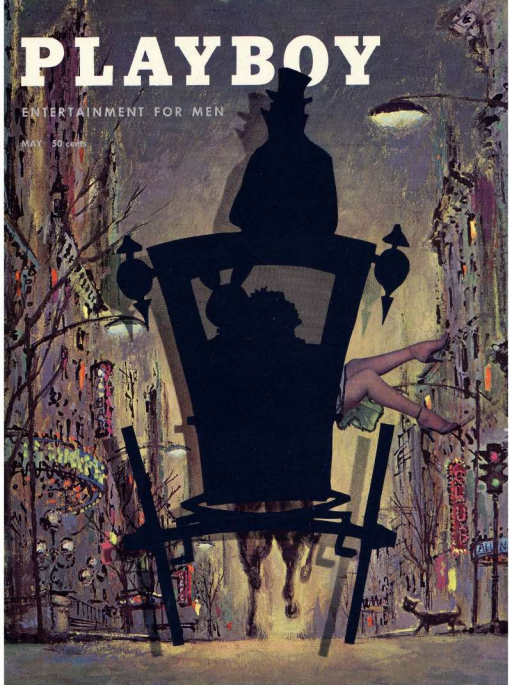
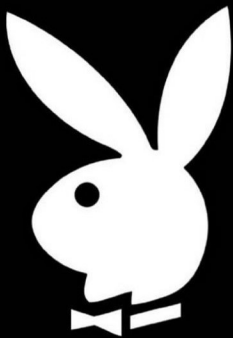


PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

MAY 50 cents





PLAYBOY



KESSIE

PAUL

NEIMAN



PLAYBILL

YOU CAN'T EXPECT newspaper timeliness from a monthly magazine, but sometimes PLAYBOY does almost that well. The picture-interview of Eartha Kitt in the January issue offered the only press preview of her on-stage breakdown during a February performance of *Mrs. Patterson* and PLAYBOY's February issue, including a picture piece on television's *Voluptua*, went on sale the same week *Life* did a news story on her. A week after the *Voluptua* stories appeared, she lost her job. But we'll let *Life* take the credit for putting a hex on the girl—we insist that only good fortune results from the features appearing in PLAYBOY.

This issue includes two very entertaining stories by Irwin Shaw and Mindret Lord, and PLAYBOY staffer Ray Russell is back with another satire, this one on Sherlock Holmes' television adventures, that we're certain will amuse you mightily.

PLAYBOY spends an afternoon with comedian Steve Allen and the PLAYBOY camera enjoys a whole day with pin-up photographer Bonny Yeager; Jack J. Kessie offers some fashion thoughts for spring and summer, Abner Dean supplies a few graphic observations on people at parties; we've collected, and present in this issue, some choice toasts

for special drinking occasions and some games to make your next apartment-warming warmer.

Art Director Arthur Paul designed the striking photographic illustration for the Mindret Lord story, "Naked Lady" and the unusual cover for this issue. For the illustration Arthur-Jamers photographed the man slashing the canvas first, then photographed the nude over it on the same color transparency. LeRoy Neiman did the background painting for the cover, then the silhouette of the hansom and photograph of the girl's legs were superimposed on top of it. The legs were supplied by model Leigh Lewin, who appeared in greater detail on the February and April covers. Artist Neiman also illustrated Kessie's apparel article this month. An instructor of fashion and figure drawing at the Art Institute of Chicago, Neiman has displayed a vigorous new art style in recent issues, illustrating "Black Country," "I'm Yours" and "A Change of Air."

This month's Playmate is only a part-time model. Her name is Marguerite Empey and she's a receptionist for a Hollywood broadcasting company. She's also studying dramatics and, as her Playmate pose suggests, modern dance.

SHAW



RUSSELL

DEAR PLAYBOY

ADDRESS PLAYBOY MAGAZINE 11 E. SUPERIOR ST., CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS

PLAYBOY FOR PARTIES

PLAYBOY is edited for the entertainment of men, but I've discovered a good many members of the female sex thoroughly enjoy it too. I've taken some of my issues to a few recent gatherings and PLAYBOY has proved to be the life of the party. Several dull affairs that started out with everyone sitting around watching television have turned into real brawls after getting many laughs from your magazine.

Dave R. Knoche
Pittsburgh, Penn.

LONDON PLAYBOY

Asked by a very close American friend of mine which book I would like as a Christmas present, I decided that the BEST FROM PLAYBOY would probably gladden more hearts than my own — after all, I had seen one issue of the magazine (August '54) and decided that this was the type of opium our Customs might well allow into the country duty free.

It should be recorded here and now that although I have had the book for over two months, I have actually seen it for less than one hour — it has been on a constant journey throughout the numerous sections of the publishing house I work for, including all Directors and Executives, and there is apparently some slight possibility of my reading The Damn Thing before Christmas 1955!

May I tender my congratulations upon such a magnificent laughter maker (both book and magazine). It is certainly aiding Anglo-American friendship over here.

E. J. Carnell
Editor-Author's Agent
London, England

THE WELL DRESSED PLAYBOY

One of the boys here at the fraternity brought the February issue in yesterday and we really enjoyed it. All we can add to your numerous other letters of congratulations is our own.

We read the "Dear Playboy" column and got quite a kick out of that letter from the gentleman from down Texas way, one Mr. Lionel Samuelson, the Hollywood Tailor man. Seems Mr. Samuelson takes an extreme dislike to the well dressed man. The well dressed man in his three-button, flap-pocketed, vented jacket would, as he says, be a square among those very "cool" men to whom Mr. Samuelson sells his clothes.

May we suggest that Mr. Samuelson take a trip East sometime, if he can squeeze his way onto a train with his Hollywood shoulderpads. He might pick up some ideas here on the right way to dress. Or perhaps we could gather around him in a circle (as he says his friends would, if someone showed up down Texas way wearing a conservative "Ivy League" suit) and make jokes about his one-button link suit, his lime colored shirt and his pleated, pink tie.

The Crows
Lehigh University
Bethlehem, Pennsylvania

We would like to know more about the Texas fashions on which Mr. Lionel Samuelson seems to be such an authority. We have always considered Texas Levis a very worthwhile addition to casual dress. However, if "himes" and "kodiaks" now make a Texan's wardrobe complete and if they truly feel that flap-pockets (on jackets) "have no use, either functional or ornamental," then I'd suggest Mr. S and his clientele get back to blue jeans in a hurry. Texas has always been a "lone" state, Lionel, but when the rest of the nation is in reasonable agreement over fashions, we think you'd all ought to come along. The Civil War is over, boys, let's get together.

Bob Gottlieb
Ed Beizer
Ralph Marcus
University of Illinois
Champaign, Illinois

The January issue of PLAYBOY was just about the best one you've had so far, but by any reasonable standard they're all best! The article I particularly enjoyed in the January issue was "The Well Dressed Playboy." I hope you plan on running articles on men's attire each month — my friends and I agree that that's all you need to make PLAYBOY the top magazine among men today.

Mario E. Buzitta
Staten Island, N. Y.

LUMINOUS PLAYBOY

Several months ago we subscribed to PLAYBOY and we find it very entertaining. We especially enjoy your Playmates of the Month. However, there is one small difficulty. Because we have a large amount of radar equipment on shipboard, the lights are out the greater part of the time, thus

preventing us from viewing the Playmates which we have placed at various strategic points on the bulkheads. Would it be possible for you to send us a luminous picture of Miss December, so that we may view her unsurpassed beauty during blackouts?

Marvin D. Wellner, for
The boys from the Snake Pit
U.S.S. Northampton
% F.P.O., New York, New York.

TEACHER'S ZIPPER



Re the cartoon on page 18 of the February issue, any playboy worthy of the name knows a teacher's dress unzips on the left side.

2nd/11. Frank Giorgio
Camp Pendleton, California

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATES

My men here at Fort Bragg don't have to hide their pin-ups in their foot lockers. At present nearly every man in my section has PLAYBOY Playmates on the inside of his wall locker door. It sure has been a pleasure to make my inspections since Miss December was published.

Captain R. L. Collins
Fort Bragg, North Carolina

Just got the December issue of PLAYBOY and my barracks buddies have gone berserk over it. We think it is far beyond terrific!

Has Eve Meyer been a Playmate yet? If so, which issue? She is my favorite. Ed "Tiny" Tims
Kessler AFB, Miss.

Eve will make her first appearance in PLAYBOY next month, as a double page, full color Playmate.

PLAYBOY CLUBS

I am the vice president of a newly formed men's club here in Boston. For weeks we couldn't decide upon a fitting name. Finally we decided that we would like to use Playboy, as it seems to fit our group perfectly. So with this letter we are asking permission to use not only your name, but your sophisticated rabbit symbol as well.

Frank G. Hall
Somerville, Mass.

A group of us at the Men's Residence Hall at the University of Illinois are so enthused about your publication that we are starting a Playboy Club, the cost of membership being a subscription to PLAYBOY.

Dick Harrison
Champaign, Illinois

When I read about some of your other readers starting Playboy Clubs, I decided to see if my friends were interested. They thought it was a swell idea, so with your permission we would like to use the name Playboy and your insignia, the rabbit, on caps and jackets.

I would like to correspond with Robert Baldoski who wrote about forming the first Playboy Club, because any suggestions for the club would be appreciated. Do you have his home address in New Jersey?

Leo P. Roussel, Jr.
New Orleans, La.

We seem to have misplaced Bob's address. If he will drop us a line, we will pass it along to Leo. PLAYBOY is pleased to grant permission to any reputable men's club wishing to use its name and insignia. Since a reader suggested the idea a few weeks ago, Playboy Clubs have been springing up all over the country. We'll get together a list of them soon, so members can exchange ideas and we'll try to work out some special club prices on subscriptions, binders, etc.

WEST COAST JAZZ

Somebody has to put down this guy Bob Perlongo. A counterattack must be made against that egotistical trash of his called "West Coast Jazz Is Nowhere." When B. P. came west, he must have frequented exclusively such dives as the Clubs Oasis, Alimony and Alabama. That can be the only reason for his calling Big Jay McNeely a jazz man. McNeely blows nothing but rhythm and blues, and "R and B" is a nauseous, bastard form of jazz in which the beat, and very little else except indecent lyrics, is the important factor. As for

Perlongo's charge that West Coast jazz fans are not very discriminating, I can only say that none of my friends would be caught dead listening to R and B.

Jim Sitton
Los Angeles, Calif.

Regarding Bob Perlongo's article, "West Coast Jazz Is Nowhere," I might say that anyone who would include Big Jay McNeely in the world of jazz or even the world of music is obviously viewing the whole situation through his navel and his judgment, due to this somewhat bizarre perspective, is not to be trusted.

Steve Glass
Claremont, Calif.

Man, somebody ought to drop Bob Perlongo a clue. His bit on jazz was, in places, nowhere. Cal jazz gives a cat what he digs the most, be it Big Jay McNeely or Dave Brubeck. The boy really laid his wig on the eighty-eight when he placed Ward Gray at the Lighthouse. That's Howard Rumsey's territory. There's another goof, man. You don't sing about Cal jazz without doing a few notes about Rumsey, the craziest hax in the business. He makes that cat gut talk—a real artist. And what's with leaving out Stan Levy, Rumsey's skin man? Small few drummers do him out, daddy. And just to give the shiv an extra twist, Bob Cooper on tenor plays sax for selfsame Rumsey and his Lighthouse All Stars. Play it cool, man. Your mag's the greatest but dig the facts before you lay the ink.

Frank Cross
South Gate, Calif.

I enjoyed Bob Perlongo's article on jazz very much. I don't agree with all of his points, but it's one of the best pieces I've read on the music that's being played out here.

Dave Brubeck
Los Angeles, Calif.

I feel compelled to answer the false and derogatory statements contained in Bob Perlongo's "West Coast Jazz Is Nowhere." Never have I seen in print a less aware critic. This Mr. Perlongo should spend some time around jazz and get the facts before spouting off.

First, I must agree with his statements regarding a jazz audience on the West Coast. Jazz acceptance exists in only a small percentage of the mass population. California, with its pleasant climate, is attractive to those people who like sprawling yards and quiet neighborhoods in which to enjoy "outdoor living." Thus, the concentration of population necessary to

build up a sizable audience exists much more in the East, with its close apartment life, where "going out" is often more attractive than staying home.

I must also agree that no "West Coast Style" exists. Hurray! "Style" has been the bugaboo of jazz progress for years. Every instance of jazz evolution has been heralded by a champion, a star whose quest for individuality has affected the whole course of jazz: Louis Armstrong, Bix Beiderbecke, Earl Hines, Benny Goodman, Lester Young, Dizzy Gillespie, Charlie Parker and others achieved such popularity with their particular styles that a host of imitators sprang up and the jazz market became so flooded with similar sounds that the market ceased to exist. There are positive indications that this new jazz generation may defy such copycatting and produce a number of new, exciting and wholly individual kinds of music.

Regarding Jay McNeely, I can only ask how Perlongo explains his record shattering tour in the East, stretching into a fourth year and including all the "centers of cultural activity?"

To say that West Coasters are "behind the times" is ridiculous. With the universal availability of great recordings, a musician can choose his "influence" from anywhere and no locale is universally behind another.

Perlongo ends his article by observing that the diverse collection of musicians makes it impossible to find a pure, homogeneous West Coast "school" of jazz. Exactly. After commencing an article by posing the question, "What is West Coast Jazz?" Perlongo ends with as accurate a definition as can be found. Due to its lack of clear cut "style," the only categorization which can include it all is perform "West Coast." Again—Hurray! Any activity which spawns such constructive and enjoyable jazz while defying direct classification should be offered naught but cheers, and cheering herald the arrival of jazz to its rightful place as perhaps America's only truly original art form.

Harry Babasin, Pres.
Nocturne Records
Hollywood, California

You seem to agree with most of what Perlongo said, Harry. His basic point is that no single "school" or "style" of jazz exists in California and that those who use the term "West Coast Jazz" as a descriptive phrase aren't really saying anything. There are probably more varieties and qualities of jazz being played on the West Coast right now than anywhere else in the U. S.

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PLAYBOY

THE EIGHTY YARD RUN



ILLUSTRATED BY CHUCK MILLER

THE PASS WAS HIGH and wide and he jumped for it, feeling it slap flatly against his hands, as he shook his hips to throw off the halfback who was diving at him. The center floated by, his hands desperately brushing Darling's knee as Darling picked his feet up high and delicately ran over a blocker and an opposing lineman in a jumble on the ground near the scrimmage line. He had ten yards, in the clear and picked up speed, breathing easily, feeling his thigh pads rising and falling against his legs, listening to the sound of cleats behind him, pulling away from

them, watching the other backs heading him off toward the sideline, the whole picture, the men closing in on him, the blockers fighting for position, the ground he had to cross, all suddenly clear in his head, for the first time in his life not a meaningless confusion of men, sounds, speed. He smiled a little to himself as he ran, holding the ball lightly in front of him with his two hands, his knees pumping high, his hips twisting in the almost-girlish run of a back in a broken field. The first halfback came at him and he fed him without breaking stride, ran right

through him, his cleats biting securely into the turf. There was only the safety man now, coming warily at him, his arms crooked, hands spread. Darling tucked the ball in, spurred at him, driving hard, hurling himself along, his legs pounding, knees high, all two hundred pounds bunched into controlled attack. He was sure he was going to get past the safety man. Without thought, his arms and legs working beautifully together, he headed right for the safety man, still-armed him, feeling blood spurt instantaneously from the man's nose onto his hand, see-

...and a girl's kiss, and everything after that a decline



ing his face go awry, head turned, mouth pulled to one side. He pivoted away, keeping the arm locked, dropping the safety man as he ran easily toward the goal line, with the drumming of cleats diminishing behind him.

How long ago? It was autumn then and the ground was getting hard because the nights were cold and leaves from the maples around the stadium blew across the practice fields in gusts of wind and the girls were beginning to put poto coats over their sweaters when they came to watch practice in the afternoons . . . Fifteen years. Dar-

ling walked slowly over the same ground in the spring twilight in his neat shoes, a man of thirty-five dressed in a double breasted suit, ten pounds heavier in the fifteen years, but not fat, with the years between 1940 and 1955 showing in his face.

The coach was smiling quietly to himself and the assistant coaches were looking at each other with pleasure the way they always did when one of the second stringers suddenly did something fine, bringing credit to them, making their \$5,000 a year a tiny bit more secure.

Darling trotted back, smiling, breathing deeply but easily, feeling wonderful, not tired, though this was the tail end of practice and he'd run eighty yards. The sweat poured off his face and soaked his jersey and he liked the feeling, the warm moistness lubricating his skin like oil. Off in a corner of the field some players were punting and the smack of leather against the ball came pleasantly through the afternoon air. The freshmen were running signals on the next field and the quarterback's sharp voice, the pound of the eleven pairs of cleats, the "Dig,

now, dig?" of the coaches, the laughter of the players all somehow made him feel happy as he trotted back to midfield, listening to the applause and shouts of the students along the sidelines, knowing that after that run the coach would have to start him Saturday against Illinois.

Fifteen years, Darling thought, remembering the shower after the workout, the hot water steaming off his skin and the deep soapsuds and all the young voices singing with the water streaming down and towels going and managers running in and out and the sharp sweet smell of oil of wintergreen and everybody clapping him on the back as he dressed and Packard, the captain, who took being captain very seriously, coming over to him and shaking his hand and saying, "Darling, you're going to go places in the next two years."

The assistant manager fussed over him, wiping a cut on his leg with alcohol and iodine, the little stink making him realize suddenly how fresh and whole and solid his body felt. The manager slapped a piece of adhesive tape over the cut and Darling noticed the sharp clean white of the tape against the ruddiness of the skin, fresh from the shower.

He dressed slowly, the softness of his shirt and the soft warmth of his wool socks and his flannel trousers a reward against his skin after the harsh pressure of the shoulder harness and thigh and hip pads. He drank three glasses of cold water, the liquid reaching down coldly inside of him, soothing the harsh dry places in his throat and belly left by the sweat and running and shouting of practice. Fifteen years.

The sun had gone down and the sky was green behind the stadium and he laughed quietly to himself as he looked at the stadium, rearing above the trees and knew that on Saturday when the 70,000 voices roared as the team came running out onto the field, part of that enormous salute would be for him. He walked slowly, listening to the gravel crunch satisfactorily under his shoes in the still twilight, feeling his clothes swing lightly against his skin, breathing the thin evening air, feeling the wind move softly in his damp hair, wonderfully cool behind his ears and at the nape of his neck.

Louise was waiting for him at the road, in her car. The top was down and he noticed all over again, as he always did when he saw her, how pretty she was, the rough blonde hair and the large, inquiring eyes and the bright mouth, smiling now.

She threw the door open. "Were you good today?" she asked.

"Pretty good," he said. He climbed in, sank luxuriously into the soft leather, stretched his legs far out. He smiled, thinking of the eighty yards. "Pretty damn good."

She looked at him seriously for a moment, then scrambled around like a little girl, kneeling on the seat next to him, grabbed him, her hands along his ears, and kissed him as he sprawled, head back, on the seat cushion. She let go of him, but kept her head close to his. Darling reached up slowly and rubbed the back of his hand against her cheek, lit softly by a streetlamp a hundred feet away. They looked at each other, smiling.

Louise drove down to the lake and they sat there silently, watching the moon rise behind the hills on the other side. Finally he reached over, pulled her gently to him, kissed her. Her lips grew soft, her body sank into his, tears formed slowly in her eyes. He knew, for the first time, that he could do whatever he wanted with her.

"Tonight," he said. "I'll call for you at seven-thirty. Can you get out?"

She looked at him. She was smiling, but the tears were still full in her eyes. "All right," she said. "I'll get out. How about you? Won't the coach raise hell?"

Darling grinned. "I got the coach in the palm of my hand," he said. "Can you wait till seven-thirty?"

She grinned back at him. "No," she said.

They kissed and she started the car and they went back to town for dinner. He sang on the way home.

Christian Darling, thirty-five years old, sat on the frail spring grass, greener now than it ever would be again on the practice field, looked thoughtfully up at the stadium, a deserted ruin in the twilight. He had started on the first team that Saturday and every Saturday after that for the next two years, but it had never been as satisfactory as it should have been. He never had broken away, the longest run he'd ever made was thirty-five yards, and that in a game that was already won, and then that kid had come up from the third team, Diederich, a blank-faced German kid from Wisconsin, who ran like a bull, ripping lines to pieces Saturday after Saturday, plowing through, never getting hurt, never changing his expression, scoring more points, gaining more ground than all the rest of the team put together, making everybody's All-American, carrying the ball three times out of four, keeping everybody else out of the headlines. Darling was a good blocker and he spent his Saturday afternoons working on the big Swedes and Polacks who played tackle and end for Michigan, Illinois, Purdue, hurling into huge pile-ups, bobbing his head wildly to evade the great raw hands swinging like meat cleavers at him as he went charging in to open up holes for Diederich coming through like a locomotive behind him. Still, it wasn't so bad. Everybody liked him and he did his job and he was pointed out on the campus and boys always felt important when they introduced their girls to him at their proms, and Louise loved

him and watched him faithfully in the games, even in the mud, when your own mother wouldn't know you, and drove him around in her car keeping the top down because she was proud of him and wanted to show everybody that she was Christian Darling's girl. She bought him crazy presents because her father was rich, watches, pipes, humidor, an icebox for beer for his room, curtains, wallets, a fifty-dollar dictionary.

"You'll spend every cent you own on me," Darling protested once when she showed up at his rooms with seven different packages in her arms and tossed them onto the couch.

"Kiss me," Louise said, "and shut up."

"Do you want to break your poor old man?"

"I don't mind, I want to buy you presents."

"Why?"

"It makes me feel good. Kiss me. I don't know why. Did you know that you're an important figure?"

"Yes," Darling said gravely.

"When I was waiting for you at the library yesterday two girls saw you coming and one of them said to the other, 'That's Christian Darling. He's an important figure.'"

"You're a liar."

"I'm in love with an important figure."

"Still, why the hell did you have to give me a forty-pound dictionary?"

"I wanted to make sure," Louise said, "that you had a token of my esteem. I want to smother you in tokens of my esteem."

Fifteen years ago.

They'd married when they got out of college. There'd been other women for him, but all casual and secret, mere for curiosity's sake, and vanity, women who'd thrown themselves at him and flattered him, a pretty mother at a summer camp for boys, an old girl from his home town who'd suddenly blossomed into a coquette, a friend of Louise's who had dogged him grimly for six months and had taken advantage of the two weeks when Louise went home when her mother died. Perhaps Louise had known, but she'd kept quiet, loving him completely, filling his rooms with presents, religiously watching him battling with the big Swedes and Polacks on the line of scrimmage on Saturday afternoons, making plans for marrying him and living with him in New York and going with him there to the nightclubs, the theatres, the good restaurants, being proud of him in advance, tall, white-toothed, smiling, large, yet moving lightly, with an athlete's grace, dressed in evening clothes, approvingly eyed by magnificently dressed and famous women in theatre lobbies, with Louise adoringly at his side.

Her father, who manufactured inks,
(continued overleaf)



"I guess we're through -- she returned everything I gave her."

80 YARD RUN (continued from page 8)

set up a New York office for Darling to manage and presented him with three hundred accounts and they lived on Beekman Place with a view of the river with twenty-five thousand dollars a year between them. They saw all the shows and went to all the night spots and spent their twenty-five thousand dollars a year and in the afternoons Louise went to the art galleries and the matinees of the more serious plays that Darling didn't like to sit through and Darling slept with a girl who danced in the chorus of *Kiss Me, Kate* and with the wife of a man who owned three copper mines. Darling played handball three times a week and remained as solid as a stone barn and Louise never took her eyes off him when they were in the same room together, watching him with a secret, miser's smile, with a trick of coming over to him in the middle of a crowded room and saying gravely, in a low voice, "You're the handsomest man I've ever seen in my life. Want a drink?"

The balloon burst the year after the war ended. The company had been bled white and Darling hadn't known anything about it. He picked up the phone one afternoon and the voice on the other end told him his father-in-law had just blown his brains out. When Darling went to Chicago to see what the books of the firm looked like he found out all that was left were debts and three or four gallons of unthought ink.

"Please, Christian," Louise said, sitting in their neat Beekman Place apartment, with a view of the river and prints of paintings by Dufy and Braque and Picasso on the wall, "please, why do you want to start drinking at two o'clock in the afternoon?"

"I have nothing else to do," Darling said, putting down his glass, emptied of its fourth drink. "Please pass the whiskey."

Louise filled his glass. "Come take a walk with me," she said. "We'll walk along the river."

"I don't want to walk along the river," Darling said, squinting intensely at the prints of paintings by Dufy, Braque and Picasso.

"We'll walk along Fifth Avenue," Louise said.

"I don't want to walk along Fifth Avenue," Louise said.

"Maybe," Louise said gently, "you'd like to come with me to some art galleries. I want to sit here and drink Scotch whiskey," Darling said. "Who the hell hung those goddam pictures up on the wall?"

"I did," Louise said.

"I hate them."

"I'll take them down," Louise said.

"Leave them there. It gives me something to do in the afternoon. I can hate them." Darling took a long swal-

low. "Is that the way people paint these days?"

"Yes, Christian. Please don't drink any more."

"Do you like painting like that?"

"Yes, dear."

"Really?"

"Really."

Darling looked carefully at the prints once more. "Little Louise Tucker. The middle-western beauty. I like pictures with horses in them. Why should you like pictures like that?"

"I just happen to have gone to a lot of galleries in the last few years . . ."

"Is that what you do in the afternoon?"

"That's what I do in the afternoon," Louise said.

"I drink in the afternoon."

Louise kissed him lightly on the top of his head as he sat there squinting at the pictures on the wall, the glass of whiskey held firmly in his hand. She put on her coat and went out without saying another word. When she came back in the early evening, she had a job on a woman's fashion magazine.

They moved downtown and Louise went out to work every morning and Darling sat home and drank and Louise paid the bills as they came up. She made believe she was going to quit work as soon as Darling found a job, even though she was taking over more responsibility day by day at the magazine, interviewing authors, picking painters for the illustrations and covers, getting actresses to pose for pictures, going out for drinks with the right people, making a thousand new friends whom she loyally introduced to Darling.

"I don't like your hat," Darling said, once, when she came in in the evening and kissed him, her breath rich with Martinis.

"What's the matter with my hat, Baby?" she asked, running her fingers through his hair. "Everybody says it's very smart."

"It's too damned smart," he said. "It's not for you. It's for a rich, sophisticated woman of thirty-five with admirers."

Louise laughed. "You're practicing to be a rich, sophisticated woman of thirty-five with admirers," she said. She stared soberly at her. "Now, don't look so grim, Baby. It's still the same simple little wife under the hat." She took the hat off, threw it into a corner, sat on his lap. "See? Housebody Number One."

"Your breath could run a train," Darling said, not wanting to be mean, but talking out of boredom, and sudden shock at seeing his wife curiously a stranger in a new hat, with a new expression in her eyes under the little brim, secret, confident, knowing.

Louise tucked her head under his chin so he couldn't smell her breath.

"I had to take an author out for cocktails," she said. "He's a boy from the Ozark mountains and he drinks like a

fish."

"What the hell is a boy from the Ozarks doing writing for a woman's fashion magazine?"

Louise chuckled. "The magazine business is getting all mixed up these days."

"I don't think I like you to associate with all those people, Louise," Darling said. "Drinking with them."

"He's a very nice, gentle boy," Louise said. "He reads Ernest Dobson."

"Who's Ernest Dobson?"

Louise patted his arm, stood up, fixed her hair. "He's an English poet."

Darling felt that somehow he had disappointed her. "Am I supposed to know who Ernest Dobson is?"

"No, dear, I'd better go in and take a bath."

After she had gone, Darling went over to the corner where the hat was lying and picked it up. It was nothing, a scrap of straw, a red flower, a veil, meaningless on his big hand, but on his wife's head a signal of something . . . big city, smart and knowing women drinking and dining with men other than their husbands, conversation about things a normal man wouldn't know much about, Frenchmen who painted as though they used their elbows instead of brushes, composers who wrote whole symphonies without a single melody in them, writers who knew all about politics and women who knew all about writers and fairies who made them laugh and half-sentences immediately understood and secretly hilarious and wives who called their husbands "Baby." He put the hat down, a scrap of straw and a red flower, and a little veil. He drank some whiskey straight and went into the bathroom where his wife was lying deep in her bath, singing to herself and smiling from time to time like a little girl, paddling the water gently with her hands, sending up a slight spicy fragrance from the bath-salts she used.

He stood over her, looking down at her. She smiled up at him, her eyes half closed, her body pink and shimmering in the warm, scented water. All over again, with all the old suddenness, he was his deep inside him with the knowledge of how beautiful she was, how much he needed her.

"I came in here," he said, "to tell you I wish you wouldn't call me 'Baby.'"

She looked up at him from the bath, her eyes quickly full of sorrow, half-understanding what he meant. He knelt and put his arms around her, his sleeves plunged heedlessly in the water, his shirt and jacket soaking wet as he clutched her wordlessly, holding her crazily tight, crushing her breath from her, kissing her desperately, searching, lovingly, gratefully.

He got jobs after that, selling real estate and automobiles, but somehow, although he had a desk and his name on a wooden wedge on it, and he went to the office regularly at nine each

(continued on page 32)



TV'S AD GLIBBER

the man behind the glasses is one of television's big talents

"WELCOME TO A SHOW called *Shambles*," Allen is apt to say when things begin getting out of hand. "It's that kind of program," he'll insist, smiling, "a sloppy one."

The comment is a fair sample of Steve Allen's unpretentious wit, but not a very accurate description of his program. For though *Tonight* is largely unrehearsed and about as relaxed as Steve himself, it is one of the most entertaining shows on television, sparked with sophisticated satire and Allen's own brand of adult, ad lib wit. In six short months, *Tonight* has replaced old Charlie Chan movies as America's favorite form of late viewing pleasure and Steve Allen has become such a national celebrity, NBC selected him to star in three of their spectaculars and the television industry picked him to hand out their coveted *Emmy* awards.

A new star wasn't born six months ago, however. Steve Allen has been kicking around radio and television for some ten to twelve years and has actually been doing the same sort of shows for the past six or seven. "I'm still being referred to as a 'new comic,'" Steve admits, "but I'm only new to the people who are seeing me for the first time."

Several years ago he had an unsponsored late evening radio show on the West Coast that prompted Al Jolson to remark, "I never thought I would see the day when a sustaining show was the greatest on the air," and Groucho Marx to observe dryly, "Allen, the trouble with you is you're too damn good."

Allen is almost too damn good. He's probably the best ad libber on television, he's both a comedian and a humorist (there's a difference), a song writer, author, poet, pianist, singer and, without having to work at it, a very likeable guy. His television show, *Tonight*, is remarkable in that it gives him the opportunity to display almost all of these talents. "I'm probably being given more freedom than anyone else in the business," he says happily, "and that's just the way I like it."

He was born the day after Christmas, 1921, to the vaudeville team of Montrose and Allen, and they named him Stephen Valentine Patrick William Allen. His father died a short time after he was born and his early years were spent on tours with his mother (stage name Belle Montrose) and being shuttled around Chicago, staying with various relatives.

After attending more than a dozen schools, he finished his high school education in Phoenix, Arizona, where his mother had taken him for an asthmatic condition. He spent a year at Drake University on a journalism scholarship, but his asthma forced him to return to Arizona. While attending Arizona State Teachers College, he got a part time job as an announcer at station KGY in Phoenix. It presently became a full time job and he left college.

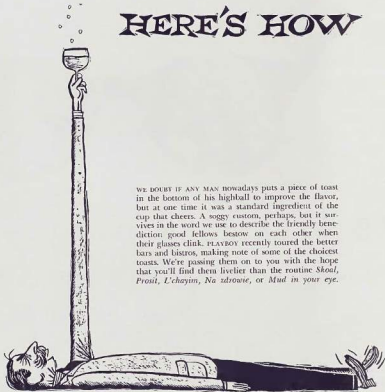
He was drafted into the army, but received a medical discharge after five months and returned to radio work. In service he married his college sweetheart, a girl named Dorothy Goodman; the marriage ended in divorce in 1951. In July of 1954 he married Jayne Meadows, a television and movie actress. They now live in a six room apartment on upper Park Avenue in New York City.

We asked Steve a favorite question he uses in television interviews: "When did you first lay eyes on the woman who is today your wife?"

"I'd seen her in movies," Steve answered, "but I first met her at the Mermaid Room of the Park Sheraton in

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HERE'S HOW



WE DOUBT IF ANY MAN nowadays puts a piece of toast in the bottom of his highball to improve the flavor, but at one time it was a standard ingredient of the cup that cheers. A soggy custom, perhaps, but it survives in the word we use to describe the friendly benediction: good fellows bestow on each other when their glasses clink. *PLAYBOY* recently toured the better bars and bistros, making note of some of the choicest toasts. We're passing them on to you with the hope that you'll find them livelier than the routine *Skoal, Proud, L'chayin, Na zdrowie, or Mud in your eye.*

a round of toasts for men of good cheer



Here's to it:
The birds do it.
The bees do it and die.
The dogs do it and get hung to it.
Why don't you and I?

May you live as long as you want to,
and want to as long as you live!

He is not drunk
Who, from the floor,
Can rise again
And drink some more.
But he IS drunk
Who prostrate lies
And cannot drink
And cannot rise.

To our wives and sweethearts:
may they never meet!

Here's to good old whiskey,
So amber and so clear.
'Tis not so sweet as woman's lips,
But a damned sight more sincere.

Here's champagne to our real friends
and real pain to our sham friends.

Here's to the man who takes a wife,
Let him make no mistake:
For it makes a world of difference
Whose wife it is you take.

I'll toast the girls who do,
I'll toast the girls who don't.
But not the girls who say they will
And later decide they won't.
But the girl I'll toast from break of
day
To the wee hours of the night
Is the girl who says, "I never have—
But just for you, I might!"

May you be in Heaven half an hour
before the Devil discovers you're dead.

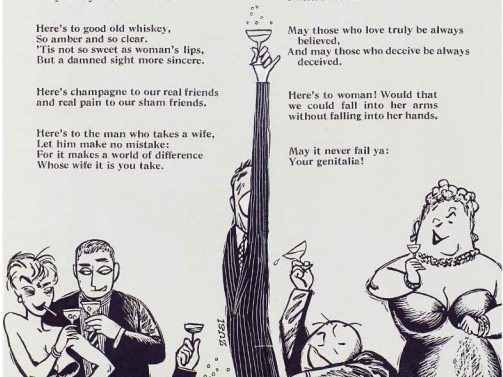
To the love that lies in women's eyes,
And lies, and lies, and lies.

Here's to you,
So sweet and good.
God made you.
I wish I could.

May those who love truly be always
believed,
And may those who deceive be always
deceived.

Here's to woman! Would that
we could fall into her arms
without falling into her hands.

May it never fail ya:
Your genitalia!



AD GLIBBER (continued from page 11)

New York. We were introduced by a mutual friend." And what was Steve's first reaction? "It was kind of a shock at first — she looked so glamorous and theatrical." The "shock" hasn't worn off and their marriage is a very happy one. Both being in television helps. She assists with *Tonight* by giving him a viewer's viewpoint when he comes home after a show.

Steve Allen's first ventures in TV were guest shots on local shows. His first regular program was an all fated rural thing called *Country Store*. Later he thought it would be funny to have a comedian announce wrestling matches. "I didn't know a damn thing about wrestling," he recalls, "so I watched other announcers to find out what they called the various holds. I immediately made the happy discovery that each announcer had his own terms for them, so I made up the wildest names I could think of."

One night, during an interview with a wrestler, Steve had the kind of experience announcers have nightmares about. The grant and growler asked if he could read a joke and Steve obligingly said, "Sure, go ahead." As the joke progressed, Allen thought, "Gee, I know a dirty joke that goes just like this. Wonder what this guy's clean punch line is going to be?" As it turned out, there wasn't any . . . and the audience howled, first at the blue gag and then at Allen's predicament.

Allen is past master of the ad lib, combining glibness with wit. One of the most delightful features of his shows, since his West Coast days, has been his interviews with people in the audience (which he refers to as the "Snake Pit"). He has taught himself to talk fast and sometimes his tongue gets ahead of his better judgment. In one interview with a lady from the audience, he asked her what she was doing in town. "I came to New York for an affair," she replied. The audience started to laugh and she added, "No, I came here for a wedding." Steve cracked, "Well, that's the proper order all right." He later conceded, "That's something that if I'd thought about, I wouldn't have said."

Usually, however, his thoughts are well ahead of what's being said. "I'm usually thinking of three or four other things besides the one I'm saying," he admits. "After dealing with jokes for such a long time, you get so you can think them up almost automatically." Speed, of course, is as important to an ad lib as his humor. Often an ad lib comedian says exactly what everybody else is thinking, but he says it just a half second before they realize they're thinking it. Not long ago a woman in the audience asked if they get his show in Baltimore. "They see it," said Allen, "but they don't get it."

Steve Allen has always had the refreshing good taste to credit his viewing audience with more intelligence and sophistication than most other radio and TV performers. He has made a policy of being honest. He freely ad-

mits on the air that there are other networks and other products besides the ones he's plugging. "That used to get me into trouble in my early days as an announcer. I hated the phoney way announcers were expected to talk about products. Nobody talks like that. I don't like to be phoney. It isn't that I'm such a nice fellow or any more honest than the next guy, it's just that I don't feel right if I have to say something that I don't believe in, or think is ridiculous."

One thing he thinks ridiculous is the law that says you shouldn't show real money on television — so he shows it. One night he was talking about a shabby nightgown and discovered that the bottom half of the outfit was nothing but a pair of frilly panties. He held them up for the camera and mused, "You ordinarily wouldn't show this sort of thing on television. It shows how stupid we really are, because a rose by any other name . . ."

Allen feels that television should be more than just entertainment. "All I do for a living, anyway, is say what I'm thinking. I occasionally have a thought that isn't humorous and I'm as apt to say that as anything else. I function as a human being first and do jokes secondly."

"I was a citizen before I was an entertainer. So, anytime that I feel like saying anything, I just say it. It makes sense, I feel, on a program like mine, where it certainly wouldn't on the Bob Hope or Milton Berle shows."

Steve Allen is very serious about being a comedian. He claims that he decided on a career as a comic instead of a song writer or actor because, "There's less competition and more money." And he's a man who knows his business. He's finishing up the last chapters on a book analyzing comedians, entitled *The Funny Men*.

"I guess I've always had a few loose unrelated ideas on the subject. Everyone is very comedy-conscious these days. When people get together, they're more apt to discuss comedians than politicians, which is a terrible thing for the country, but it seems to be true nonetheless. It's sort of a parker sport. You can start almost a fist fight by saying, 'What do you think of Milton Berle?'"

Steve is one of the few comics who really understands what makes people laugh. He feels it is most important for a comedian to be liked as a person. When we asked him just what type of humor he deals in, he said, "I deal in several different types. Occasionally I act in a sketch where you could take the script and hand it to Bob Hope and, by and large, the performance would be the same — depending on what was on the paper. In that moment, I must be acting as a comedian. Then again sometimes I'll just talk about what happened to me in a super market that morning, and granting that anything is funny at all, I'm functioning as a humorist. I've never really stopped to analyze my own humor, I've been too busy analyzing

everybody else's."

Some of his humor is pure whimsy, like his use of nonsense words. A lot of words sound funny to Steve. He's had the habit of using nonsense words or real words in a nonsense way since he was a kid. His current favorite is "birdseed." When he can't remember the name of someone he is interviewing in the audience, he may say, "Thank you very much, Mrs. Birdseed." Or when he's doing a musical bit on stage, he'll announce, "It's Your Hit Parade, with Snooky Birdseed." He says that as soon as he tires of one nonsense word, he adopts another.

"Anything can make people laugh," Steve claims. "Sometimes the things that aren't funny are the things that will make you laugh the hardest." He maintains that there's a negative side to most humor and that things which are the funniest are often unpleasant. He points out that a lot of subject matter in jokes is dreadful, nasty, unhappy stuff, like drunks, people who are so fat that . . . it was so cold there that my . . . his nose is so big that . . . I'm so stiff that I can hardly . . .

"You can go through a whole joke book and find very few jokes about happiness. Most of them are negative and deal with unpleasantness. That's probably the function of laughter — to make a really miserable world a little easier to take."

We quoted a remark to Steve that another television performer had made about comedians usually being short of stature and developing into comics as a defense mechanism. We suggested that he couldn't very well go along with that statement. He laughed, "No, not while I'm standing up anyway." (He's 6'2½")

He does feel that there is something to be said for the idea that a comic uses humor as a defense mechanism against some feeling of inferiority or inadequacy. "By and large, the majority of comics seem to have had a rough early life — a knocked around childhood (which is true in Steve's case) and many of them come from poverty stricken surroundings." He doesn't feel it's completely true, however, or the most unfortunate people would be the funniest, which obviously isn't the case.

On Edward R. Murrow's *Person To Person* recently, Allen commented that he didn't believe there was any set number of basic jokes. When we asked him to elaborate on that remark, he said, "People like to believe that there are a set number of basic jokes because this is a confusing world. Most people hate to do any thinking anyway. They like to know that there are seven basic this's, or three basic that's, or that there are only five ways to do a thing. It would be much simpler and better if all truths were already discovered, I suppose, and put down on little 3x5 cards, but that doesn't seem to be the way life is."

These are all pretty articulate and literate thoughts from a "funny man." And that is the reason Steve Allen will probably still be around long after the

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THE MURDER OF CONAN DOYLE

Playboy rubs out TV's
most popular author

satire

by Ray Russell

THE OTHER DAY, a member of our staff slunk into the office smoking a calabash pipe, wearing a deerstalker cap and muttering in nasal tones faintly reminiscent of Basil Rathbone. Since this individual has frequently displayed a marked tendency toward eccentric behavior, we shrugged it all off as the latest manifestation of his twisted though talented mind and went about our usual editorial task of
(continued on next page)



separating paper clips without giving the matter a second thought.

That evening, however, relaxing in front of our television screen with a short beer and a tall blonde, it suddenly became clear as crystal. Our colleague had simply succumbed to the preponderance of ancient Sherlock Holmes films recently available via video and starting the aforementioned Mr. Rathbone. The following night, the situation became clearer still. Relaxing again (this time with a tall beer and a short blonde, for variety), we were privileged to watch Leslie Howard's boy Roland also portray the Baker Street sleuth. This may strike some sour malcontents as too much of a good thing, but we've always been avid admirers of the Holmes tales and have never been able to get enough of them. The more the merrier, we said, ruffling our sideburns, lighting our calabash, donning our deerstalker and blowing the craser dust from our typewriter. The beer languished in our glass, the blonde languished on our davenport, and when the creative frenzy had spent itself, both had disappeared. But what cared we? Another urgently needed television script had been given the world! And here, you lucky readers, it is — without the slightest apology to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle:

ESTABLISHING SHOT: *The familiar Baker Street apartment. Dr. Squaton is discovered packing his portmanteau with a heavy heart and several extra collars. A tear falls and stains his tweed pajamas as a stray memory wafts across his mind. He sighs longly.*

SQUATSON: Poor Foames! Never again will the world know a mind to match his!

With a last glance about his old room, he lifts his luggage and prepares to leave. But a sudden knock arrests him.

SQUATSON: Who can this be? Can it be Hemlock Foames? No — impossible! Did I not personally witness his gruesome death by fire, rack, sword and vat at the hands of Professor Goryarty? Did I not see he and that vile maniac tumble together into a cauldron of boiling coffee? Of course I did!

He opens the door, disclosing only kind hearted Mother Mulrooney, the land lady. She is weeping.

MOTHER MULROONEY: Faith, and is it leavin' me now entirely ye are, Dr. Squaton, ye spalpeen, bedad!

SQUATSON: Alas. These premises are but a source of sorrow to me now, kind hearted Mother Mulrooney. Forgive me. I must go.

MOTHER MULROONEY (screaming): Squaton, you old barrel! Did you really miss me, then?

SQUATSON: I'm afraid I don't quite . . .

MOTHER MULROONEY: You fool! You lovable, bungling, incompetent fool! Are you entirely witless?

SQUATSON: Great Scott! It isn't . . .

MOTHER MULROONEY: It isn't what, you decrepit old quack?

SQUATSON: By George, if it is, I'll . . . I'll . . .

MOTHER MULROONEY: You'll what, you fumbling old abortionist?

SQUATSON: Foames! Bless my soul, it's Foames!

MOTHER MULROONEY: Well, ra-ther!

Kind hearted Mother Mulrooney rips away her gray wig, false nose, padded dress and apron. There, naked as a savage, stands the lanky shape of Hemlock Foames.

FOAMES: Get me a robe, old boy. This London weather . . .

SQUATSON (obeying): But see here, Foames, you can't possibly be here, you know. You're upsetting everything. Why, dash it all, the report has gone out that you are dead, and by Jove, you must be! Conic num, old fellow, be reasonable . . .

FOAMES: I am, Squaton, being perfectly reasonable. My appearance is founded upon cold and precise logic. You recall that night in Soho, when Goryarty had me swinging like a pendulum from the rafters?

SQUATSON: Indeed I do . . .

FOAMES: You remember Goryarty amused himself by putting me through a half-dozen hellish tortures, the last of which was to coat me in a thick layer of bubbling beeswax? You also remember, I'm sure, how I stilled a yawn, cried "This is the last straw!" and fell upon the Professor, tooth and nail. You surely can't forget how we struggled and fell into a cauldron of scalding coffee which was there to keep me awake for further tortures.

SQUATSON: Yes, yes . . .

FOAMES: Well, then. My body was saved from the deadly heat of the coffee by its coating of hardened wax! Fundamental, my dear Squaton.

Squaton gasps and stands speechless.

FOAMES: Don't stand there like a monkey with a stick up your nose! Get me some clothes! There's not a moment to be wasted, for London has been shocked by a series of wanton murders, all of which have been perpetrated upon theatrical gentlemen. Quick, Squaton! Cocaine! Opium! Clothes! Our destination is the Thespian Society in Fleet Street where, even now, a party is in progress!

Music and commercial, during which audience adjourns to kitchen for short beer and tall blonde or vice versa. When they return, they find Foames and Squaton living it up over the Thespian Society's punch bowl. Squaton is crying . . .

SQUATSON: Another cup, Foames?

FOAMES: No thank you, Squaton. My brain must be without parallel tonight.

SQUATSON: I say, this place is a veritable gallery of dramatic notables. That's Laddie Badd, draining the punch bowl through a straw.

FOAMES: Who?

SQUATSON: The versatile Hollywood tragedian. His amazing range of portrayals has run the gamut through tough kid crooks, tough kid cops, tough kid priests and tough kid milkmen.

FOAMES (yawning): Ah, yes. Laddie Badd. Real name Homer Witherspoon; born 1922 in Akron, Ohio, of unwe-

parents. Hobbies: archery and lechery. Small freckle on left kneecap. A non entity. Forget him.

SQUATSON: By Taphet, Foames, I'll outfit that card-index mind of yours yet! Who, for instance, is that bearded gentleman reciting Marlowe in the corner? Eh? Tell me that!

FOAMES: Quentin Drake-Chalmers, Shakespearean actor. Now too fat to play Hamlet, he is planning an alridged *King Lear*, reducing the cast to one. Remember his modern dress *Romeo* eight years ago, when he read all the blank verse as prose and all the prose as blank verse? Exhilarating. In his youth, he appeared in a neo-Greek tragedy of his own concoction called *Oedipus Meets Electra*: in this farcical the characters stood completely still throughout, while the scenery moved behind them. He burned incense during intermissions to contribute to the unrealistic illusion and succeeded in asphyxiating half the audience. Also, each character spoke in a different language; all wore costumes of different periods; all were made-up with luminous paint which glowed a dull blue in the blackouts between the thirty-seven scenes. The man is an obvious lunatic, and therefore an egomaniac. Since most murderers are egomaniacs — rating themselves above the law — this fellow will bear watching. Keep an eye on him.

SQUATSON: I will, by Jove! (*He hic-coughs stoutly and exits . . .*) Foames — Foames: Yes?

SQUATSON: Not to change the subject, and mind you I understand how you survived the blistering coffee, but, tell me, how in blazes did you withstand the lethal effects of that boiling, molten wax?

FOAMES (morning): Good Lord, man, don't bother me with trivia now! That case is closed! Let us live in the present. (*A pause. Then:*) Ah!

SQUATSON: What is it?

FOAMES: That lovely creature making so gracious an egress from the ladies' john: might I be mistaken or is that Emily Klodd, stage name Sidonie Brassiere, born 1929 in Wessex of itinerant acrobats?

SQUATSON: It is Miss Brassiere.

FOAMES: So. When was the date of my supposed demise, Squaton?

SQUATSON: You died March 10th, old chap.

FOAMES: Hum. As I recall, the London Catarrh of March 10th carried the following headline: "AMAZING DIS APPEARANCE OF PROMINENT ACTRESS SIDONIE BRASSIERE'S FAILURE TO APPEAR CAUSES WIDESPREAD CONSTERNATION." Squaton! Everything's clear now!

SQUATSON (drooling senselessly): Eh?

FOAMES: Suppose a certain arch-fetid, who shall remain nameless, wished to blackmail wealthy but profligate actors on grounds of, shall we say, indiscreet behavior. What would he do?

SQUATSON: Why, disguise himself as Sidonie Brassiere. I suppose, lure them

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THE SOPHISTICATED CHEESE

TO BE A MAN OF DISTINCTION you must learn to appreciate the unique flavor of certain urbane bacteria. For one of the chief joys of nature and gracious living is a chunk of ripe cheese.

Contrary to popular belief, sheer aroma in itself is not necessarily a guide to good cheese. An ambitious young gourmet will sometimes walk into an Italian grocery store with the Provoloni and Provolette hanging from the rafters and with twenty other foreign cheeses, each staring at him, each the soul of putrefaction. He takes one sniffle and the full blown odors send him reel-

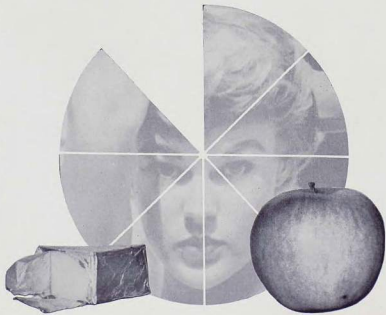
ing to the sawdust floor. After he regains consciousness and remains in the store a half hour or so, his olfactory sense becomes so numb that fragrance and stench are one. He can then begin to taste the assorted cheeses, shaking his head, smacking his lips, rolling his eyeballs and going through all the gestures of a stone deaf man listening to a symphony orchestra. He is now what is known as a fooloo epicure. He has about as much discrimination as a three-day drunk.

Some cheeses, like Liederkranz, must literally seek with ripeness or they are

BY THOMAS MARIO

playboy's food & drink editor

Roquefort and Ricotta are not the food of virgins



not good. But there are other cheeses, like Italian Bel Paese, in which the subtle flavor is not dependent on mere fragrance alone. The taste buds on the back of your tongue tell the real story. Of course, no raw cheese can create the divine bouquets that arise when cheese is cooked — when Welsh Rabbit simmers in a chafing dish or Romano cheese browns under a brisk broiler flame.

The best kinds of cheese are never eaten by youngsters. A growing boy will gobble down a Swiss cheese on rye at the corner drug store, but he will consistently drown all cheese flavor with a double rich malted milk. After his graduation from college, when the lad joins a private men's club, he'll learn to appreciate a bubbling Welsh Rabbit, but he'll not be able to tell you the difference between French and Canadian Trappist cheese until he reaches his late thirties.

Only after a man enters the deep middle span of his life will his palate be educated to the point where he will fathom the difference between Gorgonzola and English Stilton. He'll be approaching his mellow fifties when he'll want to spend a half hour munching his dessert of medium soft Brie cheese, hard crackers and wine-sap apples.

Bernard Shaw knew well the mellowed tastes of maturity when he wrote his play, *Pygmalion*. Young Higgins, who shares his house with the saucy Eliza and the gray-templed Colonel Pickering, asks Eliza to order a Stilton cheese, and that knowing young lady replies, "Colonel Pickering prefers double Gloucester to Stilton, and you don't notice the difference!"

The coagulated protein we eat these days is a much more mellow dish than the cheese made from mare's milk described by Hippocrates. Our Olympic heroes today do not feed themselves on an exclusive diet of cheese and dates that the beefy rascals of ancient Greece favored. But PLAYBOY still believes, with the Elizabethan epicure, that "For healthful men, cheese be wholesome food." Only men with no trace of lavender in their veins can appreciate the old partnership of warm mince pie with aged Cheddar cheese or the union of peppery brown onion soup doused with freshly grated Parmesan cheese.

Women, too, are known by the cheese they eat. It's almost impossible to imagine a virgin eating and enjoying a piece of sharp Roquefort cheese marbled with the most delicate of blue moulds. A woman must have heard and told an off-color *bon mot* or two before she is sufficiently discriminating to see that Italian Ricotta is superior to the cottage cheese salad she ate in the Women's Exchange Tea Room. Escort the young lady who has not yet gotten her final divorce papers to the dark little restaurant in the east forties. There are no eavesdroppers and the headwaiter asks no questions. Unerringly she will choose the cream cheese and guava jelly for dessert rather than the platter of sickly French pastry a

less experienced girl would select.

A glorious high wedge of cheese cake will be infinitely more appreciated by the type of girl who has blown her lid at a midnight frolic rather than the prim miss who has a mortal fear of calories in any form whatever. Cheese soufflé, that favorite of spinster home economics teachers, is distinguished only by the fact that it has a minimum of honest cheese flavor and a maximum of froth and foam.

The origin of cheese has come down to us in the form of an Arabian legend: Centuries ago, a travelling salesman by the name of Kanana carried his lunch of dates and goat's milk. He kept his milk in a canteen which was made of the lining of a calf's stomach. Too busy to drink his milk at the 12 o'clock whistle, Kanana kept on travelling until dusk. When he finally stopped to eat, he started to drink his milk and discovered instead a thin almost tasteless liquid. In the canteen, however, was a mass of solid food — cheese.

The cheese in Kanana's canteen was made by the same principle which has been used for centuries in the art of cheese making. The lining of the calf's stomach was not sufficiently dried and some of the rennet remained. The rennet, with the warm assistance of the sun's heat, separated the milk into curds and whey. Kanana had discovered a way of making a perishable food, milk, into a durable food, cheese. He had not yet discovered that the flavor of the cheese would improve further as it aged or became cured with the action of friendly bacteria.

The cheese legends came thick and fast as cheese became more and more popular through the Hebrew, Greek and Roman times. At Roman orgies there was a grand platter of cheese. If it was an expensive orgy, the platter included cheese from Switzerland.

When Rome fell, the art of cheese making was carried on by the Church. Just as the monks learned to make rare brandies and liqueurs, so they learned to cure the finest cheese. One of their formulas, kept secret for many generations, exists until this very day in the famous cheese made by the Trappist monks known as Oka or Port du Salut cheese. The domestic version of this same cheese does not begin to come up to the deeply serene flavor which the monks developed in their Port du Salut cheese.

Even cheese dishes which we think of as modern are really old hat to cheese fanciers. To most of us, the melted cheese sandwich seems like a modern gimmick, but as a matter of fact, in the 1600's Sir Kenelm Digby was describing the delights of a "quick, fat, rich, well tasted cheese to serve melted upon a piece of toast."

We think of such slang as "He's the big cheese" as belonging to the 19th century. Well, several hundred years ago the English were describing something that was quite special with such phrases as "That's prime Stilton," or "That's double Gloucester."

Our big cheeses are bigger than they

used to be. When Queen Victoria was married in 1840, British farmers presented the bride with a round of Cheddar weighing 1100 pounds. It was an impressive gift for the British Royalty, but it was a poor cheese alongside the one made for a supermarket in Tucson, Arizona, a few years ago. This single hunk of casin manufactured in Wisconsin weighed a neat 5000 pounds.

Of all these customs perhaps the most illustrious was the famous "grooming cheese." Years ago in Europe a prospective pappy would numb his nerves by nibbling cheese. Instead of pacing outside the bedroom door, the father would eat from the center of the cheese until a large hole, like a doughnut center, had been scooped out. Later the new born infant was ceremoniously passed through the hole. Whether this wholesale cheese eating by the father was intended to restore vital protein for future impregnations is open to conjecture.

In Switzerland, wheels of cheese are kept during an entire lifetime to be taken off the shelf and nibbled at during important events such as engagements, weddings and christenings. In 1910 a cheese made in 1785 was discovered near Les Ormonts. The cheese had to be cut with a large saw, but it was still edible.

One of the unintentional benefits of World War II was the fact that it forced American cheese makers to duplicate many of the better imported cheeses. American cheese makers started to produce a wonderfully mellow and smooth Camembert cheese when shipments stopped from France. Roquefort cheese, which is made from sheep's milk in France, was produced here from cow's milk as Bleu cheese. Each succeeding year finds it richer and finer in flavor.

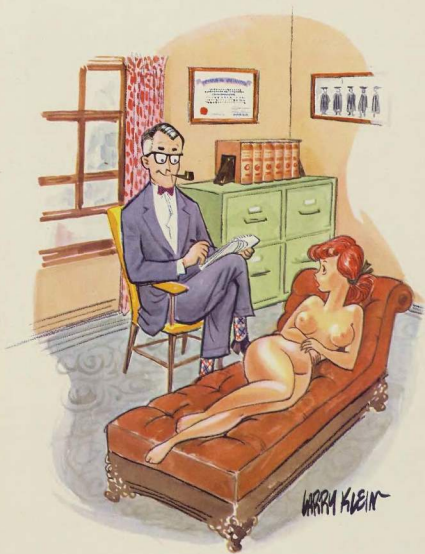
Domestic Swiss cheese can never be the same as imported for the simple reason that the climate, soil, water, etc. in Switzerland cannot be duplicated in this country, and these factors determine the composition of the milk from which the cheese is made. Cheese chemists are, nevertheless, bringing the foreign and native products closer all the time.

Although there are literally thousands of kinds of cheese made over the world, the enlightened playboy is only interested in what he can buy in this country and in what he can do with what he buys.

HARD CHEESES

These are the hard types like Cheddar, Swiss and Edam. Cheddar cheese is often sold as "American" cheese or store cheese. It makes up about two-thirds of the cheese sold in this country. It originated in the Cheddar district of England. It may have a deep orange color given it by the addition of artificial color or it may be naturally yellow. It may be mild, medium or sharp but the flavor must always be clean. It should never have a "cowy" or "barny" taste. It should have a smooth waxy body. It should not be so hard that

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"Well, what do we do now that we're rid of my inhibitions?"

another article on succeeding in business without really trying

HOW TO BE A FAIR-HAIRED BOY

By SHEPHERD MEAD



OVER AND ABOVE the hurly-burly of office politics there is a Higher Level. This is known as playing directly to the Old Man, or getting to be a Fair-Haired Boy.

The most direct way, of course, is through the Old Man's daughter, but if he doesn't have one, if someone else has beat you to her, or if on seeing her you feel it's too high a price to pay, keep your chin up.

There are many other ways to make yourself known and loved.

Remember, there may be a human side to the Old Man.

The Hobby. Rare indeed is the successful businessman who does not have some little corner of life that he holds dear. Discover what it is, and join him in it! If the Old Man raises hamsters, collects cigar bands, or plays the zither, your course is clear.

Once you have done some preliminary research you may fire your opening gun, say, in the elevator.

"Got to hurry home, sir. The little devils are whelping."

"Whelping, Finch? Don't tell me you're a mongoose man!"

"Are you, too, sir? We are a rare

breed, aren't we? Tell me, do you favor snake meat or kippers?"

You will be asked to his place before long. After this it is only a matter of time.

If you live in the New York area it is not strictly necessary to mess with the little beasts. A handy reference book will supply you with plenty of conversation.

In a smaller town you may actually have to build a rig or pen or whelping stand, because he may want to come over to your place "to see the little devils," or "to try my hand with your shurtlecock."

Only in rare cases will these be any mental effort. You will find that the Old Man has simple pleasures, the major share of his intellect having been used to get him where he is.

You may profit by his example. Intellectual pursuits will give you small reward!

One word of caution: Do not follow the Old Man willy-nilly into all hobbies. If his interest lies in helping and encouraging young ladies, leave him to his own devices. He will not want

your companionship.

In this case you will have to find another approach. There are many, as we will see.

The Old School Tie. You are fortunate indeed if the Old Man is a loyal alumnus. If he happens to come from some particularly vile backwater college—and has an inferiority complex about it—you have indeed struck a rich vein.

A few days spent at Old Ivy State Teachers Normal will supply you with all the necessary information and equipment. You need not bother with scholastic history or activities. Leave that to the professors. It will be enough to memorize the scores of all football games back to say, 1905, the names of all local saloons, fraternities, dance halls, and traditional pranks, rushes, proms, and interclass wars. If your research indicates the Old Man excelled at the Hop, Skip, and Jump, or Indian wrestling, bone up on that, too.

The local pawnshop will supply you with school rings, ties, pins, pecunants, and old footballs painted with historic scores.

Once equipped, the rest is simple. A

good opening wedge may offer itself on a Monday following Old Ivy's disastrous defeat by a traditional rival. Shun obvious signs of mourning. But manage somehow to get close to the Old Man and mutter:

"Sorry, sir. Not myself today. Rarely touch a drop, but I did belt off one strong one yesterday. Those damned Chipmunks!"

"Chipmunks?" (*His nostrils will begin to quiver.*)

"Oh, beg pardon, sir, you can't be expected to know. The old school took quite a drubbing Saturday. Old Ivy."

"Old Ivy? You're not an Old Ivy man, uh—"

"Finch, sir. Old Ivy, '24."

"Well, by God, Finch! Old Ivy, by God! Well, we'll get the damned Chipmunks next year, won't we?"

"We did it in '27 and we'll do it again, sir, if we ever get Ozymandusky off the sick list!"

If you play your cards right, anything can happen, perhaps even:

"Oh, uh, Finch, I'm driving up to Old Ivy this Saturday. Like to come along?"

"Oh, would I, sir! Wouldn't miss that Framingham Teachers battle for anything!"

Once at Old Ivy, be hold! Wear your class numerals prominently. No need to worry that you'll be exposed. Feel safe in rushing up to the first '24 that you see:

"Well, well, Bampton! Good old Bampton!"

"Uh, I'm Gillingham, Bill Gillingham."

"Bill, of course! Sorry!"

"Great to see you again, uh—"

"Finch, Pony Finch."

"Oh, sure, Finch. Had it on the tip of my tongue."

"Never forget those nights we spent down at the old greasy spoon, huh?"

"Those were the days, huh, Finch?"

You will soon be one of the boys. And you may soon be Special Assistant to the President, too.

The Lousy Beginning. If the Old Man is one of that rugged but vanishing breed who Started at the Bottom, play your cards far differently.

Go into the factory and find some of the old workmen who started at the bottom with him and are, more or less, still there.

"Yup, Mr. Finch, I still remember when young Johnny—we called him Johnny, then—started at the old plant down on Maple Street. Pot-walloper. Only nine years old. Bright boy, though. Used to steal our lunches. Yup!"

Take your time. Soak up plenty of Old Plant lore. Then make a bold



move. Head straight for the Old Man's office:

"We're taking up a collection for Old Greenback, sir."

"Oh? Not dead is he?"

"The bends, sir. I'm just collecting from us old timers."

"Good Old Greenback!"

"Yes, sir, grand old man! Taught me all I ever knew about pot-walloping. I was just a kid. Fourteen. Down at the old Maple Street plant."

"Oh? Started down there, too, did you, uh—"

"Finch, sir. No substitute for the School of Hard Knocks, ain't that right, sir?"

(*Note: An occasional "Ain't" or "He don't" is valuable in this approach, even if you're a cum laude from Harvard.*)

"Damn! few men see that these days, Finch! Lot of damned molly-coddles!"

A few short months of this and you'll be a marked man.

The Old Home Town. It is equally effective to adopt the Old Man's home town. Proceed in a similar manner. Any good student should be able to ring the necessary changes.

MULTIPLE FAIR-HAIRISM

The keener students among you may well pose this question:

"What if we're not sure who the Old Man is?"

If this query is on your lips, too, tread carefully. The scrap heap is filled with well-meaning lads who have polished the wrong apples. Make sure! Look before you leap!

Choose the Right Man. If you have an opportunity to see him in action you need have few doubts. Use this simple "No" test! Many can say "No" to some of the people some of the time, but only the Old Man can say "No" to all of the people all of the time.

The Double-Barreled Situation. Pity the poor lad who serves two or more Old Men! If your company is a biumvirate, or even a triumvirate, play your cards carefully, for yours is a dangerous game. You have several courses of action:

1. *Place Your Bet.* Pick the winner. This is daring, and recommended only to the devil-may-care lad with private income.

2. *Wait.* It probably won't last long. Whenever there are two or more Old Men they will be locked in mortal combat. All but one are sure to go.

3. *Be a Multiple Fair-Haired Boy.* If you are made of the right stuff you will choose this course. Dangerous, yes, but a good man can bring it off.

Narcissus the Field. Remember, you cannot be loved by everyone, no matter

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PHOTOGRAPHED FOR PLAYBOY BY ARTHUR JAMES



DESIGNED BY ARTHUR PAUL

By MINDRET LORD

Naked Lady

fiction

MARION VAN ORTON finished packing her dressing-case, opened her purse to make sure that her steamer tickets were still there, took one last look in the mirror and then descended the wide, polished staircase of the Van Orton mansion for the last time. Gorham, the butler, met her at the door.

"Madam will be gone for the week-end?" he asked.

"Including the week-end," Mrs. Van Orton amended.

The town car was waiting at the door while she settled back comfortably. She looked up questioningly.

"Will Madam leave any message?" Gorham asked.

"Oh," she sighed, "just say I've gone."

"For an indefinite stay, Madam?" Languidly, Mrs. Van Orton motioned to the chauffeur.

"No," she said. "Just say I've gone."

The purring motor drew away. Only Gorham's eyes moved as he watched it turn the corner. With a start he recovered himself and closed his mouth. "Well!" he said as he walked up the stairs. A greater degree of volubility had returned to him when he reported the incident to the cook.

Just for the moment, Gilda Ransome's life had crystallized into one desperate wish: if she couldn't scratch her thigh, this instant, she would go stark, raving mad. A few hours earlier she had thought that if she didn't have breakfast life would be insupportable. Hunger was bad enough—but this itch!

"You may rest now," said Mr. Blake, the well-known designer of the fleshier covers of the naughtier magazines. He turned away and lit a cigarette. Gilda applied her nails to her skin as she went behind a screen and drew on a dressing gown.

She began to think about her hunger again. She was not hungry because she was on a reducing diet—she needed neither reduction nor addition. Every artist for whom she had posed had agreed that her figure was "just the type"—presumably the type that sells magazines. And her face was certainly no less attractive than her figure—which is an emphatic statement.

She felt starved because influenza had kept her idle for three weeks and during that time her money had run out. She had never been one to save.

Later in the day she fainted while trying to hold a tiring pose. Mr. Blake was very much annoyed, and he determined that in the future he would use stronger, if less perfect models.

In the West Indies there were many, many men who would have testified to the cleverness of Jeremiah Van Orton. As a lad of twenty he had come to Curacao from Holland, and for forty-five years thereafter he had remained in the Indies. Then he had decided that he was too rich and too old to go on working. That was his first mistake. If he had kept his nose to the grindstone, he would not have come to New York. He would not have met Marion Martin, the actress. He would not have made a fool of himself.

Van Orton sat huddled in front of an open fire and thought the matter over. In this climactic hour he paused to review his life and works.

Vivid flashes of memory confused his efforts to keep his thoughts orderly. A tongue of flame licked around a log in the fireplace. A thread of scented smoke curled into the room. . . . A night in the Haitian jungle—when was it?

Twenty—thirty years ago? A black wench was dying. "For no reason," the doctor said; "for superstition. Voodoo." . . . Marion Martin had been convincing. She had said that she was tired of young men—men whom she could not respect. She had said a man was not in his prime until sixty or seventy. Until then, he was callow, unproved, not worthy of admiration or love. He knew nothing of metropolitan people. He had been attracted to her and, presently, he had believed and loved her. . . . What was that about the natives destroying with such care every fingernail cutting, every hair? One had to be careful—voodoo was strong in the West Indies. . . . He had given Marion his honorable name and a million dollars besides. Even if she hadn't pretended to love him, he might have done the same. She had given him the illusion of youth. He had thought of a future with her, for her. He might have lived for ever!

And now he was nothing but an old fool who was going to die. But so was she. Oh, yes, so was she!

The idea of following his wife to wherever she might come to rest and murdering her there never occurred to Jeremiah Van Orton. He was too tired and feeble for such a melodramatic role. One did not spend a lifetime in the Indies for nothing. He was clever; except for this little interlude of marriage, he had always been clever. He would find a way, a good way—a safe way for him, an unpleasant way for her.

Jeremiah Van Orton could always think better among his beautiful collection of paintings. He went to the drawing-room and drew up a chair before a Hobbema landscape. There he remained until he had planned all the details of his vengeance.

In the restaurant of the Hotel Lafayette, Michael Bonze sat across the table from his friend, Pierre Vanneau, and cursed the age in which they both were born.

"What does art mean in the Twentieth Century?" he asked rhetorically. "Nothing! People talk about the dynamic beauty of a new stream-lined toilet set or the Empire State Building. Or take Surrealism: *daubs—damn ill—daubs* by clumsy, color-blind house-painters! Picasso eats while I starve! Cocteau is the white-haired boy while I weary myself bald! People don't want things to look like what they are—they want them to look like the sublimation of the mood of the essence of the psychological reaction to what they might be if they weren't what they are. Oh, I know it sounds like sour grapes, but I wouldn't mind if it weren't for the fact that I'm a painter with greater talent than any of them. If I were living in Henry the Eighth's time, people would now be collecting Bonzes instead of Holbeins. Damn the Twentieth Century!"

"Look, said Vanneau, "have you ever painted a beautiful young girl? You know—curves and flowing hair and so on?"

Bonze slapped his big hand down on

the table top and the dishes jumped. "Are you trying to be insulting?" he bellowed. "Do you take me for Henry Clive—or—Zuloaga, maybe? No! No, I haven't painted any pretty valentines of beautiful young girls!"

Vanneau murmured into his coffee cup. "Reubens did. Tiepolo did. Titian did. . . ."

"Oh, shut up!" said Bonze. "You know what I mean. People won't take that sort of thing from a modern artist—it isn't art. Art is old, wrinkled-up men, or nauseous arrangements of dried fish and rotten apples, or anything sufficiently ugly and nasty."

"How do you know that is so?" Vanneau asked. "What modern artist has dared to paint a pretty picture? I don't know of anyone since Greuze, and his pictures sold well enough."

"Well—" Bonze began doubtfully.

"And look," Vanneau continued, "in this jaded age, sex appeal is important. Important? It is everything!" He spread out his arms in an all-embracing gesture. "And what do you create for an avid public? A public that waters at the mouth at the very mention of Marilyn Monroe? You give them old men and dried fish! Don't weep on my shoulder—you give me a pain!"

Bonze was still feeling a little sorry for himself. "I give Meyerhold, the critic, a pain, too. Today, he came to the studio and said he didn't think I was really, just yet, to have a show. He stayed about fifteen minutes. Damn him!"

On the morning following his wife's departure, Jeremiah Van Orton engaged the services of a Mr. Moses Winkler, a student of biology, who was promised double payment if he could manage to get through his work without asking questions. He was led into a lady's boudoir and told that he must go over the entire room with a microscope in order to collect every human remain, no matter how small or apparently insignificant.

Mr. Van Orton watched every move he made. Somehow, Moses did not like the eagerness with which the old man greeted each new find. It made him quite nervous.

When Moses finished his work he was able to deliver to his employer a surprising number of small envelopes, on each of which he had written a description of the contents. One held grains of dust from a nail-file; another, an eyelash. On a brush in the bathroom he had found a few flakes of skin. A minute drop of blood had been discovered on a handkerchief in the laundry basket. . . . The list went on.

Moses was paid and dismissed. He was glad to go.

Van Orton added the envelopes to a collection he had made of all the photographs of his wife that she left in the house. He looked long at the relics before locking them safely away.

"It is not a great deal," he muttered to himself, "but in Haiti I've known them to do it with less—such less."

Within a month, old Mr. Van Orton

had become the scandal of Sutton Place. Every day, from nine until six, a constant stream of handsome young women entered and left his house. Much to Gorham's bewilderment and disappointment, it had become his master's custom to sit in the drawing-room and interview the young ladies, one by one. Discreet inquiries elicited the fact that they were artists' models answering a newspaper advertisement.

"What," Gorham had asked the cook, "does the old reprobate want with a model? And if he wants a model, why is he so hard to satisfy? He must have seen two hundred of them already and he's not kept one over ten minutes."

It was the cook's considered opinion that Jeremiah Van Orton was an indecent, dirty old man who should be put away where he couldn't do any harm.

The procession of applicants ended when Gilda Ransome was ushered into the drawing-room. Gorham was called and told that no more models would be seen. He breathed a sigh of relief and stole a glance at the young lady who had been chosen from among so many. Gorham had a shock—for a second he had thought she was Mrs. Van Orton. It was a startling resemblance.

Michael Bonze sat in his studio window and looked at the dreary square with bare trees and muddy streets. It was a picture of his mood. His money was running low and he was thinking that he ought to be putting in a stock of canned baked beans instead of buying a half-case of gin. There was nothing he wanted to paint. He hated painting and art patrons and critics.

A sedate foreign limousine came splashing along the street below and stopped at the door to his studio building. The sight didn't make him any happier. "Art patron!" he said with a wealth of expression in his voice.

In a moment there was a knock on the door, and Michael opened it to admit Jeremiah Van Orton.

"You are Michael Bonze?" he asked.

Bonze admitted his identity, although, just then, he was not particularly proud of it. The caller presented his card with the question, "You have heard of me?"

"Yes," said Bonze; "I've heard you have quite a large collection of Flemish paintings. Will you take a chair?"

Van Orton launched into his business at once. "I have come to see you," he said, "because I want a special kind of painting which you do better than anyone I know."

"Thank you!" Michael murmured and crossed his fingers behind him.

"Not that I like the sort of painting you do," the old man continued, "on the contrary, I dislike it intensely. It is dull, spiritless—I might say, insipid."

"Oh, do say 'insipid'!" said Michael. "Also say 'goodbye,' sir, at once!"

"Come, come!" said Van Orton, calmly. "This is no time for compliments. I am not here to discuss art but to make you a proposition which you will find highly beneficial, financially."

(continued on page 30)

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

We just overheard a couple of our pretty stenographers discussing one of the more dashing members of our staff. "He dresses so well," said one. "And so quickly," replied the other.

Three French boys, ages eight, ten and twelve, were walking together down a Paris street and, passing an open window where a young bride and groom were consummating their marriage, stopped to watch. "Observe!" said the eight year old. "That lady and gentleman are fighting!" "You are mistaken," said the ten year old, both older and more sophisticated than his comrade. "They are making love." "Oui," said the twelve year old. "And badly."

Some girls go to such lengths to get a mink coat that when they finally get one, they have trouble buttoning it.

The fellows were kidding the one married man among them. "You've been married five years now, George," one of them said. "How come you have no children? Is your wife—" (and here he tried a very bad pun) "—unbearable?"

"Or," interjected another, "is she inconceivable?"

"Maybe she's, uh, impretable," joked a third.

The married man shook his head. "No, boys, you're all wrong. She's insurmountable and inscrutable."



The big city sporting houses were hard hit by the housing shortage. One of them became so crowded on busy nights that it was obliged to entertain some of its customers on the roof. On one such evening, a client and his charming hostess became so excited they fell off the top of the building. Still locked in love's embrace,

they landed on the street with a thud, barely missing a passing drunk.

The drunk staggered up to the sporting house door and knocked loud and long.

"Beat it," said the Madam, through a slot in the door. "We don't allow no drunks in here."

"I don't wanna come in," said the drunk. "Just wanted to tell ya your sign fell down."



For her first week's salary, the gorgeous new secretary was given an exquisite nightgown of imported lace. The next week her salary was raised.

A young virgin, suffering from acute nervousness due to repressed desires, paid a visit to a highly recommended psychiatrist. The doctor took one look at the voluptuous maiden and lost all his professional objectivity. "Take off your clothes," he ordered, scarcely able to disguise the lust in his voice. "Now lie down on this couch. Now close your eyes and, very slowly, spell the word, 'bedroom.'"

She began: "B... F... D... R... Oh! ... OAhhhhhhhhhhh ... Mmmmmmmmmmmmm."

She was cured.

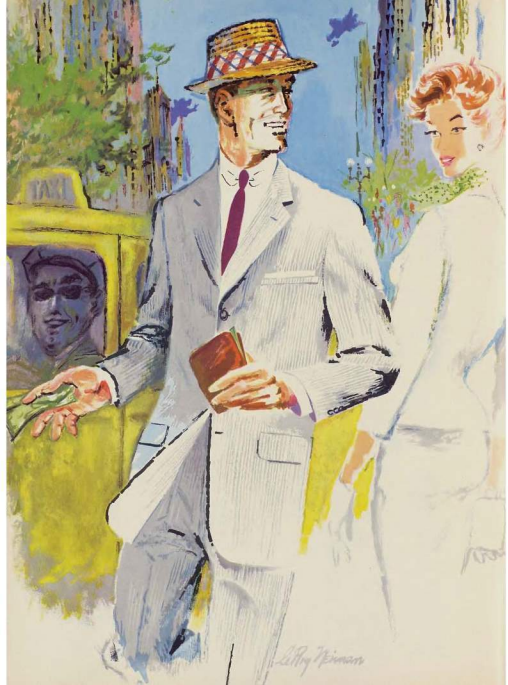
I met a woman who was willin' — Now I'm usin' penicillin.

His lordship awoke with an all too infrequent feeling of virility and joyfully announced his condition to his valet. Impressed, the servant asked, "Shall I noutly m'lady?"

"No, just hand me my baggy tweeds," replied his lordship. "I shall smuggle this one into town."

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. In case of duplicate submissions, payment will go to first received. No jokes can be returned.





WELL-GROOMED FEATHERWEIGHTS FOR SPRING

they're light on the man and his wallet

BY JACK J. KESSIE

playboy's apparel editor

WE DON'T KNOW how boxing champ Sandy Saddler will do if he decides to move up into the lightweight division this summer, but we can forecast how several other notable featherweights are shaping up.

In men's suits, for instance, the current vogue enjoyed by the darker colors shows no signs of abating with warmer weather. Handsomely indispensable all winter long, your black, charcoal grey and dark brown flannels are going to be repeated—in lightweight, wrinkle-shedding fabrics that tip the scales at 9 to 14 ounces. Any man who works in a midtown stairs cabinet and battles his way to and from his office should certainly appreciate this happy trend toward sensible, feather-light fabrics that retain their good looks in any kind of weather. But it hasn't been easy.

Clothing manufacturers and their publicists have been fighting what has come to be known as the War of the Fibers—rivalling in sheer ferocity anything that took place around the Huitgen Forest in 1944. In the current Gargantuan struggle the "naturals" (wool, cotton, linen and silk) are pitted against their deadly enemies the "miracles" or "synthetics" (orlon, dacron, nylon, *ad nauseam*) and both are shouting whoops of victory that would rattle even such astute analysts as the Abops or Walter Lippmann.

Our interest in the bloody mess is limited to practical considerations. Being realists, we want to know several important things about any fabric being foisted on us. Will it hold up in a sudden Spring thundershower, or dissolve like Alec Guinness' brainchild in "The Man in the White Suit"? Will it take a spilled martini with good grace? Is it crisp and resilient enough to shed most of its wrinkles overnight? Is it both attractive and comfortable?

Really spectacular progress has been made in answering these questions affirmatively through the successful, if hesitant, marriage of the "natural" with the "synthetic," each for its own good features. The offspring augur well toward supplying fabrics that are cool, good-looking solutions to your business and casual needs.

Typical worsted blends of wool and dacron, or wool and orlon, in all sorts of ratios, produce a suiting which has claimed many staunch adherents. The coupling of mohair to silk creates a fabric that adds luxury to warm-weather living—if your wallet can stand the pain. Indeed, cross-pollination has now extended into practically every species of fiber, whether it be a product of nature or conceived by man in his laboratories, and we're exhausted just thinking about it.

Whichever one you choose, be sure that it's a dark, solid

color, a quiet check or a glen plaid, the jacket cut in the three button natural shoulder model, with welt seams, flap pockets, straight-hanging natural sides and deep center vent; the trousers should have a plain front and a slender line.

If you happen to be the kind of a fellow who's searching for interesting, lightweight clothes at reasonable cost, there is a classic warm-weather suit that sets you back only \$26.50, including jacket and trousers, barely the price of four good bottles of Cognac. The guy paying off the cab is wearing one, so you can see for yourself. We think it's an outstanding example of good taste and low price.

It's a washable cotton cord suit that stands up well under the martini test, and certainly should be the basic item in your warm-weather wardrobe. Equally effective for business, casual or after-six wear, the suit is an outgrowth of the traditional "seersucker," that baggy, wrinkled, slightly packered reprobate that was for many years the constant favorite of Ivy League undergraduates as well as Madison Avenue advertising executives. Now you can buy it in trusty cotton—given greater wrinkle-recovery through chemical finishes—in narrow stripings of blue, tan, or grey against a white background. We know of nothing, at any price, that's better looking.

The jacket alone serves perfectly as the companion to a pair of 9 ounce tropical slacks—in black—straight cut with back buckle strap, without pleats. Or for relaxation try the jacket with a pair of natural (light tan) cotton poplin slacks—called "Khakis" by your mopy sergeant—but this time make sure they have cuffs on the bottom. Other tested favorites, though not so anti-wrinkle, are the Irish linen or denim jacket—loaded with rugged character and good taste.

Whichever combination appeals to you, wear it with a pair of scuffed white buckskins for summer gin-and-tonic drinking, or omdovan bluchers for more formal wear. We can't see those two-toned absurdities of leather and mesh, in contrasting colors, that are currently passing for hot-weather shoes. If your feet get that warm in summer why not bare your toes like Huckelberry Finn?

Not much sense in wearing a hat if the day is really hot, but if business commitments force you to, or the sun makes you groggy, try a lightweight felt with contrasting band, narrow brim and tapered crown. We have mixed feelings about straws—even the ones with such exotic names as Indio Panquin, Balibantal and Baku—but if you like them, be sure to get a mesh that's both porous and light; then wrap it up with a colorful puggie band.

Y











MISS MAY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Bonze had a sudden vision of rows of canned baked beans, and he held his tongue.

"For a particular reason, which is none of your affair, I wish you to paint a life-size nude of a model. I have selected. The pose makes very little difference, but I suggest that you have her reclining on a chaise longue. For background you may use drapery or anything you please—it is of no importance."

Bonze asked, "Would you mind telling me why I should have been chosen for this work?"

"Because your painting is so realistically accurate that not even a colored photograph can compare with it. I don't consider it art, but it will serve my purpose."

After all, a man had to have some pride. "I'm not interested," said Bonze.

No shade of disappointment crossed the old man's face. "No, no," he agreed, "of course not. But you would, perhaps, be interested in fifteen thousand dollars, a third payable now?"

Michael resisted an impulse to jump up and kiss the beneficent bald head. "Write the check, and send me the model," he said. "I'll start today."

"Good!" said Van Orton. "But now I must lay down two important conditions. First, I will give you a number of photographs of a young woman who bears some resemblance to the model you will use. I want you to study the pictures very closely, because your painting must look more like them than like the model."

"But why," Michael protested, "why can't I simply paint a portrait of the subject of the photographs? It would be a lot more satisfactory and easier."

"If the job were as easy as that, I wouldn't be paying you fifteen thousand dollars." Van Orton reached in the pocket of his coat and withdrew ten or twelve little envelopes. "The second request that I must make is this," he continued. "Each of these packets contains a pinch of powder. They are plainly marked, 'hair, nails, skin, lips,' and so on. Now, when you mix your paints for these various details, you must add these powders as indicated. You are a man of honor?"

"Certainly!" said the very mystified painter.

"You will give me your word that this will be done according to my instructions?"

Michael nodded.

"Very well. Here is my check for five thousand dollars. Hurry your work as much as you can with safety and let me know the instant it is done," Van Orton went to the door. "I brought the model with me in the car. I will send her up with the photographs. Good day!"

Bonze collapsed into a chair as the door closed.

Spring has come to Venice and the Piazza San Marco has a freshly washed and burnished look. Mrs. Van Orton sits at Florian's on the edge of the square, sipping a Pernod. She feels that

God's in His Heaven and all's right with the world.

Mrs. Van Orton has a figure that looks well in anything, but its effectiveness increases in inverse ratio with the amount of clothing she wears; hence, to some extent, Venice and the Lido. When she walks along the beach, this summer, the women will turn away and the men will turn toward her. The women will say, "Who is that doll-faced American in the daring bathing costume?" The men are discreet on the Lido—they will say nothing. But they will look.

And spring has come to Washington Square. The old trees are beginning to think about their Easter clothing. Probably they will decide that the well-dressed tree will wear a very light and delicate chapeau. Feathers, too, may be worn.

Michael Bonze looked up from his painting. "Darling," he said, "you're the best work I've ever done. And you're just about finished."

"Thank goodness!" said Gilda Ransome. "May I move, now?"

"Go ahead," he said. "Get up and we'll make some coffee."

He put down his palette and brushes and helped her into her kimono, kissing, as he did so, the back of her neck.

"I wonder," he said, "if I could have done such a good portrait if I hadn't fallen in love with you. I owe a lot to old Van Orton. If it hadn't been for him—and for Pierre Vannau—"

"Why Pierre Vannau?" she asked.

Michael smiled in memory of his annoyance. "It was he who first suggested that I paint beautiful women. I was furious."

"So shall I be," said Gilda, "if you dare to paint any woman but me."

"Never fear!" he laughed. "There will be no one but you. I'll paint you as everything from Medusa to the Virgin Mary."

"I might make a Medusa," said Gilda. Later in the day, the picture was finished to the immense satisfaction of both artist and model.

The next morning Michael arose before Gilda was awake. He wanted to look at the portrait in the cold light of dawn. Without, he told himself, undue self-praise, he found it good—very good. Maybe it wasn't modern, maybe the style wasn't original, perhaps it wasn't spontaneous. But the draftsmanship, the color, the texture, the composition—that was all perfect. No one could deny it. It would take no violent stretch of the imagination to conceive the beautiful creature rising from her couch and stepping lightly down from the canvas to the floor.

Bonze thought it wasn't fair that this, his best work, was destined to be hung in a dark, lonely house, among a lot of gloomy Flemish paintings, for the exclusive pleasure of a solitary old Dutchman. After all, Art was for the masses. If Meyerhold could see this, he'd sing a different tune. If it weren't for

the money, he'd never let Van Orton have the picture—the insulting old idiot! He wouldn't appreciate it anyway. It wouldn't have made any difference to him if the picture had been good or bad. All he wanted was a likeness.

On the heels of this reflection, Bonze realized in a flash of inspiration how he could keep his picture. He would make a copy and give that to Van Orton. Naturally, it wouldn't be so good as the original, but what of that? He hadn't promised to deliver a masterpiece. Of course, there was the matter of those little packets of powder—he'd used it all in the original—but well, it was silly, anyway.

He woke Gilda with a shout and told her his plan. "I'll have the thing finished by the end of the week. Then I'll get my check and we'll go right down to the City Hall and be married."

Gilda looked at the clock on the bed table. "Is this a nice hour to propose to a girl?" she gasped and pulled the covers over her head.

Whispering loudly and cheerfully, Michael started to work.

Jeremiah Van Orton crouched before the likeness of his wife lying nude upon a chaise-longue. He had never seen her so. She had always kept him at arm's length. But now she was so close—near enough to touch with the fingers tips, or a long pin, or a keen-edged knife.

Though he had for a moment did he take his head gaze from the portrait, he did not neglect the task at which he worked. Methodically, he sharpened on a whetstone a number of efficient-looking probes and knives. The scrape of the steel and his panting breath were the only sounds in the darkened room. Incidentally, he moistened his opened lips with his tongue. His heart pounded in his ears.

Jeremiah knew that the excitement of the execution was killing him, that he must hurry. He got to his feet and addressed the painting in a high, cracked voice.

"Marion," he said, "I hold your life in this image by virtue of your skin and blood. Do you understand? This is you!"

He tried the point of a blue steel probe against his thumb. His voice rose to a shriek.

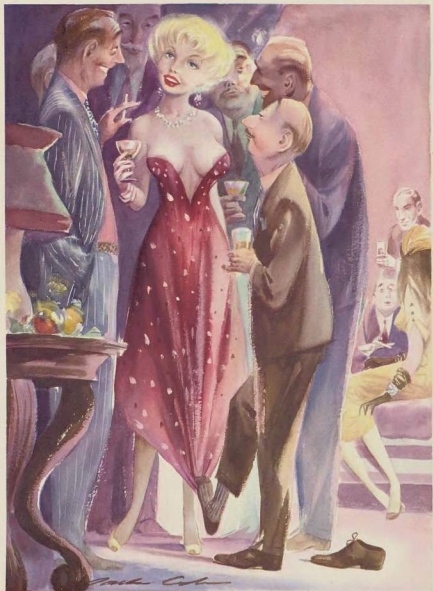
"You are going to die, Marion, my love, wherever you are!"

His bloodshot eyes fixed themselves in a hypnotic stare as he approached the portrait. Great veins throbbled in his striped neck and temples.

"Excellent!" said Mr. Meyerhold. "Really excellent! I must say, my dear Bonze, you surprise me!"

He looked around with an expression frequently worn by owners of dogs that are able to sit up or shake hands. He assured an air of patronizing pride. He reasoned that he had played an important part in the development of this young artist by his stern and uncompromising rejection, until now, of everything he had done. He turned again to the picture and nodded. Bonze was a

(continued on page 39)



morning, he never managed to sell anything and he never made any money.

Louise was made the assistant editor and the house was always full of strange men and women who talked fast and got angry on abstract subjects like mural painting, novelists, labor unions. And Louise moved among them all, confidently, knowing what they were talking about, with opinions that they listened to and argued about just as though she was a man. She knew everybody, condescended to no one, devoured books that Darling never heard of, walked along the streets of the city, excited, at home, soaking in all the million tides of New York without fear, with constant wonder.

Her friends liked Darling and sometimes he found a man who wanted to get off in the corner and talk about the new boy who played fullback for Princeton, and the return of the single platoon, or even the state of the stock market, but for the most part he sat on the edge of things, solid and quiet in the high storm of words. "The dialectics of the situation . . . the theatre has been given over to expert jugglers . . . Picasso? What man has a right to paint old bones and collect ten thousand dollars for them? . . . Poe was the last American critic. When he died they put lilies on the grave of American criticism. I don't say this because they panned my last book, but . . ."

Once in a while he caught Louise looking soberly and considerably at him through the cigarette smoke and the noise and he avoided her eyes and found an excuse to get up and go into the kitchen for more ice or to open another bottle.

"Come on," Cathal Flaherty was saying, standing at the door with a girl, "you've got to come down and see this. I guarantee you'll come out of the theater bawling." Flaherty was a big young Irishman with a broken nose who was a lawyer for a longshoreman's union, and he had been hanging around the house for six months on and off, roaring and shutting everybody else up when he got in an argument. "It's a new play, *Death of a Salesman*."

"Miller," the girl with Flaherty said. "It's by a guy named Miller."

"I never heard of him," Darling said.

"He's a new one," the girl said.

"This play gets inside of you," Flaherty said. "I saw it last Friday night. You've got to see it."

"Come on, Baby," Louise said to Darling, excitement in her eyes already. "We've been sitting in the Sunday Times all day, this'll be a great change."

"I see enough salesmen all day," Darling said, not because he meant that, but because he didn't like to be around Flaherty, who said things that made Louise laugh a lot and whose judgment she accepted on almost every subject. "Let's go to the movies."

"You've never seen anything like this before," Flaherty said. "It's Horatio Alger in reverse."

"Come on," Louise coaxed, "I bet it's wonderful."

"I don't feel like seeing a play like that," Darling said, wishing Flaherty and his girl would get out. "It sounds gloomy."

"Oh, hell!" Louise said loudly. She looked coolly at Darling, as though she'd just been introduced to him and was making up her mind about him, and not very favorably. He saw her looking at him knowing there was something new and dangerous in her face and he wanted to say something, but Flaherty was there and his damned girl, and anyway, he didn't know what to say.

"I'm going," Louise said, getting her coat. "I don't think it sounds gloomy."

"I'm telling you," Flaherty was saying, helping her on with her coat, "it's Greek Tragedy in a blue serge suit."

The door closed. Louise hadn't said good-night to him. Darling walked around the room four times, then sprawled out on the sofa, on top of the Sunday Times.

He lay there for five minutes looking at the ceiling, thinking of Flaherty walking down the street talking in that booming voice, between the girls, holding their arms.

Louise had looked wonderful. She'd washed her hair in the afternoon and it had been very soft and light and clung close to her head as she stood there angrily putting her coat on. Louise was getting prettier every year, partly because she knew by now how pretty she was, and made the most of it.

"Nuts," Darling said, standing up. "Oh, nuts."

He put on his coat and went down to the nearest bar and had five drinks off by himself in a corner before his money ran out.

The years since then had been foggy and downhill. Louise had been nice to him, and in a way, loving and kind, and they'd fought only once. She'd been sorry later and apologized for hurting him, but apologized as she might to a child. He'd tried hard, had gone grimly to the art galleries, the concert halls, the bookshops, trying to gain on the trail of his wife, but it was no use. He was bored, and none of what he saw or heard or dutifully read made much sense to him and finally he gave it up.

He had thought, many nights as he ate dinner alone, knowing that Louise would come home late and drop silently into bed without explanation, of getting a divorce, but he knew the loneliness, the hopelessness, of not seeing her again would be too much to take. So he was good, completely devoted, ready at all times to go any place with her, do anything she wanted. He even got a small job in a broker's office and paid his own way, bought his own liquor.

Then he'd been offered the job of going from college to college as a tailor's representative. "We want a man," Mr. Rosenberg had said, "who as soon

as you look at him, you say 'There's a university man.'" Rosenberg had looked approvingly at Darling's broad shoulders and well-ketted waist, at his carefully brushed hair and his honest, wrinkleless face. "Frankly, Mr. Darling, I am willing to make you a proposition. I have inquired about you, you are favorably known on your old campus. I understand you were in the backfield with Alfred Diesterich."

Darling nodded. "Whatever happened to him?"

"He is walking around in a cast for seven years now. An iron brace. He played professional football and they broke his neck for him."

Darling smiled. That, at least, had turned out well.

"Our suits are an easy product to sell, Mr. Darling," Rosenberg said. "We have a handsome, custom-made garment. What has Brooks Brothers got that we haven't got? A name. No more."

"I can make ninety, a hundred dollars a week," Darling said to Louise that night. "And expenses. I can save some money and then come back to New York and really get started here."

"Yes, Baby," Louise said.

"As it is," Darling said carefully, "I can make it back here once a month, and holidays and the summer. We can see each other often."

"Yes, Baby." He looked at her face, lovelier now at thirty-five than it had ever been before, but fogged over now as it had been for five years with a kind of patient, kindly, remote boredom.

"What do you say?" he asked. "Should I take it?" Deep within him he hoped fiercely, longingly, for her to say, "No, Baby, you stay right here," but she said as he knew she'd say, "I think you'd better take it."

He nodded. He had to get up and stand with his back to her, looking out the window, because there were things plain on his face that she had never seen in the fifteen years she'd known him. "A hundred dollars is a lot of money," he said. "I never thought I'd ever see a hundred dollars again." He laughed. Louise laughed, too.

Christian Darling sat on the frail green grass of the practice field. The shadow of the stadium had reached out and covered him. In the distance the lights of the university shone a little mistily in the light haze of evening. Fifteen years. Flaherty even now was calling for his wife, buying her a drink, filling whatever bar they were in with that voice of his and that easy laugh. Darling half-closed his eyes, almost saw the boy fifteen years ago reach for the pass, slip the halfback, go skittering lightly down the field, his knees high and fast and graceful, smiling to himself because he knew he was going to get past the safety man. That was the high point, Darling thought, fifteen years ago, on an autumn afternoon, twenty years old and far from death, with the air coming easily into his

(continued on page 40)

BY ABNER DEAN

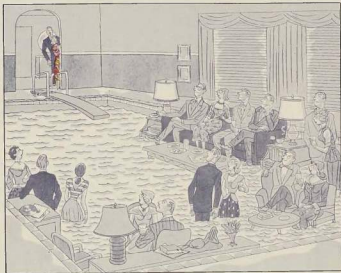
PEOPLE
at
PARTIES



WE'VE JUST BEEN TALKING ABOUT YOU WONDERFUL PEOPLE



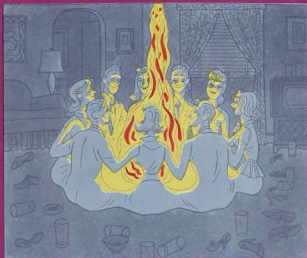
THE HOST CAN BE BORING, TOO



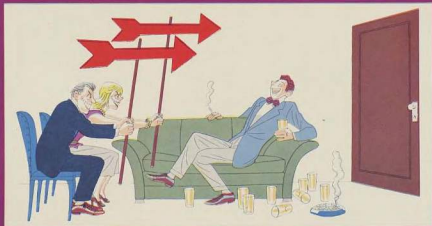
ROOMFUL OF STRANGERS



ROOMFUL OF IMPORTANT PEOPLE



AFTER THE OTHERS HAVE LEFT
(How did we get so wonderful?)



THE LAST GUEST



THE SUBSTITUTE WENCH

fiction

MONNA PICCARDA WAS A RICH and lovely widow who lived with her two brothers in a fine house near a church.

The Canon of the church, unlike other good men of his calling, had an eye for a shapely body and a pretty face. This was more than usually offensive since he was old, fat and pompous.

When Monna Piccarda came to church, the Canon's eyes never left her. He examined her intently from head to foot while the spark of desire was fanned to a roaring flame within him.

Before long, he was making advances to her. She found him tiresome, but being a lady of good breeding, declined cordially.

The Canon was boorishly persistent. At last, Monna Piccarda told him, with cold courtesy: "Dear Canon, you implore me to love you when I love you already. I love you as I love my brothers, and that is the way you should love me. Any other kind of love between us—a priest and a widow—is out of the question."

A sensible man would have taken that for a final answer, but the Canon continued to plague her.

And so Monna Piccarda decided to put a stop to it once and for all. With the aid of her brothers, to whom she confided, a plan was adopted.

The next day, the Canon accosted her as usual and was surprised when she replied: "Gentle sir, no castle may be stormed forever without falling. Your entreaties have at last touched my heart. I am yours."

"Monna Piccarda, I am overjoyed!" cried the Canon. "I will say no more. Only tell me this: when and where?"

"When?" echoed the lady. "Whenever you wish. Where? Ah, that is another matter. Where, indeed?"

"In your house, perhaps?"

"I think not, for I live with my brothers. Yet you *might* come to me there, if the room were kept dark and you were not to utter a sound. My brothers sleep in the very next cham-

ber."

"So be it," sighed the Canon. "Expect me this very night!"

Monna Piccarda hurried home and summoned her maid-servant—a hook-nosed, snaggle-toothed, squint-eyed wench called Giutazza. Whereas Monna Piccarda's coloring was pink and white, Giutazza's was yellow and green; and her legs, unlike the straight, creamy limbs of the lady's, were both bowed and knock-kneed and of uneven lengths.

"Giutazza," said the lady, "do something for me tonight and I will buy you a new chemise of finest silk."

"A silk chemise?" croaked Giutazza, joyfully. "What must I do?"

"Lie with a man."

"A man?" Giutazza found this more exciting than the chemise.

"Yes, in my bed. But you must not say a word—and, above all, you must not light the lamp."

"I will do it."

That night, the Canon came to the house. Finding the door open, he entered quietly and crept into Monna Piccarda's bed-chamber. Without a word, he climbed into bed and embraced the woman who was waiting there for him.

At the highest pinnacle of his pleasure, the door was thrown open and the brightness of a lamp filled the room. Holding the lamp was Monna Piccarda. With her were her two brothers and the Bishop.

At the sight of Monna Piccarda, the bewildered Canon turned to see what woman he had been enjoying. Giutazza gazed at him with loving eyes.

The Bishop sternly reprimanded him and sent him off under guard for punishment.

The penalty was severe, and the shame worse, but the Canon had an even harder cross to bear. To his dying day, he shuddered at the thought of lying with a hook-nosed, snaggle-toothed, squint-eyed, bow-legged, knock-kneed creature like Giutazza.

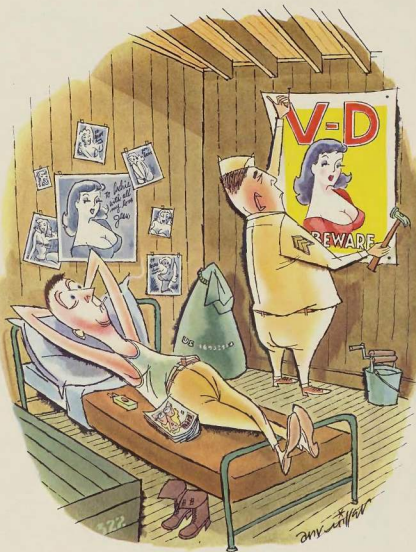




The door was thrown open
and the brightness of a lamp
filled the room.

RIBALD CLASSICS

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



Naked Lady

(continued from page 50)

good dog and it was no more than fair to throw him a bone — he had earned it. "Excellent!" he repeated. "What do you call it?"

"I call it," said Michael, racking his brain for a likely name, "I call it 'Naked Lady.'"

Mr. Meyergold glanced up sharply. "Naked Lady." He rolled it around on his tongue. "Good! Oh, very good! A fine distinction. This is no ordinary nude; no allegorical Grecian goddess to whom a yard of drapery more or less makes no difference." He thought of an awfully good line for a review and decided to make a note of it the instant he left. He laughed in appreciation of his wit. "Oh, no, this young lady is shy and embarrassed without her clothing." He went on enlarging the idea in the hope that he would hit upon another useful line. "Here you've caught a lady in a most undignified situation. I get the impression that your 'Naked Lady' is very much annoyed with us for looking at her."

In her cabin on the beach, Marion Van Orton was changing from her bathing suit to an elaborate pair of pajamas. Suddenly she had a distinct impression that she was being observed. She jerked a bath-towel up to her chest and swung around. Apparently there was nothing to account for her fear. But she knew that someone was minutely examining her. Hurriedly, she pulled on her pajamas and ran from the cabin, fully expecting to surprise some rude man in the act of staring through a chink in the wall. There was no one near.

In spite of the heat of the day, she went back into the cabin and wrapped a heavy cloak tightly about her. Still the miserable feeling persisted.

"My goodness!" she said to herself, "I feel positively naked!"

A month later, Marion Van Orton had come to remember that day on the Lido. She was sitting in the Excelsior Bar, reading a *New York Times*, two weeks old. She had really been looking through it to see if there were any more news of the death of her husband. For a few days the papers had been full of "Millionaire Husband of Actress Found Dead." When she had first heard of it she had wondered which of the paintings it was that had been found slashed to rags and tatters, and she wondered what had happened before his heart failed that made him want to ruin one of the pictures of which he had always been so proud.

There was nothing more in the *Times*. The story had been squeezed dry and dropped in favor of the latest Hollywood divorce. Finishing a rather dull announcement of the forthcoming exhibit of paintings by an artist who had just married his model, Marion

turned to her handsome companion.

"Some people insist," she said, "that more important things happen in New York than here, or anywhere else. But look at this paper; there isn't an interesting or important thing in it. It's all too, too boring for words."

And then, quite suddenly, that awful nightmarish feeling returned to her. She was entirely naked and people were looking at her, criticizing her, appraising her. As she crossed her arms at her throat, her eyes darted about the room, searching for the guilty Peeping Tom. She could detect no one, but she knew, she knew that to someone her clothing was perfectly transparent.

Without excusing herself to her startled friend, Mrs. Van Orton jumped up and rushed to her room in the hotel. She locked and bolted the door. The sensation was growing stronger every moment. She pulled down the shades and turned off the light. But it was no better. She ran into the clothes closet and shut the door. Even there, there was no escape from the certain knowledge that she was bare and defenseless before a crowd. She drew the hanging dresses tightly around her and shrank into a corner of the closet.

She felt she was going mad.



FAIR-HAIRED

(continued from page 21)

how lovable you may be. It is unsafe for the average student to play more than two horses, so to speak, at once, though there are cases on record of successful three- or even four-pronged fair-hairism.

Do Not Mix Your Approaches. Remember, the wise young man has only one school, one home town, and one hobby. The careless lad may fall, for example, into the Pitfall of the Multiple Old School Tie:

"Good boy, that Finch! We build the right stuff up at Old Ivy!"

"Old Ivy? But, J. B., Finch is an Aggie! Went up with me for the Indian wrestling!"

Few can climb out of such a hole. In fact, the only shafts you will have left in your quiver will be a disarming frankness or a pretty confusion.

Beware, too, the Curse of the Multiple Hobby:

"Steady nerves, that boy Finch! Nothing like a night at the whelping stand to bring out your true colors!"

"Whelping stand? But Finch is helping me cross-pollinate! Up to his hips in paper bags. Has been since the equinox!"

Suffice it to say, then, that the pitfalls of fair-hairism, either single or multiple, are many—but the lad who brings it off is well on his way to the highest levels.

(NEXT MONTH: HOW TO HANDLE YOUR ADVERTISING AGENCY.)



CONAN DOYLE

(continued from page 16)

to some boudoir or other . . . FOAMES: Exactly. But what would happen if these gentlemen went so far as to discover the true sex of their supposed paramour? What would the evil manufacturer be forced to do then? SQUATSON: Why, murder them, naturally!

FOAMES: Naturally. Squatson: it was not Sidonie Brassiere who vanished on March 10th, but a certain arch-fiend, who shall remain nameless, disguised as Sidonie Brassiere! And he disappeared from mortal ken to be present at the death of Hemlock Foames!

SQUATSON (gulping): You mean Sidonie Brassiere is none other than — FOAMES: Yes! Professor Goryarty — who shall remain nameless! Come, follow me and we shall unmask him. With rapid strides, they approach the sultry actress.

FOAMES (addressing her): Professor Goryarty, I place you under arrest!

SIDONIE: I beg your pardon! My name is Sidonie Brassiere.

FOAMES: You lie in your teeth! But Hemlock Foames shall foil your dissembling!

With one bold gesture, he tips her gown and only garment from her body and dashes it triumphantly to the floor.

FOAMES: Oops. Extremely sorry, old girl. But who, then, is Goryarty? SQUATSON (with sudden knowledge): You are!

FOAMES (blinking): P? You're off your chump, Squatson.

SQUATSON: Not bloody likely! Oh, you look like Hemlock Foames you do, you walk and talk like Hemlock Foames, but by St. George and Merrie England, you're not Hemlock Foames!

FOAMES: And why not, pray tell?

SQUATSON: That unpardonable error you just committed — would Hemlock Foames, the greatest mind in all of London, have made such a mistake? Not on your tinterpe!

Crestfallen, "Foames" whisks off false nose, chin, eyebrows, and false o'clock shadow, standing revealed as Professor Goryarty.

GORYARTY (sighing): Ah, well, it was good while it lasted. You have me dead to rights, Dr. Squatson. That doll, Foames, is tied up in a closet in Soho. He's unharmed.

SQUATSON: Come along, you fiend! And explain one thing, if you will. How did you and Foames escape being parboiled in that steaming kettle of coffee?

GORYARTY: Oh, that; it was really tea.

SQUATSON: Ah. And why all that nonsense about Sidonie Brassiere? Ripping off her dress and all that?

GORYARTY (regarding Squatson with a slow wink and a leer): It was worth it, wasn't it, old bean?

SQUATSON: By Christopher, you're right, you rascal!



80 YARD RUN *(continues from page 32)*

lungs, and a deep feeling inside him that he could do anything, knock over anybody, outrun whatever had to be outrun. And the shower after and the three glasses of water and the cool night air on his damp head and Louise sitting hatless in the open car with a smile and the first kiss she ever really meant. The high point, an eighty-yard run in the practice, and a girl's kiss and everything after that a decline. Darling laughed. He had practiced the wrong thing, perhaps. He hadn't practiced for New York City and a girl who would turn into a woman. Somewhere, he thought, there must have been a point where she moved up to me, was even with me for a moment, when I could have held her hand, if I'd known, held tight, gone with her. Well, he'd never known. Here he was on a playing field that was fifteen years away and his wife was in another city having dinner with another and better man, speaking with him a different, new language, a language nobody had ever taught him.

Darling stood up, smiled a little, because if he didn't smile he knew the seas would come. He looked around him. This was the spot. O'Connor's pass had come sliding out just to here . . . the high point. Darling put up his hands, felt all over again the flat slap

of the ball. He shook his hips to throw off the halfback, cut back inside the center, picked his knees high as he ran gracefully over two men jumbled on the ground at the line of scrimmage, ran easily, gaining speed, for ten yards, holding the ball lightly in his two hands, swung away from the halfback diving at him, ran, swinging his hips in the almost girlish manner of a back in a broken field, tore into the safety man, his shoes drumming heavily on the turf, stiff-armed, elbow locked, pivoted, raced lightly and exultantly for the goal line.

It was only after he had sped over the goal-line and slowed to a trot that he saw the boy and girl sitting together on the turf, looking at him wondering why.

He stopped short, dropping his arms. "I . . ." he said, gasping a little though his condition was fine and the run hadn't winded him, "I . . . Once I played here."

The boy and the girl said nothing. Darling laughed embarrassedly, looked back at them sitting there, close to each other, shrugged, turned and went toward his hotel, the sweat breaking out on his face and running down into his collar.

CHEESE *(continued from page 18)*

it crumbles excessively when sliced nor on the other hand should it be rubbery in texture.

The best Swiss cheese has a semi-sharp nutty flavor and a deep yellow color. It should have the large "eyes" or holes which form during the ripening process.

From Italy come the famous hard cheeses, Parmesan and Romano. Both have a grainy texture and a sharp natural flavor which makes them perfect for grating and for dousing casseroles, onion soup, petite marmite and any possible spaghetti or macaroni dish. Also from Italy is the magnificent Provoloni with its pungent smoky flavor.

Norway sends us the deep brown sweet Gjetost cheese as well as the Myost, milder than Gjetost, both of them magnificent desert cheeses.

Edam or Gouda cheese, in the shape of round cakes and recognized by their coating of bright red wax, are imported from Holland and also made in the United States. The imported specimens have a more well-developed flavor than their domestic cousins. Both of these cheeses are excellent for scooping. A flat slice is cut off the top and then replaced to keep the cheese fresh after the center is eaten.

The cheeses marbled with mould are Gorgonzola from Italy, Roquefort from France, Stilton from England and Bleu cheese from the Scandinavian countries. All of them are crumbly in texture and sharp but nevertheless creamy when tak-

en in the mouth. All of them beg for Port or Sherry. All of them are delightful with cold fresh fruit — pears, apples or grapes.

SEMI-SOFT CHEESES

Munster cheese, in its domestic version, is so mild as to be almost completely flavorless. To be tolerated it must be eaten with crisp French or Italian bread or doused with sharp mustard. There are several imported brands of Munster cheese, however, with a tipsy, smart-aleck flavor, making them wonderful for beer parties. Bel Paese cheese from Italy and Port du Salut cheese from France or Canada are wonderful at the end of a meal or as night snacks with bourbon or brandy. Mozzarella from Italy is a white unsalted cheese, used in such things as Pizza pies and Lasagna.

SOFT CHEESES

Besides the two well-known smoothies, cream cheese and cottage cheese, there are Liederkranz and Limburger. Years ago it was impossible to handle Limburger cheese without wearing a gas mask. The pungent odor came from the rind. Today it is put up in rindless form and is still magnificent fun with beer, ale or stout. Liederkranz is the pride of the American cheese fraternity, smooth, creamy and the perfect ending for a steak or seafood dinner or the perfect beginning for a midnight beer and pretzel party.

Finally there are Brie and Camembert cheeses from France and the United

States. Camembert cheese comes in small disc-shaped packages about 4 to 5 inches in diameter. It is also available in half packages. It is not ready for eating until the hard center turns soft and almost liquid. If the cheese is unripe when you buy it, you let it set at room temperature for a day or two until the center changes from a grayish white to a deep yellow. If the cheese is over-ripened, it will acquire a sharp ammonia-like flavor which is harmless but unesthetic.

Again we must refer to the worldly knowledge of Bernard Shaw. One of the characters in his play *The Man of Destiny* tells Napoleon that a young lady, waiting to see him, is the "right age." Napoleon sensibly asks him what he means by the "right age" — sixteen or thirty? Camembert cheese, although it only takes a few months to process, is the thirty-year-old type of beauty: lovely, subtle and sensuous. It is primarily a dessert cheese.

Process cheeses are generally damned by these connoisseurs because of their soapy taste and their rubbery texture, although one process cheese, Swiss Gruyere, has been a classic of the cheese market for years. Another recent phenomenon in the cheese world is the so-called club cheese. Unlike process cheese which has an emulsion added to it, club cheese is simply natural cheese ground until it is soft and then blended with other cheeses or flavors. One of the club cheeses, McClaren's imported Gbedlar cheese, marketed by Kraft, is really a delight worth smacking your lips over.

CHEESE SPREADS

At all hen-parties, meetings of the Ladies Aid Society, women's club conventions and similar sessions, sweet cheese spreads are the order of the day. Cheese is mixed with anything from chopped dates to strawberry jam, spread on tiny triangles of bread or rolled into pinwheel sandwiches.

Men seldom tolerate such fluffs. If they eat a cheese spread, they want it to quicken the appetite, not kill it. For instance, one of the slickest cheese spreads is a mixture of cream cheese and chopped clams. To charge the mild cream cheese with life, the cheese should be pepped up by rubbing the bowl, in which the spread is mixed, with a large cut clove of garlic. The clams should be fresh clams chopped fine, not the canned clams which women customarily use for this spread. Finally the cheese should be generously spiked with Worcestershire sauce. The spread is put in to a small bowl. Alongside it you place fresh crackers, thinly sliced salt rye bread or thinly sliced pumpernickel. The spread is a magnificent obligato for cocktails, highballs, champagne or brandy.

If you're getting on the high ropes for a new girl friend, you might make a spread of Stilton cheese and Port wine or Cheddar cheese and Sauterine. Both cheeses may be softened by forcing them through a colander or through a meat grinder. The wine is then added to

(concluded on page 52)

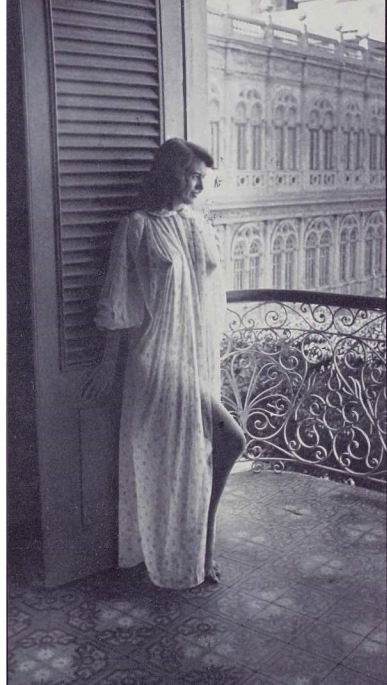


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pictorial

*A girl named Bunny makes her living
on both ends of the camera*



Model Bunny Yeager posed for photographer Dove Avant in a picture story of a secretary vacationing in Cuba, which appeared in the Chicago Tribune's magazine section recently. Bunny measures 37"-25½"-37" from top to bottom or vice versa and has held such titles as "Queen of Miami," "Sportsqueen" and "Miss Trailercoach."

Photographer Bunny Yeager shot these pictures of fresh, young model Terry Shaw. They were among her very first and she sold them to *Pagant*. "I figured that if I knew how to pose and how to set up a picture, then all the guy back of the camera was doing was clicking the shutter," Bunny recalls. "That didn't seem hard and he was making all the money."



ROUGHLY TWO YEARS AGO, a cute and curvaceous Florida model took a long gander at her bank account, compared it with those of the photographers who hired her, and decided she was in the wrong end of the business. She sunk her next couple of paychecks into an inexpensive camera, a short course in photography, and a rubber stamp that read "Photo by Bunny Yeager."

She was, of course, already familiar with such fundamental modelling know-how as sucking in the tummy, throwing out the chest, pointing the toes and saying "Cheese." So she hired a shapely swimsuit model, talked her out of the swimsuit, and started snapping pictures. Bunny Yeager, cheesecake photographer, was in business.

One of her very first shots (of Maria Stinger, the Marilyn Monroe of Miami, holding a pair of leopards on a leash), made the cover of a national magazine. A little later, a series featuring Terry Shaw landed in *Pagant*. Before long,



Betty Page is Bunny's most popular model and was our January Playmate.

Bunny and a blonde go on an early morning shooting assignment; Bunny uses Miami's surf and sand for a studio and likes to do figure studies before the local citizens are up and about. She finds models more willing to pose nude for her than for masculine photographers. Bunny, herself, has stripped down to transparent undies as a model, but she has never posed professionally in the altogether.



Bunny was unable to tell offhand just how many magazines she was selling to, but her tremendous output ranked her with the leading pin-up photos in the country and, late last year, she was commissioned to do a Playmate for the Holiday issue of PLAYBOY. She came up with a very tasty study of Bettie Page wearing a Santa Claus hat and a big smile.

Bunny, needless to say, now has a bank account many male photographers would regard with envy. One of the reasons is that she's a very thrifty young lady. She doesn't squander her hard-earned cash on unnecessary extravagances like studios, for example. "Here in Florida," she says, "we've got the sunshine, the ocean and plenty of girls. Who needs a studio?"

During a shooting session, the affable red head becomes a grimly industrious businesswoman who snaps shot after shot, pose after pose, roll after roll of film, thus getting the absolute most out of her model's hourly fee. Occasionally, she tries a more tricky economy measure and puts a timer on her shutter,







With an automatic timer attached to her camera, Bunny is able to play both photographer and model at the same time. Here, in one end of her living room, she adjusts lights and camera; after checking exposures (the camera's and her own), she sets the timer and steps in front of the lens. A mirror beside the camera helps her to find the proper pose and expression. This shooting arrangement saved a model's fee and produced some very saleable cheesecake. Models are no problem for Bunny, however. Because of many friendships made during her own modelling career, she has some of the country's choicest charmers to choose from.





doubling in brass as model and photographer.

As a woman, Bunny has a unique advantage over her male colleagues. Some girls have no objection to posing in swimsuits or lingerie, but they get coy (or so we're told) when a male photographer asks them to pose in the altogether. Naturally, they can have no such objections when the photographer's personal apparatus is no different than their own. This state of affairs has led one punning lensman to lament that bashful models will double for only one of two reasons — for love or Bunny.

However, since most of Bunny's work is done out of doors, nude modelling does pose a few problems. There was the time, for instance, when Bunny and her undraped subject were surprised to find their labors being gleefully observed by a group of fishermen whose boat had glided silently into view. Or the time Bunny thought she'd foil such prying eyes by working in the privacy of a walled garden, not reckoning with a low-hovering helicopter and its interested pilot. Usually, though, Bunny avoids these problems by shooting her pictures in the early morning, before more conventional citizens are up and doing.

Bunny is by no means an expert photographer, and she's the first person to admit it. Her shooting techniques are about as simple and basic as the tips in those free pamphlets you get with packages of flash bulbs. And her equipment is anything but fancy. One of her cameras has a broken shutter and her tripod is corroded from salt water. But this doesn't worry her. She knows that the elements of pin-up photography are little more than a well-stocked model, a camera, and someone behind it to snap the shutter.

By simply moving from the front to the back of the camera, ex-model Bunny Yeager is making a lot more bread-and-butter out of cheesecake.





*"I'm afraid it's all over between us, Yvette
—I've lost my pitching arm."*

ICE BREAKERS

BY CHARLES ARMSTRONG

party games for adults only

EVERY SUCCESSFUL HOST KNOWS that a good party provides much more than shelter and sustenance for the gath'ring revelers. The hors d'oeuvres and canapes, to be sure, must delight both eye and palate, the drinks should be concocted with skill and imagination, but cooe spirits are buoyed by these stimulants, the time arrives for games.

The right games will do more than entertain your guests. They will be the catalytic agent that turns a quiet soiree into a bacchanale.

Your rhetorical question, "Would you like to play some games?" will undoubtedly be greeted by wry comments from guests who have, in the past, been led by Charades or Twenty Questions. Reassure them early that these pale pastimes will not be foisted upon them.

"Games are for kids," a plastered pretty may posit, and your rejoinder can be that showpew but serviceable sally, "Not the way we play 'em!"

A good starter for any party is a game called "Kiss and Tell." This is best played on the assumption that your male guests have a date whom they know more than casually. (Since this condition will certainly exist before the night is over, you may as well proceed on this basis.)

"Kiss and Tell" might be preceded by a general discussion among the men as to whether or not a kiss is individually distinctive. Some will claim that no two girls kiss alike. Others will argue strongly against this hypothesis.

At this point you're ready to intro-

duce the game. One man is selected at random, blindfolded and seated in the center of the room. He then is told that he will be kissed by three different girls in succession. The girls will not speak but will be identified by a number announced by the host.

One of the three girls is his date. The gentleman, after being kissed by each in turn, must say which one. "Kiss and Tell" offers an imaginative host the opportunity to introduce refreshing variations as the evening grows merrier.

Since this first game was what recreation directors term a "quiet game," you're now ready for "active group participation." "Mix 'n' Match" is a good one for getting the guests up and circulating around.

It begins with all the girls retiring to another room and each depositing a single article of clothing in a basket. Each girl must deposit the same article. Early in the party, it can be as innocuous as a shoe.

The basket and girls then return to the room where the men are waiting. At a signal, the males rush forward to the basket, take out a shoe at random, and then go from girl to girl in an attempt to find its owner and put the shoe back where it belongs.

This results in not a little amount of ankle-massaging and also permits male guests to meet, informally, women other than their dates. Although the rewards of this game are purely personal, a prize can be given for the first

as well as the last man to find the correct foot. When the game goes into its second inning, the article of clothing might logically progress to a stocking — with even more rewarding results.

"Adam and Eve" is a game that puts a premium on agility and fast foot-work. All guests, with the exception of one couple, form a circle, joining hands. The remaining man is blindfolded and placed in the center of the ring with a girl. The fellow then calls, "Eve," and the girl answers, "Here I am, Adam." As soon as he hears the mating call, the man tries to grab the girl who, in turn, tries to dodge him. Every time Adam calls for Eve, she must answer. The by-play continues against a one-minute time limit.

If the guy is successful in catching the girl, he receives a kiss and is permitted to leave the center of the circle, selecting a new man to replace him. The girl must then pat on the blindfold and attempt to catch the new man in the ring by calling, "Adam" — he answering, "Here I am, Eve."

However, if the original Adam is not successful in catching his Eve in the time allotted, he gets no kiss and must remain in the circle to be chased by a new female selected by Eve.

The blindfold automatically changes from boy to girl at the end of the first round and back again at the end of the next, but it is the winner of each round who is permitted to leave the ring — the chaser if he (or she) successfully

(concluded on page 52)





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ICE BREAKERS

(continued from page 49)

catches the quarry, the chased if he (or she) is successful in escaping.

As your guests' inhibitions become unglued, you can introduce the game called "Detective." There is no time limit here — in fact the longer the game lasts the more interesting it may become. The girls retire to a separate room and each hides on her person some small, obscure object not in keeping with her costume. It might, for example, be a theatre ticket stub tucked under her belt, or an old Dewey button pinned to her garter. The host should have a variety of such objects on hand.

When the whatnots have been carefully hidden in interesting places, the girls return. The party is then considerably enlivened by the thorough search the men commence to conduct. A girl may help with "Hot" or "Cold" to indicate how near or far the gentleman is from the hidden object or to give some idea of her own emotional state at the moment. Grand prize goes to the fellow collecting the greatest number of whatnots from the greatest number of girls.

"Dead-pan" is less noisy and requires far less energy. Guests are seated on the floor in couples, alternatingly male-female, close together in a circle. The host starts the game by tweaking the nose of the girl on his left. She, in turn, repeats the action to the man on her left and so on around the circle.

When the circle has been completed, the host begins a new action. He may whisper something to his partner, lightly bite her lip, nuzzle her ear, or any other little action that comes to mind. Variations are, of course, welcome.

Everyone must receive and pass on the particular action completely dead-pan — no giggling — no talking — no reaction of any kind. If any person in the circle lets out so much as a snicker, he and his partner must drop out and the circle closes. A new action is then introduced by the person to the left of the couple that has been eliminated and the fun continues until only one straight-faced twosome remains.

To play "Honey-moon" you'll need, as props, a small suitcase, a nightgown, a pair of pajamas, and a bed. At a signal from the host, a couple picks up the suitcase and rushes to the bedroom (with the rest of the guests right behind them to make certain they play the game strictly according to the rules). The couple must unpack the suitcase, pull on the nightgown and PJs over their outer clothing, hop into bed for one minute, then jump out, peel off the night clothes, re-pack them, and return to the living room. The fastest "Honey-moon" couple cops the prize — a double shot of something-or-other or whatever else you may feel is suitable.

No matter what you play, however, a really good host never loses sight of one fact: each game is designed to please and entertain the guests. Don't worry

about time limits, prizes or rules if you see that the guests are introducing variations on their own which are making it more fun for them. Your role is to create the atmosphere in which they may enjoy themselves to the fullest. You're not an umpire; you're Master of the Revels.

It's wise, though, to end a game when you see that it has reached its high point. Declare a winner and let all retire to the bar for refills. If you see a game isn't going over for some reason, don't try to force it on. End it quickly and move to something else.

By introducing such stimulating games as these, you automatically enhance your reputation as host a thousandfold. Other hosts, more lavish but less imaginative, will fade into obscurity. And available young lovelies will remember you, with a sigh, as the fellow who knows all those wonderful party games.

Y

CHEESE

(continued from page 40)

taste. If the combination seems too soft, it may be toned down by adding softened sweet butter to taste. Spreads of this type can be bought professionally blended in small crocks, sold at specialty stores.

Finally, there are scores of such spreads as cream cheese with chive, bacon and cheddar cheese, garlic cheese and others put up in jars, cans, tubes, cassagns and other varied forms.

TOMATO RABBIT

For all mulligan mixers, chafing dish chefs and men who like to fizzle up to a bright blue flame with a well-seasoned sautepan, PLAYBOY recommends the following variation on the usual Webb Rabbit recipe. It will satisfy four men at your next bull session.

Cut out the stem ends of two tomatoes. Cut the tomatoes in half crosswise. Sprinkle the tomatoes generously with salt, pepper and sugar. Broil the tomatoes until tender, turning once to cook both sides.

In the top part of a chafing dish or the top part of a double boiler, place 1 tablespoon butter. Heat over simmering water until the butter melts. Add 1 tablespoon prepared mustard, ¼ teaspoon dry mustard, ½ teaspoon paprika, ½ teaspoon salt and 2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce. Stir well. Add 1 pound sharp American or Cheddar cheese cut into ½ inch cubes.

Keep the water in the lower part of the double boiler or the lower part of the chafing dish simmering. If it boils too rapidly, it may cause the cheese to become stringy. Stir frequently as the cheese melts.

When the cheese is about half melted, add ½ cup ale or beer. Continue cooking until the cheese is entirely melted and very hot. Beat two egg yolks with ¼ cup cream or milk and slowly add to the cheese. Stir and cook until thickened.

Pour the hot Rabbit over the broiled tomatoes on serving dishes or casseroles. Flank the Tomato Rabbit with crisp hot toast. Keep refilling the tall steins with cold beer or ale until every morsel of cheese is happily washed down.

Y

AD GLIBBER

(continued from page 14)

written routines of other television comedians have been worn threadbare. It is true that Allen also employs writers and that he does sketches and satires, but his main forte is his uncheated wit. So, while people ponder how long can Gleason carry on? Is Berle through? Is Gobel a flash-in-the-pan? Allen's future is secure — as long as there's an audience to talk to, objects to comment on, ideas to be kicked around.

Steve is one of the most relaxed performers on television. That wasn't always true, of course. He admits that when he started in the business, he suffered from normal or perhaps somewhat worse than normal nerves. But he lost his nervousness doing daily shows for more than ten years. Now his complete ease before the microphone and camera is a constant source of amazement to fellow performers. Judy Holiday, who has appeared with Steve on several of Max Liebman's spectacles, says that he is so relaxed during a show that it actually makes her nervous.

When Allen isn't quick-quipping on *Tonight*, he's often involved in one of his many running bits which have become as much a part of his show as his horn rimmed glasses and bland manner. One of his oldest gimmicks is reading the lyrics to popular novelty songs as if they were great poetry. "The reason we don't find much good poetry these days," Steve will explain, "is because the talented poets are now busy putting words to popular tunes." Then with an organ background and a straight face, he begins reciting, "Hey, Mambo... Mambo Italiano..."

He recently ran a brand-grinding contest with *Tonight's* band leader, Skitch Henderson. When we asked him how his wife had reacted to the chin whiskers, he assured us her response was very positive and added with authority, "Man, women go for that pizz." Nevertheless, he's clean shaven again.

He also likes to compose music on the air by letting four people from the audience pick any four notes on the piano and then building a tune around them. He's trying to show, he contends, how easy song writing really is. He once won a \$1000 bet with pop vocalist Frankie Laine on this very point. To win the money, Steve had to write 50 tunes a day for a week. He wrote those 500 songs and figures that he's written at least another 650. Some of his best-known songs are *Cotton Candy*, *Let's Go to Church Next Sunday* and *South Rampart Street Parade*. All this batters on the fantastic when you consider the fact that Steve Allen can't read music.

Besides winning the money from

Frankie Laine, while Steve was on the West Coast, he did a little nightclub work, made two movies ("Down Memory Lane" and "Til Get By"), wrote a book of poems titled *Windfall*, and in 1950 became a thirteen week summer replacement for *Our Miss Brooks*. In December of the same year he came East.

Shortly after he arrived in New York, he was asked to sub for Arthur Godfrey on the *Talent Scouts* show. He was then jockeyed around on CBS with first an evening show, then a day time show and also as a regular panelist on *What's My Line* (which he recently satirized on *Tonight* as *What's My Pain*, in which the guest described his symptoms and the panel of experts tried to guess his disease, with two weeks free hospitalization as one of the prizes).

He and CBS parted amiably and it was NBC that came up with the proper format for his multiple talents. The show began as a local in New York and then last September the coast-to-coast *Tonight* was born.

On *Tonight* he does pretty much what he damn pleases and that seems to please his vast audience. One of his major problems these days is keeping up with the 2000 pieces of mail he receives each week. "People love to write to television personalities," Steve told us. "You say, 'Good evening,' and they'll write and say, 'What do you mean by that?'" Mail takes up more of his time than the program. He periodically has to ask his viewers not to write for a week so that the girls can catch up on the correspondence. Obviously, Steve himself is able to read relatively little of this mail. He claims that he doesn't receive many "I'll be waiting at the hotel" type letters from female fans. It's more the "You're cute" or "I told my husband he should dress like you" variety.

Often he is so busy during the day that he doesn't find out who the various guests on the show are going to be until he meets them on the air. He's had quite an impressive variety of celebrities and odd balls on his program. They range from the young man who opens beer bottles with his teeth to the time he had Zsa Zsa Gabor and José Ferrer playing table tennis.

Steve's day begins sometime after the noon hour (he loves to sleep) and he usually gets to his offices in the Hudson Theatre around two or three in the afternoon. He goes over his correspondence, works over some sketches, checks musical numbers, discusses guest performers and leaves about seven-thirty as the other performers arrive to rehearse the musical numbers.

He and Jayne have dinner together, after which he usually catches a nap. He either drives or takes a cab to the theatre sometime between nine-thirty and ten-thirty. One evening when he was climbing out of a cab in front of the Hudson Theatre, the driver asked, "Say, are you Robert Q. Lewis?" "No," said Allen, "I'm Dave Garroway. We look a great deal alike." And as a matter of fact, the three of them are

often mistaken for one another.

After the show Steve goes home, where he and Jayne usually discuss the evening's show over sandwiches and beer. Steve will then stay up till three or four working on one of the various projects.

His projects, at present, are many. Besides preparing *The Funny Men* for fall publication, he is writing a novel entitled *Presumption and Despair*, the story of a marital breakup which he admits is partly autobiographical. He has a collection of short stories ready for publication. A Coral record album of bop fables (fairy tales told in bop talk) was released last year and the book version came out April 1st. And Coral has just released an album of mood music titled *Music For Tonight*, with Steve conducting and featured on

the piano.

For the future, he's been offered the title role in the film version of Benny Goodman's life; offered Broadway roles which for obvious reasons he can't accept right now; would like to write a musical comedy; continue his writing of prose, poetry and music; open a little night spot featuring good jazz music and do an all night disk jockey show from the foyer; do some straight dramatic work; move *Tonight* around the country and even to Europe, if it can be arranged; tape a Mr. and Mrs. show with Jayne; and, in general, keep busy. Steve relaxes from one endeavor by throwing himself into another.

We'd like to wish him well. Man, we go for his kind of jazz.



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