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DEAN



STEINBECK



WALLACE

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BIRMINGHAM



GOLD



LAS VEGAS, probably the world's least deserted desert, is the object of our scrutiny this month. We pan lovingly over Mr. Minsky's new extravaganza there and, to make assurance double sure, we also dolly in on a specific Vegas showgirl, Felicia Atkins, our Playmate for April. The total Vegas coverage comes to a hefty, handsome 12 pages which, we trust, will please you (as well as the Nevada Chamber of Commerce) no end.

Devotees of doom will take a dim view of John Steinbeck's fable, *The Short-Short Story of Mankind*, written for this issue. Mr. Steinbeck, though well aware of the troubles and tensions of our planet, feels the human race is holding its own and everything is going to work out all right. The lively Steinbeck allegory is accompanied by an equally lively illustration from the penetrating pen of Abner Dean. "I feel," said Dean when the illustration was in the discussion stage, "that the drawing should make a parallel statement rather than literally illustrate an isolated incident from the story—should be capable of standing by itself." The Steinbeck and Dean creations, you will find, go together like gin and the very driest of vermouths.

Orville K. Snav: the name is a magic one to thousands of people. Who is he? What is he? Where is he? And, you should excuse the expression, why is he? PLAYBOY tries to answer these and other

pressing questions in *The Little World of Orville K. Snav*. LeRoy Neiman: there's another meaningful name—and a familiar one, too, for he has done some of PLAYBOY's most exciting, most vigorous illustrations. In this issue, however, you'll see another side of Neiman—the fine artist whose serious paintings are becoming the enthusiasm of art-wise people throughout the land. Rolls-Royce: talk about magical, meaningful names . . . the R-R has been a car to conjure with for several decades now, and Ken Purdy tells us why in *Prestige on Wheels*.

Herbert Gold, who needs no introduction here, contributes his 10th piece for PLAYBOY, an ominous and oddball entry called *Weird Show*, which takes the lead position. John Wallace, represented this month by the wry story *A Stretch in Siberia*, is the gent who wrote *Get Out of My Life* and *Party Girl*, two memorable hunks of PLAYBOY prose.

It is our privilege and pleasure to welcome aboard, as PLAYBOY's Fashion Director, Frederic A. Birmingham, formerly the Editor of *Esquire*. He is the author of two current books on fashion and on booze ("both," says Fred, "extensively researched") and is happily engaged in "laying the groundwork for a sequel on women." Further savvy in the fashion field was garnered by Birmingham during his tenure as Editorial Director of *Apparel Arts* magazine. He will be directing PLAYBOY's editorial and promotional activities in men's fashions, and his first article for us is *A Slight Case of Trichotomy*, in which he goes into the three schools of thought on male finery. Fred's personal views on attire were distilled into one canny comment he dropped the other day during the afternoon cocktail break at the PLAYBOY Building: "Generally speaking," he said, "I believe that a man's clothes should be seen and not heard."

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DEAR PLAYBOY

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THE STORY'S THE THING

I'll never stop buying PLAYBOY as long as you can find writers like Gilbert Wright who can turn out stories like *The Room of Dark* in the January issue.

H. W. Peters
Grand Junction, Colorado

I have been a digger of PLAYBOY for many moons, and have often found stories worth comment, but always I have been content with leaving remarks to others. No longer! Gilbert Wright's *The Room of Dark* demonstrates pure genius.

Gary L. Hall
Hailey, Idaho

The Room of Dark is one of the most praiseworthy works of fiction ever published in PLAYBOY.

William C. Cornwell
Peoria, Illinois

"Great" is an inadequate syllable to convey my enthusiasm for *The Room of Dark* and *The Best Job in Television*. Where did you find a pair of writers as imaginative as Wright and Wieting? May I suggest encores from both?

Melvyn W. Cade
Chicago, Illinois

Congratulations on *The Best Job in Television*. It's on the top of my list as one of the all-time PLAYBOY greats.

A/1c Jerry Faulkenberry
Shaw AFB, South Carolina

Congratulations are due Gilbert Wright for a storytelling job well done in *The Room of Dark*. Kerouac and James Jones came out a poor second best.

Robert L. Tedhams
Baltimore, Maryland

Bouquets to Jack Kerouac for *The Rumbling, Rambling Blues*. Let's definitely have more from the most refreshing young writer to grace your pages.

Jim Moran
University Park, Pennsylvania

It's a shame that Jack (*On the Road*) Kerouac doesn't do more traveling and less writing.

Bill Starr
Huntington Beach, California

DRINK FOR THOUGHT

Your January text-and-photo takeout on the *Basic Bar* was extremely informative—it gave me plenty of drink for thought.

Stanley Fierman
Jackson Heights, New York

You have come a cropper in *Basic Bar* when you print a full color page of cocktails calling for such garbage as tomato juice, vodka, bitters and even rum. There is *one* cocktail: the martini, made ice cold with 3.7 parts of gin to one part good dry vermouth. All else is dross.

Paul Chapman
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

The article on "pre- and post-prandial potables and paraphernalia" was terrific!

Dick Leonard
Holland, Michigan

MR

I was extremely impressed with Vance Packard's article, *The Manipulators*, in your December issue. To the layman, this psychological insight into himself should have been a rare treat, even as it was to me. I'm looking forward to more of the same.

Robert M. Lehmkuhl
Clinical Psychology Dept.
Eglin AFB, Florida

Tread softly, lest ye wake thine own readers. Mr. Packard's article was quite interesting; a good study of one of the signs of our time. It, however, started this reader, and heaven knows how many others, wondering exactly why he buys your magazine. Possibly we have been kidding ourselves into believing we enjoy reading your magazine. Possibly we have just been *attempting* to be among the "literate, urban and adult males" (to quote Mr. Hefner in *Mike Wallace Interviews Playboy*, same issue). It was an

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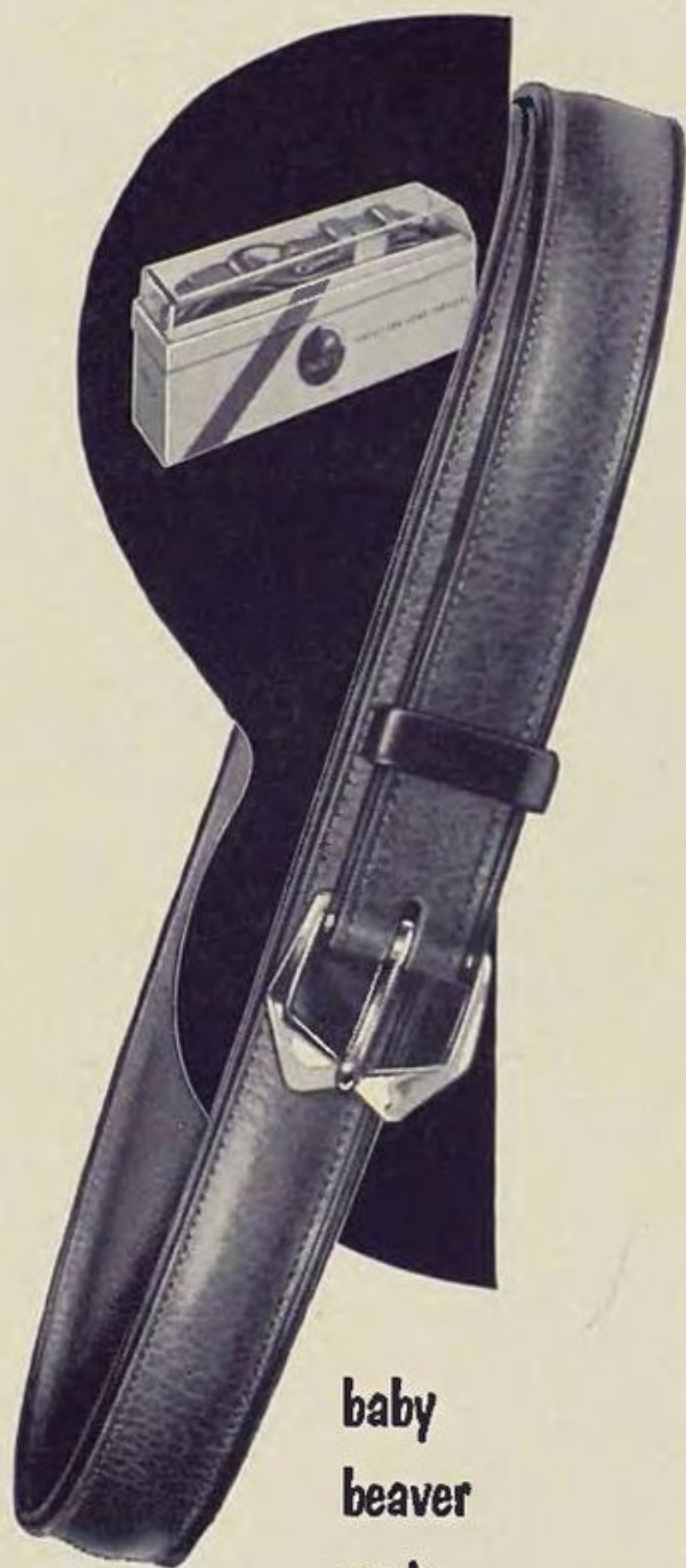
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unfortunate combination of articles for the same issue of a magazine, and I trust that it won't hurt your circulation too greatly, as I still kid myself into believing that I enjoy the magazine.

William T. Ramsay
New York, New York

When I finished reading the excellent feature, *The Manipulators*, by Vance Packard, I recalled the last words from George Orwell's *Animal Farm*: "The creatures outside looked from pig to man, and from man to pig, and from pig to man again; but already it was impossible to say which was which."

Jack Snyder
San Jose, California

PLAYBOY PARTY

A confused Phi Psi playboy is having a hard time choosing between these two campus beauties for his companion to Oklahoma's first annual Playboy Formal.



At left, Barbara Paton, a Sooner year-book queen, and right, Nancy Denner, second runner-up to Miss America; both girls are seniors and Delta Gammas; the happy rabbit is junior Chris Mugler. The formal was a great success.

Dennis Maxey
Phi Kappa Psi
University of Oklahoma
Norman, Oklahoma

SHEL'S PARIS

I finally managed to steal the January copy of PLAYBOY from my husband long enough to drink in Shel Silverstein's impressions of Paris. I thought he couldn't outdo his Tokyo work, but this one tops them all!

Mrs. Charles Stern
Chicago, Illinois

Silverstein in Paris is without a doubt one of the wittiest things I have ever had the pleasure to look at. Mr. Silverstein is a genius.

Leon Backus
Buffalo, New York

Y-E-E-E-E-E-O-W!

I have just picked up my January issue of PLAYBOY and have only this to say about Elizabeth Ann Roberts: *magnifique, wunderbar, maravilloso*, and *y-e-e-e-o-w!*

Henri Lapin
Los Angeles, California

If Miss Roberts is an example of today's college coed, I say a big hurrah for higher education.

Joel Brenner
Bronx, New York

Whoever latched onto this pert little miss deserves a pat on the back. She is the best yet.

Tommy Miller
Dallas, Texas

For God's sake, please don't make us wait until next December to see more of Elizabeth Ann Roberts.

Jim Sissom
Dallas, Texas

Just saw Elizabeth Ann Roberts. WOW! BEAUTIFUL! RAVISHING! GORGEOUS! LOVELY! WONDERFUL! STACKED! PETITE! GLAMOROUS! STACKED! ENCHANTING! EXQUISITE! CHARMING! MAGNIFICENT! REFRESHING! STACKED!

Donald W. Ellis
Abilene, Texas

What a way to start off the new year!
Vince Scruci
New York, New York

I was reading about your Reader Service in PLAYBOY and you stated: "If the item in which you're interested isn't listed, jot down the description and page number on a separate sheet of paper." Well, I am interested in the item on pages 35 through 40 of the January issue. Where can I find something like Miss Roberts in my home town?

John A. Mullis
Chamblee, Georgia

We wish to take umbrage with the puritanical copy that has lately been accompanying the Playmate pictures. It was bad enough when we were asked to believe that Lisa Winters, who stood exposed behind the nothingness of a negligee, was a virtuous maiden who blanched at a proposition. But horrors, now you give us a studious schoolgirl who doesn't go out with boys (honest), but has a weakness for posing in the nude! What type of psychology you think you are using we don't know!

Leroy Matus and Friends
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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



A far-out musician friend, currently working Chicago's Blue Note, informed us that he had just moved into new digs on the Near North Side. "You are invited, man," said the cat, "to attend my housecooling party tomorrow night."

Sharp-eyed readers have been bombarding us with a batch of zany movie marquee couplings ever since we revitalized the whiskered dodge in February. Some of the newest eyebrow lifters: *Time Limit* and *My Gun Is Quick*; *Fire Down Below* and *Hellbound*; *The Bottom of the Bottle* and *Walk a Crooked Mile*; *Love in the Afternoon* and *The Great American Pastime*; *Living It Up* and *The Girl Can't Help It*.

From behind that familiar ferric Curtain comes a Polish magazine called *Jazz* (pronounced "Jazz"), published in Warsaw, which chatters enthusiastically about the "be-bopowców" of the "orkiestrze Gillespiego," the "jazz progresywny" of Chubby Jackson, lists Charles Mingus among the "coolowców" (cool ones) and devotes a full column to "Król swingu" (King of Swing) Benny Goodman. Accompanying the Goodman takeout is a photo of Benny and Janet Pilgrim, captioned, "Benny Goodman otrzymuje medal pisma PLAYBOY" — which, raggedly translated, simply conveys the news that the *Król swingu* received the PLAYBOY All-Stars Medal. Proof positive (if you need it) that music hath charms to soothe not only the savage West but also the savage East.

The chain of New York "delicacy supermarkets" that go under the name of Caviarteria pride themselves on their line of what they call Spooky Foods. These include (what else?) chocolate-covered ants, cuttlefish in own ink, seasoned baby bees, octopus on skewer,

salted whale skin and fried silkworms, in addition to the usual mundane grasshoppers and caterpillars.

There is, for those who give a hoot about instant communication at all times, a new way to reach wandering motorists with important messages (in France, at least) without having to go to the expense of installing a phone in every car. The canny French have erected strategically placed billboards on all major highways throughout the country. When you wish to contact an en route friend, you merely call a central agency and give them your pal's license number. The agency, in turn, flashes the number on the billboards; when your buddy spots it, he phones the agency and gets the message.

A side-kick of ours has a business card bearing, in big bold black letters, the words "I WOULD BE DELIGHTED TO HELP YOU OUT," and down at the bottom, in small light italics, "If you'll just tell me how the hell you got in."

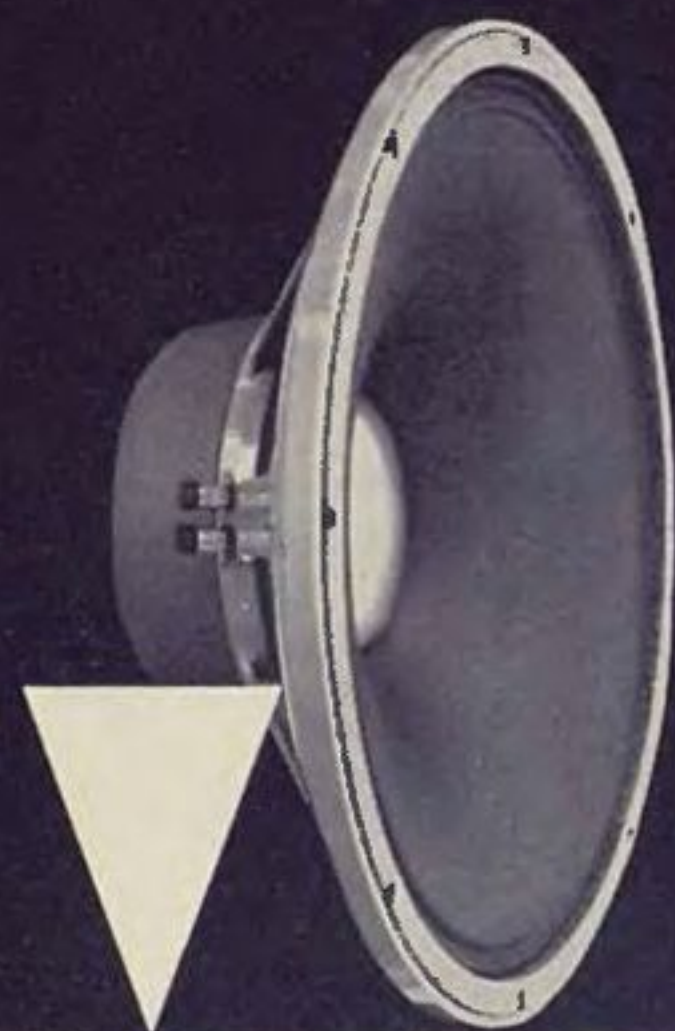
THEATRE

William Gibson's *Two for the Seesaw* is a trick play for two characters, and, aside from an occasional assist from the telephone, he needs no more than two to delightfully dramatize the tiny tragedies and husky humor of a life-sized love story. Jerry, a Nebraska lawyer played by Henry Fonda, is resting his brief case in New York after taking a powder on his too-possessive wife. Keeping his spirits up is Gittel Mosca (played by Anne Bancroft), a bounteous, ballet-struck, Bronx-born bohemian who knows the right way to play house with a lonely

guy. Inevitably, the affair is doomed from the start, but while it survives, the romance is a warm and witty interlude. New playwright Gibson displays a neat knack for deft characterization and diabolically accurate dialog that is at once both flippant and deeply affectionate. In one scene Gittel, recovering from a bout at the hospital, hops into bed, determined to become an invalid. After a few days of this nonsense, Jerry pops: "If you don't get up off your rear end soon, I'll advertise in PLAYBOY for one that works." The threat is effective. Henry Fonda is at his mature best throughout, and Miss Bancroft is glowing in her first Broadway stint. The show gets a further boost from clever scenery, sensitive lighting and Arthur Penn's delicate direction. At the Booth, 222 West 45th, NYC.

Sunrise at Campobello, by former MGM production boss Doré Schary, limns 34 months in the life of Franklin Delano Roosevelt to point up man's ability to turn staggering misfortune into a personal triumph. Schary and his director, Vincent Donehue, start things off at the Roosevelt summer home on August 10, 1921 — the day the athletic, 39-year-old ex-Assistant Secretary of the Navy is hit by polio. The action ends on June 26, 1924 — the day a smiling, confident FDR (Ralph Bellamy) takes 10 painful steps to the podium at Madison Square Garden to nominate Al Smith for the Presidency and, not incidentally, to declare himself a man who can stand on his own two feet again. Between times, we witness not only an absorbing personal struggle, but also a warm nexus of human relationships — an animated family album that includes five spritely kids, a harried but devoted wife, a four-masted mother in full sail, and FDR's sardonic, asthmatic, loyal adviser Louis McHenry

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Howe. The last three roles are respectively and winningly handled by Mary Fickett, Anne Seymour and Henry Jones, but the big vote goes to Mr. Bellamy, who manages the wheel chairs, crutches, braces — plus the grin and the cigarette holder — with nary a soupçon of vaude-villism or caricature. At the Cort, 138 W. 48th, NYC.

DINING-DRINKING

San Francisco's newest jazz rookery, *Easy Street* (2215 Powell), is the first of a series of similar across-the-country clubs operated by a corporation that boasts Mr. Turk Murphy as an exec. Turk, of course, also blows tailgate trombone and leads his own S. F. Jazz Band, which merrily revives blues, ballads and bawdy songs culled from the bordellos of New Orleans and the cribs of the Yukon. *Street's* atmosphere is red plush carpet and cut-glass baroque; there's no grub to be had but plenty of good whiskey and rollicking jazz; also lacking is the usual west coast cover charge, but in its place is the more sensible minimum (\$2.50 per). Hard by Fisherman's Wharf and the North Beach area, it's become a favorite after-dinner haunt that stays open from nine P.M. to two A.M. every night save Monday. When Murphy's boys pull out at the end of April, Kid Ory and his saints go marching in.

Just opening its doors in Philadelphia is the lavish supper club *C'est La Vie* (1418 Spruce), complete with French Legionnaire in blue tunic and red pantaloons on door duty. The lounge on the first floor is an Empire garden where you and yours make brilliant conversation whilst sipping Dubonnet beside a fountain. A carpeted stairway leads you to the main dining room, a sumptuous red-draped affair with crystal chandeliers, antiqued candelabra and an inspired *Canards Sauvages à la Presse*, among other menu items. The back room, geared for brandy and after-eating ease, sports a piano bar whose proprietor tinkles everything from Kern to Khachaturian. No show or dancing here, though strolling fiddlers abound, and if you're the sort who can't give up Bilko, the waiter will lug a portable TV set to your table. Sunday, all is still.

BOOKS

We won't keep you guessing: the plaza in the title of Peter DeVries' third novel, *The Mackerel Plaza* (Little, Brown, \$3.75), is a grateful township's projected memorial to the late lamented wife of Reverend Andrew ("Holy") Mackerel, youngish pastor of People's Liberal, a split-level exurbanite church with "a

the scotch mist

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this
side of heather

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small worship area at one end." Being a widower of sensual bent, minister Mackerel is amorously entangled as early as Chapter One with a Molly Calico ("finely tapered calves and well-molded flanks"). This leads him to a clandestine but unconsummated assignation in a fleabag hotel, a parlous tendency to crack Party Jokes in the pulpit, and, ultimately, confinement in a mental clinic ("This place is a madhouse!") If that's not enough, there's some talk he did away with the dear departed Mrs. Mackerel. DeVries addicts need not be told that everything works out and Mackerel finally reels in the girl, though not the one he originally cast his line for. Witty words abound and *double entendre* raises both its heads ("Balls," says a mother who has been speaking of her daughter, "that's all she wants to play with all the livelong day is balls," and it is a moment before one realizes she has suddenly shifted the subject to her cat's obsession with knitting yarn). Among the characters we hear about but never actually meet are an artist who paints unicorns "with flies on them for realism" and a college boy who takes as his thesis *Some Notes Toward an Examination of Possible Elements of Homosexuality in Mutt and Jeff*. Though the yoks are sparser than in the author's earlier, funnier novels (*The Tunnel of Love* and *Comfort Me with Apples*), *Plaza* is easy-reading proof that Mr. DeVries is no respecter of parsons.

Ever since Frederic Wakeman declared open season on hucksters, those men in those suits have been sitting ducks for fowlers in both fact and fiction, with *The Hidden Persuaders* delivering the coup-de-disgrace. And though they've tried to strike back, they've done so with more piety than wit. High time, then, for a cool, thoughtful, non-fic appraisal of the ad biz—which is what, in a tome titled *Madison Avenue, U.S.A.* (Harper, \$4.95), Martin Meyer undertakes to provide, and, on the whole, succeeds in doing. From his opening look at the archetypical adman to his philosophical finale on the psychology of economics, he touches all the bases. The cost of a billboard in Kansas; the setup and stigmata of a huge agency (J. Walter Thompson); the story of a complete campaign (the Edsel putsch)—it's all here, not excluding that current bugaboo, motivational research, sometimes called the ad versus the id. Like a good reporter, he's careful to point out the gravy stains on those "sincere" neckties, but in trying to work both sides of the avenue, he inevitably zigzags. Result: his book will wholly please neither the weeps in their topless towers (topless because they're always blowing same), nor those of the Hidden Persuasion. But for



Photographed at Hotel Nacional, Havana, Cuba.

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anyone who wants the pros and cons of a business in which we're daily conned by pros, it's a zesty mess of reportage which buttons up the buttondown boys once and for all.

No doubt about it — Richard Matheson can spin a suspenseful story. His new book, *A Stir of Echoes* (Lippincott, \$3), described by the publisher as "a novel of menace," is about a quite ordinary chap who suddenly finds himself disturbingly endowed with psychic powers — he reads minds, foretells death and disaster, divines the sex of his unborn child, uncovers a murder and even sees a ghost. All this is put forth in terms of the strictest, non-Gothic, "it-could-happen-to-you" reality, and readers untroubled by a tendency to pulp writing will be ensnared by the crafty, creepy credibility of this fast moving yarn.

RECORDINGS

Chalk up another for Sinatra. A jaunty, jazzy Frank scores solidly on *Come Fly with Me* (Capitol W920), a mostly up-tempo kit of terrific tunes. Doing right by the lovely likes of *Autumn in New York*, *April in Paris* and *Moonlight in Vermont*, Frank's greatest gassers are a peppy *It's Nice to Go Traveling* and that wizened acorn *On the Road to Mandalay*, a ditty we doubted could ever sound gone. Billy May and his ork make swinging traveling companions and the whole package is near perfect.

A fresh fashion in LPs, and we advise you to get hip to it fast, is the 16 $\frac{2}{3}$ rpm disc. More and more turntables and record changers are now equipped to play this laggardly speed, which affords you as much as 50 minutes of music per side, in respectable fidelity, and saves scads of storage space. Among the jazz releases already available are several intriguing items on Prestige, best of which offers a dozen great performances by the two MJQs, *Milt Jackson Quartet and Modern Jazz Quartet* (Prestige 1). Then there's *Three Trambones* (Prestige 4), with no less than 24 tracks featuring various groups led by Kai Winding and/or J. J. Johnson and Benny Green. You save loot, too, since these \$7.98 jumbos contain as much music as two \$4.98 LPs.

For a heart-warming, heaping helping of Paris nostalgia with a liberal side dish of honest Gallic maize, we urge on you *Paris Night Life* (Columbia 978), on which a dozen of that city's illustrious purveyors of *chansons* and *le jazz hot* let go with the same number of melodies. The *Ballade de Davy Crockett* is hilariously lovable, *Alhambra Rock* as lined out by sexy Magali Noel may well be

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the best thing that's happened to rock and roll on either side of the ocean, and the purely French tunes sung by such as Juliette Greco, Patashou, and the actor Mouloudji are authentically, romantically Parisian.

When Brahms' *Variations on a Theme by Haydn* came in from Mercury (50154), we inadvertently put the disc on the turntable flip side up and got sucked into Mr. B's *Hungarian Dances*. Our hand shot out to the tone arm, but something arrested it. That something was the music itself—it struck us, perhaps for the first time, as wonderfully wild and very, very good. These poor old dances have been scraped out by tearoom Magyars so listlessly for so long that we had given them up for lost. Now, on this biscuit, conductor Antal Dorati works up an honest sweat, the London Symphony boys let their hair fly, and thus—with plenty of blaring brass and booming percussion—is restored to the dances their intrinsic luminosity and fun. So sweeping is this revitalization that even the most hackneyed hop of all (#5 in G Minor) peels the paint off the walls. The *Variations on a Theme by Haydn*? We never got around to them.

We've been twirling stereo tapes on our nifty new Ampex Concerto System until we've got 3-D sound coming out of both ears. Of all the tapes we've auditioned, two of the swinging cool school seemed to earn most frequent repetition for friends who came to listen—usually a pretty meaningful measure of merit. *That Geller Feller* (Bel Canto 16) serves up six Pacific-styled ditties dominated by Herb's alto, but there's plenty of opportunity for his five sidemen to display their considerable and individual skills, especially Lou Levy on piano and Kenny Dorham on trumpet. Lawrence Marable (drums), Harold Land (tenor) and Ray Brown (bass) complete the combo: all blow just fine. *Wide Range* (Capitol ZC-16) is an aptly-titled tape which shows off the w. r. of Johnny Richards' big band and also the w. r. of his arranging and composing talents. Big bands tend to blare and holler; this one can do both when the occasion requires, but it can subside to ensemble tone or toy delicately with a ballad—and unfailingly does so, with taste, when that's called for. Incidentally, we had this one on monaural disc a couple of months back: it's good that way, too, but stereo is made for just this sort of music.

"Miss Lee, as should be evident from her name, was born a girl." That's all the box copy tells us about *The Ever-Lovin' Miss Lee* (Recotape RS-100-S). From the tape itself we glean more: this lass has apparently *lived*, in the Kinseyan sense. Nice-enough numbers like *Jada*, *Pretty*

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Baby and Blow, Gabriel, Blow are dealt with as though the mike had been placed beside a seduction couch — at the proper climactic moment. Mucilaginously orgasmic groans alternate with hoarse whimperings. It's all overdone, but it's fun — an orgy in the tallest corn. Barney Kessel's guitar plus bass, drums and harp manage to keep the melodies going when Miss Lee's voice periodically subsides into panting whispers.

Speaking of tapes, an audiophile buddy gave us this tip: store them on the take-up reel and don't rewind until just before the next playing. He claims fast rewinding puts tapes under such tension that they are more subject to stretch, strain and print-through than when comparatively loosely wound, as they are on the take-up reel.

FILMS

The Brothers Karamazov is a colorful, gusty account of some wild shenanigans in czarist Russia that unhappily comes to a clanking halt about two-thirds of the way along. When Yul Brynner, as Lt. Dmitri K., is scorning or taming wenches, throwing Russian-type orgies (with a drunken bear yet), socking strangers or arguing with his lecherous father (Lee J. Cobb), the movie is magnificent make-believe. Claire Bloom, as the lovesick and slightly twitchy Katya, and Maria Schell, as the luscious, volatile Grushenka, are fine foils for Brynner's somber, aggrieved love-making. And Albert Salmi, as the old man's illegitimate, epileptic son, and Richard Basehart, as his agnostic one, are properly mixed up. But when Dmitri is dragged to trial for the alleged murder of his father and the entire yarn is relished for the benefit of the jury, or maybe for the people who came in late, it becomes a howling bore. Director-scripter Richard Brooks has wisely pruned most of Dostoevsky's minor characters, but it's too bad the film cutter didn't do the same for the courtroom scenes and much of Brooks' static, gratuitous moralizing that pops up now and again. Our advice: come early, but be ready to duck out for a vodka when the trial starts.

Despite the splash made by the book, *Bonjour Tristesse* is a drag. Mlle. Sagan's tome was thin, but it had style and Continental candor. It also had an attitude, peculiarly French. Producer-director Otto Preminger seems to have little idea of what the author tried to evoke, assumes instead that the book was a comedy with a sad ending. To boot, the film is helped not at all by bird-brained acting and incredible lines that stick in the throats of even such hardy vets as

David Niven and Deborah Kerr. On the other hand, it does offer lovely Cinemascope views of the sunny Riviera, some crazy night-club romps and the cute topography of Jean Seberg's bottom (the critical lumps she took as Joan of Arc don't show). The flick's liveliest moments involve Miss Seberg scampering in and out of bedrooms and through the bush, adorned in a molded one-piece swim suit. Her object is to bust up a romance between Niven, her roué father, and Miss Kerr, a cool fashion designer. If Sagan had written the story as badly as Arthur Laurents did the screenplay, the young lady would be starving today.

Sophia Loren's first U.S.-made flick pitches her plunk in the middle of a rock-strewn, near-untillable New England farm of the 1840s replete with a bitter, sanctimonious old goat as the owner, and his handsome, gangly kid, who hates dad with every ganglion. The movie is the stark, foreboding and adult *Desire Under the Elms*, from the incest burner of playwright Eugene O'Neill. Irwin Shaw saw to the screen version and has hewed close to the original, save for some slight telescoping, bowdlerization, and the transformation of the leading lady from a lank New Englander to a pneumatic Neapolitan named Anna (Miss Loren). You remember the plot: after getting rid of two wives by slavin' 'em to death, old Ephraim Cabot (Burl Ives) hitches up to the bouncy, busty Anna. His two elder sons loathe him enough to shuffle off to California, but the third boy, Eben (Anthony Perkins) foolishly sticks around waiting for Eph to kick off so he can take over the bad earth. But Anna is as gumptious as she is scrumptious, and has dibs on the place herself. To insure getting it, she wants a son. "Fine," says Old MacDonald, who happens to be a blushing 76. Well — with a quack-quack here and an oink-oink there — Anna pulls a switcheroo, drags young Eben into the hay and gets her baby, with Ephraim all-unsuspecting. In a wildly tragic ending, all three protagonists get their due. Under the direction of Delbert Mann, the film is appropriately . . . what's the word? Downbeat.

Sweden sends us a sophisticated and funny farce, *Smiles of a Summer Night*, whose amatory high jinks are so involved that the audience needs a score sheet. Principles: a lawyer, his young bride, his son, his mistress, his mistress' boyfriend, his mistress' boyfriend's wife and the family maid, all of whom are ensconced in the same country home, smiling the same smiles, on the same summer night. The ensuing game of musical bedrooms is delightful.



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PLAYBOY



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WEIRD SHOW

fiction By HERBERT GOLD



it was almost as if marshall the great resented being human

BEFORE MARSHALL JENKINS made his home in the Weird Show, he had found other things. Sometimes the nasal small-town newspaper people would touch their pencils against their tongues and ask, "But what? What other things? What did you do before, Mr. Jenkins?"

"Other things," he would repeat, showing his teeth in a mirthless smile, and if the newspaper person were a woman, she might giggle. He had a way of creating unease on all sides. It was part of the act. Marsh had a soul to go with his liver, and a liver to go with his body—a tall, thin, sallow body, obscurely ill, and as tight and secretive as a switchblade. The liver trickled bile into his heart. The heart pumped like that of a human being.

"Mr. Jenkins has had a varied career," little Suzanne would continue for him, following him with her eyes as he stalked out. *Stalk* is the word: too long a stride for his stiffened form, making too much of the gesture of walking. Solemnly Suzanne continued. "Mr. Jenkins likes to entertain people. Mr. Jenkins enjoys thrilling the folks and giving them what —"

"Suzanne! Suzanne! We're not unpacked yet."

And she ran to follow him. She would do anything for Marsh. She did. She was sawed in half nightly, twice on Saturdays, when he was Marshall the Great in most of the small towns of Michigan, Ohio, Illinois, Indiana and as far down the Mississippi as St. Louis. They traveled to thousands of Saturday

nights all over the midwest and mid-south in their made-over school bus, painted with gypsy gilt letters, WEIRD SHOW SPOOK SHOW MARSHALL THE GREAT.

"Ape show," said Will.

There was Will, a college student of acting, who did the work of controlling the lights and supplying macaroni. Will was a different young man almost every year, but Marshall always called him Will. He trained the young man to answer. He taught him how to soak and fling the noodles.

There was Suzanne, who was sawed in half. Suzanne was Marshall's girl, not his joy, just his girl, and she was always the same Suzanne.

And of course there was Marshall, who thought of new tricks and variations on old ones and had a knack for it. It didn't take too much of him. He reserved most of himself for some secret continuing duty which no one ever understood. The Spook Show needed just what he was willing to give it, which was about what every spook show takes, which is:

The theatre, called the Granada, or the Toledo or the Palace, would have been built during the boom of the late Twenties, when yellow stucco and false balconies spoke for fantastic luxury, and flickering stars in the ceiling twinkled for romance. Popcorn machines came later, but blended nicely with the Moorish decor. When Marsh went into action, the lights flickered out and the screaming began. Reflectors sent ghostly shadows leaping and prancing; the spook

record sang out howls and screeches, and murderous strangling sounds; Will stood up on the balcony, throwing great handfuls of warm macaroni down onto the crowd, while Marsh cried, "WORMS! WORMS!"

The usual double horror movie set the mood, of course. One of the films was often an old-time serial, all 15 chapters spliced together. By the time Marsh began his act, the small-town nerves, frazzled by vampires, werewolves, pig-men, and Reds from Outer Space, were interacting powerfully with stomachs that withered under successive waves of assault by ginger ale and popcorn.

The kids loved it. A weedsprinkling of silent adults also sat isolated in the crowd, loving it. But mostly it was kids at the necking age for matinees or Owl Shows. They went steady until the girls' hems came down and the seams of the boys' clothes were drenched with protest. They exchanged tender promises amid a rain of macaroni until they thought they would die. "Oh Georgie," the girl would say, "you make me crazy but stop or I'll tell Mother."

"Stella, Stella honey."

"I'll tell her just as soon as I get home, I will. Hey! Look at the ape-man!"

And the hand of Georgie (or Sheldon or Red) traveled fast, but it wasn't Stella's fault, was it? She had a biological, scientific, purely educational interest in the gorilla prancing down the aisle. "Oh-ah-oh it's beautiful!" she gasped.

Georgie's hand was teaching her to



express her feelings about apeness.

It was Marshall in the gorilla suit.

The kids necked, the popcorn flowed like wine, the cola flowed like popcorn; the happy crunch of teeth on candy and male mouth on female mouth set up a din of profit in the theatre-owners' delicate ears. They rubbed their hands contentedly and purred. They brought WEIRD SHOW SPOOK SHOW MARSHALL THE GREAT back at six-month intervals. Marsh did nicely. Stella thought crazy, did crazy. The owners didn't even mind the necessity of hiring extra ushers to patrol the aisles, poking flashlights at the lovers only when vileness seemed imminent. Love with candy bought outside, not in the lobby, seemed vilest of all. But love with the Granada's Own Caramel Crackerjack or salty popcorn only made the owners tenderly murmur: "These kids! This crazy mixed-up generation! Well, at least we're winning them away from the TV. . . ."

At a signal from Marsh, Will turned up the screabee-jeebie record to full pitch and Marsh ran up and down the aisles in his gorilla suit while the ushers played their lights on him. It was enough to scare a sensitive girl right out of her pants. Sometimes it did just that, but nobody ever claimed the five or six square inches of elastic nylon swept up from under the seats. Marsh in his gorilla suit was enough to weaken a moral, strong-minded girl so that her boyfriend could have one more good feel for the road — which was what the moral, strong-minded girl wanted to be weakened for, too. If you don't know what you're doing, how can you be blamed?

Suzanne argued that it was part of their duty to help young America face life and stop twitching.

"What an idea!" said Will. "There must be another way to learn about life — not that I'm complaining. It's a job, and I sure am learning."

Perhaps more than anyone, Marsh liked the work. After the ape-show section, he ran backstage, zipped himself out of the gorilla suit, and moved swiftly into the climax of his program. Originally he had used the conventional magic act — "I Saw a Woman in Half Before Your Very Eyes" — in which Suzanne curled up in a box with false feet protruding from one end. But that seemed out of keeping with his basic theme, and so he developed an unusual notion. Instead of sawing and then letting Suzanne do the classic unharmed leap out, he had her head protrude at one end and made her scream, twist, gurgle, and in general, vigorously complain while she died a red death, the red stuff supplied by genuine Heinz ketchup.

The neckers loved it. The theatre-owners loved it. Suzanne needed cough drops against an occasional hoarseness from overindulgence in shrieking, but

Marsh relieved her of the task of helping him shout "Worms! Worms!" during the plague of macaroni.

This summer was one of their most successful seasons. Will Jonas, the chief assistant, had been on the job last summer also; he handled details with authority. Like a shrunken caravan crossing the laggard tail of the corn-stubble deserts of midwestern America, Will's slate-gray and dented little tin-can trailer followed the big made-over school bus which Suzanne and Marsh shared with the moth-eaten gorilla suit and other equipment. Will, who had been a graduate student in dramatics, told Suzanne with great solemnity that he believed this gave him more practical experience in acting than the fly-by-night stock productions of *The Man Who Came to Dinner* to which most of his friends were condemned. Suzanne listened and turned her great starved eyes all over his face. Will tried not to notice and mentioned that Marsh fascinated him. "As a person," he added. He believed that Marshall Jenkins was a man who eventually would come to accept that he was a gorilla, that the macaroni really became worms, WORMS, that the horrors he imagined and played out with tricks were real. "Well, he is an artist — more than an artist," he told Suzanne.

"Oh yes, more," said Suzanne.

"In college," Will began, but did not finish the sentence: I studied abnormal psychology.

"Sometimes he's difficult." It was as if she could read his thoughts after so many hot afternoons together, after so many coffees huddled over the counter of diners and the fans turning and turning while the flies circled warily, watching. Suzanne again turned her large, unblinking, quietly astonished eyes on Will. "I believe like he resents how your real name is Will." He loved to put down all the boys by making them answer to what he called them. "Will," she said. "Will."

Will laughed and patted Suzanne's cropped head. "You're a cute kid. Someday when I'm a big-time director or actor, you come to me. You look like a ballet dancer type; you know, *Swan Lake*."

"Tchaikovsky," she said. "I know cultural things, too."

"I'll saw you in half any day, Susie — I know just the saw for you."

Suzanne's laughter rippled out, soft and heavy, as if this particular laugh had been waiting too long and the poor joke was merely a needed excuse. The colder Marsh grew toward her, the more she needed Will's jokes. She laughed slowly, until the tears came out of her eyes, tears of gratitude and loneliness. Her laughter did not yet have any joy in it. She was no longer so sure as she

had once been that her daddy had raised her to be sawed in half by Marshall the Great. Marsh took her without pleasure. It had been that way for over two years now. He seemed to enjoy her most when they spun round a curve of a hillside road, and she was frightened and begged him to drive more slowly, and then sometimes abruptly he braked to a skidding stop and made her go back with him into the rear of the bus. And never thanked her for anything.

No pleasure.

Something secret in him, silent and unmoving, nothing more.

"He's no friend," she morosely confided in Will. "I wish, I wish — Oh, he's no friend to any living person, not even himself!"

"Lonely for him," said Will.

"He cares for himself in terrible ways."

And she fell silent.

"You started to say you wish. . . . You wish what?" Will asked, abruptly touched by this unhappy little creature, pretty face and small, tanned, rounded body (white showing when she stretched, when she moved, leaned), a hunger and straight aim for love deflected by Marsh for almost seven years now. Waste, waste. "What does a pretty girl wish?" he asked.

"Shush, you!" The smile retreated over tips of teeth. "I wish I'd never gotten into this," she said dully. "I had to be an artist the quick way. Because he said I was pretty and people would like to look at me. *Stare* is what they do, and *think* — just like him. Dirtiness is what they think. I wish I'd stayed at work in a dime store like a nice girl. Maybe I could have even gone to college for a year, business school, you know, and met a sweet considerate fellow like you."

Will flushed. Looking away, he put his arm around the girl.

"I didn't mean anything by that," she said.

"But I do. I heard you. I've thought about you too, Sue-girl."

The soft, senseless, sweet little words were like pressing a button, for with them and with his gesture of pressing his arm about her shoulder, she flung herself sobbing into his arms. Loneliness and pity and less lofty feelings — the health and the unsureness of a young man traveling and without women — combined to do, very rapidly, what Will remembered now he had dreamed of in his trailer during the long, lonely, starlit nights parked behind Marshall the Great's bus. He kissed her lightly for an instant; then her lips parted and his mouth opened into hers; they clung to each other, they started fearfully away and stared. They stared and stared with that blank searching of two people who

(continued on page 62)

modern living
BY KEN PURDY



PRESTIGE ON WHEELS

rolls-royce is the gentleman's carriage par excellence

WHEN T. E. LAWRENCE (Lawrence of Arabia) was living quietly in England after World War I, Lowell Thomas asked him what he would choose if he could have any material thing in the world. Without hesitation, Lawrence said: "I should like to have a Rolls-Royce motorcar, and tires and petrol to last my lifetime."

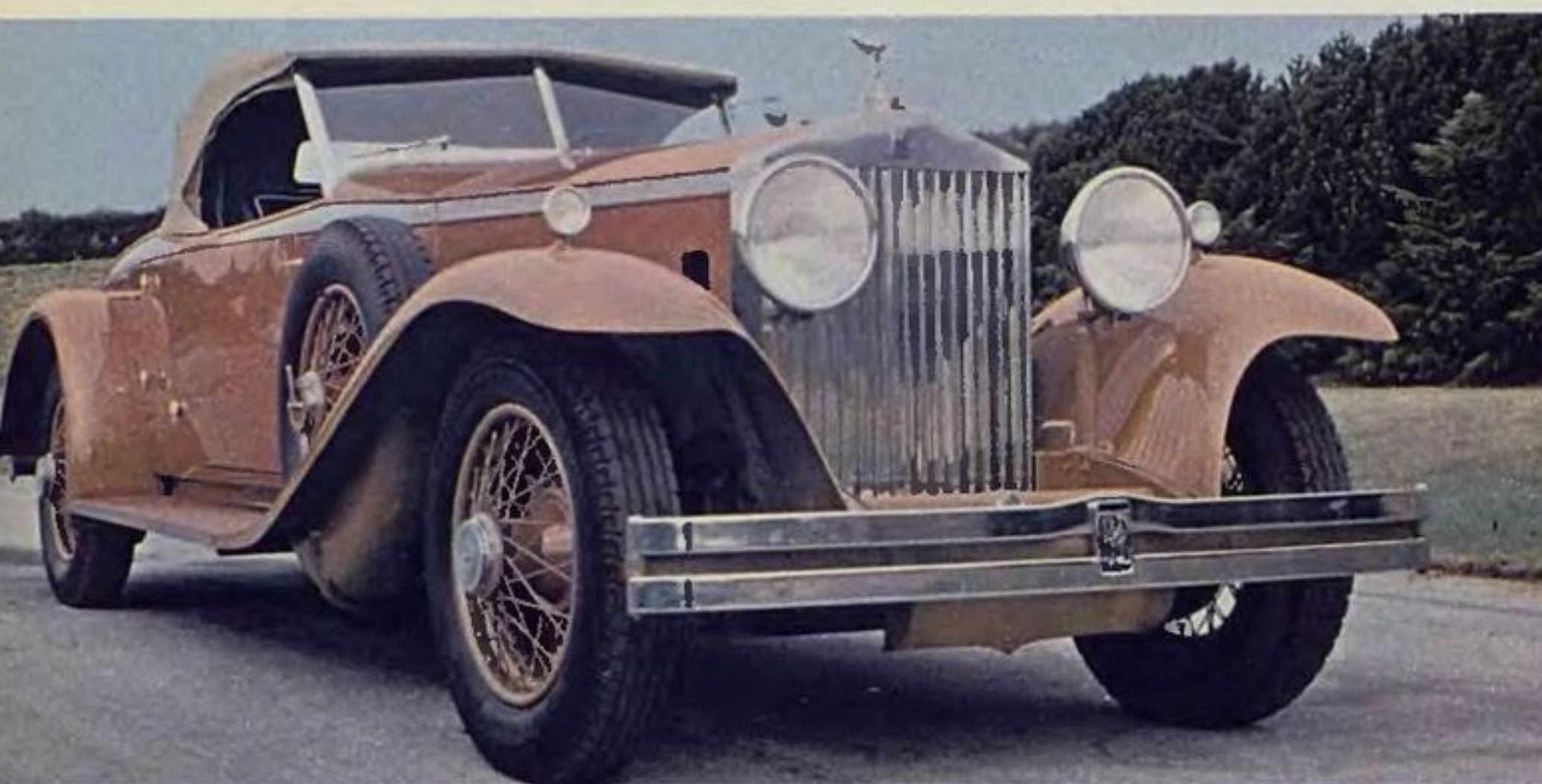
In the 54 years that have passed since the first Rolls-Royce automobile rolled silently down an English country road, a good many men have wished for, and taken, what Lawrence held to be the most desirable of the world's goods. Since the first

Rolls-Royce car was built, more than 3000 other makes have come and, most of them, gone. Still, wherever automobiles are known, Rolls-Royce is a magic name, and men believe as holy writ that it is what its makers say it is — The Best Car in the World.

Why is this so? The Rolls-Royce isn't particularly fast, at about 110 miles an hour. There are many faster cars. It doesn't have notable acceleration. A good Chevrolet will leave it. It's not very exciting-looking, since its body



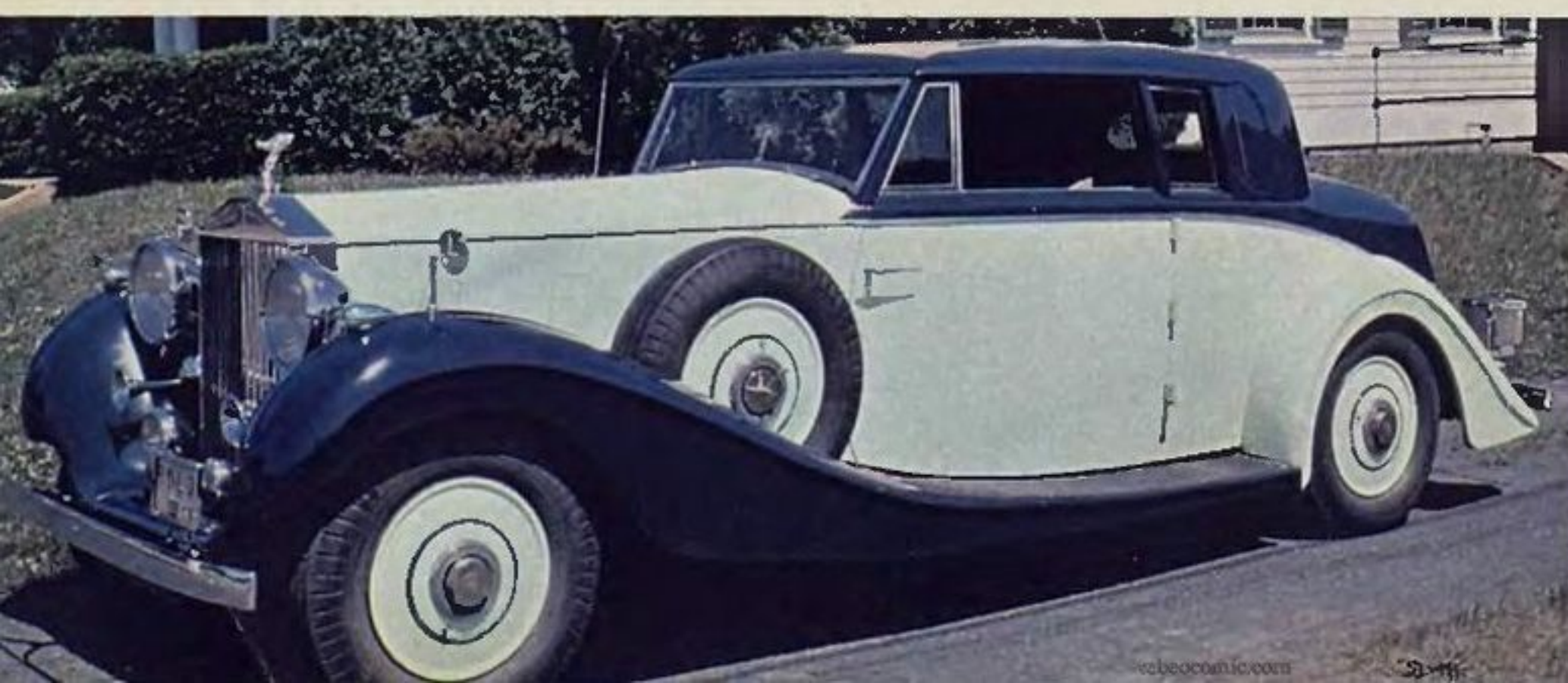
Above: 1913 Silver Ghost Alpine tourer



Below: 1933 Phantom II sports roadster



Above: 1930 Phantom I sports sedan



Below: 1937 Phantom III club coupé

styling changes only at long intervals, and then almost imperceptibly. How can it be true, then, that this is the best car in the world, and that driving one is an experience quite apart from driving any other automobile?

Some of its wickedly ingratiating charm is intangible, based on such things as the sure knowledge that nothing has gone into this car that was not the best obtainable in the world's markets; that no one laid a hand on it during its building but men who loved their work and believed in its worth; that when it left the factory, it was as nearly perfect as man could make it, because otherwise, as Sir Henry Royce once said, "The man on the gate wouldn't let it out." But the intangibles are only half the story, perhaps less than half. You must drive the car to know, and this is how it is:

I got up that morning at five o'clock, to see some friends living 100-odd miles away. It was early this spring, black dark, and there was a thin edge of cold on the air. The car was the model the company calls a Silver Cloud—a standard sedan, the less costly, at \$12,800, of the two currently being built. It had been loaned to me by the New York dealer, the venerable firm of J. S. Inskip, Inc. It was painted in two colors: sand and another, indescribable shade of mauve, a kind of rosy pink. The upholstery was a yellow-brown glove-leather, the woodwork South African burl walnut. The driver's seat, and all the others, too, are the proper kind: soft centers, firm outer rolls to hold the hips and shoulders. The driver's seat is adjustable up and down, back and forth, and for rake—the angle on the vertical of the back. The arm-rests on the doors are adjustable, too.

The engine started instantly and began to warm itself at a fast idle. I pulled out the heater control—there are almost infinite variations of heat and ventilation available—and the little thumb-shaped button moved through two positions with soft hissing sounds from the hydraulic controls. I turned on the radio and put up the aerial. In three minutes the engine was warm and I moved the gear-selector lever to the first position and moved out.

After 10 miles or so to warm up the tires and lubricants in the gear-box, the transmission and the wheel-bearings, I began to demonstrate to myself something that I'd almost forgotten: the Rolls-Royce is not only the most luxurious car in the world, but one of the fastest over the road, point to point. At 75 miles an hour, on roads tagged for 35, you feel perfectly safe. With the windows closed, there is no great wind noise. The steering is reasonably quick, the Rolls-Royce power system gives a remarkable "feel" of the road, none of the deadness of most power steering, and

(continued overleaf)



"It's your turn, Shirley—I took care of the rent this month."

PRESTIGE ON WHEELS

(continued from page 20)

the brakes will take anything. You sit in utter comfort, totally relaxed, listening to the radio, and you run past every other car you see. When you pass another car, incidentally, you can count on one of two reactions: the other driver will cave in completely, pull over a little, almost tug on his forelock as if to say that he knows he's a peasant and has no right to contest with you, or he'll glare, stick his foot into the gas and try to show you what he thinks of the idle rich. He knows a Rolls-Royce when he sees one — everybody does. If he wants to run with you, and the road is right for it, let him. You flick a lever on the steering wheel that changes the shock-absorber setting from soft to hard, and then, unless he is very enterprising, very good, and can take advantage of long straights, you run on the brakes and the gears; you just go right up to the corner, almost into it, before you touch the brake pedal. Then you hit the brakes good and hard, just once, drop down one gear, get back on the accelerator, and around you go. If he tries to do the same thing, he's going to be very busy, and he's going to get tired. He can't use his gears for braking because usually he'll have a two-speed transmission, against the Rolls-Royce's four. I ran this particular car every day for a week, every hour I could spare, and in that time only two cars passed me, and I passed both of them shortly afterwards and made it stick. I had some very fast trips. For example, I usually take an hour and a quarter to go from my home to New York City, if I'm not hurrying. In the Rolls-Royce, I made it in 50 minutes, and I still didn't feel that I was hurrying. (It's odd, but I think it's true that policemen find it hard to believe that a Rolls-Royce is going fast unless you do something dumb, like passing five cars at a clip.)

An hour out on my first little trip, when full light had come, I had covered 56 miles. The road now was very narrow, winding, and bordering a river. Most of the time, between the bends, I could just touch 70 miles an hour before I had to shut it off, and on one of these little straights I passed a Mercury carrying a young man and woman. He didn't like being passed and he promptly repassed me coming out of a bend, where his superior acceleration counted. The Rolls-Royce has remarkable acceleration for a big five-passenger limousine-like car, but not that much. I tucked in behind him and waited to see what would happen next.

My friend started to run, and when he came to the bends he waited as long as he dared before he braked and then fought the wheel all the way around. I sat there and listened to the radio, right behind him. He became more and

more annoyed and began to crowd his luck to the point of going around so fast his back end began trying to leave him, and a couple of times he came out of the bends with reverse lock on the steering wheel: turning right in a left-hand bend, to control an incipient skid. He began to brake earlier for the corners, not from choice, I knew, but because he had to — his brakes were starting to fade. Then he began to cut the corners on the inside. He was hunched over the wheel, working like a miner, and his companion had begun to clutch a bit: after almost every corner I'd see her turn to him and give him the message. It was still early, and there was almost nothing on the road, but I dropped back because I did not want to buy a piece of his accident; I didn't want to be there if he met somebody on the inside of one of those bends. Sure enough, came a Renault. He missed it — just. His wife — I was sure she was his wife, a girlfriend wouldn't have chewed him out so hard — was hanging on the dashboard. She was reading him off continuously. But he was a tiger, and he kept on. A couple of minutes after passing the Renault he met another early bird: a tractor and trailer loaded with cement blocks. He missed again — but by a fantastically close margin. I ran up and hung on him. He was all through; I dropped a gear and ran past and away from him. I'm sure he felt as if he'd just done 100 miles at Indianapolis. As for me, I'd just been sitting there listening to a Brahms symphony. For all I know, he is a better driver than I am, but he didn't have the car. If the tractor and trailer hadn't convinced him I would have dropped back out of sight because I'd have been convinced that rage had so affected his judgment that he might kill himself. He didn't know what he was up against — a big, high-riding sedan that heeled over almost not at all in the corners, that stuck to the road like a sports car, that required no "winding" of the steering wheel, and, most of all, that had brakes that will run up and down the Grand Canyon every day and never fade at all. There are three separate braking systems on a Rolls-Royce and their power-brake apparatus, in use for 20 years, is the world's best. The ribbed brake drums are 11 inches by three.

I did 100-odd miles on winding roads that day in less than two hours, and I didn't take one chance or have one close call. I enjoyed the corollary kicks, too: for instance, in going through towns, the little traffic breaks the local police will always give a Rolls-Royce. They don't seem to be able to help themselves. I liked the extra attention when I stopped for gas, too. You wait until the attendant has the hose in his hand and

is wondering where the filler is. Then you push a button on the walnut dashboard and the electrically controlled flap flies up to show him the filler-cap, which screws tight to a threaded pipe, and is attached to it by steel cable. You'll find that he's exceptionally careful, but if he runs the tank over a little, it doesn't matter: the pipe is set in a little housing of its own, and the gas probably won't slop outside to the paint. If it does, the attendant will wash it off in a hurry, and carefully: he never saw a paint job like that in his life, and he doesn't want anything to happen to it. You don't let him open the hood to check the oil: you press a button and cut in a circuit that gives you a needle-sharp reading on a dashboard gauge. Water? Why should it need water? Before the first World War four Rolls-Royces ran for 1645 miles up and down the Alps, in competition, and they didn't need a cupful of water at the end. Grease job? You push a pedal, and lubricant is delivered to the chassis in measured amounts. How much gasoline does a Rolls-Royce use? Not as much as a Ford — it is a six-cylinder engine — but actually how much I don't know, and I couldn't care less.

At the end of the week I gave the car back to the dealers, and the next car I drove was my own year-old Detroit, a carefully maintained automobile, and, I had thought up to that time, a pretty good one. I had braced myself for the shock but even so it was appalling. I was all over the road trying to steer the thing. Every shift-point was marked with a clank and a jerk that rattled my teeth. My ears were assailed by the din: bangings and muffled thuds from the engine, groans from the transmission, squeaks and rasps and grunts from the body. When I ran into a corner it seemed to me that the tire-howl would wake the dead. After a few score miles, of course, things got better — the car began to handle again, the noise level seemed to drop and I was comfortable once more. Comparatively comfortable, only. Once you've put 1000 miles on a Rolls-Royce you'll never, never really like another automobile. You can't. You've had it. You may get more sheer sensual kick out of faster cars: a Porsche, a Ferrari, but you'll never find anywhere else the same sensation you knew in the Rolls-Royce, the conviction that here, by the old Harry, is the ultimate in land transportation, here is that magic, wondrous thing — a gentleman's carriage.

• • •

A rich man's son made the Rolls-Royce possible, but a poor man's son built it: Henry Royce, born in 1863 and orphaned nine years later. Royce had little schooling, and when he had to go to work he did a good many 14-hour days, running messages in London streets, on a couple

(continued on page 46)

THE LITTLE WORLD OF ORVILLE K. SNAV

who is this man who pilots the mighty bunab empire?

article By BERNARD ASBELL

FROM THE UPPER REACHES of Snav Tower, a corporate monolith in Mason City, Iowa, a veritable fury of executive decisions is issued daily by the President of Orville K. Snav & Associates. His company today is the unrivaled giant in its field, an organization of 1500 top-echelon executives deployed around the world, each holding the rank of Assistant to the President. The major Snav product is the Improved #7 BunaB, which consists of two pieces of insulated wire, each an inch and three quarters long, one red, the other blue, held together at the ends by yellow plastic tape.

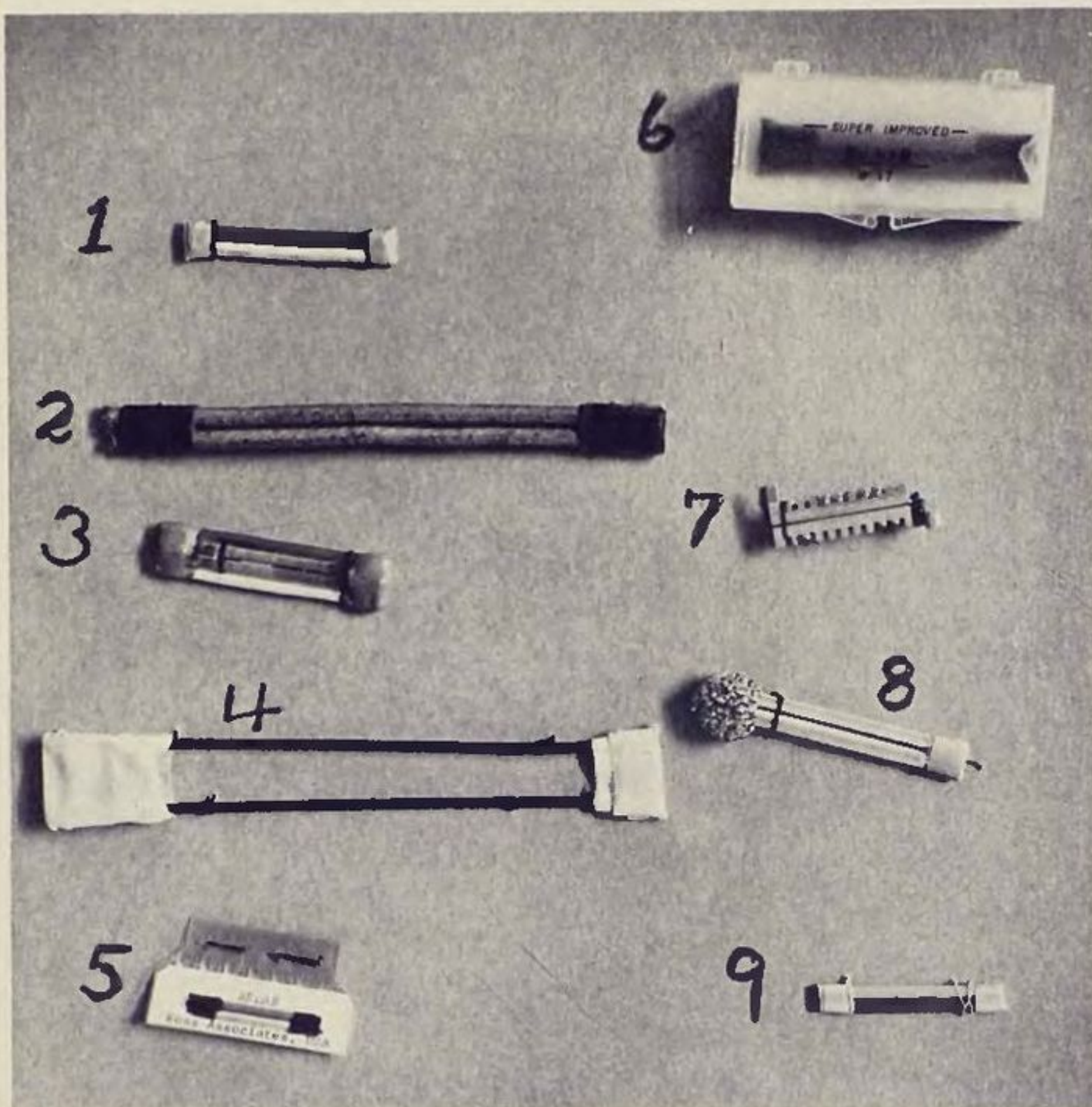
During the past four years, some 17,000 people have found the Improved #7 model in their morning mail, packed in a flat clear plastic box and accompanied by a blue explanatory sheet which has this story to tell:

"This genuine Improved #7 BunaB will, with reasonable care, give years of trouble-free service. It has been scientifically inspected and checked against the master model at the factory. The Improved #7 BunaB will meet, or exceed, specifications set up by the industry for accuracy, durability and simplicity of operation... With a minimum of practice, results equaling those of a skilled technician using the conventional instrument may be expected... After prolonged use the BunaB may indicate a variation of one or two per cent when checked against a new BunaB. In that case, the old one should be discarded immediately."

What does the Improved #7 BunaB do? It does nothing — physically, that is. But psychologically, it's as miraculous as digital computers or any other of the complex gadgets, of real or dubious import, which crowd our ulcerous machine civilization. Its devotees look upon it as a tiny, clear Bronx cheer aimed at our mechanized age, a parody of rampant tech-



Garry Moore (left) and Al Crowder, both Assistants to the President of Orville K. Snav & Associates, unveiled the fabulous BunaB #5 on Mr. Moore's television show last fall. BunaB #5, sprung on a stunned populace several months after the appearance of Improved BunaB #7, is a long-playing platter titled *Companion to TV*, produced for those who like to play the hi-fi while watching television. It contains the original sound track of the Urban-Eclipse silent film *The Fatal Love*.



Above: a display from the Snav Hall of Science, which includes a collection of imitation BunabBs, outright counterfeits and several real ones. Assistant to the President Crowder says: 1) "Very accurate. This would show up well if we ran it through our testing labs, but it's a phony." 2) "Instead of copying our current model, they copied our old #11. That was used for casks, the eye-pieces that knights wore on their armor helmets." 3) "Someone sent this in from Gackle, N.D. If you examine it closely, you'll see it's a BunabB with a moving part." 4) "This works well, but it's too damn bulky." 5) "Too small, and it doesn't have the capacity." 6) "We almost entered a law suit over this. The explanatory sheet reads very well." 7) "An obvious fake devised by the dial telephone people." 8) "A genuine #18 model made obsolete by the zipper." 9) "Here's a genuine #7 BunabB, on permanent exhibition to commemorate a sad incident in Peoria." Crowder refuses to tell the story.

nology and its highly touted advantages.

Mr. Snav's BunabB is priced at 48¢, or two for a dollar. Why should anyone pay 48¢ to own a nickel's worth of wire and plastic? Almost no one does. Practically every BunabB is sold as a gag gift. Dave Garroway's last order was for 40. He uses them as "friend testers." So do lots of other people, one of whom reported that the BunabB had unmasked a phony he had long held close to his bosom: the guy read the blue sheet and stoutly maintained he knew what it meant.

Forty units is not a big order at Snav Tower. The Globe Heist Company of Philadelphia ordered 100, the S & S Corrugated Paper Machine Company of Brooklyn, 1700. The BunabB does have a place in American culture, a firm place, according to one psychologist: it catches

the eye, piques the curiosity and serves as a reminder of the sender because of its whacky, unusual nature. This is important in an era glutted with almost-as-zany public-relations gimmicks. It satisfies the donor's sense of superiority; he knows what a BunabB is, and the recipient doesn't, at least not right away he doesn't. It's a thoroughly American innovation — a Frenchman would be baffled or irritated by it but would never find it amusing.

Enclosed with each Improved #7 model is a registration card, stamped with the serial number of the BunabB packed with it and carrying blanks for the name and address of the new owner, his or her business affiliation, and comments on the BunabB. When this card has been returned to Mason City, a long,

COMPILED BY
THE BUNAB HISTORICAL SOCIETY



James Buchanan McnaB
Father of the BunabB
Circa 1888



James Buchanan McnaB
Receives idea for BunabB #1
March 25, 1888



James Buchanan McnaB
Looks at first BunabB #1
April 1, 1888

individually composed letter signed by a gentleman named Al Crowder — perhaps the nation's most ubiquitous correspondent — is dispatched to the BunaB donor, who automatically becomes an Assistant to the President. Sometimes, Crowder will end his letter with an ambiguous nicety like "Our Mr. Snav would like to have dinner together next time he is in town." No one has ever had the pleasure.

Who is Orville K. Snav? He is an elusive figure, a shy, retiring man who loathes publicity. He is well known only to Al Crowder, who has been with the company from its beginning, and who some people have the effrontery to think is the real Orville Snav. Mr. Crowder's ranking in the hierarchy — Assistant to the President — is not unique, but Crowder has had unusual opportunities to work with the Founder.

"Mr. Snav is a man of strong beliefs," Crowder says. "He believes in first things first, unless interrupted. To have the daring to market a product like the BunaB takes that sort of thinking.

"He's been very shy about accepting tributes and acclaim ever since that episode in Peoria. The publicity affected him deeply. He doesn't like to talk about it at all and I don't either. He was a much younger man then. Now he refuses to have his picture taken and he never goes out. He'd rather send one of his key personnel.

"The only time anyone gets to see Mr. Snav is during our annual affairs at the office. He takes part in these wholeheartedly, because he thinks it's important that everyone in the organization feels happy and contented in his little niche. Not only the Annual New Year's Eve Office Party, which starts November 19th and continues to June 11th, and the annual Fourth of July Picnic, which starts June 20th and dwindles off in November, sometimes overlapping with the New Year's Eve Party, but also our Valentine's Day Pageant, the Bastille Day Celebration and the Burning of the Green Ceremony. His favorite, I believe, is suffragette Susan B. Anthony's birthday, February 15. All day, he fires his little pistol and his shotgun. The Chief has never gotten along with the thought of women traipsing off to the polls on the very day that all the liquor stores are closed. You know, you're stuck in the house with no woman, no liquor. It can be brutal. So he just shoots up Susan's picture on the wall."

Crowder won't talk about his first meeting with Orville K. Snav because it is remotely but inextricably related to the lamentable episode in Peoria. However, he is not reticent about his own past.

"I was born in Louisville, Kentucky.

My father worked in a tinder mine. When a man works in a coal mine or a foundry, sometimes there's an odd lump of coal or a freak casting to bring home to the kids, but there's not much like that to be found in a tinder mine, so we didn't have much to play with.

"When I was 16, I went on the road as a banjo player in an orchestra. I traveled as a musician until I was 30. So there went 24 years, the prime of my life. Then I had to go to work for a living. There's not much to look forward to now, but the past has been beautiful."

Today Crowder is in his early fifties. He is a large man with a solemn face. His eyes pierce, under bloused lids, through loose-fitting glasses, and he hardly looks like an executive. He looks more like an astrophysicist or a historian or an accordion teacher. In fact, he is an accordion teacher and he has been one ever since he left the orchestra.

Crowder spends what he calls "50 happy hours a week" at the Carleton Stewart Music Store in Mason City, most of it teaching the accordion. Every Wednesday night at 10 he goes to the radio studios of KGLO to handle the title role in a program called "Grandma's Disk Jockey." These two occupations have little to do with his true life work — his labors for Orville K. Snav — although there are those who maintain there is significance in the fact that the BunaB boxes are identical with those in which certain clarinet and saxophone reeds are packed.

Although he can devote only part of his time to Snav Associates, Crowder's tasks there are diverse and demanding. As the company has grown, Crowder has grown with it. "Like many of our big concerns," he says, "the BunaB industry started in a small kitchen laboratory and has flourished mainly through word of mouth. Today its factories occupy part of an eight-square-mile area in the heart of Mason City." This is an ideal location, Crowder believes, because it is halfway between Nebraska and Wisconsin. "Our office space alone occupies 6000 square inches of Snav Tower," Crowder continues. "A lot of people drive by the imposing two-story structure and have no idea of the things that go on inside there. Our Hall of Science adjoins the main laboratory." Crowder is responsible for many phases of BunaB research, production, and even shipping, but it is the voluminous correspondence with satisfied BunaB owners that mainly occupies him. The company's files are kept in notably good order, and at the drop of a name Mr. Crowder can produce comments like these concerning BunaB #7:

Senator Barry Goldwater, Washington,
(continued on page 66)



Above: one of the Assistants to the President lays aside his duties in favor of recreation at Orville Snav's Annual New Year's Eve Office Party. Photo was taken in early March, when festivities were still in full swing.

Below: from these modest beginnings Snav & Associates rose to leadership in its field. Actual laboratory development of BunaB #7 took place in small building, right of center.



Above: today, the Snav combine boasts far-flung, modern facilities. This is Plant #2. BunaBs are fabricated at Plant #1. Plant #2, looking not unlike the Schenley distillery in St. Louis, is engaged in supplying the employees of Plant #1 with the raw material for the New Year's Eve Office Party.

attire By FREDERIC A. BIRMINGHAM

A SLIGHT CASE OF TRICHOTOMY



THROWBACK

MINUTEMAN

tribulations in triplicate on the changing fashion scene

By and large, the day of the split-level personality is over: we're getting divided into thirds now, as becomes our more mathematical age, and this trichotomy has a number of far-reaching effects on how we live.

Drinking, for instance.

Three men enter a bar.

"Manhattan," says the first.

"Dry martini," says number two, "with a twist of lemon."

Number three is brief.

"Bullshot."

There—in a trivial instance and in brief—is an example of the trichotomy facing modern man. Every decision he is called upon to make pulls him in three different directions. Shall he be a Throwback, and order a manhattan, that virtually obsolete potable? Shall he be a Minuteman and make with that still-smart (but oh so familiar) spiel about "very, very dry with a twist"? Or will he jump the field, be a Headstarter, and move out front with that Bullshot (the beef bouillon and vodka thing)?

The trichotomy is pervasive and insidious. And nowhere are its symptoms more apparent than in our choice of clothes.

For our purposes, we can check out the Throwback and his problems rather quickly. Likely as not he's given up his Hoover collar and his spots, but you still may find him donning a too-wide Paisley tie.

But the choice between Minuteman and Headstarter is a very real one for the rest of us.

We take the reasonable position, let us say, that changes in men's fashions—a button moved a quarter of an inch this way or that, or a lapel taking on a life of its own—are hardly true cause for extraordinary sessions of Congress or for sobbing yourself to sleep if you missed out on the new look. But every man is fashion conscious, even if it's a trifle subcutaneous. He may aver that fashion as such is a matter of indifference. It's what isn't fashion—once the matter is brought up—that concerns him.

As an example, ponder the fate of the pink shirt. A few years ago it was the badge of the Madison Avenue executive, the man



HEADSTARTER

tebeocomic.com

who shopped at Brooks. But it was confined to that narrow thoroughfare—until suddenly, the imitators reached out and grabbed it. The elegant curl of the Brooks buttondown collar gave way to cheaper and starchier versions, and pink started to blush on the bosoms of sharp Broadway folk. From those glossy pur-lieus, it moved with reasonable swiftness to the pants shops and the bargain basements, and today the pink shirt survives largely as a useful implement in the hands of a car-washing crew.

Which brings us to our immediate problem, and the pivot of our present fashion trichotomy, and that is to gauge—possibly by celestial navigation, since fashion for men is an inexact science if there ever was one—just where that all-pervading influence, Ivy, stands in relation to us all.

The origins of Ivy, which is one of the most positive fashions to come along in many a year, were curiously negative. If you will glance at the accompanying illustrations to this article, and refer to the one entitled *Throwback*, you'll be looking at certain characteristics which gave Ivy its greatest reverse-twist impetus. Just after World War II, men were acting and talking big, and they wanted their clothes to reflect this. There were the big characteristics: very wide, heavily padded shoulders; the lapels wide and pointed and flared; the jacket double-breasted with lots of room under the arm and in the chest to suggest the ripple of great muscles on the torso; the trousers with a number of pleats across the front to suggest further size, and cut wide all the way down to the cuff; even the hat sported a wide brim and a high crown.

Now, Ivy existed all this time. It had always been on the tables at Brooks Brothers and the wealthy Wall Street broker and his fellows preferred it for its lack of ostentation. There was a whispering campaign at one time that it looked better on middle-aged men with comfortable bay windows, and that *that* was why the more well-to-do preferred it. But the so-called Ivy college undergraduates—who respected their elders' money, if nothing else—also turned this unostentation into a sort of virtuous fashion weapon. Look at me, they seemed to say in their expensive, conservative suits—note well the clothes worn by a man too intelligent and too wealthy to care a hoot about what *hoi polloi* wear.

And then this snobbishness turned on them. Their aristocratic disdain for style created an "Ivy" style which at this writing is a staple among night club comics, busboys on their days off, messenger boys from the corner store, and traveling jelly bean salesmen. These lads rejoice in the deliberately narrowed shoulders, the narrow lapels with the high gorge, the simple straight lines and

high-button front, the narrow trousers and the cordovan bluchers, which not too long ago were the very insignia of the Ivy crowd that disdained the muscle-bound look we saw in the *Throwback*. Now, we all, even the Ivy lads wearing Ivy, are Minutemen, for better or worse.

Of course, Ivy is very much with us, and will be for some time. Men's fashions don't really move; they ooze along imperceptibly like a glacier covering a few yards every year. But it must be observed that a great many of what one Manhattan rental agent specializing in swank properties euphemistically calls "sensitive people" are mincing around in a kind of super-Ivy which is definitely comic. The shoulders are so narrow it must pain their owners to squeeze into them. The trousers are so snug and tapered that the lads have a literally self-contained look. They have exaggerated the initial simplicity of Ivy until it is achieving some truly complicated results.

There is bound to be a reaction to this, of course. In some quarters it is already taking place. The strong group instinct of the college crowd will keep it Ivy for a long time to come, but young fellows a few years out are getting a little uneasy over the sleazy parodies inspired by Ivy, and are wondering what the next trend may be.

Right now, as so often happens when fashions in anything are in flux, there are baleful and malign influences at work in men's wear. A raft of so-called Italianate and European garments are screaming—in cut and color—for your attention. Most are flamboyant and melodramatic experiments, with small survival value except among a limited coterie of misguided exhibitionists. Some of this garb will inevitably be affected by second-rate Hollywood moguls, or middle-aged magnates from smalltown emporia paying their first visits (complete with wife and kiddies) to Miami or Provincetown. The sapient young sophisticate won't be tempted by such sartorial monstrosities: they play no real part in his trichotomy. But a residue of good from these gaudy attempts to make every man his own walking colorama will probably remain in the form of a growing awareness that a too-slavish adherence to the safely drab can be as unexciting as last night's canapés were this morning, and that a good gentleman's tailor can flatter as well as fit the male figure without distorting it.

We've had a few feelers out for what the Headstarter will be wearing very soon, and from the looks of things, we figure that men are going to like what seems to be coming up. Nobody knows for sure, as yet, but the prognosticators with the best weather eye (and high batting averages) seem to think that the

new silhouette will express in clothing much of the elegant Continental mood you've already noticed—as, for example, in the slimmer shoe styles that are successfully competing with the old, hefty "custom-type" shoe with the thick sole.

In our third sketch, labeled the Headstarter, we've caught something of this Continental air. The shoulders will be natural, without the definite attempt to squeeze, à la extreme Ivy (which too often results in a pear-shaped appearance), and there may even be a bit of padding in them, although never as much as the old swagger type carried. The suit will strive for a casualness, with a touch of the tailored look, which will probably cut a few inches off the long jacket which hangs low—in stern denial of any desire to suggest following a body line. The new suit will not be quite so deliberately unconscious of styling; the ultra-Ivy lapel will broaden a bit, and the top button of your jacket, which you may have expected to find right under your chin in about one more year, will relax and slide down a bit lower on your chest. The shorter jacket will, of course, give your trousers a longer, leaner look. European clothiers favor tapered trousers; these will undoubtedly stay with us. The more dashing versions will probably go in for fancy pockets or even Edwardian cuffs on the sleeves. The least you can expect is something of a nip-in at the waist.

This is probably what the natural look of a few years ago was going to evolve into—with the Continental influences slowly coming to bear upon it—had not Ivy caught the fancy of everyone in sight and temporarily blocked any further evolution in fashion by its strong and youthful individuality. It's a good style, still. But don't let our laboratory problem in trichotomy obscure the fact that a Minuteman who never alters his ideas or his fashions simply suffers a gradual sea change into something strange (but not always rich) and winds up looking suspiciously like a *Throwback*. We're not trying to push you into being anything: after all, Babe Ruth wore a camel's-hair cap in his heyday, and now they're coming back again. Standing still sometimes has its virtues, if you don't mind just waiting around for the world to catch up with you. But there are gentle seismographic rumblings indicating the first cracking in the Ivy substratum, and we thought we'd let you know about them in these early stages. Fashion creates its own obsolescence; today's fine-feathered friend may well turn out to be tomorrow's dodo. It behooves you—as the hounds of spring come bay-ing in—to take a good look around. Like in the pages of *PLAYBOY*, for instance.



Gahan Wilson

"Sorry to keep you so late, but I'm determined to get to the bottom of this werewolf fixation of yours."

food By THOMAS MARIO

SAUCES FOR THE GANDER

they complement festive foods and are delights in their own right

"COOKING AND ROASTING are things to teach," said Brillat-Savarin; "it needs a genius to make a sauce."

Possibly. But a genius without a recipe might find himself outclassed by a lesser talent equipped with a really sound set of instructions. Such a fellow, if he keeps his wits about him, can turn out a fine sauce that will do much more than merely flatter food—it will also stand in its own right as an exciting experience in eating, for few snacks are more savory than a saucy sauce and a small heel of French bread.

What the novice American *saucier* does lack, and what his French brother has in abundance, is tradition. Ever since the middle ages when hawkers drove their carts through the streets of Paris shouting their latest sauce creations, and professional *sauciers* had already set up their own independent guild, a great culinary tradition has been nurtured. Sauces like the *mère* or "mother" sauces—the basic brown and white sauces from which other sauces are derived—were developed literally over hundreds of years of labor, experimentation and criticism. Fortunately, Americans can dip into this tradition and select for their own repertoire innumerable sauces that no longer require 14 hours of stirring, reduction and despumation. Luscious velvety sauces can now be prepared in a matter of minutes.

It's important to understand the two main ways in which sauces are concocted. First of all, there are the sauces that are made apart from the food with which they are served. The tomato sauce under a breaded veal cutlet or the egg sauce

poured over boiled fresh salmon are examples of this type. Then there is the second category—those sauces that are created as part of the preparation of other foods. For instance, if you sautéed breast of chicken, then added sherry and light cream, and simmered the liquid slowly until it reached the consistency of heavy cream, you'd have this second type of sauce dish. In America we often call this type of sauce a gravy, such as the gravy of a lamb stew.

The quantity of sauce accompanying a particular dish may vary greatly. It may completely cloak the food as does the robe of golden hollandaise poured over fresh asparagus. At other times it may be merely a small liquid ribbon like the dark devil sauce poured around a grilled pork chop. But in either case it must be so luscious that it transmutes the food it punctuates. Naturally there are some foods that require no sauce at all. A broiled thick spring lamb chop, for instance, should be adorned with nothing more than a light brushing of butter and perhaps a drop of lemon juice. But other dishes—like calf's liver, smoked ham, veal chops, duckling and filet of sole, to mention only a few—fairly cry for a fine piquant sauce.

A sauce cook's worst potential enemy is flour. Now, in most sauces flour is indispensable as the thickening agent. But if the flour remains raw or semi-cooked, as it does too often, you don't have a sauce but a thick mucilaginous mess that suffocates any food with which it is served. The graduate sauce cook simmers his sauce not merely until it is thick but until it is glossy, the signal that every

bit of raw floury taste has disappeared. The most nearly perfect thickening agent (that is, the one which conveys practically no flavor of its own to a sauce) is arrowroot, a powder made from the root of a West Indian plant. It takes only one third as much arrowroot as flour to thicken an equal quantity of sauce, but arrowroot leaves the sauce transparent rather than opaque, and is therefore not widely used. Other sauces in which rich flavors must be maintained intact, like hollandaise, are thickened with egg yolks. Finally there are sauces that are self-thickening—like the tomato sauces served with spaghetti, which become thick as their own ingredients are gradually reduced in the saucepan. Just remember: the best sauce betrays as little floury taste as possible.

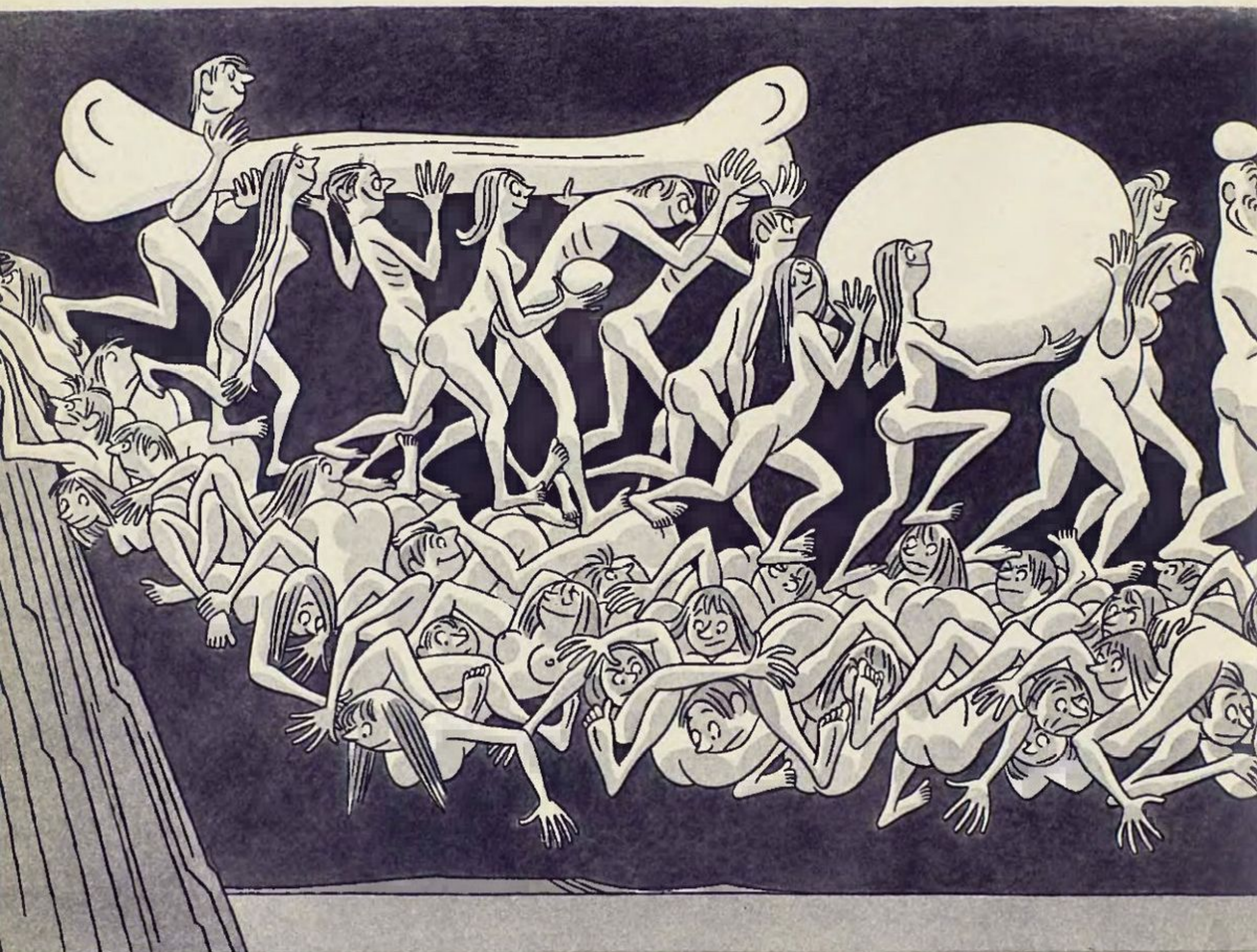
The sauce cook and the soupçon are inseparable. In no other branch of cookery does the shred of herbs, the scintilla of spice, the gleam of sherry or the hint of garlic count for so much. When completing sauces, immediately before they go to the table, you may wish to avail yourself of such finishers as monosodium glutamate, Worcestershire sauce, cayenne pepper, garlic powder and others, never forgetting to use them in grains or droplets, not shovelfuls.

The soul of a fine sauce is its liquid or stock. Some liquids like milk, cream, tomato juice or melted butter are all ready for the saucepan, and require no previous preparation. Other liquids, like the stock for brown sauces, once took hours, even in some cases days, to make. During the dark ages of American cook-

(continued on page 36)



THE SHORT-SHORT STORY OF MANKIND



an improbable allegory of human history compressed for a very small time capsule

IT WAS PRETTY DRAFTY in the cave in the middle of the afternoon. There wasn't any fire — the last spark had gone out six months ago and the family wouldn't have any more fire until lightning struck another tree.

Joe came into the cave all scratched up and some hunks of hair torn out and he flopped down on the wet ground and bled — Old William was arguing away with Old Bert who was his brother and also his son, if you look at it one way. They were quarreling mildly over a spoiled chunk of mammoth meat.

Old William said, "Why don't you give some to your mother?"

"Why?" asked Old Bert. "She's my wife, isn't she?"

And that finished that, so they both took after Joe.

"Where's Al?" one of them asked and the other said, "You forgot to roll the rock in front of the door."

Joe didn't even look up and the two old men agreed that kids were going to the devil. "I tell you it was different in my day," Old William said. "They had some respect for their elders or they

got what for."

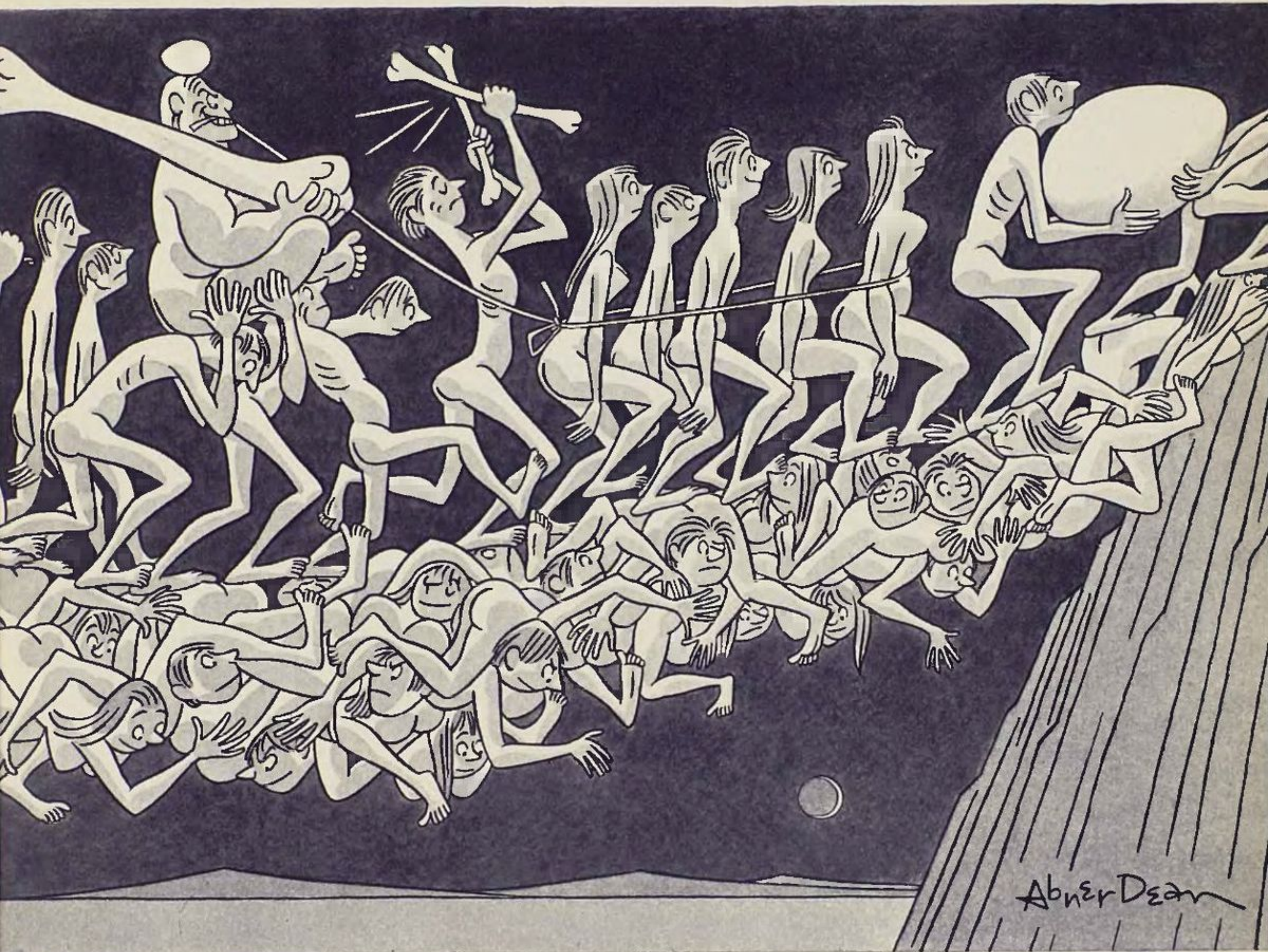
After a while Joe stopped bleeding and he caked some mud on his cuts. "Al's gone," he said.

Old Bert asked brightly, "Saber tooth?"

"No, it's that new bunch that moved into the copse down the draw. They ate Al."

"Savages," said Old William. "Still live in trees. They aren't civilized. We don't hardly ever eat people."

Joe said, "We got hardly anybody to eat except relatives and we're getting



low on relatives."

"Those foreigners!" said Old Bert.

"Al and I dug a pit," said Joe. "We caught a horse and those tree people came along and ate our horse. When we complained, they ate Al."

"Well, you go right out and get us one of them and we'll eat him," Old William said.

"Me and who else?" said Joe. "Last time it was warm there was 12 of us here. Now there's only four. Why, I saw my own sister Sally sitting up in a tree with a savage. Had my heart set on Sally, too, Pa," Joe went on a little uncertainly, because Old William was not only his father, but his uncle and his

first and third cousins, and his brother-in-law. "Pa, why don't we join up with those tree people? They've got a net kind of thing—catch all sorts of animals. They eat better than we do."

"Son," said Old William, "they're foreigners, that's why. They live in trees. We can't associate with savages. How'd you like your sister to marry a savage?"

"She did!" said Joe. "We could have them come and live in our cave. Maybe they'd show us how to use that net thing."

"Never," said Old Bert. "We couldn't trust 'em. They might eat us in our sleep."

"If we didn't eat them first," said

Joe. "I sure would like to have me a nice juicy piece of savage right now. I'm hungry."

"Next thing you know, you'll be saying those tree people are as good as us," Old William said. "I never saw such a boy. Why, where'd authority be? Those foreigners would take over. We'd have to look up to 'em. They'd outnumber us."

"I hate to tell you this, Pa," said Joe, "I've got a busted arm. I can't dig pits any more—neither can you. You're too old. Bert can't either. We've got to merge up with those tree people or we aren't gonna eat anything or anybody."

"Over my dead body," said Old Wil-

liam, and then he saw Joe's eyes on his skinny flank and he said, "Now, Joe, don't you go getting ideas about your pa."

Well, a long time ago before the tribe first moved out of the drippy cave, there was a man named Elmer. He piled up some rocks in a circle and laid brush on top and took to living there. The elders killed Elmer right off. If anybody could go off and live by himself, why, where would authority be? But pretty soon, those elders moved into Elmer's house and then the other families made houses just like it. It was pretty nice with no water dripping in your face.

So, they made Elmer a god — used to swear by him. Said he was the moon.

Everything was going along fine when another tribe moved into the valley. They didn't have Elmer houses, though. They shacked up in skin tents. But you know, they had a funny kind of a gadget that shot little sticks . . . shot them a long way. They could just stand still and pick off a pig, oh . . . 50 yards away — wouldn't have to run it down and maybe get a tusk in the groin.

The skin tribe shot so much game that naturally the Elmer elders said those savages had to be got rid of. They didn't even know about Elmer — that's how ignorant *they* were. The old people sharpened a lot of sticks and fired the points and they said, "Now you young fellas go out and drive those skin people away. You can't fail because you've got Elmer on your side."

Now, it seems that a long time ago there was a skin man named Max. He thought up this stick shooter so they killed him, naturally, but afterwards they said he was the sun. So, it was a war between Elmer, the moon, and Max, the sun, but in the course of it a whole slew of young skin men and a whole slew of young Elmer men got killed. Then a forest fire broke out and drove the game away. Elmer people and skin people had to take for the hills all together. The elders of both tribes never would accept it. They complained until they died.

You can see from this that the world started going to pot right from the beginning. Things would be going along fine — law and order and all that and the elders in charge — and then, some smart aleck would invent something and spoil the whole business — like the man Ralph who forgot to kill all the wild chickens he caught and had to build a hen house, or like the real trouble-maker, Jojo *au front du chien*, who patted some seeds into damp ground and invented farming. Of course, they tore Jojo's arms and legs off and rightly so because when people plant seeds, they can't go golly-wacking around the country enjoying themselves. When you've

got a crop in, you stay with it and get the weeds out of it and harvest it. Furthermore, everything and everybody wants to take your crop away from you — weeds — bugs — birds — animals — men —. A farmer spends all his time fighting something off. The elders can call on Elmer all they want, but that won't keep the neighbors from over the hill out of your corn crib.

Well, there was a strong boy named Rudolph, but called Buggy. Buggy would break his back wrestling but he wouldn't bring in an armload of wood. Buggy just naturally liked to fight and he hated to work, so he said, "You men just plant your crops and don't worry. I'll take care of you. If anybody bothers you, I'll clobber 'em. You can give me a few chickens and a couple of handfuls of grits for my trouble."

The elders blessed Buggy and pretty soon they got him mixed up with Elmer. Buggy went right along with them. He gathered a dozen strong boys and built a fort up on the hill to take care of those farmers and their crops. When you take care of something, pretty soon you own it.

Buggy and his boys would stroll around picking over the crop of wheat and girls and when they'd worked over their own valley, they'd go rollicking over the hill to see what the neighbors had stored up or born. Then the strong boys from over the hill would come rollicking back and what they couldn't carry off they burned until pretty soon it was more dangerous to be protected than not to be. Buggy took everything loose up to his fort to protect it and very little ever came back down. He figured his grandfather was Elmer now and that made him different from other people. How many people do you know that have the moon in their family?

By now the elders had confused protection with virtue because Buggy passed out his surplus to the better people. The elders were pretty hard on anybody who complained. They said it was a sin. Well, the farmers built a wall around the hill to sit in when the going got rough. They hated to see their crops burn up, but they hated worse to see themselves burn up and their wife Agnes and their daughter Clarinda.

About that time the whole system turned over. Instead of Buggy protecting them, it was their duty to protect him. He said he got the idea from Elmer one full-moon night.

People spent a lot of time sitting behind the wall waiting for the smoke to clear and they began to fool around with willows from the river, making baskets. And it's natural for people to make more things than they need.

Now, it happens often enough so that you can make a rule about it. There's

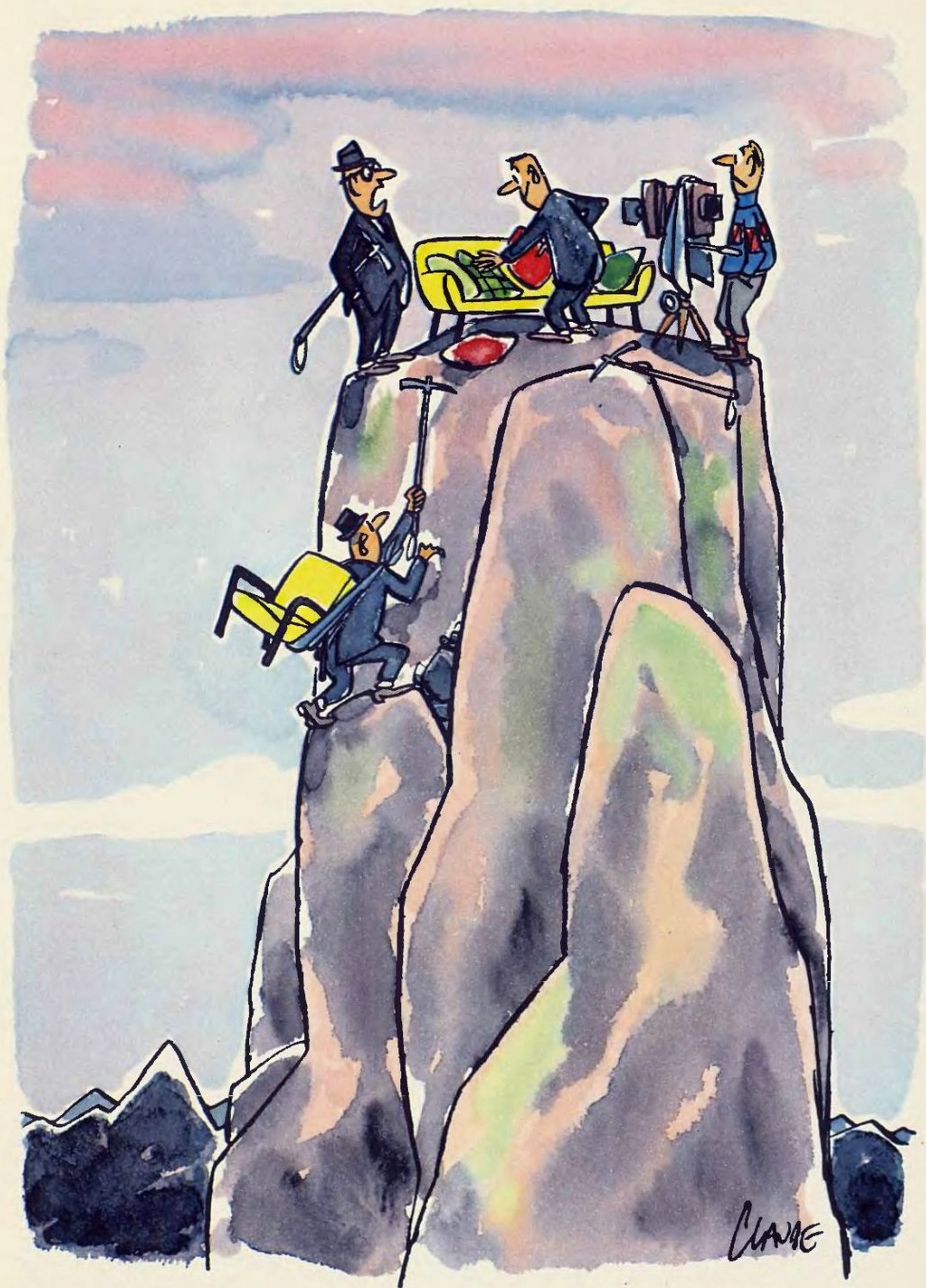
always going to be a joker. This one was named Harry and he said, "Those ignorant pigs over the hill don't have any willows so they don't have any baskets, but you know what they do? — benighted though they are, they take mud and pat it out and put it in the fire and you can boil water in it. I'll bet if we took them some baskets they'd give us some of those baked mud pots." They had to hang Harry head down over a bonfire. Nobody can put a knife in the status quo and get away with it. But it wasn't long before the basket people got to sneaking over the hill and coming back with pots. Buggy tried to stop it and the elders were right with him. It took people away from the fields, exposed them to dangerous ideas. Why, pots got to be like money and money is worse than an idea. Buggy himself said, "Makes folks restless — why, it makes a man think he's as good as the ones that got it a couple of generations earlier" and how's that for being un-Elmer? The elders agreed with Buggy, of course, but they couldn't stop it, so they all had to join it. Buggy took half the pots they brought back and pretty soon he took over the willow concession so he got the whole thing.

About then some savages moved up on the hill and got to raiding the basket and pot trade. The only thing to do was for Buggy, the basket, to marry the daughter of Willy, the pot, and when they all died off, Herman Pot-Basket pulled the whole business together and made a little state and that worked out fine.

Well, it went on from state to league and from league to nation. (A nation usually had some kind of natural boundary like an ocean or a mountain range or a river to keep it from spilling over.) It worked out fine until a bunch of jokers invented long-distance stuff like directed missiles and atom bombs. Then a river or an ocean didn't do a bit of good. It got too dangerous to have separate nations just as it had been to have separate families.

When people are finally faced with extinction, they have to do something about it. Now we've got the United Nations and the elders are right in there fighting it the way they fought coming out of caves. But we don't have much choice about it. It isn't any goodness of heart and we may not want to go ahead but right from the cave time we've had to choose and so far we've never chosen extinction. It'd be kind of silly if we killed ourselves off after all this time. If we do, we're stupider than the cave people and I don't think we are. I think we're just exactly as stupid and that's pretty bright in the long run.





"God help you, Hagley, if this ad isn't a success!"

SAUCES FOR THE GANDER *(continued from page 30)*

ery ordinary tap water was used. In France the *fonds* or foundation stocks were always the long cooking variety. Here is where the old-line sauce cook and today's bachelor chef part company. The modern kitchen benedict uses the bouillons now available in a bewildering variety of concentrated powders, cubes, granules, pastes and soups. Even in hotels noted for their *haute cuisine* you will now find such concentrated stocks in common use. Many of them are actually superior to the ordinary run of stocks found in the average restaurant.

Men who are absolute neophytes in cookery can now buy prepared sauces that require no toil whatever. First of all there are the frozen sauces put up by the Restaurant Maxim's de Paris corporation, processed in the United States. These frozen gourmet sauces merely need thawing and heating. For some time, fresh hollandaise sauce put up in jars and kept under refrigeration has been available in specialty food stores. It may not be as superb as the best fresh hollandaise sauce, but it excels the average hollandaise you'll find in public eating places. There are now instant hollandaise and instant béarnaise sauces put up in powdered form under the Maison Julien label. They are reconstituted with butter and water. The comparatively new General Foods line of gourmet items includes imported sauces from France put up in 4½-ounce cans. Under Sardi's label you will find an 8-ounce can of Sauce Magic, a basic white sauce that can be easily converted to such varieties as curry sauce, paprika sauce and others. Many of the thick concentrated soups are quickly adaptable as sauces. Thus frozen shrimp soup may be thawed, laced with sherry or brandy and cream, and poured over fish, seafood and egg dishes.

Of course, all these sure-fire ready sauces include a certain cost in addition to the money you pay. That cost is simply that you give up some of your own creative fun for a certain standardization. Some fellows don't mind if their palates react in exactly the same way as everybody else's. Others prefer the unique experience that comes from coaxing their own individual miracles out of a saucepan.

The following oddments of culinary advice will be helpful for all disciples of the sauce-maker's art. Whenever possible, in place of onions, use shallots, the small yellow bulbs that look like miniature onions. Shallots give a lush mellow flavor to any sauce, but unhappily are seldom available at ordinary fruit and vegetable stands. When melted fat and flour are combined to make a sauce, use a fine wire whip to prevent lump formation. If lumps do form, in spite of every care,

force the sauce through a fine wire strainer. While sauce is simmering, stir it with a wooden or stainless steel spoon to prevent a thick layer from forming around the bottom rim of the saucepan. Continued beating with a wire whip in a soft aluminum pan may discolor a white sauce. For eye appeal, brown gravy color may be added to any brown sauce and a drop or two of yellow color to any white sauce. When wine is added at the end of the cooking period rather than at the beginning, use a fine table wine rather than ordinary cooking wine if possible, since the wine flavor will emerge rather distinctly.

In the following recipes for basic sauces and variations on them, no portions are indicated, since there is actually no such thing as a portion of sauce. Most of the recipes will yield approximately one measuring cup of sauce.

SAUCE ESPAGNOLE

This is the basic French brown sauce called *Espagnole* or Spanish because it's dark or brunette. It should not be confused with the thick Spanish sauce made largely of unstrained tomatoes, frequently served with omelets. Be sure the consommé used for the stock is the condensed type which normally requires an equal quantity of water for serving as soup. In the recipe below, however, it should *not* be diluted with water. The dried onion flakes, parsley flakes, chervil and dried mushrooms in this recipe are all excellent labor savers that perform just about as nicely as the fresh vegetables for this particular job. Fresh vegetables, of course, can be used, if such is your fancy. Use *Sauce Espagnole*, or any suitable variation, on smoked beef tongue, baked ham, veal steaks or chops, calf's liver, broiled veal kidneys or lamb kidneys, Salisbury steak or hot meat sandwiches.

- 10½-oz. can condensed consommé or bouillon
- ¼ cup tomato juice
- ¼ cup water
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 1 tablespoon onion flakes
- ½ teaspoon parsley flakes
- ⅛ teaspoon dried chervil
- 3 medium-sized pieces dried mushroom
- ⅛ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce

In a small saucepan pour the consommé, tomato juice and water. Slowly bring to a boil. In another saucepan, melt the butter slowly, without browning it. Stir in the flour. Mix with a wire whip until the flour is well blended. Let the mixture, called a *roux*, remain over a very low flame and stir it constantly until it turns a deep golden color similar to coffee ice cream. Slowly stir

in the hot liquids from the first saucepan. Add the onion flakes, parsley flakes, chervil and mushrooms. Simmer over the lowest possible flame 25-30 minutes. Skim when necessary. Strain the sauce. Add Worcestershire sauce and seasoning to taste.

Sauce Chasseur: Omit dried mushrooms and onion flakes from brown sauce recipe. Slice thin 3 medium-sized fresh mushrooms. Finely mince 1 small onion. Sauté mushrooms and onion in butter before adding flour. Add 3 tablespoons sherry to sauce when finished cooking. Use the sauce, unstrained, for glorifying braised beef, roast chicken or guinea hen, veal cutlets or venison steak.

Devil Sauce: To consommé add 12 crushed whole peppercorns. Cook sauce as directed. Make a paste of 1 teaspoon dried mustard, 1 teaspoon prepared mustard and 1 tablespoon cold water. Add mustard mixture and ¼ cup finely chopped sour pickle to strained brown sauce. Ladle it around roast fresh ham, roast loin of pork, grilled pork chops, smoked tongue or broiled fresh mackerel.

Red Wine Marrow Sauce: Prepare basic brown sauce. In a separate pan combine ½ cup dry red wine and 1 tablespoon minced shallots or spring onions if shallots are not available. Cook wine and shallots until wine is reduced to ¼ cup. Strain wine into brown sauce. With a paring knife gouge out enough marrow from raw beef marrow bones to fill ¼ cup. Cut the marrow into small dice. Wash the marrow and add it to the strained brown sauce. Heat for one-half minute. Spoon sauce over minute steaks, London broil or broiled lamb kidneys.

Sauce Bigarrade: Remove the peel, in large pieces, from one medium-sized California orange. With a very sharp knife cut away the inner white membrane from the outer peel. Cut the peel into very thin slivers about one-inch long. Put the slivers in water and boil for one minute. Drain. To strained brown sauce add orange slivers, 2 tablespoons orange juice, 2 tablespoons dry white wine, 2 tablespoons curaçao and ⅛ teaspoon lemon juice. Simmer one minute. This is the classic sauce for roast duckling or broiled baby duckling.

SAUCE BÉCHAMEL

This sauce named after Louis de Béchamel, an officer in the court of Louis XIV, may seem similar to the usual white sauce untutored brides learn before they know how to boil an egg, but a few small additions transform it into an epicurean elixir.

- 2 tablespoons butter
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 1 cup hot milk
- 1 small onion sliced
- ½ small bay leaf

(concluded on page 64)



SHOWGIRL IN THE SUN

a vegas venus mixes vitamins with va-va-voom



GONE ARE THE DREAR, dread days beyond recall when we were led to believe that showgirls had a pretty bad time of it in the sunshine-and-health department — late hours, smoke-filled rooms, nightclub pallor, and other offenses to God and man. Today, tongue-clucking do-gooders would find it a tough task convincing us that the life of a showgirl (in Las Vegas, anyway) is anything but Reilly. Look at Felicia Atkins, if you haven't already. She spends her nights in the chorus line of the sumptuous Hotel Tropicana, gladdening the eyes of all beholders with her finely fashioned five-feet-seven-and-a-half-inches. By day, she sleeps late in a swank suite of the same hostelry, eats a mountainous breakfast, then squeezes into a bikini and slips out to soak up a skinful of Vitamin C and splash about in a cool pool until it's time to dry off the *corpore sano* and get ready for the evening's extravaganza. For this, mind you, she gets paid. Another nice thing that's happened to felicitous Felicia is her appearance as our Playmate for the month of April. It's nice for us, too.

Like the well-known mad dogs, Englishmen and other eccentrics, full-bodied Felicia disrobes behind some friendly flora and then brownly basks in the noonday sun.





The bracing blue of the Tropicana's pool beckons to the lovely lady. Right: she emerges, cool as a julep.



MISS APRIL PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





MISS APRIL PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





PLAYMATE PHOTOGRAPH BY R. BERNARD. OTHER PHOTOGRAPHS BY BILL BRIDGES



As showtime nears, Felicia ties up her tresses and makes with the paint and the powder.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The house detective had been told to check the guest's luggage in room 1013 for any property belonging to the hotel.

"Did you find any towels in his suitcase?" asked the manager.

"Not a one," replied the detective, "but I found a chambermaid in his grip."



How is it I find you making love to my daughter?" stormed the outraged father. "I ask you, young man, how is it?"

"Why, just great, sir," replied the calm young man, "just great!"

Doctor," said the obviously disturbed young man to his psychiatrist, "my biggest problem is that I always dream about baseball. Nothing but baseball."

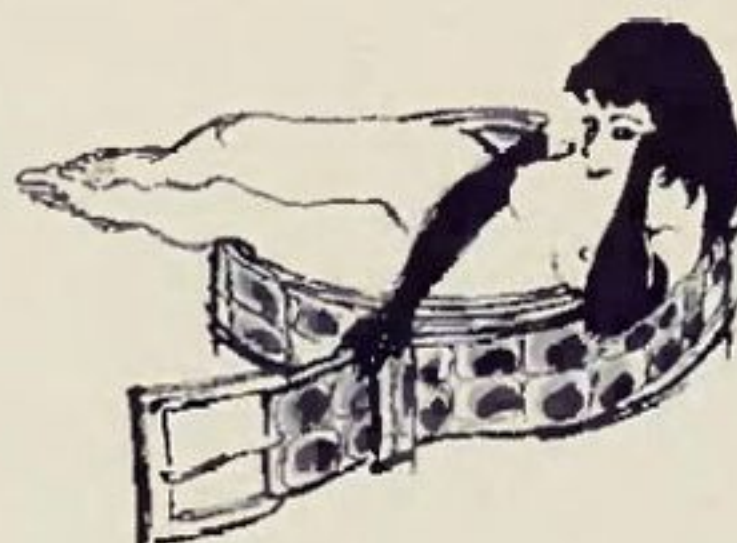
"Don't you ever dream about girls?" asked the headshrinker.

"I don't dare," said the young man. "I'm afraid I'll lose my turn at bat."

I know a place," said the sharp college coed to her sorority sister, "where men don't wear anything, except maybe a watch once in a while."

"Where is that?" the second campus cutie asked eagerly.

"Around the wrist, silly."



A wealthy young American was wandering through the Montmartre section of Paris when he came upon a lovely French miss who looked for all the world like Brigitte Bardot.

"Could I buy you a drink?" he asked, by way of striking up a conversation.

"No thank you," she said, "I don't drink."

"What about a little dinner with me in my room?"

"No, I don't believe that would be

proper," she said.

Having had no success with the subtler approaches, the young man pressed directly to the point: "I am charmed by your refreshing beauty, mademoiselle, and will give you anything your heart desires if you will spend the night with me."

"Oh, no, no, monsieur, I could never do a thing like that."

"Tell me," the young man said, laughing, "don't you ever do anything the slightest bit improper?"

"Oui," said the French girl, "I tell lies."

We just heard about the unlucky fellow who phoned his girl to see if she was doing anything that evening. She said she wasn't, so he took her out. And sure enough, she wasn't.



Your continual unfaithfulness proves you are an absolute rotter," stormed the outraged wife who had just caught her husband for the seventh time in a sportive romp with another woman.

"Quite the contrary," came the cool reply. "It merely proves that I'm too good to be true."

Joe sat at his dying wife's bedside. Her voice was little more than a whisper.

"Joe, darling," she breathed, "I've a confession to make before I go... I... I'm the one who took the \$10,000 from your safe... I spent it on a fling with your best friend, Charles. And it was I who forced your mistress to leave the city. And I am the one who reported your income tax evasion to the government..."

"That's all right, dearest, don't give it a second thought," answered Joe. "I'm the one who poisoned you."

Heard any good ones lately? Send your favorites to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 232 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Ill., and earn an easy five dollars for each joke used. In case of duplicates, payment goes to first received. Jokes cannot be returned.



"Since I met her, I feel twenty years younger . . ."

PRESTIGE ON WHEELS

(continued from page 22)

of slices of bread and a cup of milk. The boy was a born mechanic, perhaps close to a genius, and with a little break here and there, he clawed his way along until, at 21, he had a small company of his own, making electrical appliances. He went on to make bigger things—dynamoes, electric cranes, and by 1899, when he was 36, he had \$100,000 worth of orders on the books. A little later he began to be interested in the contemporary automobiles. They were, he decided, mechanically disgraceful. He bought a Decauville, took it apart and put it back together again a few times, and then in 1903 announced that he was going to build three automobiles of his own. The depression following the Boer War had hurt his own business, and branching out into anything as hazardous as motorcars seemed a poor idea to his associates, but he did it anyway.

The first car ran on April 1, 1904. It was a two-cylinder roadster of entirely conventional design. Much of it Royce had made himself, and by hand. He pushed himself unbelievably hard, and the people who worked with him would have been excused if they had lynched him. Royce could, and did, work three days and nights without leaving the shop and with almost no sleep or food. He paid his mechanics five shillings a week, and their week was usually 100 hours. That would be literally a dollar a week today, say five dollars actually, devaluation considered. He begrudged them every minute of idleness, he saw no reason they should not work and eat at the same time—if they *had* to eat. As for him, he rarely bothered. But because he was really a kindly man, and because he worked out of a passion to build, to create, and not to make money, his employees took it, and even appeared to like it. When they felt they were starving, they would send out for food, and someone would force Royce to eat some of it, usually an egg, a glass of milk, or a piece of bread. He'd grumble, but usually he'd stuff it down.

Royce's intention in his first car was primarily to make it a quiet one. He had been appalled by the racket most cars made. And when the car rolled out of the shop that day in April, exactly 54 years ago this month, it *was* quiet, although it was hard to tell at first: every mechanic in the place was swinging a hammer against an anvil in celebration.

He built the other two cars and sold one of them to a man who introduced him to the Hon. Charles Stewart Rolls, third son of the first Baron Llangattock. Rolls was young, rich, and full of the vital juices: he had raced motorcycles and automobiles, he was a dedicated free balloonist, and he learned to fly an airplane almost as soon as it was possible

to do so. Rolls and a Claude Johnson were partners in an automobile sales firm in London, and when they had driven Royce's car they abandoned their other franchises, and the firm of Rolls-Royce came into being. Claude Johnson was a major figure in the firm from the first day on, and so were two of Royce's crew of slave-driven co-workers, one of whom rose to be general manager of the company.

There were four models in the first Rolls-Royce line: a two-cylinder, a three, a four and a six. Later Royce added a V-eight-cylinder model called the "Legalimit" because it was impossible to drive it over 20 miles an hour, and thus impossible for any speed-trap cop to tag it. It was one of his few mistakes. Then as now, motorists preferred to take their chances. The six-cylinder car was run in various touring-car competitions and did well, and the company soon had more orders on hand than could be filled. These cars have nearly all disappeared now, and in any case would be notable only as collectors' items. In 1907 the Silver Ghost model was introduced, and with it, the fame of the name Rolls-Royce really began. The Silver Ghost was one of the milestones of automobile history, one of the greatest cars ever built. The car was so good that it was in production for 19 years, longer than any other automobile ever built, with one exception: the French-made Citroën, built for 23 years and six months.

The Silver Ghost was a six-cylinder car. It was phenomenally quiet, utterly smooth in running, and built to last almost forever. There is at least one Silver Ghost running today with 500,000 miles on the odometer. In 1907 the accepted way to advertise a car was to do something spectacular with it. Rolls-Royce looked for impossible hills, and sent Ghosts up them with nine men aboard. They ran a car from London to Glasgow and back nonstop at a rate of 20.86 miles to the gallon. They ran one nonstop for 14,371 miles and had it stripped by the Royal Automobile Club, with instructions to replace every part that showed even microscopic wear. The cost was two pounds, two shillings, say \$10.50. Beyond any doubt, they had made the best car in the world.

In 1910 Rolls was killed flying a Wright airplane. Not long afterwards Henry Royce had a complete physical collapse, induced by overwork and, not surprisingly, malnutrition. He was by now a wealthy man, and he was starving to death because he still wouldn't take time to eat. His physicians gave him three months to live. Claude Johnson took him to France to recuperate. They stopped in a little village called Le Canadel, and Royce said he thought he

would like to live there. A villa was built for him and for the rest of his life—23 years—he was never within 100 miles of the Rolls-Royce factory. Nonetheless, he ran the shop with an iron hand. An office was built near his home, staffed with draftsmen and secretaries, and from then on Royce built automobiles by mail. Year after year a tremendous volume of letters, orders, sketches and designs flowed into the home office at Derby. Nothing on the Rolls-Royce, not a cotter-pin or a bolt-head, could be changed without his knowledge and consent, and his wild-eyed insistence on quality first and economy last, dead last, motivated everybody in the company.

Royce made the best automobile the world has seen on the simplest principles. He insisted, fanatically, everlastingly, that only the best raw material in the world be bought; then, that it be fashioned into the most efficient form, regardless of cost. Then, that every part be tested to destruction and the flaw that caused it to break eliminated. Last, that the individual parts be joined by devoted men doing the very best they knew how. Royce once heard a mechanic say that a certain part was "good enough as it was." He almost had to be physically restrained, his rage was so great. He was monumentally disinterested in cost. He wanted quiet timing gears, and he *had* quiet timing gears, finished and stoned by hand. To finish them cost as much as the whole price of a small automobile. The cost of making a Rolls-Royce engine was seven times the cost of a top-quality competitive engine, the cost of the steering gear, 12 times. You could buy a competitive clutch complete for the cost of one plate alone on a Rolls-Royce clutch.

The steel Royce used was made for him in Sheffield, and he had a man on full-time duty in the mill to see that it was made as he wanted it. When parts were processed out of this steel, every one of them had an extra piece, an "car," to be cut off when the piece was finished, and sent to the laboratory for testing. This was solely to determine if any change had taken place in the metal during the manufacturing process. If the laboratory reported a microscopic change, the piece was junked. Royce used no rivets in his chassis, only square-headed nuts and bolts. The holes for the bolts were hand-reamed, and the sides of the hole were not parallel, they were tapered. Then the metal around them was polished, and examined under magnification to detect hairline cracks. If a crack showed under the glass, the whole chassis went straight to the scrap pile. If there were no cracks, then the bolt went in, and the castellated nut was tightened to an exact tension. To test a completed car, Royce had it put on his "bumping

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drake's bad boy was determined to crash out of the school for brats

By JOHN WALLACE

A STRETCH IN SIBERIA

MR. CUTTS, the English master, said: "We will now have Mr. Drake on the mystery of William Shakespeare's *Hamlet*. Mr. Drake, if you please."

Drake came to the prescribed position of attention and marched to the side of the desk. He made a smart about-face. The paper trembled a little in his hand, but Drake was more exultant than nervous. This was showdown.

He cleared his throat. "Dis Homlet," he read, "he don' make me sensible. Dot mon, he t'row away hees prettybird, an' get put down."

Drake lowered the paper. The faces of his classmates stared back at him woodenly. OK, you tame bastards, Drake thought. This is my crashout anyway. Strictly mine. He waited for Cutts to blow.

"A succinct and original précis," Mr. Cutts said mildly. Drake's mouth tightened. "However," Mr. Cutts said, "somewhat off the question. We wanted your thoughts, Mr. Drake, on Ophelia's suicide, specifically."

OK, Drake thought. OK. "Sir?" he said.

"Mr. Drake," said Mr. Cutts.

"Perhaps, sir, she wasn't getting

Suddenly, quietly, she said, "Are you faking?"



enough," Drake said. "Perhaps she was one of these big women, you know? And maybe he was one of these sort of runty little guys." He turned his head slightly and smiled gently down on Mr. Cutts, who was indeed a thin little man. Right where he lives, thought Drake. Right where he lives. Him and that big-butted nurse of his. Very handy for old Cutts, her having an apartment right off the infirmary. Her and her big mouth and her sleepy eyes, you could tell she needed lots of it. Well, thought Drake, now he knows I know. I guess he'll get off my neck now. I guess he'll be glad to get rid of me by June.

"A true 16th Century approach," Mr. Cutts said. "Evidently Mr. Drake scorns the subtleties of the contemporary Freudian attitude. I will have 500 words from you, Mr. Drake, if you please and for the next class, on the sexual implications of Ophelia's suicide."

Outraged with defeat, rigidly shaking, Drake returned to his seat.

"I will amend that," Mr. Cutts said. "One hundred words should exhaust your knowledge of the subject."

Drake barely heard him. Drake was thinking of his red Jaguar, now resting on blocks in his father's garage 500 miles away. Drake was thinking of his checkbook and his charge account plates and his driver's license and his wallet, even, all lying on his father's desk.

"Five thousand dollars," his father was saying. "That's what it cost me this time to keep you out of jail, to hush up just one more mess you've got yourself into. And if that woman you clipped with your damn sports car had died, I'd've been lucky to get off at 50 thousand."

His father leaned over the desk. "So this time," he said, "you are going to jail. It's a special kind of jail for the spoiled brats of rich men, one of the best schools in the country in fact, and the masters are specialists in curing what ails you. You'll have no Buicks to smash up. No Jaguars to half kill people with. No girls. No money. No privileges. And no elective courses to horse-trade with. At this school you pass all, or you pass nothing. It's Siberia for you, kid."

His father pushed at the little pile of belongings and symbols of belongings. "Straighten up and be flying right by next June," he said, "and you get these back, and you can go on to college. Flip it, and you stay in Siberia all summer, and then repeat the year."

It was Siberia, all right. The masters were polite with a terrible politeness. They were all trained in judo. They taught, relentlessly; and Drake swore he would be out by June. He was capable of effort, and most of his grades were good. But Drake had not yet learned about total effort. He permitted himself some relaxation in the English classes, and the master graded him accordingly.

Drake began to hate the English class and the English master and by now he didn't know or care which had come first. His hatred of Mr. Cutts was an almighty itch, and Drake scratched at it pleasurably and frequently. It was nearly Easter before he forced himself to be realistic: Cutts would never pass him. Cutts stood between Drake and freedom in June.

The period bell rang and Mr. Cutts dismissed the class. Drake glared at him out of his reverie. "Come here, Drake," the master said.

Drake stood over him. "When are you going to cut this prep-school crap and do some work?" Mr. Cutts said. "You can't buy a passing mark from me with your nuisance value." The English master flexed his slightly stooped shoulders as though to ease some chronic ache. He was a man who looked older than his years, a man of urbanity with a vaguely harassed air. Drake longed to hit him, but all that had been settled on the October day when Drake, new, sullen, but confident in his six feet of height, had aimed a contemptuous slap at Mr. Cutts. Mr. Cutts had punched him over the belt, so hard that Drake had vomited right in the classroom. "You fool," Mr. Cutts had told him then, "do you want me to *really* work you over? Never raise your hand to a master in this school, do you understand? *Never.*"

Drake sighed now. "Maybe I can buy it some other way," he said.

"Do you mean your stupid reference to my relations with my fiancée? I consider the source, Drake. I consider the source."

Drake sighed again. Here goes, he thought. Here goes. "Well, sir," he said, "I happen to have seen you going up to her apartment late at night."

"So?" Mr. Cutts said.

"And coming away just before daylight," Drake said.

And that's got him, Drake thought.

Mr. Cutts had put his face down on one hand. It was a little while before Drake realized that the English master was laughing. "God," he said, "Drake, you're pathetic. I suppose now you're going to threaten me with exposure to the headmaster."

"All I want is to get out of here in June," Drake said.

"You fool," Mr. Cutts said, "do you think the head is going to take your word against mine? And besides, do you think he *cares* whether I'm sleeping with Miss Phillips? I can assure you, my denial will be enough."

Mr. Cutts leaned back in his chair. "You're probably like most scholars in this academy," he said. "You've belonged to one of these clubs that correspond with some girls' school. You cherish the memory of a few half-conquests in the back seats of cars. In a word, Drake,

you're still a kid. You don't know the difference between furtiveness and discretion. Now get out of here," Mr. Cutts said, "before I break down all the way and start telling you the facts of life."

I'll kill him. I'll kill him. I'll kill him. Jogging across the quadrangle Drake chanted it crazily to himself. So he considers the source. So I'm a clown. So I'm a comedian. Stick it into him, Drake raved to himself. Get him where he lives.

But where the hell *does* he live? Drake wondered later, isolated in fury in the midst of his cavorting classmates. He had just done a fast 400 in the pool and was loosening up under a hot shower.

And then it came. It came, beautiful, absolute and complete. And a little frightening. Brewster, a lanky youth from somewhere in Wyoming, came yelling down the tiles and stepped on a piece of soap. For a moment he lay sprawled. Then he stood up, grimacing.

"You buckin' for infirmary, Brewster?" somebody said.

"Gawd, no," Brewster said. He limped under a shower and turned up the hot water. In Siberia, infirmary time was lost time.

Drake held on to it for 24 hours, loving it, seeing it as perfect. It was dangerous. Dangerous as hell if he overplayed his hand. But this time, Drake promised himself, he would play his hand just right. And he would smash Cutts flat.

In the shower room, the next day, there was the usual brief uproar. Drake came trotting through from the pool, shot one heel in the air, and came down with a smacking thud.

"Buckin' for infirmary, Drake?"

Drake lay still, letting his eyes close and then open very slowly. He pulled his lips back from his teeth. "Hey," somebody yelled, "he's hurt! Get Samuels."

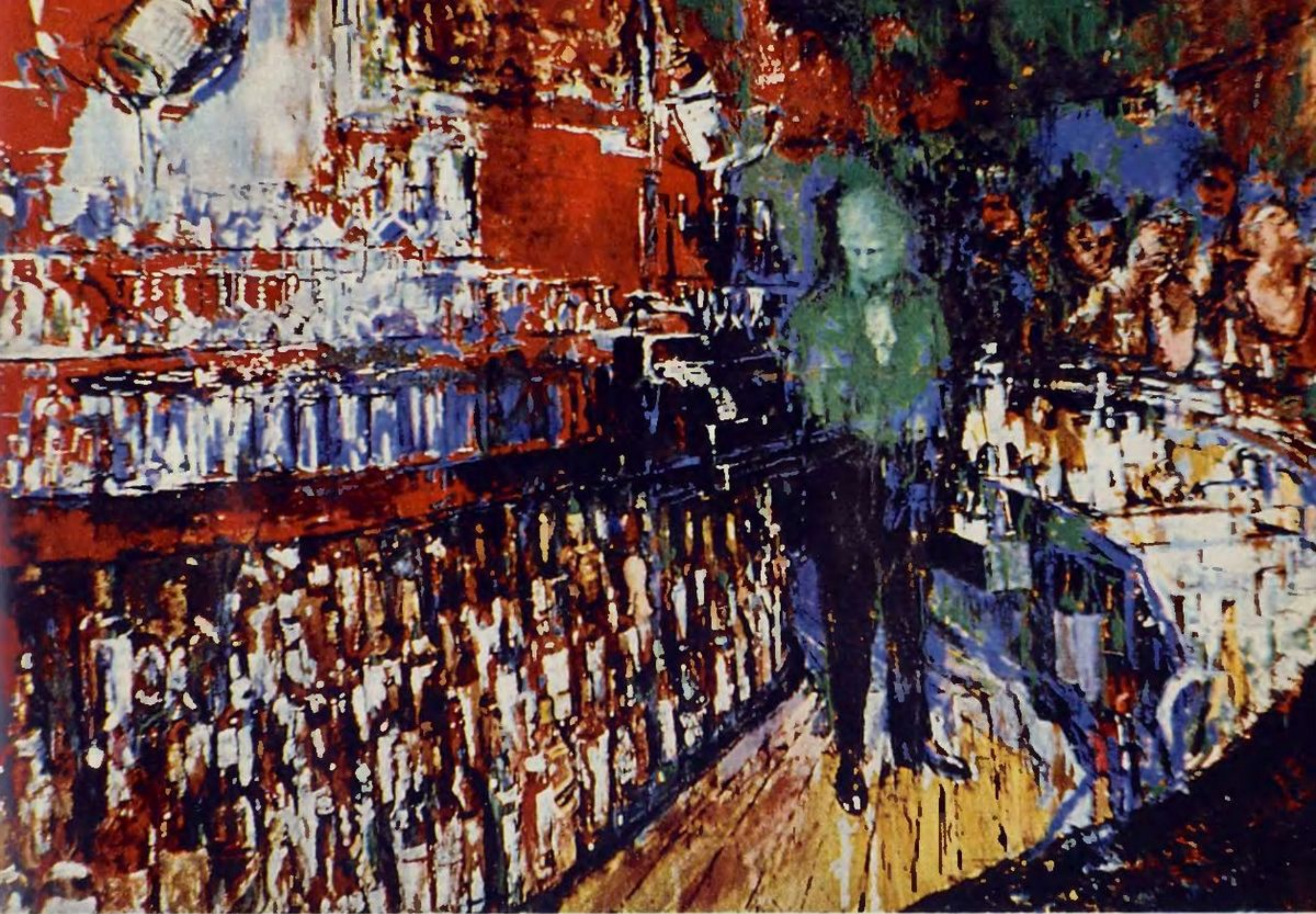
Mr. Samuels, the physical education master, came in. "Get up," he said. Drake, mute, shook his head.

Mr. Samuels bent over and gave Drake's thigh a hard pinch. Drake moaned and held himself rigid. "Well," Mr. Samuels said, "your back isn't broken if you can feel that. Get dressed, two of you, and fetch the stretcher."

Drake was committed.

Modest under a sheet, he was carried to the infirmary. Miss Phillips told the bearers to put the stretcher on a long wheeled table. "Gently," she said, "gently." She bent and slid her hands and forearms under his hips to take some of his weight as he came down. Miss Phillips was a tall girl; as she eased his head to a more comfortable position Drake found himself looking into the falling V of her uniform. The sunlight in the infirmary was very bright and the nurse's uniform seemed to absorb it.

(continued on page 52)



Neiman's glittering Pump Room Bar grew out of a fashion illustration for PLAYBOY which he sketched on the spot at the posh Chicago oasis.

PAINTER OF THE URBAN SCENE

the dens and denizens of the demimonde are captured in the canvases of leroy neiman

HIS WAY WITH PAINT is unmistakably of this decade," says *The New Republic* of fashionable fine artist LeRoy Neiman, who has chosen as his forte the kaleidoscopic dazzle of the city scene. Bars, gambling casinos and race courses are his raw material, and considerable fame and acclaim are accruing to him as a perceptive portrayer of the sophisticated life. "This artist picked a smart specialty," wrote Meyer Levin (art savant and author of *Compulsion*), "and he's really good."

Neiman came to pick his smart specialty as a result of some story illustrations and other drawings commissioned by this magazine: we sent him to the gaming tables to illustrate *The Deal* and *The Crack of Doom*; and to smart bistros like the Pump Room to do the art work for such fashion pieces as *Formal Wear*. These and similar excursions into urban elegance excited Neiman, stimulated him to go on from there and paint

the big, eye-smiting pictures for which he is rapidly becoming famous — pictures bristling with bottles and babes, croupiers and cash registers. "All of this is painted in what looks at first like a very slapdash manner," says nationally known art critic Frank Getlein. "It's anything but that. At 10 feet, everything falls into flawless perspective."

LeRoy's mushrooming reputation as a serious painter and his chores as an instructor at Chicago's Art Institute have not prevented him from continuing to brighten these pages with his work: recently, he illustrated Jack Kerouac's *The Rumbling, Rambling Blues*, Hoke Norris' *City Fables*, John Wallace's *Party Girl* and last month's fashion feature on vests. For another example of his unique talent, turn to the Party Jokes page in this issue and in most any other issue — our "femlins," those miniature misses who cavort between the gags, also spring from the busy brush of LeRoy Neiman.



The artist in his studio, which is in the very heart of the metropolitan night club belt.

"Roulette," Todes Gallery



Roulette, above, is reminiscent of Neiman's illustration for *The Deal*, a story of vicissitudes in Vegas. *Mixologist*, below, is one of his many bar paintings. Another such, *Casino*, now touring Europe, copped both the popular and professional jury prizes in the 1957 Chicago Artists' Show. Neiman paintings won top awards in the Twin Cities Exhibition (1953) and Minnesota State Show (1954). Relatively unknown when he started working for PLAYBOY, he is now selling furiously to well-fixed art patrons.





Horses and horse racing are among LeRoy Neiman's favorite subjects. Here, he has caught the glamor of the Paddock Parade.



STRETCH IN SIBERIA (continued from page 48)

Drake moaned involuntarily, and closed his eyes. Watch it, he thought. Watch it.

"God," Miss Phillips said, "he never should have been moved at all. That Samuels is a brute. All right, boys," she said.

The stretcher-bearers left in a hurry. June was coming fast for all Siberians. Miss Phillips rustled and crackled softly around Drake. "The doctor's coming," she said. "Is it hurting much?"

Drake opened his eyes. Miss Phillips' eyes were brown and not exactly sleepy right now. "Some," Drake said. "A little."

Miss Phillips glided away in the smooth gliding way of a woman in low heels, and went into a room marked X RAY. She opened a farther door and he could hear water splashing. "The doctor will want a picture," she called out to him. "I guess you don't feel much like looking pretty for your picture, huh?"

But the doctor thought the picture was pretty enough. "Well," he said, peering at the wet film, "this confirms my examination, Miss Phillips. No fracture." He lowered the film and frowned at Drake, then looked at the film again. "Of course, a disc might be . . . Well, let's get you on your feet. Help him, Miss Phillips. Easy now," he said to Drake. "It will be a little painful."

It was painful, in fact. Drake had come down solidly on the shower room tiles. "You should see this bruise," the doctor said, twitching up the hospital nightgown Drake was now wearing. "Bend," he said. "This way. Now this way." His fingers moved around the knobs of Drake's spine. "I guess you're not gold-bricking, hey? No gold-bricking in, ah, Siberia?"

Drake forced a patient's grin.

"Flat on your back for a week, young fella. You can use crutches once a day. That's a concession to your blushing youth. Let's get him up again, nurse."

The doctor snapped his bag and moved toward the door with Miss Phillips. "No strapping," he said. "No. Let everything straighten out on a hard mattress. Massage and heat lamp . . . Let me know if anything . . ." The door swung to with a pneumatic shush and Drake sighed. Just about perfect, he thought.

The door shushed again and the nurse came gliding to the bed. "Well, we might as well get you settled into routine," she said. "Open your mouth." She picked up Drake's hand and laid her fingers on his pulse. "My, my," she said presently, her wide mouth curving. "Holding hands upsets you, doesn't it?"

Drake took out the thermometer with his free hand. "It's a terrible change," he said.

"You don't seem to be fighting it," Miss Phillips said. "Usually they act as though they're in the death house when they're sent here. Aren't you worried about your grades?"

"I'll make them," Drake said.

Miss Phillips laughed, her eyes slanting, her teeth shining. She was really a hell of a good-looking babe, Drake thought. "Well," she said, "I hate a worried patient. You'll have a fine week if you don't worry about things. Private nursing, too, unless I get somebody with mumps or something. Now, here's a nice present for you."

Drake frowned at the needle.

"Doctor's orders," she said. "And you'll have the prettiest dreams."

. . .

Drake held on to it for another 40 hours, roughly. Alone, he had periods of magnified aloneness, of a kind of nervous doubt. But he was not often alone. Miss Phillips seemed to enjoy having a patient; and Drake, rather clumsily, groped for the word, the gesture, that would show him a way beyond the routine the nurse had immediately and efficiently set up.

Mr. Cutts called on his fiancée the second evening. Drake could hear a record player, distant across the landing between Miss Phillips' apartment and the infirmary. Later, there was a clatter of dishes in a sink, and then voices. A door opened and the voices came out on the landing. Quite clearly, Drake heard Miss Phillips say: "I'm getting a little bored with this little lecture series of yours."

Mr. Cutts said: "What else can we do but talk, with a patient in there?"

"There isn't always a patient in there," Miss Phillips said.

"Well there is now," Mr. Cutts said. "Goodnight, my dear."

In the glow of his night light, Drake grinned. Old Cutts and his discretion. Then he stopped grinning, feeling the small grimness of a small triumph. Something had been spoiled for Cutts tonight, at least.

In the short hallway off the landing Miss Phillips said, "Oh, hell" in a low voice and unfastened the hook that was holding the door open. She must have forgotten it, Drake thought, beginning to breathe rhythmically. The door shushed, and Miss Phillips came in for her night check. Drake felt her fingers on his forehead, then on his wrist.

Suddenly, quietly, she said, "Are you faking?"

Drake started with surprise. "Huh?" he said. "What?"

Miss Phillips dropped his hand. "Never mind," she said. She drew the covers up over his shoulders and for a moment the tips of her fingers rested

against his face.

Drake's mind was staggering. Now? he thought. Try it now? "Whadsa matter?" he muttered, stalling.

Miss Phillips sighed. "Never mind," she said. She moved away from the bed. "Go to sleep," she whispered. "Go back to sleep."

. . .

Drake awoke brilliantly. He held this brilliance in focus all through the routine of breakfast, his shuffling trip to the john, and his bath.

"I hope I didn't disturb you last night," Miss Phillips said. She had finished his legs to midway on his thighs and was now sponging his chest.

"Gee," Drake said. "I hardly remember."

"That's good," Miss Phillips said. "You finish yourself, now. I'll be back for these towels and things in a few minutes."

"Back rub?" she said presently, after she had cleared away.

Drake lay looking up at her, feeling the brilliance an absolute suffusion now, beginning to tremble now. He swallowed.

"Not my back," he said.

"What?" Miss Phillips said. Her eyes moved over Drake's nude figure. "Oh," she said, her eyes suddenly stopping. She laughed a little. "Oh my."

Drake's arm was hanging over the edge of the bed. He now placed the ball of his thumb very delicately against the calf of Miss Phillips' leg, feeling the strange rough-smoothness of the nylon as, still with the utmost delicacy, he traced his thumb upward to the warm and slightly damp little bulge behind her knee.

It was as though he had struck the backs of her knees a violent blow. Eyes and mouth opening widely, she collapsed across Drake's bed. She thrashed and rocked wildly, her face coming up to Drake's, her elbows sharp in his ribs, her knees painful on his thighs. It was a moment before Drake realized that Miss Phillips was tearing off her clothes.

Feeling triumph, and feeling too the almost-virgin's terror of this absolute brink, Drake pushed down the bed covers.

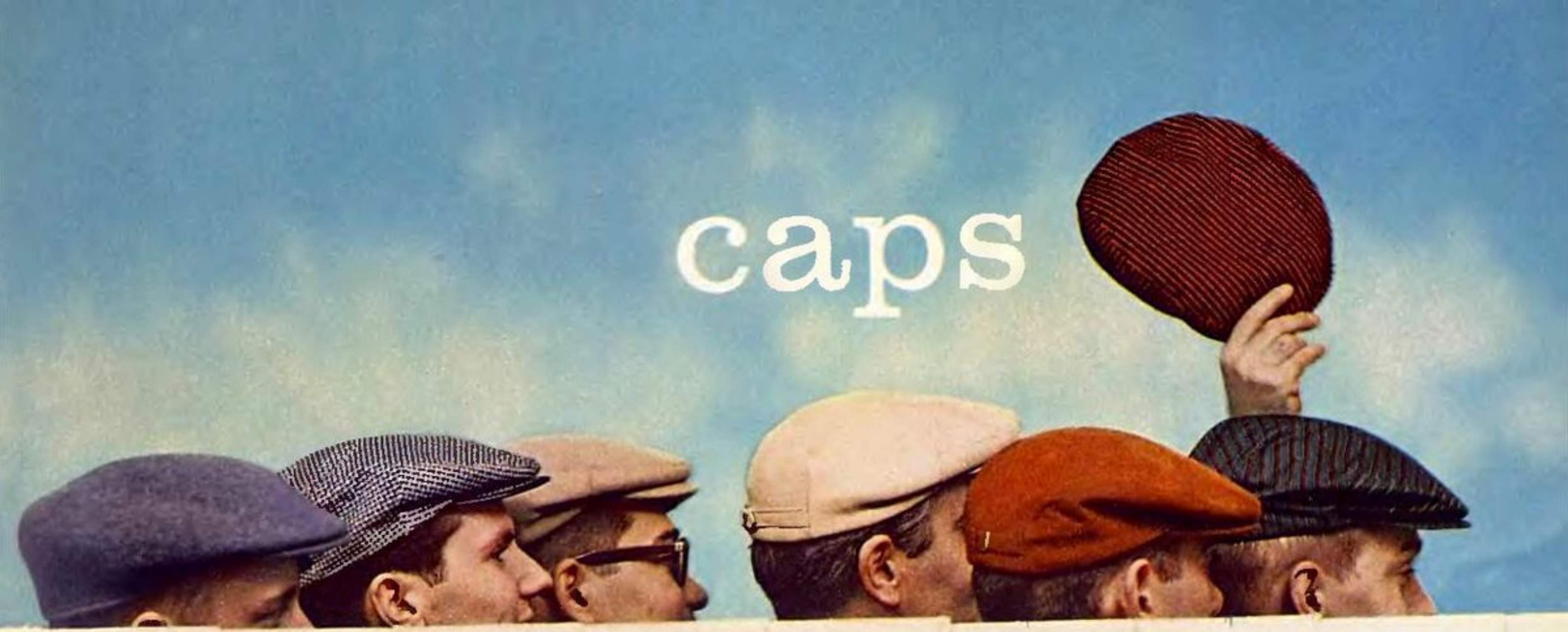
. . .

"You faker," Miss Phillips said. She was terrifically pleased. "You gold-bricker. Are you really telling me the truth?"

Drake was finishing his lunch. "I tell you," he said, speaking his well-rehearsed lines again, "I just couldn't stand it. Seeing you, feeling the way you made me feel. I just had to do something about it."

"Well you certainly were clever. You certainly risked a lot. And I never

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caps

attire By Blake Rutherford

still on top

OLD HAT? Not at all. Caps, jauntier than ever, are bully for men who know how to use their heads. The new numbers, brief of brim and trim of cut, are worn straight away on the noggin, with no tilt in sight. And you can have your cap in almost any kind of fabric under the sun. Reading the cleverly covered craniums of the sports car buffs above, from west to east, you'll spy a flannel affair with its peak built right into its crown; a neat check in corduroy, with leather piping on brim and leather back strap; an elegant, imported vicuna job followed by a glove-soft leather cap with the solid feel and look so necessary for piloting a Porsche; ditto the rust-brown suede with strap in the back; the cap that cheers is of striped corduroy, while the last in line is a lightweight number of silk and cotton done up in tartan stripes. Prices start at a lofty \$45 for the vicuna (a disagreeable ruminant whose wondrous wool has to be shipped up from the Andes), hover around \$12 for the leather and suede models, then dip dextrously to about \$5-\$6 for the balance.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BACON-TIRSCHEL

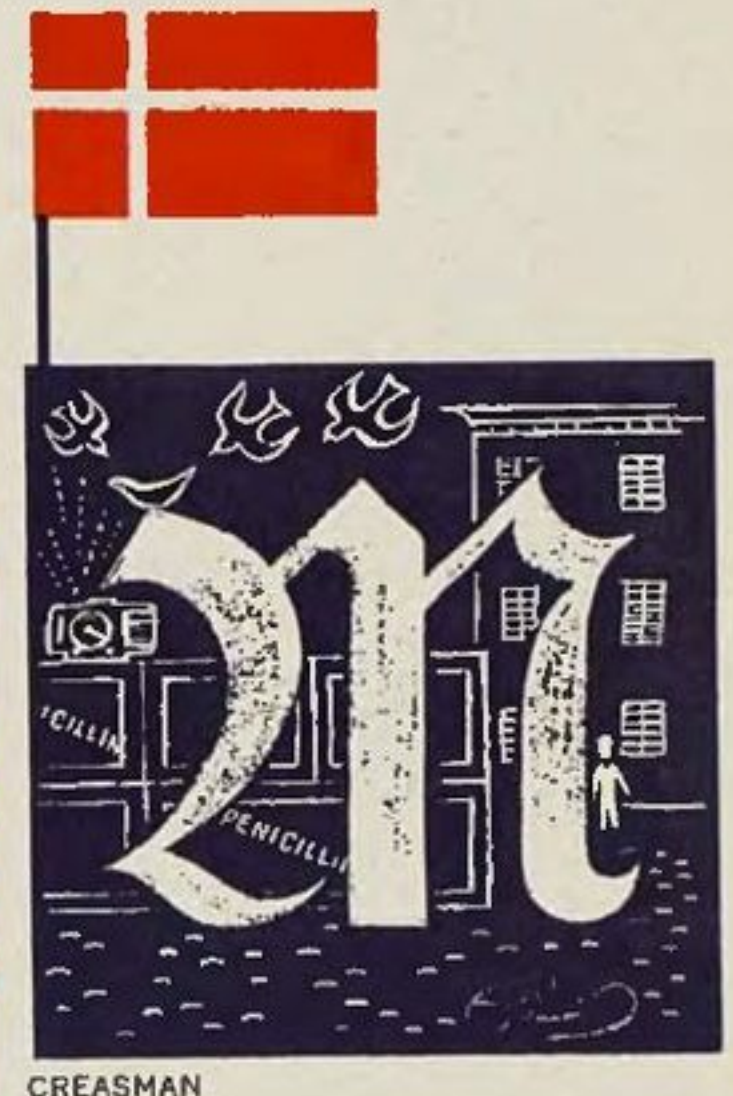




"I'd rather not. That's how all my troubles got started."

the world's smallest sovereignty is half as large as a football field

travel By JOHN SACK



CREASMAN

THE SMALLEST COUNTRY in the world is half as large as a football field, approximately, and is located in downtown Rome two or three blocks from American Express, and next door to Cucci's, the haberdasher. Its flag is red and white, like Denmark's, and its name is rather immoderate, I think: the Sovereign and Military Order of Saint John of Jerusalem, Rhodes and Malta, which is abbreviated, at all but the most ceremonious of state occasions, to the Sovereign and Military Order of Malta, or the S.M.O.M. That the Sovereign and Military Order of Malta, or S.M.O.M., is truly sovereign is shown by its being recognized by Italy, the Vatican, San Marino, Austria, Germany, Belgium, Holland, Ireland, France, Spain, Portugal, El Salvador, Argentina, Colombia, Panama, Chile, Haiti, Peru and Lebanon, and that it is truly military is shown by an air force bigger than that of half these places—120 planes, of which three, at the very least, are said to be in sufficient repair to permit them to leave the ground. The S.M.O.M. has an ambassador, or some sort of man, in each of the 19 countries that recognize it, and vice versa, and while it would be nonsense for me to suggest that these people have anything to do, I can suggest how they sometime *might*. Put the case that Signor Cucci, the haberdasher, is mur-

dered today by a disgruntled client, who flees across the border into the S.M.O.M.; then, the only recourse for the Italian police and the Carabinieri is to extradite the man, something that would be done, of necessity, through the Italian Minister to the S.M.O.M., and the S.M.O.M.ian Minister to Italy.

What the Sovereign and Military Order of Saint John of Jerusalem, Rhodes and Malta lacks in territory, it also lacks in population, being inhabited, at the last census, by two people, Brother Paternó and Baron Gabriel Apor. (A half-dozen years ago, there was another, His Eminent Highness Prince Ludovico Chigi Albani Della Rovere—Prince Chigi, as *he* was abbreviated at all but the most ceremonious of occasions—who was the Grand Master of the S.M.O.M., its sovereign, but who died in 1951 and hasn't been replaced.) Brother Paternó is the lieutenant grand master, and, as such, is kept so awfully busy with matters of state that I couldn't see him, while Baron Apor, whom I did see, and chatted with for quite a while, in fact, is the chancellor—a small, animated, merry old gaffer who wears a black Homburg and carries a black umbrella, and is ever losing himself in old jokes and reminiscences, a characteristic one being that of the fellow who learned from his doctor that wine, women and

song were killing him, and who replied, "*Allora, smetto di contare*"—"OK, I'll give up singing." Between such jokes as these, the baron told me he doesn't pay taxes to Italy, being a citizen of the S.M.O.M., and that he brings in cigarettes, liquor and suchlike free of duty; and he offered me a free-of-duty Chesterfield. He travels, said the baron, on a passport of the S.M.O.M., which he graciously let me see: it was red and white and very natty, and the page that is signed by Mr. Dulles on *my* passport was signed by Baron Apor, himself, on *his*, and carried the words, "His Eminent Highness, Fra Ludovico Chigi Albani Della Rovere, Prince and Grand Master of the Sovereign and Military Order of Malta, requests all to whom it may concern to allow the bearer, Gabriel Apor, to pass freely and to afford him such assistance and protection of which he may stand in need." The next several pages were full of visas. Hereupon, the baron observed that nothing but the espial of bootleg gold will cause such a to-do at the international borders of Europe as the appearance there of himself or Brother Paternó with a S.M.O.M.ian passport, it being generally treated by the customs people as if it were radioactive. That the passport is allowed, eventually, at all of these borders, the baron said, is a proof positive of the sovereignty of

the S.M.O.M. He added that the S.M.O.M. doesn't give any visas of its own, but can; that it doesn't mint any money of its own, but did; and that it doesn't print any stamps of its own, but will — at some as yet undetermined time in the future, after the proper arrangements are made with the International Postal Union and an adequate place, if any, is found for a mailbox on S.M.O.M.ian soil.

Well, I think this is very unusual. How it managed to come about is a long story, and, with the reader's indulgence, I'd like to make it as long as possible, there being so very little I can say about the S.M.O.M. contemporarily. The fact is that the S.M.O.M. has been a country ever since 1048, but, unlike such other countries of those days as Slavonia, Catalonia, Lower Lorraine and the Caliphate of Cordova, it manages to be with us in the 20th Century by having been the only one which, whenever it was conquered, put lock, stock and population on a dozen or so ships and popped up somewhere else in Europe or Asia. Six hundred and twenty-six years of this peripateticism are noted, in chronological order, in the very name of the S.M.O.M. — the only omissions being 100 years at Acre, 18 years on Cyprus, 42 years getting from one of these places to another and, of course, all of this century and most of the last in Rome. I suppose there's no reason why a nation cannot behave this way — my dictionary, *Webster's*, says a nation should have "a more or less compact territory," and in the case of the S.M.O.M., it's less — but, I think, it's altogether too trying on the rest of us, and sometimes the S.M.O.M. was gadding about so much that even its citizens didn't know where it was — for instance, at the turn of the 19th Century, when, thinking the S.M.O.M. was in Leningrad, of all places, they elected the czar as grand master. In spite of its aberrations, the S.M.O.M. was one of the greater countries of Europe much of the millennium; once, it owned a half-dozen forts along the Mediterranean, 140 estates in Palestine and 1900 in Europe; and in the protocol, it was always the first.

In those days, the citizens of the S.M.O.M. were known as the Hospitalers, for as a hospital the S.M.O.M. had begun — in 1048 or thereabouts, in Jerusalem, to help the pilgrims. The hospital was named for St. John the Baptist, and was given a kind of extraterritoriality by the Moslems, making it a kind of Vatican City, and it stayed so after the Moslems left and the Crusaders came, in 1087. On that day, 10,000 people were killed in the Mosque of Omar alone, and their

bodies floated in the blood; the Hospital of St. John had much to do; it was given money by many of the Crusaders it cared for, growing in power and population. Its first grand master was the Blessed Raymond du Puy, who made the S.M.O.M. a military, as well as a sovereign, state, and sent it into the Crusades, and who prescribed a religious rule for the S.M.O.M. that it still uses: "Firstly, I ordain that all the brethren engaging in the service of the poor and the defense of the Catholic faith, should keep the three things with the aid of God that they have promised to God: That is to say, chastity and obedience, which means whatever thing is commanded to them by their masters, and to live without property of their own: Because God will require these three things of them at the Last Judgment. And let them not claim more as their due than bread and water, and raiment, which things are promised to them. And their clothing should be humble, because Our Lord's poor, whose servants we confess ourselves to be, go naked and miserably clad. And it is a wrong thing for a servant that he should be proud, and his Lord should be humble." The grand masters who followed the Blessed Raymond du Puy realized, though, that a nation founded on chastity would be more or less transitory, so only a part of the citizenry took the vows. Those who did were Knights of Justice, and those who didn't were Knights of Honor and Devotion or Knights of Magistral Grace, and this differentiation is in the S.M.O.M. today. Baron Apor is a Knight of Honor and Devotion, and Brother Paternó is a Knight of Justice.

Jerusalem fell again to the Moslems in 1271 and, it's written, the nuns of the S.M.O.M. chose death to dishonor: they got a pair of scissors, cut their noses off, and cut everything else to ribbons, and so they were killed, and weren't raped, by the Moslems. The rest of the S.M.O.M. had already taken its kit and caboodle, as it would so often in the future, and had relocated to the north of Jerusalem, at Acre; then it was run out of there, too, and wasn't seen in the Holy Land for another 663 years, till 1954, when it opened the legation in Beirut, Lebanon. From Jerusalem to Acre; from Acre to Cyprus; from Cyprus to Rhodes, by which time even the grand master was so bewildered as to where, if anywhere, the S.M.O.M. would materialize next that he was 13 years in catching up. Presently, on Rhodes, the grand master was Deodato de Gozon. It is said of Deodato de Gozon in many histories of the S.M.O.M. — almost all of which, incidentally, are called *A Short History of*

the Order (or Knights) of Saint John of Jerusalem — that he was nominated as the grand master by himself, was duly elected by himself and the others, and, nevertheless, was spoken of by the pope as a modest man — and little wonder, for Deodato de Gozon had been the first knight in S.M.O.M.ian history to slay a dragon. According to the many *Short Histories*, the dragon, who had been eating women and children for several years, was slain by Deodato de Gozon and two of his English bulldogs, which, during the encounter, had held the dragon at bay, having been specially trained for the purpose on a wood, facsimile dragon; then, De Gozon and the bulldogs went back to the city in triumph, De Gozon becoming the grand master. Generally, I'm not one to put any stock in dragons, but, in fairness to Deodato de Gozon, his particular dragon is pretty well documented — for one thing, by the tombstone of De Gozon himself, which says, in Latin, "Skill is the conqueror of force: Deodato de Gozon, knight, slew an enormous dragon." The stone was put up only 13 years after he died, by people who should have known, and one can only conclude that a terrible sort of animal was prowling about in the Middle Ages, but has mercifully gone extinct.

In 1444, the Sultan of Egypt laid siege to the S.M.O.M.; it was lifted, but many knights were dead, the fortifications were out (an earthquake and a tidal wave made them worse) and the S.M.O.M.ians were in a blue funk. Then, Sultan Suleiman the Magnificent, of the Ottoman Empire, laid siege again, and the people reacted in a manner that is quite unimaginable today — by worrying of the enemy within, and all but forgetting the enemy without. A lady of Spain, a pilgrim, got to be something of a celebrity by going barefoot in Rhodes and incriminating people in high places, not naming any names, however; the first to be killed was a Turkish slave, and then a Jewish doctor, and the S.M.O.M. had progressed so far as to torture, try and behead the chancellor himself, D'Amaral, a predecessor of Baron Apor, when Suleiman the Magnificent opened fire, conquering the S.M.O.M. "There has been nothing in the world so well lost as Rhodes," said Charles V, of the Holy Roman Empire, incorrectly, and gave it to the island of Malta.

Charles V was to be given a falcon every year in return for Malta, and he appears, at first, to have had the better of the deal. Malta was naked when the S.M.O.M. got there; its castle had gone to seed; but the S.M.O.M., under the grand mastery of Jean Parisot de la

(continued on page 71)



MINSKY in VEGAS

frenchy-flavored burlycue sears the desert sands

Out of fabulous, high-flying Las Vegas last year came a new and mournful melody—the Silver Dollar Blues. Hustling hotel poobahs along the Strip and sweating craps-palace proprietors downtown—long used to watching some eight million spenders drop close to \$162 million annually—began to feel the pinch of a tightening economy as well as some stiff competition from the big, bustling, wide-open casinos running full blast in Cuba. 'Round-the-clock gambling and big-name entertainers were no longer enough to draw the monied to Vegas in the droves of yesteryear. Something spectacular, fresh and titillating was needed.

Called in by the canny management of the Dunes Hotel to fix things up: strippers' sultan Harold Minsky. In jig time, he rolled out the biggest, bawdiest barrel of fun-in-the-buff ever to hit the desert gaming spa, or any other spa this side of the Atlantic. Receipts soon started to skyrocket.

Minsky in Vegas capitalizes on the fetching forms of but two energized ecdysiasts, the likes of Tempest Storm and Alexis Van Cort (a new twist for Minsky, who admits, after a spate of strip joint shutdowns in both Chicago and New York, that "Most of the burlycue





Left: as showgirls will, panty-clad Marilyn Dann gabs with prettily-profiled Shawn Daly between stage stints in one of the Dunes dressing rooms. Vegas is loaded with more chorus cuties per capita than any other city in the world, including Paris. Upper right: minaret-sized Aladdin grins mischievously atop the desert resort's main entrance. Right: bevy of beplumed beauties competes with the peppy pipes of thrush Pamela Davis for patrons' attention. Current Minsky review is dubbed "Treats of Paris."



houses overdid it; they fed you 10 strippers in a row and it's like having too much steak"). The rest of the show couples the spicy Parisian elegance of bare-breasted living tableaux and burlesque-like comedy routines capped by super-tremendous production numbers. Throughout, the girls are as natural as anything seen at the Lido or the Folies-Bergère.

The Minsky formula is a cagey one: a fast,

frivolous, diversified show with plenty going on (as well as coming off) every second of the time. The girls he employs are gorgeous in both face and figure. Each is equipped with an ostrich plume, a smile and scads of zizz—aptly defined as that ability to outpull such Vegas luminaries as Milton Berle, Jane Russell, Tony Martin, Spike Jones, Nat Cole and Benny Goodman, who dole out their

high-paid stuff at other posh hotels that line the Strip.

Originally booked for a scant eight weeks last September, the show has been drawing SRO crowds ever since, often turning away more panting patrons than can be squeezed into the Dunes' Aladdin Room. "The reason is simple," grins Minsky. "We have something here the people can't get on television."







Left: adorned in orchid shoes and matching spotlight, sizzling-sterned Alexis Van Cort bumps bountifully in classic Minsky manner, exhibits top stripper's form *à l'Americaine*. Above: for foreign-flavored finale, music director Garwood Van strikes up the band from the wings as statuesque chorus stunners parade regally in a winsome, wonderful windup.



WEIRD SHOW (continued from page 18)

know they have found something important which they do not yet understand. It was the middle of the dusty afternoon and they were backstage of the Alhambra in Jackson, Michigan. Marsh was up front tinkering with the lights.

"He'll hear us!"

"No, he's busy," she said with loathing, and said no more. She was trying to catch her breath.

"Oh, Suzanne!"

Abstracted, pushing him away, the girl suddenly had the face of a frowning, pouting, thoughtful child. Her lip was swollen. "You stay here," she said.

"What do you mean?"

"For a while. I'll go back to the trailer. I'll say I'm sleepy."

"I'll see you in 10 minutes," Will whispered.

"Soon," she said.

"Right away."

She turned away so that he could not see her face. She slipped by him. In a moment Will heard her sweet, slightly hoarse, little girl's voice conferring with Marsh. Then he heard her heels on the stone of the lobby, and out.

The 10 minutes were an agony. Like all agonies, they had to come to an end. Ten minutes later he possessed her, or at least he claimed her, and it was the miracle of his life. Her need was enormous; she had been deprived, mistreated, she had been stunned with contempt. It was as if her health had been driven beneath the surface to wait and had come up gasping with desire. She was lovely in gratitude. It was what he, like any young man, needed most of all in the first unsure days of early manhood.

They discussed going away together, but of course this was a ridiculous notion. She was older than Will; they had their loneliness and their desire in common, but they had heard that tenderness is not enough. They were obedient pupils to what they had heard, despite the violence they felt within themselves, and the tender violence which they had spent clashing against each other. He would follow his talent through school, and then to New York. She could do nothing but stay with Marsh. The thought of the Wills who might follow him (this would have to be his last summer in the Weird Show) maddened Will Jonas, put a snake of jealousy to slithering in his stomach; but he was possessed of some of the careful egotism of the actor—he knew that the desperate clinging between Suzanne and him would not forever be enough. He wanted more. The dank, dusty, bricked-up streets of small towns made him need her—but not for always. He would move fast in years to come. He would

remember her with a pang, sweet and keen, but it would be a drag to try to take her with him. Or so he tried to decide.

"You're awfully sweet, you know," he told her, and that was the most he would say, although sometimes despite himself a groan of pleasure and gratitude seemed to promise her more, promise himself more. They would steal this summer—it would be enough. Or so they promised themselves.

Suzanne was patient. Her skin grew pink and creamy; her short black hair had an electric vitality; she seemed once more the girl of 20 whom Marsh had met in a dime store seven years before, with a deep happy privacy within her, and the smell of her like crushed petals in Will's hands.

Marsh suspected nothing. He was deep in the manipulations of his act. He was considering buying a new gorilla suit. When the lights went out in the school bus, and Will lay hot, sleepless, brooding and alone, he had jealous fantasies. He heard the bugs crashing against the street lamp overhead. But the next day Suzanne would promise and promise him—"No, nothing, *nothing*, honey"—and at last Will came to believe. Marsh was too far gone in the tribute he paid to his nuttiness, the controlled madness of the psychopath who could pretend to be a human being and flirt with the girl in the lobby who was dressed up as a nurse, standing near the smelling salts and the bottles filled with colored powders. By smiling he got a better rate. He picked up a nurse in each town. "He's not crazy," Will told Suzanne, "he's a high-type American businessman. It's just his business."

"Gorilla business."

"Monkey business," said Will, smiling.

August. The heat of a low-topped trailer. Release after boredom and a dusty job near the ceilings of theatres, in basements, and behind rotting curtains—and only shrill pleasure to console them. Suzanne lay huddled in Will's arms on the bed in his trailer, parked in the lot behind the Carthage theatre in Grand Rapids. They had left Marsh shifting the lighting in the Carthage; he had an itch to play with lights. Fine. Excellent. And now Will was talking to Suzanne, not necessarily because he believed that she could understand, but because the long habit of love produces trust. He had to talk to someone; Suzanne was the only someone in his life, and she had a tenderness for him which is better than cleverness after all. "I'm fascinated by him," Will admitted. "He touches the nerve of the audience because he barely pretends it about magic. He likes the horror as much as they do.

He believes. When you scream and he's sawing, I think he takes it each time—"

"He smiles sometimes," said Suzanne. "Mmm, my mouth is dry. I need some gum. No, I need you to kiss me."

He did.

"Now talk some more," Suzanne said. "I love to hear you talk. I don't have to hear what you say, I hear your voice talking to me, to your Suzanne. Now go ahead, talk."

He kissed her.

"Talk I said!"

He held her in their silent shared laughter. Then Will went on. "It's as if he resents being human. *He*. Notice how I say that? I don't use his name. I just say He, Him."

She sighed, stretched, yawned. She rubbed farewell against him. "Yes. Yes, but I better get dressed now, honey. It's about time for him to finish up in the theatre."

Him she says, Will thought.

He released the girl, but lay there himself, still figuring, as she moved about the room, retrieving panties, bra, the silky spume of their abrupt and untidy passion flecked throughout the small space of the trailer. "He feels right about the Weird Show. It's his home. He likes to throw the worms from the balcony. I think he'd rather it really were worms. Then he'd scream, Macaroni, Macaroni! and if he did it they would all scream with him. In his way he's an artist. He can do anything he wants." He shuddered. "Loony."

"You better pick yourself up, honey." She bent to kiss him, and put her cheek next to his shoulder, rubbing it against the tender fur of his chest.

"He shouldn't go too far that way. He's playing with things a man shouldn't know about. It's a risk. He's going out of control. Don't tickle, baby."

They were both mostly arranged again when there came a rattle at the door of the trailer. Suzanne opened. An enormous black-bellied gorilla stood bowing and grunting in the doorway. It entered, lurching, and brushed its claws against her face. It swayed back and forth through the trailer, knocking dishes off the table and shedding its sour animal smell. "Marsh!" said Will. "What the devil are you doing?"

"Marsh!" Suzanne cried.

"Worms, worms!" the muffled voice inside called out.

Suzanne, shivering, stroked the gorilla's head. She laughed. "Nice gorilla. I see you got your new gorilla suit, Marsh. It's swell. You wanted to try it out on us?"

Marsh stopped and slipped off the head. Inside he was perspiring fiercely, his thin hair pasted to the narrow skull, his sallow skin stretched tight and gleam-

(concluded overleaf)



MEET THE PLAYBOY READER

*a survey of the man
who reads the magazine*

WE'D LIKE YOU to meet a personal friend of ours. We've been closely associated with him for more than four years, and in that time we've learned a good deal about his tastes, attitudes and interests, but just recently we discovered a number of new facts about him that we never knew before. If our friend seems familiar, it is because he is a composite of you, yourself, and all the other readers of this magazine.

Daniel Starch and Staff conducts the only independent, continuing survey of magazine readership in the U.S. and it is subscribed to by a majority of the nation's leading magazines. Starch has just issued its first report on PLAYBOY, in a special supplement to its *Fifty-second Consumer Magazine Report*, and we thought you'd be interested in learning how you and your fellow PLAYBOY readers came out.

It is important to publishers to have an accurate picture of those who read their publications. It is helpful to editors in planning issues and even more meaningful to the directors of advertising faced with the problem of selling their particular audience to the gray flannel gentlemen in the ad agencies along Madison Avenue. The Starch Report on PLAYBOY readers is so spectacular that another men's magazine attempted to withdraw from the survey when they saw it. We say *attempted*, because some magazines are included in the survey even though they don't like the results.

(continued on page 76)

SAUCES FOR THE GANDER (continued from page 36)

¼ cup light cream
2 tablespoons dry sherry
½ teaspoon salt
Dash white pepper

Heat the milk and cream in a small saucepan, but do not boil. In another saucepan, melt the butter. As soon as it is melted, remove the pan from the fire to keep the *roux* from browning. Stir in the flour. Blend well. Slowly add hot milk and cream. Stir well. Add onion and bay leaf. Return to a slow flame. Simmer, don't boil, or sauce may burn. Cook for 20 minutes, stirring frequently. Add sherry, salt and pepper. Strain.

Combine *Sauce Béchamel* with cooked fresh mushrooms, crab meat or shrimp. Use it as an escort for croquettes or cutlets or as a base for cream soups.

Sauce Velouté: In place of milk in the above recipe use a strong chicken broth. Add a chicken bouillon cube if sauce seems weak in flavor. Pour it over fricassee of chicken, grilled sweetbreads, hot chicken or hot turkey sandwiches. Combine it with chicken cut into hash-size pieces for creamed chicken hash.

Sauce Mornay: Beat 2 egg yolks well. Add ¼ cup strained *Sauce Béchamel* to egg yolks. Mix well. Pour egg yolk mix-

ture into balance of *Sauce Béchamel* slowly, stirring well. Add 2 tablespoons grated parmesan cheese and a dash of cayenne pepper. Pour over boiled or baked fish. Sprinkle with additional parmesan cheese and paprika. Place under broiler until cheese melts.

Horseradish Sauce: Add 3 tablespoons prepared horseradish to *Sauce Velouté*. Dissolve 1 teaspoon dry English mustard in 1 tablespoon cold water. Add to sauce. Indispensable with boiled beef. May also be used for boiled corned beef, tongue or chicken.

Egg Sauce: To strained *Sauce Béchamel* add 1 finely chopped hard boiled egg, 2 tablespoons minced parsley and a dash of Tabasco sauce. Delightful with steamed finnan haddie or boiled fresh salmon.

WEIRD SHOW (continued from page 62)

ing, the gray pouches of his eyes streaming with fine tears of sweat. "I thought you folks ought to see it first," he said. "They didn't give me much trade-in on the old one, but what can you do? Well, I'm off to the showers. You better get yourself some dinner—it's getting on toward show time."

They watched him hobble into his bus, stripping off the costume as he went.

"Did he see? Did he hear?" Will hissed at Suzanne.

"Does he know?"

And they looked at each other and shook their heads. He could not have played jokes if he knew. He could not have been spying outside. No, it was not possible.

No, no. He did not suspect. Even Marsh would have some more human response than to frighten them with the gorilla suit. Even a psychopath has feeling. Only a total madman could have played this amiable joke on them after listening and spying on their love-making from outside the trailer where once Will's foot had rung out against the tight tin drum of a wall. He knew nothing, then.

The evening show went well. The theatre was filled, and the aisles crowded with standees. After the two movies, *Vampire Attack* and *It*, the great Weird Show went on—bells, howls, darkness, shrieks, worms, gorilla, explosions. When he finished his last stint at throwing worms from the balcony, Will Jonas went outside for a smoke and some serious thinking about what lay ahead. Maybe he should take a chance and take Suzanne with him. Why not? Did a man have to plan every step of his life? And didn't Suzanne give what he really wanted, and wouldn't she forever look slender and lovely for him?

In the meantime, Marsh, dressed in the black tails which made him look taller than his six feet, with the light

coming upon him from below as from an inner flame, did the perfunctory magic tricks which led to the main event. "I now, Marshall the Great, only and especially for you, Saw a Live Woman in Half. Stand up, Suzanne!"

Suzanne, in tights and fancy bra, leapt out from the wings and curtsied. A roar of approval went up from the crowd. They knew what to expect. Marsh touched her with his magician's baton. She went into the box. He strapped and locked it securely. The crowd howled when he put a pillow under the head which stuck out at one end. He turned the box to show the audience all sides of it. Some who had seen the act before interrupted their necking to say, "Realistic, ain't it?" and returned to kissing work.

Marsh picked up the shark-toothed saw.

"And now," he said, and did not finish the sentence. He bent to the head lying with its eyes closed on the pillow, the body curled up in the box. He whispered to the head. "I know."

She began to scream even before she felt the vibration and crazy raw bite of the saw. It was working so high on the box that there was no place, nowhere, nothing for her writhing trapped body. The screams of terror and pain, the head twisting and contorted, the mouth open to bursting, these things gratified the marvelous nightmares of children. A thick red liquid trickled from the screaming mouth. The neckers hawed with nervous laughter. The saw played its shrill tune.

This was the best yet.

The best ever.

Outside on the deserted evening street, Will Jonas was smoking his cigarette, dreaming vaguely about the life together of two people who care, need, love.

SAUCE HOLLANDAISE

The richest and most delicate of all French sauces (named after Holland because Holland was once the source of the best butter in Europe) is largely a combination of egg yolks and butter. For best results use sweet rather than salted butter. *Sauce Hollandaise* is used in generous portions with fresh asparagus, broccoli or cauliflower. Use it for poached eggs Benedict. *Hollandaise* curdles easily if it is hot. It is always served just lukewarm.

½ lb. sweet butter
4 large egg yolks
1 tablespoon cold water
1 teaspoon lemon juice
¼ teaspoon salt
Dash cayenne pepper

Beat the egg yolks in an electric mixing machine until deep lemon colored and thick. While the egg yolks are being beaten, melt the butter over a moderate flame. Remove the butter from the fire as soon as it is all melted. While continuing to beat the egg yolks, begin adding the melted butter in the smallest possible stream, almost drop by drop at first. The butter will be emulsified by the egg yolks into a sauce somewhat resembling mayonnaise in appearance. Gradually add the balance of the butter in small dribbles. When all the butter has been added, stir in the water, lemon juice, salt and cayenne pepper. Remove sauce from mixing bowl. It may be cold. To reheat it, place the sauce over warm, not hot, water, stirring occasionally.

Sauce Béarnaise: Omit water and lemon juice from *Sauce Hollandaise*. Add 2 teaspoons tarragon vinegar, 1 teaspoon finely chopped tarragon, 1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley and 1 teaspoon melted beef extract. Pass *Sauce Béarnaise* with filet mignon, broiled chicken, broiled scallops or brochette of sweetbread. Remove your beret before eating.



ORVILLE K. SNAV (continued from page 25)

D.C. (Reg. No. 10196) "Absolutely irreplaceable. Use it constantly."

José Ferrer, Ossining, N.Y. (Reg. No. 1230) "Not a toy!"

Harold Fair, Bozell & Jacobs Advertising, New York (Reg. No. 3781) "I have never been more."

George Banks, Kent, England (Reg. No. 2422) "Seems that Americans need a gadget even for pulling legs."

Jules Herbuveaux, Vice-President, NBC, Chicago (Reg. No. 1616) "I recommend it for management teams."

Myrna Loy, New York (Reg. No. 14493) "Absolutely dispensable!"

Jerry Lewis, Hollywood (Reg. No. 5155) "What the hell is it?"

Bennett Cerf, New York (Reg. No. 1595) "I bite. What is it?"

In cases of wide-eyed naiveté, such as Mr. Lewis' and Mr. Cerf's, Crowder has some little difficulty in conveying the news that BunaB is really nothing at all. Consider, for example, a letter from his bulging files:

Office of the Postmaster
United States Post Office
Kansas City 8, Missouri
[In reply refer to 43-JRF-em]

Orville K. Snav & Associates
121 North Jefferson Street
Mason City, Iowa

Gentlemen:

Patrons of this office have received your "Improved #7 BunaB" and have inquired as to the use for which the article is intended.

It will be appreciated if you will furnish this information.

Yours very truly,
Alex F. Sachs
Postmaster

Crowder's reply was immediate.

Mr. Alex F. Sachs, Postmaster
United States Post Office
Kansas City, Mo.

Dear Postmaster Sachs,

Our President, Mr. Orville K. Snav, was slightly puzzled by the question posed, as each Improved #7 BunaB mailed from our Mason City Plant, Warehouse and Laboratories is accompanied by an Explanatory Sheet (Blue). While we have had some registration cards returned to our office which contained basically the same inquiry (although some have been tinged with a smattering of profanity) yours is the first to be imprinted "Official Business, United States Government."

...Rather than make a long letter of explanation out of this, we are pleased to forward to you, via Parcel Post, one of our #7 models for your inspection and use. We request that you refrain from regarding this presentation as any

sort of pay-off or bribe, but merely as a token of good will, in the hope that you will also find many opportunities to save time, effort and expense by confident employment of your BunaB whenever the need for such an instrument is indicated.

Yours sincerely,
Orville K. Snav & Associates
By Al Crowder, Assistant to the President

Postmaster Sach's reply showed a marked change in tone:

Dear Mr. Crowder:

I appreciate your sending me one of your new #7 models, which I am sure will prove satisfactory...

Very truly yours,
Alex F. Sachs
Postmaster

Caught up in the complexities of a spiraling business economy, Orville K. Snav & Associates, through Crowder, is trying to solve some of the financial problems it has encountered of late.

"In spite of drastic increases in taxes and in costs of raw material," he says, "the unique economics of the BunaB industry—notably a supply of cheap labor—has enabled us to maintain our established price for the #7 model of 48¢ each or two for a dollar."

This unconventional price structure, however, seems to invite errors. When a purchaser of a single BunaB remits a 50¢ piece, which all too frequently is the case, Crowder writes:

We have credited your account with the two-cent overpayment, and suggest that you take advantage of this credit within the next 14 months, as all monies found static on our books at the end of that period are automatically transferred to our Sen-Sen fund for the benefit of our employees.

While surpluses go into the employees' Sen-Sen fund, deficits must come out of it, so Crowder jealously watches his accounts. Recently an order came from James R. Miller of the California Institute of Technology with a payment of 12 three-cent stamps. Crowder wrote:

Our President hardly envisioned the dire need for a dependable BunaB at CalTech, but was convinced of it after blowing our fifth and last stand-by No. 5825 RCA tube in our homemade Univac, trying to reconcile the figures $12 \times 3 = 48$. Naturally, our experiments in higher mathematics have been concentrated on improving our product and we have not done as much research in multiplying postage stamps as your distinguished group. Our comptroller insists that we have you on the cuff to the amount of 12¢. Should you send stamps, we would probably receive three purples.

The letter indicated that a carbon copy had gone to the Octopus Collection Agency, a Snav subsidiary.

One of Crowder's larger transactions to date involved a rush order for 100 #7 models, and it involved a production crisis of sorts. But he beat the deadline and submitted the following bill:

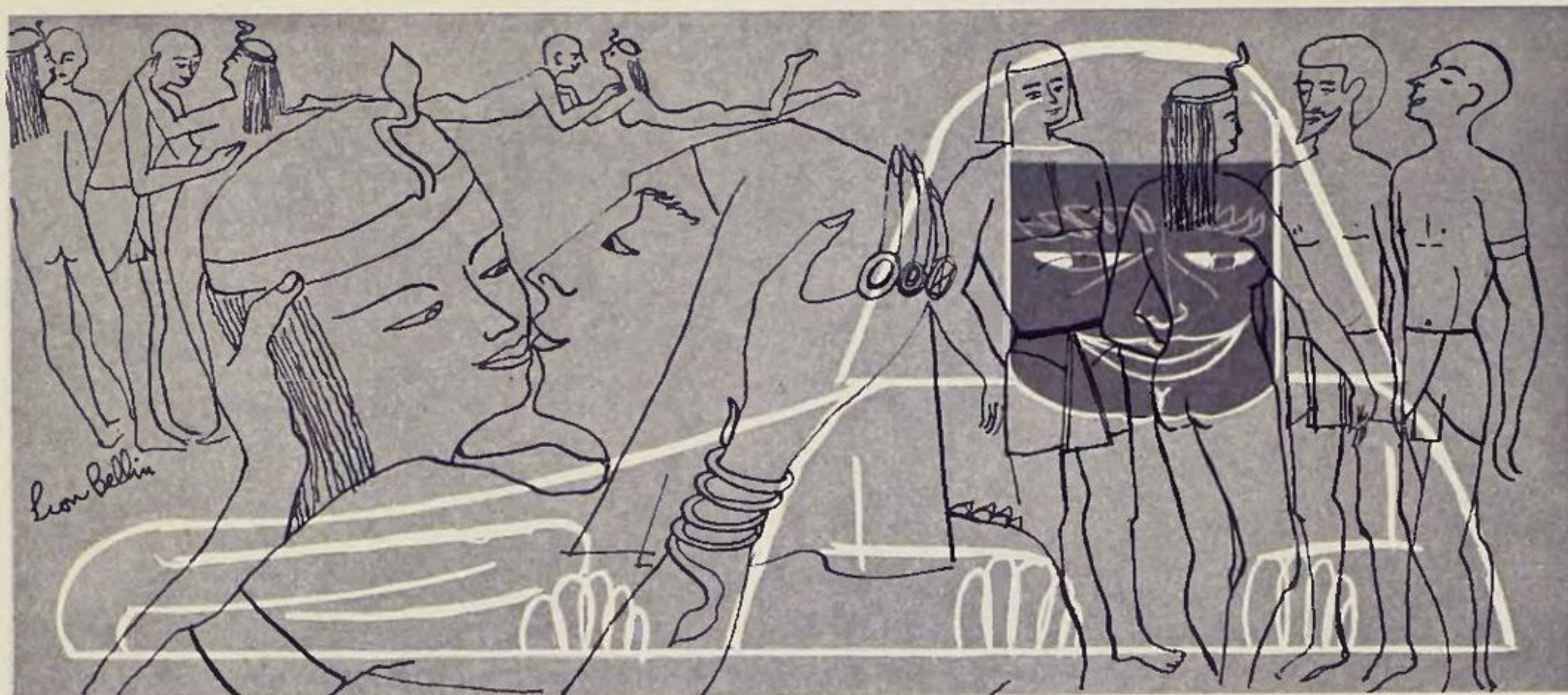
100 Improved #7 BunaBs	
@ .48	\$ 48.00
Special rush service	
(overtime, night crew)	114.29
Grog and entertainment for night crew	387.14
Medical aid for night crew.	6.00
Transportation to Express Co. (cab)	.45
Tips for cab driver.....	18.53
Shipping Cartons (eight 6-pack Pabst)	7.20
Lunch for night shift (slaw, schnitzel, pumpernickel, limburger, Braunschweiger, kartoffle-sal.)	9.88
Baby sitter	6.55
Opium for baby sitter.....	11.00
	<u>\$609.04</u>
Less Special Discount for Asst. to Pres.....	561.04
	<u>\$ 48.00</u>

The World Is Coming to an End. Please remit promptly, we don't want to have to chase all over Hell for our money.

When a business becomes so big so fast, how, you ask, did it ever get started? "Originally the BunaB was intended," Crowder explains, "for a few select friends. But these friends soon discovered it filled a long-standing need. They began buying BunaBs for their friends, and their friends began buying them for other friends. As a result, we are now world-wide." Crowder has traced a typical genealogical line of the organization's growth:

"Our Mr. Abel Green, who is also the editor of *Variety*, sent one to our Mr. Meredith Willson, who became an Assistant to the President by sending one to our Mr. José Ferrer, who sent one to our Mr. David C. Garraway. Our Mr. Garraway ordered 40. We shipped 15 and back-ordered 25. One of the people our Mr. Garraway sent a BunaB to was our Mr. Jules Herbuveaux, who runs NBC in Chicago, who sent one to our Mr. Pat Kelly, a peach of a guy, who at the time was with the Crown Crest Stables at Lexington, Kentucky. So, as a result of our Mr. Green originally sending one to our Mr. Willson, we are now in the official stud book. The name 'BunaB' is registered there as the name of a filly. And the whole project has pyramided in that way. Herb Shriner is one of our key personnel, and so are Marc Connelly, Bill Cullen, Deems Taylor, Hugh Downs, Bob and Ray, Garry Moore and Cary Grant.

What of the future? The future of
(concluded on page 70)



The Princess herself taught the course in bedroom behavior.

Ribald Classic

THE SMILE ON THE FACE OF THE SPHINX

A new translation from the ironic *Contes Saugrenus* of Pierre Sylvain Maréchal

IN THE FOURTH DYNASTY, there was a fine King of Egypt named Cheops. Under his rule the country prospered, and he won important wars. But while he was away fighting battles, the government back home always became inefficient and ineffective, and one of his daughters, an unusually intelligent and beautiful young woman, was upset by this situation. One day she went to her father.

"Father, you are a wise and wonderful man, and you have been and are the greatest ruler Egypt has ever known, but you badly need someone to watch over things while you are away. Why don't you let me?"

"What would you do?"

"Well, first I would establish a school to train those who are going to take important positions."

"I never heard of such a thing, but I am willing to let you try your hand."

The Princess selected the handsomest young men for her school and engaged the best teachers she could find. She herself taught a course in the art of behavior in the bedroom, something she considered of utmost importance for political leaders. In that way, too, she was able to get first-hand information about the physical prowess of the men and to appoint them to the positions for which they were best fitted.

Soon it became fashionable to designate men according to a system the Princess had devised. When the Prime

Minister passed by, women would line the street and whisper to each other:

"He is a 12-time man!"

"A man who can accomplish such marvels deserves to be Prime Minister!"

Some of the other ministers had reputations for 10 and 11 times, and lesser officials were eight- and nine-time men. If on later testing the Princess discovered that these men did not live up to their reputations, they were reduced in rank.

It is easy to imagine how the State flourished under the auspices of such a wise government. Hence in Egypt there were 30 or 40 families that lived in great abundance. It is true that the others were in rags and almost starved, but what government can make *all* the people happy?

After a few years the beautiful Princess had the government in working order, and one day as she stood outside her palace looking at the Sphinx she felt sure that it winked at her. Then suddenly a thought came to her.

"While my father is still away I must build a monument more impressive than the Sphinx to commemorate his great reign, and I think I know just how to do that."

She sent word through the kingdom that any young and vigorous man would be admitted to her boudoir if he would provide a building stone of certain dimensions. There was an element of

democracy in that the stones would come from all the ranks of society.

It is needless to say that in a few years huge piles of stones arose around the palace. They were so high that on several occasions they slid down and crushed people who happened to be passing by. Then one day her father returned from his military triumphs. He had wiped out all the opposition and would be able to spend the rest of his days at home. When he arrived he could hardly believe his eyes.

"My daughter, I don't like to complain, but there are so many stones around the place we can hardly see the sun. What in heaven's name are we going to do with them?"

"All hail, greatest ruler in the history of Egypt. I have gathered these stones to build for you the most handsome monument the world has ever known."

And so it came to pass that Cheops built the Great Pyramid which became his tomb, and there were enough stones left over to build a small pyramid which became the tomb of the Princess.

And Chephren, the brother of Cheops who succeeded him, built a pyramid; and also Mycerinus, the son of Cheops who ruled next. It is a pity that those two rulers did not have intelligent and beautiful daughters like Cheops' so they could have built larger ones.

— Translated by Hobart Ryland



PRESTIGE ON WHEELS

(continued from page 46)

machine." This was a simple rig: two huge wheels sunk halfway in the floor. The wheels were irregular, cam-shaped. The car to be tested was chained in position over them, and the wheels started turning. Every time one of the bumps came around, the car was shaken from one end to the other. High-quality automobiles were broken up on this machine in three minutes, but Rolls-Royce cars would sit there and take it for 100 hours. If one of them didn't take it for 100 hours, the men responsible could count on some sleepless nights. During World War I, T. E. Lawrence used Rolls-Royce armored cars in the Arabian campaigns. These were ordinary chassis stripped of their limousine or touring-car bodies and hung with up to three tons of armor plate. Lawrence had nine cars like that, and they were driven over rocks and sand, with virtually no maintenance, for 18 months before anything failed. Then one of them broke a rear-spring bracket.

Asked to sign a guest-book, Royce always wrote, "Henry Royce, mechanic." It was his great pride. He never learned how to use a slide rule, but he could pick up a piece of brass and file out a perfect fitting by hand and eye alone. He made a virtue of his lack of schooling: he came to every problem with his mind unhampered by preconceived ideas. He was wonderfully original and inventive, and his patience was limitless. The production of one solution to an apparently insoluble problem did not impress him. He wanted a dozen solutions, out of which the best could be chosen. Complexity intrigued him, and the Rolls-Royce "Merlin" airplane engines which won the Battle of Britain had their origin, years before, with him. The first air crossing of the Atlantic, eight years before Lindbergh, was made with Rolls-Royce engines.

Laden with honors, Sir Henry Royce died in April 1933, 70 years of age and redesigning to the end. After mature consideration, the company board of directors agreed to make, in his memory, a change in the traditional square-shaped Rolls-Royce radiator that had not been altered since the very first car: the red enamel of the name plate was changed to mourning black, and it is still black.

Rolls-Royce has made fewer models than any other great firm. The great ones were, and are, The Silver Ghost, the Alpine, the Phantom I, the Phantom II, the Continental, Phantom III, the 20-25, the Silver Wraith, Silver Dawn, Silver Cloud, and Phantom IV. They were all six-cylinder cars, except the P-III, a 12, and the P-IV, an 8 made, so far, only for the British royal family. The Silver Dawn appeared in 1939, and was the first Rolls-Royce it was possible

to buy "off the peg." Prior to 1949, Rolls-Royce made the chassis only, and turned it over to a coach-maker for bodywork. In 1949's austerity, the company decided that the day of the chauffeur-driven car was waning, and built the Dawn, a standard, but very luxurious sedan, for \$10,500. The Silver Cloud and the Silver Wraith are the two models in current production, at \$12,800 and \$19,500 respectively. The Silver Cloud, successor to the Dawn, has a standard body. When you buy a Wraith you get a more powerful engine, a longer wheel base, and custom coachwork. Incidentally, if the ostentation of a Rolls-Royce bothers you, if you are afraid that the hired hands down at the plant are apt to ask for a new wage scale if they see you driving one, the company has a solution for your problem. Rolls-Royce also makes the Bentley, and the Bentley Model S is identical in every particular with the Rolls-Royce save for the radiator shell. Instead of the massive squared-off R-R radiator, instantly recognizable from Chappaqua to Canberra, the Bentley has a fairly unobtrusive one. You ride in the same utter luxury that a Rolls-Royce provides, but only the *cognoscenti* know that you spoiled \$15,000 to buy the car.

Custom coachwork, of the kind that goes into a Wraith made for a demanding customer willing to spend money, is almost unknown in this country. Literally anything is possible, and your maddest whim will not raise the coach-maker's eyebrow a millimeter. He has heard it all before. He has made bodies for Indian maharajahs who bought Rolls-Royce cars in dozen lots, to give to their friends. Any fabric the world knows can be used for upholstery, and any leather: ostrich, peccary, morocco, zebra hide. The woodwork can be anything you like: rosewood, sandalwood, acacia, mahogany. Rear-seat TV is a standard option, so is a complete bar, or a dictating machine. Rolls-Royces have been made with solid silver ceremonial ablution sets for Mohammedan princes, they have been fitted with medicine chests, record libraries. An English noblewoman had a chamber pot built into her limousine. Folding tables front and rear, lighted vanity-cases, rear-window defrosters and such trifles are standard on every car. When Mike Todd gave Mrs. Todd a Rolls-Royce he had it upholstered in black and white kidskin. The folding trays in this car are marked LIZ and HIS. Mike Todd was riding in this Rolls-Royce, incidentally, when a newly rich buddy, proud of the telephone he'd just had installed in his Cadillac, called up and began, "Mike, I was just rolling along the West Side Highway here and I thought I'd give you a

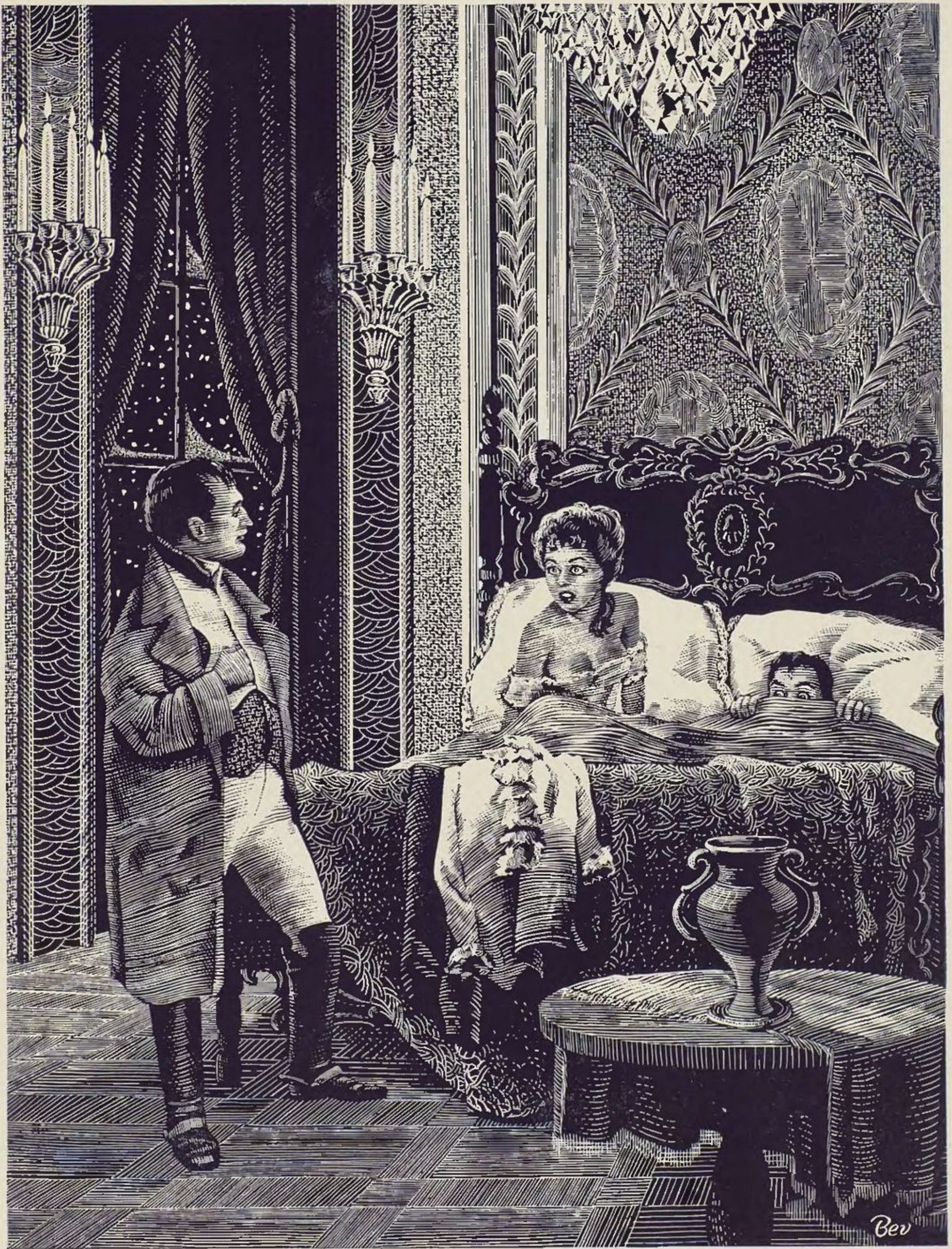
buzz and . . ."

"Excuse me just a minute, will you, chum?" Todd said. "My other phone is ringing."

When a Rolls-Royce is delivered, anything that does not meet the immediate approval of the owner will be changed forthwith, naturally. The same will be true three years later, too. And the Rolls-Royce guarantee not only runs for three years, in contrast to the three-month guarantee of ordinary cars, but should anything break on the car, not only the replacement part is free—the cost of putting it into the car is on the house, too. Almost anything one hears about a Rolls-Royce is true—*almost* anything. The most-repeated brag, completely untrue, is probably this: that the Rolls-Royce hood is sealed at the factory, and its opening by any but a factory mechanic voids the guarantee. The story originated in the fact that the pre-war Rolls-Royce bonnets, or hoods, were fastened by outside locks. The fact is that any competent mechanic can service a Rolls-Royce, using the tool kit provided with the car. It is true that the factory maintains a school for drivers in England, and the silver pin signifying completion of the two-week course is highly prized. (Before the automatic transmission era, four days of the curriculum were allocated to teaching gear-shifting! No automatic transmission made today offers the smoothness of which a trained chauffeur was capable.) For a few years in the 1920s Rolls-Royce cars were made in America, at Springfield, Mass. The factory was largely staffed by Britons, and the cars were identical in quality with the English models, differing only in their left-hand drive, but they didn't sell well, since they lacked the "Made in England" cachet, and the factory was given up in 1931.

The original owners of Rolls-Royce cars admire them, prize them, but the stage of absolute veneration is reserved for the second-, third- and fourth-hand owners, usually men and women who could not have afforded the initial cost of the car. These *aficionados* are banded together in The Rolls-Royce Owners Club, with headquarters in the United States and members all over the world. Their cars are often marvels of restoration and maintenance. There are probably more immaculately restored Rolls-Royce cars in existence than any other make can boast, and some of them, like James Melton's 1907 tourer, or Stanley Tarnopol's 1927 P-I double-cowl phaeton, are almost incredibly perfect. (The aluminum bonnet of Tarnopol's car is polished with jeweler's rouge!) The R.R.O.C. serves as a central repository for all manner of information bearing on the car, conducts elaborate meets in which members' cars are displayed and

(concluded overleaf)



"Why dear, I thought you'd be in Moscow by now."

exercised, and publishes a slick-paper periodical, *The Flying Lady*. Title of the magazine derives from the famous Rolls-Royce radiator emblem, properly called "The Silver Lady," which was designed in 1911 by the English sculptor C. A. Sykes. The model is supposed to have been the mistress of a British nobleman who was prominent in the motoring world of the day. For as long as the radiator opened on the outside, two caps were furnished: the Lady, and a plain cap to be put on if the car had to be left unattended for any length of time. Good pre-war Silver Lady caps bring up to \$50 today. The contemporary model is smaller, and, of course, permanently attached, since the radiator opening is covered by the hood, as it is in all modern automobiles.

Only hard-headed, realistic men can sustain a commercial endeavor for half a century, and Rolls-Royce policy has always been carefully trimmed to the times. Today's Rolls-Royce cars are not quite so lavishly made as were the old Ghosts, P-Is, P-IIs and P-IIIs. Today's buyers are not so demanding as their fathers were.

But it is still the best car in the world, legitimate descendant of the fast and rakish London-Edinburgh model, the fabulous Continental, and the Phantoms and Wraiths that have borne the world's

great men, and witnessed great events. The old Rolls-Royce cars—you must never call one a "Rolls"—will be with us for decades more, oiled like watches, guarded as Renaissance paintings are guarded. The litany of the old body styles—Salamanca, Tilbury, Riviera, Mayfair, Carlton—will be recited as long as we ride in automobiles, and while there are men willing and able to pay for perfection, Rolls-Royce will provide their transportation.

Y

ORVILLE K. SNAV

(continued from page 66)

Snav Associates throbs with rich promise. The research laboratories are busy, and great developments are in work. There is, for example, the Improved #6 BunaB, which omits the registration card but carries the imprint of the thoughtful giver in a translucent etch on the plastic box. "Aside from these modifications," confides Crowder, "the only difference between the #6 and #7 is their similarity."

Another crowning achievement is the BunaB #5, an LP for people who like to have a record on while watching television. The liner notes are models of

informative Snavian prose. Side One, they tell us, is for drama, mystery, adventure and afternoon serials, and Side Two for panel shows, interviews, news, weather and sports. "Many fanciful effects," says the liner, "such as the sound of 8000 violins playing in unison, are easily possible through skilled employment of echo chambers and multiple recordings. However, such devices tend to detract from the underlying dignity and simple directness revealed by the elimination of strings, reeds, brasses, percussion and human voices. Therefore, none of these tricks of modern electronic magic will be heard on this recording." Not only that, but "In the entire history of recording the general public has never before been granted an opportunity to obtain a disc which may be played at all speeds (33 $\frac{1}{3}$, 45, 78 and the now obsolete 80 revolutions per minute favored by Mr. Thomas Alva Edison, the inventor of the phonograph) with the assurance that regardless of playing speed, there will result no discordant auricular deviations."

By this time it will have dawned on anyone imbued with the BunaB orientation that the #5 provides 40 minutes of ringing silence, despite Snav's final obiter dicta: "Critical listeners may claim to hear strains from such classics as *Echo of Your Shadow*, *Drop Me a Pin*, *Tuba Full O' Honey*, *My Tacit Farewell*, *Applause for Judas*, *Bouncing Marshmallows*, *Underneath the Rockies*, and the less familiar *Beat of a Heart of Stone*." The liner notes also suggest the record can be invaluable in teaching parrots, parakeets, mynahs and canaries to shut up.

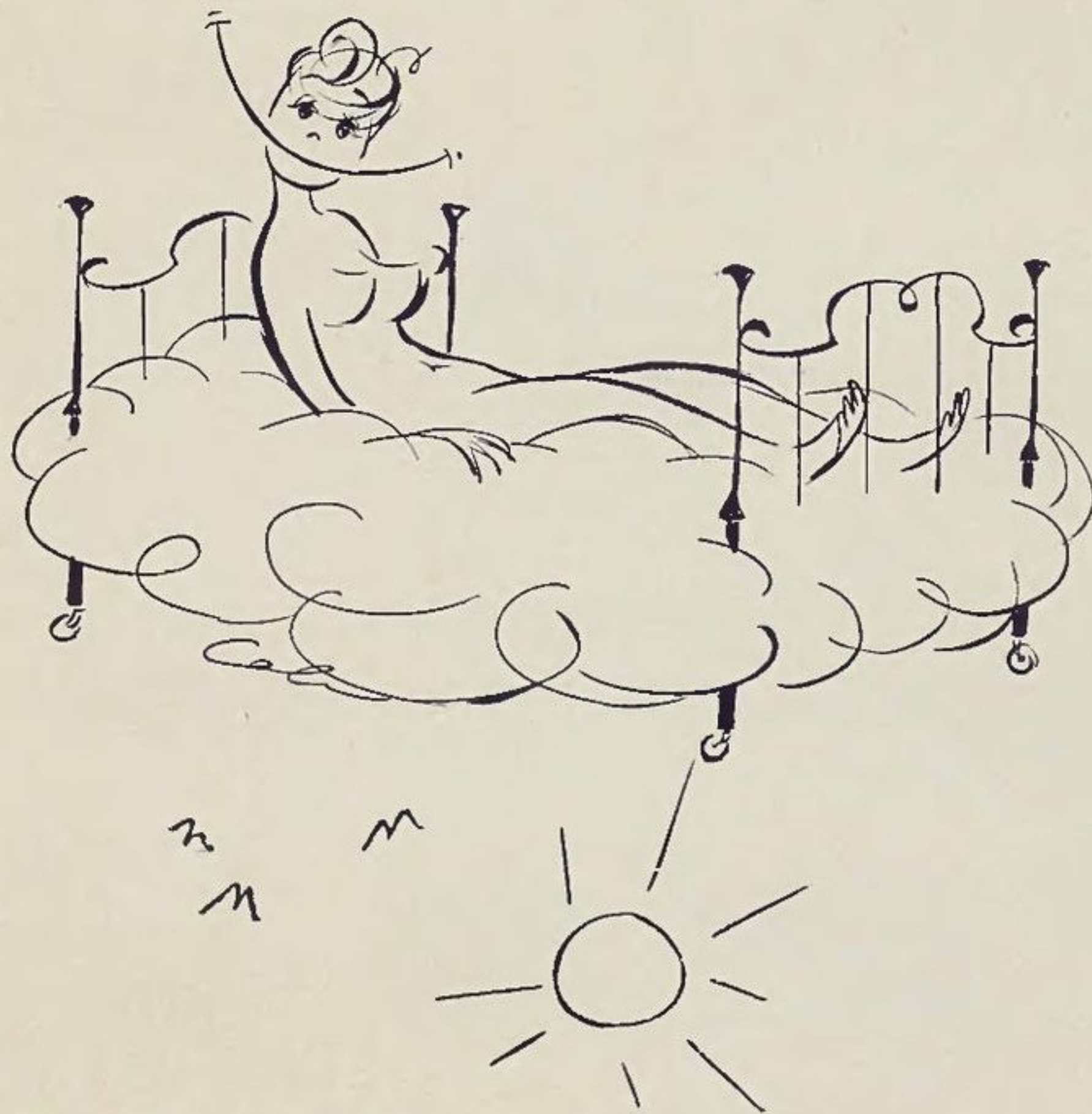
Production of the #5, Crowder claims, was no easy matter: "You can realize the problem of keeping 50 musicians quiet for more than half an hour."

Still another Snav product that has burst into the market is the PMM (Post Meridian Morning) Shield. The PMM Shield is a black half-circle of suitably reinforced material. It is pasted over the left half of your clock, thus obliterating what Crowder calls "one of the anathemas of modern civilization—the morning."

Sometimes, in Crowder's normal business life, someone asks him point-blank if there is really any Orville K. Snav at all. He's never been seen. He never writes to anyone. At that question Crowder's face assumes a look of incredulity, and he's likely to answer, "My friend, that's like pointing to a beautiful fountain and saying maybe there's no such thing as a plumber. Why it's obvious. There it is. It exists. You can say, if you wish, that there's no such guy as the Wright Brothers, but if you're flying up there in the sky, you'd better be wearing a parachute before you say it."

Y

FEMALES BY COLE: 46



Newlywed

(continued from page 56)

Valette, worked for 36 years to fix it — even the women, and even La Valette, were carrying stone to the parapets — and the S.M.O.M. had its powder dry when Suleiman the Magnificent, who conquered it in Rhodes at the start of his reign, said he'd conquer it in Malta in the end. In 1565, he laid siege — one of the great sieges of history, fought, for a third of a year, by 30,000 Turks and only eight or nine thousand S.M.O.M.-ians. On land, crockery pots of wildfire were thrown, like hand grenades, from one to the other, and there were frogman fights at sea. It took a month for the Turks to get St. Elmo, an outpost, but 8000 of them had died in doing it, which got the Turkish general so angry that he cut a Maltese cross, with his scimitar, into every dead S.M.O.M.-ian, and sent the bodies downstream to La Valette, which got La Valette, in turn, so angry that he beheaded his prisoners and fired a fusillade of human heads onto the Turks, "and from that day onward, no quarter was given on either side," in the words of a *Short History*. La Valette was told to surrender; he pointed to the trenches, saying, "There is the only ground I plan to surrender, and that as a grave for the Turkish army."

The catastrophe was at hand. The S.M.O.M. was reinforced, to a degree, by a Mesquita, the Governor of Notabile, who stormed the Turkish hospitals when nobody was about, and the Turks were reinforced by Hassan, the Begler Beg of Algeria, and, on Thursday, August 23, they assaulted all parts of the S.M.O.M. at once. The S.M.O.M. had been forewarned — someone had shot an arrow into the fortress with the one word "Thursday" — and almost every knight was out of the hospital, at the battlements. They held for more than a week; then, 8500 reinforcements came from Spain, and the Turks skeddaddled in panic, many of them being killed, as they did so, by their very general, Mustapha Pasha. When Suleiman the Magnificent heard of this, he hit the ceiling, and resolved, at the age of 70, to lead an army himself; and he sent a letter to La Valette, in which he swore "by the god wch hath mayd heaven and yearth and by our xxvj Proffites and the foure Musaphi which fell downe out of heaven and by our chief proffit Mahomet" that nobody would be hurt if the S.M.O.M. surrendered. "But yf," added Suleiman, in his second sentence — his first sentence had been 279 words long "but yf you will not yeald yor selves as wee have said wee will roote out the foundation of your castell upsid downe, and make you slaves and to die an

evell death according to our pleasure as wee have dann to manny others and of this be you right well assured." La Valette, after reading this, sent a few men to Constantinople, blew up the Turkish navy and that was the end of that.

Suleiman the Magnificent died in mortification that very year, and Jean Parisot de la Valette died, of sunstroke, two years later, and from then on the Ottoman Empire and the S.M.O.M. went downhill. The people of the S.M.O.M. gave in to luxury and vice, and Malta, won by bravery on August 23, 1565, was lost by cowardice on Seed 23, 6 — to use the language of the French Directory, as it directed Napoleon to conquer Malta. Chiefly, the cowardice was that of the grand master, Ferdinand Joseph Anthony Herman Lewis von Hompesch, who, as Napoleon hove up with 14 sail-of-the-line, 30 frigates, and 300 cargo ships, did nothing, and the S.M.O.M. was conquered apace. ("How fortunate," said one of Napoleon's staff, "for a couple of dozen men could have held the city against us.") Taken to Napoleon, Von Hompesch asked for his chinaware and jewelry; he was turned down, and when he died, he was too poor to have a funeral. The other people of the S.M.O.M. took kit and caboodle once again and went, in a quandary, to Austria, England and Russia, and the ones in Russia, as I have already said, elected the czar as their 70th grand master. (That a czar should take the vows of chastity, and obedience and poverty, and still keep his crown, had not seemed at all irregular to the S.M.O.M. since the 13th Century, when it took King Andrew of Hungary in, and got, in gratitude, 700 silver marks a year.) After a while, the S.M.O.M. was given the half-acre of downtown Rome that is, still, its only territory, but part of the bargain was that only three men — the grand master, the lieutenant grand master, and the chancellor — could have the right of citizenship there. The other S.M.O.M.-ians were to be citizens of the country they live in. Today, there are four or five thousand members of the Order of Malta who are citizens of Europe and the Americas, and, for them, it's very like the Order of Odd Fellows or the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, though 19 of them get to be real ambassadors. A few of the members in the United States are Francis Cardinal Spellman, Mr. Frank Leahy, Mr. Frank Folsom and Mr. Henry Ford II.

The two contemporary citizens of the S.M.O.M., Brother Paternó and Baron Apor, are well-behaved, exemplary men, and there isn't any need for the S.M.O.M. to have any laws or law court and, if we wish to learn of that



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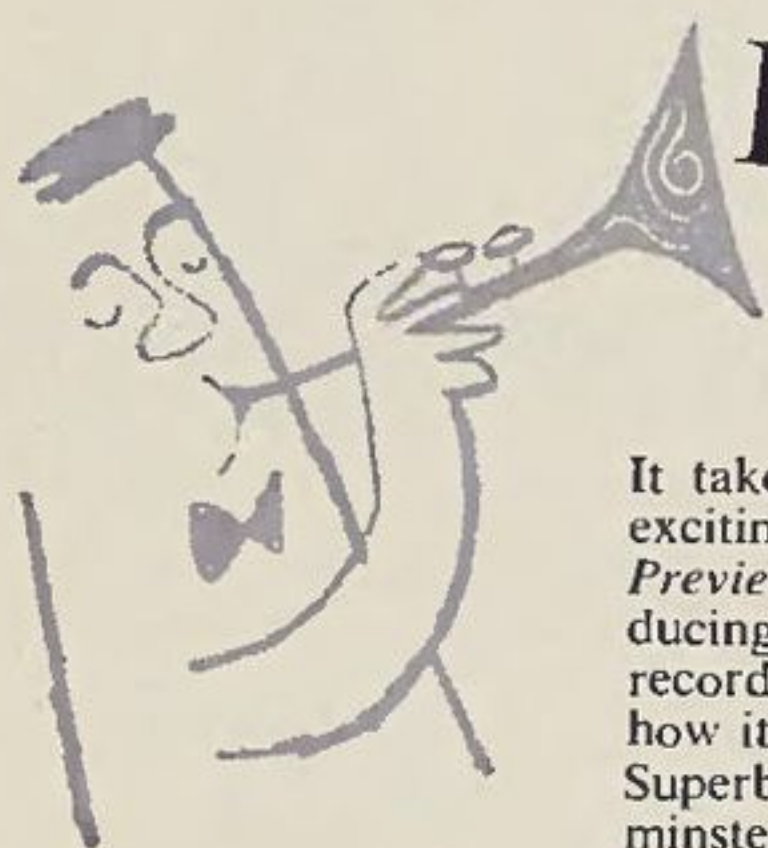
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by



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aspect of the S.M.O.M., we must study it when it was more heavily populated, on the island of Malta. It was against the law, in those centuries, to throw rocks into a window or dirt onto a door, or to go to the ballet; slavery wasn't against the law (there was a big market in the capital city, Valetta) but cowardice *was*, and a General St. Clement, who ordered a withdrawal, was found guilty of it in the 16th Century. It was against the law to duel, but in Valetta there was a narrow street, the Strada Stretta—the Narrow Street—where the people of the S.M.O.M. used to get jostled, at times, and fly extemporaneously off the handle, and whenever they did, the law and the law courts would look the other way. Pretty soon, anybody who cared to duel did so on the Strada Stretta, it being closed to pedestrian traffic by the seconds. A common punishment for many of these crimes was to get no food: torture was legal, and General St. Clement, the coward, was strangled to death and thrown in a burlap bag into the Mediterranean. The S.M.O.M. gave sanctuary to the civil criminals of other countries—Caravaggio, the artist, a murderer, was one of them—and the S.M.O.M.'s hospital gave sanctuary to the civil criminals of the S.M.O.M., although, in the course of time, conspirators, traitors, murderers, perjurers, poisoners, pillagers, sodomites, arsonites, assassins, debtors, highwaymen and thieves were barred from the hospital by one regulation after another.

Historically, the S.M.O.M.'s hospital was that of 1048 — part of the caboodle taken from Jerusalem to Acre, Cyprus, Rhodes and Malta. The hospital seems to have gone downhill, though, as the S.M.O.M. did: it was visited in the 18th Century by John Howard, the philanthropist, who said it was "so dirty and offensive as to create the necessity of perfuming (the beds — of which there were 745, by the way) and yet I observed that the physician in going his rounds was obliged to keep a handkerchief to his face," while the staff of the hospital were "the most dirty, ragged, unfeeling and inhuman persons I ever saw. I once saw eight or nine of them highly entertained by a delirious, dying patient." He also complained that the vermicelli was dirty and the bread was moldy, but, Baron Apor has assured me, this latter was on the menu for its penicillin content, the drug having been known, but not isolated, by the S.M.O.M.'s hospital in the 15th Century.

. . . .

All of which brings us to the Sovereign and Military Order of Saint John of Jerusalem, Rhodes and Malta today — i.e., Brother Paternó and Baron

Apor. The latter of these has an apartment in the Italian quarter of Rome, but the former has made his abode on S.M.O.M.ian soil, in the Order of Malta Palace, 68 Via Condotti, a solemn, gray, four-floored building that takes up *all* the S.M.O.M.ian soil. The palace, a minute's walk from the bottom of the Spanish Steps, may readily be identified by the letters *cucci* in front, in gold, which I took, at first, for some sort of Roman numeral but soon realized was a sign for Signor Cucci, the haberdasher. Here, at the front of the palace, Signor Cucci has rented a store, filling the windows of it with silken bathrobes and ties, and the several other stores in the palace have pearls, coral, gold tea services, and Buddhas of jade in their windows; none of the stores have extraterritoriality. Between the door to Cucci's and the door to Rapi's is the ponderous door to the S.M.O.M., indicated by a small silver plaque, SOVRANO INTERNAZIONALE MILITARE ORDINE DI MALTA, and by another, INTERNATIONAL MILITARY SOVEREIGN ORDER OF MALTA — two further variations on the name of the country that, Baron Apor tells me, are erroneous, as is the variation on his own passport — and beyond the door is a court, much smaller than a tennis court, but clearly large enough for the mailbox that Baron Apor is thinking of. The court is full of automobiles by day, some of them with S.M.O.M. plates, and is rather pretty at night: a Maltese cross, in red and white, is floodlit at the far end, and a gargoyle is spewing water into a pool of goldfish; and the whole thing can be appreciated till one A.M. from the Via Condotti, in Italy.

There is a concierge at the border of the S.M.O.M., but he graciously let me by, without any trouble, on the day I visited Baron Apor. The baron's office, as chancellor, is on the palace's third floor; it is well-appointed, but, unfortunately, it doesn't look into the courtyard but onto a typical scene of back-yard Italy, a *pasticcio* of dirty wood and rickety balconies, one above the other and populated, for the most part, by white, restless pieces of laundry, like mountain sheep. For five or 10 minutes, I sat in the anteroom and looked at all this — a cat lurked, a woman in black drew the laundry in — until, presently, I was shown into the chambers of Baron Apor, who greeted me enthusiastically in English and Italian, told me the story about wine, women and song of which I have already apprised the reader, told me several facts about S.M.O.M. of which I have also apprised the reader, gave some hurried orders to a secretary, who was standing by with a pyramid of state papers in his hands, and took me, directly, on a furious tour of the S.M.O.M. — first,

the red and gold halls of state, where the Peruvian ambassador had presented his credentials a week earlier; then, a red and gold dining room with medieval tapestries; then, the green and gold room where the delegates of the four or five thousand members of the S.M.O.M. who don't have extraterritoriality meet, every now and then, to elect a grand master; and, last but not least, the S.M.O.M.'s hospital, in the back rooms of the palace. All of these rooms were tidy, shipshape, and hung with paintings and maps of Malta, and of the 76 grand masters — Deodato de Gozon, the dragon killer, looking like Man Mountain Dean, and Prince Chigi, the one who died in 1951, looking like a perfect old man, bald-headed and white-goateed.

The hospital was excellent, I thought. Its waiting room was lit by ultraviolet, germicidal light, and I learned that the 160 or so patients who pass through it every day are given the newest of the miracle drugs — isolated, at long last — and the best of dietary food (a far cry from the 18th Century, when the rules of the S.M.O.M.'s hospital specified, for the patients, a diet of "the best soup, made of fowls, herbs, vermicelli, rice, etc., and every sort of meat . . . such as chickens, pigeons, poultry, beef, veal, game, hashes, fricasees, stews, sausages, etc., in such quantities as are necessary; also fresh eggs, pomegranates, plums, and grapes, and every kind of freshment allowed to sick people; such as biscuits, apples, fruit, sugar, and all sorts of confectionery, each according to his wants." This is the same hospital that has been with us, interruptedly, for nine centuries, but, as I learned from Baron Apor, the S.M.O.M. also has a number of hospitals on foreign soil, some of them larger than the S.M.O.M., and some of them as far afield as London and Schleswig-Holstein, Germany, where at first the red and white S.M.O.M.ian flags were taken for those of Denmark by the Schleswig-Holsteiner, who decided the Danes weren't up to any good.

Before I left, I learned from Baron Apor that two other things the S.M.O.M. does, in this 20th Century, are to fly pilgrims from Italy, Ireland and Sardinia to Lourdes, and to fly missionaries out of Africa for what, in the United States Army, is called an R&R — a Rest & Recreation leave. For these purposes, the S.M.O.M. uses its air force, such as it is, which is kept on Italian soil, is flown by Italians, and, as a matter of fact, was gotten gratis from Italy at the end of World War II. The S.M.O.M., itself, was strictly neutral in that war, as in every war since the Napoleonic ones, and its ambulances went north and south of battleline, and, as a consequence, the



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S.M.O.M. now considers itself on friendly terms with every country on earth—except one, a country 200 times as large and scarcely a mile away, Vatican City. The cause of the falling-out of these two Roman Catholic neighbors is that root of all evil, money: the Vatican has wanted the S.M.O.M.'s, or, at least, the right to audit it, ever since the S.M.O.M. went into the red a half-dozen years ago, when all of its navy—a rented navy—disappeared on the Atlantic Ocean with 10,000 bushels of wheat. It turned out that a Count Thun, a federal employee of the S.M.O.M., was using the S.M.O.M.'s money to play the wheat market, and it also turned out that someone else at the S.M.O.M. was playing the stock market, and that someone else was smuggling radios from the United States to Italy, via the S.M.O.M., in boxes that were marked "penicillin." Prince Chigi, the grand master, died of a broken heart when he heard of this, and the Vatican investigated; now the S.M.O.M., though, is in the black, and has written a secret 100-page paper telling the Vatican to make itself scarce. What will come of this is hard to say, for relations between the S.M.O.M. and the Vatican have been off-again, on-again since the 13th Century, when Pope Gregory IX threatened to excommunicate it. (Pope Gregory thought it was in cahoots with the Order of Assassins, a Moslem one, and the S.M.O.M. didn't help any by going to war, soon afterwards, with the Order of the Temple, a Catholic one.)

Relations between the S.M.O.M. and the nonsovereign, nonmilitary Order of the Holy Sepulchre also are none too good; they have been off-again, on-again since the 11th Century, when, according to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the Church of the S.M.O.M. made too much noise. Nowadays, the schism is over real estate, some profitable land at Sorrento, which both the S.M.O.M. and the Order of the Holy Sepulchre lay claim to. The Grand Commander of the Order of the Holy Sepulchre and enemy of the Order of Malta is Nicola Cardinal Canali, who was, nevertheless, named by the Vatican to investigate the Order of Malta, and who, moreover, is in the Order of Malta—a pretty kettle of fish, I think, and one that I wouldn't dare to elucidate any further.

I suspect, by now, that many of my readers, who have visited Italy and the Vatican City, are cursing themselves for having been a block or two away and, yet, having missed the chance of doing a third country, the S.M.O.M. They will be comforted to know, accordingly, that if they saw everything in Rome that is expected of them as tourists, they have done the S.M.O.M.



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—unwittingly. They will recollect being taken, as part of their itinerary, to a shady hill by the Tiber, and being directed by the American Express man to peek through a keyhole in a large, wooden door; and what they saw was a lovely thing, a long, green avenue of trees, and the dome of St. Peter's a mile beyond. The dome of St. Peter's is part of Vatican City, of course, and the keyhole is part of Italy—indeed, a national monument—but the door in which the keyhole is situated, and the avenue of trees, are part of the S.M.O.M.: it's the summer villa of the grand master, and, like the summer villa of the Pope, at Castelgandolfo, it's extraterritorial.

One doesn't know how the Pope would feel about such a practice, but, I'm pleased to report, the grand masters of the S.M.O.M. have never taken exception to the thousands of tourists who visit their summer villa and peek into the keyhole. The door itself is not opened for the tourists, though; it is opened only for the grand master, when there is a grand master, and for those people, like me, who are given what amounts to a visa by Baron Apor, and it is opened on these occasions by Signor Cesare Giacchetti, a kindly old Italian who has opened the door, closed the door, cleaned out the fluff in the national monument, pruned the avenue of trees and some persimmon trees, out of sight, and dusted the villa of the grand master since the end of World War I. Signor Giacchetti performed the first two of these functions for me, and said he uses a penknife to perform the third, the fluff being frequently put into the national monument by a couple of young imps in the neighborhood; he also observed that until quite recently, the scene to be contemplated at the end of the avenue of trees wasn't St. Peter's Cathedral but an Italian smokestack: there was an outcry in the Italian press, and the indignity was taken down. Signor Giacchetti and I had been chatting of these matters, in the garden of the grand master's villa, for barely a minute, when one of those tinted, air-conditioned buses arrived, and two or three dozen tourists got out, to peer into the keyhole; and Signor Giacchetti and I peeked back.

The tourists had the better peek. It encompassed not only Signor Giacchetti, me, and a national monument or two, but no fewer than three countries: Italy, the S.M.O.M., and Vatican City. It is, I think, the most extraordinary panorama of its sort to be seen from anywhere on the Continent but the summit of Mt. Blanc, and I heartily commend it to the vacationist in Rome.



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PLAYBOY READER

(continued from page 63)

AGE

It is the young man who is willing to try new ideas, new styles, and as a result, starts new trends. Witness the national popularity of young men's fashions: walking shorts, the cap and the Ivy League suit. The median age of the PLAYBOY reader is 25—seven years younger than the average reader of any other magazine in the men's field. 75.5% of PLAYBOY's male readership is concentrated in the 18-to-34-year age group—the highest percentage of any of the more than 50 magazines in the survey.

EDUCATION

The PLAYBOY reader is younger and he is also better educated. 54.6% of the male readers of PLAYBOY are college educated—the highest percentage of any men's magazine in the survey. PLAYBOY is B.M.O.C., too—Big Magazine On Campus—with a full 22.7% of its male readers currently enrolled in college. That's a higher percentage than any other magazine surveyed by Starch and more than four times the percentage for the next magazine for men.

INCOME

The PLAYBOY reader is younger, and better educated, and he also enjoys a higher family income than that of any other men's magazine. The median income for the PLAYBOY household is \$7,234—more than 30% above the national average—a full 10% higher than the income for any other magazine in the men's field—and second only to the *New Yorker* among all magazines surveyed by Starch. The Starch Report also includes a median income for the upper half of a magazine's readership and only three publications rate \$10,000+ in this category: the *New Yorker*, PLAYBOY and *U.S. News & World Report*.

MARITAL STATUS

Approximately half of PLAYBOY's readers (46.8%) are free men and the other half are free in spirit only. But a majority of those married are newlyweds: 36.6% of the heads of PLAYBOY households have been married within the past five years—by far the highest percentage of any magazine studied by Starch.

APPAREL

Married or single, the PLAYBOY reader has the wherewithal and is willing to spend it. 41.7% of PLAYBOY households spent more than \$500 for apparel during the past 12 months, the highest percentage of any magazine studied.

TRAVEL

The PLAYBOY reader gets around. 44.8% of PLAYBOY households spent more than \$200 during the past 12 months on vacation travel; 26% spent more than \$200 on business travel. Among all magazines studied, PLAYBOY ranks second only to the *New Yorker* on vacation travel, third to the *New Yorker* and



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AUTOMOBILES

58.1% of PLAYBOY households purchased an automobile during the past year. And 6.3% of PLAYBOY's readers are able to ride high, wide and handsome in three or more family-owned cars. Both figures are unmatched by any other magazine in the Starch survey.

TOBACCO

79.8% of PLAYBOY's male readers smoke cigarettes—the highest percentage of any magazine studied by Starch. 24.5% smoke cigars—the highest figure reported by Starch for any men's magazine.

LIQUOR

80.5% of PLAYBOY families drink or serve alcoholic beverages at home—the highest percentage of all the more than 50 magazines in the report. PLAYBOY ranks first in beer and whiskey, second only to the *New Yorker* in wine.

INSURANCE

26% of PLAYBOY households purchased life insurance during the past 12 months. In this characteristic of responsible stability, PLAYBOY is second only to *Parents* among all magazines studied by Starch.

HOUSEWARES

A larger percentage of PLAYBOY families bought new electric coffee makers, food mixers, fans, irons and toasters during the past 12 months than those receiving any of the other magazines reported on by Starch, confirming the picture of the PLAYBOY reader as being at the peak period of purchasing.

DUPLICATION

Advertising men are interested in the duplication of magazine readership with other magazines and this part of the survey produced some startling facts. The young man who reads PLAYBOY doesn't spend a lot of time with the most popular mass circulation magazines. 93% of the PLAYBOY readers reported they had not read the current issue of *Life*, 92% had not read *The Saturday Evening Post* and 91% had not read the current *Look*. The PLAYBOY man is not only a perfect prospect for advertisers—PLAYBOY is the only practical way of reaching him.

It was Robert Burns who voiced the hope that God would give us the gift to see ourselves as others see us. A difficult thing: each of us is, primarily, an individual rather than a one-man repository of statistics. But we—you readers and we editors—do have a kinship of tastes and aspirations, of outlook, of interests. It's gratifying to know that this constellation of attributes, this orientation of the personality, is possessed by the men who are—statistically—the leaders in their liking for and ability to attain the good things of this life. For us to be among them and to be their voice makes us happy.



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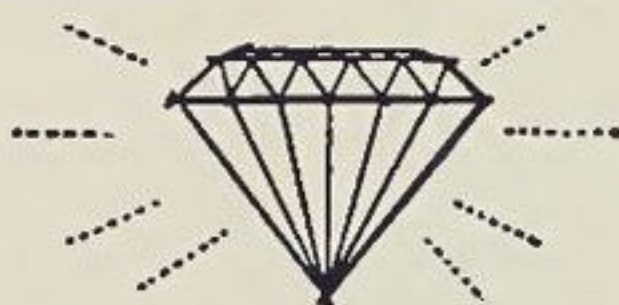
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STRETCH IN SIBERIA (continued from page 52)

guessed. If only you knew what I thought of myself last night. If you only knew," Miss Phillips said, standing up and beginning to unbutton her fresh uniform. "Darling," she said. "Are you all right now?"

Miss Phillips, in the peculiar seclusion of the infirmary, unbuttoned her uniform a great many times in the following days, and in the nights too. Disoriented, indeed overwhelmed by Miss Phillips' eagerness, Drake could do no clear thinking about Mr. Cutts. Mr. Cutts was peripheral to what was happening to Drake, for a while.

"Darling," Miss Phillips said. "Don't you like it any more?"

"Oh sure," Drake said. He shrugged and grinned at her. "Out of steam, I guess," he said.

"Mama knows how to fix that," Miss Phillips said.

But Drake was thinking very constructively about Mr. Cutts again, and now Drake was armed. So he hits me again, Drake thought. So he beats the hell out of me. It was a sucker punch anyway. Maybe I could take him.

"Darling," Miss Phillips said.

He'll pass me, all right, when he knows, Drake thought. He won't be able to stand the sight of me. Briefly, Drake considered the possibility of Mr. Cutts' exposing him, of expulsion. He won't do that, Drake thought. He won't blow it around that a Siberian's had his woman.

"Darling," Miss Phillips said. "What's on your mind?"

"Cutts," Drake said.

"You mustn't worry about him. I know him. I know him very well. He wouldn't believe we'd been doing this if you walked right up and told him."

Drake stared at her, shaken.

Miss Phillips' eyes crinkled at the corners. "Ah," she said, and laughed. "Jealous?"

Drake nodded, going along with it, his mind busy.

"We'll go to bed together," Miss Phillips said.

"What?" Drake said.

"In my bed. In my bedroom. All night, darling. Maybe you'll still be jealous, but you'll have everything anybody's ever had."

She led him across the darkened landing before midnight. "Don't worry," she said. "He won't come. He never comes late when I have a patient."

Drake wasn't worried. He wished Mr. Cutts would walk in now and find them together. That would get it over with. That would get it over with, with a bang. But not Cutts, Drake thought. And she's right, too, he thought with a kind of vicious anger, he wouldn't believe it if you told him. He'd just sit there and laugh.

"Darling, you're marvelous," Miss Phillips said. "Oh, it's good for you to be jealous. You keep right on being jealous. Darling, do you realize that your week is nearly over? We can't stop when you go back to classes. I couldn't stand that."

"Stop pawing me, will you?" Drake said suddenly.

"What? What did you say?" She sat up, bouncing on the soft mattress, and Drake was appalled by the rage in her face.

"I'm sorry," he muttered. "I'm sorry."

"No, I'm sorry," she said, stroking his face. "You need a little rest, darling. Darling, will you come to me at night?"

Now everything was falling apart. "What about Cutts?" Drake said.

"Never mind about him, darling. I can look after him."

"I don't see how I can work it," Drake said.

"We can work it," she said. "And you can get out. I know."

She was right. It was easy enough to sneak out of the dormitories because Siberia's authorities knew there was little temptation to do so. There was nowhere to go. All of the buildings were within a high stone wall.

"Listen," Drake said. "I think we'd better just skip the whole thing when I go back to classes."

"No. Please no."

"I think so," Drake said.

"It's just the way you feel now," Miss Phillips said.

"No," Drake said. His stomach felt sick.

Miss Phillips looked at him out of her sleepy eyes and her full mouth curved gently. "Supposing I tell?" she said.

Drake laughed at her. "You've already said he wouldn't believe it."

"Not Mr. Cutts," she said. "I'm not stupid. No, dear boy, not Mr. Cutts. Your father."

The bloody end, thought Drake.

"Don't make me do it," Miss Phillips said. She put her head down on the pillow and began to cry. "Don't make me do it! God," she said, wrenching herself around. "I know what I am. Do you think I don't know what I am? But it's not much out of your life, after all. Darling," she said. "Please don't be selfish."

"Well," Drake said, "all right, I guess."

"This is no time for guessing."

She was right about that, Drake thought. It was certainly no time for guessing. He touched her in a way he had learned that she liked. "All right," he said. "I'll come over."

She wakened him early. "It's your last day," she said. "Go and use the infirmary shower while I tidy myself and get this place straightened up. Then I'll make



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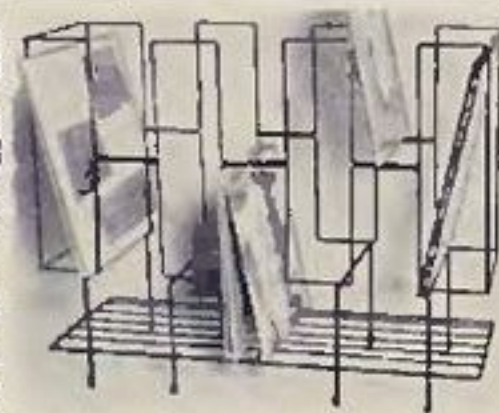
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your breakfast."

After his shower, Drake wandered back to the apartment. The bed, he noticed, had been made. Miss Phillips was in the kitchen.

"It's getting pretty late," she said. "And the doctor's coming to check you out."

"OK," Drake said.

"Try to make your bed look slept in," she called after him.

Drake wandered back down the short hall of her apartment, and then stepped quickly into the bedroom. He had a heavy silk handkerchief that bore his initials boldly. Drake pushed it under the pillow.

And that, he thought, shafts Cutts.

• • •

He should have known, Drake thought afterward, long afterward, that the thing was shot to hell as soon as he saw Mr. Cutts. The little English master came into the classroom like a man six feet tall. He was very dapper that morning, very. Nothing harassed about Mr. Cutts.

Damn, thought Drake. I'll have to think of a new one. The little bastard looks good. I guess he needed the layoff.

"Mr. Drake," Mr. Cutts said when he was dismissing the class. "I'll have a word with you."

"You know," he said when Drake stood at the desk, "that there's no chance whatever of my giving you a passing grade this year, don't you?"

"No, sir," Drake said. "I don't. I think there's a very good chance."

Mr. Cutts put his chin in his hand and looked up at Drake. He was grinning. "You thought there was a very good chance," he said.

"Drake," Mr. Cutts said, "you will perhaps be interested to learn that my engagement to Miss Phillips is terminated."

"What?" Drake said. "What?" It was shot to hell, all right.

"We had a long talk about it, of course," Mr. Cutts said. "That's one thing about engagement-breaking, as you'll someday learn. There has to be a lot of talking. Women expect it. Well, out of all this talking something emerged with great clarity; it will be quite impossible for me to pass you. You'll have to spend another year here with us in Siberia, Drake."

"I don't get this," Drake said.

Mr. Cutts was laughing openly now. He reached into his pocket and took out Drake's silk handkerchief and handed it to him. "My sincere thanks, Drake," he said. "Under ordinary circumstances, I'd be happy to pass you, out of gratitude."

Drake stared at him.

"But the lady, as you'll have time to observe more fully, can be very persuasive," Mr. Cutts said, and he beamed at Drake.



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BY PATRICK CHASE

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



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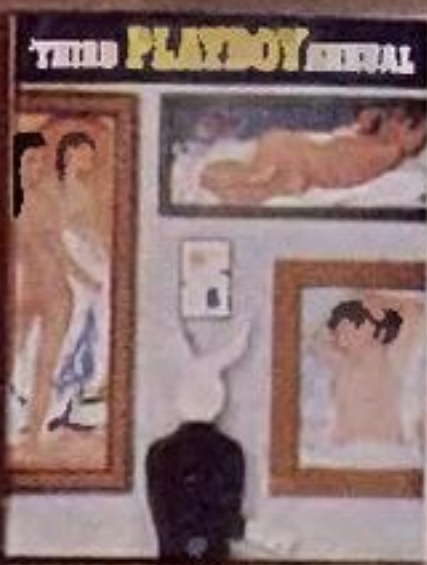
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