathing in the nude, when circumstances permit.





Shoe stand, pearls, and gossamer gown have been decided upon as props for the picture. Photographer and model work together on proper pose; art director gives the "go ahead" when the composition looks right. The rolled paper background is standard studio equipment, offering a continuous surface to play the lights and shadows against; Bigelow has removed his shoes to keep the paper clean; a new sheet can be pulled into position when the old has become soiled or torn. Terry Ryan is an easy model to work with, relaxed and cooperative, and her 36"-24"-36" measurements make her ideal for figure work. She is twenty-one years old, single, and plans on making modelling a career, although this is the first time her picture has appeared in a large circulation national magazine. At left: With the afternoon's shooting completed, Terry washes body make-up off in sink of the photographic darkroom.



At PLAYBOY offices, editor Hugh M. Hefner goes over color transparencies with art director Arthur Paul, and selects the pose to be used as December Playmate of the Month.





MISS DECEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



POETESS (continued from page 14)

"Have I proposed any long-term arrangement between us?"

"No, but—"

"All I ask is that the two of us while away an idle hour with a very natural and pleasant act."

"It's more than that. To me it's one of the most beautiful and important things in the world."

"Who's arguing?"

"Well, then—"

"Look. Do you know what repressions are?"

"Sure. That's when everybody's out of work."

"No, no. Repressions."

"Oh . . . No."

"That's when you stifle a natural instinct. Very bad for you. Makes you nauseous."

"Maybe so, but I can't do it. I can't do anything that I can't tell my wife about. I don't think married people should have secrets."

"Ridiculous. Nobody tells his wife everything. There are certain things you do in private, like clipping the hairs in your nostrils."

"How did you know?"

"So, you see, you really have no argument. Let's get going."

"But I don't love you."

"This has nothing to do with love. This is pure friendship. You are a fine, sensitive person, the kind I want for a friend, to be close to. And nothing brings people closer together than the act I propose."

"It does that," I had to admit.

"This above all, dear boy, to thine own self be true. Be true to the natural, normal instincts that are your strength, your very life—not to the bigotry and superstition and sickness that others would impose on you. That's your choice here: between sickness and health, between progress and reaction, between light and darkness. Which will you choose?"

I made a choice that all who prefer health to sickness, progress to reaction, and light to darkness would have to applaud.

• • •

I sat in my office the following afternoon spinning in my swivel chair and thinking about Wrose Wrigley's party and all the things I had learned about

literature and repressions and outmoded morality.

I rang for my secretary, Mrs. Hargreaves, and she came in with her notebook.

"Take a letter, Mrs. Hargreaves," I said. "To Mr. George Bugleform, Allied Manufacturing Corp.: In reply to yours of the 5th, I cannot go along with your suggestion. I am strongly affected . . . uh . . . strongly affected . . ."

And strongly affected I was this minute as I looked at Mrs. Hargreaves on the divan. Her sheer summer dress clung enviably to her abundant curves; the pretty pink tip of her tongue kept darting out of the side of her mouth as she concentrated on her Gregg. I glanced at her speculatively for a while. At length, "Why not?" I said to myself and rose from my desk. I walked over to her side.

She looked up. "Yes?" she said.

In lieu of reply I seized her in my arms and rained kisses on her bee-stung lips.

She tore herself away. "You're mad!" she cried hoarsely.

"Yes. Yes. Mad for you." I resumed my advances.

"Sir!" she said coldly, "please desist. I'm just not that kind of a girl."

"Nonsense. You're a normal human being with normal impulses. Why deny them?"

"May I remind you that I am a married woman?"

"But what has that to do with us?"

"Why, everything!"

"I know what you're going to say about fidelity and all that outmoded rot."

"Outmoded rot! Why, it's the very foundation stone of marriage."

"Silly girl! Have I suggested that you leave your husband?"

"No, but—"

"Have I proposed any long-term arrangement between us?"

"No, but—"

"All I ask is that the two of us while away an idle hour with a very natural and pleasant act."

"It's more than that. To me it's one of the most beautiful and important things in the world."

"Who's arguing?"

"Well, then—"

"Look. Do you know what repressions are?"

"Sure. That's when everybody's out of work."

"No, no. Repressions"

"Oh . . . No."

"That's when you stifle a natural instinct. Very bad for you. Makes you nauseous."

"Maybe so, but I can't do it. I can't do anything that I can't tell my husband about. I don't think married people should have secrets."

"Ridiculous. Nobody tells her husband everything. There are certain things you do in private, like clipping

(continued on page 35)

FEMALES BY COLE: 7



The Octogenarian

satire BY SHEPHERD MEAD

illustrated by claude



The truly scientific businessman feels naked without his slide rule.

HOW TO MAKE RESEARCH WORK FOR YOU

MORE TIPS ON SUCCEEDING IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING

(NOTE: There are two basic types of research in business, which can be loosely classified as (1) white coat research and (2) blue suit research. The white coat, or laboratory type, will be handled for you by your advertising agency, which keeps a large stock of white coats in all sizes. We will be concerned here only with the second, largely involving public opinion, and including polls, market research, audience ratings, and the like.)

BUSINESS USED TO BE conducted, as our fathers would say, "by the seat of the pants," meaning actually that they just Used Their Heads.

This, of course, is no longer the case.

A man with a fine brain is mighty welcome in *any* business, as we've shown in our previous articles. His is the responsibility to make the basic decisions. However, if your mind is sometimes confused by the hurly-burly of the office, never fear. Business is happily not the willy-nilly, hit-or-miss affair it was in Dad's day.

Science has taken a firm hold. No matter how little thought you have time to give anything, with research at the helm you cannot make a wrong decision.

Everything is now done by research.

TEST YOUR PRODUCT!

Remember, it isn't what your product *is* or *does* that is important. It's *what people think about it* that counts! Find this out! There are many companies that do nothing but ask people what

they think. Use them!

Whatever you make, test it! Test the shape of your automobile, the flavor of your tooth paste, or the plot of your movie. You can be sure that *somebody* will buy tomorrow what a tested majority wanted yesterday.

Leave old-fashioned pioneering to others!

MAKE SCIENCE WORK FOR YOU

The faint-hearted will stop here, but not the rising young man. You will soon learn that this new science can be made to work for *you*. Many brilliant young fellows have risen rapidly to the top in the business world remembering

this cardinal principal: *The Primary Use of Research is to Prove Your Point.*

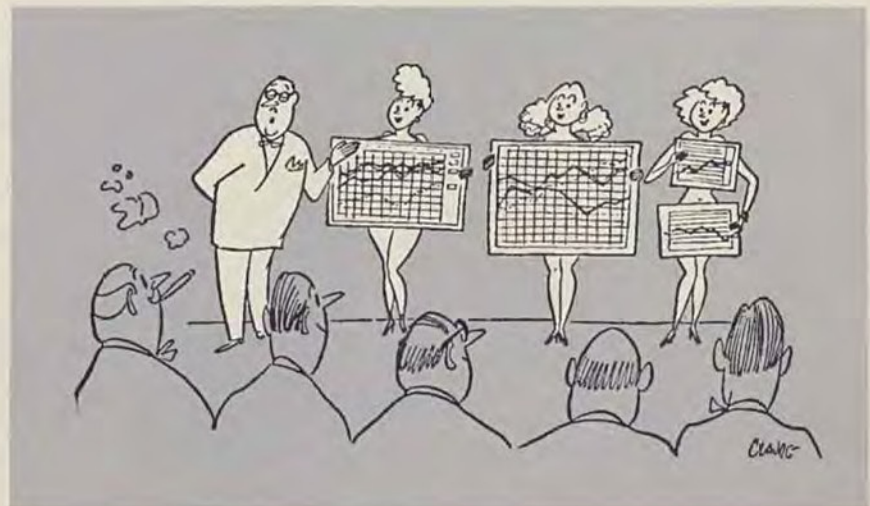
After a poll has been taken, it is well to be on the side of the majority figures, but if you are caught with your percentages down, do not be discouraged.

Remember these simple handy ways to keep Science on YOUR side.

1. *Carry a Slide Rule!* The truly scientific businessman feels naked without his slide rule.

"Well, the latest Nielsen survey makes your recommendation look pretty bad, eh, Finch?"

(continued on page 35)



Use charts.



"Well, speak up! Are they yours or Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's?"

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Martinis, my girl, are deceiving: Take two at the very most. Take three and you're under the table. Take four and you're under the host.

Perhaps you've heard of the impecunious snake who was so poor he didn't have a pit to hiss in.

The young bachelor showed up at the office with a black eye. "What the hell happened to you?" inquired his associates.

"Well," he said, "I was getting dressed this morning when a button came off my fly. I'm all thumbs when it comes to sewing, so I ran in to the married woman in the next apartment and asked her if she'd sew the button on for me."

"Oho," interrupted his friends, "she thought you were getting fresh and pasted you, is that it?"

"No, no. She was very nice about it. Got out her sewing basket and went to work. Sat down in front of me and sewed on the button while I was standing there. She'd finished it up and was just biting off the thread, when her husband walked in."



Before he went off to the wars, King Arthur locked his lovely wife, Guinivere, into her chastity belt. Then he summoned his loyal friend and subject, Sir Lancelot.

"Lancelot, noble knight," said Arthur, "within this sturdy belt is imprisoned the virtue of my wife. The key to this chaste treasure I will entrust to only one man in the world. To you."

Humbled before this great honor, Lancelot knelt, received his king's blessing, and took charge of the key. Arthur mounted his steed and rode off. Not half a mile from his castle, he heard hoofbeats behind him and turned to see Sir Lancelot riding hard to catch up with him. "What is amiss, my friend?" asked the king.

"My lord," gasped Lancelot, "you have given me the wrong key!"

A traveling salesman we know writes passionate love letters to a little farm girl in his territory. Her name is Sarah, but he always starts off his letters with: "Dear Hollyhock . . ."

We never understood this term of endearment till the other day when we came across this entry in the Farmer's Almanac: "HOLLYHOCK—Does well in fence corners and behind barns; not so well in beds."



Imagine the girl's surprise when she walked into the playboy's apartment and discovered he had no chairs, no tables, no bed, no furniture at all. She was floored!

"In my last four shows," complained the Broadway actor, "I've played nothing but heels, and cads, and egotistical swine."

"Yes, it's a shame," agreed his colleague. "This type-casting is ruining the American stage."

A very plain nurse was telling a voluptuous co-worker about the sailor who was a patient in Ward Ten. "He's tattooed," she confided (and her voice dropped low), "in a very intimate place!"

"You mean—" gasped the beautiful nurse.

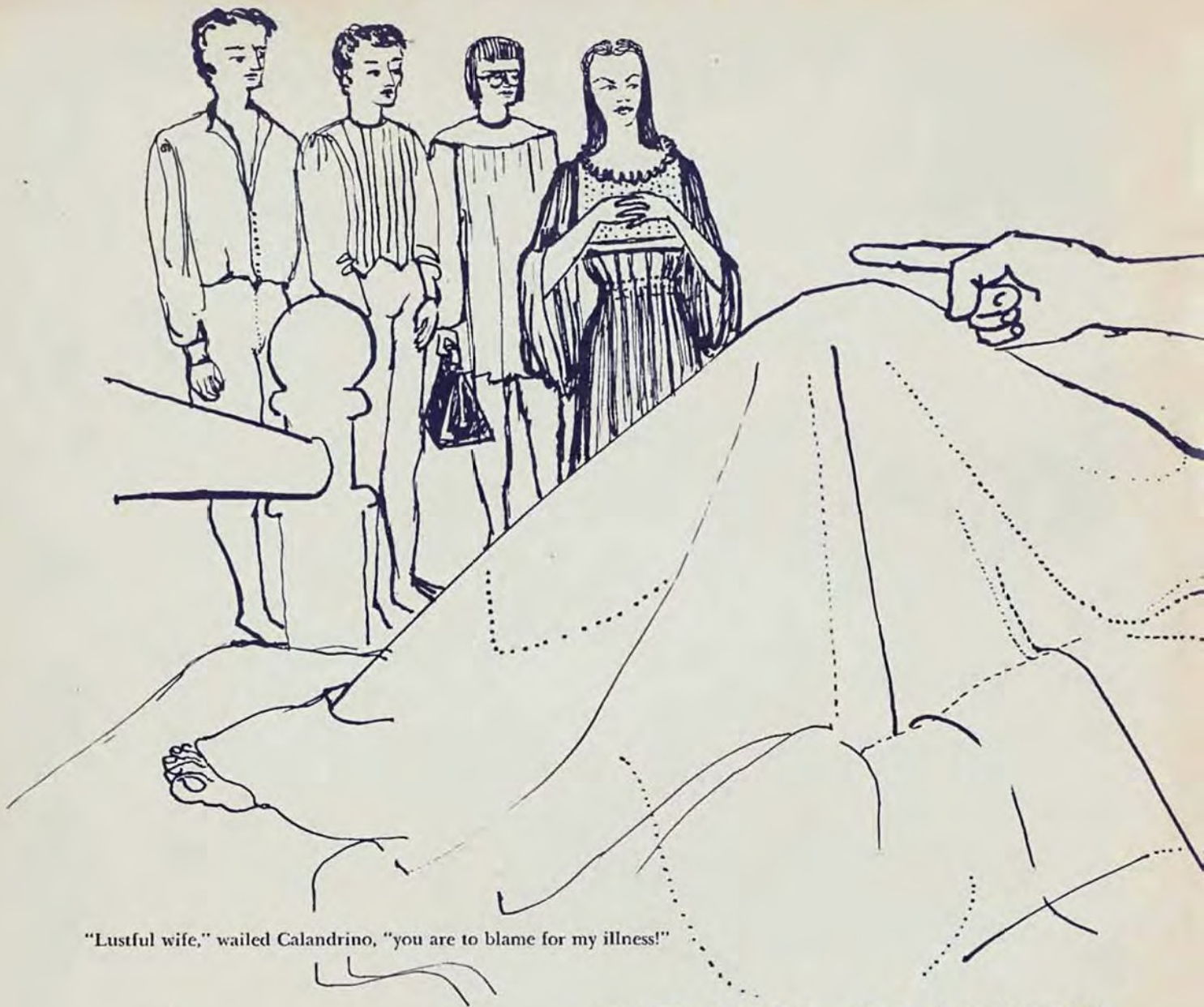
"Yes! Isn't that odd? There's actually a *word* tattooed there. The word 'swan'."

"This I've got to see," exclaimed the voluptuous one, and she hurried off to Ward Ten. Half an hour later, she returned. "You were right," she said, "he is tattooed there. But you were wrong about the word. It's 'Sas-katchewan!'"

We've always been partial to absent-minded professor jokes. Like the one about the guy who walked into the men's room, unbuttoned his vest, and pulled out his necktie.

Have you heard any good ones lately? Earn an easy five dollars by sending the best to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 11 E. Superior St., Chicago 11, Illinois. No jokes can be returned.





"Lustful wife," wailed Calandrino, "you are to blame for my illness!"

RIBALD CLASSICS

THE CURE FOR SNOBBERY

When Calandrino, a penniless Florentine oaf, came suddenly into a small inheritance of two hundred lire, his character was radically changed.

The dull-witted stare by which he was known became a haughty sneer. His aimless, shuffling gait was transformed into a pompous glide. His stupidity, if possible, grew deeper. And his friends were demoted, in his mind, to a station so low he considered it an act of charity to bid them good morning.

Bruno and Buffalmacco were at one time his heartiest companions. Good fellows both, they were deeply hurt by his new attitude, and being clever rascals, they decided to teach him a lesson. Into their confidence they took two more ex-friends of Calandrino's—a man

named Nello and a jolly physician, Doctor Simone.

Early one morning, Nello greeted Calandrino on the street. "Good day, old friend!" he said. Then he stopped and peered into Calandrino's face. "I have heard that wealth brings many worries, but I would never have expected such a healthy fellow as you to look so *ill*. What's amiss?"

"Amiss?" puffed Calandrino. "Nothing, you fool. I feel fine."

"Ah, that's the spirit!" Nello rejoined. "Don't let it get the better of you." And, going on his way, he added, "Take care of yourself, my friend."

Confused, Calandrino rubbed his jaw and walked on. Soon he came upon Buffalmacco, who said in a soft voice, "Calandrino, why have you kept this to yourself? Why have you not confided

in your friends? Why did you not tell us you were *dying*?"

"Dying?" croaked Calandrino. "Do I look as bad as all that?"

Buffalmacco said nothing. He patted Calandrino on the shoulder with great affection, and a tear was in his eye as he walked away.

Now Calandrino began to feel strange. His head swam, his stomach writhed, his face grew pale and drawn. At that moment, Bruno saw him.

"Angels defend us!" cried Bruno. "Calandrino, you poor old fellow, you look as if you were *dead*!"

At this, Calandrino groaned and fell swooning into Bruno's arms. "Save me, friend Bruno," he whispered in terror. "I have been stricken by the plague, I am certain! What should I do?"

"Go home," Bruno ordered. "Get in



fiction

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

bed and have your wife wrap you in blankets. Eat nothing. Drink nothing. I will straightway bring Doctor Simone to treat you."

Calandrino went home and did as he was told. Soon, his three friends escorted Doctor Simone to his bedside.

The physician's face was grave as he felt Calandrino's pulse, listened to his heart, tested his water and bled him with leeches. Then, his face brightening, he said, "Cheer up, Calandrino. You're as sound as an ox. The only thing wrong with you is that you're pregnant."

"Pregnant!" cried Calandrino. "But is that possible?"

The doctor nodded sagely. "Rare, of course: but possible."

With a groan of despair, Calandrino turned upon his wife. "Foolish, lustful

woman!" he whined. "You are to blame for this. I *told* you it was not right for you to lie above me!"

Blushing, his wife left the room.

"Alas, I am undone!" wailed Calandrino. "How can I bear a child? From where can it possibly emerge? It will kill me . . . I will die . . ."

"Save your strength," said Doctor Simone. "You may yet be cured of this unusual affliction. I will prepare for you a distillation of many things. Several fine fat capons, a keg of vintage wine and other delicacies go into the making of it. By drinking this medicine, your pregnancy will disappear and you will be in health again."

"But how much will all this cost?" asked Calandrino.

"About . . . two hundred lire. A sizeable sum. Thank Heaven your in-

heritance will cover it."

Reluctantly, Calandrino gave up the money and Doctor Simone went off with the three friends to buy the capons and other good things. Stopping at his laboratory, he mixed an odious concoction of vinegar and wormwood and brought it in a large bottle to Calandrino. "This medicine will cure you," said Doctor Simone. "Be sure you drink every drop of it."

That night, a fine feast was enjoyed by Doctor Simone, Nello, Bruno and Buffalmacco. They ate a variety of succulent foods and drank cup after cup of wine.

As for Calandrino, all he drank was his medicine. But it cured him forever of his snobbery.





"But, professor, are you sure this is absolutely necessary for freedom of movement?"

POETESS

(continued from page 28)

the hairs in your nostrils."

"How did you know?"

"So, you see, you really have no argument. Let's get going."

"But I don't love you."

"This has nothing to do with love. This is pure friendship. You are a fine, sensitive person, the kind I want for a friend, to be close to. And nothing brings people closer together than the act I propose."

"It does that," she had to admit.

"This above all, lovely lady, to thine own self be true. Be true to the natural, normal instincts that are your strength, your very life—not to the bigotry and superstition and sickness that others would impose on you. That's your choice here: between sickness and health, between progress and reaction, between light and darkness. Which will you choose?"

Confidently, I closed in on her.

She pushed me away. "But what if I get pregnant?" she said.

"Hmmm," I said. This had not come up last night. "Excuse me," I said.

I went to the phone and dialed Wrose Wrigley for instructions, but her maid said she was out buying hormones. There was nothing to do but ad-lib it.

I returned to Mrs. Hargreaves. "What was your last statement again?" I asked.

"I said what if I get pregnant."

"Oh . . . Well, that's better than being repressed."

That sounded a little lame.

"And it's too hot," said Mrs. Hargreaves.

"Heat's nothing but a repression," I said.

That didn't sound so good either.

"Look," she said, "if you feel this way, why don't you go home to your wife?"

"That's all you know about it," I said, kicking the rug. Sighing, I got to my feet. "Well, we might as well go back to work."

We dictated twenty-seven damn letters that afternoon.



RESEARCH

(continued from page 29)

"It would look that way on the surface, wouldn't it," you counter, slipping your bamboo-and-old-ivory slide rule out of its saddle-stitched case and toying with it.

"After all, ten per cent favor your model and ninety per cent favor mine."

"Entirely a surface reaction. Have you analyzed the 'Don't Knows' and 'No Opinions'?"

"Well, I, uh—"

"Reverses the trend entirely!

Let me give you a sample." Turn to your slide rule, slide it about feverishly for several minutes.

"Mmmmmmmmm," you say, "yes, that's right. Thirty-two point seven. You see?"

"Thirty-two point seven of what?"

"It's the correlation. No child could miss it. Here, work it out for yourself!" Hand him the slide rule. If he can't work it, he's done for and he knows it.

2. *Know the Language.* If you are caught in a statistical *cul-desac*, keep your head. Remember that facts and figures are putty in the hands of a man who really knows the language.

Memorize these simple phrases:

a. You may not see it in the *figures*, but the *trend* is obvious!

b. There's every reason to believe that the "Don't Cares" are with us.

c. Of course it isn't an adequate sample.

d. Forget the *figures*—look at the *curve!*

e. Completely superficial! A depth interview would give an entirely different picture!

Or, if the results are disastrous:

f. We've begun to question the validity of their whole method!

3. *Use Charts.* A good man with a bar chart can prove any point on either side of most arguments, but the true virtuoso prefers curves, either rising or falling.

"But the thing shows a dip!" your opponent may charge.

"Ah," you counter, "but it's a healthy dip!"

Many a rising young man has proved his point by using graphs sideways, or upside down. After all, it's the *spirit* that counts.

Maintain a scientific attitude, and keep your graph paper dry!

4. *Subscribe to ALL the Services.* Luckily there are dozens of companies that conduct these surveys. If one set of figures doesn't prove your point there is usually another that will.

"But, Finch, the Hooper shows conclusively that you're wrong!"

"The Hooper! Oh, really!"

"But you were quoting the Hooper last week!"

"It was perfectly *valid* there! On this thing, Pulse has the only acceptable method. Simply read the questionnaires!"

(*It is always safe to assume he hasn't.*)

Observe these rules and you will soon discover what a powerful force public opinion can be—especially when it is working for you.



WONDERFUL CHAIR

(continued from page 13)

of interest but it should complement the other pieces in the room, not overpower them.

The contemporary chairs shown in this issue are ones that particularly appeal to us. They are not inexpensive, but they are economical, for they are constructed with care of durable materials and if properly treated, should last a lifetime.

a. This light "Bow" chair of cotton yacht cord and black steel is produced by Allan Gould Designs. More than 150 yards of cord, strung loom-like over the frame give both support and smart appearance. Cord comes in white, sandalwood tan, leaf green and black. \$120.

b. This is a less expensive offspring of sculptor Harry Bertoia's famous wing-back chair (I). Bertoia has spun a wondrous web of solid steel rods and over this comfortable cradle wrapped foam rubber upholstered pads. The steel mesh is vinyl-coated and flexible; the matching ottoman doubles as a comfortable, padded stool. Produced by Knoll Associates, the chair is \$140, plus fabric; the ottoman, \$40.

c. California playboy Dan Johnson (who pioneered the woven basket chair) designed this sophisticated triped. The legs are rubbed walnut and emerging from the brass caps at the top are thin brass rods that wind 'round a comfortably curved oval back. The chair comes with either a moulded wood or foam rubber upholstered seat. \$180.

d. This bat-winged beauty is built of black steel and top grain cowhide. The chair holds you comfortably—the arms permit you to keep drink, book, and ash tray right at your elbow while you relax. Designed by Otto and Ridi Kolb, and available in any color leather desired. \$145.

e. A "slab" construction like that popular in modern architecture is used effectively by designer George Nelson in this armchair for Herman Miller. Seat, back, and arms are individually upholstered and a two-fabric arrangement puts the most durable covering in the areas of greatest wear. The same chair is also available with wider, "cantilever" arms. \$272, plus fabric.

f. This Harry Bertoia design is one of the best known of the modern luxury lounge chairs. It is an unusually handsome piece, and its contour and foam rubber upholstery make it extremely comfortable. \$270, plus fabric; ottoman, \$108.

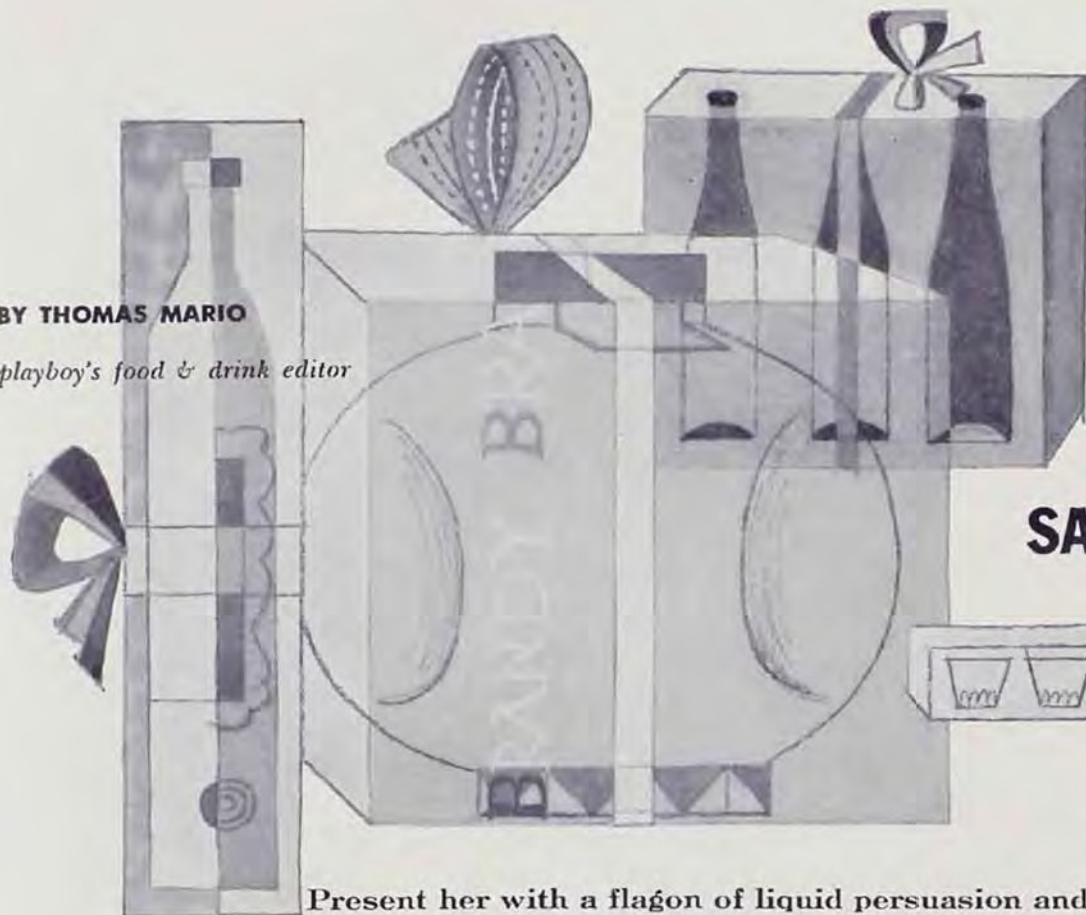




"Sure, I saw them, but I thought it was something by Rodin."

BY THOMAS MARIO

playboy's food & drink editor



SANTA CLAUS IN A BOTTLE

Present her with a flagon of liquid persuasion and nothing will dismay

EVERY GIRL ON THE LOOSE has a patron saint.

He was originally known as Sanctus Nicolaus. Early Dutch settlers in America called him Sint Klaes. At this time of the year we are accustomed to say Santa Claus.

He lived in the second century in Lycia and became the patron saint of virgins as well as other unmarried girls when he discovered three of them in extremely discomfoting financial straits. Their father, who had been bankrupted, saw no reason why his daughters shouldn't walk the easy street of sin for their livelihood. St. Nick was inflamed with anger. And so on each of three successive nights, while the girls slept, he deposited a bag of gold in their bedrooms. The girls, thus saved from the world's oldest profession, used their dowries to capture male foot-warmers and lived happily ever after.

Not every young male hopeful, particularly at Christmas time, finds it practical to climb a fire escape and leave a bag of gold in his girl's bedroom, but he can stimulate the nymph and bring her around to his way of seeing things with the fine old symbol of Saturnalia — a gift bottle of liquor.

The whole tradition of refreshing the inner man or woman with drink at Christmas stems from the Roman cele-

bration of Saturnalia or the feast of Saturn. For an entire week all business was suspended while the populace reveled. Significantly, only cooks and bartenders were permitted to work.

In the middle ages, the Feast of Asses, Feast of Fowls and Feast of the Bull were ecclesiastical hangovers from the Roman drinking bouts. Unfortunately, the middle age garglers didn't know modern day liquors. Brandy and bourbon hadn't been invented. When Henry II sat down to his Christmas dinner in 1171, his beverage list was confined to wine, pigment, morat, mead, hypocrac, cider, perry and ale.

Abbots and monks were sometimes the heartiest hellbenders of all. In fact it was necessary to make stringent rules limiting their intake. One of them specified, "If any monk through drinking too freely gets thick of speech, he is to be deprived of supper."

Liquor as a reward or gift was signaled when in 1374 Chaucer received a royal grant of a pitcher of wine per diem to be delivered in person by the King's chief butler.

The Norwegian legend that men may turn into wolves at Christmas is heartily shared by the editors of PLAYBOY. Our wolves are the merry variety who are aware that Christmas is the time of the year for celebrating the good things in life, including first

of all good natured alcohol. A fellow and his girl both need a little bottled dynamite to send them into the new year. They must naturally avoid rash drinking, remembering the man who froze to death out West. The jury brought in a verdict, after the proper post-mortems were made, explaining that the "Death of the deceased was caused by the freezing of a large quantity of water in his stomach which had been imprudently mixed with the rum he had drunk."

Picture what frequently happens when you send one of the conventional non-alcoholic gifts to the young lass in her apartment. After much sweaty calculating on your part and shopping in the lingerie section of a large department store, you order a \$35 silk nightgown and peignoir. You hope that the dainty nightgown clinging to her radiant skin will loosen her inhibitions and melt her heart.

The gift is delivered with your card. She may take one look at it and shriek, "Oh, the lecherous scamp!" Or she may open the box and exclaim, "Look at it. Of all colors in the spectrum—bathub blue—when I've been hinting for six months now that the only shade I'll wear to bed is amethyst. Oh, the bonthead!"

She stews about the gift for several
(continued on page 46)

humor



"Don't forget, father, her background is not quite the same as ours."

CONTINENTAL CARTOONERY

These drawings are making them smile in Italy, Germany, and France.



"Careful! My husband is on the divan."



"Er . . . uh . . . Perhaps we'd better go see the miniatures."



WHEN MARLENE DIETRICH, America's most glamorous granny, appeared in a Las Vegas night club last year wearing a garter belt and a gown made of what looked like Scotch Tape and sequins, the old town flipped its lid.

A few months later, a cute copycat named Terry Moore tried to out-Dietrich Dietrich by bouncing onto the stage of a neighboring nightery in a "nude soufflé" costume strongly reminiscent of Marlene's.

Now the original Marlene is back with an outfit made of shredded Kleenex or something. While a powerful wind machine does its best to whip away the flimsy strands, male eyes pop and male minds are stimulated by the provocative thought that it's Terry Moore's move again.

And with that young lady's love for the limelight and incredible body, it's a thought to excite even the jaded denizens of Vegas.



IT'S DIETRICH VS. MOORE IN A DETERMINED STRIP CONTEST

pictorial

LAS VEGAS SKIN GAME





"She was made for that coat."

*Playboy is proud to publish a truly
important contribution to the
understanding of the human mind—*

AVOIDISM

BY ROGER PRICE

AVOIDISM IS A new, optimistic philosophy designed to save modern man from himself. The principle of Avoidism is simple. An Avoidist simply avoids things.

He avoids because nonavoiding leads to Involvement, and all of man's troubles grow out of Involvement.

Descartes said, "I think, therefore I am."

The Avoidist says, "I won't, therefore I ain't gonna."

WHY AVOIDISM?

Every methodology of ethical conduct or philosophy that man has so far evolved to guide his living and his thinking has proved to be based on the same major fallacy. Namely, the idea that man must "do something."

It is this peculiar notion which has kept everything all loused up.

AVOIDISM, THE ARGUMENT FOR

Contemporary man is admittedly headed for Nowhere. This situation has occurred because man suffers from a compulsion to prove to himself that he is a unique and superior being; i.e., he works to make money so that he can buy things his neighbors don't have; he wears purple underwear to prove that he is sexy, etc., etc.

Naturally, such attempts can lead only from anxiety, through frustration, to Neurosis. (This is the second-best sentence in the article.)

And it's all unnecessary.

Avoidism tells us that man is perfectly all right as he is. Man is already superior by virtue of his belong-

ing to the species *Homo sapiens*.*

Think how superior you are to a cherrystone clam.

Think how much *more* superior you are to the clam than the most important man who ever lived is superior to you:

MOST IMPORTANT MAN WHO EVER LIVED
(Check one)

1. Julius Caesar
2. Albert Einstein
3. Plato
4. Roger Price
5. Napoleon Bonaparte
6. Pablo Picasso
7. Jefferson Davis

(NOTE: Numbers 3 and 4 may be checked together as a stable entry.)

You will see that the difference between you and any of the above is very slight. Now let us look at the difference between man and the clam. In order to arrive at a scientific estimate of the contrast, I recently compared my brother Clarence and an exceptionally fine specimen of Long Island clam. I conducted an exhaustive series of tests, and I append here a table showing the results, which even exceeded my hopeful expectations:

| Subject | Clarence | Clam |
|-------------------------|----------|------|
| Motor Ability | + 12 | + 18 |
| Sense of Humor | + 40 | + 30 |
| I.Q. | 97 | 121 |
| Physical Attractiveness | + 3 | + 2 |

*If you do not belong, write me at once, including name, address, and color of eyes and hair.

Ability to Remain Under

| | | |
|----------------------------|-----------|------|
| Water | - 53 | +705 |
| Neatness | - 60 | + 60 |
| Taste with Horseradish | + 60 | + 60 |
| Ability to Keep Mouth Shut | +227 | - 55 |
| Honesty | - 91 | +100 |
| Ping-Pong | +300 | -300 |
| Sex Activity | - 4 | + 1 |
| Political Influence | - 15 | -705 |
| TOTALS: Clarence: | Plus (+) | 560 |
| Clam: | Minus (-) | 30 |

These tests proved Clarence's superiority over the clam beyond question.**

It is clear now that *any* man is infinitely more superior to a clam than any other man is superior to him! Think this over for a while.

Once this conspicuous comparison is sufficiently impressed upon your mind, it will satisfy your ego, and there will be no need for you to try to prove that you are a superior being or a member of a superior group.

Avoidism is anti-individualist and anti-collectivist.

Avoidism is *pro-you!*

THE ARGUMENT AGAINST

Many reactionary, energetic, ambi-

**One uninvited observer, a Dr. Carl Gassoway, claimed that the differential in Clarence's favor was due entirely to the inclusion of "ping-pong" in the test, which he said was unfair. This is destructive thinking. I think this man should be put away somewhere.

FIGURE I: Approved Methods of Avoiding



FIGURE III: Non-Avoidist Conversationalist



FIGURE IV: Clayton as a Child

FIGURE V: Clayton's Feet

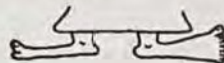


FIGURE VI: Avoidist Position (Slope's Stoop)

tious types will tell you that Avoidists are nothing but slob.

ANSWER TO THE ARGUMENT AGAINST
This is true.

HOW TO BECOME AN AVOIDIST

Although most of us are inherent, though self-frustrating, Avoidists, we must remember that, in making Avoidism a part of our daily life, we must start out slowly. Begin by avoiding little things such as Luncheon Checks, your Brother-in-Law, Alcohol (except in medicinal preparations such as rye, bourbon, Scotch, etc.), and Cutting the Lawn. Avoiding will not be as easy as it first seems, and the eager beginner will do well to master the fundamentals thoroughly before taking any further steps. Here are a few basic exercises illustrating the technique of Avoiding that may be practiced by the novice:

Drawing (A) in Figure I shows the Basic Avoidist Position. Drawings (B) and (C) show two interesting variations. Practice these positions several hours a day until you have mastered them. Do not be impatient. Remember, "Easily learned, easily forgotten." Practice, practice, practice these positions until they are second nature to you. The New Avoidist should spend at least a year on the Basic Positions. Then, and not before, he may go on to the Advanced Avoidist Position (Figure II).

AIDS FOR THE BEGINNING AVOIDIST

I have been working on several Aids for the Beginning Avoidist, which I hope to have on the market soon. So far I've developed an Avoidist alarm clock. When it alarms, it vibrates a piece of limp liver between two sponges. It comes in three attractive styles: call, pork, and baby beef. I am now working on an Avoidist watch, which is an hour-glass filled

with cement.

(You may be interested in knowing that, shortly before this issue went to press, the editor and I were annoyed constantly by the clam which I had used in the intelligence tests with my brother Clarence. This clam, although he lost fairly, had adopted a very un-sportsmanlike attitude and had become quite a sorehead. He had, we soon discovered, been taking ping-pong lessons from a professional player and kept demanding that he be given a chance to take the tests over again. He kept bothering us and complaining and causing trouble, until we were forced to take drastic measures. We hired an assassin and instructed him to arm himself with a jar of horseradish and a fork. I think we shall hear no more from this bad loser.)

CONVERSATIONAL AVOIDING

Because of the volume of talk that constantly floods civilization, the Beginning Avoidist will sometimes be trapped into listening to what is being said to him. The following rule should be obeyed at all times:

The Only Thing an Avoidist Ever Listens to is Nothing.

Frequently, though, you will find it necessary to take certain steps to make sure that there is nothing for you not to listen to (this sentence must be read twice before it makes any sense). Hence, Avoidist Conversation.

Avoidist Conversation should be employed immediately when anyone inclines his torso toward you at an angle of more than ninety degrees, the danger increasing in direct proportion to the square of the angle of inclination (Figure III).

Whenever this sort of danger threatens (or any other time you feel like it), you may Avoid by employing Eight Tested Remarks of such extreme dull-

ness that the Avoidee will experience a partial paralysis lasting approximately four minutes, while trying to think up an answer. These remarks are:

1. A girl I used to go with when I was in high school just got a job with the Telephone Company.
2. I got this suit three years ago in Pittsburgh for fifty dollars.
3. I went to bed real early last night, but I didn't get to sleep until after midnight.
4. I didn't hardly have anything to eat for lunch today, just a salad and some pie and coffee.
5. I read in the papers that Alf Landon is going back into politics.
6. My little boy will be eight years old next month. You oughta hear him talk.
7. I sure wish I'd kept up with my piano lessons when I was a kid.
8. I can take better pictures with a little Brownie box camera than I can with those real expensive ones.

(NOTE: When traveling, the following may be substituted for Number 5: "I used to live down that street." If you cannot remember the Eight Tested Remarks, just mutter. Try reciting the names of all the state capitals without moving the lips.)

HISTORY OF AVOIDISM

Fifty-four years ago, two brothers were running a bicycle-repair shop in a small town in central Ohio. One day, one of the brothers, Wilbur, was looking out of the window and happened to see a swallow soaring effortlessly through the air. He watched a moment and called his brother to the window. "Orville," he said, "someday men will fly through the air like that bird." A speculative gleam came into Orville's eyes, the beginnings of a dream. And only seven years later,



FIGURE II: Advanced Position
(Not for beginners)

those two brothers, Orville and Wilbur Hammerslip, were bankrupt.

They wasted no time in trying to invent a flying machine. They Avoided the whole ridiculous idea. And if the Wright brothers had only done the same, the world would certainly be a lot better off today.

But the true Father of Modern Avoidism was Clayton Slope. Clayton Slope was my step-uncle-in-law on my mother's side of the family. The first time I ever saw him he was sitting in a rocker on the back porch of his sister-in-law's house in Charleston, West Virginia. He had been sitting in the rocker for twenty-two months without moving. (True, he had rocked once, but inadvertently, as the result of a slight gastric upset.)

There was something about his weak, watery stare, the shifty set of his tiny chin, the way his small shoulders slumped forward, almost touching across his narrow chest, that fascinated me. Here at last, I felt, was a happy man. At the time I didn't know it, but Clayton Slope was a man who *lived* Avoidism. In addition to the physical advantages mentioned above, he had developed the limp, repulsive handshake to a point of perfection seldom reached by any of us today. He had a clever trick of saying any conceivable sentence so that it sounded like, "I had one grunch but the eggplant over there." And for years he had avoided changing his socks (he just put Sen-Sen in his shoes). Also, he pretended to be stone-deaf.

He was the most avoidable man I ever saw.

This is his story.

Clayton Slope was destined to become an Avoidist. (He was an eleven months' baby.) From the very beginning he was subject to all of the frus-

trations of modern life. His family didn't have a big fancy house. They didn't even have a little simple house. They lived in a chicken coop.

They didn't mind living in the chicken coop, except in the mornings when the farmer would come around and lift them up to look for eggs.

This caused a draft, and Clayton suffered constantly from colds.

As he grew older, Clayton became a shy, timid introvert. He was frightened of everything, and everybody always picked on him. He grew up with his back to the wall. (See Figure IV.)

Clayton's early life was filled with confusion. For one thing, people used to make fun of him because of his feet. He thought this was unnecessary and uncalled for because, as you can see, his feet were perfectly normal. He had ten toes, like anyone else. (See Figure V.)

In consequence of this, at a very early age Clayton began to reject his environment. And vice-versa. He began to formulate, unconsciously, the principles of Avoidism.

Clayton began to avoid making good grades in school. This was easy. He simply avoided going to school at all. His family tried to interest him in studies, and one time they hired a tutor, and Clayton started to learn how to write. However, it took the tutor eight months to teach him how to make a period, and he finally gave up in disgust.

After this one non-Avoidistic retrogression, Clayton never again looked forward. He began to avoid people with mustaches, people without mustaches, spinach, Hoot Gibson movies, and soap. He began to sleep on an Ugly Rest mattress (a mattress he designed himself for "People who don't care how they look, they just want a

place to lie down.")


By the time he was eighteen years old, Clayton had developed a primitive Avoidist Position (still used by some of the older members) that he assumed during all of his waking hours (Figure VI).

This position worked fine and kept Clayton from having to talk to a lot of people, but it worried his parents, and they took him to a doctor, who found that there was a physical reason for this position of Clayton's. The doctor found that Clayton had a very weak spine and a heavy beard.

Although the position was effective, Clayton eventually had to give it up, principally because he was living with a large family which included a number of rather playful cousins.

When Clayton Slope was twenty-two, he suffered his biggest and final frustration. He fell in love with a girl who was a twin. She worked for the Toni people, as a matter of fact. Both of the twins were the same height, weight, and had the same color of hair, and some embarrassing mistakes arose, and people used to tease him about this. So he studied the twins very carefully, and in about six weeks he got so he could tell almost every time which one was Mary Jane and which one was Herman.

But it still worried him. So Clayton finally decided to give up girls altogether. And Herman, too. And today Clayton Slope is a complete Avoidist. He is still sitting on the back porch in his rocker, not watching the world go by, a man with no worries, no cares, no problems, no troubles, no nothin'. A Happy Man.

And the sooner more of us get in that position the sooner we'll have a little peace and quiet. 

SANTA CLAUS (continued from page 37)

days before she decides to exchange it. Then the well known cycle begins. She can't find a clerk because they're too busy exchanging other people's gifts. Finally she nabs a sales girl and after much searching finds the amethyst combination, a mere six sizes too big. Can she exchange it for some other lingerie, she begs the distraught sales girl. The clerk sends her to the assistant section manager, who sends her to the section manager, who sends her to the buyer. She stands in line, fills out questionnaires, again goes searching for a sales girl until the lamb is so worn out that she can only put the silken set back in its box and trudge wearily home. On your next date she says, "Thank you for your gift," with all the enthusiasm of a cold storage chicken. Your kindness turns out to be a perfectly punctured balloon.

For some reason, a bottle of liquor never misfires in this way. No matter how finicky the girl, she won't be crestfallen because the champagne is *brut* rather than *sec*. Nor will she attempt to return the *Chateau Lafite sauterne* for *Chateau Latour*.

If you happen to give her a bottle of *Kirschwasser* and her own preference is for *kümmel*, your gift is still extremely useful. She can keep it for entertaining friends on all occasions since the liquor will never spoil and the mere offering it to guests is a kind

of luxurious gesture.

Finally even something as modest as a single bottle of imported Dutch apricot brandy will set her a-tingle with the very first swallow. Suppose she pours herself a drink. The first sip of golden liquid stirs her taste buds with a sensuous kind of shock. Her tongue, throat and body are filled with an instant glow. She'll want to stretch out and dream.

If you deliver the liquor in person, you can observe the reactions as the quiet flame gradually spreads.

First of all her memory will be mellowed. She'll forget the pawing and fumbling in the taxicab and the jiu jitsu you had to use to extract the first kiss. She'll forget that you called her a nice nellie and that in her rebuttal she referred to you as a rat, a knockout and a barfly. Under the spell of the apricot brandy, all this kind of sharp-tongued nonsense goes into oblivion. She'll ask you to move a little closer.

Secondly, all her sensations will be lifted into a new sphere. She'll look at you deeply. Your hands, your eyes, your hair and chin will quietly fuse into heroic proportions. Your arms will look stronger, your brow more enterprising, your nose more intelligent, your jaw more plucky than ever.

Thirdly, all her inhibitions will relax. She'll stretch her arms and thighs.

You pour another round of apricot brandy and the solid core of her resistance will, of course, liquefy completely.

At this point you stop pouring. After all, you can't permit yourself to assume such heroic proportions that when the effect of the apricot brandy wears off you look like a frightsome creep. Along with Shakespeare you realize that drink "provokes the desire but it takes away the performance." Nonetheless the liquor, your gift, is a key and a wedge. You use it for all it's worth.

There is only one rule to observe in buying liquor as a Christmas gift. The gift should have some distinctive note, something unique but not lunatic. If the recipient of your gift is one who likes bourbon, you wouldn't buy her anything less than a holiday de-canter of the best bottled-in-bond whiskey available. It isn't necessary to go out and purchase a bottle of *arihi*, the 160 proof Mongolian distillation of *humiss*. Nor, on the other hand, would you present the young lady with a half gallon of \$1.49 *vino* bottled in the Bronx.

SCOTH BROTH

While one normally thinks of Scotch as a gift for shining up a prospective father-in-law or for greasing the landlord when he complains of
(continued overleaf)



"How would you like to curl up with a good bookworm some evening?"

Another fine old engraving by that fine old engraver, John Held, Jr.



WHAT CHEEK!

SANTA CLAUS (continued from page 46)

the noise at your last party, the highland liquor is loved by countless females—as any bartender will tell you. They are the women who like the taste rather than merely the after affect of drinking, the women who love imported Brie cheese and Münchner beer. Brunettes with eyes dark as coal and bosoms as gentle as the heather will take Scotch as a compliment to their mature taste.

Cheaper Scotches are light in flavor. The expensive ones are generally more smoky although all Scotch has a smoky accent due to the fact that the barley from which it is made is cured over peat fires. All Scotches are blends, some of them containing as many as 15 to 20 different whiskies. This is, of course, what makes the flavor of Scotch less monotonous than many straight whiskies. Most Scotch whiskies are 86 proof, although one Scotch introduced last year, Royal Daulton, is 100 proof and is packed for the holidays in a ceramic figurine. You can never go wrong giving such brands as Haig & Haig, Johnny Walker, Black Label and Glenlivet. Santa Claus daddies this year can obtain the magnificent King's Ransom (in limited supply) put up in purple and white jugs.

RYE AND CORN JUICE

Bourbon and rye are as common as coffee and as well loved. They are fireplace drinks, glowing with a steady inner sweetness that Americans go for. Girls who love to watch football and the races, pretty campaign workers in political drives, women in convertible coupes who dislike it when you kiss them on the cheeks rather than the lips — for these, such straight goods as Canadian Club, Old Grandad or Old Taylor are perfect gifts.

Among the novelties for the 1954 Christmas season is Old Cabin Still, 91 proof straight Kentucky bourbon put up in the Hillbilly quart — a figurine that can eventually be used for a lamp base, book ends, etc.

For the feast of Sanctus Nicolaus, Seagrams are putting up their 7 Crown whiskey in a bronze metal server. Jack Daniel's Tennessee whiskey is offered in an English silver server — both handsome containers for open season house parties. Both Old Grandad and Old Taylor whiskies are now being presented in decanters with a sheet of "magic gold" — a paper which enables you to write on the bottle any inscription you wish to send to the recipient of your thoughtfulness. The Raymond Loewy designed decanter of Old Forester should make this hearty Kentucky Bourbon one of the holiday's smartest swigs. Finally, Glenmore Bourbon put up in the "Flame" decanter should be potent enough to

soften the coldest biscuit on your telephone list.

RUSSIAN LIGHTNING

The amazing rise in the sale of vodka recently has a very simple explanation. Men of the liquor industry studying popular tastes discovered that 54 percent of the people who like to drink don't like the taste of liquor. They started to push vodka, since vodka is practically tasteless, and the response was magnificent. Its tastelessness is accomplished by passing the distillate through a bed of charcoal. Vodka, these days, is imported from such Soviet satellites as Connecticut, Maryland and Illinois. It is sold in both 80 or 100 proof. Buy the 100 proof when you really desire to pull all stops. The Bloody Mary (vodka and tomato juice) and vodka martinis are standard procedures wherever boys pick up girls.

THE FRENCH WAY

For girls who have completed their M. A.'s, who've traveled on the continent, who like Bach and Shostakovitch but who never forget that they are still descendants of Eve, French wines and champagne are luscious gifts. Bordeaux wines are noted for their light subtle flavor, Burgundies for their full rich body. Bordeaux wines are frequently listed by the name of the chateau in which they are bottled. Burgundies are listed according to the parish in which their vineyard lies. For Christmas, your liquor dealer will send the wines in wicker baskets, in coolers or other handsome holiday trimmings. French wines can be part of some wonderful combination drink-and-food gifts. Chambertin with fresh caviar, Chablis and camembert cheese, Graves and Scotch shortbread, champagne and brandied fruit, etc. While dozens of volumes have been written about the clarets of Medoc, the Graves, Sauterne and Chablis, your best guide in buying wine is a sophisticated, reliable dealer who will be glad to choose a vintage that fits your pocketbook.

The champagne taster must have a keen nose, a sensitive palate and, in the U. S., a fat wallet. There are some champagnes, like Bollinger 1928, which are practically priceless — and other brands, both domestic and imported, that are hardly above the level of lemon soda. Anyone who has traveled in France will have his or her own standards about the best in bubble water.

PLAYBOY has found that the best vintage years for French champagne are 1928, 1929, 1934, 1937, 1941, 1942, 1943, 1947, and 1949.

For bachelor parties and smokers, a good domestic champagne like Great

Western provides delightful angel froth, at an inexpensive price.

LIQUEURS AND BRANDIES

All liqueurs, because of their velvety sweetness, fruity flavors and rich color, are natural gift favors for females.

Some of the most picturesque yule presents offered now are the compartment bottles of imported Garnier liqueurs. Individual sections of the bottle are provided with spouts for pouring the desired drink. The Firefly, a two compartment bottle, consists of White Creme de Cacao and Rosemint. A four compartment bottle called the Rainbow is filled with Liqueur d'Or, Abricotine, Triple Sec and Green Mint. The same house of Garnier also offer their liqueurs in pottery figurines that should intrigue any playmate. Among the figurines are parrots with Creme de Menthe, a black poodle containing Creme de Cacao and a red rooster filled with blackberry liqueur.

For more serious drinkers there are the true fruit brandies, unsweetened, (not "fruit flavored" brandies which are actually sweet liqueurs) but such heavenly fires as *kirschwasser*, Zwack's apricot brandy and Calvados, the imported French version of our apple jack.

Lastly are the French grape brandies, Cognac and Armagnac. "Champagne" brandy means the brandy comes from the Champagne section of the Cognac district and has nothing to do with French Champagne wines which come from a section of Northern France. Since the fine quality of cognac depends so much on its aging, one should look for the fine specimens of old brandy indicated by the letters V. O. and the still older V. S. O., V. S. O. P., and V. V. S. O. P. For friends who love to linger over their demi-tasse, a combination gift package of a fine French brandy and a bottle of Benedictine is a superb old Christmas standby.

SHERRY AND PORT

Both of these are strictly for sippers and not for gulpers. The advantage of sherry and port is that, unlike red and white table wines, they do not lose their flavor and aroma after they are opened. Girls who wear strapless gowns and long black gloves like to sip pale cocktail sherry before going to the roof garden. Cream sheries, rich, dark and somewhat sweet, are preferred for after dinner drinking. Tawny port is light in color and ruby port is darker and sweeter. Both are delightful treats for between meal or after meal sipping. Such labels as Williams and Humbert, Duff Gordon, Sandeman and Gonzales Byass are automatic guides to easy gift buying.



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